

"THE CALL OF THE RING!" This week's magnificent story of Harry Wharton & Co, at Greyfriars.

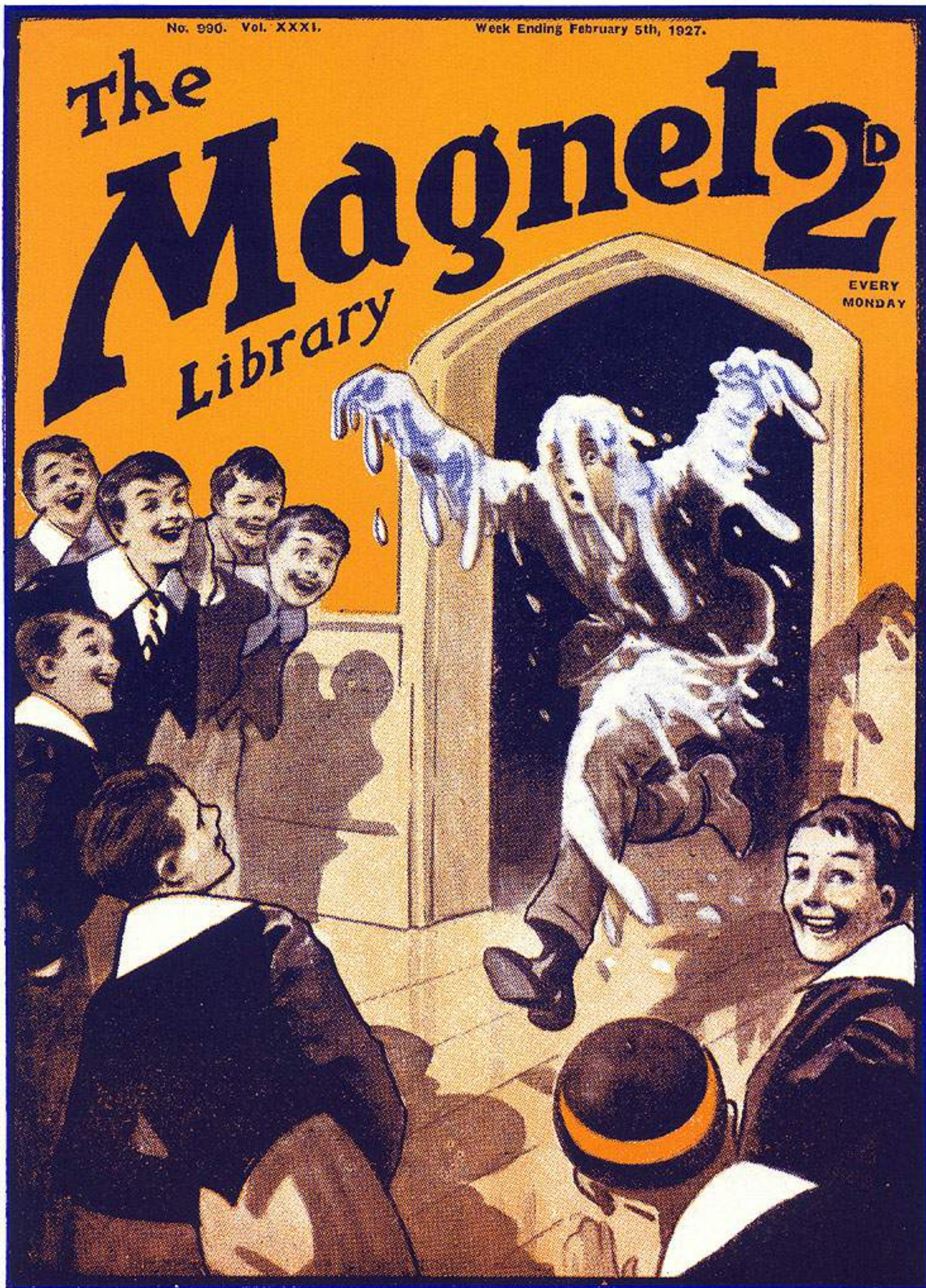
No. 990. Vol. XXXI.

Week Ending February 5th, 1927.

The Magnet²

Library

EVERY MONDAY



WHITEWASH FOR THE BULLYING PREFECT!

Systematic persecution of anyone upon whom he has a down is great fun for Gerald Loder, the prefect. But even the bullying Loder wakes up the wrong passenger sometimes! (Read "The Call of the Ring!"—this week's grand story of the chums of Greyfriars.)

This Month's New School- Story Books!



A book-length story featuring the early adventures of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars that will make you split your sides with laughter.

**DON'T MISS THIS MASTERPIECE FROM THE
PEN OF FRANK RICHARDS, WHATEVER
YOU DO!**

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**SCHOOLBOYS' OWN
LIBRARY, Nos. 45 and 46.**

**MARTIN CLIFFORD IS SEEN AT HIS
BEST IN THIS TOPPING COMPANION
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A stirring tale of rivalry at St. Jim's between Tom Merry & Co. of the School House, and Figgins & Co. of the New House; a scream from beginning to end.



**THESE HANDY VOLUMES ARE ON SALE
FRIDAY—ORDER YOUR COPIES TO-DAY!**



BURNING THE MIDNIGHT OIL!

A LOYAL chum from Gloucester is swotting hard for an exam; if he gets through, it will make a whole heap of difference to his future prospects. The mere thought of failure, he writes, sends a shiver down his spine, and in consequence he is working like a "nigger" to make certain that he will pass. But my chum mustn't overdo it. Night after night of swotting over a prolonged period isn't good for any fellow, and this Magnetite in Gloucester is burning the midnight oil too frequently, to my way of thinking. If he doesn't turn in to his bed earlier than he has been doing of late, he will be heading for a breakdown, and then what will be his chances when examination day comes round. Set yourself a programme of work, my chum, say three hours a night for swotting, and then get out for a breath of fresh air and a little exercise. Your brain will respond more readily to your work if you carry on along these lines, and you will find that you are cramming just as much knowledge as if you stayed up half the night, added to which your brain will be more retentive.

PILLION RIDING!

Once again I have occasion to refer to this subject in our weekly Chat. A reader in Wales asks me for advice. "Is it safe to ride pillion?" he asks. Candidly, I don't think it is. Nowadays the traffic on our roads is very formidable; accidents, alack! are far too frequent, and amongst them pillion riders figure very largely. I know there is a thrill about riding pillion, but every son has a duty to his parents. Think of their anxiety when their boy is out riding on the pillion of a chum's motor-bike. Is it worth while to run this unnecessary risk? You know the answer, my chum, I feel sure, without consulting me.

OUR NEW ARTIST!

"P. M." of London, is a very old reader of the MAGNET, and his letter interested me vastly. He wants to know what's happened to the pictures in the MAGNET lately. They are now being drawn by that popular artist, Leonard Shields, and thousands of letters already have reached me in praise of his work. "P. M." also wants to know if he can have the old "Greyfriars Herald" back again. Well, my chum, you will find each week that Dicky Nugent fills the best part of three pages in the MAGNET, and it was by popular vote that this feature was revived in the place of the football supplement. The "Bob Lawless" stories you refer to have been replaced by the Romances in our Companion Paper, the "Popular." Finally, the answer to your P.S. is "No." Write again, "P. M."—your letters are always welcome.

Next Monday's Programme:

"THE SCHOOLBOY BROADCASTERS!"

By Frank Richards.

This story for next week is extra long, a circumstance that will be appreciated by everyone, I feel sure. Mind you read it, chums!

"THE MYSTERY OF FLYING V RANCH!"

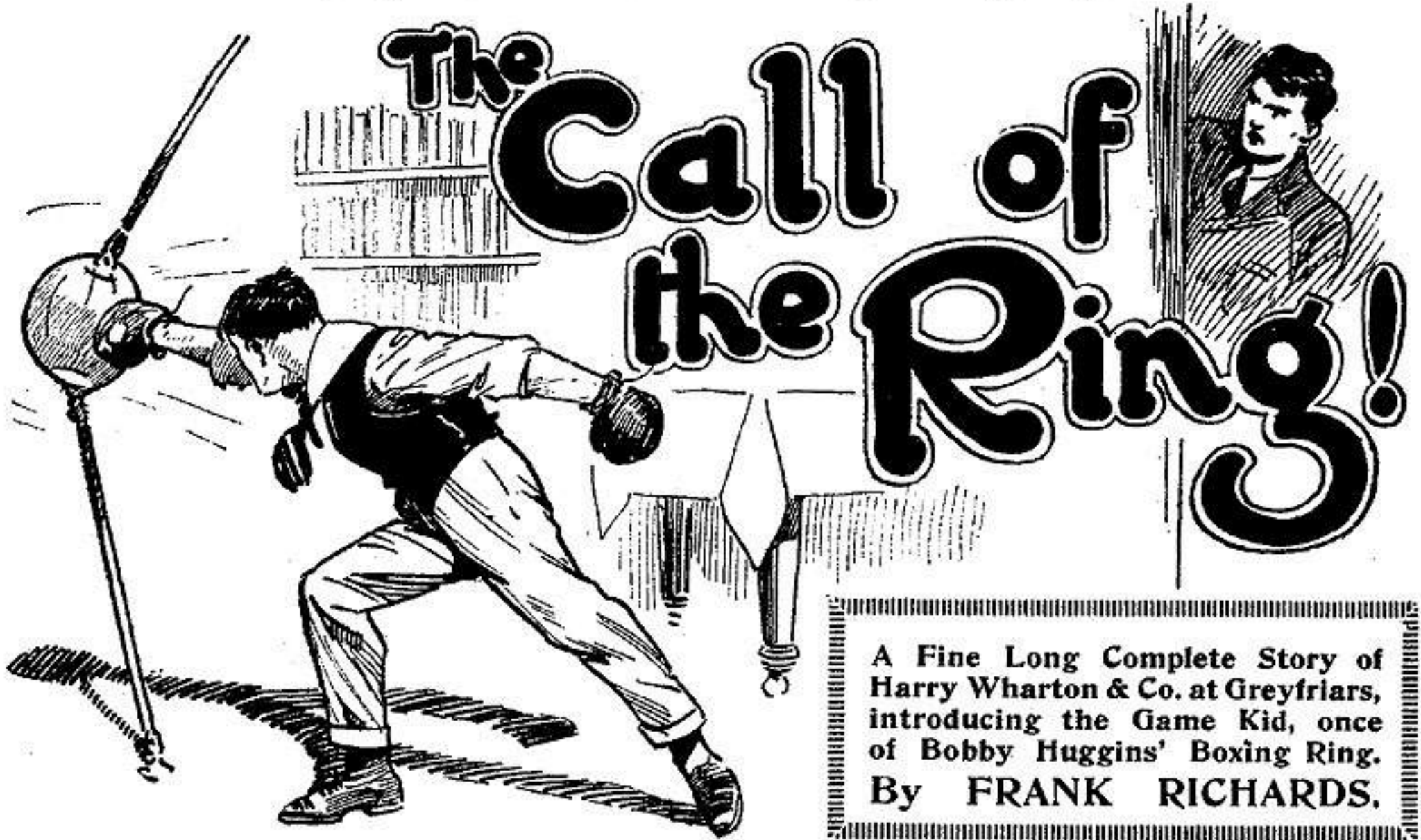
The curtain is rung down next week on the startling events that have been happening at Wolf Point, and readers are earnestly advised to make certain of being in at the death, so to speak.

"DR. BIRCHEMALL'S DILEMMA!"

By Dicky Nugent.

Here's a story that will send you into fits of merriment. Don't miss it! Order your copy of the MAGNET early, chums. Cheerio!
YOUR EDITOR.

OUT OF HIS ELEMENT! At one time the Game Kid reckoned that life at a great Public School would suit him down to the ground. But he soon discovers that Latin and Greek have their disadvantages to one who has made his livelihood in a boxing ring, and his heart yearns to be back amongst his old fighting pals!



A Fine Long Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars, introducing the Game Kid, once of Bobby Huggins' Boxing Ring. By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.
Loder Butts In!

BUMP!

"Man down!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

Frank Nugent picked himself up out of the snow, gasping for breath. The winter dusk was thickening on the old quadrangle of Greyfriars. The lighted windows of the School House glimmered out into the gloom. Most of the fellows had gone in to tea, but the Famous Five of the Remove were still out of doors.

Between the Elm Walk and the school wall, the snow was banked quite thickly. And it was there that the five cheery juniors had gathered. The wall was crowned with thick snow.

Bob Cherry had suggested the game; anything of a strenuous nature appealed to Bob. It was rather a risky game to climb the high wall and jump from the top into the bank of snow below.

Hurreo Jamset Ram Singh had made the first essay, and slipped back and bumped into the snow. Frank Nugent came next, and he suffered the same fate.

"Man in!" said Bob.

And Johnny Bull essayed the climb. Bump!

"Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!" sighed Bob, as Johnny landed on his back in the snow, without having reached the top of the wall.

"Grooogh!"

"You next, Wharton!" said Bob. "After you've come a mucker I'll show you how to do it—see?"

"Bow-wow!"

And the captain of the Remove essayed the climb.

It was not easy; but Wharton was lithe and active. In a few minutes he was sitting on top of the school wall.

"How's that, umpire?" he asked.

"Good man!"

"You young rascal!" It was a sharp, unpleasant voice, as Loder of the Sixth

came through the elms. "Get down at once, Wharton!"

Harry Wharton looked down from the top of the wall at the Sixth-Former coolly. Loder of the Sixth was a prefect, and had the right to give orders to such small fry as juniors of the Lower Fourth. But the Lower Fourth were not, in their own opinion, small fry at all. It was just like the bully of the Sixth to butt into a harmless game and make himself unpleasant.

"Where's the hurry?" asked Wharton, without moving.

Loder stared up at him.

"So I've caught you!" he said.

"I don't quite catch on," said Wharton. "What was there to catch?"

"I've caught you breaking bounds," said Loder. "Mean to say that you were not climbing out over the wall, when I've caught you right on top of it?"

Harry Wharton laughed.

Loder of the Sixth was a suspicious fellow, and no doubt he believed that he had caught the junior in the act of climbing out of the school after lock-up. Probably the wish was father to the thought. The bully of Greyfriars had had a good deal of trouble with the cheery chums of the Remove, and he had not always had the best of it.

"Look here, Loder—" began Bob hotly.

"That's enough, Cherry!"

"My esteemed Loder—" began Hurreo Singh.

"Hold your tongue, you young rascal! You're all in this," said Loder; "but it's Wharton I've caught—and you others can clear off. Wharton, get down from that wall at once. I'm going to take you to your Form master."

"Dear me!" said Wharton.

"I tell you—" shouted Bob Cherry.

"Silence! Get down, Wharton!"

Harry Wharton did not move. As a matter of fact, he was not very comfortable on the wall in the snow there, but Loder's bullying tone, and his unjust

suspicion, had roused the ire of the captain of the Remove.

As he did not stir, Loder tramped through the snow closer to the wall and reached up at him.

Then Wharton moved.

He rolled from the wall quite suddenly, and landed on Gerald Loder's head.

Crash!

"Whoop!" spluttered Loder.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry, as Loder went sprawling in the snow, with Wharton sprawling over him.

Wharton was on his feet in a moment. Loder, being underneath, had broken his fall. To judge by the sounds that were proceeding from Loder of the Sixth, he was broken, too.

"Oh! Ow! Grooogh! Hoooh! Ooooch! Yowp!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Famous Five.

"Grooogh! Hoooh!" Loder sat up blindly. He was smothered with snow, and quite out of breath and dizzy. "You young scoundrel, you did that on purpose!"

"He's guessed it!" gasped Bob.

"What a brain!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you—you young rascal! You young scoundrel! You young villain! You—you—you—" spluttered Loder. "I'll smash you! I'll—I'll break your neck! I'll—"

From the Elm Walk a lean and majestic form came on the scene through the dusk. It was Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove. The enraged voice of Gerald Loder had drawn him to the spot as he was taking a little walk in the quadrangle. The chums of the Remove saw him coming; but Loder gouging snow from his face, did not, or certainly he would have moderated his language a little.

"You young villain! I'll smash you!" roared Loder. "I'll break every bone in your body! I'll—"

"Loder!"

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"Oh! Ah! What—"

"Loder! Is that the language for a prefect of the Sixth Form to use in speaking to Lower boys?" thundered Mr. Quelch, in great indignation.

The Famous Five exchanged blissful glances. Loder had come along to make trouble for them; he seemed to have found some for himself.

The Sixth-Former scrambled to his feet.

"I—I did not see you, sir!" he stammered.

"I presume that you did not, Loder, or you would never have used such expressions," rumbled the Remove master.

"I am surprised and shocked, Loder. The Head would be surprised and shocked. How dare you, Loder, talk in such a strain?"

Loder breathed hard and deep.

"I caught Wharton breaking bounds, sir—climbing over the wall—and he fell on me on purpose!" he gasped. "I am hurt! He did it deliberately, knowing that I was about to report him to you!"

"That is no excuse for violent language, Loder. But this is a serious matter, Wharton." Mr. Quelch transferred his attention to the captain of the Remove. "Only a few weeks ago a boy in my Form was flogged for breaking bounds after dark. Dury is a new boy, unaccustomed to our ways, and there was some excuse for him. There is no excuse whatever for you!"

"But, sir—" gasped Wharton.

"For what reason were you attempting to leave the precincts of the school?" demanded Mr. Quelch sternly.

"None, sir. I—"

"What? You were going out of bounds without a reason?"

"No, sir. I—I mean—"

"What do you mean, Wharton?"

"I—I wasn't going out of bounds, sir!" gasped the captain of the Remove. "Loder's making a mistake, sir."

"I saw him on top of the wall, sir, climbing over!" hooted Loder. "He dare not deny it!"

"I was on top of the wall, sir," said Harry; "but not climbing over!"

"Nonsense!"

"It's a game, sir."

"The gamefulness was terrific, esteemed sahib," said Hurreo Janset Ram Singh.

"We were climbing up in turn, sir," said Nugent.

"To jump down into the snowbank, sir—" said Johnny Bull.

"One after another, sir," said Bob.

"I'd been up already," went on Nugent.

"And so had I," said Johnny.

"And I alsofully, honoured sir."

"Wharton was taking his turn, sir," chimed in Bob. "It was my turn after Wharton."

It was a chorus of explanation. It enlightened Mr. Quelch—and perhaps Loder of the Sixth. But they received their enlightenment in different ways. Mr. Quelch was anxious to believe the best possible of the boys in his Form. Loder was anxious to believe the worst. That made a considerable difference in their conclusions.

"I understand," said Mr. Quelch more kindly. "You should not play such games; such proceedings are liable to misunderstanding. Kindly do not let it occur again."

"Oh, certainly, sir!"

"You see, Loder, that you are acting under a misapprehension—"

"Nothing of the kind, sir!" hooted Loder, almost beside himself with rage.

"I do not believe a word these juniors say, sir!"

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"I am sorry for that, Loder," said Mr. Quelch icily; "because I believe every word, and I fear that your incredulity shows a suspicious mind, Loder."

"Oh!" gasped Loder; and again the Famous Five exchanged joyous smiles. The bully of the Sixth was not getting the best of it.

"Go into the House, my boys," said Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir!"

"Mr. Quelch," gasped Loder, "I—I report Wharton for attempting to break bounds after dark—"

"It is not yet dark, Loder, and Wharton has not attempted to break bounds. I accept his assurance absolutely. Kindly let the matter drop."

"He fell on me on purpose!" gasped Loder.

"No doubt the boy was naturally indignant at being wrongfully suspected, Loder. However, the action certainly was disrespectful. You will take fifty lines, Wharton."

"Yes, sir!" said Harry cheerfully. Dropping on Loder's head was worth more than fifty lines, in his estimation.

"Now go into the House, my boys."

"Yes, sir!"

And the Famous Five trooped off through the thickening dusk towards the School House, with smiling faces.

"Dear old Loder!" murmured Bob Cherry. "Always hunting for trouble, and generally finding some."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And Harry Wharton & Co. went into the House, feeling quite satisfied with themselves, with their Form master, and with things generally. Loder of the Sixth was far from feeling so satisfied.

"So—so you are letting Wharton off, Mr. Quelch?" he gasped, too enraged to realise that that remark was imprudent, addressed to a Form master.

Mr. Quelch frowned thunderously.

"What do you mean, Loder? How dare you! Wharton is perfectly innocent of any wrongdoing, as you would be fully aware if your mind were not full of prejudice and unjust suspicion! Take care, sir!"

"He was going out of bounds!" hissed Loder.

"He was doing nothing of the sort. If you really believe so, Loder, I can only conclude that your belief is prompted by malice!" boomed Mr. Quelch.

"Oh!" gasped Loder.

The Remove master turned his back on him and walked away. He left Loder of the Sixth fairly trembling with rage.

"The young scoundrel!" breathed Loder. "He can spoof that old fool; he can't spoof me. He was going out of bounds, and those other young rascals were helping him. I know that. By gad! I'll keep an eye open this evening; now I've stopped him he will try it on again later, as likely as not, and he sha'n't have a chance of wriggling out of it next time."

And Loder of the Sixth, having brushed off the snow and put his tie straight and fielded his hat, tramped away to the School House in a savage temper, only solaced by the conviction that Wharton would try it on again, and that next time he would catch him and convict him beyond the shadow of a doubt.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Up Against It!

"GERMANIS cum Romanis fortiter pugnauerunt."

Harry Wharton smiled.

He was proceeding along the Remove passage at Greyfriars towards

Bob Cherry's study, and as he passed the doorway of Study No. 3 he heard a dismal voice proceeding therefrom.

It was the voice of Dury of the Remove.

Richard Dury, the new fellow in the Remove, was wrestling with a Latin exercise.

When it came to boxing, Dick Dury, once known as the "Game Kid" of Huggins' Ring, was "all there." But when it came to wrestling with a classical language Dury was liable to be "down and out" in the first round.

His voice was extremely dismal as it was heard proceeding from Study No. 3 in the Remove. Dury was a cheery youth, not given to grouching. But school work at Greyfriars worried him.

"Germanis!" the dismal voice went on. "I s'pose that's Germans—blinkin' Huns—"

Harry Wharton grinned.

"Romanis is blinkin' Romans, I s'pose."

Harry Wharton had paused. Now he looked into the study. He had a good-natured impulse to lend the labouring junior a hand.

That little exercise, though it seemed to have Dury "beat," was, of course, nothing to Wharton. It would have been considered simple by a fag in the Third. Sammy Bunter of the Second would have translated it easily.

"Getting on with it, old bean?" asked the captain of the Remove cheerily.

Dury looked up.

He was alone in the study; Ogilvy and Russell were absent. Sometimes the schoolboy boxer had a little help from his study-mates. Now he was working on his own, and he did not seem to be making much of a success of it.

"No, I ain't getting on with it," he said dolorously. "This 'ere Latin is a coughdrop!"

"Harder than standing up to a man in the ring with the mittens on?" asked Harry, with a smile.

The Game Kid nodded vigorously.

"What-ho!" he said. "Not 'arf!"

The Kid's pronunciation had not changed much since he had come to Greyfriars. He found Latin difficult; but English seemed to beat him hollow.

"Rot, I call it!" went on the Kid confidentially. "What's the blinking good of it?"

"Lots of people ask that question," said the captain of the Remove, with a smile. "The fact is it's no good, excepting to a fellow who's keen on learning."

"Well, I ain't that kind of a covey!" said the Game Kid. "I've seen that bloke Linley readin' a Latin book jist as I might read the 'Oliday Annual.' Looks as if he liked it, too. 'Tain't my sort!"

"But it's all in the day's work," said Wharton. "Mr. Quelch seems to have set you a very easy exercise, too."

"Easy?" said the Kid.

"Wait till you get into the regular Form work, and you'll find it a bit stiffer," said Harry.

The Kid gave a groan.

So far the new fellow in the Remove did not share in the Form work. Mr. Quelch gave him special instruction and special attention.

The Kid was grateful, for he knew that it added to the labours of the Remove master, who already had enough to do. At his age, he could scarcely have been put in a "fag" Form. But it was likely to be a long time before he was able to face the regular tasks of the Remove fellows. "Germanis cum Romanis fortiter pugnauerunt" floored him.

He was grateful, but he would have been more grateful still had Mr. Quelch neglected him a little: The amount of Latin that the Kid could have done without would have filled a dictionary from cover to cover.

"It was kind of the 'Ead to bring me 'ere," said the Kid wistfully. "I thought it was no end of a catch, I did. Fancy me, what has boxed in the ring for a livin', fancy me bein' a public school man! It was a lift in the world for me, it was. No error about that. But—"

The Kid paused.

Evidently there was a "but" in the case.

"But it ain't no good grousing," he said with a sigh. "The 'Ead meant it all for the best, and I didn't understand rightly afore I come 'ere. I ain't going to be ungrateful. I'm sticking it!"

Harry Wharton regarded him curiously.

Certainly it had been a great chance, a wonderful chance, for the Game Kid to quit Huggins' Ring, and take his place in the Greyfriars Remove. No wonder the prospect had dazzled him at the time.

But in that, as in all things, there was a fly in the ointment—a crumpled leaf in the bed of roses.

More and more, as the days passed on, the school work worried and wearied the fellow who had been accustomed to an exciting and active life. More and more he missed the excitement of the old days—the crowd of tense faces watching, the ringing cheers, the hustle and bustle of a busy life.

He was a marvellous boxer for his age, but he had no turn whatever for scholarship.

His early life had made him sternly practical. He did not see any use in what he was learning, so slowly and painfully, at Greyfriars. He summed up the school curriculum as mostly "rot."

More and more it had been borne in upon his mind that Dr. Locke had made a mistake in placing him at Greyfriars, and that he had made a mistake in accepting the generous offer.

But the Kid was grateful; he trembled at the idea of the kind old Head thinking him ungrateful. The lure of the Ring was strong upon him, but he was going to "stick" it.

"Let me lend you a hand with it," said the captain of the Remove.

The Kid's glum face brightened a little.

"That's good of you," he said. "It's fair got me twisted. The way these blinking Latins twisted their words round and round knocks me out. Look at this 'ere—pugnaverunt."

"Pugno, I fight," said Wharton.

"Well, if the covey means pugno, why can't he say pugno?" demanded the Kid resentfully.

Wharton chuckled.

"The Latins changed the form of a word, instead of putting in extra words to change the meaning, as we do," he said. "It's quite easy when you get on to it."

"Is it?" said the Kid, very dubiously.

"For instance," explained Harry.

"Taking the verb to 'fight'—that's a verb you're quite familiar with, old bean."

The Kid grinned.

"Not 'arf!" he agreed.

"Well, taking the verb 'to fight,' we should make the perfect tense of the indicative mood, in the plural 'They have fought, or they fought.' The Latins wangled the verb itself, and just



"Get down, Wharton!" snapped Loder. The captain of the Remove dropped from the wall quite suddenly, and landed on Gerald Loder's head. Crash! "Whoooooop!" spluttered the prefect. "Grooough! Hoooh! Yowp!"
(See Chapter 1.)

twisted 'pugno' into 'pugnaverunt.' Got that?"

"Yes, I got it," said the Kid. "I know they did it, the duffers; but what the thump did they do it for?"

"Just a little way they had," said Wharton, laughing.

"And s'posin' they did, what's the good of me knowin' about it?" said the Kid. "Why, soon as I've left Greyfriars I shall forget all this bunkum from beginning to end. Why, they all do; I've heard the fellers say so. Take your uncle—he was a Greyfriars feller long ago. Could he do the Remove Form work now?"

"Well, I dare say he could construe Virgil," said Harry, "but I doubt very much whether he could do the Fifth Form translations."

"And he went through the Fifth and the Sixth?"

"Yes; he was captain of the school in his time, and head of the Sixth," Wharton laughed. "I fancy he would be bottled now if somebody gave him Livy to translate."

"Seems to me it ain't any good 'cepting to a covey who means to be a schoolmaster," said the Kid; "and it ain't any good to him, 'cepting to teach to

other coveys who ain't got any use for it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Game Kid was quite unaware that he had touched upon a burning topic of modern days—the use, or otherwise, of classical education.

Certainly the Game Kid had no use for the classics.

"All that's for the Head and the governing board to decide, old scout," said Harry. "Perhaps you'll develop a taste for it later on."

"P'r'aps!"

"Anyhow, let's get down to it for a bit. Two heads are better than one."

"You're a good covey, you are," said the Kid, and he drew a chair to the study table for Harry Wharton.

And the captain of the Remove proceeded to "get down to it" with the hapless Kid. Wharton had helped other fellows with their work before, but he had never happened upon so tough a proposition as the Kid. Dick Dury was not obtuse, by any means; he was no dunce like Bunter, and no slacker like Skinner. But all his gifts lay in quite another direction. He had a deep-seated repugnance for classical studies, and he could not overcome that

repugnance by reflecting that he was acquiring useful knowledge, for he fully believed that the knowledge he was acquiring was utterly useless. The cultivation of an elegant taste in literature was not only beyond poor Dury's reach, but quite beyond his desires. Things had to be much more strenuous to appeal to the Kid.

So the work was both hard and unpalatable; against the grain all the time.

He did his best, however, especially as Wharton was helping him; and he did not want to make it hard for Wharton.

But by the time Harry had spent an hour with Dick Dury and Latin he was wondering how on earth any man could make up his mind to be a school-master. Navvying, in Wharton's opinion, was not "in it" with school-mastering, and it was borne in upon his mind that Mr. Quelch had some excuse for what the Removites termed his "tantrums." With pupils like Dury and Bunter, and Skinner and some others, it was no wonder that Mr. Quelch snapped and yapped at times. It really would not have been surprising if he had raved.

Wharton kept those reflections to himself, however, and worked hard and long to help on the hapless Kid. And at the end of an hour the Kid had a faint glimmering of why so harmless-looking a word as "pugno" should be wangled into so alarming a shape as "pugnaverunt." He understood, at least, that that was how the Latins had done it, though he still resented the fact that they had done it like that.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Loder on the Track!

"SEEN Wharton?"

"No."

Bob Cherry asked that question in the Rag, where most of the Removites were gathered after tea.

"The esteemed Wharton seems to have made his honourable disappearance," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"He's not in the study," said Nugent. "I missed him after tea."

"I thought he was in your study, Bob," said Johnny Bull.

Bob shook his head.

"No. I thought he was coming in for a jaw about the footer after tea, but he didn't blow in. You fellows seen Wharton?" he added, as Ogilvy and Russell came into the Rag together.

"No, old bean," said Ogilvy. "We've been tea-ing with Toddy. Wharton wasn't there."

"He, he, he!"

That unmusical cachinnation proceeded from Billy Bunter.

Bob turned towards the Owl of the Remove.

"What are you cackling at, fathhead?" he asked politely.

"He, he, he! I know what I know," chuckled Bunter.

"The knowfulness of the esteemed Bunter is not great," said Hurree Singh, with a stare at the fat and fatuous Owl. Bunter cachinnated again.

"You fellows don't know that Wharton's gone out of bounds, of course?" he asked sarcastically.

Bob Cherry gave a jump.

"Out of bounds!" he exclaimed.

"He, he, he!"

"You fat duffer!" roared Bob. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, draw it mild!" grinned Bunter. "I know that Loder caught him trying to break bounds, getting over the school wall, at dusk. I heard him telling Walker of the Sixth."

"You're a silly ass, and Loder's another silly ass," growled Bob Cherry. "It was nothing of the kind."

"He, he, he!"

"Oh, kick him, somebody!" growled Bob.

"I say, you fellows, I'm not going to tell Loder," grinned Billy Bunter. "But of course Wharton couldn't get out of bounds when Loder stopped him, so he left it till later—"

"Hush!" breathed Vernon-Smith, as a figure appeared in the doorway of the Rag.

"Oh, really, Smithy—"

"Cheese it, you fat duffer!"

"Rot!" said Bunter. "I jolly well know that Wharton's gone out of bounds, and I jolly well believe these fellows know it, too, and— Yaroo!"

Bunter broke off with a yell as Smithy stamped on his foot. It was Loder of the Sixth who had appeared in the doorway of the Rag, though the short-sighted Owl of the Remove had not observed him.

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!" roared Bunter, hopping on one leg. "Oh, ow! Wow! You awful beast! Yarooop!"

Loder of the Sixth advanced into the room with a grim look on his face. Quite convinced—the wish being father to the thought—that Wharton had only postponed his breaking of bounds, Loder was making a round of the House looking for him, like a dutiful prefect who was anxious to do his duty thoroughly. Loder was not always very dutiful, but there was no doubt that in this instance he was exceedingly anxious to do his duty. He had already glanced into Study No. 1 in the Remove, and found that celebrated apartment dark and vacant. He had looked into the Common-room, and found that Wharton was not there. Now he was looking into the Rag, and he had arrived in time to hear Bunter's remarks.

Certainly, Billy Bunter's opinion on any subject was not a very valuable one. Bunter's remarks, as a rule, were hardly worth heeding. But on the present occasion they agreed so well with what Loder believed, and, in fact, hoped, that they were as good as confirmation strong as proof of holy writ. Loder had little doubt before; he had no doubt now.

His eyes gleamed with satisfaction.

He was sure, but he was going to proceed carefully. Not only himself, but Mr. Quelch had to be convinced, and then there would be a report to Dr. Locke and a Head's flogging.

That was a pleasant prospect to Loder of the Sixth, and he felt that he could not be too careful.

Bob Cherry and his comrades eyed the unpopular prefect rather warily as he came up. But Loder was not bullying now. He was going to be very careful indeed now that he felt sure he had the captain of the Remove in the hollow of his hand.

"Vernon-Smith!" he rapped out. "Hallo!" drawled the Bounder carelessly.

"Why did you stamp on Bunter's foot?"

"I thought he was talkin' too much," said Smith cheerfully. "Bunter's generally talking too much. It's a way he's got."

"The too-muchfulness is generally terrific."

"You mean you wanted to prevent him from letting out that Wharton has gone out of bounds?" said Loder disagreeably.

The Bounder did not answer. Whether the captain of the Remove was out of

bounds or not he did not know, but certainly he considered it judicious to give Bunter a hint to shut up. The hint was a strong one. Bunter was hopping about and howling with anguish.

"Bunter!" rapped out Loder.

"Yaroooh!"

"Stop that row, you young idiot!"

"Ow, really, Loder— Yow-ow-ow! I'm hurt. My toes are squashed!"

"Listen to me!" snapped Loder.

"Yow-ow-wow!"

"Do you know where Wharton is?"

"Ow! Nunno. Wow!"

"Has he gone out of bounds?"

"Oh, really, Loder, I'm not going to sneak about Wharton, you know," said Bunter. "Mr. Quelch wouldn't let you ask us questions about one another if he knew. Owl! Keep off, you beast!"

Bunter jumped away with another roar as Loder smote. He forgot the pain in his foot for a moment. He had a pain in his fat ear now.

"Stop that!" roared Bob Cherry.

"What—"

"Hands off, you bully!"

Bob Cherry shoved in between the prefect and the Owl of the Remove. Johnny Bull and Nugent and Hurree Singh joined him at once. The Bounder and Ogilvy and Russell followed suit. Bunter gasped behind that defence, while Loder glared wrathfully at the juniors.

"You cheeky young rascals! Do you want the ashplant?" he roared.

"You're not going to bully Bunter into sneaking," said Bob Cherry.

"You're not going to touch him."

"Take a hundred lines, Cherry."

"Rats!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"The ratfulness is terrific."

"You'll leave Bunter alone, and you will keep your giddy ashplant to yourself, Loder," said Bob. "You're trying to make a fellow sneak about another fellow, and Mr. Quelch would jolly soon stop you if he knew. And I'll jolly well report it to him if you don't look out!"

Loder gritted his teeth.

He had made a mistake, in spite of his determination to be so very careful. His bullying propensities had been too strong for him. He had placed himself in the wrong, and he had to retreat. Cuffing a junior for refusing to tell tales about another junior was not a matter that Loder desired to be reported to the powers.

"Beat it, Loder," suggested the Bounder coolly. "You've bitten off more than you can chew, you know."

"I am looking for Wharton," said the bully of the Sixth, controlling his temper with difficulty. "I have to speak to him specially. Does anyone know where he is?"

"The don't-knowfulness is terrific."

"Haven't seen him for some time," said Johnny Bull.

"You are his study-mate, Nugent; you must know."

"I haven't seen him since tea," answered Frank, with rather a troubled look.

He did not believe that Wharton had gone out of bounds; but it was, of course, possible that he had done so. If that was the case, there was no doubt that the captain of the Remove was booked for trouble. Loder was on the trail of vengeance.

His troubled look did not escape Loder's sharp eyes. It confirmed his belief, if it needed confirming.

"Bunter, if you know where Wharton is—"

"Oh, really, Loder, I don't know anything about him," gasped Bunter, rubbing his fat ear. "I—I don't think he's gone out of bounds. I—I think he's in his study."

"I've looked in his study."

"I—I mean, I—I think he's gone to

“speak to Wingate about the—the foot-
ball.”

“Wingate’s out.”

“I—I—I mean, I—I think he’s gone to
tea with the Head,” said Bunter feebly.

“You lying young rascal!”

“Oh, really, Loder—”

The bully of the Sixth gave the Re-
movites a very unpleasant look.

“You all know that Wharton’s gone
out of bounds, and you’re in a con-
spiracy to shield him,” he said.

And Loder turned and strode from the
Rag.

“I don’t believe Wharton’s cleared
off,” said Nugent. “But—but where is
he all this time?”

“It’s a giddy mysterious disappear-
ance,” said Bob. “But he must be
about the House somewhere. Loder’s an
ass!”

“He seems quite certain about it,”
said Nugent uneasily. “I fancy he’s
gone to Mr. Quelch now.”

“Let’s look for Wharton,” said Ogilvy.
“No end of a joke if Loder reports him
missing, and he turns out to be in the
House all the time!”

“The jokefulness would be terrific!”

A crowd of the juniors left the Rag to
look for the captain of the Remove. It
really was puzzling what had become of
him. Not one of his friends had seen
him during the two hours or more that
had elapsed since tea, and it was nearly
time for prep now. He might have
been in any study where he was inti-
mate with the fellows; but all the fellows
he was intimate with were now looking
for him.

That he was in the study of a fellow
with whom he was not intimate, and
with whom he generally had little or
nothing to do, was not likely to occur to
anybody. So, while Loder believed and
hoped that the captain of the Remove
had broken school bounds after dark
Harry Wharton’s friends could not help
feeling that Loder was probably right,
and they were quite anxious as they
looked for Wharton.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Taken Before the Beak!

“TIRED?”

“What ho!”

“But you’ve made some
progress.”

The Kid nodded.

“Yes, you’ve ‘elped me a lot,” he said.

“I s’pose it comes easier to you than to
me. But it’s ‘ard.”

Wharton smiled as he rose from the
study table in Study No. 3. The Kid
was tired; and Wharton was tired, too.
But there was no doubt that help from
the captain of the Remove had been
very useful to Dury. Patient explana-
tion from a fellow in his own Form was
more effective than instruction from his
Form master, really. And the Kid’s
exercises in Latin were, so far, so very
elementary, that the work was simplicity
itself to Wharton, puzzling as it was to
the Kid.

The captain of the Remove looked at
his watch.

“By gum, we’ve put in two hours!”
he said.

“Only two hours?”

It had seemed longer to the Kid.

Harry Wharton laughed.

“Well, we’ve travelled through a good
bit, old bean,” he said. “Quelch will
be pleased with your giddy exercises this
time.”

“It’s good of you!” said the Kid
gratefully.

“Oh, bosh! Coming down?” asked

Harry. “The fellows will be wondering
what’s become of me.”

“I’m goin’ to punch the ball a bit,”
said the Kid.

Wharton nodded, and left the study.
After swotting at Latin, it wa sheer
pleasure to the Kid to punch the ball.
He had rigged up a punch-ball in the
study, and it was a great solace to him,
recalling his days in Huggins’ Ring,
with his old “governor,” the “Old
‘Un.”

The Old ‘Un was not a pleasant
character in many ways, and the Kid
had been in trouble for resuming ac-
quaintance with him when Mr. Huggins
pitched his tent at Friardale.

On a certain occasion, indeed, the Kid
had given the Old ‘Un his left, with
painful results to Mr. Huggins. Never-
theless, the Kid had a soft corner in his
heart for the old pug, round whom his
most agreeable memories and associa-
tions gathered. Mr. Bobby Huggins was
very far from being an exemplary
character; but the Kid’s life had been
happy enough as a boxer in Huggins’
Ring.

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Leaving the Kid punching the ball,
Harry Wharton walked down the Re-
move passage to the stairs, and went
down, intending to look in the Rag for
his friends. It had occurred to him that
the Co. would be wondering what had
become of him; though he was far from
imagining that his absence from public
view had caused so much excitement.
He was not aware, so far, that Loder of
the Sixth was on the trail.

He crossed the lower hall, and
turned into the passage to the Rag, and
came on a crowd of Remove fellows.

“Hallo, hallo, hallo!”

“Here he is!”

“Here’s Wharton!”

The captain of the Remove smiled
slightly. Evidently he had been missed
and his absence commented upon.

“Yes, here I am!” he said cheerily.

“How did you get in?” asked Skinner.

Wharton stared at Harold Skinner.

“Get in?” he repeated. “I haven’t
been out!”

“Oh, draw it mild, old bean!” urged
Skinner.

“You silly ass!” said Wharton.
“What the thump do you mean?”

“Well, if you haven’t been out, Loder
thinks you have,” grinned Skinner,
“and I fancy he’s gone to tell Mr. Quelch
so.”

“You’ll have to mind what you say
to Quelch,” chuckled Snoop. “He’s a
downy old bird, you know.”

“He, he, he!” from Bunter. “I say,
Harry, old chap, I haven’t given you
away. I knew you were out of bounds,
but I wouldn’t tell Loder.”

“You fat duffer!”

“Oh, really, Wharton—”

“Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here’s Loder!”

Harry Wharton looked round as Loder
of the Sixth came striding up. The pre-
fect dropped a heavy hand on his
shoulder.

“So you’ve got in at last!” he said
grimly.

Wharton’s eyes gleamed.

“Take your paw off my shoulder,
Loder. I don’t like it!”

“I’m going to take you to your Form
master!”

“Take your paw away, all the same.”

Loder did not take his paw away. He
compressed his grip. Harry Wharton’s
hand came up, and the prefect’s grasp
was knocked off.

“Why, you—you—you—” spluttered
Loder.

“I’m ready to come to Mr. Quelch,”
said Harry. “But I don’t like being
pawed, Loder!”

“Where have you been?”

“What does it matter?” asked Whar-
ton carelessly.

He understood now that Loder sup-
posed that he had been out of bounds,
and he did not feel in the least disposed
to enlighten him. If the bully of the
Sixth chose to make a fool of himself
that was his own concern.

“If you refuse to answer a prefect,
Wharton, you will take the con-
sequences!” said Loder grimly. “I ask
you again, where have you been?”

“In the House.”

“That’s not quite clear enough.
Where?”

“In Ogilvy’s study.”

“Oh, my hat!” murmured Ogilvy, in
wonder.

He had not been in his study himself,
neither had Russell; and to both of them
it seemed that the captain of the Re-
move, for once, was departing from the
straight line of veracity. His statement
made the fellows stare.

“Nobody seems to have seen you
since tea,” said Loder, with a grin.
“Have you been two hours in Ogilvy’s
study?”

“Yes.”

“Very well, Ogilvy, do you bear out
Wharton’s statement?”

The Scottish junior looked rather
uneasy.

“Well, I haven’t been in the study,”
he said. “I tea’d with ‘Toddy, and after
that—”

“You haven’t been in your study since
tea?”

“No.”

“You mean to tell me, Wharton, that
you stayed in Ogilvy’s study for two
hours, though Ogilvy was not there?”

“Just that!” assented Wharton.

“And what were you doing there, in
another fellow’s study, with the fellow
absent?”

Harry Wharton’s chums looked at him
anxiously. His statement really was
surprising, and Loder’s disbelief was
evident. His friends did not disbelieve
him, but they were puzzled and uneasy.

“Latin!” answered Wharton.

“Oh, crumbs!” murmured the
Boulder.

“My hat!” ejaculated Bob Cherry.

Wharton’s last statement put the lid
on, as it were. Really, it was a very
extraordinary statement, and Loder,
perhaps, was justified in regarding it

as a reckless invention. He laughed aloud.

"You've spent two hours in another fellow's study, doing Latin?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"Do you mean lines?"

"No," said Wharton calmly. "Not lines."

"A task set you by your Form master?"

"Oh, no!"

"Your preparation?"

"I haven't started prep yet."

"Then you have been doing Latin entirely of your own accord, or your own free will, and in another fellow's study?"

"Yes."

"If I couldn't spin a better yarn than that, I'd stick to the truth," Skinner whispered to Snoop; and Sidney James chuckled, being quite of the same opinion.

Loder laughed.

"Well, if you tell that story to Mr. Quelch, you must have some nerve," he said. "Follow me!"

"Certainly."

Harry Wharton followed Loder of the Sixth.

"Come on," muttered Bob Cherry uneasily. "Let's see the end of this. Blessed if I can make it out!"

"He's pulling Loder's leg somehow," said Squiff. "I should see it in his eye."

"But how?"

"Blessed if I know!"

The juniors followed on, and arrived outside the door of Mr. Quelch's study, which Loder entered with Wharton. Loder did not close the door. He was quite willing to let Wharton's Form-fellows see and hear him convicted of bad conduct and reckless lying—as Loder regarded it.

"Here is Wharton, sir," said Loder, almost smirking in his satisfaction. "He has come in, and I have brought him to you, sir, as you instructed me."

"Very good, Loder."

Outside the half-open door the Co. waited in anxious silence, with a dozen more Removites behind them. They hoped, from the bottom of their hearts, that Squiff's surmise was correct, and that Wharton, in some mysterious way, was pulling the leg of the Sixth Form bully. But the general opinion was that the captain of the Remove had been "caught out," and that he was "for it."

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Loder's Luck!

MR. QUELCH laid down his pen. He had been engaged in preparing some new exercises for Dury of the Remove—exercises more suitable to a fag in the Second Form than to a Remove fellow. Poor Dury was not yet able to spell his way through Eutropius. It was an added task for the Remove master, already a very busy man; and though he had the kindest feelings towards the Kid, the inroad upon his scanty leisure made him, perhaps, a little cross. Certainly he was in no mood to take a lenient view of any transgression by a member of the Form. He frowned, and his gimlet-eyes glinted, as the accused junior stood before him. Really, it was too bad that his valuable time should be thus wasted, because a Remove fellow did not choose to behave himself. Thunder gathered on Mr. Quelch's brow even before he spoke.

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"Wharton! You have returned then?"

"No, sir."

"What? What?"

"Wharton denies that he has been out of bounds, sir," said Loder.

"Oh, indeed!" said Mr. Quelch.

"Now, Wharton, Loder has informed me that you have been missing, and that no one has seen you since tea, or could give any information as to your whereabouts. This is very singular."

"I've explained to Loder, sir—"

Mr. Quelch looked at Loder.

"Wharton states that he has spent the whole time in Ogilvy's study, sir," said Loder.

"Really, Loder, it is very probable that the statement is correct. I have no doubt that Ogilvy will bear out Wharton's words. I have told you before, Loder, that I trust the head boy of my Form."

"Ogilvy says he has not been in his study, sir," said Loder. "Wharton probably expected Ogilvy to back up his untruths, sir. But Ogilvy has not entered his study, and knew nothing of Wharton being there—if he was there."

"Oh!" said Mr. Quelch.

"Wharton states that he was occupied for two hours in doing Latin—not lines, or a detention task, or preparation—just doing Latin of his own accord—for two hours—in another junior's study."

"Bless my soul!"

There was strong doubt in Mr. Quelch's face now.

"Do you adhere to that statement, Wharton?"

"Yes, sir," said Harry.

"Such reckless lying—" began Loder.

"I shall sift this matter, Loder, before I believe that Wharton has spoken falsely, though undoubtedly his statement is somewhat—hem—surprising. Do not think that I doubt you, Wharton; but can you give me any proof of what you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"Proceed."

"I was helping Dury with his exercises, sir," said Wharton calmly. "He was rather tied up, sir, and I thought I'd lend him a hand. We've been going through Latin conjugations together."

"Bless my soul! You devoted two hours of your time, Wharton, to helping a backward boy with his studies!" said Mr. Quelch, not at all thunderous now, and looking very pleased. "That was very kind of you—very kind and very thoughtful. Very meritorious indeed."

"Thank you, sir," said Wharton demurely.

"I don't believe a word of it, sir!" exclaimed Loder fiercely. "He told me that he was in Ogilvy's study—"

"Ogilvy's study is Dury's study, too," said Harry.

"You were aware of that, Loder?"

"I—I suppose so—I'd forgotten. I did not think of Dury, and Wharton did not mention him."

"I presume that Dury will bear out your statement, Wharton?"

"I suppose so, sir."

"Where is Dury now?"

"Still in Ogilvy's study, I think, sir."

"Fetch Dury here, Loder, please. His statement will settle the matter."

Loder breathed hard.

"Very well, sir," he said in a choking voice.

He quitted the room, and Mr. Quelch resumed his labours. Wharton, standing quietly by the table, waited for the prefect's return with the Game Kid.

Loder passed through a grinning

crowd in the corridor. The turn the affair had taken entertained the Removites very much. The bully of the Sixth scowled at them, and tramped on savagely to the stairs. Even Loder was beginning to realise, by this time, that he had made a fool of himself.

He tramped up to the Remove passage, and kicked open the door of Study No. 3.

The Game Kid was there—in his shirt-sleeves, with the gloves on, cheerily punching the ball. His rugged face was quite cheerful in expression now. Evidently he enjoyed punching the ball more than Latin conjugations.

"You're wanted!" growled Loder.

"Right-o!" said the Kid. And he peeled off the gloves and slipped on his jacket.

"I understand that Wharton has been concocting a story with you, to make out that he's been in the study the last two hours," said Loder, eyeing the Kid. "I know, of course, that he has been out of bounds. I warn you, Dury, as a prefect, not to tell any lies to Mr. Quelch on the subject."

The Kid stared.

"Wharton's been 'ere all right," he said. "He's been 'elping me with my exercises."

"Don't give me any of that," said Loder, between his teeth. "Do you think I'm likely to believe it?"

"But it's true," said the Kid.

Loder knew that it was true; he realised quite clearly how egregiously he had put his foot in it, in his eager desire to land the captain of the Remove with a flogging. But Loder was not beaten yet.

"It's not true, Dury," he said, in a low, menacing voice, "and if you tell that yarn to your Form master, look out for squalls. Wharton's up before him for going out of bounds, and he pretends that he has been in this study all the time, helping you with Latin—"

"So he 'as!" said Dury.

"So you are backing him up in that yarn, are you?" said Loder.

"Tain't a yarn; it's the frozen truth," said Dury. "I ain't a covey to tell lies."

"If you tell Mr. Quelch that Wharton was in this study, look out for trouble afterwards!" said Loder, clenching his hands.

The Kid looked at him coolly.

"You've got a down on Wharton, and you want me to tell lies?" he said.

"That's pretty thick! You can want!"

"You young scoundrel!" hissed Loder. "You—you unspeakable hooligan! You oughtn't to be in Greyfriars at all; a reformatory is your mark!"

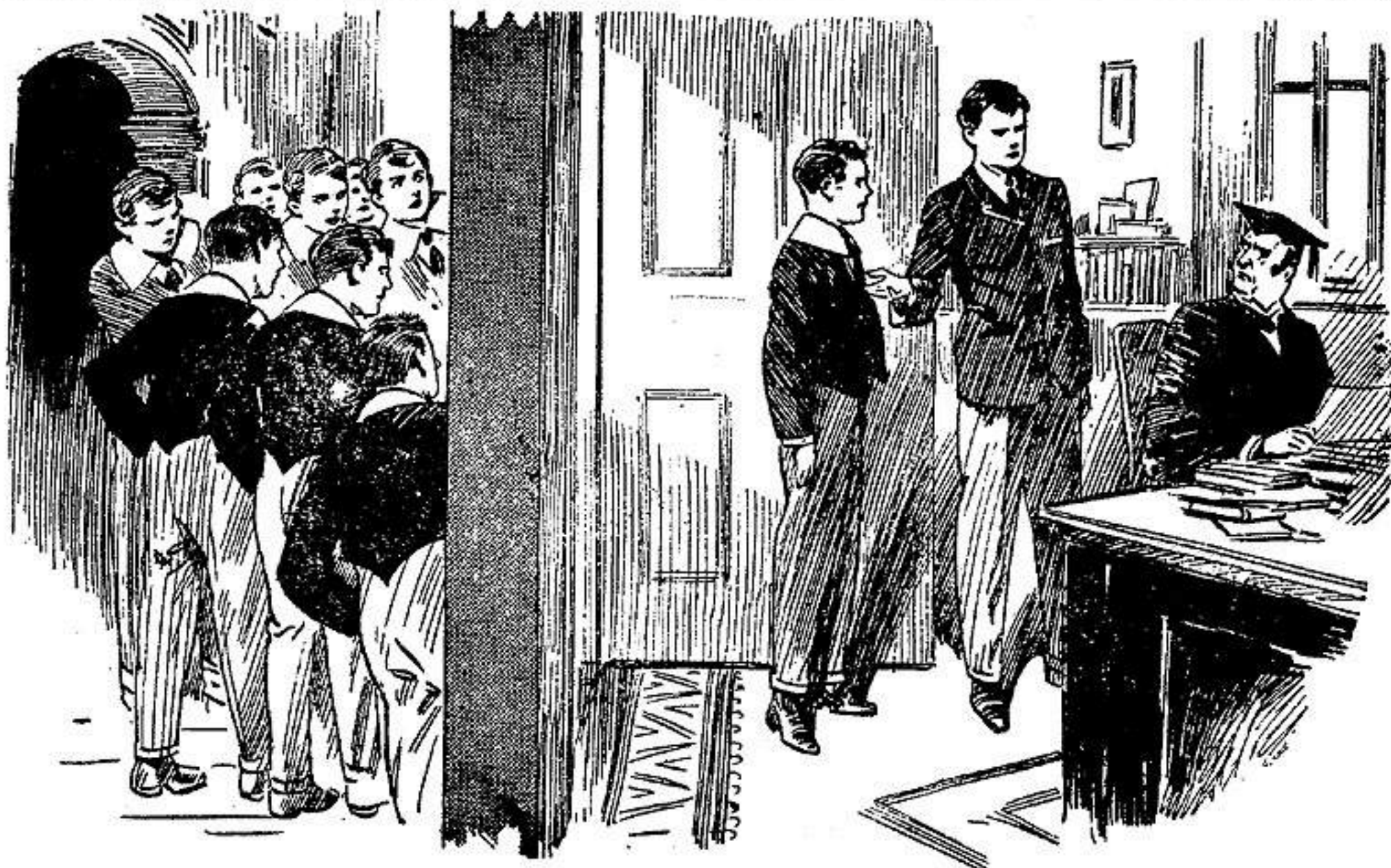
"Yours, more like!" said the Kid undauntedly. "You're trying to get me to tell lies, that's what you're doin'."

Loder made a grasp at the Game Kid and seized him by his ear.

He realised that there was "nothing doing," though, to save himself from a ridiculous position, he had been quite willing to cause the Kid to bear false witness. Certainly Loder did not put it like that; he affected to take the view that Dury was backing up the captain of the Remove in a concocted story to deceive the Form master. But it was clear that Dury was going to state the facts to Mr. Quelch, completely disregarding the threats of the Sixth Form bully. And Loder grasped him by the ear, to find what satisfaction he could in twisting that member.

"Ow!" yelled Dury.

The next instant he grasped Loder's wrist.



"Here is Wharton, sir," said Loder, almost smirking in his satisfaction. "He has come in, and I have brought him to you, sir, as you instructed me." "Very good, Loder." Outside the open door a crowd of Removites waited in anxious silence. (See Chapter 4.)

Then it was Loder's turn to yelp.

He had heard about that remarkable new junior in the Remove and his wonderful physical prowess. He had heard that Dury, in his first days at Greyfriars, had knocked down Coker of the Fifth, one of the heftiest fellows in the senior Forms. But Loder had not come into personal contact with the Kid so far, so he was unaware what an exceedingly dangerous customer he was waking up.

He became aware of it as the Kid grasped his wrist. It was a grasp like that of a steel vice.

Loder gave a howl of pain and strove to drag his hand away. But the iron grip did not loosen.

The prefect panted with pain and rage, and swung round his left hand, clenched, right at the Kid's face. Dury knocked it up—with a knock that numbed Loder's arm—and brought another yelp from him.

"Try agin!" grinned Dury.

"You—you—you young hooligan! Let go!" panted Loder. In rage and dismay, the Sixth-Former realised that he could not get loose until the Kid chose to let him go; the new junior in the Remove was more than a match for him.

"You've called me some nice names!" grinned Dury. "I ain't taking them from you, Loder. Like to sample my left?"

Loder shrank back as the Kid made a feint at him. The junior burst into a roar of laughter.

"Don't be afraid; I ain't going to 'it you," he said contemptuously. "But don't you try bullying me, Loder. It won't work."

"Let go my wrist!" panted Loder. "You're wanted in Mr. Quelch's study at once. Go immediately!"

"Oh, all right! Keep your cheeky 'ands off me arter this, or you'll want a bed in sanny, you will!" said Dury.

And he swung Loder aside carelessly and walked out of the study. It was a careless swing that the Game Kid gave to Loder, but it sent the Sixth-Former reeling across the study. He crashed against the table, and Dury chuckled as he went down the Remove passage.

Loder panted for breath.

He looked at his right wrist; the skin was bruised and discoloured where the Kid had gripped him. The pain in it was intense; Loder had almost expected the bones to crack in that vice-like grasp. He nursed the wrist with his other hand.

He left the study at last, breathing hard and in his blackest temper. He did not return to Mr. Quelch. He went to bathe his wrist.

Meanwhile, Dick Dury arrived in Mr. Quelch's study, passing through the crowd of juniors in the corridor, who greeted him with grinning faces as he passed. It was evident to all the Removites now that Loder of the Sixth had brought about nothing but his own defeat and humiliation, which was naturally more gratifying to the Remove than it was to Gerald Loder.

"Loder says you want to speak to me, sir," said Dury as he came into the study.

Mr. Quelch's busy pen stopped again. "Yes, Dury. Where have you been the last two hours?"

"In my study, sir."

"Who was with you?"

"Wharton, sir," said Dury, with a cheery grin at the captain of the Remove, who smiled.

"How were you engaged?"

"Wharton was 'elping me with my Latin, sir," said Dury; "and very kind of him, too, sir!"

"Quite so, Dury. Wharton, I accept

your assurance, and it was only as a matter of form that I sent for Dury to corroborate your statement," said the Remove master graciously. "You may go, my boys!"

"Thank you, sir."

The juniors left the study, and were received with a suppressed cheer by the crowd outside. Bob Cherry and the rest marched them away to the Rag in triumph.

Mr. Quelch had been very gracious to the juniors; he was a just man, and he knew how to judge correctly. But he was not feeling gracious towards Loder of the Sixth. He intended to speak very plainly to that over-zealous prefect; and he was not surprised that Loder had not returned to the study with Dury to hear what he had to say. Loder was destined to hear it, all the same.

The Remove master finished his work, and when he left his study he proceeded to the Sixth Form passage. He tapped at Loder's door and entered, and found the prefect with a black scowl on his face. Loder rose very uneasily to his feet. He had a lurking fear that Dury might have told his Form master of the attempt to suppress his evidence in Wharton's favour. He was relieved of that fear when Mr. Quelch spoke. But he did not enjoy the interview.

Mr. Quelch talked to Loder for three minutes, but in that short space of time he packed a great deal of bitter and sarcastic comment on Loder's proceedings. Mr. Quelch had an acid tongue when he let it go—and he let it go now. He fairly scarified Loder, and wound up by warning him that any recurrence of such reckless accusations against perfectly innocent members of the Remove would be reported to the headmaster, with probable serious results for Loder.

Then he retired and slammed the door shut, leaving Loder almost breathless.

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The bully of the Sixth shook his clenched fist at the door after it had closed on the Form master, and then he gave a yelp of pain as he felt a pang in his bruised wrist.

It fell to Loder to see lights out in the Remove dormitory that night. There were a good many smiling faces in the Remove when he came in. Harry Wharton & Co. ostentatiously took no notice of him, but they smiled; there was no law, written or unwritten, against a fellow smiling if the spirit moved him to do so. The Game Kid, less polished in his manners and customs than the Greyfriars fellows, allowed himself to burst into a mocking chuckle as Loder's eyes glinted at him.

"Dury!" rapped out Loder.

"'Allo, cocky!" said Dury.

"Take a hundred lines!"

"Sha'n't!"

"What?" roared Loder.

"Sha'n't!" said the Kid. "I'll take lines from Wingate, or Gwynne, or anybody; but not from you, you rotter!"

The Removites stared. Nobody in the Lower School respected Loder; but he was a prefect, and prefects—good or bad—had to be treated with tact. Loder could scarcely believe his ears. He had brought his ashplant under his arm to the dormitory, doubtless in the hope of finding an excuse for using it. He had an excuse now.

"Bend over that bed, Dury."

"Sha'n't!"

"I'm going to give you six."

"You ain't!" said Dury coolly.

He grinned mockingly at the bully of the Sixth, while the rest of the Remove looked on breathlessly.

"Keep that cane away, Loder," he said. "You touch me with it, and I'll sling you out of the dorm, neck and crop. You can lay to that."

"Dury, old bean!" murmured Bob Cherry.

Loder tucked his cane under his arm again.

"You refuse to be caned by a prefect, Dury?"

"You bet!"

"I shall report you to the headmaster for a flogging."

"Go ahead," said Dury, "and I'll report to him at the same time that you tried to make me tell lies about Wharton, and got your rag out because I wouldn't tell Mr. Quelch that he wasn't in my study, when he was."

"What?" howled Bob Cherry.

"You rotter, Loder!" shouted Wharton, his eyes blazing.

"You esteemed rascal!" exclaimed the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Report away!" continued the Kid. "We'll both have something to tell Dr. Locke. I'm ready if you are!"

Loder glared at the Kid, speechless with rage. But he realised that Dick Dury had the upper hand. He dared not go to the Head.

"Begad, what a rotten outsider!" remarked Lord Mauleverer. "You're the limit, Loder, if you don't mind my mentionin' it!"

"Rotter!" bawled Johnny Bull. "Get out of our dorm, Loder! By Jove, we'll chuck you out if you don't get out!"

"Yes, rather!"

"Outside, you cad!"

Seldom or never had a Sixth Form prefect been talked to in that strain at Greyfriars. The Removites gathered round Loder, with excited and angry faces. Two or three fellows pushed him, and he staggered.

"You—you young scoundrels!" he

gasped. "I will bring the Head here and—"

"Bring him, and I'll talk to him!" grinned Dury. "You get out. You're a bad egg, you are! Travel!"

And a powerful shove from the Game Kid sent Loder tottering. He backed out into the dormitory passage. Bob Cherry slammed the door almost on his nose. And Loder did not come back. He had had enough of the Remove; and, for the present, at least, he had no desire for any further dealings with those lively young gentlemen.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Old Pals!

"KID!"

Dick Dury started.

It was Wednesday afternoon, and a half-holiday. Harry Wharton & Co. were at football that afternoon, playing the Upper Fourth, and the Game Kid had watched the match for a while. Then he had strolled out of the school gates, and walked away towards Friardale.

He walked slowly, his hands in his pockets, a deep line corrugating his brow.

He was thinking—not happy thoughts.

The Kid was troubled. And it was the "Old 'Un" who was in his thoughts at the moment that a husky voice addressed him. And the Kid, starting out of his brown study, and looking up, recognised Mr. Bobby Huggins.

The old pug gave him a grin and a nod.

Evidently he bore no malice for the "left" the Kid had given him a few weeks before. Indeed, Mr. Huggins was rather proud of the fact that his pupil had developed to the extent of being able to knock out his instructor.

Mr. Huggins was quite sober on this especial afternoon. The Kid nodded to him, and stopped.

"'Arternoon, Old 'Un!" he said.

"I've been looking for a chance to speak to you again, Kid," said Mr. Huggins affably. "You've been keepin' out of an old pal's way."

"I ain't allowed to speak to you, Old 'Un," he said. "It's 'ard, and I never was the bloke to turn a pal down. But there it is. Dr. Locke took me up and made a Greyfriars chap of me. I've got to cut the Ring and all belongin' to it. It's a promise."

"And you don't mind doin' it?" asked Mr. Huggins, with a look more in sorrow than in anger.

"Don't I?" said the Kid, with a sigh. "That's all you know. Old 'Un!"

"You, the best boxer of your years ever seen in the Ring!" said the Old 'Un. "You giving it all up to go to school like a nipper! Oh, Kid!"

"Can't be 'elped," said the Kid. "I ain't going to be ungrateful to a gentleman what has done so much for me. Dr. Locke is the finest old gent I ever see. Jest 'cause I chipped in and stopped some tramps from maulin' him, he took me up and put me to the big school. He thought it was a big chance for me—and so did I—then!" The Kid sighed again. "Of course, I never knowed anything about it. I'd jest seen school chaps havin' what looked like an easy time, and I thought it was a catch for me."

"But it ain't?" said Bobby Huggins.

"No, it ain't," said the Kid. "P'r'aps I was took too late. P'r'aps I ain't got the brains to mug up what the other coveys mug up. I don't see any sense in mugging it up, fur as that goes;

but that may be because I don't understand. It ain't in my line, Old 'Un."

The Game Kid broke off.

"But I ain't got to speak to you, old covey," he said. "It's been looked over for last time, but I've promised to keep clear."

He made a movement to pass on.

Had the Old 'Un made any attempt to detain him, and force himself on the schoolboy boxer, the Kid would probably have shoved by and gone. But Mr. Bobby Huggins did nothing of the sort. He stepped back out of the junior's way, with a clouded and reproachful countenance.

"'Ook it, then, Kid!" he said glumly. "I dessay now you're up in the world, you want to keep clear of an old covey like me. I trained you up, and taught you all you know of the boxing. But you ain't a boxer now, and you've got no use for an old pal what always did his best for you. I own up I was ratty that time I come up to the school and rowed with your master. I own up—I was 'urt, Kid, at you turning me down. I ought never to 'ave done it, and I'm sorry I did. Can't say fairer than that. Well then, 'ook it, and leave me on the beach. I never thought the Game Kid would turn into a snob because he was took up and put to a big school!"

"I ain't a snob!" muttered the Kid.

"I ain't fit to speak to you, I know!" said Bobby Huggins bitterly. "Well, then, 'ook it, and leave an old pal on the beach. I ain't asking you for anything!"

And the old pugilist, not without an air of dignity, turned away.

The Kid's cheeks crimsoned.

"'Old on!" he exclaimed.

Mr. Huggins stopped.

"'Look 'ere, Old 'Un, no 'arm in a bit of a chin," said the Kid. "I'd like a jaw as much as you would. There ain't a feller at Greyfriars I can talk to confidential. Sit down 'ere, Old 'Un."

The Kid sat on the stile in the lane, and Mr. Huggins, after a dignified hesitation, sat there beside him.

"'Wot 'arm does your 'eadmaster think it will do you?" he asked.

"'Tain't that," said the Kid. "The 'Ead knows how you push 'em back, Old 'Un. He knows you was squiffy when you tackled Mr. Quelch, and I gave you my left. Did I 'urt you much?" added Dury, with friendly concern.

The Old 'Un grinned ruefully.

"Not 'arf!" he answered.

"Well, you wouldn't be 'appy without it," said the Kid. "But never mind that. I've punched you afore, Old 'Un, when you was tipsy, and got too rorty. You see, my 'eadmaster knows you're boozy and violent—that's how he looks at it—and he's jest horrified at a Greyfriars feller speaking to such a blooming character."

"Ho!" said Mr. Huggins indignantly.

"And then there was the fight at the Three Fishers," said the Kid. "The 'Ead was fair petrified when he heard I'd been figuring in the ring agin—and me a Greyfriars man. He put it down most to your influence. Reely it was that covey Hilton. I did it for him." The Kid's brow darkened at the thought of Hilton of the Fifth. "Only I couldn't give him away to his 'eadmaster, you know. It would have been the boot for him from the school."

"Still friendly with young Hilton?" asked the Old 'Un.

"No fear! He's a bad egg, and I keep clear of him," said the Kid moodily. "He wanted me to sell the fight, to suit his filthy betting, and that did it. Arter getting me into it, too!

He's a rotter, and I turned 'im down! And I did admire that bloke."

The Game Kid sighed again. His humble friendship with Cedric Hilton of the Fifth Form had made Greyfriars tolerable to him. It had filled up the blank in his life. But his idol had fallen; he despised and disliked the dandy of the Fifth, whom once he had so loyally served and admired. The link that had held him to Greyfriars was broken.

"Ow do you get on with the other coveys?" asked Bobby Huggins curiously. "It was a big change for you, Kid, goin' to a school like Greyfriars. Don't the coveys look down on you?"

"Some of 'em," said the Kid. "A lot of 'em, in fact. I had a rough time in my Form. But that's wearing off. The best chaps there are very decent to me now. There are some I like no end—one chap 'specially, named Cherry. He's one of the best, he is. Another bloke—Wharton—he's a bit proud, but he treats a bloke decent—very decent. Lots of good fellows there. Old 'Un. But, you see, they ain't in my line. They don't take any interest in the things I like, and I don't care much for their wheezes. You see, I'm like a fish out of water. Why, that fight at the Three Fishers was like meat and drink to me, Bobby Huggins!" The Kid's eyes glistened. "I got into trouble over it, and was very nearly bunked out of the school—but the 'Ead was decent about it, too. Only—only sometimes I wish he'd get fed-up and send me away."

Mr. Huggins nodded comprehendingly.

"Jest to stand in the ring ag'in with the gloves on and the coveys all watching!" said the Kid wistfully.

"Why not cut it, then?" said Huggins.

The Game Kid shook his head.

"I ain't going to be ungrateful to the 'Ead, arter all his kindness. You see, that old gent couldn't ever understand. It wasn't easy for him to put me in the school—I can see that now. Costs money, too. The only thing I can do is to do him credit there. I'm learnin' the ropes, and I'm getting on better with the fellers now; and my Form master's very good, too. I can stand it."

From the direction of the school a Sixth-Former came up the lane, and his eyes fell on the two figures seated on the stile.

"By gad!" muttered Loder.

His eyes gleamed.

The Kid did not observe him; he was staring glumly at the ground.

"But 'ow are you getting on, Old 'Un?" he asked. "What are you hanging about here for now?"

"Waiting for a chance to see you, Kid," said Bobby Huggins. "I want you to come back."

"Nothing doing."

"I'm pretty near on the beach," said Bobby Huggins pathetically. "Huggins' Ring is done for, Kid, with you out of it. It was you that kept it going. I always treated you fair, Kid—you can't deny it."

"I know you did, Old 'Un."

"And you left me in the lurch," said Mr. Huggins reproachfully.

The Kid grunted.

"You got tipsy and got put away," he said. "I always told you I'd leave you if you kept on with the drink."

"I know—I know. I ain't grouching about that," said Mr. Huggins hastily. "I know I push 'em back too often, Kid. I'm going to chuck it. I've had a bad go, and the doctor's warned me that if

I don't chuck the whisky it will put me under the ground. I'm going to chuck it—I am, Kid, honour bright, if you'll come back to the Ring, and make it a success like it used to be."

The Kid's look was moody. The call of the ring was powerful; its lure was strong upon him. Greyfriars, and all that Greyfriars represented, weighed little in the scale. He had not understood that when Dr. Locke had offered him a chance in life that had seemed wonderful to him. But he understood it now.

A sharp, bitter voice interrupted his gloomy musings.

"Dury!"

He looked up, and scowled blackly at Loder of the Sixth.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

"Hook It!"

L ODER of the Sixth stopped before the two boxers seated on the stile. His eyes glistened with malice at the Game Kid. Mr. Huggins looked at him, wondering who he was, and guessing that he was some Upper Form fellow of Greyfriars. Loder was at no loss to know who the one-eyed, stout old gentleman was. He had seen Bobby Huggins loafing about the Cross Keys, in Friardale, a good many times. And he had caught Dury of the Remove in open communication with the old pugilist, to whom he was forbidden to speak—the man who had arranged the Kid's fight at the Three Fishers; the man who had made a scene at Greyfriars; the man who had attacked a Greyfriars Form master. This was the hour of Loder's triumph; and the time had come for the Kid to pay the penalty for having defied and humiliated the bully of the Sixth!

"Dury!" he snapped.

"Oh, let a bloke alone!" said the Kid irritably.

"Go back to the school at once!"

"Can it!" jeered the Kid. "Ain't it a 'arf-holiday?"

"I order you to return to Greyfriars this moment," said Loder, "and I shall follow you there and report you to the Head!"

"Oh, shut up!"

"Wha-at?"

"Shut up!" rapped the Kid.

Mr. Huggins grinned.

"Give him your left, Kid," he said.

"I've more'n 'arf a mind to," growled the Kid.

His talk with Bobby Huggins had had an effect on the Game Kid. The influence of old associations was strong upon him; he was the Game Kid once more, and had almost forgotten that he was Dury of the Remove. The laws and customs of Greyfriars—the authority of a prefect of the Sixth Form—had almost faded from his mind. Loder, in his eyes at that moment, was only a bullying fellow who was bothering him.

Loder stepped back.

He remembered the grip of the Kid, and he did not want to feel it again; and still less did he want to sample the Kid's celebrated "left." He remembered the story that the Kid had knocked out Wingate of the Sixth with a single blow—and Wingate was twice Loder's

quality. That exploit had very nearly earned the Kid the sack from Greyfriars, and a recurrence of such an incident would have led, indubitably, to the sudden exit of the queer new junior from the school. There was no doubt about that. Loder would have been glad enough to see the Kid kicked out of Greyfriars. But it was not worth the price of being knocked across the lane—possibly with a smashed nose or a fractured jaw.

Mr. Huggins chuckled as the Greyfriars prefect backed so suddenly out of the Kid's reach. Dury grinned sourly.

Loder's face was crimson. He had power in his hands; all the authority of the school behind him in dealing with a Greyfriars junior who was in conversation with a bad character outside the school—a man to whom he was strictly forbidden ever to speak. But if the Kid chose to take advantage of his boxing powers, Loder's power was nothing; he could have knocked the Sixth-Former right and left with ease. It enraged Loder to realise that he was actually afraid of a fellow who was, after all, only a fag in the Lower Fourth—a fellow of no more standing in the school than Billy Bunter or Harold Skinner, both of whom would have trembled at Loder's frown.

But there was no doubt about it—he was afraid of the Kid. Not for any consideration whatever would Gerald Loder have stood up to that terrible youth.

The Kid made a gesture of dismissal, as if he had been the prefect and Loder the fag.

"'Ook it!" he said briefly.

"I order you back to the school, Dury!" hissed Loder, almost choking with rage and humiliation.

"Don't you worrit a covey," admonished the Kid. "I'm fed-up with you, Loder. You 'ear that? 'Ook it while you're safe."

"You young rascal—"

"Don't I keep on telling you to 'ook it?" said the Kid, in a low voice of menace. "Let a covey alone!"

"I shall report—"

"Oh, shut it!"

Loder trembled with rage. But for the inevitable consequences, he would have grasped the Kid and dragged him from the stile. But he dared not venture to touch him. At the same time, his pride and dignity as a Sixth Form prefect made it impossible for him to allow such a defiance.

"Ain't you going?" rapped out the Kid angrily.

"You cheeky young scoundrel—"

"That does it!" said the Kid.

He slipped from the stile and pushed back his cuffs.

Loder backed farther off.

Dick Dury followed him up, with a glint in his eyes that gave the bully of the Sixth a chill. He remembered what Wingate of the Sixth had looked like after he had had the Game Kid's "left." He backed away with almost ludicrous haste; the Kid followed him up with glinting eyes and protruding jaw.

"Hands off, you—you young ruffian!" panted Loder.

"Where will you 'ave it?"

"Hands off! I tell you—"

The Kid came on with a spring like a tiger.

Loder of the Sixth, senior as he was, prefect as he was, jumped back, turned, and fairly ran for it.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Mr. Huggins. The Kid stopped and turned back to

the stile, chuckling. Loder was speeding up the lane towards Greyfriars without looking back. It was not till he was fifty yards away that Loder realised that he was not pursued and dropped into a more moderate pace.

Dury seated himself on the stile again. "I wasn't goin' to 'it him," he said. "'Tain't allowed to 'it a prefect at Greyfriars. But I knowed he had a yellow streak. I knowed he would funk!"

"What's a prefect?" said Mr. Huggins.

"Fellers in the Sixth Form—that's the top Form—is appointed what they call prefects, by the 'Ead. They're allowed to cane blokes in the lower Forms, and give 'em lines, jest like masters."

"I'll bet they ain't caned you!" chuckled Mr. Huggins.

"But they 'ave, lots of times," said the Kid. "It's the rule, you see, and a covey has to play up. I've let a covey cane me when I could have lifted him across the room with my left. But not that covey! He's a rotter, he is—jest a bully. I ain't taking any of his back-chat."

The Kid's brow darkened.

"He's down on me 'cause I stood by a feller he was worriting," he said. "But there'll be a row about this, Old 'Un. He's gone back to report me for 'aving dealings with a boozy old pug—that's you, Bobby Huggins."

"I've got you into a row, 'ave I?" asked the Old 'Un disconsolately.

"You 'ave, and no error!"

"Why not cut it all and come back to the ring?" urged the old boxer. "Wasting your time fooling around with classes, learnin' a lot of bunkum. What good does it do a bloke?"

"None at all; but it's jest a custom they 'ave in these 'ere big schools," said the Kid. "You don't learn anything that will 'elp you to get your living. I s'pose most of the coveys 'ave easy jobs waiting for them. When they 'aven't that they must have a 'ard time keepin' themselves in bread and cheese arter they leave school. I s'pose that's why there's so many blinking officials in the country. Public School men 'ave to be provided for somehow. It's a mug's game, to my mind. If I'm goin' to swot at learning things, I'd rather learn something about makin' motor-cars, or wireless, or growin' wheat—there's some sense in that. The blokes in my school, Old 'Un, know a lot of things that I don't know, but they ain't got much hoss sense."

"My eye!" said Bobby Huggins.

"Jest wasting a bloke's time!" said the Kid with a sigh.

Had the Head of Greyfriars been able to overhear the Game Kid's candid opinion, doubtless he would have realised that, in the kindness of his heart, he had made a mistake in placing the boxer at the school. The Kid judged the public school from the practical point of view of a fellow who had known a hard life. He weighed it in the balance, and found it wanting. A fellow who loved classical literature, or a fellow who enjoyed games, might have the time of his life at Greyfriars. Of the former there were probably few in the school; of the latter there were certainly many. But to a fellow who, at an early age, had been forced to realise the serious side of life, the whole thing seemed idle and futile. The Kid judged harshly, but he could only judge according to his lights.

He slipped from the stile at last. "I'd better be getting back," he said

warily. "There's a blinking row waiting for me, and the sooner it's over the better."

"I'll see you ag'in, Kid!"

"Better not, Old 'Un," said the Kid, holding out his hand. "Good-bye. I'm for it, and it can't be 'elped."

Bobby Huggins shook hands with him. "I'm hanging on a few days, in case you change your mind, Kid," he said. "Jest you remember that an old pal's going on the beach if you don't stand by him. I've sworn off the whisky—on my davy! But I can't keep the Ring without you, Kid. Think it over."

"'Tain't no use," said the Kid irritably. "Don't I keep on telling you I'm for it?"

And the Game Kid tramped away to Greyfriars, without a glance back at the old boxer, who stood by the stile watching him go.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

The Kid's Last Chance!

HARRY WHARTON was waiting at the school gates, in the falling dusk, when the Game Kid arrived there. The football match was over, and Wharton, as he left the changing-room, had received a message from his Form master. As head of the Remove, duties sometimes fell to Wharton's lot that were not wholly agreeable. But he had not been waiting long for the Game Kid when he saw Dury coming up the road—tramping along with a clouded brow. The Kid gave him a look as he came in.

"Waiting for you, old bean," said the captain of the Remove. "I've got orders to bag you as soon as you show up and take you to Mr. Quelch."

The Kid grunted.

"Orlright!"

"What's the row?" asked Wharton, as they crossed the quad together. "Loder seems to have come in wild and waxy and reported something to Quelch. I hope you haven't been giving a Sixth Form prefect your left?"

Dury grinned.

"Loder wouldn't 'ave been able to walk back to Greyfriars if I 'ad," he answered. "I never touched him."

"Good! You want to be jolly careful, you know. Loder is a bully and a cad—but he's a prefect. After what happened to Wingate you can't be too careful. A thing like that couldn't be overlooked twice."

"I s'pose not."

"Wingate's a jolly good-natured chap," said Harry. "He must have put in a word for you or the Head couldn't have overlooked it. Loder isn't that sort. He would make the most of it if you touched him. Keep clear of the cad as much as you can."

"He won't keep clear of me," grunted the Kid. "Ragging a cove for nothing! Jest talking to the Old 'Un for a few minutes in the lane—"

Wharton's face became very grave.

"He found you with Mr. Huggins?"

"Yes," muttered the Kid.

"I say, old man, it won't do, you know," said the captain of the Remove seriously. "The Head has overlooked a lot in your case; but there's a limit. You oughtn't to see that merchant, you know."

"'Tain't like you think," said the Kid. "There isn't going to be any more boxing, or anything like that. We wasn't fixing up another fight at the Three Fishers." He grinned. "The Old 'Un is down on his luck, and he wanted a word with an old pal. Why shouldn't he?"

Wharton was silent. He had a glimmering of the Kid's feelings—the strong pull of old associations on a fellow who found himself in a big, strange school, where his ways were not the ways of any of the other fellows about him. Nevertheless, it was clear that if Dury was to remain at Greyfriars he had to make a clean cut with the past.

They arrived at Mr. Quelch's study, and Wharton tapped at the door and opened it.

"Dury's come in, sir!"

"Very good!"

Dick Dury entered the study, and Wharton closed the door and went. He sympathised a good deal with the Kid, and he could not help seeing that the luckless junior was in for more trouble. It was all the more unfortunate because he had lately received nothing but kindness and consideration from his Form master. But for the consequences to Dury himself, Wharton would have been glad to hear that he had given the bully of the Sixth his "left."

Mr. Quelch fixed his eyes upon Dury with a very grim look.

"Loder has reported you to me, Dury!" he said acidly.

The kindness was quite gone from the Remove master's manner now.

"Yes, sir!" said the Kid heavily.

"You have been in communication with the man Huggins?"

"I had a jaw with 'im, sir!"

"Loder found you together, and ordered you to return to the school?" said Mr. Quelch. "You refused to obey his order?"

"Yes, sir."

"You threatened him with violence?"

"Only pulling his leg, sir!" said the Kid, with a faint grin. "I wouldn't have touched 'im. Loder's a funk, sir, and he thought he was goin' to be punched, but he might have knowed I wouldn't."

Mr. Quelch coughed.

"Nevertheless, you used threats," he said.

"I s'pose it comes to that, sir," admitted the Kid.

"You are fully aware, of course, that a junior boy in this school is bound to obey the orders of a prefect?"

"Yes, sir," said the Kid. "But Loder's a meddler, he is, and a bully. He won't leave a bloke alone."

The Remove master coughed again.

"In this instance, Dury, Loder was doing his plain duty. He found you in the company of a man to whom the Head has forbidden you to speak."

The Kid nodded without reply.

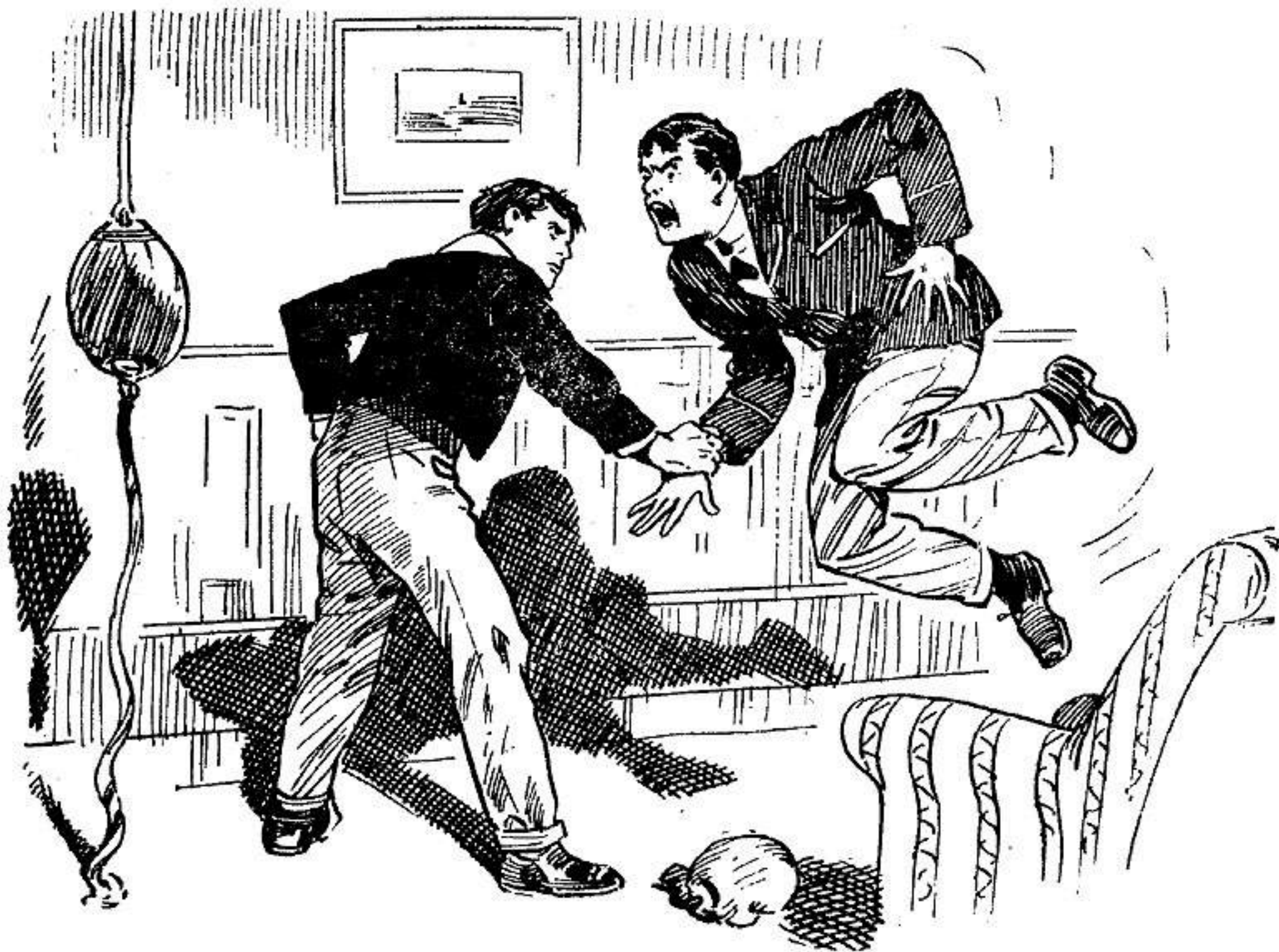
"You gave me your word, Dury, not to speak to the man Huggins," said Mr. Quelch. "The man is a ruffian. He actually attacked me personally; he made a scene at the school. He has frequently been seen about the village in a state of intoxication. You have broken your word to me, Dury, in speaking to this abandoned character!"

The Kid reddened.

"I give my word, sir, and I kep' it," he said. "I ain't been out of bounds to see the Old 'Un, and I ain't got mixed up with the boxing ag'in. I've kep' clear of all that like I promised I would. But I don't see any 'arm in passing the time of day with an old pal."

"Your promise, Dury, was that you would never see or communicate with the man again."

"I—I know, sir." The Kid wriggled uneasily. "I ain't a bloke to break my word, sir I 'ope. I met the Old 'Un by chance; I never knowed he was hanging about the place. I never seed



Loder reached out and grasped the Game Kid by the ear. "Ow!" yelped the Kid. The next instant, he grasped Loder's wrist. Then it was the prefect's turn to yelp, for the grip on his wrist was like that of a steel vice. "Try agin!" grinned the Kid. "You—you—young hooligan!" panted Loder. "Let go!" (See Chapter 5.)

'im on purpose. Jest talking to 'im a few minutes ain't breaking my promise when there's no 'arm done."

"I am afraid, Dury, that I cannot trust you if that is how you regard a promise," said the Remove master gravely. "But if you mean that the man forced himself upon you against your will—"

"No, I don't, sir," said the Kid honestly. "He wanted to speak to me, and he come up to a bloke, and I wasn't going to shut him up, sir; he's been good to me in his own way. He ain't a bad sort when he's off the drink."

Mr. Quelch set his lips.

"Does that mean, Dury, that you persist in keeping up the acquaintance of a drunken vagabond in spite of your headmaster's commands?"

"I've told 'im I sha'n't see him ag'in, sir," said the Kid. "I don't want to do nothing that would worrit the 'Ead. He's been kind to me."

There was a pause.

"Take notice of what I say, Dury," said Mr. Quelch at last. "Dr. Locko has been very lenient with you, both on account of your unfortunate early associations, and on account of the service you rendered him, which he rewarded by placing you at Greyfriars. But it was distinctly understood that you gave up all your old disreputable associations, and you fully agreed to this when you entered the school. Yet you resumed acquaintance with this man Huggins; you engaged in a boxing contest at a low resort; you struck a Sixth

Form prefect who was on the point of discovering you out of school bounds. All this the Head has forgiven, but it is impossible for him to go further. Now you have met the man again; you have deliberately disobeyed a prefect's order to leave his company; you have threatened the prefect!"

The Kid was silent.

"I desire to give you every chance," said Mr. Quelch. "The Head and I have consulted very earnestly about the matter, and we both wish to treat you with the utmost kindness and make every possible allowance. But bear this in mind, Dury—what has been pardoned once cannot be pardoned again! If you should ever so far forget yourself as to strike a Sixth Form prefect again, you will leave Greyfriars the same day! This is the Head's decision, which he has instructed me to convey to you!"

No answer from the Kid.

"The same result will accrue if you should meet the man Huggins again!" added Mr. Quelch. "It is impossible for your headmaster to decide otherwise. No Greyfriars boy could possibly be allowed to keep up an acquaintance with such a character! You understand me?"

"I understand, sir," said the Kid, in a low voice.

"On the present occasion I shall not punish you," said Mr. Quelch. "Your fate is in your own hands. As I cannot trust you as I had hoped to do, you will remain within school bounds on half-holidays until it is ascertained that

Mr. Huggins has left the neighbourhood. No accidental meeting, therefore, can take place again. If you should see the man, it will be by your own deliberate act and you will take the consequences! Bear this in mind!"

He made a sign of dismissal.

"You may go, Dury!"

And the Game Kid left the study.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

A Disappointment for Loder!

L ODER of the Sixth was lounging at the corner of the masters' corridor. The Kid saw him there as he came away from Mr. Quelch's study and smiled scornfully. He knew what Loder was waiting for.

He was passing the prefect when Loder called to him.

"Dury!"

The Kid stopped.

Loder looked at him, puzzled. He had expected to see the Kid showing all the signs of a severe licking. The Kid was not looking cheerful, but he certainly did not look as if he had been licked.

"You've seen Mr. Quelch?"

"Yes!" snapped the Kid.

"Are you going to the Head?"

"No!"

Loder set his teeth.

"You young sweep! Do you mean to say that you've got off?" he exclaimed, in angry amazement.

(Continued on page 17.)

THE TRIUMPH OF JUSTISS!

(Continued from previous page.)

several canons going off at the same time.

"Egad, sir! I will have you know that you cannot dispel my son with impunity! It is true that he was the ring-leader of a rebellion, but he was given grate provocation. His life, and the lives of his Form-fellows, have been made absolutely unbearable by the tyranny of Mr. Savvidge! It is Savvidge who should have been dispelled, sir—not my son!"

"Really, my dear general—"

"I am not your dear general!" roared the irate martinette. "Tell me, sir, what is this man Savvidge doing here, in a school for the sons of gentlemen? I know all about the presbus scoundrel. He has a thurrighly black record. He is a blaggard of the deepest die!"

The Head rose stiffly to his feet.

"I cannot here one of my masters slandered in this way," he said. "Mr. Savvidge came to me with the highest credentials. It is true that he has been twice in prizzen, but only for trifling offences. One was arson, and the other was robbery with violense. The Prizzen Guvverner gave him an eggsellent carracter."

"Bah! Pah! Yah!" snorted the general. "You do not know what I know about the man's shady past. Are you aware, sir, that Savvidge has served a long term of disprizzenment for gross brootality to pupils under his care when he was an assistant master at St. Bill's? Are you aware that he is an escaped gaol-bird, for whom the perlice are scouring the country at this very minnit?"

The Head gave a violent start.

"This is news to me, General Jolly. You serprize me!"

The general came close to the Head and bellered in his ear.

"What would the Guvverners say, if

they knew you were harboring an ex-convict, and a wanted man? Why, your job would be in jeppardy right away!"

"You—you will not tell them?" panted the Head, white to the lips.

"Certainly I shall tell them," boomed General Jolly, "unless my son is permitted to return to the school at once! If you don't want me to split to the Guvverners, you must reinstate my son, make him a publick apology, and send this tirant Savvidge packing! I'm not blackmailing you; I'm simply stating my terms. Do you agree to those terms, sir?"

"Yes, yes!" said the Head eagerly. He was terrified lest the Guvverners should get to here about Mr. Savvidge's record. "I will send my car to Jolly Court, and have your son brought back at once; and I will make him a hansom apology in Big Hall this evening. As for Mr. Savvidge, I will tollyfone for the perlice, and have him taken into custerdy."

"Ha!" sneered the general. "I thought you would see which side your bread was buttered. I will remain here, sir, until you have carried out my wishes. You're a tretchorus old scamp, and would riggle out of it if you could!"

Events moved rappidly after that.

The Head ordered his private shofer to proseed to Jolly Court, and he tollyfoned for the perlice, and sent for Mr. Savvidge, all in the same breth.

General Jolly made himself comfortable in the Head's armchair, chuckling grimly over the jokes in the Head's comic paper.

Prezzantly Mr. Savvidge arrived in the study, pail and tremblin. Before he had a chance to ask what he had been sent for, a perlice inspector and a cupple of constables rushed into the room.

They were about to arrest the Head at first—bekawse, of the three gentlemen in the study, the Head had the most criminal face. But General Jolly prevented the perlice from making a *fac-pu*.

"There is your man!" he said, pointing to Mr. Savvidge. "He is an escaped convict, for whom the detectives, the perlice, and the bludhounds have been serching for months!"

"That is a fowl lie!" cried Mr. Savvidge, licking his dry lips.

"Take him away!" said the general skornfully.

Crash!

The handcuffs clicked gently upon Mr. Savvidge's wrists, and he was marched away, wildly protesting.

"We will come back for the other prizzen later, sir," said the inspector to General Jolly, while he pointed to the Head.

The general grinned.

"You are under a deloosion, inspector," he said. "Dr. Birchmall is the headmaster hear. He can't help his criminal face!"

The perlice departed with their prizzen, and shortly afterwards there was a loud purring sound in the quad. It was not made by the kitchen cat, but by the Head's private car, which had returned, with Jack Jolly on board.

Our hero's face was beaming with joy. He threw himself into his father's arms, and larfed happily.

All his trubbles were over now. The dark clouds had rolled by; the tirant Savvidge had been bannished from St. Sam's; and Jack Jolly was back again in his old place as leader of the Fourth.

Never, in all the long and checkered history of St. Sam's, had a fellow been dispelled in disgrace, and brought back in triumph, on one and the same day. But this was what happened to Jack Jolly.

The Grate Rebellion was over now. It ended ortomatically, with Jack Jolly's return.

That evening, the Head made his publick apology in Big Hall. Jack Jolly, like the j Jennerus fellow he was, said he would forgive the Head this time, but he must not let it occur again.

After the publick apology, there was a hansom spread in the junior Common-room, to sellybrate Jack Jolly's return, and the end of the rebellion.

The revelry and rejoicing were kept up till a late hour; and thus the curtain was wrung down upon one of the most eggsiting eppisodes in the school's history—Jack Jolly's Barring-out—which had ended, as all barring-outs should do, in the Triumph of Justiss!

THE END.

(Another of Dicky Nugent's ribticklers next week, chums! "Doctor Birchmall's Dilemmer!" Don't miss it!)

Do You Know That?



Interesting Tit-Bits

for the Footer Fan!

Practically every member of the Reading team has had experience with other League clubs, and the majority of them have been discarded by these other clubs as not worth retaining. Yet Reading won the championship of the Southern Third Division last season.

Page, the Barnley outside-left, once served as a steward on an Atlantic liner.

There are plenty of footballers who are never given their full names, and certainly one of them is the Portsmouth centre-forward. His full title is: William Wyndham Pretoria Haines. It is said that when he signed on for Portsmouth a specially big form had to be provided.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 990.

Arthur Grimsdell, of Tottenham Hotspur, and George Edmonds, of Watford, played in the same school team. Grimsdell was then a centre-forward, and Edmonds a half-back. When these two players faced each other in the Cup Final of 1921, Grimsdell was a half-back, and Edmonds a centre-forward.

Seven members of the regular first team of Cardiff City are total abstainers.

Scottish footballers are supposed to be slow, but James Crawford, the Queen's Park outside-right, who played for the Scottish amateurs against the English amateurs recently, is the Scottish 100 yards sprint champion. He covered this distance in ten seconds.

A peculiar coincidence attaches to the appointment of Mr. Cecil Potter to the managership of Norwich City. He succeeds Mr. J. B. Stansfield in that capacity, and in the long ago Mr. Stansfield gave Mr. Potter his first engagement as a professional footballer.

With the exception of Wilson, Hudspeth, and Spencer, every man in the Newcastle United first team cost at least one thousand pounds as transfer fee. But the people of Newcastle think the team has been worth the money.

Over seventy really first-class players have left Scotland to play for English clubs during the years since the War, in addition, of course, to hundreds who were not first-class when they left home.

Eli Fletcher, who is now playing at full-back for Watford, had a benefit which amounted to two thousand pounds when he was playing for Manchester City. Shortly afterwards there was a rule made restricting benefits to £650.



(Continued from page 13.)

Dury's lip curled.

"I ain't been licked if that's what you mean, Loder," he answered.

And he walked on, leaving Loder clenching his hands with rage.

Loder stared after him, and then strode along to Mr. Quelch's study. He intended to know what it meant. A junior who directly disobeyed a prefect's order and threatened the prefect with violence should have had a severe caning at least, if not a Head's flogging. And the Kid, apparently, had been let off with a lecture. Loder did not mean to take that "lying down." He had strong objections to make.

All the evil in Loder's nature—and there was a great deal of it—was concentrated on the Kid. He could not remember his ignominious flight from the junior without colouring with shame and humiliation. His feelings towards Harry Wharton were quite kind and tender in comparison with his feelings towards Richard Dury. But for his actual bodily fear of the fellow he would gladly have provoked him into violence in order to have the satisfaction of seeing him expelled from the school. And to be in bodily fear of a junior was a state of affairs that roused all the bitterest venom in the bully's breast.

But he obtained little satisfaction from Mr. Quelch.

"The matter is closed, Loder," said the Remove master. "I have consulted with the Head on your report to me, and the matter is at an end."

"The boy disobeyed my order, sir."

"I am aware of it."

"He threatened me."

"I am quite aware that the matter is serious, Loder. You have a just cause of complaint," said Mr. Quelch. "But the Head has reasons for giving this unfortunate boy every chance to make good in this school. He has been told in the plainest terms that, if he should again strike a prefect, or should meet that disreputable ruffian Huggins, he will be immediately sent away from Greyfriars. He is kept within gates for all the half-holidays this term. The matter ends there."

And Loder retreated from the study, more enraged than ever.

The Kid had defied and humiliated him, and was to escape scot-free. He would not be fool enough to meet Huggins again, after his warning; neither would he be reckless enough to raise his hand to a prefect. Certainly, Loder could have provoked him into the latter proceeding; but that was precisely what the bully of the Sixth dared not do. He thought of it, in his savage rage, but his heart failed him at the thought of standing up to such a blow as had felled Wingate of the Sixth. All he could do was to resolve to keep a watchful eye on the Kid—it was possible that the young blackguard would feel irresistibly drawn towards blackguardly associates—that was how Loder put it. And if he could catch him again—only that old fool, Mr.

Quelch, had gated him, and made a meeting practically impossible. Loder's feelings were almost at boiling point, as he strode savagely away from Mr. Quelch's study.

Bob Cherry caught sight of him, and smiled at the expression on Loder's face. Loder caught the smile.

"Cherry!" he rapped out.

"Yes, Loder!" said Bob meekly.

"Take a hundred lines."

"Oh, my hat! What for?" asked Bob.

"Don't answer me back, Cherry, or I shall double it."

Bob drew a deep breath. This was rather thick, even from Gerald Loder. But Bob suppressed his feelings, and moved off.

"Bring the lines to me before tea," added Loder.

"It's tea-time now—"

"You heard what I said."

And Gerald Loder went to his study, feeling a little better!

Bob Cherry went up the Remove staircase, and at the doorway of study No. 1 Nugent's voice hailed him cheerily.

"Trot in, old bean. Tea."

"Lines!" grunted Bob.

"Well, lines will do after tea."

"Not in this case. Dear old Loder wants the goods delivered at once," said Bob. "I'm getting fed-up with Loder. Something's happened to get his rag out, I suppose."

"You've got lines for nothing?" asked Harry Wharton.

Bob grinned.

"Nothing but a sweet smile," he answered. "I suppose a fellow is entitled to smile when he sees a Sixth Form man scowling like a demon in a panto."

"Well, buck up with the lines," said Harry, laughing. "We've got sosses and chips, and they're nearly ready. We've asked Dury to tea, as a consolation prize for getting it hot from Quelch."

Bob nodded, and went on to his study. He sat down to his lines with a grim face, and wrote them as fast as he could; but a hundred lines took a certain amount of time. Bob was hungry after a football match, too, and he wanted his tea. But the imposition was finished at last, and taken to Loder's study in the Sixth. Then Bob repaired to study No. 1 in the Remove, where he found four members of the Co. at tea with Dick Dury, with smiling faces.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here we are again!" said Bob, as he tramped in. "What's the merry joke? You're looking merry and bright."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"No wonder Loder had his rag out," he said. "Dury says that he ran for it in the lane this afternoon, actually bunked from a Remove chap."

"Like he was sent for," grinned Dury. "He's a funk, that bloke Loder is."

"You've been punching the Sixth again?" exclaimed Bob.

"No, I ain't—not that Loder would 'ave waited to be punched," said the Kid. "You couldn't see his 'ocls for the dust."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My hat! Loder will be on your trail after this," said Johnny Bull. "If you give him a chance—"

"The carefulness is the proper caper, my esteemed Dury," said Hurreo Janset Ram Singh. "Remember that the stitch in time saves the cracked pitcher from going longest to the well."

"Oh, my eye!" said Dury.

"And Quelch didn't lick you after all?" asked Bob.

"No, it's the sack next time it 'appens, that's all."

"That's all, eh?" said Bob. "Enough, too, I should think—unless you're fed up with Greyfriars, young 'un."

Richard Dury gave a grunt.

"If it wasn't for letting down the 'Ead, arter all his kindness to me, I wouldn't worrit much about it," he answered. "But you see, I'm goin to be careful. That rat Loder will be watchin' me like a cat, to find out whether I speak to the Old 'Un agin—he'd like to see me bunked, he would. But you see, I'm gated for all 'olidays, now, so I sha'n't see Bobby Huggins unless he calls."

And the Kid grinned.

"He called once, you know," chuckled Bob.

"He'd been pushing 'em back," said the Kid, in explanation. "He wouldn't 'ave gone for to do it, if he hadn't been pushing 'em back."

"Eh! Pushing who back, where, and why?" asked Bob mystified.

"I mean, oiling up," explained the Kid: his explanation still leaving Bob in the dark as to his meaning.

"Oiling up?" said Bob, blankly.

"Jerking his elbow," further explained the Kid.

"Oh, my hat!" said Bob, catching on to the Kid's meaning at last. "You mean, he had been drinking."

Some of the Kid's English was almost as puzzling to his Form-fellows, as the English which Hurreo Janset Ram Singh had learned under the wisest moonshee in the native state of Bhanipur.

"Loder can't do the Kid any damage if he takes care," said Bob. "But it seems rather a shame to disappoint Loder, all the same."

"What?"

"After all, he's a prefect, and we're bound to give prefects their heads," argued Bob. "And he's in the Sixth, and somebody says the Sixth Form is the giddy Palladium of the public school. Isn't it our duty to back up our jolly old Palladium? I vote that we let Loder discover something."

"What the thump—"

"A jape, my sons, a jape!" said Bob. "Loder's asked for it, and he won't be happy till he gets it; so this is where we put our heads together and help Loder become happy."

And while the Famous Five and Dury had tea, they discussed the idea—a discussion that was punctuated by many chuckles. Loder of the Sixth had made up his mind to be watchful—very watchful; and his watchfulness was to be rewarded sooner than he could possibly have expected.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Loder's Catch!

"INSIDE the school!"

"Yes."

"That old boxer—"

"It's frightfully risky for Dury—"

"For goodness' sake, keep it dark. The young ass might get the sack for this. Where is he?"

"Well, I thought I'd give Dury the message. Dash it all, the sooner it's over the better, if he must see him. I've told Dury to sneak as quietly as he can round to the wood-shed."

Loder of the Sixth drew a deep, deep breath. The whispering voices came

quite plainly to his ears, and he recognised them—the voices of Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry.

They were standing in the big window alcove near the door. Both of them were peering out of the window into the dusky quadrangle. They had their backs to the lighted hall, and did not see Loder of the Sixth as he came along. It did not occur to Loder, till considerably later, that the window, with the darkness outside, served the purpose of a mirror, and that the two juniors knew he was there, and that he had stopped, stealthily, as he caught their whispering voices.

Loder did not know—yet—that a little comedy had been planned for his especial benefit, and that the two young scamps had been hanging about for more than an hour, waiting for an opportunity to let him overhear their whispers—by accident! Certainly, it was not a scheme that would have succeeded with a prefect like Wingate of the Sixth. But the juniors knew Loder and his ways—they knew his little custom of treading softly if he came on fellows talking incautiously; they were only too well aware, from old experience, that Gerald Loder had no scruple whatever about playing the eavesdropper and acting on information surreptitiously acquired. That unpleasant custom of Loder's had caused trouble for the chums of the Remove more than once. Now it was going to cause trouble for Loder himself—which was poetical justice.

Loder breathed hard and his eyes glittered. His chance came sooner than he expected.

He stepped aside, so that the juniors should not see him from the window alcove if they looked round. Leaning on the wall, he affected to be reading a letter he had taken from his pocket, while he listened intently for more whispering.

"But—but if he should be spotted?" murmured Wharton.

"Well, nobody saw him go out of the House," whispered Bob; "I'm quite sure of that."

"But in the woodshed—suppose Gosling went there for something?"

"Not likely, after dark."

"Well, no; but it's awfully risky."

Loder of the Sixth smiled, and strolled away out of the House. He had heard enough—more than enough.

Of course, he might have guessed that that young reprobate, Dury, would meet the old boxer again, all the more because he was forbidden to do so. No doubt they were fixing up some new boxing engagement, like that which had actually taken place at the Three Fishers. This time Dury was not taking the risk of breaking bounds. The Old 'Un had stolen into the precincts of Greyfriars to speak to him. No one could possibly have expected that; it was safe from its very boldness. And those young rascals, Wharton and Cherry, knew it, and were keeping it dark—hand-in-glove, in fact, with the young scoundrel. Loder's thoughts were quite pleasant as he made his way to the woodshed.

Mr. Quelch seemed to have a way of receiving his reports with distrust when they concerned Remove fellows, and of administering inadequate punishment even when he could not doubt the report. This would be an eye-opener for the Remove master. Once the boxer, Huggins, was caught within the walls of the school the matter was settled. If Mr. Quelch did not take it before the Head, Loder would take it himself. This time there would be no

escape for the young hooligan who had threatened a prefect of Greyfriars, who had covered him with humiliation as with a garment.

Expulsion for Dury, and a severe caning each for the two juniors who were helping him in this reckless defiance of all authority! It really was a pleasant prospect—to Loder.

There was a smile on his face as he approached the little secluded building at the back of the school in the deep winter dusk.

No light showed from the shed; but, of course, they would not be burning a light. Even the Kid, reckless as he was, must know the risk he was running in meeting the old pugilist actually within the precincts of the school. With stealthy tread, Loder drew near to the woodshed, and stopped outside the door to listen.

The door was ajar, proof that someone had been there since Gosling closed it up for the night.

There was no sound from within, and they heard his footsteps. Loder grinned. They were not likely to deceive him by lying low and keeping silent. From the whispers he had overheard he knew exactly what to look for in the dusky shed.

He took an electric torch from his pocket and pushed the door open and stepped in.

Crash!
Swoosh!

A terrific yell rang through the woodshed and echoed far beyond. Loder staggered in the doorway, his torch going with a crash to the ground.

What had happened he hardly knew for a moment or two. He knew that his head was streaming with something—that it—whatever it was—was running down his neck and into his ears and plastering his face. He staggered and yelled and spluttered, and gazed at his streaming face, in utter amazement and horror.

"Grooogh! Gug-gug-gug! Ooooooh!"

Loder staggered out of the shed, streaming. Streams and streaks of white were all over his clothes. He realised that it was whitewash. Gosling sometimes had a bucket of whitewash in use, and he kept it in the woodshed. Certainly, he did not keep it lodged on top of the door. Somebody else had put the whitewash there—for Loder.

"Ooooooooh!"

Loder scrambled for his torch, and turned on the light. A large, flat box of thick cardboard lay among the whitewash in the doorway. That was the receptacle into which the whitewash had been poured. The authors of the booby-trap had not used the bucket, which might have brained Loder had it fallen on his head. Evidently they had been kind enough not to want to brain Loder. Loder gouged whitewash out of his eyes with one hand, and flashed the light round the woodshed with the other. But there was no sign of Bobby Huggins there, nor of the Game Kid.

Loder panted and spluttered. His quarry had escaped him. All he had caught was whitewash.

Boiling with rage, Loder hurried back to the House.

There was something like a roar as the prefect rushed into the lighted hall, streaming white, and looking a good deal like a ghost.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Is that Father Christmas a month late?" roared Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What on earth has happened to you, Loder?" exclaimed Wingate of the Sixth, coming up in amazement.

Loder did not heed him. He rushed away to Mr. Quelch's study. The Remove master was to see what had

happened. He was not to be left in any doubt this time.

The enraged prefect, almost frantic with fury, did not stop to knock at Mr. Quelch's door; he hurled it open and rushed in.

"What—what—"

Mr. Quelch jumped up in amazement and alarm.

"Bless my soul! What—what—"

"Oh, he's here!" exclaimed Loder, catching sight of Dick Dury in the study. "He's got here! He dodged away when I got this on my head, Mr. Quelch. Look at me—look—"

"I am looking, Loder," said Mr. Quelch in his iciest tone. "And I am waiting for an explanation. What do you mean by bursting into my study in that shocking and disgraceful state? Are you out of your senses?"

"The young scoundrel—" roared Loder.

"Moderate your language!" rapped out Mr. Quelch. "How dare you?"

"You—you don't know what he's done," gasped Loder. "That—that boy has met that old ruffian Huggins again, this very evening, inside the school—met him in the woodshed. I went there to catch him, and they had a box of whitewash fixed up over the door. Of course, it was to give the alarm if they were spotted. They got clear while I was blinded with this stuff. But for that I should have caught them together."

Mr. Quelch stared blankly at the infuriated Loder. Obviously, Loder believed what he was saying. But it mystified the Remove master.

"Calm yourself, Loder. You say that Dury has met the man Huggins within the walls of Greyfriars?"

"Yes," spluttered Loder.

"And when?"

"Not ten minutes ago."

"You must be dreaming, Loder," said Mr. Quelch coldly. "Dury has been in my study for nearly half an hour."

"Eh?"

"He came here"—Mr. Quelch consulted his watch—"exactly twenty-five minutes ago, to request my assistance with a Latin conjugation, and he has been here ever since. He has been under my eyes the whole time, and it is therefore impossible that he can have been in the woodshed ten minutes ago."

"Oh!" gasped Loder.

He almost tottered. He had taken it for granted, as was rather natural in the circumstances, that the booby-trap had been rigged up, to prevent discovery of the Kid's surreptitious interview with his old trainer, if anyone by chance came to the woodshed while they were there. He had taken it for granted that they had cleared off swiftly, while he was blinded with the stream of whitewash that had descended on his head. It dawned upon his mind now that he had taken too much for granted.

His amazement and dismay were so great that Mr. Quelch took compassion on him.

"You see that you were mistaken, Loder—you have entertained groundless suspicions of this boy Dury. You seem to have fallen into a trap that some foolish boy must have set for Gosling, the porter. You had better go and clean yourself, Loder."

Loder staggered speechlessly from the study.

"We will now resume, Dury," said Mr. Quelch kindly; and the lurking grin vanished from the Kid's face as his Form master's eyes turned on him.

"Yes, sir," he said gravely.

And they resumed Latin conjugations. Loder tramped away furiously to a bath-room, a howl of laughter from all directions following him as he went.



Loder of the Sixth stopped before the stile. "Dury!" he rapped. "Oh, let a bloke alone!" said the Kid irritably. "Go back to the school at once!" commanded the prefect. "Can it!" jeered the Kid. (See Chapter 7.)

For a good hour after that Loder was very busy.

While he rubbed and scraped, and scrubbed and gouged, the realisation of the facts dawned upon his mind. Bobby Huggins had never been within the walls of the school; Dury had never been near the wood-shed.

That whispering scene in the window alcove had been arranged for Loder's especial benefit—the young villains must have known he was within earshot.

Loder had fallen blindly into the trap, and walked blindly into the snare—thoughtfully prepared for him by those young Remove rascals—what time Dury had called on his Form master to request aid with Latin conjugations, not from a sudden yearning for classical knowledge, but in order to prove an unmistakable alibi.

It was all clear to Loder now, but, unfortunately, that knowledge came too late to be of any service. He had bagged the whitewash!

He could not even deal with those iniquitous young rascals, Wharton and Bob Cherry, without betraying the fact that he had stealthily listened to a conversation between two juniors.

Loder was not ashamed of his methods; but he was not proud of them to the extent of publishing them to all Greyfriars. He fairly gnashed his teeth as he realised that his hands were tied

all round—that those unspeakable young villains would chuckle and chortle over this in all the Remove studies with complete impunity.

On that point Loder was right. While he was wearily and wildly clawing off whitewash, the Remove passage was in a roar. Loder's great catch was agreed on all hands to be the jest of the term.

"But look out for Loder after this!" said Peter Todd, wiping away his tears. "This will make Loder cross!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He looked a bit excited when he rushed past us got to like a giddy Christmas spook!" said Bob Cherry.

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

When Loder saw lights-out for the Remove that night he was newly swept and garnished, so to speak; but there were still traces of whitewash about his ears and his hair. Every face in the Remove dormitory, excepting Loder's, wore a smile. He slammed the door when he departed; and the slam of the door was followed by chuckles loud and long.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Parting of the Ways!

MR. QUELCH came into the Remove Form-room a few days later with a frown on his brow. The Remove hastened to take their places and assume their

meekest expressions. They knew that look upon the august countenance of their esteemed Form master. Nobody wanted to catch Mr. Quelch's eye when his brow was wrinkled in Olympian wrath.

"Dury!" snapped Mr. Quelch.

"Oh, lor'!" ejaculated the Kid.

"What—what?"

"I—I mean, yes, sir," said the Kid, abashed.

"Kindly do not utter ridiculous ejaculations when I address you, Dury."

"Yes, sir—I mean, no, sir!"

"A letter has reached the school this morning addressed to you, Dury," said Mr. Quelch.

"Thank you, sir!"

"You need not thank me, Dury. The letter was from the person whose name is Huggins."

"Oh!" said the Kid.

"In the present circumstances, Dury, your correspondence is under strict supervision. This letter has been passed on to the headmaster, who has destroyed it."

"Oh!" said the Kid, with a rather black look.

"I require your assurance, Dury, that you have not written to this man since you have been prevented from seeing him."

"I ain't wrote to him, sir," said the Kid, with a touch of sullenness.

"Very well; I am bound to take your word. You were not aware that he intended to write to you?"

"I never knowed anything about it." Mr. Quelch gave the Game Kid a searching look. The Kid met his eyes fearlessly enough; but his rugged face had grown sullen.

"Very well," said the Remove master, after a pause, "I believe you, Dury. The matter is ended."

"I'd like to know what the Old 'Un said in his letter, sir," said Dury.

"No communication whatever will be allowed from that person, Dury. The letter is destroyed, and that closes the matter."

"But, sir—"

"Silence!" Dick Dury was silent, but his brow was dark. The restrictions of school life had always been irksome to the Kid, accustomed to a much more free-and-easy mode of existence. Certainly it was a Form master's duty to see that his boys received no communication from a gentleman of Mr. Huggins' character. But it was not perhaps to be expected that the Kid would see the matter in that light.

His face was thoughtful and a little sulky during morning class.

It weighed on Dick Dury's mind that, in taking his new chance in life he had turned down the Old 'Un. He had acted within his rights—indeed, he had often warned the old pugilist that he would throw him over the next time he landed in "quod." Mr. Huggins' latest retirement from the world for looking upon the wine when it was red and knocking off a policeman's helmet as the result, had coincided with the Kid's encounter with the Head of Greyfriars and that kind old gentleman's offer to take him in hand.

So the Kid had suited the action to the word; and he had never expected to see Bobby Huggins again. But Mr. Huggins had turned up like a bad penny; and the Kid was not feeling easy in his mind since the old pugilist had told him that he was "on the beach."

He had been fully justified in leaving him; but he felt compunction at the thought of Bobby Huggins being on the "beach." Huggins' Ring had been a success with the Kid as boxing champion; Mr. Huggins had made a good thing of it, and he had treated the Kid fairly in money matters.

It was the Game Kid who made it a success and kept it a success; and he had not been really surprised to hear that Huggins' Ring was down and out, now that he was withdrawn from it. It troubled him a good deal—especially as the Old 'Un had promised to give up drinking if the Kid rejoined him.

After all, he owed much to Bobby Huggins, faulty as that pugilistic old gentleman undoubtedly was. The old bruiser had taught him and trained him, and made him the success he was.

The old "pug" had written—and he was not allowed to see the letter. Probably he wanted to see him before he went—to say good-bye. Why shouldn't he say good-bye to the old fellow? Or perhaps he needed help. If he was down on his luck financially, as the Kid was pretty certain he was, Dury was more than willing to share out some of his savings; he would have been glad to give the Old 'Un a helping hand in that way. And he was not to know, not to see him—not even to see his letter.

It was inevitable; he was a Greyfriars fellow now; and so long as he was so

it was inevitable. But the Kid was feeling a growing rebelliousness.

The call of the ring was strong, old associations were strong, and turning his back on an old friend who was down on his luck was not the Kid's way.

It was Latin prose in the Remove-room; and Dury, as usual, had separate and special attention from the Form master. His work was easier than that of the rest of the Remove; but to the schoolboy boxer it was harder. Never had he been so thoroughly wearied of it.

The thought of the Old 'Un was in his mind—going without a word of farewell; thinking that the Kid disdained to answer his letter even; thinking that he had turned him down without a thought. And likely enough the old boxer was hard up—certainly he had never been a man for saving money. Mr. Huggins' profits had generally gone "down his neck" in liquid form. The knowledge of that would have intensified Mr. Quelch's contempt for the man—and the Head's repugnance and horror. But it was not for the Kid to judge his old trainer so harshly. Many a little act of kindness lingered in his memory; and Bobby Huggins had taught him all he knew—useless knowledge now, but very useful when he had earned his bread as a boxer.

Life had not been easy for the Game Kid; but it would have been a great deal harder, but for Bobby Huggins having taken him in hand. And he was turning the old man down—letting him go without a word.

The Kid's heart was heavy, and he was feeling a vague resentment.

He owed the headmaster of Greyfriars much; but did he owe his old trainer nothing? In his own rough and rugged way, Bobby Huggins had been good to him. He had taken up the Kid when he was on his "uppers," certainly not foreseeing at that time what a success he would be. He had a right to expect something in return.

"I ain't turning him down like this 'ere!" said the Kid to himself, setting his lips.

When the Remove were dismissed that morning the Kid lingered behind the rest to speak to his Form master.

"What is it, Dury?" asked Mr. Quelch, kindly enough.

The Kid coloured.

"About that there letter, sir—"

Mr. Quelch's face hardened at once.

"You need not refer to that again, Dury."

"I—I must, sir," stammered the Kid. "Look 'ere, sir, can't I be allowed to see the Old 'Un jest once—to say good-bye afore he goes—"

"Certainly not."

"It's 'ard, sir—"

"The man is a bad character, and has a bad influence over you, Dury. It was by his means that you became engaged in a prize-fight after you were a Greyfriars boy. You should be ashamed of asking such a thing."

"But, sir—"

"You may go."

The Kid went slowly from the Form-room.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" Bob Cherry tapped him on the shoulder. "Games practice this afternoon, Dury. You're keen on footer, what?"

"Yes; but I got something else to do this arternoon," said the Kid.

"It's compulsory practice to-day, old bean."

"Can't 'elp that!"

Bob's face became grave.

"Don't you be a young ass, Dury,"

he said. "Remember you're gated. You can't go out of the school."

The Kid's face set stubbornly.

"You can depend on it that Loder will have an eye on you, on a half-holiday, too."

"Blow Loder!"

"Don't head for trouble, old chap!" said Bob good-naturedly. "Turn up for games practice, and think about soccer, see?"

The Kid nodded, and walked away with his hands in his pockets, frowning in deep thought. He was going to see the Old 'Un—his mind was made up on that point. Matters were not as they had been; there was now no harm in seeing the old boxer, though the Kid undoubtedly realised that he could not expect his Form master and headmaster to see that. He was going to see Bobby Huggins, to say good-bye to him, to wish him luck, to help him with money if he wanted it. And if it came out, and he was turned out of the school— But he could not think about that. It seemed to the Kid that it was the path of duty that lay before him—to deal faithfully with the man who had been his friend when he needed one. He was going to see the Old 'Un once more—and he dimly realised that, in coming to that determination, he had reached the parting of the ways.

His determination was fixed, gating or no gating. When the Remove gathered on Little Side for games practice that afternoon the Kid was not among them.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

The Game Kid's Farewell!

"HIM!" muttered Richard Dury. He was looking back. Over a hedge, some distance behind him, he saw a hat moving; and he knew whose hat it was. Twice, since he had walked out of gates, he had spotted Loder of the Sixth in the distance.

He stood hesitating.

Loder knew that he was "gated," knew that he had left the school without leave. He had been watching, and he had followed. Any other prefect, knowing that a junior, who had been "gated" by his Form master, had gone out regardless of the order, would have rounded him up at once. But that was not Loder's intention. He was "stalking" the Kid.

"Blow 'im!" muttered Dury resentfully.

He did not need telling that Loder guessed why he had gone out of gates. There was only one reason why the Kid should have defied his Form master's command. He had gone out to see Bobby Huggins—that was clear enough to Loder. Hence the Sixth Form bully's present tactics. Reporting the Kid for going out of gates meant "lines" for the delinquent, perhaps a caning. But if Loder was able to report that he had met the old pugilist, that was the end of all things at Greyfriars for the Game Kid.

Loder's hat, showing over the hedge, warned the Kid that the enemy was on the trail. And he hesitated.

But he set his teeth, and tramped on.

He could not, and he would not let the Old 'Un down. For he had telephoned to Bobby Huggins before leaving the school—borrowing Mr. Prout's telephone while that gentleman was in Masters' Room. That in itself was a risky proceeding; what the Head would have thought if he had known

that his protege had rung up the Cross Keys from Greyfriars School was unimaginable. A minute on the phone had been enough; Bobby Huggins was to wait for him on the tow-path.

Now he would be waiting there; and if the Kid gave it up, on account of Loder, the old boxer would wait in vain.

Dury shook his head at the thought.

Loder or no Loder, sack or no sack, he was not going to let the Old 'Un down. But he was careful. He made a sudden leap through a gap in a hedge, ran along the inner side of the hedge, and scudded into a clump of trees.

From that cover he watched, and had the entertainment of seeing Gerald Loder's hat dodging along the hedge. Loder himself came into sight at last—emerging into full view, standing and staring about him, evidently puzzled by the sudden disappearance of the Kid.

Dury grinned, and lay low.

For several minutes the bully of the Sixth remained in sight, staring about him with a scowling brow. Then he tramped away and disappeared, seeking to pick up the trail he had lost.

Dury did not move till he was out of sight. Then he left the trees, and, keeping in cover as much as he could among hedges and fences, he picked his way to the towing-path along the Sark, to a spot within sight of the red chimneys of the Cross Keys.

Loder had lost the track; whether he would find it again, the Kid did not know; he had to take the risk. And he dismissed Loder from his mind, as he came up the towing-path, and found Bobby Huggins there, leaning on a gate, smoking a short black pipe.

Mr. Huggins grinned a welcome.

"'Ere you are, Kid," he said. "You got my bit o' writing, what?"

"You old ass!" said the Kid. "I ain't allowed to get letters from such 'orrid characters as you, Old 'Un! But I 'eard about it. So you're goin'?"

"I'm going, Kid," said Mr. Huggins, his rugged old face becoming serious; "and you've come to say good-bye."

"That's it," said the Kid, "and I've

brought some rhino in my pocket, Old 'Un, if you want it."

"Well, I do want it," said Mr. Huggins. "I'm up against it, Kid. But I ain't going to take it, all the same."

"Now, don't you be an old ass, Bobby Huggins!" admonished the Kid. "I don't need the money at school. I'm purvided for, ain't I? I've got twenty jimmy o' goblins for you."

Mr. Huggins shook his head, with a great deal of dignity.

"I ain't cadgin', Kid," he said. "You keep your spondulics in your own pocket."

"I've got more in the bank, fat-head!" said Dury. "I never threw my money away like you did. And if you don't take it, you old image, I'll give you my left instead!"

Mr. Huggins grinned.

"And you're sticking to the school, Kid?" he asked.

"Yes, if I ain't seen speaking to you to-day," said Dury. "It's the boot for me if that 'appens. I'm sticking it out, Old 'Un."

"You're a fool to do it, Kid!" said Bobby Huggins. "You're wasting your time, you are. In a few years you'd be a champion." Mr. Huggins sighed. "All my trainin' chucked away. You used to like the game, Kid. You never groused about nothing, 'cepting a bloke pushing 'em back. And I'd chuck that, Kid—honest injun—if you'd come back and make the Ring a success like it used to be."

The Kid's face was sombre.

The temptation was strong. Mr. Huggins saw that he had made an impression, and he went on urgently:

"Chuck it up and come along, Kid. Come along with me this very arternoon. I can fix you up in a couple of

weeks to box the Chicken. You remember the Chicken, don't you? He swanks that he could lay you out in three rounds."

"Does he?" growled the Kid.

He wavered. It was his life—his own life—that was drawing him; the call of the Ring found an echo in his heart. His kind old friend at Greyfriars did not understand—never would understand. The Kid had always been "straight"; his life in the Ring had been clean and honourable; it was a career in which he had taken pride. It was only gratitude for the Head's kindness that held him to Greyfriars; his unwillingness to inflict pain upon the kind-hearted old gentleman who had done so much for him. He knew that now. But Dr. Locke never would understand, and the Kid slowly shook his head.

"Nothing doing, Old 'Un!" he said.

"Then it's good-bye?"

The Kid nodded.

"Well, I wish you luck, Kid," said Mr. Huggins. "Best of luck! Give us your fin, and I'll 'ook it."

There was a rustle in the thicket by the towpath. The Kid spun round, as Loder of the Sixth came into view.

"You!" he muttered.

Loder tramped across the towpath towards them, his eyes fairly glinting with triumph.

"So I've spotted you!" he said.

"That bloke agin!" said Mr. Huggins, with a stare of strong disfavour at Gerald Loder. "What does he want?"

The Kid laughed bitterly.

"He wants me," he said. "He wants to see me kicked out of the school. That's his game. He's down on me, that covey is, and he's got me this time!"

Loder kept out of arm's length of



At last Loder went to the ground, and lay gasping, spent, and groaning. The Kid looked down at him. "I reckon that'll do," he said. "Lots of fellers at Greyfriars would like to 'andle you, you bully. You've asked for it often enough. Now you've got it!" (See Chapter 12.)

the Kid. He was enjoying his triumph; his whole face beamed with it. The Game Kid was at his mercy at last. The rugged young rascal who had defied him and threatened him—frightened him, too, though Loder did not like to think of that—the young ruffian was fairly at his mercy. For the fiat had gone forth; this meeting with the Old 'Un was the finish for the Kid at Greyfriars. He had been warned; his headmaster and his Form master had warned him, and left no doubt on the subject. It was the finish. It was Loder's turn at last, and it was in his hands to have the Game Kid turned out of the school.

The Kid eyed him bitterly.

Now that it had come, it was a blow. Yet, at the same time, a sense of freedom was making itself felt in his breast. If he was to go, he would go back to his old life—to the Ring that was calling him. But his look was grim as he fixed his eyes on the bully of the Sixth.

Loder laughed.

"Well, what have you got to say, you young rascal?" he inquired.

"Nothing—to you!" said the Kid.

"I order you back to the school!"

"Oh, shut it!" said Dury.

Loder laughed again. He did not expect the Kid to obey his order; he did not want him to obey it. He only wanted to make the case utterly hopeless for the Kid when he came before the Head—to be expelled.

"I suppose you know this means the sack?" he asked.

"I know that."

"And you've got nothing to say?"

The Kid's lip curled.

Evidently Loder expected to see him weaken now that the crisis had come; to see him dismayed, to see him cringe. Loder did not know yet what was passing in the Kid's mind. He would not have smiled with such satisfaction if he had known.

"You've run me down," said the Game Kid. "I never did you any 'arm, Loder, and you've run me down."

"I have my duty to do as a prefect!" said Loder loftily.

The Kid laughed contemptuously.

"You wanted me to tell lies for you to get Wharton a licking," he said. "That's why you're down on me, you cur!"

Loder flushed and set his lips.

"That's enough!" he said. "I'm

going to report you now, and you can look out for the consequences."

"You're going to report me," said the Kid, with a nod. "But not jest yet, Loder. I've been warned that if I see the Old 'Un agin it's the boot for me. I've been warned, too, that if I hit a Sixth Form man, that's the boot for me all the more. Did you ever hear that a bloke might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb?" The Kid advanced towards Loder, his eyes glinting, his jaw very square. "Put up your 'ands, you rat!"

Loder jumped back.

"Keep off! I—"

"You've asked for it," said the Kid grimly. "You've begged and prayed for it, you 'ave, and you're getting it now! Put up your 'ands!"

Loder breathed hard. There were two counts upon which the Kid was booked for expulsion. One was keeping on with Mr. Huggins, the other striking a prefect. On the first count Loder was keen to have him found guilty. On the second count he was not so keen—he was not keen at all. But the Kid's point of view was different.

He was to go. Possibly, at the back of his mind was a desire to burn his boats behind him, as it were—to settle the matter once and for all, to make Greyfriars impossible for him. The blow was not so heavy as Loder supposed, for the Kid wanted to go. It was consideration for his kind old friend, the headmaster, that had held him; but now he had no choice in the matter, and that consideration was at an end. Loder supposed that it was ruin to him to go, and for his bitter malice he was to pay the penalty before the Kid went. When the matter came before the Head the Kid would be found guilty on both counts; but he would not be there to hear his sentence. With grim face and glinting eyes the Game Kid closed in on the bully of the Sixth.

This time Loder had no chance to escape—the Kid did not mean to let him. Loder made the attempt, springing back and making a desperate rush. An iron hand on his shoulder swung him back. In rage and terror the Sixth-Former struck at the Kid, who grinned savagely as he received the blow. The next moment they were fighting.

Mr Huggins sat on the gate and looked on, with grinning face. He knew what this meant—that the Game Kid was done with Greyfriars.

"Go it, Kid!" he chirruped. "Don't give 'im your left. We don't want to 'ave a blinking inquest. Jest give 'im something to remember you by."

The Kid was giving Loder something that he was likely to remember for a very long time to come. There was no escape for the bully of the Sixth, and he put up a desperate fight. Many of his fierce blows came home on the Kid—blows that would have knocked out any other Greyfriars junior. But the Game Kid did not heed them—did not even feel them. All the time he was giving Loder steady, ruthless punishment.

He could have ended the fight at any moment with a knock-out blow if he had chosen. But he did not choose. He did not want Loder to be taken home on an ambulance. He intended to thrash him—soundly, and he contented himself with that. And it was such a thrashing as Loder had never received in his life—as he had never dreamed of receiving. Right and left the Kid punched him, till Loder's nose was streaming crimson, his eyes were bruised and blackened, and he hardly knew whether he was awake or in the grip of some

terrible nightmare. And at last Loder went to the ground, and lay gasping, and spent, and groaning.

The Kid looked down at him.

"I reckon that'll do," he said. "Lots of fellers at Greyfriars would like to 'andle you, you bully. You've asked for it often enough. Now you've got it!"

Loder groaned.

The Kid turned to the grinning Mr. Huggins.

"Now, if you're ready, Old 'Un, we'll 'op it," he said tersely.

"Back to the Ring?" asked Bobby Huggins.

"Back to the Ring!" said the Kid.

"Now?"

"This minute!"

"But your things at the school?"

"They ain't mine, they're the 'Ead's," said Dury. "He gave them all to me. I'm going as I came. Let's cut!"

And then it was the Old 'Un's turn to hesitate.

"I'm glad, Kid, he said slowly. "I want you back. But—but you're sure you—"

The Kid laughed, and made a gesture towards Loder of the Sixth.

"Look at 'im! Do you think the 'Ead would let me stay arter he's seen him—in that state? The game's up at Greyfriars now, Old 'Un, whether I like it or not. I'm goin' to write the 'Ead a letter. I 'ope he won't think too 'ard of me. I ain't going back to the school any more. What's the good? If you're ready, Bobby Huggins, let's beat it!"

"Good man!" said Mr. Huggins.

And they "beat" it. Half an hour later the train was bearing the two boxers away from Friardale; the Game Kid had looked his last upon Greyfriars. And as he sat in the carriage with his old trainer discussing the future the Kid's rugged face was bright—brighter than it had been for a long time. With every turn of the wheels his heart was lighter.

Harry Wharton & Co. saw Loder of the Sixth limp into the school late that afternoon. They stared at him blankly. Never had a Greyfriars prefect been seen in such a state before. And later, when it leaked out that it was the Kid who had thrashed Loder, there was breathless excitement in the Remove.

The Kid had been growing better liked, but he had never been popular in his Form. But now, at a bound, he leaped into popularity. The fellow who had thrashed the bully of the Sixth was a fellow whom the Removites delighted to honour.

That the Kid would have to go was certain. But it was soon discovered that he was already gone.

The Head received Dury's letter in due course, and he sighed as he read it. It was a disappointment to him; but probably, at the bottom of his heart, he realised that what had happened was for the best. At all events, the Game Kid was gone, though for weeks afterwards Loder's countenance bore very visible signs to remind the Greyfriars fellows of him.

Richard Dury was known in the Remove no more; but Harry Wharton & Co. had the kindest memories of the schoolboy boxer who had obeyed, at last, the Call of the Ring.

THE END.

(Now look out for next week's grand extra long story of Harry Wharton & Co., entitled: "The Schoolboy Broadcasters!" You'll enjoy it no end, chums.)

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The Escape!

"**K**IN yuh stand up?" came a voice, so faint that Ferrers Locke could scarcely hear.

"I'll try," he replied in a low whisper, his mind made up in an instant.

Slowly, painfully, he got to his knees. The bunk creaked horribly, and he heard the feet of the guard pause. He waited till a renewed tramp told that the man had resumed his pacing, then hoisted himself to his feet. His face was almost level with the small window which was open.

Then there appeared framed in it the dull blur of a man's face.

"Who are you?" whispered Ferrers Locke.

"Hiffler! Turn roun', quick! I'm squaring my 'count wi' yuh!"

Ferrers Locke turned and felt a hand grab his arm.

"Kin yuh lift yore hands?"

The detective shoved his hands up as far as he could. He felt Hiffler groping for his wrists, then came a steady sawing with a knife. In less than a minute Ferrers Locke was free.

"Hyar's a gun. Kin yuh settle th' guard? I'll keep a watch. 'Yuh hev no time much, fer th' Wolf is comin'!"

Ferrers Locke groped upwards and felt the cold butt of a heavy automatic. He grabbed it, and whispered:

"I've got it! Keep a look-out!"

Then, with a wild exhilaration in his heart, he slid quietly from the bunk to the floor.

Ferrers Locke made up his mind quickly as to his course of action. It was essential that he lured the man on guard into the hut without actively arousing the fellow's suspicions that anything much was wrong. So, stepping on to the bunk, he jumped heavily to the floor and gave a startled "Oh!" He knew that the chances were that the man would think, in an attempt to release his hands, he had fallen from the bunk. His ruse succeeded, for the man stopped short in his perambulation.

"What's wrong?" he snapped.

Ferrers Locke groaned, and with a muttered exclamation the guard inserted the key in the lock. The detective groaned again, then stepped quickly to the door as the man threw it open.

Ferrers Locke jabbed his gun into the guard's ribs.

"One move and I fire!" the detective whispered.

A stifled exclamation of astonishment and rage sprang to the other's lips. The detective groped for the man's guns, and pulling them from their holsters, stuffed them into his own pockets.

Hiffler glided up from out of the darkness.

"Hurry!" he whispered. "They're comin' fer yuh!"

"Here, keep this fellow covered!" re-

WHAT'S GONE BEFORE!

Acting as Sheriff of Wolf Point under the assumed name of HENDERSON, FERRERS LOCKE, the famous Baker Street detective, accompanied by his young assistant, JACK DRAKE, sets out to capture the notorious Wolf of Texas, whose murderous activities and wholesale plunderings have terrorised the wealthy Texas ranchers and their hands for some time.

After a series of exciting encounters with the Wolf, during which the detective almost loses his life, four hands of the Caister Ranch ride up to the Flying V bearing a mangled corpse which they declare to be Silas Caister, their "boss." Having read a letter left by Caister advising his fellow-ranchers to sell up before it is too late, Ferrers Locke's suspicions are aroused, and in the guise of Two Gun Ted, an out-of-work gunman, he informs the prospective buyer of the ranches, KARL P. KNULLER, that he intends joining up with the mysterious Wolf and his plundering band of gunmen. The bluff works for a time, Knuller proving to be none other than a servant of the Wolf. Unfortunately for Ferrers Locke, however, the ruse is discovered, with the result that he is captured and taken before the Wolf, who decides to torture his helpless victim until he cries for mercy. Imprisoned in a little hut, his wrists tightly pinioned behind him, suffering hunger and excruciating pain, Ferrers Locke is almost on the verge of collapse when he is startled by the sudden appearance of a man's face glaring down at him through the window of his prison.

"Hist!" says a voice.

(Now read on.)

plied Ferrers Locke, thrusting his gun into Hiffler's hand. The latter obeyed, and, gagging the man with his own scarf, Ferrers Locke tied his hands and feet with strips which he tore from a blanket on the bunk.

The whole episode was carried out in total darkness.

"Cripes, man, hurry!" whispered Hiffler, more than once.

Dumping the captive unceremoniously on the floor, Ferrers Locke quitted the hut with Hiffler, and, locking the door, threw the key away.

There came a sound of approaching voices, and he and Hiffler melted into the darkness.

"We've got about five minutes start," whispered Ferrers Locke quietly. "Can you lead the way to the entrance of this gulch?"

"Shore!" muttered Hiffler.

He glided away, with the detective at his heels. They had made about a hundred yards when from behind them came a startled shout, and then a crash.

"They're breaking in the door!" muttered the detective.

Hiffler increased his pace. He was making a detour to avoid the huts. From behind came another crash, and another.

"Us's clear now!" muttered Hiffler. "Let's run! They'll give the alarm in a minute, an' thar ain't no way out 'cept through th' entrance yuh comed in by!"

He broke into a stumbling run, with Ferrers Locke by his side.

"Gosh, I hopes they don't giv' no alarm 'fore us reaches them guards!" he muttered.

They ran on up the rising ground towards the entrance to the gulch. Then from the encampment came three revolver-shots in rapid succession.

"By heck, that's shoro ripped it!" groaned Hiffler. "That's th' alarm signal. Thar's allus guards posted at th' top o' this hyar trail. They'll be ready fer us now!"

They pressed onwards for a few
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minutes. From the encampment came shouts, and lanterns bobbed here and there.

"Are we nearly there?" questioned the detective.

"Yep, Lissen!"

They paused. Somewhere ahead in the darkness sounded voices, talking excitedly.

"That's them!" grunted Hiffler.

"Leave this to me," replied Ferrers Locke quickly. "Got your gun ready?"

"Shore!"

"Then follow my lead!"

He commenced to walk onwards, and broke into a rollicking cowboy ballad:

"His foot in th' saddle, his hand on th' horn,
Th' blainedest ol' cowboy what ever was born;
He'd feather a gun or he'd hogtie a steer,
An' all fer less'n ten dollahs a yoor!"

"Who'n blazes is that?" came a harsh voice from the top of the trail.

"On'y us, chum!" drawled the detective. "Us's gotten a message fer yuh!"

"Huh! Waal, cut out that blamed singin'! What's th' alarm fer?"

"Aw, reckon some crazy hombre got blamed nightmare," drawled Ferrers Locke. "Say, 'tain't nuthin'—"

He broke off as the two guards loomed up out of the darkness.

"'Tain't nuthin' hey?" growled one.

"Waal, reckon they' makin' a dandy dingbuster of a row about it, chum, if 'tain't nuthin'. Say, what'n—"

He got no further, for Ferrers Locke's gun was jammed tightly into his stomach.

"Put your hands up!" snapped the detective.

"What'n—"

"Put 'em up—quick!"

The man's hands rose waveringly above his head. Hiffler had acted just as promptly.

"Quick—get your man's guns and ammunition!" snapped Ferrers Locke. He yanked out those of the man facing him and shoved them inside his shirt. Then he whipped off the man's ammunition belt, and buckled it as best he could round his own waist.

There came excited voices and the scrambling of horses' hoofs up the trail towards them.

"Clear!" snapped the detective. "Or we fire!"

The men melted into the darkness, and Ferrers Locke and Hiffler literally flung themselves at the huge boulder which blocked the exit from the gulch. It swung easily enough, and the next minute they were outside. It was the work of a moment to swing it back into place, and then they set off running down the narrow stone-strewn valley.

"This way!" panted Hiffler, and flung himself amongst the boulders which littered the side of the narrow draw. For five minutes they scrambled their way upwards, then sank behind a rock.

Twenty feet or more down below them sounded the noise of pursuit.

"Us is safe till mornin'!" panted Hiffler. "I've done th' best I could, sheriff!"

"You have," replied Ferrers Locke quietly. "and I'm thanking you."

He paused, then added curiously:

"How did you come to be there?"

"It war like this, mister. I gotted away when yuh released me, an' I made fer me hut ter git a few things an' quit th' country like what yuh said. Me, I warn't a real bad man—never. Waal, I was met by a gang of 'em, an' they

brought me hyar. 'Yuh aimin' ter quit, skunk?' ses th' Wolf. 'I bin captured by sheriff, I comes back, 'an' I 'seaped. I ain't reckonin' that it's healthy around hyar no more.' Waal, he shore laffed at that. 'Yore safe hyar, skunk,' he ses, 'and hyar yuh stop. No feller takes sarvice wi' me an' quits!' Waal, I stopped. Reckon he wanted me fer a reason, howsumever!"

"What reason?" asked Locke curiously.

"Mister," replied Hiffler earnestly, "lately that Wolf's bin plumb restless. He pecked up no end when yuh war captured, but he shore wanted me, same as he wanted any feller he cud git, fer he reckoned blame waal that 'fore yuh quit the cattle country he war gonna want ev'ry blamed gun he cud git. But I never fergit that yuh give me a chancet. Yuh treated me like a white man, sheriff, an' I didn't fergit. I sed I wudn't. I was aimin ter git yuh outa that somehow!"

"I see," replied Locke. "Listen. Do you think you could make the draw where the wolves were kept?"

"Shore! I reckons I kin make it easy, mister!"

"Well, go there. You will find a posse from the Flying V. Bring them on here at once!"

"Shore, I will! An' yuh?"

"I'm stopping here! The Wolf will expect me hitting the trail. When dawn comes I'll find a niche somewhere. I've got ammunition and I'll try and hold them off should they find me. Anyway, bring the posse as soon as you can!"

"Yore takin' a risk, mister. Best come wi' me!"

"No, I'm staying here! Get off now, Hiffler!"

His hand groped for Hiffler's and closed on it in a brief, firm clasp.

"Good-bye and best of luck!" said Ferrers Locke quietly.

"Good-bye, sheriff! Try an' hang on! I'll bring them a-runnin'!"

With that, Hiffler merged with the shadows and was gone. Ferrers Locke lay listening. From the valley bottom came the noise of searchers and, grimly, he commenced to crawl further up the boulder-strewn side.

Trapped!

WHEN morning dawned, Ferrers Locke lost no time in shifting his position. He wormed his way up the side of the valley till, to his delight, he stumbled across an almost natural cave made by two huge boulders propped against each other.

He crept into the crevice which they afforded and took the precaution to drag one or two heavy stones to protect the entrance should he be discovered and attacked.

From his vantage point he watched a few straggling parties of searchers heading back to the entrance of the gulch. Then suddenly he stiffened. A party of horsemen were riding down the valley and the leader held on a length of chain the huge hound which Ferrers Locke had seen lying at the feet of the Wolf when he had been taken before him.

The animal was running eagerly with its muzzle to the ground. Ferrers Locke knew that the Wolf was aware that neither he nor Hiffler had mounts. A mounted party could soon overtake two men on foot, even amongst the rough going of the hills.

He lay tense and watched whilst the

gaunt hound came to the spot where he and Hiffler had left the valley bottom and ascended the slope. The detective's hand tightened on his gun when the animal came to an abrupt halt, then, with a whimper, swung towards the slope.

A jubilant shout came from the man holding the dog.

He and his companions slid from their horses and scrambled up the slope behind the huge brute which was almost choking itself on its slip collar in its eagerness. At the spot where Ferrers Locke and Hiffler had parted, it feathered for a few moments. The detective was watching grimly. Then, obviously deciding on the fresher trail made by the detective, the hound ran onwards up the slope, weaving between boulders, but drawing closer and closer to where Ferrers Locke lay.

"Git yore guns!" came the harsh voice of the leader.

The men, seven in all, whipped out their guns and continued to advance. They were within twenty yards of Ferrers Locke. The detective hesitated to shoot the dog. After all, he had no quarrel with the brute. It was merely obeying the dictates of its training. But he must not allow the men to approach closer. He knew that the time for subtleties had passed.

It was life or death now, and he must show no mercy for no mercy would be shown to him. So, taking careful aim, his finger tightened on the trigger. The report rang out with startling distinctness on the morning air. The leader gave a choking cry, spun round, then crashed to the ground. Ferrers Locke fired twice more in rapid succession. Each bullet told. Two more of the men collapsed without a sound as they made a frantic dive for cover.

The hound, obviously at a loss, paused irresolute. It sniffed inquiringly at the still form of the man who had held the leash then, with a snarl, continued to run forward with nose to the ground.

When within ten yards of the cave, its glaring, bloodshot eyes lifted from the trail and took in the prone figure of the detective. With a throaty snarl, the animal hurled itself forward. Ferrers Locke's gun barked once. The huge brute sprang high into the air then flopped heavily to the turf with a bullet between its eyes.

Crack!

Someone had fired from cover and a splinter of rock chipped off just above the detective's head. A head appeared cautiously above a boulder. Ferrers Locke took a snap shot and the head disappeared with startling abruptness. Whether he had registered a hit he did not know.

There was almost twenty yards of open ground between where the detective lay and the nearest big boulder. The attackers could get that far, possibly, but no farther. Ferrers Locke had counted his cartridges. He had a hundred and ten. With luck would be able to hang out till the relief arrived, if Hiffler could make the draw. The whole thing hinged on Hiffler now.

It would be impossible for a relief to get back to the detective before nightfall. And when darkness fell over the hills, the rustlers would rush him. Ferrers Locke's lips set grimly. Look at it how he would, he was in a tight corner. And he knew that death would come quickly and surely should he fall into the Wolf's hands again. But, if



With a throaty snarl the hound hurled itself forward. Ferrers Locke's gun barked once. The huge brute sprang high into the air and then flopped heavily to the ground, with a bullet between its eyes. (See page 24.)

the worst came, he would die on his feet with a gun in his hand.

Crack!

Another shot—closer this time—thudded against the stones which he had piled in front of the cave. He squinted out carefully, and saw a leg disappearing as a man crawled from the cover of one boulder to another. The detective fired. There came a yelp of pain—then silence.

Attracted by the noise of the firing, a group of men came running down the valley from the gulch entrance. They scattered for cover as Ferrers Locke took a long shot which left one of them lying ominously still.

There was silence for half an hour. Then came a burst of firing. Bullets rattled off rocks around the detective and whined perilously close. But he kept well down behind his barricade. Squinting through a chink in the stones, he saw a man crouched in the lee of a boulder, taking careful aim with a rifle.

The detective fired. The fellow dropped his rifle and pitched forward. Immediately there came another burst of firing, closer this time. The attackers were creeping up. Ferrers Locke admitted to himself the possibility of their rushing him. His lips curled into a grim smile. It would be all up if they did, but it would cost them a few lives before they reached him.

Crack!

A bullet whined past his head and thudded against the inside of the cave.

Crack! Crack!

Two more bullets sang past. Some

fellow had found a vantage point from which he could fire into the cave. Ferrers Locke dared not raise his head. If the rustler had the sense to stay where he was, the detective was trapped.

Hiffler Makes It!

IT had taken Hiffler nearly an hour to crawl down the slope, on leaving Ferrers Locke, and successfully to cross the valley bottom. He regained the opposite slope, however, without mishap, and struck out in an easterly direction towards where the ranges lay, separated from him by miles of broken, hilly country.

With the coming of dawn he paused to get his bearings, then struck off over country which was rugged enough to render impossible any attempt at pursuit by a mounted party.

It was late in the afternoon when he finally emerged on the entrance to the draw. He was almost on the verge of collapse. His hands were torn and bleeding, and his trousers hung in tatters. He staggered as he walked, and more than once he passed a shaking hand wearily across his eyes.

He had to make the small cave where the wolves had been kept. That thought was uppermost in his mind. He must make it. How was the sheriff sticking it? Gosh, he hoped they hadn't rumbled that sheriff was lying doggo not two hundred yards from the entrance to the gulch! The entrance to the cave! He must make it, pronto! He must be mighty near it now. The

onery ground would keep swaying! Blamed funny that he hadn't noticed it before!

With an effort he pulled himself together. The mists cleared from in front of his eyes, and he saw the mouth of the cave plainly enough. Fellows were running towards him. His hand groped for his gun; then he checked his action, and grinned foolishly. This would be the posse he had come to seek. Yessir, he'd made it! Cuss the ground! It was heaving in mighty sickenin' fashion. He could do with a drink. He'd quit in such a blamed hurry that he hadn't brought his water-bottle. That was plumb foolish.

Hiffler laughed again at his own foolishness. Waal, these hombres would give him a drink. Yessir, they sure would! What if he had run with the Wolf? Wasn't he blamed well workin' it off now? Sheriff had shaken him by the hand. Yessir, he'd tell the world sheriff had. He'd tell these hombres his message, then have a mighty long drink. Yessir, a drink!

At this point Hiffler's legs ceased to function. He was mighty tired. He'd hiked a long way—a blamed long way for an old feller like him. He hadn't come sassying along no automobile macadam road, neither. Gosh, he hadn't! Waal, he was all in, and there warn't no denying it, nohow. The weaving ground seemed to take a sudden upward leap. Then Hiffler knew nothing more.

He came round to find himself being supported by a man who was forcing

the mouth of a water-bottle between his lips.

"Thanks, stranger!" grunted Hiffler weakly. "I kin do wi' it!"

He drank sparingly, then rose groggily to his feet.

"Who'n blazes are yuh?" demanded the man who had given him the water.

Hiffler hesitated.

"I'm aimin' ter ask jest that same question of yuh hombres?" he replied.

"Huh! Us has nuthin' ter hide, stranger. Us is from th' Flying V an' other ranches. Hyar, this is Jake Peters, an' this is Cal Jefferson! Satisfied? Me, I'm foreman of th' Flyin' V Spud by name! Put 'em all down, stranger, case yuh fergit 'em!"

Spud broke off and surveyed the man closely.

"I'm siggerin' I've shore seen yuh afore, stranger!" he drawled.

Hiffler ignored the latter remark.

"If yore th' posse what war' aimin' ter hitch up wi' sheriff, then, by heck, yuh've gotta come a-runnin'!"

Jack Drake, who had been standing beside Spud, stepped forward quickly.

"What do you mean?" he snapped.

"I ain't much time ter talk, mister," went on Hiffler. "I reckon sheriff wants yer, pronto! Say, lissen!"

Rapidly he sketched the main events leading up to his being where he was. Jack and the ranchers listened in silence. When he concluded Jack demanded harshly:

"How us know yore not lyin'? Blame my snakes, yuh admit yuh runned wi' th' Wolf?"

Hiffler spread out his hands with an angry gesture.

"Gosh!" he blazed. "Does it look as if I'm lyin'? Say, seo me han's! See me clo'es! I've hit a mighty tough trail ter git hyar, mister, an' yuh ses: 'How we know yore not lying?'" His voice rose to a shout. "I'm not lyin'! Git that? I'm tellin' yuh what's happened, an' who'n blazes kin say jest what's happenin' right now way back thar while yuh stan' shootin' off fool questions?"

"Come on!" snapped Drake. "We haven't a minute to lose! This chap'll show us the trail, and if he's lied, so

much the worse for him! If there's bullets flyin' through any treachery of his, he'll get the first one from us!"

"Gi' me a hoss," barked Hiffler, "an' I'll take yuh a-runnin'! Kim on! Yuh all kin talk later!"

Jack turned and led the way at a run towards where the horses were standing near the mouth of the cave.

Touch and Go!

MEANWHILE, as the long day dragged slowly to a close, Ferrers Locke realised that he could not hope to hold out much longer.

The rustler, who had found a spot from which he could fire into the cave, had kept the detective prone behind his barricade of stones for almost an hour. Under cover of his fire, four of the rustlers had attempted to reach the cave; but, shooting through a crack in the stones, Ferrers Locke had repelled the attempt, grim testimony of which was given by the four bodies which lay sprawled in the open between his hand-out and the boulders.

Then, by carefully moving a part of his barricade, Ferrers Locke had spotted the rustler crouched in the lee of a group of rocks. Five shots in rapid succession drove the man from his vantage point.

All day the intermittent firing went on. The rustlers made no attempt to rush the detective, but contented themselves with spasmodic bursts which sent splinters of rock whirling past his face or spurted up little clouds of dust and earth in front of him.

Ferrers Locke fired whenever a head or the vestige of a body showed amongst the boulders. He was nursing his fire as carefully as possible, but his stock of ammunition was running perilously low.

The long hours of dusk slowly merged into night, and with it there came a lull in the firing of the rustlers. The detective's lips set grimly. He counted his ammunition. Ten cartridges left! He could not retreat farther up the slope, for his cave backed on to a solid wall of cliff, which he had seen at a glance was unscalable. He might, under

cover of darkness, worm his way through the rustlers' lines. He would try it, anyhow. Better that way than waiting to be shot down when they rushed him, as he knew they would when darkness had rendered visibility impossible.

It was dark now. With six cartridges in one gun and four in another, Ferrers Locke rose grimly to his feet. For a long moment he stood listening intently. Nothing stirred. But out there amongst the boulders were the rustlers. Even now they were probably stealthily advancing on him. He had seen no sign of the Wolf all day. The leader obviously knew that Ferrers Locke was trapped, and that the end was but a matter of time.

Silently the detective moved away from his cave, bearing to the right. When he had covered almost twenty yards he sank to the ground and lay listening. There came a faint click from somewhere out in the darkness, then silence. A stone clattered somewhere away to the left opposite the cave.

Then, without warning, there came a crashing rattle of gunfire. Jets of blood-red flame spurted from more than a score of guns, and simultaneously there came the sound of running feet as the rustlers dashed from cover and converged on the cave. A man loomed up out of the darkness. For a fraction of a second he towered over Ferrers Locke. The detective fired upwards from where he lay, and, with a groan, the rustler pitched forward and crashed to the ground.

A startled shout came from the direction of the cave. Guns barked viciously and bullets tore up the ground around Ferrers Locke. He retreated to a boulder and crouched, waiting. The end was in sight. He could not escape. Rustlers were all around him, and he was hemmed in.

"Don't let th' skunk slip through!"

"He's hyar sumwhar!"

"Close in, fellers!"

These shouts and others came from close at hand in the darkness. Someone shuffled close to him, and he caught the dim outline of a shadowy form. His gun barked, and the man swayed. A dull thud as he flopped to the ground told Ferrers Locke that his shot had taken effect.

At the same instant he dropped full length to the ground. Bullets splintered and thudded against the boulder, and a flying fragment of stone laid open his cheek.

He felt a strange elation. So this was the end--this was death! Well, he would die on his feet. Groggily he rose, and, with his guns thrust forward, started to advance shufflingly.

He felt a searing pain in his arm, and one gun slipped to the ground from numb fingers which had temporarily ceased to function.

There came another stabbing pain in his side. It was the darkness which was saving him from the fire of the rustlers. He continued to advance, saving his fire till he could be certain of registering a hit with each bullet.

Then, without warning, there came a sharp rattle of firing from somewhere farther down the slope. Simultaneously the night was split with wild cowboy yells. A sudden hope sprang into Ferrers Locke's heart. He dropped full length to the ground. A volley whined

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The MYSTERY of FLYING VRANCH!



(Continued from previous page.)

Bearing away from the firing, the detective rose to his feet, and, casting discretion to the winds, began to run towards the lighted encampment below. He made a detour to avoid any stragglers. His objective was the quarters where he had first been hauled before the Wolf.

The detective felt tolerably certain that there must be some vestige of truth in Hifler's statement that the Wolf was supposed to have knowledge of some secret exit from the gulch. Well, if the Wolf was planning a get-away, it was also tolerably certain that he would first wait to see how the fight was going. He most assuredly would not quit till he knew that all was lost. There was a chance that he would be directing the operations of the rustlers; but, on the other hand, it was more than probable that he would be making his preparations for a quick ride out should it come to that. Therefore, argued Ferrers Locke, the first place to look for him would be in his quarters.

He reached the outskirts of the buildings without incident. Behind him, up the trail, came the steady fire of the rustlers and the attacking force. He could see men running from the buildings towards the scene of action. There loomed up ahead of him the long, low structure which he knew to be the Wolf's living quarters. Every window was shuttered, but chinks of light shone out through the cracks in the shutters.

Walking stealthily, with his gun at the ready, the detective made for the entrance, keeping well in the darker shadow afforded by the sides of the building. As he neared the door, he stiffened into immobility. It had suddenly been thrown open. A momentary beam of light from the corridor inside flashed out into the darkness, then was abruptly shut off as the door swung to behind the form of a man who had emerged, running.

Waiting till the fellow was clear of the building, Ferrers Locke stepped forward. He did not know whom he might encounter before he reached the Wolf's room, but he was grimly determined to find the leader.

Boldly opening the door, he stepped into the corridor which he remembered

so vividly. A quick glance showed him that it was deserted. He fell into a slouch, and shuffled his way along till he reached the door, which he knew opened into the Wolf's room.

He paused a moment, listening. From inside the room came the sound of low voices. One man was talking quickly, excitedly. Then sounded footsteps, rapidly approaching the door. The detective drew back and leant against the wall. The door opened and a man stepped out, closing it behind him.

He was a tall, swarthy-looking fellow. He squinted up and down the passageway, then gave a grunt of anger as his eye fell on Ferrers Locke.

"What'n blazes are yuh doin' hyar, yuh skunk?" he snarled. "Why ain't yuh out thar? By heck—"

He broke off and gaped foolishly as the detective's gun whipped upwards and was jammed into his ribs.

"One word!" whispered Ferrers Locke urgently, "and you're a dead man!"

He made a gesture, and the fellow's hands crept waveringly above his head. Transferring one of his guns to his belt, the detective whipped out those of the rustler's from where they swung in their holsters. Shoving these into his own holsters, he pulled the other gun from his belt and whispered:

"Now open that door!"

(Look out for the concluding chapters of this magnificent adventure yarn which will appear in next week's bumper issue of the MAGNET, chums.)

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JACK JOLLY GROANED.

It was a deep, dismal groan from the very souls of his boots. As he paced two and two in the punishment-room at St. Sam's, the leader of the Fourth was a prey to black and bitter thoughts.

It was the witching hour of night. A golden moon hung like a Dutch cheese in the sky, and its bright beams fell upon Jack Jolly's handsome face as he tramped up and down his prison.

The punishment-room at St. Sam's was an awful place. It would have struck terror into the hearts of the boldest. The only furniture was a good bed and a cluster of cobwebs hanging from the ceiling.

The winder was stoutly barred, and the door was bolted so that it was impossible to bolt. The walls were damp and clammy, and ever and anon a fat rat scuttled across the uncarpeted floor.

Altogether, a prize-cell would have been a chery place by comparison with the punishment-room at St. Sam's.

What was our hero doing in this dark, dreary, dismal, diabolical den? Had he been caught in the act of emerging from the village inn, or had he been squandering his pocket-money by backing G.G.'s? Had he, perchance, punched a prefect on the nose, or had he, in a moment of weakness, committed assault and battery on a master?

The truth of the matter was, Jack Jolly had organized a Grate Rebellion, in which the whole of the Fourth Form had taken part.

The cause of the Rebellion was Mr. Savidge, a brootal tyrant who had temporarily taken the place of Mr. Litcham as master of the Fourth.

Mr. Savidge had made things so unpleasant for the Fourth that they had risen in revolt, under the fearless leadership of Jack Jolly.

For a couple of days the rebels had barrayaded themselves in their dormitory, and defied all efforts to dislodge them. There had been some lively skirmishes with the Head and the masters, and the rebels had won all along the line.

On this particular night the garrison had run short of supplies, and Jack Jolly had volunteered to go down and raid the school kitchen.

Also for our hero! He had walked right into the arms of Mr. Savidge, who had been lying in wait for him. He had been hauled before the Head and thrown into the punishment-room for the rest of the night.



The Triumph of Justice!

By Dicky NUGENT.

An Eggsitting, Hare-raising Naraliff of St. Sam's.

Jack Jolly well knew what the mourning would bring fourth.

There would be a General Assembly in Big Hall, there would be a most terrific birching, and then—then the name of Jack Jolly would be struck off the school register, and he would be publicly expelled.

"Tomorrow mourning," the Head had said, "you will look your last upon the hysterical bidding of St. Sam's!"

No wonder Jack Jolly groaned as he paced restlessly two and two! To be expelled from the school in disgrace under the dark shadow of shame; to be birched black and blue by the Head; to be parted from his old chums, Merry and Bright; to have to face his father, General Jolly; to have his school career blighted by a blighter like Mr. Savidge—all these things wayed very heavily on Jack Jolly's mind as, by way of a diversum, he started to walk round the punishment-room on his hands.

Then, after turning a few summersaults to cheer himself up, Jack Jolly stepped to the winder and peered into the night.

Not far away lights gleamed from the windows of the Fourth Form dormitory, where the rebels, unaware of their calamity which had overtaken their leader, was awaiting his return.

Jack Jolly made a megaphone of his hands and hailed his chums: "Merry! Bright! Are you there, you fellows?"

There was a pause. Then the startled faces of Merry and Bright appeared at one of the winders.

"Is that you, Jack?" called Merry. "Where are you, old man?"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bright, agast. "He's in the punishment-room! I can see his face peering through the winder bars! What has happened, Jack?"

In a few words Jack Jolly told his

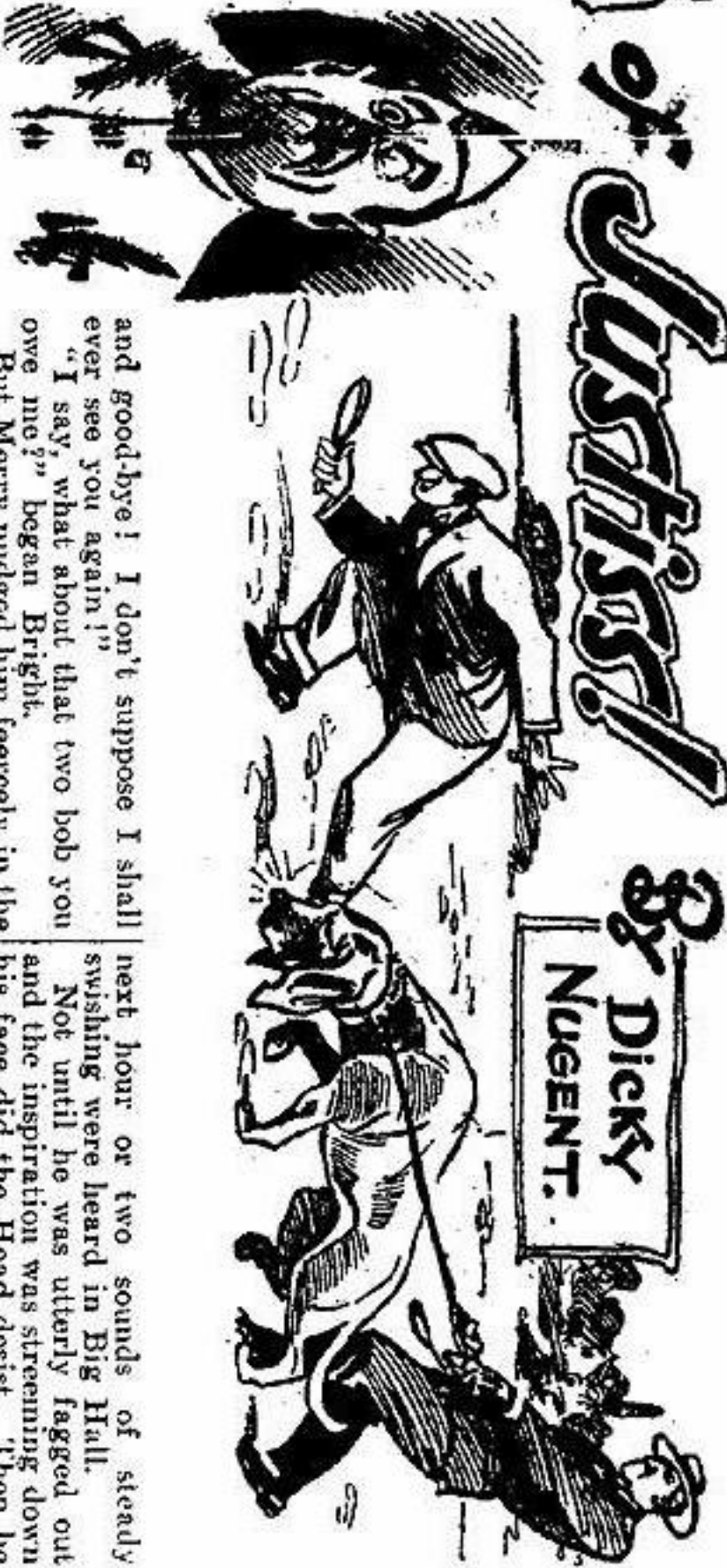
traffick tail. He described how he had been captured by Mr. Savidge and taken before the Head, and thrown into the punishment-room to await his doom.

"What awful luck!" said Merry, with a groan. "What are we going to do now that we've lost our leader?"

"Come and let me out!" shouted Jack Jolly.

"Impossible, old chap!" came the reply. "The masters are all on guard out on the landing! If anybody attempts to leave the dorm, he'll walk right into their arms!"

Jack Jolly rang his hands in despair. His chums could not help him, though; they would gladly have done so had it



and good-bye! I don't suppose I shall ever see you again!"

"I say, what about that two bob you owe me?" began Bright.

But Merry nudged him feebly, in the ribs.

"Shut up!" he hissed. "You mustn't speak of such things at this pained juncture! Poor old Jack's got quite enough to worry about without bothering his head about your blessed two bob!"

Good-bye, Jack, old fellow—and good luck!"

"Good-bye!" added Bright. "You can post the two bob on to me when you get home! Yarrooo! Stop treading on my toes, Merry, you beast!"

Jack Jolly bestood a last, long, hunger-



been possible. There was nothing for it but to resign himself to his fate.

"This is awful, Jack!" shouted Bright. "It means that you'll be sacked from St. Sam's in the mourning! Oh, it's garstly!"

Bright's voice trailed off in a mizzier-able sob.

"Never mind, you fellows!" called Jack Jolly. "I'll face the musick like a Britton!"

"What about us?" asked Merry. "Shall we call the rebellion off and surrender?"

"Never!" cried Jack Jolly feebly. "The stand against tyranny and injustice must go on, and you must take my place as leader!"

"But we can't last out much longer without grub!" protested Merry. "If we keep up the bawring-out we shall starve!"

"Better to starve than to bow the knee to tyranny and oppression!" replied Jack Jolly. "Hold on to you fellows! That's my last order to you fellows! Never mind if hunger gnaws at your vicinals; never mind if you haven't so much as a crumb to share between you! Keep the flag flying at all costs!"

Harrowed by their chum's eloquence, Merry and Bright promised that the rebellion should continue.

"And now," said Jack Jolly, his voice cracking a little, "good-night—"

next hour or two sounds of steady swishing were heard in Big Hall.

Not until he was utterly fagged out and the inspiration was streaming down his face did the Head desist. Then he hung away what was left of the birch, and, after pumping in breath, he addressed himself to Jack Jolly, who had not turned a hare during the terrific ordeal.

"Jack Jolly! By your outrageous conduct, you have brought disgrace upon yourself, your form, your father, your family, and also upon your dinner-table. Your name shall be dispunished from the school register. I have pleasure in sentencing you to the long jump; or, to call it by its proper name, the sack! You will shake the dust of St. Sam's from your feet, and depart in deep disgrace—and in the station hack. Go!"

The Head pointed majestically to the door.

Jack Jolly turned on his heel, and stumbled blindly away. Through a missed of tears, he groped his way into the quad, where the station hack was waiting for him.

The ancient horse winched loudly as the dispelled junior approached, as if in sympathy with him.

The driver cracked his whip; the hack rattled away over the flagstones; and Jack Jolly, with a bursting heart, looked his last upon the stately edifice of St. Sam's!

II. GENERAL JOLLY to see you, sir!"

Binding, the page, popped his head round the door of Dr. Birchmell's study and announced the distinguished viziter.

It was the afternoon of the same

mourning that Jack Jolly had been expelled. The Head was seated at his desk, engrossed in a comic paper. He gave a violent start when Binding announced General Jolly. The peppy old war-horse was the last person in the world that the Head wished to see, just then.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped the Head. "Give the general my compliments, Binding, and tell him I am ill in bed, and can see no callers."

But it was no use the Head trying to do the "old soldier" on an old soldier. There was a trampling of feet in the corridor, and General Jolly stamped furiously into the study.

"The general was people with rage—swelling with indignation to such an extent that he seemed to fill the study. He tugged savidly at his military miltosh, and glared at the Head.

Dr. Birchmell rose to his feet. "Good-afternoon, general!"

General Jolly made an impatient gesture.

"I have not come here for perfitte formalities, sir! I have come to demand of you why my son Jack has been dispunished in disgrace! Unless you can eggplant your action to my satisfaction I shall raise Cain, sir!"

And the general banged his fists on the Head's desk, and set the inkpots dancing.

The Head blew his nose violently—a trick he had whenever he felt nervous. Perraps he hoped to hide his embarrassment.

"My—my dear general—" he stammered.

"Explain!" booted General Jolly. "Why have you sacked my son?"

The Head pulled himself together. "I sacked your son, General Jolly," he said, "for reasons which I consider ample and adidker. He was the ring-leader of a rebellion against the constituted authority of this school. He has transgressed against every creed and canon of decent conduct. By his action the tootem of the school has been thrown completely out of gear! Do you suppose, sir, that I can wink my eye at such conduct? I have my duty to do, as headmaster of this school; and I would not shrink my duty, sir, for a dozen generals—not for the whole Army!"

Dr. Birchmell, after losing his head, was beginning to find his feet. His carriage had come back, and he spoke out loud and bold.

But the Head was no match for General Jolly, who eggsploated like

(Continued on next page.)



"I have come to demand of you why my son has been dispunished!" boomed the General. And he banged his fist on the Head's desk, and set the inkpots dancing.



By way of a thivershun Jack Jolly walked round the punishment room on his hands, and then tried a few summersaults.