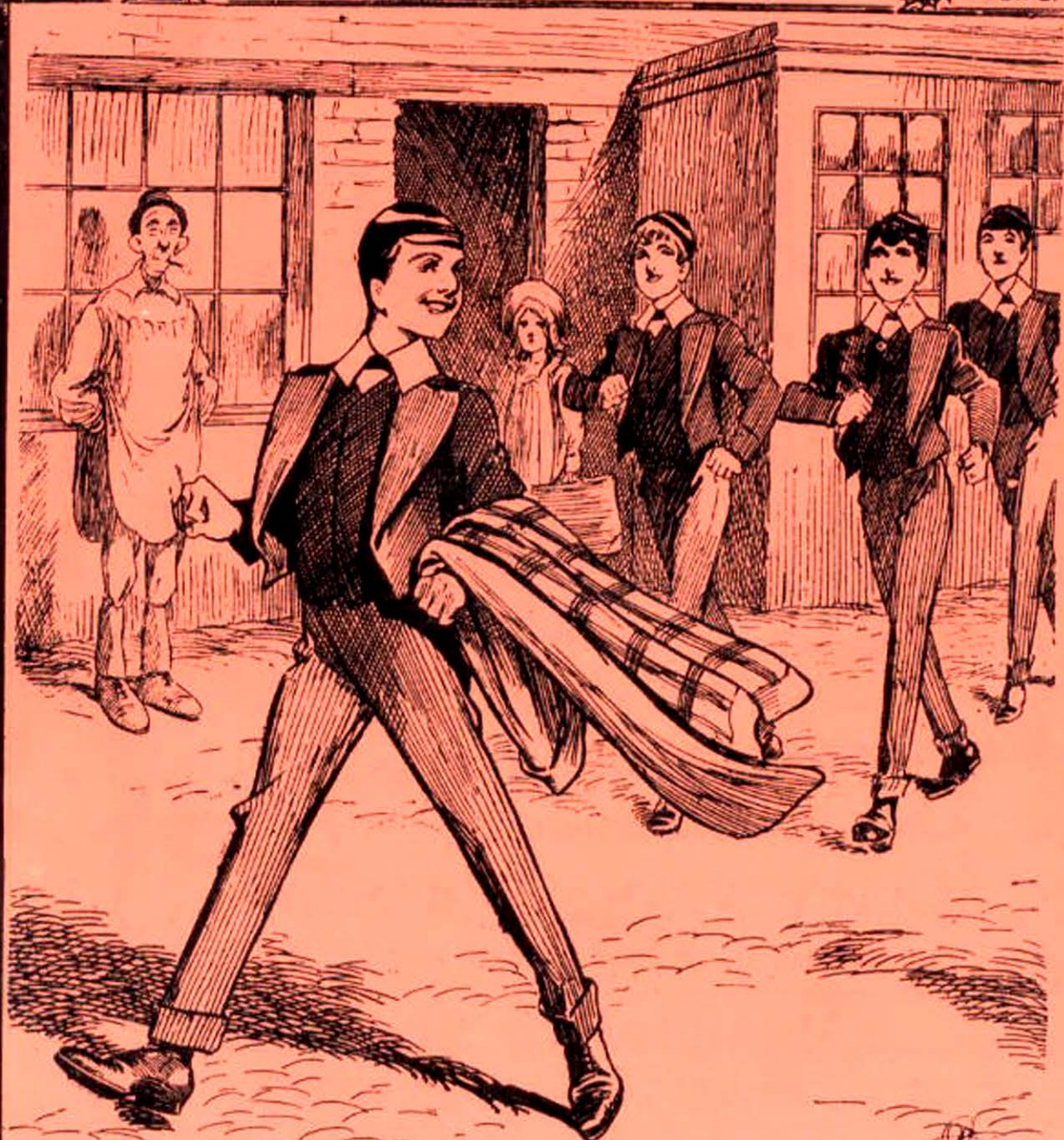


The Yankee Schoolboy is Here!

A
SPLENDID LONG
SCHOOL TALE
HARRY
WHARTON

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The Yankee Schoolboy

**A Splendid, Long, Complete
School Tale of
HARRY WHARTON & Co.
at Greyfriars**

By **FRANK RICHARDS.**

I take this opportunity of wishing ALL readers
of "The Magnet" Library a merry Christmas and
a happy New Year.
Editor.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Unrequited Sympathy.

TWELVE strokes had boomed out from the clock-tower at Greyfriars, and there was a stirring in the Remove Form-room.

It was the time to dismiss after morning lessons. The Removes were quite ready to dismiss—in fact, they were rather given to looking forward to the time, and towards

the end of lessons there was a general feeling in the Form that the clocks were slow.

The twelve strokes were very welcome to the ears of the Removes. Some of them half-rose from their seats, anticipating the signal to dismiss. But, unexpectedly enough, Mr. Quelch, the Form-master, did not give that signal.

Mr. Quelch had turned to his desk, and was looking over it, as if for something he had mislaid; and the hasty juniors who had risen sat down again.

There was a perceptible buzz in the Form.
 "What's up?" whispered Frank Nugent to Harry Wharton, the captain of the Form. "Why doesn't Quelch dismiss?"
 Wharton shook his head.
 He did not know.
 "Something up, perhaps," Bob Cherry murmured.
 "Shouldn't wonder."
 "I—I say, you fellows, this is rotten, you know!" mumbled Billy Bunter. "I want to get out and see if the postman's been. I'm expecting a postal-order, and—"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Quelch looked up from his desk, and the giggle died away. Billy Bunter blinked indignantly at the gigglers.
 "I say, you fellows, I—"
 "It's all right, Bunter, there's no postal-order for you," said Bulstrode, with a grin. "We've heard of that postal-order before."

"Oh, really, Bulstrode—"
 "Cheese it! As a matter of fact, it's Todd who's at the bottom of it," said Bulstrode, looking at Alonzo Todd with a very severe countenance.

Todd started.
 Alonzo was called the Duffer of Greyfriars, and not without reason. He was the most obliging and good-natured fellow in the world, and one of the simplest. He would swallow anything—except the tasty dishes cooked by his Chinese friend, Wun Lung.

"Dear me, Bulstrode," he said. "How am I to blame? I should be very sorry indeed to get the class detained. What have I done?"

"You can see Quelch is ratty, can't you?" asked Bulstrode.
 "Dear me! I had not noticed it. I trust it is not on my account," said Todd, looking distressed. "My Uncle Benjamin always cautioned me never to cause my kind teachers to get angry. What is the matter?"

"Well, if you're willing to set the matter right—"
 "Certainly, my dear Bulstrode. My Uncle Benjamin says—"

"Never mind Uncle Ben now," said Bulstrode. "Quelch is looking for his pointer. You'd better do the right thing while there's time."

"But wh-wh-what have I done?" asked Alonzo, in dismay.
 "Do you mean to say you don't know?"

"My dear Bulstrode, I assure you I do not. I should be only too willing—"

"I'll tell you, then," whispered Bulstrode, with a hurried glance at Mr. Quelch, who was still looking for something on his desk. "Quelch expects us to be sorry he's got the sack!"

"The what?"
 "The sack. I suppose you know that the Head's sacked him?" said Bulstrode impatiently.

"Dear me! No, I had not heard of it."
 "He thinks we ought to be sorry he's going, and as you're his favourite pupil—ahem!—he expects you to express something of the sort, and really, Todd, I think you're a little selfish not to speak up."

"My dear Bulstrode, I should have done so at once, but I was quite unaware—"

"Well, it's not too late now. Quelch's in a bad temper about it, and he's looking for his pointer to wallop somebody—perhaps you."

"That would be very unjust."

"Well, as you're his favourite pupil, he naturally expects—"

"But I did not know I was his favourite pupil."

"Well, you know it now."

"Yes, that is true. I am so sorry Mr. Quelch is going—"

"Sacked, you mean."

"Yes, sacked. I'm so sorry—"

"Well, tell him so," whispered Bulstrode hurriedly, as Mr. Quelch raised his head from the desk at last. "Get it out quickly, and pacify him. He may detain the whole class an hour if he doesn't get a nice speech from somebody, and you're the chap to make it. Don't forget the word sacked. You must make yourself clear."

"Yes, indeed. I—"

"Go it, then. Mind, don't say I suggested it."

"Oh, certainly not, Bulstrode. But—"

"Go it!"

Mr. Quelch came towards the class. He had a little paper in his hand, which was evidently what he had been searching his desk for.

He was about to speak when Alonzo Todd jumped up in a great hurry.

"If you please, sir—"

"Sit down, Todd!"

"Yes, sir. But—"

"Silence, please! I have something to say to you, my boys, before I dismiss the class."

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"Please allow me to speak, sir," said Todd hurriedly. "It's about that very matter, sir."

Mr. Quelch stared at him.

"About the matter I was going to mention, Todd?"

"Yes, sir."

"I fail to see how you can know anything about it, Todd, as it was only mentioned to me by Dr. Locke this morning."

"I—I do know, sir, and—and I'm so sorry."

"What?"

"I'm so sorry, sir."

"I fail to understand you, Todd," said Mr. Quelch irascibly.

"I do not see how you know anything about the matter, and I fail to see why you should be sorry, or, indeed, how it specially concerns you at all."

"As your favourite pupil, sir—"

"What?"

"As your favourite pupil, sir, I am very, very sorry you have got the sack," said Alonzo.

Mr. Quelch jumped almost clear of the floor. The Removites jumped, too. They had heard Alonzo Todd say many startling things since he had been at Greyfriars. But they had never heard him say anything quite so startling as this before.

Mr. Quelch stared blankly at Alonzo.

"I—I do not—not understand you, Todd!" he gasped.

"What did you say?"

"I'm so sorry you've got the sack, sir."

"The—the what?"

"The sack, sir."

"Are you mad, Todd?"

"Certainly not, sir. My Uncle Benjamin always impressed upon me to have a kind feeling for my good teachers, sir, and I like you very much. For that reason I am sorry that you have got the sack."

"My only hat!" murmured Harry Wharton.

Mr. Quelch seemed rooted to the floor. For some moments he was deprived of the power of speech, apparently.

Then he found his voice, and it came out like thunder.

"Todd!"

Alonzo jumped.

"Ye-es, sir."

"Come out before the class."

"Oh, certainly, sir!"

Mr. Quelch picked up his pointer. Alonzo viewed this proceeding with some alarm as he approached the Form-master. He did not understand what Mr. Quelch's intentions were. But he was soon placed out of his doubt.

"Hold out your hand, Todd!" thundered the Form-master.

"Wh-what, sir?"

"Your hand. Hold out your hand!"

"M-m-m-my hand, sir?"

"Yes. At once!"

"At once, sir!"

"Will you obey me, Todd?"

"Obey you, sir?"

"For the last time, Todd!"

"The—the last time, sir!" stammered Todd. He had fallen into his unfortunate habit of repeating what was said to him, as he always did when he was frightened. "The—the—the last time, sir!"

Mr. Quelch said no more. He had lost patience. He took Todd by the collar, and laid the pointer across his shoulders.

"There! Now go back to your place, Todd, and learn not to be impertinent to your Form-master!" he exclaimed.

The Duffer of Greyfriars gasped.

"I—I—I— But I'm really sorry you're sacked, sir!"

"To your place!" thundered Mr. Quelch, with a threatening flourish of the pointer, and Todd skipped back to his form.

The Remove strove hard to repress their giggles. Mr. Quelch looked flushed and angry, as was not to be wondered at, and no one cared to catch his eye with a smile upon his face.

Alonzo Todd sat down in a state of blank amazement. He was a sympathetic fellow, and why the Form-master should receive his sympathy in this rude and violent way was a puzzle he could not solve.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

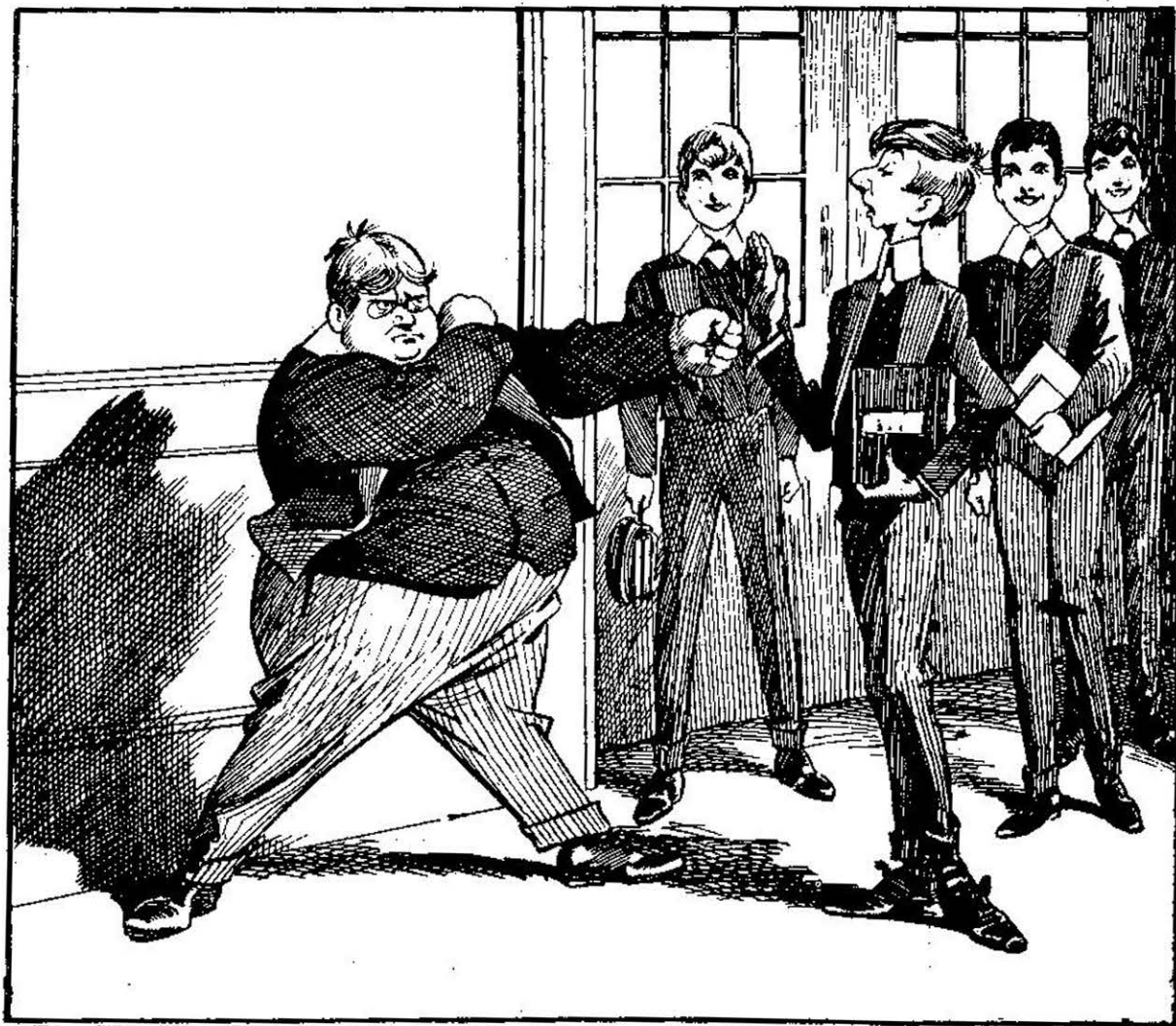
Fishy!

MR. QUELCH breathed hard through his nose. He gave Alonzo Todd one look, and then glanced at the paper in his hand. Then he addressed the Form.

"I have something to say to you, my boys, before I dismiss the class," he said. "There is a new boy coming to Greyfriars."

The Removites made a movement of interest.

New boys, certainly, were not by any means uncommon at Greyfriars. There had been several lately. But the fact that Mr. Quelch mentioned the matter to them indicated that this



"My dear Bunter, you know my objection to fighting—" began Alonzo. "You can jolly well put up your hands!" said Billy, elevating his fat fists and advancing upon Alonzo. "I'm not going to stand your cheek! Come on!" (See page 4.)

particular new boy was coming into the Remove, and that, of course, excited a certain amount of interest.

There was interest, too, in the fact that Mr. Quelch had taken the trouble to make the announcement at all. He did not usually honour a new boy by mentioning the fact that he was coming in state like this to the whole Form. When Alonzo Todd, for instance, had come, hardly anybody had known about it before he arrived. There was something out of the usual about the new boy, evidently.

"This new boy," went on Mr. Quelch, "is coming into the Remove—the Lower Fourth."

The class waited.

Mr. Quelch glanced at the paper again.

"His name," he went on, "is Fish—F. T. Fish."

"That's fishy!" murmured Nugent.

"Did you speak, Nugent?" asked Mr. Quelch icily.

Frank Nugent started. He had not expected Mr. Quelch to hear that faint whisper, forgetting that the Form-master had ears as keen as his eyes, which had been popularly compared to gimlets for their sharpness.

"No—yes, sir."

"Indeed! What did you say?"

"I—I—I said—"

"Well?"

"I—I said it was fishy, sir," stammered Nugent, with a scarlet face.

"Indeed! You will take fifty lines for saying it was fishy, Nugent. The Form-room is not the proper place for idiotic puns."

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"Ye-es, sir," murmured Frank.

"I am mentioning the matter to the full class," went on Mr. Quelch, after having crushed the unfortunate punster, "because this new boy is a stranger in England. He comes from a very great distance, and has been only a few days in this country, and, therefore, I want the whole Form to treat him with as much kindness as possible."

"A blessed foreigner!" murmured Bulstrode, with a disparaging glance at Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh, the Nabob of Bhaupur. "Another nigger, I suppose!"

"Or another rotten Chinese!" said Skinner, loud enough for Wun Lung to hear.

"I think you are speaking, Skinner," said Mr. Quelch.

"Oh, sir! No, sir!"

"Take fifty lines for speaking, Skinner!"

"Oh, sir!"

"And fifty more for telling an untruth!"

"Oh!"

"This boy Fish," went on Mr. Quelch, "comes from the United States of America, of which he is a native. He has been sent to England for his education, and he will be a stranger in a strange land here. I therefore expect my Form to treat him with every consideration. I may mention that any ragging or bullying that comes to my notice, in connection with the new boy, will be severely punished. But I am willing to leave the whole matter to the good feeling of the Remove."

"We'll do our best, sir," said Harry Wharton.

"Thank you, Wharton; I am sure you will. Fish is

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at Greyfriars. By FRANK RICHARDS

coming by the three o'clock train this afternoon. I shall be very pleased to grant leave to two boys who may wish to go to the station and meet him, if application is made to me after dinner, before afternoon school. That is all. Dismiss."

And the Remove dismissed.

They poured out into the passage, discussing the news.

"How very odd!" murmured Alonzo Todd, looking very much puzzled.

"Odd!" said Wharton. "Why? There have been new boys here before, and some of them have come further than from America."

"I was not referring to the new boy, Wharton, but to the extraordinary conduct of Mr. Quelch."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I do not see any circumstances provocative of merriment in the matter at all," said Todd, in his long-winded way. "I am greatly surprised. Mr. Quelch did not even make any reference to the fact that the Head had discharged him."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Surely it is no laughing matter, Wharton. My Uncle Benjamin would not approve of your laughing at such a matter; he would be shocked—nay, disgusted."

"You ass!" roared Wharton. "What put the idea into your head? Who told you that Quelch had the order of the boot?"

"Bulstrode mentioned it—"

"He was pulling your leg, ass!"

"My dear Wharton—"

"And it was jolly rotten of him not to own up, when you were getting the licking," said Bob Cherry warmly.

"Just like Bulstrode," said Tom Brown.

"Oh, rats!" said Bulstrode, passing. "Who would expect Todd to be such a dummy?"

"My dear Bulstrode—"

"Ha, ha."

Todd gave Bulstrode a shocked look.

"You don't mean to say, Bulstrode, that you were telling me an untruth?" he exclaimed in tones of great horror.

"Oh, rats!" said Bulstrode, who felt a little ashamed when it was put like that. "It was only a lark, you chump!"

"My Uncle Benjamin would be shocked—"

"Rats!"

"In fact, disgusted—"

"Oh, go and eat coke!"

Bulstrode swung angrily away. Alonzo Todd looked after him with an expression of great distress upon his simple face.

"I am sorry to see that Bulstrode is following bad paths," he exclaimed. "He is really becoming as untruthful as Bunter."

"Oh, really, Todd?"

"Excuse my speaking plainly, Bunter. You are a most untruthful person, and I have often told you that my Uncle Benjamin would be shocked at you. Do you think it would do Bulstrode any good, Wharton, if I were to follow him, and talk to him gently but firmly about this?"

"It wouldn't do you any good," grinned Wharton. "You would probably get a thick ear."

"I would willingly risk that for the sake of bringing about any moral improvement in Bulstrode; but if you think he would not listen to me—"

"I'm jolly sure he wouldn't."

"Perhaps I had better speak to Bunter. Bunter, I fear that it is your example that has led to this untruthfulness on the part of Bulstrode. I consider—"

"Oh, shut up!"

"Your bad character, Bunter—you don't mind my speaking plainly, do you?—your bad character, and your great propensity to falsehood, have had a bad effect upon—"

"Look here, you'll get a dot on the nose if you don't shut up!" roared Bunter.

"My dear Bunter, you know my objection to fighting—"

"You can jolly well put up your hands," said Billy Bunter,

elevating his fat fists, and advancing upon Alonzo Todd.

"I'm not going to stand your cheek. Come on."

"My dear Bunter—"

"Come on!" roared Bunter.

"But—"

"Come on!" shouted Bunter, lunging out.

"My dear Bunter, if you insist, I will certainly fight you."

said Todd, pushing back his cuffs. "I disapprove of it, but I am willing—"

"Oh, I don't know that we need let the matter go any further," said Bunter, suddenly cooling down as Alonzo Todd

squared up to him. "Only you be a bit more civil, that's all."

And the fat junior rolled away.

"Dear me!" said Todd. "How very odd! My dear

Wharton, do you think it would do any good if I went back

and apologised to Mr. Quelch for my misapprehension?"

"I think you'd better let the matter alone," said Harry,

laughing. "There might be another misapprehension, and

you might get the pointer again."

"But my Uncle Benjamin says—"

But Harry Wharton did not wait to hear what Uncle

Benjamin had said.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Hands Across the Sea.

"MATHEMATICS!" said Frank Nugent.

Harry Wharton and Hurree Singh turned their

heads to look at him. So did Bob Cherry and Tom

Brown, the New Zealander. They were sunning

themselves on the steps of the School House, the sun having

come out for a few minutes, after remaining behind the clouds

all the morning.

Wharton had been talking football, and surmising whether

the new boy from the States played footer in the English

way, or in the American system; and Hurree Jamsat Ram

Singh had volunteered the opinion that the Yankee-fulsomeness

of the new boy's footer was probably terrific. Tom Brown con-

tributed the remark that he had heard that American footer

was a mixture of Soccer and Rugger, combining the faults

of both—so far, of course, as footer had any faults.

It was into this interesting discussion that Frank Nugent

projected his remark.

"Mathematics!"

It was no wonder his chums stared at him.

"Mathematics!" repeated Wharton.

"Yes."

"What has mathematics to do with footer?"

"Nothing."

"Ass! Then why—"

"Mathematics is first lesson this afternoon," Nugent ex-

plained.

"I know that, fathead. But—"

"It's a fine afternoon for a walk."

"My hat! He's right off his rocker," said Bob Cherry.

"Speak to him gently! He'll begin to babble of green fields

in a minute."

"The babblesfulness of the esteemed Nugent is terrific."

"I mean what I say," persisted Nugent. "It would be a

jolly sight better to take a stroll this afternoon and miss first

lesson. I hate mathematics."

"Well, I suppose nobody likes maths. very much," said

Bob Cherry. "But how are we to cut them, ass?"

"By doing a good deed."

"Which?"

"You have heard," resumed Nugent, with a wave of the

hand to quieten his exasperated and perplexed chums—"you

have heard of an episode in the reign of George the

Third—"

"Blow George the Third!"

"With pleasure. If ever a king deserved to be blowed, it

was George the Third," said Nugent. "Blow him as much

as you like. But speaking of George the Third—"

"We weren't."

"But I was. Speaking of George the Third, an event

happened in his reign which has had the most—most rotten—

no, deplorable—deplorable consequences."

"What on earth is the chump driving at?"

"Some colonies," said Nugent, unbending—"some colonies,

which were almost as good quality as New Zealand—of

course, not quite—"

Tom Brown grinned.

"Oh, cut the butter!" he said.

"Almost as good as New Zealand, but certainly not quite,"

said Nugent calmly. "These colonies objected to something

—something about stamps, or something else."

"What I like about Nugent is that he's so jolly lucid,"

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said Bob Cherry. "The Head ought to give him a job as a lecturer on English history."

"Don't interrupt me," said Nugent. "These blessed colonies, anyway, revolted, whatever the cause was. There must have been a cause, and I've an idea that it was something to do with stamps, or something. Couldn't have been postage-stamps, because I know philatelists are awfully peaceable people; but it was something—"

"The stamp-tax," said Wharton. "That was it, you ass!"

"What was that?" asked Bob.

"Oh, go on, Nugent!" said Wharton, rather hurriedly.

"What are you getting at?"

"Well, these colonies broke off from the mother country," said Nugent solemnly. "They still exist—"

"Go on!"

"But under another name. They no longer form part of the great and glorious British Empire, for which our fathers fought and bled—"

"Mine didn't," said Bob Cherry. "My father's an architect."

"Ass! I am speaking generally. These colonies became—became—what do you call it when a chap goes off on his own because he's got his back up?"

"Sulky?"

"No, ass."

"Ratty?"

"No, clump. Independent," said Nugent—"that's the word. These colonies became independent, and became a great and glorious Republic, famous for freedom, and slavery, and canned beef, and all sorts of things in tins, and so on. Since then it has been the aim of every British statesman worthy of the name to draw closer the ties of kinship—"

"I've read something like that in the papers," said Wharton suspiciously.

"To draw closer the ties of kinship, and the bonds of friendship with these blessed colonies," said Nugent. "This dodge is called 'Hands Across the Sea.'"

"Well?"

"Well, this idea of hands across the sea is a jolly good wheeze," said Nugent; "as patriotic Britishers, we're bound to back up the United States."

Wharton looked puzzled.

"I'm willing to back them up," he said. "But I don't see exactly how we're to do it, or what good it will do them."

"There's a United States—I mean an American—coming to Greyfriars, isn't there?"

"What about that?"

"Well, that is a chance to show how deeply we feel the hands across the sea wheeze," said Nugent.

"Oh, I see. You think we ought to treat this Fish chap well. Well, we'd already decided on that," said Harry.

"We'll treat the chap decently if he's decent."

"That's not all."

"Do come to the point, old chap. Blessed if you don't go on like Todd, or a blessed gramophone," said Wharton.

"What I mean is, that we can't back up the hands across the sea bizney better than by showing this chap some kind of attention," explained Nugent. "And the best way we can do that is by meeting him at the station."

"But—"

"Mr. Quelch said that he'd give leave to two fellows to go to the station and meet him. I think I ought to be one, and one of you chaps the other. We shall be able to show that we don't bear any malice about Bunker's Hill, and back up the hands across the sea dodge, and get out of the mathematics lesson."

"You ass!" said Wharton, laughing. "I see now. Well, it's not a bad idea. I'd like to see what the chap is like, and we may as well meet him at the station."

"Then who's coming with me?" asked Nugent. "Which of you feels most deeply touched at the idea of extending his hand across the sea?"

"My honourable helpfulness is terrific."

"I think I ought to go, as a Colonial," said Tom Brown.

"I shall be a living example to the new chap that it's possible to be quite free and independent, and to stick to the old flag at the same time."

"Hear, hear!" said the rest.

"Perhaps Quelch might stretch a point, and let us all go," suggested Bob Cherry. "We can put it to him strongly about the hands across the sea."

"The strongfulness should be terrific."

"Good egg!" said Harry Wharton. "We can try, anyway. Come on."

And the juniors hurried indoors to make their way to Mr. Quelch's study. To their surprise, they found the passage full of juniors.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's up?" exclaimed Bob Cherry, tapping Ogilvy on the shoulder.

The Scottish junior looked at him.

"Don't you know?"

"Blessed if I do!"

"I've come here with Desmond to ask leave to go down and meet the Yank."

"Oh!"

"You see," explained Ogilvy. "We think that it would be a good idea to show him some attention, because every Britisher ought to back up that wheeze about hands across the sea, and mathematics is first lesson this afternoon."

The chums of the Remove grinned at one another. It was evident that there were others in the Form who were just as patriotic, and just as anxious to escape the mathematics lesson as Frank Nugent.

"But what the dickens are all these fellows here for?" asked Bob Cherry.

Bulstrode looked round.

"We're all anxious to go and meet the new boy at the station," he said. "We want to show special attention to a chap from America, of course."

"And get out of the maths lesson?"

"Ha, ha! Yes."

"Well, why don't you go in? What's the good of standing outside the study?" asked Harry Wharton.

"We're taking our turn—Bunter's got in first."

"Oh, I see!"

"Listen—you can hear the fat boulder now," muttered Ogilvy.

The Form-master's study door was open. As the juniors pressed a little closer, they could hear the fat, unctuous tones of the Owl of the Remove.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Many Reasons.

"YOU see, sir," explained Billy Bunter, blinking at Mr. Quelch through his big spectacles—"you see, sir, my object is to show some kind attentions to this new chap. He must feel awfully lonely landing in a foreign country after a long voyage across the—the stormy deep, sir."

Mr. Quelch looked hard at the fat junior.

He had never suspected Bunter of wishing to show kind attentions to anyone before, or of caring twopence whether anybody had had a long voyage across a deep, stormy or otherwise.

"I trust this thoughtfulness for others, which is so surprising a development of your character, is genuine, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch.

"Oh, really, sir—"

"You have no other object in view?"

"I—I assure you, sir, my sole object is to—to look after the new chap. I was thinking I might stand him a little feed somewhere near the station, sir, to make him feel homelike. I'm expecting a postal-order by the next post, so I shall have plenty of money."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, sir. And perhaps I ought to mention that I've thought this matter out very carefully, and that I think kind little attentions of this sort will—will promote—promote international good feeling, sir, and—and back up the—the—that dodge about hands across the sea, sir."

"Ah," said Mr. Quelch. "I see! Then your object is not to escape first and second lesson this afternoon, by going to the station?"

"Oh, sir! No, sir!"

"You are sure, Bunter?"

"Certainly, sir!"

"You do not want to elude the mathematics lesson?"

"Certainly not, sir. I'm so fond of mathematics. I often do maths in the holidays, sir," said Billy Bunter. "Sometimes a titled friend will call for me to take me out in his first-class motor-car, sir, and I say I can't come, because I've got deeply interested in mathematics and can't leave 'em."

The juniors in the passage simply gasped.

Billy Bunter was so mendacious that it had become a second nature with him, and fellows averred that he never told the truth if a lie would do. And the fat junior never stopped to reflect before prevaricating, with the result that his untruths were so steep that no one could possibly believe them.

Mr. Quelch looked sternly at Bunter.

"Well, if you are so fond of mathematics, it would be a pity to deprive you of the lesson," he said. "I cannot allow you to carry self-sacrifice to this extent, Bunter. You will appear at lessons as usual, please."

"But, sir—"

"That is enough, Bunter. I decline to give you leave."

"Oh, really, sir—"

"You may go."

"But, sir—"

Mr. Quelch made a movement of the hand towards a cane, and Billy Bunter hopped out of the study. He hopped out so quickly that he ran into Bulstrode, and nearly upset him, and the Remove bully responded with a kick that sent the fat junior down the passage with a wild howl.

"Whose turn next?" asked Morgan.

"Mine," said Bulstrode, in his most bullying tone. "Come on, Skinner."

And Bulstrode and Skinner knocked at the open door and entered the study. The other fellows remained outside, keeping out of sight of the Form-master, but with their ears open. They were anxious to know how Bulstrode fared, so that if he failed to obtain leave they might profit by his experience.

Bulstrode, certainly, was trying to profit by Billy Bunter's experience.

"If you please, sir, may we go and meet the new fellow at the station this afternoon?" he asked. "We should like to show him some kindness, sir."

"I've got relations in America, too, sir," said Skinner.

The Remove-master looked at them.

He had no high opinion of either Bulstrode or Skinner, and he suspected their motive to be about as noble as Bunter's, and no more so.

"Why do you wish to go?" he asked.

"Just to be kind to the new boy, sir."

"Indeed! And without thinking of escaping the mathematics lesson?"

"No, sir," said Bulstrode, remembering Bunter. "You see, sir, we're jolly anxious to escape the maths. lesson. We don't like it."

Bulstrode hoped a great deal from this excessive frankness. But perhaps Mr. Quelch guessed the reason of it.

"Very good! You are quite candid, Bulstrode."

"I hope so, sir."

"But your dislike of mathematics shows how necessary it is that you should not miss the lesson," said Mr. Quelch. "You will attend as usual."

"If you please, sir—"

"You may go."

And Bulstrode and Skinner went, scowling blackly as soon as they were outside the study door.

"The old bouncer is just catching us, like a blessed spider in a web," growled Bulstrode. "I'm done."

And he stalked away, and several more of the juniors followed him. But Ogilvy and Micky Desmond went in to try their luck. Harry Wharton & Co., as the last arrivals, waited their turn.

Mr. Quelch had taken up his pen, but he laid it down again as the juniors knocked and came in. He saw that he was in for it.

"Well?" he said rather shortly.

"Faith, sir, and sure we'd like to go and meet the American chap, sir," said Micky Desmond. "I'm thinkin' he'll feel rather a queer fish when he first arrives, sir, and—"

Mr. Quelch frowned.

"Your Form-master's study is not the place for stupid puns, Desmond. You may go."

"Faith, sir—"

"You may go—at once!"

Mr. Quelch rapped out the words, and the juniors departed. In the passage, Ogilvy brandished a closed fist in Micky's face.

"You utter chump!" he exclaimed. "What did you want to start working off Nugent's stale puns on Quelch for?"

"Sure and I didn't," said Micky, in dismay. "I never made a pun. Faith, I was thinkin' the chap would feel a queer fish at first, and I said so. How was I to remember his beastly name was Fish?"

"Ass!"

"Faith, and I—"

Ogilvy growled and stalked away. The chance was gone, anyway, through that little misunderstanding on Mr. Quelch's part.

Russell and Trevor entered the lion's den next. But as both of them were weak in mathematics, they did not get leave. Then Snoop and Stott tried their luck. But Mr. Quelch knew all the boys in his Form; and he knew that Snoop, the cad of the Remove, was not likely to do the new boy any good service, and he declined curtly enough to give them leave. Lacy and Smith minor were the next, but they also came away unsuccessful. Then Vernon-Smith, the Bouncer of Greyfriars, the fellow who had the worst reputation in the Remove, went in alone. Mr. Quelch gave him one look, and answered curtly:

"No."

And the Bouncer retired.

Now it was the turn of the Famous Four. They entered the study in a body, with Tom Brown of New Zealand. Mr. Quelch was growing a little tired of the persecution, and perhaps wishing he had not said anything about meeting F. T. Fish at the station, since the candidates who offered themselves were all proving unsuitable. But his face relaxed at the sight of Harry Wharton & Co. As a matter of fact, Wharton was the fellow he would have selected. He knew that he could rely upon the captain of the Remove to show

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the new boy kind and thoughtful attentions, without any risk of the junior japing the new-comer, or taking him in in any way.

"Well, Wharton?" he said kindly.

"We were thinking we might go to the station and meet the new chap, sir," said Harry Wharton modestly. "I think you said two, sir, but if you thought five would be a better number to go, we should be glad to offer ourselves."

Mr. Quelch could not help smiling.

"Surely five would be a superfluous number, Wharton," he remarked.

"Well, sir, I was thinking that I ought to go as captain of the Remove, and Nugent because he suggested the idea to me. Then Tom Brown ought to go, because he's a New Zealander, sir."

Mr. Quelch looked astonished.

"What has that to do with it, Wharton?"

"Well, you see, sir, we naturally want to show off a New Zealand chap to the American, sir, as a sample of what a Colonial can be when he sticks to the old flag, sir."

Mr. Quelch laughed.

"Then Inky ought to go, sir," went on Wharton eloquently, "because—because he comes from Bhanipur, sir."

"Inky?"

"I—I mean Hurree Singh, sir."

"But what has Bhanipur to do with this new boy from New York?"

"Well, Inky—Hurree Singh represents our Eastern Empire, sir, on which the sun never sets," explained Wharton. "It will be an—object lesson to the American chap, sir."

"I do not quite see how it will be an object lesson to him, Wharton; but supposing we pass Hurree Singh, why is Cherry to go?"

Wharton rubbed his nose thoughtfully.

For the life of him he could not think of a reason why Bob Cherry should go, except because he wanted to go, which would hardly pass as a reason with Mr. Quelch.

"Well, you see, sir, Bob would make the number complete," he said, at last.

The Remove-master smiled.

"You may all go," he said. "You are not likely to suffer for missing a couple of lessons, as I am aware that you are all workers, and not slackers, like some of the boys who have just been in my study. You may go, but come directly back to Greyfriars after you have met the new boy, and come to the Form-room."

"Certainly, sir!" said Wharton, delighted. "Thank you very much, sir."

And the chums of the Remove quitted the study in high feather.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Two Goals.

"BELL'S gone!" said Ogilvy, passing Harry Wharton & Co. in the Close, a little later. It was time for afternoon classes, and Ogilvy was hurrying towards the School House, but he stopped to throw that word of warning to the chums. The latter were chatting idly, and apparently had no intention of going in to class.

"Thanks!" said Harry. "We heard it."

"Well, you'll be late!"

"It's all right; we're not coming."

"Cutting maths?"

"Yes, rather."

Ogilvy whistled.

"You don't mean to say that you have got leave to go down and meet the Yank?"

Harry Wharton nodded.

"Some fellows have all the luck," said Ogilvy good-naturedly. "So long!"

And he hurried on to the house. Bulstrode was passing, and he paused, with a far from good-natured look upon his face.

"Not coming in?" he said.

"No; we're going to meet the Yank."

"All five of you?"

"The fivefulness is terrific," said the Nabob of Bhanipur, Bulstrode sniffed.

"Rotten favouritism!" he said. "Of course, I might have known that it would come to you fellows. Rotten!"

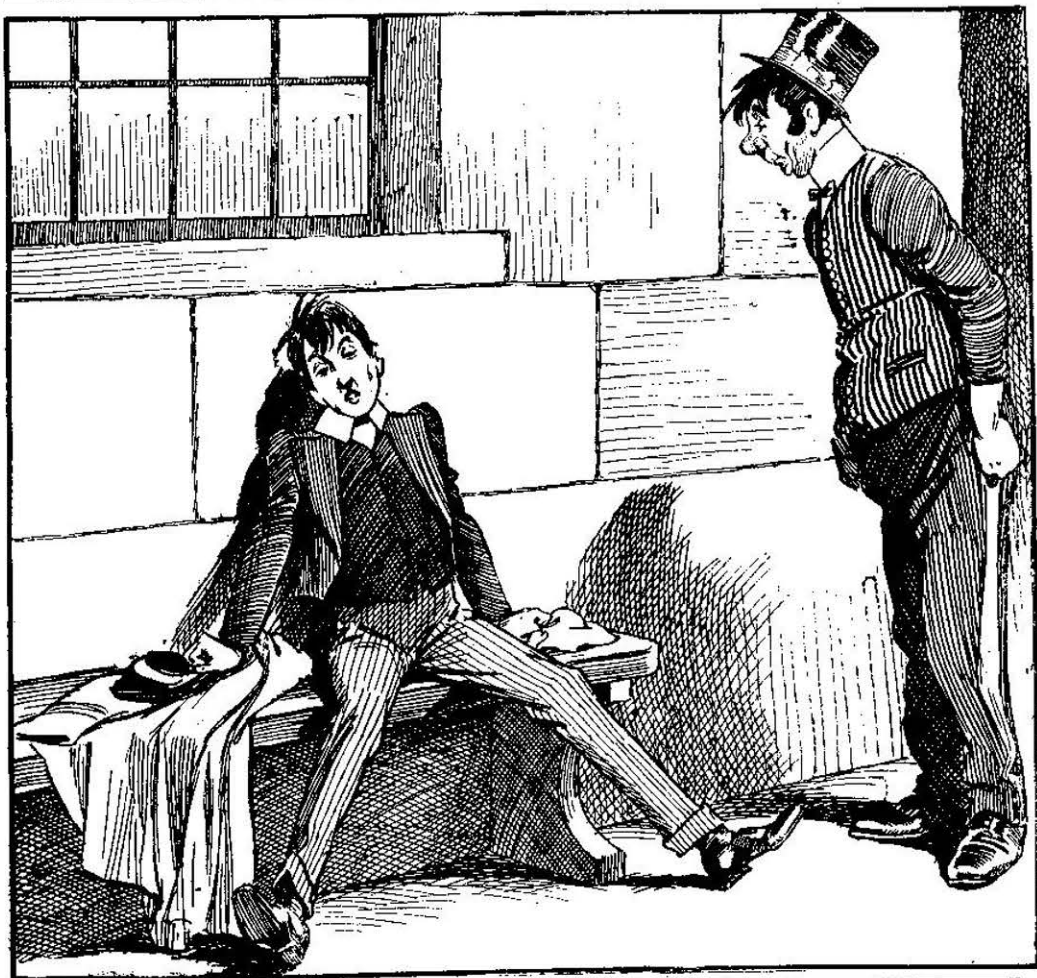
And Bulstrode stalked away before the juniors could reply.

"Nice chap—I don't think!" remarked Nugent, while Harry Wharton flushed angrily. "Look here, we've got heaps of time for the train. We may as well have a stroll round."

"Let's punt a ball along to the village," Bob Cherry suggested.

"Good egg!"

"The goodness of the egg is terrific."



"Which you look tired, sir," said Gosling to the Yankee schoolboy. "Where 'ave you been, Master Fish?"
(See page 10.)

"Jolly good idea," said Harry Wharton. "I'll fetch out the study second best."

And he soon came out with a footer under his arm—a footer that had seen considerable service, but was still in good condition.

It was a hard, crisp afternoon, just the afternoon for punting a footer about. Wharton gave the footer a lift that carried it down nearly to the gates, and the five juniors broke into a run after it. Nugent lifted it fairly over the gates with a high kick, and they dashed after it into the road. Then they punted it merrily along towards Friardale.

There is no greater fun than chasing a footer along a road on a frosty day, and it is certainly an excellent way of keeping warm. But there are disadvantages. When the local butcher's cart came suddenly round a corner, and the footer narrowly missed the local butcher's head, he nearly fell out of his trap, and he shook his whip at the juniors threateningly.

"Sorry!" called out Wharton.

The butcher shook his whip again, and drove off, and the juniors were a little more careful after that. They had almost reached the village when P.-c. Tozer loomed into view.

The fat policeman of Friardale frowned majestically on the juniors, apparently shocked and annoyed at the free use they were making of the King's highway.

He waved a fat hand commandingly.

"Stop that!" he exclaimed.

Harry Wharton stared at him.

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"Stop what?" he demanded.

"Kicking that ball about the public road," said Mr. Tozer.

"It's dangerous."

"Dangerous to what?"

"Don't you argy," said Mr. Tozer. "I horders you to stop."

"The ratfulness is terrific, my Tozerful friend," murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Harry Wharton & Co. had had more than one rub with Mr. Tozer, who was rather given to exceeding his legal authority. But Harry picked up the ball while they were passing the constable, for the sake of peace, and carried it under his arm while he walked on as far as the next bend in the lane. Then he dropped it to the ground for a fresh kick.

But Mr. Tozer was very deep.

As soon as the juniors had passed the bend, Mr. Tozer, walking on the belt of grass beside the road to silence his footsteps, strode swiftly after them, with the intention of catching them in the act if they kicked the footer along the road again.

But Harry Wharton was quite as deep as P.-c. Tozer.

He looked back, and saw Mr. Tozer's helmet gleaming above the hedges, and grinned. He held the ball in his hand, facing towards the spot where the policeman would appear, ready for a drop kick. Wharton had played Rugger, and he could drop a goal with any amateur Rugger player, and he intended to drop one for the benefit of P.-c. Tozer.

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The chums waited, grinning.
P.-c. Tozer came in sight.
The moment he appeared, Harry Wharton dropped the ball, and as it rose he kicked.
The ball whizzed through the air.
Biff!

There was a wild yell from P.-c. Tozer, and a shriek from the juniors.
"Goal!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

P.-c. Tozer staggered back, his helmet falling on the back of his head, and his face simply smothered by mud from the footer.

The ball bounced off into the road, and in a moment Hurree Singh dashed up and recovered it, and passed to Wharton.
Wharton took it down the road, the juniors chasing with him, and yelling with laughter.

P.-c. Tozer mopped his red face with a red handkerchief, and said things which we shall not set down in print.

Then, as soon as he had recovered his breath, he started in pursuit.

Harry Wharton looked back, as he heard the heavy tramp of P.-c. Tozer's pounding feet behind in the lane.

"He's after us!" he chuckled.

"We can't go to the station now!" gasped Bob Cherry.
"We shall have to dodge him across country before we turn up there."

"Yes, rather."

"Well, there's heaps of time. We can have a run for half an hour, and still be in time to catch the train."

"Good egg!"

The juniors turned off from the road at the lane leading down to the sea, and kept the footer going merrily. P.-c. Tozer dashed after them afresh. His face was growing redder and redder, and his breath was coming in short, quick jerks. But P.-c. Tozer was a determined man. He dashed on resolutely.

But he had as much chance of overtaking the nimble juniors as of flying. They drew further and further away, with hardly an exertion on their part, and the fat constable was dropped at last.

The footer was bounding along the sands now, and the Greyfriars chums kept it going for some time, thoroughly enjoying the sport in the keen wind. Wharton wished to leave the return to the village as late as possible, for the purpose of avoiding Mr. Tozer. As a matter of fact, he left it very late, and suddenly looking at his watch, he discovered that it wanted only five minutes to three.

"Phew!" he exclaimed. "That blessed train comes in in five minutes!"

"Great Scott!"

The chums paused in their game, panting, somewhat dismayed. Bob Cherry picked up the footer. They could hardly reach the station in five minutes, if they pelted their hardest. It was annoying enough. They had obtained special leave from classes for the purpose of meeting the American boy, and if they did not meet him, it would be very like breaking faith with Mr. Quelch. Certainly the Form-master would want an explanation.

"We must manage it somehow!" exclaimed Tom Brown.

"Hang it!" said Wharton. "I didn't know it was getting so late. But the trains often come into Friardale a few minutes late; that's one comfort."

"Let's buzz off."

"Good! Follow the footer; you get along faster that way."

Bob Cherry dropped the footer, and kicked it on the rise, and they started after it.

There was no doubt that they made quicker work following the footer than running without it. They chased the bounding leather down the lanes, and into the quiet old High Street of Friardale.

But, quick as they were, three o'clock had boomed out from the church just as they entered the old village.

They dashed on to the station, the footer bounding before them. There never was any traffic in Friardale streets, so there was nothing to stop them. They dashed breathlessly up to the station.

That the train must be in they knew. But there was no sign outside the station of a boy or a box, so they hoped that F. T. Fish had not yet left the place. They came up with a run, and Harry Wharton lifted the football into the station entrance with a final kick.

Then there was a roar!

A slim youth of about Wharton's own age was stepping out of the station just as the ball rose. Wharton saw him a second too late.

"Look out!" he yelled.

But it was too late for the new-comer to look out.

The muddy footer smote him under the chin, and he was swept backwards as if a cannon-ball had struck him. Football and boy disappeared together into the station entrance.

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THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Fisher T. Fish.

"MY only hat!" gasped Harry Wharton.

"Great Scott!"

Wharton rushed into the station. The incident was not without its comic side—at least, Wharton's comrades seemed to think so, for they were yelling with laughter. But Harry was really sorry for the mishap to the stranger. If it had been a Greyfriars fellow who was bowled over, it would not have mattered; but it was hard on a stranger to have to serve involuntarily as a goal.

Within the station, the strange youth was sitting on the floor, looking considerably dazed. The footer had rolled away, but it had left a trail of mud on the face of the youth.

"I say, I'm sorry!" exclaimed Wharton. "It was quite an accident. I didn't see you till I had kicked."

The stranger looked at him with two somewhat small but extremely keen grey eyes, which seemed to take in everything they dwelt upon, at a single glance.

"What sort of a picnic do you call this, anyhow?" he asked, with a peculiar nasal intonation in his voice.

Wharton jumped.

That drawl told him who it was he had bowled over, at once.

"My hat! Are you Fish?"

"I guess so."

"I'm sorry! Let me help you up."

"I guess I'm all right."

The slim youth got upon his feet. The chums of Greyfriars came in, grinning as they saw the muddy face of the stranger. The mud did not disguise his features, which were as keen and sharp as his grey eyes.

"Look here, I'm really sorry," said Wharton again.

"Oh, don't worry!" exclaimed the new boy. "I guess it's all O. K. Accidents will happen, I guess. I suppose you chaps belong to Greyfriars?"

"Yes. We came here to meet you."

"Well, that was real nice of you," exclaimed the American. "Do you generally meet new boys in this way?"

Wharton laughed.

"No, not as a rule. In fact, we don't generally meet them at all. We're making an exception in your favour."

"Hands across the sea," explained Nugent solemnly.

"What?"

"Hands across the sea."

"I guess I don't tumble," said the American; "but if you've come to meet me, perhaps you'll tell the man here what to do with my box."

"Certainly."

"And maybe, you'll show me somewhere where I can wash my face. I don't want to show up at the school with a dirty face. That wouldn't suit Fisher T. Fish."

"What?"

"I say it wouldn't suit—"

"But your—your name?"

"Fish—Fisher T. Fish."

"Oh, my only hat!" murmured Nugent. "Gorgeous!"

"I guess that's my patronymic," said the American boy.

"It's all O. K., I guess. My father's Vanderbilt K. Fish, the railroad king. I guess you've heard of him?"

"I don't think I remember the name," said Harry.

Fisher T. Fish stared.

"You haven't heard of him?"

"I think not?"

"Great snakes! Where were you raised?"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"This way to the wash," he said, and he led off the American junior to the porter's room, where the old Friardale porter accommodated them with the necessaries for removing the muddy stains from Fisher T. Fish's face.

When the mud was off, the Greyfriars chums were able to get a better look at the youth from New York.

Fisher T. Fish could not be called good-looking. But, in spite of the alertness and the keenness of his face, there was a very pleasant expression upon it, and the juniors felt that they could like the Yankee chum.

But Fish's manner was not wholly taking.

There was a coolness, an airiness in his manner, which seemed a little out of keeping with the fact that he was a stranger in a strange land, and a new boy coming for the first time to a public school.

Mr. Quelch had feared that the new boy from New York would feel friendless and forlorn on his arrival in Friardale.

But there was little danger apparently, of Fisher T. Fish feeling forlorn in Friardale or anywhere else.

The American boy was, as he would have said himself, "all there."

Fisher T. Fish was sufficient unto himself, in whatever circumstances he might chance to fall, and if he had been

stranded in China or the Cannibal Islands, he would have awnaked there as if China and the Cannibal Islands were private property of his.

Fish replaced his cap on the back of his bullet head, and left the station with the Greyfriars juniors.

He looked around him at the village street with a disparaging glance.

"Pretty sleepy old place this," he remarked.

"It's quite," agreed Wharton.

"I guess we should wake up this sleepy hollow, over there."

"Where?" asked Harry, thinking that Fish alluded to the opposite side of the street.

Fish laughed.

"I mean over the pond."

"The pond?"

"Yes, the Atlantic."

"Oh, I see!"

"Atlantics are only ponds to an American," said Nugent seriously. "There are American millionaires who have ornamental ponds as big as the Atlantic in their back gardens."

Fish laughed.

"I guess we should wake it up, over there," he remarked again. "What you want in this street is a system of electric trams."

"Rats!" said Wharton cheerfully.

"Doesn't this quite get on your nerves?" asked Fish.

"Not a bit."

"I guess that's queer. Now, you could stop all that with a system of electric trams, and the gongs going at every corner. Nothing like electric trams to wake a place up. Why, in my native place there's an average of two people killed every week by the electric trams."

"How jolly!" said Nugent, "especially for those who are killed."

"Does that thing move?" asked Fish, regarding the ancient horse and hack which stood outside the station.

The equally ancient driver touched his ancient hat to Fish.

"Going to Greyfriars, sir?" he said.

"I guess so."

"Ave the 'ack, sir?"

Fish looked disparagingly at the hack.

"I guess I'll walk," he said, "I'm in rather a hurry, you see."

"Box, sir," said the driver, whose slow wits were quite impervious to the little joke. "You can't carry the box, sir."

"I guess I could carry it as easily as that hoss could. Thanks, I guess I'll walk, and I suppose the porter can send the box on, you chaps."

"Certainly," said Wharton.

The driver stolidly resumed his resting-place against the station wall, and resumed chewing a straw. Fisher T. Fish walked away with the Greyfriars juniors.

"Is it far to Greyfriars?" he asked.

"Quarter of an hour?"

"Oh, for you chaps, I suppose!" said Fish. "I guess I should walk it in ten minutes. Some!"

The chums grinned at one another. All five of them were especially good walkers and runners, and there were few fellows of their age who could have beaten any of them.

"We'll make it a walking-match, if you like," said Harry.

"Good. I'll show you how we walk over there, I guess," said Fish. "By the way, are you fellows in the Form I'm going into. I'm going into the Lower Fourth."

"Yes, we're in the Remove—that's the Lower Fourth at Greyfriars. I'm Wharton, the captain of the Form. This chap is Nugent, this is Bob Cherry, and this is Tom Brown, of New Zealand. This is Hurree Janset Ram Singh, Nabob of Bhanipur, King of Botrio-boolah-Gha, and Emperor of Timbuctoo."

The nabob grinned.

Fisher T. Fish had been regarding him with a curious look. Wharton guessed that he had the common American prejudice against the black race, but he could see, of course, that Hurree Singh was not a negro.

"I guess I'm glad to meet you," said Fish. "It was uncommonly decent of you to come and meet me. It's only fair to show you how we walk, over there. But I don't want to tire you out."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Where's the joke?"

"Here," said Nugent, tapping the American boy on the shoulder. "A standing joke."

Fish grinned.

"Look here, jever get left?" he asked.

"Eh?"

"Jever get left?"

"I—I don't quite catch on," said Wharton. "Are you speaking English?"

"I guess so—it's plain United States."

"And what may it happen to mean?"

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NEXT WEEK: "THE GIRLS' SCHOOL'S CHALLENGE."

EVERY
TUESDAY.

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ONE
PENNY.

"Great snakes!" said Fish. "Where was you raised? To get left—that's to be dished, done, or spoofed. See?"

"Yes, I see that much."

"Well, then—"

"And what does jever mean?" asked Bob Cherry innocently.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Tom Brown. "That means 'did you ever.'"

"I guess it's plain United States," said Fish. "You ain't what we should call slick, over here in Yurup. As I was saying, did you ever get left? Because you'll get left, and badly, if you try a walking-match with me?"

"We'll risk getting left," said Harry, laughing. "You may get left yourself, you know."

Fish shrugged his slim shoulders.

"I guess not. Come on, then!"

"Good! We're on!"

And the six boys started walking down the old High Streets of Friardale at a very fast pace.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Left.

FISHER T. FISH put on speed at the very start, and he forged ahead of the Greyfriars fellows. He was a pretty good walker, with a quick and a steady action.

But Harry Wharton had only to look at him to see that he was not by any means up to Greyfriars form. There was not one of the five juniors who could not have beaten him easily at a walking match, but Fish started off as if he had beaten the greatest champions in his time, and this was a mere bagatelle to him.

The juniors soon came to the same conclusion as their leader, and they exchanged grins behind Fish's back as he went striding ahead.

They knew that they could overtake him as soon as they chose to exert themselves, but they contented themselves for the present with keeping a dozen paces behind.

Fish strode on ahead, his long legs going like clockwork. The sight of the American junior stalking on ahead, and the Greyfriars fellows following, made some of the villagers grin, and the chums of the Remove grinned, too.

"What do you think of our latest addition?" grinned Tom Brown.

"Well, he beats anything we've had so far," said Harry, laughing. "I think he's a decent chap enough in the main."

"But his swank—"

"Yes, there's heaps of that."

"He's going to show us things, and teach us things," grinned Bob Cherry. "I rather think it's our duty to take him down a peg or two, in a good-natured way, of course."

We don't want to be hard on a new chap, but we must show him that we haven't quite run to seed in the old country."

"Just so."

"The just-so-fulsness is terrific."

Fish looked round over his shoulder, and grinned at the Greyfriars fellows, evidently under the impression that they were badly beaten already.

"Jever get left?" he sang out.

"Not beaten yet, Fishy."

"Sticking it out—eh?"

"Yes," said Harry, laughing; "a little while yet."

"May as well give in. I don't want to fag you out."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, all O. K.! I'll walk you off your legs!" said Fish.

And he stalked on again.

They left the village, and then Harry Wharton & Co. quickened their pace. To Fisher T. Fish's surprise, they drew level, and walked round him.

He gave them a stare.

"I guess you're pumping yourselves," he said warningly. "You don't want to put on a spurt like that."

"Oh, we're all right!"

Fish increased his pace, but his heavy breathing showed that it told upon him. The Greyfriars juniors put on a little extra speed, too, without half the exertion.

"By the way, you'll know Greyfriars when you get to it," said Harry Wharton. "Follow the straight road, and it's the big building with the tower."

"Oh, I sha'n't be so very much ahead of you!"

"I'm not thinking you will—but you'll be a jolly good way behind," said Wharton coolly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess—"

"Come on, you fellows."

"Right-ho!"

The chums quickened their pace again. They drew ahead of the American. Fisher T. Fish stared at them, and put

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on speed again, but he could not keep it up. He dropped a pace or two behind, and he was breathing very hard. The chums of the Remove still had something in reserve, too.

Fish was evidently greatly astonished.

"Great snakes!" he murmured.

"Jevver get left?" asked Nugent sweetly.

And the chums of the Remove strode on.

The American junior struggled after them in vain efforts. The five juniors were walking abreast, the pace that of the slowest of the five, as they kept level. But the slowest of the five was not much slower than the rest, and was very much faster than Fisher T. Fish.

Fish struggled on with muttered ejaculations.

He was quite amazed to see that the Old Country had so much left in it; and there was no doubt that he was, to use his own expression, getting left.

But he was game all through. He would not give in, and he tramped on determinedly, in a vain effort to catch up the chums of Greyfriars.

But they were fairly going now, tramping on in time with steady feet, and they were a hundred yards or more ahead of Fish by the time the tower of Greyfriars rose into sight over the trees.

And they were drawing further ahead every moment.

They tramped on, faster and faster, and passed in at the gates, leaving Fish with the highway to himself.

They burst into a chuckle as they entered the gateway. Gosling, the porter, was outside his lodge, and he stared at them.

"Which I thort you 'ad gone to meet the new boy, Master Wharton!" he exclaimed.

"So we did," said Harry.

"Ain't he come, then?"

"Yes; he's come."

"Then where is he?" demanded Gosling. "Wot I says is this 'ere where is he?"

"Left!"

"Hey?"

"Left!" said Harry, laughing. "That's where he is - left!"

"The leftfulness is terrific!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the chums of the Remove tramped on across the Close, leaving Gosling staring. They disappeared into the School House before the American junior arrived at the gate. Fisher T. Fish came in gasping. Gosling blinked at him. Fish sank down upon the bench outside the porter's lodge, and panted.

"Which you're the new boy, sir?" he asked.

Gosling was always very civil to new boys. New boys generally had their pockets lined, and Gosling threw on tips.

"I guess so," said Fish breathlessly.

"Which you look tired, sir," said Gosling, with solicitude.

"P'raps you'd like to come into my lodge and rest, sir?"

"I guess I ain't tired."

"Which you look tired, sir. Where 'ave you been, Master Fish?"

Fish looked at him grimly.

"I've been left!" he grunted.

And he rose from the bench, and tramped on to the house.

Gosling scratched his head in surprise. He could not quite make out the new boy, or why he should maintain that he was not tired when he was quite evidently fagged out.

But whether Fisher T. Fish admitted that he was tired or not, one fact was clear and undoubted; and that was, that he had been completely, utterly, hopelessly "left."

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Fish is Willing to Learn.

HARRY WHARTON & CO. were sitting in the hall, resting, when the American junior came in. They greeted him with sweet smiles, and a question couched in his own peculiar language:

"Jevver get left?"

Fish grinned.

He was evidently blessed with a sense of humour, and could take a joke against himself.

"I'm done," he remarked.

"Jevver get done?" said Nugent.

"But I'm not in good form now," said Fish, in explanation. "When I'm in form I'll walk you off your legs!"

"Jevver get walked off your legs?"

"Oh, cheese it!"

"Jevver cheese it?"

The American laughed.

"Nuff as good as a feast," he remarked. "I'm not THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 150.

tired, of course, but I'd like a rest. I guess I have a study here, don't I? Where is it?"

"You'll have to ask the Form-master," said Harry.

"Form-master! Who is he?"

"Mr. Quelch."

"Where is he?"

"In the Form-room at present. I suppose we'd better take you there," said Harry Wharton, rising. "This way. We shall have to go in to next lesson, and we'd better show you to Mr. Quelch, to prove that you haven't strayed."

And Fisher T. Fish was taken to the Form-room.

Maths. were long over, and the Remove were deep in geography, and Billy Bunter had just given Mr. Quelch the remarkable information that Pekin was the capital of Japan. It was fortunate for Bunter that an interruption came at that moment.

Mr. Quelch looked round testily as the door opened, and then he fixed his glance inquiringly upon Fisher T. Fish.

"Ah! Is this the new boy, Wharton?"

"Yes, sir. Fisher T. Fish."

"Ye gods!" murmured Buktrode. "What a name!"

"Very good. You may take your place in class. If you would prefer a rest, Fish, you may leave the Form-room," said Mr. Quelch. "Perhaps you had better go to my study, and wait there till I am disengaged."

"Certainly, sir."

"Take him to my study, Wharton. If he requires any refreshment after his journey, you may speak to the matron."

"Yes, sir."

Harry Wharton marched Fish off, leaving his comrades to take their seats in class.

They absorbed information regarding Pekin, while Harry took the American junior out of the Form-room.

"Hungry?" he asked.

"I guess not," said Fish. "I had a lunch-basket in the train."

"Tired?"

"No. I'm never tired; hard as nails!" said Fish.

"That's how we all are over there. None of your Old Country slacking for me."

Wharton smiled.

"Well, here's Quelch's study," he said. "I suppose you can take one of the books to read, to pass the time. There's plenty here."

Fish glanced over the Form-master's study table. There were certainly books in plenty, but Fisher T. Fish did not feel particularly interested in *Æchylus*, in *Ovid*, in *Horace*, or in *Homer*.

"Got any Amurrican newspaper?" he asked.

"We don't take them here."

"Oh! Where was you raised?" said Fish. "Do you mean to say you've never seen a copy of the 'New York Rustler'?"

"Never."

"Or the 'Chicago Bustler'?"

"Not once."

"Well, carry me home to die!" said Fish. "You do want waking up. Never mind; I've got some literature of my own."

He sat down in Mr. Quelch's armchair, and stretched out his long legs to the mantelpiece. He jerked a book from his jacket pocket, and Wharton glanced at it.

It had a glaring cover in nearly all the colours of the rainbow, with a picture representing a murder. The title, which sprawled in big letters over the cover, was "Deadwood Dave's Dastardly Double; or, The Red Road-Raiders of the Rockies."

"My only hut!" ejaculated Harry Wharton. "You don't mean to say that you read that rotten stuff, Fish?"

"I guess so."

"What for?"

"I guess it's all right."

"Then you guess wrong," said Wharton. "It's all rotten! Chuck it into the fire!"

"Rats!"

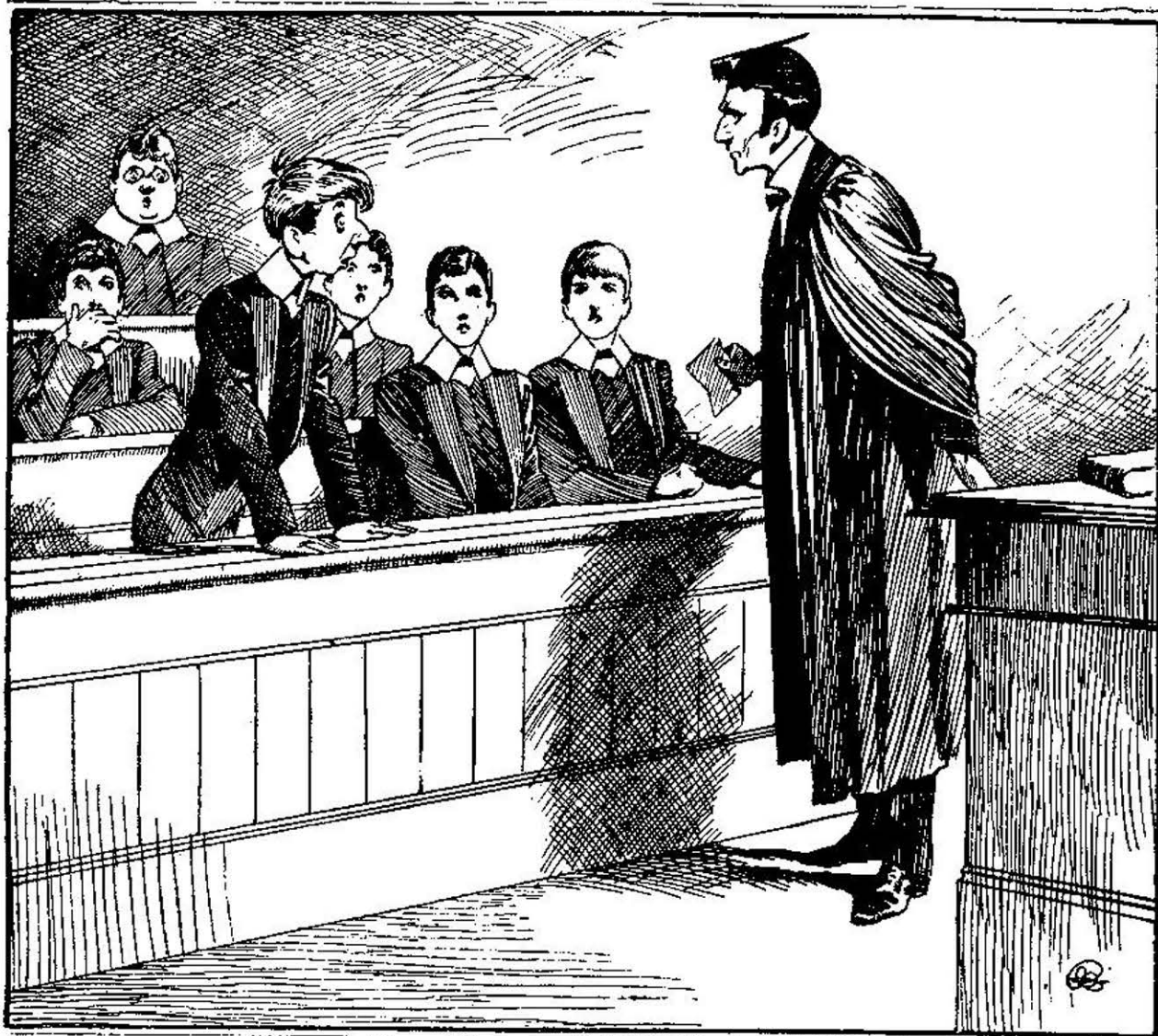
"Don't let Mr. Quelch see it, anyway."

"Oh, I guess I'm fly!" said Fish. "You can travel. I'm O. K.!"

Harry Wharton left him, and returned to the Form-room. The lessons proceeded, but the afternoon's work was agreeably short to the chums of the Remove. Mr. Quelch dismissed the class at last, and then proceeded to his study to see the new pupil.

Mr. Quelch, perhaps, expected to see something out of the common run of new boys. The youth from New York was not likely to resemble exactly the average Britisher. But the Remove-master had a shock, all the same, as he entered his study.

Fisher T. Fish was sprawled back in his arm-chair. His feet were resting on the mantel, and his shoulders buried in



"As your favourite pupil, sir," said Alonzo Todd. "I am very, very sorry that you have got the sack!" "I do not understand you," said Mr. Quelch, staring blankly at the Duffer. "What did you say, Todd?" (See page 2.)

the cushion at the back of the chair. It was an attitude rather of carelessness than comfort, but Fish seemed to enjoy it very well. He was still deeply engrossed in the adventures of Deadwood Dave's Dastardly Double so deeply that he did not hear the Form-master enter.

Mr. Quelch coughed indignantly.

Fisher T. Fish turned his head.

The Remove master expected him to turn red and jump up in confusion. Fisher T. Fish did nothing of the sort.

He nodded.

He nodded to the majestic Form-master as if he had been only a common or garden human being, and Mr. Quelch almost staggered.

"Boy!" he gasped.

"Hallo!" said Fish.

"Rise!"

"Eh?"

"How dare you remain seated when your Form-master enters?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "Rise to your feet at once!"

Fisher T. Fish rose.

"Sorry," he remarked. "Is that a custom here?"

"I should say so!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "If you did not mean it for impertinence, Fish, I will overlook it. But you must learn better manners."

"I guess I'm here to learn, sir. If there's anything wrong with my manners I'm open to learn, sir. That's what my popper is paying for."

Mr. Quelch gasped.

"I didn't know manners were in the curriculum, sir," went THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 150.

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on Fish. "But if they are, I'm ready. If they're an extra, my popper will pay."

"Boy!"

"Hallo!"

"You must not say 'Hallo!' to your Form-master," exclaimed Mr. Quelch, somewhat puzzled how to deal with the new boy. "You must speak more respectfully."

"Certainly, sir. What shall I say? I'm ready to learn, sir."

"Say 'Yes, sir.'"

"Yes, sir—yes, sir."

"You should not—not sit down in my study in such an inelegant attitude," said Mr. Quelch. "It is disrespectful to put your feet on the mantelpiece."

Fish whistled.

"Is that straight goods, sir?" he inquired.

"Wh-w-w-what?"

"You're giving it me straight! No gum?"

"Gum?"

"No gum-game, sir—I mean, it's all O.K.?"

"O.K.!" said Mr. Quelch faintly.

"Yes, sir. You're not pulling my leg, I mean?"

"Oh, no! Certainly not!"

"Chap mustn't put his feet on the mantelpiece?"

"Certainly not."

"It's bad manners?"

"Very bad manners!"

"Quite outside, in fact?"

"Yes," murmured Mr. Quelch. "Quite—er—quite outside."

A Splendid School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars. By FRANK RICHARDS.

"Good!" grinned Fisher T. Fish. "Won't I score over popper when I see him again, that's all?"

"Popper!" murmured Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, my father, you know. We call 'em popper over there."

"Oh, I see."

"He always puts his feet on the mantelpiece," explained Fish, with a joyous grin. "Won't I put it to him about bad manners, eh? I'll score over him, I guess."

"Dear me!" murmured the puzzled Form-master. "I—I really did not mean to be criticising your parent's manners, Fish. I was alluding to you only."

"What's bad manners for the goose is bad manners for the gander, I guess. Is there anything else, sir?"

"W-w-what were you reading?" asked Mr. Quelch. He had caught sight of the glaring cover.

"New York boys' paper, sir."

"Let me see it."

Fish remembered Wharton's caution, but it was too late now. He handed the gaudy paper to the Remove-master, who frowned.

"You must not read this nonsense, Fish," he exclaimed. "I am not severe with my boys, and, I hope, not unreasonable. Any healthy and decent boy's literature I encourage my boys to read. But this nonsense about revolvers and knives and bloodshed can only do harm. It has led to as much mischief as reports of murders in newspapers. Please throw that nonsense into the fire."

"It cost me two cents, sir," said Fish.

"Is that very much?" asked Mr. Quelch, who had very hazy ideas about American coinage.

"A penny, sir."

"Well, you must lose the penny as a fine for having bought such trash," said Mr. Quelch. "Throw it into the fire."

"Surely, sir, if you like," said Fish. "I'd nearly finished it, anyhow, and I know just how it ends. Deadwood Dave shoots the other chap through the head, sir, and his blood runs over Bowie Bill, who has been stabbed, at the same time that Shooting Sam sticks his bowie knife into Mustang Jack's back, sir."

Mr. Quelch shuddered.

"And that is the kind of literature that the youth of New York is nourished upon!" he exclaimed indignantly.

"I guess we're ahead in that line, sir, as well as in everything else," said Fish, with a chuckle. "It sells like hot cakes, sir, and we export hundreds of thousands of 'em, sir, to England every week."

"Then it is high time the authorities looked into the matter," said the Form-master drily. "However, you will remember never to purchase any more nonsense of that kind while you are at Greyfriars."

"Surely, sir," said Fish. "I'm going to follow the rules, sir, while I'm here. That's what I'm here for."

"That is a very proper spirit, certainly," said Mr. Quelch slowly. "I hope we shall get on very well together, Fish. I understand that you have passed the examination preliminary to entering the Remove here. We will, however, go over a few matters for ten minutes. Sit down."

Fish sat down—not with his feet on the mantelpiece this time—and Mr. Quelch sat down, too, and they went over the "few matters." It turned out that Fish's excellent opinion of himself was hardly justified by the extent of his attainments, but there was no doubt that he was a very quick and alert youth. He was a little outside Mr. Quelch's experience, but the Form-master was pretty satisfied, upon the whole, when he dismissed Fish. The American boy had no vices in him, at all events; and as for his Transatlantic ways, they could be got used to.

THE NINTH CHAPTER. Bunter's New Study-Mate.

FISHER T. FISH came along the flagged passage whistling "Maryland" after he had left Mr. Quelch's study. Fisher T. Fish whistled considerably out of tune, but he was quite satisfied with his powers as a whistler, and his whistle rose crescendo as he came down the passage. A door was opened, and a head was put out, and a voice yelled at the new junior.

"Who's making that row?"

"Hallo!" said Fish.

He stared at the questioner. It was Loder of the Sixth, one of the worst-tempered fellows in the top Form, and a prefect. He glared at Fish.

"Were you shrieking like that?" he snapped.

"I guess I was whistling."

"Don't you know you're not allowed to make a row in the Sixth-Form passage?"

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"I guess not; and I didn't know this was the Sixth-Form passage. Anything special about the Sixth-Form passage?" asked Fish.

Loder snapped his teeth.

"I'll jolly soon show you!" he exclaimed.

And he came towards the American junior.

Fish backed away.

"Hallo, what's the trouble?" he exclaimed. "Who are you, anyway, and what's the matter with Loder?"

"I!"

"Hold on, Loder!" said a quiet voice, and Wingate, the captain of the school, came out of his study. "Hold on! That's a new kid, I think."

The Sixth-Form bully swung round angrily.

"I don't care a rap whether he's a new kid or not!" he snarled. "He's not going to check me, Wingate."

"Oh, go easy!" said Wingate, in his good-natured way. "You mustn't whistle here, kid. You have to keep quiet when you come this way. And you mustn't check Loder; he's a prefect."

"What's a prefect?" asked Fish.

Loder gave an angry laugh.

"Where did the wild animal come from?" he exclaimed. "I guess I was raised in the States," said Fish. "I kinder guess, too, that the Yu-nited States can lay over anything you can scare up in the Old Country. Some!"

Wingate laughed.

"A prefect is a senior boy, somewhat like a monitor, and he has authority to keep the juniors in order," he explained.

"You must treat seniors with proper respect," Fish rubbed his nose thoughtfully.

"Thanks!" he said. "I suppose I shall pick it up in time. Are you a prefect?"

"Yes," said Wingate, laughing. "I'm head prefect, and captain of the school."

"Then I suppose I've got to treat you with respect, too?"

"Yes, rather!"

"More respect than the other chap?" asked Fish, with a nod towards Loder.

The Greyfriars captain burst into a laugh again.

"No, about the same," he said. "You are a queer fish, I think."

"Oh, come off!" exclaimed the American junior. "I bar puns on my name."

"Your name?"

"My name's Fish," said the new junior—"Fisher T. Fish."

"I did not know," said Wingate. "I expect you'll get a good many puns on a name like that, so you'd better get used to them. Now, cut along. You can let him off this time, Loder; you see he doesn't know the ropes."

Loder went into his study without replying, and slammed the door.

"I guess you're a good sort," said Fish to Wingate. "I'm obliged."

"Don't make a row here any more, then," said Wingate, going back into his study.

"Surely not."

Fish proceeded on his way, no longer whistling. He saw no reason at all why he shouldn't whistle if he liked, but he was willing to make concessions to British idiosyncrasies. He was looking for Harry Wharton. He found the chums of the Remove in the big doorway, looking out into the quad, already dim with the dusk. They turned round to look at him.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "How did you get on with Quelch?"

"All O.K.," said Fish. "I think he's a decent old guy."

"W-w-what?"

"I like him," said Fish. "I was looking for you fellows, too. Can you tell me where the Remove passage is?"

"Ha, ha! Yes."

"I'm to go into Study No. 14."

"Phew!"

"What's the matter with it?" asked Fish. "Anything wrong with Study No. 14?"

"Only Bunter's there."

"Bunter?"

"Yes, the one and only Bunter," said Harry Wharton. "I expected you would be put in there, as there's plenty of room. Bunter, Wun Lung, and Alonzo Todd were put into Study No. 14 when it was opened as a new study, but Todd and Wun Lung couldn't stand Bunter, and they

ANSWERS

changed back into their old quarters. Perhaps you'll get on with him better."

"I guess I'll try."

"I think we ought to warn Fish not to lend him money," said Nugent. "You know how he goes for new chaps."

Fish winked.

"I guess I can look after the rocks," he exclaimed.

"The goodness is terrific!" said Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh. "I think even the esteemed and disgusting Bunter will have the hard task to extract cash from our respected and ludicrous friend Fish."

"By gum!" said Fish, staring at Hurree Singh. "What sort of a critter do you call that?"

"Nabob of Bhanipur, King of Timbuctoo, Emperor of Utopia—"

"Oh, ring off, do! Blessed if I like the colour!" said Fish. "Is that what you call good manners in the Rocky Mountains?" asked Nugent sweetly.

Fish snorted.

"I hail from New York," he said.

"Well, isn't New York in the Rocky Mountains?"

"Huh!"

"At any rate, the Rocky Mountains are in New York, ain't they?"

"Huh!"

"And both are in Canada, I believe?" said Bob Cherry solemnly.

"Well, you chumps," said Fish, "is that what you call a knowledge of geography over here?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fish's face broke into a grin.

"Oh, I see, you're pulling my leg. I guess!"

"I guess we are," said Harry Wharton. "But while we're on the subject of Inky, we may as well have it out. Inky isn't a nigger—he's an Indian, which is as unlike a negro as an American is. And if he were a nigger, we should like him just as much, and he would be just as good a sort. And we don't share your ridiculous prejudices against coloured people, and if a nigger ever comes to Greyfriars, and you put on any airs about it, we'll jump on you. Is that quite clear?"

"I guess so."

"That's settled, then. Hallo, there's Bunter, and he'll show you to your study!" said Harry. "Bunter! Bunter!"

"I say, you fellows," said the fat junior, rolling up. "I was looking for you. I'm expecting a postal-order this evening—"

"Oh, cheese it!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"This new chap is going into your study, Bunter," said Wharton.

Billy Bunter blinked at the new fellow through his big spectacles. He did not seem to be very much impressed by the junior from New York.

"Oh, is he?" he said. "I think it's rotten of Quelch, then. I've had that study to myself for some time, and I think I ought to be allowed to keep it. It's simply rotten shoving a new chap in, especially a blessed Yankee."

"Hallo!" said Fish.

"I don't like it!" said Bunter peevishly. "Why can't you have him in your study, Wharton? There's only three of you!"

"Rats!"

"Well, I shall object, and—"

"But he's a millionaire, Billy," said Frank Nugent.

The fat junior jumped.

"What?"

"Simply rolling in money."

"Oh!"

"Tons of it," said Nugent impressively.

"Of course, the study's not very large, and I require a good deal of room," said Bunter. "But, as I was saying, I shall be jolly glad to have you for a study-mate, Fishy."

"Eh?"

"I have been feeling very lonely in the study, as a matter of fact, and I shall be jolly glad to have a nice chap like you. And I was specially wishing that an American chap would come to Greyfriars and share my study, because I—I admire America so much," went on Bunter. "I think it's a glorious country, and it must be lovely to look out of your window in New York, and watch the wild buffaloes dashing over the prairies, and—"

"Yes, it's ripping," said Fish, with perfect gravity: "and then when the Red Indians raid the cable cars, you know, it's very exciting."

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

"Yes, it must be," said Bunter, who knew very little more of America than Fisher T. Fish knew of England.

"But let me show you to your study, Fishy, old man. I'd like you to tell me all about America. It's a Republic, or something, isn't it?"

"Look here, if you're going to be funny—"

Bunter started.

"I—I say, I wasn't being funny!" he stammered. "I'm THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 150.

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sure I've heard somebody say that America was a Republic, or something!"

Fish stared at him. That there should exist in the wide world a single individual who did not know all about the great and glorious American Republic, was a thing that he, as a true American, could not possibly understand. He could only conclude that Billy Bunter was "pulling his leg."

"I guess you're going the right way to get a thick ear," he remarked. "Drop it! Show me where the study is, and ring off!"

"Certainly!" said Billy Bunter, glad to drop the dangerous subject. "This way! I say, you know, I'm simply delighted to have you in my study."

And Billy Bunter was telling the truth for once. He was certainly delighted to have the son of a millionaire in No. 14.

The chums of the Remove looked after them and grinned.

"What a giddy capture for Billy!" said Nugent. "It ought to be as good as a bank to him, I should think."

"I guess not," said Wharton, laughing. "Fisher T. Fish strikes me as a chap very well able to take care of his money."

"Same here," said Bob Cherry. "I don't think anybody will take a rise out of Fishery Fish very easily."

And the nabob remarked that the sameness was terrific. And there was no doubt that the chums were right. Fisher T. Fish was very wide awake.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Expects a Postal Order.

BILLY BUNTER showed Fisher T. Fish into No. 14 Study with quite an air. If he had been a prince showing a visiting emperor into the state apartments prepared for him, Bunter could not have had a grander manner on.

Billy Bunter wanted to impress his visitor. He ushered Fish into the room with a wave of his fat hand.

"Here you are!" he exclaimed. "Here's our study."

Fish looked round the room.

His glance was not admiring. It was, indeed, disparaging.

He was not much impressed with the apartment of which Bunter was prepared to do the honours in the grandest way.

"This No. 14?" he asked.

"Ye-es!"

"No wonder you growled at having another chap put in here with you," said Fish. "There isn't room for one."

"Eh?"

"Blessed if I know how I'm going to dig here with you."

"Oh, really—"

"You're so jolly fat, too," said Fish. "If you're going to share this room with me, you'll have to melt some of it down!"

"Look here—"

"Still, I suppose I must take things as I find them, and it's no good grumbling," said Fish, rather late. "I can manage here."

"Oh, really—"

"All the studies furnished like this?" asked Fish, with another disparaging glance round the room.

The study was certainly bare. The fact was, that it was a newly-opened study, and the Greyfriars juniors had to provide furniture themselves for the studies, with the exception of table and chair. They had the alternative of "digging" in the Form-room if they liked. Wun Lung and Todd had provided most of the furniture for the new study, but they could not stand Bunter, and when they went, they took most of their property with them. Bunter had a study to himself, but very little in it. There was a table, a chair, and a box, and a damaged scuttle for coals. There was little more. Even the carpet had been taken up off the floor.

Bunter blinked at the American.

"Well, no," he said. "This study was better furnished a short time ago, but a couple of rotters were here with me—fellows I couldn't stand—and I turned them out. They took most of the things with them."

Fisher grinned, remembering the different account he had heard.

"The things belonged to them, then?" he asked.

"Well, you see, I let them take them, because—because I'm above raising any sordid considerations of that sort," said Bunter.

"Yes, you look like that," said Fish.

Bunter purred.

"Yes, you can see that I'm a very decent chap, of course," he remarked. "You are a keen chap, and I can see that I shall get on with you. It's the custom here for fellows to furnish their own studies. I should have had this place splendidly furnished, ready for you, but I've had a disappointment about a postal-order."

"Oh!"

"A titled friend of mine, who often sends me big tips, has—has forgotten to post the letter, or something," said Bunter. "Or—or else there's been a delay in the post. Anyway, the postal-order hasn't come. So you must excuse the state of the study at present."

"Yep."

"Eh?"

"Yep."

"What?"

"Yep."

"Excuse me, I don't quite understand. What are you saying 'yep' for? Does it mean anything?" asked Bunter.

Fish sniffed.

"You don't understand plain United States?" he asked.

"Yep means yep, of course."

"Oh, does it?" said Bunter, not much enlightened by that explanation. "Yes, I—I supposed yep would mean—er—yep. I thought perhaps it meant—er—I—I don't quite know what it means. Is it a foreign word?"

"Nope."

"Eh?"

"Nope."

Billy Bunter stared.

"What did you say?" he stammered. "Say it again. I—I don't understand German very well."

"German!" howled Fish.

"Yes. We have it in the Remove, but I think it's rotten; I don't get on with it at all. I'd rather you spoke English."

Fish glared at him.

"If you don't understand what yes and no mean, the sooner you learn the better!" he exclaimed.

"Yes and no," murmured Billy Bunter. "Oh, I—I see! I see now. Speaking of the state of the study, you understand how it is that it's in a rather unfurnished state at the present moment?"

"Yep."

"Of course, it's not intended to remain like that."

"Nope."

"I'll tell you what," said Bunter, with an air of great frankness. "If you're going to dig here, you'll be expected to stand half the furniture. I've provided a—a table, and a chair. If you like to get the rest of the things, you can pay for them now, and I'll settle up with you for half the amount when my postal-order comes."

"Yes, I guess I've got your size," said Fisher T. Fish. "I'll lay in some things to use, I guess, but I know how much you'll pay on the bill. The things will belong to me, my son, and don't you forget it."

"Oh, really, Fishy—"

"The sooner we get them in the better, too," said Fisher T. Fish. "I've got the dollars. Where can we buy the crocks?"

"Oh, in the village!" said Bunter cheerfully. "I'll get a pass from a prefect, and take you down to Friarsdale, if you like."

"H'm!"

"Or, if you choose, I'll take the money and go myself," said Bunter obligingly.

"Nope."

"Of course, you can rely upon me—"

"I guess not. How much do you reckon it will figure out at?"

"Oh, it could be done splendidly for fifty pounds!" said Bunter, who had an unlimited imagination in dealing with money.

"Eh?"

"I—I mean twenty!"

"What?"

"That is to say, ten," said Bunter, bringing his estimate down with remarkable jumps.

"Well, suppose we say five?" Fish grinned.

"Suppose we say five dollars?" he suggested.

"How much is a dollar?"

"Well, great snakes and alligators!" said Fisher T. Fish.

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"Where was you raised? You don't know how much a dollar is?"

"No. I believe it's an American coin."

"My aunt!"

"Well, how much is it?" asked Bunter. "If it's as much as a pound—"

"Five dollars go to a pound, you chump!"

"Only four bob! Well, I think you're a duffer!" said Bunter. "Furnishing a study with twenty bob! Oh, don't be an ass!"

"I guess—"

"But never mind, I'll do the best I can on that sum," said Bunter, holding out a fat hand. "Give it to me!"

Fisher T. Fish stared at the fat hand, as if it were held out merely for his inspection.

"I guess that wants washing," he remarked.

"Eh?"

"But I'm not going to take on the job, so you can take it away."

"Oh, really, Fishy—"

"I guess I'll see about that furnishing," said Fisher T. Fish. "I'm not trusting any spondulics into your paws, anyhow."

And he turned to the door of the study.

"Oh, I say," exclaimed Billy Bunter, "look here! I want to be obliging, especially as I've been looking forward so much to having you in this study—"

"Oh, cut it out!"

"Well, look here! I'm expecting a postal-order this evening. Will you cash it for me?" demanded Billy Bunter.

"Why can't you cash it at the post-office?"

"Because it hasn't come yet," explained Bunter. "You see, I want you to cash it for me in advance, then I hand over the postal-order to you as soon as it comes. It's merely obliging me for a few hours, for of course the money's as safe as the Bank of England."

Fisher T. Fish laughed.

"I guess you can't ring in a deal like that on me," he remarked. "I'm Fisher T. Fish, and I'm wide awake."

"Oh, really—"

"I guess it's time I meandered."

"Oh, I say, you know—look here, I'll take eight bob now," said Bunter. "The postal-order's for ten, so you'll get two bob interest. Now, I know you Yankees are awfully close with money, and you'll make two bob that way."

Fisher T. Fish turned towards Bunter, and raised his boot. That was enough for Bunter. He backed away into the study, and the American junior went down the passage laughing.

The Owl of the Remove blinked after him with indignant wrath.

"Yankee beast!" he muttered. "The idea of putting a rotter like that into my study! Yah!"

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Tea in Hall.

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! Don't you get on with Bunter?" exclaimed Bob Cherry, as he met the American junior a few minutes later.

Fisher T. Fish sniffed.

"The study's pretty bare, and Bunter's a worm!" he replied. "Is he the only freak you've got there?"

"Oh, no!" said Bob. "There's a fresh one to-day."

Fish chuckled.

"I guess that's smart," he replied, with perfect good-humour. "Look here, I'm looking for tea. You have tea here, I suppose?"

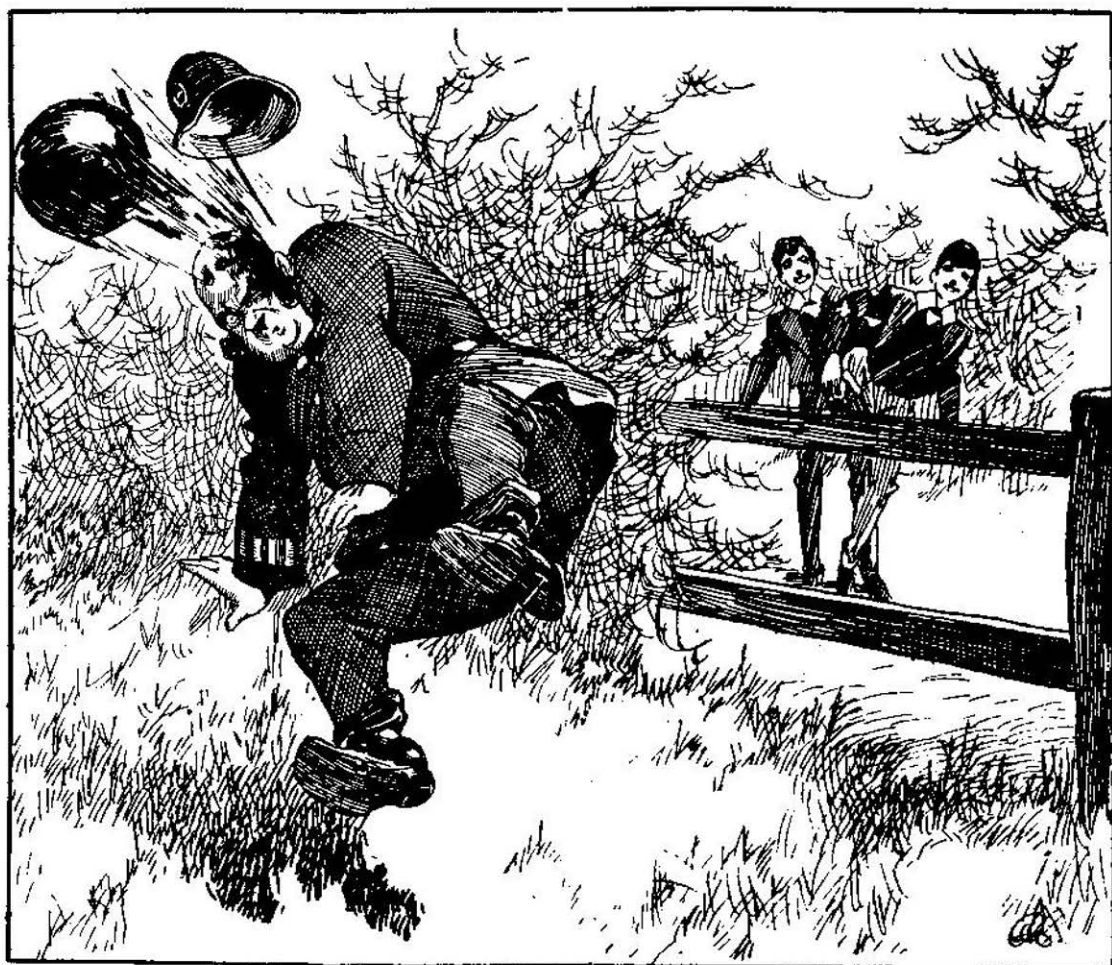
"We do when we can get it."

"Where?"

"Well, you can take your choice. Chaps who have any money generally have their tea in their own studies; but it's provided in Hall for everybody who cares to go there."

Please
Introduce
FISHER
T.
FISH
to a
friend
of
yours.

The Editor.



The ball whizzed through the air, and the next instant there was a wild yell from P-C. Tozer, and a shriek from the Juniors. The village policeman staggered back, his face covered with mud. "Ha, ha, ha! Genial!" shrieked the Juniors. (See page 8.)

"Anything to pay?"

Bob Cherry laughed.

"In Hall? Oh, no!"

"Then I guess I'll have my tea in Hall."

"Well, there's a lot of fellows having their tea there," said Bob Cherry. "I shall be one, this time, as I'm stony, and Marky's in the same boat, and we're not going to borrow of Wun Lung. I'm just going to tea, and I'll show you the way if you like."

"That's real nice!"

Bob piloted the new chum downstairs to the dining-hall. A great many fellows were going in. Though most of the fellows preferred having tea in their own studies, funds were in so fluctuating a state—in the Junior Forms especially—that there were usually half the fellows in Hall to tea. Besides, fellows could take in what they pleased to grace the festive board, and, as Nugent said, if you had a tin of bloater-paste or a pot of jam, it made tea in Hall seem quite convivial, while it wasn't much use to feed on alone in the study.

Mark Linley joined Bob as he went in with the American junior. Fish looked him up and down, in his cool American way, and noted, with an eye that nothing escaped, the fact that Mark was dressed more shabbily than the average Greyfriars boy. Even Billy Bunter, though he did not take half so much care of his clothes, undoubtedly looked more expensive.

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"My best chum, Mark Linley!" Bob Cherry explained.

"Oh!" said Fish.

Mark nodded genially enough to the boy from New York. He went in first, leaving Fish behind with Bob. Fish jerked at Bob Cherry's sleeve.

"That chap a pupil here?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Not the boots?"

Bob glared.

"What the dickens do you mean?" he blurted out angrily. "What I say. I thought you might have some system here as they do at— isn't it Oxford?—where a chap gets his education for nothing, or next to nothing, on condition of hanging round doing the dishes."

Bob Cherry frowned darkly.

"Well, you're off-side," he said. "There's nothing of that sort of rot at Greyfriars. Mark Linley's as good as any other fellow here, and a great deal better than any fresh importations."

"Oh, don't get mad!" said Fish coolly. "I'm not running the guy down. Only I guess I couldn't help noticing the rags."

"The what?"

"The clothes. Don't you understand English?"

"I don't understand American," said Bob Cherry, tartly, "and if you're going to say a word against Mark Linley because he's a scholarship boy, and because he's poor, you'd

better say it to somebody else, because if you say it to me, you'll get my knuckles on your blessed long nose in a shake! Savvy?"

Fisher T. Fish grinned.

"Surely," he said, "it's all O.K.? I was only asking questions."

"Well, don't ask 'em!"

"Can't help it," said Fish coolly. "I've come to England to learn, and to study the manners and customs of the natives."

"The what?" howled Bob.

"The natives. Now, don't get mad. I'm all right, and if that chap's poor, and sticking to it with the odds against him, I guess I admire him."

And Fisher T. Fish walked over to Mark Linley who was about to sit down at table. He tapped the Lancashire lad on the shoulder.

Mark Linley looked round, in some surprise.

Fisher T. Fish held out his hand.

"Shake!" he said laconically.

"Certainly!" said Mark, with a smile, shaking hands with the American junior. "But—"

"I guess you're all right, that's all," said Fish.

Mark laughed.

There were plenty of vacant seats at the table. Harry Wharton & Co. were not there, so Fish concluded that they were having tea in their study. He sat down at the table opposite Bulstrode and Skinner, who grinned at one another. Bulstrode considered that the American youth, as a stranger to Greyfriars, was fair game, and a very useful victim for ragging.

"Hallo, Flipperty Flop!" he remarked.

Fish stared at him.

"I guess you've got the name wrong," he said.

"Isn't your name Flipper T. Flop?" asked Bulstrode, with a look of astonishment.

"Nope!"

"What?"

"Nope! My name's Fisher T. Fish."

"Fisherty Fish," repeated Bulstrode. "I thought it was Flipperty Flop. Sorry, I'm sure. Have you left New York very long?"

"Nope. Pass the bread-and-butter."

"Surely," said Bulstrode imitating the curious American way of saying "surely" instead of "certainly," "I guess that's all!"

He passed the bread-and-butter, contriving to tilt the plate so that the slices tumbled off into the lap of the American boy.

Fish gave a yell.

"Whoop! You're spoiling my new bags!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Slick, is it?" said Fisher T. Fish, gathering up the bread-and-butter in his hand, with a gleam in his eyes. "I guess that's slicker!"

And he flung the slices into Bulstrode's face, across the table.

"Yow!" gasped Bulstrode.

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

Fortunately for the juniors, Mr. Quelch was not at the head of the table. His place was generally taken at tea-time by a prefect, and it happened to be Loder. Loder stared angrily down the table.

"Stop that row, there!" he exclaimed.

Fish looked along the table.

"Oh, that guy again!" he muttered.

Loder gave him a far from pleasant look. Loder seldom forgot an injury or an offence, and he remembered the fact that he had been prevented from punishing the American junior earlier in the afternoon.

"Oh, so it is you again, is it?" he snapped. "You'd better take care, Fish!"

"Surely!" said Fish.

Bulstrode sat down, wiping butter off his face. He could not take vengeance upon the American junior in the dining-room, under the eyes of masters and prefects. He bided his time till his opportunity should come, afterwards.

"Well, you got as good as you sent that time, Bulstrode," grinned Bob Cherry.

"Oh, shut up!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, Fish, I hear your pater's a millionaire!" remarked Skinner.

"Yep."

"Then I suppose you're a gold-Fish?"

And the Removites chuckled at Skinner's little joke. Fisher T. Fish snorted and helped himself to jam. Skinner returned to the attack.

"President all right when you left?" he asked.

"I guess so."

"Left the family all right at home?"

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"All O.K."

"I suppose they'll miss their darling boy?" suggested Skinner.

"Yep."

"Wonderful country, America!" pursued Skinner, determined to draw the New York youth. "I heard you've got the biggest mountains, and the biggest rivers, and the biggest lakes—"

"Yep."

"And the biggest railroads, and the biggest trusts, and the biggest liars—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yep," said Fish, nonchalantly. "We've got the biggest things in most lines. You can beat us in only one. There's one variety you've got the biggest of."

"What's that?" asked Skinner, unsuspiciously.

"You've got the biggest duffers!" said Fish. "Pass the jam!"

"And that's one for you, Skinny," said Bob Cherry, laughing.

"Oh, rats!" said Skinner.

"I guess I'll have some of that cake," said Fish, glancing round.

Ogilvy grunted.

"Then you can jolly well guess again," he said. "That cake's mine."

"Private property, Fishy," said Bob Cherry, laughing.

"Bunter would cut down to the tuckshop and get you a cake, though, if you asked him."

"Yes, rather!" said Bunter eagerly.

"Only he'd eat it instead of bringing it back."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Less talk there!" growled Loder, from the head of the table.

Fisher T. Fish looked at him.

"Ain't we allowed to talk at meals?" he asked.

"No," growled Loder.

"Is that a custom here?"

"Hold your tongue!"

"I'm asking questions. I only want to know, you know."

"Take fifty lines for impertinence," said Loder angrily.

Fish stared.

"Can that guy give me lines?" he asked Bob Cherry, in a tone quite loud enough for Loder to hear.

"Yes," said Bob. "Shut up! Don't argue with a prefect."

"I guess I'll argue with anybody."

"Silence!" exclaimed Loder.

"Well, if you can give me lines, and you're going to give me lines, I may as well tell you what I think of you," said the American junior. "I think you're a worm."

The juniors gasped, and Loder turned purple.

"Two hundred lines!" he exclaimed.

"All serene. I've said my say, I guess."

And the American junior went on with his tea quite calmly.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Shadowed by Three.

"KEEP an eye open for Bulstrode," Bob Cherry said to Fisher T. Fish, as the juniors left the dining-room after tea.

"Bulstrode!" said Fish. "Who's that?"

"The chap you buzzed the bread-and-butter at."

"Oh, the big guy with the wide mouth, eh?" said Fish.

"Do you mean that he's likely to go for me because of that little difficulty?"

"I rather think so, my son, and you'd better keep an eye open."

"I guess I'm fly," said Fish.

He glanced round the hall. It was very dark outside, and there was nothing to be done out of doors. Some of the fellows were going out for a sprint round the dark clove to keep themselves fit for the footer, but Fisher T. Fish did not feel inclined for that. He yawned a little.

"What do you chaps usually do of an evening?" he asked, joining Harry Wharton as he stood talking to Nugent in the hall. Fisher T. Fish had no misgivings about breaking in upon a conversation.

"Oh, various things," said Harry, with a smile. "You'll soon shake down here."

"But what do you do?"

"Well, we have an hour's prep."

"What is that?"

"Preparation. We prepare the lessons for the next day."

"Oh, I see. Got to be done?"

"Yes, rather!"

"Anything else?"

"Well, the rest of the time's our own. In the summer it's light enough to be out of doors, and we play cricket or

something else till dark. In the winter we have chess and draughts, and leap-frog in the passages when the masters are not about."

"My hat!"

"I suppose it's awfully slow after America?" grinned Nugent. "Now, in New York you could sit down on the patent stove, and warm one side of you while the other was freezing, and read about the adventures of Deadwood Dave, the Bloodstained Bounder, or the Red Rustlers of the—Reeking Rockies."

Fisher T. Fish grinned.

"I guess it would be a bit more lively than this," he said. "What do you read?"

"Oh, there's Liddell and Scott's Greek Lexicon, for lighter moments, while if you want a hearty laugh, you can't do better than turn over a page or two of Johnson's Dictionary. Then we have Cruden's 'Concordance,' and the 'Origin of Species,' and the 'Times.'"

"Oh, come off!" said Fish.

"Then for really serious reading we have 'Punch,' and volumes of extracts from American humorists. You see—"

"Cheese it, my son, cheese it! Cut it out. Isn't there anything going on in the house to keep a fellow awake till bedtime?"

"Come and have a game of chess," said Harry.

Fisher T. Fish shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't play it," he said. "I guess I'll have a look round. I suppose I can look over the House if I like?"

"Well, you can't go into all the studies, of course, but the library and the gym are free," said Harry. "If it were light, I'd show you over the ruined tower."

"Ruined tower?" said Fish.

"Yes; that old tower you saw as you came in. It's in ruins, and covered with ivy. You must have noticed it."

"Yes, I guess I saw it. Is it really in ruins?"

"Yes, quite."

"Uninhabitable?"

"Well, rather."

"Why don't they have it repaired?"

"What?"

"Why don't they have it repaired?" asked Fish. "I suppose you couldn't live in it, but it would do for a fowl-house or something."

The Removites looked at one another, and then looked at Fish. The American junior was evidently in earnest.

"It's a relic," said Harry at last. "Part of it has been standing since the reign of Henry the First."

"Oh, I see—it's a curiosity."

"Well, in a way, yes. Antiquaries come to see it from all parts, sometimes."

"Any charge for admission?"

"What?"

"You don't mean to say that people are allowed to come and see it for nothing?" asked Fish, in astonishment.

"Well, I should rather say so!"

"Stars! If that isn't real queer," said Fish. "In America we should have a barbed wire fence put round it, and it would be repaired and fitted up with electric lights, and we should charge a dime for admission."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"And you Britishers call yourselves a business people," said Fish, with much contempt. "I look on that old tower as so much capital running to waste. What you want over here is a dozen American business men to run the country."

"Ah, what a giddy dream!" said Nugent, with a sigh.

"We shall never, never reach that level! Never, never shall we have meat-packers who pack dead rats in tins and call 'em beef! Never shall we have table delicacies made out of the sweepings of the slaughter-yards! We shall never have trusts, and combines, and universal suffrage, and bribery, and all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious Republics."

And Nugent, overcome by his feelings, fell upon Hurree Singh's bosom and wept.

Fisher T. Fish stared at him for a moment, and then grinned and strolled away. He walked down the passages with his hands in his pockets, his head held back, and a greatly superior smile upon his keen face. And three juniors who had watched him leave Harry Wharton followed in a quiet way upon his track.

They were Bulstrode, Skinner, and Snoop. They wanted to catch the new junior in some quiet spot where Wharton was not likely to see them, and give him a ragging. Bulstrode had the episode of the tea-table to avenge, and Skinner and Snoop were always ready for any unfeeling joke.

Fisher T. Fish did not seem to be aware that they were following him. But, as a matter of fact, very few things escaped the keen eyes of the American chum, and he was perfectly aware of the three who were on his track.

He amused himself by leading them a little dance. He strolled into the library, but there they could hardly venture to collar him. He looked in at the housekeeper's room, and even penetrated into the sacred precincts of the kitchen. Nothing was too high or too low for the investigations of the keen American youth. At last he strolled into the

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Remove passage, and ascended the back stairs leading to the box-rooms. And then Bulstrode's eyes gleamed.

"We've got him now!" he whispered.

"What-ho!" muttered Skinner.

They hurried on to the box-room stairs.

Those stairs led to a passage, which gave access to a very old and mostly disused part of the great rambling building. Some of the rooms were used as box-rooms, others were quite empty, and the paper was peeling off the walls, and the plaster off the ceiling.

Fisher T. Fish had taken a lamp from a study, and was throwing the light before him as he went. The Greyfriars electric lights did not extend so far.

Whether it was more curiosity that led the American to explore those shadowy recesses, or whether he was simply leading on his shadowers, we cannot say. He stopped in a box-room, and stood down the lamp on a trunk, and looked round him.

A few moments more, and the doorway was blocked up by three figures. Fish's escape was cut off, if he wanted to escape. But he did not appear to want anything of the sort.

He was standing by the lamp, and he had taken something from his pocket—something that glistened in the light. And the three shadowers who were about to rush upon him halted and recoiled. For they saw what it was.

"M-m-m-my word!" muttered Snoop. "He's got a pistol! Good heavens!"

And Snoop incontinently bolted. Bulstrode and Skinner looked at one another, and then followed Snoop, more slowly, but with haste.

"Great Scott!" muttered Bulstrode. "Fancy the villain bringing a pistol to school! That's a blessed American custom, I suppose."

"My hat!"

"It ought to be reported to Quelch."

"I—I'd rather not have anything to do with it," said Skinner nervously. "You can report him if you like. I—I'd rather keep out of it."

And Bulstrode, after some moments' reflection, decided that he would keep out of it, too. Fisher T. Fish, in the box-room, grinned a joyous grin, and returned the dummy revolver to his pocket.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Covered!

HARRY WHARTON was playing chess with Wuu Lung, the little Chinese, when Fisher T. Fish strolled into the junior common-room a little later. There was an easy grin on the American junior's face, and he grinned still more as he caught a scowl from Bulstrode.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry, who was looking on at the chess. "Have you done wandering up and down?"

"Yep," said Fish; "I guess I've got the end of things here. I don't know how I shall get through another evening. Anybody ever die of too much nothingness here?"

"No; chaps have been hurt for having too much cheek, though," Nugent remarked.

Fish yawned portentously.

Temple, of the Upper Fourth, looked into the room.

"Loder's bawling for a fag," he remarked. "Some of you kids had better go."

To which the unanimous reply was:

"Rats!"

But Loder, of the Sixth, evidently wanted a fag. His face, red with temper, appeared in the doorway of the junior room.

"Fag!" he exclaimed. "Haven't you heard me calling?"

"What does the guy want?" asked Fish.

"He wants a fag," said Skinner. "You'd better go."

"Me!"

"Yes, you're a new boy, and it's your bizney."

"Oh, certainly!" said Scott, solemnly.

As it happened, Loder's eye singled out the American. He beckoned to Fisher T. Fish across the room.

"Come here, you new kid!" he called out.

The American did not stir.

"Am I bound to go when that guy calls me, Wharton?" he asked.

"Yes, he's a prefect."

"Stars! Life here must be jolly for chaps who are not prefects, I don't think!" said Fish; and he crossed over to Loder. "Here I am."

"Why didn't you come before?"

"Only asking questions. I wanted to know, you know."

"Follow me."

"Surely."

And the American boy, with a grimace, followed the bully of the Sixth to his study. Ionides, the Greek, and Carne were

A Splendid School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars. By FRANK RICHARDS

there. Fisher T. Fish looked at them with his keen eyes. He did not like the looks of either of them.

"Hallo! A new recruit, Loder?" said Ionides.
 "It's a new whelp," said Loder. "I'm going to break him in. He's been cheeky several times already, and it's his first day at Greyfriars. Now, Fish, or Mackerel, or whatever your name is—"

"My name's Fish—Fisher T. Fish."
 "My hat!" said Carne. "Where did he dig up that name?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "I guess the name's all right," said Fish. "If your manners were as good you'd be a much better specimen than you are."

"Why, what—I—" Carne was red with rage.
 "That's a specimen of his back-talk," said Loder, with an unpleasant grin. "We'll give him something to cure all that."

"My hat! Rather!" said Carne.
 Loder pointed to the grate.

"You'll clean out that grate, Fish, and make a new fire, and boil the kettle," he said. "That's all I want done now."

Fish cocked his eye thoughtfully at the grate.
 "Is that the regular bizney of a fag?" he asked.

"Of course it is."
 "All serene. I'm not grumbling. If it's in the rules, I'm willing to take it on," said Fish. "I'm here to learn, and to follow the rules in the book. I'll show you how we light fires over there."

There was no doubt that the American junior could fag at lighting fires. He had the cinders raked out, and a fresh fire going, and the kettle on in a very short time. The three seniors watched him.

"Good!" said Loder. "As you're so jolly useful, you can make yourself more useful still. That's the last of the coal, I think!"

"Yep. It's all on."
 "Go and get some more."

Fish picked up the scuttle.
 "Where shall I get it?"

"In one of the junior studies," said Loder, with a grin.
 "The next passage to this, on the right, belongs to the Fifth Form. Go into the first study that hasn't a light in it, and collar the coals."

The new junior stared.
 "Is that a custom here?" he asked.

"Yes, ass."
 "Isn't it stealing?"

Loder made a threatening gesture.
 "You do as you're told," he said.

"Oh, all O. K.! I only want to know, you know."
 "Buzz off!"

The American junior left the study. The three seniors, the black sheep of the Sixth Form, grinned at one another.

"He's a sharp whelp," said Carne. "He may be very useful to us when he's had a few lickings to take the cheek out of him."

"Just what I was thinking. He'll get the coals all right."
 "Then you can kick him out, and we'll have a quiet game."

"All serene."

There was a sound of rapid footsteps in the passage, the clattering of a scuttle, and rattling of spilt coal. Fisher T. Fish dashed into the study, red and breathless, swinging the coal-scuttle.

"They're after me!" he gasped.
 "What! Who are after you?"

"They—they came into the study just as I was getting the coal!"

"You clumsy fool!"
 "Oh, I guess—"

There was a trampling of feet at the door, and Coker of the Fifth rushed in, with Blundell and Higgs and Potter at his heels.

"Here he is!" he roared.
 "Here's the giddy raider!"

"Here's our coal!"
 "What do you mean by bursting into a prefect's study like this?" demanded Loder. "Get out, you Fifth-Form bouncers! Do you hear?"

"He's raided our coal-locker!" roared Coker. "We caught him doing it!"

"What! Have you been taking Coker's coal?" demanded Loder, turning a very severe glance upon the American junior.

"Eh! I went into the first study that wasn't lighted—"

"My study!" howled Coker. "But we came in and caught him walking off with the blessed coal. And we chased him—rather!"

"What-ho!" said Higgs.
 "Give us that coal!"

"If you assure me that it is your coal, Coker, you may

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certainly take it, and this young rascal will be punished," said Loder, severely. "As a prefect, it's my duty to put down this study-raiding. There's been too much of it lately at Greyfriars, and I'm going to take a stand in the matter."

"Well, it's jolly well our coal!" said Coker, jerking the scuttle away from the hand of the American chum. "We caught him pilfering it!"

Fish made no resistance. He was too much astounded by Loder's sudden change of front. He did not yet understand all the manners and customs of Greyfriars. While some of the fellows raided one another's studies quite freely, it was considered hardly the thing for a Sixth-Former, and especially a prefect, to have a hand in anything of the sort. Hence Loder's virtuous indignation on the subject.

Coker and his friends bore the scuttle off in triumph. Fisher T. Fish stared blankly at Loder.

"Well, this beats the whole deck!" he exclaimed.
 "You clumsy fool!"

"What?"
 "What did you let them catch you for?" demanded Loder angrily, slamming the door of the study. "You fool!"

"I guess I couldn't help myself. They came in on me suddenly. But I brought off the coal, and you ought to have backed me up!" exclaimed Fish indignantly.

"Now, then, none of your cheeks!"
 "Why didn't you back me up? If I could get the coal for you, you could stand by me and keep it! You're a set of white-livered guys, that's what's the matter with you!"

"What!" yelled the prefect.
 "White-livered guys, I guess, that's what!" said Fish.

"I'm not going to fag for you any more! You can do your own burgling. I'm off, I guess. It's time I vamooseed this ranch."

He turned to the door. Loder had placed his back to it.

"Not quite so fast!" said the prefect, with an unpleasant grin. "You're going to have some of the Yankee nerve cut out of you before you leave this study. Collar him!"

"Let me get out. I shall get mad with you, I warn you," and then there will be fireworks!" said Fish.

"Collar the cheeky cad!"

Ionides and Carne ran towards the American junior. They staggered back the next moment as something bright flashed in the rising hand of Fisher T. Fish—something that flashed and glistened in the gaslight as it was levelled at them.

"You'd better go slow!" said Fisher T. Fish, in a drawing voice. "I guess I've got you covered! Jevver get left?"

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Called Before the Head.

COVERED the three seniors in the study certainly were. The levelled barrel in the American junior's hand seemed to point at all three of them, and the eye of the new junior gleamed along it threateningly. It seemed that it needed but the pressure of the finger on the trigger for the bullet to fly, and then—

If it had been Wingate, he would have advanced upon the boy and taken the pistol away, even if he had believed it to be loaded and in working order. But Loder was not Wingate, neither was Carne nor Ionides.

They stared at the levelled weapon, and they shrank back, as if seeking to make themselves as small as possible.

"You—you murderous young scoundrel!" exclaimed Loder, in a shaking voice. "P-p-put that pistol down instantly!"

"I guess not."
 "Do you hear?"

"Yep."
 "Put it down!"

"Rats!"
 "It—it might go off!" gasped Carne.

Fisher T. Fish grinned.
 "I guess that's what a revolver's made for," he remarked.

"And I tell you I can shoot dead-centre straight, too."
 "You young fool! You wouldn't dare—"

"Try to rush me, and see."
 But that was precisely what the seniors dared not do. They would as soon have rushed upon a mad bull as upon the cool American while he held that glistening barrel at a level.

"Look here," said Carne, "you can get out of the study if you like."

The American junior laughed.
 "I guess that's so! Then you're not going to lamn me?"

"N-n-n-no."
 "Not going to take the cheek out of me?"

"C-c-certainly not."
 "In fact, I guess you feel quite friendly now," said Fish.

"Curious the difference a shooter makes, isn't it?"
 "You mad young idiot!" gasped Loder. "How dared you bring that—that thing to Greyfriars? You must be mad!"

"Better get away from that door, unless you want me to drill you," remarked Fish.

Loder hastily stepped away from the door. "Get into the corner, all of you," said Fish imperiously. "Mind, no gum-games. I've got the drop on you."

The three seniors obeyed in an instant. They had a fear that Fish might shoot, but they had a far greater fear that the revolver might go off by accident. And a bullet, whether discharged by accident or intention, was no respecter of persons.

"Sit down on the floor!" commanded Fish, victoriously. "I won't! I—"
"All right. Where will you have it?"
"Point that another way!" gasped Ionides huskily. "I—I will certainly sit down if you wish it!"
"You others, you'd better hustle."
"Hang you! Hang you!"
"Hustle, I say!"

They had no choice but to obey. Fisher T. Fish surveyed them with a quiet grin.

"Well, I guess I never saw a gang of hoboes taken down so quickly before," he remarked. "I guess you've got nice manners—when the other fellow's got the shooter."

"Get out of this study!" panted Loder.

"I'm going."
Fisher T. Fish, still keeping his face to the seniors, opened the door with his left hand, backed out of the study, and closed the door behind him.

Loder struggled to his feet as he heard the American boy's steps die away down the passage.

He was pale, with mingled fear and rage.

"My hat," said Carne, as he rose, "what a desperate young scoundrel! This is a lively importation for Greyfriars, I must say."

"He won't stay here long," said Loder, between his teeth.

"What are you going to do?"
"Report to the Head."

"But—"

"I'm going. You'd better come to."

"Look here," said Ionides, "it may come out that we were going to rag him, and as he's a new boy and a foreigner—"

"I don't care. I'm going to have that murderous young villain expelled," said Loder hoarsely. "He's got to be called up before the Head before he's had time to hide the revolver, too. He might shove it somewhere, and deny the whole story."

"Well, that's possible."

Loder flung open the door.

"Come on!" he said.

Carne followed him. Ionides slipped quietly into his own study. The Greek considered it best upon the whole to keep out of the matter.

Meanwhile, Fisher T. Fish strolled to the Remove dormitory, where he washed the coldst from his hands, and then he returned to the common-room. A good many inquiring glances were turned upon him there.

"Got on all right with Loder?" asked Wharton.

"I guess it was all right. There's been trouble, but Loder came out at the little end of the horn," said Fish cheerfully.

Trotter, the House page, put his head in at the door.

"Master Fish's wanted," he said.

The American grinned.

"You can go and tell Loder that he can go and eat radishes!" he replied. "I guess I'm not coming."

"It's the Head, sir."

"Oh, the Head—eh?"

"He wants you in his study at once, Master Fish," said Trotter, with a curious look at the American. "Master Loder is with him, and Carne, too."

"Am I bound to go, Wharton?" asked Fish.

Harry Wharton stared at him.

"Bound to go when the Head sends for you?" he said. "Well, I should rather say so! Buzz off at once, and don't be an ass!"

"Oh, I only wanted to know, you know!"

"But what on earth's the matter?" asked Nugent.

"Have Carne and Loder been complaining to the Head about you?"

"Looks like it, doesn't it?"

"The lookfulness is certainly terrific!"

"Come along with me, Wharton," said Fish. "You'll hear the whole story, and it's funny. And I'd like you to back me up."

"I'll come; but if the Head doesn't want me, he'll send me out."

"Never mind; come!"

"All right."

Harry Wharton went with the American chum to the Head's study. Fish knocked, and the Head's deep voice replied:

"Come in!"

The two juniors went in. Dr. Locke glanced at Wharton, The Magnet Library.—No. 150.

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but made no comment on his presence. Carne and Loder were in the study, with dark faces, in which their late excitement had left traces of agitation.

Dr. Locke bent a stern glance upon the cool face of the American chum.

"Fish," he exclaimed, "I have heard a serious, a most extraordinary complaint about you. I can scarcely credit it."

"Yes, sir."

"Loder complains that while you were in his study you produced a deadly weapon, and threatened him with it," said the Head. "Now, Fish, this is so serious a matter that, if a deadly weapon is really found in your possession, I shall have no resource but to expel you immediately from Greyfriars."

"Oh, sir!"

"Is the charge true, or do you deny it?"

"I guess I deny it, sir," said the American coolly.

"What!" yelled Loder and Carne together.

The Head made them a sign of silence.

"Let Fish speak!" he said. "I have heard your charge. It is for Fish to defend himself now, if he can."

"I guess I can, sir, all O.K."

"You deny having produced a deadly weapon—a revolver—in Loder's study?"

"Yep."

"You deny having a revolver in your possession?"

"Yep."

"Wharton, have you seen any weapon in Fish's possession since he has been at this school?"

"No, sir," said Wharton.

"Have you heard anything about such a thing?"

Wharton hesitated.

"Speak out, Wharton!" said the Head quickly. "I need not explain to you how very serious a matter this is."

"Go ahead, kid!" said Fish cheerfully. "Don't mind me."

"Well," said Wharton, "Bulstrode was saying something about seeing a pistol in Fish's hand, but I put it down as all moonshine."

"I will send for Bulstrode—"

"I guess it's not necessary, sir," said Fish. "I'll show you what Bulstrode saw, sir, and what these guys took for a revolver."

"What!"

"It wasn't a revolver at all, sir."

"What! Then what was it?"

"A lark, sir."

"Fish—"

"Here it is, sir."

And Fisher T. Fish, with a perfectly nonchalant air, drew the dummy revolver from his pocket, and laid it upon the Head's desk.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Loder is Left.

DR. LOCKE leaned forward, and looked at the object Fisher T. Fish had laid on his desk. Then an involuntary smile broke over his face.

Loder started forward.

It was beginning to dawn upon the prefect's mind that he had been "done," that the American junior had been one too many for him.

"Dear me!" said the Head, picking up the shining object.

"Was this—this the deadly weapon, Loder?"

The prefect did not reply.

Now, in the clear light, he could see that the pistol was only a dummy, that it was made of wood painted to look like steel, and that it would discharge nothing but a harmless cap under the trigger.

The pistol was, in fact, a plaything, and it was only Fish's manner and Loder's own terror that had made the prefect believe that the American junior held a real weapon in his hand.

"Well, Loder, is that it?"

"It—it certainly looks like it, sir," stammered Loder.

"Do you recognise it, Carne?"

"It seems the same, sir."

"You see that it is only a harmless toy," said the Head.

"It is made to discharge caps, and the barrel is not even hollow, and there is no place for a cartridge. The pistol is a child's plaything."

"I guess so, sir," said Fisher T. Fish, "but it's a handy thing to have around, sir, in case you should get set on by a lot of hoboes. Guys of that sort, sir, ain't generally got too much courage, and you can scare 'em."

"H'm!" said the Head. "You will be well advised not to produce that toy in the school again, Fish."

"Surely, sir, if you say so."

"You see, Loder, that this was simply a joke the junior

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was playing. Of course, it was very impertinent to play such a joke on a prefect, and I think that Fish should be punished for that. Why did you do it, Fish?"

Fisher T. Fish gave Loder a very significant look.

If he were called upon for his defence, he meant to tell the whole story, and the explanation of how he had raided a Fifth Form study at a prefect's orders would do Loder no good with the Head.

But Loder understood his look, and he was as anxious to let the matter drop as Fish could be.

"If you please, sir," he said, "as—as it turns out to be a mistake, I'd rather say no more about it. Believing that the boy had a real pistol, I considered it my duty to report the matter to you."

"Quite so, Loder; but ahem! on a future occasion you might make sure before startling me with an absurd story like this. You may go, Fish."

"Thank you, sir!"

Fish left the study with Harry Wharton. The latter seized him by the arm, and dragged him away.

"What's the hurry?" asked Fish.

"Ass! Loder's going to get a jaw from the Head, and he'll squash you if he finds you when he comes out."

The American laughed.

"I guess he don't scare me worth a cent," he exclaimed.

"Oh, hang on if you like! You'll get a big thing in thick ears."

Loder and Carne came out of the Head's study. Loder's face lighted up as he saw that Fisher T. Fish was still in the passage. He strode furiously towards the American.

"You Yankee rat!" he said, between his teeth. "I'll make you smart for this!"

"Kinder seems to me that I've made you smart," said Fish coolly. "Hands off, you cad! Remember, I've got a shooter!"

Harry Wharton could not help laughing, but the reminder of the dummy pistol made Loder purple with rage. He grasped the American junior by the shoulder.

"Hands off, I say!" repeated Fish steadily. "The Head will hear me if I yaup; and if you touch me, you bully, I'll yaup on the top note."

Loder glared at him, and released him. He dared not touch him within hearing distance of the Head's study.

He was trembling with rage.

"I'll find a time to make you suffer for this soon," he muttered, "you—you Yankee hound! I'll make you sorry for yourself!"

"Go hon!" said Fish calmly. "Mind I don't get the drop on you again, that's all."

Loder could not trust himself to reply. He strode away with Carne. And as he went, an inquiring voice followed him down the passage:

"Say, sonnie, jovver get left?"

Loder did not reply to that question.

"Well, you're a cool customer, and no mistake," said Harry Wharton, laughing, as he walked away with the junior from New York. "But you've got Loder up against you now, and he won't forget."

Fish shrugged his shoulders.

"I guess I can keep my end up," he remarked.

And in that Harry Wharton was inclined to agree with him.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Bulstrode is Baffled!

THERE was some whispering among the Removites when bedtime drew near. Something was "on" in the Remove; and Fisher T. Fish would have been a great deal less keen than he really was, if he had not observed that it was something in connection with himself.

Fisher T. Fish was new to England, and new to English ways, and he knew almost nothing of school life in England. But that it was not an uncommon thing anywhere to "jape" a new-comer, he knew very well. And if the Removites wanted to jape him, they could not have a better opportunity than in the dormitory, away from the supervision of masters and prefects.

And so, when the Lower Fourth went up to bed, Fisher T. Fish was very much on his guard. He tapped Wharton on the shoulder in the passage.

"Kinder surprise-party ready for me—hey?" he asked.

The captain of the Remove laughed.

"I have no hand in it, anyway," he said.

"But it's going on, I guess."

"I shouldn't wonder. New fellows here are sometimes put through it at times. It all depends on the new fellow."

"And you don't interfere, as captain of the Form—hey?"

"Well, I should, if there were any ragging; but there's no harm in a little fun," said Wharton. "Better take it calmly."

Fisher T. Fish nodded.

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"Oh, I guess I sha'n't go on the war-path unless I have to," he said. "But if I get my mad up, there will be cyclones."

And Fisher T. Fish went to bed with perfect nonchalance.

Wingate saw lights out in the Remove. The captain of Greyfriars looked rather attentively at the juniors, as if half-expecting some sign of excitement. But the juniors were very circumspect.

They turned in with the meekness of lambs.

The lights were turned out, and Wingate retired.

Snooz sat up in bed.

"Turn out, you fellows!"

"Hold on!" growled Bulstrode. "Wingate may be hanging about yet."

"My word, yes!" said Skinner. "Lie low for a bit."

And the Remove were very quiet for a quarter of an hour. During that time they heard footsteps pass the door twice.

Then there was silence, and Bulstrode felt that all was safe. He turned out of bed, and lighted a candle-end, and drew on his trousers.

"Up you get, you kids."

"What-ho!"

"You Yank!"

There was no reply from Fisher T. Fish. He was breathing quietly and regularly, and might have been asleep.

"You Yank!" repeated Bulstrode. "Up with you. We've got something to say to you."

Snooze!

"Oh, he's asleep!" said Skinner.

"Dear little innocent! Wake him up!"

Skinner grinned and went towards the American's bed. Wharton sat up. He did not believe that Fish was asleep, and he waited for what would transpire.

Skinner seized a sponge from the American's washstand, and dipped it in the jug of water, and stepped close to the American's bed.

As he bent over the recumbent form, preparatory to squeezing the sponge over him, the American suddenly sat up.

The top of his head, which seemed as hard as iron, caught Skinner just under the jaw with a fearful crack.

Fish did not seem to be hurt.

But Skinner gave a yell that rang through the dormitory, dropped the sponge, and staggered back, clasping his jaw in both hands.

"Oh! Oh! Ow! Oh! Yow! Yaroo!"

"Hallo!" said Fish.

"Stop that row, Skinny!" growled Bulstrode. "Do you want to wake up the whole blessed house, you silly ass?"

"Ow! I'm hurt!"

"Oh, shut up!"

"Yah! Yow!"

Fisher T. Fish rubbed the top of his head.

"I knocked my head against something," he remarked.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "It was Skinner's jaw."

"What was Skinner's jaw doing over my bed?"

"Ow!" groaned Skinner. "Yow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows," said Billy Bunter. "I don't believe that American beast was asleep at all. He was taking Skinner in. He's a deep beast."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Get out of bed, Fish!"

"What for?" demanded the American.

"Because you're told to!" said Bulstrode, in his most bullying tone. "I'll jolly soon have you out if you won't come."

"I guess not."

"Get out!"

"Rats!"

Bulstrode breathed hard through his nose, as he came towards the American junior's bed.

"Are you going to get up?"

"Nope."

"Then I'll make you."

Bulstrode grasped the bedclothes with both hands, and dragged at them. Fisher T. Fish held on to them with both hands, too, and they tugged and tugged furiously against one another.

"Hurray!" said Bob Cherry. "Tug of war! Two to one on Yankee Doodle!"

"Go it, Bulstrode!"

"Stick to it, Yank!"

Bulstrode, growing very red in the face with rage and exertion, tugged away for all he was worth.

He was far bigger and stronger than Fish, and the bedclothes were bound to go—and they went, but not exactly as Bulstrode wanted.

Fish let go suddenly, and the bedclothes shot out of his hands, and Bulstrode, who was exerting his whole strength, shot backwards as resistance ceased.

He shot away towards the next bed, dragging the bed-clothes after him, and the back of his head knocked on the bed as he sat down with great violence.

He was so dazed by the shock that he could do nothing but sit there and stare blankly for a full minute.

The juniors rocked with laughter.

"My only hat!" gasped Tom Brown. "That Yank is as full of tricks as a monkey! Bulstrode, you'll damage that bed."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bulstrode staggered to his feet. Even his own friends were laughing too much to be able to help him.

With a ferocious expression upon his face, Bulstrode rushed towards the American. Fisher T. Fish sat on the denuded bed, and looked at him without moving.

"Look out, Yank!" shouted Nugent.

But the American was looking out.

As soon as Bulstrode reached him, he rolled off on the opposite side of the bed, and Bulstrode's crashing blows fell upon the pillows and bolster.

The juniors yelled again. Fisher T. Fish stood regarding Bulstrode across the bed with an agreeable smile.

"I guess you're not spry," he remarked.

Bulstrode snapped his teeth.

"You—you hound! I'll smash you!"

He ran round the foot of the bed.

As Bulstrode was head and shoulders taller than the American, and a much more powerfully-built fellow in every way, it certainly looked as if things would go hard with the cheery youth from New York.

But Fisher T. Fish made up in keenness whatever he might lack in physique.

As Bulstrode raced round the bed, Fisher T. Fish leaped across it, so that by the time Bulstrode reached the spot where he had been standing, the bed was still between them, and the American was grinning across it.

"Jevver get left?" he inquired.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bulstrode gasped with rage.

"Collar him, some of you—collar him!" he roared. "I'll pound him to a jelly! Skinner, you chump, why don't you collar him?"

Skinner ran at the new junior. Bulstrode leaped over the bed at the same moment. Fish could not dodge the two of them.

But he did not try to. From the pocket of his highly-coloured pyjamas, he flashed out the dummy revolver which had so scared the bullies of the Sixth.

It rose to a level almost in the eyes of Bulstrode.

"Stand back!" drawled Fisher T. Fish.

Bulstrode staggered back. Skinner, with a howl of terror, bolted down the dormitory. Snoop, who was coming to help, gasped, and dived under a bed.

"Jevver get left?" inquired the American sweetly.

Bulstrode backed further away.

"P-p-p-put up that pistol, you mad idiot!" he gasped. "It might go off!"

"Yep."

"Will you put it away, you young villain?"

"Nope."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Wharton, the only junior in the dormitory who knew that the revolver was all "spook."

"Keep 'em covered, Fishy!"

Fisher T. Fish winked at him coolly.

"I mean to," he said. "Hands up, Bulstrode."

"I—"

"Hands up!" thundered Fish, making a threatening motion with the revolver.

It was in the best style of Deadwood Dave or Shooting Sam, the excellent characters upon whose adventures the youth of New York are nourished. And Bulstrode, shaking as the apparently deadly weapon looked him in the eyes, did not venture to disobey. His hands went up over his head, and the Removites stared on in grim silence—excepting Wharton. He was rocking to and fro, very nearly in hysterics.

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER. Badly Left.

"HANDS up!"

Skinner's hands went up, too.

Bulstrode and Skinner, in their pyjamas, looking utterly sheepish and frightened, stood before the American junior, with their hands elevated over their heads. It was such a scene as had certainly never been witnessed in the Lower Fourth dormitory at Greyfriars before.

The American grinned over the levelled barrel.

"I kinder reckon you come out at the little end of the horn this time," he remarked.

"You mad fool!" said Bulstrode hoarsely. "If that thing goes off, and we're hurt, you'll get hung. Do you understand?"

"Yep."

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"Put it away!"

"Nope!"

"Look here, we'll let you alone," said Skinner, in an agony of fear. "Put that blessed thing away before it goes off!"

"Make 'em make it pax, Yank!" shouted Harry Wharton.

"I guess so!"

Bulstrode gritted his teeth.

"So you're backing up this murderous young villain in carryin' pistols, are you, Wharton?" he snarled.

"Ha, ha! Yes, rather!"

"He'll be expelled for it!"

"I don't think!"

"I'll jolly well let the prefects know, anyway!" cried Bulstrode. "Do you think I'm going to have my life put in danger every time that mad idiot thinks fit to flourish a revolver about?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"How are the mighty fallen!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Where is the mighty Bulstrode now? But yesterday the word of Bulstrode might have stood against the world; now lies he here, and none so poor to do him reverence?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, ring off Shakespeare, Bob!"

"It suits the occasion. Oh, Remove, thou wast the forest to this hart, and Bulstrode, indeed, the heart of all the Remove. Now—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Will you turn that pistol away?" howled Bulstrode. "Do you think I'm going to stand here all night?"

The American looked reflective.

"Can this guy be relied upon to keep his word, Wharton?" he asked.

"Oh, yes!" said Harry. "If he makes it pax, he's bound to stick to it."

"All O.K., then! Now, Bulstrode, you're a lot too fresh; but if you like to say you're sorry, and promise to be good—"

"I won't!"

"Would you like me to shoot off the tip of your ear as a warning?" asked the American. "I'm a dead-centre shot."

"You dare not!"

The American cocked his eye along the revolver in a businesslike way. Bulstrode felt his knees knock together.

"I—I say, hold on!" he stammered. "I—I beg your pardon!"

"And the other chap?"

"I'm sure I beg your pardon!" stammered Skinner. "I—I was only joking, you know. I like you, you know, and—I should like to—to chum up with you."

"Liar!"

"Well, you see, I—I—"

"You make it pax?"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"All of you?"

"Yes!"

"No more ragging to-night—hey?"

"No!"

"Honour?"

"Yes, honour bright!" gasped Bulstrode.

"Oh, all right, then!" said the American slowly. "I guess I can let you off with that. But no more of your gum-games, you know."

"I've made it pax for to-night," said Bulstrode sullenly.

"I shall keep my word."

"The whole Form will see to that," said Harry Wharton.

Fisher T. Fish lowered his weapon.

"I guess you can put your paws down," he said.

Gladly enough the two juniors lowered their aching arms. They were tired, and they were furious.

Fisher T. Fish tossed the weapon upon the bed.

"I guess—" he began.

Bulstrode could hardly believe his eyes for a moment. Then he pounced upon the pistol, and grasped it, and levelled it at Fish.

"Now, you hound!" he shouted.

Fisher T. Fish looked at him calmly.

"Well, what now?" he asked.

"It's my turn, you cad!"

"Rats!"

"Here, be careful with that, Bulstrode!" exclaimed Hazel-dene. "It might go off, and then there would be trouble."

"Not much danger of that," said Fish cheerfully. "You see, it isn't a real pistol at all, and so it can't go off!"

"What?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bulstrode glared down at the object in his hand. A careful glance was quite enough to show him that it was not a real pistol.

The Remove dormitory rang with laughter.

Bulstrode's face was a study.

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He had been frightened almost out of his wits by a toy that was a safe plaything for a child; he had held up his hands obediently under the levelled weapon that could discharge nothing more dangerous than a percussion cap.

The Remove yelled.

They forgot masters and prefects; they forgot everything but the absurd exhibition Bulstrode had made of himself.

Bulstrode, with grinding teeth, hurled the revolver to the door. The wooden barrel broke into two pieces.

There was a fresh yell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bulstrode, with his fists clenched, advanced upon Fish. He was in so great a rage that he had quite lost his self-control.

"Hallo!" said Fish. "What about pax?"

Bulstrode did not reply, but he rushed on, hitting out. The next moment he reeled back, with three or four pairs of hands upon him, and he was flung to the floor.

"None of that!" said Harry Wharton sternly. "You made it pax, and you're going to keep it, you cad!"

Bulstrode glared at him.

But he could not very well argue the matter out fistically with Wharton and Bob Cherry and Brown and three or four more. He staggered up, and turned towards his bed. But ere he got into bed he turned a face black with rage upon the American.

"I'll make you sorry for this!" he hissed.

The new junior grinned cheerfully.

"I'll remember," he said. "By the way, Bulstrode, old son, may I ask you a question? Did you ever get left?"

Bulstrode, without vouchsafing any answer, turned in; and Skinner blew out the candle.

Fisher T. Fish chuckled as he made his bed in the dark and turned in.

"Good-night, Fish!" said Harry Wharton.

"Good-night, kid! Somebody got left this time—hey?"

"Yes, rather!" said Harry Wharton, laughing.

And for some time, ere the Remove finally settled down to sleep, the quiet of the dormitory was broken by chuckles proceeding from the various beds.

THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

Shut Up.

WHEN the rising-bell called the Remove from their slumbers the following morning many of the juniors were chuckling as they turned out. The incident of the previous night was too funny to be forgotten easily.

Bulstrode rose with a face as black as thunder, and he scowled at Fisher T. Fish as the latter turned out.

Fish looked out of the dormitory window, and sniffed as he noted the haze hanging over the landscape.

"Is your climate always like this, you fellows?" he asked.

"No, not always," said Nugent, with a shake of his head.

"I guess it's hard to stand if it is. When I was in London there was a black fog, and the train came down through six or seven different varieties of mist. Now you've got the haze here. Do you ever see the sun?"

"Once a year—on Midsummer Day," said Nugent. "It can only be seen from the top of a high hill, of course, and the railway companies make a lot of money running special excursions."

The American grinned.

"It's not always like it is this morning," went on Nugent.

"This is a very fine morning. On an average morning the Close is as black as your hat, and the fog is so thick that we sometimes hang up our coats on it."

"Oh, come off!" said Fish.

He shivered as he dipped his fingers into the water in his jug.

"Do you chaps wash in cold water?" he asked.

"As a rule."

"Can I have any hot water, then?" demanded Fish, who had the true American's horror of cold, and was shivering, where the English boys took no notice of the atmosphere at all.

"Certainly!" said Nugent. "I mean, surely, of course. Ring the bell, and the Head will come toddling up with a can of hot water in next to no time."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ain't there any bath-rooms?" demanded Fish.

"Yes; but you have to take your turn. There will be two or three fellows waiting outside every door already. We generally prefer to wash all over in the dorm," said Harry Wharton, who was sponging himself down in icy water.

Fish shuddered.

"If you think I'm going to freeze of a morning like that there's a mistake somewhere," he declared. "I reckon I'll try for a bath-room."

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"They're on the lower floor mostly, but there are some upstairs," said Harry. "One of you fellows show him."

"I'll show him," said Skinner, who was already dressed. Skinner's morning ablutions never delayed him very long.

Fisher T. Fish looked at Skinner suspiciously.

"No gum-game?" he said.

"Oh, that's all right!" said Skinner, in a very hearty way.

"You surely don't suspect me of bearing malice for that little joke last night?"

"I guess it's all right."

And Fish, clad only in pyjamas and slippers, followed Skinner from the dormitory.

Skinner led him to the upper bath-rooms, which were usually used by the Remove. A crowd of Upper Fourth fellows were there, and every bath-room was going, to judge by the sound of dashing and splashing that came from within.

"Hallo!" said Temple, of the Upper Fourth. "You kids are too late! No room for fags!"

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"It's all right!" said Skinner. "The American chap is going to use the reserved bath-room. This way, Fishy!"

He opened a door, and pushed the American in.

"Thanks!" said Fish. "I guess— Oh, here! Let up, I say!"

Skinner had suddenly given him a violent shove in the small of the back, which sent him staggering forward; and before he could recover himself the door was slammed, and locked on the outside.

"All right in there?" asked Skinner, through the keyhole.

"This is as good as a dummy pistol in the dorm., isn't it?"

And he walked away with the key of the door in his pocket.

Fisher T. Fish had fallen on his knees. He scrambled up, and ran back to the door. But it was fast.

The room he was in was certainly not a bath-room. It was a small garret, with bare floor and walls, rotting ceilings and two or three broken articles of furniture thrown carelessly into it.

Skinner had shut the American junior up in a disused lumber-room, and for once the keen Yankee had been decidedly "left."

"Well, my word," said Fisher T. Fish, as he looked round him and shivered in his pyjamas. "I call this real mean!"

He went to the door, and thumped on it vigorously.

"Hallo, out there! I guess you'd better open this door!"

There was a roar of laughter from the Fourth-Formers.

"Can't be did, my son," said Temple. "Skinner's taken away the key."

"I can't stay here!" howled Fish.

"I don't see how you can do anything else!" grinned Temple. "But suit yourself."

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish rattled the door. The Fourth-Formers laughed; but had they been inclined to help Fisher T. Fish, they could not, for the key was gone, and so was Skinner, and the door could not be opened.

Fish breathed hard through his nose.

"Stars!" he exclaimed. "I'll make that guy sit up, I guess!"

He looked round the lumber-room for a means of escape.

There were only two modes of exit apparently—the door and the window. The door was locked, and the window gave upon a sheer wall of at least fifty feet. Fisher T. Fish looked out of it and then closed the window again. There was no escape that way. He was shivering with cold.

The joke of shutting the Yankee schoolboy up in the lumber-room might be a funny one from Skinner's point of view, but the humour of it did not appeal to the American junior, shivering there in his pyjamas.

Fish was getting furious.

He thumped on the door again, and shouted to the Fourth-Formers outside. But he received no reply. Temple, Dabney & Co. had taken their turns in the bath-rooms now, and there was no one to hear.

"I say," shouted Fish, through the keyhole, "I guess I'll stand a dollar to the chap who goes and gets that key!"

There was no answer.

"You hear me?" roared Fish.

But they did not hear; nor, if they had heard, is it probable that the munificent offer of a dollar would have been a very great inducement to the lordly Temple. Fisher T. Fish realised that there was no hope in that direction.

He wondered whether Harry Wharton or his friends would think of him, and look for him. But why should they? They imagined that Skinner had taken him to a bath-room, and they would be gone down before he could have returned to the dormitory to dress. He would not be missed till breakfast-time.

In pyjamas and gown, and with no additional clothing except a towel, Fisher T. Fish was growing colder every moment, and he had the true American susceptibility to cold.

His teeth were soon chattering.

He made Skinner all sorts of mental promises, but that did not help him to keep warm, and he waved his thin arms about to keep up the circulation.

He looked up the chimney at last, in the desperate hope that there might be an avenue of escape that way.

The chimney was very wide—a real, old-fashioned chimney, and probably in centuries previous it had been cleaned in the old-fashioned way by boys ascending inside it. It was certainly large enough. Fisher T. Fish could see a patch of misty sky at the top.

He hesitated for a few moments.

But there was evidently nothing else to be done. He threw his gown and towel on the floor, and climbed into the chimney.

If he escaped that way, he would be under the necessity of appearing in public in the light and airy attire of the night; but that could not be helped.

He clambered into the chimney, finding as he climbed, that there were rests inside for the hands and feet. They had not been used, or brushed, perhaps, for half a century or more, with the result that they were thick with soot and dust, and before Fisher T. Fish had covered his own length upwards, he was as black as any sweep.

He breathed fury, and soot as he advanced.

Up and up!

His head came out of the wide old red chimney-pot at last. Round the stack was a flat level of leaded roof, and Fisher T. Fish clambered out and dropped upon it, dropping clouds of soot with him as he alighted.

"Well, my stars!" he muttered. "If this doesn't beat the whole deck!"

It was bitterly cold to the thinly-clad junior, but the exertion of climbing the chimney had restored his circulation somewhat. He shivered as the wind struck him; his hands were cold, his feet nearly numb. He was black as the ace of spades from head to foot.

He looked round the roof for a means of escape. There was a trap there, and it was unfastened. It had been kept always unfastened since the fire at Greyfriars, when the Remove passage had been burnt down.

Fisher T. Fish succeeded in raising it, and he stepped inside out of the wind with great relief.

He went down the ladder, and found himself in a passage upon which the servants' bed-rooms opened, and then hurried to get further. He wanted to reach the Remove dormitory and dress, unseen till he had succeeded in removing the soot.

But he was new to Greyfriars, and the rambling old building was strange to him. Greyfriars was a mass of architecture that had been erected piecemeal in different centuries, and the adding to and taking away from the old building had been always going forward. It was full of passages that led nowhere, and other passages that led to unexpected places.

Fisher T. Fish shortly found himself in a broad corridor, and he walked quickly down it, leaving sooty footmarks on the strip of carpet down the centre. A door opened, and a majestic figure came into view.

It was Dr. Locke, in his cap and gown.

Fisher T. Fish stopped. The Head stopped. The surprise was mutual; but it is safe to say that the Head's surprise was the greater.

THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

All Black!

DR. LOCKE stared blankly at the extraordinary figure before him.

Fisher T. Fish stared back.

The American junior was quite unrecognisable in his coating of soot, and the Head had not the faintest idea that this was the new boy at Greyfriars.

"Dear me!" gasped the Head. "What—what—"

"My word!"

Fisher T. Fish did not stop to speak or attempt to explain. He bolted.

Dr. Locke stood staring after him blankly.

"Gracious goodness! Extraordinary!" gasped the Head.

"Is anything wrong, sir?" asked Wingate, of the Sixth, coming down the passage.

"Wrong? Yes! Extraordinary!"

"Can I do anything, sir?" asked the Greyfriars captain, wondering what on earth was the matter with the Head.

"No! Yes! Extraordinary! I—I have seen a most extraordinary thing, Wingate," stammered the Head. "I had just come out of my study, and—a dreadful apparition stood before me."

"Indeed, sir?"

It was impossible to suspect the Head of drinking, so Wingate wondered whether he was suffering from some peculiar hallucination.

"Yes, a—a negro," said Dr. Locke, still greatly amazed; THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 150.

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"at—at all events, he was quite black. It was extraordinary."

"It—it must have been, sir."

"Extraordinary! Dear me, you see, he has left black footmarks on the carpet, Wingate!" the Head exclaimed.

Wingate started.

The black footmarks were there—there was no mistake about that, and it showed him that the apparition seen by the Head could not have been wholly imaginary. The Greyfriars captain bent down to look at the footmarks, and sniffed.

"Soot?" he exclaimed.

"What did you say, Wingate?"

"Soot, sir!"

"Soot!"

"Yes, sir. It's soot."

"Dear me!"

"Some chap has been doing this for a lark, sir, I suppose," said Wingate. "Whoever went by here certainly had thick soot on his feet."

"Extraordinary!"

"It must be some junior jape, sir. Shall I look for the young rascal?" exclaimed Wingate.

"By all means, Wingate—by all means."

The captain of Greyfriars followed the footmarks. They led him up and down the passages for a long way.

Fisher T. Fish, as a matter of fact, had stopped behind the first corner, to ascertain whether he would be followed, and so he knew that Wingate was on his track.

Fish knew very well that if Wingate caught him, the licking was most likely to come first, and the explanation afterwards; and he did not mean to get at close quarters with the Sixth-Former if he could help it.

He ran on at top speed.

Two or three frightened maidservants shrieked at the sight of him, and at a corner he ran full tilt into Trotter, the page, who was carrying a tray.

There was a terrific crash as Trotter and the tray went flying.

Fisher T. Fish staggered against the wall, all the wind knocked out of him for the moment.

"Ow!" he gasped.

"Yow!" stuttered Trotter, "Gummy! Yow!"

Fisher T. Fish ran on.

He found himself passing the Form-masters' studies, and he could hear Wingate's footstaps behind him. He opened a door and darted into a study, hoping to find a place of concealment.

He closed the door, and stood listening inside.

Wingate's heavy footsteps passed the door. He had not seen Fish dart into the room, and he passed on unsuspecting.

Fish gave a great gasp of relief.

He waited a few minutes, and then quietly left the study. There was no one in the passage. He trod on breathlessly, leaving a fainter trail of soot as he went.

"My hat!" he gasped suddenly.

He emerged into the open hall, where the juniors were crowding in to go to breakfast. There was a yell at the sight of him.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"Look there!"

"The wild man from Borneo!"

"The wildness is terrific."

"What on earth—who on earth is it?" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"I guess—"

"Fish!"

"My hat!"

"Fish!" gasped Skinner. "Then he—he got out by the chimney! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Here, keep off!" roared Skinner, as the American junior rushed at him vengeancefully. "Keep off! You're sooty! Yow! Gerrooh! Oh! Ugh! Oh!"

There was no escaping Fish.

He rushed right at Skinner, and clasped him in his arms. He held him tight, and rubbed his sooty hair over Skinner's face, and rubbed soot all over Skinner, till Skinner was almost as black as the victim of his little joke.

There was a shout as Wingate came in sight.

"Oh! There he is!"

The Greyfriars captain rushed up. Fisher T. Fish broke away from Skinner, and fled. He dashed up the stairs, and Wingate paused for a moment to look at Skinner.

Fish dashed up to the bath-rooms, which were now unoccupied. He ran into one, locked the door, and plunged into the bath, setting bath taps going merrily.

He heard Wingate run upstairs, and went on splashing, and the searcher for the mysterious sooty person passed him by.

A Splendid School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars. By FRANK RICHARDS.

Wingate went down again, baffled.
 "I can't understand this!" he exclaimed. "Some fellow has done himself up in soot, and is dodging about the house upsetting people."
 "Ow!" groaned Skianer, rubbing soot from his smarting eyes. "Oh! Ow!"
 "You'd better go and clean yourself," said Wingate curtly.
 "Do you know who the fellow was, Skinner?"

Skinner would gladly enough have given Fisher T. Fish away, but he could not very well do so without admitting himself as the cause of the whole affair, so he replied discreetly.

"He was covered up with soot, Wingate, so I couldn't see his chivy."

And he ran off to the dormitory, to avoid further questioning.

He was washing off the soot and changing his clothes when Fish came in, fresh bathed and clean as a new pin.

The American junior grinned at Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he chuckled. "I kinder reckon you came out at the little end of the horn that time, my festive friend."

"Ow!" grunted Skinner. "Ugh!"

"Jever get left?" inquired Fish sweetly.

"I'll lick you presently for this!" groaned Skinner.

"I guess you'll find me ready. I'm your mutton, with the wool on!" grinned Fisher T. Fish serenely.

He dressed and went down to breakfast, being just in time.

Skinner was late. The juniors grinned at Fish, and Fish grinned back serenely.

Meanwhile, several prefects were looking for the mysterious person in black who was causing such a disturbance in the School House.

They did not find him.

Wingate, Courtney, and Loder came in late to breakfast, looking very cross indeed, having had to report to the Head that they could not find the practical joker, who had left his sooty footmarks up and down the stairs and passages.

It did not occur to them that the cheerful-looking American junior, eating away with perfect nonchalance at the Remove table, was the individual they sought; and no one in the Remove was likely to enlighten them.

THE TWENTIETH CHAPTER.

Not Business.

FISHER T. FISH looked very satisfied with himself in class that morning.

Skinner seemed extremely bad-tempered. The whole Form was grinning at the result of Skinner's little joke; and Skinner, great humorist as he was, could not take a joke against himself.

He was nursing vengeance.

After morning lessons were over, he meant to descend upon the American boy, and crumple him up—at least, so he confided to Bulstrode and Stott and some others, who cordially backed him up in the idea.

Fisher T. Fish was very slim and slight. He was wiry, and might be strong. But there was no doubt that he did not look anything like a match for Skinner.

If he could be made to stand up to Skinner, no one doubted that he would get the licking of his life, and Bulstrode & Co. rejoiced at the prospect. Ragging the new boy might have been interfered with by Harry Wharton, but a fair fight was beyond his interference. And Skinner joyfully looked forward to hammering the American junior, who had turned his ill-natured joke against himself.

"You'd better look out, Fishy," Billy Bunter whispered to the American in class. "There's trouble ahead for you."

"Yep!" said Fish.

"Yes, rather. I say, you know, I'll stand by you if you like," said Bunter. "I'm rather a dab at boxing, and I don't mind taking it on for you."

"Rats!"

"I'm rather hard up at the present moment, you see, owing to a disappointment about a postal-order, and if you could lend me a bob I should look upon it as a favour. I'll look after you, you know. One good turn deserves another."

"I guess you'll have to look further for the bob."

"Look here, old chap—"

"Rats!"

"You Yankee boulder—"

"Hey?"

"My dear fellow, it's really only a matter of form, you know, because I'm expecting a postal-order this afternoon."

"Boah!"

"You Yankee cad—"

Fisher T. Fish chuckled.

Bunter's varying epithets struck him as comical. Mr.

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Quelch looked round as Billy Bunter involuntarily raised his voice.

"Bunter!" he rapped out.

Billy Bunter jumped.

"Ye-es, sir."

"You were talking, Bunter."

"Oh, no, sir!"

"What!"

"I—I certainly wasn't talking, sir!" said Billy Bunter, blinking at the Form-master. "I hope I know better than to talk in class!"

"I distinctly heard you, Bunter!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch angrily.

"Oh, no, sir! It must have been a mistake, sir. P-p-p-haps you—you were talking to yourself, sir?" suggested Bunter.

Mr. Quelch almost snorted, and the whole class giggled.

"I—I wasn't talking, sir," said Bunter. "I wasn't, sir, really! I was only saying to Fish—"

"What!" roared Mr. Quelch.

"I was only saying to Fish, sir, that—that we were having a most enjoyable geography lesson, sir, and that I wished it was longer."

"Is that the truth, Bunter?"

"Oh, sir! I hope you do not doubt my word, sir!" said Billy Bunter. "Any of the fellows will tell you how truthful I am, sir."

"Oh, my word!" murmured Nugent.

"Indeed, Bunter! Well, as you like the geography lesson, you shall stay in for half an hour after dismissal, and write the lesson out."

Billy Bunter's jaw dropped.

"Oh, sir!"

"Well, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch grimly, "are you not satisfied?"

"N-n-n-no, sir."

"Very well, you shall stay in for an hour."

Bunter gasped.

"I—I don't want to be greedy, sir," he said; "and—and, upon the whole, sir, I—I'd rather not stay in."

"You have no choice about the matter, Bunter. You will be detained for an hour, and if you speak again I shall cane you."

Bunter knew that Mr. Quelch was a man of his word, and he did not speak again. He maintained a glum silence till the end of the lesson.

When the Remove were dismissed, Billy Bunter remained sitting dolefully in the Form-room by himself, as he richly deserved for his untruthfulness.

Skinner and Bulstrode swaggered over to the American junior in the wide, flagged passage upon which the class-rooms opened.

"Look out, Fishy!" said Wharton.

"I guess I'm looking out," said Fish.

He waited with his hands in his pockets while the Remove came up. Skinner had a bullying expression, which meant mischief.

"I'm looking for you, you Yankee!" he exclaimed.

Fisher T. Fish nodded coolly.

"I guess you've found me, then."

"Are you ready to be licked?"

"Nope."

"You are going to fight Skinner," said Bulstrode threateningly. "If you won't stand up to him, you'll jolly well get ragged by the whole Form."

"He jolly well won't!" said Harry Wharton, with a frown. "Skinner's bigger than Fish, and Fish has a right to refuse if he likes."

"Look here. The Yankee cad—"

"Oh, ring off!" said Fish. "I guess there isn't a bigger cad swanking about than yourself, Bulstrode, my festive friend!"

The Remove bully scowled.

"If I have much of your cheek, I'll lick you myself; and I shan't leave much for Skinner!" he exclaimed.

"Rats!"

"Look here, are you willing to meet Skinner?"

"None."

"Coward!" howled half a dozen voices.

The American junior did not turn a hair.

"I guess I'm no coward," he remarked. "I'm business, I am, from the word go. I don't want to punch Skinner. I don't want to punch him. Ring off, and don't play the giddy goat! I guess that's straight talk."

Skinner sneered.

"You're afraid, you cad!"

"Nope."

"Coward!"

"Stuff!"

"Look here," exclaimed Skinner, all the more determined

to fight as the American seemed to wish to draw back, "You'll fight me, or I'll give you the coward's blow." The American shrugged his shoulders. "I guess I'll fight you if you insist!" he exclaimed. "When a man's looking for trouble, there's no stopping him; and if I have to lick you, I guess it may save me the trouble of licking somebody else later."

"You'd better fight him," said Harry Wharton. "A fellow who refuses a challenge is not likely to have a quiet time here."

"Honest Injun, you reckon I'd better wade in?" "I reckon so," said Wharton, laughing. "Then I guess I'm ready, and I'll hustle it through as soon as you like," said Fisher T. Fish. "Here goes!" And he put up his bony fists, and advanced upon Skinner, hitting out.

Skinner backed away in surprise, defending himself. "Chuck it!" he exclaimed. "You can't fight here."

"Why not?" "In the passage, you dummy! We shall be dropped on by a prefect or a master in a minute!" howled Skinner. "Hands off! You will have to come behind the gym."

"Is that one of the rules here?" "Yes, idiot!" "All O. K. I only wanted to know, you know."

"Come on!" said Harry Wharton, putting his arm through Fisher T. Fish's. "Come on, and I'll be your second, if you like!"

"I guess that's real good of you," "Not at all. It's an honour to act for a citizen of the greatest Republic upon which the sun never sets!" said Wharton solemnly.

And, in the midst of a crowd of excited and interested juniors, they made their way to the open space behind the gymnasium, where the affair could be settled in quiet seclusion, without any great danger of interruption.

THE TWENTY-FIRST CHAPTER.

ALL O.K.

FISHER T. FISH had somewhat surprised the juniors by his refusal in the first place to fight Skinner. They had been disposed to concur in Skinner's belief that he was afraid. But now that he had accepted the challenge, the American junior showed clearly enough that he was not afraid.

He strolled down to the place with Harry Wharton with perfect nonchalance, and his whole manner implied his firm faith in his ability to beat Skinner. But that, as Bob Cherry sagely remarked, might be only swank.

There was, in fact, so much swank about the Yankee schoolboy, that it was doubtful whether he could do anything at all, and the fellows had quite open minds upon the subject of the coming fight.

Fisher T. Fish removed his jacket with perfect coolness, and faced Skinner, without a sign of flinching, though Skinner was fully half a head the taller of the two.

"I guess I'm ready," he remarked. "But if you've got any horse-sense, Skinner, my boy, you'll let it slide."

"Oh, cheese that!" "Time!" said Bob Cherry.

And the fight began.

"Go it, Skinner!" sang out Bulstrode. "Knock the stuffing out of the Yankee!"

While the chums of the Remove shouted encouragement to the new junior.

"Go it, Fishy!" "Wade in!"

Fisher T. Fish did not wade in, however. He was very cautious at first. He was evidently trying to draw his opponent, and thereby to ascertain what there was in him.

And Skinner was soon drawn.

He attacked savagely, and drove the American round and round the ring, and a great many of his blows got home.

"Go it, Skinner!" shouted Bulstrode. "Knock him sky-high!"

Skinner was doing his best to follow out that instruction. But it was in vain.

The elusive American evaded his heavy attacks, and dodged him round and round, every now and then closing in to give a blow, and escaping again. Skinner was far too heavy and clumsy to deal successfully with the lithe-limbed American.

He was beginning to look rather groggy now, too, for one of Fisher T. Fish's fists had been planted in his eye, which was nearly closed, and his nose was assuming a very red and swollen appearance.

Three rounds had been fought, and though Fish had had most of the punishment, he looked much the fresher of the two.

In the fourth round, Skinner determined to bring matters to a close. He felt that his wind was going, and he did not mean to give the American a chance of hammering him in the fifth and sixth rounds.

He rushed upon Fisher T. Fish, hitting out like a wind.

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mill, pressing the American so hard and fast that he had no chance of escape.

Fish had to stand up to his enemy and face the milling, and almost everybody present expected him to go down under the slogging blows.

The chums of the Remove looked on anxiously.

They did not particularly want an American to defeat a Remove fellow, of course, but Skinner was so flagrantly in the wrong in this fight that they could not help wishing that Fisher T. Fish would win.

"Skinner's got it," growled Tom Brown. "It's all over bar shouting now."

The crowd watched breathlessly. It seemed that it was Skinner's fight now—Fisher T. Fish could not withstand that pelting attack.

And so it might have been, but that Skinner over-reached himself in his eagerness and energy. Fisher T. Fish retreated suddenly, with a backward leap, to escape a slogging attack, and Skinner plunged after him recklessly.

His hands were up to drive at Fish, and he was almost blind with excitement, anger, and the damage to his eye. The keen, cool American dodged under his guard like a flash, springing forward just when Skinner did not expect him.

Rat-tat, came the American's hard fists on Skinner's chest, and the Remove staggered back.

And as he staggered there came a rap-rap of heavy body-blows again, and Skinner gasped and reeled.

Then out went both Fisher T. Fish's fists, crashing upon the jaw of his staggering adversary.

Skinner gave a grunt, and fell like an ox.

He bumped heavily on the ground, and lay where he had fallen, breathing in gulps, and hardly moving a limb.

That terrible knock-out had done for Skinner.

From half the Remove burst a shout:

"Bravo, Yankee!"

Harry Wharton slapped the American on the back.

"Well, done, Fishy, old son!"

Fisher T. Fish grinned.

"I guess that lets him out," he remarked.

"I guess that does, some," grinned Bob Cherry.

There was no doubt about it. Bulstrode ran to Skinner to help him up, but Skinner only groaned.

"Lemme alone! Ow!"

"Oh, let him alone!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "He's done. Why can't you let him alone, Bulstrode?"

Bulstrode rose to his feet with a grunt of disgust.

Harry Wharton helped Skinner to a sitting position. The defeated junior clasped his aching jaw with one hand, and blinked round him in a most uncertain way.

"You're done, I suppose?" asked Harry.

Skinner groaned.

"Ow! Yes. Oh!"

"Good! You've won, Fishy!"

"I guess that's O.K.," said the American, as he calmly slipped his arms into the jacket Frank Nugent was holding for him. "It's all right, Skinner. I was bound to lick you, you know, and you needn't bear any malice. I sha'n't swank over you because I've downed you; that sort of thing cuts no ice with me. Shake!"

And the American held out his hand to the junior.

Skinner blinked at the hand, and blinked at him, and finally took it, and shook in a half-hearted sort of way.

"All O.K.," said Fisher T. Fish. "I'll go and get a wash, after this, I guess."

He walked away with the chums of the Remove. Fisher T. Fish had said that he would not swank over the defeated junior, and he told the truth. But he was swanking, perhaps, on general principles; at all events, it was indubitable that there was a new strut in his walk, a new swing to his shoulders, since he had licked Skinner. Harry Wharton looked at him, and the chums looked at one another, and smiled.

"I guess that's how we fight in New York," Fisher T. Fish remarked. "The chap never had a dog's chance. Nope."

"Rats!" said Harry Wharton bluntly. "If Skinner had been a little more careful, he would have licked you hollow, out of condition as he was."

The American winked.

"I guess you can't ring that in on me," he remarked.

"No, sir! That's the way we do things over there, sir; that's what's the matter."

And Fisher T. Fish put his hands in his pockets and swanked off. But the chums of the Remove, far from being impressed, only burst into a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

THE END.

(Another long, complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co., by Frank Richards, next Tuesday, entitled "The Girls' School's Challenge." Order your copy in advance, price 1d.)

A Splendid School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars. By FRANK RICHARDS.