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**Frank Richards.**

### THE FIRST CHAPTER.

#### A Council of War.

**H**ARRY WHARTON, the captain of the Remove Form at Greyfriars, looked very serious. Frank Nugent, who shared No. 1 Study with him, looked serious too.

Bob Cherry and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, who had dropped in from Study 13, were both looking just as serious.

Mark Linley, the Lancashire lad, who was sitting on the corner of the table, had the same expression of seriousness upon his face.

In a word, it was evidently a very serious occasion.

"Gentlemen——" said Harry Wharton.

"Hear, hear!"

"Don't interrupt——"

"Hear, hear!"

"The hear, hear-fulness is terrific!" chimed in Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, in his fearful and wonderful English.

"Shut up!" roared Wharton. "Can't you let a chap speak?"

"Well, I suppose we can cheer our giddy chairman if we like?" said Bob Cherry warmly.

"Hear, hear!"

"The hear, hear-fulness——"

"Oh, rats!" said Wharton. "Gentlemen, matters are getting serious!"

"Hear, hear!"

"We've lately been through a lot of troubles. Our respected friend the enemy, Vernon-Smith, otherwise known as the Bounder, has tried to get us all sacked from Greyfriars, and, instead of that, has very nearly got himself sacked. Smithy's got it in the neck. And the Famous Five—that's us—are going stronger than ever."

"Bravo!"

"Having beaten that dangerous foe, are we going to knuckle under to lesser ones?" demanded Wharton. "Are we going to defeat Achilles, and get licked by Thersites?"

"Hear, hear!"

"Quite classical, by Jove!" said Lord Mauleverer, looking up from the armchair, where he was dozing among cushions.

"Yaas, begad!"

"Order! Gentlemen, we have beaten the Bounder, and frustrated his knavish tricks! After that, are we going to be beaten by Coker of the Fifth?"

"Never!"

"Are we going to knuckle under to Loder of the Sixth—the rottenest bully that ever bullied?"

"Never!"

"Jamais!" added Frank Nugent in French, as if a foreign language would lend additional emphasis to his opinion.

"The never-fulness is terrific!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.



"Loder of the Sixth is a rotter! He backed up the Bounder in his rows with us, before the Bounder had a fall, therefore we're up against Loder!"

"Hear, hear!"  
"Coker & Co. of the Fifth backed up Loder because he's down on us. They've got a weird idea that the Fifth ought to boss the Remove, which is——"

"Rot!" said Johnny Bull.  
"Utter rot!" said Frank Nugent.  
"The rotfulness is terrific!"  
"Exactly!" said Harry Wharton. "Now we are victorious. We've beaten the Bounder, and we've rotted the Highcliffe fellows till they sing smaller than they ever sang before. It's up to us to put the Fifth in their places."

"Hear, hear!"  
"Likewise, it is up to us to come down heavy on Loder, the profect, when he gets his ears up against the Remove—our noble selves."

"Yes, rather!"  
"Bogad, yaas!" said Lord Mauleverer, waking up again.  
"Ergo—that's Latin!"  
"Go hon!" said Bob Cherry.  
"Ergo," repeated Wharton firmly—"Ergo—otherwise therefore—it's up to us to get on our mettle, and show the Fifth who's who, and the Sixth!"

"What's that?" suggested Bob Cherry.  
"Ha, ha, ha!"  
Harry Wharton frowned.  
"Don't be funny," he said; "this is a serious matter! We've got to go on the giddy warpath!"

"Another barring-out?" grinned Bob Cherry.  
"Ass! We can't bar out the Fifth and the Sixth!"  
"Rag 'em?" suggested Nugent.  
"Let the ragfulness be terrific, my worthy chums!"  
"Hear, hear!"

"Good!" said Wharton, with satisfaction. "We're going to put the Fifth in their places. We're going to come down heavy on Loder. Loder is trying to make up a party in the Sixth in opposition to Wingate, our respected skipper, who is one of the best."

"Good old Wingate!"  
"Wingate is a duck; but he's an innocent old lamb, and it's up to us to take him under our wing, and protect him from the wiles of the Loder-bird."

"Oh!" said the Removites.  
The Greyfriars Remove thought a great deal of themselves. They prided themselves upon thinking a great deal of themselves. But the idea of taking Wingate of the Sixth, the captain of the school, under their wing, was a little staggering, even to them. But Harry Wharton was evidently in deadly earnest.

"Loder has been taking up footer lately," continued Wharton. "Now, what does Loder care about footer?"  
"Nothing!"  
"But it can't be denied that he plays well when he chooses."

"No, that's a fact!" said Bob Cherry.  
"He's making up an eleven of the Fifth and Sixth, fellows of his own kidney who back him up, and he's declared that he can beat the First Eleven—simply because Wingate doesn't think him good enough for the first team."

"Shame!"  
"There's going to be an inter-Form match—two senior teams playing one another—Loder's eleven against the school team."

"They'll be licked!"  
"I suppose they will; but if Loder can work it his way by foul play, he'll do it," said Wharton. "We all know Loder!"  
"Yes, rather!"  
"Now, it's agreed that this Study keeps an eye on Loder——"

"Likewise Study 13," said Bob Cherry.  
"And 14," said Johnny Bull.  
"Hear, hear!"

"We've got to keep an eye on Loder, and to teach Coker & Co. manners, Loder's playing some of Coker's chums in his precious scratch eleven."

"Rotten!"  
"The most important business before the meeting is to rag Coker."

"Hear, hear!"  
"I say, you fellows——"  
Billy Bunter, of the Remove, put his fat face in at the doorway, and blinked at the Famous Five through his big spectacles. There was a yell from the Co.

"Get out, Bunter!"  
"But I say, you fellows——"  
"Buzz off!"  
"I've got a postal-order coming this evening," said Billy Bunter. "If one of you fellows could lend me ten shillings on it——"

"Rats!"  
"I'll hand you the postal-order immediately it comes——"  
"Clear!"  
"Well, say five——"  
"Rot!"

"I say, you fellows, I'm rather hard up," said Bunter, "you might let me have something——"  
Bob Cherry grinned. His hand had closed upon an orange—an over-ripe specimen that had been left over from tea, because it was a little too-too, as Nugent put it.

"Let you have something—eh?" said Bob.  
"Yes. You see——"  
"Here you are, then!"  
Whiz! Squash!

The over-ripe orange flew through the air, and squashed upon Billy Bunter's little fat nose with a terrific squash.  
"Yowp!" roared Bunter.  
He staggered back into the passage. Bob Cherry closed the door.

"That's something for Bunter!" he remarked. "Now, about ragging Coker?"  
"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Good!" said Harry Wharton. "We've got to begin on Coker at once. There's a new fellow coming into the Remove, and I heard Coker telling Potter that he was to be ragged as soon as he arrived—to teach him manners to begin with. Well, if that's Coker's idea of a method of teaching manners, I don't see why it shouldn't work with Coker himself."

"Hear, hear!"  
"Then come on!"  
"Bravo!"

And Harry Wharton & Co., their deliberations at an end, quitted Study No. 1, and made their way to the Fifth-Form passage, to pay a visit to Horace Coker of the Fifth in his own quarters.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Not According to Programme.

**B**ILLY BUNTER met the chums of the Remove at the corner of the Fifth-Form passage, and blinked at them maliciously. The Removites were on the warpath, and they were excited, and it did not occur to them for the moment that Billy Bunter had just paid a visit to Coker's study. Harry Wharton & Co. passed the Owl of the Remove, and Bob Cherry kicked at the door of Coker's study. There was a chuckle within.

"Come in!" sang out Coker's voice.  
Bob Cherry threw open the door.  
Coker, Potter, and Greene, of the Fifth, were there. They smiled at the Removites. Harry Wharton & Co. did not smile. They had come on business.

"Hallo!" said Coker.  
"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry.  
"What do you fags want?"

The Removites breathed hard. It had been settled long ago that the Remove did not rag for the seniors; but Coker & Co. persisted in calling them fags. That was one cause of the endless alarms and excursions between Removites and Fifth-Formers at Greyfriars.

"We've come to talk to you," said Wharton.  
"Thanks!"  
"To put it in plain English——"  
"Pile in!"  
"We're fed up!"

"Well, you Remove fags are always feeding," said Potter.  
"I suppose it's about time you were fed up."  
And Coker and Greene cackled.  
"Look here——"  
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We've had enough of your Fifth Form swank!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "We've come here to rag your study."  
"Go hon!"

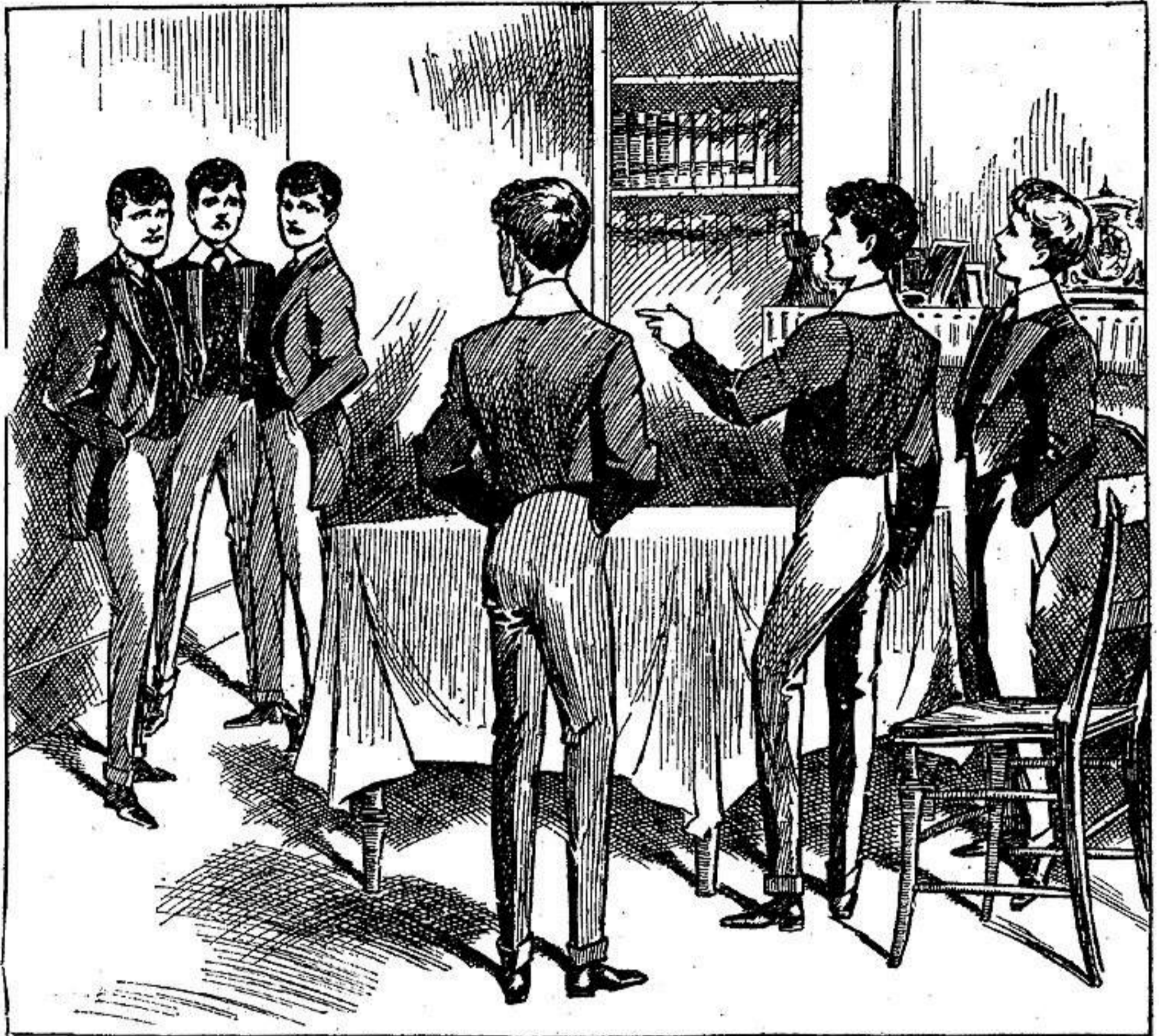
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"Stand in that corner!" said Harry Wharton. Coker, Potter and Greene obediently retired to the corner indicated by Harry Wharton's outstretched finger. The Removites were suspicious. "Look here, Coker," said Nugent, "What's the little game?" (See Chapter 2.)

"And if you put up a fight, you'll get hurt."

"Mercy!" exclaimed Coker, in mock terror.

"We're going to show the Fifth that they can't run the Remove!" said Harry Wharton. "And we're going to begin by ragging your study!"

"Mercy!"

"Oh, don't play the giddy goat! Stand in that corner!"

Coker, Potter, and Greene obediently retired to the corner indicated by Harry Wharton's outstretched finger.

The Removites looked surprised.

They were six to three, and they were prepared to rag Coker & Co. without limit, if they put up a fight. But they had not expected this passive obedience from Coker & Co. It made them suspicious.

"Look here!" said Nugent. "What's the little game, Coker?"

"Your little game," said Coker blandly. "We're obeying orders. What do you want us to do?"

"We're trying to behave ourselves," said Potter.

"I'm sure we're doing our best," said Greene.

"Well, keep in that corner," said Wharton suspiciously.

"If you try rushing us, we shall bump you over, and tie you to the legs of the table."

"Mercy!"

"And shut up, you ass!"

"Thanks!"

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Chums of Greyfriars next Monday.

There was a sound of footsteps in the passage—many footsteps. There was a sound of voices—many voices. And they were the voices of the Fifth. Coker & Co. burst into a roar as they caught the alarmed looks upon the juniors' faces. Harry Wharton & Co. understood in a flash. Coker's passive obedience was explained. The chums of the Fifth had had news of the intended ragging, and had sent the word out, and the Fifth-Formers were gathering to fall upon the ragers, and smite them hip and thigh.

"Lock the door!" said Harry Wharton hastily.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Coker.

Bob Cherry sprang to the door.

"The key's gone!" he exclaimed, in dismay.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Coker again. "It's in my pocket!"

"Hand it over! Oh!"

It was too late.

The door was flung open, and Fifth-Formers crowded in—Blundell and Bland, and Norton and Fitzgerald, and a crowd more of them. They grinned at the dismayed ragers.

"Good-evening!" said Fitzgerald.

"Oh!"

"Ahem!"

"The ahemfulness is terrific!" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Coker. "Collar them!"

Wharton set his teeth.

**"LEFT IN THE LURCH!"**

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"Back up!" he shouted.  
 "Rush 'em!" roared Bob Cherry.  
 The six juniors made a determined rush.  
 Crash! Biff! Bump!  
 The next moment a wild and whirling conflict was raging in Horace Coker's study.  
 Coker & Co. joined in it.  
 The juniors put up a stout fight. But they were overwhelmed by numbers. In a couple of minutes the invaders were on their backs on the floor, with the Fifth-Formers sitting or kneeling upon them.  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "Got the young cads!"  
 "Bump them!"  
 "Ow!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Gerroff my chest, Coker, you beast!"  
 "Pump them!" roared Fitzgerald. "Faith, and they've got into a hornet's nest this time! Bump them, and chuck them out!"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 Bob Cherry, in the powerful grip of Coker and Fitzgerald, was raised from the floor, and bumped with a force that raised the dust from the study carpet.  
 Bump! Bump!  
 "Ow! Ow!"  
 Then Bob Cherry was hurled through the doorway. He rolled helplessly on the linoleum outside, and was helped down the passage by the boots of the crowd of Fifth-Formers waiting outside the study. Harry Wharton was grasped by Coker and Fitzgerald.  
 The captain of the Remove struggled valiantly. But it was in vain.  
 Bump! Bump!  
 "Yaroo!"  
 And Wharton went whirling out into the passage, to be kicked away like Bob Cherry, and to join his chum, flustered and dishevelled, at the end of the passage.  
 Then came the turns of Frank Nugent and Johnny Bull, and Mark Linley and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.  
 Each of the invaders was bumped twice on the study carpet, and hurled forth. And each, as he was hurled forth, was kicked away down the passage by the grinning Fifth-Formers.  
 Coker & Co. roared.  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "Come and pay us another visit, kids."  
 "Always welcome."  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 At the end of the Fifth-Form passage, Harry Wharton & Co. picked themselves up. They were dusty and dishevelled, and torn and flustered and flushed, and quite out of breath.  
 "Ow!" groaned Nugent. "Yow!"  
 "Oh dear!"  
 "Grooh!"  
 "M-m-my hat!" panted Wharton. "I—I feel as if I'd been through a mangle! Ow!"  
 "Hallo!" It was the sharp voice of Loder, the prefect.  
 "What are you kids doing in that state? How dare you go untidy and dirty?"  
 The Removites exchanged sickly glances. Loder of the Sixth had caught them; and undoubtedly they were in a state that might have called forth the prefect's wrath.  
 "You—you see—" stammered Wharton.  
 "Ahem!"  
 Loder looked at him grimly.  
 "You will take fifty lines each for going about in that disgusting state!" he said. "You will write the lines out this evening! Now go and make yourselves decent, you frowsy young rascals!"  
 The heroes of the Remove crawled, rather than walked, away. In the Remove dormitory they dusted themselves down more in sorrow than in anger.  
 "Dished!" groaned Bob Cherry. "Wharton, you ass, if this is the way you go on the warpath, the sooner you get off it, the better! Ow!"  
 "I should say so!" grunted Nugent. "Grooh!"  
 "Oh dear! Ow!"  
 "The oh-dearfulness is terrific!"  
 And the ragers, who had been ragged instead of ragging, groaned in chorus.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER. Rake, of the Remove.

**D**ICK RAKE stopped at the big gates and looked within.  
 "This must be Greyfriars," he said to himself.  
 It seemed superfluous to ring, as the gates stood half open. He stood looking in at the grey mass of school buildings, the old elms, the wide Close in which a dozen boys were punting about a football.

A fine lad he looked as stood there, clean-limbed and clear.

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eyed: if not exactly handsome, pleasant and frank and good to look upon.

He did not stand there for many seconds unnoticed. Three fellows were looking on at the punt-about, and for some reason of their own hooting at the fellows engaged with the football; but as soon as they spotted the stranger at the gate they transferred their attentions to him.

"Hallo!" said one of them, a powerfully-built lad, taller than Dick, and somewhat lanky in form. "Who are you, young shaver?"

Dick Rake replied politely:

"My name is Rake—Dick Rake."

"How interesting," said the tall youth, looking at his companions. "His name's Rake. Mind—Rake! Not pickaxe, but Rake."

"I've got it, Coker!" said one of them. "Rake, eh?"

"Charming name!" chimed in the third. "How are you, Mr. Rake?"

The new boy reddened slightly. He could see that those humorous young gentlemen were making fun of him.

"Will you tell me if this is Greyfriars?" he asked, changing the subject.

The three youths gasped.

"Is it what?"

"Greyfriars. You see," explained Rake, "it was a fine afternoon, so I walked from the station, and—"

"Exactly. And you are looking for Greyfriars School?"

"Yes."

"Keep straight on up that road," said Coker, "turn to the right when you reach the cross-roads, and then bear to the left, cross the stile, and you're there."

Rake was no fool, and he had more than a suspicion that the lanky youth was "rotting."

"Oh, I see! I'm going into the Remove," he said, coming further in.

"My dear lad," replied Coker, "you've come to the wrong shop."

"Well," said Rake coolly, "I shouldn't be surprised to find that I've run into a lunatic asylum by mistake! It looks like it!"

Coker smiled in rather a sickly way.

"Now, none of your cheek, Rake!" he said, wagging a long forefinger at the new boy in an admonitory way. "Stand where you are till we're satisfied about you. He looks an awful bounder, doesn't he, Greene?"

"A regular tramp!" said Greene, nodding his head solemnly.

"Oh, rats!" said Rake. "Let me pass, will you?"

"No hurry, young shaver! Look here! You are going to join the fags?"

Rake looked puzzled.

"I don't quite catch on," he said.

"I mean—are you going to join the measly kids in the Remove?"

"Oh, I see! I'm going into the Remove!" said Dick.

The expressions of the three boys became alarming at once. They evidently did not belong to the Remove.

"He's a young duffer!" exclaimed Coker. "I guessed that by the look of him!"

"Who are you calling a duffer?" demanded Rake.

"They're all duffers in the Remove! If it wasn't for the Fifth, the old school would be going to the dogs!" said Coker.

"I ought to know, as I'm in the Fifth!"

"Are you?" said Rake doubtfully. "A pity you can't keep your collar clean at the same time, and get some of the ink off your fingers!"

Coker turned red. He was not particularly careful in his personal appearance, but any allusion to the fact touched him on the raw, and he became cross.

"This is a cheeky kid, chaps!" he said. "He'll be as bad as any of the Remove if we don't put him in his place at once. We don't want any of his class here, anyway. Shove him out!"

And like one man the three heroes of the Fifth hurled themselves on Dick Rake, and he was sent staggering into the road. The great gate closed with a bang. The sudden attack had taken Rake rather by surprise, or he would not have been disposed of so easily, even by three seniors. He recovered himself in a moment and caught at the bars.

The three kept it shut, and grinned at him from the inside.

"I say, open the gates, you cads!" said Rake hotly. "I'm coming in!"

"You don't look like it!" jeered Coker.

"Open the gate, you idiot!"

"Don't you wish we would? Here, Potty, put your weight against it."

The altercation at the gate had attracted the attention of the footballers in the Close. Several of them were staring towards the spot, and immediately it occurred to Rake that they were boys of his own Form; that is, the Remove—the Lower Fourth Form at Greyfriars.



It was evident that feeling ran high between the two Forms—a state of things not at all uncommon—and that accounted for the hooting he had noticed when his three enemies were watching the punt-about. The boys with the football were evidently of the Remove Form, Rake thought, and he acted upon the thought instantly.

"Help, here!" he shouted. "I'm a Remove chap and these cads are trying to keep me out!"

The call had an electrical effect. In a moment the party in the Close were sweeping down upon Coker & Co., and from their looks they evidently meant business.

Horace Coker did not look pleased. He had not expected the "new kid" to fall in with the ways of Greyfriars as if he had been born there. The odds were a dozen to three, and the plight of the Fifth Formers was worse than Dick Rake's had been.

"Here, I say; you chaps, cut it!" muttered Coker.

And the trio attempted to make off ingloriously; but it was not to be. The Removites surrounded them and hemmed them in against the gate; and, their retreat being cut off, Coker & Co. assumed an air of bravado, and tried to look as if running away was the very last thing in their thoughts.

"Hallo! What's wrong here?" exclaimed a handsome junior. "What are you cads up to?"

"What's that got to do with you, Wharton?" demanded Coker defiantly.

"I'll show you! Let that kid in!"

"Sha'n't!"

Harry Wharton addressed Rake through the gate:

"You're a new kid coming here, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Rake.

"You're coming into the Remove, Rake," pursued Harry Wharton.

"Rather! You don't think I'd make one of that fat-headed crew, do you?"

Wharton grinned.

"Right-ho! That's the way to talk! That's why those fellows were keeping you out, of course. Wipe up the ground with the duffers, you fellows!"

Coker & Co. made a desperate burst to get through the enemy, and they succeeded, but not scathless. They had to run the gauntlet, and they were winded and considerably the worse for wear when they escaped across the quadrangle. Coker's collar hung by one end, Potter had lost his hat, and Greene's nose was bleeding.

The Remove party remained victorious, and they sent a howl of jeering laughter after the flying enemy. The gate swung open, and Dick Rake entered.

"You can come in," said Wharton, with a wave of his hand. "We're bound to stick up for you, as you are going to join our Form. You'll soon get to learn how things are here. We are the Remove, you understand."

"We're up against the Fifth," explained Johnny Bull. "The Remove and the Fifth have been on fighting terms ever since Greyfriars was founded—since Henry V. dissolved the monasteries."

Dick Rake grinned.

"Well, I always thought it was Henry VIII.," he said.

"Oh, did you, Mr. Clever? And what right has a beastly new kid to be thinking about the matter at all?" demanded Bull. "Do you know I'm Bull, of the Remove?"

"No, I didn't know; but that doesn't matter. It was Henry VIII. who dissolved the monasteries when I heard about it last."

"Oh, was it? A lot you know about it! You're too beastly clever by half! Now, I tell you it was Henry V.!" exclaimed Johnny Bull warmly.

"And I tell you it wasn't!"

Bull looked round on his supporters.

"No wonder those kids were chipping him," he said, "if that's the sort of worm he is. Checking us the first ten minutes he's here. What shall we do with the bouncer?"

"Skin him!" said Nugent. "Boil him in oil!"

"Pull his ears!"

"Frog's march him!" said Micky Desmond.

"You'd better let me alone," said Dick Rake truculently. "I can hit, I tell you, and I'm not going to stand any nonsense."

"Bravo!" said Bull mockingly. "I think pulling his ears will be best. We must give him a lesson for his own sake, or he'll get so cheeky that he'll have to be thrashed, and we don't want to hurt him. Get hold of him, Nugent, and Inky; and you, Micky, twist his ears till I tell you to stop."

Rake was promptly collared, and with a junior hanging to each arm he was unable to escape. Desmond took a firm grip on his ear. Bull stood before him like judge and executioner rolled into one.

"Now, then, we'll see," said Johnny, with a superior smile. "Who was it that dissipated the monasteries—I mean—er—dissected them, young Rake?"

"Henry VIII."

Johnny Bull made a sign to Micky Desmond, who twisted the ear he had hold of till Rake gasped with pain.

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"Now, who was it?"

"Henry VIII."

"Give him another dose, Micky, my son!"

Rake gasped.

"Now, who was it?"

"Henry VIII."

"My hat!" said Nugent. "What an obstinate kid!"

"He'll learn his lesson yet," said Johnny Bull.

"I'll teach you one as soon as I can get at you!" exclaimed Rake. "Why don't you fight a chap fairly?"

"Do you mean that, you silly ass? If it comes to fighting I could knock spots off you with only one hand!"

"I'd like to see you do it!" said Rake defiantly.

"Then you shall have a chance," said Johnny Bull. "Let him go, kids. My only aunt, I'll knock some of the cheek out of him!"

Rake's captors released him, and he flew at Johnny Bull. Bull, by no means loth, closed with him. And both were just getting to business when a sharp, unpleasant voice broke in:

"What does this mean? How dare you fight in the quadrangle?"

The combatants separated by instinct. Rake looked round, expecting to see a master from the tone, but he only saw a youth of eighteen or nineteen, with a sharp, sour face and little grey eyes. It was evident though, from the manner of the juniors, that he was a person of considerable authority in the world of Greyfriars.

"That's all right, Loder," said Johnny Bull. "I was only showing a new fellow a—trick that—"

"You were fighting," said Loder. "You Remove boys are a disgrace to the school! No more of this, or you'll hear of it sharp!" And he stalked away.

Bull shook his fist after him, and the senior, happening to glance back, the junior stood overwhelmed with confusion, his hand in the air.

"What are you doing, Bull?" demanded Loder

"Nothing!"

"Take fifty lines!"

Bull looked rebellious.

"Look here, Loder—"

"Do you want me to come to you?"

"N-no, thank you, Loder!"

"You'll take those lines to your Form-master to-night. I shall mention the matter to him." And the prefect stalked away without looking back this time.

"Oh, won't I pay you for this!" said Bull in an undertone to Rake. And he took himself off before the new boy could reply.

And so commenced Dick Rake's career at Greyfriars.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

### John Bull's Little Joke.

THERE was a good deal in the late happening that puzzled Rake; but he was a cool lad, with plenty of courage and nerve, and content to find things out as he went along. Then, suddenly left by the Remove boys, he walked across the Close alone.

Rake went up the steps and entered the open hall. Fortunately, he found a maid in the passage, who pointed out the study of the Form-master, Mr. Quelch.

Rake knew that he had to report his arrival to his Form-master, and there was no shyness about him. He tapped at the door pointed out to him, and entered in response to the "Come in!" in the master's deep voice.

Mr. Quelch looked at him. The Form-master was a kind-looking man, and Rake liked him at once.

"If you please, sir, I'm the new boy. My name is Rake," said Dick demurely.

The Form-master's keen grey eyes were lingering upon him.

"Very good," said Mr. Quelch rather drily. "Have you had an accident on the way here?"

"No, sir."

"You have not, by any chance, fallen into a ditch, or rolled over in the road?" asked the Remove-master.

"No, sir," said Rake, bewildered.

"Then what do you mean by presenting yourself to me in that state?"

Rake started, and looked at his reflection in the glass opposite. His tussle with the Fifth, and his subsequent tussle with Bull, had not improved his personal appearance, though he had not noticed it before. His collar was crumpled and dirty, his jacket was torn, and his face was smudged, and his clothes were pretty dusty all over.

"I'm very sorry, sir," he stammered. "The fact is—"

He paused. He had just been going to say what had happened, but it struck him that it might get Bull into hot



water, and would come under the head of sneaking. And so he stopped with his sentence half finished, and turned redder than before.

Mr. Quelch looked at him rather curiously.

"Well?" he asked.

"Nothing, sir!"

"I cannot congratulate you on your lucidity, Rake, any more than upon your personal appearance," said Mr. Quelch. "I shall overlook this as it is your first day at Greyfriars, but it must not occur again. I do not wish the boys of my Form to go about like ragamuffins. You understand that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. You may go now and make some improvement. Let me see. Ah, Bull will show you!" Johnny Bull was just passing the open window, and Mr. Quelch called to him. "Bull!" The junior looked in. "You will kindly show this new boy—Rake—to the dormitory where he can make himself a little less disreputable."

Johnny Bull grinned.

"Yes, sir. He looks dirty, doesn't he?"

"That will do, Bull. You may go for the present, Rake."

Rake retired, and Bull joined him in the corridor. The latter grinned at him.

"Come along, smudgy face!"

"I'll smudge your face if you don't look out!" said Rake wrathfully. "It was your fault I just got a wiggling!"

"Well, why don't you keep yourself clean? Soap and water ain't expensive. But perhaps they don't wash themselves where you come from. But come on; there's no time to waste, if you're going to get clean in time for tea."

"Is this the dormitory?" asked Rake.

"No, ass. Can't you see there's only one bed in it? You can't go into the dormitory. You can wash in this room. It belongs to the porter, you know, and we always run in here when we like."

"Thanks!" said Rake. "When is tea?"

"In a quarter of an hour; so buck up, if you're going to get all that dirt off your face." And Bull vanished before Rake could reply.

The new boy lost no time. It certainly struck him that the room was cosily-furnished for a school porter, and he was a little surprised to see books, and boxing-gloves, and foils, and a football lying about. But as he had never been at a public school before he did not know exactly what to expect, and Bull's manner had been too off-hand and indifferent to excite suspicion.

Rake washed himself, and restored his collar to as much of its original shape as he could, and brushed and dusted his clothes. He would have liked to put on a clean collar, but he had no idea where his box was, or whether it had yet arrived from the station. Still, he was pretty well satisfied with the improvement in his appearance when he had finished, and surveyed himself in the glass.

"I think that will do," he said.

As he spoke, the door opened suddenly, and a big, powerfully-built fellow burst into the room, evidently in a hurry. He came right in without seeing Rake, and then stopped in amazement and stared at him.

"Hallo!"

"Hallo!" replied Rake cheerfully.

"What are you doing here?"

"Cleaning up a bit," said Rake. "You can do the same if you like!" The new-comer looked hot and dusty, and seemed to have just come in from the playing-fields. "I don't mind. Anybody can use this room!"

The big fellow stared harder at him.

"Can they?" he said.

"Oh, yes! I'm finished. I was just going, so there you are."

"Oh, you were just going, were you?"

"Yes."

"Then it's unfortunate for you that you didn't go a little earlier, before I arrived."

"Why?"

"Why? Because I'm going to thrash you for your confounded cheek—that's why!"

Rake jumped back.

"Here, I say, chuck it!" he exclaimed. "Who are you?"

"My name is Wingate, and I am captain of this school, if you wish to know."

"Pleased to make your acquaintance!" said Rake, with his best bow. "But I really don't see what you want to get your wool off for."

"No; I suppose I ought to take it as a compliment that you should deign to make use of my room," said Wingate grimly, taking a cane from the table. "The unfortunate part of the business for you is that I don't!"

"Your room?" ejaculated Rake. "Bull said——"

He broke off, realising in an instant that he had been fooled by the playful Johnny.

Wingate looked at him.

"Well, what did Bull say?" he asked.

"Never mind," said Rake, confused. "I—I thought this was the porter's room, and that anybody could come here."

Wingate laid down the cane, a smile coming over his face.

"You're a new boy, of course?"

"I haven't been at the school an hour."

"That accounts for it. You have been made a fool of. It was a practical joke. Cut!"

And he threw open the door.

"You're not going to lick me?" inquired Rake.

"Not unless I find you here again. Get out!"

"Thanks! You're a decent sort," said Rake, crossing to the door. "I'm sorry——"

"That's all right. Clear!"

And the door closed.

Rake walked away, feeling that he had got off cheaply. A bell was ringing, and, remembering what Bull had said, Rake guessed that it was the tea-bell. A tide of juniors was setting in one direction, and Rake joined it, and arrived at the great dining-hall, and secured a place at one of the tables. His adventures at Greyfriars had not impaired his appetite, and he made an excellent tea.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### Sat Upon.

"I GUESS it's rotten!"

It was Fisher T. Fish, the American junior at Greyfriars, who made the remark.

Johnny Bull looked up. Johnny Bull shared No. 14 Study with Fisher T. Fish, though he chummed mostly with Wharton and Nugent of No. 1, and Bob Cherry of No. 13.

"What's the trouble?" asked Johnny Bull.

Fisher T. Fish grunted.

"I guess you know there's a new kid in the Remove?"

Johnny Bull grinned.

"Yes; chap named Rake," he said.

"Yes, Rake or pickaxe, or something of the sort," said Fisher T. Fish. "I guess he's going to be put in this study."

"Oh, rot!"

"It's correct! We've been only two in here since Billy Bunter changed out, and now we're going to have this common-or-garden Rake."

"Rotten!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Yes, I guess it is," said Fisher T. Fish. "By the way, you've had some trouble with the new kid already, haven't you?"

"A bit of a tussle."

"Can you lick him?"

Johnny Bull laughed.

"I dare say I could. I can tackle Bolsover major, and this new kid isn't much more than half the size of Bolsover major."

"I guess it's all O K, then?"

"What do you mean?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Lick him, and then he'll keep out of the study," said Fisher T. Fish cheerfully. "We don't want any strangers in here."

"No, we don't," said Johnny Bull thoughtfully. "Are you sure he's coming here? He had his tea in the hall, I believe. He hadn't got a study then."

"I guess it's right."

"Well, go and look for him while I'm finishing this impot, and tell him that the owners of No. 13 request him to take another study. Tell him to ask to be put in with Bunter—a very pleasant chap."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bunter has a room to himself. It's only a small one, but he could squeeze room for another chap. It's rather hard on anybody being put in with Bunter; but it's better than having him shoved off on us."

"Yep!"

"Then go and tell him so."

"I guess I will."

And Fisher T. Fish went in search of the new boy.

He found Dick Rake in No. 1 Study.

Rake had apparently made excellent friends with Harry Wharton and Nugent, and they were laughing and chatting together in No. 1 Study when Fisher T. Fish found them.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry, who was in the study, too. "Here comes Fishy! Did you say you were going into No. 14, Rake?"

# ANSWERS

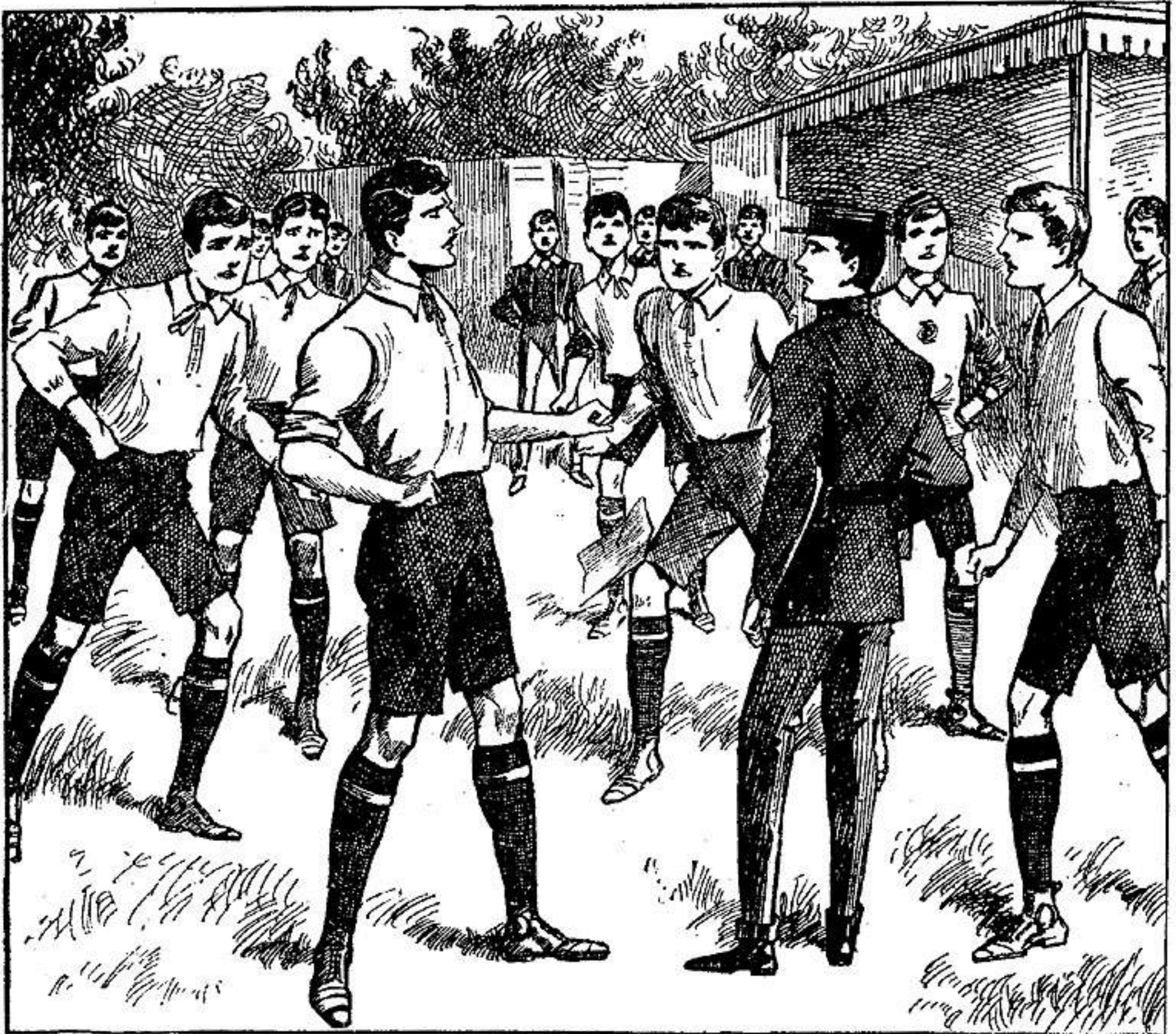
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Wingate took the telegram from the boy with a look of wonder. He opened it and glanced over the writing within, and his face went deadly white. "Hallo!" said Courtney. "What's the matter, old chap? Bad news?" (See Chapter 13.)

Dick Rake nodded.

"So I was told," he said.

"Then Fishy will be your study-mate."

"I guess not," said Fisher T. Fish emphatically.

Rake looked surprised.

"You're in No. 14 Study?" he inquired.

"Yep!"

"You say I sha'n't be your study-mate?"

"Nope!"

"Why not?"

"I guess we're not going to let you in."

Rake laughed.

"I should have thought that that was for Mr. Quelch to decide," he remarked.

"That's where you make your little mistake," said Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I've decided it, and I've decided it against you. Savvy?"

Rake shook his head.

"No, I don't think I quite savvy," said the new boy.

"I guess you're not coming in."

"What's to prevent me?"

"I guess I shall."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish glared at the new junior.

"What are you cackling at?" he demanded angrily.

"You!" said Rake cheerfully.

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"I guess——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess you're not going into No. 14 Study!" roared Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I'll make your silly head into a pumpkin first!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gee-whiz! I'll stop your cackling, or bust a boiler!" exclaimed Fisher T. Fish.

And he rushed at the new junior, and hugged him as if he loved him.

"Hurrah!" shouted Nugent. "Go it!"

"Pile in!" roared Bob Cherry.

"I guess I'm going to smash him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gee-whiz! If he isn't still cackling——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish made a desperate effort to throw the new boy. Much to his astonishment, he was swept off his feet himself, and alighted on the floor on his back, raising quite a cloud of dust from the study carpet. Still more to his surprise, he found Dick Rake, of the Remove, sitting upon his chest, and smiling down into his face.

"LEFT IN THE LURCH!"

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"My hat!" gasped Fisher T. Fish.  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "Lemme gerrup!"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "You—you silly guy——"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "Lemme up, you chump! Lemme up, you fathead! Yowp!"  
 "Are you going to be my study-mate?" asked Rake pleasantly.  
 "Ow!"  
 "Will you be happy to have me as a study-mate, or shall I bump your silly head against the floor?" asked Rake pleasantly.  
 "Yow!"  
 Bump!  
 "Yaroop!" roared the unhappy American junior.  
 "Gr-o-o-o-o-oh!"  
 "Are you going to take me in?"  
 "Ow! Nope! Oh!"  
 Bump!  
 "Are you going to take me in?"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "You'd better decide to take him in, Fishy! He's taken you in already!"  
 "Ow! I guess I'll take you in!" gasped Fisher T. Fish.  
 "Glad to?"  
 "Ow! Yep!"  
 "Very, very glad?" asked the new boy.  
 "Yep!"  
 "In fact delighted?"  
 "Yep!"  
 "And you won't be a bad boy again?"  
 "Ow! Nope!"  
 "Will you be a good boy?"  
 "Nope—I mean yep!"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "Sure you mean yep, and not nope?" grinned Rake.  
 "Groo! I guess so! Yep!"  
 "Then you can get up."  
 Rake rose to his feet, and Fisher T. Fish staggered up. He blinked at the chums of the Remove, who were roaring with laughter, and slowly took his departure from the study. He did not want to try conclusions with the new boy any more.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### Johnny Bull Cuts Up Rusty.

**W**ELL, old Quelch might have had a bit more consideration!" exclaimed Johnny Bull.  
 Rake looked at him.  
 He had just come into Study 14, and such was the polite remark that greeted him.  
 "Hallo! What's wrong with you, old son?" asked Rake cheerfully. "Got the collywobblers?"  
 "I said that Quelch might have had some more consideration for me!" snapped Bull.  
 "He doesn't know what an awfully important person you are, I suppose," said Rake sweetly. "Why don't you explain it all to him?"  
 "Look here, he oughtn't to have shoved you on my hands!"  
 "I ain't on your hands; but I shall be on your neck, if you don't learn better manners!" declared Rake.  
 "They've stuck you in the Lower Fourth along with us," went on Bull.  
 "Yes, it was a bit neglectful of Mr. Quelch not to consult you about that, I admit," said Rake, with heavy sarcasm.  
 "And you know you ought to be down in the Third among the infants. But the worst of it is to stick you into my study, where there's none too much room for me and Fishy."  
 Rake wagged his forefinger at the speaker.  
 "You should say Fishy and me," he replied. "Your grammar, Bull, is as knock-kneed as your history. Do you still think it was Henry V. who dissolved the monasteries?"  
 "Oh, shut up about that! I don't want you in here!"  
 "I'm in the same fix. I don't want you. And you must admit that it's harder on me than on you, now."  
 "How do you make that out?"  
 "Why, you've only got to put up with me," said Rake, "and I, on the other hand, have got to put up with you."  
 This little witticism was too much for Johnny Bull. He rose in his wrath, and was just going for Rake, when the door opened, and Fish came in.  
 "Hallo! Squabbling again?" said Fish. "For goodness' sake, you fellows, let's have a little peace! If you want to row, why don't you go into the gym, and have the gloves on?"

"I am afraid I should kill the new rotter," said Johnny Bull.  
 "You needn't be," said Rake. "I don't want to boast, but I fancy I could knock you into a cocked hat! I know I could, if you know as much about boxing as you do about Henry VIII!"  
 "All right! Come on, then!" shouted Johnny Bull.  
 "We'll see! Come on, you bounder!"  
 "Correct!" chimed in Fish. "He'll be all the better for a hiding! I'll bring the fellows along!"  
 And it was quite a party of the Remove that accompanied the new boy and his adversary into the gymnasium.  
 There were a good many boys there—of all Forms—and, of course, a crowd of the Fifth, who immediately began to jibe at the "Kids." The latter took no notice of them, however, but marched straight on, their heads in the air. They had a more important matter in hand now, and were content to forgo their usual row with the Fifth.  
 "Form a circle here!" said Bull. "Keep those Fifth rotters out of it! We don't want them looking on!"  
 "Right-ho!" said Wharton. "Gather round, Remove!"  
 But the Fifth-Formers were evidently not disposed to be left "out of it." Coker & Co. soon spotted what was toward, and called up their followers.  
 The Remove ring was broken by a rush of Fifth Form fellows.  
 "Keep off, you beasts!" exclaimed Nugent. "What do you want here? Go back and wash your faces!"  
 "Oh, you go and eat coke!" said Coker, shoving forward. "Mustn't we see the little ones amusing their 'ickle selves? Haven't the little dears put on gloves in case they should hurt their 'ickle selves?"  
 "Look here!" said Rake, turning red. "You shut up, Coker, or Poker, or whatever your name is! You can look on, if you like, but you mustn't make yourself objectionable, or you'll be turned out!"  
 "Who'll turn me out?" said Coker truculently.  
 "I will!"  
 "I'd like to see you try it!"  
 "Order!" said Wharton. "Can't you shut up, and let us have our mill? You can fight afterwards, if you want to; but shut up now!"  
 "Let the dear kids alone," said Coker patronisingly. "Let them amuse themselves. We only want to see them do it, that's all!"  
 It was evidently impossible to drive the Fifth away, for there were quite as many of them present as Removites, so they were allowed to look on. They evidently did not intend to be silent spectators, either.  
 Rake and Bull faced each other in their shirtsleeves, with the gloves on. Bull was taller than Rake, and stouter built, and he fancied himself at boxing. He intended to walk over the new boy, and put him in his place without delay.  
 It did not work out like that exactly, however.  
 He sailed in with a will; but his blows did not get home, and he was both astonished and pained to feel a blow crashing upon his nose, followed up by Rake's left on his chin. He reeled back and gasped; and if Rake had followed up the attack he would have gone down to a certainty. But the new boy did not do so; he lowered his arms and waited for Johnny Bull to come up to time.  
 Bull quickly recovered, and he attacked again with more caution, and this time he got a smart tap home on Rake's face; but it was immediately avenged by a right hander, which made him stagger back and sit down in a great hurry.  
 "He's tired," said Coker. "He wants a rest. Give the kid a rest. What a strange sort of taste to sit on the floor when there's benches to be had."  
 Bull jumped up with his face like fire. The taunt hurt him more than being knocked down by his own Form fellow.  
 He rushed at Rake like a bull, determined to punish him, and to show Coker, and the world generally, that that tumble was only a fluke.  
 Alas! for him, he found that flukes of that kind were as thick as blackberries in season. He went down again; he didn't know how—he only knew he was on the floor, and this time he sprawled at full length.  
 "He's sleepy now!" said Coker. "Let him have a nap—do! He thinks he's in bed, and the rising-bell has not gone! Don't disturb his baby slumbers!"  
 And all the Fifth-Formers gave a loud whisper in concert.  
 "Hush!"  
 Johnny Bull was picked up by Harry Wharton, who was as red as fire, too, at the fun of the Fifth. The captain of the Remove was simply wild.  
 "Feel better for your sleep?" inquired Coker sympathetically. "Oh! Ow! You young cad!"  
 For Bull had caught him a biff with his boxing-gloves full on his prominent nose, and brought a rush of water to his eyes.



Coker went for Bull immediately, and the Remove rallied round him, and as promptly the Fifth rushed to help Coker.

"Buck up, Remove!" shouted Rake, rushing into the fray.

"Sock 'em, Fifth!" yelled Fitzgerald.

And there was a general scrimmage.

In their mutual heat the combatants had forgotten that they were in the gymnasium, with a score or more of seniors and two or three prefects close at hand.

They were soon reminded of it, however. Three or four big Sixth-Formers came wading into the scuffle, boxing ears right and left, and the riot was quelled in a remarkably short space of time.

The combatants separated, eyeing each other like angry dogs, and rubbing their injuries.

"Get out of the gym!" exclaimed Loder, in his sharp, unpleasant voice. "Who started this row?"

Dead silence from the juniors.

"Who started this row?"

Still stony silence. The juniors and Fifth-Formers looked at each other but did not speak.

The prefect's face clouded with anger.

"I say, that's hardly a fair question," interposed Wingate mildly. "I dare say it was six of one and half a dozen of the other side. Get off the earth, you youngsters!"

The juniors speedily made themselves scarce.

Loder scowled at the captain of the school.

"I don't know what you wanted to interfere for!" he said.

"I didn't want to interfere with you," said the captain of Greyfriars; "but in a row like that it would be hardly fair to pick upon one or two of them. They are always rowing about that absurd old rivalry between the two Forms. Come, don't get huffy over nothing!"

Loder's only reply was a grunt as he turned away. There was no love lost between the captain and the prefect, and though Wingate tried his best to keep on good terms with Loder, he had a hard task to do it, which sometimes taxed even his cheery nature.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### On the Ball.

THE manner of Johnny Bull of the Remove was considerably subdued the day after the affair in the gymnasium. He had come to realise that he was no match for the new boy at the noble science of fisticuffs, and did not know quite how to take the new situation that had arisen.

If the fight had continued he would have been hopelessly licked, he knew that. He really had to thank Coker & Co. for saving him from defeat. If he should renew the combat, he knew that it would end disastrously for him, and so he did not intend to renew it if he could help it.

Had there been any "side" about Rake, it would have been an unpleasant position.

Fortunately, the new-comer was a wholesome, hearty British boy, without any trace of side or bounce of any description. He was content to take things as he found them, and his coolness was not at all tainted with forwardness. He was willing to take a second place, unless he should be asked to take the first place, and to be very civil to the Famous Five.

Yet it was pretty certain that in the "alarms and excursions" of the Removites, the boldest spirit and coolest head would insensibly take the lead, and so Dick Rake was certain to come to the front.

He appeared to regard the fight as a thing of the past, and never raised the question as to who had been licked, much to Bull's relief; and he was so frank and cheerful, that Johnny, sore as he was at first, soon began to take quite a liking to him.

The powers that were, had ordained that they should be study-mates, and they were soon on the way to becoming chums as well, in spite of their recent fistic encounter. School-boys are too healthy, as a rule, to be abnormally sensitive, and these little things do not count very much with them.

The rivalry with the Fifth, of course, helped to keep the peace within the study.

Rake soon understood how matters were at the school, and, of course, entered heart and soul into the feud. The school, both seniors and juniors, were in high feather just now.

The Sixth match was coming off in a week or two, and there wasn't a boy in the school who would have missed it.

Although there was not, of course, the remotest chance of a junior being included in the teams, the Remove seemed to take an even keener interest in the match than the seniors did.

This was not to be wondered at, for these enthusiastic young gentlemen never did anything by halves; and they had cause to be in high feather just now, for the Wingate side was specially strong, and, barring accidents, it seemed certain that they would pull off the victory when they met their rivals in the field.

Wingate, captain of the school, captained his side, and the skipper of Greyfriars was a host in himself.

Loder, the rival skipper, was certainly a good player, but it had to be acknowledged by his own side that he was not in

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the same street as Wingate. His side, too, were not by any means the best material that Greyfriars afforded.

It was an open secret that cigarette smoking went on in Loder's study.

Nothing of that kind was permitted where the eye of Wingate fell, and consequently his comrades were in far better condition.

"Of course we shall lick them!" Wharton said, laying down the law in No. 1 Study. "The fact is, it will be a walk-over for Wingate; and I know that Loder has set his heart on winning the match, too. He hates Wingate like poison, and wants to take our side down, but he won't be able to do it for toffee!"

"Not much," said Nugent. "Though if something I've heard is correct, he wouldn't stick at much in getting the best of the match."

"Hallo! What have you heard?" asked Wharton. "That's rather a serious thing to say about a fellow, you know, though I own I don't like Loder!"

"I heard it with my own ears."

"You wouldn't expect to hear it with anybody's else's!" agreed Harry. "But what did you hear? That's the point."

"Of course, you mustn't think I listened purposely," said Frank. "I was going past the pavilion, you know, and Loder and Carne were talking inside."

"Get on!"

"I only heard a few words, for I didn't stop to listen. Of course, I wouldn't do such a thing."

"You said that before."

"Look here! Who's telling the story—you or me?"

"Neither of us, it seems. Anyway, we're not getting much forwarder with it," replied Harry Wharton.

"Yes, out with it!" said Bull.

"Give a fellow a chance to speak, then. This is what I heard. It was Carne who was speaking, and he said that if Wingate didn't play, Loder would be able to count on pulling off the match."

"Very likely," grinned Bull; "but Wingate will play."

"Well, it seemed funny to me that they should discuss such a thing," said Frank, "so I went a little bit slower, perhaps—only a little bit, you know—to hear what Loder said. And what do you think he said?"

"Don't ask conundrums; get on with it."

"Well, he said that if he could help it, Wingate shouldn't play!" Frank looked triumphantly at his comrades. "Now, then!"

"You didn't hear any more?"

"No. Of course, I couldn't stop to listen."

"Well, for a chap who couldn't stop to listen, you seem to have heard a good deal," remarked Harry. "But I wonder what Loder meant? He must be off his rocker if he thinks he can keep Wingate out of the football-field on the day of the match!"

"Maybe he has some idea of foul play? Some of those cads are mean enough for anything!"

"We'll keep an eye on him," said Harry Wharton. "If he gets up to any tricks, we'll come down on him heavy, I can promise him. We won't stand any of his nonsense."

And with this threat, which would no doubt have made the prefect shake in his shoes if he had heard it, the matter dropped for a time; but it was destined to be recalled later in a way none of the juniors foresaw.

Nugent went to the window and looked out.

"Hallo! The Fifth are sporting a new footer!" he exclaimed. "Ha, ha! There's old Coker over on his nose!"

The other two joined in. Eight or nine Fifth-Formers were, indeed, disporting themselves in the Close with a brand-new football, upon the purchase of which Coker had lately expended the whole of a generous tip from a kind aunt.

From a study window the Co. looked out, and an idea came into the brain of Harry Wharton.

"I say, suppose we call up the forces and collar that footer?"

"Right-ho!" exclaimed Nugent.

The honour of the Remove was at stake evidently; and there were still twenty minutes before the bell would go for afternoon class.

"Buck up, Bull!" said Nugent.

They hurried from the room, and a word or two sufficed to call together fifteen or sixteen of the Remove, including Rake, the new boy.

Led by Wharton, they poured into the Close. The Fifth were too excited in their play to notice them until they came with a swoop upon the scene of action.

"Buck up, Remove!"

With that war-cry the Removites charged. Right through the unprepared Fifth they went, and in a moment Rake was "on the ball."

"LEFT IN THE LURCH!"

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Dick was a splendid footballer for his age, and having once captured the leather, he was not to be robbed of it. Away he went, dribbling in fine style right across the Close, with Coker & Co. howling vengeance on his track.

"Buck up, Remove!" roared Johnny Bull.

And they backed up Rake for all they were worth. The Fifth-Formers were shouldered and hustled off. Away went the Removites with the ball, with many a taunt and gibe which roused the fury of the Fifth to white heat.

"Rescue!" yelled Coker. "They're sneaking our ball! Yah, thieves! Give us our ball! Go for them!"

"Rescue, Fifth!" bawled Potter and Greene.

Fifth Form boys from all quarters came crowding up at the familiar cry, and joined in the fray; but there was no getting into the wedged ranks of Removites, who kept possession of the ball and rushed it round the Close with yells of laughter.

Finally, Rake, who was dribbling the ball in really fine style, had headed for the open door of the School House. He intended to use that doorway as a goal, and send in the ball, when it would be effectually captured, and without "handling."

The Fifth-Formers saw his intention, and made an effort to stop him; but he was unstopable. Still on the run he took a fine kick, and the leather shot into the doorway, and the next moment there was a terrific yell.

Loder, of the Sixth, was just leaving the House when the juniors rushed the football up to the door.

He came out of the doorway just as the ball flew in. Biff! And a fearful yell.

"My only Aunt Euphonia!" murmured Coker. "You've done it now, Dick Rake!"

Rake evidently had done it. The unexpected shock of the whizzing football in his face sent Loder reeling back as if he had been shot, and he went down on his back with a thump.

For a single instant he lay there dazed, wondering whether an earthquake had occurred, but only for an instant. Up he jumped like a Jack-in-the-box, and bounced down the School House steps, his sour face smudged with mud and aflame with wrath.

The juniors, stricken with dismay, had stopped their wild career, and stood silent and dismayed. Some of them were sneaking quietly off, showing great presence of mind. Loder's look of fury fairly startled those that stood their ground.

"Who kicked that ball at me?" he roared.

"I kicked it," said Rake. "I didn't know you were there. I say, I'm awfully sorry—"

"You lying whelp! You did it on purpose. You knew I was coming out!"

Rake's face set obstinately. Nothing angered him more than to be suspected of any meanness, and the special meanness of lying was his pet abomination.

"You can believe me or not, as you like," he said shortly.

"You're a cad to call a chap a liar for nothing, anyway!"

Loder nearly choked. To be floored by a football was bad enough, but to be slanged by a junior who hadn't been at Greyfriars a week was a little more than he was disposed to stand.

He didn't stop to reflect that he was in the wrong, nor would such a reflection have prevented him wreaking his rage upon the junior. He simply jumped at Rake and clawed hold of him, and commenced to box his ears with a brutality worthy of a hooligan.

Rake was not the kind of boy to take that treatment patiently, and he struggled fiercely for his liberty, and as he could not get free he began to hit out. Loder gave a yell as he got one on a tender spot, and released Rake for a moment.

Rake, white and dazed, staggered away from him. Loder, sitting his teeth, struck out at him as he would have struck at a fellow his own size, and the junior went with a crash to the ground.

"Shame!"

It was a shout from every boy there—Fifth Form and Remove alike. And as the cry burst forth a heavy hand upon Loder's shoulder swung him round, and he turned with a snarl of rage, to look into the incensed face of Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### Loder's Little Game.

"HOW dare you!" Wingate's voice was tense with anger. "How dare you use a boy like that, Loder?"

Loder shook himself free from the captain's hand. Dearly he would like to have planted his clenched fist full in Wingate's face, but he had sense enough left not to do it.

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Our Companion Papers.

"THE PENNY POPULAR,"  
Every Friday.

For a moment the two seniors looked at each other fiercely, and the fellows standing round held their breath.

Was it possible there was to be a row—a fight between the captain of the school and the prefect? It looked like it for the moment.

"Did you see what he did to me?" hissed Loder. "He floored me with a footer—kicked it right in my face as I was coming out!"

"I don't care what he did; you had no right to hit a mere kid like that! I tell you, it was a cowardly blow, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

Loder's features worked convulsively. To be thus publicly rebuked by the fellow he hated, was maddening. He flung up his clenched fist and aimed a savage blow at Wingate's face.

There was a gasp all round.

But the blow did not reach home. The captain of the school put up his hand, and struck it aside with a sharp tap that made the prefect's wrist tingle.

"Don't be a fool, Loder!" he said sternly. "Have you lost your senses?"

Loder stood quivering with passion. He did not attempt to repeat the blow. Even in his rage he realised he had gone too far.

Meanwhile, Wharton had helped Rake to his feet—Rake, white and dizzy, and a dark lump was forming over his eye. He stood unsteadily upon his feet with the help of Wharton.

His pluck, however, was not at all diminished by his treatment, as he showed the next moment. He fixed his blazing eyes on Loder.

"You coward!" he said. "You beastly coward!"

The prefect started, and ground his teeth.

"You hear that, Wingate? Do you expect me to stand that sort of thing?"

"Serve you right!" said Wingate coldly. "You had no right to strike him like that. It would have been a brutal blow even to a chap your own size!"

"So I'm not allowed to keep the fags in order?" sneered Loder, who was calming down a little now. "Is that a new rule?"

"I won't argue with you. You'd better get off."

Loder turned away, and then looked back.

"Now I know how much your humbug about wanting to keep peace in the Sixth is worth, Wingate! I dare say all this was planned, and that you had that little cad all ready to insult me. I sha'n't forget it!"

And he strode away.

Wingate looked troubled for a moment. It was his dearest wish to get the Greyfriars Sixth to pull together; but Loder made it uphill work for him. And this occurrence was likely to make the breach wider than ever.

Yet as he looked at the bruise on the junior's forehead he could not be sorry he had spoken plainly to the bullying prefect.

"You had better go and bathe that lump, Rake," he said shortly. "And just be a bit more careful in future. I suppose that football affair was an accident?"

"Of course it was," said Rake earnestly. "I had no idea that Loder was in the House at all, and certainly not that he was just coming out. How should I?"

"That's all very well; but you might have caught anybody in the same way—myself, for instance, if I'd been coming out of the door; or the doctor!" said Wingate sternly.

"I didn't think of that."

"No, I suppose you didn't; and I should give you a hundred lines to fix it on your memory, but I think you have been punished enough. Be off with you!"

And the captain, still with a clouded brow, re-entered the house.

Rake and his friends turned away, and Coker came hastily up to the new boy. He was very red, but much in earnest.

"I say, Rake, I'm sorry that happened. Loder was a beast to you. I'm jolly glad you slanged him!"

"So he is—a beastly beast!" said Bob Cherry; and Hurree Singh remarked that the beastfulness was terrific.

"I hope you're not much hurt," went on Coker sympathetically.

"Oh, that's all right," said Rake, in his cheerful way.

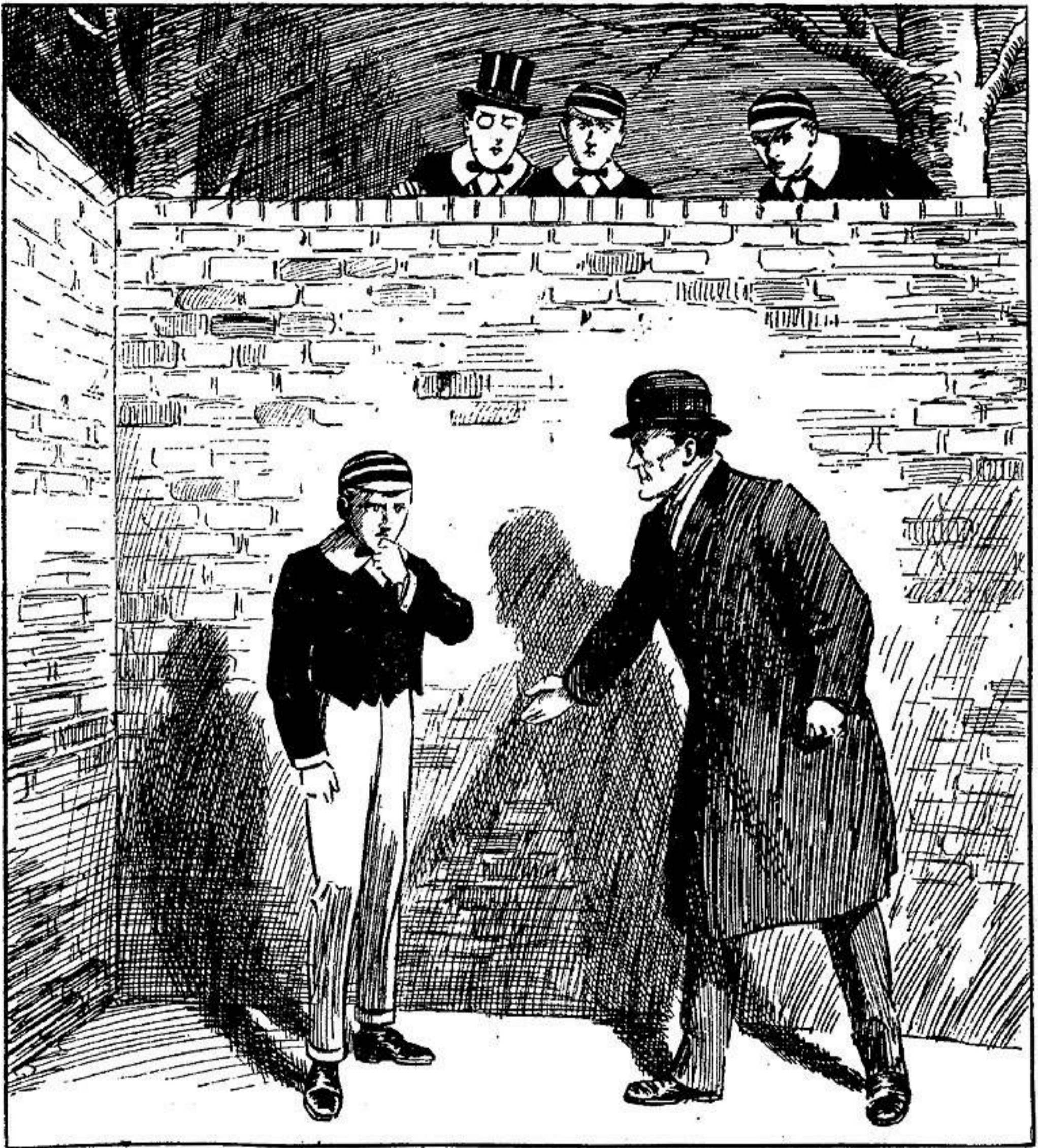
"I don't mind. Thanks very much! You are good sorts, you chaps, and we mean to give you socks! Anyway, there's your footer, and you can take it!"

So they parted on better terms than usual. The Fifth punted their ball away, and Rake and his chums went off to attend to his injury.

In spite of their efforts, a big blue bruise adorned the junior's brow, and it was very much in evidence in class that afternoon—so much so that Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, had his attention drawn to it.

"Rake," he said, looking at the new boy, "what ever have you been doing to your forehead?"





The harsh voice of Tom Merry's companion floated up to the ears of the juniors crouching on the wall. "You've got till Thursday afternoon. I'm staying at the 'Green Man,' and if you get the money by then you can bring it down to me. If not, it means the sack. That's my last word on the matter." (For the above incident see the splendid long, complete story of Tom Merry & Co., entitled "TOM MERRY'S PROMISE," by Martin Clifford, in this week's issue of our companion paper, "The Gem Library." Out on Wednesday. Price One Penny.

"Nothing, sir."

"Then what is the cause of that terrible bruise?"

"Oh, I knocked my head against something, sir!"

"Indeed! And how?"

"We were playing footer, sir, in the quad."

"Ah, very well!" said Mr. Quelch, to whom the word "footer" explained everything. "You should be more careful, Rake."

"Yes, sir."

And so, without any untruth, but by not stating the whole of the truth, Rake escaped having to give away Loder

over the matter—a piece of loyalty that strongly appealed to the Form.

Wharton leaned over the desk behind Rake.

"Bravo, kid! That's decent of you, not to show Loder up!" he whispered.

"Right-ho!" whispered Rake. "I don't want to sneak, you know. But my hat, I'll make the bouncer sit up somehow for what he did to me. You see!"

Whereat Wharton grinned. He did not think it likely the junior would be able to make the prefect "sit up" very easily. But he did not yet know Dick Rake.

In Study No. 1 that evening Dick Rake further announced

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his intentions. Wharton and Nugent were very sympathetic, admiring, but extremely doubtful.

"You see, what can you do?" said Nugent. "A kid like you can't do anything against a senior. If it was one of our own Form we could play a trick on him, and make him sorry for himself."

"That's where it is!" said Wharton. "You couldn't even go into the Sixth passage, Rake. Besides, it's not to think of getting even with a prefect. The best thing to do is to grin and bear it."

"Kats!" replied Rake. "I've noticed that a chap who grins and bears things usually gets a lot more things to grin and bear."

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to make that beastly bully sorry for himself."

"How?"

"Oh, be quiet a bit and let me think!"

So Rake thought a think, as he termed it, while the other two went on with their preparation for the next day. And presently Rake's face lighted up, and he brought down his fist upon the table with a crash that made the ink jump from the inkpot and distribute itself in a shower of blots on Nugent's paper.

"Oh, you silly cuckoo!" said Nugent. "See what you've done?"

"Sorry. But I've got an idea——"

"Blow your ideas! Give us some blotting-paper!"

The blotting-paper was supplied, and Nugent used it while Rake explained.

"I believe I can get into Loder's study. I know the room. Now, when I get there——"

"Loder will skin you!"

"Ass! I sha'n't go while he's there!"

"Oh, I see! What will you do when you get there, then?"

"Whatever my hand findeth to do," quoted Rake.

"And I shall do it well, too. I think I can do damage enough to make the brute wish he'd let me alone. What do you say to pouring some water in his clock, and some boot-polish over his Sunday topper, and putting some nice, sharp tacks into his boots?"

Wharton and Nugent chuckled.

"A jolly good jape, if you can do it! But——"

"Well, I'm going to have a try."

Rake was determined, and his friends were interested and eager to see how the venture would turn out. It was the first time the Remove had tried to carry war into the enemy's camp in this manner. But Rake was nothing, if not original.

Rake watched his opportunity. In the dark, early evening of winter, it was not, after all, difficult to slip into Loder's study—that part was easier than the chums had deemed it. Rake had caught a glimpse of Loder and Carne walking together into the Hall, and so the coast seemed clear.

His heart was beating fast as he turned the handle of the prefect's door, and entered the dark room. The gas was not lighted, but there was a glimmer of light from the window. He closed the door silently, and stood for a moment looking about him. And as he stood he heard steps in the corridor without, coming towards the study.

He gave a start. Of course, it might be only fellows passing along; but it was quite possibly Loder himself coming back to his room. He had thrust himself into the lion's den with a vengeance by venturing alone into the study, and he knew that Loder, with so fair an excuse for chastisement, would not spare him.

Rake was accustomed to thinking, and to acting quickly upon his thoughts. He dived under the bed in a twinkling, determined to take no risks.

The bed was in a recess let into the wall of the study, and Loder, who was in the way of being fastidious, had a big flowered screen which barred it off almost entirely from view; and so Rake could not have chosen a more secure hiding-place.

Well for the venturesome junior was it that he acted so promptly. For the footsteps halted at the door, and it opened, and he heard the voices of Loder and Carne. They came in together, and the prefect struck a match and lighted the gas. Carne threw the door shut.

Rake groaned inwardly as he heard them sit down. Loder had lowered the blind, and so it looked as if they were going to settle down in the study. He heard them rummaging about, and had no doubt they were getting out their books to begin work.

Was ever an unfortunate junior in such a situation? He had chosen the unluckiest possible moment for his raid. He could not remain there indefinitely, that was certain, for search would be made for him if he was not back in time for bed. But to reveal his presence now would be worse than ever.

"My hat!" he murmured suddenly. "What's that?"

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A familiar odour had assailed his nostrils.

It was the smell of tobacco.

Rake grinned to himself.

The seniors had not come here to work, but to enjoy a surreptitious smoke. They had been getting out cigarettes and matches and ash-trays from their places of concealment—not books. Rake ventured a peep, and saw Carne with his chair tilted back, and a cigarette between his lips. Loder was sitting on the table smoking.

"This is all right," said Carne. "Make Wingate get his wool off, if he could see us."

Loder scowled.

"I won't have Wingate bossing me, at all events!" he said. "He's not my master! How I hate him!"

"I hear you had a row with him to-day. I haven't heard the right of it."

"Oh, it was only his usual cheek! I floored one of the juniors for kicking a football at me, and he slanged me before a crowd of them. I'll make him sorry for it yet."

"He puts on a lot of side," said Carne. "I don't like his style. Hang it! Why can't he let a fellow alone? Still, we shall put a spoke into his wheel over the match, Loder."

And he chuckled.

"Yes," said the prefect viciously. "Wingate & Co. are already crowing as if the match was theirs—confound them!"

"So it would be if Wingate played."

"Oh, I don't know so much about that! They ain't so far ahead of us to make it a cert. Our team is up to theirs in my opinion."

"Without Wingate, you mean? Yes, I fancy we can pull it off if he's absent. But to be frank, Loder, we've not got a ghost of a chance if he plays."

"I don't think we're so badly off as that. Still, I'm going to take no chances. I'd run a few risks rather than allow the cad to triumph over us."

"Yes, and there's really no risk in the matter—that is, if you can really trust Cobb?"

"I can trust him, if I square him properly. He's done a good many things for me, and he wouldn't be fool enough to give me away, and spoil future business."

"I suppose not."

"I'm sure of it."

"But how much is it going to cost you for the telegrams?"

"There's his fare over to Redcliffe, the cost of the telegram, and a sov. for himself. It will come to under thirty bob."

"Dirt cheap, too, considering how it will take him down," agreed Carne. "I wish I could help you with it; but I'm horribly stony just now!"

Loder's lip curled.

"Oh, you needn't worry about that!" he said. "I can manage it. I'd give as many pounds, if I had them, to disappoint Wingate and lower his colours."

"Well, it's settled then. I've no doubt it'll work."

"No doubt about that at all. I know Wingate."

"There's pretty certain to be an inquiry afterwards."

"Let them inquire. It will be set down as a hoax, of course; but people will be trying to think who it was at Redcliffe that did it. No one will dream of suspecting someone here. How could they?"

"That seems right enough."

"Finish your fag, and I'll open the window. It won't do to have any smell of smoke left in the room, in case old Prout pokes his head in."

Not a word of the foregoing had been lost to Rake of the Remove. He felt extremely uncomfortable at being obliged thus unwillingly to play the eavesdropper, and his ears tingled as he listened. The keen interest, excited by the conversation, did not remove that feeling. He knew that no excuse could justify wilful listening to talk not intended for his ears. But he was not a free agent. He could not escape from his present position without revealing himself to the seniors, and that meant a severe and brutal thrashing. He could not be expected to stand that.

So he lay quiet, and did not move.

His amazement and concern were great as he began to understand the drift of the seniors' conversation. That there was some plot afoot to keep Wingate away from the football match was pretty evident, though what it was, and what Cobb, and a telegram had to do with it, he could not make out.

Loder and Carne sat there till their cigarettes were finished, solemnly keeping up the farce of enjoying them, and then the prefect opened the window and waved a book about to help dissipate the smoke. To Rake's relief, he then turned the gas low, and the precious pair then left the room.

Rake waited till their steps were inaudible, and then he crept out of his hiding-place. The gas being still alight showed that Loder was likely to return, so he had no time to waste. The purpose for which he had come had to be



abandoned. He did not wish to leave a trace to show that a Removite had been in the room that evening. He wanted to keep his discoveries secret—at least, until he had consulted Wharton and Nugent.

He looked out into the corridor. To his dismay, Loder was standing there a dozen paces away talking to a couple of prefects. Rake quietly closed the door again. There was nothing for it but the window, unless he was to stay where he was.

He looked out. He knew there was a rain-pipe near the window; but it was risky work getting out to it in the dark, and he was not at all certain whether it would bear his weight. But something had to be done, and Rake was not accustomed to counting risks. He got out on to the sill and obtained a grip on the grimy pipe, and resolutely swung himself down. With scraped hands and barked knees, and quite breathless, he stood in the Close a few minutes later.

The rest was easy. He was quickly in his own passage again, where he found Wharton and Nugent in the juniors' common-room. At a sign they followed him to Study No. 1, eager to hear the outcome of his raid in the enemy's stronghold.

## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

### Buck Up, Remove.

"My hat!" said Harry Wharton.

"My giddy Aunt Jane!" said Nugent.

Such were the comments of the Removites when he unfolded his tale.

Then the three looked at each other in silence for a while.

"You're sure you're not making any mistakes?" said Harry Wharton at last.

"As sure as I am that you are an ass, Wharton!"

"Don't get ratty. But this is a serious business."

"I know it is, and it wants looking into."

"Let's go to Wingate?" suggested Frank Nugent.

Rake shook his head.

"Can't be done. I heard it because I was forced to; but it wouldn't be the thing to tell about it, except you two, of course, in confidence. Besides, it would be sneaking, and my idea is that we should let Loder show his hand. Then we shall be justified in coming down on him like a hundred of bricks."

"But he may do the trick in some way we can't nail him upon," objected Nugent.

"Not likely! I don't quite make out the game; but it has something to do with a telegram, which is to prevent Wingate from playing in the match that day."

"That seems certain."

"Well, we shall know when the telegram comes, and then we can come out strong. If we told Wingate now he would simply laugh at the thing. He's a jolly chap, but as unsuspecting as a baby. He can't suspect anybody of foul play. I like him the better for it, but it makes it impossible to put him on his guard."

"That's so." Harry agreed with a nod. "He'd laugh at the story, and might even think you had made it up to get even with that brute Loder for knocking you about."

"Better keep mum," said Rake decidedly, "till the time comes to speak. But there's a point or two you chaps can enlighten me on, as I'm a new-comer. Who is Cobb?"

"Oh, he's the landlord of the Cross Keys down the Friar-dale Road. He hasn't got the best of reputations either. There was a yarn some time ago about his being in with some fast set here, but I don't know whether there is anything in it."

"Just the kind of man Loder could bribe to do a bit of dirty work?"

"Oh, yes!"

"And then Redcliffe?" said Rake. "That's fifty miles from here, I believe. Why on earth should the telegram be sent from there?"

"I know!" Nugent exclaimed excitedly. "I can tell you that! Don't you remember, Harry? It's Wingate's place, where his people live."

Rake gave a jump.

"My hat, that's it!" he exclaimed. "The scoundrels are going to send a telegram as if it came from his people! See? That's about the only thing that would fetch him away from the school on the day of the match."

The three looked seriously at one another.

There could be little doubt that Rake had hit upon the true solution of the mystery, and unearthed the whole plot of the treacherous prefect.

"That's it!" exclaimed Rake, thoroughly convinced. "Perhaps the wire will make out that somebody's ill—his pater perhaps. Oh, I say, what a pair of thundering villains! They ought to be shown up all over the school!"

"It's a rotten business!" said Wharton gravely. "It's no good going to Wingate now, for he wouldn't listen to any accusation against the rascals, and you've got no evidence but your bare words against Loder's and Carne's."

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"But if we gave them away it might frighten them off the game?" suggested Nugent.

"Yes," said Rake; "and then they'd get up a new dodge, and we'd know nothing about it, and we shouldn't be able to circumvent them at all."

This was obviously true.

"Only," said Nugent uneasily, "if Wingate receives that telegram, he'll be too upset to listen to anything we've got to tell him. He'd think it a cock-and-bull story, and it certainly wouldn't keep him here if he thought his gov'nor was seriously ill, for instance."

Again there was silence.

The combined intellects of the three juniors seemed unable to cope with the problem.

Rake thought hard, and presently his face lighted up, as it always did when a new idea flashed into his mind.

"I've got it!" he exclaimed.

"Roll it out, then."

"We'll draw up a document setting forth all that we have discovered, and the conclusion we draw from it, and then I'll seal it up in an envelope and take it to Wingate, and ask him to mind it for me. Then, when that beastly telegram comes, I'll get him to open it, and read the document. That will convince him that it's a humbug, I should think."

Wharton and Nugent thumped Rake on the back with such enthusiastic admiration that he roared with pain.

"Here, chuck it, you giddy lunatics! That's my back you're dislocating!"

"Blow your back!" said Nugent. "It's a spiffing idea!"

"Ripping!" said Wharton.

"Then let's draw up the paper."

Rake took pen and paper, and drew the inkpot towards him. After nibbling the handle of the pen for a few minutes, a process which seemed to stir the sluggish genius of composition, he began to write. Wharton and Nugent hung over him, one on each shoulder, correcting and advising. The combined efforts of the three finally produced the following document:

"The undersigned, Dick Rake, of the Remove Form of Greyfriars, having been in the study of Loder of the Sixth, on Friday evening the 3rd, for the purpose of ragging the brute, accidentally overheard him talking to the other beast, Carne. They were talking about getting Cobb, for thirty bob, to send a telegram from Redcliffe, calling Wingate away from the school on the day of the match—the Saturday week following—so that the cads could win the match, which they could not do by fair play. So, if a telegram comes from Redcliffe on the day of the above-mentioned match calling him away, he will know by these present that it is a hoax and a humbug and a swindle. (Signed)

"DICK RAKE,  
HARRY WHARTON,  
FRANK NUGENT.

"(Of the Remove Form.)"

This document, with a variety of blots, was finished at last to the satisfaction of the three juniors, who surveyed it with no small amount of pride.

"Now to take it to Wingate," said Rake. "I'll seal it up. That's right. Now, who shall take it?"

"Let's all go together," said Harry Wharton. "That will impress him."

"All right. Come on!"

And the trio proceeded at once to Wingate's study.

Rake knocked at the door, and the captain's voice bade him enter. The skipper of Greyfriars was at home, and he had company, which the juniors had not bargained for. They were two seniors—Valence and Courtney—having tea with the captain. They turned to look at the juniors, and Wharton and Nugent hung back bashfully. Rake, however, who was not much troubled with bashfulness, came up to the scratch coolly enough.

"Excuse us bothering you," he said. "I didn't know you had a tea-party on or I should have come at another time. But the matter's awfully important."

"Oh, you can go ahead!" said the captain good-humouredly.

"Thanks! Look here! You see this envelope? Would you mind minding it for us as a great favour? It contains a document that is very valuable, and if you wouldn't mind locking it up in your desk—"

"A secret drawer would be best," ventured Nugent.

Wingate looked at the juniors in amazement.

"I'll mind the thing, if you like," he said, in his good-natured way. "Shove it in my desk, there."

Rake hesitated.

"The fact is, he said, "I want you to lock it up, if you don't mind, Wingate. I know it's an awful check; but, really, if you knew how important—"

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Wingate, with a smile, rose and took the envelope in his hand, and, opening the drawer of the desk, put the valuable document in it and locked it up.

"There! Are you satisfied now?" he asked.

"Yes," said Rake. "Thanks, Wingate! You're a good sort."

Wingate bowed solemnly.

"I am much beholden to you for your good opinion," he said.

Rake grinned.

"You won't forget that the paper's jolly important?" he said.

"No."

"You won't leave that desk unlocked?"

"No."

"All serene."

"Jolly important, Wingate!" added Harry Wharton, as he turned to the door.

"All right," said the Greyfriars captain. And Courtney and Valence chuckled.

"Mind you don't leave the key about!"

"Good-evening!"

"You see—"

"Buzz off!"

"Yes. Put—"

Wingate pushed the juniors out of the study and closed the door after them.

"Something jolly mysterious there!" Courtney said, with a grin. "I wonder what the giddy document is? A clue to the smuggler's treasure in Pegg Bay, perhaps?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the seniors went on with their tea and talk.

They were discussing the split in the Sixth, and the coming football match between Wingate's Eleven and the Loder team; an event of great interest at Greyfriars.

It was a very unusual state of affairs.

Loder had set himself up against the captain of Greyfriars, and had induced his friends and backers to help him in forming the new eleven; and he was in great hopes of giving the Greyfriars First socks.

The juniors backed up George Wingate through thick and thin; and Harry Wharton, as captain of the Remove, felt all the more sympathetic because Vernon-Smith had tried something of the same sort in the Remove of late. Vernon-Smith had failed lamentably in his attempts to make division in the Remove; and the Removites fervently hoped that Gerald Loder would fail in his attempt to divide the Sixth, and lower Wingate's colours.

In the interest of that discussion, the seniors soon forgot all about Rake and Wharton and Nugent and their important document.

But the Removites retired very satisfied with themselves.

"I'm glad Courtney and Valence were there," Harry Wharton remarked. "They will be witnesses that the giddy document was locked up in Wingate's desk long before the Sixth-Form match."

"Yes, rather!"

"I think we've put a spoke in Loder's wheel this time," Rake remarked.

"What-ho!"

"And a bit better than putting tin-tacks in his boots, or ink in his Sunday topper! What?"

And Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent agreed that it was; and with that the juniors departed to their studies to give some attention to the little matter of their evening prep.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Coker & Co. Make a Proposal.

"FINISHED, Bull?"

John Bull shut up his Latin Grammar with a bang.

"Yes. Coming down to the common-room for a jaw with the fellows before bedtime, Fishy?"

"Yes. I guess that's the idea—some!"

"Then come on. You coming, young Rake?"

Dick Rake looked up from his Latin exercise.

"No, thanks, young Bull. I think I'll finish this off first."

"Right-ho!" said Johnny Bull, with a grin. "We'll leave you to it."

And he and the American junior strolled out of Study No. 14 in the direction of the junior common-room.

For some minutes Dick Rake worked steadily away at his Latin exercise. The work in the Remove was new to him, but he wanted to acquit himself well in the eyes of his Form-master, and Dick welcomed the quiet which settled down upon Study No. 14 after the departure of his study-mates. But he was not to remain undisturbed for long. There was a sudden loud knock on the door, which was immediately opened before Rake even had time to call out "Come in!"

Horace Coker of the Fifth walked into the room, followed by Potter and Greene. Greene closed the door carefully after him.

"Thought we should find you alone at this time, young shaver," remarked Coker, with a cheerful grin. "You're just the chap we want to see. Ain't he, Potty?"

"He is, old man!" grinned Potter.

"Just the identical chap!" chuckled Greene.

Dick Rake pushed his exercise away from him and jumped up.

He felt considerable apprehension as to the object of Coker & Co.'s visit, but he faced the big Fifth-Formers coolly enough.

"Anything I can do for you, Poker?" he inquired pleasantly.

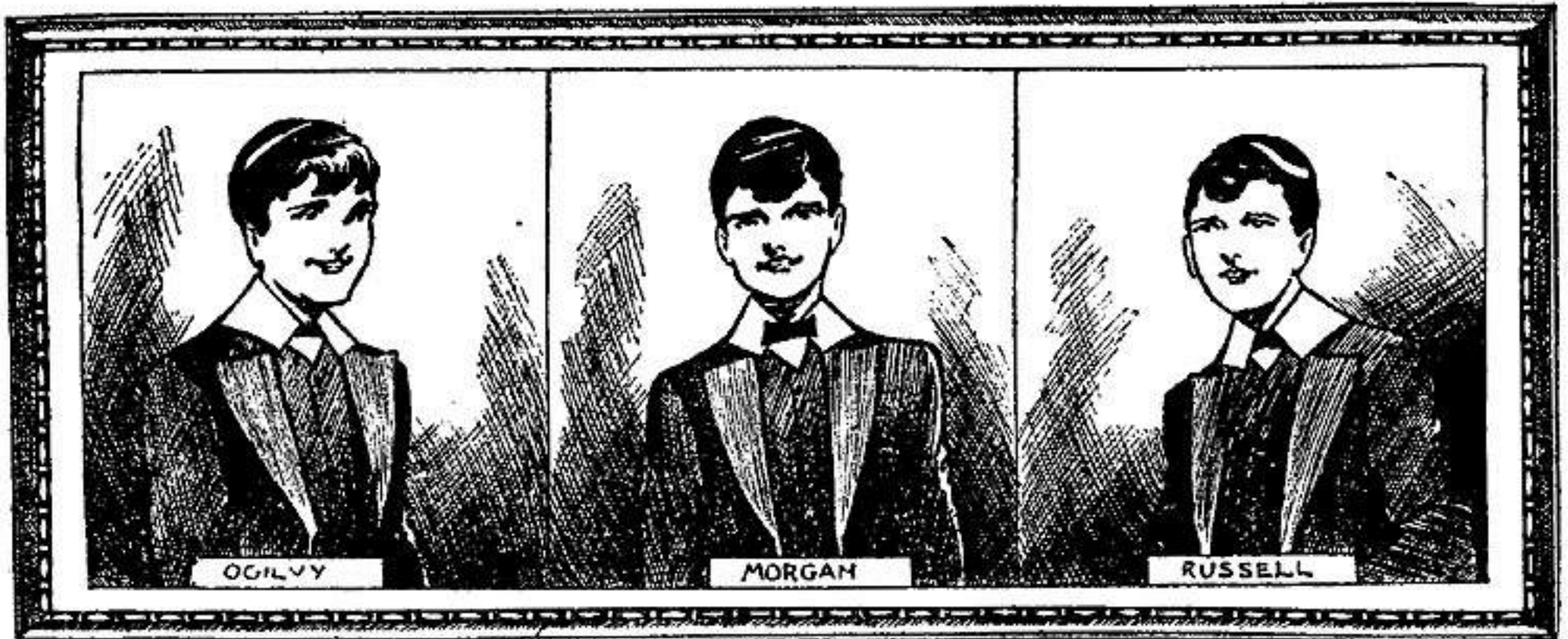
Coker's grin vanished suddenly, and he frowned, while Potter and Greene looked inclined to giggle.

"My name's Coker!" growled the Fifth-Former.

"Coker—not Poker—so don't you forget it, you cheeky kid!"

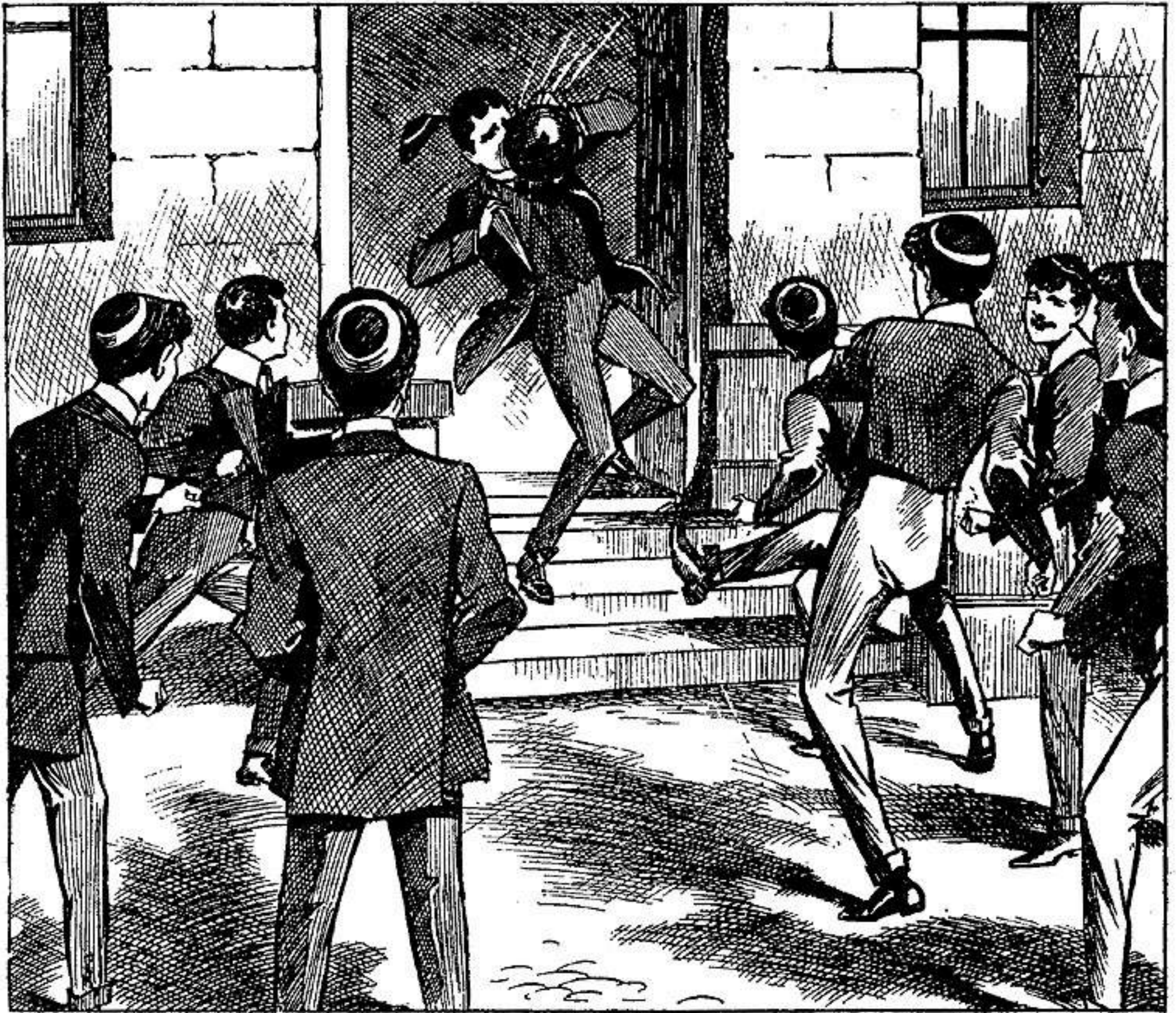
"Sorry, Coker! Anything I can do for you?" said Rake meekly.

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Loder came out of the doorway just as the ball flew in, and the unexpected shock of the whizzing football in his face sent the Sixth Former reeling back as if he had been shot. "My only hat!" murmured Coker. "You've done it now, Dick Rake!" (See chapter 7.)

"Yes, there is; and we're jolly well going to make you do it!" said the great man darkly. "Lock the door, Greeney!"

"It's locked, old man," said Greene.

"Good! Now look here, young Pickaxe——"

"My name's Rake—Rake, not Pickaxe, Poker—I mean Coker——"

"Look here!" roared Coker. "If you don't ring off there'll be a slaughtered new kid lying about the study!"

"Suppose I'd better ring off, then," murmured Dick Rake meekly.

"It'll be better for your health if you do!" grunted Coker. "Now, look here!"

"Yes, Poker—I mean Coker!"

"Look here, you young sweep, we want you to help us!" explained Coker. "It's a jape, you know, and we want a Remove chap to give us a hand, so we thought of you."

"That's it!" said Potter.

"Honoured, I'm sure! Awfully kind of you, Coker," murmured Rake, inwardly wondering what was coming. He thought, considering his former relations with Coker & Co., that it was rather cool on their part to come and ask a favour of him.

But Horace Coker had no inkling of what was passing in the new boy's mind.

"We mean to be kind, of course," said Coker condescendingly.

"It's not every Remove kid that get's a chance of helping seniors of the Fifth Form—especially us."

"Hear, hear!" chimed in Potter and Greene.

Dick Rake managed to turn a laugh into a cough at the last moment, and Coker looked at him hard. The junior's face was perfectly grave, and the Fifth-Former proceeded.

"What we want you to do is quite simple. For the last few nights the Remove kids have locked their dormitory door. I believe they have some silly idea that we are thinking of a dormitory raid, or something. All rot, of course!"

"Absolute piffle!" chuckled Greene.

"Quite offside!" grinned Potter.

Horace Coker cackled.

From the Fifth-Formers' manner Dick Rake gathered that the idea of the above-mentioned raid was not quite so far from their thoughts as they would have him believe. But, being a wise youth, the new boy said nothing.

"All the same," continued Coker, with a grin, "what we want you to do is this: When you go to bed to-night, you must manage to keep awake till eleven o'clock; when you hear the hour strike from the clock-tower, you must get up quietly and unlock the dormitory door. See?"

Dick Rake stared at Coker & Co. blankly as the drift of their meaning penetrated his brain.

"Yes, I see—or hear, rather," he said shortly. "But what do you want me to do this for?"



"New kids mustn't ask questions of their seniors," said Coker airily. "You've just got to do what you're told—hasn't he, Potty!"

"Ha, ha! He has!" grinned Potter.

"I see," said Dick Rake, with a gleam in his eye. "Why do you ask me to do this, more than any other Remove chap?"

Coker grinned knowingly.

"Well, you see, you're a new kid. A regular Remove chap might cut up rusty; the blessed Lower School fags do stick together, you know. Of course, it's different with you, who've only been in the Form a week or two. And a pretty rough time you've had, I should think, with fighting John Bull, and one thing and another."

"Oh, I see!" said Rake slowly. "So that's how you look at it, is it?"

"Of course, you young ass!" said Coker impatiently.

"Now, do you understand what you've got to do?"

"I understand what you want me to do—which is not quite the same thing!" said Dick Rake coolly.

Horace Coker gazed at the new boy as if he could hardly believe his ears, while Potter and Greene looked shocked.

"What do you mean, you young sweep?" bawled Coker.

"I mean that I'm not a traitor—that you can get someone else to do your dirty work," said Dick Rake, in a tone of quiet determination.

For a moment Coker & Co. looked a little taken aback. Then Horace Coker burst into a mocking laugh.

"We thought of that, though, young Rake, didn't we, Greeney?"

"We did!" roared Greene. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Collar him!" exclaimed Potter.

The three burly Fifth-Formers advanced round the table, hemming the unfortunate new boy in on all sides. Rake hit out vigorously, and Greene gave a sudden roar.

"Ow! Yaroop! My chin!"

Rake had planted his knuckles smartly on the Fifth-Former's chin, and Greene staggered back. But Rake had no time to get in any more blows. Coker and Potter were upon him, and he was borne down upon the study carpet, and rolled over.

"Hold the young beggar down while I talk to him!" panted Coker. "Lucky I brought this little 'persuader' with me, wasn't it?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Potter chuckled as Coker held up a glass fountain-pen filler.

Dick Rake wriggled and struggled in the grasp of the burly Fifth-Former.

"Come and lend a hand, Greeney!" gasped Potter. "The beggar's as slippery as a blessed eel!"

"Ow! Yaroop!"

"Oh, never mind your jaw! Come and lend a hand!"

"You ass! I'm hurt!" howled Greene.

"Oh, piffle! Here, catch hold of the beggar's feet!"

Still groaning, Greene did as he was asked, and Dick Rake was pinned on his back on the floor, perfectly helpless.

Meanwhile, Coker was busy collecting some soot from the chimney and mixing it up in the inkpot. Then he carefully filled his squirt with the nauseous mixture, and approached the squirming Rake.

"Keep off!" roared Rake. "Take that muck away!"

Coker smiled sweetly.

"Not much!" he replied. "Why, I brought it specially for you, young Rake, in case you were silly enough to be obstinate. Now, will you unlock the door for us at eleven o'clock to-night?"

"No! Ouch! Gr-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-h!"

Swish!

Coker squirted the sooty, inky mixture over Rake's face, and Rake gave a wild yell as the fearful stuff ran into his mouth and ears, and trickled down his neck.

"Gr-o-o-o-o-h!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" cackled Coker, refilling the squirt. "Now for another dose! Do you still say 'No' to our little request?"

"Yes, I do!" roared Dick Rake, struggling furiously, but in vain, to free himself from the grasp of the grinning Potter and Greene. "Lemme gerrup, you beasts!"

"Some other time!" chuckled Coker.

Swish!

"Groo! M-m-m!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The new boy got another dose of the fearful solution all over his face, and he gasped and spluttered wildly.

"Gr-o-o-o-ch! M-m-m!"

Coker, grinning, refilled the squirt again. He could see that the new boy was not enjoying the treatment, and he felt quite certain that after a little more of it he would yield his point. Horace Coker did not realise that Dick Rake was made of stern stuff—that he would have submitted to any

amount of Coker's "persuasion"—unpleasant as it was—had not an idea suddenly flashed into his mind.

A gleam of fun came into the new junior's eyes, which glistened from a face that was streaming with sticky blackness. But Coker did not notice it as he brought the loaded squirt near Dick's face for the third time, while he repeated his former question.

"Do you still say 'No,' you obstinate young beggar?"

"No! I—Ow! Oh! Grooh!"

Swish! Swish!

"Groo! Yow! You ass, hold on! I said 'No'! Groo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow! I mean 'Yes'! M-m-m!"

"Eh? So you still say 'No,' do you?" said Coker.

"Well, I'll jolly soon—"

"Here! Hold on!" yelled Rake. "I—I mean 'No'—"

"Yes! That is—m-m-m!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I mean m-m-m!"

"Blessed if I know what do you mean!" yelled Coker.

"Will you unlock the door, or won't you?"

"I—I—m-m-m!"

"Eh? Speak up!"

"I—I will! I'll do it! M-m-m!"

Dick Rake had got a fair mouthful of the mixture from the last deluge, and he could only splutter and gasp like a grampus. His face and hair and neck and collar were in a fearful state, and Coker & Co. roared as they looked at him.

"So you've come round at last, young shaver!" chuckled Coker. "You might just as well have agreed at the beginning and saved all this beastly mess. You can get up now you've promised to be a good boy! Let him up, you chaps!"

Dick Rake staggered to his feet.

"M-m-m!" he mumbled.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Coker. "You do look a sight, I must say! You'd better buck up and get that stuff off before bedtime!"

"You—you beasts!"

"Well, we'll get off, I think," chuckled Coker. "You'll let us in to-night at eleven, then?"

"Yes, you—you blessed jabberwocks!"

"Honest Injun?" said Coker suspiciously.

"Honest Injun I will! M-m-m!"

"And mum's the word, mind!"

"M-m-m!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And Coker & Co. left Study No. 14, laughing loudly.

Dick Rake staggered away to a bath-room, feeling considerably the worse for wear. But as he splashed and soaped, and soaped and splashed, in an effort to get rid of the fearful compound, a grin every now and then illuminated his features.

Had they been there to see it, Coker & Co. would have been considerably disturbed by the new Removite's grin!

## THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Dick Rake's Little Game.

"WILL you lend me your soap, Wharton?"

A few minutes after Wingate of the Sixth had finally retired, after having seen lights out in the Remove dormitory, Dick Rake sat up in bed and addressed this peculiar request to the captain of the Form.

"Eh?" ejaculated Harry Wharton, in a tone of surprise.

"Do you mind lending me your soap?" repeated Dick Rake, with a chuckle.

"You can have it, of course," said Harry Wharton, in a puzzled tone. "Blessed if I know what you want with soap at this time of a night though!"

"Some people can do with a wash at any time," giggled Snoop.

"Oh, shut up, Snoopy," growled Bob Cherry. "you make me tired!"

"Whatever he wants it for, I'm blessed if I can see why young Rake shouldn't use his own soap, anyway," put in Frank Nugent.

"Oh, I shall use that as well, of course!" said Rake cheerfully, scrambling out of bed. "But mine wouldn't be enough by itself. Do you mind lending me your dressing-gown cord, Cherry?"

"Well, my hat! What the dickens do you want that for?" shouted Bob Cherry, sitting up in bed.

"What on earth's the ass up to?"

"What's up?"

"What's the little game?"

There was a chorus of inquiries from the double row of beds in the big dormitory. The Removites were beginning to take an interest in the new junior's movements.

"Sorry I can't explain," said Dick Rake calmly, lighting



a candle-end he had evidently smuggled up to the dormitory for the purpose. "May I take the cord, Cherry?"

"No, you mayn't, you mysterious ass!" roared Bob, exasperated. "Go and boil your head! Go and eat coke! Go and chop chips!"

"Do you mind lending me your dressing-gown cord, Bull?" asked the new junior calmly.

There was a roar from the dormitory.

"Lie down!"

"Go to sleep!"

"Chuck it!"

"Get off the earth!"

But Dick Rake only chuckled, and repeated his request.

"Oh, yes, take it, for goodness' sake, and shut up!" said Johnny Bull, laughing. "You can tie it to the gas-bracket, and hang yourself with it if you like!"

"Best thing you can do!" growled Bolsover major.

Dick Rake only laughed good-humouredly, and, taking his own and Wharton's soap, Bull's dressing-gown cord, and the candle-end, went over to the door. Many pairs of eyes followed his movements, as the juniors watched him in wonder and exasperation. For a new kid, the general opinion seemed to be that Rake had rather more than his fair share of cool cheek.

But Rake seemed to be quite unconscious of this as he went to work.

He went down on his hands and knees, and rubbed the soap all over the floorboards in front of the door for a space of several feet. He did the job thoroughly, rubbing away industriously until all that part of the floor was covered with a layer of greasy soap, which rendered it, of course, as slippery as ice.

Heedless of the sarcastic questions which were showered on him from all sides, Rake then proceeded to knot his own and Frank Nugent's dressing-gown cords together, and tie the ends of the rope thus formed to the beds on either side of the door, about a foot from the floor.

"That's a very neat sort of booby-trap," said Harry Wharton, grinning. "But I'm afraid you're off-side this time, kid. We've been expecting a raid from the Fifth lately, so we've been locking the dormitory door from the inside. It's locked now."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "All those elaborate precautions wasted!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Remove.

But the new boy did not look in the least discomfited. Having cast a critical eye over his handiwork, he calmly turned the key in the lock, thus unlocking the door, blew out the candle-end, and slipped into bed with a quiet chuckle.

There was a gasp from the Remove dormitory as Dick Rake's little plot was thus revealed. Everyone guessed that Rake was in possession of some exclusive information, and a chorus of eager questions broke out again. But to every interrogation Dick Rake returned the same reply:

"Sorry I can't explain. Promised not to, you know."

Only one or two voices were raised in protest. Foremost among these was Billy Bunter's.

Bunter gave a sort of howl when he realised that the door was unlocked, and the dormitory exposed to the Fifth Form raiders.

"Ow! Here, I say, Rake, don't be an ass, you know! Those beasts from the Fifth will come and turn us all out of bed now! A chap can't keep awake all night, you know!"

"You can't, we know, Buntty," chuckled Bob Cherry. "But I don't think you need trouble to, anyhow. If Coker & Co. come, they're bound to wake us up when they run into young Rake's little surprise-packet."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Faith, an' the new kid's a jewel intirely!" grinned Micky Desmond. "Sure, Kilkenny cats won't be in it when Coker & Co. come to surprise us!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It'll be a funny thing if they don't get a bit of a surprise themselves," laughed Wharton. "How did you manage to get on to the little game, Rake?"

Snore!

"Blessed if the kid isn't asleep already!" exclaimed Johnny Bull, in disgust.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Snore!

Having made his preparations, Dick Rake had evidently composed himself to slumber, secure in the knowledge that when Coker & Co. came, he would have ample warning of the fact.

And the Remove, greatly tickled by the new boy's coolness, thought they could not do better than follow his example.

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## THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

### The Raid.

**B**OOM!

As the last stroke of eleven rang out from the old clock-tower at Greyfriars, there was a sound of soft footsteps and subdued voices outside the door of the Remove dormitory.

"That's eleven just struck," whispered the voice of Coker of the Fifth. "Now, if that young rotter has kept his word, the door ought to be unlocked!"

"If it isn't, we'll slay young Rake!" muttered Greene.

Coker tried the handle softly, and the door yielded.

"It's unlocked all right, and they're not awake," whispered Coker, gleefully. "Now, you chaps, get ready! When I shove the door open, we all rush in! Two of you to a bed, mind, and pull the mattresses right off them, kids and all! We ought to be able to turn the whole lot of 'em out before they're properly awake!"

"What-ho!"

"Lead on, Macduff!"

"Go ahead, Horace, old man!"

The dozen or so seniors clustered in the passage chuckled anticipatory chuckles, as they got ready to rush in upon the unsuspecting dormitory like wolves on the fold.

"Come on!" exclaimed Coker, flinging open the dormitory door.

There was a rush of grinning seniors, a chorus of exclamations; then a wild roar, and a terrific bump!

Every junior in the Remove dormitory immediately awoke with a start.

From the direction of the dormitory door rose a terrific uproar. Every one of the invading Fifth-Formers was sprawling on the floor in a wild melee.

The dressing-gown cords and the soaped floor had done their work only too well.

The moonlight glimmering in at the high windows of the Remove dormitory shone faintly upon a scrambling heap of white-clothed figures, and the hastily-awakened Removites were not slow in grasping the situation.

There was a subdued yell from Harry Wharton, as he grasped his pillow and leapt out of bed.

"Coker & Co! Ha, ha, ha! Sock it to 'em!"

"Hurrah!"

"Give 'em beans!"

In a trice Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, Dick Rake, Johnny Bull, and half a dozen more of the juniors fell upon the prostrate enemy, and smote them hip and thigh.

Biff! Thwack! Bang!

"Ow! Yow! Groo!"

Coker & Co. were utterly demoralised. As fast as the struggling seniors managed to extricate themselves from the general mix-up, they slipped again on the greasy floor, and went down with a fresh bump! Those that managed to maintain an insecure footing for a moment, fell an easy prey to the vigorously-wielded pillows of Harry Wharton & Co., and were swept off their feet like ninepins.

"Oh!"

"Ow!"

"Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

In their surprise and dismay the seniors threw all caution to the winds, and roared in earnest.

"My hat!" gasped Harry Wharton. "We shall have the whole giddy school here in a minute!"

"Oh, rats! Never mind, this is gorgeous!" panted Bob Cherry. "Hallo, here's Coker on his legs again! Take that, Horace, old man!"

"That!" was a terrific smite with a bolster, which caught Coker in the chest and swept him fairly off his feet.

Coker gave a terrific roar, and went down again with a crash, while at the same moment Bob Cherry lost his balance on the slippery floor, and sat down hard and suddenly, his bolster flying from his grasp.

"Oh!" roared Coker.

"Groo!" groaned Bob.

"Yow!"

"Oh!"

"Hoo!"

"Yaroo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Harry Wharton. "I say—ouch!"

Harry Wharton did not really mean to say "Ouch!" He uttered that exclamation as his feet slid from under him, and he plumped down upon Bob Cherry, who was just trying to get up.

The two rolled over together, and became inextricably mixed up with Coker, amid a chorus of yells and exclamations.

Harry Wharton was right in supposing that the noise would bring a third party on to the scene.

**"LEFT IN THE LURCH!"**

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The din was at its height, when the glimmer of a candle was seen advancing along the passage.

"Cave!" muttered Micky Desmond, who was the first to spot it. "Faith, an' I'm off!"

And he made a dash for his bed, an example that was followed by all the juniors who had managed to keep on their feet in the melee.

For those who were floundering on the floor in hopeless confusion there was no chance of escape.

The glimmering candle came nearer, and behind it could now be discerned, to the dismay of Coker & Co., the form of Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth. Mr. Prout was approaching very cautiously, with the candlestick in one hand and a sporting-gun in the other.

Alarmed by the terrific uproar, Mr. Prout had evidently deemed it prudent to arm himself with one of his favourite firearms before coming to investigate. The master of the Fifth had a passion for firearms; and, according to his own account, was a mighty hunter during the holidays. Certain it was, that Mr. Prout never let slip an opportunity of producing his favourite weapons, often to the apprehension of his colleagues at Greyfriars.

Mr. Prout paced cautiously up to the door of the Remove dormitory, after the manner of a man tracking a wild beast of the western forests to its lair. Mr. Prout was evidently not taking any risks; and even the discomfited Coker & Co. grinned faintly as they observed the extreme caution of their respected Form-master.

"Good—good gracious me!"

When Mr. Prout looked in at the door and observed upwards of half his Form sitting on the dormitory floor with four or five Remove juniors, he almost dropped the candle in his surprise.

"Gug—good gracious me!" he ejaculated again. "What—what on earth is the meaning of this?"

Coker gazed sheepishly up at his Form-master from his seat on the floor.

"If you please, sir—" he began lamely.

As Mr. Prout's eye fell on the dishevelled form of Horace Coker, his brow grew stern. He began to recover himself somewhat, as the true position of affairs became clearer to him.

"Coker!" exclaimed Mr. Prout, in an awful voice. "Coker!"

"Ye-e-es, sir!" stammered the unhappy Coker.

"Coker! What do you mean by this? Explain, sir! Explain at once!"

As Mr. Prout rapped out the words he took a step forward to advance into the dormitory.

There was a yell from Coker.

"Look out, sir! Mind your eye! The floor—"

But Coker's warning came too late. Mr. Prout had no sooner set foot upon the soapy floorboards inside the dormitory, than his feet flew from under him, candlestick and gun went flying, and Mr. Prout slid into the group of recumbent Fifth-Formers, and sat down in the middle of them with a terrific concussion.

There was a shout of dismay from Coker & Co., and a gasp like escaping steam from Mr. Prout, while the gun and the candlestick went to the floor with a fearful clatter.

Fortunately, Mr. Prout had not gone to the length of loading his gun before he sallied out, or the consequences might have been tragical.

"My only Aunt Sempronia, that's done it!" whistled Dick Rake, who was one of those who had scuttled back to bed at the first alarm. "Come on, Desmond, let's go and lend Mr. Prout a hand!"

"Go aisy, then, me son!" advised Desmond. "Sure it's on the back of ye're neck ye'll be in less than no time if ye aren't careful!"

Spreading towels on the floor to give them a foothold, Rake and Desmond extended their hands to the gasping Mr. Prout, and assisted that greatly-shaken gentleman to a place of safety.

"Bless my soul! Good gracious me!" gasped Mr. Prout. "Good gracious me! Bless my soul!"

With sundry groans and exclamations, Coker & Co. and the juniors, who had added themselves to the heap during the fray, sorted themselves out from the fresh confusion which Mr. Prout's sudden arrival amongst them had caused, and scrambled gingerly to their feet.

Mr. Prout's gun had been restored to him, and the candle picked up and relit, and the master of the Fifth was sitting on the edge of Nugent's bed trying to recover his breath, and surveying the delinquents with a fearsome frown.

"This—this is disgraceful!" gasped Mr. Prout at last. "Who is responsible for this reprehensible and—and dangerous trick? I insist upon knowing!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 258.

"THE GEM" LIBRARY,  
Every Wednesday.

Our Companion Papers.

"THE PENNY POPULAR,"  
Every Friday.

There was a dead silence in the dormitory, and Mr. Prout's frown grew still more awful.

"I insist upon having an answer!" he thundered. "Who brought the floor into this slippery state? I can promise him a sound flogging, whoever did it!"

"Not good enough—no takers!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Was it you, Coker?" inquired Mr. Prout wrathfully. "Are you responsible for this ruffianly act?"

"Nun-no, sir!" stammered Coker.

"If you please, sir, I could—could tell you!" ventured Dick Rake meekly.

"Then tell me, boy!" thundered Mr. Prout.

"I—I don't like to, sir."

"What?" exclaimed the Fifth-Form master angrily. "Ah!" he added. "Of course! You are afraid of the culprit's vengeance! I'll see that you do not suffer for it, my boy. I do not encourage—er—tale-telling, as a rule; but this is a different matter. Who is the culprit?"

"You—you won't punish me, sir?"

"No, no!"

"I—I sha'n't get a flogging, sir?"

"No, no, boy!" shouted Mr. Prout impatiently. "I give you my word you sha'n't be punished. Tell me the name of the boy responsible for this disgraceful trick, immediately!"

"Please sir, I did it!" said Dick Rake meekly.

Mr. Prout gave a gasp, and looked for a moment as if he were about to explode.

Then he looked at Rake hard for a full minute, but the new junior kept his glance demurely on the ground. There was a pause, and when Mr. Prout spoke again his anger seemed to have faded.

"So you did it, did you, Rake? And may I ask why?"

"I—I—that is, we—we expected—er—visitors, sir, and—and—"

"And you prepared this little—er—reception for them, eh?" asked Mr. Prout grimly.

"Ye-e-es, sir!" stammered Rake.

"And the visitors were Coker and his friends, I suppose, eh?"

"Ye-e-es, sir!" admitted Coker. "But—"

"But you did not expect this sort of reception—eh, Coker?"

"Nun-no, sir!"

"Ah, exactly! I think I see it all now," said Mr. Prout, mopping his brow with a towel. "You Fifth-Form boys, I am ashamed of you! I am ashamed of you, Coker! Dormitory—er—raids, as I think you would term it, should be beneath the dignity; at least of boys in the Fifth Form; and I am ashamed to find boys in my Form playing such tricks! Go back to the Fifth-Form dormitory immediately! I shall require three hundred lines from each of you by to-morrow evening!"

"Ye-e-es sir!"

And the disconsolate Coker & Co. beat an undignified retreat, somewhat relieved in mind, however, at having got off comparatively cheaply.

"As for you juniors, I understand that you were acting—er—on the defensive, as it were, in what you have done," pursued Mr. Prout. "I suppose also that you hardly realised the—er—possible consequences of your dangerous trick, Rake. You certainly deserve a sound flogging, but I will keep my word, of course; though I was—er—under a slight misapprehension when I passed it. You have escaped the just punishment for your escapade; but, in common with all the other Remove boys who were concerned in this disgraceful riot, you will bring me two hundred lines to-morrow! Now set to work and clean up the mess immediately! The rest of you juniors get back to bed at once!"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Prout waited while Dick Rake rinsed down the soapy floorboards with sponge and flannel, and then limped away down the passage, taking his gun and candle with him.

"Well, you're a coughdrop, young Rake, and no mistake!" said Bob Cherry, with emphasis, when the Form-master's footsteps had died away down the passage. "You've got us all two hundred lines; but, by Jove, the jape was worth it!"

"Hear, hear!" agreed Harry Wharton. "We've got out of it pretty well, considering; especially you, Rake. Old Prout is a decent old duck, after all!"

"Faith, an' he is that!" chimed in Micky Desmond. "But won't those spalpeens, Coker & Co., have to sing small after this!"

And having agreed, with many chuckles, that this would undoubtedly be the case, the juniors settled themselves down to sleep again, and peace once more descended upon the Remove dormitory.



## THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

### The Great Match.

DICK RAKE and his chums kept their own counsel on the subject of their letter to Wingate. Not a word passed their lips as to the knowledge they possessed of the treachery of Loder. The prefect had not the slightest hint that anything was known. The trio chuckled in their sleeves.

"It will be a facer for him," Rake remarked. "But I fancy Wingate will want to keep the thing dark, for the credit of the school, so we shall have to hold our tongues."

The other two cordially agreed to that.

"It would be fair on the school to tell," said Wharton. "But I'm quite certain that Loder and Carne are in the game, and the others would skin them if they knew it. We'll just leave it to Wingate to do as he thinks best."

"Right-ho!" said Nugent. "We have our rows with the seniors, but we don't want to bring up anything of that kind against them; it wouldn't be cricket."

And so it was decided.

Needless to say, the juniors waited anxiously for the day of the match to come, not so much because of the match itself as to see what would transpire.

Greyfriars was looking forward to the great day. Every day without fail the rival teams were at practice, and the conditions of both elevens were improving. Wingate's men were first-class, and their captain was by far away the best man of the bunch. Wingate was a born footballer, and worth any two on either side. He was always a host in himself on the football-field, and just now he was in specially good condition and wonderfully fit.

Some of Loder's men showed a lack of staying power, the reason for which could probably have been furnished by the tobaccoists in Friardale. Still, they were, upon the whole, a fine team, and the match was certain to be a hardy-contested one.

But for Wingate, Loder would have had at least an equal chance of victory, but Loder himself was despondent when he thought of the captain's form.

Loder, who had no idea of giving himself away, did not betray his secret intentions by any appearance of over-confidence. He affected to regard the task before him as a herculean one, and kept his men hard at training. In the last days before the match he even put his foot down upon secret cigarette smoking. All the time he had no expectation of seeing the captain on the field on Saturday.

The great day arrived!

Morning lessons were simply a farce. It was a glad hour when the school was dismissed, and the boys crowded out into the open air. It was a cold but fine day, the air keen and bracing, and Greyfriars congratulated itself upon its good luck.

After dinner there was a rush of the juniors to secure good places, for the kick-off was timed early. That gave the Remove and Fifth an opportunity for disorder, of which they were not slow to avail themselves.

"Here, get out of the way, Coker!" said Wharton, as, followed by his friends, he pushed his way on to the ground.

"Oh, go and eat coke!" said Coker.

"Who made a dormitory raid that didn't come off?" demanded Rake.

"Yah!" yelled Bull. "Shove 'em along, chaps!"

The appearance of the prefects on the scene stopped the scuffling, and the juniors took their places round the ropes. There was plenty of room for everybody, and they had only disputed for the love of the thing.

Rake remained close to the pavilion with his chums. He wanted to be near Wingate when the expected happened.

Nothing had come yet, and he was beginning to wonder if it was a "sell" after all. He was glad he had said nothing to anybody. If it turned out that Loder's heart had failed him, or anything of the kind, and nothing happened, it would be easy to reclaim his document from the captain and burn it, with no questions asked. A still tongue undoubtedly showed a wise head on this occasion. Words once spoken could not have been recalled.

Still, Rake felt pretty certain that the telegram was coming. Of course, the plotters would defer it till just before the match, in order to make it impossible for Wingate to wire for confirmation, and get a reply before the kick-off.

"Hallo! Half-past two," said Rake, looking at his big silver watch; "and the ball's to be kicked off at three. Only half an hour!"

"Look there!" said Nugent, in a whisper.

A boy in the well-known uniform was making his way across the Close, looking about him. He held a buff-coloured envelope in his hand.

Rake drew a quick breath. He had been expecting it, and yet somehow it seemed to startle him. Was the telegram for the captain of Greyfriars?

The boy was looking about him as if uncertain of his bearings. Rake made a sign to his chums, and bore down on the youth.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 258.

A Grand, Long, Complete School Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars next Monday.

EVERY MONDAY, **The "Magnet"** LIBRARY. ONE PENNY.

"Hallo! Telegram?" he said, in a friendly way. "Who is it for?"

"Mr. Wingate, of Greyfriars College, sir."

"That's Wingate over at the pavilion there. That's him, the big chap with the fair hair."

"Thanks, sir!" said the telegraph boy; and he hurried over to Wingate, who looked at him in surprise.

"Mr. Wingate?"

"That's my name."

"Telegram for you, sir."

"Thank you, my lad!"

Wingate took the envelope with a look of wonder. He had not the faintest idea of who could have wired to him. He opened it, and glanced over the black lettering within, and his face went deadly white.

"Hallo!" cried Courtney. "What's the matter, old chap? Bad news?"

"Read it," muttered Wingate.

The senior picked it up and read it aloud at a sign from Wingate. Rake and a dozen more crowded round to hear. The message was brief and terrible:

"Come instantly. Father dangerously ill.

"JACK WINGATE."

"That's my young brother," groaned Wingate. "He wouldn't wire like that unless—unless—" He broke off, and tears started to his eyes. "The dear old governor! I never knew he was a bit ill. They haven't told me a word. I must fly!"

Then as he saw the grave faces around him, he remembered.

"The match! What's to be done?"

There was no reply.

To put off the match was impossible. The day was fixed, and many of the relations of both teams were there to see it. The ground was already enlivened with the bright dresses and hats of the sisters and the cousins and the aunts of the champions. Besides, the Loder team would think they funked it.

But for Wingate to play was impossible. The only thing was to play a substitute in his place, and that meant little better than giving the match away to Gerald Loder. It was a terrible blow to the First Eleven, who had looked forward so confidently to victory, but even in their chagrin they could think of Wingate.

"I'm awfully sorry, old chap," said Courtney. "You must cut off at once, of course. Never mind about the match. We must do the best we can, and we'll give them a tussle, at all events. Send a line to say you're coming, and buzz off."

Wingate nodded. There was nothing else to do.

He borrowed a pencil, and wrote a brief message on the back of the telegram, and gave it to the boy with half-a-crown. Off went the lad, and Wingate walked into the School House to prepare for his hasty journey, and with him went Courtney.

The news soon flew over the school. In five minutes or less every boy in the place knew that Wingate had been called away, and that the eleven would have to play a reserve in his place.

Dismay fell upon the juniors. They looked at each other with long faces, and wondered what was going to become of the match to which all had looked forward so eagerly. Some of Loder's backers were relieved and jubilant, but they were in the minority.

Carne made an ill-natured remark which a good many listened to, and which was planned to help throw dust in the school's eyes, when the truth of the telegram should come out.

"It's very queer Wingate being called away on the eve of the match like this," he said. "I suppose it's all right?"

"All right! What do you mean?" asked Walker of the Sixth.

"It looks to me as if he's funking the match!"

"Oh, that's all rot!" said Walker.

"Well, that's my opinion!" said Carne obstinately. "He could easily get his young brother to send that wire!"

"Rot!" said Walker.

But it was possible that his opinion would change when the telegram turned out to be a hoax. The plotters would thus score doubly, if suspicion gained ground.

But there was one factor in the problem which the plotters had overlooked, simply because they were unaware of its existence.

Dick Rake was on the track of the captain of Greyfriars, and when Wingate and Courtney entered the captain's room, the junior boldly followed them in.



## THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Bravo!

"WINGATE, I want to speak to you—I must speak to you!"

"Another time, youngster," said Wingate, still good-tempered, in spite of his worry and grief. "Be off with you now!"

"Cut, can't you?" said Courtney impatiently.

But Rake stood his ground:

"I must speak to Wingate. It's about that telegram you've just had. It's a hoax!"

Dick blurted out the words hurriedly.

Wingate gave a jump.

Courtney gripped the boy by the shoulder.

"What are you saying, you little fool?" he said harshly.

"What do you know about it?"

"Let him explain himself," said Wingate quietly. "He'd hardly play the fool, now, I think, over a matter like this."

"Of course I wouldn't," said Rake indignantly. "The telegram's a hoax, and I can prove it!"

"How so?"

"The wire was sent by Cobb, and not by your young brother at all—Cobb, the chap at the Cross Keys."

"Are you dreaming?"

"No; he was bribed to go and send it by Loder and Carne of the Sixth."

Wingate's brow was very stern.

"It cannot be! It is impossible!" he said. "And if it was, how could you know anything about it?"

"Because I heard them plotting it."

"I don't know what to make of this, Rake. But tell me this. Have you anything but your bare word for all this? Quick—now!"

"Yes," said Rake triumphantly. "Look here, if I prove to you that I knew eight days ago that this telegram was coming, will that prove to you that it is a hoax, and that I really heard these beasts plotting it?"

"Yes, of course; but you cannot do it."

"Yes, I can. That paper I gave you yesterday week—just you read it, and then you'll see."

Wingate, looking dazed, mechanically unlocked the drawer and took out the sealed envelope.

"Open it!" said Rake. "I won't touch it! See for yourself!"

Wingate tore the envelope open and drew out the paper and unfolded it. His expression was strange as he read the document, the joint production of the three Removees. He finished reading it, and passed it silently to Courtney.

Courtney read it, and handed it back to him.

"This hasn't been out of your hands, Wingate?"

"No. The drawer hasn't been unlocked since I put it there."

"Then that's proof positive that what the youngster says is true, and that he knew last Friday that this telegram was coming. That proves the telegram is not from your brother, but is a hoax."

Wingate bowed his head.

"It seems certain!"

"It is certain," said Courtney. "By Jove, the rascals ought to be shown up! Let's go and read this paper to everyone on the ground!"

"No, no!"

"But you know now that wire was a hoax?"

"Yes," said Wingate; "and a cruel hoax. I hope Loder will never feel as I felt when I read it." His eyes were dim for a moment. "But the relief is like new life to me, Courtney. The dad isn't ill at all. It's humbug. And I'm going to stay for the match, of course. I've already wired in reply to this; but that can't be helped. I'll send another explaining that there has been a mistake."

"But Loder," said Courtney, "isn't he to be shown up?"

"It would be a horrible disgrace," said the captain quietly. "It's better not. Feeling in the Sixth is bad enough now, and we don't want to do anything to make it worse. Besides, how could we prove it? I dare say he would have a good defence to make, and there's no way of actually proving his guilt."

"But isn't he to be punished at all?"

"Yes," said Wingate tranquilly. "He will be disappointed at the failure of his plot, and he is going to have the biggest licking at footer that he ever dreamed about."

"By Jove, Wingate, that's the tune! We'll whip them out of their boots at footer, and that will be revenge enough, after he had counted upon a certain victory."

"That's the idea, Courtney."

"But what about the secret? How can it be kept with these three youngsters knowing it?"

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Rake indignantly. "Haven't we kept it eight days, and can't we go on keeping it? Eh—what?"

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"THE GEM" LIBRARY,  
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Wingate smiled.

"I trust to your discretion, Rake," he said, "and to that of your friends. Tell them so. Nothing must be said."

"If they say a word," said Rake, "I'll knock their nappers together! But they won't!"

And he left the study to tell the good news, far and wide, that Wingate was not going after all—news which was received with incredulity at first.

"Oh, all right, wait and see!" said Rake, with a superior smile. "The wire was a mistake, and I've given Wingate my advice about it, and he's going to stay."

"Rats!" said Coker & Co. together. "Stuff! Bosh!"

"Wait and see!"

The sight of Wingate walking down the field with Courtney confirmed Rake's news. The captain wore his old cheerful air, and he was heard to explain that the wire was a mistake. Loder, hardly able to believe his ears, came over to ascertain, trying, not very successfully, to conceal his rage and uneasiness.

"So you're not going, Wingate?" he said casually.

Wingate fixed his eyes on the prefect with a glance that made him feel extremely uncomfortable.

"No," said the captain. "I find that the telegram was a mistake."

Loder risked no further questions.

How Wingate could have discovered that the telegram was a "mistake" passed his power of comprehension; but he dared not inquire further. Something in Wingate's look hinted that the captain knew the truth, and Loder's glance dropped before those clear, steady blue eyes. He went back to his own men with the news.

It was close upon time for the kick-off now.

Loder and his men looked very fit; but the rival captain's heart was burning with fury and chagrin.

His scheme had somehow gone wrong, and the foe he had counted upon tricking away from the field was there at the head of his men, with a more than usually determined expression on his frank, handsome face.

The match upon which the prefect had counted as a certain victory was likely to be a hard tussle, with at least two chances to one of a crushing defeat.

That was the end of his hopes of making himself top-dog of the Sixth, and that was the net result of his treachery and plotting.

And the consciousness that he more than deserved the worst that could befall him, was far from consoling to the disappointed and enraged rascal.

The two captains tossed for goals, and Loder named the coin. Wingate kicked off, and the great game commenced.

Needless to say it was watched with breathless interest by the partisans of both sides. Every run, every kick, every bit of good play was cheered to the echo by the spectators—especially the juniors.

And what a roar went up from the juniors when Wingate, going through the defence like a knife through cheese, scored the first goal for his side.

The cheering was terrific, as Hurree Singh remarked.

By no means so enthusiastic was the shouting when Loder brought the leather up to the rival goal, and slammed it home.

"Sock into 'em, Wingate!"

"Well played—well played!"

"Kicked, sir—kicked!"

"Goal!"

"Goal!"

The frenzied roar greeted the second goal by the captain of Greyfriars.

The whistle went for half-time, with Wingate two to one.

The brief interval was spent by the Remove and Fifth in hurling taunts and defiance and chaff at one another. Then the teams came up to time again, greeted by ringing cheers.

The ball was kicked off by Loder, and at it the rivals went with a will.

But as the second half progressed, Loder's eleven could be seen to be much more winded and fatigued than their opponents.

And Wingate's team, when they saw their opponents were weakening, pressed the fighting harder than ever, and soon the tussle was wholly in the other half.

And again the juniors roared as Wingate kicked his second goal—the third taken by the side—and the chums of Stud; No. 1 grew almost black in the face with shouting.

"Three to one!" yelled Wharton. "Buck up, Wingate!"

"Play up!" yelled Bob Cherry.

And they did buck up. They fairly rushed their opponents off the ground, and seemed to have taken possession of the ball for good.

(Continued on page 22.)



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FREE Signed.....Age.....

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'Again it went into the goal, from Courtney's foot, and Wingate's team were four up.

It was getting towards time now; but the victorious side were not done. Almost on the stroke Wingate sent the ball in again, and a frenzied roar greeted the "hat trick" performed by the popular captain of Greyfriars.

Then the whistle went, and the spectators swarmed over the field. And now the voices of Loder's team were silent, while the stentorian tones of Harry Wharton & Co. acclaimed the victory of Wingate's eleven by five goals to one.

It was indeed a glorious victory, and Wingate deserved the guard of honour which marched him back to his study in triumph.

Wingate and his team had won!

The rival party in the Sixth Form had been beaten hollow; and Loder's men came off the field looking very sorry for themselves.

Gerald Loder strode away, with a black brow. He had failed! His cowardly plot had not served his purpose; and his failure had been complete. He was beaten all along the line.

Needless to say, Harry Wharton & Co. celebrated the occasion.

The secret was kept.

Wingate and Courtney in the Sixth, and Rake and Wharton and Nugent in the Remove, knew of Loder's rascality. But they had agreed to hold their tongues; and they held them.

And, indeed, the heroes of the Remove did not waste much

time thinking of Loder and his treachery. They had more important matters to think of.

Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars, and the idol of the juniors, had won the match, and crushed the rebels of the Sixth. And the Removites celebrated the event.

There was a large party in Harry Wharton's study after the match, and Hurree Janset Ram Singh truthfully declared that the crushfulness was terrific.

Harry Wharton & Co.—all the famous Five—and Micky Desmond, and Mark Linley, and Lord Mauleverer, and Hazeldene, and a crowd more of the Remove, came to the feed. And Coker & Co. were invited, too, and graciously condescended to come. And Nugent minor of the Second came, and brought his pals, Paget and Tubb, with him. Even Billy Bunter was allowed in, in the joyousness of the moment.

But the hero of the hour was Dick Rake, the new junior.

Some of the fellows did not quite understand why Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove, made so much of him.

But much—very much indeed—was made of him in No. 1 Study. And the first and the last toasts, drunk in tea and lemonade and ginger-pop, were to the health of Rake of the Remove.

THE END.

(Next Monday's long complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co. is entitled "LEFT IN THE LURCH!" by Frank Richards. Order a copy of THE MAGNET Library in advance. Price 1d.)

## TALES TO TELL.

"Well, I have not lived in vain. I saw Cocksure acknowledge to-day that he had made a mistake."

"How did that happen?"

"He put the lighted end of his cigar in his mouth."

### REST CURE PROVIDED.

Thomas Tibbins was a constable of an exceptionally kind disposition. And he had answered all the old lady's questions with praiseworthy politeness and patience. But, alas! she still persisted.

"What's your short stick for?" was the next query.

"To catch a chap over the head if he gets violent," was Robert's imperturbable rejoinder.

"And what are those numbers for?" the ruthless examination went on.

"Identification purposes, mum." Bobby was getting tired, and turned away.

"And, oh, policeman!" cried the lady, as she clutched him by the arm. "What is that strap under your chin for?"

This was too much. Robert drew himself to his full height, hitched his belt, and prepared to stride majestically away; but not before he shot over his shoulder these words:

"The strap, ma'am, is for me to rest me chin on when I gets tired of answerin' silly questions."

"He's an actor."

"And his wife?"

"She's his main support."

"What part does she play?"

"She takes in washing."

### SETTLED THE LODGER.

The boarding-house was of the usual type, much frequented by rising stars when on tour.

Young Richard de Blasey arrived down late for his breakfast, and was not too pleased to be greeted by his landlady with:

"Good-morning, sir! I hope your coffee's all right this morning."

"Madam," replied young R. de B., with his most impressive manner, "I have taken the liberty of nicknaming your coffee. I call it November; 'tis so cloudy and so cold!" And the youth gazed at the other boarders, who tittered.

"Wonderful!" cried the landlady, in mock admiration. "What a brain! But I have always thought of calling it after you."

"You mean?" queried the embryo Irving, with a powerful lift of the eyebrow.

"I mean," answered the landlady demurely, "you both take so long to settle."

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A Grand, Long, Complete School Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars next Monday.

"LEFT IN THE LURCH!"

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### SEVERELY INJURED.

He was a ragged little urchin, and approached the police-station with something like awe, for he was just an ordinary little boy, and ordinary little boys, as a rule, have a very real fear of police-stations.

But his business was important. So he advanced boldly; then, timidly, he rang the bell.

"P-p-please, sir," he blurted out to the sergeant who came in answer to his summons, "will you send the ambulance round to No. 6, Hopkins Court 'mediat'ly, 'cause muvver's found the lady what stole our doornat."

Mother: "My son, there is always more pleasure in giving than in receiving."

Son: "I know, mother, especially a spanking."

"What is this 'Esperanto' I hear people talk about?"

"The universal language."

"Who speaks it?"

"Nobody that I know of."

### LETHAL WEAPONS.

"John," said Mrs. Brown, sitting up suddenly in bed, "there's a burglar in the place!"

"Nonsense!" replied her husband drowsily.

"I'm quite right," she returned. "I can hear him distinctly crossing the floor of the room below. Now"—excitedly—"he's lighting one of those cigars I gave you for your birthday. I heard him pick up the box and put it down again."

Then John sat up and listened.

"By Jove, Mary, you're right!" he answered. "He is! He's actually smoking one of those—er—er—those cigars."

Then he nestled once more comfortably beneath the blankets.

"Go to sleep again, Mary," he said complacently. "We'll find the poor wretch in the morning!"

### BABY—THE DRONE.

In her lecture to her juvenile class on "The Human Drone," the hard-worked school-teacher was endeavouring to point out the folly and wrong of idleness, and she consequently punctuated her remarks with a few questions dealing with the points she was desirous of establishing.

"Now, children," she said, "I am glad to see how attentive you have all been. Tell me, who is the miserable person who gets clothes, food, and lodging, and yet does nothing in return?"

For several minutes there was silence in the class, and the schoolmistress tapped her foot impatiently on the floor. Then one small hand rose suddenly.

"Well, Nellie," said the teacher encouragingly, "who is it?"

"Please, miss," said Nellie, "it's the baby!"



OUR THRILLING NEW SERIAL STORY. START THIS WEEK!

**TWICE ROUND THE GLOBE!**THE STORY OF THE  
GREAT MAN-HUNT  
BY **SIDNEY DREW**Ferrers Lord, millionaire, and owner  
of the Lord of the Deep.Prince Ching-Lung, adventurer, conjurer, and  
ventriloquist.Nathan Gore, jewel collector  
and multi-millionaire,  
Ferrers Lord's terrible rival.**THE FIRST CHAPTERS.****"BY FOUL MEANS OR FAIR, I'LL WIN."**

Whilst crossing the Atlantic on his way to England—where the costly diamond, "The World's Wonder," is to be put up for auction—Nathan Gore, the American millionaire and jewel-collector, receives a message from his agent in London to say that the diamond has been bought by his hated rival, Ferrers Lord, who is the owner and inventor of the wonderful submarine, the Lord of the Deep.

Nathan Gore swears he will obtain possession of the diamond, and on the night of his arrival in London he goes to his rival's house, and taking the stone, leaves in its place the message: "To Ferrers Lord,—Knowing you would not sell 'The World's Wonder' I have taken it. Do your worst! I defy you! The stone is mine!"—Nathan Gore." The millionaire accepts the challenge, and a few hours after the robbery the chase is started. For five months, accompanied by his two friends, Ching-Lung, a Chinese prince, and Rupert Thurston, he pursues Nathan Gore, travelling once round the world, but never being able to overtake him. At last he hears that Gore has bought an island in the South Seas, and is fortifying it. Ferrers Lord follows the mad millionaire to the place in his submarine, and, on arrival, divides his force into two parts, leaving Rupert Thurston with Prout and most of the crew on board the Lord of the Deep, and taking with him Ching-Lung and one or two men in the launch, which the Lord of the Deep carries stored away. This vessel is wrecked, and the crew are stranded on Goreland—Nathan Gore's island—and are eventually sighted by a cruiser belonging to the American millionaire. They all go into hiding with the exception of Ching-Lung, who goes forth to see if he can discover a means of escape. He comes across two slim pillars of rock, one on either side of a small river, on the top of which is perched a large square slab. To his amazement, when he touches this top piece, it sways backwards and forwards. "A rocking stone, by Jingo!" he gasps.

(Now go on with the story.)

**Barry Gets Feverish!**

A light push set the mass of granite shaking and trembling, it was so delicately balanced. Hooking an arm round one of the pillars, Ching-Lung leaned forward.

The water fell some twenty yards before striking the cliff, which bulged outwards. That twenty yards ruined every hope. Below the spot where water and rock met, the crannies and ledges offered a perilous, but practicable, descent to the gleaming shingle. On either side of the falling curve, however, the face of the cliff was as smooth and black as polished ebony.

"Hard luck!" growled Ching-Lung despairingly.

He caught the second pillar, and the pressure of the water pushed him forward. A big, heavy man would have filled the outlet like a cork. As it was, the water slid over Ching-Lung's arms, and parted for one brief second into two streams that joined again below.

The momentary gap between them was about eighteen inches long by four inches wide. Ching-Lung caught a glimpse of a natural flight of steps that lay beneath the waterfall. He turned, his beady eyes sparkling, and looked up at the stone. Then, with flushed cheeks, he went splashing back along the stream.

"Hallo!" grunted Barry O'Rooney. "Di yez foind much watercress, sir?"

Ching-Lung shook himself. The millionaire opened his eyes and yawned.

"So you're back, Ching?"

"Back, you bet!" said Ching-Lung. "Here's the great question: Ought we to be up here or down below?"

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"Down below, of course. The difficulty is in getting there, my boy."

"I've settled all that," said Ching-Lung quickly. "Dust away those ashes, Joe, and try and hide all tracks. Jupiter! I've found a place where it's as easy as going downstairs. It's just a miracle of a place. Get a move on, you chaps! Hustle, I tell you—hustle!"

"Where is it?"

"Come and see, old chap," grinned the prince. "I've been doing the thinking, for a change. No questions will be answered. If we have luck we'll be back in the cave again to-night, right under Gore's nose."

Ferrers Lord laughed. This had been his idea also, though he had not spoken about it, and he did not speak about it now. A chuckle from Barry told of the Irishman's approval of the scheme.

"Troth," he said, "that reminds me of me Uncle Dinnis; and, bedad, he was, barrin' me, the cleverist man in the wurld. He was locked up for shootin' a far-rm bailiff, and clapped in Ballybunion Gaol. But that gaol c'u'dn't howld him long. Aftther him they goes, war-rders and police, and detectives and bloodhounds, and a jooil of a chaso he gives 'em. He runs 'em out o' breath, and gets back into the prison for the cashbox and keys. Then he waits for 'em. Back they comes, and Dinnis locks 'em all in, droives to Cor-rk in the governor's car-rt, posts 'em a lock of his hair, and goes to Americky, where the Red Injuns made him president at wance. Ut was his son George Washington who cut down the three wid a circular-saw, and said, 'Oi cannot

**"LEFT IN THE LURCH!"**Please order your copy of "THE MAGNET"  
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tell a loie, father. Oi chopped ut down wid my little chopper jest—"

"You're more than a big eater, you are!" interrupted Joe. "I've heard some liars in my time, but you could give 'em thirty inches start in every yard!"

"And the rascal don't turn a 'air!" said Maddock.

"Ut's ignerance—ignerance and invy," said Barry, shouldering his bundle. "Yez didn't know my Uncle Dinnis. Ar-rah, ut would have made the oies drop out of yez to see him kill a pig wid his silver-handled fish-knife."

"I wish he'd killed you!" growled Joe.

"Och, what a wicked thought!" grinned Barry. "In the wur-rds of the poet Snooksbeer—"

"You do, if you dare," roared Joe, brandishing his gun, "and I'll brain you! I've had enough! If you spout one scrap of that stuff, that pizen you call poetry, I'll flatten you!"

Joe's temper had been easily ruffled of late—that is, if he meant it. Joe was like Barry; it was difficult to really tell what he did mean. The millionaire swept the slope through his binoculars, and took a swift glance round the camp.

The remains of the porker were buried in the rill, and water was sprinkled on the trampled grass to make it rise.

Then the journey began. They entered the main brook, and floundered along under the ferns. Ching-Lung, who had stripped to the waist, came last, in crab fashion.

It was his duty to smooth away any footprints left on the sandy bottom which the current could not efface. They splashed into the pool.

"Here's the spot, old chap," said Ching-Lung, "and here's the dam!"

"Splendid!" said Ferrers Lord.

He needed no explanation. He sent Barry forward to watch for the foes, and tested the stone by pushing at it. While the water rushed through the neck, the rock-ladder could not be reached, but the water could be dammed. The millionaire measured the outflow and the rocking-stone with an unerring eye.

"The pool will be running over again in half an hour," he said. "It will pass round the stone; it will never enter their minds that any human being has gone down here."

"And they're pretty sure to watch the places where we might descend."

"They are certain to do that. Your shoulders, lads!"

Joe and Maddock pressed hard against the rock. It swayed up and down almost at a breath, but they could not stir it laterally. It must have weighed several tons.

"We shall have to oscillate it, and try to upset its centre of gravity," said Ferrers Lord. "Push downwards, lads, and give it a steady twist from you each time!"

The mass moved like the beam of a scale, and they threw their whole strength against it to give it a rotary motion.

"Out of the way!" cried Ching-Lung. "She's off her rocker like grandpa's easy-chair! She's going!"

Splash!

It was down, flinging up a torrent of spray, and blocking the neck-shaped outlet completely.

Ching-Lung stood on his head in the pool after a glance over the cliff. Only a tiny trickle ran over the rock ladder, and the way to the beach was open.

"Oi big to state that the sarcus has comminced, as per small bills!" called Barry.

Ferrers Lord stooped, and ran out of the water. He took the binoculars from O'Rooney.

"What did you see?"

"A hoss, yer honour, and a man on the hoss! Luk, roight of the dead three, sor, almost in a loine wid the big palm!"

"Get down with the others!" said Ferrers Lord.

For some moments he thought Barry had been mistaken. Then he saw a flash, and other flashes followed in an irregular line. A horseman rose into view under the brilliant sun. The flashes came from rifle-barrels.

"We're not too soon!" he muttered.

"Come on—come on, old chap!" called Ching-Lung. "Look north!"

The smoke of an unseen steamer was rising in the sky.

Joe was already far down the cliff, and Maddock was at the foot of the ladder. Barry had turned pale. It was an ugly climb for a heavy man. He took off his boots and tied them round his neck.

"Wrap the stuff in your coat, and pitch it over!" said Ferrers Lord. "Only, stick to your rifle!"

"Oi don't loike ut!" said Barry. "To till the truth, Oi'm funk'd!"

"Don't look down, then," said Ching-Lung. "You'll be all right. Why, it's easier than roasting chestnuts! There's one great thing to watch—never let go with your hands until you find a firm hold for your feet."

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"THE GEM" LIBRARY,  
Every Wednesday.

"Oi'm funk'd!" said Barry grimly. "Oi've lost me narve!"

Ching-Lung was going to shake him, but there was a look about the man that made the prince alter his mind.

"This is bad business," said the millionaire. "I suppose the poor fellow can't help it? He's terrified!"

Barry's face was rigid and set, though his body was trembling and his fingers opening and shutting.

"We must rouse him somehow," said Ching-Lung. "Barry, old chap, wake up! You know I won't leave you! You don't want to get me nabbed, do you? Buck up now! It's as safe as a lift! Pull yourself together, my Briton!"

"Oi cudn't do ut! My narve's gone! Oi shud fall, sir!" moaned Barry.

He seemed dazed. A soft shout rose from below, telling that Joe had made the descent in safety.

Suddenly the millionaire sprang upon the Irishman and pushed him over the cliff. Clutching the pillar with one hand of steel, Ferrers Lord held the shrieking man over the abyss. The veins of the millionaire's forehead stood out like knotted cords with the strain.

Barry's toes touched a ledge, and he clung frantically to a knob of rock with his hands.

"Now, go down—down, or I'll shoot you! I swear it!" cried Ferrers Lord.

Barry looked up, white-faced and blubbing. The Winchester was pointed at his head.

"Roight, sor!" said Barry faintly. "Oi'm better now! Oi can't till what ut was came over me!"

He descended boldly and skilfully, and vanished from sight.

"That was a bit of a desperate remedy, old chap," said Ching-Lung, who was breathing hoarsely. "You frightened the pluck into him. Funny he should go like that all at once. He's brave enough."

"I have seen men act like that before," answered Ferrers Lord. "It is curious. Officers who were like demons in a charge will faint in the hospital-tent if they see a soldier's arm being amputated. I think none the less of O'Rooney for this. I only hope—"

"What do you hope?" asked Ching-Lung anxiously, as the millionaire paused, shrugging his shoulders.

"That he is not going to have fever. Beautiful as the island is, it is a fever-smitten den, and the mosquitoes spread it quickly.

"You had better be off, my boy, while I take another view of them."

It was an advance in force. The powerful glasses showed a line of men moving steadily north. Several of them were mounted. They were still a long mile away, and the water was steadily rising. The millionaire was relieved to see that the water was almost clear. He strapped the rifle to his back, and followed the others.

The descent was much simpler than it had appeared to be from above. The cliff bulged out near the shore, completely screening them. They hid among the shore rocks, and saw the cruiser sail round the northern spur of Lonland.

"Listen!" said Ferrers Lord.

The water was again pouring over the cliff.

"So far so good!" said Ching-Lung. "They can't land here, that's a fact, without having the boat staved in; and they can't come down, 'cos a pipe has busted and flooded the staircase. What if they send along the beach?"

"They might miss us even thon."

The cruiser kept unpleasantly near the shore, and travelled very slowly. They were afraid to stir hand or foot, knowing that dozens of eager eyes were on the alert.

Barry felt very unwell. A clock seemed to be ticking in the centre of his brain, and he could see dark spots dancing in the air like big round flies. His mouth was dry and hot, but he breathed no word of complaint.

All at once a roll of bunting shot to the cruiser's truck and unfurled. She was evidently signalling to the pursuers on land. They could not read the message without the binoculars, and Ferrers Lord forbade their use, for the sun, flashing on the lenses, might betray them. The cruiser came round lazily and headed north once more. They breathed more freely.

"We ain't nailed yet," said Joe. "That's a comfort."

"Around the ragged rocks the ragged, rid-nosed, ruffianly rascals rap!" said Barry O'Rooney. "Oi see yez peepin'! Coo-ee! 'Ould Mrs. Fletcher, her son went to fetch her; an, throth, whin he got there, she had swallowed a stretcher! Whoy, Oi wondher, are whiskers so hairy?"

They all turned and looked at him. His back was against the cliff, and apparently he was talking to a dead starfish, which he held between his finger and thumb. A glance at his ashen face and twitching eyelids told the story. Barry was feverish.

"He's got it, poor lad!" said Ferrers Lord.

Ching-Lung nodded sadly, and the others were silent.



"Get on the other side of him, Maddock!" whispered Ferrers Lord. "He might take it into his head to run out!"

Maddock crawled across and sat down beside O'Rooney. Barry welcomed him with a smile, and asked him why the Tower of London was like a ton of soft-soap on a gridiron.

"Couldn't tell," said Ben soothingly.

"Well, Oi reckon ut don't matter," answered Barry. "Oi've been thinkin' a lot lately. There are things that puzzle a man whin he tries to git to the bottom of thim. Now, how many legs has a donkey?"

"Four," said Joe, winking mournfully at Maddock.

"A loie—Oi mane, deliberate misthake! A donkey has eight ligs!" said Barry. "Eight ligs, sor, and no less!"

"How do you make that out?"

"Why, ut's as plain as the handle on a dure! A moke has two ligs at the back?"

"Yes."

"And two at the front?"

"True for you!" sighed Maddock.

"Will," said Barry triumphantly, "that's four! Two and two is four, four wans is four, and two and a half and wan and a half is four! A moke, therefore, has two ligs ahind and two ligs afore, which is four. Thin he has wan lig at aich of his four corners, which makes eight. Plaze put some coal on the foire, and pull down the blouid. Two at the back, two at the front, and wan lig at aich corner makes eight. What-ho!"

"Kiss me 'neath the mistletoe,  
And ax me how's me liver!  
Whin the ould sow doied in the canary-cage!  
Oh, harrk how the blazes blow!  
And don't the scorchin' sunshine make yez shiver,  
Far from the ould folks at home!"

Then Barry imitated a trombone, and told Maddock, with tears in his eyes, that his Uncle Dinnis had lost the pig out of a hole in his waistcoat-pocket, and that nine of his cousins had been born with wooden legs. He also said that Mr. Chamberlain was using Nelson's Column for a walking-stick, and that soup made out of green pain would cure the Forth Bridge of influenza if taken hot with a little glue stirred in.

"And now," he went on, "this bein' the anniversary of Napoleon Bonaparte's catchin' the mumps, let us send for the Proime Minister, and git our hair cut. We'll make a noight of ut. Oi've got foive toes on aich fut, but Oi can't make out whoy ut is that my head shud be put on upsoide down. Ut's silly—bedad, ut's silly! How can Oi kape the wather out of my nose whin ut rains? Here, where's my other lig? None of yer jokes now, Joey darlint! Oi've got to play futball to-day, and Oi shall want that lig!"

Barry was very ill, and they could do nothing to help him until nightfall. If he became violent, the consequences might be fatal to all.

"Answer him whatever he says," said Ferrers Lord, "and keep him quiet. You had better take him in hand, Ching."

"Yes, old chap; I'll do my best!"

Barry made the most amazing statements with an air of great seriousness, but they could not laugh. He spoke a lot about his Uncle Dinnis, who appeared to be on top of a tall steeple, fishing for lightning with a worm and a bent pin, while the man in the moon shied stars at the angler. The man in the moon wanted to come down and fight him, but had lost his shirt, and could not in decency go out without one.

"Which is a lucky thing for him, the loss of that same shirrt," said Barry. "Arrah, ould tallowy face! He's the bhoi to foight intoirely! Cud wan of yez gintlemen obloige me wid the loan of a mother-car to mow the backyard? Oi'd take great care of ut, and fade ut iligant! Whisht! What sound is that which rowls the say? Is ut the bell that calls me home to tay? Whin Mary had a little lamb that used to wag its wagger, she biffed ut on the cocoanut, and made the craytur stagger. And whin that little lamb grew up, she brought a brindle mastiff pup! Och, now tell me this. Av the winkle winked, whoy did the limpet limp? Oi must put that afore the House of Lords. Oi was in the House of Lords wance, and that's a fact!"

"I didn't know you were a peer of the realm," said Ching-Lung, sighing.

"Who telled yez Oi was? D'yez want to insult me?" cried the Irishman fiercely.

"No, no! A mistake, Barry. No one told me you were a peer. In what capacity were you in the House of Lords?"

"Oi wasn't in a capacity at all! That's another loie. Oi was in a room mindin' a gaspoipe!"

And so it went on, poor Barry jabbering incessantly. He said things that would, under different circumstances, have convulsed them with laughter. The light of fever burned in his blue eyes, and his powerful frame shook piteously. But there was no dreaded outburst of violence. A few doses of quinine might have put him right. They had none. His droning voice, the splash of the waterfall, and the steady swishing rattle of the waves as they broke against the shingle

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were the only sounds they heard, except for the occasional cry of a seabird. Barry began to ask for water. Ching-Lung brought him some.

"Bad luck!" he said to Ferrers Lord.

"Bad luck indeed!" said the millionaire, nodding grimly.

The shadows slowly lengthened as the long, dreary afternoon dragged into evening. Barry had dropped back, and was tossing in a restless slumber. The twilight snapped out, leaving utter darkness, and Ferrers Lord stood erect.

"Wait!" he said, and vanished into the darkness.

Not a word was spoken. O'Rooney's illness had made their plight desperate. Ching-Lung knew that the millionaire would listen to no compromise that involved the sacrifice of any of his men. Maddock, Joe, or Ching-Lung would gladly have surrendered to obtain proper attention to Barry. The others then, unhampered by the invalid, would have a chance of escape. But Ferrers Lord would have nothing of the kind, and it was foolish to mention such a plan. They would sink or swim together. If Barry grew worse, a surrender was inevitable. The luck was dead against them.

"Where's the 'baccy?" growled the voice of Joe. "I don't expect they'll let us smoke in gaol. Pass it, Joe, will you?"

Joe felt for the tin. His voice, hoarse and startled, electrified them.

"Gone!" he gasped.

"Wh-what! The 'baccy?"

"No!" panted Joe. "Barry!"

### Barry, the Lunatic, takes a prisoner.

"Waal," growled Captain Joel F. Hackerden, "ef that don't jar one!"

Three or four amazed seamen stood behind him in the little sandy cove. The night was very dark. Between two overhanging crags a red fire smouldered, and a boat had been drawn up out of reach of the tide.

"It's a merman! I've heard tell on 'em!" said a shaky voice. "Them critters does sing!"

"No sich luck!" answered the Yankee. "I reckon I wish it was. Shet your faces a minute!"

A hoarse voice rang over the dark sea, chanting a wild medley:

"Sister Mary wears a wig,  
And av ut didn't fit her, ut's aither small or big.  
And whin ut rains much wather, the weather will be wet.  
Oi've had to pawn my oiebrows to pay me tailor's debt.  
Oi'm the man who broke the bank of Monte Carlo;  
Oi smashed the whole buboodle into bits!  
And whin Oi towld the doother Oi had chilblains,  
He says 'Ut's only epileptic fits!  
So Oi swallowed half a peck of flatiron gravy,  
And now me hair is noicely curled and wavy.  
And Oi mane to get me whiskers soled and heeled!"

The astounding ridiculous chant culminated in a burst of laughter. The time and place made the whole effect ghastly. Some of the men actually shook. Hackerden was not superstitious. There was a human being somewhere in the gloom, and evidently a mad one. He stroked his little red beard, and yelled:

"Ahoy!"  
"Ahoy!" came the voice from the sea.

"Who are you?"  
"Oi'm the fishmonger yez buys yer coals off!" answered the voice.

"Why don't yer come ashore, then, pardner?"

"Oi can't! Oi've thrapped me tail in the cellar dure!" answered the voice.

"Shove that boat down, and get a light!" said the Yankee. "One of the boys has kinder sprung a leak in his top storey. Bust, shove that boat along double quick! For a pack of gapin', starin', rabbit-hearted wasters, you'd take first prize! Ef you don't wake up, I'm going ter do a little kickin'! I guess my patience gits tired a trifle now and then."

The boat was soon afloat, and the Yankee sprang into her. A lamp was passed to him. At the sight of it, the mysterious waif burst once more into song:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little sthar,  
Loike a lucifer-match in a bucket of tar.  
Whin the girls came out to play,  
Somewan stole a saveyoy from Dolly Gray!"

"Kinder barny, that's about the size of it!" drawled the Yankee. "Now, rest a bit! Ahoy!"

There was no answer, and Hackerden called again.

"Sunk!" said one of the sailors. "He's dropped off, and gone under!"



"With those lungs on him, he'll be up!" said the skipper. "Ahoy-oy-o-oh!"

"Yez'll be catchin' a stiff lig av ye opens yer figger-head so wide!" roared the voice.

"Backwater! Rest, starboard!" snapped out the quick-eared Yankee. "Ready with the bit of wood and the gliin! Let her drift! Backwater!"

The boathook saved a collision with a low-lying rock. Hanging the lamp on the hook, a sailor thrust it forward, and revealed as curious a sight as they had ever witnessed.

On the rock sat a red-bearded, big-chested man, who might have been the mythical king of the ocean, old Neptune himself.

He was naked to the waist, and his feet were bare. His head was crowned with seaweed, and his great muscular chest was strangely tattooed.

"By the mighty kibosh!" said Hackerden. "It's the Irish boy I palavered with this mornin'!"

### Barry Displays Method in His Madness.

"Sthop the thrain!" shouted the mysterious being, waving his arms. "Somewan has put an eggshell on the loine, and yez'll be wrecked. Cut off the sthains! Saw ut into chunks, and sind it out to the Red Injuns to grind their tommy-hawks on. Can yez tell me, koin'd gintlemen, who has spilled salt i' this wather? Answer me, you wid the termater-coloured oiesoight!"

"Come aboard, old chap!" said Hackerden, not unkindly.

Poor Barry shook his head, for poor Barry it was.

"Oi can't! Oi've promised to mate Joolus Sayzer here at sivinty-two minutes past forty-noine. We're going to sthar-rt a sassiety fir the purtection of cockroaches agen' hobnailed boots!" he said gravely. "Oi expict him to bring the Eddy-stone Loighthouse wid him av ut hasn't gone abroad wid me Uncle Dinnis."

"Fever!" whispered several voices.

Hackerden was smart.

"Why, I met Julius Cæsar!" he said. "He's ashore, looking for yer. He sent us after yer, didn't he, boys?"

"You bet, cap'en!" chimed in the Yankees.

"Was he wearin' kilts?" asked Barry suspiciously.

"I jest guess he'd got 'em all over him!"

"Thin Oi'll come!" said Barry.

They took him ashore and up to the camp. There was some grumblin', but Hackerden did not hear it, when he ordered three men to pull out to the cruiser some miles away and bring quinine.

One of them remembered that he had a bottle of ammoniated quinine in his knapsack. Barry was dried, dressed, fed, and dosed. He slept for less than half an hour, and awoke at moonrise. The good-natured Yankee skipper gave him a stiff glass of whisky, and Barry slept until the moon was on the wane.

He was tremendously strong, and tremendously healthy. It was the first time in his life that he had suffered from anything worse than seasickness. Malaria, too, is a puzzling complaint. Barry had shaken off the fever, and he peered through the gloom, wondering where he was, and what had happened. His head still ached a little, and he was strangely weak.

"Where am Oi at all, at all?" he muttered. "Oi-don't know this place."

The fire was blazing brightly. Barry could just see the figure of the sentry as he paced up and down the sand. Memory came back to the Irishman, but there were many things he could not recall. He remembered swimming for what might have been hours. Had the others been taken? He looked at each of the sleepers in turn.

"They're not here?" he thought wearily. "Oi belave Oi went off my dot! That's the Yankee skipper, or Oi'm dhramin'! Troth, av my lig's didn't faal loike two lumps of putthy, Oi'd make a bolt for ut!"

It was some time before he dropped off to sleep again, and sloop worked wonders. Hackerden, who never wasted time, roused the camp in the grey of the dawn. A mug of coffee and a hunk of bread and cold bacon were offered to Barry, who quickly disposed of them. Hackerden came back from his dip. By the queer way the men looked at Barry, Barry knew that he must have been behaving curiously. He was crafty enough to keep his mouth shut and ask no questions.

"Mornin', pardner!" said the captain. "I'm sorry Julius Cæsar couldn't stay to see you!"

"Bedad!" thought Barry. "Oi've been off ut. Joolus Sayzur!"

"Let me feel your pulse," went on Hackerden, "and see how the fever is."

Barry slyly knocked his elbow against a convenient stone. He was a prisoner, but they had not considered it necessary

to tie him, or to take any precautions against his escape. Evidently he had been sick and delirious, and it struck him that it might be worth while to carry on the game. The knock set his pulse racing.

"Party hot—purty hot!" said the skipper. "Yer pal Julius left his regrets, and a small present of wine. The galoot wants yer to drink his health in a cocktail."

Barry nodded, and tossed off the dose of quinine. He snacked his lips.

"Ut's an ilegant cocktail," he remarked, "barrin' the flavour of biled corks. Oi'm much obliged to Sayzer. He's a foine gintleman, but Oi don't loike the way he parts his hair at the back. D'yez think the War Office would issue a summons agen him for doin' ut, av we cud git our socks washed in the Thames?"

"I reckon there ain't a doubt about it, pardner."

"But av so," said Barry eagerly, "why does Cheshire cheese only barrk whin ut's goin' to thunder?"

The listeners grinned. Their prisoner was as mad as a March hare.

"Can you stand up?" asked Hackerden.

Barry burst into a roar of laughter.

"Harrk at ut—harrk at ut!" he chuckled. "Shtind up, is ut? Where are the oies of yez? Didn't Oi lose all me four fate at the Battle of Watherloo? 'Lade the charrge, Barry!' sez the Dook of Wellington. 'For Oi can't, being sufferin' from to-night's boose. Yez are the only man I can thrust to lade ut,' sez he, 'and Oi want to git away to take the childer to see the foire-worrks at the Crystal Palace!' So Oi led ut, and whin my fate was cut off, Oi wint back to him and towld him to lade his own durthy charrge. Oi'd had enough!"

At a gosture from Hackerden, Barry was put upon his legs. Barry tottered and swayed and fell. Hackerden made an attempt to question him about his companions, and received some amazing answers. Ching-Lung was in a mousetrap on the top of the North Pole, and Ferrers Lord was having an oyster supper with the aunt of the ghost of Hamlet's father.

"He's got fluff where his brains oughter be," growled the Yankee, "and I can't be saddled with him."

"I'll run him round to the town of yer likes, boss," said one of the men.

"Take someone with you, then," said the captain. "You'll clap him in hospital, see, and tell 'em if he makes any complaints about his treatment arterwards to Joel F. Hackerden, Joel will kinder raise blizzards in them parts. Tell 'em that from me!"

"They'll jest keep him in cotton-wool, boss!"

"Ef they don't," said the captain, "I'll make 'em swaller every drop of medicine they've got in the caboose!"

The boat was run into the water, and pulled carefully between the rocks. Barry was left to his own devices. They seemed to consider him quite harmless. After Hackerden's message to the people of the hospital, Barry felt rather ashamed of the part he was playing. In love and war all methods are considered fair, and Barry had no strong desire to spend much time either in the Goretown Hospital or gaol.

The sail was set, and the boat heeled over to the breeze and began to travel gallantly. A tall, jaw-boned man and a lascar lad of eighteen formed Barry's escort. The man carried a revolver and a knife, and looked a rough, powerful fellow. Barry racked his brains for some plan of escape. In addition to the revolver, the steersman had a rifle within easy reach, and Barry guessed that, at the first show of violence, he would find himself as full of lead as a bag of bullets.

Rather a nasty sea was running. When the boat rounded the northern headland a westerly squall struck her. It was found impossible to beat up against it. They put about, and Barry's spirits rose. They would have to make the journey along the eastern shore almost the full length of the island, run through the channel that separated the two islands, and then head up north again for Goretown Bay. This route was quite five knots farther, and it gave Barry several hours more. He blessed the squall.

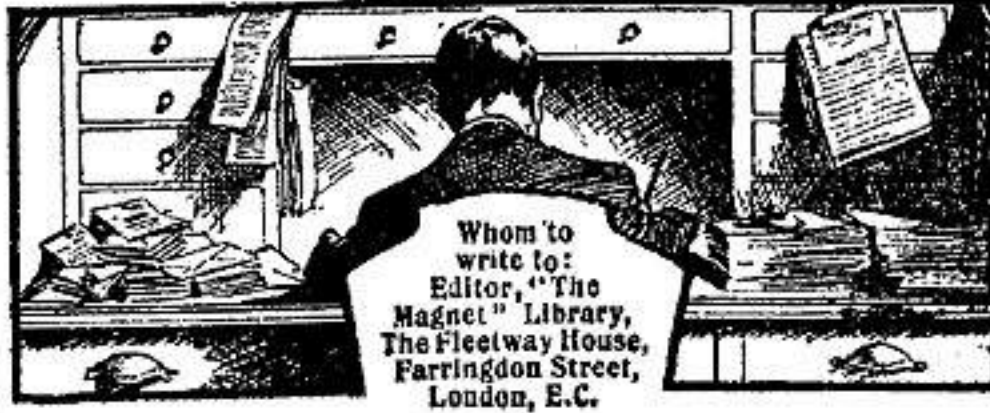
The big man was looking anxious as he watched the sky. The squall threatened to develop into a gale. Barry fervently hoped that it would. The boat, though an excellent little craft, could not hope to live in rough weather. If it came on to blow hard, they could only make for the channel on whose shore Barry had encountered the lion.

The sky grew blacker. Lines of rain beat aslant, mingled with hail, that stung their faces and hands. Every wave wore a white cap, and a good deal of spray came aboard.

*(There will be another long, interesting instalment of this thrilling serial in next Monday's issue of "The Magnet" Library.)*



# My Readers' Page.



OUR TWO  
COMPANION PAPERS  
"THE GEM" LIBRARY  
EVERY WEDNESDAY  
AND  
"THE PENNY POPULAR"  
EVERY FRIDAY.

FOR NEXT MONDAY.

## "LEFT IN THE LURCH."

By Frank Richards.

The long, complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars, which is contained in next week's issue of "The Magnet" Library, is a particularly interesting and amusing one. Owing to a disagreement with the authorities, the whole of the domestic staff of the great college march out en bloc, leaving the boys and masters to struggle alone with many complex household problems. Thus

## "LEFT IN THE LURCH,"

the Greyfriars boys and their respected instructors are compelled to turn their hands to all manner of unaccustomed tasks. Needless to say, full advantage of the novel circumstances is taken by the juniors, and Harry Wharton & Co. come out particularly strong.

## CASH PRIZES FOR "PENNY POP." READERS.

Readers of "The Invincible Trio"—as the three grand companion papers, "The Magnet" and "The Gem" Libraries, and "The Penny Popular," have come to be called—should not neglect the opportunity now open to them of winning one of the

## EIGHT CASH PRIZES

which I am offering in a simple contest. The conditions of this novel and interesting prize competition are extremely simple. It is only necessary to buy an extra copy of "The Penny Popular" on Friday, and give it to one of your friends whom you know to be a non-reader to peruse. Then, next time you meet your friend, greet him, or her, with:

"WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE 'THE PENNY POP.'?"

Your friend's reply to this question is what I want. So pop it on a postcard, and address to the Editor, "The Magnet," The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The eight smartest, neatest, "raciest," most appropriately-worded opinions, or those containing the most apt and very-much-to-the-point criticisms, will be picked out, after careful study of all the postcards, and Cash Prizes of Five Shillings or Ten Shillings, according to merit, will be awarded to their senders.

## THE COLONIAL SECTION

of this interesting little contest will be kept open long enough to allow all my Colonial chums to compete, and additional Cash Prizes will be awarded for this section alone.

The closing date for this contest, except for the Colonial Section, is January 20th, 1913, and all competing postcards must reach me on or before the morning of that date.

The only three issues of "The Penny Popular" to which this contest applies are Nos. 13, 14, and 15. Next Friday's "Penny Pop." (No. 15), which, by the by, boasts a particularly strong programme of complete stories, is the last issue which offers you the chance of winning a Cash Prize, at the cost of only one penny for the extra copy which you must give away. To make sure of getting this grand number—which will be a lucky one for at least eight of my chums—two copies of next Friday's "Penny Pop." should be ordered by all Magnetites in advance.

By giving away the requisite number of extra copies, each reader can send in as many "non-readers opinion" postcards as he likes.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 258.

A Grand, Long, Complete School Tale of the  
Chums of Greyfriars next Monday.

# "LEFT IN THE LURCH!"

Please order your copy of "THE MAGNET"  
Library in advance.

## SOME "FIRST AID" HINTS.

In treating a person suffering from

### partial drowning or suffocation

prompt action is important. While the body of the patient must be kept warm the supply of fresh air must not be at all diminished. Not a moment should be lost in commencing artificial respiration, which is performed in this way: Lay the patient face downward on the ground, and take up a kneeling position across the body, facing the head. Place the hands, one on each side, on the lower part of the back, and, keeping the arms stiff, lean forward until the weight of the body is upon the arms. This, of course, produces pressure upon the patient's chest, and must be applied for about three seconds, after which time the weight must be removed by swinging the body back to its original position. At this time the hands must not be shifted, but must remain lightly resting upon the patient's back.

After an interval of about two seconds the treatment must be repeated, the operator swinging his body backwards and forwards at the rate of twelve times a minute—i.e., once every five seconds. This treatment must be continued until natural breathing is restored, which, in very bad cases, does not commence for sometimes two hours or more after beginning artificial respiration. When breathing starts the treatment should be stopped, and circulation of the blood restored by rubbing the limbs towards the heart, and applying dry clothing and hot bottles and flannels to the limbs and body. The flannels and bottles may be applied to the body while respiration is going on, but on no account should stimulants be given until natural breathing is recommenced.

Such minor injuries as scratches and other injuries to the skin can be treated by just cleansing the wound with warm water to free it from grit, and placing over it a small piece of boracic lint. But to

### bind a cut finger

is a different matter. Bandaging, as a matter of fact, needs a good deal of practice. In the case of a badly-cut finger, wash the wound with warm water, cover with a piece of lint, wrap round the finger once with a larger piece of lint, and then lay the bandage on the back of the finger, bring it over the tip, and down the front. Then by circular turns bind the finger carefully, so that each round slightly overlaps the previous one. Continue this till the bandage reaches the top of the finger, and then take it back down to the knuckle again, ending up by fastening it over the back of the hand and round the wrist.

*Further hints on First-Aid bandaging next week.)*

## REPLIES IN BRIEF.

S. Spiers (Christchurch, New Zealand).—No, I have not published a printed list of the stories that have been contained in "The Gem" and "The Magnet" libraries. I am sorry it is impossible for me to insert your request now.

J. Paterson (Brighton, New South Wales).—I am sorry I cannot insert your request.

W. L. B. (Burnley).—Thanks for your letter. An article on the making and using of a copygraph was published in "The Magnet" Library some time back. Space does not permit me to reprint it at present.

T. W. (County Durham).—Am afraid I cannot tell you where to obtain the second-hand handcuffs you require. I should think, however, that a pair of "property" ones would suit your purpose equally well. These you could obtain from practically any theatrical outfitters.

A. J. Smith.—I am much obliged for your letter, but it is a pity that you omitted to give your address. A matter of the kind you refer to can only be investigated and satisfactorily cleared up by communication with both parties. If you will write me again at once, giving your full address, I will go into the matter fully, as I am always ready to do in such cases. You will understand that this notice could not possibly appear in this column earlier, owing to our going to press some weeks in advance.

THE EDITOR.



# "THE MAGNET" LIBRARY SPECIAL COMIC SUPPLEMENT.

## WAR IN THE CLASS-ROOM.



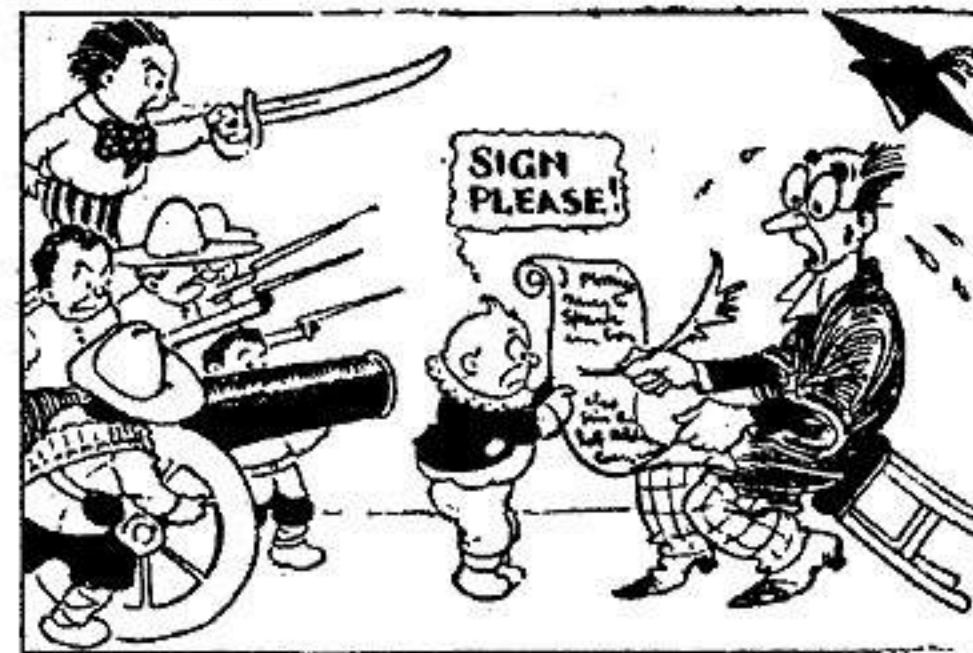
1. The Colonel went to the school and gave the boys a jolly fine patriotic lecture. "Boys," he roared, "you all ought to learn to shoot and drill! Remember you are England's last hope!" Loud cheers.



2. So next day, and for weeks after, Peter and Punch drilled all the other boys in home-made uniforms. He got perfect in giving his orders, 'cos the boys scarcely understood what he howled.



3. But Peter and Punch never had time to do their lessons in consequence, so the teacher at last got his rag out (also his cane) and dusted Peter and Punch's trousers for 'em-groans from the class.



4. So at dinner-time all the boys besieged the school, and took the master prisoner. Punch made him sign a paper to give them holidays every week and no wallopings for at least a hundred years—he had to sign it, too.

AGREED.

NATURALLY.

THE LONG & SHORT OF IT.



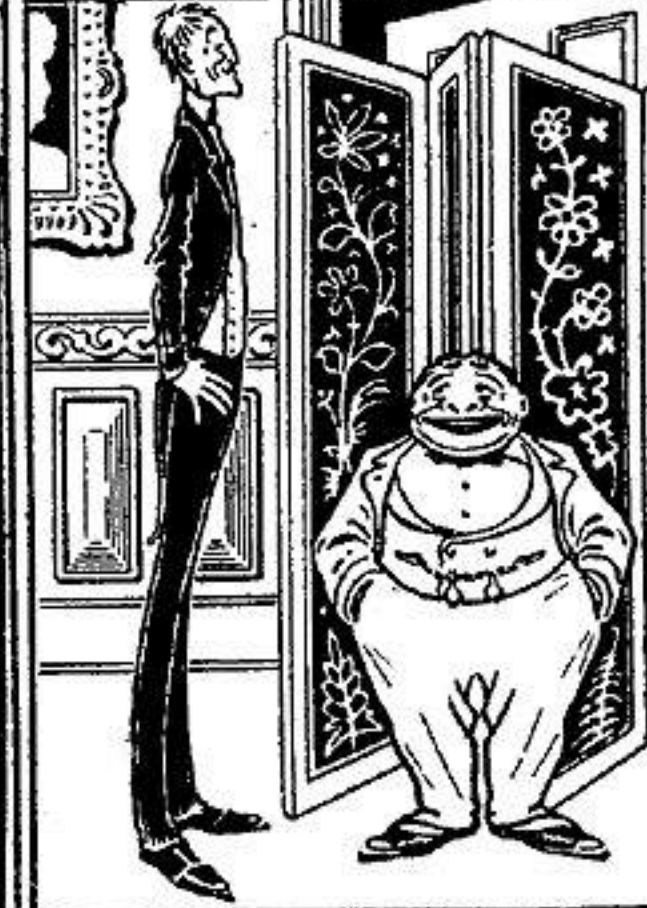
Mrs. Knagg: "I'll have the last word though I should die for it!"

Mr. Knagg: "You can have it, my dear, on those terms, and welcome!"



First Comedian: "Vot kind of time dit you have at der spiritualist's seance?"

Second Comedian: "Oh, medium!"



Tall Thin Party: "I would like to go to the fancy dress ball, but cannot think of a costume."

Short Stout Party: "Chalk your head and go as a billiard cue!"

Tall Thin Party: "So I will if you'll come as the ball."



# OUR SPLENDID MECHANICAL NOVELTY. THE BATTLE OF THE GIANTS

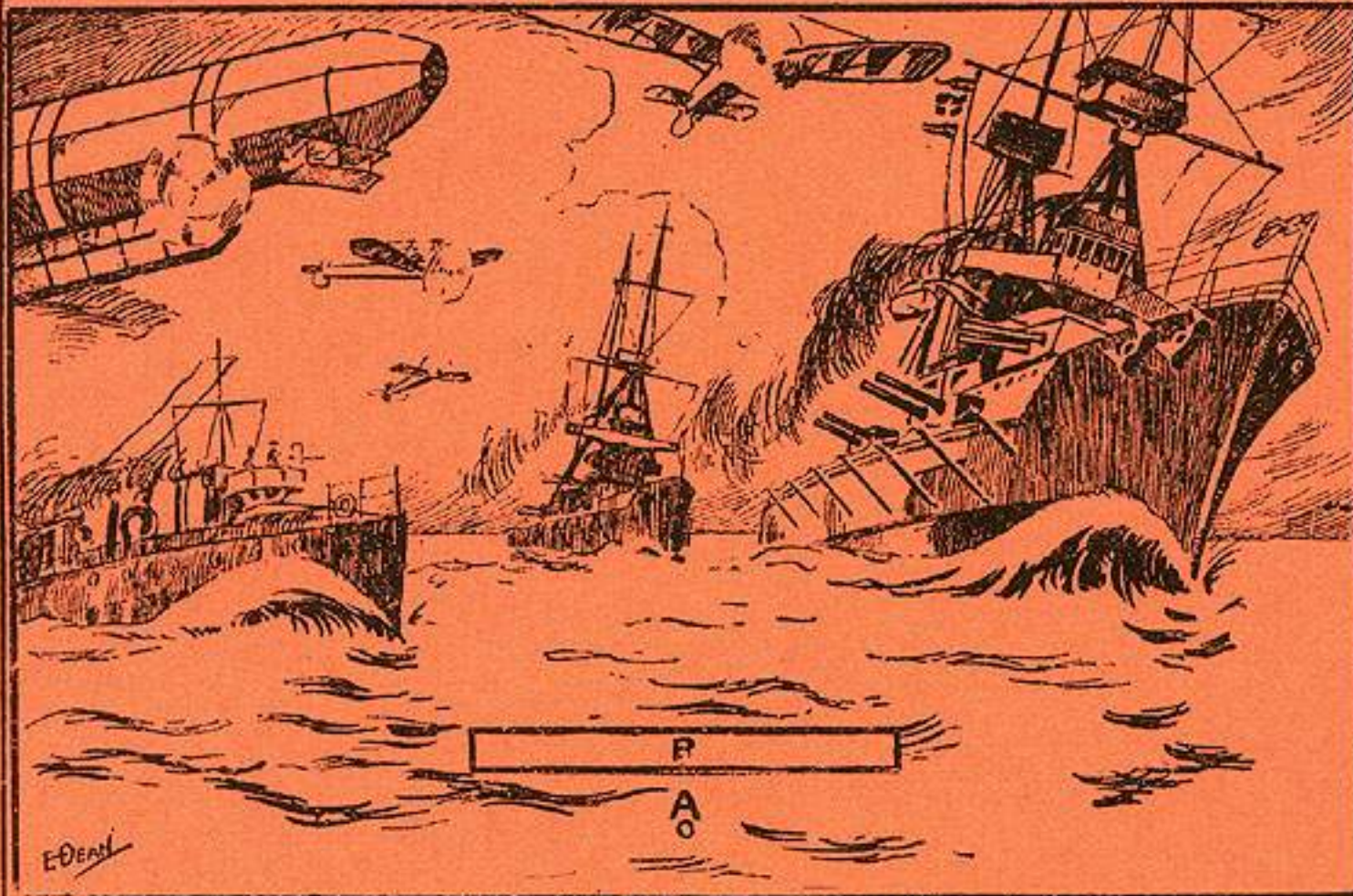


FIG. 3

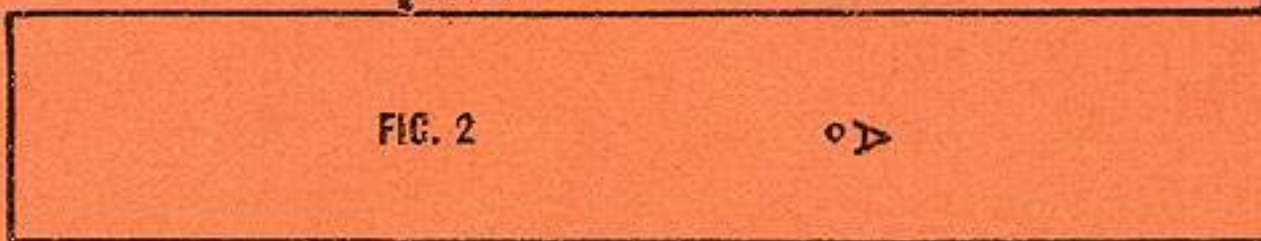


FIG. 2

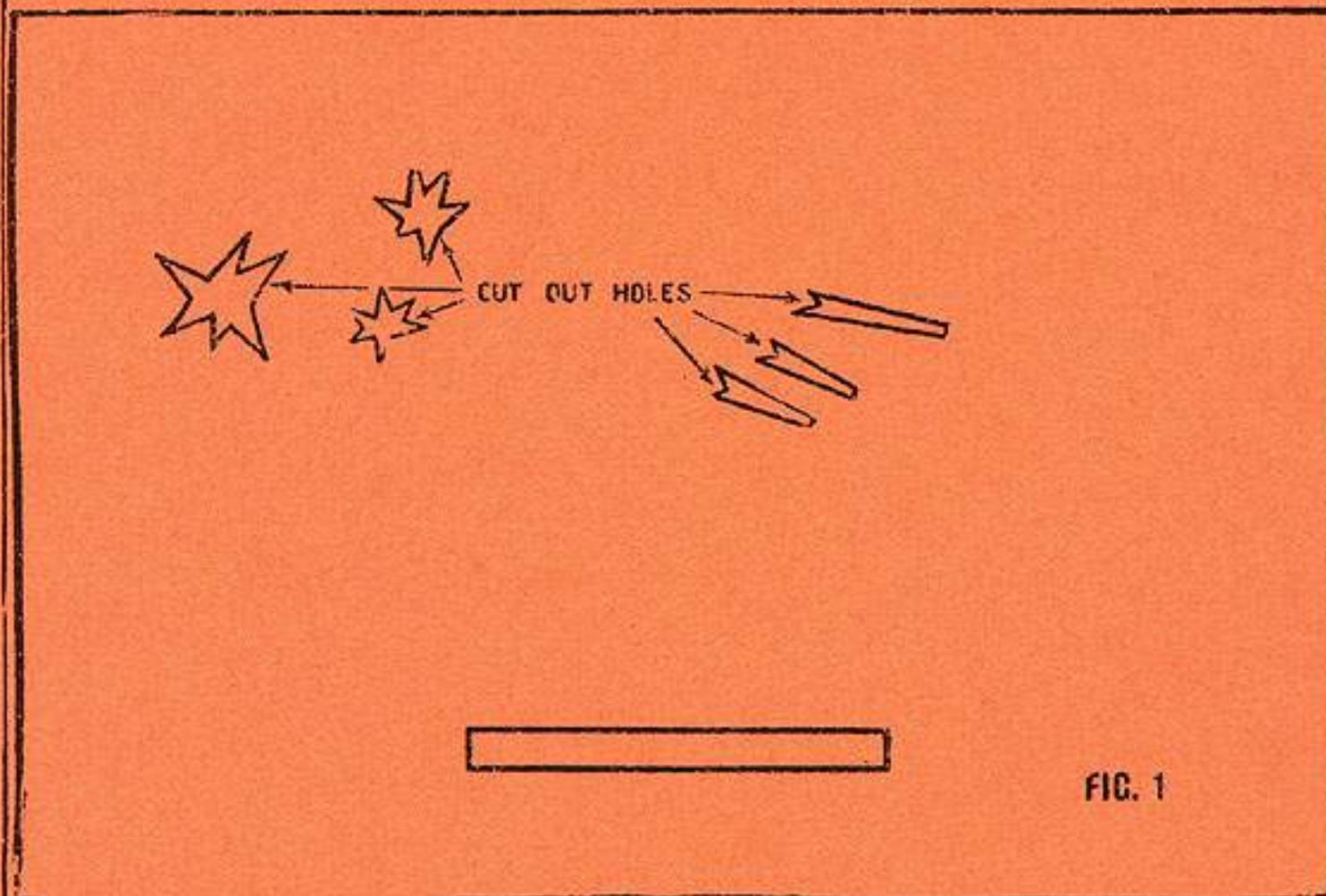


FIG. 1

FOR  
DIRECTIONS  
SEE BELOW.



## Directions.

First paste fig. 1 on thin cardboard and cut out the holes with a sharp penknife. Next cut out the picture (fig. 3) and paste on top of fig. 1, so when held up to the light the holes on the right appear to be flashes from the muzzles of the big guns on the Dreadnought. Cut out the slot B in the picture and slip in fig. 2 (which should also be pasted on cardboard) from the back and fasten with a paper fastener through a small hole at A. The novelty is then complete. To obtain the effect of the Dreadnought's mighty broadside firing against the attack of the enemy's airships, hold up to the light, with the lever upright, move it quickly over to the right, and then to the left, and you will see the flashing of the guns and the bursting shells.



VERY LIVELY MUSIC!



1. "Gootness, vot beautiful music! 2. "Ach, vell I neffer! No wonder, It vas shust like der notes ver alive!" ain't it?"

CAUGHT

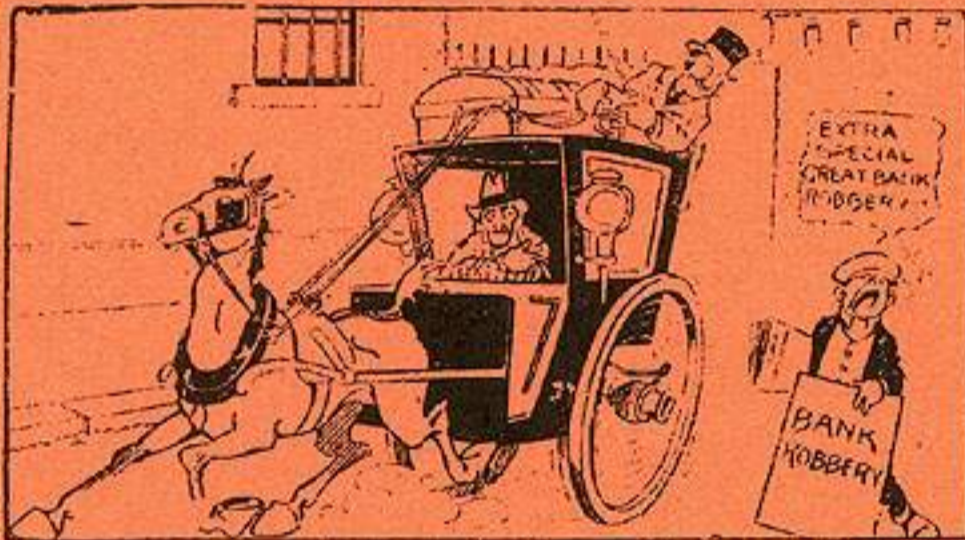


She: "What is the correct translation for the motto of that lovely ring you gave me?"

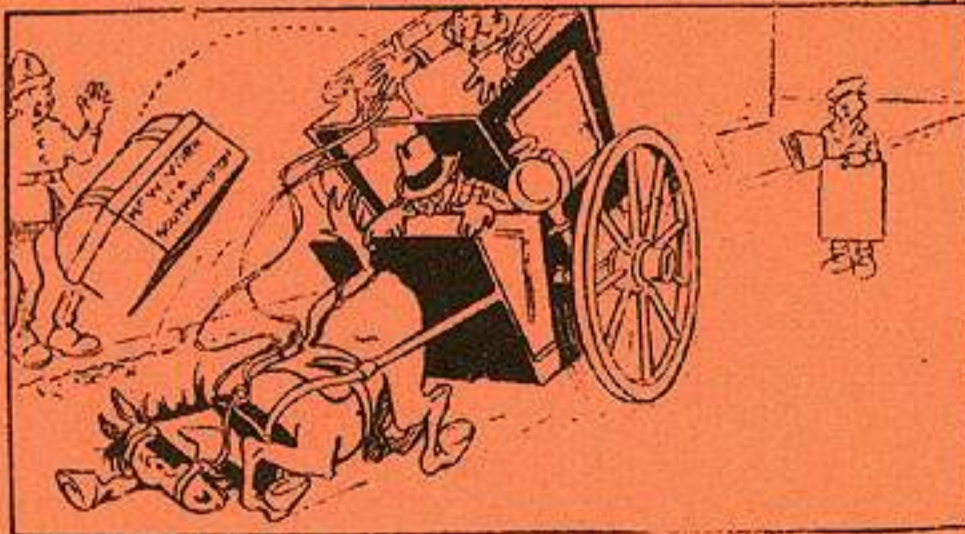
He: "Faithful to the last."

She: "The last! How horrid! You told me that I was the very first!"

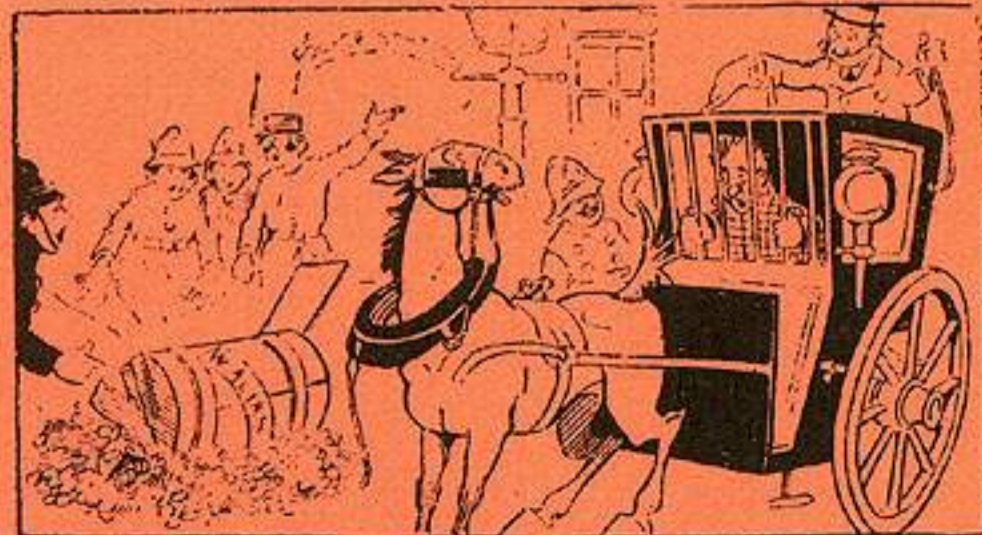
EXTREMELY NEAT!



1. Dear Readers,—I was driving a fare to the station t'other day when my attention was called to a lad who was crying some news. "Great Bank Robbery!" he shouted. So I turned me head to have a look.



2. Then the old hoss went down over something in the road, and my fare's luggage, labelled New York, shot off. And as it broke about ten thousand golden sovereigns rolled out.



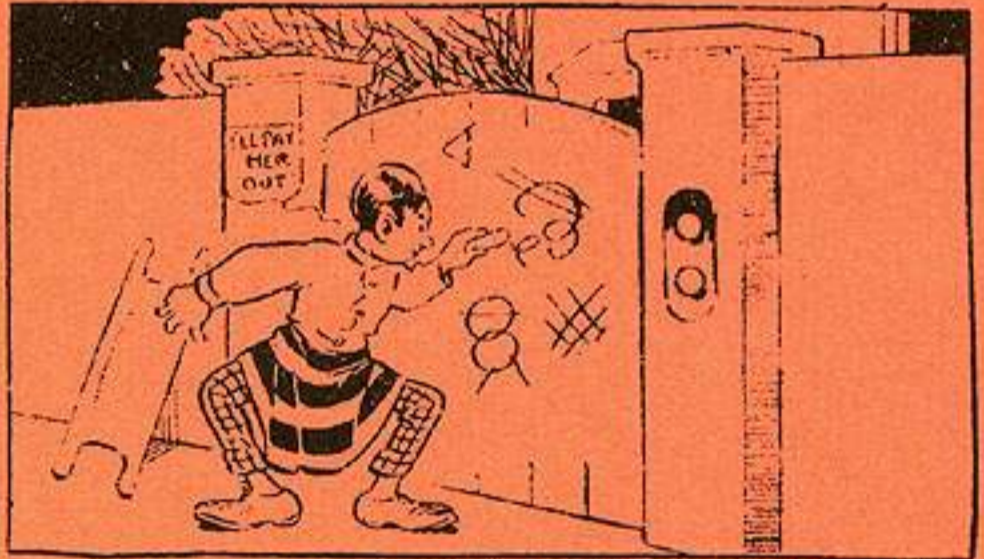
3. Then I realised that my fare was the bank thief, so I pulled a lever, and down came my patent bars, trapping him properly.

N

A HEARTY WELCOME TO ALL!



1. "H'm, no good calling there for orders!" said Bibb, the butcher's boy. "She must be a vegetarian."



2. "But I'll pay her out!" quoth the lad, and he scribbled a few mystic signs on the door, which you wouldn't understand unless you were a tramp.



3. Anyway, the marks meant that there was much good meat and drink, and a hearty welcome for all.