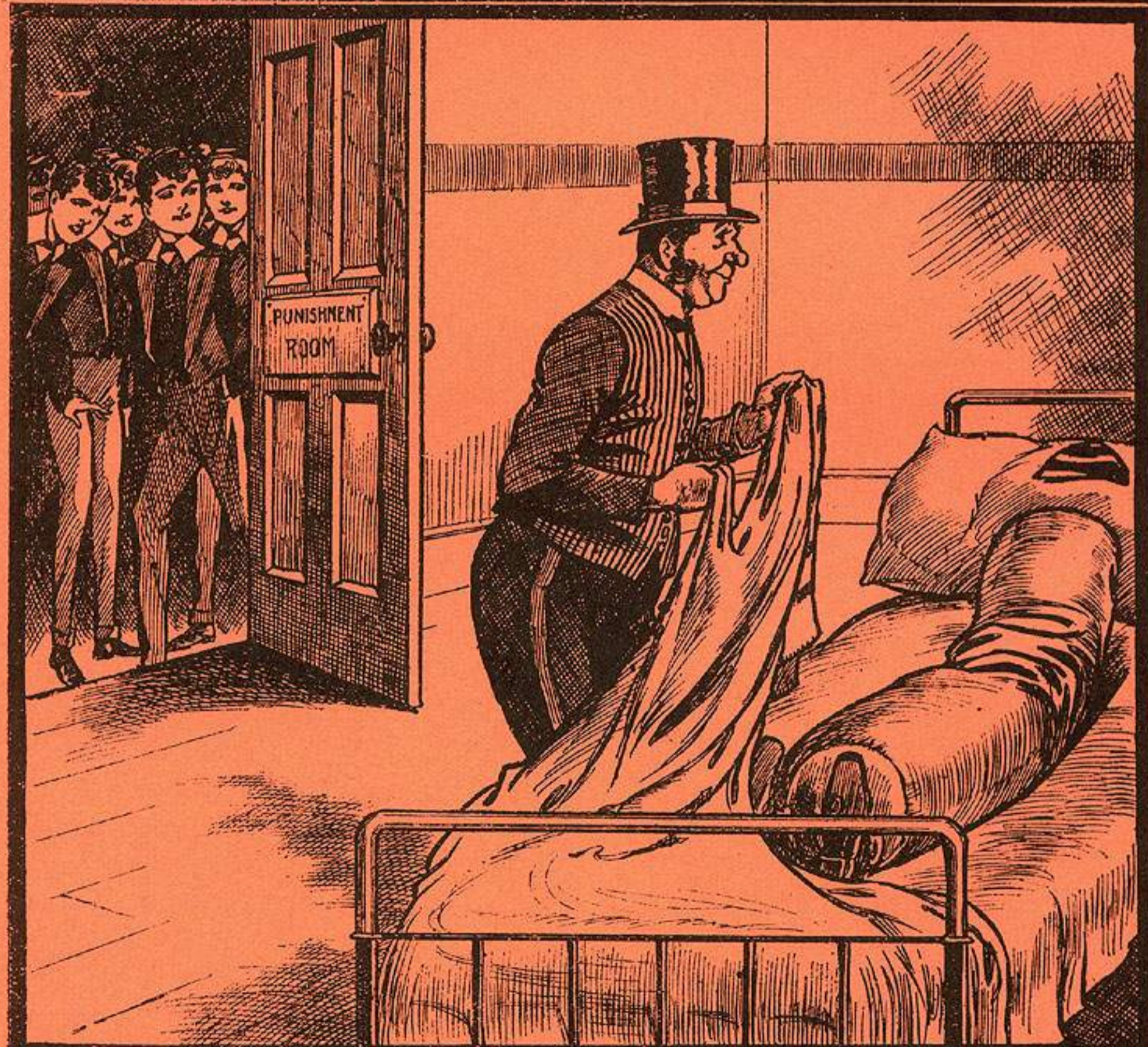


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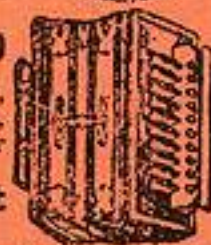
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THE CAPTAIN'S MINOR!

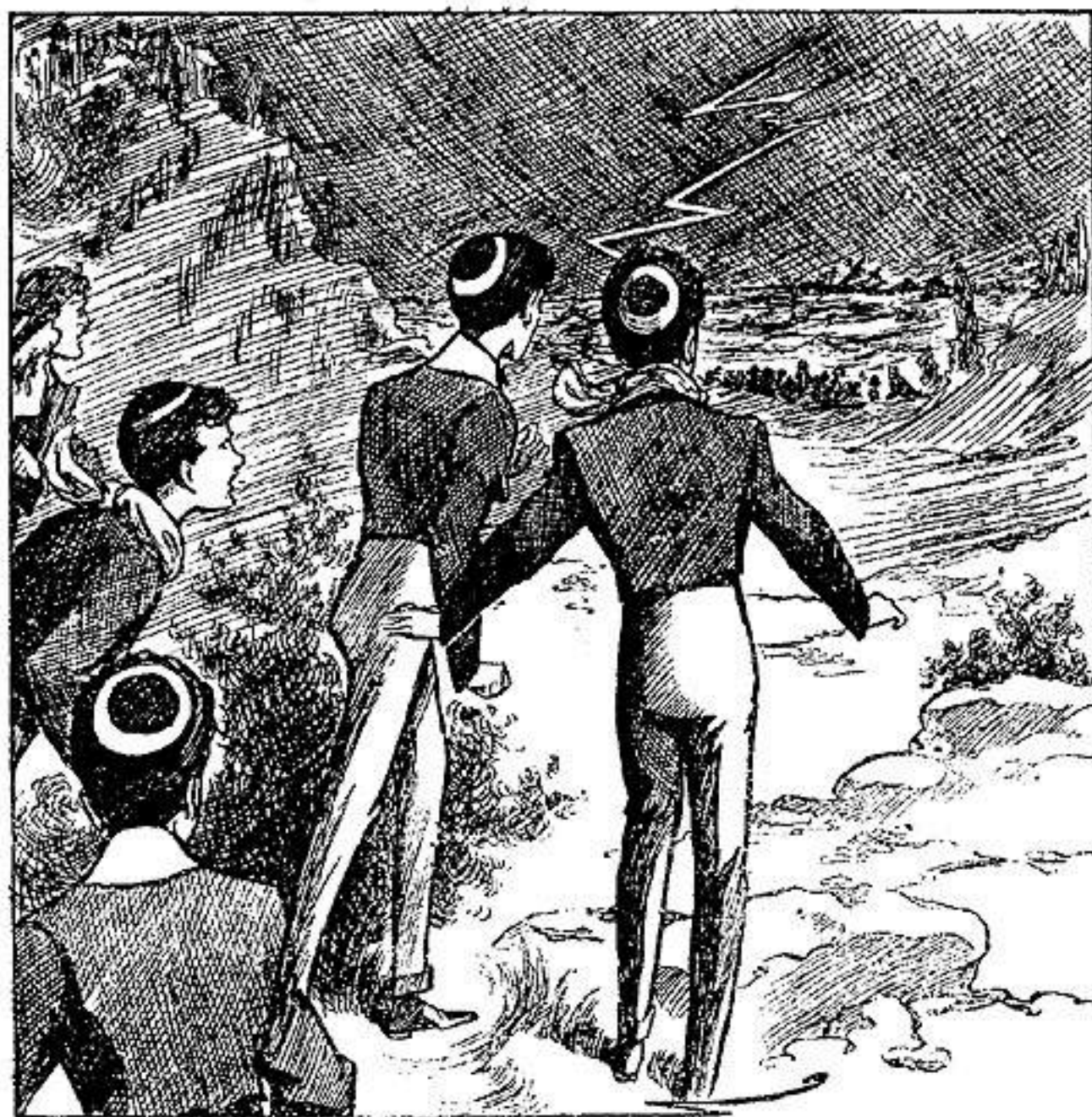
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A Son of the Sea!

A Splendid, New, Long, Complete School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars.

By
Frank Richards

THE FIRST CHAPTER. The Minute-Gun.

BOOM!
Bob Cherry, of the Remove Form at Greyfriars, started out of his sleep.

Boom!

"M-m-my hat!" murmured Bob Cherry drowsily. "What's that?"

He listened.

It was not easy to hear any special sound that wild winter's night; the old Close of Greyfriars was full of clamour, the old elms groaning and creaking in the wind, which howled and roared round the chimney-stacks. Through the roar of the wind there came, at intervals, the crash of breaking branches; and deeper yet, from the distance, there was the sullen roar of the sea breaking upon a rocky coast. And through the din of the wind, the crash of trees, the roar of the sea, came that heavy boom—boom from afar—a strange voice from the depths of the night.

Boom!

It was the third time in as many minutes. And then Bob Cherry knew, and a shiver ran through his limbs.

It was the minute-gun—the signal of distress from a ship in peril at sea.

Bob Cherry sat up in bed, and called to his chum, Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove.

"Wharton, are you awake?"

"Yes," came Harry Wharton's quiet voice. "It woke me up, too, Bob. It's the minute-gun!"

"Yes; and some ship—"

"I pity them if they're near the Shoulder on a night like this," said Harry Wharton, with a shudder. "There goes the gun again!"

Several more of the Remove fellows had been awakened by the voices, and the distant boom of the gun.

"My hat, what a night!" exclaimed Frank Nugent.

"Listen to the trees!"

"Listen to the gun!" said Johnny Bull, in a hushed voice.

"It is terrific, my esteemed chums!" said Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh, the Nabob of Bhanipur. "I wish that we could do something for the unfortunate and esteemed persons who are in danger."

"Jolly well wish we could!" said Bob Cherry. "But—You getting out of bed, Harry?"

"Yes," came Wharton's voice.

"What for?"

"I'm going down there."

"Phew! It's past midnight!"

"It won't be the first time we've broken bounds, my son," said the captain of the Remove; "and you remember we were able to help once before when a ship went to pieces on the Shoulder Rock. Might happen again!"

"Shut up, you chaps!" came the voice of Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars. "I want to go to sleep. The storm makes noise enough, without your holding a giddy conversation in the middle of the night."

Bob Cherry's eyes gleamed in the dark.

"You want to go to sleep, Smithy?" he asked, quietly getting out of bed.

"Yes," yawned the Bounder.

"You can go to sleep, can you, with a ship going to pieces, and perhaps the crew being drowned, less than a mile away?"

"Oh, I'm not troubled with nerves!"

"You'll be troubled with something else, then, you rotter!" said Bob Cherry, who had groped his way to the Bounder's bed in the dark. "Take that!"

"Yaroooh!" roared the Bounder.

Cold water swamped over his face, and as he started up wildly in bed, Bob Cherry grasped him by the shoulders and rolled him out with a bump on the floor. The Bounder roared again.

"There!" panted Bob Cherry. "Now you can go to sleep if you like!"

"Ow, ow! I'll—I'll——"

"You'll shut up, Smithy!" said Harry Wharton curtly. "You're a rotten cad, and if we'd time we'd give you a dormitory licking. Get to bed and shut up. Any of you fellows coming down to Pegg with me?"

"What ho!" said Bob Cherry, who was already getting into his clothes, heedless of the savage muttering of the Bounder.

"Yes, rather!" said Nugent and Johnny Bull; and the Nabob of Bhanipur remarked that the ratherfulness was terrific.

"I'm coming, too," said Dick Rake, the new boy in the Remove; he was dressing quickly in the darkness. "I don't suppose we shall be able to do any good; the fishermen from Pegg will all be there, and the coastguards, too. But if there's anything to be done——"

"It's up to the Remove to do it," said Nugent.

"Just so!"

"I shouldn't wonder if some of the other fellows get out," said Harry Wharton. "Coker of the Fifth might—perhaps Wingate, too. Better keep our eyes open. Wingate is a very good skipper, and knows some things; but he mightn't know that juniors are wanted on the scene down at Pegg."

"Probably not!" grinned Johnny Bull. "We'll give him a wide berth if he's out."

Boom!

A sudden silence fell on the juniors, as the boom of the gun came through the dull roar of wind and waves.

Billy Bunter, the Owl of the Remove, woke up. Bunter was a good sleeper, and he had slept through the storm so far.

"I say, you fellows, is there anything the matter?" asked Billy Bunter, blinking through the darkness at the dimly-moving figures.

"Yes," said Bob Cherry.

"Oh, dear! What's that?"

Boom!

"It's the minute-gun!"

"Oh, is that all?" grunted Bunter. "I thought there was something the matter. I wish they wouldn't fire off guns in the middle of the night and wake me up. I always wake up hungry. It's very inconsiderate of them. There it goes again!"

Boom!

"Very inconsiderate, I call it!" said Bunter. "I sha'n't go to sleep again now unless I can get something to eat. Have you got any chocolates, you chaps, or biscuits? I don't mind what it is, really, so long as it's eatable!"

"Shut up, you fat beast!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

Boom!

"Can't you understand that people's lives are in danger?"

"Ye-es!" said Bunter peevishly. "But I'm hungry; and unless I keep myself up with plenty to eat, my life might be in danger, too. I don't like being woke up at night. I say, you fellows, have you got any milk chocolate, or—yaroooh!"

Bump!

Billy Bunter landed on the floor, hardly knowing how he had got there. He was still squirming there, groaning and gasping, when the dormitory door closed behind the Famous Five of the Remove. They were gone.

Bunter picked himself up with a snort.

"Ow! Who did that? Yow!"

"Bob Cherry did it, and he's gone!" chuckled Tom Brown. "You'd better go to bed, Bunter, and shut up. I don't want to get up, but if you say any more, I shall get out and bump you—hard!"

"Oh, really, Brown——"

"Oh, go to bed!"

And Billy Bunter grunted and went to bed.

"Lot of rot, I call it!" said Vernon-Smith. "What do you think, Bolsover?"

Bolsover major, the bully of the Remove, generally coincided with Vernon-Smith. But on this occasion he didn't.

"I think you're a howling rotter, Smithy!" he said very deliberately. "That's what I think, if you want to know."

The Bounder yawned.

"Well, I don't want to know particularly!" he said. "Go and eat coke!" And the Bounder turned over and went to sleep again. Billy Bunter was soon asleep again, too; but most of the Remove lay awake a long time—listening to the boom of the minute-gun, and wondering what was happening down by the storm-swept shore—especially after the boom of the gun had ceased to reverberate through the wild night.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Out of Bounds.

"MY hat! It's windy!"

"Grooh!"

"Hold on!"

The six juniors—the Famous Five and Dick Rake, of the Remove—were at the open window of the lower box-room, at the back of the school buildings. As a rule, it was easy enough to reach the ground from the window by means of an outhouse below. But to-night it was not easy.

The wind was sweeping round the old school with terrific force, and Harry Wharton drew his head back after putting it out. His cap had been swept off, and it disappeared into the night.

"Jolly rough, by Jove!" said Dick Rake. "Still, we've got to go. Hold on, for your giddy lives!"

And the juniors, holding on very tightly, clambered out of the window one by one.

The wind buffeted and battered them, but they reached the ground after a struggle, and stood close by the wall to recover their breath.

Then they skirted the school buildings, and cut across the Close towards the wall that gave upon the high road.

Out in the open the wind was stronger than ever, and they reeled as they ran across; but they reached the school wall at last.

Breathless, they crouched in the shelter of the stone wall and the rustling ivy.

"Oh, crumbs!" said Rake. "That was a tussle! What will it be like down in the bay?"

Boom!

"The gun's still going!" said Nugent.

"And closer in," said Harry Wharton. "They're near the shore now, and they'll never get off! Heaven help them!"

"It's horrible!" said Johnny Bull. "Buck up! We may be able to help."

"Hold on! Quiet! Cave!"

"Bat——"

"Cave!" whispered Harry Wharton. "Somebody's coming!"

The juniors crouched as still as mice in the rustling ivy. Three figures were looming up dimly in the gloom. They were coming directly towards the spot where the six juniors were crouching. The boys could not make them out, but their size showed that they were seniors.

If they happened to be prefects of the Sixth Form, and they discovered the Removites, the latter would be ordered back to bed—probably with a caning, to warn them that bounds should not be broken at night.

There was a sudden glitter of light. A flash of lightning darted across the inky sky, and for a second the old Close

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Con Fitzpatrick's shouts were certainly the queerest that had ever been heard on a footer field. "Don't you cut across my bows, you lubber!" he shouted to Hurree Singh. "Pass—pass to starboard, you swab! That's right, now. Full steam ahead! All hands on deck!" (See Chapter 7.)

of Greyfriars, the groaning elms, the great School House stood out in weird, lurid clearness.

And in that second the two parties saw one another. And the juniors recognised Horace Coker, Potter, and Greene, of the Fifth Form—seniors, but fortunately not prefects. And Coker & Co. saw the Removites.

"My hat!" exclaimed Coker, of the Fifth. "Here are kids out here—this time of night! You young sweeps! What are you doing here?"

"Talking to a silly ass, at the present moment," replied Bob Cherry politely. And the Removites chuckled.

Coker snorted. "You buzz off back to bed!" he exclaimed, in a tone of great authority. "I can't have you kids breaking bounds on a night like this!"

"Why, you're breaking bounds yourself!" roared Bob Cherry.

"That's different," said Coker loftily. "I'm a senior; you're only fags. You buzz off back to bed! Do you hear?"

"Eh?"

"Get back to bed!"

"What?"

"Get back to bed!" roared Coker.

"Louder, please."

"Get back to bed!" shrieked Coker. "Are you deaf?"

"No; but I like to hear you talk, you know," said Bob Cherry agreeably. "Say it over again, Coker, old man."

Potter and Greene chuckled. Coker didn't. He groped towards the juniors in the darkness, glaring wrathfully.

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"Are you going in?" he demanded.

"No fear!"

"Mind your own business, Coker!" said Harry Wharton indignantly. "We've as much right out of bounds as you have, if you come to that. You're not a prefect."

"Never mind that," said Coker. "It's my business as a senior to keep you kids in order. I'm not going to have you going out on a night like this. You—you'll catch cold. We can't allow that, can we, Potty?"

"Certainly not!" said Potter.

"Decidedly not!" said Greene. "These Remove kids have too much cheek altogether. They had better go in."

To which the Removites replied, with great unanimity:

"Rats!"

"Then we'll jolly well whack you, and send you in!" said Coker. "Oh!"

Wharton had hurriedly whispered to his comrades, and they made a sudden rush.

The three Fifth-Formers were bowled over like ninepins by the sudden and unexpected attack.

Coker rolled in a pool of water, and Greene rolled over him, and Potter fell heavily upon the two of them.

"Ow! Ow!"

"Oh! Hoh! Grooh!"

"Yaroooh!"

"Roll 'em over!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yaroooh! Oh! Yarooop!"

Coker struck out wildly in the darkness. There was a fiendish yell from Potter, as he caught Coker's right in his

eye; and then a wild whoop from Greene, who captured a terrific drive in the ribs. Then Potter and Greene piled on Coker and hammered him, under the impression that he was an enemy. The Removites, grinning cheerfully, clambered over the school wall and dropped into the road. In the Close behind them a battle was waging—a civil war, as it were, among Coker & Co.

"You—you cheeky fag!" gasped Potter, as he hammered Coker. "I'll—"

"Leave off, you idiot!" gurgled Coker. "You're punching me!"

"Oh, is that you, Coker?"

"Yes, you idiot! Yes, you fathead! Yes, you chump!"

"Oh, sorry! I—"

"I've got one of 'em," said Coker. "I've got his head in chancery, and I'm pasting him. Yes, you can howl and wriggle," went on Coker, addressing his struggling victim. "I'm going to give you beans! I—"

"Ow! Ow! Ow!"

Thump! Thump! Thump!

"Leggo!" came a strangled voice. "You dangerous lunatic, leggo! You—"

"My hat! Is that you, Greene?"

"Yes, you idiot! Yes, you fathead!"

"Well, you shouldn't have—have shoved your head in chancery," said Coker.

"You—you—you idiot—"

"I'm going back," said Potter. "I believe I've got a black eye. I'm wet through. Yah!"

And Potter tramped back towards the School House. And Coker and Greene, who were both smothered with mud and wet through, decided to follow him. And Coker & Co's expedition did not come off; but out in the windy night the chums of the Remove were tramping steadily down towards the sea.

THE THIRD CHAPTER. Saved From the Sea.

BOOM!

Once more the gun boomed out over the storm-swept sea, as the juniors of Greyfriars came out upon the open shore. The fishing village of Pegg was upon their right, Cliff House School on their left, and away to the end of the bay loomed up the gigantic cliff known as the Shoulder. The sand was crumpling under the heavy billows that rolled in and broke on the rocks. Lanterns gleamed by the shore, where a group of fisherfolk and coastguards had gathered. The juniors joined the crowd of them, unnoticed in the excitement. There was no lifeboat at Pegg, and in such a sea no boat could have lived. Far out on the black waters lights were dancing and dodging, showing the position of the hapless vessel.

"She's doomed!" said Bob Cherry, in a hushed voice. "She's bound to go on the rocks now! But they may get ashore, poor chaps."

That was what the crowd were hoping for. There were half a dozen brawny fishermen, with ropes tied round them, ready to plunge into the surf to the assistance of the wrecked crew, if a chance came.

The gun was silent now. The last boom had been heard as the juniors of Greyfriars arrived upon the shore.

A flash of lightning cut across the inky sky.

Cliffs and rolling waves shone for a moment in wild brightness, and the ship was seen—a coasting steamer, with all her masts gone, and a mass of wreckage hampering her as she rolled heavily in the sea. And she was terribly close to the rocks now. She had escaped the Shoulder, and was drifting helplessly to the shore, directly towards the group of anxious rescuers. Lanterns were waved high in the air to guide the hapless crew. So close was the doomed schooner now that the wild, strained faces of the seamen could be seen by the lightning-flash.

Darkness again; and the vessel was swallowed up from sight, as if the sea had closed over her for ever.

Then a light danced out again—a lantern on the schooner, showing that she still floated.

Wharton held up his hand.

"Hark!"

Crash!

A grinding concussion from the darkness, audible through the roar of wind and wave!

"She's struck!"

Old Dave Trumper, the fisherman, uttered that cry, and it was echoed by the anxious crowd.

The schooner had struck!

A minute later, Dave Trumper was plunging in the surf, and the men who held the rope fastened to him paid it out swiftly.

Then they dragged upon it hard.

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Trumper came staggering from the surf with a form in his arms, and a dozen hands took it from him—a seaman, half senseless, but saved.

Trumper plunged into the surf again—three or four more followed him.

The juniors watched with starting eyes.

Three, four, five forms were laid upon the sands, tended by gentle hands—five men saved from the maw of the remorseless sea. One of them, evidently the skipper of the schooner, was conscious; he sat up, panting, the water running down his face.

"How many were there of you?" Harry Wharton cried.

"Five men!" gasped the skipper.

"Then all are here!"

"And the boy?"

"There was a boy?" asked Dave Trumper.

"Yes; the boy—"

All eyes were upon the sea again.

There was one more to be rescued, and that one a boy. The hearts of the watchers were heavy. The men had been dragged from the raging surf, but a boy—what chance had he in that pandemonium of whirling waters?"

"Poor kid!" muttered Bob Cherry, with a lump in his throat. "He's got no chance—"

Wharton clenched his hands.

"Bob—look—"

He pointed.

"What is it, Harry?"

"I saw—I thought I saw—"

Bob Cherry shook his head. Black darkness wrapped sea and land; he could see nothing. But Wharton, careless of the water, was standing knee-deep in the surf now, his eyes strained seaward.

"Come back, Master Wharton—come back!" shouted old Trumper. "You'll be swept away!"

Wharton did not reply; he did not move.

His eyes were on the lashing water—where he had seen, or fancied that he had seen, a white face for a fraction of a second.

Was it fancy, or—

"Stop him!" yelled Nugent.

Too late!

Harry Wharton was plunging madly into the surf—away—away into the darkness—a second, and he was gone from sight.

"Harry!"

"Come back!"

"He will be drowned!"

Bob Cherry plunged waist deep into the sea. There was a sob in his throat; tears blinded his eyes. Wharton had seen the face again, he knew; he had dashed in to the rescue; but he had gone only to death—he could not swim in that whirlpool of raging waters.

"Harry! Harry!"

Crash! crash! the billows broke on the shore—the surf raged and raced—the juniors were drenched from head to foot, and driven backwards by the thundering waters—

Where was Wharton?

"Harry! Harry!"

Where was he?

Would they ever look again upon their chum—upon the brave-hearted captain of the Remove? Would they ever see him again in life, or—or not until the sea gave up its dead?

"Harry! Harry!"

"He's gone!" muttered old Trumper. "Brave lad—brave lad—but he's gone!"

"Harry! Harry!"

Bob Cherry gave a wild yell.

"I can see him—Harry!"

Bob was plunging in the next moment. His grasp closed upon Harry Wharton—upon his chum, exhausted, but struggling shoreward. And in Harry Wharton's grasp was a still, insensible form!

Bob Cherry dragged at him, and three or four fishermen rushed to aid him—the two juniors were rushed out of the surf—and Wharton's grasp was still fast upon the insensible form of the lad he had rescued.

There was a loud and ringing cheer amid the boom of the storm.

"Hurrah!"

The chums of the Remove, half-crying with excitement and relief, gathered round Wharton, as he sank exhausted upon the sands.

"Got him!" muttered Wharton.

"Yes, yes, you've got him! Thank goodness we've got you, too—you—you ass!" muttered Nugent, choking.

Wharton grinned faintly; then something seemed to turn round in his head, and he did not know what happened next.

He came to himself, and for some moments he lay in a

state of mental confusion, not knowing what had happened. He raised his head and looked about him. He was no longer on the shore. He no longer felt the wind upon his face. He was in bed, and a shaded light glimmered near him.

He looked round.

"My hat! What—what—"

"Lie still, my lad," said a soft voice. It was Dr. Locke, the Head of Greyfriars, who was standing by his bedside.

Wharton looked up at him.

"I suppose I fainted, sir," he said.

"Yes."

"And the chap—is he all right?"

The Head smiled.

"He is in the next bed, Wharton. He has not recovered his senses yet, but the doctor says he will come round quite all right."

Wharton looked round him. He was in bed, in the school sanatorium; and in the next bed lay a still figure.

"He's—he's all right, sir?"

"Yes, Wharton."

"Jolly good! I"—Wharton hesitated—"I hope you'll excuse us for breaking bounds, sir. We—we thought we might be some use, and—and—"

"And you have been some use, my lad," said the Head. "I shall certainly excuse you; though it must not happen again. But you have saved a human life this night, Wharton, and I am glad—very glad—that you were there! Thank Heaven it ended so well! Your comrades have told me the fearful peril you risked."

Wharton coloured.

"I'm glad I got him out, sir."

"It was a brave deed, my lad. Now go to sleep."

And Wharton, who was exhausted in every limb, went to sleep.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Something Like a Surprise!

GREYFRIARS, on the following morning, showed very plainly the traces of the storm of that wild night.

In the Close, there were scattered branches cumbering the ground, and when the fellows came down, the gardeners were already at work clearing them away.

Harry Wharton came down at the usual time. He was little the worse for the perilous adventure of the night. He looked a little pale, and that was all. His chums gave him an ovation when he joined them at breakfast, in the old dining-room of Greyfriars. As a rule, the dining-room was a most orderly place, where fellows spoke in subdued voices; but there was not much order when Harry Wharton, of the Remove, appeared and took his place at the Remove table.

The juniors jumped up at once. Bob Cherry led the cheering, and the old dining-hall rang with it.

"Here he is!" roared Bob Cherry. "Here's the giddy hero! Hurrah!"

"Hip, hip, hurrah!"

Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, was upon his feet, too. But the usually quiet and grave master did not attempt to check the roar of cheering. He was quite willing that the hero of the hour should receive that well-merited tribute.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

"Bravo!"

"Good old Wharton!"

"Hip, hip, hurrah!"

Wharton stood with flaming cheeks.

He had not expected that, and it made him feel decidedly uncomfortable. Bob Cherry clapped him on the back.

"Bravo! Hip, hip, hurrah!"

"Oh, cheese it!" growled Wharton. "What's the row about?"

"That's what I want to know," sneered Vernon-Smith. "Anybody would have done it!"

Tom Brown, of New Zealand, picked up his untasted cup of tea, jerked his hand, and sent the tea full in the face of the Bounder.

"Take that, you cad!"

"Grooh yoooh—hoo!"

Vernon-Smith took it, and gasped and spluttered frantically.

"Brown!" said Mr. Quelch severely.

"Yes, sir!" said the Colonial junior. "I thought the rotten cad wanted shutting up, sir!"

Mr. Quelch smiled.

"Quite so," he said. "But please do not throw things across the table. Vernon-Smith, sit down."

"Do you see what he's done?" yelled the Bounder.

"Yes, I see; and if that had not been done, I should have cawed you for your unpleasant and caddish remark, Smith! You should be proud of your Form-fellow. Sit down and hold your tongue!"

And Vernon-Smith sat down, and mopped his face and neck furiously with his handkerchief.

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ONE
PENNY.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

The old rafters of the dining-hall rang and rang again. Fellows at the other tables stood up and joined in heartily, even Coker & Co., forgetful of the little episode in the Close on the previous night, yelled as loudly as any.

Wharton sat down.

"Cheese it, and pass the grub," he said. "I'm hungry!"

"Hurrah, hurrah!"

The cheering died away at last.

Breakfast was resumed, and Wharton ate his with a good appetite. After breakfast he looked quite his usual self. The captain of the Lower Fourth always kept himself fit, and the tough struggle with the waves had not told upon him.

When the fellows streamed out of the dining-hall after breakfast, Harry Wharton was surrounded by an enthusiastic crowd. And Vernon-Smith and Snoop, and the few others who would have sneered and belittled the exploit of their Form-captain, were wise enough to be silent. They would have been roughly hazled by the Removeites if they had ventured upon a word against the hero of the hour just then.

Wingate of the Sixth, the captain of Greyfriars, came towards them in the Close. He shook hands with Wharton.

"It was jolly good," said the Greyfriars captain. "You ought to be licked for breaking bounds; but it was a jolly good thing that you did, as it turns out. The kid you fished out wants to see you."

"Oh, good!" said Harry.

And he made his way to the school sanatorium.

The rescued boy was sitting up in bed. He was very white and wan. He was a good-looking lad, of about Wharton's age, with a rugged and sturdy form, and cheeks tanned by the weather. A thick shock of curly red hair adorned his head, and his eyes, though somewhat hollow now, were blue and bright, and had a merry twinkle in them. Wharton liked the look of the fellow at once.

"Hallo! Feel better?" he asked.

The lad nodded.

"Faith, and I'm better intirely!" he said. "Are you the fellow who pulled me out of the water last night?"

"Yes."

"Give us ye're fist!"

Wharton smiled, and shook hands with the lad.

"Were all the others saved?" asked the boy in the bed.

"Yes, all of them. They were taken into the Anchor Inn; but you were brought here so that the doctor could be got to you quicker," Harry explained. "I'm jolly glad to see you coming round like this. You looked precious-seedy last night."

"Faith, and it's all right I am!" said the lad. "But it was a narrow squeak for me. When she struck, sure I never thought that I should ever see Ould Ireland again! What's ye're name, alanna?"

"Harry Wharton."

"Mine's Con Fitzpatrick. I'm from Ireland!"

Wharton smiled.

Fitzpatrick smiled, too.

"Ye'd guessed that?" he asked.

"Well, yes."

"Sure, and it's kind of ye here to take a stranger in, in this way!" the lad went on. "I gather that it's a school here?"

"That's right," said Wharton. "We broke bounds to get down to the shore last night."

"Faith, and it was lucky for me that ye did!" said Fitzpatrick. "I might have been safe in a school myself, instead of drowning in the sea, only I wanted to be a sailor. And sure I'm going to be a sailor, too. I haven't had much luck since the first voyage; but one swallow doesn't make a summer. My father was a sailor, and he was drowned at sea. And I'm going to be a sailor, whatever Uncle Ulick says."

The Greyfriars junior laughed. There was something very taking in the frank, breezy manner of the Irish lad.

"So your uncle doesn't want you to be a sailor?" he asked.

Fitzpatrick shook his head.

"No. Uncle Ulick's my guardian, you know; and he was sending me to school. He'd arranged everything at Greyfriars—"

Wharton started.

"Greyfriars?"

"Yes, that was the name of the school," said Fitzpatrick, with a nod—"a school in the South of England. My uncle was there himself years ago."

"There was a captain of the school named Fitzpatrick. I've seen it in the school records," said Wharton.

"That was my Uncle Ulick. But you know the school?" asked Fitzpatrick.

"Ha, ha! Yes, a little!"

"Foine place?"

"Very fine place, I think."

"All the same, I'm going to say. I was born to be a sailor," said the Irish lad confidentially. "My father said I was a son of the say, and so I am intirely."

"Do you mean to say that you ran away to sea?" exclaimed Wharton.

Fitzpatrick nodded.

"Faith, and I did! They were all ready to send me to Dublin, to cross over and be taken to Greyfriars, and I stowed myself away on the schooner when she put into Ballyport. They didn't find me till the next day, and then it was too late to get rid of me, so the skipper made me ship's boy for the voyage. I meant to get another ship at London—that's where we were bound for—but we never got there. Sure, and I'd like to let Uncle Ulick know I'm safe; but not where I am, or he'll want to get hold of me and send me to that blessed school—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fitzpatrick looked at the junior in a puzzled way.

"What are ye grinning at?" he asked.

"Have you given your name here?" asked Harry.

"Yes; I tould the ould jintleman with the whiskers, when he asked me."

"That was the Head, I suppose. Did you tell him you had run away to sea?"

"Oh, no!"

"Did he seem to know your name?"

"Faith, and he did—I don't know how," said Fitzpatrick thoughtfully. "He asked me if I was the nephew of Mr. Ulick Fitzpatrick, of County Kerry, and sure I tould him that I was. But he doesn't know—"

"I'm afraid he does," said Harry.

"Why—how?"

"Because," said Harry, laughing—"because this school that you've dropped into happens to be Greyfriars!"

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The New Boy.

FITZPATRICK started up in bed.

"Greyfriars!"

"Yes."

"Sure, and it's joking ye are?"

"Not a bit of it. This is Greyfriars; and you can bet the Head knows your name, if your uncle has arranged to send you here. I dare say he knows, too, that you bolted instead of coming here!" said Harry, smiling.

"Oh, tare an' 'ounds!" said the Irish lad, in dismay.

"Sure, I've got out of the frying-pan into the foire intirely."

"You'd better make up your mind to give Greyfriars a trial," said Harry. "You won't find it such a bad place."

"But I want to go to say!"

"I'm afraid you won't get the Head to agree to that—not without instructions from your uncle, at all events. I expect he's wired to Mr. Fitzpatrick already."

"Howly mother av Moses!"

"You'll find it all right," said Harry encouragingly; "we're very close to the sea; you can go to sea every half-holiday, if you like!"

"Oh, ochone, ochone!"

"Well, I shall have to buzz off now for lessons!" said Harry. "Good-bye, and make up your mind to make the best of Greyfriars. What Form were you going to—do you know?"

"Faith! I'd been prepared for the Lower Fourth!"

"That's my Form—the Remove! We'll make you welcome," said Harry.

"Thank you! But—"

"The fellows are all right; and the Head's a brick," said Harry. "I'll come in and see you again after second lesson. Cheer!"

And Wharton left the sanatorium and hurried to the classroom. He was just in time for first lesson.

Mr. Quelch gave him a very kindly glance.

"If you do not feel fit for lessons this morning, Wharton, I will excuse you," he said.

But Wharton was not a slacker.

"Thank you, sir!" he said. "But I'm all right!"

And Wharton did his Form-work as usual. When second lesson was over, and the Remove streamed out into the Close, Wharton turned his steps at once in the direction of the sanatorium.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Ain't you coming down to the footer practice, you slacker?"

"I'm going to see Fitzpatrick first."

"The kid you yanked out of the water?"

"Yes. I'll come along presently."

Wharton found Fitzpatrick sitting up in bed, propped up with pillows. The lad was coming round, but he was still

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in a weak state, and he would need another day or two in bed. He nodded cheerily to Wharton.

"They won't let me get up!" he said.

"I should say not!" said Harry, laughing. "You're not fit yet. Do you want to run away to sea again?"

Fitzpatrick coloured.

"Well, I've been thinkin' of it," he said. "But—"

"I'm afraid it would mean trouble," said Harry. "Better make up your mind to stick it. The Head won't let you go, and you'd be found and brought back, you know. Better give Greyfriars a trial."

"But sure—"

"Hallo! Here's the Head."

Dr. Locke entered the room. He gave the junior a kindly nod, and then turned towards the boy in the bed. Fitzpatrick gave him a very dubious look. Dr. Locke had a telegram in his hand.

"I sent a wire to your uncle this morning, Fitzpatrick," he said, "to assure him of your safety."

"Thank you, sir!"

"I have received his reply," said the Head. "I had already received a letter from your uncle yesterday, to inform me that you had run away to sea, instead of coming to Greyfriars, as he had arranged. Are you aware that this is Greyfriars?"

"Sure, Wharton's tould me, sir," said Fitzpatrick ruefully. The Head smiled.

"Your uncle has telegraphed me instructions to keep you here," he said. "He is willing to overlook your conduct in running away to sea, so long as you do your best here and obey orders in the future."

"Sure, I—"

"Your uncle is resolved that you shall not go to sea," went on the Head quietly; "and as he is your guardian, his word is law in the matter."

Fitzpatrick was silent.

"Surely, my lad," said the Head kindly, "you must realise that it is better to be at a public school, preparing yourself for your way in life, than to be living the hard and rough life of a ship's boy?"

"I want to go to say, sir."

Dr. Locke coughed.

"Well, I am afraid it is impossible," he said, "and I must say that I entirely agree with your uncle's views. You have been entered at Greyfriars, and as you have, by a very fortunate accident, arrived here, here you will remain. Now, Fitzpatrick, you have been guilty of very thoughtless and inconsiderate conduct, and have caused your uncle much anxiety. You must try to atone for it by good conduct in this school."

"I—I'll try, sir," said Fitzpatrick.

"That's right!" said the Head encouragingly. "I am glad to see that you have already made friends with Wharton, who is the captain of the Form you will enter. I shall place you in his study."

"Yes, sir."

"Oh!" murmured Harry Wharton inaudibly. He felt very friendly towards the lad whose life he had saved, but No. 1 Study was none too large for himself and Frank Nugent. But the Head's word was law.

"When you are quite recovered, you will take your place in the Lower Fourth," resumed the Head. "I have no doubt that you will soon be contented at Greyfriars, and will be very happy here. It depends upon yourself."

"Yes, sir."

"But remember, no disobedience or rebelliousness will be allowed," the Head said, his voice growing a little stern. "If you should attempt to repeat your thoughtless and foolish conduct, Fitzpatrick, you will be severely punished, and your liberty will be curtailed. But I hope you will see your duty, and do it."

"Very well, sir."

"That is all, Fitzpatrick."

And the Head left the sanatorium.

Fitzpatrick gave Harry Wharton a look of comical dismay.

"Sure, and I'm in for it, intirely!" he said.

"You are," said Harry. "But you'll find it all right. As I told you, we're pretty close to the sea, and we have heaps of boating, and swimming, and sailing in good weather. You're going to belong to my study, and we'll see you through."

"It's obliged to you I am," said the new boy. "But—"

"But what?"

"I want to go to say."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"You'll get over that," he said. "Cheer up! This is a jolly place when you get used to it. You'll find it all right." Wharton stayed for half an hour with the new boy, chatting, and then left him for a little footer practice before dinner.



"Fitzpatrick!" snapped Loder, "did you bring these disreputable ruffians into the school?" "They're my guests, if you're referring to these two gentlemen," replied Fitzpatrick calmly. "If you can't be civil to my friends, get out!" The prefect gasped. (See Chapter 9.)

After the practice the chums of the Remove came off the ground, red and rosy and cheerful.

"How's the giddy patient getting on?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Right as rain!" said Harry.

"Then he'll be buzzing off soon?" said Nugent.

"No; there won't be any buzzing off for him."

"Why not?"

"Because he turns out to be a new kid for Greyfriars," said Harry, laughing.

"My hat!"

Harry Wharton explained. And after dinner the Famous Five paid a visit all together to the sanatorium, to see the new fellow who had come to Greyfriars in so curious a way. And the next day Con Fitzpatrick took his place in the Remove Form.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.
Fitzpatrick Makes Friends.

BOB CHERRY came into No. 1 Study in the Remove passage, and looked about him. Harry Wharton was there, writing out the last few lines of an imposition. Wharton had the study to himself for the moment; Frank Nugent was out, and the new study-mate, Con Fitzpatrick, was not in, evidently. Fitzpatrick seldom was in, as a matter of fact, if he could get out.

It was now several days since the storm and the rescue of the new boy, and Fitzpatrick was a regular inmate of

No. 1 Study. The Famous Five liked him as much as at first, but they could not help considering that he was a queer customer. Harry Wharton looked up from his impot as Bob Cherry came in, and their eyes met, and they both smiled.

"So he isn't here?" said Bob Cherry.

Harry Wharton did not need to ask whom "he" was.

"No," he said.

"Where is he?"

"Out of doors, somewhere."

"He's fond of the open air, I fancy," said Bob Cherry.

"Do you know that he has been over to old Lazarus, at Courtfield, to buy himself a hammock?"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"And he's chummed up with every giddy disreputable old longshoreman in Pegg," said Bob Cherry.

"He said he was a son of the sea," said Harry. "He seems to breathe salt air. But he's a very decent chap, Bob."

"Quite so!" said Bob Cherry. "I'm not finding fault with him. He's built like that; and what I was thinking of was that we might take him in hand a bit, and stop him before he gets into trouble."

"I was thinking so, too, Bob."

"He's several sorts of an ass, but otherwise quite bright," said Bob Cherry thoughtfully, "and he's very fit. He could be made a footballer of, Harry. As captain of the Form, you can haul him down to practice. He doesn't want to spend every spare minute in the boats in Pegg Bay."

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"I'll try, Bob."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Talk of angels!" said Bob Cherry.

The youth under discussion entered the study.

He grinned and nodded cheerily to the two juniors.

Con Fitzpatrick looked very different now. His health was quite restored; he was ruddy, not to say red, and his eyes were bright, his step elastic. His thick-set frame seemed replete with strength and energy.

"Just speaking about you, Fitzpatrick," said Bob Cherry.

"Sure, and ye might spake of a worse subject," said Fitzpatrick cheerfully. "I was looking for you fellows intirely. Will you come out in my boat?"

"Footer, my son," said Bob Cherry solemnly. "It's a half-holiday to-day, and the weather has kindly consented to be decent for once. We've got to get up form for the match with Redclyffe juniors."

"Sure, and I'm going round the Shoulder——"

"The sea's very rough for a trip out in the bay," said Wharton warningly. "You don't know the currents there; there's a regular whirlpool by the Shoulder."

"Sure, I shall learn, then."

"Look here!" said Bob Cherry. "I suppose you play footer, don't you?"

Fitzpatrick nodded.

"Well, come down and have some practice, then. We're getting up a scratch match in the Remove, and it's a chance for you."

"But I'm going——"

"No, you're not," said Bob Cherry, linking arms with the new boy. "You're not going. You're coming. This way!"

"But I tell you——"

"Don't tell me anything; come along! Buck up, Wharton; we'll wait for you. We want you to put the new kid through his paces."

"I'll be along in a jiffy," said Harry.

"Right-ho!"

Bob Cherry marched the Irish junior out of the study. Fitzpatrick was half-laughing and half-vexed.

"Look here!" he said. "I've got to meet old Captain Stump and Bill Hankins at Pegg——"

"Your aristocratic friends at Pegg can wait till the footer's over," said Bob. "And as for Bill Hankins, you'd better let him alone. He's been locked up two or three times for being drunk and disorderly."

"Oh, he's a sailorman, you know, and they are always a bit breezy!"

"Bill Hankins is more than a bit breezy; he's stormy—in fact, cycloney," said Bob Cherry. "If the Head knew you knew him, you'd get whacked."

"That's a pity, because I've invited him here to tea."

Bob Cherry jumped.

"You've whatted?" he exclaimed.

"Invited him here to tea. I understand that a fellow was allowed to invite friends to tea in his study."

"Oh, my only Uncle Christopher John! If that chap is seen inside Greyfriars—don't you know he's an uproarious longshoreman, and goes in to paint the town red whenever he has any tin!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Oh, that's only his little way intirely!"

"If he starts painting Greyfriars red——"

"Sure that would be a joke!"

"It would be rather a serious joke for you, my son," said Bob Cherry. "Why, he'll bring a bottle of whisky with him, and get squiffy in the study."

"I've got the whisky for him," said Fitzpatrick.

Bob Cherry almost fell down.

"You've got whisky for your friends to tea in a Greyfriars study!" he said faintly.

"Sure! You don't think that Bill Hankins and Captain Stump drink tea, do you?"

"Whisky!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Whisky, yes; but I've got some rum, too."

"Oh, crumbs! Rum!"

"Certainly! They like rum!"

"I dare say they do," said Bob Cherry feebly. "I think it's very probable. But if the prefects find rum in your study—oh, crumbs and scissors!"

"Sure, and it's necessary to be hospitable!" said Fitzpatrick. "I'm a teetotaller myself——"

"I should rather think you are!" gasped Bob.

"But they're not!" said Fitzpatrick.

"Ha, ha! I know they're not. They've both been run in for being not."

"I want you fellows to come to tea, too," said Fitzpatrick. "Wharton and Nugent belong to the study, so they'll be there, anyway. But the more the merrier!"

"And rum and whisky going free to all comers, I suppose?" asked Bob Cherry sarcastically.

"Sure, if you like—and cigars."

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"Cigars!"

"Sure!"

"And—and pipes, I suppose, and shag," yelled Bob Cherry, "and men provided to carry us back to our studies, I suppose."

Fitzpatrick grinned.

"Look here," said Bob Cherry, "you'd better rescind those invitations, and chuck the whisky and rum and cigars into the river——"

"No fear!" said Fitzpatrick. "It's going to be an illigant feed intirely."

"But it won't be allowed!" roared Bob.

"Nobody will know—you won't peach."

"I think I ought to go straight to Wingate!" growled Bob.

"You can't sneak!"

"No, I can't; but——"

"Sure, it will be all right, and if they get squiffy it will be all the more fun. Old Stump is very funny when he's squiffy!"

"So you've seen him?"

"Yes; at the Anchor."

"At the Anchor!" murmured Bob Cherry. "So that's one of your places of resort, is it?"

"Yes; I've got a lot of friends there—Hankins, and Stump, and Peter Crewe, and Ned Leggitt——"

"All the roughest longshoremen in Pegg!" said Bob Cherry. "Blessed if I don't think it would have been better to let you run away to sea. Look here, Fitzpatrick, you're going the right way to get into trouble."

"Sure, I'm in throuble of one kind or'another all me loife," said Fitzpatrick. "But I'm ready to play footer if you like."

"Here we are, then!"

They reached the junior ground. Half the Remove were there for the practice; or rather more than half, as two elevens had been made up. Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, who was a good footballer when he chose, was skipper of the scratch eleven, which was to play the Form team. Bolsover major, and Trevor, and Ogilvy, and Stott and others of the Bounder's friends were in his team. Bob Cherry and Hurree Singh, Tom Brown, and Nugent; Johnny Bull, and Dick Rake, Newland, and Hazeldene, Russell and Linley made up Harry Wharton's team. Harry Wharton came down to the ground a few minutes later.

"Got your eleven made up, Smithy?" he asked.

"Two or three wanted," said the Bounder.

"You can have Fitzpatrick."

The Bounder shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't want a wild Irishman," he said.

"Faith, then you won't have me!" howled Micky Desmond, who was in the Bounder's team. "And ye'll get a thick ear if you're not careful, Smithy!"

"And another from me!" said Fitzpatrick.

The Bounder measured Fitzpatrick with his eye, and apparently decided that he looked a tough customer to tackle, for his manner became more civil.

"Anyway, you can have the new kid, Wharton," he said. "I'll keep Desmond, and you can give me Morgan, and have Fitzpatrick yourself."

"All serene!"

And the teams lined up for the practice match.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The New Boy's Guests.

FITZPATRICK was not new to the game; but his thoughts were evidently far away. Wharton tapped him on the shoulder as the teams were forming up.

"Where do you usually play?" he asked.

"On the sands," said Fitzpatrick innocently.

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"Ass! I mean in the game?"

"Oh, you can put me to starboard!"

"To—what?"

"I mean right wing!"

"Oh, I see! Well, you can try outside starboard!" said Wharton, laughing.

And Fitzpatrick was assigned to outside-right. Then Lord Mauleverer, of the Remove, who had kindly consented to referee, blew the whistle, and the game started. Lord Mauleverer was not a great footballer; he declared that the game was too much like work. He had been driven to referee, because he flatly refused to play. Bob Cherry had promised to keep an eye on him, and buck him up whenever he showed signs of slacking; and the champion slacker of the Remove groaned at the prospect.

"Begad, you know, play up!" yawned Mauleverer.

Vernon-Smith kicked off.

The Form eleven came through the scratch team quite easily, Fitzpatrick playing up unexpectedly well. Once the game started, the Irish junior joined in it with great zest, and put plenty of energy into the play. In fact, he put plenty of energy into everything he did. Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh was inside-right, and he found that he had a busy neighbour. There was plenty of shouting in the play; the Remove were not quiet players. But certainly Fitzpatrick's shouts were the queerest that had ever been heard on a footer-field.

"Don't cut across my bows, you lubber!" he shouted to the Nabob of Bhanipur. "Pass—pass to starboard, you swab!"

"My honourable friend——"

"Now the ball's aground!" said Fitzpatrick, as the leather went into touch.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Full steam ahead!" yelled Fitzpatrick, as the forwards swept away with the ball again. "All hands on deck!"

"Belay my tarpaulins, and blither my giddy toplights!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Shiver my timbers and timber my shivers!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look out, port side!" shouted Fitzpatrick, addressing the left wing. "Now, send it to starboard—lively there—show a leg, some of you!"

And the ball, being returned to Fitzpatrick, he captured it and headed for goal. The Bouncer cut across, taking the matter out of the hands of his halves and backs, and charged Fitzpatrick off the ball from behind. The Irish junior sprawled on the ground, and the Bouncer kicked the ball into touch.

"Foul!" yelled a dozen voices.

"Oh, rot!" said the Bouncer.

"Foul!" shouted Fitzpatrick, sitting up. "You've no right to run me down astern, you son of a sea-cook!"

"Where's the referee?"

"Where's Mauly?"

The referee had disappeared. He was discovered sitting on a campstool near the field, gazing away dreamily towards the clouds over the summit of the Black Pike. Bob Cherry inserted his boot under the chair and brought the chair and the referee to the ground together.

"Begad!" gasped Lord Mauleverer.

"Have you been watching the game?" roared Bob.

"Begad, you know——"

"Was that a foul?"

"I don't know—who did it?"

"Smithy!"

"Then it was a foul!" said the referee.

"What!" roared the Bouncer. "You were looking the other way!"

Lord Mauleverer nodded.

"But if you did it, it's sure to be a foul, my dear fellow!" he explained. "I didn't see you do it, but I know you, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess that's good enough!" remarked Fisher T. Fish, the American junior, who was in Vernon-Smith's side. "Besides, we all know it was a foul!"

"Penalty!" howled Johnny Bull.

"I award a penalty!" said Lord Mauleverer.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry took his lordship by the collar and swung him round. Lord Mauleverer looked round over his shoulder at Bob, with a puzzled expression.

"Buzz!" said Bob impressively.

"Eh?"

"Buzz off!"

"But what about refereeing?"

"We're fed up with your refereeing. Buzz!"

"Thank you very much, my dear fellow. It's really very exhausting!" said his lordship, and he retired gracefully from the field.

Vernon-Smith resumed play with a scowling face. That he had fouled the new boy everyone knew, and they thought that it was just like him. The Bouncer kept his eye on Con

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Fitzpatrick after that, looking for an opportunity to do him an ill turn.

The next time he charged him it was a fair charge, according to the rules; but the Bouncer put all his energy into it, intending to make the new boy come a terrific cropper.

But it did not work out exactly like that.

Fitzpatrick had seen his intention, and he braced himself to meet the charge—and the Bouncer, as he rushed into him, felt as if he were charging a stone wall.

Fitzpatrick, prepared and quite ready, stood like a rock, and did not budge an inch; and the Bouncer was flung heavily back.

Bump!

"Oh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "You caught a Tartar that time, Smithy!"

Fitzpatrick grinned, and ran on with the ball, which Bollsolver major had vainly tried to take from him. Fitzpatrick kicked, and Stoff in goal was quite beaten. The ball went into the net.

Harry Wharton clapped the new recruit on the shoulder.

"Good for you!" he exclaimed. "You'll make a good recruit for the Form eleven, kid!"

"Hear, hear!" said Bob Cherry.

"Sure, and we know how to play footer in County Kerry!" said Fitzpatrick modestly.

And the Irish junior, showing not a sign of fag, played hard up to the very end of the game, and when it ended, he still looked as fresh as the best players there.

Bob Cherry slipped his arm through Fitzpatrick's as they came off the field.

"You'll do," he said. "Take my tip, and become a footballer instead of going to sea. That can wait."

Fitzpatrick laughed.

"And put off that merry tea-party!" hinted Bob Cherry.

"Can't be done!"

"But look here——"

"Sure, they may be here any minute now!"

"Oh, my hat! There'll be trouble!"

"I don't see why!"

"You'll have all the powers that be down on you, you young ass!"

"Well, the prefects are mostly playing footer now!" said Fitzpatrick, with a glance towards the senior ground, "and the masters won't be hanging about the Remove passage."

"Look here, Fitz——"

"Too late!" said Fitzpatrick. "There they come!"

He pointed towards the gates of Greyfriars.

A wooden-legged man, easily recognised as Captain Stump, a well-known character in Pegg, and a burly whiskered long-shoreman named Hankins, had appeared in the gateway.

Fitzpatrick cut across to meet them, leaving Bob Cherry staring.

"Oh, holy smoke," said Bob Cherry, in dismay, "there's no stopping him! There'll be trouble shortly for that infant!"

"What's the row, Bob?" asked Wharton, joining him.

Bob Cherry pointed to the two longshoremen in the gateway.

"Do you see those specimens?"

"Yes; what are they doing here?"

"Fitz has invited them to tea!"

"My hat!"

"In your study!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"The fathead! Those boozy bouncers are jolly well not coming into my study!" exclaimed Wharton wrathfully.

"Why, we're just going to have tea!"

"Well, they've come to tea."

"The—the ass! I shall have to speak to him!"

Wharton went in and changed very quickly, and descended to No. 1 Study. But the guests of the new junior were installed there already.

As Harry Wharton opened his study door, he gasped and choked as he caught a whiff of strong tobacco.

The study was thick with smoke.

Wharton rubbed his eyes and blinked through the haze.

Captain Stump was seated upon the table, swinging his wooden leg, and simply pumping thick smoke out of a dirty old pipe. Bill Hankins was in the armchair, with his feet on the part of the table unoccupied by Captain Stump, and he was smoking a pipe also, and outvying Stump in his efforts to render the atmosphere of the room opaque.

Wharton simply stared.

"Oh, my word!" murmured Frank Nugent behind him in the passage. "If Loder should come along now—or any of the prefects—grooh!" He broke off to a cough.

Wharton strode into the study.

"What are you fellows doing here?" he exclaimed warmly. Captain Stump touched his forelock.

"Arternoon to you, young gentleman!" he said. "Always pleased to see an old friend, Master Wharton!"

"What are you doing here?" roared Wharton.

"Smoking!" said Stump.

"No 'arm in that, I 'ope!" said Bill Hankins, with a somewhat ferocious look. Hankins' expression showed that he had already been drinking.

"No harm in turning my study into a blessed tap-room!" shouted Wharton. "Yes, I should think there is harm in it!"

"Look 'ere, we was asked 'ere by a young genelman——"

"I don't care if——"

"Sure, and keep your wool on intirely!" said a cheery voice, as Con Fitzpatrick came into the study. "Anything the matter, Wharton darling?"

Wharton glared at him.

"Yes, I should say so. I can't breathe, for one thing!"

"I'm sure my friends won't mind having the window open," said Fitzpatrick.

"Not er tall," said Stump graciously—"not er tall! Anything to oblige. My friend 'Ankins says the same!"

"'Ear, 'ear!" said his friend Hankins.

Fitzpatrick jammed down the window to its fullest extent.

"There!" he said. "Now it's all right!"

"It's not all right!" shouted Wharton. "Suppose a prefect should come along——"

"Well, it's no good meeting trouble halfway."

"Smoking isn't allowed in the studies——"

"We're not smoking. Guests must do as they like."

"Look here, Fitzpatrick, we're going to have tea, and——"

"Have tea with us, then!" said Fitzpatrick hospitably.

"I've laid in a lot of tuck, and you needn't touch the whisky if you don't want to."

"Whisky?"

"Or the rum——"

"Rum!" said Wharton dazedly.

"'Ear, 'ear!" said Mr. Hankins. "Now you're talkin', Master Fitzpatrick. I've got a thirst, on me I wouldn't take a fi'-pun note for. 'Eave ahead with the grog!"

"I ain't given to drinking myself," said Captain Stump, rubbing his nose, the hue of which seemed to hint that he was, as a matter of fact, given to drinking much more than was good for him. "But I ain' refusing to drink with a friend."

"Same 'ere!" said Bill Hankins heartily.

Wharton opened the door wide.

"Clear!" he said.

"Hey?"

"Clear out, both of you!"

"Stay where you are!" said Fitzpatrick.

"Look here, Fitzpatrick——"

"Look here, Wharton——"

Then there was a pause, as they eyed one another.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Fitzpatrick's Tea-party.

HARRY WHARTON was nonplussed. He did not want to quarrel with Fitzpatrick; and he did not want a row in the study; partly for Fitz's own sake. A row would have meant a visit from the prefects, and the discovery of Fitzpatrick's guests, and the state of the study, would have meant trouble for the new boy. Fitzpatrick either did not know, or did not care. Certainly he showed no sign of giving way.

"Look here," said Bob Cherry, breaking the angry silence, "this won't do, kid. This sort of thing isn't allowed here."

"Oh, rats!"

"You'd better take your esteemed friends down to the Anchor."

"I've invited them here to tea."

"I don't see that there rum," said Bill Hankins, glancing round him.

"I'll get it in a jiffy!" said Fitzpatrick.

"Do you mean to say that you've got rum in the study?" shrieked Wharton.

"Only one bottle!"

"Only—— My word!"

"And one of whisky, that's all."

"Not a hogshead?" asked Frank Nugent sarcastically.

"The smellfulness of this esteemed study is terrific!" remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh, looking in.

"My hat! Where's all the smoke coming from?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Like a giddy tap-room!" said Dick Rake, laughing.

The three juniors had come to tea, and they stared into the smoky study in amazement.

Fitzpatrick nodded genially to the new-comers.

"There's a good feed going," he said; "I invite you all!"

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But be civil to my friends. Sure, it's up to every decent chap to honour the stranger within the gates, you know."

"That's all very well," said Johnny Bull. "But suppose a prefect——"

"Oh, I'm fed-up with prefects!"

"This isn't allowed——"

"For goodness' sake, come in and have tea, and be cheerful!" urged Fitzpatrick. "Don't you see that you're being rude to my guests?"

"Well, I—I'm sorry; but——"

"These chaps will have to mizzle, Fitzpatrick," said Nugent.

Fitzpatrick shook his head.

"By the door, or the window, as they like!" said Wharton.

Bill Hankins rose to his feet.

"I want to see somebody put me outer the winder!" he said aggressively. "That's wot I want see! Hoh!"

"Sit down, Bill," said Fitzpatrick; "it's only their way. Here's the rum."

"Good hegg!" said Bill.

"You fellows keep glasses in this study?" asked Fitzpatrick politely.

"No!" roared Wharton.

"Can you chaps drink from cups?" asked the Irish junior. Captain Stump and Bill Hankins exchanged a grin.

"Can we?" murmured Stump.

"I could drink outer the bottle," said Bill Hankins. "I'm sure I don't want give trouble."

"Well, here you are!"

"Mine's rum-and-water!" said Bill Hankins. "If there ain't any water 'andy, it's no matter; I can do without."

"Same 'ere!" said Stump.

The chums of the Remove exchanged helpless glances. A crowd of fellows gathered in the passage, looking into the study and grinning. Certainly, such a sight had never been seen in Greyfriars before.

"I say, you fellows——" Billy Bunter rolled in at the doorway, and then gasped and spluttered: "Why—what——O-o-o-oh!"

"Oh, clear out!" said Bob Cherry crossly.

Billy Bunter was the chatterbox of the school, and it was pretty certain that what he had seen in No. 1 Study would soon be told all over Greyfriars.

Bunter blinked through the smoke.

"Oh, really, Cherry! I thought it was a feed, and I was going to offer——"

"Get out!"

"I shall certainly not stay here in such low company," said Billy Bunter, with a great deal of dignity.

And he rolled out again, eager to spread the news of what was going on in Harry Wharton's study.

"Well, are you fellows staying or going?" asked Fitzpatrick, looking at Harry Wharton & Co.

"We can't stay here if this goes on," said Harry. "Do you know that this is enough to get a chap expelled from the school?"

"Oh, bother!"

"You'll be caned, if not sacked!"

"Oh, rot!"

"Well, I won't lick you," said Harry, "and I won't heave your precious friends out. I don't want to bring Quelch and the prefects down on you, if it can be helped."

"Thanks! Now sit down and have tea!"

"Thanks! I'll get out!"

"Oh, stay to tea; be chummy, you know!"

Wharton burst into a laugh, in spite of himself. It was impossible to be angry with Con Fitzpatrick.

"I can't stay," he said; "and I hope you'll get through this without a flogging. Come on, kids; we'll have tea in Johnny Bull's study!"

And the chums of the Remove retired from the scene, leaving Fitzpatrick and his friends in possession.

Bill Hankins growled.

"Say the word, Master Fitzpatrick, and I'll wade in and wipe up the floor with the lot of them!" he said.

"Thanks, no! Sit down and have tea."

"I don't know that I'm 'angry," said Bill Hankins; "but I gotter thirst I wouldn't take a fi'-pun note for!"

"I wouldn't take a tenner for mine!" said Captain Stump solemnly.

"Well, fill up, and then we'll have a hornpipe and a sea-song!" said Fitzpatrick.

"'Ear, 'ear! You're a young genelman arter my own 'eart!" said Hankins.

"Which I says the same!" said Captain Stump.

Fitzpatrick kicked the door shut.

Outside in the Remove passage there was a babel of voices and laughter. Inside the study, the atmosphere grew thicker and thicker, till it was somewhat difficult for Fitzpatrick and his guests to see one another.

There were other difficulties, too, in the way of Captain



"It's Fatty!" exclaimed Figgins, excitedly. "Fatty Wynn playing goal for a professional team! But, my hat, I can forgive the fat boulder anything when I see him playing a game like this!" (For this incident see the grand long, complete tale of Tom Merry & Co., of St. Jim's, entitled "FATTY WYNN: PROFESSIONAL," by Martin Clifford, which is contained in this week's issue of our popular companion paper, "The Gem" Library. Out on Wednesday. Price One Penny.)

Stamp and Bill Hankins seeing one another, as the rum was very strong, and they were drinking it as if it had been water. And when the rum was gone, they started cheerfully on the whisky, evidently reckless of the result of mixing their drinks.

Fitzpatrick drank ginger-beer, resisting the kindly offers of his friends to put something in it to give it a taste.

In Johnny Bull's study the Co. had their tea, but they listened to the growing sound of voices from No. 1 Study. Harry Wharton was thoughtful and anxious.

"That young ass will get himself sacked!" he said. "Perhaps that's what he wants!" grinned Rake. "He would be able to go to sea, then, perhaps."

"The sooner he goes to sea the better!" growled Wharton. "Our study will be whiffy with smoke for weeks after this. And he may want to have them here again—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Well, it's not a laughing matter!" said Harry. "I like the young fathead, and I don't want to wallop him; but—"

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"But he will get bashed baldheaded if he does it again!" said Nugent. "This is more than a joke; it's too thick!"

"Listen!" said Mark Linley, laughing as he held up his hand. "They've started singing!"

From the passage came the sound of a husky voice raised in song, evidently proceeding from No. 1 Study:

"When I was a boy I went to sea,
Yo-heave-ho, my hearties!
I went to sea in the Nancy Lee,
With a yo-heave-ho, my hearties!"

"That's Captain Stump!" grinned Bob Cherry.
"He'll be heard all over Greyfriars," said Johnny Bull.
And Hurree Janset Ram Singh remarked that the heartfulness would be terrific.

"There'll be a frightful row!" said Harry. "Loder has been looking for a chance to get at our study for a long time—ever since he failed to get in as captain of the school. There'll be a row!"

And the other fellows agreed. There was not the slightest doubt that there would be a row.

THE NINTH CHAPTER. Loder Looks In.

LODER, the prefect, came into the School House with a frowning brow. Loder was not in a good temper; he seldom was. Loder had lately made a bid for the captaincy of Greyfriars, and he had failed dismally. Wingate, the school captain, had given him a chance in the senior eleven, just to show that he bore no ill-will, and Loder had shown his gratitude by giving his captain all the trouble he possibly could; and after the match Wingate had spoken to him in the plainest of English, and had informed him that he would not be waited for the First Eleven any more.

And the rest of the team had fully agreed that Wingate was in the right. Hence the scowl upon Loder's brow as he came in. Things were going badly of late with the bully and black sheep of the Sixth Form of Greyfriars.

Loder found an excited crowd at the foot of the stairs, and there were more fellows on the stairs, laughing and chatting. Something was evidently going on. Loder looked at the noisy crowd with a black brow.

"Shut up that row!" he snapped.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The prefect halted.

"Who's that singing?" he exclaimed, as a deep, husky voice rolled from above. "Who's making that awful noise?"

"It's one of Fitzpatrick's friends," said Vernon-Smith.

"The new kid?"

"Yes; he's got some friends in to tea," explained the Bounder.

"Shut up, you cad!" murmured Tom Brown. "Don't give him away! It will come out soon enough!"

Loder listened at the staircase.

"That's a man's voice," he said.

"It is a man," said Vernon-Smith, with a chuckle. "Fitzpatrick's friends are quite grown-up."

"It sounds as if he'd been drinking," said Loder, in amazement.

"Perhaps he was thirsty," suggested Snoop. "He, he, he!"

"Very likely," said the Bounder. "I've seen the man about Pegg, and I fancy he looked like a thirsty soul!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Loder glanced over the grinning juniors. He could see that something unusual was going on. Perhaps it was his duty as a prefect to look into it. He realised that whatever it was it was going on in Wharton's study, and that knowledge made his duty quite pleasant to him. Loder was very, very anxious to catch Harry Wharton & Co. tripping, if he could.

"Is that row in No. 1 Study?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I must see into this."

Loder pushed the juniors aside and strode up the stairs. Tom Brown gave the grinning Bounder a dark look.

"You tried to give the new kid away, you worm!" he said.

Vernon-Smith gave a shrug.

"Well, if you think that kind of thing ought to be allowed to go on in a Greyfriars study we differ in opinion, that's all," he said. "I think it ought to be stopped."

"It's no business of yours, anyway."

"It's the business of all decent chaps to stop a racket like that," said the Bounder loftily. "It's disgusting!"

"You're not exactly a model yourself. You smoke in

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your study, and you go down to the Cross Keys in Friar-dale!" growled the New Zealander. "You're a sneak and a cad!"

Vernon-Smith shrugged his shoulders again, and walked away. Hard words did not hurt the Bounder.

Loder reached the door of No. 1 Study.

He paused for a moment in sheer astonishment at the sounds from within. There was a sound of liquor gurgling from a bottle, and there was a sound of a raucous voice raised in tuneless song, and of stamping feet keeping time.

"Go it, Bill!" said the voice of Captain Stump, in a pause in the singing. "Heave ahead!"

"Gimme the grog," said a thick voice in return. "I want to wet my whistle, shipmate."

"Ere you are!"

"My only aunt!" gasped Loder. "It's a regular orgy! If Wharton's mixed up in this—well, I think I've got him at last!"

He threw open the door of the study.

Loder was a smoker himself—and a drinker, too, for the matter of that. He had many little ways which would have meant the "sack" for him if the Head of Greyfriars had known anything about them. But Loder staggered a little as the thick atmosphere of the study smote him. The air was charged with the fumes of tobacco and the fumes of drink, and the prefect could hardly see into the room.

"What does this mean?" he stuttered.

Fitzgerald looked up. He did not seem to be at all incommoded by the atmosphere. Perhaps he was used to tough atmospheres in the fore-castle of the ship he had joined. He grinned at Loder.

"Hallo!" he said. "Come in! The more the merrier. There's some whisky left. Faith, I'm sorry the rum's all gone."

"Whisky! Rum!"

"Eave ahead, Bill, ole pal!"

"When I was a lad I went to sea—

Yo-heave-ho, my hearties!

I went to sea in the—"

"Stop that row!" said Loder. "How dare you make that row here, you vagabond? How dare you come here at all?"

"I went to sea in the Nancy Lee."

"Stop it, you disgusting ruffian! Fitzpatrick, did you bring these disreputable ruffians into the school?"

"They're my guests, if you're referring to these gentlemen," said Fitzpatrick calmly.

"Your—your guests?"

"Yes. This is my study. If you can't be civil to my guests, get out!"

"What?"

"Deaf?" asked Fitzpatrick. "I said get out, and I meant get out! Shut the door after you."

Loder gasped.

"Do you know I'm a prefect?" he bawled.

"I don't care what you are!"

"My word! I'll take you to the Head! Tell these men to go away, as they seem too intoxicated to understand me."

"Toxycated?" said Bill Hankins, apparently becoming aware for the first time of the prefect's presence. "Toxycated? Who's 'toxycated?'"

"You are, you ruffian!"

"I ain't a man to make a row in my friend's room," said Bill Hankins, with a great deal of dignity, and making a clutch at the table to support himself; "but I expect to be treated as a genelman. I allers treat others as a genelman, and as a genelman myself I expect sich."

"Will you get out?"

"Ardly," said Bill Hankins. "The whisky ain't finished yet."

"I shall have you thrown out if you do not go immediately!" said Loder. He would have thrown Hankins out himself, only the big, long-limbed fellow seemed rather too dangerous to tackle. "As for you, Fitzpatrick, you will come with me at once to the Head!"

"Throw me out?" said Mr. Hankins. "Me?"

"Yes, you, you tramp!"

"I'm a nonest sailorman!" said Mr. Hankins. "A nonest, 'ard-workin' sailorman! Man and boy, I've been afore the mast for forty years!"

"Before the bar at the Anchor, you mean," growled Loder.

Bill Hankins swung round, still keeping one hand on the table for support, and blinked at Loder.

"Who are you?" he demanded aggressively.

ANSWERS

"I'm Loder, of the Sixth. I'm a prefect of this school."
"If you're a school-fellow of my young friend 'ere, I don't want to 'urt you," said Mr. Hankins, with great consideration. "Run away."

"What?"
"Run away!" said Mr. Hankins, with a wave of the hand. "Run away and play at marbles with the other boys, afore you're 'urt!"

"You—you drunken ruffian— Oh!"
The prefect did not finish. Bill Hankins had been very patient; his friends at the Anchor would hardly have known him. But his patience had come to an end. He made a sudden lurch at the prefect, and grasped him. As soon as he let go the table he hung on Loder with all his weight, and his weight was considerable. The prefect made a terrific effort to wrench himself loose, and then collapsed on the floor, dragging down the longshoreman with him.

"Oh!" roared Loder. "Ow, ow!"
"Huh!" gasped Bill Hankins, as he sprawled over the prefect. "You keep quiet, or you'll get 'urt."

"Let me up, you ruffian! Help! help!" roared Loder.
"Rub 'is 'cad in the fender, Bill," suggested Captain Stump, who was sitting on the table, quite intoxicated, and nodding his head like a Chinese mandarin.

"Ow! ow! Oh! Help!"
"Shurrup!"
"Help!"

Footsteps thronged in the passage. There was a roar of laughter as Loder was seen struggling on the floor, with the heavy longshoreman sitting upon him.

"My hat! This is as good as a circus!" exclaimed Russell. "Go it!"

"Help!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Drag him off!" yelled Loder. "He's sq-sq-squashing me! Ow! Call for help! Fetch Wingate—fetch the Head—fetch the police! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
There was a sharp voice in the passage.
"What is this?"

It was Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth Form, who was coming along, with angry face and rustling gown. The other Form-masters were out, and the Head was too far away from the Remove quarters to hear. But Mr. Prout had heard, and Mr. Prout was very angry.

"Help!"
"Whatever is the matter?"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Prout looked into the study. At the sight of the rum and whisky bottles, and the smell of smoke, and the rest of the scene, Mr. Prout wondered for one dizzy moment whether he was dreaming. He gazed speechlessly into No. 1 Study.

"Now look out for the fireworks, chappies!" murmured Bob Cherry.
And the fireworks were not long in coming.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

A Longshoreman on the Warpath.

MR. PROUT strode into the study. His face was red with anger and coughing. It was not easy to draw breath in No. 1 Study just then.

"What does this mean?" he thundered.
Fitzpatrick rose to his feet.

"Sure, it's all right, sir," he said.
"All right! Are you mad, boy?"
"No, sir, thank you."

"Where are the boys this study belongs to?" demanded the Form-master.

"They cleared out, sir. They didn't like my friends."
"Your—your friends?"

"Captain Stump, sir, and Bill Hankins," said Fitzpatrick, performing the ceremony of introduction with a wave of the hand.

Captain Stump nodded genially.
"Werry pleased to meet you, sir!" he said.
"Same 'ere!" said Bill Hankins, still sitting heavily upon Loder's chest. "Any friend of my young friend Fitz is a friend of mine."

"Good heavens!" gasped Mr. Prout. "I must be dreaming! This—this cannot be real!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came from the passage.
"Silence!" exclaimed Mr. Prout, coughing. "This is no laughing matter. Good heavens! I—I have never heard of such a thing. Fitzpatrick!"

"Yes, sir," said Con.
"Who are these men?"
"Friends of mine, sir."

"You introduced them into the school?"
"Sure, and I did, sir. They're jolly sailormen, sir—sons of the say," explained Con. "Sure, and I've known worse when I was at say."

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PENNY.

"Boy, I think you must be insane! Send those men away at once, and follow me to the Head!" exclaimed Mr. Prout.

"Sure, sir, I—"
"Obey me, boy! Wretch," exclaimed the excited Form-master, tapping Mr. Hankins on the shoulder, "rise! Release Loder immediately!"

"Hoy?"
"Rise!"
"Do you mean gerrup?" asked Bill Hankins thoughtfully.

"Yes. Release that boy!"
"Who are you, anyway?" demanded Mr. Hankins, jumping up very suddenly and advancing upon Mr. Prout so ferociously that he backed away down the passage in alarm.

"You ain't going to give me horders. You ain't my skipper."

"Oh dear!"
"Looking for a lovely pair of black heyes, perhaps?" roared Mr. Hankins.

"Oh! Take him away! Help!"
Bill Hankins, who seemed to have recovered the use of his legs all of a sudden, followed Mr. Prout out of the study and down the passage, prancing at him in a warlike way and brandishing two very large fists.

"Put 'em up!" he roared.
"Wha-a-at?"

"Put 'em up!"
"What do you mean?" gasped the alarmed master. "I—

I—" He backed away, the crowd of juniors parting to give him room, and laughing till they were husky. They had never expected to see the sight of a Greyfriars Form-master being driven along the Remove passage by an intoxicated longshoreman.

"Oh dear! Goodness gracious! Oh!"

"You've insulted me," roared Mr. Hankins—"me, a nonest sailorman; me wot has worked afore the mast for forty year, man and boy; me wot have made England wot it is! Where would you be if it wasn't for the sailormen, hey?"

"Oh dear!"
"Ow long would it take the Germans to get 'ere, if it wasn't for the likes of me?" demanded Mr. Hankins.

"Goodness gracious!"
"Put 'em up!"

Mr. Prout backed further and further away from the prancing longshoreman, waving his hands at him, as if he were a chicken and he was trying to "shoo" him away. But Bill Hankins refused to be "shooed." He was on the warpath.

"Send for the police!" gasped Mr. Prout. "Telephone for—for somebody! Oh dear! The man is dangerous! Oh!"

Bill Hankins' knuckles tapped upon Mr. Prout's nose. The unwarlike Form-master staggered against the wall, holding his nose in one hand, and regarding his assailant with a look of almost idiotic bewilderment. He, a Greyfriars Form-master, had been assaulted, tapped on the nose by a drunken longshoreman. After that, Mr. Prout would not have been surprised by a sudden end of the universe. It was evidently the end of all things.

"Put 'em up!" shouted Mr. Hankins. "I offers yer a fair fight. Put 'em up! You've insulted a nonest sailorman! Put 'em up!"

"Oh dear! What does he want me to put up?" moaned Mr. Prout. "I do not understand the man—I do not understand him at all."

"Your fists, sir," yelled Bolsover major.
"Oh dear! How absurd! Oh!"

"Put 'em up!"
"Help! Loder, come and take this man away!"

Loder was discreetly retreating up the other end of the passage. He had not the slightest intention of tackling Mr. Hankins again.

"Loder, do you hear? Oh, call—call Wingate! Call the police! Call—oh! Oh! Oh! I am severely hurt!" It was another tap upon Mr. Prout's somewhat prominent nose.

"Police!" yelled Nugent. "Call the police! Call out the Territorials! Order up the giddy Army! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Faith, clear out, Hankins!" shouted Fitzpatrick, alarmed himself at the outbreak of his guest. "You can't punch a Form-master, you idiot!"

"This 'ere skinny little rascal 'ave insulted me," said Bill Hankins.

"Oh dear!"
"Which I'm ready to go, if so be as my company is not desired," said Captain Stump, pegging out of No. 1 Study.

"Bill, old man, come along!"
"I ain't comin' along till this 'ere little boulder 'ave put 'em up!" said Mr. Hankins obstinately. "I'm goin' to

smash him! I'm goin' to douse his glim! I'm goin' to put 'im on 'is beam ends!"

"Oh dear! Help!"

Biff! Biff!

Fortunately for Mr. Prout, Bill Hankins had consumed so much rum and whisky that he was seeing double, if not treble. Two or three Mr. Prouts were dancing before his eyes, and Bill Hankins delivered his drives at the fancied ones, and his knuckles crashed on the wall near Mr. Prout's head.

"Ow!" grunted Hankins. "Wot a 'ard 'ead that little swab 'avo got! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You laughin' at me," demanded Mr. Hankins suddenly, turning upon the yelling juniors—"laughin' at a nonest sailorman?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come erlong, Bill!" said Captain Stump, with the ridiculous gravity and dignity of a drunken man. "I says let us go, if so be as they don't want our kumpny. Come on! I washes my 'ands of 'em!"

"Might as well wash your face while you're about it," suggested Vernon-Smith. "It could do with it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Put 'em up!" yelled Mr. Hankins, turning upon the unfortunate Fifth Form-master again. "I says as I'm goin' to douse your toplights, you swab!"

"Help!"

"Shall we help you, sir?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Yes, yes, indeed, Wharton! If you can persuade the man to go away, I—I shall be very much obliged," moaned Mr. Prout.

Wharton chuckled.

"Come on, Remove!" he shouted. "Let's persuade him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Rescue, Remove!" chortled Johnny Bull.

And the Removites rushed to the rescue.

Mr. Hankins was swept off his feet by the rush, and borne away towards the stairs by the whirl of juniors.

He struggled feebly, but he had no chance; and as his mood changed from warlike-ferocity to pathetic friendliness, he suddenly threw his arms round Bob Cherry's neck and began to weep.

"I'm yer old friend Bill," he murmured—"Bill, wot has been afore the mast for forty year, man and boy! I—"

"Ow! Gerroff!"

"I'm yer ole pal—"

"Take him off!" yelled Bob Cherry, in disgust. "He's crying over my necktie! Groo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come erlong, shipmate!" said Mr. Hankins, still with his arms tight round Bob Cherry's neck. "Let's get hout of this! Come erlong with yer ole pal Bill!"

Hands grasped Mr. Hankins on all sides, and he was dragged off Bob Cherry. With a rush the Removites got him out of the House, into the Close. There nearly the whole school gathered round, and Wingate and Courtney, of

the Sixth, lent a hand with Mr. Hankins. It was needed, for by this time he was warlike again and insisting that somebody should "put 'em up."

In the midst of a shouting, laughing crowd, Mr. Hankins was hustled across the Close and out of the school gates, and deposited in the road. Captain Stump pegged after him peacefully. Stump was repeating to heedless ears that he washed his hands of all of them. In the road, Bill Hankins sat up in the dust, holding on to his friend's wooden leg for support, and blinking dazedly at the crowd of fellows in the gateway.

"Put 'em up!" he said thickly. "I've been afore the mast for forty year, man and boy—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Gosling, the porter, came out and closed the gates. Captain Stump tenderly helped his friend to his feet, and the two longshoremen staggered away down the road together. In the dusk, from the distance, the voice of Mr. Hankins was still heard, however, insisting obstinately that Mr. Prout should "put 'em up."

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Paying the Piper.

FITZPATRICK was yelling with laughter as loud as the rest, but he ceased to laugh as Mr. Prout's hand fell heavily upon his shoulder. The obnoxious longshoreman being got rid of, Mr. Prout was himself again, and trying hard to recover the chilly dignity appropriate to a Form-master.

"Fitzpatrick!" he rapped out.

"Adsum!" said Fitzpatrick.

"Follow me!"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Prout walked away with steady dignity to the Head's study. Fitzpatrick followed in his footsteps. The door of the Head's study closed behind both of them. From the dusky Close the juniors came in, laughing and chuckling. Mr. Hankins and the wooden-legged seaman were gone; but Fitzpatrick had to pay the piper now, as Bob Cherry expressed it. And the juniors wondered what was passing in the Head's study.

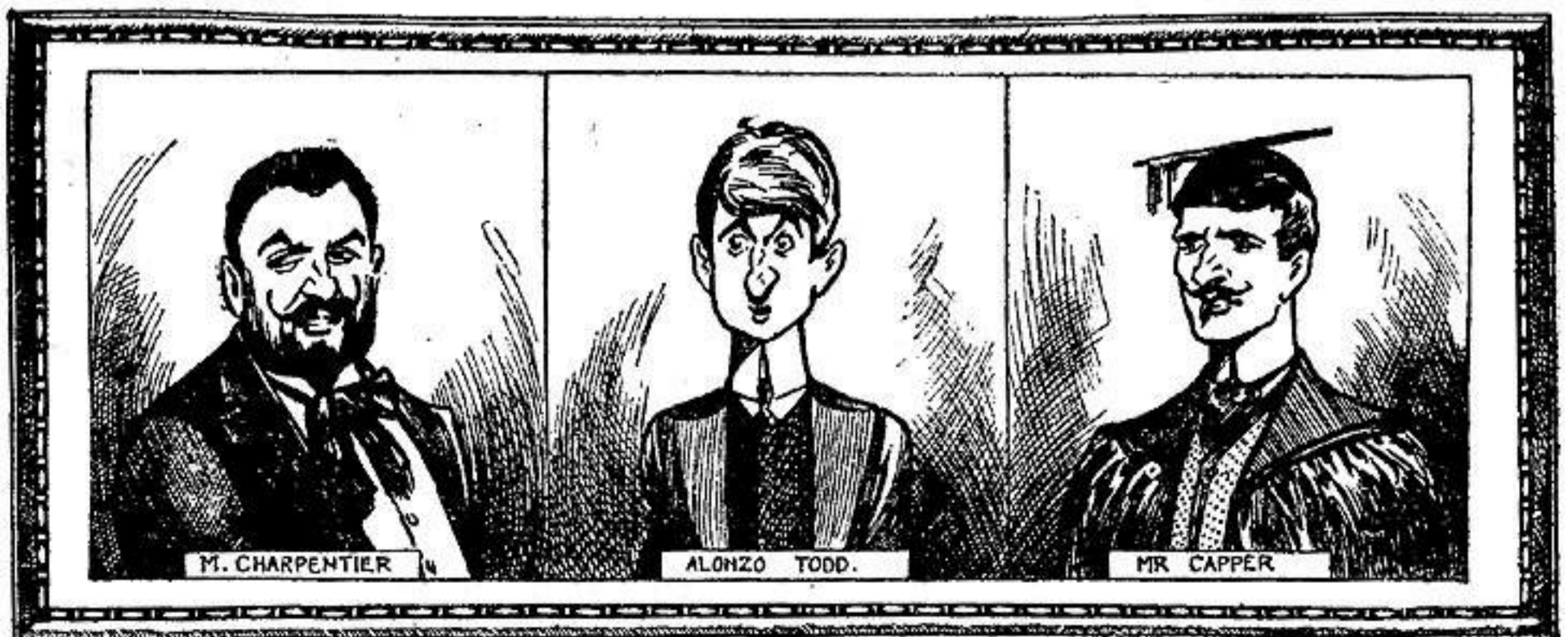
Mr. Prout was trembling with rage as he marched Fitzpatrick in.

Dr. Locke looked at him in surprise. He had heard the roar from the Close, and he wondered what was the matter. Mr. Prout explained in shaking tones, and the Head listened in bewilderment. He fixed his eyes upon Fitzpatrick, but the new junior did not seem overwhelmed with shame or dismay. On the contrary, there was a glimmer in his eyes which showed that he found it difficult to remain grave.

"Is it possible?" gasped the Head, at last.

"That is what I asked myself, sir," exclaimed Mr. Prout. "It seems impossible—but it is true. Such outrageous conduct is, I am happy to say, quite unknown at Greyfriars. I should recommend sending this boy away at once, sir!"

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No. 19.—TRELUCÉ : IONIDÉS : CARBERRY.



"Captain Stump, sir, and Bill Hankins," said Fitzpatrick, performing the ceremony of introduction with a wave of the hand. Captain Stump nodded genially. "Werry pleased to meet you, sir," he said. "Same 'ere," said Bill Hankins, still sitting heavily upon Loder's chest. "Any friend of my young friend Fitz is a friend of mine."

"Good heavens!" gasped Mr. Prout, "I must be dreaming! This—this cannot be real!" (See Chapter 10.)

"Ahem!"

"An industrial school is a more suitable place for him, I should think, sir!"

"H'm!"

"Such conduct—such outrageous and reprehensible conduct—"

"Quite so, Mr. Prout. Are you aware of the seriousness of what you have done, Fitzpatrick?" demanded the Head, with a stern glance at the culprit.

"Sure, sir, and I didn't mean any harm!"

"You meant no harm in bringing two intoxicated ruffians into the school!" thundered the Head.

"They weren't intoxicated when they came, sir!"

"What! Do you mean to say they became in that condition here?"

"Sure and they did, sir!"

"Is it possible that you provided them with strong drink?" exclaimed the Head.

"They were my guests, sir, and they don't drink tea."

"Boy!"

"So I got in some rum and whisky—"

"Good heavens!"

"I'm sorry Mr. Prout was frightened, sir—"

"Frightened!" exclaimed Mr. Prout. "How dare you say

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such a thing, Fitzpatrick! This boy's insolence passes all bounds, sir!"

"I—I mean alarmed, sir!" Fitzpatrick amended. "But, sure, Bill wouldn't have hurt you if you'd been civil to him, sir."

"Fitzpatrick, you do not realise the enormity of your offence!" said the Head. "If you did, I should expel you from the school."

"Do you mane send me home, sir?"

"Yes, that is what I mean, Fitzpatrick."

Fitzpatrick grinned.

"Sure, and I've no objection, sir, if you think proper," said the new junior, with a twinkle in his blue eyes.

Dr. Locke frowned severely.

"You mean, Fitzpatrick, that you would be glad to leave school in order to carry out your absurd fancy for going to sea!" he exclaimed.

Fitzpatrick was silent.

"Well, considering your uncle and guardian's desire, I shall not send you away from the school," said the Head sternly.

"But I shall cane you severely, and all your half-holidays will be stopped for the remainder of the term. I shall not allow you any further opportunity of associating with such characters. For the future, you will be strictly confined

within the school gates, excepting when you take a walk out with your Form-master."

"Oh, sir!"
Fitzpatrick looked dismayed now.
"You have apparently sought out the lowest possible acquaintances in the fishing village, Fitzpatrick," said the Head.

"Oh, I know most of the fishermen, sir," said the junior cheerfully. "Jolly set of men, sir, and they don't all get squiffy. I like 'em, sir."

"The fishermen are mostly a very estimable class of men, Fitzpatrick, but they are not suitable associates for you; and as for these drunken loafers, I am astonished that a Greyfriars boy should want to speak to them!"

"Sure, sir, I—"
"You will be gated for the rest of the term, Fitzpatrick, and I shall now cane you," said Dr. Locke, rising to his feet and taking up his cane.

Fitzpatrick's eyes gleamed for a moment, as though he meditated disobedience; but if so he changed his mind, and submitted quietly.

The doctor caned him severely. The new junior received six cuts upon either hand, but he did not utter a cry. It was evident that he was as hard as nails, and had plenty of pluck. Dr. Locke laid down the cane.

"You may go now, Fitzpatrick!"
"Thank you, sir!"
Fitzpatrick left the study.

"A most hopeless case, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Prout. "The boy does not seem to feel the slightest glimmering of repentance for his heinous conduct."

Dr. Locke sighed.
"He is a somewhat peculiar boy, Mr. Prout," he said. "But he has many good qualities, I think. I hope it will be possible to keep him at Greyfriars."

Fitzpatrick found a crowd of fellows awaiting him outside the study. There was a chorus of inquiry:

"Sacked?"
"Licked?"
"What have you had?"

Fitzpatrick grinned rather ruefully, as he rubbed his hands. Dr. Locke had laid the cane on very effectively.

"Licked," he said, "that's all."
"Servo you jolly well right, I must say!" said Harry Wharton. "If ever a chap deserved to be licked, you do. I wonder you weren't sacked."

"Sure, I wish I had been!"
"You wish you'd been sacked!" exclaimed Harry.
"Yes; then I could go to say!"
Wharton laughed.

"Oh, you're an ass!" he said. "Come along to the study and I'll give you something to rub your hands with. I can see you've had it hot."

"Faith, and I have intirely!"
And the new junior walked along to No. 1 Study with Wharton. The study was still reeking with tobacco fumes and the smell of rum, and Nugent was waving a newspaper round to clear the air. It was likely to be some time before No. 1 Study lost all traces of the visit of Fitzpatrick's friends.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Fitzpatrick Slings His Hammock.

"GREAT Scott!"
"Oh, my aunt!"
"Phew!"

It was bedtime for the Remove, on the day following the incidents in No. 1 Study. The new junior had gone up to bed a little while before the rest of the Form, and as the Remove came into their dormitory, they saw the reason. For some time past there had been a sound of knocking in the dormitory, but no one had taken particular notice of it. The Removites gave vent to a chorus of amazed exclamations as they came in. A hammock was stretched across the room, fastened to staples driven in the walls, and Fitzpatrick was about to climb into the hammock. The juniors stared at him.

"Did you put that thing up there?" demanded Bolsover major.

"Sure, and I did!"
"What for?"
"To slape in."
"Oh, crumbs!"
"You ass! Get it down before Wingate comes to see lights out!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Do you think you'll be allowed to sling a hammock in the dorm?"

"Where's the harm in it?"
Harry Wharton laughed.
"I don't know that there's any special harm in it, but it

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"THE GEM" LIBRARY,
Every Wednesday.

certainly won't be allowed," he said. "It don't look safe, too!"

"Oh, the staples are all right!"
"What about the walls, you young duffer?" yelled Bob Cherry. "Look at the state you've made them in!"

"Well, that couldn't be helped."
"Oh, my hat! There'll be a row over this!"
"Well, I had to drive in the staples."

"Why had you?"
"There was nothing to sling the hammock to."
"And it was quite necessary to sling the hammock?"

grinned Johnny Bull. "You couldn't sleep in the bed?"
"I'm a sailor, and I want to sleep in a hammock."

"Well, I'd advise you not to settle down before Wingate comes in!" said Frank Nugent.
"Why not?"
"You may be disturbed."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
The captain of Greyfriars came into the dormitory to see lights out.

"Not in bed yet, you kids!" he said, in his good-humoured way. "Buck up! Why—what—who—how—what does this mean?"

He stared blankly at the hammock. Con Fitzpatrick, who had just climbed into it, looked at him over the edge with a cheerful grin.

"So that's you, is it?" said Wingate.
"Yes, plaze!"
"Did you sling that hammock?"

"Sure, and I did!"
"And you damaged the walls with those staples?" demanded Wingate.

"I'm sorry, but I didn't mean to damage the walls; the staples did that."

"Well, you can get out of that hammock, and unsling it, as soon as you like!" said the Captain of Greyfriars. "Sharp's the word!"

"Sure, I'm quite comfortable here!"
"You won't be comfortable long, if you don't do as I tell you!"

"Faith, and why not?"
"Because I shall come and pitch you out on your neck!" shouted Wingate.

"Sure, and I tell you—"
"Get down!"
"I'm goin' to slape!"
"Get down!"
"Faith, and I—"
"Get down!"

Con Fitzpatrick did not reply. But he settled himself more comfortably in the hammock. There was a buzz in the Remove dormitory. It was clear that the Irish junior did not intend to obey the captain of the school.

Wingate's eyes gleamed. He was a very good-tempered fellow; but Fitzpatrick was trying to the best of tempers.

The Sixth-Former strode towards the hammock, and grasped it.

He shook it violently, and it began to swing, and Fitzpatrick looked over at him with an expression of remonstrance.

"Sure, and ye're disturbing me!" he said.
"Will you get down?"
"If ye want to rock me to slape, you can be a bit more gentle—"

Wingate shook the hammock again. Fitzpatrick grasped at it to keep himself from rolling out.

"Lave go!" he roared.
"Get out!"
"Rats!"
"Get down, you young ass!" cried Harry Wharton.

"Don't you know that you have to obey a giddy prefect?"
"Sure, I'm going to slape!"

The hammock swung violently as the captain of Greyfriars shook it. There was a sudden shout of warning from Bob Cherry.

"Look out! It's going!"
One of the staples had given way.

The hammock came down with a rush, and Fitzpatrick, with a yell of alarm, threw his arms round Wingate's neck to save himself.

Wingate and Fitzpatrick and hammock came to the floor in a heap together. There was a wild scramble of arms and legs and ropes and hammocks. A roar of laughter burst from the Removites:

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry. "That takes the cake! Somebody is going to catch something now, I think!"
Somebody was!

Wingate, gasping, struggled into a sitting position, and grasped Fitzpatrick, and dragged him face downwards across his knees. Then his powerful right hand rose and fell.

Spank, spank, spank!
"Yah! Oh! Yow! Yaro-o-o-o-oh!"
Spank, spank, spank!
"Yah! Oh, oh!"

The Removites laughed till they cried. Fitzpatrick did not laugh; he was yelling with anguish. Wingate did not leave off spanking him till he was tired and breathless. Then he tossed the wriggling junior aside, and rose to his feet. He gathered up the wreck of the hammock.

"I'm going to lock this rubbish up in a box-room," he said; "and you'd better be in bed by the time I come back, Fitzpatrick, you young idiot, or you will be hurt!"

"Ow! Oh! Ochoh!"

Wingate tramped out of the dormitory with the hammock, and Fitzpatrick staggered up, panting.

"Going to bed?" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Ow! Ochoh! Yes; I think so."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And Fitzpatrick was in bed by the time Wingate returned to the dormitory. The captain of Greyfriars gave him a grim look, but did not speak to him. He turned out the light in the dormitory, and departed.

The Removites were still chuckling.

From Fitzpatrick's bed came gasps and grunts, and those plaintive sounds lasted for some time; and it was quite late when the new junior from County Kerry at last dropped off into slumber.

But he was quite bright and cheerful when the rising-bell clanged out in the morning, and he turned out with the Remove.

"Still want to sleep in a hammock, Fitzpatrick?" Bob Cherry asked, with a grin.

Fitzpatrick laughed.

"Yes, I do; but—but I think I shall leave it till I go to say!"

And he did.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Bob Cherry is Caught Napping.

"SHIVER my timbers!" grinned Bob Cherry, looking into No. 1 Study on Wednesday afternoon. "Are you coming down to the footer, Fitz?"

Fitzpatrick shook his head.

"Not going to hang about doing nothing all the afternoon, I suppose?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"No; I'm going out!"

"You can't go out!" said Bob warmly.

"Why not?"

"You're gated for the rest of the term."

The new junior laughed.

"That won't make any difference!" he said. "I've got an appointment down in Pegg, and I've got to keep it. I shall be late back, too!"

"Going to miss calling-over?" asked Bob sarcastically.

"Probably."

Bob Cherry came into the study, looking more serious than usual.

"Look here, young ass!" he said. "You're going the wrong way to work! You've been gated by the Head, and you've got to stand it."

"Can't be done!"

"If you go out of gates after that it's breaking bounds."

"Sure, and it can't be helped!"

"It will mean a flogging—not a caning this time, but a flogging before the whole school!" said Bob Cherry impressively.

"I'll risk it!"

"I've a jolly good mind to tell Wingate, and get him to stop you!" growled Bob Cherry, in a state of great perplexity. "You can't be allowed to run on like this!"

"Oh, that's all right!"

"Look here, Fitz, don't be an ass!" said Bob persuasively. "Stay in and play footer. You can play all right, and Wharton will give you a place in the team to play the Redelyffe chaps; it's a chance a good many Remove chaps would jump at."

"Let 'em jump!"

"What are you going to do when you go out?"

"Going on the water."

"Rats! You're jolly well not going to!" said Bob Cherry. "I'm going to look after you like a father. You're a decent little idiot in your way, and I'm not going to let you get yourself into real trouble!"

"Sure, and I—"

Harry Wharton came into the study.

"Hallo! You here, Bob?" he exclaimed. "I was looking for you. Jolly near time for the Redelyffe chaps."

"Could you play another chap instead of me, Harry?"

Wharton stared. It was the first time he had ever known Bob Cherry to want to miss a footer match.

"I could," he said; "but I don't want to. Why?"

"This young ass is going to break bounds this afternoon!" Wharton's brow darkened.

"You can't do that, Fitzpatrick," he said. "It's the

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

Head who gated you. We all make it a point to treat the Head with respect."

"Sure, and I'm sorry; but—"

"But you mean to go?" asked Harry sharply.

"Yes, Wharton darling!"

"And I'm going to stop him!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "He doesn't want to play in the Redelyffe match, so he's going to look on, and I'm going to look on with him. I'm going to take his arm like an old pal."

Fitzpatrick jumped up.

"You're going to do nothing of the sort!" he said.

"You're mistaken; I am!" said Bob Cherry blandly.

"Good!" said Harry Wharton heartily. "If a silly ass is determined to get himself into trouble, he needs looking after! I'll give Bolsover major a chance in your place, Bob, if you really want to stand out."

"Right-ho!"

Harry Wharton quitted the study. He was already in his footer things, but Bob Cherry had not changed. Fitzpatrick made a movement to follow Wharton, and Bob Cherry stepped into the doorway before him, with a cheerful smile.

Fitzpatrick paused, half-frowning and half-laughing.

"Let me pass!" he said.

"No passes granted to-day," said Bob Cherry.

"Look here—"

"Well, I'm looking," said Bob Cherry; "I'll do that much!"

"I want to get out."

"Imposs."

"Will you let me pass?"

"No."

"I shall have to handle you, then," said Fitzpatrick.

Bob Cherry laughed.

"Go ahead!" he said. "Bolsover major can't handle me with much success, and he's the biggest chap in the Remove. Go ahead!"

"I don't want to row with you," said Fitzpatrick. "I like you, but—but I'm not going to be kept in. What bizney is it of yours, anyway?"

"It's every chap's bizney to prevent a silly ass from playing the giddy goat," Bob Cherry explained. "I'm going to keep you out of trouble."

"I don't want to be kept out of it," said Fitzpatrick irritably.

"That isn't the point."

"Look here, let me pass, or I shall shove you out!" roared the new junior, losing his temper.

"Shove away!"

"I mean it, you ass!"

"So do I, you ass!"

Fitzpatrick said no more, but rushed right at Bob Cherry. But Bob Cherry was not swept out of the doorway into the passage, as the new boy had expected. He stood as firm as a rock, and threw his arms round Fitzpatrick, and his arms were like bands of steel. Fitzpatrick felt as if he were being held in the grip of a vice.

Bob Cherry's smiling face looked into the red countenance of the new junior. Fitzpatrick was making tremendous efforts to throw him, but he might as well have tried to throw the Greyfriars clock-tower. Bob Cherry was immovable, and the pressure of his arms round Fitzpatrick was increasing in force. Fitzpatrick's breath escaped with a gasp, and his effort was over.

"Finished?" asked Bob agreeably.

Fitzpatrick panted.

"Ow! Yes."

Bob Cherry released him. Fitzpatrick staggered back against the table, gasping for breath and red with exertion.

"Faith, and it's a strong baste ye are!" he exclaimed admiringly. "I thought I was tough, but sure, ye're tougher."

"Yes, pretty tough," assented Bob Cherry. "especially when I'm looking after a silly kid like a father. Will you come and watch the footer with me?"

Fitzpatrick laughed breathlessly.

"Won't you let me go out of gates, you troublesome fathead?"

"No, I won't!"

"Then I'll come down to the footer."

"Arm-in-arm, like old pals?" said Bob Cherry.

Fitzpatrick grinned, and gave Bob Cherry his arm. Bob took it very securely, quite aware that his new friend intended to bolt if he had an opportunity. The two juniors left the study together, and walked out of the School House.

"Faith, and it's mighty friendly ye are," said Micky Desmond, of the Remove, meeting them on the way to the footer-ground.

"I'm being a father to him," explained Bob Cherry. "He wants to break bounds, and I'm helping him to resist the temptation."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Redclyffe juniors were on the ground now. The Remove team lined up without Bob Cherry, with Percy Bolsover in his place. Harry Wharton's team looked very fit, and Bob Cherry looked on keenly as the ball was kicked off and the match started.

Redclyffe were in great form, and the match was fast and hotly contested from the beginning.

Bob Cherry, as he was not playing, shouted encouragement to the fellows that were, and his stentorian tones were heard every few minutes.

"Go it, Greyfriars! On the ball, Franky! Play up, Inky, old man—play up! Hurray! Goal—goal! Good old Wharton!"

First goal to Greyfriars Remove. Fitzpatrick joined in the cheering, but he had one eye on the school gates in the distance.

"Isn't this better than breaking bounds, you fathead?" demanded Bob Cherry, still keeping his arm linked in Fitzpatrick's.

"Oh, rats!" said Fitzpatrick. "It's a good game, but I want to be on the say."

"Bosh!"

The game restarted after the goal, and Redclyffe scored. At half-time the score was level. In the second half, Greyfriars Remove were hard pressed, and they put up a gallant fight. Bob Cherry watched them with all his eyes, so to speak, and insensibly he relaxed his vigilance towards Fitzpatrick.

Suddenly the Remove forwards succeeded in getting away, and clef a path towards the visitors' goal. Halves and backs valiantly defended; but the Removites were passing wonderfully, and they came right down to goal, and hotly attacked the citadel. There was a roar of shouting round the field, and Bob Cherry, completely forgetting his prisoner, yelled at the top of his voice.

"Hurrah! Go it, Greyfriars!"

"Play up, Remove!"

"On the ball!"

"Shoot! Shoot!"

"Hurrah!"

The Redclyffe goalie was defending well. Twice the ball came out. Then it bounded back from the head of Dick Penfold at inside-right, and it was in the net! There was a terrific roar.

"Goal! Goal! Goal!"

Bob Cherry clapped his hands frantically.

"Hurrah! Goal! Hurrah!"

Then, as the players streamed back towards the centre of the field, Bob Cherry suddenly remembered Fitzpatrick. He had evidently let go of him to clap his hands, though in the excitement of the moment he had not noticed it. He looked round. The new junior had vanished!

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

Bob Cherry dashed towards the school gates. He looked out into the road, but there was no sign of the new boy. Fitzpatrick was gone!

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Missing!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. came off the football-field very well satisfied with themselves. They had beaten Redclyffe by 2 goals to 1, after a very fast match, and they had reason to be pleased with their victory. Bob Cherry, however, was not looking pleased as he met the victorious footballers. He looked glum.

"You missed a good match, Bob," said Wharton sympathetically.

Bob Cherry nodded.

"Yes, I know that," he said. "But I'm not thinking of that. That young idiot gave me the slip when you took that last goal."

"Fitzpatrick?"

"Yes; he's bolted!"

"Rotten! Then you missed playing for nothing."

"I'll jolly well dot him on the nose this evening, when he comes in!" said Bob Cherry. "I was looking after him like a Dutch uncle, and that's how he repays my fatherly care. I'll jolly well give him a thick ear when he comes in!"

Wharton laughed.

"Well, if he gets into trouble now, it's his own look-out," he said. "We've done all we could to stop him. He will have to face the music when he comes in."

But the new junior seemed to be in no hurry to come in. He did not come back to tea, and at calling-over he did not appear in the ranks of the Remove. Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, was taking call-over, and Mr. Quelch never by any chance missed observing an absence.

"Fitzpatrick!"

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"THE GEM" LIBRARY,
Every Wednesday.

Our Companion Papers.

"THE PENNY POPULAR,"
Every Friday.

No reply.

Mr. Quelch raised his head.

"Fitzpatrick!"

Still no answer.

"Is Fitzpatrick absent?"

"He's not here, sir," said Wharton, to whom the question was addressed.

"Very well. When he comes in, tell him to report himself to me, Wharton."

"Yes, sir."

And Mr. Quelch finished the roll-call.

The juniors streamed out, a good many of them discussing the absence of Con Fitzpatrick. The whole school knew that he was gated for the term, and, in spite of that, he had gone out and failed to return at evening roll-call.

"Reckless young ass!" said Nugent. "There will be real trouble this time. All hands on deck for a flogging."

"Serve him right!" said Vernon-Smith. "It's sheer cheek! If he'd come in for roll-call he might have kept it dark about breaking bounds. It's cheek, and I hope he'll get it in the neck."

And Harry Wharton & Co., though greatly disposed to stand by Con Fitzpatrick, could not help thinking that the reckless junior had gone much too far this time, and they looked forward to his return with some anxiety.

But the evening wore on, and he did not return.

"Nine o'clock," said Bob Cherry, coming into the junior common-room after he had done his preparation. "Has that Irish bounder come in?"

"Sure, if ye mean Fitzpatrick, he hasn't," said Micky Desmond. "He can't be long now, I should think, intirely."

"I guess he knows what to expect, and he's calculating on putting it off," remarked Fisher T. Fish.

"Well, he can't be long now."

Half-past nine was bedtime for the juniors, and at precisely half-past nine Loder, of the Sixth, looked into the common-room. It was Loder's turn once more to have the honour and privilege of seeing lights out for the Remove.

"That kid come back?" was Loder's first question.

"No, Loder."

"Fitzpatrick hasn't come in?" demanded Loder, in astonishment and satisfaction. Loder had not forgotten the scene in No. 1 Study, when Bill Hankins had sat upon him on the floor. Fitzpatrick had been caned, but that did not satisfy the bully of the Sixth. He was only too glad of a chance of catching the new junior tripping again.

"Well, he's not here!" said Vernon-Smith.

"The young rascal! Hanging about some pub with his rotten associates, I suppose," said Loder. "Get off to bed! I shall have to report this to Mr. Quelch!"

The Remove went up to their dormitory.

Harry Wharton was looking very serious. He knew that Fitzpatrick had intended to go on the water that afternoon, and the sea had been somewhat rough. It was quite possible that some accident had happened among the rocks and dangerous currents of the bay. If the boy could have helped it, surely he would not have defied all the laws of the school, and the authority of the Head, by staying out after bedtime? It seemed impossible that even Fitzpatrick could willingly be so utterly reckless as that.

"What are you thinking of, Harry?" asked Bob Cherry quietly.

Wharton started.

"I—I hope there hasn't been an accident," he said.

"Just what I was thinking."

"He's a reckless young ass, and he doesn't know the bay; and if he went out in a boat by himself—"

Bob Cherry shivered.

"The young duffer!" he said.

Mr. Quelch came into the dormitory. The Remove-master was looking very grave.

"It appears that Fitzpatrick has not returned, my boys," he said. "Does any boy here know where he intended to go when he left Greyfriars to-day?"

There was an awkward silence. The giving of information to a master was a very delicate matter.

"This is a serious thing," added Mr. Quelch, who understood the feeling of the Removites perfectly. "I am very much afraid that some accident has happened to Fitzpatrick. He is going to be searched for, and I wish to know as much as possible of his intended movements."

"He intended to go out on the bay, sir," said Bob Cherry.

"You are sure of that, Cherry?"

"He told me so, sir."

"Do you know if he intended to go alone, or with companions?" asked Mr. Quelch.

"No, sir; I don't know about that."

"Can anyone else tell me anything more?" asked Mr. Quelch, looking round the dormitory.

No one could apparently, for there was no reply. The

Form-master turned to the doorway. Then Harry Wharton spoke.

"Fitzpatrick is to be searched for, sir?" he asked.

"Yes, Wharton."

"Could—could we help, sir?" said Harry. "I—we—know the bay and the coast well, sir—every inch of it, and we might—"

"Perhaps it would be as well, Wharton. You may come." Mr. Quelch caught Bob Cherry's look, and Nugent's, and added: "Nugent and Cherry, too. That will be sufficient."

"Thank you, sir!"

And the three Removites followed the Form-master from the dormitory.

The dormitory was left in a buzz of voices.

Mr. Quelch's gravity of manner had impressed the juniors. It was evident that the Remove-master believed that something serious had happened to the missing Removite.

"It would be rotten if the chap was drowned," said Bol-sover major. "I never thought of that, but it's quite possible. It's very tricky among the rocks about the Shoulder, and it gets dark early, and—"

"Poor beast!" said Vernon. "I'm sorry if that's the case. But—"

"The sorrowfulness of all our esteemed selves will be terrific," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

The Removites turned in, in a far from slumberous frame of mind. Billy Bunter certainly went to sleep at once, as he always did. But most of the other fellows remained awake, wondering what had happened, and whether Fitzpatrick would return to the school alive.

Eleven o'clock chimed out from the tower.

"Eleven!" said Johnny Bull. "Any of you fellows awake?"

"Yes, rather!" came back a dozen voices.

"They haven't come back yet, or Wharton and Nugent and Bob would be here. They can't have found him."

"Something must have happened," said Tom Brown.

"The happenfulness must have been terrific."

"I guess it's an accident."

"More likely he's bolted," said Vernon-Smith. "He tried to run away to sea once, and very likely he's trying it again to-day. There was a foreign ship in Pegg this morning, too; he may have gone in her."

"The ship's still there," said Newland. "She doesn't sail till to-morrow."

"Well, he may have bolted by train."

"I hope it's no worse than that," said Johnny Bull.

And the Removites fell into silence again.

One by one they dropped off to sleep, tired out with watching at last. But when the last of the eyes had closed, there was still no sign or sound of the return of the search-party—no sign of the missing junior. His place in dormitory was empty, and when the rising sun glimmered in at the high windows, the light showed the bed empty still.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Sudden Surprise.

T IRED, heavy with fatigue, sorely troubled in mind, the search-party came in as dawn was breaking over Greyfriars.

They came in unsuccessful.

There were a dozen of them—Wharton and Bob Cherry, and Nugent, of the Remove, Coker, of the Fifth, Wingate and Courtney, Walker and Valence, of the Sixth, three of the masters, and Gosling the porter. They had worn themselves out with searching and inquiring for the missing junior; but they had discovered nothing—learnt nothing. In the village of Friardale Fitzpatrick had not been seen; in Pegg nobody knew of his movements. Captain Stump and Bill Hankins had been questioned, and they stated that they had seen Fitzpatrick in the afternoon on the shore, but that was all they knew.

The fishermen with whom the lad had made acquaintance helped in the search; none of them knew where he was. Some of the fishing-boats were out all night, and had not yet returned, and it occurred to Harry Wharton that Fitzpatrick might have gone with them.

But it seemed impossible that the boy was deliberately absenting himself. Surely recklessness could not have been carried to such a pitch as that! It was a more probable theory that he had run away from Greyfriars; but inquiry at the village station, and at the junction at Courtfield, elicited no information. Nobody answering to Fitzpatrick's description had taken a ticket there; the porters did not remember seeing him.

The dreadful idea that he had gone out in a boat, and had met with a fatal accident among the currents that raced and whirled round the base of the Shoulder, had taken possession of all minds. So far as could be ascertained in the search, no boat was known to be missing; but Fitzpatrick might have

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taken one farther along the bay, and only a search would ascertain the fact.

The police and the coastguards had been notified, and inquiry was still proceeding along the bay, when the worn-out searchers returned to Greyfriars.

Dr. Locke was up to meet them. He had hardly closed his eyes that night. He read the result in Mr. Quelch's face as soon as he saw him.

A darker cloud came over the good old doctor's brow.

"Nothing has been found?" he asked.

"Nothing, sir."

"No news?"

"Only that he was seen in Pegg yesterday."

"Poor lad! He has paid dearly for his disobedience," said the Head, with a sigh. "It is impossible to doubt that an accident has happened."

"I am afraid so, sir."

"Poor lad—poor lad!"

Harry Wharton and his companions returned to the Remove dormitory as the fellows were getting up. Gosling clanged out the rising-bell before turning in himself. A chorus of inquiry greeted the three dusty and fatigued Removites as they came in.

"Found him?"

"Any news?"

"Has he bolted?"

"Was it an accident?"

"Nothing's known," said Harry Wharton. "We've only found that he can't be discovered, that's all. I hope he's still alive."

"Poor kid!"

"Bet you ten to one he's bolted!" said Vernon-Smith.

"Oh, shut up!"

Wharton and Nugent and Bob Cherry turned in. They were excused from lessons that morning for a much-needed rest.

Anxious as they were about Fitzpatrick, they slept immediately they turned in, so worn out were they tramping to and fro in the long night.

There was a hush over the Greyfriars Form-rooms that morning. All the fellows were anxiously expecting news, and at any moment the Head anticipated learning that a boat had been found bottom upward in the bay, or that a body had been washed ashore.

But no news came.

No news was good news, in this case; but hearts were heavy at Greyfriars. The reckless disobedience of the new boy was forgotten; that he had brought his fate upon himself was a fact that no one cared to remember. He had been punished terribly for it, and the fellows could only think of a still form lying on the rocks—a white face glancing from the rolling waters—and they shuddered at the mental picture.

When the Remove came out after third lesson, Harry Wharton and Nugent and Bob Cherry came down to a very late breakfast.

There was still no news.

A crowd of fellows gathered round the gates of Greyfriars, looking down the road in expectation of the messenger of ill tidings who must arrive sooner or later. They talked in hushed voices. Harry Wharton joined the crowd. He was still feeling tired from the night's tramping over the rocks and sands. But he was thinking only of the missing boy. Bob Cherry was pale and conscience-smitten.

"If I'd looked after him better, he wouldn't have gone out," said Bob remorsefully. "I meant to keep him in, and I did keep him, and then I let him go, like an ass."

"You couldn't help it, Bob."

"I ought to have helped it!" said Bob miserably. "I had him there, and I was holding the silly ass—I mean, the poor kid, and—and—"

He broke off with a quiver in his voice.

"It might have happened any other day," said Nugent. "After all, though one doesn't like to say so, it was his own fault!"

"And mine, too!" groaned Bob.

"He may be alive yet," said Wharton. "No good giving up hope till we know for certain. There's a chance that he went out with the night boats."

"Impossible! He must have known that everybody would be alarmed—"

"He mightn't have thought of it."

"Must be a silly ass, then!" said Russell. "If that's what happened, he ought to be flogged till he howls!"

"And he will be—in that case," said Wharton. "I can't say I should feel very sorry for him, either. But—"

"It can't be that," said Bob Cherry, with a shake of the head. "He wouldn't play such a rotten trick. Chap might be thoughtless, but not to that extent."

"I hope he'll turn up."

"Poor kid!"

"I say, you fellows, I've got an idea!" said Billy Bunter, joining the group at the gates.

Bob Cherry sniffed. He did not think much either of Billy Bunter or of his ideas. But the other fellows looked at Bunter inquiringly. Any suggestion was welcome at such a moment.

"Well, what do you think, Billy?" asked Wharton.

The Owl of the Remove blinked at him through his big spectacles.

"I say, suppose he's gone out with the fishing-boats, he'll come back——"

"Go hon!" said Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry! What I mean is, that when he comes in he'll be frightfully hungry, after a night on the sea——"

"Oh, rats!"

"I wish you wouldn't interrupt me, Cherry! I think your remarks are very heartless, under the painful circumstances!" said Bunter, with an indignant blink at Bob Cherry. "I say, you fellows, if Fitzpatrick comes back all right, my idea is to stand him a feed, and——and——"

"What!"

"I'm expecting a postal-order to-day," went on Bunter. "What I'm going to suggest is, that you fellows hand me some cash to get a feed ready for Fitzpatrick, in case he isn't drowned, and I'll hand you my postal-order when it comes!"

The chums of the Remove stared blankly at the fat junior.

They knew their Bunter, but it seemed incredible that even Billy Bunter was thinking of nothing but getting a feed out of the matter that was causing anxiety and concern to the whole school.

"So that's your idea, is it, Bunter?" said Harry Wharton, with ominous quietness.

Billy Bunter nodded cheerfully. He did not see the dangerous gleam in the eyes of the juniors.

"Yes; that's it," he said. "I think it would be only the right thing, you know, and would show proper feeling, under the——the painful circumstances! I'm expecting a postal-order, as I said, and if you chaps hand me ten bob——Yow!"

Billy Bunter was grasped and bumped on the ground

violently, and then four or five pairs of boots commenced operations upon his plump person.

"Ow! Yow, yow! Beasts! Yah! Oh!"

"Jump on him!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Yaroo! Grooh! Oh!"

Bunter scrambled up, and ran for his life.

He did not join the party at the gate again. His ideas were evidently unpopular, though Bunter could not see why himself. But he could see that it would be wiser to keep out of the way of the Famous Five for a time.

The fellows resumed watching the road. They did not feel inclined for anything else, anxiety was pressing heavily upon all of them.

Bob Cherry uttered a sudden exclamation:

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"Great Scott!" murmured Nugent.

"Look!"

A figure had come in sight in the road—the figure of a boy. At the distance it was not possible to recognise him at once, but he was in Etons, and the form was familiar. As he came nearer they recognised him.

"Fitzpatrick!"

It was the new junior.

He was coming down the road with a springy step, and evidently in a cheerful frame of mind. He stared a little at the crowd at the gates as he came up. They regarded him in silence. Fitzpatrick looked very fit and well, and certainly not as if he had been the victim of an accident at sea.

"Fitzpatrick!" gasped Wharton.

"Sure, and it's me!" said Fitzpatrick. "I'm not a giddy ghost! What's the trouble?"

"You!"

"Alive!"

"Faith, I think so! I never said I was dead, did I?" grinned Fitzpatrick. "What are ye all looking as solemn as boiled owls about?"

"Has there been an accident?"

"Not that I know of."

"Where have you been?" yelled a score of angry voices.

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natural anger and exasperation now that he had returned safe and sound, and looking quite cheerful.

"I've been to say!"

"With the fishing-boats?" asked Wharton.

"Yes."

"And nothing's happened?"

"Sure, no!"

"You—you—you young villain!"

"What!"

Wingate came down to the gates.

"You fellows——" he began; and then he caught sight of the returned junior. "What! Oh! Is that—that you, Fitzpatrick?"

"Faith, and it's me, Wingate darling! I——"

Wingate's hand dropped heavily upon the new junior's shoulder.

"Come with me!" he said.

"But I——"

"Come along, you young rascal!"

And Wingate marched the junior into the School House, and straight into the Head's study.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Under Sentence.

"FITZPATRICK has returned, sir!"

Dr. Locke uttered an exclamation of relief as Wingate spoke.

"Thank goodness," he exclaimed, "he is safe!"

"He is here, sir."

Wingate marched the junior in. Dr. Locke rose to his feet. There was a very visible emotion in his kind, old face.

"Fitzpatrick, I am rejoiced to see you safe and sound!"

"Thank you, sir!"

"What happened to you, my boy?"

"Nothing, sir!"

"What!"

"Sure, I'm all right, sir!"

Dr. Locke looked at him, and his brow grew very stern.

"Fitzpatrick! Do you mean to tell me that you were not kept away from the school by some accident?"

"Sure, I'm sorry, sir, but I haven't had any accident!"

"Then, sir," thundered the Head, "what was the cause of your staying away, and plunging the whole school into confusion and anxiety?"

"Sure, I didn't know you'd be anxious, sir!"

"What! Did you think that a junior could remain away from school all night without causing anxiety?"

"Faith, I never thought about it, sir!"

"You—never—thought—about—it?" said the Head, in a terrifying voice.

"No, sir."

"Are you—are you insane, boy?" the Head exclaimed, aghast.

"Sure, I hope not, sir!"

"You are an—extraordinary boy!" gasped Dr. Locke.

"Where have you been?"

"Out with the night fishermen, sir."

"Without asking permission?"

"Sure, I knew you wouldn't give it, sir!" said Fitzpatrick innocently.

The Head breathed hard.

"Have you forgotten, Fitzpatrick, that I forbade you to go outside the school gates, without special permission, for the rest of the term?"

"No, sir!"

"Then you disobeyed me!"

"I'm sorry, sir!"

"Ah, you have the grace to be sorry for your disobedience!"

"Sure, sir, I mean that I'm sorry I couldn't go without disobeying you."

"Do you mean to say that you are not sorry you went?"

"Well, sir, I had a foine time."

"Boy!"

"Sure, I've often been out with the night fisherman at home in Oireland, sir, and I never thought any harm. I didn't think about you missing me; faith, my uncle says I never think of anything till too late, sir."

"I think your uncle is right," said the Head. "But you must learn to think of things before it is too late, Fitzpatrick. I shall endeavour to teach you."

"Thank you, sir," said Fitzpatrick demurely.

"You certainly should thank me, but you will not find the process pleasant," said the Head grimly. "You have disobeyed my orders, and caused the whole school to be thrown into confusion. Masters and boys were searching for you all night."

"I never meant to give so much trouble, sir."

"But you gave it, and you must learn, Fitzpatrick, that you will have to obey the orders that are given you. I shall not

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expel you from Greyfriars, from my regard for your uncle, an old Greyfriars' boy, whom I esteem and respect. I shall give you a public flogging, before the whole school, Fitzpatrick."

"Oh, sir!"

"I hope it will impress some sense of discipline on your mind."

"Sure, I'd rather you sent me away, sir," said Fitzpatrick. "I want to go to say, sir, and if you sent me away, I——"

"That is enough. You may go."

"Yes, sir, but——"

"Take him away, Wingate."

Fitzpatrick's eyes blazed.

"Sure, and I won't be flogged, then!" he exclaimed.

Wingate's grasp closed upon his shoulder, and he was jerked out of the study before he could say more. Dr. Locke sank back into his chair, breathing hard.

"What an extraordinary boy!" he exclaimed. "I am really afraid that it will be impossible to keep him at Greyfriars, sorry as I shall be to disappoint his uncle. But we shall see what result a flogging will have."

In the passage, the Captain of Greyfriars gave the Irish junior a grim look.

"You young ass, what do you mean by cheeking the Head?" he exclaimed.

"Faith, I'm not going to be flogged."

"I don't see quite how you'll help it," said Wingate.

"I'll run away first."

"Will you?" said Wingate grimly. "I'll see that you don't have the chance."

"Look here——!"

"Hold your tongue, you cheeky young sweep."

Wingate took the junior to Mr. Quelch's study and handed him over to his Form-master. Mr. Quelch had already heard the facts, and he was very angry.

"Fitzpatrick is to be flogged, sir," said Wingate, "and I fancy he has some intention of running away. What shall I do with him?"

Mr. Quelch's jaw set very squarely.

"Put him in the punishment-room, Wingate, and tell Trotter to bring me the key. He will be kept in confinement till he has had his flogging."

"Sure, sir——!"

"You may hold your tongue, Fitzpatrick. I regard you as a most heartless boy."

Fitzpatrick looked distressed.

"Sure, I never meant, sir——!"

"That is enough."

Wingate marched his prisoner off again. Con Fitzpatrick cast a longing glance towards the open door, and Wingate's grasp tightened upon his shoulder.

"No, you don't," he said grimly.

"Sure, I'm sorry I came back at all now."

"You will be sorrier still that you stayed away, when the Head gets to work on you in the morning, you young rascal," said the captain of Greyfriars.

A crowd of juniors gathered round and followed the Greyfriars captain and his prisoner to the punishment-room.

"Going to shut him up, Wingate?" asked Vernon-Smith.

"Yes," said the Greyfriars captain briefly.

"Best thing you can do. Blessed if I ever saw such a cheeky young beggar!" said Bolsover major, with virtuous indignation.

"Faith, you can go and eat coke," said Fitzpatrick.

Wingate threw open the door.

"Inside!" he said.

Fitzpatrick hung back.

"You're going to lock me in?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Then I'm not going in, intirely."

"What!" thundered Wingate.

"Sure, I'm not going to be locked in!"

"Get inside!"

"I won't!"

Wingate did not say anything more. He grasped the recalcitrant junior and pitched him in.

Bump!

"Ow! Ochone!"

There was a laugh from the fellows outside. Fitzpatrick sat on the floor and gasped. Wingate drew the door shut, and locked it on the outside, and walked away with the key. Vernon-Smith waited till the captain of Greyfriars was gone, and then he tapped at the door, and called through the key-hole.

"Hallo, you wild Irish bounder!"

"Hallo, you cad!" came back from within.

"You're going to get it in the neck this time."

"Sure, if I could get at ye, you'd get it in the eye!" said Fitzpatrick.

"This is where you sing small," chuckled the Bouncer, through the keyhole. "You'll be hoisted on the porter's back, and licked before the whole school. You—ow!"

Vernon-Smith broke off as he was grasped and swung away from the door. He swung round and glared at Bob Cherry.

"Hands off, you rotter!"

Bob Cherry flourished a big fist in his face.

"You cad!" he exclaimed. "Can't you let a fellow alone when he's down on his luck? For two pins I'd wipe up the floor with you!"

"Same here," said Harry Wharton. "Get out, Smithy; you make me ill!"

"Look here——"

"Travel!" roared Bob Cherry.

And the Bouncer travelled.

Harry Wharton tapped at the door, and called to Fitzpatrick.

"I'm afraid you're in for a rotten time, Fitz," he said.

"It serves you right, as far as that goes; but I'm sorry. Can we do anything for you?"

"Sure and you can, if you will."

"Anything you like," said Harry.

"Bring me a rope round to the window after dark," said Fitzpatrick. "I'll let down a string and pull it up."

Wharton jumped.

"Wh-what for?" he exclaimed.

"So that I can get out to-night."

"What do you want to get out for?"

"To clear out, sure."

"Do you mean that you are thinking of running away from school?"

"Sure, and I do! There's a ship in Pegg Bay that sails at dawn, and I've made friends with the bo'sun, and he'll help me, and——"

"You young ass!" exclaimed Harry wrathfully. "Do you think I'm going to help you run away from school?"

"Sure, and I'd be grateful to yez——"

"I can't do that, fathead! Is there anything else?"

"Nothing else; but if ye'd get me a rope——"

"Oh, rot!"

"You juniors clear away from there!" called out Courtney, of the Sixth. "Do you hear?"

And the juniors cleared away, and Con Fitzpatrick was left to his meditations.

The Greyfriars fellows thought a good deal that day about the junior shut up in the punishment-room. The order had

gone forth for all the school to assemble after prayers in the morning to witness a public flogging; and there was no doubt that Con Fitzpatrick was in for it. Reckless as he had been, the fellows could not help feeling sorry for him; but there was no help for it. And they recognised that the Head could hardly do anything but flog the junior after what he had done. Fitzpatrick's meals were taken to him in the punishment-room, and when the juniors went to bed that night, the prisoner was still there—locked in. Mr. Quelch paid the room a visit that night, to make sure that he was safe; Fitzpatrick was in bed, sleeping peacefully. The Remove-master retired and locked the door.

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

Off to Sea!

"POOR old Fitz!" said Bob Cherry.

The rising-bell was clanging out on the morning air, and the Remove were getting up. Their first thought was for the junior in the punishment-room. The ordeal that he had to go through that morning was a terrible one, and even the Bouncer-felt some little compunction about it.

"Poor old Fitz!" said Nugent, too. "But it can't be helped. And he went out looking for trouble, and no mistake!"

The juniors came down to breakfast, most of them looking very thoughtful. It was not pleasant for them, either, to witness a flogging; though, as Nugent remarked, the most unpleasant role was to be played by Fitzpatrick.

The juniors came out from breakfast in time to see Gosling, the porter, taking Con Fitzpatrick's breakfast to the punishment-room on a tray. Some of them followed him there. Gosling put down the tray and unlocked the door.

"He's jolly quiet!" remarked Bob Cherry. "He must have a jolly good nerve if he's asleep still. I shouldn't sleep with a flogging just coming on."

"No fear!"

Gosling looked into the room. He had to be careful that Fitzpatrick did not dodge out while his meals were being taken in. But there was no sign of Fitzpatrick. He was evidently still in bed, or——

"Master Fitzpatrick!" said Gosling.

He crossed towards the bed. There were the outlines of a form to be seen under the coverlet. There was no movement from the bed.

"Wake up, Fitz!" shouted Bob Cherry.

"He's sleeping jolly soundly," said Harry Wharton, with a puzzled look. "I wonder——"

"'Ere, you wake up!" said Gosling, stooping over the bed and grasping the still form. And then he staggered back.

"My heye!"

"What's the matter, Gossy?"

"My heye! Blow!"

"What is it? What——"

"He ain't there!" gasped Gosling.

"What!" yelled the juniors.

They swarmed into the room, and the bedclothes were dragged off in a moment. There was a shout of astonishment:

"Gone!"

"Bunked!"

"My hat!"

The form under the bedclothes had been made up of bolster and pillows and several other articles quite well enough to deceive the eye. But there was no sign of Con Fitzpatrick.

"My only Uncle Christopher John!" said Bob Cherry. "The young duffer's buzzed!"

"But 'ow?" gasped Gosling. "The door was locked; that I'll swear to——"

"The window," said Harry Wharton.

He ran to the window. It was open. Below was the schoolhouse wall, steep and sheer. But to the wall clung the masses of old ivy. It made Wharton's head swim to think of any fellow climbing down by the ivy from that sheer height. But that was evidently what Con Fitzpatrick had done.

"My hat!" said Bob Cherry, in a hushed voice. "What a nerve! He must be able to climb like a giddy monkey! He might have broken his neck——"

"The wonder is he didn't," said Nugent.

"He could climb well," said Johnny Bull. "I saw him in the gym, one day. He said he had climbed over the rigging of all sorts of ships at home. But—but he must have had heaps of nerve to tackle a climb like that!"

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Gosling went to report to the Head. The juniors crowded out of the room, discussing the strange affair.

"He's gone down to Pegg to that ship he mentioned," Harry Wharton remarked. "I wonder if we ought to say anything—"

"No good now," said Bob Cherry. "The ship was going at dawn; she'll be miles out to sea. If Fitzpatrick's on board he's gone for good."

There was a rustle of a gown as the Head came striding to the punishment-room. His face was frowning as he came out again.

"Boys," he exclaimed, "Fitzpatrick has apparently run away. You must understand what a serious thing this is for the misguided lad. He must be saved from himself and his own folly. Go out and search for him, all of you; and remember that if you can find him and bring him back, you will be doing no one a greater service than the foolish boy himself."

"Yes, sir."

Not at all averse to a ramble out of doors instead of going into the class-rooms, the juniors hurried out. Dr. Locke, in a state of great agitation, returned to his study. A letter had just arrived for him by the morning post. It bore the postmark of Pegg. The Head guessed from the boyish scrawl on the envelope what it contained. He opened it quickly, and read:

"Dear Dr. Locke, I am sorry I've given you so much trouble, and my uncle too. But I want to go to sea; and I'm going. Let my uncle know I'm all right. I shall be at sea hours before you get this, so it's no good looking for

TALES TO TELL.

BY DEDUCTION.

They talked during dinner of the Anarchist outrages, to which there seems no end.

"But, daddy, what is an Anarchist?" asked little Willie.

"Well, my boy," replied the father, "an Anarchist is a violent person—always blowing somebody up, you know."

The innocent child turned naturally toward his mother.

"Are you an Anarchist, ma?" he asked.

KINDNESS MISPLACED.

"To-morrow," sighed the simple maiden, "is my birthday."

It was a hint that young Smith knew would be expensive to understand. But the simple maiden was heiress to £20,000, was decidedly comely, and things had so far been progressing very well. So he decided to plunge.

"Anyone could guess your age, so simple are your ways," he said; "and I'll show you how I'll guess yours. To-morrow you will receive a bunch of crimson roses, and in that bunch there will be one rose, my pet, for every year that you have lived."

That night Smith wrote a note to his florist, ordering the immediate delivery of eighteen roses to his lady fair. The florist read the order, and then addressed his wife:

"Here's young Smith wants us to send a bouquet of one and a half dozen roses to 976, Park Lane, W. He's been a good customer lately—throw in an extra dozen for luck. It is sure to pay!"

And it did pay—someone. The man, in fact, who eventually secured the £20,000.

SHE ROSE.

The portly lady at the picnic sat down by Tommy.

Immediately he began to howl.

"What is the matter, my dear?" inquired the surprised woman.

"Yow-yow!" roared Tommy.

"Stomach-ache?"

"No; it ain't!"

"Ear-ache, perhaps?"

He shook his head.

"Some more sweets?" suggested the lady.

"No!" roared the angelic child. "Wot I want is my frog wot I caught!"

"Frog?"

"Yis, my frog!"

"Why, my dear, where has it gone to?"

"Yow! It ain't a-gone to nowhere! You're a-sittin' on it!"

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"THE CAPTAIN'S MINOR!"

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ONE
PENNY.

me. I sha'n't be coming back to Greyfriars. Kind regards to all the fellows.
CON FITZPATRICK."

The Head crushed the letter in his hand.

Meanwhile Harry Wharton & Co. had reached the bay. The foreign ship that had been there the day before was gone from her anchorage. There was little doubt that the missing junior had gone with her. The chums of the Remove climbed the cliff, and looked out over the wide waters.

Far out at sea a white sail danced in the sunlight, growing smaller and smaller in the distance.

"There she goes!" said Bob Cherry.

"And Fitz with her!" said Harry Wharton.

"And he won't come back," said Nugent. "Well, I hope he'll have good luck. We may as well be getting back."

The juniors returned to the school. Nugent was right—the missing junior did not come back. Far away on the blue waters he was following the life he wanted—a life on the ocean wave—at last realising his desire to be a true Son of the Sea!

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

Gentleman (to boy who has carried his bag two miles from the station): "Now, what ought a little boy to say when a gentleman gives him a halfpenny for carrying his bag?"

Boy (promptly): "Why, 'tain't enough!"

W-WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"Little boy," asked the new teacher, "what is your name?"

"I'll have to write it for you, miss," he said hesitatingly.

"Why? My hearing is quite good! Your name, boy!"

"I'd rather not tell you."

"Surely you can't be ashamed of it?"

"No, miss; but—"

"Then we will not waste any more time, if you please! I am waiting!"

The small boy's eyes rolled wildly in their sockets, and his face became contorted with pain as he began:

"Ku-kuk-kuk-kuk-kuk-Clarence! That's my first name, miss. But my other name is Pup-pup-pup-pup-Perkins! I never stutter 'cept when I'm speaking my name, and when I'm nagged like this I get a whole lot worse, miss."

BY THE FACE.

Fourteen months is a critical age. It is then that you begin to speak, and an eager crowd waits upon your every lip-opening.

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Nanna, rushing into the drawing-room breathlessly, and carrying her fourteen-months-old charge, with whom she had been visiting the Zoo. "Oh, ma'am, Archibald spoke this morning for the first time!"

"Really!" exclaimed the young father, jumping up in excitement. "Do you hear that, Bella? And what did he say, nurse?"

"Why, sir, I was showing him a large cage of monkeys, when he clapped his hands, and called out, real plain, 'Papa—papa!'"

BETRAYED BY THE RICE.

The dear little bride sat in the railway-carriage, trying to look as though she had been married for years. Her spouse, being hungry, had departed for a rapid "Bath-bun," he called it.

"And how do you like being married, my dear?" asked the old lady opposite, who was wise enough to know.

The young bride yawned.

"Oh, well," she answered, "when you have been married for eight years, you know—"

"There, there!" exclaimed the lady, throwing up her hands in surprise. "And I took you for a little honeymooner!"

"Oh, dear me, no! My husband will tell you—here he comes—that we have been married eight years. Haven't we, Jack?"

"Yes, yes; certainly!" replied the husband, with a wriggle.

"And, do you know, I've some of that beastly rice down my neck yet!"

THE EDITOR.

OUR THRILLING 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 forces 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 on 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 are rescued by Rupert Thurston, in the Lord of the Deep, just in time to save them from being captured by Nathan Gore. Ferrers Lord learns, through tapping the cable, that the mad millionaire has complained to the Government of America, and that the United States are sending out two cruisers, while England is sending out a vessel to investigate matters. Ching-Lung hears, soon afterwards, that a princess of his own country has taken his province, Kwai Hal, for her own use, and he determines, as soon as the war with Gore is over, to return to China. Ferrers Lord makes a sham attack on his own storeship, which is flying the Goreland colours, in full view of five warships, "to give them something to talk about," as the millionaire grimly remarks. After an apparently terrific battle has taken place in the full glare of the warships' searchlights, Ferrers Lord wearies of the game, and the Lord of the Deep slips off into the darkness. Then it is that the millionaire makes a startling announcement.

(Now go on with the story.)

Home Again—Barry Overhears a Deadly Plot.

"We are going back to England, boys!" said Ferrers Lord. The millionaire had simply stated the fact, and nothing more. He gave no reason for this sudden change in his plans. Ching-Lung and Thurston could have heard no more welcome news. They were weary of their imprisonment, and the prospect of a holiday in London was delicious, however brief it might be.

"Hang it!" said Ching-Lung. "I'll go to bed and stay there until we arrive. Good Old England! I've almost forgotten what she's like."

The journey was swift and uneventful. The submarine travelled at headlong speed, day and night, night and day, tireless in her strength.

Ching-Lung and Thurston awoke, to miss the steady noise of the engines, and fancied that there had been a breakdown. Flung on their dressing-gowns, they sprang out of their cabins. The dampness of the air of the corridor told that they were afloat. They ran up the ladder. Above them arc-lamps burned and hissed as they swung from a vaulted roof of rock.

"Great Scotland! Where are we, Tom?" asked Thurston.

"By hokey! In Yorkshire, sir!" answered the steersman.

"What! Already!"

"That's the size of it, sir. We've broke every record, and all of 'em we made ourselves! That's Yorkshire forrard, aft, on top, and underneath! We've knocked twenty-six hours off our own time. I thought we was going to burst her once or twice."

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"THE GEM" LIBRARY.
Every Wednesday.

Sure enough, the submarine was floating on the dark waters of the Yorkshire cavern. Ching-Lung perched himself on the rail, and imitated the crow of a rooster to the very life. He jumped down and looked serious as Ferrers Lord mounted from below.

"Bless me!" murmured the prince, staring upwards. "I never remember seeing four moons at once, except at the North Pole! What have we come to the North Pole for, Ru? One—two—three—four. Twice two is the same thing—Hullo, old chap! Good-morning! How goes it?"

"It is only eleven p.m.," said Ferrers Lord. "You had better go back to bed."

"Not if I can get on shore," said the prince. "I don't care if it's eleveny g.m.! I want to plant my hoof upon my native soil with a double-barrelled plant. Show me land! Show me the earth, if it's only in a flower-pot! I've trodden these ghastly iron-plates till my trilibies are sore. Are we for land?"

"Just as you like."

"Like!" said Thurston. "I'm mad for it!"

"Then go and dress," said Ferrers Lord.

The submarine was brought close in, and they had only to cross a gangway to reach the lift. Ching-Lung had roused Gan-Waga. Joe and Prout were already standing in the lift, and Maddock, who was compelled to remain behind, watched them, with a sigh.

The millionaire did not keep them waiting. The lift rose, and became motionless, and the door was slid back. They

Our Companion Papers.

"THE PENNY POPULAR,"
Every Friday.

gave a cheer as they saw a brilliant moon, and smelled the perfume of an English garden in the springtime.

"This is better!" said Thurston. "It's something like air!"

"It is. But where's Barry?"

"Faix, he ain't been lost in the post, yer honour!" said a voice from behind. "But ut was a near thing, Oi can tell yez."

Ching-Lung, Rupert, and Prout burst out laughing as they saw the Irishman in the moonlight. Barry had heard the news only at the last moment. He had scrambled into the dark lift in his nightshirt, and his clothes and his boots were in his arms.

"Troth, ut's grin at a pore gentleman's misfortunes, is ut?" growled Barry. "Turrn away and lave me whole Oi put on my attoire. Arrah! Luk at that! Oi've brought a pair of boots, and, bedad, aich of thim is odd wans! But niver moind; Oi can wear thim both on wan fut and hop. Ow! Help! Murther! Go away, Joe!"

Joe had cut a prickly branch from a rose-bush, and was threatening Barry's naked calves with it.

"You musts nots tickles haire," chuckled Gan.

They left Barry to dress. Their coming had evidently been expected, for the house was brilliantly lighted, and the servants, headed by the butler and housekeeper, had gathered on the terrace.

Ching-Lung gave them a nod, and hurried into the dining-room. Opening a drawer in the sideboard, he seized a tablecloth and a serviette. Then he raised the window, sprang through, and pulled down the sash after him.

In a twinkling he had turned the cloth into a skirt and the serviette into a bonnet. He glided along the path and listened. His ears caught a grunting noise; and then he heard the voice of Barry.

"Bejabbers!" growled Barry. "Oi've made a two-oiced owl of meself this blissid noight! Can Oi have growed? Oi cud jump on my own nick for bein' a flat-footed, bat-eared juggins! These pants is a moile too small. Oi belave Oi've pinched the wrong 'uns. Come on wid yez! Will yez come on?"

They would not come on. In his haste Barry had seized a pair of trousers belonging to Steve Briver, the lightweight of the crew. Steve weighed under nine stone, and Barry bumped the scales at fifteen. He had managed to get the trousers somewhat higher than his knees, and there they had stuck. He certainly could not get them on, so he decided to get them off.

To accomplish this Barry stood on one leg, and seized the loose end of the garment with both hands. Then he gave it a violent jerk. Naturally he lost his balance, fell forward, and ploughed up the moist soil of a newly-dug flower-bed with his hands. There was a rockery behind, and a nasty cold wind blew round it that did not add to Barry's comfort. He was wise enough to sit down on his coat when he made the second attempt.

"Of all the juggle-headed idiots," he snarled, "Oi'm the boss! Stealin' a man's trousers! What'll yez be doin' nixt, yez lantern-faced, addlepatated chimpanzee? What shall Oi do at all, at all? Whisht! Let me inspicit the coast."

Barry slouched along the path. He groaned as he sighted the group on the terrace. Ching-Lung wormed swiftly through the bushes, whipped up the bundle of clothes, and glided away, leaving Barry only his socks.

"Oi must kape meself warm," muttered Barry, "till Tom and Joe misses me and comes to luk. Arrah! Oi'll put on my boots and kick meself harrd. Another man's trousers, and him no bigger nor a Dutch doll! Oi'm as soft as a bunch of butthermilk on a warm day. Oi'll just wrap meself—Wh—"

A wild and glaring look sprang into Barry's eyes. His garments had vanished—gone like smoke—melted into thin air. Had he come to the wrong place? There on the ground lay a pair of socks—his own socks—but nothing more.

"Wh-wha-wha—" spluttered Barry. "Murther and—and— Wha— Oi'm aslape sthill! Ha, ha, ha! Of coorse! Oi'm only dhramin' a funny dhrame! Ye-e-e-es! Ow!"

Barry saw a dark object further on, and he pounced upon it. It was his coat. Ching-Lung, not wishing Barry to take a chill, had dropped the thick pea-jacket. As Barry seized it his heart dropped to the soles of his feet.

"At two o'clock, Jack," said a voice—and it was a female voice. "The diamonds are—"

Barry took a seat on a cold stone, and his hair rose on end. Horror of horrors! The sound of footsteps, and approaching footsteps, made him stare round for a hiding-place. He was afraid of the bushes. They were spiky bushes, for one thing; and besides, his white nightshirt was hard to conceal. Where could he hide? Barry groaned, and went limping across a flower-bed.

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

"Oh, murther—murther!" he wailed. "Here's somewan ilse!"

Rooney's fears were groundless. What he had imagined to be a human being was only a statue of a Roman gentleman with a scroll in his hand and oak-leaves in his hair. He was leaning against an urn in a most elegant attitude of perfect peace, just as a modern policeman might repose himself against the parish pump.

Barry did not grasp all this at once. He paled and perspired. The voices and footsteps were nearer and louder. Near the statue was a large stone urn on a stone pedestal. Barry tried to get inside the urn, but it happened to have no inside to get into. He dropped to the ground, hot all over, in spite of the cold, and made a rush for the statue. He got behind it.

"Where does he sleep?"

This time the speaker was a man. Barry popped his head under the Roman gentleman's arm, and descried the flutter of a white garment.

"Slape!" growled Barry. "By the powers, Oi'd loike to put yez to slape for twilve months. Go away afore Oi'm fruz into an iceberg wid whiskers on!"

"It is the fourth window," answered the woman. "I have unscrewed the catch. You will not fail, Jackarosco? Swear to me that you will not fail, that you will not shrink, that you will not falter when the great moment comes for which we have hungered! Strike deep, deep, deep! Swear!"

"I swear it, Annieria!" hissed the man. "Deep, deep!"

"Into his black hear-r-t. Jackarosco!"

A large drop of perspiration trickled down Barry's features. "Murther!" he thought. "What's this? They're—they're plannin' an assassinoitian!"

"You have the key of the safe?"

"Yes."

"And the tickets for New York?"

"I have."

"Hist! Who comes?"

Barry strained his ears, and his eyes had opened to their very widest extent. He could see the woman dimly, but not the man. A third person was approaching, or Barry thought so. Ching-Lung was imitating the crunch of gravel in his own inimitable fashion.

"Tis he!" said the man hoarsely.

"Give me the knife, then!" hissed the woman. "Give me the knife!"

A shriek rang through the night, and there was a thud of a fall. The awful deed was done. For a second Barry remained chilled with horror to the very marrow. Then, forgetting the airiness of his attire, he dashed up the path, howling "Hilp!" and "Murther!" like a maniac.

Other shouts answered his own. Men came dashing out of the house. Barry recovered his senses somewhat, and got into the heart of a thick laurel-bush. Thrusting out his head, he made the night hideous with his roars.

"What's the matter? Hi! Where are you? What's up?"

"Murther! Murther!" screamed the Irishman.

Prout, Joe, and Gan-Waga were dashing past, when Gan discovered Barry. Gan thought the head possessed no body, and it gave him a shock. He stopped as suddenly as a man who sees a sovereign on the pavement.

"Oh, mi! Oh, mi!" he squeaked.

"Hilp! hilp!" bellowed the head.

Prout and Joe pulled up and came back. They walked round the laurel-bush, and Joe struck a match.

"By hokey," gasped out Prout, "it's the mad Irishman!"

"Is—is he deads?" stammered Gan.

"I should say he warn't," remarked Joe, "by the row he's makin'. He's balmy, that's what. Come out on it! What are you roostin' there for, you squallin' cockatoo?"

"Murther! She stabbed him! Oi saw her do ut. Clap down the hatches and kape her in! Yondher, at the ind of the path, yaz'll foind the corpse. She sthruke him down. Quick, Oi say! Call the police and lock the dures! Murther! help!" bellowed the head.

"Into his black heart, Jackarosco!" hissed a voice. A female form came out of the shadow.

"The murtheress! Oh, saze her! saze her!" shrieked Barry.

"But do nots tickles haire," said Gan-Waga. "Oh, do nots tickles haire!"

The lady pulled off her gown and cap, and Ching-Lung dropped a curtsey.

Barry was speechless with wrath. He dug up handfuls of clay and hurled them at Ching-Lung. Then he tore a stout branch of laurel, and, like some Malay running amok, he burst out of the bush. The murderous look about him made the others take to their heels. Barry followed them round the garden to the very steps of the house.

An upper window opened, and a dark object soared through the night and alighted on Barry's head—a pair of trousers. Barry clutched them. They were jerked from his grasp, and as they floated back towards the window Barry performed a dance, tore his hair, shook his fists, and swore to get everyone of them ready for a funeral the moment he got near them.

Then a whole shower of bundles, thrown by unseen hands, bounced round him. They turned out to be coats and waistcoats and a sack, but no trousers. There was a knife in the pea-jacket. Hot with rage, Barry cut out the corners of the sack, and thrust his legs through. The ready-made trousers were not comfortable. He tied them up, and selected a stick from an adjacent tree.

"Somewan will rue the doin's of this noight!" he growled, as he took a firm grip of the cudgel. "Oi'll be the dith of that Choinee!"

Barry spat on his palm and made for the house. The door was open. He looked an extraordinary sight in his new attire. On the front of his trousers the words "best bran" were stamped in red. It was very difficult to walk with speed or dignity, but Barry hopped into the hall, eager for revenge.

The silence was broken by an ear-splitting howl. A footman, with a tray in his hand, had caught sight of the astounding apparition. The tray slipped from his nervous hand, and, his knees yielding, the man collapsed. He sat on the tray, which turned itself into a sledge, and came downstairs swiftly. The man came with it. Barry saw him shooting across the floor, and made a frantic effort to get out of his firing-line. Barry, however, trod on some loose portions of the sack, and collapsed. The footman dived into him. They hugged each other and lay still, watching the sparkling stars that filled the air with beauty. Then Barry softly rubbed his nose, and murmured:

"Till thim that the man with the mother-car niver sounded his tooter. Oi had no chince to git out of the way. Till the judge to give him forty-foive billion years! The ould murtherin' rogue intinded to run me down and break me to tintacks. Ut was wilful manslaughter. He niver said 'pip-pip'!"

His features relaxed into a beautiful smile. "Oi think Oi'm sacked," he sighed; "but I feel no pain. Kiss me!"

Four grinning faces looked over the banisters. "I t'ink he musts haves tickles hairo," said Gan. "Bring a dustpan and brush, and we'll sweep up the bits!" chuckled Ching-Lung.

"The bad blayguarrd niver said 'Pip-pip!'" moaned Barry, who appeared to think he had been run down by a motor-car. "Till the judge he niver blowed his tooter! Oi'll git up now."

When Barry did get into a sitting position the footman was in a similar attitude. The footman had not recovered his breath or his wits. He was scratching his powdered head, and glaring hard at nothing. He was not hurt, nor was Barry, but they were both shaken.

"Did—did yez dhrop anythin'?" asked Barry feebly. "Can—can Oi assist yez at all—at all?"

The footman made no reply. "Was yez falled, or did yez push?" demanded Barry. "Yez luk intherested. What us ut? Don't be shoy aving as we haven't been inthrodooed. Tell me whoy—whoy do yez sit so sad and lonely? Was ut an airthquake?"

The footman answered never a word. A savage light sprang into his eyes. He suddenly grabbed Barry by the whiskers, dragged Barry's head under his arm, and made ready to use Barry's features as a punching-ball.

Ching-Lung led the rescue-party down the banisters. "We must nots let him tickles hairo too much," chirped the grinning Eskimo.

The Fire-Eating Man.

Ching-Lung learned from one of the servants that there was a fair at the little fishing town three miles down the coast. Ferrers Lord and Rupert Thurston had left for London by special train. Finding that time lay heavily on their hands, Ching-Lung and Gan took an invigorating dip after breakfast and a stroll through the garden.

"Ever been to a fair, Ganus?" "Not know him, Chingy," said Gan-Waga. "What are fairs?"

"It's only a giddy sort of place, where they have roundabouts, swingboats, and penny shows. There's one on down at Rocksend, and I think we'll honour it with our presence. Go and fish the chaps out by their necks, and tell them to get ready. Seen Barry this morning, by the way?"

"I sees him in beds, Chingy. He not madder no morer. Ho alls rights good temper agen."

"Well, tell him to look lively. Put on your best clothes,

fat one. Maddock has sent your trunk up."

Gan went off on his errand. Ching-Lung had already telegraphed to Rocksend, which, later in the season, attracted a good many visitors. There were two motor-cars at their disposal and several carriages, but Ching-Lung had another plan. Some minutes before Prout, Joe, Gan, and Barry were ready, a bare-legged, sandy-haired youth arrived with five saddled donkeys. Ching-Lung inspected them.

"Seems to me they'll soon kick the bucket!" remarked the prince. "Come along, you fellows!"

The men chuckled when they saw their mounts. Ching-Lung handed round a collection of false beards, hideous pasteboard noses, spectacles, and tin trumpets. They got into their saddles, the boy uttered a whoop, and they rode away, to the great amusement of the servants.

The fair was in full swing. There were roundabouts, swingboats, shooting galleries, shows, coconut shies, cheap-jacks, and countless stalls. A mingled odour of paraffin, gingerbread, and vinegar brooded over the scene.

Shouts of laughter greeted the arrival of the donkeys, and Ching-Lung, in a fiery wig and whiskers, caused a sensation. They left their steeds to the care of the sandy-haired boy, and pushed their way into the crowd. Gan stared in wonder and delight. It was his first visit to such a place. A pale-faced man, in faded blue tights, was calmly eating fire out of a plate outside one of the shows, and they could hardly drag the fascinated Eskimo away.

"Ho wants a drinks soon, Chingy!" gasped Gan. "Why ho nots burns ups?"

"Oh, he's lined with asbestos!" said Ching-Lung. "Say, Barry, go and yell out that it ain't real fire!"

Barry winked. "Plaze, misther, sir," he shouted, "is that real foire?"

"Of course it is!" said the man in blue. "Walk up! Walk up! Come inside, and see me chew red-hot iron bars and drink quarts o' molten lead. I'm the only man in the world as can do it! Fifty pounds I'll give to the man as can drink one spoonful of this! Hi, hi! Fifty pounds!"

"Pass it along, gov'nor!" said Ching-Lung, mounting the steps. "I'll have a try!"

"You'll singe your whiskers!" scoffed the showman. "Mind, it's hot! Don't drink it all!"

"Go hon!" said Ching-Lung. "Give me the spoon!"

The showman staggered. Ching-Lung ladled down the glowing mixture like so much soup. Then he sat down on the big drum with a thud, pressing both hands over his waistcoat, and shouted for a fire-engine. Prout and Joe, choking with laughter, pounced on an ice-cream barrow belonging to an Italian gentleman, and bore it bodily up the steps. Then they stood glaring at the platform. Ching-Lung had vanished, leaving nothing behind except a little heap of smoking ashes.

There were only a few people in that portion of the fair. Using the ice-cream barrow as a shield, Ching-Lung had dodged behind the drum, and slipped into the booth. The horrified fire-eater, his mouth wide open, stood gazing at the horrid relics of what had once been a man.

"Where is he? Ow! Where is he?" wailed Barry shrilly. "Where's me beautiful red-haired bhoys—his fayther's pride, his mother's joy? Where is he? Till me—till me!"

"B-b—burned up, b-b-by h-hokey!" shrieked Prout.

"B-b-burned u-u-up!" stammered the showman.

"B-b-burned hup! Ow! I'm fainting!"

Joe sank upon his knees beside the ashes, and tore the hair out of his wig.

"Thieves-a! Giva me my icacreama!" roared the son of Italy. "Police-a!"

"Arrist him!" sobbed Barry. "He's burned up my darlint choild! Ow, ow! Yez murtherous villain, to burn up that swate babe! Oi'll cremate yez! Where's the police? Come for the police!"

Joe Prout and Barry dashed off, taking Gan with them, in search of a guardian of the peace. The showman was left lying limply across the drum, fanning himself with one hand, and waiting for the ambulance to convey him to the nearest asylum. Ching-Lung soon found them.

"We'll have a go at the cocoanuts!" he laughed. "Watch me clear this chap out of house and home. This is the game for you, Gan; you're a safe hitter."

"What I gots to do, Barry?"

"Whoy," explained Barry, "knock down thim nuts! All yez bowl over yez kape. Howld on a minute, sorr. What about a sack to put thim in? Oi passed a corn-chandler's shop at the corner, where Oi cud buy an impty sack."

"Trot off, then," said Ching-Lung.

(Another instalment of this amusing and exciting serial story next Monday.)



My Readers' Page

WHOM TO WRITE TO:
EDITOR,
"THE MAGNET" LIBRARY,
THE FLEETWAY HOUSE
FARRINGTON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

OUR TWO COMPANION PAPERS
"THE GEM" LIBRARY,
EVERY WEDNESDAY,
AND
"THE PENNY POPULAR"
EVERY FRIDAY.

The Editor
is always
pleased to
hear from
his Chums,
at home or
abroad,

FOR NEXT MONDAY:

"THE CAPTAIN'S MINOR!" By Frank Richards.

Next week's splendid, long, complete tale deals with the first appearance at Greyfriars of Jack Wingate, the younger brother of the great Wingate, captain of the school. Young Jack appears to be a very different kind of fellow from his elder brother George, who is the idol of the Lower School at Greyfriars, and most of the mischief among the juniors, which it is the captain's duty to investigate and duly punish, turns out to have

"THE CAPTAIN'S MINOR!"

at the bottom of it. This leads to strained relations between the brothers, and George Wingate finds his affection for his scapegrace brother and his duty to his school calling him in opposite directions.

How this difficult situation is eventually relieved we must leave Frank Richards to tell in his own way next Monday. In the meantime, regular readers should be reminded that it would be a wise move on their part to order next week's MAGNET Library well in advance if they wish to be certain of reading

"THE CAPTAIN'S MINOR!"

at the earliest possible moment.

SOME MORE CLEVER VERSES.

One of my poetically-inclined chums, "G. S.," of Southsea, sends me the following excellent verses. This is not the first poetical effort "G. S." has sent me, some of his verses having been printed on this page some time ago. "The Rivals of the Remove," however, seems to me so good, for an amateur effort, as to fully justify the amount of space it takes up on my Chat page, so here the verses are—and I congratulate my ingenious Southsea friend heartily upon them.

"The Rivals of the Remove."

Out on the Greyfriars Football Ground
The boulder Smithy stands;
A cad is he—a wily hound,
Submission he demands.
He longs for Wharton and his chums
To play into his hands.

But Harry Wharton is a lad
Of whom we all are proud;
He shows the cute and cunning cad
His spirit can't be cowed;
So on his heel the Bouncer brings
Misfortunes in a cloud.

"I'll drive you all from Greyfriars School,"
To Wharton he declares;
"You will regret you played the fool
And pry'd in my affairs!"
The cad then hits below the belt,
And takes them unawares.

Mark Linley is the first to go,
Through an ingenious trick;
Then Smith becomes Frank Nugent's foe,
And strikes at him through Dick.
His best and truest chum expelled
Makes Wharton rather sick.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 264.
A Grand, Long, Complete School Tale of the
Chums of Greyfriars next Monday, entitled:

"THE CAPTAIN'S MINOR!"

John Bull becomes an easy prey
To Smithy's artful trap;
The doctor he does disobey,
And has a fatal "scrap."
The Famous Five is broken up
And come to its "last lap."

The Fates obtain the lion's share
In Harry Wharton's fall.
The Bouncer's lies complete the snare,
And Harry's shunn'd by all.
His drumming out of Greyfriars helps
The Bouncer to enthrall.

But, Smithy, you have yet to "ken"
(Though smart you are, and sly),
The best-laid schemes of mice and men
Are apt to go awry;
And when Bob Cherry's turn arrives
You'll have to "mind your eye."

Bob Cherry's barring-out is known
To readers far and near;
The Bouncer's plots are overthrown,
And everything made clear.
So now the chums are reinstalled,
We'll give them all a cheer!

ACTING FOR THE CINEMATOGRAPH.

Before the advent of the cinematograph, to "go on the stage" was the highest ambition of very many lads and lasses. But now that the Moving Picture has laid hold of the country, a large number have changed their previous longing for the stage to that of becoming cinema artistes.

Well, it is not my intention to say straight away now—don't attempt to enter this profession; but to let you form your own opinion with regard to it from this and other articles to follow.

This week I shall deal with

How to Become an Artiste, What You Get For Being One, and the Necessary Qualifications.

After having settled what company of film-producers you would like to act for, you should apply personally at the offices of the company, and tell them that you want to become a cinema artiste.

Now, with regard to the qualifications necessary. It is a mistaken idea to think that because a person lacks good-looks, he or she cannot become an artiste. The qualifications for becoming an actor or actress for the films differ slightly, according to what particular branch of acting you are going to take up.

Should you want to act in drama, you will need to be capable of strong and powerful acting, especially with regard to movements of the body, in order to show, as much as possible to the audience, what is taking place in the play; it is also not unusual for an artiste in a drama to find that he or she has to swim a stream, ride a cycle, row a boat, or even drive a motor-car.

Then, for comic-picture acting, it is necessary to act as naturally as possible, while a comedy artiste, as in a drama, must be prepared to swim, cycle, row, etc.

The next thing to be discussed is, perhaps, the silliest, but cleverest acting, namely, a knockabout comic. Of course, girls hardly ever take up this branch of acting, and I do not advise boys to touch it unless they are acrobatic.

The salary for cinema acting varies, but a starter would probably receive one pound per week, out of which fares to the studio have to be paid, and also other incidental expenses. This money is by no means easily earned, for cinema acting is hard work, as will be further shown next week.

THE EDITOR.

Next Week—

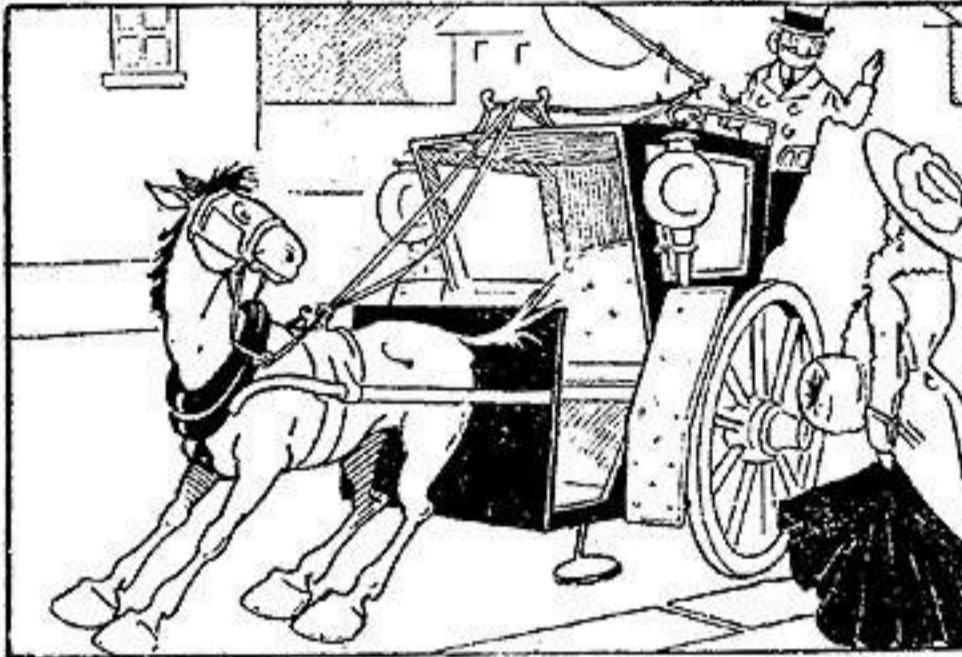
PREPARATIONS FOR "FILMING" THE PICTURE.

Please order your copy of "THE MAGNET"
Library in advance.

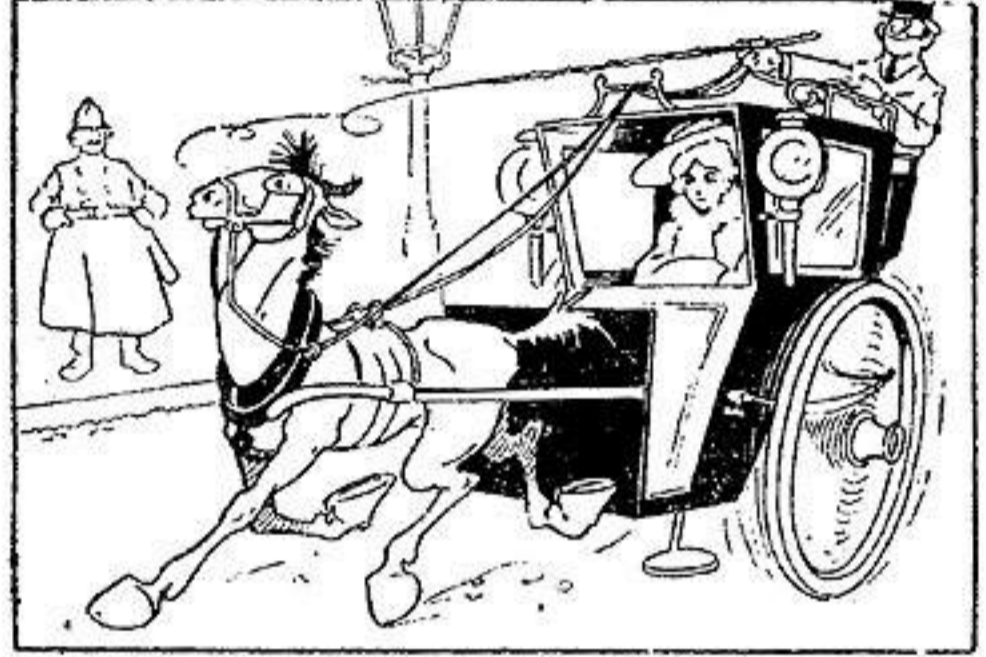
"THE MAGNET" LIBRARY

SPECIAL COMIC SUPPLEMENT.

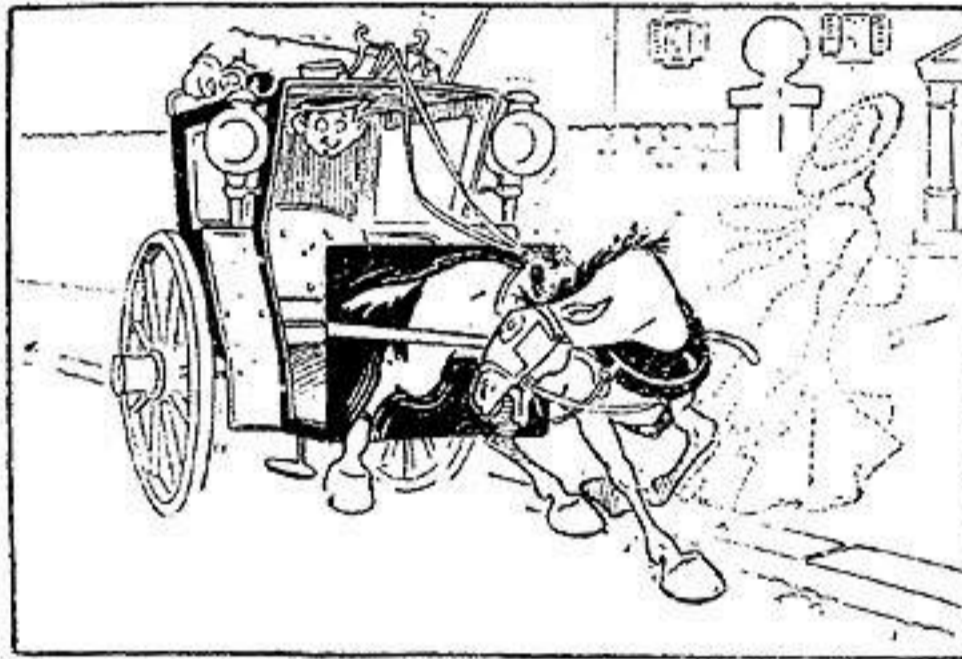
THE UNFAIR FARE.



1. I was very pleased the other night when a nice-looking young party hailed me outside the Hilarity Hall of Varieties, and told me to drive her to the bungalow at Balham.



2. So we went off in great style. "This is a good fare," I said to myself. "A couple of shillings at the end of the journey, any odds," I said.



3. But imagine my surprise when, at the end of the journey, I found she'd vanished. No fare. All my trouble for nothing. I did feel pleased—I don't think!



4. However, next day I got a letter with a five-pound note and six stall tickets for the theatre. It seems that she was the vanishing lady, and this was her little joke. Good luck to her!

THE JOB WAS SOON PARAFFINISHED.



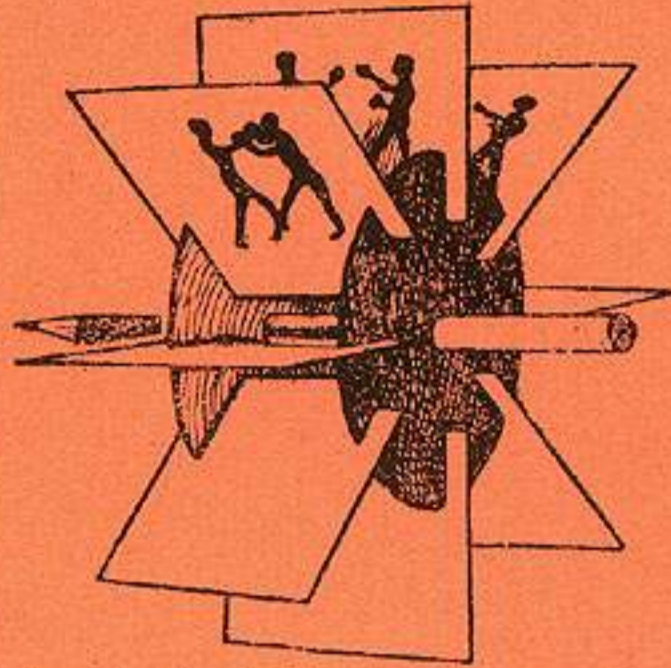
1. "Get me some paraffin out of that barrel, Tommy, there's a dear laddie." "Right-ho!" gurgled Tommy. "Keep the bottle still—"



2. While I do the trick with my little trumpet." And he worked it all right, too. Not a drop spilt, we don't think!

Another Splendid Series of Pictures for "The Magnet" Library

MOVING-PICTURE WHEEL.

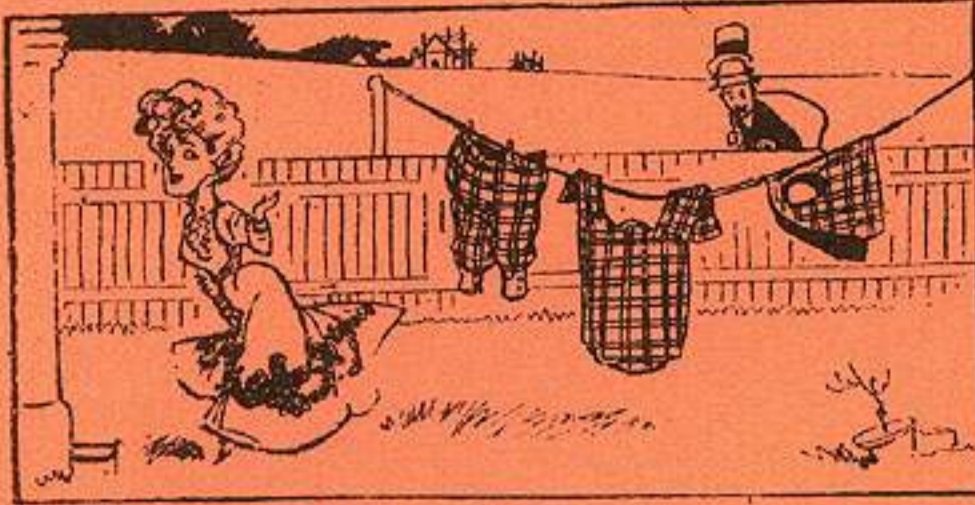


As promised in our last issue, readers are given on this page another series of pictures for their Moving Picture Wheel. Readers who missed last Monday's number of The MAGNET Library and who would like to construct this splendid mechanical novelty should ask their newsagent to obtain for them No. 263 of The MAGNET, where, on page iii of the cover, they will find the specially designed "wheels," and also full instructions for making up this most interesting and amusing novelty.

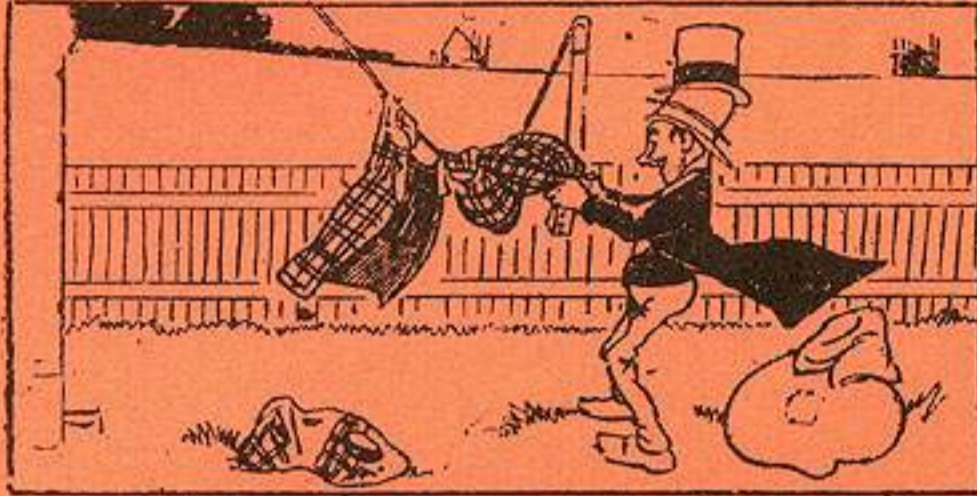
THE EDITOR.



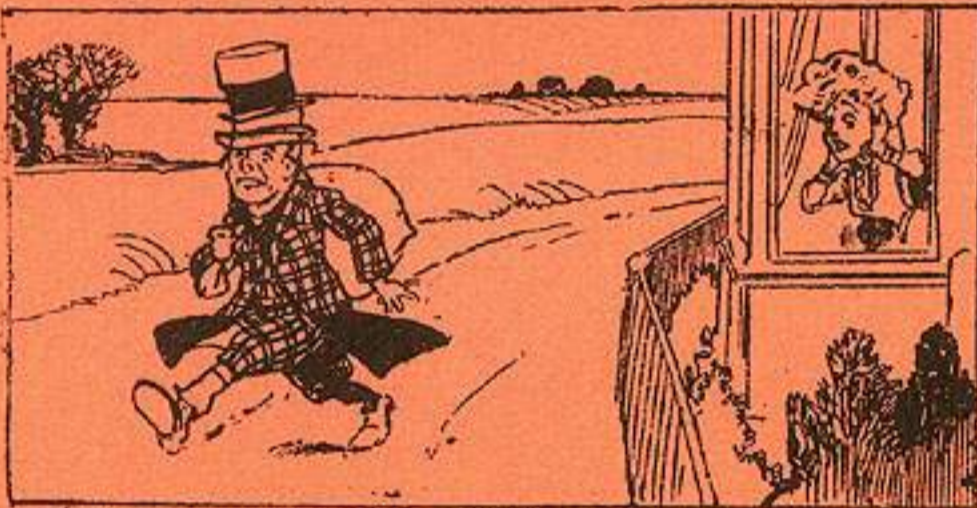
A SUIT-ABLE FIND.



1. "I'll just hang Horace's Harris 'Tweeds out here," said little Mrs. Smith, when she had washed her hubby's cycling suit.



2. "This'll do me a treato," quoth Mr. Wragg, the old clo' man, as he helped himself to the garments. "Just my fit, I reckon. Wot luck!"



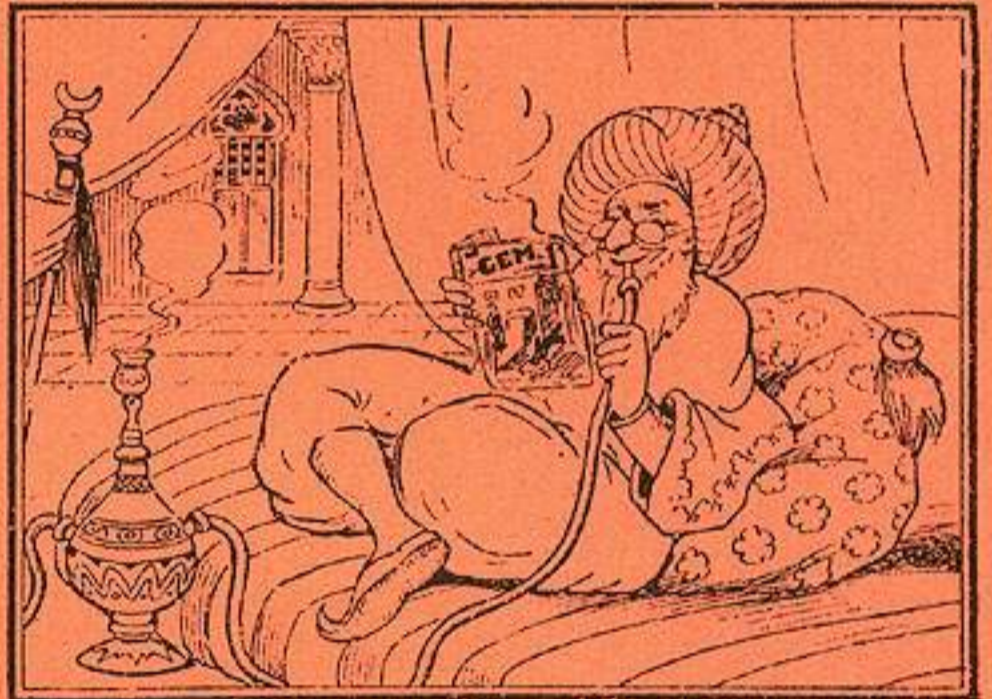
3. And in very little time he was well on his way into the next parish, wearing the tweeds, much to little Mrs. Smith's dismay.

HOW MANY MORE?



Foreman: "Please, mum, we've come to mend the sa-h-cord!"

FROM A READER OF THE "GEM."



There was once an old Pasha named Herbert,
Who lived upon ice cream and sherbet,
He smoked seaweed and hay,
Till his wife said one day,
"You're not looking so well as you were, Bert."

A FALSE REPRESENTATION.



"I like a picture that tells a story."
"Then you would like the portrait of Miss Oldgirl. It makes her look quite pretty."

NO RELIEF FOR FATHER.



"I must congratulate you, Mr. Jones. You have now got all your daughters off your hands."
"Yes; but now I have to keep all their husbands on their feet."

PROGRESSING.



Maude: "How are you progressing with your French?"
Muriel: "Oh, fine. I can make myself misunderstood perfectly!"