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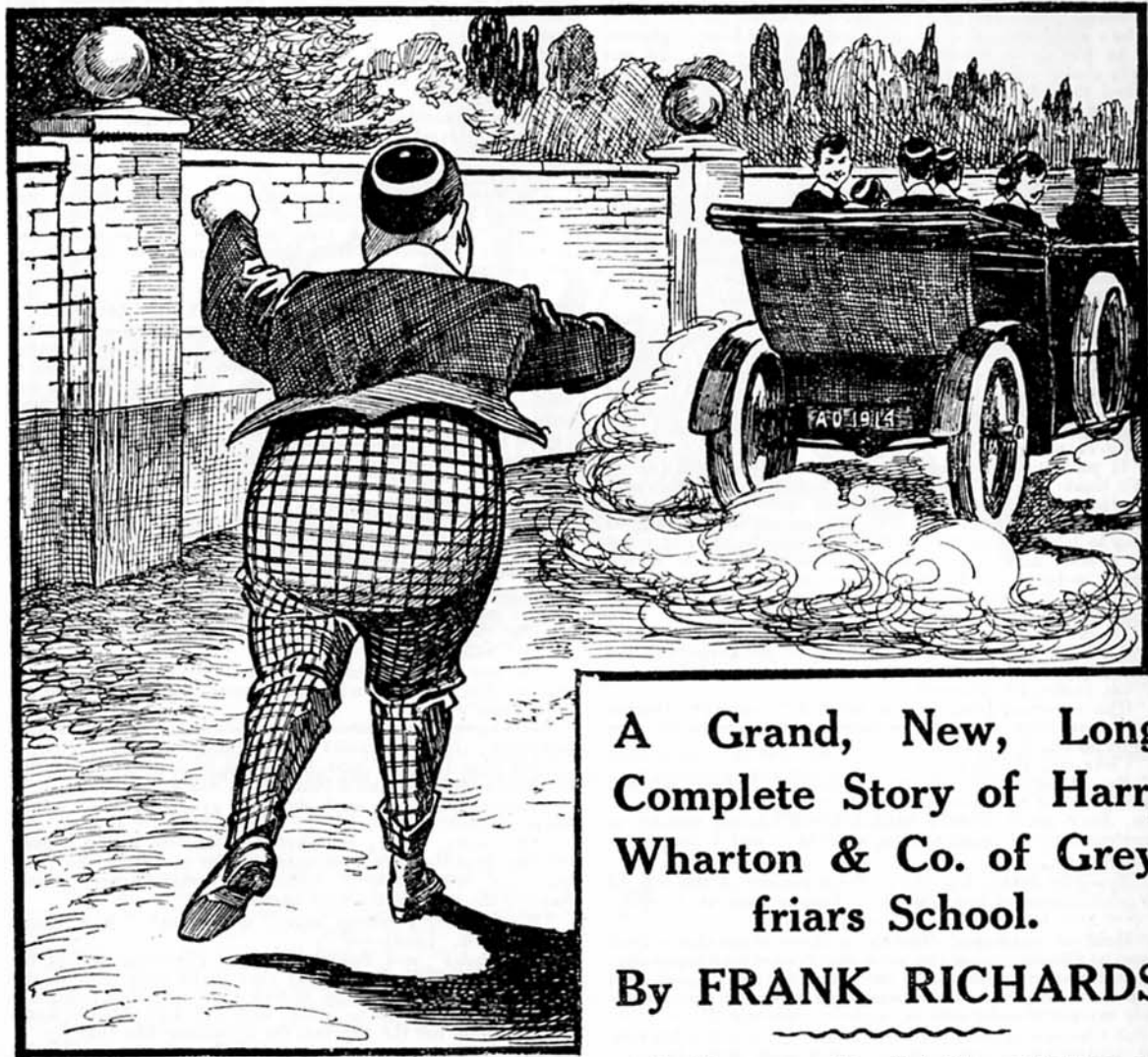
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THE BOY FROM THE FARM!



"I say, you fellows, wait for me!" yelled Billy Bunter. "Buck up, chauffeur!" said Lord Mauleverer anxiously. The car glided away down the drive, and Bunter rushed after it, waving his fists excitedly. (See Chapter 14.)

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Bunter's Titled Relation!

"A REAL live baronet!" said Billy Bunter impressively. Billy Bunter, the Owl of the Remove, spoke very impressively indeed; but the fellows he was speaking to did not seem to be greatly impressed. To Harry Wharton & Co., perhaps, even a "real live baronet" was not so awesome a personage as to William George Bunter.

The Famous Five of the Remove—the Lower Fourth Form

A Grand, New, Long,
Complete Story of Harry
Wharton & Co. of Grey-
friars School.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

at Greyfriars—were getting their bikes ready for a spin. Billy Bunter stood in the doorway of the bike-shed, very nearly filling it with his ample figure.

"A real, live, genuine baronet!" Bunter repeated, blinking indignantly at the juniors through his big spectacles.

Harry Wharton yawned, Bob Cherry sniffed, and Johnny Bull snorted. Frank Nugent went on pumping up his tyres. Hurree Janset Ram Singh was filling his lamp. He went on filling it. Not one of the Co. showed the slightest interest in Billy Bunter's impressive communication.

"His name is Beauclerc," went on Bunter. "Sir Harry Beauclerc. Sounds nobby, doesn't it?"

"Oh, rats!" said Bob Cherry.

"He's coming into the Remove," said Bunter. "Most likely he'll arrive at Greyfriars to-morrow. We don't have a baronet come into the Remove every day, you fellows. And he's rich!"

"Bow-wow!"

"And, as a matter of fact, he's a sort of distant relation of mine," continued Billy Bunter. "The Bunters are connected with the Beauclercs by marriage. My grandfather's second cousin's aunt married the uncle of the fifth baronet's—"

"Coachman?" asked Bob Cherry.

"No, you ass!" said Bunter, as the juniors chuckled. "My grandfather's second cousin's aunt married the uncle of the fifth baronet's—"

"Groom?"

"You silly fathead!" roared Bunter. "Certainly not. She married the uncle of the fifth baronet's second uncle—I mean second cousin."

"Finished!" said Nugent, rising to his feet. "I'm ready."

"So this chap Beauclerc is really a relation of mine," said Bunter. "The Bunters are connected by marriage with most of the nobility. I shall call this chap Cousin Harry when he comes here. I'm going to take him under my protection as he's a relation. You see, his education has been neglected, as he was never expected to succeed to the title; he was really a poor relation of the Beauclercs—but five or six people kicked the bucket one after another, and so he came into the title and the property—or rather, he will, when he comes of age. An old lawyer Johnny is looking after him, and he's going to send him to Greyfriars to be licked into shape."

"You seem to know all about it," growled Bob Cherry. "I've never heard of the chap."

"I happened to hear the Head talking about it to Mr. Quelch," Bunter explained. "As it chanced, I had stopped to button up my shoe-lace—I mean to tie up my boot—under Mr. Quelch's window, and the window was open, so—"

"Buck up with that lamp, Inky!" said Harry Wharton. "We haven't too much time to get to Lantham!"

"The buckfulness is terrific, my esteemed chum," murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"You might listen to a chap!" sniffed Bunter. "I don't see that you need be jealous of me because one of my titled relations is coming to Greyfriars. I call it mean."

"Oh, scat, you fat duffer!" snapped Bob Cherry. "Don't come and tell us what you hear under people's windows, you prying eavesdropper."

"It was quite by accident, of course. I hope you fellows don't think I would listen. But, as I was saying, this chap, being my relation in a way, I think it's up to me to look after him," explained Bunter. "When he arrives to-morrow, I'm going to take him in tow, have him in my study, and stand him a feed, and so on. The unfortunate thing is that I happen to be out of funds for once, owing to a disappointment about a postal-order. That is really what I want to speak to you fellows about!"

"Oh, we knew that!" said Bob Cherry, taking his machine off the stand. "Whatever way you begin, you always end the same way."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"The esteemed lamp is now finished," remarked Hurree Singh, jamming it upon his bicycle. "I am ready, my august chums!"

"Clear out, Bunter!"

"But, I say, you fellows," exclaimed Bunter, without moving out of the doorway. "Of course, you see the position, don't you? Here I have a titled relation coming to Greyfriars, and I want to look after him, and I happen to be broke—"

"You'll be broke, too, if you don't get out of the way of my bike!" growled Bob Cherry. "Do you want me to wheel it over you, fathead?"

"Hold on, you know. There's no hurry about that cricket match at Lantham—you can see a silly cricket match any day. What I want you fellows to do is to lend me a quid—or a couple of quid if you can manage it. I will settle up immediately my postal-order arrives, and— Yaroooh!"

Bob Cherry's patience was exhausted. He wheeled his bike out, and it came into violent contact with Billy Bunter's

fat person. Bunter pitched to one side, and Bob passed out of the bike-shed with his machine. Bunter leaned on the door-post and gasped.

"Groch! You silly ass— Ow! Look out!"

Harry Wharton's bike bumped into the fat junior, and he staggered and sat down outside the doorway. Wharton grinned and wheeled his machine on.

"Look here," roared Bunter. "I—yah!—oh!—don't wheel your bikes over me, you silly asses! What the thump—ow!"

Nugent and Johnny Bull and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh were wheeling their machines out, and as Bunter was sprawling directly in the way, they had to go over him. The tyres left tracks of dust on Bunter's jacket and trousers, and Johnny Bull gently and playfully planted a boot on Bunter's chest as he passed. Then the Famous Five wheeled their machines away towards the school gates, leaving Bunter gasping.

"Ow! Beasts!" stuttered Bunter, sitting up, dusty and dazed. "Yah! Rotters!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter scrambled to his feet, red with rage. He set his spectacles straight upon his fat little nose, and rolled after the juniors.

"I say, you fellows—"

The Famous Five quickened their pace, and Bunter had to trot to keep up with them. They went down to the gates with a rush, mounted their machines in the road, and pedalled away, leaving Billy Bunter standing in the gateway and glaring after them.

"Beasts!" snorted Bunter, as the Famous Five disappeared down the long white road. "Yah! Rotters!"

And William George Bunter turned back disconsolately into the Close. He blinked round in search of his study-mates, Peter Todd, and Alonzo, and Dutton. He was anxious to impart to them the great news that his titled relation was coming to Greyfriars. He found them outside the school shop, engaged in a lively argument. Alonzo Todd had received a remittance that morning from his Uncle Benjamin, and there was a diversity of opinion as to how it should be disposed of. Alonzo wished to send it to the Society for Providing Tracts and Trousers for the Borriobungo Islanders—and Peter thought that it should be expended in jam-tarts, for the good of trade—and incidentally for the good of Study No. 7. Billy Bunter rolled up while the discussion was still going strong.

"I say, you fellows," he began, "my Cousin Harry is coming to Greyfriars. I want you to ask Mr. Quelch to let him come into our study, Peter."

Peter Todd sniffed.

"No fear!" he said emphatically. "We've got one Bunter and we don't want two! One Bunter is enough to turn a chap's hair grey!"

"His name isn't Bunter—his name's Beauclerc—Sir Harry Beauclerc. He's a baronet!" said Bunter loftily.

"My dear Bunter," said Alonzo, in mild surprise, "I was not aware that you had a cousin who was a baronet."

"Neither was I, nor anybody else!" grunted Peter. "He's lying, as usual!"

"Oh, really, Peter; the chap isn't exactly a first cousin, but my grandfather's aunt married the cousin of the third baronet's fifth uncle—I mean my grandmother's sister married the aunt of the fifth baronet—"

"Ring off, for goodness' sake!" said Peter. "Now, about that five bob, 'Lonzy—"

"Five bob!" said Bunter, his eyes glistening behind his spectacles. "Well, I must say that that's come just in the nick of time. It's up to me to look after my titled relation a bit, and I happen to be stony, and I'm sure Alonzo won't mind lending me the five bob for a purpose like that—"

"My dear Bunter, I intend sending it to the Society for the Provision of Tracts and Trousers—"

"Lonzy, old man, they can't read the tracts, and they won't wear the trousers," said Peter, taking his cousin's arm, and leading him into the tuckshop. "Better leave the islanders in peace, and support home industries. This way!"

"But, my dear Peter—"

"Jam-tarts, please, Mrs. Mible. 'Lonzy has had a remittance, and he wants to expend it for the good of trade," said Peter affably.

"Well, that's not a bad idea," said Bunter. "I'll have some of those jam-tarts. I say, you fellows, we've simply got to get Beauclerc into our study."

"And why?" demanded Peter.

"He's awfully rich," Bunter explained. "And his education's been neglected, and he doesn't know the ropes. We shall make a splendid thing out of it—feeds every day, if

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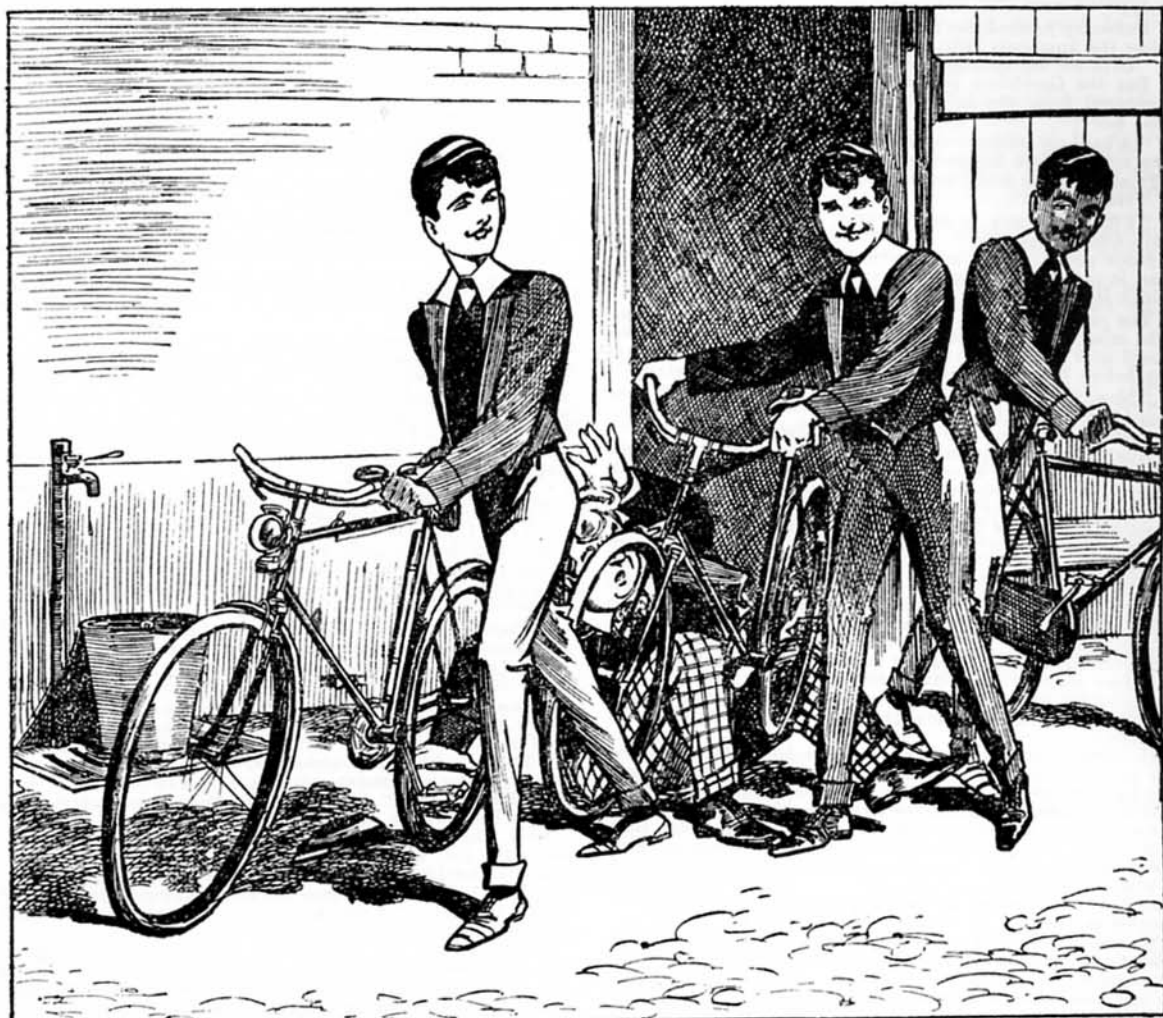
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"Look here!" roared Bunter. "I—yah—ow—don't wheel your bikes over me, you silly asses!" But Harry Wharton & Co. only grinned, and wheeled their machines over Bunter's prostrate form. (See Chapter I.)

we work it all right, and—and— Yow, yow! Leggo my collar, Peter Todd, you beast!"

Peter Todd's grasp closed like iron on the fat junior's collar, and he swung him round to the door again.

"You fat rotter!" said Peter, in measured tones. "So you want to get the baronet into our study, to sponge on him—what? You think we're going to let you sponge on him, and get at his cash, and help you—what? Under the circumstances, you won't have any of the jam-tarts! I'd rather let Lonzy send the money to the Society for the Propagation of Tracts and Trucks—"

"Tracts and trousers, my dear Peter!" said Alonzo mildly.

"Goo! Leggo! I'm jolly well—"

Peter Todd's boot was planted forcibly behind Bunter, and he fairly flew out of the tuckshop. He roared as he landed in the Close upon all fours.

"Don't come in again, or I shall kick you hard next time!" said Peter.

Bunter did not come in again. It seemed to him that Peter had kicked him hard that time—certainly it felt like it. Billy Bunter groaned and rolled away, feeling very injured and misunderstood. Any other fellow's study-mates would have helped him to secure such a rich prize; but Peter was not sympathetic at all.

In the tuckshop Alonzo handed over his post^l-order, and it disappeared in the form of jam-tarts and ginger-pop; and the benighted inhabitants of the Borriobunga Islands never knew how narrowly they had escaped being provided with tracts and trousers.

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FOR NEXT
MONDAY—

"THE WRONG SORT!"

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Spill on the Road!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. pedalled merrily along the road to Lantham. They had a long ride before them—well over twenty miles—but they were keen to see the county match there.

The County were playing Yorkshire, and the Greyfriars chums wanted very much to seize the opportunity of seeing the famous northern players. They did not expect to get more than two or three hours on the cricket-ground, but it was worth the ride. It was a sunny afternoon in early summer, and just the weather for a long spin.

They swept through the old High Street of Friardale in a bunch. Several Highcliffe fellows were lounging outside Uncle Clegg's tuckshop in the High Street, and they turned their glances superciliously upon their old rivals of Greyfriars.

Ponsonby of Highcliffe had lately sported an eyeglass, and he languidly adjusted it in his eye to stare at Harry Wharton & Co.

Bob Cherry grinned as he noted it.

As the Greyfriars cyclists swept by the group of Highcliffians Bob Cherry swerved towards them, so that he almost ran into Ponsonby. Ponsonby jumped back in alarm, startled out of his superciliousness, and as he did so Bob reached over and caught at the eyeglass.

His grasp closed on it, and the cord snapped as he rode on, waving the monocle triumphantly in the air.

Ponsonby gave a yell of rage.

A Magnificent, Long, Complete School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars. Order Early.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Gadsby. "He's got your monocle, Pon!"

Ponsonby jumped out into the road, and shouted furiously after the humorous Bob:

"Give me my eyeglass, you rotter!"

But the Greyfriars juniors swept on, laughing, and disappeared from the infuriated eyes of Ponsonby, eyeglass and all.

"A capture from the enemy!" grinned Bob, as he slipped the monocle into his pocket. "Ponsonby won't stare at us again through a giddy monocle in a hurry! He, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll send it back to him by post, with a label attached," Bob Cherry chuckled. "I don't want to keep his blessed window-pane! What asses some chaps are! If he hadn't had it in his eye he might have seen that I was going to pinch it."

The juniors rode on, laughing. They were in high spirits. The miles flew under the racing tyres. They came at a good speed over the crest of Lantham Hill, and then the descent lay before them—three miles down on the free-wheel.

"Now, top speed!" said Bob Cherry cheerily. "I'll race you fellows into Lantham!"

And he went down the hill like a rocket.

After him went the others, pelting along, strung out one after another. Bob Cherry disappeared round the first bend. Harry Wharton fell behind in the race. The hill was a steep one, and there were several bends, and Wharton had discovered that his brake was loose. His four chums disappeared down the hill at top speed, vanishing fast from sight.

"Blow the thing!" muttered Harry, as he tested his brake. "I ought to have looked to it, but I didn't! I hope I sha'n't meet anyone, by Jove!"

The "plunger" had recently been broken, and removed for adjustment, and Wharton had not had time to replace it before starting out that afternoon. So he had only one brake on his machine, and it was out of order. He jammed it on, but its grip was slight, and hardly impeded the machine.

He kept it on, however, as much as he could, to reduce the speed of his descent, for in case of necessity he could not have stopped.

His comrades, whose brakes were reliable in case of need, were going at top speed, and they were already more than half a mile ahead of him, and drawing further away with every minute.

Wharton whizzed on down the hill, and in spite of the pressure of the brake, the machine gathered speed at every turn of the wheels.

He could only hope that he would meet with nothing that would make it necessary for him to stop. His hope was ill-founded, as is generally the case when a cyclist trusts to luck instead of looking after his machine.

Half-way down the hill was an abrupt turn, and on the left the road was bordered by a duck-pond. On the right was a stone wall. And in the road, just where it turned sharply, two market-carts were passing one another, filling up the road from side to side.

On the stone wall a lad with a sunburnt face was sitting, reading a book. He looked up as the cyclist came dashing down the hill, and shouted to Wharton:

"Look-out! Put your brake on!"

Wharton had his brake on as hard as it would go, but it made no difference—the grip was too slight. He came whizzing down like an arrow.

The junior's face went white.

In a few seconds more he would dash either into a cart or into a team of horses, and at the speed he was going the collision would be terrible.

The only resource was to turn the bike into the pond on the left, for he could not stop. The two carters saw him, and shouted to him.

But Wharton came on like lightning; he could not help it.

The sunburnt lad on the wall jumped down in alarm, waving his hand to Wharton. Evidently he guessed that there was something wrong with the bicycle now.

"The pond!" he shouted. "Quick! I'll 'elp you!"

Wharton had already decided to chance the fall into the pond—it was the only chance of escaping a fatal collision.

He swerved to the left as he swept down, and the machine tore across the belt of grass that sloped down to the water, and the next second Wharton was whirling over.

The wheels caught in the straggling bushes growing along the water's edge, and the machine turned almost a complete somersault, and Wharton went head first into the pond.

There was a loud quacking of startled ducks as the cyclist and the cycle plunged into the water.

The water was shallow, and Wharton, hurled into it head

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first, shot downward like an arrow, and his head crashed upon the bottom.

For a moment only his feet were visible, and then they went under, and then the junior rose to the surface, struggling feebly. The crash had half-stunned him, and after a feeble stroke or two he sank under again.

It would have fared very ill with the captain of the Greyfriars Remove had there not been help at hand.

But the sunburnt lad had already dashed down to the pond, and without waiting a second, he plunged into the water.

As the almost unconscious junior floated up again, the lad grasped him, and kept his head above water.

Wharton caught at him blindly.

"All serene!" muttered the boy. "Hold on! I've got you!"

And, keeping Wharton's head above the surface, he struck out for the bank, and dragged him through the mud upon the grass.

Wharton sat down in the grass, exhausted.

His chums were almost at Lantham by that time, quite unconscious of his accident. They had been far out of sight when it happened. The two carters stared at Wharton for a minute or two, and then stolidly went their way. The Greyfriars junior sat up in the grass, gasping. His rescuer stood before him, running with water. Wharton dashed the wet from his eyes.

"Thanks!" he stammered. "You—you pulled me out?"

The sunburnt lad nodded and smiled.

"Yes. I'll try to get your jigger out, if I can."

The bicycle was sunk in shallow water near the margin of the pond, and the lad succeeded in dragging it out. By that time Wharton had recovered himself a little. He staggered to his feet.

"Thanks!" he said. "You're awfully good! Why, I should have been drowned if you hadn't come in for me!"

"Jolly lucky I was 'ere!" said the stranger good-naturedly.

"You've made yourself jolly wet," said Wharton regretfully. "I'm sorry!"

"Oh, that's all right! What's wrong with your jigger?"

"The brake's out of order. I ought to have seen to it before I started, but—I was a careless ass!" said Wharton frankly. "Jolly lucky for me you happened to be here! I'm awfully obliged to you!"

"Oh, that's all right! You're going to ride again?" asked the lad, as Wharton picked up his machine.

The junior laughed and shook his head.

"No. I'll wheel it down the hill, and ride again on the level," he said. "I can get dry in the sun, I hope. But you—"

Wharton could not help looking curiously at the stranger. He was a well-built, good-looking lad of about Wharton's own age. He had just picked up his book, which he had dropped when he ran to the rescue, and Wharton could not help seeing that it was a copy of Virgil's *Æneid*—in the original. On the margin of the open page were a profusion of pencil-marks. The lad was very plainly dressed, not to say shabbily. Harry could not help thinking it odd that a lad, evidently of poor condition, and who dropped his "h's," should be reading Virgil in Latin. Of course it was no business of his, but it made him interested in the lad.

"I'm waitin' 'ere for the gov'nor," said the lad, looking up the road. "Ah, 'ere he comes! Good-afternoon, sir!"

"Good-afternoon, and many thanks!" said Harry; and he pushed his bicycle out into the road.

A lad of about fifteen was coming down the road—evidently the "gov'nor" to whom his rescuer referred. Wharton gave him one glance. He was a handsome lad, with an expression of petulant ill-humour marring his face, and very well dressed. He glanced at Harry, and there was a supercilious curl to his lip that made the Greyfriars junior take a dislike to him on the spot. Wharton, wet and muddy from his plunge, certainly looked rather a lamentable object. He flushed a little, and wheeled his bicycle away down the hill, and lost sight of the two.

Half a mile further on he met Bob Cherry, who was coming back to look for him. Bob uttered an exclamation at the sight of his muddy chum. In the hot sun Wharton's clothes were drying, but the mud was caked over him, and his hair was thick with it, and he had lost his cap.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Bob. "What the dooce—"

"I've had a spill," Wharton explained. "Brake out of order."

"Well, I thought something must have happened to you, so I came back," said Bob. "The others have gone on to the cricket-ground. Lucky you didn't break your neck! You've been in the pond?"

"Yes," said Wharton grimly. "And I should be there now if a country kid hadn't jumped in and pulled me out."

"My hat!"

"Never mind. All's well that ends well," said Harry. "I shall have to get cleaned up in Lantham before I go to the match; and buy a cap, too. I should like to see that kid again. He was a jolly good sort. But I suppose I never shall."

The captain of the Remove was far from guessing just then how soon he was to see his rescuer again, and under what curious circumstances. He mounted his machine, and the chums rode into Lantham together, Wharton's muddy appearance drawing many rude remarks from the youthful inhabitants when they came into the town. But a quarter of an hour later they were on the county ground, and in the keen excitement of watching Yorkshire bat, Harry Wharton almost forgot about his perilous adventure.

THE THIRD CHAPTER. Putting His Foot In It!

"A SORT of cousin!" said Billy Bunter loftily. And a dozen juniors in the common-room replied, with wonderful unanimity:

"Rats!"

That ancient and classic monosyllable showed what the Remove fellows thought of William George Bunter's statement. If Bunter had ever told the truth, the reply would probably have been the same; but, as Vernon-Smith said, there was no danger of Billy Bunter being misunderstood in that way, for he never told the truth.

Bunter blinked indignantly at the Removites. He had said so often that Sir Harry Beauclerc was his cousin, or a sort of cousin, that he was going to believe it himself, and it was very exasperating that the other fellows wouldn't believe it.

"Well, a sort of second cousin," amended Bunter.

"Make it a hundredth cousin," suggested Bolsover major. "The further off you make the relationship, the nearer you get to the facts, you know."

"Oh, really, Bolsover! This is how it is: My grandfather's cousin married the second cousin of the eighth baronet's sister's aunt—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The Bunters are allied with most of the noble families in England," said Billy loftily. "Sir Bunter de Bunter, in the reign of King John—"

"Oh, cheese it!" said Bolsover major rudely.

"Well, I'm going to ask Mr. Quelch to put my Cousin Harry in No. 7 Study," said Bunter firmly. "It's up to me to look after him, as he's—"

"Rich!" said Vernon-Smith.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"As he's a new kid!" roared Bunter. "And as he's my relation. You fellows never would believe that I had any titled relations—"

"We jolly well don't believe it now!" chuckled Tom Brown.

"We'll see what the fellow says when he comes," remarked Ogilvy. "If he owns Bunter—"

"He'd own anything if he owns Bunter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, I can't help you fellows being jealous of my high connections," said Bunter, with a sniff; "and I'm jolly well going to ask Quelch to put him in my study, as he's my near relation."

And Bunter walked out of the junior common-room, with his fat little nose high in the air, and made his way to Mr. Quelch's study. He left the juniors grinning. No one believed in Bunter's high connections. He had claimed Lord Mauleverer as a distant relation when that noble youth first came to Greyfriars, but Lord Mauleverer had not betrayed any knowledge of the connection.

The Remove fellows were considerably interested in the new junior, who was expected next day. Their information on the subject was chiefly derived from Bunter, who had obtained it in the way he generally obtained information.

Harry Beauclerc had been a distant relation of the late baronet, with five or six lives between him and the title. He was an orphan, and had been poor. But the deaths of his relations had brought him the title and wealth unexpectedly. He had been neglected by his well-to-do relations, and had been allowed to run wild to a large extent, being brought up with his foster-brother on a farm near Lantham.

The Beauclerc family solicitor was his guardian now, and was sending him to Greyfriars. He did not want to come, and had taken very unkindly to the coaching he had been subjected to for the last three or four months to prepare him for the Greyfriars Remove.

All that, and more, Bunter had overheard in the talk between the Head and Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove. Those details, which were supposed to be known to the masters alone, were now the common property of the juniors.

"Some out-and-out bounder, I expect," Bolsover major remarked, with a sniff.

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FOR NEXT MONDAY—

"THE WRONG SORT!"

"Yes, rather!" said Snoop. "If he's been brought up on a farm, the same as a farmer's boy, he won't be much good here."

"Why not?" asked Mark Linley quietly.

Sidney James Snoop sneered.

"Oh, of course, you wouldn't see why not!" he remarked.

"You were brought up in a giddy factory yourself. My opinion is that these scholarships ought to be stopped. They bring all kinds of out-and-outers to the school. I dare say this blessed baronet will be just about your mark, Linley, from his upbringing. I shall be jolly careful how I associate with him; I know that!"

"More likely he'll be careful," grinned Bolsover major. "If he's got money, I know jolly well you'll be willing to be his shadow, Snoopey."

"Money covers a multitude of sins," said Skinner sententiously. "If a chap's got plenty of tin, it doesn't matter if his 'h's' are missing."

"Oh, rot!" said Tom Brown. "If his heart's in the right place, it doesn't matter if his aspirates are in the wrong place. I know I shall be decent to him. And I don't want his money, either. And I fancy a rich baronet won't be in want of friends anywhere, even if he talks like a cestermonger."

"Bunter's taken to him already," grinned Bulstrode.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter had gone directly to the Form-master's study. It had occurred to the fat junior that someone might try to forestall him in securing that rich prize, and therefore there was no time to be lost. He tapped at Mr. Quelch's door, and the Remove-master called to him to come in.

The Owl of the Remove entered the study, and felt a little uncomfortable as Mr. Quelch turned a sharp glance upon him. Mr. Quelch's eyes were compared to gimlets by the Remove fellows, and they looked very like gimlets to Bunter now. They seemed to pierce him.

"Well, Bunter," said the Remove-master, "what is it?"

"Ahem! I want to ask a favour, sir. It's about the new fellow."

Mr. Quelch started a little, and his eyes became more like gimlets than ever.

"What new fellow?" he asked.

"Sir Harry Beauclerc, sir. He's a relation of mine—a connection by marriage, sir."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, sir. My grandmother married his uncle's second cousin."

Billy Bunter probably knew the proverb which tells us that liars should have good memories. But that asset, so necessary for a fellow like Bunter, he lacked. He never could tell the same "whopper" twice in precisely the same way.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Quelch again.

"Exactly, sir! So, as he's my relation—a second cousin, really, as my grandfather's uncle married his cousin's aunt—I should like to have him in my study, sir. As he's a new boy, and his education has been neglected, sir, I feel bound to look after him a bit, and to—to take him under my wing, as it were, sir."

Mr. Quelch was silent, his expression growing grimmer and grimmer.

"He would like to be in my study, as he's my cousin, sir," said Bunter feebly, scared by the Form-master's expression. "My grandfather, sir, married the tenth cousin of the ninth baronet—I mean, the ninth baronet of the tenth uncle—"

"And how do you know that a new boy is coming to Greyfriars at all, Bunter?" asked Mr. Quelch, in icy tones.

Billy Bunter's jaw dropped.

"And how do you know his name is Beauclerc, and that his education has been neglected?" pursued Mr. Quelch mercilessly.

"I—I—I—"

"Nothing has been said on the subject, so far as I am aware, excepting by Dr. Locke to me, personally, in this study. How do you know about the matter, Bunter?"

Bunter was dumb. Even the champion Ananias of Greyfriars hadn't an explanation ready for once. He realised how utterly he had given himself away. He did not reply—he could not; but he backed away towards the door. Mr. Quelch raised his hand.

"Stop!"

Bunter stopped.

"There is only one way in which you could have become possessed of the information, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch acidly. "You listened—you played the eavesdropper, sir, at my door, when Dr. Locke was here."

"I—I—oh, no, sir!" stammered Bunter.

"Don't tell me any more falsehoods, Bunter! You listened

at the door!" said Mr. Quelch, rising to his feet and picking up a cane.

"I—I swear I didn't, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"Then how do you know about this boy Beaulere?"

"It—it—it was at the window, sir," said Bunter feebly.

"You stupid boy! It comes to the same thing. You are an eavesdropper, Bunter; and there are few things so mean as eavesdropping. Hold out your hand!"

"I—I—I—"

"Hold out your hand!" thundered Mr. Quelch; and Bunter jumped, and held it out.

Swish!

"Yow-wow-wow!"

"Don't make that ridiculous noise, Bunter! Hold out the other hand—at once!"

Swish!

"Yaroooooh!"

"Now leave my study!" said Mr. Quelch. "And if I catch you acting in this mean and rascally manner again, Bunter, I shall punish you more severely!"

Bunter groaned with anguish, and rolled out of the study.

He came back into the common-room with his fat hands squeezed under his armpits, groaning dismally. A yell of laughter greeted his appearance.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What did Quelch say, Bunter?"

"Have you bagged the baronet?"

"Ow!" groaned Bunter. "Yow! Quelch is a beast! Yow-ow! And I won't ask him to let me have my cousin—ow!—in my study! I decline to ask favours of a man like Quelch! Ow-yow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

The Two Voices!

BOB CHERRY looked at his watch. "Must clear off, I suppose," he remarked. "No chance of seeing the end of the Yorkshire innings. We haven't got too much time to get back before calling-over. That blessed hill goes upwards, you know, going back!"

And the chums of the Greyfriars Remove reluctantly made their way off the County Cricket Ground, Yorkshire were batting, and going strong; but there was no arguing with the fact that the juniors had to be in by dark, and they had a long ride before them.

"Well, the match won't finish to-day, anyway," said Frank Nugent. "We'll see the rest of it in the papers. Come on!"

They had put up the machines near the cricket-ground, at a cycle-shop, where Wharton's brake had been repaired, while they watched the match. He found his machine ready for him, and, having settled the bill, wheeled it out. The five juniors mounted, and rode out of Lantham.

They covered the ground at a good rate until they came to the hill where Wharton's accident had happened. There they put on their lowest gears and rode slowly, till the hill became too steep for riding at all; and then they dismounted, and walked the machines up the road.

The sun was setting in the west in a blaze of crimson and gold. On the slope of the hill the juniors paused to look down over the woods stretched at their feet, as it were, with mile on mile of green meadows beyond.

Harry Wharton gave a little start. On his left was the stone wall bordering the road, where his rescuer had been sitting reading "Virgil" when he came down the hill on his runaway bike that afternoon. Suddenly, from the other side of the stone wall, there came a voice. And Wharton recognised the voice. It was that of the sunburnt lad who had plunged into the pond for him.

"It's impossible! It's a mad idea! I'd do anything for you that I could, but wot's the good of askin' that?"

A more cultivated voice, in passionate tones, replied:

"You must! I tell you I want you to!"

"But I tell you I should never be able to do it. I ain't like you."

"You're more fitted for it than I am, kid. You like all that rot—'Virgil' and the rest. You're always mugging over some silly book! I hate it!"

"You oughtn't to 'ate it. Arter wot's 'appened, you ought to try to make up for lost time."

"You needn't tell me what I ought to do. Because I treat you familiarly, as a friend, I don't want you to start preaching at me!"

"I didn't mean to."

"That's enough. I tell you I won't go! Old Lazenby can say or do what he likes, but I won't go!" The passionate voice rose. "I'll clear off somewhere first! I tell you I won't stand it! I've always had my way, and I mean to

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have it now! It's quite easy. Old Lazenby is ill, as it happens, and he's left it to Mr. Holt to send me there. Well, I know he will agree."

"'E won't!"

"He will do anything I ask him. In fact, he has already agreed."

"Oh! Not really?"

"I've told him that if he doesn't, I shall ask Lazenby not to renew the lease of his farm."

"You—you wouldn't be 'ard like that?"

"But I would, if I don't have my way. Do you think I'm going to be under that old lawyer's thumb? I'll show him! I tell you it's quite easy! I've got all my outfit—everything here—and while you're gone I shall be amusing myself my own way. I have plenty of money now."

"You mean 'orses and races?"

"Never mind what I mean. I suppose I can do as I choose, without asking your permission?"

"Of course you can; but—"

"I tell you—"

The speakers were invisible to the juniors—the stone wall was between—but the voices came clear and distinct in the still, evening air. Harry Wharton & Co. had no wish to play the eavesdropper, and as they heard the voices they had begun to wheel their machines up the steep road again; but as they went they heard the voices still. But at this point they passed out of hearing.

"That's jolly queer!" said Harry Wharton.

"I couldn't see those chaps who were talking," said Bob Cherry; "but one of them I should take for a howling cad, and I'd like to punch his head!"

"He looks it, too, if he's the fellow I think," said Harry.

"The other one—the one who drops his 'h's,' is the chap who pulled me out of the pond."

"My hat!"

"I know his voice again," said Harry. "He was a very decent chap. He was waiting for a fellow he called his gov'nor, and a supercilious-looking blighter came along—just the kind of fellow who'd speak like that, from his looks. Looks as if the kid was in some kind of trouble with his governor. I'd like to punch the fellow's head!"

"Just what I felt like," said Johnny Bull. "That's the effect his voice had on me. I wonder what he wants the kid to do? Something shady, I should imagine."

The juniors could not help wondering a little. Harry Wharton, especially, was naturally interested in the lad who had, perhaps, saved his life. That his governor wanted him to do something the lad was disinclined to do was evident, and Harry felt a strong desire to punch the head of the young governor. But it was, of course, impossible to think of chipping in, in the affairs of complete strangers. He did not expect ever to see either of them again.

At the top of the hill the juniors remounted their machines and rode on to Greyfriars. They reached the old school just as the sun was disappearing behind the Black Pike, and Gosling the porter was coming down to lock the gates. They wheeled their machines in, grinning cheerfully at Gosling, who would have been better pleased if he had had an opportunity of locking them out.

The juniors put up their bicycles, and called in at Mrs. Mimbles' tuck-shop for supplies for tea. They encountered Billy Bunter in the Remove passage, looking the picture of woe. He was squeezing his fat hands under his arms, and groaning.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" greeted Bob Cherry. "Somebody been giving you what you deserve, Bunter?"

"Ow!" groaned Bunter. "It's Quelch! He's jealous of my having a baronet for a cousin, and he caned me because I asked him to have him put in my study! Ow!"

"Your cousin now, is he?" asked Bob. "I suppose by the time he gets to Greyfriars he will be your long-lost brother!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—as my grandmother married the second cousin of the tenth baronet's uncle—"

"You are sure you don't mean the tenth cousin of the second baronet's butler?" asked Bob, in a thoughtful way.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, I'm going to get him into my study, somehow," said Bunter. "I say, you fellows, if you're going to feed, I haven't had tea yet—"

"And you're not going to!" said Bob cheerfully.

But Billy Bunter, forgetting his aches and pains, followed them into No. 1 Study.

"I'll tell you what, you chaps," he said, as if struck by a brilliant idea. "My cousin Sir Harry is rolling in money, and he will stand no end of feeds. I'll make an arrangement with you. I'll feed with you every now and then, you know, and then ask you in return to my cousin's feeds. Of course, I shall insist upon his coming down pretty handsomely. I shall take him in hand, you know, and see that he does the right thing. You can depend upon his shelling out. You treat



Harry Wharton sat up in bed, and glanced towards the light. Sir 'Arry fully dressed, was out of bed. He was kneeling before his open box, evidently packing things into the bag by his side. "What are you up to, 'Arry?" asked Wharton. (See Chapter 16.)

me well, and I'll see that you have a whack in what's going. See? Is it a go?"

"Yes, it's a go; you're going," said Harry Wharton, lifting his boot.

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"We're not looking out for a chance of joining an army of spongers," explained Wharton. "Thanks for the offer; but it's not good enough. Now, I give you one second—"

The second was enough. Billy Bunter vanished.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Sir 'Arry!

THE next day it was known that Sir Harry Beauclere was coming to Greyfriars.

As he was coming into the Lower Fourth Form, a good many of the Remove fellows were naturally interested.

Born tuft-hunters like Billy Bunter were impressed by the mere circumstance that the expected new boy was the owner of a title. Skinner and his friends were still more interested by the fact that he was rich. And the information Bunter had obtained concerning the boy baronet made many of the juniors curious about him. They wondered whether he would drop his h's, and eat with his knife. Where he was coming from, too, was a matter of interest.

Bunter, who had probably been at a keyhole once more, in THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 329.

spite of his recent caning—announced that the boy's guardian was ill, and would not be coming to Greyfriars with him. The baronet would come over by himself from the farmhouse near Lantham where he had been living. He had lived on Holt Farm for years, doing very much as he liked, without any of the training that was now considered necessary for him in his new position. So Billy Bunter declared—and Harry Wharton and Co., when they heard that, were a little startled. For they remembered that curious talk they had heard on the hill the previous evening, on the way home from Lantham. The stone wall by the Lantham Road was the border of Holt Farm, they knew that. And Harry Wharton wondered whether one of the two boys he had seen might possibly be the young baronet who had been brought up so roughly.

"Probably he'll come in a motor-car," Billy Bunter remarked. "I wish Quelchy would tell us. I'd like to meet him on the way, as he's my cousin."

"Not your brother yet?" asked Bolsover major, in surprise; and there was a laugh.

"We'll see what the giddy baronet says about Bunter's relationship," chuckled Bob Cherry. "We'll watch Bunter fall on his neck—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Of course, it's barely possible that he may not have heard of our relationship," Billy Bunter remarked. "It was some time back. You see, it was my great-grandfather who married the third cousin of the eighth baronet's uncle—"

"That would make you his aunt, wouldn't it?" asked Skinner.

"Oh, really, Skinner—"

Harry Wharton & Co. went down to the nets after dinner, but a good many of the juniors waited about in expectation of the baronet's arrival. Coker of the Fifth was also adorning the School House steps. Coker had heard of the expected baronet, and Coker's opinion was that the new kid would probably put on side. In that case, it was evidently the bounden duty of Coker of the Fifth to put him in his place, and make him understand that, baronet or not, he was simply and purely a blessed fag. Coker felt that it was up to him to impress that upon the baronet's mind promptly, at once. Bolsover major, the bully of the Remove, had similar intentions. Quite a crowd of fellows were waiting for the baronet, when the station hack from Friardale drove into the school gateway, and a boy was spotted inside, in Etons and a silk hat.

"Here he is!" shouted Skinner.

The hack drove right on to the School House, and stopped. Billy Bunter rushed forward and opened the door.

A good-looking, well-built lad, with frank and honest blue eyes, looked at him from the interior of the old hack.

"Sir Harry Beauclerc?" asked Bunter, taking off his cap.

"The new kid—eh?" called out Bolsover major.

"Yes," said the stranger.

"Lemme help you out, Sir Harry," said Bunter, reaching out a fat hand.

"Thanks! I don't want any 'elp," said the new boy.

There was a general grin as the "'elp" fell upon the ears of the gathered juniors. It was clear enough at the start that the boy baronet's education had, indeed, been neglected.

The lad jumped lightly from the hack.

He was extremely well dressed, his Etons well cut, a light and elegant overcoat hanging on his arm. He paid the driver, and the hack rolled away, and the new boy looked about him, seeming a little timid under so many staring eyes.

"You don't know me, Harry," said Bunter.

The new boy looked at him.

"I don't remember you," he said. "Who are you?"

"I'm Bunter—William George Bunter—a relation of yours," Bunter explained.

The new boy started and coloured.

"A—a relation of mine!" he stammered.

"Yes; you're Harry Beauclerc."

"Yes," said the new junior very slowly. "I'm 'Arry Beauclerc."

"Sir 'Arry!" murmured Bolsover major, with a chuckle.

"Ow do you do, Sir 'Arry?" asked Bulstrode.

"I 'ope you are hall right?" said Coker of the Fifth humorously.

"Har you quite well this 'ere arternoon?" inquired Ogilvy.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The new boy seemed somewhat disconcerted by the laughter. It was a little intimidating, to find himself suddenly in a crowd of well-dressed fellows, all of them staring at him, and most of them laughing. The colour flushed more deeply into his sunburnt cheeks.

"Don't you take any notice of them, Harry," said Bunter protectingly. "I'll look after you. You can call me Cousin Billy."

"I—I didn't know he—I—I mean, I—I didn't know I had a cousin 'ere?" the new boy stammered.

"No; perhaps you haven't heard of me," said Bunter.

"My grandfather—"

"Oh, cheese it!" exclaimed Bolsover major.

"My grandfather married your uncle's aunt—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We're cousins—really second cousins," explained Bunter, taking the new boy's arm. "You stick to me; I'll look after you. I'm jolly glad to see you here. I want you to share my study with me."

"You're very kind," faltered the new boy.

Bunter was not a particularly desirable-looking acquaintance, perhaps; but the new boy was probably glad to find a friend at all in the strange school. It was evidently a surprise to him to discover a cousin at Greyfriars; but equally evidently he was inclined to admit Bunter's preposterous claim. That alone was a proof that he was as green as grass, in the juniors' opinion.

"So you're the baronet, are you?" demanded Coker of the

Fifth, planting himself before the new boy in a majestic attitude.

"Yes, please," faltered Sir Harry Beauclerc.

"Well," said Coker, wagging a big forefinger at the timid junior, "while you're here, you've got to understand that you're just a fag, and you've not got to put on any side or cheek. Do you savvy?"

"Yes, sir."

The "sir" quite mollified Coker, though it made the juniors grin.

"Well, that's all right," said Coker said graciously. "You remember that, and you'll get on all right."

"Thank you, sir!"

Coker gave him quite a friendly nod, and walked away. He confided to his chums, Potter and Greene, that the new kid was quite civil, and knew his place, and was, in fact, quite different from the rest of the cheeky Remove.

When the great man of the Fifth had departed, the juniors gathered round the new boy. Some of them wanted to ask him questions, and some were inclined to rag him. Sir 'Arry, as he was already named, seemed very nervous, and was quite at their mercy. He did not know the "ropes" in the least, and was decidedly timid.

But before Bolsover major and his friends could begin the gentle process of ragging, Trotter the page came out of the house with a message from Mr. Quelch. The Remove-master had seen the new boy's arrival, from his study window.

"Mr. Quelch wants to see you, sir," said Trotter. "This way."

"I'll take you to him, Cousin Harry," said Bunter.

"No, you won't," said Skinner. "I'll take Beauclerc in. Don't you believe that fat rotter, Beauclerc! He's not your cousin at all."

"Oh, really, Skinner—"

"We'll all take him in," grinned Bolsover major. "I suppose you know it's a rule here, you new kid, that new boys have to be carried into the Form-master's study?"

"I—I didn't know—"

"Well, you know now," said Bolsover. "Lend a hand, you fellows."

Bolsover and Skinner and Stott all grasped the new junior together, swept him off his feet, and rushed him into the house, and down the passage to the Form-master's study.

Billy Bunter rushed after them.

"Look here, you let my cousin alone!" roared Bunter. "I won't have my cousin bullied! Put him down at once, you rotters!"

"Pull his collar off and ruffle his hair, and shove him into Quelch's study," chuckled Bolsover. "It's all right, Beauclerc; new boys always have to go in like that."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Let him alone!" bellowed Bunter. "If you rag my cousin, I'll call Mr. Quelch!"

Bunter's roar was quite audible in the Form-master's study, as Bunter intended it should be. The study door opened suddenly, and Mr. Quelch looked out. Bolsover & Co. halted suddenly, with the wriggling new boy in the air, in their grasp, his arms and legs flying wildly. Mr. Quelch looked at them grimly.

"Well?" he said, in acid tones. "What does this mean?"

"Oh!" gasped Bolsover.

The juniors let go Beauclerc as if he had suddenly become red-hot. Beauclerc sprawled down, and throwing out his arms to save himself, he caught Bolsover round the neck, and brought him with a crash to the floor. The bully of the Remove roared as he bumped down. Beauclerc staggered dazedly to his feet.

"Come into my study, Beauclerc," said Mr. Quelch kindly.

"Yessir!" gasped the new junior.

He passed into the study, and Mr. Quelch regarded the ragers sternly.

"You are aware, Bolsover, and you others, that I do not approve of the custom of tormenting new boys," he said. "Each of you will take a hundred lines, and bring them to me by teatime. Now go!"

And they went, very much disconcerted.

"Ask Master Wharton to come here, Trotter," said Mr. Quelch, and he went into his study after the new boy, and closed the door.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

A Surprise!

HARRY WHARTON was at the wickets when the page came in search of him. The Remove cricketers were practising. On the following Saturday afternoon there was a fixture with Redclyffe School, and Wharton was keeping his team hard at work at the nets.

"Master Wharton!" called out Trotter.

ANSWERS

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FRANK RICHARDS

Contributes a Splendid, Complete School Tale
in our New Saturday Companion Paper—

"CHUCKLES," 1⁴

"Oh, go and eat coke," said Bob Cherry. "Can't come now."

"Mr. Quelch wants Master Wharton," said Trotter. "Which the new boy has come, sir."

"Oh, rats!" said Bob crossly. "Wharton, you're wanted. Give me the bat."

"Oh, blow!" said Harry; and he handed the bat to Bob, and followed Trotter off the field. "What does Quelch—I mean, Mr. Quelch—want me for, Trotter?"

"I think it's about the new young gentleman, sir," said Trotter. "He's in Mr. Quelch's study with 'im, Master Wharton."

"So he's come. What is he like?"

"Looks a werry nice young gent, sir," said Trotter grinning.

Wharton understood the grin. The new junior was evidently something a little out of the common. As Wharton was captain of the Remove, it was probable that the Form-master had something to say to him concerning the new boy, and Wharton groaned inwardly at the prospect of being called upon to act the part of dry-nurse towards some queer new kid. However, he was good-natured, and in any case it was not possible to refuse anything requested by his Form-master. The requests of a Form-master are like the invitations of Royalty, and amount to commands.

Wharton tapped at Mr. Quelch's door. He was, as a matter of fact, somewhat curious to see the new boy, though he felt some dismay at the possibility of the "queer kid" being planted upon him to take care of, and, above all, apprehensive that the fellow might be assigned to No. 1 Study.

"Come in!" called out the Remove master.

Wharton entered. A boy was standing at the Form-master's table. His back was towards Wharton, and the Remove captain noticed that he was very sturdily-built. Something in the lines of the athletic figure seemed somehow familiar to him.

Mr. Quelch, who was sitting at his table, gave Wharton a genial nod.

"This is the new boy, Sir Harry Beauclerc, Wharton," he said. "Beauclerc, this is Wharton, the head boy of your Form!"

The new boy was turning, and he looked at Wharton.

Wharton held out his hand good-naturedly. Then, at the same moment, the two boys uttered an exclamation.

"My hat!" ejaculated Wharton, as his eyes scanned the good-looking, sunburnt face before him. "It's you!"

"You here, too!" exclaimed the new boy.

Mr. Quelch looked astonished. The two boys shook hands heartily.

"What is this?" asked the puzzled Form-master. "You are not already acquainted with Beauclerc, Wharton?"

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"Indeed, that is very curious. I understood that he had no acquaintances at Greyfriars."

"I met him yesterday, sir," Wharton explained. "I had a spill on my bike, on Lantham Hill, and pitched into the pond. I should very likely have been drowned, only this chap, Beauclerc, happened to be there, and he jumped in, and fished me out."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Quelch. "That is very curious."

"I didn't know he was Beauclerc, then," said Harry. "He didn't tell me his name. I never thought I should see him again. I'm jolly glad you've come to Greyfriars, Beauclerc."

"I'm glad too, Master Wharton," said the new junior.

Mr. Quelch smiled, evidently very pleased.

"I am glad of this, Wharton," he said. "I sent for you to introduce the new boy, and to ask you to befriend him a little. But that I need not ask now. Under the circumstances, I am sure that you will do everything you can for him."

"Most certainly, sir," said Harry heartily. "I'm not likely to forget in a hurry what he did for me yesterday."

"That wasn't nothing, sir," said the new junior.

"Ahem!" said Mr. Quelch. "Beauclerc, you have several things to learn here, as well as your lessons, and Wharton will explain them to you better than I can. I am very pleased, indeed, that you are already friends. But you must not call Wharton 'Master Wharton,' or address any of the boys as sir. You call the masters sir, but not the boys. You must remember that."

"Yes, sir."

"Your early training seems to have—ahem!—left something to be desired, considering the position you are now called upon to fill," said Mr. Quelch, coughing a little. "But you will soon fall into the ways of the school, I am sure. Wharton, as there are only two in No. 1 Study—yourself and Nugent—I was thinking of placing the new boy there. I trust that this will be agreeable to you."

Whether it was agreeable to Wharton or not, there was nothing for him to do but to assent. Ever since Bunter had been got rid of from No. 1 Study, Wharton and Nugent had had it to themselves, and they had hoped to keep it to themselves. But, as a matter of fact, Wharton did not object to this new addition. He liked the new boy, and he was

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FOR NEXT
MONDAY—

"THE WRONG SORT!"

anxious to do anything he could for him. It was only too clear, at a glance, that Beauclerc was not quite fitted now to holding his own among the Remove fellows, and in No. 1 Study it would be possible for Wharton to look after him a little.

"Certainly, sir," said Wharton cordially. "I'd like to have him in my study, sir, and I know Nugent will like it, too, as soon as I tell him that this is the chap who fished me out of the pond yesterday."

"Very good," said Mr. Quelch. "You will, I am sure, do everything you can to initiate Beauclerc into the ways of the school. His education has been somewhat neglected, owing to certain unfortunate circumstances, and though he has had the benefit of a tutor's coaching now for some months, he has much to learn. If you can help him in any way to take his proper place in the class—"

"I understand, sir. We'll do our prep. together, and I'll do everything I can."

"Thank you very much, Wharton. I am obliged to you," said Mr. Quelch majestically. "You may go now. Go with Wharton, Beauclerc."

And the two boys left the study together.

"I say, I'm jolly glad you've come here," said Harry, cordially, when they were in the passage. "We generally chum up with fellows who are in the same study, you know, and I think we shall get on all right—what?"

"I'm sure I 'ope so, sir," said Sir 'Arry.

Wharton glanced at him curiously. The boy's education had been neglected, yet it was very curious that the neglect should have been so very extreme. Surely it was very odd that a lad who was even distantly connected with a rich and titled family should have been brought up in such neglect. Wharton wondered what position he had been in during his early years.

"You mustn't call me sir, Beauclerc," said Harry.

The boy coloured.

"I—I forgot!" he stammered. "It ain't easy to get out of old 'abits, sir—I mean Wharton."

"You used to live on Holt Farm?" Harry asked.

"Yes, 'cept when I was workin' in Lantham," said the new junior.

"You worked in Lantham?" asked Harry.

"Yes, I—I—" Beauclerc flushed crimson, and caught himself up. "I—I'd rather not talk about that now, sir. That's all over!"

"Yes, of course it is," said Harry. "Come up and look at the study. By the way, have you had dinner?"

"Yes, I 'ad it before I came. Shall I be going into the class this afternoon?" asked Beauclerc nervously.

"Yes, when the bell goes."

"You—you wouldn't mind if I am with you?" asked Beauclerc diffidently. "I—I feel a bit scared."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"That's all right. You'll soon get over that," he said comfortingly. "That's only because you're new here. But you shall sit next to me in the Remove, certainly. I'll fix it with Nugent to have you between us. Nugent's the chap who shares No. 1 Study, you know. Here's our quarters."

They had come up into the Remove passage while they were talking, and Wharton opened the door of No. 1. Beauclerc looked round the study with great interest.

"Looks comfy, don't it?" he remarked.

"Yes, rather," said Wharton, with some pride. "It's really the best study in the Remove, excepting Lord Mauleverer's. Mauly's a millionaire, and he's fitted up like a giddy sybarite, you know. But we're all right here. Hallo, here's Nugent!"

Frank Nugent came into the study.

He glanced rather curiously at the new boy, and his face fell, as he guessed what his presence in the study implied.

"This is the new kid Beauclerc, Nugent," said Wharton. "He's going to share the study with us."

"Oh, my hat!" said Frank.

"He's the chap who pulled me out of the pond yesterday," added Wharton.

"By Jove, is he?" said Nugent, cordial at once. "Give us your fist, young 'un. Jolly glad to make your acquaintance, and we'll make you welcome in the study."

"I—I don't want to make anybody uncomfortable 'ere," said the new junior, flushing. "If you don't want me 'ere I—I can go into another study."

"But we do want you," said Harry.

"Oh, yes!" said Nugent, shaking hands with him. "Certainly. I didn't know you were the chap who fished Wharton out, you see. I'm jolly glad to have you in the study, honest Injun. By the way, this isn't the first time I've heard you speak. I seem to know your voice. Why, of course. If this is the chap who fished you out of the pond, Wharton, he's the chap who was talking on the other side of

the wall on the Lantham road yesterday afternoon when we came by."

"Just so!" said Harry.

"Well, I haven't met you before, but I've met your voice," said Nugent, laughing. "I thought I knew it when you began to speak."

A strange troubled look came over the new boy's face.

"You—you 'card me speaking?" he asked.

"Yes."

"When was that?"

"Yesterday afternoon, as we came back from Lantham," Nugent explained, "we were wheeling our bikes up the hill, and we stopped near the stone wall there to rest a minute, and we heard you talking on the other side of the wall to another chap. Why, what on earth's the matter with you?"

The new boy's face had gone deadly white. He staggered back, and caught at the corner of the table with one hand to support himself, his eyes fixed upon Nugent with a wild and frightened stare.

"You—you 'card me!" he stammered.

"Are you ill?" exclaimed Wharton, springing towards the new boy, fearing for the moment that he was about to faint.

The new junior gazed at him a moment, wildly, and then sank into the study armchair, and covered his face with his hands.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Somewhat Mysterious!

NUGENT and Wharton stared blankly at the new junior. They were utterly amazed.

The cause of Beauclerc's emotion was a mystery to them.

"What on earth's the matter?" Nugent exclaimed, at last, breaking the awkward silence. "We didn't hear you say anything that mattered, so far as I remember. If you were discussing secrets, we didn't hear them."

Harry Wharton's brows knitted a little. Back into his mind came what he had heard. It was this boy, Beauclerc, who had been urged by the other to do something—something the juniors did not know the nature of. It was evidently that which Beauclerc feared the juniors had overheard.

Nugent understood that, too, after a moment's thought, and he exchanged a very queer look with Harry.

Wharton clapped the new junior on the shoulder.

"It's all right, Beauclerc," he said quietly. "I can see now there's some secret that you were talking over with that chap, whoever he was."

The new junior's hands dropped from his face. There was surprise and relief in his look. His features were still working with some strange emotion.

"You don't know who 'e was, that other chap, then?" he asked.

"No; how should should we?"

"But you said that you 'card—"

"We heard a few sentences, by accident," Wharton explained. "But, of course, we didn't listen to you. As soon as we heard you talking we moved on, only as it was slow wheeling the bikes uphill, we heard a few sentences. That was all. We hadn't any intention of hearing anything, of course."

Beauclerc rose to his feet, the relief only too evident in his troubled face.

"You didn't 'ear it all, then?" he asked.

"We only heard that the other fellow was asking you to do something, and you didn't seem to want to do it," said Harry.

"But wot it was—"

"We don't know anything about that."

"Nothing at all," said Nugent.

"I—I see. It—it's a sorter secret," stammered Beauclerc. "I can't tell you—"

"We don't want you to," said Harry shortly. "We're not inquisitive. And it's no business of ours."

"But—but if you knowed you wouldn't care to be friends with me, p'r'aps," said Beauclerc miserably.

"Oh, that's all right!" said Harry. "We know you're the right sort. What we heard showed us that the other fellow was asking you to do something against your will. That's all. I dare say it was something shady, and I hope you didn't do it, whatever it was."

"But s'pose I did?"

"Well, if you did, I hope it was nothing wrong," said Harry, very gravely. "It would be rotten if you let that fellow lead you into wrongdoing."

"'Tain't wrong," said Beauclerc. "I mean, it don't do no arm to nobody. Nobody's a penny the worse for it, and it pleased 'im. And 'e's been my friend ever since we was babies."

Wharton looked puzzled.

"Well, if it's something that hasn't done anybody any harm it can't be very wrong," he said. "It's jolly mysterious, but I don't see why you should let it worry you, if nobody's harmed by it."

Beauclerc brightened up.

"That's 'ow I looked at it," he said, more cheerfully. "I didn't like the idea, but he wanted it very much, and there was no 'arm."

"Well, I suppose it's over now, so don't think anything more about it," said Wharton lightly. "If the chap's a friend of yours I won't say anything against him, but I can't help saying that you're just as well away from him. Are you likely to see him here?"

"'Ere!" exclaimed Beauclerc. "Impossible!"

"All the better then."

"I say, you fellows!" Billy Bunter peered into the study through his big spectacles. "Ah! I thought I should find my cousin here."

"Your cousin be blowed!" growled Wharton. "He's not your cousin any more than he's mine."

"Oh, really, Wharton! Beauclerc knows that he's my cousin, don't you, Beauclerc?"

"You—you told me so," said Beauclerc hesitatingly.

"If you're Sir Harry Beauclerc you're my cousin," said Bunter positively.

"Well, I ain't denying it."

"You see," said Bunter triumphantly, "as a matter of fact the Bunters and the Beauclercs have always been closely connected."

"The Bunters always borrowed money of the Beauclercs—what?" asked Nugent, with a sniff.

"I decline to answer a question like that, Nugent. I've come here for my cousin. I want him to ask Quelchy to put him in my study."

"Quelchy's put him in this study, and we're going to keep him," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "You're too late, Bunter."

"What a rotten swindle!" exclaimed Bunter indignantly. "As if a chap can't have his own relation in his study with him. I say, Beauclerc, of course you'll ask Quelchy to change you into my study."

The schoolboy baronet shook his head.

"I'd rather stay 'ere," he replied.

"Oh, really, Beauclerc! I'm going to pal on with you, and look after you, you know," urged Bunter. "Besides, ~~besides~~ you got a lot of influence in the Remove, and I can be very useful to you. Bolsover and the rest want to rag you. They're awfully ratty about Quelchy giving them lines on your account. I'll protect you. What are you silly cuckoos cackling at?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Nugent. "I can see you protecting anybody against Bolsover. I don't think."

"If Bolsover tries any ragging with our new chum," said Wharton, "he'll get it where the chicken got the chopper. You can buzz off, Bunter."

"I'm jolly well not going to buzz off without my cousin," said Bunter. "I say, Beauclerc, you must be hungry after your journey. Come to the tuckshop with me. I want to stand you a little feed as you're my cousin."

"I—I don't mind," said the new junior hesitatingly, glancing at Wharton and Nugent. "Will you fellows come? I've got lots of tin."

"Bunter will see that that doesn't last long," said Harry, laughing. "It's all right, kid; we'll see you later. I'll look for you when it's time for lessons."

"You come with me," said Bunter, linking arms with the new boy, and marching him almost by force out of the study. "I'll look after you."

When Bunter and Beauclerc were gone Wharton and Nugent looked hard at one another.

"Jolly queer customer," said Nugent. "But I like him."

"I like him," said Harry, "and I owe him a good deal, too. But he is queer. That fellow he was talking to is his friend, it seems, so we can't run him down. But I'm glad Beauclerc is parted from him. The fellow's a rascal, I know that. You remember what the kid said, something about horses and races. That's the kind of amusement that other fellow has. Pretty sort of rotter, I must say. Beauclerc is jolly lucky to be away from him, I think."

"It's jolly odd," said Nugent, very thoughtfully, "that other fellow was speaking to him as if he were the superior of the two, the master, in fact. He was speaking to Beauclerc as if Beauclerc were his servant. But I suppose he must have known that the kid was a baronet."

"It is odd!" admitted Wharton, wrinkling his brows. "He was talking to him in a bullying way—and I remember the kid referred to him—I suppose it was the same chap—as his guv'nor. How could he be his guv'nor when the kid's a rich baronet?"

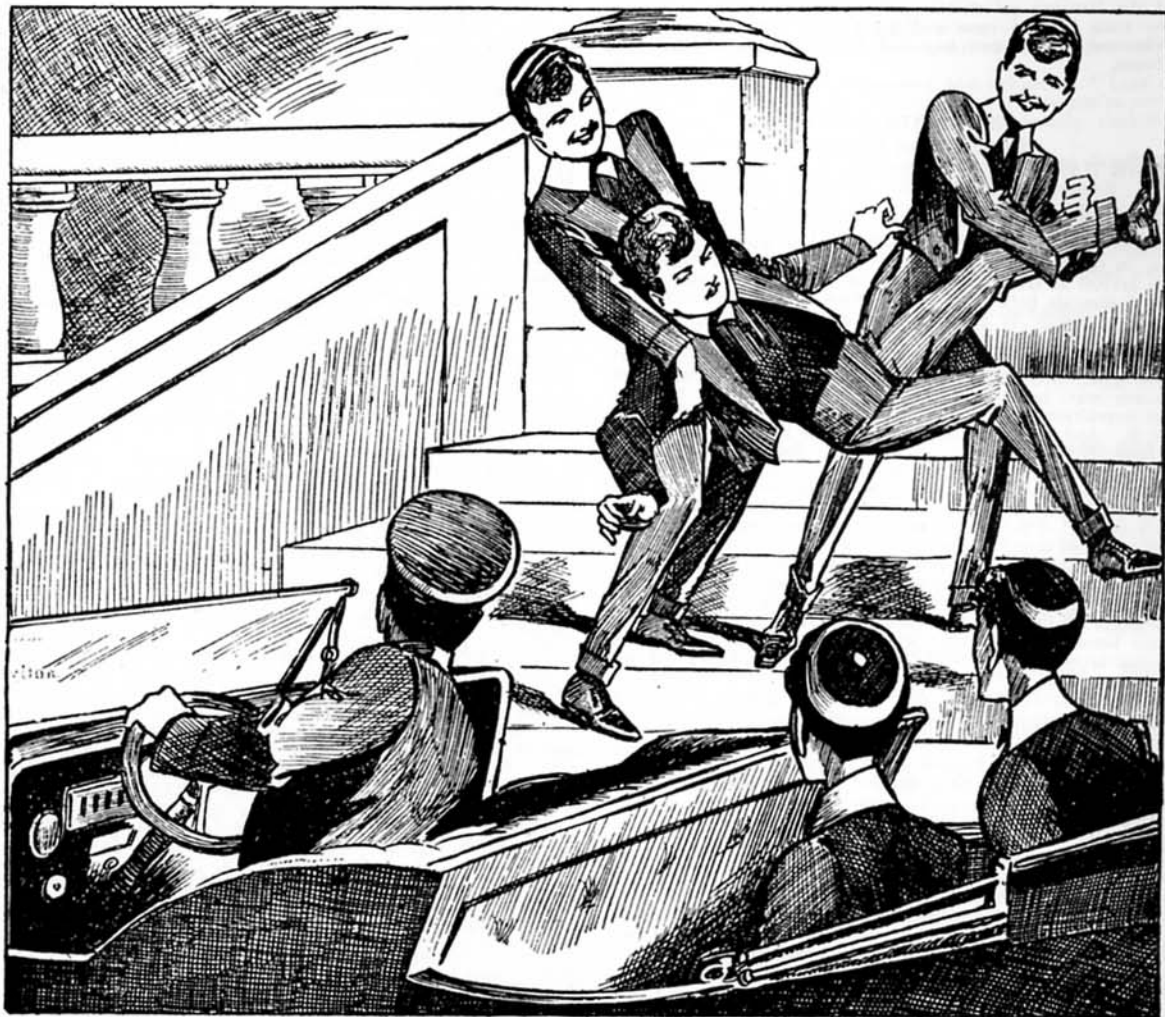
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OUR COMPANION PAPERS: "THE GEM" LIBRARY, "THE PENNY POPULAR," "CHUCKLES," I.D.

Every Wednesday.

Every Friday.

Every Saturday, 2



With his arms and legs wildly flying in the air, the schoolboy baronet was rushed out of the house, and pitched bodily into the car. (See Chapter 14.)

"Perhaps he's worked for him some time; he seems to have been brought up very queerly."

Wharton's brow cleared; he thought he understood.

"That's it!" he exclaimed. "The kid told me he's worked on the farm, and also worked in Lantham. That other young blighter was the fellow he worked for—as a personal servant, perhaps. And if he's been in the habit of serving him, and obeying him, I suppose it would be hard for him to get out of old habits, when he became a baronet all of a sudden. It's caddish of the other chap to take advantage of it, though. I suppose that's it. The kid was never expected to succeed to the property, and he seems to have been utterly neglected by his relations—brought up by the farmer man, and sent out to work as a kid. Rather hard lines for a budding baronet. Still, he's a good sort—I know that. And I'm glad to have him in the study."

"Same here!" said Nugent heartily.

Meanwhile, Billy Bunter had piloted Sir 'Arry into the school shop.

"Order what you like!" said Bunter, in a lordly manner.

"Mrs. Mimble, this is Sir Harry Beauclerc, my cousin, a new kid here. Pile in, Beauclerc!"

"Well, I'm rather a bit peckish!" said Beauclerc, and he helped himself.

Bunter was careful to make Beauclerc give the orders—but Bunter disposed of the lion's share of the good things ordered. After a quarter of an hour of ecstatic enjoyment for Bunter, a bell rang.

"Hallo, there goes classes!" growled Bunter, slipping from

the high stool at the counter. "We shall have to cut off. I'll put some of these tarts and nuts in my pocket, and some toffee, too. I often get hungry in class—we don't get nearly enough to eat here!"

The fat junior ran his hands through his pockets and assumed a look of surprise.

"My hat! I've left my money in my study!" he exclaimed. "No time to fetch it now—we shall be late for classes. I suppose you don't mind settling for this, Beauclerc—I'll settle with you later?"

"Right you are!" said Beauclerc good-naturedly.

He threw a sovereign on the counter, and received three shillings change—Billy Bunter had "done" himself remarkably well, and the bill was extensive. The Owl of the Remove took Beauclerc's arm affectionately as they left the tuckshop.

"By the way, old chap," said Bunter, "I'm expecting a postal-order for a pound this evening. I suppose it would be all the same to you if you handed me the pound now, and I gave you the postal-order when it comes?"

"Just as you like," said Beauclerc.

Billy Bunter's fat fingers closed like a vice upon a sovereign. He could scarcely believe in his good luck. He regretted immediately that he had not made it two pounds. But before he could begin again, Harry Wharton bore down upon them. He was looking for Beauclerc.

"Classes!" said Harry. "Come on!"

"I'm looking after my cousin, Wharton," said Bunter belligerently.

"Rats!"

Wharton playfully tapped Bunter on the chest, and the Owl of the Remove sat down suddenly on the ground, and by the time he had recovered his breath sufficiently to rise, Wharton and the new boy had disappeared into the School House.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER. Straight from the Shoulder!

SIR HARRY BEAULERE—or "Sir 'Arry," as all the Remove fellows called him—took his place in the Form, sitting between Wharton and Nugent. Bolsover major gave him a dark look when he came in with the chums of the Remove. Bolsover major had a hundred lines to do, in consequence of his little joke on the new boy upon his arrival at Greyfriars, and he was feeling extremely irritated towards both Beaulere and the Remove-master. The Remove-master, of course, could not be made to feel the bully's resentment—but with Beaulere it was different. Bolsover major intended to make him "sit up" at the very first opportunity. Beaulere had certainly not been to blame in any way, but that did not matter to Bolsover. He had the imposition to do, and he meant to make somebody smart for it. And the somebody was to be the new boy.

Bolsover major bottled up his wrath during the afternoon, from necessity; but it grew all the stronger from bottling. His temper was bad, and he was inattentive and as impertinent as he dared to be to Mr. Quelch during lessons, with the result that he was caned before the afternoon was out. He put it all down to the new boy's account, and he resolved not to lose sight of him when lessons were over. The Remove were dismissed at last, and Beaulere came out with the Famous Five. Wharton had presented him to the other members of the Co., and they had taken the baronet into their honourable company with great cordiality. The little circumstance that he made free with his aspirates did not worry them in the least.

In the Form-room passage, after Mr. Quelch was gone, Bolsover strode up to the group of juniors, as they were chatting together.

"I've got a bone to pick with you, my pippin!" said the bully of the Remove, dropping his hand heavily upon Beaulere's shoulder.

Beaulere turned and faced him.

"Wot's the matter?" he asked.

"Take your paw off the kid's shoulder," said Bob Cherry pleasantly. "Beaulere is a pal of ours, and he's not going to be bullied!"

"I'll please myself about that!" said Bolsover, scowling.

"Your mistake!" said Bob cheerfully. "You'd please me. Take your paw off!"

"Go and eat coke!"

"You won't?"

"No, I won't!" said Bolsover, tightening his grasp.

Bob Cherry reached out, and knocked the bully's arm upward. Bolsover uttered a cry of pain, and his grip had to relax.

"Now keep your paws to yourself!" said Bob. "If you want to use them badly, you can come into the gym, and put the gloves on them: I'm your man!"

Bolsover clenched his hands furiously.

"So that kid is going to hide behind you, is he?" he sneered. "Well, I'll catch him some time when he hasn't got his nurses with him!"

Beaulere flushed.

"I don't see as 'ow you've got any quarrel with me!" he said.

"Don't you! Then I'll explain as 'ow I 'ave!" sneered Bolsover. "I 'ave a quarrel with you because you 'ave got me an imposition, and I'm going to give you a 'iding, see?"

"You'll get one yourself if you don't clear off!" said Wharton angrily. "What a beastly bully you are, Bolsover! Why can't you let the kid alone?"

"Because I don't choose."

"Old on!" said Beaulere quietly. "I don't want to 'ide behind anybody. If that chap is lookin' for trouble, I'll try to 'andle 'im!"

Bolsover burst into a scoffing laugh. He could lick anybody in the Remove or the Fourth—even Wharton and Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull, great fighting-men as they were, had plenty to do to stand up to Percy Bolsover. The new boy was an athletic fellow, and he looked very muscular, and he was certainly in very fit condition. But the bully of the Remove had not the slightest doubt that he would be able to make short work of him.

"Well, you can try to 'andle me," grinned Bolsover. "Come on, I'll give you a chance! You rotters get out

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of the way, it's no business of yours if the kid wants to 'andle me, as he calls it!"

"You're makin' fun of me 'cause I don't speak same as you do," said Beaulere. "If you 'ad been brought up the same way, you wouldn't speak no better!"

"But I wasn't!" jeered Bolsover. "You may be a giddy baronet, but I should say you've been brought up in a slum!"

"Don't be a cad," said Wharton, "and let him alone!"

"Mind your own business!" snapped Bolsover. "Didn't you hear the kid say he'd handle me—I mean 'andle me. Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you laugh at me agin, I'll 'andle you fast enough," said the new junior, a gleam coming into his eyes. "You're bigger'n me, but I ain't afeared of you. I've 'anded a tramp wot came looking for trouble on the farm, and he was bigger than you!"

"Well, come on!" said Bolsover. "Will you fellows get aside? You hear what he says."

The Famous Five reluctantly stood out of the way. They could not defend Beaulere against his own wish, of course—but they looked on very uneasily. They had little doubt that the bully of the Remove would knock him about without mercy, and they meant to chip in before he could go too far.

"I say, you fellows, don't let that beast bully my cousin!" exclaimed Billy Bunter, rolling up breathlessly. "Look here, Bolsover—yow-ow!"

Bolsover pushed the Owl of the Remove roughly aside, and Bunter collapsed against the wall. Then the burly Removite rushed at Beaulere. The latter put up his hands—a little clumsily. He did not seem to know much about the rules of boxing—but he stood as firm as a rock upon his feet, and his eyes were very steady. He had plenty of pluck, that was certain.

"That's for your nose!" grinned Bolsover, and he let out a heavy drive, that would have swept the new boy off his feet if it had reached the mark.

But Beaulere side-stepped quickly, and Bolsover's heavy fist swept past his ear, and the Remove bully rushed on unable to stop himself. And he rushed right upon Beaulere's fist, which came out like a hammer on his nose. That terrific blow stopped Bolsover's rush very suddenly, and brought a spurt of red from his damaged nose. Bolsover staggered, and Beaulere's left lashed out, and caught *him!* on the chin, and the burly Removite crashed down on the floor.

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "That kid doesn't want protecting!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Begad!" chimed in Lord Mauleverer, who was a connoisseur of boxing. "Begad! That kid would make a pug if he learned to shape a little more neatly. Plenty of beef behind that drive, begad!"

"Looks like it!" chuckled Johnny Bull. "Bolsover has woke up the wrong passenger this time!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bolsover sat up on the floor, holding his nose with one hand, and his chin with the other. The Remove gathered round, roaring with laughter. Even Bolsover's own friends were not sorry to see the bully of the Form knocked out for once.

"Groooh-hoo!" mumbled Bolsover.

"Get up and have some more!" grinned Ogilvy. "You haven't had half enough yet, Bolsover, old man! Go for him!"

"Groo-hoo! Gug-gug!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bolsover major scrambled to his feet. He was badly hurt, and he was furious. He made a wild rush at Beaulere, who was waiting for him quietly, with very watchful eyes. Twice the bully's fists came home on Beaulere's face, with heavy blows that must have hurt considerably; but Beaulere hardly flinched from them. He was evidently tough. And in return he let out right and left, and Bolsover rolled on the floor, gasping.

"Come on!" grinned Bob Cherry, slipping his arm through Beaulere's. "We must have some ginger-pop after that. Bolsover doesn't want any more."

Bolsover didn't! He had undoubtedly awakened the wrong passenger, as Johnny Bull put it. He sat on the floor, holding his handkerchief to his nose, staring dazedly after the new junior, as the latter walked away with the Famous Five.

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Bolsover, more amazed than hurt—though he was very much hurt. "Oh, great Scott! Oh!"

"Go after him, and give him some more!" chuckled Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

But Bolsover major did not go after the new boy. He

went away to the nearest bath-room to bathe his nose. And the chums of the Remove, in the tuckshop, celebrated the unexpected and surprising victory with unlimited ginger-pop.

THE NINTH CHAPTER. Bunter Drops His Relation!

SIR 'ARRY, of Greyfriars, during his first few days at the school, was regarded by the Remove fellows as a decidedly "queer fish"; but he was very well liked in the Form. The fellows who had expected him to put on "side" on account of the baronetcy had to admit that there was nothing of that kind about him. Indeed, as Vernon-Smith remarked, "side" would not have suited well with his plentiful lack of aspirates. He did not, as it were, make a convincing baronet.

That his education had been neglected was well known; but the juniors could not help wondering at the extent to which it had evidently been neglected. But he was by nature a simple and unaffected fellow; kind and obliging almost to a fault, and yet with plenty of courage to stand up for himself when anyone attempted to take advantage of him, as he had shown in the encounter with Bolsover major. That encounter became quite famous in the school, and it caused some fellows who had intended to rag the baronet to consider the matter more carefully.

Bolsover was a mighty man of his hands—and there were fellows in the Fifth Form who made it a point to be civil to him—and yet the new kid had knocked him out quite easily, with no further damage to himself than a swollen nose.

Some of Bolsover's friends urged him to try it over again, assuring him that he would lick the baronet quite easily; but it is to be feared that what they were really looking forward to was a licking for Bolsover himself. Perhaps Bolsover guessed as much; at all events, he did not take their kindly advice.

He declared that, not being a hog, he knew when he had had enough; and when Skinner and Snoop ventured to whisper the word "funk," Bolsover gave Skinner his right, and Snoop his left, and as they sat down with startling suddenness, he invited them to rise and repeat their remarks. They declined, and the subject was dropped.

The curious thing was that Bolsover, instead of vowing vengeance, as the fellows expected, seemed to respect the new kid for his prowess, and was quite decent to him after his first day at Greyfriars.

Sir 'Arry—nobody called him anything but "Sir 'Arry"—made himself quite at home in No. 1 Study, in spite of Bunter's efforts to steal him away. Sir 'Arry declined to listen to the voice of the charmer. What surprised the juniors was that he did not deny Billy Bunter's relationship. By this time Bunter firmly believed in it himself, and some of the Removes admitted that it looked as if Bunter had been telling the truth for once, by some extraordinary accident. For surely the baronet ought to know whether Bunter was related to him or not.

Whether the relationship was real or imaginary, Billy Bunter made a very good thing out of it for some days. His apocryphal postal-order was cashed several times over by the obliging new boy before he began to understand Bunter a little better. The Owl of the Remove had "looted" him to the extent of four or five pounds by the time Sir 'Arry put his foot down. But when his foot was once put down, it came down very firmly. On Saturday afternoon, Sir 'Arry walked down to the cricket-ground to see Harry Wharton & Co. play Redclyffe, and Billy Bunter joined him, slipping a fat arm affectionately through the baronet's.

"Going to watch the match, Beauclerc?" he asked.

"Yes," said Beauclerc shortly. He did not like Bunter, and he liked him less the more he saw of him; but he was too good-natured to repel the advances of the fat junior.

"Right-ho, I'll come with you!" said Bunter. "You'd see me playing in the Form team, you know, if everybody had his rights. But Wharton doesn't like to put in a better player than himself. It's a case of jealousy."

"Oh, rot!" said Sir 'Arry.

Bunter coughed.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry, greeting the baronet with a hearty slap on the shoulder that made him gasp. "Come to watch the match, what?"

"Yes," said Sir 'Arry. "I wish I could play. But I ain't never 'ad a chance of playing much, 'cept sometimes a little bit on the green at Lantham. Later on, p'r'aps."

"Stick to practice, and you'll improve," said Bob. "If you shape anything like a cricketer, Wharton will give you a chance in the Form team. He's always looking out for a chance to improve it."

"Oh, really, Cherry, you know how he could improve it jolly well!" said Bunter. "There's a jolly good bat he could put in to-day, if he liked."

"You mean Bolsover?" said Bob thoughtfully. "Well, Bolsover isn't a bad bat, but he's chiefly a slogger, and a bat has to do something else besides slog sometimes."

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FOR NEXT
MONDAY—

"THE WRONG SORT!"

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"You know jolly well I don't mean Bolsover!" growled Bunter.

"Russell, then? Well, Russell's a reserve—"

"Blow Russell! What's the matter with me?" demanded Bunter warmly.

"You!" Bob Cherry looked at him critically. "Lots of things the matter with you, Bunter. You're fat—you're over-fed—you're lazy—you're stupid—you're a beastly slacker—you're a sponge—you're a—"

"You'll never get to the end," said Nugent, laughing. "Come on. We're waiting for you, Bob."

"Right-ho!"

Bob nodded to Beauclerc, and joined the cricketers. Greyfriars were going out to bat, and the Redclyffe team went into the field. Sir 'Arry stood outside the pavilion to watch them. Bunter watched the first over, and then turned away from the cricket with a yawn.

"Warm this afternoon, Beauclerc," he remarked.

"Yes," said Sir 'Arry absently. The boy baronet was evidently keen on the great game of cricket, and he was watching Wharton deal with the Redclyffe bowling with all his eyes.

"Thirsty?" asked Bunter.

"Eh? No."

"Well, I am," said Bunter. "I should like some ginger-pop."

"Run away and get some, then."

"Won't you come with me?"

"No. I want to watch the cricket. I can learn a good bit by watchin' them battin'," said Sir 'Arry. "Don't Wharton 'it the ball beautiful?"

"You should see me bat!" said Bunter, without glancing at the field. "This is nothing to it. By the way, Beauclerc, if you won't come to the tuckshop, would you mind cashing a postal-order for me?"

"Oh, don't bother!" said Beauclerc.

"I've got a postal-order coming this evening," Bunter explained. "It's for ten shillings. If you could hand me the ten bob now—"

Sir 'Arry turned upon him, and looked him directly in the face.

"Look 'ere," he said, "I've cashed five or six postal-orders for you already. They ain't come—leastways, you 'aven't 'anded them to me. This one wot's coming this evening, you owe me that now."

"No, that's—ahem!—a different one," Bunter explained.

"Well, I'll cash it for you as soon as it comes," said Sir 'Arry.

"Mrs. Mimble would do that," said Bunter, with a sniff. "I want you to oblige me by cashing it in advance. I should think you might oblige your own cousin."

"You ain't my cousin."

"Look here, Beau, make it five bob!"

"I can't give you any more money," said Beauclerc decidedly. "You've 'ad too much from me already."

"You're rich!" growled Bunter. "You've got lots of tin."

"I only 'ad ten pounds when I came 'ere," said Sir 'Arry. "I know that's a lot of money, but you've 'ad 'arf of it. I've paid my cricket club subscription, and some other things, and I ain't got much left."

Bunter stared at him.

"But you can get all you want, can't you?" he demanded.

"No, I can't."

"What rot!" said Bunter warmly. "Why, I've read about it in the paper—about the title and money coming to you unexpectedly. You'll have twenty thousand a year when you're of age."

Sir 'Arry was silent.

"It stands to reason your guardian will give you all the pocket-money you want. You've only got to write to the lawyer man."

"I ain't goin' to write to 'im."

"Now, look here, kid," said Bunter persuasively. "It's up to you to oblige your own relation, you know. Blood's thicker than water. You know very well you can have as much money as you want. You've only got to ask for it."

"I ain't going to ask for it. I was given ten quids, and that was quite enough; and you wouldn't 'ave 'ad so much, if I'd known that you wouldn't pay me."

"Of course, I'm going to pay you!" said Bunter, with a great deal of dignity. "I hope you don't think I should take money from you as a gift, although you are my relation. I should utterly refuse to do anything of the sort. I merely require a loan—a loan, to be repaid when—when my postal-order comes."

"Well, you ain't getting it from me," said Sir 'Arry positively.

"Now, look here—"

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"'Nuff said. I ain't 'anding out any more money!" said the baronet decisively. "And don't you jaw now; I want to watch this 'ere game."

Bunter gave him a bitter look. The horn of plenty had suddenly run dry. Bunter had looked upon Sir 'Arry as a kind of milch cow, and this refusal took him quite by surprise, and made him very angry. And the determined expression upon the baronet's face showed that he meant what he said. Bunter would dearly have liked to plant a fat fist full upon the handsome, sunburnt face, but the remembrance of what had happened to Bolsover major deterred him from that.

"You won't lend me five bob?" he exclaimed savagely.

"No, I won't!"

"After all I've done for you, you ungrateful cad!" exclaimed Bunter.

"I don't see as 'ow you've done anything for me, 'cept borrow my money," said Sir 'Arry quietly. "And don't call me names, please. I don't like it."

"I've taken you up, and palled on with you," said Bunter, "and that's something, I can tell you. It isn't every fellow who'd have taken up a relation like you. The way you talk

would disgrace a slum school. I haven't allowed it to make any difference to me till now; but really, now——"

"Now you can't git any more cash it makes a difference—eh?" said Sir 'Arry, with a curl of the lip.

"Now you choose to act as you werø brought up, like a low cad, I must reconsider the matter!" said Bunter loftily. "A rank outsider like you, pretending to be rich, when it turns out that you've really got no money—— Ow! Who's that? Leggo my ear, Bob Cherry, you beast!"

"It isn't Bob Cherry," said Bolsover major, as he compressed the fat junior's ear between finger and thumb. "What are you slanging Beauclerc for? Has he stopped letting you sponge on him?"

"Ow, ow, ow! Leggo!"

"Oh, I don't mind! Let him run on!" said Sir 'Arry scornfully. "The fat beast isn't worth licking. Only, don't speak to me any more, Bunter."

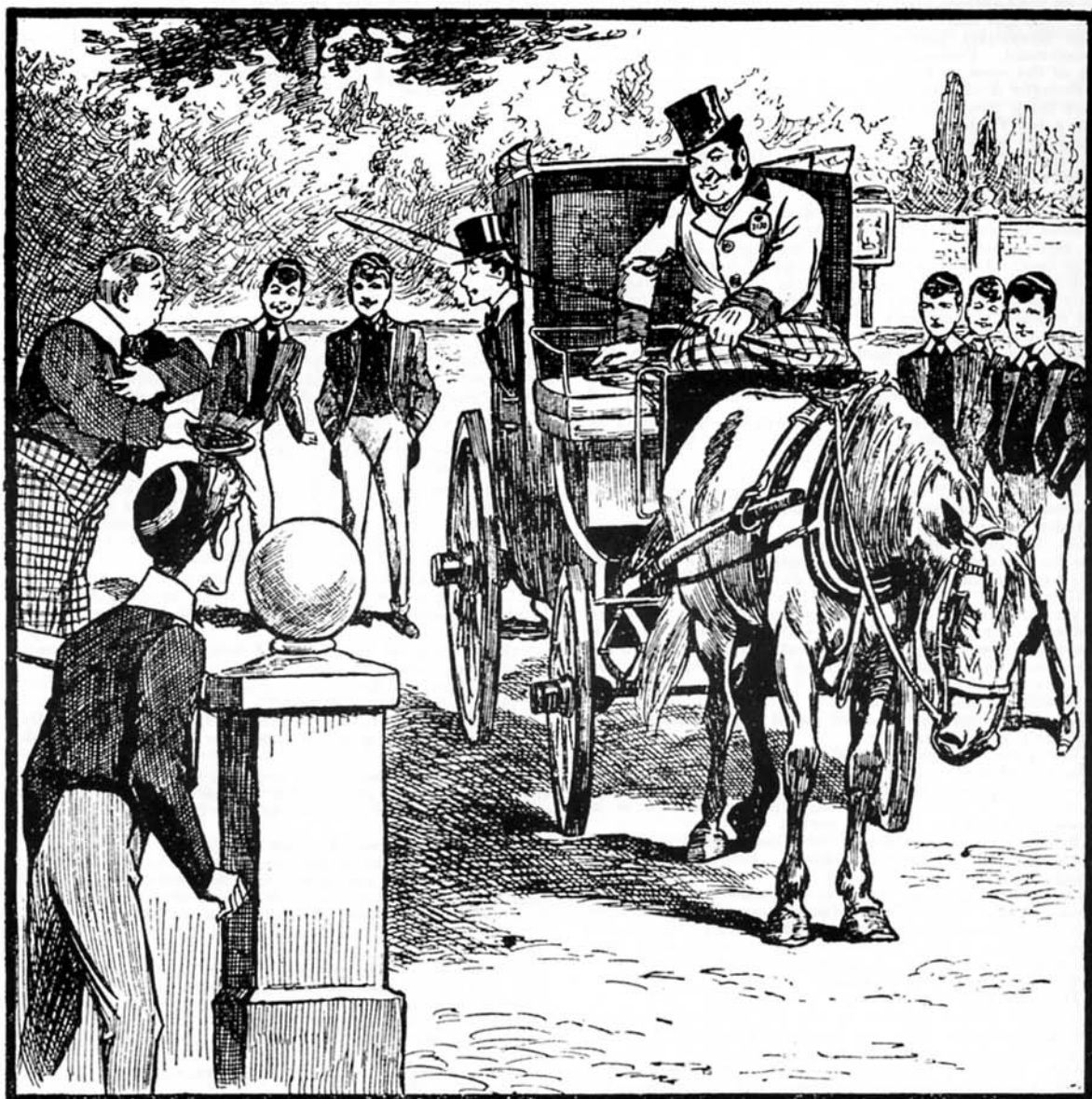
"Ow!" Bunter jerked his ear away at last, and blinked furiously at Bolsover major. "You—you rotter! It's no good your making up to Beauclerc; he's got no money. Yarooop!"

Bunter flew from Bolsover's heavy boot, and departed



AMBITIONS—No. 6.

In many cases the amateur photographer, whose hobby is his little pocket-camera, aspires to become a professional photograph-artist in the future, with a magnificent studio patronised by the highest in the land.



The new boy leaned out of the hack. "Sir Harry Beauclerc?" asked Billy Bunter, taking off his cap. "Yes," said the stranger. Billy Bunter reached out a fat hand, intending to help the baronet out. "Thanks, but I don't want any 'elp!" There was a general grin as the "'elp" fell upon the ears of the gathered juniors. (See Chapter 5.)

from the vicinity of the cricket pavilion in a great hurry, and did not return. He confided afterwards to everyone who would listen to him that he felt bound to drop that fellow Beauclerc. He was really too, too utterly outside for anything. But Sir 'Arry did not seem to suffer any pangs over being dropped by Bunter. He seemed to like it.

THE TENTH CHAPTER. The Guv'nor!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! Here's a chance to give Ponsonby his giddy monocle!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

The Famous Five and their new chum, Sir 'Arry, were sauntering up the towing-path beside the bright, rippling Sark. It was a few days after the Redclyffe cricket match, which the Greyfriars Remove had won with several wickets to spare. It was Wednesday afternoon now, a half-

holiday, and as there was no match on the chums of the Remove had put in a couple of hours at practice with Sir 'Arry.

The new junior was keen on cricket, and the Co. were only too willing to help him on. After the practice they sauntered away down the Sark in the golden summer sunlight, with their straw hats on the backs of their heads, chatting cheerfully about cricket, rowing, and kindred subjects. They were passing a riverside inn when Bob Cherry caught sight of Ponsonby of Highcliffe, and remembered the famous eyeglass, which he still had in his pocket.

Harry Wharton's lip curled as he glanced towards the Highcliffe fellows. They were inside the building. A large window looking on the river, on the ground floor, was wide open, and the juniors could see into the billiard-room. Ponsonby was at the table with a cue, taking a shot, and Gadsby and Vavasour were looking on and smoking cigarettes.

Ponsonby's partner in the game was a good-looking, somewhat elegant lad, with a petulant, supercilious expression upon his face—an expression that Harry Wharton remembered before he recalled the features. It was the boy he had seen on the Lantham road, and whom his rescuer had alluded to as "the gov'nor."

The Greyfriars juniors stopped, and looked into the billiard-room. Ponsonby made his shot, and there was a click of the meeting balls.

"Brought it off, by gad!" said Ponsonby's partner. "I didn't think you would do it. You must have played this game a lot, Ponsonby."

Ponsonby smiled. He prided himself upon being one of the "bloods." The young rascals of Highcliffe School regarded themselves as "dogs," and indeed the most doggish of dogs.

Doggishness, according to the ideas of Ponsonby & Co., consisted in playing billiards, betting on horses, gambling with cards, smoking cigarettes, and mixing whisky with their ginger-beer. And they were very doggish indeed. And the youth whom Sir 'Arry had called the "gov'nor" was evidently one of their kidney, and quite at home with them in their manners and customs.

"How many's that, Vav?" asked Ponsonby.

"Forty-six," said Vavasour. "You'll go out on this break, Pon, absolutely."

"It's a quid on the game, I think?" said Ponsonby. "A quid, Beau?"

"Yes," said the other, with a shrug of the shoulders. "What the dooce does it matter to me? You won't go out this break. I'll double it if you like."

"Done!"

"Two quid, then," said Gadsby. "Beau, old man, you're a sportsman! Pon will rook you this time, though."

"I don't care!"

"Oh, I'll give Beau his revenge!" said Ponsonby, with quite the air of an old man of the world. "I'm a sportsman. We'll have another fifty after this—double or quits!"

"If you win," said the other, "I'm game."

"You are game," said Vavasour admiringly; "you are, absolutely. By gad, you know, I wish you'd come to Highcliffe, you know! You're just one of our sort. You make your people send you to Highcliffe, and we'll let you into our study—eh, Pon?"

"What-ho!" said Ponsonby.

He made his shot, and the red rolled into one pocket, and Ponsonby's ball into another.

"That's six, and game," said Vavasour. "Pony up two quids, my infant!"

The loser threw a couple of sovereigns carelessly on the green cloth. Ponsonby grinned with satisfaction as he slipped them into his waistcoat pocket.

"The silly asses!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, in utter disgust. "Ponsonby, your champion chump, here's your giddy monocle. Catch!"

The Highcliffians had been too engrossed in the game to see the group of Greyfriars fellows outside the window. They looked round in surprise as Bob Cherry spoke. Sir 'Arry had been a little behind the others, and now he came up, and as he glanced in at the window he gave a start.

"The gov'nor!" he ejaculated.

"He's not your gov'nor now," said Nugent.

Sir 'Arry flushed crimson as the boy inside the billiard-room glanced out at him, and laughed. He whispered something to his companions, and all the Highcliffians burst into a laugh. Ponsonby extracted an eyeglass from his waistcoat pocket—a new one, apparently—jammed it into his eye, and regarded Sir 'Arry as he might have regarded some strange, wild animal at the Zoo.

"So that's the merchant?" he exclaimed.

"Yes."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Where does the cackle come in, you silly chumps?" demanded Bob Cherry, puzzled. "What are you cackling at Beauclerc for?"

"Beauclerc! Ha, ha, ha!"

And the Highcliffians roared again, and their companion joined in. Sir 'Arry's face was quite crimson, and his eyelids were moist, as if he could hardly keep back tears. Ponsonby took the eyeglass from his eye, and as he did so Bob Cherry tossed the monocle he had captured into the room, and the two eyeglasses came together with a click. Bob's aim was good. It was a "cannon," and the two monocles fell to the floor in fragments.

"Right on the wicket, by Jove!" exclaimed Johnny Bull. Ponsonby uttered an exclamation of rage, and the Greyfriars fellows laughed in their turn.

"You rotten cad!" shouted Ponsonby. "For two pins I'd come out and lick you!"

"Come on!" said Bob cheerily. "We'll find two pins, if that's all that's stopping you."

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"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, let them go!" said Vavasour loftily. "They're not worth taking notice of, absolutely. These are—aw!—the manners of Greyfriars, where they let in all sorts of scholarship bounders—and other bounders, too. He, he, he!"

"Oh, come on!" said Bob. "I'm fed up with their cackle. A pretty row you silly fools would get into if one of your masters spotted you here. Come on, kids!"

Harry Wharton & Co. walked on, but Sir 'Arry paused after a few paces.

"You fellers go on," he said. "I want to speak to—the gov'nor."

Bob caught him by the arm.

"You come on with us, you young duffer!" he exclaimed. "That place is out of bounds, and you can't go into it. There'd be a row if you were spotted there."

"I'll only speak to him through the winder," said Sir 'Arry. "Lemme go! I—I must speak to 'im. I can't see 'im going on in that way without saying a word. Lemmo go!"

"Well, don't go in," said Bob, releasing the new junior reluctantly.

"Orlright; I won't go in."

Sir 'Arry hurried back towards the open window of the billiard-room, and the Greyfriars juniors resumed their walk more slowly. Sir 'Arry looked in at the window. Ponsonby and the gov'nor were already resuming their game.

"I say, sir!" called out Sir 'Arry softly.

"Hallo! Here's that fellow again!" said Ponsonby. "Do you want to speak to him, Beau?"

"No; I don't!"

"Jest come to the winder a minute, sir," said Sir 'Arry pleadingly. "I won't keep you 'ere more than a minute."

The youth made an angry gesture, but he came to the window. He regarded Sir 'Arry with a frown of annoyance. "Well, what is it?" he demanded abruptly.

"It ain't right for you to go on like this 'ere, sir!" said Sir 'Arry, in a low voice. "No; don't be ratty with me. It ain't, straight! You wouldn't be able to if you was at Greyfriars!"

"One jolly good reason why I won't go to Greyfriars!" growled the other.

"But I say, sir, I—"

"Don't preach to me, please!"

"I ain't goin' to preach to you, sir," said Sir 'Arry sadly. "But it ain't right, and you know it! When I agreed to do wot you wanted—"

"You made a dashed fuss about it, didn't you?" sneered the other. "Well, perhaps I'll let you off sooner than you expected. I mayn't want you to keep it up."

Sir 'Arry started.

"Gov'nor! It's too late now!"

"Too late! What do you mean?"

"I—I can't back out now!" said Sir 'Arry, with a scared look. "Wot am I to say? Wot will they think of me? I've made friends there. I can't! It can't be done now!"

"You fool! Did you think it would last for ever?"

"I—I took your word, sir—"

"Nonsense! It was to last exactly as long as it suited me, that's all. But don't be alarmed; it's all right at present. Let me see. I must see you and talk to you. I'll meet you one day next week, and talk it over. I want to arrange to go to Highcliffe, and if I can manage it, of course—"

"Them young fellers know your name, sir?"

"Of course they do!"

"And—and they know—"

"The whole bizney? Yes. Don't be afraid; they'll keep it dark, to oblige me, until I choose for it to come out."

"It ain't playing it fair, gov'nor! It ain't fair to me!"

"What rot! Look here, I can't tell how my arrangements may go—it may come to nothing—"

"I 'ope it won't!"

"Thanks! But I shall know next week, and I'll see you and tell you. Let me see—say next Monday. Come out one night—"

"We ain't allowed out arter dark, sir."

"Bosh! We don't want to be seen meeting by daylight, unless the whole show is to be given away, and it may not suit my book yet," said the other irritably. "Come out on Monday night, say, at ten o'clock, and meet me at the stile near Greyfriars."

"But I—I can't!"

"Don't let me hurry you, Beau!" said Ponsonby airily.

"But I'm waiting!"

"I'm coming! Ten o'clock, Monday night, kid!"

"But—"

The gov'nor did not wait to listen. He turned from the window and walked back to the billiard-table. Sir 'Arry gazed at him for a few moments, in silence, and then slowly

moved from the window and rejoined his chums, who were at some distance down the towing-path by this time.

Harry Wharton & Co. did not ask any questions. But a sort of constraint seemed to have fallen upon the hitherto merry party. Sir 'Arry was silent; he did not speak a word during the remainder of the walk, and the moody expression upon his face showed that he was plunged into the deepest and blackest depression. The Co. cut the walk short, and they returned in silence to Greyfriars.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

A Visitor for Sir 'Arry!

HARRY WHARTON was in a troubled and thoughtful mood that evening.

The meeting with the Highcliffe fellows and their companions was in his mind, and he could not help wondering.

He liked his new study-mate, Sir 'Arry was a fellow whom it was impossible to help liking. But—a strange and chilling doubt was creeping into Wharton's mind.

What was the mystery that seemed to be surrounding the schoolboy baronet?

Who was that fellow whom the Highcliffians had addressed as "Beau," and whom Sir 'Arry called his governor?

Why was the fellow called Beau? Was it a nickname? He was an elegant, dandified sort of fellow, certainly, who might have been given such a nickname. But it was more probable that it was a friendly abbreviation of Beaulere. Was Sir 'Arry's "guy'nor" a fellow of the same name as himself—a relation, perhaps? It was not likely, and yet, if that was not it, what was the explanation?

And Sir 'Arry's peculiar attachment to him, and evident respect for him—what did that mean?

If he had once served him in a humble capacity, that would account for it to a certain extent, but not wholly.

And besides, however poorly the boy had been brought up, was it likely that even a poor connection of the rich Beauleres would be sent out by his foster-father as a personal servant, to earn a petty wage?

It seemed incredible.

There was much in the matter that was perplexing, and Wharton remembered, too, Sir 'Arry's alarm on his first meeting with Nugent, when Nugent had carelessly referred to the talk the juniors had heard on Lantham Hill, his dread—for it was evidently dread—that the juniors had heard more.

What did it all mean?

There was some strange mystery about the schoolboy baronet, and Wharton could not help thinking that it was something that would not bear the light. Sir 'Arry was keeping a secret, and that secret was one that he could not venture to tell, even to the fellows who had become his chums.

Wharton felt utterly "rotten," as he would have described it, at this feeling of distrust towards a fellow he was friendly with, and who had, perhaps, saved his life. But he could not help it—it was there, and it was the curious circumstances surrounding the boy baronet that caused it.

He could not help a certain constraint creeping into his manner when he was with Sir 'Arry again.

But Sir 'Arry was so preoccupied that he did not seem to notice it. Sir 'Arry had been always cheery, and even merry—bright and careless as any of the juniors. But since his meeting with the Highcliffe fellows and the "guy'nor," he was silent, thoughtful, and depressed. At tea in the study after that walk he hardly spoke a word, and the next morning he was still only too clearly suffering from a specially severe attack of the "blue devils."

All the Remove fellows noticed it—it did not even escape the short-sighted eyes of Billy Bunter. Bunter attributed it to the fact that he had "dropped" his relation, and assumed a manner of lofty patronage towards him. But Sir 'Arry did not even notice the existence of the Owl of the Remove.

At the end of morning lessons Mr. Quelch addressed the schoolboy baronet before he dismissed the class.

"You will be excused from lessons this afternoon, Beaulere," he said.

"Yes, sir," said Sir 'Arry, in surprise.

"Your guardian is coming to see you," Mr. Quelch explained.

Sir 'Arry, who had risen from his form to follow the juniors out, stood rooted to the floor. He looked blankly at Mr. Quelch.

"My—my guardian, sir!" he stammered.

Mr. Quelch nodded kindly.

"Yes, Beaulere. I am glad to say that Mr. Lazenby is very much better, and is able to travel. He is leaving England for his health, but he wishes to see you here before he goes, so he is coming to Greyfriars on his way to Southampton. He will be here at three o'clock, and will have to leave again, I understand, at four, to catch the express for Southampton. You will be sure to be here when

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he comes. Perhaps you would like to meet him at the station?"

"Yes, sir," stammered Sir 'Arry.

"The train reaches Courtfield Station at half-past two," said the Remove-master. "You are free for the afternoon, Beaulere."

"Thank you, sir!"

Sir 'Arry followed the Remove out, walking like a fellow in a dream. The deep trouble in his face drew many eyes upon him. Bob Cherry took his arm affectionately.

"What's the row, kid?" he asked, as they went down the Form-room passage. "You look as if all the trouble of the giddy universe had dropped on you all of a sudden. Is there anything the matter?"

"Yes," groaned Sir 'Arry.

"Anything a pal can do to help?"

Sir 'Arry shook his head.

"You can't help me," he said. "You—you wouldn't understand. It's all right! I—I shall manage some'ow!"

Bob looked at him curiously.

"You don't want to see this lawyer chap?" he asked.

"Is that it?"

Sir 'Arry did not reply.

"I think I understand," said Bob.

Sir 'Arry stared at him quickly, almost wildly.

"You—you understand?" he stammered.

"I think so," said Bob cheerily. "I suppose he's some bothering old johnny—what? He's going to give you giddy lectures, and worry you, and you've got a bad hour to go through, is that it?"

"Something like that," said Sir 'Arry, looking relieved.

"Well, buck up, and make up your mind to it," said Bob encouragingly. "The old johnny's leaving England, it seems, and he's only got one hour to go for you. You can stand that. Then you'll be clear of him for a long time. However bothering he is, one hour of it won't hurt you, even if he jaws you all the time."

Sir 'Arry grinned faintly.

"It ain't exactly that," he said.

"I wish I could come with you to meet him at the station," said Bob. "I'd back you up. But I don't suppose Quelch would let me off."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Sir 'Arry hastily. "That's all right. I'd rather go alone. I—I think it would be better."

"Sure?" said Bob. "I could ask Quelch. He's very decent, you know—he might give me leave—"

"No; I—I think Mr. Lazenby would rather see me alone."

"Right-ho!" said Bob. "Buck up, and make up your mind to it, kid."

"I will!" said Sir 'Arry.

He left Bob as soon as he could, and walked away under the elms. He evidently wanted to be alone; and Bob, a little puzzled, let him go. But Billy Bunter had his eye on Sir 'Arry, and he joined him under the trees. Sir 'Arry did not notice him till Bunter caught him by the sleeve. Then he looked down angrily and impatiently, and shook off the fat hand of the Owl of the Remove.

"Let me alone!" he muttered.

"I say, you know, I know what's the matter with you," said Bunter, blinking at him. "It's all right, Beaulere—I don't bear malice."

"What do you mean?"

"Look here, I know exactly what's the matter."

"You are lyin'."

Bunter was a little taken aback. It certainly did not seem, from his curt reply, that Sir 'Arry was yearning to renew his acquaintance with his "relation." But the Owl of the Remove was not easily rebuffed.

"I'm not a chap to bear malice," said Bunter kindly, determined to take no notice of the schoolboy baronet's decidedly discouraging manner. "You were rotten to me the other day; but blood's thicker than water. After all, we're cousins, Beaulere. You're going to meet your guardian. I suppose he will stand you something handsome—what? You're bound to get a pretty good tip, I should think."

"You fat fool!"

"Ahem! If you like I'll come with you. I'll ask Mr. Quelch to let me off for an hour or so, and we'll go together."

"I don't want you."

"Ahem! Now, be pally, old chap!"

"Look here," said Sir 'Arry. "I'm not going to get any money from Mr. Lazenby. And if I did get any, I wouldn't give you a single stiver. Understand that?"

Bunter blinked at him, and read angry determination in his face. Evidently his diagnosis of the case had been mistaken—Sir 'Arry was not longing for his friendship. Bunter's little round eyes glittered spitefully behind his spectacles.

"You rotter! Do you think I want your beastly money?" he exclaimed. "On second thoughts, I don't think I should care to be seen with you—a rotten, low, rank outsider—Yowp!"

Smack!
Sir 'Arry's open hand smote Bunter full on his fat face, and Bunter staggered back against a tree-trunk, with a howl. The schoolboy-baronet walked away, leaving Bunter gasping, and crimson with wrath. Sir 'Arry had been noticeable for his good-nature and his patience, but both seemed to have failed him now.

"Oh, the rotter!" gasped Bunter, rubbing his cheek ruefully. "The low beast! I've a jolly good mind to go after him and wipe up the ground with him! Yow! But I won't soil my hands on such a low cad! Grooh! I shall decline to have anything more to do with him whatever! Ow!"

When the Removites went into the Form-room that afternoon, Sir 'Arry did not go with them. The juniors had seen him start in the direction of Courtfield—apparently to meet his guardian at the station. And the chums of the Remove had noted how gloomy and despondent he looked, and they could not help wondering why he should look forward to that meeting with the lawyer with so much dread and disquiet.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Missing!

MR. QUELCH was busy with his class about three o'clock that afternoon, when there was a tap at the Form-room door, and Trotter, the page, looked in. Mr. Quelch glanced round irritably. He did not like being interrupted during lessons. With the Remove fellows it was different; they felt quite grateful to Trotter.

Through the open doorway they could see an old gentleman standing in the passage. He was a little, old man, in a black frock-coat, with a grey beard and whiskers, and gold-rimmed glasses, over which he peered in a sort of owlish way. Evidently a visitor for someone in the Remove—and the juniors guessed that it was Mr. Lazenby, the guardian of Sir Harry Beauclerc.

"Well, what is it, Trotter?" asked Mr. Quelch sharply.

"If you please, sir, a gentleman to see Master Beauclerc—Mr. Lazenby, sir."

Mr. Quelch frowned.

He stepped to the doorway and bowed to the little, old gentleman.

"Mr. Lazenby?" he asked.

"Yes. I presume that I can see my ward?" asked the lawyer. "I wrote to Dr. Locke on the subject, and as I have little time to spare—"

"Quite so. But—"

"I am sorry to interrupt a lesson, sir; but under the circumstances I am sure you will excuse—"

"Certainly, certainly!" But Beauclerc is not here," said Mr. Quelch. "Did he not meet you at the station?"

"At the station? No!"

"He was given leave from lessons this afternoon, on account of your visit, Mr. Lazenby," the Remove-master explained. "He went to Courtfield to meet your train at the station. You came by the two-thirty, as stated in your letter, I presume?"

"Certainly."

"Beauclerc had ample time to reach the station. It is very odd indeed that you should have missed him," said Mr. Quelch, with a puzzled frown. "He has not come back, so I suppose he is waiting at the station for you still. However, he will soon return, I presume."

"This is very annoying. I must leave at four o'clock—the express leaves Courtfield at four-thirty," said Mr. Lazenby. "As I am leaving England for some considerable time, I particularly wish to see my ward."

"I quite understand. But there is no reason why you should not see him. He is certain to come directly back when he finds that he has missed you."

The old solicitor frowned and bit his lip.

"I am not so sure of that," he said. "He is a very headstrong and wilful boy, and he was very much averse to coming to this school. I cannot help suspecting that he has missed me intentionally."

Mr. Quelch looked astonished. The dialogue was audible to all the fellows in the Form-room, and they were exchanging glances. Some of them were grinning—regarding it as quite a "lark" for Sir 'Arry to play that little trick on his guardian. That he could have missed the old gentleman by accident was unbelievable.

"Surely you are mistaken, sir!" Mr. Quelch exclaimed.

"The boy would never play such a disrespectful prank."

"I have never found him respectful, at all events,"

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FRANK RICHARDS

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"CHUCKLES," 1/2

grumbled Mr. Lazenby. "A most wilful and headstrong boy—very, very difficult indeed to deal with. But you have probably discovered that for yourself. I understand that you are his Form-master."

"I am certainly his Form-master," said Mr. Quelch. "But I have not discovered the traits in his character you speak of. So far from being headstrong or wilful, I have found him one of the best boys in my class—always respectful, always obedient, very hard-working, and very kind and attentive to others."

"Are you serious?" the old gentleman exclaimed.

"Most decidedly I am serious!" said Mr. Quelch tartly. "I beg your pardon. But you astound me. If what you tell me is correct—excuse me, of course it is correct—but it is very astonishing. It proves that my judgment was right in sending him to Greyfriars; for it is a most amazing change for the better in his character. I should certainly never have recognised my ward by your description of him. You have found him a satisfactory pupil?"

"Entirely satisfactory."

"And never disrespectful—I may say, insolent or overbearing?"

"Never on a single occasion."

"Well, well, I must say I am very glad to hear it!" said Mr. Lazenby, evidently still greatly astonished. "It is indeed good news. I have had very great fears for the boy's future, on account of those faults in his character I have mentioned. Such a change is very gratifying indeed, and I congratulate myself, sir, for having sent him here."

Mr. Quelch bowed. He was a little flattered. If Sir Harry Beauclerc had been as Mr. Lazenby described, undoubtedly Greyfriars had exercised an extremely beneficial influence upon him.

"However, I must see him," said Mr. Lazenby. "I was, unfortunately, unable to come here with him in the first place; but it is important for me to see him before I leave England. And my time is short—"

"I will send someone to Courtfield to look for him if you desire it," suggested Mr. Quelch. "One of the boys would willingly go; it would not take long on his bicycle."

"You are very kind. I accept your offer gladly."

"Very well." Mr. Quelch turned round to the Form.

"Wharton!"

Harry Wharton rose at once.

"Will you cycle down to Courtfield and look for Beauclerc at the station and bring him back as quickly as possible?" said Mr. Quelch.

"Certainly, sir!"

Harry Wharton quitted the Form-room at once and hurried round to the bike-shed. Mr. Lazenby was shown into the library to wait for his ward, and the Remove resumed their lessons.

Harry Wharton wheeled his machine out of the school gates, and rode away to Courtfield very cheerfully. He was not sorry to have a spin on that sunny afternoon, instead of grinding in the Form-room. But he was not at all sure that he would find Beauclerc at the station. If the junior had been waiting there for the train, it was almost impossible that he could have missed his guardian by accident. Besides, he must know that the train had come in, so why did he not return to the school, to find his guardian there?

It seemed only too clear to Wharton that Sir 'Arry had intentionally missed Mr. Lazenby. Why, was a mystery he could not fathom. Sir 'Arry had evidently dreaded the meeting, and he had avoided it; but his motive it was impossible to guess.

The ride to Courtfield did not take long. Harry Wharton jumped off his machine outside the station, and hurried in. He looked on the various platforms, and round about the station, but there was no sign of Sir 'Arry. He inquired of several porters, but none of them remembered seeing a junior waiting about. It was pretty clear that Sir 'Arry had not been there at all.

At all events, it was certain that he was not there now. Wharton remounted his machine, and rode back to Greyfriars. His search for Sir 'Arry had taken some little time, and, though he rode fast, it was a quarter to four by the time he reached the school again.

He found Mr. Lazenby pacing up and down outside the School House, in a state of visible impatience and annoyance. The old gentleman was thinking of his train.

"Hasn't he come back, sir?" Wharton asked, as he came up, a little breathlessly.

"No! Did you not find him at the station?"

"No, sir."

Mr. Lazenby uttered an exclamation of annoyance.

"Bless my soul! This is most provoking! He cannot be waiting for the next train, even, as you say he is not at the station. The young rascal! This is a piece of impertinence—deliberate impertinence! I cannot wait for him!"

Mr. Lazenby hurried into the house, and Wharton wheeled his machine away. He could not help thinking that there was something more than impertinence in it. Sir 'Arry must have had a good reason for playing such a trick. When Wharton came back to the Form-room, he found Mr. Lazenby talking to the Remove-master in the passage.

"It is most provoking!" the old gentleman was saying. "I am convinced that this is a piece of intentional impertinence towards me, Mr. Quelch!"

"I must admit that it looks like it, sir," said the Remove-master, who was frowning. "I cannot understand it. It is not like Beauclerc—as I know him!"

"It is very like him—as I know him!" snapped Mr. Lazenby. "I fear he has deceived you as to his character, sir. At all events, I trust that he will be punished for this act of deliberate disrespect towards his guardian!"

"Undoubtedly—unless he can give me some very satisfactory explanation," said the Remove-master, setting his lips. "Unless he can explain his conduct to my satisfaction, I shall certainly cane him most severely!"

"I must go now," said Mr. Lazenby, looking at his watch. "I cannot lose my train. It is very provoking indeed!"

And the little old gentleman hurried away fussily to his waiting cab, and drove away from the school. Mr. Quelch returned to the Remove, with his brows contracted in anger. After giving the old solicitor such an excellent character of his ward, it was very provoking to Mr. Quelch, too, for Beauclerc to act in such a manner.

"There's a high old time in store for poor old 'Arry when he comes in," Bob Cherry murmured to Wharton. "What on earth did the young ass do it for?"

"May have been an accident, somehow, Bob."

"No jolly fear!"

Sir 'Arry did not return before lessons were over. The Remove were dismissed, and they streamed out of the Form-room, most of them wondering what had become of Sir 'Arry, who did not return in time for tea in the study, either. Wharton and Nugent waited for him some time, and then had their tea, very uneasy in their minds about their new chum.

They were beginning to think that some accident must have happened to him, as dusk descended upon Greyfriars; but just as Gosling was going down to the gates to lock up, the missing junior came in.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Nothing to Say!

SIR 'ARRY looked tired, and a little dusty, as he came in. Gosling gave him a grim look.

"Only jest in time, Master Beauclerc," he said, holding up the big iron key. "You'd 'ave been locked out in another two minutes! Which you're to go to Mr. Quelch's study at once! And wot I says is this 'ere—"

"All right," said Sir 'Arry.

He walked away towards the School House, and Gosling snorted and locked the gates. In the house, Sir 'Arry's chums were waiting for him.

"Here he is!" exclaimed Nugent, in great relief. "'Arry, you ass, I was beginning to think you'd been run over, or something! Where have you been?"

"I've been out."

"We know you've been out," said Wharton. "Didn't you go to Courtfield Station to meet your guardian, 'Arry?"

"No!"

"Well, you must be a duffer!" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "That's what Quelch let you off lessons for!"

"I know. He's been here?" asked Sir 'Arry.

"Your guardian? Yes. He cleared off at four o'clock; he couldn't miss the Southampton express. But you knew that?"

"Yes, I knew it," said Sir 'Arry quietly.

"You did it on purpose?" said Bob.

"Yes."

"Well, you are an awful ass! Quelch is frightfully ratty! You're to go in and see him about it!"

"Yes, I know," said Sir 'Arry dully. "I ain't afraid of a licking!"

And he walked away to the Remove-master's study. The juniors remained silent and uneasy. Not a single word of explanation had Sir 'Arry proffered of his extraordinary conduct. And the chums of the Remove, though they were not inquisitive, could not help feeling hurt at his want of confidence.

They had chummed with him, they had taken him into the select circle of the "Co.," and surely he might have been expected not to keep secrets from them in this way.

Sir 'Arry tapped at the Form-master's door, and entered. Mr. Quelch fixed his eyes upon him in a way that would have made any junior feel uncomfortable, and Sir 'Arry's glance dropped shamefacedly.

"So you have returned?" said Mr. Quelch grimly.

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FOR NEXT MONDAY—

"THE WRONG SORT!"

"Yessir."
"I gave you your freedom from lessons this afternoon in order that you might see your guardian, Beauclerc."

"Yessir."

"You appear to have missed meeting Mr. Lazenby with deliberate intention. However, I am prepared to hear any explanation you have to make. I should be very sorry indeed to think that I have been mistaken in you, Beauclerc," said Mr. Quelch, more kindly. "I cannot think of any accident that may have prevented you from meeting your guardian. But I should be glad to hear of any explanation of your extraordinary conduct; I do not wish to think you deliberately disrespectful and insolent!"

Sir 'Arry's face was crimson.

"It ain't that, sir," he stammered.

"Well, well, what explanation have you to make?"

"I—I ain't got nothing to say, sir."

"What?" Mr. Quelch's brow was like thunder. "You have no explanation—no excuse to offer, Beauclerc?"

"No, sir."

"You admit that you deliberately failed to meet your guardian, although he came here specially to see you, and I had informed you that he could not stay more than an hour at the school?"

"Yes, sir."

"Beauclerc, you amaze me! You understand, of course, that you will be severely punished for this conduct, and that it changes very much the good opinion I had of you?"

"I s'pose so, sir," said Sir 'Arry miserably. "I—I didn't want to meet Mr. Lazenby, sir. That's 'ow it was, and that's all I can say!"

"I had just given Mr. Lazenby an excellent account of you, Beauclerc. You followed it up by acting in this outrageous manner. Did you not consider, boy, the position you placed me in—me, your Form-master?"

"I'm very sorry, sir."

"But you must have had some motive, Beauclerc," said Mr. Quelch, more puzzled than angry, though he was very angry indeed. "You cannot have acted in this manner without a motive of some sort, I presume!"

Sir 'Arry was silent.

"Have you nothing to say, Beauclerc?"

"Nothing, sir."

Mr. Quelch rose to his feet, and selected a cane.

"Very well," he said coldly. "I am disappointed in you, Beauclerc. I have evidently formed a wrong opinion of you —I may say, you have deceived me. Hold out your hand, sir!"

And there and then Mr. Quelch administered a caning such as he seldom inflicted upon a junior. He was justly angry, and Sir 'Arry felt the full weight of his anger.

The boy endured the caning quietly, without a sound coming from his lips, though they had turned very white. Mr. Quelch gave him six strokes, each of them what the juniors would have called a "twister." Then he laid down the cane.

"You may go!" he said.

Sir 'Arry turned towards the door. He hesitated, and turned back.

"Mr. Quelch, I—I—he stammered—"I—I'm sorry that I've made you think bad of me—I'm very sorry indeed. I don't mind the canin'; but—but I 'ope you don't think, sir, as 'ow I would be cheeky to you, sir. That 'urts me more than the lickin', arter the way you 'ave been kind to me!"

The Remove-master was touched, in spite of himself.

"I am still willing to hear you, Beauclerc, if you can give even the slightest excuse of your conduct," he said.

"I—I can't do that, sir!"

"Then I can only think that you have been deliberately impertinent to both your guardian and myself. Leave my study!"

And the junior went out without a word.

He stood in the passage, after he had closed the door, struggling hard to keep back his tears. It was not the caning, severe as it had been, that brought the tears to his eyes. But they would come, in spite of him, and they blinded him as he went down the passage. A good many fellows looked at him, and Snoop burst into a cackle.

"Blubbing, by gum! Blessed if he isn't blubbing!"

"Shut up, you cad!" growled Bolsover major, giving Sidney James Snoop a shove that sent him reeling. "Hold your beastly tongue!"

Sir 'Arry looked neither to the right or left as he went up to his study. He did not even see the juniors. He found Study No. 1 untenanted, and Wharton and Nugent left him to himself there. It was half an hour later, when they came in to do their preparation, and they found Sir 'Arry already at work then, with suspiciously-red rims to his eyes.

"Got it pretty bad?" asked Nugent.

Sir 'Arry nodded.

"It wasn't that!" he said, in a low voice. "I can stand a lickin'. But—but—I don't like Mr. Quelch to think bad of me, arter the way he's treated me so well. He thinks I've been a rotter, and—and—I 'spose it can't be 'elped!"

"But what on earth did you do it for?" exclaimed Wharton.

Sir 'Arry did not reply.

"You know that trouble would follow, surely?" Nugent demanded.

"Yes, I knowed that!"

"Then, why—"

"Tain't any good talkin'," said Sir 'Arry. "I 'ad to do it! Couldn't be 'elped; but I can't exactly tell you 'ow it was. That's all!"

"Well, you are a queer fish!" said Frank, as he sat down at the table. "Of course, Quelch thinks it was pure cheek. Blessed if I see how he could think it was anything else! Old Lazenby was in a rare state, too! It was rather rotten of you, 'Arry!"

"I 's'pose it was," said Sir 'Arry wretchedly. "You think me a rotter now, too?"

"Rats!" said Nugent quickly. "I don't think anything of the sort. I suppose you had a reason—and you needn't tell us if you don't want to. Let's chuck the subject and pile into prep."

So they chucked the subject and piled into preparation; and nothing more was said about it in Study No. 1. But Wharton and Nugent did not find Sir 'Arry a cheerful companion that evening.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Short of Cash!

TEN bob each would do it!" said Bob Cherry thoughtfully, "and it's a lovely afternoon, and Topford have scratched! Let's go!"

"Let's!" said all the Co. together.

It was Saturday afternoon, and Topford had scratched their match with the Remove almost at the last moment. Lord Mauleverer had proposed a run in a car for the afternoon; and in his usual lavish manner, had offered to "stand" the car. But the Co. would not hear of that.

"Plenty of spongers fattening on you, Mauly, without our joining the noble army," Bob Cherry said affectionately. "We'll stand our whack, or we won't go! But some of us are in funds, and the others can live on their expectations. Ten bob each will do it."

"We can raise that easily enough," said Harry Wharton. "Funds are in common in the family circle, and I've got a quid."

"Pony up, 'Arry!"

Sir 'Arry started.

"Pony up!" he repeated. "'Ow much?"

"Ten bob," said Nugent. "Nothing to a giddy, bloated scion of the aristocracy like you, 'Arry. We have to scrape it together, but you've only got to press a button. Pony up the ten boblets."

Sir 'Arry reddened.

"I—I'm sorry, you chaps, but I ain't got it!" he said. "I've run out of money!"

"You—run out of money!" exclaimed Nugent. "But you're rolling in tin!"

"No, I ain't!" said Sir 'Arry awkwardly. "I 'ad ten quid when I came 'ere, but I ain't 'ad any since. And it's run out. Bunter's had nearly 'arf of it! I didn't know as 'ow he never paid up, or I wouldn't 'ave lent him so much. But I'm stony now!"

Nugent whistled.

"But you have an allowance?" said Johnny Bull.

Sir 'Arry shook his head.

"You don't!" exclaimed all the juniors together.

"No; I was to 'ave 'ad one, but—but I won't ask for no money," said Sir 'Arry, his face growing redder and redder. "I—I— It's all right! You fellers go, and leave me at 'ome. I'll do some Latin with Linley—I'd really like that better. I ain't well up in the class work yet."

"Look here, you're not going to stay in and swot while we

go rolling round the town!" said Nugent. "You're coming with us. If you can't stand your whack, it's all right—we can raise the dubs. You can settle another time."

"But p'r'aps I can't!"

"What rot! Why, you're going to have twenty thousand a year when you're grown up. Do you mean to say that your guardian has gone away without arranging for you to have a regular allowance?" exclaimed Nugent indignantly. "I suppose that's because you cut him the other day. You were an ass, 'Arry!"

"I was an ass to come 'ere at all," said Sir 'Arry bitterly. "I know that now!"

"Bosh! Quelch says you've improved wonderfully here—he told Lazenby so," grinned Johnny Bull. "According to Lazenby, you used to be—ahem—I won't tell you what you used to be according to Lazenby. You certainly succeeded in getting on that old johnny's wrong side, 'Arry. But it's all rot; if you don't have an allowance, we'll club together and give you one, and you can settle up with us when old Lazenby shells out. He must shell out sooner or later, of course!"

"You don't understand!"

"Besides, most likely he's arranged with the Head, or with Mr. Quelch, about your allowance," Nugent suggested. "Have you asked?"

"No!"

"Then buzz off and ask now."

Sir 'Arry shook his head again.

"I ain't goin' to ask for any money," he said. "If it ain't given to me, I won't ask for it. You chaps clear off and leave me at 'ome!"

The chums of the Remove regarded him with amazed looks. They could not understand him in the least.

"But if Mr. Lazenby's arranged with the Head to hand you your allowance, it's your money," said Wharton. "You've a right to it, you duffer!"

"I ain't going to ask for any money," repeated Sir 'Arry stubbornly. "P'r'aps Bunter will shell out some time—"

"Catch him!" said Nugent, with a sniff. "Bunter never shells out. If we'd known you were short of tin, we'd have looked after that, and not let him plunder you. But I thought you had heaps of tin, like old Mauly!"

"Well, I ain't!"

"Blessed if I understand you," said Nugent. "If old Lazenby's forgotten your allowance—and that's not likely—you could get an advance from the Head by asking him. But if you won't you won't, and it's your own business. I suppose, Mauly, old man, you wanted to stand treat for the whole crowd, and we won't let you. You can treat 'Arry if you like. It's up to members of the giddy nobility to stand by one another."

"Begad, my dear fellow, I shall be jolly glad!" said Lord Mauleverer.

"I ain't sponging on anybody," said Sir 'Arry quietly but very firmly. "Much obliged to you, all the same."

"Well, I must say you're not an easy chap to deal with," said Nugent, a little tartly. "You don't want to muck up the excursion this afternoon, I suppose?"

"Course I don't!" said Sir 'Arry. "Leave me at 'ome. I sha'n't mind a bit. Take another fellow who can stump up."

"But we want you, not another chap."

"I'm afraid it can't be 'elped. I 'ope you fellers will 'ave a good time," said Sir 'Arry; and he left the study to avoid further argument.

"Well, I'm blowed!" was Bob Cherry's amazed comment. "Seems to me a silly ass!" said Nugent irritably. "Well, are we going or not?"

"Yaas," said Lord Mauleverer. "We'll order the car by 'phone, and when it comes we'll chuck 'Arry into it, whether he likes it or not—what?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good egg!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, clapping his lordship on the shoulder heartily. "You're simply bursting with good ideas lately, Mauly!"

"Ow! Don't bust my shoulder, though!" groaned Lord Mauleverer. "I'll go and telephone, and you chaps keep an eye on 'Arry."

"Right-ho!"

After dinner a handsome car came buzzing down from the garage at Courtfield, and a crowd of fellows gathered round to see the excursionists start. Sir 'Arry looked at the car from the window in the Remove passage with a clouded brow. His face was gloomy, and his feelings were bitter. The schoolboy baronet, who had been envied by many of the juniors, and toadied by some, on account of his wealth, had sixpence in his pocket, and no prospect of augmenting that insignificant sum—a circumstance that he would have found very difficult to explain to the other fellows.

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"Here he is!" said Bob Cherry, coming along the passage. "Ready, 'Arry?"

"I ain't coming, you know," said Sir 'Arry. "Your mistake. You are," said Bob, laughing. "Collar him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"But I say—look 'ere—leggo—my 'at!"
The chums of the Remove did not heed Sir 'Arry's startled expostulations. They collared him without ceremony, and he was whirled off his feet and rushed down the stairs. With his arms and legs wildly flying in the air, the schoolboy baronet was rushed out of the house and pitched bodily into the car. There was a roar of laughter from the crowd round the motor-car. Sir 'Arry sat up, dazed and breathless.

"But I say—" he ejaculated.
"Shurrup!" said Bob Cherry. "If you give us any more trouble, we'll make a footstool of you. Cheese it!"

"Yaas, begad," said Lord Mauleverer, as he stepped into the big car. "This is where you ring off, my dear fellow!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

The chums of the Remove piled into the car. Billy Bunter came tearing out of the house in a terrific hurry. He had just heard of the expedition.

"I say, you fellows, wait for me! I'm coming!"
"Buck up, chauffeur," said Lord Mauleverer anxiously. The car glided down the drive. Bunter rushed after it, waving a fat hand excitedly.

"Hold on, you fellows! I say, I'm coming with my cousin! Look here—Oh, you beasts! Yah!"

And Bunter stood in the gateway, and shook a fat fist furiously as the car buzzed down the road. The juniors turned and kissed their hands to the infuriated Bunter.

"I say, lemme gerrup!" gasped Sir 'Arry, who was pinned down in the bottom of the car, under five or six boots.

"Coming quietly?" asked Bob Cherry.
Sir 'Arry grinned.

"Yes—lemme get up, you chump!"
Bob Cherry removed his boot from his chum's chest, and Sir 'Arry scrambled up. Room was made for him on the seat, and he gasped for breath, and dusted himself down ruefully.

"Couldn't leave you behind, 'Arry!" said Wharton, laughing. "You've got to let Mauly stand treat now!"

"Yaas, begad!"
"Course I'm glad to come!" said Sir 'Arry. "But—"

"No 'buts'—shut up!" said Bob Cherry. "Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here are the Highcliffe cads! Give 'em a yell!"

Ponsonby & Co. were in the road near Friardale. Wharton noticed that Sir 'Arry's "guv'nor" was with them, and he stared superciliously at the car and the merry crowd of juniors packed in it.

His glance lighted upon Sir 'Arry, and a sneering smile crossed his lips, and the Highcliffe fellows all laughed together. A look of pain came over Sir 'Arry's face—as if that sneer on the handsome face of his "guv'nor" had struck him like a blow.

Ponsonby put up an eyeglass—the swell of Highcliffe seemed to have an inexhaustible supply of eyeglasses—and stared loftily at the Greyfriars juniors as the car buzzed by.

Ponsonby wished to crush them with a stare of supercilious disdain—but the effect was somewhat spoiled by Bob Cherry, who had an apple in his pocket, and jerked it out and hurled it as they passed. The apple caught Ponsonby on the chin, and the elegant Highcliffian dropped his eyeglass, staggered back, and sat down in a bed of nettles. His startled yell rang out after the car, and the juniors answered it with a roar of laughter.

"Poor old Pon—always looking for trouble, and always finding it!" sighed Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
And Bob looked back to kiss his fingers affectionately at Ponsonby, who was almost dancing with rage, and shaking both fists wildly after the car.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER. Betrayed!

WINGATE, the captain of Greyfriars, had seen lights out in the Remove dormitory.

It was Monday night. The usual cheery chat ran from bed to bed, but Sir 'Arry was not taking part in it. But he was not asleep, though he lay silent while the fellows would go to sleep in time for him to get out of the dormitory unseen. His "guv'nor" had fixed ten o'clock, in his high-handed, arbitrary manner, for the meeting by the stile in Friardale Lane, and it would take the schoolboy baronet a quarter of an hour at least to get there. And the juniors did not go to bed before half-past nine.

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FOR NEXT
MONDAY—

"THE WRONG SORT!"

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

Sir 'Arry heard the quarter to ten strike, and he groaned inwardly. Either he had to be late for the appointment, or he had to quit the Remove dormitory with the full knowledge of the whole Form. He shrank from that. It was dangerous—for among so many fellows there were two or three who might have "sneaked," and breaking bounds after dark was a serious matter. And above all he shrank from letting his chums know that he was going.

But to keep his "guv'nor" waiting—that was almost as serious, to the simple lad whose devotion to a supercilious and ungrateful fellow seemed impossible to break. Sir 'Arry could not help fearing that if the Co. found that he was going, they would try to stop him, even by force, for his own good—and he could not explain to them why he must go. He lay in mental anguish while the minutes passed, and the chatter still ran on.

The voices died away at last, as ten o'clock was striking. There was silence in the Remove dormitory, following the last stroke of the clock.

Sir 'Arry slipped softly out of bed. He was already late, and he could only hope that the "guv'nor" had waited for him. He dressed quickly and quietly in the dark, and, taking his boots in his hand, stole on tiptoe from the dormitory.

Downstairs there were still lights, the masters were yet up, and most of the seniors; but Sir 'Arry did not go downstairs. He had planned by daylight the way he would get out. In the dormitory passage he stopped to put on his boots, and then he opened a little window at the end of the passage, outside which the ivy hung in thick masses. It was a dangerous descent in the dark; but Sir 'Arry did not hesitate for a single moment.

He swung himself out on the sill, and, crouching there, closed the window behind him. Then he scrambled down the ivy.

In a few minutes he was upon the ground.

He scudded away towards the school wall, climbed it lightly, and dropped into the road, and, without a pause, started at a run for the cross-roads in the lane.

Before he came in sight of the stile the quarter-past had rung out from the village church. He came up panting at last. A red spark gleamed through the darkness, and he knew that it proceeded from the end of a lighted cigarette. Someone was waiting at the stile—and the cigarette was proof enough for Sir 'Arry that it was the "guv'nor." He slackened down his pace, breathing more freely with relief. He had feared that

the other might be gone.
The handsome, petulant face of the "guv'nor" looked at him over the glowing end of the cigarette. The face showed angry impatience.

"You're late, confound you!"
"I couldn't 'elp it, sir!" faltered Sir 'Arry. "The fellers wouldn't go to sleep, and I couldn't 'ave come out under all their noses, you know!"

"What rot!"
"Some of them would have stopped me—my friends would. They wouldn't know that I 'ad to come, and they'd 'ave thought I was gettin' into trouble of some sort."

"They won't think much about you at all any longer!" growled the other. "This comedy is going to finish, kid!"

"You don't mean it!"
The other boy shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"Of course I mean it. I warned you the other day, didn't I?"

Sir 'Arry's face showed very pale in the starlight.
"I couldn't think as 'ow you meant it, Master 'Arry!" he said. "I couldn't think as you would be so cruel and unfeelin'!"

"Nonsense! You only went to Greyfriars to oblige me—why, you didn't want to do it. You made fuss enough about going. I know that."

"Yes, before I went. That was different," said Sir 'Arry, in a low voice. "I didn't want to go for to do it, because it was deceevin'." It meant tellin' lies. But you persuaded me—

you said as my father would be turned out of his farm if I didn't do wot you wished, sir. And goodness knows 'ow I've longed for schooling," the lad went on, with a break in his voice. "I was glad of the chance, so far as that went. But—

you never said nothing about going back on me like this. Arter going there, and making friends and that—"

"Rubbish! As if a rotten little outsider like you would make friends among gentlemen's sons!"

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"Outsider or not, I've made friends—some of the best chaps in the school," said Sir 'Arry quietly.

"Those cads I saw you with in the motor-car on Saturday?" asked the other, with a sneer.

"They're not cads, sir—they're the best fellows that ever breathed," said Sir 'Arry, with a ring of anger in his voice. "Don't you call them names. They've been good to me—though I drop my 'h's,' and don't know any manners. They're the best chaps—"

"Because they believe you to be a rich baronet, I suppose."

"They believe me a baronet, but they don't believe me rich now—I ain't any money," said Sir 'Arry bitterly. "You asked me to take that part at Greyfriars, but you left me without any money to keep it up."

"Well, you won't have to keep it up any longer."

"I must. You can't go back on me like that!" exclaimed the junior, in a tone of sharp distress. "They won't understand 'ow it was—they'll think that I was a common cheat and liar! You can't give me away like that."

"You young ass! Did you think you could go on playing the part of Sir Harry Beauclerc for ever?" demanded the other impatiently. "It was bound to come out sooner or later. Old Lazenby will see you sooner or later. Besides, I can't lend you my name for ever. It's come to the point now. I didn't want to go to Greyfriars—and I wouldn't go. I thought of staying on at the farm, or going about and having a good time. But now I've made some friends at Highcliffe—"

"They're not good friends to you, sir, from the way they was leadin' you to act!"

"For goodness' sake, don't give me a sermon, kid! I've made up my mind to go to Highcliffe—Ponsonby has pointed out to me that I must go to school sooner or later—and I can have a good time at Highcliffe, too. They want me there. It was only a question of working it with old Lazenby. There's no reason why he shouldn't send me to Highcliffe instead of Greyfriars. Besides, you couldn't keep it up very long. Blessed if I know how you managed to pass for a baronet at all—you, a common farmer's son—and a devilish poor farmer at that. I shouldn't wonder if some of the Greyfriars fellows already suspect you of being a daw in borrowed plumes."

"They don't."

"Well, it's got to come to an end now. I've fixed it up with Ponsonby and the rest to come to Highcliffe, and I've come to see you now to tell you. The best thing you can do is to slip quietly away from Greyfriars."

Sir 'Arry's face was hard and white.

"You mean that, sir?"

"Of course."

"You're goin' back on me—arter I trusted to your word?"

The real Sir Harry Beauclerc shrugged his shoulders.

"You can put it like that if you like," he said. "I don't see why I shouldn't make use of you. I'll compensate you—when I come into my money I'll see that you don't want."

Sir 'Arry's lip curled.

"Keep your money!" he said bitterly. "I don't want your money! You don't think of anythin' but money! Do you think I'd 'ave done wot I've done for money? I did it because we was brought up together as brothers, though I've never forgotten the difference in our position. I would always 'ave done anything for you, and you knowed it, and you took advantage of it to put me into this rotten position. It was mean of you, sir; it was cowardly! Now they'll all think me a cheat—an impostor—"

The junior's voice broke.

"Well, you are an impostor, if you come to that!" said Sir Harry Beauclerc coolly.

The Greyfriars junior clenched his fists hard.

"You—you say that?" he muttered. "You, wot drove me into it against my will, 'cause I couldn't refuse to do wot you asked!"

"Don't let's have any heroics. I tell you it's time to finish this nonsense; and I've written to Lazenby already!"

"Then—then it's done?"

"Yes. He's at Dieppe now, and I've written to him explaining. I've told him I never went to Greyfriars, and that I won't go to Greyfriars and that I want to go to Highcliffe. I shall fix it all right with him. He'll write to Dr. Locke, of course; so the sooner you clear out of Greyfriars the better it will be for you! I shouldn't wonder if Dr. Locke gets his letter to-morrow."

"Master Harry! You—you've done this—to me!"

Sir Harry Beauclerc yawned and lighted another cigarette. There was not a trace of feeling in his hard, supercilious face. It was evident that the emotion of the unfortunate junior, his helpless catspaw, only bored him.

"I'll pay you well for your trouble, Jack Holt," he said.

"I think we've said enough. I can't stay here any longer."

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"You'll pay me!" The junior's pent-up anger and scorn broke out. "You won't pay me! You hound—you cur! I'll never touch your money!"

"Hoity-toity!" said Sir Harry Beauclerc, laughing. "Don't ride the high horse, kid; it doesn't suit you—it doesn't a little bit! Be sensible! Why—why— What— You cheeky hound!" roared the baronet, as he reeled back from a blow full in the face.

He staggered against the stile, his eyes blazing with rage.

"You—you dare to lift your hand to me—you beggar—you pauper!" he gasped.

The Greyfriars junior's eyes were blazing, too.

"I'm done with you," he said. "You're a baronet and a gentleman, and I'm a poor man's son; but I'd be ashamed to act like wot you've done. I'd never 'ave played a dirty trick like this on a fellow wot trusted to my word! You're a cad, Sir Harry Beauclerc—a cad and a liar and a coward! This is the end of it! And now come on, if you like! I've never lifted my 'and against you afore, though, goodness knows, you've tried my temper often enough; but I've 'ad enough of it now. Come on, Sir Harry Beauclerc, liar and sneak, and the poor farmer's son will thrash you within an inch of your life!"

Sir Harry Beauclerc did not accept the invitation. He wiped his face, where the junior's fist had struck, his eyes gleaming with rage and spite.

"I won't touch you," he said, between his teeth. "But I'll make you smart for this, all the same, Jack Holt! All's at an end between us now!"

"All the better!"

Sir Harry Beauclerc turned and strode away. The boy who had been known by his name at Greyfriars looked after him for a moment or two, and then turned also, and went back slowly and heavily towards the school—his home for a few short days—his home no longer.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Last of Sir 'Arry!

HARRY WHARTON awoke suddenly. There was a glimmer of candle-light in the Remove dormitory. Someone was moving about.

Wharton sat up in bed, and glanced towards the light.

Sir 'Arry, fully dressed, was out of bed. He had a bag in his hand, and was kneeling before his open box, evidently packing things into the bag.

Wharton stared at him blankly.

"'Arry!" he exclaimed.

The junior started, and looked round. A flush came into his pale cheeks as he caught Wharton's eyes fixed upon him in wonder.

"I—I didn't know you was awake!" he stammered. "I was as quiet as I could."

"What are you up to, 'Arry?"

"Puttin' my things together," said 'Arry drearily. "You go to sleep, Master Wharton! You won't see me any more, though it was hard to go without sayin' good-bye!"



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"To go!" repeated Wharton. "Where are you going?"
Sir 'Arry gave a short, dry laugh.
"Ome!" he said.
"Home! I don't understand you! Look here, 'Arry—"
"Hush!" muttered Sir 'Arry, with a nervous glance along the row of beds. "You'll wake them, Master Wharton! I— You'll know all about it to-morrow—"
"I'm going to know about it to-night!" said Wharton, slipping out of bed. "If you're thinking of running away from school, you young ass, I'll jolly soon stop you! I'll call the chaps; and we'll—"

"Don't!" muttered Sir 'Arry. "If—if you must know, come down to the study—I've got to go there for the rest of my things. I'll explain. But don't wake the others—I couldn't stand facing them all! Quiet!"

The earnestness of the junior, and the anguish only too plainly written in his tortured face, impressed Wharton strangely. He nodded shortly. Sir 'Arry extinguished the candle, and Wharton dressed quietly in the dark. Sir 'Arry finished his packing, and they left the dormitory quietly together. The hour was late; the whole School House was dark and silent. They did not speak a word till they were in No. 1 Study. Wharton closed the door and lighted the gas, keeping it low.

In the dim light Sir 'Arry fumbled about for his books and other personal belongings, and packed them into the bag, among them the well-thumbed Virgil which Wharton had seen him reading on Lantham Hill on the day of their first meeting.

"Well?" said Wharton, breaking the silence. "You can pack all you like, 'Arry, but you're not going, you know!"

"I got to go, Master Wharton. I'd be kicked out if I was 'ere to-morrow!" said Sir 'Arry. "The 'Ead will know to-morrow."

"What do you mean? What will the Head know?"

"About me—about my deceivin' him—deceivin' you all!" groaned Sir 'Arry. "E's given me away! It's all up now!"

"Who's given you away?"

"The guv'nor."

"But—but I don't understand, kid. Who is that fellow?"

"Sir Harry Beauclerc."

"What!"

"Now you understand," said Sir 'Arry miserably. "Now you know, Master Wharton."

Wharton looked at him doubtfully. For the moment he fancied that the boy's brain was unbinged.

"Sir Harry Beauclerc!" he repeated. "You are Sir Harry Beauclerc?"

"I ain't."

"Then, in the name of all that's idiotic, who are you?" exclaimed Wharton.

"I'm Jack Holt!"

Wharton looked at him steadily. Sir 'Arry did not meet his eyes.

"Look here, kid, this wants explaining," said Harry Wharton quietly. "You don't look as if you were out of your senses, but you speak like it. Do you mean to tell me that you came to Greyfriars under another fellow's name, and took us all in?"

"Yes."

"And—and that was why you dodged Mr. Lazenby the other day?" Wharton exclaimed, a light breaking in upon his mind.

"Yes."

"Good heavens!"

Sir 'Arry made a movement towards the door.

"The guv'nor's give me away now," he said. "I'd better go. They'll kick me out to-morrow if I stay. Good-bye, Master Wharton! I won't ask you to shake hands with me, now that you know I'm a liar!"

"Hold on!" said Harry. "It's not all clear yet. Why did you do this? Was this what that rascal was asking you to do, the day we heard you on Lantham Hill?"

"That's it! 'Tain't much to tell," said Sir 'Arry wearily. "We was brought up together—he was my foster-brother, and his 'igh relations didn't want to be bothered with 'im. It wasn't never expected that he would be anybody, you see. 'Course, he had more schooling than I 'ad—he was better looked after than me, of course. My father was paid something—not much—by one of his folk to keep him. Some of them saw him sometimes, but they didn't like him—"

"That's not surprising," said Wharton drily.

"Well, I suppose it ain't," said Sir 'Arry. "But I always liked 'im and admired 'im; and I never thought he would play me a dirty trick like this. I was glad of the chance to go to a good school, and I had picked up enough to learn something from his tutor, too. I 'ad a lot of the lessons with 'im, you see, when Mr. Lazenby sent the tutor, arter his relations 'ad died, and he became the baronet. He was always 'igh-anded, Master 'Arry was, and I always did wot he told me; and he took it into his 'ead that he wouldn't come to Greyfriars. But he 'ad to come, and then he thought of this dodge—sendin' me 'ere in his name, as Mr. THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 329.

Lazenby was ill, and couldn't come down. He got over my father. You see, the lease is nearly up, and the farm belongs to 'im, and he'd 'ave asked Mr. Lazenby to refuse to renew the lease—"

"That's what I heard him saying," said Wharton. "The utter cad!"

"Only that wasn't all the reason I 'ad for doin' as he wanted; it was because he was—was my guv'nor, you know, and—and I liked him well," said Sir 'Arry, with a break in his voice. "And arter I 'ad come 'ere, I never thought he'd be mean enough to go back on me. I 'ad his word, and he's broke it. He wants to go to Highcliffe School; and, course, if he goes to Highcliffe, I can't stay 'ere with his name. So he's wrote to Mr. Lazenby, and give the whole show away; and to-morrow Dr. Locke will know, and he'll turn me out. I've broke with 'im now; I hit him when he told me to-night—"

"To-night!" said Wharton.

"I've been out to see him—he told me to, the day we saw them playin' billiards," said Sir 'Arry. "I never thought he'd go back on me arter I trusted 'im, and he gave me his word, too! Course, I oughter have known it couldn't last. But he fair drove me into doin' it, and I gave in, and took his word. Now he's broke it, and—and I hit him!"

"I wish you'd given him a hiding!" said Wharton, clenching his hands. "What an ass you were to listen to the bruto at all! A fellow like that was bound to give you away sooner or later, kid; and even if he hadn't, it was certain to come out in the end. You were an awful duffer!"

"I s'pose I was. Well, it's all over now—I'm goin'. Now you know, you won't ask me to stay and be kicked out!"

Wharton hesitated.

"I—I suppose you'd better go," he said. "You are going back to Holt Farm, I suppose?"

"Yes. I've written a note for the 'Ead, and I'm goin' to put it in his letter-box, so he won't be surprised when I ain't 'ere," said the lad. "'Tain't much of a walk for me, I'm used to it, and I shall be at 'ome before mornin'. Good-bye, Master Wharton!"

"I say, kid, I'm awfully sorry for this!" said Harry. "It's rotten for you! That mean cad has made a catspaw of you. I shall jolly well go to the Head in the morning, and tell him what I know about it—that it wasn't your fault. And don't talk rot about our thinking badly of you. I know you're the right sort—only you should have had more sense than to let that fellow influence you! Give me your fist!"

And Wharton held out his hand frankly.

Jack Holt hesitated a moment, and then took it.

"Thank you, Master Wharton!" he said, in a low voice. "You and the others 'ave been very kind to me. I sha'n't forget it. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, kid!"

Harry Wharton returned to the dormitory, but not to sleep. He lay awake till the dawn came stealing in at the high windows, thinking of the lonely lad tramping over Lantham Hill. Would he ever see him again—the lad who had been known at Greyfriars as Sir 'Arry, and liked by all who knew him? He was determined that he would. They had been friends, and they would be friends yet—and for always!

There was surprise in Greyfriars School the next morning when Sir 'Arry was found to be missing.

Harry Wharton quietly explained to his chums, much to their astonishment and dismay.

Their feelings towards Sir 'Arry were unchanged—only mingled with compassion now. And when Bob Cherry proposed to spend the next half-holiday in a visit to Holt Farm on Lantham Hill, to assure Sir 'Arry that his old friends had not forgotten him, the Co. greeted the proposition with a hearty "Hear, hear!"

The Head was seen to look very grave that morning. He had evidently had the letter Sir 'Arry had left for him. And Harry Wharton, after consulting with his chums, took his way to the Head's study after prayers, and told him all he knew of the matter, determined that Sir 'Arry's conduct should be placed in the best light possible. The Head heard him out quietly.

"Thank you, Wharton!" he said, when Harry had finished. "I am glad you told me this. It makes me think better of that unfortunate lad. He has evidently acted under the influence of a bad and unscrupulous boy. As for punishing him for the deception, nothing of the sort will be thought of. It is the other—the real Sir Harry Beauclerc—who deserves punishment. Thank you for coming to me!"

And Wharton left the Head's presence, somewhat relieved in his mind.

The departure of Sir 'Arry—the reasons of which were soon

(Continued on Page 27.)

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READ THIS FIRST.

Ferrers Lord, the famous multi-millionaire, is engaged on one of his adventurous expeditions, in company with Ching-Lung (the Prince of China), Rupert Thurston, Gan-Waga (the Eskimo), also Prout, Maddock, Barry O'Rooney, and the rest of the famous band of stalwart seamen. Their quest is a field of blue orchids, which is said to exist somewhere up the great Amazon River, and their craft is a small steam launch, named the Blue Orchid, which has been captured from Lord's enemy in this enterprise, a German millionaire named Hausmann, who is continually pursuing the millionaire in his magnificent yacht, the Medea. Mainly owing to the craft of Vasco, a friendly native whom Ferrers Lord befriended on one of his earlier adventures, Hausmann is successfully thrown off the trail, and Ferrers Lord and his companions succeed in reaching Obidos. After staying there a day or two, they once more set out on their quest. They stumble across a village which is reigned over by a beautiful woman, who is known as Althara the Merciless. The adventurers are captured and taken prisoners. Ching-Lung, however, tells her he is a wizard, and by simple, yet wonderful, conjuring, he earns a reward from the queen. This takes the shape of a cup of wine, out of which the queen first drinks. By this sign, no one may harm the drinker. "Tarface," a native of the village who had once been amongst English sailors, whispers to Ching-Lung to pass the cup quickly to his companions. This the Prince does, and Charkoni, the wizard of the village, throws himself at Rupert Thurston just as he is about to drink. "Kill them! Kill them! or ye are lost!" he shouts.

(Now go on with the story.)

**Ching-Lung Saves Many Valuable Lives!**

Ching-Lung thrust out his foot, and the wizard struck the ground with a thud, and lay there stunned and breathless. Rupert bowed low to the Queen, and took a draught of wine. Althara rose from her chair and held out her hand.

"Verily, my children," she said, "the little yellow one with the tail is a mighty wizard, for Charkoni cannot stand against him. Though at first it was not my desire that these strangers should be sacred to us by tasting of the cup hallowed by my lips, save only the yellow one, fate has made it so. And know ye all, and tell it forth abroad, that these strangers are sacred among you, except that they attempt to do one of you violence, save that it be in self-defence."

The Queen swept into the pavilion, and the guide beckoned them away. None of the warriors accompanied them. They were picking up the devil-doctor as they passed out of the gates.

"We have to thank you for this, my friend," said Rupert to the guide.

"No thank; no tell I do it," said the man anxiously.

"Put me on red altar if know. My name on boat Tarface. All call me Tarface. Silly name; but no mind. Not tell."

"Great Scott, are you walking for a wager, Ching?"

"I'd run if I could," said Ching-Lung, "but I daren't."

He pulled up with a jerk before a hut and pulled out a sovereign. "Buy me one of those, quick, Tarface," he added hurriedly, pointing to some jars of native wine. "Pay anything you like for it."

"No pay nothing. All Althara's."

Tarface muttered something and seized one of the jars. Ching-Lung snatched it from him. He longed to bolt like a hare, but was afraid to do so. He trembled in his slippers with anxiety, and every sound made his pulses leap. At last they were opposite the compound, and the sentries stepped aside to let them pass. Ching-Lung knocked the neck from the wine-jar by striking it against the wall.

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"Barry, Gan, Prout, Joe, Maddock!" he shrieked. "Tumble up, tumble up! Hi-hi-yi! Fire! Tumble up!"

Had he gone mad? The men came dashing out, and Tarface staggered back, open-mouthed. Ching-Lung held the wine-jar between his knees and poured the red liquor into—the sacred cup!

"Drink, drink!" he yelled. "Drink for your lives!"

Gan-Waga spat out the wine, for he hated strong drink, but he had tasted it. A roar came from the streets. The cup was at Filson's lips when a regiment burst into the compound. Their vengeful cries died into silence and their spears, raised to kill, remained motionless in their hands.

"You'd better have a drink," said Ching-Lung coolly, "for it may save you trouble. I knew they'd miss the thing pretty promptly, and that's why I was in such a hurry. What do you think of it, eh?"

Ferrers Lord and Thurston shook hands with him. The millionaire turned to the captain of the regiment.

"Tell the great Queen, comrade," he said, "that Ching-Lung, the sorcerer, took the sacred cup by his magic, so that he might save his friends from the malice of Charkoni, who hates us. Tell the great one also that he of the yellow face will meet Charkoni spear to spear, or enchantment for enchantment, for Charkoni is but a dog and a deceiver. And as a pledge of this, I, who am the magician's ruler, even as she is Charkoni's ruler, send her this ring of magic, which will keep her who wears it from all ill."

He drew a splendid diamond ring from his finger and dropped it into the cup. The regiment trotted away.

"Bedad," said Barry, when they had heard the story, "there's good brains in wan head that's got a pigtail hangin' on to it. Oi've heard of takin' to drink killin' men, but niver of takin' sthrong drink to save your life. Oi must write a poem about ut in fifty volumes. Let's have some more of the stuff just for luck. Phwat d'yez say, 'lommy? Yez look a bit dhry."

"Dry? Why, by honey, every time I sneeze I can't see for the dust, I'm that dry," said the steersman.

"Here's luck to Ching-Lung. Where have the chaps with the pigstickers guyed to?"

"Gone home to tay, Oi expect," said Barry. Except for themselves the compound was deserted. Maddock, after refreshing himself and pledging Ching-Lung, went to the gate. There were a few fowls and prowling dogs outside, but the warriors had departed. Evidently the magic cup assured them not only of life but to some unknown extent of liberty also. Benjamin put his hands in his pockets and strolled out.

"Rummy sort of place, souse me," he reflected. "Wall all round the town as if they expected burglars to break in and pinch the grand pianny. I'll go and fetch some of the others to see the sights. Oh, my pip!"

Ben actually jumped. A painted face, lighted by two glaring eyes, confronted him in the doorway of a hut. Skulls were nailed above the door, and the tall mud walls were lavishly decorated with skeletons painted in white. Altogether it was an eerie-looking abode, and a fit dwelling-place for the owner of the face.

"Oh, take it in, souse me," said the bo'sun, recovering himself. "Take it away and bury it, or else glue it on a kite. You're a pretty sort of a joker to be let loose, souse me. Ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

He could see nothing except the face against the gloomy background, and it writhed and twisted grotesquely. Then a little stream of liquid flashed in the light. Maddock gave a yell as something like scalding water fell on his hand. Then he rushed forward like a maddened bull.

The door was hastily closed, but it was a flimsy affair, and the weighty steersman knocked it down as if it had been cardboard. He tripped over some obstacle and fell amid a clatter of pots.

"Souse me, I'll eat you, you image!" he roared. "Where are you?"

At first he could see nothing, but gradually objects began to take shape in the subdued light. A red skeleton seemed to be stretching out its bony claws to grasp his throat, and a demon with lurid eyes and lolling tongue glared down at him. Benjamin wiped his smarting finger. He knew that some corrosive liquid had been thrown at him, probably with the intention of blinding him. He stood up and peered about him.

"Only let me get my fists near you, souse me!" he growled, "and I'll alter your beauty!"

There was a rustling sound in a dark corner. Maddock pounced forward. He was dragged back, and his cry died on his lips, and his head struck the wall. He put his hands to remove the thing that was choking him. Then the whole air seemed on fire.

### Charkoni Traps Another Victim—Thurston's Plunge—In the Tunnel—A Dive in the Darkness.

Matters became somewhat quiet in the hot compound, and they would have been quieter except for the flies, which were very busy and attentive. They finished the wine. Then Prout began to snore in his usual musical fashion that would have kept a deaf man awake. Joe was never much worried by the flies, for some mysterious reason, but they loved Barry O'Rooney as much as wasps love jam, and their one delight was to dig holes in the Irishman's face and frolic on his nose.

"Pace—pace!" sighed Barry. "Kape your red-hot feet off me complexion, yez murthurin' bastes! Go away—Oi'm touching wood. Lave off, Oi tell yez! Och and bedad, Oi'll be a cowl'd corpse as this goes on!"

It did not sooth him much to hear the snores of his comrades. Rest was not to be thought of without a mosquito-net, so Barry rose with a bitter groan and walked about. Maddock's absence had passed quite unnoticed, but Barry promptly noticed the open gate and the deserted street. Setting his pipe going, the immortal poet decided to stretch his legs and to amuse himself. Seeing a rooster taking a dust bath, Barry picked up a stone. It was such a good shot that the rooster never required another bath. Barry winked and pitched the corpse over the wall into the compound. He was fond of fowl.

"Wid a brick, Oi did the thrick,  
Whoile he sat upon the fire.  
In a pot Oi'll boil him hot,  
And—and—and—"

"Phwat rhoimes wid fure?" mused the poet. "There's dure, but Oi don't see that Oi can fit that in. In a pot Oi'll boil him hot, and grill his drumsticks for the lot. That won't do, nayther, me bhoy. Yez want half a dozen of thim av the drumsticks are to go round. Phwat!"

Barry was a wonderful marksman with a stone. Pretending to be examining the sky, he stooped down and seized one. A plump fowl was busily engaged picking up a handful of corn at the open door of a hut. And not a soul was to be seen.

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FOR NEXT  
MONDAY—

"THE WRONG SORT!"

EVERY  
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"Wait wan minute," said Barry. "Oi've got a prisint for yez, darlint!"

The fowl stopped eating and lay down. Barry was just about to retrieve it when his eyes encountered a hideous painted face.

"Bedad!" he cried aghast. "Phwat the—"  
Charkoni, the devil-man, struck with a heavy club, and Barry dropped. The wizard dragged the senseless body into the hut. He uttered a fiendish chuckle, and closed the flimsy door.

Althara's city was still deserted. It was like a city of the dead, except for the fowls and prowling curs. The day was at its hottest, and the dust flung back the heat scorchingly. All at once a native appeared, running like a man demented, for he carried a message from the Queen. It was Tarface. With the perspiration streaming from him, he burst into the compound, darted into the large hut, and sat down, gasping for breath.

"You seem to be in a hurry," said Thurston. "Is it bad news?"

"Althara want yellow wizard," panted the squint-eyed native. "Ooh! Got stich!"

"Why did you come at such a pace?"

"Got to come quick or else kill!" groaned the man.

"Queen's message. Ooh! Got pain in ribs!"

Ferrers Lord rose and shook Ching-Lung, who was dozing.

"You're wanted, Ching."

"Who wants me, old chap?"

"Althara."

"Both the woman!" said Ching-Lung. "I reckon it's a case of must. Hallo, Tarface! You seem a bit warm. What does her glorious Majesty want me for now?"

"Not know. Tell you come. Ooh! Owl! Pain in ribs! You got come."

"Then I'd better fill my pockets," grinned Ching-Lung. "She may want to see another conjuring show. If she does I'll astonish her this time. But I can't talk her lingo. Didn't she ask for our boss?"

"No, no! Only ask see Yellow Wizard. I do talk."

Ching-Lung swiftly made his preparations. He wished the Queen a good deal further away, but there was no getting out of it. Tarface recovered some of his breath, and Thurston and Ferrers Lord walked down with them to the gate.

"I hope the dear lady won't keep me long," said Ching-Lung. "I've had quite enough of this place. When I get back we'll think of escaping. That old pig Charkoni will try to make a hot time for us."

"Where are all the people?" asked Ferrers Lord. "Gone gather flowers. Big feast to-night at Red Altar," muttered the native. "Quick, or Queen angry!"

Ching-Lung and his guide hurried on, and Rupert and the millionaire strolled down the dusty street.

"Like the prince, I am tiring of Althara's hospitality," said Ferrers Lord. "If she will not give us her permission to go, we must take French leave. Where have they put our weapons, I wonder? We can do no good without them. We must find out that. Probably that native will tell us."

"Yes; he seems a decent sort," said Rupert Thurston.

"Goodness, here's a curious show!"

Charkoni's hut had attracted his attention, as well it might. Ferrers Lord glanced at the building with very little interest. Suddenly his expression changed.

"How did that come here? Stand still, Rupert. This looks like mischief."

"O'Rooney's pipe?"

"Yes; but stand still!" The millionaire bent down to read the story in the dust. "Two of our men have been here," he said. "One of them dashed into the hut; the other was dragged in after being knocked down. Run back and see who is missing, but do not alarm the men. Do it quietly."

Thurston counted the sleepers. Barry O'Rooney and Ben Maddock were missing. He rushed back.

"Oh!" said Ferrers Lord. "The hound of a wizard has soon got to work. Wait a moment."

He entered a hut on the other side of the street, and emerged with a couple of spears in his hand.

"Now," he said, "stand ready, and let us bolt the weasel if we can."

A kick sent the door flying inwards. With shortened spear, Ferrers Lord leapt in.

"Have you got him?" cried Thurston anxiously.

"No, the bird has flown. Come in."

The millionaire was holding a lighted match above his head. The hut was circular and festooned with skulls and human bones. Rupert picked up Maddock's cap. The match died out, and Ferrers Lord struck another.

A Magnificent, Long, Complete School Tale  
of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars. Order Early.

He tapped the walls with his spear, but they sounded solid enough.

"Search, search!" he said. "The poor lads came in here, but they did not go out by the door."

"Help me to move this!" said Rupert hoarsely.

He grasped the end of a wooden box that resembled a coffin. It was evidently a bed, for it was filled with dried moss. In vain they tried to move it. Thurston forced the blade of his spear under it to try and lever it up. The bed swung round as if on a pivot, and, losing his balance, Rupert tumbled sideways into a dark pit. A dull splash drowned his cry of alarm.

With steady hand, the millionaire struck a third match. Lying at full length, he thrust the light into the dark pit to the full length of his arm. He saw a wooden ladder clamped to the side of the hole. A sound of splashing and heavy breathing came up.

"Are you there, Rupert?"

"Yes, I'm here, in about five feet of water, old chap. Can you throw me a rope?"

"I am coming down to you," was the quiet answer.

What else was down there? The millionaire clenched his teeth as the terrible thought flashed across his brain. Did Maddock and O'Rooney lie down there in the darkness to awaken no more? And what would be their own fate if the murderous devil-man returned and closed the mouth of the pit upon them? But Ferrers Lord did not hesitate. He let the burnt match fall from his fingers and descended. Then he pushed out his leg, and felt the chill of the water strike through his boot. A match crackled against the box and spluttered into flame. It flashed on the white face of Rupert Thurston, who was standing neck deep.

"You must dive, Rupert!"

Thurston shuddered, for he knew what the words signified. The water bubbled and swirled above him. He groped about the slimy bottom and slimy sides, dreading every instant that his fingers would find what he would have given his own life not to find—the body of a murdered comrade. He came to the surface, chilled and gasping.

"They are not here," he said. "I must have found them, Lord."

"No; the dog took them this way. Give me your hand, and pull against me. Now!"

Ferrers Lord lifted Rupert clear of the water until he could grasp the lower rung of the ladder and haul himself up. Midway between the surface of the water and the top of the pit was a platform of sun-baked bricks opening on a gloomy shaft, bored at right angles with the well. Perhaps Charkoni, the devil-man, had not destroyed his prisoners. Perhaps he was keeping them for a fate even more terrible than death by drowning in that dark and abominable pit.

"Go back to the compound, Rupert, and send Joe to the queen."

"No, I'll go with you."

"Do what I tell you. Go to the compound!"

"But—"

"Do what I bid you!"

Rupert went up the ladder in silence. There was a faint scraping sound above his head that culminated in a gentle thud. All was black. Rupert raised his hand and his fingers touched a solid plank.

"I must go with you now," he said. "The thing has slipped back into its place. We are shut in."

"Very well. I have found a lamp."

The millionaire's shadow was flung against the side of the shaft. Stooping, he entered the tunnel, followed by Thurston. For a time the tunnel was as straight as a line drawn by a ruler, but all at once it branched off to the left, and grew wider and higher. They were able to stand erect. The lamp was a miserable affair, burning unrefined palm-oil, that smoked and spluttered and smelt like rancid fat. Rupert had lost his spear, and had no other weapon.

"We should make a pretty mark for a dart from a blowpipe, Lord."

"I was thinking so. Here is something interesting."

"Rails, by Jove!"

They were made of some very hard wood, and some waggon or similar vehicle had recently been over them. Ferrers Lord pointed to the prints of naked feet in the dust. The prints were quite recent.

"What does it mean?"

"I can only guess," said Ferrers Lord. "There is to be a feast to-night, and the dog may have some surprise in store for the revellers! This tunnel is one of the tricks by which he succeeds in gulling the natives. If we are in time, we may spoil his plans. I—"

His thumb and finger closed over the wick of the lamp, extinguishing the light. A faint rumbling sound swept along the back tunnel.

"Guide yourself by keeping one foot on the rail," whispered the millionaire: "and go forward."

They moved on noiselessly through the pitchy blackness. The noise had died away.

"S-sh! What's that?"

"Only a bat or an owl," whispered the millionaire. "We are coming to the end of this. The air is sweeter, and I felt a tiny breeze. Steady! I have lost the rail."

"So have I."

It was too perilous to risk striking a match. They groped about blindly.

"I have found a door, Lord. It's a door right enough, for I can feel the leather hinges. What's this?"

Rupert uttered a piercing cry, for his nerves were strained to the highest pitch. A terrific blow on the shoulder paralysed his right arm. Had it fallen on his skull it would have brained him. He reeled back. Like a panther his unseen assailant leapt at him, and brought him down.

"Help, help!"

Again a match rasped. Thurston and a half-naked man were rolling in the dust together.

The millionaire poised the spear, but changed his mind. The thrust became a blow, and as he struck he twisted the weapon round. With a sound like the crack of a whip the flat of the spearhead struck the painted face.

"Ah, Charkoni! That is one to me," said Ferrers Lord.

The wizard neither moved nor moaned, but Thurston had to use force to rid himself of the clutch of the devil-man's sinewy arms. It was a terrible blow.

Rupert picked himself up, holding his aching shoulder.

"He's broken my collarbone, I think," he said.

"Better than than your skull, lad," said Ferrers Lord, lighting the lamp. "Where is this door? Ah, here!"

He wrenched it open with the spear, and the bright light of day poured in. High overhead green trees were waving. They stepped through, and found themselves in a deep, circular hollow, with towering cliffs overgrown with tropical ferns. Ferrers Lord seized the devil-doctor by the ankle and jerked him out like a sack.

"Hallo, hallo! Maddock—O'Rooney! Where are you?"

The only reply came from the loud echoes. Rupert uttered a shuddering sigh.



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"Never give up hoping, Rupert," said Ferrers Lord. "I feel confident the lads are alive. That cur was going to kill them in some dramatic way that would bring him back his lost prestige!" He shouted again, but again the echoes hurled back his cry. "I haven't killed him, have I, Rupert?"

"He's only stunned, I think."

"Tie him up, then, for these devil-doctors are as slippery as eels! Use the lining of your coat, and his knife to cut it out. I must see what became of the waggon. Hallo, hallo, hallo! 'S-sh! What's that noise?"

"Tap, tap, tap!"

The sound was very faint. It might have been the call of some bird. It came again, and Rupert stood with his dripping coat in his hand, straining his ears. "Tap, tap, tap!" Then a pause, and the same sound again. Charkoni gave a gasp, and moved convulsively.

"Tie him up!" said Ferrers Lord, driving his spear between two boulders. "Put a slipknot round his neck, and fasten it to that, so that if he attempts any pranks he'll choke himself!"

"Yes," said Thurston, and set to work.

Taking the lamp, Ferrers Lord went back into the tunnel. He quickly saw why they had lost the rails, for they ended about twelve yards from the door. The floor was boarded just there, and the marks and polish showed that many wheels had been upon it. The millionaire stooped.

"Ah!"

There were more rails, descending abruptly into another gloomy gallery. Near them stood a small waggon, with flanged wooden wheels and without sides.

"I want you, Thurston," said Ferrers Lord, "but not until you have finished."

"Very well."

Again the millionaire stooped and listened. It was down this shaft that Charkoni had precipitated his victims. Ferrers Lord could hear nothing except the strange murmurings and rustlings always to be heard in tunnels and underground galleries. And then came a faint cry—the cry of a human being.

Ferrers Lord lifted the heavy waggon that two ordinary men could hardly have lifted, and placed two of the wheels on the rails. Then, pushing it forward, he leapt on it, threw himself flat, and rushed downwards at lightning speed into the mysterious darkness—perhaps into the darkness that knows no dawn.

### Chung-Lung's Ventriloquism Startles the Queen.

"Oh, yellow one," said Althara the Queen, through the squint-eyed interpreter, "thou art indeed the greatest of all magicians. And I love thy magic. Pull me again a tooth from the mouth of my slave."

"More rotten old wheezes!" groaned Ching-Lung. "But they seem to like 'em best, bless 'em! Down with your napper, Tarface! Hold tight! This is a tight one. My hat, it's got clothes on it!"

Ching-Lung dragged several hundred yards of coloured ribbon from the interpreter's mouth, and finished up by extracting five teeth, each of about the same length as their number. The Queen clapped her hands, and her maidens and warriors, following the royal lead, applauded loudly. Ching-Lung was getting tired of it. As a millionaire and a prince of the Imperial house of China, it was not very gratifying to have to perform like a common mountebank for the amusement of a pack of savages. All the same, he had to do it. A stab from a spear has exactly the same effect on a prince as it has on a navvy. It will kill them both.

"Look here, Tarface," he said, "tell 'em I'm fed up!"

"Not hungry, you say?"

"Ass!" growled Ching-Lung. "I'm not hungry enough to want any more of this. I don't know any more tricks. Wait a minute, though," he added. "Tell 'em to give me a gun and cartridges, and I'll show 'em another."

Tarface translated the prince's request.

"Bring the firesticks!" commanded Althara. "He's a wonderful wizard."

Ching-Lung whistled as all the weapons that had been taken from them were laid at his feet. A shadow fell on the grass. A vulture was lazily winging its way overhead, nicely within range. There was a scream as the gun exploded, and another scream as the bird, its great wings outspread, circled round and round, and dropped at Althara's feet as dead as a nail.

"Althara, Althara, Althara!"

The voice came from the bird, and the Queen rose to her feet nervously.

*(Another splendid long instalment of this grand serial next Monday.)*

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FOR NEXT  
MONDAY—

"THE WRONG SORT!"

THE

## BOY FROM THE FARM!

(Continued from page 23.)

known over the whole school—was the one topic of talk at Greyfriars that morning. Billy Bunter was especially indignant on the subject. He had taken the fellow up as a relation, he told the juniors, and all the time he had been a rotten spoofer, and an outsider, and an impostor. Bunter's indignation knew no bounds, and he would probably have run on without end on the subject had not Bolsover major taken him by the neck, and knocked his head against the wall—after which Bunter was much less eloquent.

But the matter was not ended yet; there was a fresh development to come.

Shortly before afternoon lessons the station cab drove in at the gates of Greyfriars, and there was a buzz as Mr. Lazenby was recognised in it, with a boy by his side, and the boy was instantly recognised by the Famous Five as Sir 'Arry's "guv'nor"—the companion of Ponsoby & Co., the real Sir Harry Beauclerc.

Beauclerc's face was dark and sullen. It was very clear that he came reluctantly in the charge of the grim-faced old lawyer, his guardian.

They descended from the cab, amid a curious crowd of fellows. Sir Harry Beauclerc gave the Famous Five a supercilious look, for which Bob Cherry mentally promised him a tight ear—a promise which was faithfully kept later in the day.

Mr. Quelch, on his way to the Form-room, met the old lawyer and his companion coming in, and stopped.

"Mr. Quelch," said the old gentleman, "this is Sir Harry Beauclerc, your pupil!"

Mr. Quelch gave the baronet a freezing look.

"Indeed!" he said. "Am I to understand that this boy is to come to this school after what has happened?"

"I trust that Dr. Locke will not refuse to take him," said Mr. Lazenby. "All arrangements were made for his coming. He had the astounding audacity to induce his foster-brother—a simple and kind-hearted lad, who was much attached to him—to come here in his name, as he was obstinately resolved not to come here. This boy—"

"The boy has already left Greyfriars," said Mr. Quelch. "He confessed all in a note to the Head, and left last night."

"Very good! Probably he had learned that my ward had betrayed him to me. Of course, he did wrong; but he acted under the influence of my ward, to whom he was devoted from childhood. Sir Harry Beauclerc betrayed the whole scheme to me with the demand that I would send him to Highcliffe School—a place where he appears to have made friends, and a place which, from what I have heard of it, I disapprove of strongly. If Dr. Locke does not refuse to take this boy in, I shall leave him here. Immediately upon receiving his letter I returned from Dieppe, to take him—not to Highcliffe, but here; and here he will remain, with Dr. Locke's permission. I trust that, by a due amount of severity, he may be brought a little more to his senses!"

Mr. Quelch's expression hinted that a due amount of severity would not be wanting in dealing with the sullen, discontented boy. Mr. Lazenby passed on, taking the baronet with him, and disappeared into the Head's study.

He was there a considerable time; but apparently matters went as he wished, for when he drove away from Greyfriars he left his ward at the school, and Sir Harry Beauclerc came into the Remove Form-room to join in afternoon lessons. He came in with a sullen, savage face, and was twice caned for impertinence to the Form-master before lessons were over.

Sir Harry Beauclerc's unscrupulous scheming had ended in a complete failure of his plans. He had come to Greyfriars, after all, and he came with a bad reputation ready-made, and he was not popular. But what was perhaps bitterest of all to the young rascal was the fact that the best fellows in the Remove, while they declined to have anything to do with him, never ceased to regret the departure of his foster-brother, and remained the firm friends of the boy who had been known as Sir 'Arry of Greyfriars!

THE END.

*(Another splendid long complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co. next Monday, entitled, "THE WRONG SORT!" by Frank Richards. Order your copy in advance. Price One Penny.)*

A Magnificent, Long, Complete School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars. Order Early.



# My Readers' Page

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FOR NEXT MONDAY:

## "THE WRONG SORT!"

By FRANK RICHARDS.

In this grand, long, complete story of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars, the real Sir Harry Beauchere enters the Remove Form, and the impression he makes there is far from favourable. To the disgust of Harry Wharton and Nugent, the schoolboy baronet is not only quartered in their study, but is "planted" on them by Mr. Quelch to be looked after. Under ordinary circumstances, Harry Wharton would be very willing to take a new boy in hand and "show him the ropes," but Beauchere from the first shows himself to be a rank outsider; and it is not long before all Greyfriars agrees that he is

## "THE WRONG SORT!"

### REPLIES IN BRIEF.

G. Kay (Elsocar).—Gamages of High Holborn, London, W.C., will supply you with a book on flag-signalling.

R. M. (Liverpool).—Physical Culture articles appeared some time ago in the "Magnet" Library. Another series is at present running in the "Gem" Library.

F. B. (Silvertown).—Gamages supply fish, and also books on this subject. They may have to obtain them specially, so do not be surprised if you are kept waiting a day or two.

Miss A. Vincent (Battersea) and others.—Hurree Singh is 14½ years of age; Bob Cherry, 15; Frank Nugent and Johnny Bull 15½; Billy Bunter 15.

Miss N. W. (Notts.) and Master J. B. (Montreal).—I shall be glad to have your names and addresses, that I may write you.

P. M. (London, N.W.).—The Christian names of Stott, Bulstrode, and Russell are Phillip, Herbert, and Stanley.

A. Wilson (Birmingham).—Green linnets can be bred in cages.

D. B. Alexander (Glasgow).—Thank you very much for the verses.

William Stuart, of Fir Bank, Woolford, Bury, has a number of old issues of "The Boys' Friend" 3d. Library to dispose of. Readers desirous of obtaining these should write to him direct.

"A Tunbridge Wells Reader."—Many thanks for your breezy letter. As you will have noticed, Billy Bunter actually had a postal-order recently. Marvellous, isn't it?

G. E. B. B. (Edgbaston).—Thank you for your verses. I am afraid space will not allow me to print them, however.

"Curious" (Isle of Wight).—If you will send me your name and address I will write to you.

A. W. A. (Cardiff).—Apply to Messrs. A. W. Gamage, of High Holborn, W.C., for camping-out outfit.

Miss F. Green (South Africa).—Billy Bunter appears weekly in "The Magnet Library" and also in our latest success, "Chuckles."

Will W. McKinstry (Belfast), Robert Bluer (Glasgow), "A Capetown Reader," and Jack Howard (Ontario) please accept my best thanks for their letters recently received?

J. Newby (Haverhill).—Bunter's father is a stockbroker. Greyfriars will play St. Jim's both at home and at St. Jim's some time during the season. Volume VIII will end September 26th, 1914.

F. Donnellan (Cardiff).—Bound volumes of "The Magnet Library" are not sold. Any bookbinder will bind your "Magnets" for a shilling or two.

"Constant Reader" (Dublin).—To keep your football in good condition during the summer months you must keep it partially blown up. A little oil rubbed on the outside will keep the leather supple.

W. B. (Tottenham).—Too strong a solution of hypo will spoil a photograph. Hypo will not lose its strength if securely stoppered up.

### FADS OF FAMOUS CRICKETERS.

Mr. J. R. Mason, the famous Kent batsman, has, like Hayward, a marked though little known trick, that shows the state of his score when it comes into action. When starting his innings he crouches low over his bat, the handle of which he holds as far down as possible. As the score begins to rise he gradually straightens himself, allowing his hands to glide up the handle until when properly set he is standing perfectly straight up and holding his bat at the top. Gilbert Jessop's characteristics are almost too well-known to be worth mentioning, for what cricket lover is not familiar with his crouching position at the wicket, his method of banging any ball, good, bad, or indifferent, to the boundary, his tiger-like springs at the short-length ball, his sweeps round to leg, and his wonderful driving powers. After a few minutes of Jessop, all other batting seems tame.

### "Hat Tricks."

Many of our best players, besides Tom Hayward, are given to "hat tricks" of one sort or another. For instance I think I may safely say no one has ever seen "Plum" Warner on the field without his red, blue, and yellow Harlequin cap, which is almost as well-known as the famous player himself, and his little trick of hitching up his trousers when fielding after every delivery. The old Surrey skipper, Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, has a passion for constantly changing his headgear. His stock must be well-nigh inexhaustible, for it is a common thing for him to make a change three or four times in a day. Followers of Lancashire must have noticed the little habit of Mr. A. C. MacLaren, of carrying, or fanning himself, with his cap between the over. He never thinks of keeping it on his head while walking from one position to another. Jack Board, the Gloucestershire wicket-keeper, always insists on wearing his headgear with the peak over his right ear, but A. E. Trott's cap will ever be found pulled down over his eyebrows. Mr. J. N. Crawford, late of Surrey, Schofield Haigh, the Yorkshire crack, and Mr. J. R. Mason, always hand their headgear over to the umpire at the bowling end before an over, reclaiming them for fielding when the half dozen balls have been sent down. No matter how fierce the sun or how strong the wind, Mr. C. H. B. Marsham, of Kent fame, never wears a cap when playing, and other members of the "no hat brigade" include Mr. A. O. Jones, the Notts skipper, Mr. S. M. J. Woods, of Somerset, and Mr. V. F. S. Crawford.

(Next Week: Another  
 interesting cricket  
 article.)

*The Editor*

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