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## A WORLD AT STAKE!

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### READ THIS FIRST.

Thorpe and Dick Thornhill, brothers, and constructors of the wonderful airship named the Falcon, play a prominent part in the great war with Germany on land and sea. A fierce attack is made by the enemy upon the airship's works at Chepperton, where Dick gallantly holds his own against overwhelming numbers. Matters become desperate, and Dick is even driven to hoist the white flag of surrender, when his brother comes on the scene in the Night Hawk, and the aliens are repulsed. The brothers suspect that the German Emperor is in England, travelling incognito.

"If it be so, old boy, you and I will catch him—eh?" exclaims Thorpe.

(Now go on with the story.)

### War in the Air.

The sight which now stretched out like some gorgeous panoramas before them had become a painfully familiar one to Thorpe Thornhill, but, of course, having been reared up within the works so long, it was all new and terribly strange to Dick.

And it was, indeed, a fearful sight for a Britisher to gaze upon.

With ruthless severity, the Germans had destroyed every house, every town, and every village in their path. The country was dotted with smoking cottages and ruined farms, and covered with black, crawling masses of German infantry, artillery, and cavalry, their numbers looking much greater because they were huddled together in a comparatively small compass, for as they had not ventured to approach the long line of fortifications behind which crouched the British Army, ready to spring upon them when Lord Roberts gave the word. And he, as the reader will have gathered from Thorpe Thornhill's conversation with his brother, was in no hurry.

The British Army was being constantly reinforced. Every man the Germans lost could not be replaced, for already the Channel Fleet, hastily reorganised, made it dangerous for their transports to cross the narrow seas, although guarded by German battleships. And the Mediterranean Fleet was coming as quickly as steam and screw could force them through the waters to Harwich, and then the German Army's destruction would be sure. Now, a defeat could be followed

by retreat; then, they would find themselves hopelessly hemmed in on every side.

Dick found an old friend on board the Night Hawk in the person of Captain Horsham, who, seated by the well, was taking photographs and rapidly dotting down the position and numbers of the various German army corps.

Presently Thorpe touched a lever, and the Night Hawk descended to within a few hundred feet of the ground; then an aerial torpedo shot from her bottom tube straight to where a battery of artillery was marching to the front.

The well-aimed missile struck the centre gun, and when the smoke caused by its explosion cleared away that battery had been wiped off the list of the German Army.

Then round and round Chopperton he flew, from Harwich nearly to the German line of battle facing the British Army, and wherever a gun appeared a shot, bomb, or aerial torpedo played it once and for ever out of action.

"There, Dick, I think you'll be all right now for a little time; and I must carry Horsham back to headquarters," said Thorpe, as they approached the works once more. And some ten minutes later Dick was back among his gallant workmen, waving good-bye to Captain Edwardes and his Engineers, who had elected to rejoin the British force.

From that hour the harassing fire to which the occupants of the garrison had been subjected ceased, but they were hemmed in by a cordon of infantry, from which it seemed impossible to escape.

It is true the following night a vigorous attempt to take the building by assault was repulsed with difficulty, but afterwards they were left comparatively in peace to complete Falcon No. 2.

However, the contents of the German general's waggon could not last for ever, and the little garrison began to look with apprehension on the time when their provisions would give out. But even when that time came they were determined that the last man alive should be the one to fire the mine which would put the airships for ever beyond the reach of their foes.

Day succeeded day, until at last their provisions were exhausted; and yet no help came, neither did further news from the outer world reach their ears.

But during this time they were not idle. Work on the airships went on.

**How the Thrasher Obtained Fresh Ammunition.**

In the meantime, little Tom Evans was taking part in stirring scenes, and contributing his share towards freeing his country from the Germans' iron hand.

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**PAIN BROS., Dept. 2, The "Presents House," HASTINGS, Eng.**

After her struggle with the German Fleet, the Thrasher, as we know, had steered northwards, her captain's idea being to reach the lately established naval depot in the Forth, there to replenish his almost exhausted ammunition-room.

But he never reached the Scottish shore. As they flew over the waters, a man perched on the shattered mast, which scarcely bore the look-out's weight, saw two vessels coming towards them.

At first Captain Hawkins believed them to be men-of-war, but as they drew nearer he saw that one was a merchantman, the other a third-class cruiser.

Looking very smart and spruce in his borrowed midshipman's uniform, Tom Evans surveyed the new-comers, for there was something strangely familiar about the merchantman. Where had he seen her before?

Presently he brought his hand down with a resounding slap on the weather-rail. He had recognised the yellow-and-black band round the stranger's funnel.

"That is the Stuttgart, sir!" he said, turning excitedly to Commander Hawkins. "She was in Kiel Harbour when I was there. She's what they call a depot ship."

"Then our dear Teutonic cousins shall save us a journey to the Forth!" laughed the officer. And the next moment the whining sailors were bustling about as the boatswain's shrill whistle sounded the "Clear decks for action!"

As they approached their foe, Commander Hawkins recognised the man-of-war as the *Ilis*, a comparatively small boat, protected only over her vital parts, but still, as Hawkins grimly remarked to his second in command, a pretty tough mouthful for a little craft like the Thrasher to tackle single-handed.

The combat was not so unequal as a landsman might have thought, for the terrific speed at which the Thrasher's turbine engines forced her through the water rendered her anything but an easy target to hit.

"You can do no good, my lad; better go below. The *Ilis* isn't armed with pea-shooters," said Hawkins, turning to Tom, as they got within range.

Tom looked up into the speaker's face.

"I don't see as how I'll be much good below, sir," he said; "besides, I shall see nothing."

"All right; but keep behind that gun-shield," returned the commander.

By this time the turbine engines were working at full speed, and the Thrasher swayed from side to side as she dashed through rather than over the intervening waves.

Already the alarm had been given on board the *Ilis*. Fire and smoke burst in continuous flashes from her dark hull, whilst quick-fire and 6-inch shells rattled into the water on every side of the destroyer.

Suddenly Tom Evans, who was peering between the silent gun and its shield, was conscious of a slight hissing rear beneath his feet, and knew that the torpedo had been launched from its tube at the German ship.

Then he heard a shout of disappointment, and knew that the missile had missed its mark.

Suddenly half a dozen bluejackets sprang to their feet, and the next moment Tom was deafened by the report of the quick-firing gun, as it poured forth its small projectiles at point-blank range into the hull of the cruiser.

Half a minute later it ceased, for at the rate the Thrasher was going they were soon out of point-blank range. Then she swerved round in a graceful loop, and dashed once more at the *Ilis*.

Nearer and nearer she came, shell after shell striking her upper hamper, until her hull lay nearly bare upon the water, littered with the torn and mangled bodies of many of her gallant crew; but still she persevered on her course of death, until from its tube shot out the gleaming, cigar-shaped torpedo.

Straight at the *Ilis* it flew, and the next moment that crossed, stricken amidships, hid-den in a cloud of steam, smoke, and water, heeled over, disclosing a fearful gaping rent in her side.

A nail of terror and despair broke from her crew as she rolled back, her guns now silent; then she turned turtle, and sank in the midst of a cloud of steam and smoke.

But the Thrasher did not wait to see the last of her foe. Finding her consort stricken, the depot ship was straining every nerve to escape, but like lightning her foe was on her trail.

"Lower your flag, and lay to, or I'll sink you!" roared Hawkins, as the Thrasher steamed alongside.

Without a moment's hesitation the German flag was pulled down, and the Stuttgart swayed idly with the tide.

"Good job the captain didn't know that we hadn't another torpedo on board!" said Hawkins, turning, with a grin, to his second in command. "Board her, then lower the boats

and pick up those poor beggars yonder," he added, pointing to the swimming Germans.

As hoarse and after a host of rescued fishermen were pulled on board the depot ship they were hastened below, and the hatches clapped on.

Then Hawkins, for the first time, had leisure to examine his prize.

It is true there was a large amount of ammunition on board, but very few torpedoes. However, the half-dozen which he took from his prize would suffice for the present.

The German captain, as was perhaps natural under the circumstances, was sulky, surly, and nervous. Some questions that Hawkins put to him he refused to answer, others he replied to in such a hesitating manner as to make it certain that he was not speaking the truth, especially regarding the fine collation which was spread out on the cabin table, a collation such as is seldom seen on a merchant skipper's table.

However, although Hawkins subjected the ship to a rigorous search, no one but the officers and crew of the ship could be found; and being anxious to get his prize into port ere some prowling foe's man should interfere, he hastened on deck, closely followed by Tom Evans, who had kept near his side all the time.

With his foot on the Jacob's ladder, Hawkins paused. "Ah, youngster, I have left my binoculars on the cabin table; run and get them."

Saluting as he had seen the midshipman do, Tom turned on his heels, and made for the companion way. As he did so, his eyes fell upon the open skylight, and, deeming it a quicker way below than the stairs, he edged through, lunging for a moment on its brass-bound edge, then dropped into the midst of the cabin.

The next moment a hand grasped his throat, and he was thrust on his back amongst the good things the table contained.

"If you move or speak you are a dead boy!" cried a hoarse, guttural voice in his ear.

#### A Perilous Journey.

Looking up, Tom saw a man clad in a general's uniform pressing the back of a knife he had snatched from the table against his throat.

For a moment he did not speak, but his quick eyes took in every detail, especially the fact that the man which ran through the table had in it a door, from which the German general and another man in military uniform by his side had doubtless emerged.

His first impulse had been to raise the alarm, but he knew it was unnecessary. Commander Hawkins was impatient, and if he did not return immediately would soon hasten in search of him.

However, he was not going to let his captors do just what they liked with him, and fearing to struggle lest they should carry out their threat, he lay as though too terror-stricken to move, as he tried to grasp the silver dish by his side.

At first it was out of reach, but by constantly moving his fingers, he drew it closer to him, and whilst the Germans, evidently uncertain what to do with their prisoner now they had got him, hesitated, he lifted it quickly upwards, and buried its contents full in his captor's face.

The next moment there was a sound of excited voices and hurrying feet on the deck above them, for the yell of pain and surprise which burst from the general's lips would have wakened a shipload of corpses. By a lucky chance—lucky, that is, for Tom Evans—the dish contained curry, which, although very nice on a plate, is both painful and inconvenient in one's eye, as the German general found.

Finding himself free, Tom sprang to his feet, just in time to clutch the other German's leg as he disappeared up the hollow mast.

"Come down, yer ain't wanted up there! Come down, d'yer 'ear?" cried Tom at the top of his voice, planting his feet against the upper part of a little door, and holding on to the man's legs with all his might.

"Good gracious, Evans, what's the matter? Who have you got there?" cried Commander Hawkins, entering the cabin at that moment.

"Ask another, sir. Send somebody to pull this rat out of his hole, he's getting away from me," grunted Tom.

"Ah, he has blinded me! see little brat. I will kill him!" gasped the German general, dancing about the cabin, trying to wipe the curry out of his eyes and nose, but only rubbing it in further. "Water, somebody, quick, or I will go mad!"

In obedience to Hawkins's command, the steward of the captured ship hastened to the general's assistance, whilst two or three grinning bluejackets went to Tom's side, and the next moment, like a peevish out of its shell, the second German was hauled from his place of concealment.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 356.

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

"So, gentlemen, thanks to my smart little friend, we have found you. May I ask your names and business?"

"I am Captain Stoddart, of his Imperial Majesty's Artillery; this gentleman is General Coblaritz. We are on our way to join our respective regiments," replied Tom's captive.

"And also to carry despatches, I presume?" suggested Hawkins.

"Nothing of the kind, sir, I assure you!" returned the other, with suspicious eagerness; but his eyes turned instinctively towards the mast from which he had been pulled.

Tom noted the glance, and, without a word, clambered up the hollow iron structure, returning a few minutes later grasping an iron-bound despatch-box.

"Ah, thank you, Evans!" said Hawkins, as Tom handed over his prize. Then, turning to the angry and baffled German, he continued: "Doubtless you thought your hiding-place so secure that there was no need to destroy those papers, Herr Captain? Now, if you will give me your parole not to escape, you are welcome to what liberty the ship affords; otherwise, you must join your companions in the hold. Kindly decide at once, as I have little time to spare."

Sullenly the German gave the required parole, the general nodding an assent from the bowl of water over which he was leaning.

Half an hour later Tom was leaning over the battered side of the Thrasher, gazing into the water, and wondering what had become of his master, when Commander Hawkins laid his hand on his shoulder.

Tom looked up. The officer's face wore a worried and harassed look.

"Do you know the district round Harwich, Evans?" he asked.

"Rather, sir! Mr. Thornhill had works on Seawood Island, in the Blackwater, and we used often to take trips in the surrounding district," replied the youngster.

"Good! I have seen that you lack neither courage nor resource, Tom, and I am going to put a great trust in you. The despatch-box contained some very important documents, which must be in Lord Roberts's hands as soon as possible. The roar of battle which has been ringing in our ears all day shows that a German army has landed; therefore, grand old veteran that he is, Bobs will not be far from the sound of the guns. Night is coming on. As soon as it is dark enough I will enter the estuary of the Orwell, and drop you overboard. You must swim ashore, and keep out of the Germans's hands as best you can. It's a great risk, my lad. Will you take it?"

"Like a bird!" returned Tom eagerly.

Hawkins smiled, well content.

"That's right, my lad. Now get back into the rage you were when you came on board. They will help hoodwink the foe if you are caught."

As darkness crept over the scene Commander Hawkins headed for Felixstowe, then crept cautiously landwards.

It was nerve-racking work, feeling their way onward in the darkness, for, needless to say, every light had been removed, and more than once the Thrasher's hull grated on the shallow sandbanks which lined the northern side of the Orwell's estuary.

Fortunately, with a strong guard of battleships holding the sea, the Germans deemed themselves secure from attack, little guessing how easily the noiseless turbine engines of the Thrasher thrust that long, slender craft through their outer lines of defence.

Presently the destroyer was alongside Landguard Pier. Fortunately, the foe was too busy disembarking the army of invasion to spare a single searchlight to sweep the opposite side of the river, which consequently lay in complete darkness.

It was a nervous moment when the Thrasher crept through the narrow entrance to the harbour, but, once through, she was in comparative safety.

Then her head was turned towards the River Stour, and, swinging past Parkston Quay, she stole on the flowing tide until the last ship of the German fleet had been left behind.

Then she got as near shore as possible, and, with the precious despatch wrapped in oilskin, and tied carefully in the small of his back, Tom Evans grasped the hands of Commander Hawkins and his brother officers. Then, with their whispering "Godspeed!" ringing in his ears, he dropped noiselessly over the side and swam shorewards.



NEXT MONDAY—OUR SPECIAL CHRISTMAS NUMBER, PRICE 2D. SEE YOUR EDITOR'S CHAT.

### Through the German Lines.

Swimming noiselessly, Tom soon reached the water's edge. It was almost as much as he could do to force his way through the thick, slimy mud to the reed-dotted banks of the river; but at last, panting and almost exhausted, he reached the shore.

Had he needed a disguise, it was already upon him, so plastered from head to foot with mud was he.

As, with a sigh of relief, he stepped on dry land, and looked back towards where he knew the Thrasher awaited the signal of his safe arrival, the air was filled with a hum of countless voices, the distant jar and rattle of derricks and cranes, and the low, sullen rumble of artillery wheels.

Taking a watertight metal matchbox, with which Hawkins had provided him, from his pocket, Tom struck a match, and held it seawards in his hollowed hands. A small spark of light gleamed for a moment over the waters; then an almost inaudible whirr of machinery reached his ears, and he knew that the Thrasher had started on her return journey.

But Tom did not move. He knew that Hawkins was not the man to leave the enemy's fleet exactly as he found it.

Nor was he mistaken. Suddenly from the very centre of the Parkston Quay sprang a bright, dazzling column of light, followed the next moment by the reverberating roar of a tremendous explosion. And Tom caught a brief glimpse of a gap in the landing-stage where two crowded German transports had been moored a minute before.

Three minutes later there was another explosion, as an anchored battleship was sent to the bottom by a second torpedo from the unsuspected foe who had crept into their midst.

Then the Germans lost their heads. From every warship in the harbour came the rattle of machine-guns, rifles, and quick-firers, whilst the electric searchlights from the men-of-war flooded the scene.

Presently Tom saw a bright beam fall upon the snake-like form of the swiftly-moving Thrasher. The next moment she had disappeared in the darkness, and Tom almost laughed aloud as he saw the waters over which she had floated a moment before beaten into foam by a hail of bullets and shells.

For some time he was unable to follow the gunboat's course; but presently a loud explosion, some distance out at sea, told that she had reached the outer line of warships, one of which had fallen a victim to a nestly-launched torpedo as she passed out.

With a start, Tom realised that every moment was now of consequence. The Germans were no fools. They would know that the torpedo-boat would not run such fearful risks for the mere sake of destroying a few transports, and, guessing that a messenger had been landed, would commence a vigorous search for him.

He had said that he knew the country well, and so he did in the daylight, but in the dark it was a different thing. However, he could not stay where he was all night, so he moved swiftly on in a south-easterly direction.

However, he made but little progress, for he soon found himself in the very heart of the German Army.

Once he had to lay motionless whilst a body of cavalry trotted by, again to fling himself into a ditch to avoid being seen by a marching battalion of infantry. Foes surrounded him on every side, but barely had the last regiment passed by ere he sprang from the ditch in which he had crouched and followed in their rear.

Presently he saw a second line of lights stretched out before him. Then the regiment he was following halted, and, creeping near a group of officers, he overheard a conversation which told him that a night attack upon the British Army was intended. What British force, of whom it was composed, or where it lay, he knew not, except that it must be somewhere behind the line of lights he had before noticed.

The discovery served but to increase his eagerness to push on that he might get ahead of the advancing troops and give the alarm.

Again and again he tried to pierce the German lines, but soldiers occupied every yard of ground in the direction he would go, so he changed his course of action, and headed for the river, determined that if he could not get round the foe's flank in any other way, to swim for it again.

Fortune favoured him for the first mile or so. Presently he came upon a mound on which were the ruins of one of those semaphore stations which at one time girdled the British coast.

He knew where he was now. To his right stretched a wide reed-covered marsh, half-way across a road had, at some distant date, been partially made, then, for some cause or another, been abandoned.

He remembered that whilst the Falcon was being built he had spent many a week-end in this district with one of the

workmen, to carry the wild-duck his friend hoped to shoot. On one such trip night had overtaken them on this very causeway, and but for an old marshman, who showed a hidden path to the village of Chepperton, they would most probably have spent the night on the marsh. But barely had he taken a couple of steps ere a number of dark forms appeared as from the ground, and a guttural voice cried in German:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

The next moment he found himself surrounded by German soldiers.

As we know, Tom was a plucky youngster, but for a moment terror rendered him incapable of thought, but only for a moment. The next he was clinging to the clothes of the man who had seized him, and crying for mercy.

"Here, Jaukinson," cried a voice, evidently that of the officer in command of the soldiers, "you speak English. Just ask this brat if he can lead us to Chepperton. If he can't, knock him on the head and leave him!"

"Do you know your way about here, leetle English boy?" asked the man, in English.

"Yes, sir, please sir; I've often been here with father," returned Tom, in a voice that shook with frightened sobs—sobs, needless to say, put on for the Germans' sole benefit. "I lives hereabouts, I do."

Jaukinson interpreted Tom's reply to his captain, who, little guessing that the little mud-bespattered figure before him understood every word he said, replied:

"All right, tell him to lead the way. You can promise him an English pound when we reach Chepperton—and buyout him in the asks for it when we get there!"

Then, with a brutal laugh, the captain turned on his heels, whilst Jaukinson said, in a wheedling tone:

"All right, leetle English boy, we will give you one sovereign, and you will show us the way to Chepperton. But have a care. No tricks, or my rifle es quick and sure!"

"Thanky, sir! This way, sir. The other gentlemen had better follow close behind us, seeing as how there's a deep quagmire on either side of the road!" cried Tom eagerly.

Proud of his knowledge of English, Jaukinson kept up a running conversation with his prisoner as Tom led the way along the causeway for about half a mile.

Presently Tom began to run.

"Not so fast, leetle English boy! We cannot with you keep up in the dark."

"Oh, it's all solid road! Come along!" Tom cried, increasing his speed, for he saw in front of him the white stone that marked the hidden path to Chepperton.

"Stop him, Jaukinson; he's running away!" he heard the German captain thunder out.

Putting on a spurt, Tom sprang ahead. As he did so half a dozen rifles rang out behind him, but the bullets flew harmlessly overhead. With a mocking laugh, he scrambled on his hands and toes for a dozen yards or so along the narrow path; then sprang to his feet, and ran for all he was worth towards Chepperton; whilst the Germans, believing him still ahead, blundered on, only to find themselves tumbling over each other in the soft quagmire in which the road ended.

How his dupes extricated themselves from their unpleasant predicament Tom did not stop to inquire; but, continuing his way, soon reached Chepperton, which he found already in the hands of the Germans.

Avoiding the village street, he hastened through the fields, until at last he had left the main body of the enemy far behind.

But ere long he was in the thick of the foes again. He could hear the tramp of infantry, the sharp, quick click of horses' hoofs on stone; then suddenly the whole countryside for about a mile seemed to burst into flame, and for half an hour the sound of battle rang in his ears as he crouched beneath the shelter of a clump of laurels in the deserted garden of what shortly before had been a peaceful and prosperous homestead.

Presently the road running past the house was crammed with a frightened mob, and Tom smiled contentedly, for he knew that the Germans had come in contact with the British rearguard, and had been defeated.

But ere long he had something else to think of, for a couple of regiments occupied the farm buildings, and commenced putting it into a state of defence.

Tom was in a tight hole. To remain was to court discovery and instant death; but whither should he flee? From every side came the shuffling of feet, and hoarse, guttural voices of command.

(Our Grand Special Christmas Number appears Next Monday! Be sure not to miss the EXTRA LONG instalment of this Grand Serial which it contains.)

# THE SNOB OF THE REMOVE!

A Magnificent, New, Long, Complete Tale dealing with the  
Adventures of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars School.

By FRANK RICHARDS.



"Excuse me, Herr Quelch," said Limburg. "I am to occupy this study?" "Yes, my boy," said the Remove Master kindly. "Thank you! But I object to occupying the same study with an Indian coolie!" Hurree Singh's dusky face became as red as his complexion would allow at the insult. (See Chapter 9.)

## THE FIRST CHAPTER. Startling News!

"**B**OSH!"  
"It's true!"  
"Bosh!"  
"I tell you——" roared Billy Bunter.  
"Rats!"

Billy Bunter blinked furiously at the group of Removites, who were sunning themselves on the steps of the School House. The fat junior had rushed up breathless, full of the most astounding news, and Harry Wharton & Co. declined to believe a word of it. And they expressed their opinions with their usual directness.

"Draw it mild, you know," said Bob Cherry, shaking his forefinger at the Owl of the Remove. "We can't swallow that one! Give us something easier!"

"Tell us you're expecting a remittance, and it's been  
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delayed by the war!" suggested Nugent. "We'll try to get that down! But this one——"

"This one won't wash!" said Johnny Bull, with a shake of his head. Hurree Jarnet Ram Singh, the Indian junior, observed emphatically that the won't-washfulness was terrific. His English was curious, but his meaning was plain.

"But it's true!" howled Bunter. "I say you fellows, I heard Mr. Quelch say so——"

"Bosh!"  
"He was speaking to Wingate, and he said——"  
"Rats!"

"He said that the chap was coming here to-day; and that he was a German—a real live German—and he's coming into the Remove!"

To which the juniors responded in chorus:

"Chuck it!"

Bunter's very spectacles gleamed with wrath. It was an

astounding item of news, and the Peeping Tom of Greyfriars had unearched it, and rushed off to astound his Form-fellows with it. And they wouldn't believe him! Billy Bunter was often full of news, and much of it originated in his fertile imagination. And Bunter had to pay the penalty of all preparators—when at last he was telling the truth, he found nobody to believe him!

"What awful rot!" said Bolsover major, with a snort. "Shut up, Bunter, or I'll give you a thick ear. If they put a German into the Remove, I know I'd jolly well whop him. But I know it's one of your crammers."

"The crumfalsness is—"

"Terrific!" said Bob Cherry. "Tone it down and make it easier, Bunter. You can't expect us to swallow that one."

"But-b-but it's true!" howled Billy Bunter. "I heard Quelch tell Wingate, and Wingate said—"

"Rats!" suggested Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"No, he didn't. He said 'By Jove!'" said Bunter. "He was awfully surprised, and so was I. I thought you fellows would be astonished."

"Oh, we've been up being astonished at anything you tell us," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Try us with an easier one, though."

"You—you—you—you ass!" stammered Bunter. "It's true! He's a rich German kid, and his name is Franz von Limburg."

"Von Rats!"

"And he's coming this afternoon. He's coming by train to Friar-dale, and—"

"Look here," said Bob Cherry warningly, "you can't pull our leg, Bunter, and we're fed up! Chuck it! 'Nuff as good as a feast."

"But it's true—"

"Cheese it!" roared the juniors. They were, as Bob Cherry put it, fed up. They were not likely to believe that a German fellow was coming into the Lower Fourth at Greyfriars under the circumstances. And Bunter's persistence in that incredible yarn had an exasperating effect upon them.

"Fatheads!" shouted Bunter. "I tell you it's a fact—"

"Yaroooh!" shouted Bunter. "I tell you it's a fact—"

"Yaroooh!" shouted Bunter. "I tell you it's a fact—"

"Yaroooh!" shouted Bunter. "I tell you it's a fact—"

"Yaroooh!" shouted Bunter. "I tell you it's a fact—"

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"Yaroooh!" shouted Bunter. "I tell you it's a fact—"

"That will do, Bunter."

"It was quite by chance, sir!"

"You must see that these chances do not occur, Bunter. You will take two hundred lines and bring them to me at tea-time. If you say another word I will cane you."

"Oh!" groaned Bunter.

"My boys," said Mr. Quelch, looking at the group of wondering Removites, "this is quite correct—a German schoolboy is coming here to-day. His name is Franz von Limburg. I speak to you about it, because, as he is coming into your Form, I desire you to be very careful in your attitude towards him."

"Oh!" groaned the juniors.

"The fact that this country is at war with Germany should make no difference in your treatment of this lad," said Mr. Quelch.

"The boy has lived all his life in England, and speaks English like a native. It is the desire of his family that he should have an English education. He has already been to an English preparatory school. He will be exactly like any other junior here. Owing to the unfortunate state of war that exists at present, I have considered it possible that there may be some ill-will shown to this lad—some attempt at ragging, perhaps."

"Here Mr. Quelch directed a frowning glance towards Bolsover major. "I need hardly say that I forbid anything of the kind. You must remember that this boy is a stranger in a strange land, and is, in fact, a guest of this country. I expect you to show, for the honour of your nationality, that you know how to treat even an alien enemy with civility and consideration."

"Oh!" said the juniors again.

"There are at the present moment many English boys in German schools," went on Mr. Quelch. "We should all be very shocked if any rough treatment were meted out to them. I trust that you will exercise good sense and good taste, and treat this boy Limburg entirely as one of yourselves."

"Oh, certainly, sir," said Harry Wharton, feeling called upon to speak as captain of the Remove. "If he's a decent chap, sir, he'll be treated all right. If he's not decent, I suppose he will have to take his chance."

"Ahem! Quite so," said Mr. Quelch. "I only wish to say that there should be no foolish and unreasonable prejudice on account of the lad's nationality. The folly and wickedness of the Prussian Government should not be visited upon harmless German people."

"Oh, certainly, sir!"

"We'll treat him all right, sir," said Bob Cherry; "and if there's any ragging, we'll put our foot down on it."

"That is what I expected of you," said Mr. Quelch, with a nod. "Thank you, my boys."

And the Remove-master went on his way.

He left the Removites in a buzz of astonishment. A German fellow coming into the Greyfriars Remove! It was news indeed!

"Now, what did I tell you!" hooted Bunter. "I told you so—"

"Oh, rats!" growled Bob Cherry. "Dry up!"

"I tell you I told you so!" howled Bunter indignantly. "I—"

"So it's true!" grunted Bolsover major. "Well, if a blessed German comes into our Form, it's up to us to show him what we think of Germans! I'll make the young beast wish he was back in Deutschland."

"You heard what Quelch said," said Harry Wharton.

"Blow Quelch!"

"There's not to be any ragging—"

"Wait till I see him, that's all!" was Bolsover major's reply. And he stalked away, already meditating unpleasant experiences for Franz von Limburg.

The Famous Five looked at one another.

"Well," said Bob Cherry. "This is a go!"

"Quelch's quite right," said Wharton. "If the chap's decent, it would be rotten to rag him. We shall have to keep an eye on Bolsover. Some Germans are awfully decent chaps, and this may be one of them."

Bob Cherry made a grimace.

"Rather a new line for us—taking blessed Germans under our wing," he remarked.

"Well, you see—"

"True, O king! We'll look after him, tuck him up at a night, and smooth his baby brow—any old thing," said Bob resignedly.

"Ass!" said Harry. "I don't mean coddle him. But it's up to us to see that he's treated decently, if he's decent."

"Hear, hear!"

"But if he isn't a decent chap—" suggested Mark Linley.

Wharton shrugged his shoulders.

In the next quarter of an hour, the news spread through



Greyfriars, and a great many fellows as well as the Removites were very curious to see the new boy; and they looked forward with much keenness to his arrival at Greyfriars.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER. Helping Bunter Out!

"I SAY, you fellows—"  
Harry Wharton & Co. had gone down to the football-field for practice. It was a half-holiday at Greyfriars. Billy Bunter's fat face wore a lugubrious expression. Evidently there was something on his mind.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry. "Do you want to have a go at the footer? Come on; I'll put you through your paces."

Bunter backed away.  
"Oh, really, Cherry, I haven't come here to play footer! I'm in a fix, and I really think some of you chaps might help me."

"Money's tight!" said Bob tersely.  
"I ain't money, you fathead," growled Bunter. Bob looked astonished.

"You don't want to borrow anything?" he exclaimed.  
"No; I don't!" roared Bunter.

"My hat! Then we'll hear what you've got to say, if only for the sake of the novelty," said Bob Cherry. "What's the trouble?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Queelchy's given me two hundred lines!" grumbled Bunter. "I've got to take them in by tea-time. And—and I've got something on this afternoon—something very special. I think somebody ought to help me out. Would you fellows club together and do my lines?"

"What?"  
"Queelchy wouldn't notice—he never really looks at the impo's," urged Bunter. "And you could make the writing scrawly a bit. If half a dozen of you piled in, you would get the lines done while I'm gone out—"

"My hat!"  
"You cheeky porpoise—"

"It's really an important matter," exclaimed Bunter. "I've been thinking it out. We're at war with Germany—"

"I've heard of that," assented Bob Cherry solemnly. "Saw it in the paper."

"Let me finish, you ass! I think it's up to the Removites to us, you know—to show this new chap that we can be civil and decent, though we're at war with his rotten country. It would be only decent—that Messoo calls noblesse oblige, you know. Let him see that we're not beastly hooligans. Well, as he is coming by the afternoon train, I—I thought of going to the station to meet him, and—and do the civil thing, you know."

The Removites looked grimly at Billy Bunter. They knew him.

"You mean you've heard that the new chap's got money?" asked Nugent.

"Oh, really, Nugent, that's a rotten way of putting it—"

"And you want to sponge on a blessed German?" growled Johnny Bull.

"I—I want to do the civil thing, you know—"

"Oh, scart!"  
"Get off the earth, you fat boulder!" said Squiff, the Australian junior, in deep disgust. "Blessed if you ain't a disgrace to the Removite! Buzz off!"

"I say, Wharton, if you'll do my lines—"

"Rats!"

"You see, Queelchy will lick me if they're not taken in by tea-time, so they must be done. I think you might do 'em for your own study-mate, Toddy."

"Bow-wow!" was Peter Toddy's reply.

"I really must go and meet Limburg, you fellows, to show him that we know how to behave decently, though we're at war with his disgusting country. Brownie, old chap, you might do my lines for me."

"I'll give you a thick ear," said the New Zealand junior, with a sniff.

"I say, Smithy—"

"Bosh!" said Vernon-Smith.

"Skinner, old man—"

"Go and eat coke!" said Skinner.

"I say, Hazeldene—"

"Br-r-r-r!"

The footballers went on to the field, following the ball, and Billy Bunter was left blinking after them dolefully. Nobody appeared to be eager to do his lines, so that he could go and do the decent thing, as he described it.

"The rotters!" murmured Bunter. "After all I've done for 'em! I must find somebody to help me out of this fix."

The fat junior rolled away in search of somebody. He tried his minor, Sammy Bunter of the Second Form, and Sammy politely told him to go and eat coke. Sammy's brotherly affection, to which Bunter appealed, did not go so far as doing lines for his major. Billy Bunter rolled along the Removite

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NEXT MONDAY—OUR SPECIAL CHRISTMAS

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passage in search of a victim. He found Wun Lung, the little Chinese, and Mark Linley, in Study No. 13. Wun Lung was curled up in the armchair watching the Lancashire lad, who was working at Greek. Mark Linley, the scholarship junior, often worked on half-holidays, and had the reputation of being a swot. Bunter blinked at him and sniffed, as Mark did not even raise his head.

"I say, Wun Lung, old chap," said Bunter, "you're not busy this afternoon?"

"Me takee nappee," said Wun Lung.

"How'd you like to do some lines for me?"

"No like at all."

"Look here, you heathen beast—"

Wun Lung closed his eyes as if in slumber. Bunter grunted, and turned to Mark Linley. If Linley wanted to be "swot," there was no reason why he shouldn't swot at Bunter's imposition—so the Owl of the Removite considered.

"I say, Linley, old chap—"

"Well?" said Mark, looking up at last.

"Will you help me out, old fellow?" asked Bunter affectionately. "I'd do the same for you, you know, if you were in a fix."

"I'm never likely to get lines for listening to a private conversation, I hope," said Mark quietly.

"Ahem! You see, I want to go and meet the German chap, and do the decent thing by him. He ought to be met at the station, you know."

"I don't see the necessity."

"Well, you wouldn't," agreed Bunter. "You wouldn't understand noblesse oblige, and all that, the way you've been brought up, Linley."

Mark's eyes flashed, but he turned quietly back to his work.

"But, you see, I feel it's up to me," said Bunter. "I want to do the right thing. I think you ought to help me out. You can do my lines, you know, while I get out—"

"I can't!"

"You mean you won't!" growled Bunter.

"Well, I won't, then, if you prefer it that way," said Mark.

"Look here, you factory boulder," exclaimed Bunter angrily. "I think you ought to do it, after all I've done for you!"

"What have you done for me?" asked Mark.

"Well, I—I've treated you civilly, and that's something, considering that you're a factory chap come here on a scholarship," snorted Bunter. "I call that something."

"You can do something more for me," suggested Mark calmly. "You can get out of this study, and quick!"

Bunter did not budge. Mark Linley was generally very quiet and good-tempered, and slow to anger, and the fat junior did not realise that he was treading on dangerous ground.

"Now, look here, Marky, old man—"

"My name is Linley!" snapped Mark.

"Well, I—Linley, then, I think you might help me out. As you're so fond of swotting, you might as well swot doing lines as doing that beastly Greek. What's the good of Greek, anyway? Now, do them for me, old chap. Look here, Linley—"

Mark was going on quietly with his work, oblivious of Bunter's presence. The fat junior's eyes gleamed with rage behind his big glasses.

"Look here, you factory rotter—" he roared.

Mark Linley rose to his feet.

"Are you going to help me out?" demanded Bunter.

"Yes."

"That's right! Now—Hallo—ow—wharrer you up to? Leggo! Yaroooh!"

The Lancashire junior's strong grasp closed on Bunter's collar, and he swung him off his feet and spun him through the doorway. Then the door slammed on him.

"Oh, crumbs! Ow! Beast!"

Bunter sat in the passage, gasping. Mark had helped him out—not exactly in the way he desired. The Owl of the Removite scrambled up, and shook a fat and furious fist at the study door, but he did not venture to reopen it. He rolled away dolorously to his study to do his lines, deprived of that excellent opportunity of doing the decent thing towards the new junior.

## THE THIRD CHAPTER.

### Hard Luck for the Raggers!

"YOU'RE coming, Skinner!"

Bolsover major was the speaker. He came down to the footer-ground with Snoop and Stok. Billy Bunter was not the only Removite fellow who had thought of meeting the German schoolboy at the station.

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Bolsover major had thought of it too, though it was far from being his desire to do the decent thing in any shape or form. Snoop and Stott had joined heartily in the scheme formed by the bully of the Remove. Skinner was standing with his hands in his pockets, looking on at the footer, when the three juniors joined him.

He shook his head in response to Bolsover major's question. "No jolly fear!" he said emphatically. "You remember what Quelchly said."

"Hang Quelchly! He won't know anything about it."

"The kid might snook."

"If he does I'll pulverise him."

Skinner grinned.

"That wouldn't get us off our licking. Besides, all the fellows would be down on ragging the new kid. He can't help being a blessed Prussian. I dare say he would if he could."

"You mean you're afraid of Wharton's lot!" sneered Bolsover major.

"Put it that way if you like!" yawned Skinner. "Anyway, I'm not coming. I recommend you to leave the chap alone."

"Fats!"

Bolsover & Co. marched off, leaving Harold Skinner to watch the football. Skinner gazed after them rather regretfully. As a matter of fact, ragging a new "kid" was just the kind of sport that appealed to Skinner. But he had reflected on the matter, and he preferred to be on the safe side. He did not want to have to deal with Mr. Quelch on one hand, and the Famous Five on the other. But Bolsover major was reckless of consequences when his bullying propensities were aroused.

The three young rascals hurried down to the station. There was only one train in that afternoon, so they were pretty certain that the German boy would come by it.

"Good time for the train!" announced Bolsover, as they reached the station. "Not in for ten minutes yet. Come in!"

"I—I suppose it will be all right about Quelchly!" murmured Snoop dubiously.

"Of course it will!" growled Bolsover. "Are you beginning to funk, like Skinner? Come on, I tell you! There's time for some ginger-pop before the train comes in."

That settled Snoop's and Stott's doubts. They refreshed themselves with ginger-pop, and then went into the station. The platform was deserted when they reached it, and the train was not yet signalled. Trains at Friardale were frequently late.

"Here she comes!" said Bolsover major at last.

The train came in. The three juniors looked along the half-dozen carriages. There was only one first-class, and from that a lad of about their own age descended.

"That's the pig!" said Bolsover major. It was pretty clear that the solitary first-class passenger was the person they sought. The rest of the passengers were all grown-up. The fellow from the first-class carriage was a heavily-built youth, with a blonde face and fair hair—unmistakably a German. He was somewhat good-looking, but there was a supercilious cast to his countenance that put Bolsover major's back up at once.

The German schoolboy, who was in Etons, well-cut and well-fitting, and looked something of a dandy. He had a ring on his finger, and wore a gold watch in a bracelet on his wrist. A diamond glittered in his tie. He had a cane in his hand with a gold head. These signs of "nuttishness" incensed Bolsover, who was glad of an excuse for feeling "down" on the stranger. Bolsover major was rather given to slovenliness himself, and he detested "nuts."

"Looks a bit of a nut—what?" remarked Snoop.

"We'll take all that out of him in the Remove," said Bolsover, with a grunt. "Looks as if the earth wasn't quite good enough for him to walk on, the foreign odd! Come on!"

The German boy was looking up and down the platform, as if expecting to be met there by somebody. The three Greyfriars juniors bore down upon him, and the German extracted a gold-rimmed eyeglass from his pocket, jammed it into his eye, and looked at them. The way he looked at them certainly was not pleasing. There was a haunter in his manner that may have been natural to a born "Von," but was not at all agreeable to the Removites.

"New kid for Greyfriars—what?" asked Bolsover major. "I'm going to Greyfriars, certainly!" said the German schoolboy, in perfect English, with hardly a trace of a German accent.

Bolsover major was disappointed. He had expected broken English, which would have afforded scope for his humour in imitating it. So he was all the more annoyed.

"We're Greyfriars chaps," said Snoop.

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"Indeed!"

"Your name's Bamberg, or Shamburg, or something!" asked Bolsover.

"My name is Von Limburg."

"Lemme see. That's where the cheese comes from, ain't it?" asked Bolsover.

Limburg stared at him haughtily through his monocle, and turned away. Bolsover & Co. stood rooted to the platform for a moment. To be treated in this off-hand manner by the "new kid" they had come to rag was a little too much.

"Collar the odd!" growled Bolsover.

Von Limburg was walking towards the exit from the platform. There was a rush of feet behind him, and he was suddenly caught up in three pairs of hands, and swept off the platform before he knew what was happening.

"Mein Gott! Let me go!" he shouted angrily.

Bolsover major grinned.

"We're going to give you the frog's march to take some of the conceit out of you," he said. "Now then— Oh!"

Slash!

Limburg's cane came across Bolsover's face with a terrific swipe. The bully of the Remove let go the German, and staggered backward. A deep red mark showed across his face, and the pain blinded him for a moment. Snoop and Stott let go the German very suddenly, and he bumped down on the platform.

He jumped up at once, set his silk hat straight on his head, and stood glaring, with the cane gripped in his hand, evidently ready for another blow.

"My hat!" ejaculated Snoop, promptly backing away into safety. "What a blessed wild beast!"

Bolsover major stood for some moments rubbing his face. It had been a cruel blow, and he was hurt, and still more amazed than hurt.

"You—you foreign beast!" gasped Bolsover at last. "I'll teach you to whop me with a stick! I'll—I'll smash you!"

"Look out, Bolsover!" exclaimed Stott, as the Remove bully rushed at the new junior. "Mind that cane!"

"Blow his cane!"

The German junior looked dangerous, with the heavy cane gripped in his hand and his pale-blue eyes gleaming behind it. But Bolsover major would have faced a cannon at that moment, so great was his rage. He rushed straight at Limburg, and received the cane across his face again without heeding it, and the next moment Limburg was struggling in his grasp.

The cane was wrenched from the German's hand and tossed away, and then Bolsover had his head in chancery, and proceeded to punish him. Limburg's silk hat rolled on the platform, and he struggled and roared in mingled German and English.

In the excitement the juniors did not notice a gentleman in a frock-coat and silk hat who came upon the platform. He stood upon the scene with a brow of thunder.

"Bolsover!"

"Look out!" gasped Snoop. "It's Quelch!"

Bolsover, release that boy instantly! How dare you! How dare you, I say!"

Bolsover, dismayed to hear his Form-master's voice, released the German junior. Franz von Limburg did not look quite so nutty now. He was somewhat dishevelled, and there was a crimson stream flowing from his prominent nose. He panted for breath.

"Hund!" he yelled in German, shaking his fist at Bolsover.

"Silence, Limburg! You must not use such expressions!" said Mr. Quelch. "Bolsover, this is the second time to-day I have found you bullying!"

"Look at my face!" panted Bolsover. "He did that!"

Mr. Quelch started a little as he saw the red marks across Bolsover's furious face.

Limburg picked up his hat and cane with a sullen look.

"You should not have used your cane in that way, Limburg, whatever Bolsover was doing," said Mr. Quelch.

"But for you, Bolsover, there is no excuse. It is plain that you came here on purpose to rag the new boy, and if I had not come to the station to meet him he would have been ill-used. All three of you will return to Greyfriars, and wait in your Form-room till I return. I shall cane you severely. Go!"

Bolsover & Co. walked out of the station with hanging heads. Mr. Quelch followed them more slowly with the new boy.

"What rotten luck!" groaned Snoop, as the three unfortunate raggers tramped down the lane towards the school. "We might have guessed that old Quelch would go to the station to meet the beast!"

"And now there's a thundering licking in store for us!"



"Walter! Walter!" called Skinner. Limburg started up involuntarily as if from old habit. "Yes, sir! Coming, sir!" he exclaimed. A roar of laughter from Skinner, and a stare of blank amazement from everybody else, recalled him to himself. (See Chapter 14.)

grunted Stott. "It was a rotten idea to rag the kid. After all, he hadn't done anything."

"You can see he's a rotten puppy!" snarled Bolsover. "Well, he looks rather a puppy, and he's very handy with his cane, but—but Quelch is going to lay it on for this! I could see that in his eye," said Snoop dolorously.

"Who cares?" snorted Bolsover. "Well, I do, for one," said Snoop. "And I, for another," said Stott. "We're in for it, and it's all your fault, Bolsover. What do you want to be such a rotten bully for?"

Bolsover major grunted, and tramped on in silence. Certainly the ragers were "in for it," there was not much doubt about that. They entered the school gates with glum looks. Harry Wharton & Co. were coming off the football ground, and they met the returning ragers, and regarded them in surprise.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's the matter with your chivvy. THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 356.

MONDAY—OUR SPECIAL CHRISTMAS

Bolsover?" asked Bob Cherry. "Been wrestling with a runaway motor-car?"

"It's that Gorman beast," growled Bolsover savagely. "You've seen him?" asked Wharton.

"Met him at the station," groaned Snoop, "and Quelch dropped on us just as Bolsover was whopping him."

"Serve you right."

"Yes, rather!"

The ragers, thus sympathised with, went on to their Form-room, where they waited for Mr. Quelch. They had to wait half an hour. Then the Remove master came in, with a cane in his hand.

"Hold out your hand, Bolsover!" Swish! "After what I said to you this afternoon concerning the new boy"—swish—

"I regard it as unheard-of audacity on your part to ill-use the new boy in this way." Swish! "I hope this will be a lesson to you." Swish! "Let there be no more of it!" Swish, swish!

"Now, Snoop!"

When Mr. Quelch left the Form-room, he left three

PRICE 2<sup>d</sup>. SEE YOUR EDITOR'S CHAT.

dispirited youths groaning in chorus. Their feelings towards the German schoolboy were certainly not improved; but they realised that it would be wise to keep their ragging propensities within bounds.

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Limburg of the Remove!

"HERE'S the giddy Teuton!"  
A crowd of fellows were waiting to see Limburg come out of Mr. Quelch's study.

Astonished as the Remove fellows had been by the news that a German junior was coming into their Form, they had got used to the idea by this time; but they were very curious to see Limburg. The fellows who had caught sight of him as he came into the School House with Mr. Quelch had pronounced that they didn't like his looks. Harry Wharton & Co. had not seen him yet. The chums of the Remove had thought the matter over, and they were quite in agreement with Mr. Quelch's views on the matter.

Any ragging of the German simply because he was a German would have been in the worst of taste. They felt that it was up to them, in fact, to make the fellow feel as much at home as possible. It could hardly be pleasant for him to find himself in an English school, when his country was at war with England. If he turned out a decent fellow, the Famous Five were quite prepared to treat him very well indeed—and they were the leaders of the Remove, and the Form—could follow their lead.

They were very much down on Bolsover major for the intended ragging, which had been nipped in the bud by the unexpected arrival of Mr. Quelch at the station. Most of the juniors agreed with them. And they intended to keep the obstreperous Bolsover in order later on.

There was a general movement of interest as the door of the Form-master's study opened, and Franz von Limburg came out. Mr. Quelch came out with him, and signed to Harry Wharton to approach. Harry came up cheerfully, as the Remove master introduced Limburg to the head boy of the Remove.

Wharton held out his hand cheerfully enough, and Limburg took it in a perfunctory manner, giving him two fingers.

The cheery smile died away from Wharton's face immediately. However, he was determined to be civil.

"We have assigned Limburg to your study, Wharton," said Mr. Quelch.

"Ye-es, sir," murmured Harry.

"I shall be obliged if you will show him to his new quarters, and give him any information and help in your power, as a stranger here."

"Certainly, sir."

Mr. Quelch returned into his study and closed the door, leaving the German junior with the crowd of Removeites.

They gathered round him at once, with not at all unfriendly looks. Naturally, they were curious about that uncommon kind of Form-fellow.

"So you've got him in your study, Wharton," grinned Bolsover major. "I wish you joy of him."

Wharton and Nugent had exchanged a dismayed glance. They had no feeling against the new boy, but they wanted their study themselves. They would not have liked any stranger to be "planted" there, whatever his nationality. But there was no ginsaying the order of the Form-master.

"Well, it's only fair," said Wharton, with a noble effort.

"We're only two in No. 1 Study, and there are three and four fellows in some rooms."

"They couldn't shove him in with me, anyway," remarked Bob Cherry. "We're four already in No. 13. I say, Bamberg—"

"My name is Von Limburg."

"Don't forget the Von, whatever you do," grinned Snoop.

The German junior gave him a fierce look.

"You Englishers do not understand," he said. "In Germany 'Von' means that one is a gentleman. But, of course, you know nothing of all that."

"Means that, does it?" said Bolsover major. "Then what on earth have you got it stuck on your name for?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The German junior turned his back on Bolsover. The bully of the Remove made a threatening movement, but several juniors stepped in the way.

"Chuck it, Bolsover," said Johnny Bull tersely.

"Come up to the study, Limburg," said Harry Wharton, as cordially as he could. "I'll show you where to put your things. You'll have tea with us? Franky, old man, go and scout in the tuckshop for supplies."

"Right-ho!" said Nugent.

Limburg went up with Wharton, the other fellows looking after him curiously. His manner had not made a pleasant

impression on them. Skinner of the Remove came in from the Close.

"Where's the giddy Deutscher?" he asked.

Bolsover major jerked his thumb after the figure ascending the stairs. Skinner glanced up the staircase curiously. Limburg happened to look down, and Skinner caught a view of his face, with its fair skin, deep-set, pale-blue eyes, and prominent nose. Skinner stared at him harder.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed. "I've seen that chap before."

The German schoolboy, who was half-way up the staircase, stopped as he heard Skinner's exclamation, and stared down at the Removeite. Skinner ascended the stairs.

"So you're Limburg," he said.

"I am Von Limburg," said the other haughtily.

Skinner stared at him with a puzzled look.

"We've met before somewhere?" he said.

The German junior compressed his thick lips a little, and shook his head.

"I do not remember it," he said.

"You don't remember me?"

"I do not."

"Well, I remember you," said Skinner. "Blessed if I can remember where I've met you, but I've met you somewhere. Queer, too, as I haven't been in Germany."

"Limburg has lived in England," said Harry Wharton.

"So I understand, anyway."

"What part?" asked Skinner.

"I don't know."

"He can speak for himself, I suppose," said Skinner, still staring hard at the new boy. "What part of England do you come from, Limburg?"

"London," said the German shortly.

"That's a big place," said Skinner. "What part of London?"

Limburg made a haughty gesture.

"I decline to be questioned," he said.

Skinner stared harder.

"You decline to be questioned!" he ejaculated. "My word, what cheek! New boys always have to give an account of themselves, you young ass."

"You have to give your name, age, form, and starting-price!" explained Vernon-Smith in his slangy way, and there was a laugh.

"I decline to do anything of the sort."

And Limburg turned his back on Skinner, and went upstairs with Wharton. Skinner stared after him, and came back to the Lower Hall, looking very perplexed. He rubbed his nose in a very thoughtful way, evidently much puzzled.

"What do you know about that chap, Skinky?" asked Bolsover major. All the juniors were keenly interested in that curious recognition.

Skinner shook his head.

"I don't know anything about him," he said. "I've seen him somewhere—I'd swear to that. I know his chivvy as well as anything. You don't easily forget a nose like that. But I'm blessed if I remember where I've seen him. It's jolly odd. He ought to remember me, as I remember him—but he doesn't—or says he doesn't."

"Perhaps you see why he should blub about it," said Bulstrode.

"Perhaps you've seen somebody like him, Skinky."

"I ain't that. I've seen him," said Skinner positively.

"I'll think over it—it'll come back to my mind. I've a good memory for faces."

And Skinner walked away in deep thought. Convinced that he had seen the German somewhere before, Skinner was very curious to know more about him. Skinner was as inquisitive as Billy Bunter, and the fact that the German disclaimed all knowledge of him only whetted his curiosity.

Meanwhile, Limburg followed Harry Wharton into Study No. 1. He cast a glance about the room that was somewhat disparaging, and that did not please Wharton at all. Study No. 1 was one of the best in the Remove—next best after Lord Maulverer's, in fact—and Wharton and Nugent considered themselves very lucky to have it. It was a good size. It had a fireplace, and a window on the Close. There was nothing for the German junior to turn up his nose at. But he was unmistakably turning up his nose. It was born in upon Wharton's mind that his new study-mate was not going to be a pleasant companion, however hard he tried to make the best of him.

"Is this the room I am to occupy?" Limburg asked.

"Yes; this is our study."

"I do not have it to myself, then?"

"There will be three of us."

"Oh!" said Limburg.

"Some of the studies have four fellows in them," said Wharton. "We're rather lucky to have this one. It's one of the best. We can be pretty comfy here."

Limburg shrugged his shoulders.

"I suppose one must be content with what one can get," he remarked.

Harry Wharton made no reply to that. He was determined to take no notice of the German's ungracious manner.

He stirred the fire together, and put the kettle on. Limburg watched that proceeding with a lofty and supercilious expression.

"What is that for?" he asked.

"To make the tea."

"Surely you do not prepare your own meals?"

"Not as a rule," said Harry, laughing. "We take meals in the dining-hall. But we like to have tea in the study. It's great fun getting one's own tea, and then, you see, we can have what we like, and pay for it ourselves."

"It does not seem much fun to me to do menial's work," said Limburg disdainfully. "I shall certainly not handle dirty kettles and wash up teacups! I suppose you do that, too?"

"We wash our own crockery, of course, when we feed in the study," said Harry.

"And you find it agreeable to do servants' work?" said Limburg, with a curl of the lip.

Harry Wharton flushed, but he held his temper in check.

"If a fellow objected to washing up his own teacups, we should think him a snobbish ass," he said bluntly. "What is there to mind in washing teacups?"

"I should regard it as degrading."

"Well, you'll probably get that sort knocked out of you in the Remove," said a voice at the door, and Bob Cherry came cheerfully into the study.

Limburg gave another of his unpleasant shrugs of the shoulders.

"I shall certainly not wash teacups!" he said.

"You can take your choice about that, of course," said Harry. "If you prefer it, you can have tea in Hall. Some of the fellows do—generally when they're out of funds."

"Certainly it would be preferable to doing scullion's work in this small room," said Limburg.

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, in astonishment. "I say, Limburg, you ain't the Crown Prince of Deutschland by any chance, are you?"

"I am a Von Limburg."

"Is that different from any other kind of Limburg?" asked Bob innocently.

"Cheese it, Bob!" murmured Harry. "Don't chip the nose of the kid. He's a foreign chap, and doesn't know our ways yet."

Bob Cherry granted.

"I dare say you'll fall into our manners and customs later on, Limburg," said Wharton politely.

"It is not likely, if that is the kind of custom you have here. And I should be glad if you would call me by my right name," said Limburg tartly. "It is an insult to leave the 'Von' of a German's name when speaking to him."

"My dear chap," said Wharton, "it's no good expecting ceremony in the Lower Fourth at Greyfriars. I don't suppose one fellow in a dozen will call you Von Limburg. If you make a fuss about it, it will grow into a standing joke in the Form. I advise you to take things as you find them, and not make a fuss."

Limburg seemed about to make an angry retort; but, fortunately, Frank Nugent entered at that moment with the supplies for tea. He dumped down a parcel on the table with a bump.

"Here you are!" he announced. "Some of the fellows are coming to tea. You'll be able to make the acquaintance of some of the best chaps in the Remove, Limburg. Come in, Marky! Trot in, Johnny, Inky, Squiff! Here we are again!"

And the tea-party came in.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.  
A Very Cheery Tea-party.

LIMBURG bowed to the incoming juniors in a ceremonious manner, but otherwise gave them no sign of recognition. But the Removites were determined to be agreeable. Moreover, they attributed Limburg's stiff manners in part to his shyness as a new boy. In that they were mistaken. There was no shyness about Franz von Limburg.

The kettle was soon boiling, and Harry Wharton made the tea, not feeling in the least degraded by that menial task. Bob Cherry cleared the table, by the simple process of sweeping books and papers into a heap in the armchair. Nugent jerked out the tablecloth, and unrolled it.

"Take the end, Limburg," he said.

Limburg did not move. Nugent stared at him. He had asked Limburg to take the end, to help spread the cloth, because he was nearest. Johnny Ball, also giving the new boy a curious stare, took the end, and helped Nugent with the cloth. The other fellows made themselves busy in preparing tea. Squiff brought in two or three chairs from

another study. Mark Linley and Inky made the toast. Tom Brown, the last to arrive, piled in at once, opening the jam-jar, and the ardinges, and making himself useful. Limburg stood aside, regarding the proceedings with a stare.

"Here's your chair, chappy!" said Bob Cherry, pushing Limburg into a seat.

"Don't push me, please!" said Limburg.

"Eh?"

"I do not like it."

"You may look it, but you mustn't touch," grinned Squiff. "Limburg, old man, I'm afraid you'll find that won't do for the Remove. We don't stand on ceremony here."

Bob Cherry seemed to gulp something down. He was greatly inclined to take Limburg by the scruff of the neck and rub his nose into the study carpet. But he refrained. It was not exactly the right thing for a guest in the study to do. But Limburg's manner was quite sufficient to cast a damp upon the spirits of the otherwise jovial party. The tea-party crowded round the table, however, and the feed was soon going strong. In the hearty good-fellowship of the juniors Limburg took no part, and did not seem to want to take a part. His desire seemed to be to hold himself aloof and maintain a superior attitude. And naturally that was a check on the flow of cheerfulness.

Politeness constrained the juniors from chatting, as usual, entirely about their own affairs. They felt it a duty to take Limburg into the conversation, but he did not make their duty easy.

"You speak English jolly well, Limburg," Squiff remarked.

"I have lived some time in this country," said Limburg. "I speak also French. Here, I suppose, nobody speaks German?"

"Well, we have it in class," said Harry Wharton. "We study it, you know, as a language. I can't say we speak it very well."

"You would do well to learn it better," said Limburg.

"Eh? Yes, I suppose it might be useful some time," said Harry, not quite understanding the drift of the remark.

"You should find it very useful shortly," said Limburg. "It will be a very necessary language in this country before many months have passed."

"I don't quite see it," said Harry shortly. And the other fellows were silent.

Naturally, to spare the feelings of the German junior, they had refrained from making any reference to the war. But there was no mistaking what Limburg meant to convey by his remark. He laughed unpleasantly.

"I mean when the war has reached its natural conclusion," he said, in order that there should be no doubt as to his meaning.

"It's natural conclusion!" said Squiff warmly. "All the German we shall want to speak then will be 'Nach Berlin!' (To Berlin!)"

Limburg flushed.

"Berlin! You will never see Berlin! But you Englishers will never understand until the Double-Eagle is flying in London!" he said.

"It's flying in Belgium now," said Bob Cherry drily. And Limburg's knowledge of English was evidently sufficient to enable him to understand the double meaning of the word, for he turned angrily upon Bob.

"Cheese it!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Look here, Limburg, it's better to keep off that subject. You can hardly expect us to agree with you about it. You're welcome to your own opinion, of course, but it would be wiser to keep it to yourself, let alone mere evil."

Limburg fiddled sullenly, and remained silent. The tea went on far from cheerfully. There was not a fellow in the study who didn't feel inclined to give the unpleasant new boy a thick ear for his cheek. It was only too evident that Franz von Limburg was blessed with the full allowance of Prussian swank.

Conversation became a little difficult after that. However, the juniors bore up as cheerfully as they could, determined that courtesy should not fail on their side at all events.

"I've been in Germany," remarked Vernon-Smith.

"What part do you come from, Limburg?"

"Prussia," said Limburg.

The reflection of the juniors was that they might have guessed as much, but they did not say so.

"My family is one of the oldest in Prussia (Prussia)," went on Limburg. "I have now cousins and uncles in the Kaiser's army. We have always been a military family. For a gentleman there is no other profession."

"We manage to find some others in England," remarked Nugent.

"Oh, in England!" said Limburg. "Did not Napoleon say that the English were a race of shopkeepers—hein!"

"Better to be a decent shopkeeper than a swanking ass in jack-boots and a big brass helmet!" snapped Vernon-Smith.

"You would think so, no doubt," said Limburg disdainfully. "In Prussia it is different. But we shall teach you a lesson before very long. German arms and German culture will rule the world. Nothing can resist the German arms."

"The German legs seem to be pretty busy, too," said Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bah! I shall not bandy words with you!" said Limburg. "You will learn—"

Bob Cherry rose from the tea-table; he was fed up.

"Sorry I must clear off, you chaps!" he said. "See you later! Ta-ta!"

And Bob Cherry left the study—only just in time, as he explained afterwards, to save himself from taking Limburg's head into chancery.

Vernon-Smith and Tom Brown followed him out, and Squiff followed a few minutes later, apparently having an engagement. That little feed in No. 1 Study was not what could be called a conspicuous success. The German junior was not exactly the kind of youth to whom a hearty welcome could be given.

Harry Wharton and Nugent were thinking with dismay that this rude and conceited bouncer was planted on them for good. It was good-bye to the cheery comfort of No. 1 Study so long as Limburg was there. Still, they exerted themselves to be civil. They felt that the strain would be too much for their tempers sooner or later, but they did not wish Limburg's first day at Greyfriars to be marked with a row.

Tea finished in glum silence, and Harree Singh and Johnny Bull and Mark Laney took their leave. Wharton and Nugent proceeded to clear the table. Limburg stared out of the window.

"You might lend a hand, Limburg!" said Nugent tartly.

Limburg glanced round.

"You cannot expect it of me," he said.

Nugent nearly dropped the jampot in his surprise.

"What's that?" he ejaculated.

"I refuse to do menial work!"

"You silly ass!" roared Nugent. "If you're going to have tea in this study you'll lend a hand with the rest!"

"I shall certainly do nothing of the kind! A Von Limburg does not soil his hands with the work of servants."

"My hat! You'll have tea in Hall, then! Don't make faces at me, Harry; I can't stand the silly fathead!"

"Cheese it, Franky! Limburg's a stranger here; he doesn't understand—"

"The sooner he understands the better, then!"

"You see, Limburg," said Harry awkwardly, "this kind of thing won't do, you know. I dare say Prussian ideas are different from British; but when you're in Rome you must do as Rome does, you know."

"Must!" said Limburg, frowning. "Must is not a word that may be used to me!"

"Oh, crumbs!" said Nugent.

Harry Wharton laughed. The absurd pride of the Prussian boy appealed to his sense of humour, and hardly made him angry.

"You'll get a good deal of it here, I'm afraid," Limburg, he said, "I'm only speaking for your own good. The fellows will look on this kind of thing as swank—and they don't like swank. If you don't want to have the whole school down on you at the start you must take us as you find us, and not put on side. Pride is all very well in its proper place, but—"

"Pride!" said Limburg. "I think I have shown very little pride when I have consented to sit down to a meal with a coolie!"

"A coolie!" yelled Nugent. "You'd better call Inky a coolie to his face if you want to be made German sausages of!"

"For goodness' sake, Limburg, have a little sense!" said Harry uneasily. "You seem to be looking for trouble. Harree Singh would pitch into you if you called him a coolie!"

"I should chastise the black rascal!"

"Look here," shouted Nugent furiously, "I'm not going to hear Inky called a black rascal! I'll jolly well—"

"Hold on, Franky!" said Wharton, pushing him back. "Keep the peace, old man!"

"I'll get out, then!" growled Nugent.

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"I can't stand him, and I won't stand him, and that's flat!"

And Nugent stalked out of the study, closing the door behind him with really unnecessary force.

Harry Wharton looked worried. How peace was to be kept in the study he did not know. The German made it very difficult.

"Perhaps you'd better have your tea in Hall after this, Limburg," said Harry.

"I will consider," said Limburg. "You have said that you pay for this meal yourselves when you have it in the study."

Wharton nodded.

"Very well! For how much am I indebted to you?"

"Nothing!" said Harry acidly. "You are our guest to-day."

"As you wish. But on future occasions—"

"We club together for the tea as a rule," said Wharton.

"Each chap stands his whack, you know."

"I understand. I am quite ready to pay my part," said Limburg. "I have plenty of money—I am rich, in fact. Perhaps we can make an arrangement. I suppose, from your having tea here, that the meal in Hall is not good?"

"Oh, it's all right!" said Harry. "But, of course, we get a better feed when we stand it ourselves. In Hall you get tea—pretty weak—and bread-and-butter and cake for tea. You can take in extras if you like, if you pay for them yourself. We generally consider it more comfy to have it in the study."

"Yes, yes! But that entails menial work. Apparently you have no servants here to do that for you?"

"They don't keep a staff of servants to look after juniors at tea-time, of course," said Harry, laughing.

"Very well! I think probably I shall prefer to have tea in the study. In that case, I will contribute, as the others do. But, more than that, I will pay double—"

"You're not wanted to pay double—in fact, we shouldn't allow it!"

"You do not understand," said Limburg impatiently. "I will pay double—or treble, if you like—and then you need not ask me to perform any of the degrading tasks to which you others do not seem to object. This cooking and making fires and washing teacups—you others can do all that; I cannot soil my hands with it. I leave it to you, and I will pay for the privilege."

Harry Wharton looked at him fixedly. If that proposition had come from anybody else there would have been war in the study on the spot. But Wharton forced himself to remember that the snobbish, purse-proud young bouncer was a foreigner, ignorant of Greyfriars' manners and customs, and he held his temper in check. Limburg evidently misunderstood his silence.

"You agree?" he asked carelessly. "Very well! I do not know how much I am expected to pay, but I presume that will be enough." He threw a couple of sovereigns on the table. "When that is expended you may ask me for more. You will find me liberal."

Harry Wharton gasped. It needed all his self-control to keep his hands off the insolent young rascal; but he realised that Limburg, in his obtuse pride, did not even understand that his words were insulting.

"Put your money in your pocket, Limburg," said the captain of the Remove, finding his voice at last. "You don't understand us! I'm trying to keep my temper with you, but you make it jolly hard. Take up your money."

"Why?"

"You will pay an equal share towards the execs, and you'll do an equal share of the work," said Harry. "Otherwise you won't be allowed to feed in the study. If you can't wash teacups you can't use them here!"

"Then I shall certainly not eat in this study," said Limburg disdainfully.

"Take up your money."

"Bake up! You may keep that for the execs! I have already put you to it!"

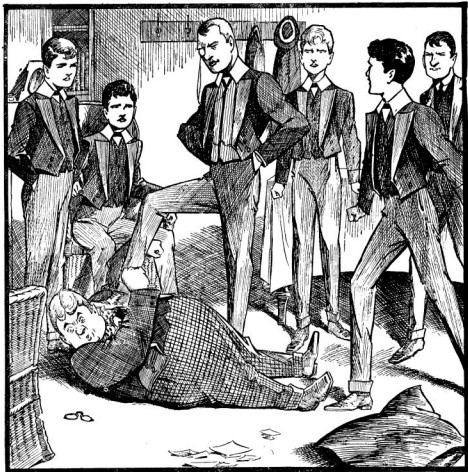
Limburg turned towards the door.

"Take your money, I tell you!" said Wharton between his teeth. "By Jove, if you don't take it instantly, Limburg, I'll—I'll— Take it, I tell you!"

Wharton's face was pale with anger, and with the effort he was making to keep his temper under control.

Limburg looked at him with a sneering glance; but Wharton's expression checked

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Limburg burst into a scoffing laugh. He strode towards the fat junior as he lay sprawling on the study carpet, and put his foot upon his neck, much to the astonishment of the spectators. A demonstration of triumph of that kind had never been witnessed at Greyfriars before. (See Chapter 8.)

the insolent reply that rose to his lips. Without a word he picked up the money, slid it into his pocket, and walked out of the study.

Harry Wharton drew a deep, deep breath.

He was trying to do his best, but it was hard. So far he had not failed. But he realised that his self-control would not find many imitators in the Remove. Franz von Limburg was not likely to meet with so much patient endurance outside No. 1 Study. He was looking for trouble—and it was quite certain that before long he would find it.

#### THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

##### No Go!

"I SAY, Limburg, old man!"

Franz von Limburg was looking out of the window in the common-room when Billy Bunter bore down upon him. The Prussian was alone—he did not seem to mind being left alone. In his pride and conceit he seemed

to be sufficient unto himself. He glanced down at the fat junior with his usual disdainful expression. But Billy Bunter did not mind that. It was not easy to hurt Billy Bunter's feelings. When the Owl of the Remove was "on the make" he was blind and deaf to all minor considerations. Contempt is said to pierce even the shell of the tortoise, according to the Oriental proverb; but William George Bunter was tougher than a tortoise in that respect.

"I've been looking for you, old chap," said Bunter quite affectionately. "I should have come to the station to meet you only I had rotten lines to do, and those beasts wouldn't do them for me. I wanted to give you a welcome, you know."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. I hope they're going to put you in my study," said Bunter, determined not to notice Limburg's coldness. "We're three there now—Peter Todd and Dutton and me—four, now that ass Alonzo has come back. But we'll make room for you."

"I am already in No. 1 Study."

"Oh, that's rotten! I used to be in No. 1, and the fellows there are beasts!" said Bunter, with a shake of the head. "I—I hope you'll look into No. 7 to tea sometimes, Limburg."

"My name is Von Limburg."  
"Yes, of course," agreed Bunter. "Of course, it's a famous name! I've heard a lot about you!"

Limburg started.  
"You have heard about me!" he exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, I've heard about your noble family," explained Bunter. "Your people are awfully rich, ain't they?"

"My father is very rich."  
"Good!" said Bunter, with much satisfaction. "I—I mean, that's so; that's what I've heard. You've lived in England a long time, haven't you?" Skinner says he's met you somewhere, and he can't remember where; but he says it wasn't in London."

"Skinner is a fool!"  
"Of course he is," agreed Bunter readily. He would have agreed to any statement from any fellow whose father was rich. "Simply a blithering ass! Where was it you met him, Limburg—I mean, Von Limburg?"

"I have never seen him—if you mean the person who spoke to me on the stairs," said Limburg coldly.  
"He says he knows you quite well, and he can't remember where he saw you. He thinks it was at some seaside place," said Bunter.

Limburg bit his lip hard.  
"It is a lie!" he said.

"You've never lived in seaside places!" asked Bunter inquisitively.

"Mind your own business!"  
This was a "facor" even for Bunter. But he was not beaten yet. He changed the subject.

"Ahem! Ye-es. It really wasn't that I was going to speak to you about, Limburg—I mean, Von Limburg—that is to say, Von Limburg. How would you like to come round to the tuckshop and have a little feed? I'm going to stand it!"

"Thank you, no."  
"Ahem! I say, old chap—"

"Don't call me old chap!"  
"Why not?"

"I dislike familiarity."  
"Oh, crumbs!" murmured Bunter. He was not getting on.

"I—I say, Von Limburg, I suppose you know that the Post Office is awfully out of gear, late with the letters, and all that, owing to the war—"

"I quite believe it," said Limburg. "There will be a good deal more out of gear here shortly, when our troops have landed."  
"Oh, rats!" said Bunter, for a moment forgetting his designs on Limburg's cash. "What awful rot! If any rotten Germans snooked in, we'd make 'em jolly glad to hop out again, I can tell you!"

"Bah! You talk nonsense! Leave me alone!"  
"Ahem! I—I meant to say—"

"In a few months—perhaps weeks—this country will lie under armed heel of the Kaiser," said Limburg. "It is inevitable."

"Mad!" murmured Bunter. "Must be mad! But they say you should humour lunatics, so—"

"What are you saying?" said Limburg sharply.  
"Ahem! I was saying that you're quite right, Lim—Von Limburg," said Bunter blandly. "I hope you'll put in a word for me when the Germans take Greifriars. I like everything German—German bands and German sausages and German waiters—"

"What!" exclaimed Limburg, so fiercely that Billy Bunter jumped back in alarm. "What did you say, you fat fool? You dare to say—"

He broke off suddenly.  
Bunter blinked at him through his spectacles in round-eyed astonishment. What he had said to call forth that burst of anger he could not fathom.

"I—I said I—I liked German waiters, you know," he stammered. "They—they—"

"Hold your silly tongue!" said Limburg, recovering his self-possession.

"Ahem! But, as I was saying, the post is delayed owing to the war—ahem!—and I haven't received a remittance I was expecting. I—I was expecting a postal-order for ten shillings, you know—that's ten marks in German, isn't it? Well, I was thinking that you might hand me the ten bob, and take the postal-order when it comes. I'll hand it to you immediately, of course!"

Bunter regarded the German junior hopefully. It was his ancient trick upon new boys, and there was no reason why Limburg should not be "done" as he had done a good many others.

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But apparently, along with Limburg's aristocratic Prussian pride, there went a knowledge of human nature and an ability to take care of his money. He shook his head.

"You mean you wish me to give you money!" he exclaimed.

"Lend—lend!" corrected Billy Bunter. "Of course, I should refuse to accept a gift from you. I mean a little loan until my postal-order comes—"

"Nonsense!"

"Make it five bob, old chap," said Bunter persuasively.

"If you call me old chap again I shall box you on the ears," said Limburg, his English getting a little more German as he became angry.

"Oh, really, Limburg—"

"Leave me in peace!"

"Look here, you German rotter," said Billy Bunter, changing his tone, as he realised that there was nothing to be extracted from Limburg. "You ought to be jolly glad to get a decent English chap to speak to you, without putting on all those blessed airs! Who are you, anyway! Blessed if I see what Germans are good for, excepting to be waiters—"

Billy Bunter got no further. Limburg reached out, and smote the fat junior in the face with his open hand.

Bunter staggered back in pain and astonishment.  
"Ow! You! You—you Prussian beast! You Teutonic rotter! You German monkey! I'll—I'll—I'll—"

Before Billy Bunter had decided what he would do, Limburg strode away, leaving the fat junior rubbing his face, and glaring after him furiously.

"The beast! I'll slaughter him! I'm not going to be punched by a beastly German! My word! I'll smash him! I'll—I'll—"

"Hallo! What's the matter with you?" asked Bolsover major, coming into the common-room.

"That Prussian beast has punched me," roared Bunter—"punched me when I wasn't looking, because I said Germans ought to be waiters! So they jolly well ought—they're not fit for anything else! I say, Bolsover, give him a jolly good hiding!"

"Can't be did," said Bolsover. "Queelchy is keeping his eye on me. But you can't let a Prussian pig punch your head, Bunter. You'll have to fight him!"

"I'll smash him!" said Bunter furiously. "If I didn't happen to wear glasses, I'd go for him and maul him—"

"You can take your glasses off," said Bolsover. "I'll back you up. You've got to fight the cad for the honour of the Remove. Can't let a German go round punching our heads. I'll be your second!"

Bunter blinked at Bolsover suspiciously. Bunter was not a fighting-man, and it was not easy to urge him into a combat. But even Bunter was indignant at being punched by a German.

He could not help suspecting, however, that Bolsover wanted to fix up a fight for his own amusement, rather than for avenging the honour of the Remove.

"Upon the whole, I think it would be better to treat him with silent contempt, Bolsover," mumbled Bunter.

"Stuff!" said Bolsover decidedly. "Germans don't understand silent contempt. You have to hit a German hard to make him understand. A Prussian never believes you're not afraid of him till you've got his head in chancery!"

"But—but—"

"Now, look here, Bunter, you can't take a punch from a Prussian without avenging it. Think of the honour of the Form—"

"Ye-es; but—but you can look after that, Bolsover!"

"I tell you Queelchy is on the look-out. Anybody who goes for the cad will have Queelchy on his track!"

"Well, I don't want Queelchy on my track," grumbled Bunter.

"That's different. He hit you first, didn't he?"

"Yes; simply because of what I said about German waiters. Shouldn't wonder if he's got German waiters for relations," said Bunter viciously. "I believe most Germans are waiters, ain't they? Their blessed princes only have a pound a week, and they must do something for a living!"

Bolsover laughed.

"I'll back you up, Bunter. As a matter of fact, I believe the fellow is a funk."

"Do you really?" asked Bunter, brightening up a little. Bunter had no objection to getting some cheap glory as a fighting-man by tackling a funk.

"Scarf of it," said Bolsover. "Besides, you're an athletic chap—ahem!—and you'll give him the kybosh quite easily. Look here, you've got to fight him or else fight me, and you can take your choice!"

"Ahem! I—I'm quite keen to fight him, Bolsover."

"Good! Come along, then!" said Bolsover.



And he took Bunter's arm in quite a friendly way, and led him out of the common-room. Billy Bunter accompanied him—he couldn't help it—but it was with many inward misgivings.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER, Declined Without Thanks!

**"BUNTER!"**

"And Limburg!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The news that there was a "scrap" on between Billy Bunter and Franz von Limburg excited great hilarity in the Remove. Bunter was so well known as the reverse of a fighting-man that the news was surprising as well as funny.

But all the Remove fellows agreed that Bunter couldn't possibly take a blow without avenging it. As a matter of fact the Owl of the Remove had taken so many cuffs, shoves, and kicks in the course of his inglorious career that he could not possibly have counted them.

But this was a more serious matter. This insult, as Skinner said, was made in Germany, therefore it was not to be borne.

Bolsover and Skinner and Snoop and several other young rascals entered into the spirit of the thing with great cordiality.

Mr. Quelch's punishment of the rascals had been a warning not to "handle" Limburg again. Even Bolsover did not care to pitch into him, yet awhile, at all events. But Bunter certainly had a right. He had been struck; and he had a right to call the striker to account. Bolsover and Skinner and the rest impressed upon Bunter that he couldn't possibly suffer such an indignity, and backed him up so warmly that the Owl of the Remove felt quite a glow of warlike enthusiasm. That enthusiasm was likely to last exactly until Limburg showed signs of flight.

"Where is the German bouncer?" asked Peter Todd, who naturally backed up his fat study-mate. "Get Bunter into the gym, and we'll find Limburg and bring him there."

"He's in the study," said Harry Wharton. "But—"

"All right, I'll fetch him!"

"Don't you interfere here, Wharton," exclaimed Bolsover major. "You can't call this a ragging. Limburg has struck Bunter, and he's bound to fight."

"Bunter can't fight," said Wharton. "What's the good of getting the fat duffer licked? I suppose this is your idea of a joke."

"Oh, really, Wharton, I can lick a German—"

"If Bunter can't lick a Prussian, he ought to be suffocated," said Bolsover major. "I suppose you wouldn't advise him to take it lying down, Wharton. Is that stuck-up cad to punch Remove fellows' heads as much as he likes?"

"Oh, rats!" said Harry, and he turned away.

He was more concerned for Bunter than for Limburg. The German, with all his unpleasant ways, was probably not a funk, and he was much bigger than Bunter, and better built in every way. There were plenty of fellows in the Remove who could have licked him, but William George Bunter was certainly not one of them.

But Bolsover & Co. were not to be deprived of their little bit of fun. It was not only the amusement of making Bunter fight; but they shrewdly suspected that the haughty "Von" would object as strongly to a fight with so fat and absurd an opponent as the Owl of the Remove. They had already discovered that Limburg's chief characteristic was a great regard for his dignity, as he considered it. And they considered that a "scrap" with Bunter would help to bring him down off his perch.

Four or five juniors proceeded to No. 1 Study in quest of Limburg. They found the German junior in the armchair, with his feet on the fender, reading a German book. On the cover of the book was a picture of a Prussian soldier waving his sword over the fallen bodies of half a dozen English Tommies, which did not increase the good humour of the Removites towards their new Form-fellow. Limburg was evidently perusing one of those tremendous German anticipations of the conquest of England—so easy in print, and so hard to realise—upon which the German public have been fed for so many years, and with such direful results. But the juniors agreed that it was like his cheek to bring his silly puffs to Greyfriars with him.

"Here he is," said Peter Todd. "You're wanted, Limburg."

"Come on, Limburg!"

"Bunter's waiting for you in the gym."

Limburg gave them a haughty look.

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed. "I do not understand. Who is Bunter?"

"My study-mate," said Peter Todd. "You punched his head in the common-room."

"I punished him for insolence," said Limburg loftily.

"My hat! Might be the Kaiser himself talking," said THE NEXT LIBRARY, No. 356.

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Ogilvy. "Do all Prussians put on the loud pedal like that, Limburg!"

"Anyway, Bunter's waiting for you," said Micky Desmond.

"Sure, after punching his head you can't refuse to fight him."

Limburg gave a contemptuous laugh.

"Fight that fat, ridiculous fellow! Certainly not. A Prussian gentleman fights only with his equals."

"You can pick your man, if you like," said Peter Todd angrily. "I dare say we can pick out one fellow in the Remove who's equal even to a silly, swanking Prussian!"

"Bah! Tell the fat fool I will have nothing to do with him."

"But you must, after punching him."

"I will not!" Limburg waved his hand towards the door.

"Get out!"

"My hat!"

"Ye silly gossamer—"

"Bump him!" shouted Russell.

"Now, look here, Limburg," said Peter Todd, "you're insulting Bunter, and you've got to stand up to him—see!"

"Nonsense!"

"If you don't, you'll be called a coward."

"Funk!" bellowed Snoop.

Limburg crimsoned.

"Bah! I despise you too much to care what you think!" he exclaimed. "Wait till my countrymen are here—then you will learn to respect your betters."

"Oh, cheese it!" said Peter Todd roughly. "Look here, will you come, or won't you?"

"Certainly not!"

Limburg turned to his book again. Harry Wharton came into the study. There was a shout of wrath from the juniors who had come to fetch the German.

"Funk!"

"Coward!"

Limburg shrugged his shoulders. Two or three of the Removites advanced, to lift him forcibly out of his chair. Harry Wharton stepped in the way.

"No ragging in this study," he said shortly.

"Look here, he's got to fight Bunter, after smacking his chivvy," howled Ogilvy.

"Rot! Let him alone, and let Bunter alone. You ought to keep Bunter from making an ass of himself, Toddy, as he's in your study."

Peter Todd grinned.

"My dear chap, it's a good thing for Bunter. It's the first time I've ever seen him on the warpath, and I'm going to encourage him. But if that Prussian bouncer won't fight, he can go and eat coke. Come on, you chaps; no rags!"

Peter Todd left the study, and the juniors reluctantly followed him. They were naturally exasperated. The fight, with Bunter as one of its principals, was likely to be farcical; but it was certainly "cheek" of the Prussian to smack a fellow's face and then refuse to fight him. And the Removites were determined that the obnoxious new-comer should not escape so easily from the consequences he had brought on himself.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### Bunter on the Warpath!

**BILLY BUNTER** was waiting in the gymnasium, in the midst of a crowd of grinning Remove fellows and Fourth-Formers. The whole crowd had entered into the joke. Bunter as a fighting-man tickled their sense of humour immensely.

But Bunter was not feeling happy. The more he thought about the coming combat, the less he liked it. He was not of the stuff of which heroes are made. But, at the same time, he could not admit to all the fellows that he would allow a Prussian to punch his head without resenting it.

He blinked anxiously at Peter Todd and his companions as they came into the gym. He had taken his glasses off, clearing for action, as Bob Cherry described it. So he could not see whether Limburg was in the entering crowd or not.

"I—I say, you fellows," mumbled Todd, "I—I really think I ought to let him off, considering that he's a new chap—"

"He won't come!" said Peter Todd.

"Won't come? Isn't he with you?"

"No, you owl!"

Bunter brightened up at once.

"And why won't he come?" he demanded truculently.

"Refuses to fight!" howled Micky Desmond. "Sure he's a funk!"

"Regular worm," said Temple, of the Fourth.

"Oh, rather!" chimed in Dabney. "He ought to be punched to. Like his cheek to refuse, after handing Bunter a punch."

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"Rotten funk!" said Bunter, warlike again at once. If the other fellow was afraid, then Bunter's warlike ardour knew no bounds. He was quite ready for combat so long as his opponent shunned it. "I'll jolly well make him fight! The cheek—to think he can hit me—a beastly German! Yah! I'll Prussian him! I'll make him look Prussian-blue before I've done with him!"

"Hoar, hoar!"  
 "Bravo, Bunter!"  
 "Good old Tubby!" said Bolsover major, giving the fat junior an encouraging thump on the back.  
 "Ow!" yelled Bunter. "Wharrer you at, you fathard! Yow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "Backing you up," said Bolsover. "We'll make him fight. Of course, we all know that he hasn't any chance against a fighting-man like Bunter." Bolsover's wink was unobscured by the short-sighted Owl of the Remove. "But he should have thought of that before he buffed him. That insult has got to be wiped out."

"Hear, hear!"  
 "Come on, Bunter! We'll see you through! We'll watch you make German sausages of him!"  
 "Lemme get at him, that's all!" said Bunter, brandishing his fat fists. "Just lemme get at him, that's all, by Jove!"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bravo! Come on!"  
 Bunter, with his fat little nose high in the air, marched out of the gym, in the midst of a crowd of juniors. He strutted across the Close like an already triumphant warrior. In a hilarious crowd, the juniors swarmed up to the Remove passage. Bolsover major hurried open the door of No. 1 Study.

"Where's that Prussian!" he roared.  
 "Come out, Limburg!"  
 Bunter blinked into the study, and shook his fat fist.  
 "Yah! You funk! Come out and be slaughtered!" he belloved.

Limburg looked round disdainfully. Harry Wharton frowned, and Frank Nugent grinned.  
 "Do clear out," said Wharton. "What are you bouncers egging on that fat duffer for?"

"Rats! Let the Prussian stand up to him, then."  
 "I'll jolly well make him!" roared Bunter. "Lemme get at him! Lemme—"

"You're wanted, Limburg," grinned Nugent.  
 "I refuse to fight that ridiculous fat fool!" said Limburg angrily. "Go away, and leave me in peace. I could crush you with one finger, you fat dammkopf!"  
 "Come out!" yelled Bunter.

"Give him a dot in the eye, and then he'll buck up!" said Bolsover major.  
 Bunter rolled into the study, fairly on the war-path now. Wharton and Nugent stood aside. They had no right to interfere between Bunter and the fellow who had smacked him. It was for Limburg to look after himself.

"Now, then, you Prussian pig!" said Bunter truculently. "You were mighty handy at handing me a whop when I wasn't looking. Now, put up your paws!"  
 "Stand back, you fool!"

But Bunter did not stand back. He advanced, blinking and peering at his opponent. At that moment William George Bunter was as brave as a lion, and as ferocious as a tiger. Limburg backed away from his advance. There were yells to him from the juniors, crammed in the doorway, to buck up—indeed, Micky Desmond put it into weird German for him:

"Bucken Sie up! Putten Sie up your Handen!"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "Tell you—!" exclaimed Limburg furiously.

Smack!  
 Bunter had reached him, and his fat hand came with a loud report on Limburg's cheek. The juniors cheered. For a moment Limburg stood motionless, and then he rushed at Bunter, and attacked him. Bunter was not prepared for that. The German junior knocked him right and left, and he went down with a crash, yelling.

"Ow! Yow! Leave off! Keep him off, you fellows! Grooogh! I—! I'll get you off, Limburg! Yow-ow-ow! I was only j-j-joking! Yarooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
 Limburg burst into a scuffling laugh. He strode towards the fat junior, as he lay sprawling on the study carpet, and put his foot upon his neck, much to the astonishment of the spectators. A demonstration of triumph of that kind had never been witnessed at Greyfriars before.

"Hounds!" exclaimed Limburg, glaring down at the terrified Bunter. "Now you shall bog my pardon on your knees!"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

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"Take your hoof off Bunter's neck," said Harry Wharton quietly. "We don't allow that kind of thing at Greyfriars, Limburg!"

"I will treat the hound as he deserves."  
 Wharton did not repeat his command. He grasped the German junior by the shoulder, and swung him forcibly away from Bunter. Limburg reeled across the study, and brought up against the wall, panting.

"You—you dare to touch me!" he ejaculated.  
 "Oh, you common people, do get off the earth!" chuckled Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
 Billy Bunter sat up, blinking and gasping.  
 "Ow, ow, ow! I'm not going to touch that beast any more! Yow-ow! I'm hurt! Groo! Where are my glasses!"

"I will make him ask my pardon on his knees!" exclaimed Limburg passionately. He made a stride towards the fat junior. Wharton stepped in his way.

"I've told you we don't allow that kind of thing here," he said quietly. "It may suit you in Prussia, but it won't do for Greyfriars. Bunter's licked, and you'll let him alone. Get out, Bunter."

"Bah! The coward!" sneered Limburg, as Bunter scuttled to the door, jamming his spectacles on his fat little nose as he went.

"Oh, shut up!" said Harry angrily. "That fat duffer can't fight, and he can't half see you either without his barnacles. If you are spoiling for a fight, there are a good many fellows here ready to accommodate you."

He has struck me—a Von Limburg! I will thrash him with my cane until he howls for mercy!" said the Prussian arrogantly.

"You won't touch him!"  
 "Who will stop me?" shouted Limburg.  
 "I will!"

The furious Prussian junior made a stride forward to pass the captain of the Remove. Wharton put out his hand, and pushed him backwards with such force that he staggered against the wall again. He leaped forward to the attack, and the next moment the two of them were fighting furiously. There was a yell of delight from the juniors crammed the doorway and the passage without. Bunter's sudden downfall had been comical enough, but the German junior's swank over the fallen Owl had irritated them, and they were glad to see him tackled by the captain of the Remove.

Nugent looked on with a cheerful grin. Harry Wharton had displayed the patience of Job in order to avoid trouble with the German junior on his first day at Greyfriars. This was the end of it—the Job-like patience had failed at last! And perhaps Wharton hit all the harder, because of the difficult self-control he had exercised for so long.

Certainly he hit very hard. Somewhat to the surprise of the spectators, the German junior put up a good fight. It could not be said that he was a funk. It was simply arrogance that had dictated his refusal to fight with Bunter.

But he did not seem to have much chance with Wharton. In four or five minutes he lay on the floor, panting and gasping, his eyes burning with rage.

"Up with you!" roared Bolsover major. "You're not licked yet!"

"Cave!" yelled a voice down the passage.  
 There was a sudden stampede of the juniors. But those in the study did not have time to "clear." Mr. Quelch, with a frowning brow, looked in at the doorway. He had heard the uproar, and probably guessed the cause. And his brow grew positively thunderous as he saw the German junior stretched on the floor, with Wharton standing over him with clenched fists and flashing eyes.

"Wharton!"  
 Harry unclenched his fists, and turned a flushed face towards the Form-master. He felt that he was not to blame, and he was too proud to make excuses. He stood silent.

"Is this the result of my request—my orders—to you?" said Mr. Quelch in an acid voice. "I am ashamed of you, Wharton. You, the head boy of the Form, fighting with this foreign lad on his first day in the school."

Wharton became crimson; but he did not speak.  
 "It wasn't Wharton's fault, sir—" began Nugent, loyal to his chum.

"Silence, Nugent! Wharton, you will take five hundred lines. I am shocked at your conduct. Whatever Limburg may have done to provoke you, you should have remembered that he is a foreigner and a stranger here. I shall not allow him to remain in this study. Come, Limburg."

Limburg rose to his feet, panting.

"Follow me!" said Mr. Quelch.  
 And Limburg, with a look of mingled hatred and triumph at the discomfited chums of No. 1 Study, followed the Form-master.



"New kid for Greyfriars—what?" asked Bolsover major. "I'm going to Greyfriars, certainly!" said the German schoolboy, in perfect English, with hardly a trace of a German accent. "Your name's Hamburg, or Shamburg, or something?" asked Bolsover. "My name is Von Limburg!" (See Chapter 3.)

### THE NINTH CHAPTER.

#### Bob Cherry Loses His Temper!

**M**R. QUELCH rustled away down the Remove passage with a frowning brow. He was very angry. Not knowing the rights and wrongs of the matter, it was natural that he should be so. He had had no experience, so far, of the amiable character of Franz von Limburg. He stopped at the door of No. 13 Study, knocked, and opened it.

There were four juniors in the study—the four fellows it belonged to. Bob Cherry and Mark Lanley, Hurree Janset Ram Singh and little Wun Lung had rushed back to their own quarters at the warning cry of "Cave." They looked as innocent as possible as Mr. Quelch stepped into the study.

"Cherry," said Mr. Quelch. "I have brought the new boy to this study. The boys in No. 1 have disappointed my expectations. I trust that I shall be able to place more reliance upon you."

"Oh, sir!" murmured Bob Cherry in dismay. The prospect of having the obnoxious Prussian "planted" on him was enough to dismay the junior. But, of course, it was impossible for him to raise any objection.

"I hope you will make him welcome, and treat him with British hospitality," said Mr. Quelch. "I am afraid the lad

must have but a poor idea of British hospitality, so far, from the treatment he has been subjected to."

"Ahem! It will be rather a crowd, sir," murmured Bob. "We—we are four here, sir. I—I'm afraid Limburg won't be very comfortable."

"I prefer to place him with you, Cherry, because I rely upon your character," said Mr. Quelch. "To make room for him we will make some alterations."

Bob Cherry tried to look pleased at the compliment to his character. But it was difficult to look pleased when he was to have one of his chums sent out of the study to make room for an unpleasant "boulder" whom he heartily disliked. But Limburg saved him the trouble of replying.

"Excuse me, Herr Quelch," said Limburg. "I am to occupy this study?"

"Yes, my boy. I hope you will find this more comfortable," said Mr. Quelch kindly.

"Thank you! But I object to occupying the same study with an Indian coolie."

Hurree Janset Ram Singh's dusky face became as red as his beautiful complexion would allow it to become. Mr. Quelch looked at the German junior in astonishment. It was his first experience of Limburg's insolence, and it opened his eyes a little.

"A—a—a coolie!" he ejaculated. "What do you mean, Limburg? Hurree Janset Ram Singh is a prince of India."  
 "You—you pig!" burst out Bob Cherry fiercely. "Inky is worth ten thousand of your fat German princes any day. There are a thousand Lancers from his country at the front now making mincemeat of your Uhlans."

"Silence, Cherry! Limburg, your remark is most—most improper. I am surprised at your want of manners."  
 Limburg looked sullen. He was quite satisfied with his manners himself—apparently being very easily satisfied in that respect.

"Hurree Singh, pray forgive Limburg for that offensive remark. He shows an ignorance that is most astounding and reprehensible. However, you must remember that he is a—a foreigner, and—and, in short, I ask you to take no notice of it."

"Certainly, my esteemed sir," said Inky, though his black eyes gleamed dangerously at Limburg. "The request of the esteemed sahib is a command."

"Thank you, Hurree Singh. Perhaps you will oblige me by sharing Wharton's study, for the present," said Mr. Quelch with a worried look. "It is necessary to make room for Limburg to remain here."

"The pleasuredfulness will be terrific, sir."  
 "And pray let there be no disturbance here," said Mr. Quelch.

"Very well, sir," said Bob Cherry glumly.  
 Mr. Quelch left the study. His brow was very thoughtful as he went down the passage. He slowed down, and paused at the door of No. 1 Study, and looked in, hesitating.

"Wharton!"  
 "Yes, sir."

"Upon consideration, you need not do the lines I imposed," said Mr. Quelch. And without a word of explanation he departed.

Wharton and Nugent exchanged glances.  
 "Seems to have spotted the beauty already," remarked Frank. "I wonder what the rotter's said or done in five minutes, and to open Quelch's eyes. Anyway, we're well rid of him, and I'm glad you gave him a hiding. He'd been asking for it all afternoon."

Wharton nodded, and the two juniors settled down to their preparation. They were both glad enough to be rid of their unpleasant study-mate. They had not been at work ten minutes when Hurree Janset Ram Singh came in, with books under his arms.

"Hallo, Inky! What the—"  
 "The esteemed Quelch has ordered me to sharefully dig in this study for the present," explained Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"You're as welcome as the flowers in May, old chap," said Wharton. "But—"

"Wherefore this thushness?" asked Frank.  
 "The esteemed rotten Prussian has been planted in my study, and I am making room for him," said Inky, as he sat down.

"Poor old Bob!" said Wharton and Nugent together.  
 Bob Cherry was indeed deserving of sympathy. It was a hard blow for him, to lose his dusky study-mate, and receive the Prussian junior in exchange. But Bob did his best to take it cheerfully. Mark Linley took the Prussian's arrival with quiet politeness. Little Wun Lung blinked at him curiously through his half-open eyes. Limburg totally ignored the little Celestial's existence. Perhaps he regarded him as a coolie also, but after the reception of his remark about the Nabob of Bhanipur, he felt it better to keep his tongue in check.

Limburg did his preparation in No. 13. He was a good worker; he had the German gift for study. When he had finished he sat down by the fire. The weather was cold, and No. 13 was sporting a fire that evening. But as coals were allowed to the juniors, it was not a big one.

"The fire is low," said Limburg, looking round the study, as if in expectation that someone would rise to replenish it.  
 "There's some coal in the locker," said Bob, without looking up from his work. Bob found his preparation one of the hardest duties of the day.

Limburg made a sign to Wun Lung.  
 "Mend the fire!" he said curtly.

Wun Lung blinked at him.  
 "You goce entee eekke," he replied deliberately. "You aillee duffee! Mendee free yourself, lotten Prussian piggee!"

Limburg made a threatening gesture. Bob Cherry looked round.

"Don't be a silly ass, Limburg," he said unceremoniously. "I want to keep the peace in this study if I can. But I warn you that there isn't going to be any nonsense here. Put the coal on the fire yourself, and don't put on side."  
 "I am no menial!"  
 "Oh, rats!" said Bob.

"Oh, rats!" said Bob.

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Limburg shrugged his shoulders. Preparation finished, Bob Cherry and Mark Linley began to chat, taking no notice of the German junior. Bob, who had a great admiration for his chum, was never tired of hearing Mark tell stories of his former life in a Lancashire factory, where he had worked for years while he was working for the scholarship that had brought him to Greyfriars. Mark, quite forgetting the presence of the Prussian junior, was chatting about his experiences as a half-timer, oblivious of the disgust and contempt that was growing in Limburg's face. It was Bob who caught Limburg's look first, and he flushed with anger as he read the German junior's thoughts.

Mark followed Bob's glance, and broke off, looking very uncomfortable. Mark was not in the least ashamed, of course, of his earlier and harder days; but in the presence of a snob he regretted that he had talked of them. A bitter sneer was on Limburg's face.

"Are you allowed to come here—to this school?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, it appears so," said Mark quietly.  
 "It is disgraceful! I—a Von Limburg—am expected to share a study with a factory workman!" exclaimed Limburg. "I shall complain to the Head. I will not endure this. I shall demand to have my study changed."

"Let him alone, Bob!" exclaimed Mark hastily, as Bob Cherry jumped to his feet, nearly purple with wrath.

"You—you—unspeakeable cad!" gasped Bob, hardly able to speak with anger. "You'd better ask for a new study, for you won't remain in this! Outside!"

And as Limburg did not move, Bob Cherry laid violent hands upon him, and swung him to the door. Wun Lung, grinning, opened the door. Limburg struggled fiercely, but he was like an infant in the grasp of the sturdy junior. He went whirling through the doorway, and collapsed in the passage.

"Shut the door, kid."  
 Wun Lung shut the door, and chuckled.

"Goodee liddance to baddee lubbish," he remarked cheerfully.

Mark looked very uneasy.

"He'll have to come back, Bob. You can't keep him out, after Quelch has put him here."

"Can't I?" said Bob grimly. "He's not coming back, Quelch or no Quelch! I can't stand him, and I won't stand him. Let him come back, that's all!"

But Limburg did not come back. He was not anxious for a second encounter with Bob Cherry, even if he had no other motive for keeping away. When the Remove went to the dormitory that night, the chums of No. 13 learned that Limburg had managed to arrange it with his Form-master to leave that study, and he was placed in No. 9 with Vernon-Smith and Skinner. And, to judge by their looks, Smyth and Skinner were not elated.

## THE TENTH CHAPTER.

### Skinner Wants to Know!

"BLESSED IF I can make it out!" said Skinner, rubbing his nose in a very thoughtful way.

Skinner and Vernon-Smith were at tea in No. 9, a few days after the arrival of the German junior at Greyfriars. Limburg had shared the study with them so far; not on very cordial terms, but without a "row" as yet. He was not present at the tea-table. He preferred to take his tea in Hall, where the supplies that he brought in for his own use caused a good deal of attention to be directed towards him. Limburg had plenty of money, and he did himself extraordinarily well. It was observed that of late Billy Bunter had taken to having his tea in Hall, too, and no longer troubled Todd at tea-time in No. 7. He had secured a place next to Limburg at the table, and overflowed with politeness towards the German junior—having apparently quite forgiven him for their little encounter.

But it was all in vain. Limburg ignored his existence, and Bunter, instead of sharing in his generous supplies, only endured the tortures of Tantalus; having to content himself with thick bread-and-butter, while Limburg was feeding on the fat of the land. After a few days No. 7 Study was again honoured with the presence of William George Bunter at tea-time; and his remarks on the German junior, like those of truthful James, were "frequent and painful and free."

"Can't make it out," said Skinner again, as he helped himself to a cigarette after tea—that being one of Skinner's little ways.

"Can't make what out?" yawned the Bounder.

"About Limburg."

"Blow Limburg!" said Vernon-Smith.

"Blow him all you like!" agreed Skinner. "But it's odd. Since he's been in our study, I've been watching the beast,

and I'm more certain than ever that I know him! I've seen him before somewhere, and not so very long ago. And I'm jolly certain that it was at some sesside place. But I can't place him."

The Bounder looked curious. "That's odd," he said. "According to what we hear, Limburg has always lived in London since he came from Germany as a kid, and until he went to his preparatory school. He doesn't speak much about himself, though." "And why doesn't he?" said Skinner. "I don't see why he shouldn't, unless he's got something to keep dark." "Beastly Prussian pride, I suppose!"

"I think he overdoes that a bit, myself," said Skinner. "I can't make it out. I've asked him several times about where I can have seen him, and he gets rattly every time. I've seen him, I know that, and under some other kind of circus—I mean, in a different position, so-n-shov. He wasn't in Etons, for instance, I'm sure. You know, he's got a nose that one wouldn't forget in a hurry. I'd know that nose anywhere. He's got a way of folding his hands, too, that nose seems familiar, so-n-shov. He does it unconsciously, when he's standing and talking. It's jolly queer. I've seen him in evening clobber somewhere; I'm sure of it."

"In evening clothes?" said the Bounder, in surprise. "I feel sure of it. Queer, ain't it?" Skinner rubbed his nose harder than ever. "It beats me! But I'll get to the bottom of it sooner or later. I've got a feeling that he knows perfectly well where I saw him, and remembers me, only he's keeping it dark for some reason. I'm pretty keen, and I can see things. Though why he should want to keep it dark, I can't guess, unless there's something shady about him. Nobody here seems to know much about him."

"The Head must know about him, or he wouldn't have been allowed to come here."

"Oh, yes, I know that! But, after all, it's a bit queer for him to come to a British school, at such a time as this. Why doesn't he go back to Germany? There's something fishy about him—jolly fishy!"

"I say, you fellows—"  
"Ask Peeping Tom about him," grinned the Bounder, as Bunter blinked into the study. "He knows everything about everybody; and always will so long as they make keyholes in doors."

"Oh, really, Smythy," said Bunter, coming into the study. "I say, you fellows, I'll sample that cake, as you've finished. What do you think of that German beast? I've just been down to tea in hall, and he was surrounded—simply surrounded—by jam and cake, and ham and tongue and things; and never even looked at me. He's got a tremendous appetite, and it never occurs to him to whack anything out. And when I got back to No. 7 Toddy had finished tea, and there was nothing left for me! I say, this is jolly good cake!"

"Don't spare it!" said the Bounder sarcastically. "Thanks, I won't," said Bunter; and he didn't. The rate at which the cake disappeared was amazing!  
"We were just talking about Limburg," said Skinner. "The noble youth doesn't have tea with us, because he's too aristocratic to wash-up tea-cups, or hold the kettle."

"Blessed parvenu," said Bunter, mumbling busily over the cake. "Like all these blessed new-riches—no offense, Smythy."

"Fathead!" said Vernon-Smith.  
"New-riches!" said Skinner. "How do you know he's a new-rich? The Von Limburgs are a rich old family, ain't they?"

"That's all you know," said Bunter. "I happened to hear the Head speaking to Mr. Quelch, quite by chance—of course; I wouldn't listen. Only, as they were in the Head's garden, and I happened to be leaning on this side of the wall, I couldn't help hearing, could I?"

"Of course you couldn't," said Skinner, with a wink at the Bounder. "It's surprising the number of things you can't help hearing, Buntly. What were they saying?"  
"Got any more cake, Smythy?"

"No," growled the Bounder.  
"Well, I'm off," said Bunter. "Thanks—good-bye!"  
"Hold on!" said Skinner. "You were going to tell us—"

"Upon the whole, Skinny, I don't think I ought to repeat anything I happened to hear by accident, if you don't mind."

"You fat rotter—"  
"There's another cake in the cupboard," snapped Vernon-Smith.

"Oh, good! Now you're talking!" said Billy Bunter cheerfully; and he was soon busy on the second cake. Let some one else eat that!

"What was Quelch saying to the Head, you fat bounder?"  
"Oh, Quelch? Something or other about the Prussian chap—about his being supercilious, or something, and not getting on with the fellows. Supposed it was due to his

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belonging to the Prussian Junkers—blessed if I know what that is!"

"The Prussian aristocracy," said Vernon-Smith.  
"Oh, is it? Of course, I know," said Bunter. "I'm well up in German, you know. Can I try the ginger-beer, Smythy?"

"Yes, porpoise!"  
"And the Head said— This is jolly good ginger-beer! The Head said—it was really surprising—what Quelch had been saying, you know, considering that Limburg had been accustomed to quite a different state of things, as he understood. Said perhaps it was the natural effect of the sudden possession of wealth, or something to that effect. I hoped he would learn better in time. Quelch said the Remove was especially that kind of nonsense. Head full of nonsense—especially that kind of nonsense. Then that beast Cherry came along and kicked me."

"What did he do that for?"  
"He said that I was listening," said Bunter indignantly. "Of course, I wasn't doing anything of the sort. So I didn't hear any more; and the Head was saying something about Brighton—"

"Brighton!" exclaimed Skinner.  
"Yes; something about Brighton, in connection with the German chap, but I couldn't quite catch it, with the beast booting me. Is there another cake, Smythy?"

"Yes, there is; but it isn't for you," said Vernon-Smith.  
"Get out!"

"Oh, really—"  
The Bounder picked up a cushion, and Bunter rolled promptly out of the study. Skinner's eyes were gleaming.

"Brighton!" he repeated. "I told you I was sure I had seen Limburg in some sesside place. I suppose it was Brighton, then. He's never spoken about Brighton himself. What is he keeping it dark for?"

Vernon-Smith gave it up.  
Later in the evening, when Franz von Limburg came into the study to do his preparation, Skinner regarded him more curiously than ever. The German junior was quite aware of his scrutiny, and he gave Skinner an angry look.

"Why do you stare at me?" he exclaimed.  
"I was just thinking that I remember now where I've seen you," said Skinner, watching him to see the effect of his words.

Limburg shrugged his shoulders.  
"It is false! You have never met me before I came to this school."

"Not at Brighton?" asked Skinner.  
Limburg started violently, and his face became pale. Both Skinner and Vernon-Smith could see that the remark had given him a shock.

"It was at Brighton?" asked Skinner maliciously.  
"Certainly not. I have never been in Brighton in my life."

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Skinner.  
"I repeat that I have never been in the place," said Limburg fiercely. "If you cast doubt upon my word—the word of a Von Limburg—take care!"

"I don't see that the word of a Von Limburg is worth more than the word of any other old Limburg," said Skinner, with a grin. "I've got jolly good reason to believe that you were in Brighton when I saw you, and you were in evening-clothes."

"What is false!"  
"It is false! I can't make out is—what are you keeping it dark for," said Skinner. "There's nothing to be ashamed of in it, that I can see—so far. I don't see why you can't own up to a thing that does no harm in."

"Because it is not true."  
"Oh, it's true enough," said Skinner coolly. "I've met you in Brighton, and you were in evening clothes, only I can't remember where. It must have been the vacation before last, for that's the only time I've stayed in Brighton myself. Every time I look at you I feel more certain of it, only I can't place you. What the dickens were you doing in Brighton last summer, that you can't own up to it?"

"Bah! I will not bandy words with you," said Limburg disdainfully. And he sat down to his preparation, and refused to say another word.

But Skinner was on tenterhooks of curiosity and inquisitiveness. He was certain of what he said; and unless there was something shady in the German junior's antecedents, why should he be so passionately determined not to own up to what was, in itself, a perfectly harmless circumstance? There was certainly nothing reprehensible in being seen in Brighton in the summer, in evening clothes. Indeed, it might have afforded the Prussian junior another opportunity for "swank." Why was he determined to deny it, and conceal

what Skinner was assured was the fact? The only explanation was, that there was something shady in his antecedents—that he was not what he appeared to be—and Skinner chuckled internally at the idea of finding out something that would "show up" the fellow who had made himself disagreeable to the whole Form by his "side" and pride. Skinner was on the track; and he did not mean to let the matter drop until he had wormed out the truth, whatever it was. He might have reflected that it was no business of his—but a consideration of that kind had no weight with Harold Skinner. He was inquisitive to the finger-tips, and disdained the arrogant Limburg intensely. And he meant to know the truth; and if it was detrimental to Limburg, he meant to let the whole school share in his knowledge.

### THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

#### Muddy!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. had been giving the new junior a wide berth that week. All their good intentions towards him had vanished into thin air.

It was his own fault; he was, as Bob Cherry said, not to be stood; and they declined to stand him. His offensive arrogance alienated the fellows who were most disposed to be kind to him and to make him comfortable at the school. At the same time, the chums of the Remove respected their Form-masters' wishes, and they took care that Bolover was not allowed to have his own sweet way. Bolover major had attempted a "dormitory ragging," and had been promptly "bumped" by the Famous Five, who had taken it upon themselves to keep order; so the new fellow was left in peace.

But it was really not easy to keep the peace with him. The Co. agreed that never, in the course of their experience, had they come upon so complete and offensive a specimen of a snob. The German junior never saw Mark Linley without a sneer crossing his face, and he would certainly have been in constant trouble in that quarter but for Mark's control of his temper. But the Lancashire lad ignored him, regarding him with the contempt he deserved.

There was another fellow in the Remove who was specially the object of Limburg's disdain. This was Dick Penfold, the other scholarship boy. Penfold was a general favourite; his fellows like Bunter or Snoop hearing it in mind against him that he was the son of the village cobbler. Limburg was not aware of that circumstance, until on Saturday afternoon he took a walk through Friarsdale. He walked by himself—nobody was anxious for his company excepting Bunter—but he had already shown that he was quite sufficient to himself. And in old Mr. Penfold's little shop in the High Street, Limburg caught sight of Penfold of the Remove cheerfully spending his half-holiday in helping his father with his work.

The German junior stared rudely into the little shop, and Penfold looked up and nodded to him.

"Mein Gott!" said Limburg, breaking into German in his surprise and disgust. "It is that you are a shoemaker, Penfold!"

Penfold smiled. He was not ashamed of his father's trade, which would have been his own if he had not, by hard work, won the scholarship which gave him admittance to Greyfriars School.

"Yes," he said cheerfully; "in my spare time, Limburg. Will you sit down?"

"No; I do not want my boots mended," said Limburg, with a sneer. "Mein Gott! That is the kind of school I am sent to! I, a Von Limburg, am sent to herd with shopkeepers!"

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said Penfold.

Pen could make allowances for the Prussian's absurd prejudices. He had read a good deal about Prussia, and he knew of the insane pride of the native Prussian "Junker"—that peculiar survival of the Middle Ages upon whom modern education and enlightenment have made no impression whatever.

A fellow brought up amid such people could not be expected to understand the manners and customs of a more enlightened and more highly-civilised country, and Pen was tolerant, and not at all quick to take offence. Besides, he had a large pair of shooting-boots to repair that afternoon, and he did not want to waste time quarrelling with the German junior.

"It is disgraceful," said Limburg.

Pen laughed.

"Well, buzz off, and don't be disgraced!" he suggested. But Limburg did not buzz off. He leaned against the door-post, looking down into the dusky little shop, which was on a lower level than the street. Limburg had the true Prussian idea that civility and a forbearing temper were signs of weakness and cowardice, and the more he was tolerated, the more offensive he became.

Old Mr. Penfold came into the shop, and at the sight of a junior looking in—a fellow in Btons and a Greyfriars cap—he nudged his forelock respectfully.

"Good-afternoon, young gentleman!" he said civilly.

Limburg stared at him rudely without replying.

"Who is that?" he said to Penfold.

"That is my father!" said Pen, with a gleam in his eyes.

He was prepared to stand the Prussian's rudeness himself, but if it was directed against his father there was likely to be trouble.

"Won't your friend come in and sit down, Dick?" said old Mr. Penfold, quite oblivious of the German junior's offensiveness.

"Friend!" said Limburg. "I am not his friend! I do not choose my friends among cobblers and shoemakers."

The old gentleman blinked at Limburg over his glasses in surprise. Even from Snoop he had never heard a remark like that before.

Pen's eyes glittered now.

"You'd better cut off, Limburg," he said.

Limburg laughed sneeringly and twisted his cane—the cane that had left such marks on the face of Bolover major. It pleased him to insult and torment the quiet junior from whom he expected no resentment.

"Bah! Is not your shop open to the public?" he asked.

"Perhaps I may want some new boots. Show me some."

Old Mr. Penfold looked perplexed.

"Does the young gentleman want some new boots, Dick?" he asked, half-ising.

"No, father. He wants a hiding," said Pen quietly. "He will get it, too, if he doesn't clear off."

"Don't quarrel with your schoolfellows, Dick," said Mr. Penfold.

Pen nodded, and went on with his work.

"Come, show me some boots," said Limburg, laughing.

"Is not that your business, Penfold? I may give you an order."

"Will you clear off?" exclaimed Pen, exasperated.

"Nein! Who are you to give orders to me?" said Limburg.

In my country we do not take insolence from shopkeepers. A word of impertinence, and a cane is ready, or a sabre. We shall teach you something in this country later, when you are under our rule. Meanwhile, keep a civil tongue!"

Pen rose to his feet.

"Are you going?" he asked.

"Nein! No, I am not going."

"I shall shift you, then."

The German junior made a threatening motion with his cane. Pen came quietly towards him. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and wore a leathern apron, and Limburg surveyed him with bitter scorn. Pen put his foot on the well-worn wooden step that led up from the little shop to the pavement. Limburg raised his cane.

"If you dare to lay your menial hands upon me——" he began.

He got no further; the menial hands were already upon him. He struck out fiercely with the cane, but his arm was caught in an iron grasp, the cane wrenched away, and then Limburg went flying into the street.

Splash!

He flew across the narrow pavement, and alighted in the gutter, where the mud was thick and wet.

There was a yell from half a dozen village urchins as the elegantly-dressed junior rolled in the mud.

Limburg sat up in the gutter, gasping. He was smothered with mud from head to foot, dripping with water.

The village boys gathered round, laughing gleefully. Pen stood in the shop door, waiting for the German junior to return to the attack.

But Limburg did not return. He scrambled out of the gutter, and shook a furious fist at Pen, pouring out a stream of German ejaculations. Then he strode away, and Pen returned quietly to his work.

The mud-battered junior attracted general attention as he strode furiously away down the village street. A horde of ragamuffins followed on his track, laughing and jeering. The infuriated Limburg turned round and charged back at them, and they scattered; but they gathered again and followed him as he went on. They were still at his heels, howling and jeering, when he reached the gates of Greyfriars. Harry Wharton & Co. were chatting in the gateway, and they looked in astonishment at the draggled figure as it came up the road, with a host of jeering urchins behind.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "That can't be Limburg! My hat!"

"The esteemed Limburg has been collecting mud," remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"Quite a procession?" grinned Nugent.

Limburg strode in furiously.

"What's the matter, Limburg?" asked Wharton. "Have you had an accident?"

Limburg panted. "It is the—the cobbler—the shoemaker!" he hissed. "He has struck me—me, Von Limburg! He shall be punished! I shall complain to the Head. He shall be flogged!"

"The cobbler?" repeated Wharton. "Do you mean Penfold?"

"That is the hound's name."

"Not so fast with your pretty names, please!" said Wharton sharply. "Pen wouldn't have handled you unless you asked for it, I know that! Clear off, you kids!"

This was addressed to the village boys, who were gathered round the gate, jeering.

"Buzz off!" called out Bob Cherry, waving his hand. "The show's over."

"Yah!"

"Look at 'im!"

Gosling, the porter, came out with his stick, and theurchins condescended to clear off. Gosling stared blankly at Limburg.

"Well, my boys!" he ejaculated. "Wot a state you're in, sir. My heye! Wot I says is this 'ere—"

"Go after them!" panted Limburg. "Beat them! Thrash them! Do you hear! I order you!"

"My heye!"

"Do you hear me?" shouted Limburg. "I order you!"

"I 'ear you," assented Gosling. "But I ain't chasin' nippers at my time of life, Master Limburg, and don't you think it. And I don't take no orders from no blooming Frooshians, neither. If you walk about sich a sight, which you must expect to be flogged and 'ooted arter; and wot I says is this 'ere—"

"Bah! Hold your tongue!" snapped Limburg, and he stalked away towards the School House, leaving a trail of mud behind him.

Gosling stared after him.

"Nice, perlie young gentleman, I must say!" he snorted. "Which if it be in the manners of Frooshians, I don't think much of the Frooshians." And Gosling retired to his lodge, still snorting with indignation.

## THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

### Skinner's Dodge!

PENFOLD was called into Mr. Quelch's study when he came back to Greyfriars later in the afternoon. He went in some astonishment; and found himself severely questioned as to the happening in Mr. Penfold's shop. When Mr. Quelch dismissed him he went for the German junior.

Limburg came into the study, evidently expectant. But he found the Remove-master with a frowning brow.

"I have questioned Penfold," said Mr. Quelch. "It appears that you were to blame for the whole occurrence, Limburg."

Limburg scowled.

"He was insolent—" he began.

"The insolence seems to have been on your side. I have thought of speaking to you on this subject before, Limburg," said the Remove-master severely. "I have observed you since you have been here carefully. You appear to have set most of the boys against you by your conduct, which has been arrogant and snobbish to a degree. This must be changed, Limburg."

"Must!" said Limburg.

"Yes. It is quite out of place, especially considering your origin."

Limburg flushed crimson.

"My origin, Herr Quelch! The Von Limburgs are one of the oldest families in Prussia. We have been noble for many generations."

Mr. Quelch's lip curled.

"That may be true," he said. "I know nothing about Prussian genealogies. It is not a subject that interests me. But even if it be so, that is no excuse for arrogance among boys who are your equals, and in many cases your superiors, Limburg."

"I have neither equals nor superiors here!" exclaimed Limburg passionately.

"Silence! This childish pride might be excusable, Limburg, if you had been trained up in surroundings of an arrogant provincial nobility, as, for example, in Prussia. Even then it would be highly reprehensible. But considering the true circumstances under which you were reared, it is doubly out of place. I am perfectly well-informed of what were your circumstances before you went to the preparatory school from which you came to Greyfriars."

The colour faded out of Limburg's face, leaving him deadly pale.

"You—you are informed—" he stammered.

"Certainly. Dr. Locke would not be likely to admit you to the school without knowing something of your people."

"Ach! I—I—"

The colour faded out of Limburg's face, leaving him deadly pale.

"You—you are informed—" he stammered.

"Certainly. Dr. Locke would not be likely to admit you to the school without knowing something of your people."

"Ach! I—I—"

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"What he knows, and I know, is nothing against you, Limburg—their is no cause for shame in it. But it makes your present behaviour absolutely ridiculous."

The German junior gnawed his lip.

"I am a Von Limburg!" he said sullenly. "My father fell upon bad times—we were poor for some time—but now we are rich, and we are in our proper rank. That I have been compelled by misfortune to mix with the scum, that makes no difference to my rank. It is all the more reason why I should allow no insolence or familiarity."

"Of your late circumstances in England we are informed," said Mr. Quelch drily. "Of your earlier position in Germany, if it ever existed, we know nothing. I do not doubt your word. What you say may be very true—or you may be misinformed."

"Herr—"

"Allow me to finish. A Prussian of rank may consider it due to his dignity to treat other people with insolence and disdain. That is not the idea of a gentleman that we have in England. In this country a well-bred man is one who never gives offence to others; and who, in the presence of a person less fortunately placed, is especially careful not to wound that person's feelings. Any other conduct is considered a proof of ill-breeding in this country. As you are in England now, you must try to conform to our customs. When you are at home, you may revert to the boorish manners which you appear to consider becoming—here, common civility is expected of you, and if you do not conform to it you will be punished. Now you may go."

"You—you are not going to punish that insolent cobbler, who has dared—"

"You have been treated exactly as you deserved," said Mr. Quelch. "Leave my study!"

Limburg left the study, gritting his teeth. He opened the door and stalked out, so suddenly that he ran into a fat junior who was in close proximity to the keyhole. There was a roar as Billy Bunter rolled over and sat down in the passage. Limburg bestowed a savage kick upon him in passing, and strode away.

Billy Bunter jumped up, and shook a fat fist after him.

"The rotter! The Prussian pig! I'll—"

"Bunter!"

"Oh! Yessir!"

"You were listening at my door," said Mr. Quelch, frowning.

"I, sir? Oh, no, sir!"

"I am assured of it, Bunter! This conduct is despicable! Come into my study!" Mr. Quelch picked up his cane.

"Hold out your hand, Bunter—"

"I—I stooped to—to pick up my my penknife, sir," groaned Bunter. "I—I didn't hear a word, sir; I don't know anything that you said to Limburg, sir, and I won't tell the fellows that he's a new-rich cad, and—"

"Hold out your hand!"

"Ow! Swish! 'Yow! Swish! 'Groooh!"

Billy Bunter rolled out of the study doubled up with anguish. He came into the junior common-room looking as if he were trying to fold himself up.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's the matter with the prize porpoise?" asked Bob Cherry.

"It's that Prussian beast," groaned Bunter. "He's been sneaking to Quelch about Pen, and Quelch sent him off with a Box in his ear. And he's a rotten parvenu—I heard Quelch say so."

"Yes, I can imagine Quelch saying that!" grinned Johnny Bull.

"Well, not exactly in those words," said Bunter. "But he's been something rotten and shady before he came here, and Quelch don't believe that he's a Von at all—whatever a rotten Von may be in his rotten country. Ow! My belief is that he belonged to a German band, or something. Ow—ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"German band!" said Skinner thoughtfully. "No, it wasn't that. German bands are in uniform—and when I saw the chap he was in evening-dress—I'll swear that. But it's jolly clear, all the same, that he's some swanking upstart. I'm jolly well going to find out what he was doing in Brighton last summer."

"Oh, let the chap alone!" said Bob Cherry. "What does it matter to us?"

"It matters to me," said Skinner. "Pride goes before a fall, you know—and the cad has been swanking too much. He ought to be shown up. Can't have tea in the study because

# ANSWERS

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he's too noble to wash teacups. I can wash teacups; but he can't, the silly ass! Of course, I'm not a Von Skinner."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Skinner walked away, looking for Penfold. A new idea had come into Skinner's active brain, and he had been waiting for Penfold to come back. He found the cobbler's son in his study, and nodded to him very agreeably.

"I want you to lend me your camera, Pen," said Skinner. "You will, won't you?"

"Certainly!" said Pen. Pen was an amateur photographer.

"It's on the shelf. Do you want any plates?"

"I'll shove in a couple," said Skinner. "I'll take two in case of accidents. You'll develop them for me, won't you?"

"Right-ho!" said Pen good-naturedly.

"Thanks!"

Skinner walked away with the camera. He came back an hour later, and Pen obligingly took the camera to the dark-room, to develop his plates for him. When Pen came out of the dark-room, he sought Skinner, looking surprised.

"Come out all right!" asked Skinner eagerly.

"One of them has," said Pen. "What the deuce do you want with a photograph of Limburg, Skinner?"

"Photograph of Limburg!" said Bolsover major. "Have you been photographing that Prussian cad, Skinny?"

"Why not?" said Skinner. "I don't get a chance every day to photograph a real live Prussian Junker, do I? You print me a copy of the good one, Pen, old chap, and never mind the other. When can I have it?"

"Too late to-day," said Pen. "There's no sun. I'll do it for you on Monday, if you like."

"Good egg!"

"I don't quite see why you want a photograph of Limburg," said Pen, puzzled.

"I'm collecting curiosities," said Skinner silyly. And Pen laughed and went his way. Bolsover major regarded his chum very curiously.

"What's the little game, Skinny?" he asked. "I know you're got something up against the Deutsch cad. What is it?"

Skinner chuckled.

"I didn't want to tell Pen," he said, lowering his voice. "He might not like to have a hand in it—he's a queer beast! But when I've got that photo, it's all serene. You see, I know that I met Limburg in Brighton, and it must have been the vac before last, as I wasn't there any other time. Well, when I was in Brighton, I stayed at the Esplanade Hotel. My pater's stayed there a lot, you know, I used to jaw with the hotel clerk, and we were friendly. Now, it's pretty certain that it must have been at the hotel that I saw Limburg—either he must have been staying there, or visiting somebody there—or something. Must have been indoors, because I feel certain that when I saw him he was in evening clothes—and I jolly well know I didn't meet him at any evening party—I should have remembered meeting a German at a place like that. It must have been in the hotel. See?"

"I dare say," assented Bolsover. "But I don't quite see what you're going to do with the photograph."

Skinner chuckled again gleefully.

"I'm going to send it to the hotel clerk at the Esplanade, and ask him to tell me if he knows the face, and the name, and can tell me anything about the chap," he explained.

"He'll tell me like a shot if he knows anything of him. And then it will all come out—see? I don't know what Limburg is hiding; but he's hiding something—and it must be shady, or he wouldn't hide it, what? And if that doesn't bowl him out—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Keep it dark!" murmured Skinner. "Not a word tell we hear from Brighton."

And Bolsover major grinned and promised to keep it dark.

On Monday morning the print of the photograph was secured; and Skinner despatched it to his old acquaintance at Brighton; and then the young rascal waited with great expectation for the reply.

## THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Von Skinner!

PENFOLD was in No. 1 Study the next day, chatting with Wharton and Nugent, when Franz von Limburg came in hastily, with a frowning brow. The three juniors gave him far from welcoming looks.

"Don't they knock at a door in Prussia before coming into a room, Limburg?" Frank Nugent asked.

Limburg did not reply; he came up to Pen angrily.

"You have a photograph of me in your camera?" he exclaimed.

Pen shook his head.

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"Don't tell me a falsehood," exclaimed Limburg furiously. "Skinner took a photograph of me on Saturday—I did not see him do so, but Bunter has told me that he did—and it was your camera."

"I am not telling a falsehood," said Pen quietly, "and if you repeat that word, I'll pitch you into the passage."

Limburg clenched his hands hard.

"The photograph is in your camera. I demand it. It must be given up to me."

"It is not in my camera," said Pen.

"Then where is it?"

"It was taken out and developed on Saturday," said Pen.

"Skinner took two photos, and I developed them for him. Only one was any good."

"Where is it? Tell me at once!"

Pen was silent.

"Do you hear?" exclaimed Limburg.

"I hear," assented Pen. "I've no objection to telling you, if you ask me civilly. Otherwise you can go and eat coke, you Prussian bouncer!"

Limburg raised his hand as if he would strike at the cool, contemptuous face of the scholarship junior. He restrained himself, however.

It was as well for him. Pen's hands were clenched, and he wanted but a word more to send the German junior flying through the doorway.

"I—I ask you—I did not mean to be rude," said Limburg, with an effort—"what have you done with it?"

"I printed it yesterday morning—Monday. The negative is in the dark-room," said Pen quietly. "But it's Skinner's, not yours."

"He had no right to photograph me without my consent!" exclaimed Limburg. "It was insolence. I shall destroy the negative!"

"You can settle that with Skinner. I didn't know he had photographed you without your consent; but I don't see any harm in it, anyway."

"Where the dickens is the harm, Limburg?" exclaimed Wharton impatiently. "Surely there is nothing to make a row about in that!"

Limburg did not reply to the question. But the expression upon his face showed that he was deeply troubled in mind by Skinner's action.

Wharton and Nugent regarded him in astonishment. Quarrelsome as he was, and determined to make himself disagreeable, they could see no reason why he should be exasperated at having his photograph taken. Some of the Removites quite bothered Pen to take them.

"You say you have printed copies from the negative, Penfold?" the German junior asked.

"One copy," said Pen.

"Where is it?"

"I gave it to Skinner, of course, as it was his."

"Do you know what he wanted it for?"

Pen grinned.

"He said he was collecting curiosities," he replied; and the chums of No. 1 Study grinned, too.

Limburg uttered an angry exclamation, and strode out of the study.

"Well, my hat!" ejaculated Nugent. "What's the matter now? Why shouldn't Skinner photograph the bouncer if he wants to?"

"Blessed if I know!" said Pen. "Perhaps Prussian Junkers don't allow themselves to be photographed by common or garden persons. Blessed if I care, either; I'm fed up with the silly ass!"

The chums of the Remove, after puzzling about the curious incident a few moments, returned to the subject they had been discussing before the entrance of Limburg—the inexhaustible topic of football. Meanwhile, the German junior had gone to Skinner's study.

Skinner was not there, and Limburg sought him through the School House. He found him talking to Bolsover major in the common-room. The two juniors grinned as Limburg came up with a scowling brow.

"You have a photograph of me, Skinner?" the German junior exclaimed; and his raised and angry tone brought eyes upon them from all quarters.

Skinner shook his head.

"Don't tell lies!" exclaimed Limburg. "Penfold printed it for you yesterday. You must give it to me!"

"Must!" said Skinner, imitating a former remark of the German junior. "Must is a word that cannot be used to a Von Skinner!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The German junior crimsoned with rage as the fellows in the common-room burst into a roar of laughter.

"You shall give it to me!" he exclaimed furiously.

"Can't," said Skinner. "I haven't it now."

"Where is it?"



"I've sent it to a freak collection!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You— you shall give it to me! You have no right to take my photograph. It is an insult to me."

"Bow-wow!" said Peter Todd. "Why shouldn't your photograph be taken, Limburg? Nothing specially sacred about your features, is there?"

"Because it is not my will!" said Limburg haughtily.

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said Todd, laughing. "Blessed if you don't out-Kaiser the Kaiser! My dear chap, you must get off your Prussian high horse."

"I demand to have that photograph given up to me!" said Limburg. "I shall complain to the Head if it is not given to me."

"You can explain to him at the same time why you're afraid to have your chivvy seen," yawned Skinner. "What are you afraid of, Limburg?"

"Yes, what are you making such a fuss about it for?" asked Vernon-Smith. "I suppose your face isn't in the Rogues' Gallery at Scotland Yard, or anything like that—what?"

The German junior clenched his hands. Skinner grinned cheerfully. Only he and Bolsover suspected the cause of Limburg's agitation. If they had needed convincing that a discovery would follow sending the photograph to Brighton, they would have been convinced now. Limburg, of course, did not know what Skinner had done with it. But he had a secret to keep, and he suspected that Skinner was scheming to discover it by means of the photograph. That Skinner would not have taken so much trouble for nothing was, of course, evident.

Limburg calmed himself with an effort. He realised that he could not serve his purpose by high-handed methods. The lordly command of a Prussian junker weighed not a feather's weight in the Greyfriars Remove.

"Will you tell me what you have done with that photograph?" he asked, as civilly as he could force himself to speak.

"I decline to be questioned," said Skinner, still in humorous imitation of Limburg's own lofty manner. "A Von Skinner does not answer questions like a common mortal."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It is some trick that you think to serve me, nicht war?" muttered Limburg, gritting his teeth. "You think to spy upon me? You think—"

"What is there to spy on?" asked Skinner sweetly.

Limburg set his lips, his eyes gleaming. He could not very well answer that question. The fellows in the common-room were all looking at him curiously. Was it possible, after all, as several voices had hinted, that behind the German junior's arrogance and pride there was some secret of shady antecedents he was ashamed to have known? If it should prove so Limburg had no mercy to expect in the Remove. Every fellow who had been irritated by his absurd pride and vainglory would join in the howl of ridicule when the truth became known.

"Now, what is it you are keeping dark?" chuckled Bolsover major.

"Will you give me the photograph?" demanded Limburg furiously, his savage temper rising again. "I will not allow you to keep it!"

Skinner waved his hand loftily.

"I decline to bandy words with you!" he replied superciliously. "You must not raise your voice in speaking to a Von Skinner!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Will you answer me—"

"A Von Skinner does not answer!"

"Tell me why you have taken it!" said Limburg, his voice trembling with rage.

"A Von Skinner does not explain."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Limburg made a stride towards the humorist of the Remove. Skinner promptly backed behind Bolsover major.

"Wallop him for me, Bolsover," he said. "A Von Skinner cannot soil his hands upon German trash!"

Limburg did not venture to tackle the burly Bolsover. Besides, he realised by this time that he had no chance of obtaining the photograph he was so curiously eager to recover. He muttered something to himself in guttural German, and strode out of the room. He left the fellows there in a buzz of surprise and comment.

## THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Waiter!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. came down to the doorway a little later. They also were interested in the arrival of the postman—as tea in the study depended upon a remittance arrival by that post for some member of the Co. Otherwise, tea in Hall was the only alternative; and tea in Hall was here, meal in comparison with a cozy feed in their own quarters—especially in sight of the fishpots of Egypt, as Bob Cherry remarked, in allusion to the handsome spread which Limburg always stowed himself at tea-time.

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NEXT MONDAY—OUR SPECIAL CHRISTMAS

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ONE PENNY.

Bogg, the postman, came along, and the juniors greeted him eagerly.

"Anything for me, Bogg?" called out Skinner. "Wait for your turn, you chaps; my letter is important!"

"Can't be more important than ours," said Bob Cherry. "Tea depends on ours! Anything for this little family, Bogg?"

"No, Master Cherry. There's a letter for Master Skinner."

"Hurrah! Hand it over!" Bogg sorted out the letter for Skinner and handed it to that young gentleman. The envelope bore the Brighton postmark.

"All serene!" murmured Skinner. "It's my answer!" Skinner took out his letter, and read it eagerly. Then he burst into a roar of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Let's look!" said Bolsover major eagerly. Skinner passed the letter to him, and the burly Removeite burst into a roar. "Ha, ha, ha! Oh, my hat! Ha, ha, ha!"

The Famous Five stared at them in wonder. "What's the joke?" demanded Harry Wharton. "Is it another of your tricks, Skinner? Whom have you been dishing now?"

"The giddy duke!" chuckled Skinner. "The lordly nobleman! The lofty prince! His Highness of Limburg! Ha, ha, ha!"

Limburg came in at that moment, on his way to the dining-room. He glanced at Skinner as he heard his name mentioned, gave him a scowl of scornful disdain, and passed on into the dining-room, to the Remove table.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Skinner again.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Bolsover major.

Skinner crumpled the letter into his pocket. Tears of merriment were coursing down his cheeks. It was evidently a joke of first-class dimensions, and the chums of the Remove were more and more amazed.

"Look here," said Harry Wharton abruptly. "If you've been spying out something about Limburg, Skinner, as he suspects—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's a mean thing to do," said Nugent. "The chap can't help being a silly ass! My advice is, let him alone."

"A Von Skinner never takes advice," chuckled Skinner.

"Fathead!"

"This is the joke of the season!" roared Bolsover major. "Ha, ha, ha! That stuck up cad—that snobbish rotter—the way he talked to Lunley and Penfold—why—"

"Snob!" grinned Skinner. "Let he has to be snobbish about! Ha, ha, ha! Come on, Bolsover, old man, we'll have tea in Hall this time! I want to have tea with his noble lordship! I've got something to tell him! Ha, ha, ha!"

Skinner and Bolsover walked into the dining-room. The Famous Five followed more slowly. That Skinner had made some discovery that would be decidedly unpleasant to the German junior was certain. They could not help wondering what it was. It seemed only too probable that Franz von Limburg was about to learn that pride goeth before a fall. Yet it is hard to feel any sympathy for the wretched snob.

The Famous Five took their seats at the Remove table. The dining-room was about half filled for tea. A prefect, Loder of the Sixth, was at the head of the junior table, Mr. Quelch not being present. Franz von Limburg was in his place, eating, with his usual tremendous appetite, a variety of excellent things. Billy Bunter sat down beside him, in the hope, like Lazarus, of benefiting from the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table. Limburg, as usual, was ignoring the existence of the Owl of the Remove.

Loder strolled away from the table to speak to some of the other seniors. Limburg opened a German book and placed it beside his plate and began to read. It was one of his favorite volumes, describing an imaginary war in England, with German troops triumphing in all directions—one of those valuable volumes so popular in Prussia; but which, perhaps, will not be so popular in the future. On the open page as he read, all the fellows could see a big illustration, representing a German Uhlan driving a whole troop of British cavalry before him.

That the production of such a volume in public, considering where he was, was offensive, mattered not at all to Limburg. He read, and grinned over what he was reading with great enjoyment. He was deep in the valuable volume when Skinner suddenly called out:

"Waiter! Waiter!"

Limburg started up involuntarily, as if from old habit.

"Yes, sir! Coming, sir!" he exclaimed.

A roar of laughter from Skinner, and a stare of blank amazement from everybody else, recalled him to himself.

He stood—his face flooded with crimson.

There was a moment or two of dead silence, broken only

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by a cackle from Skinner. Then merriment came into every face.

Limburg's face changed—the crimson wave receded, leaving him deadly pale. He gave a wild look round him, and then, with a guttural exclamation, rushed from the room!

### THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER. After Pride Comes a Fall!

"WHAT the dickens—"  
"What's the matter with Limburg?"

"Skinner, you ask—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!" boomed Bolsover major. "If ever there was a clean bowl out! The uss, to give himself away like that. Ha, ha, ha!"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Wharton, the truth beginning to dawn on his mind.

"Limburg," gurgled Skinner, almost speechless with mirth—"Limburg, the noble junker—Limburg, the high and mighty—Limburg, who can't sit next to a cobbler in class, and can't stand a factory chap in the study—Limburg—Ha, ha, ha! He's a—a—a—"

"A what!"

"Get it out!"

"A—a waiter!" roared Skinner.

There was a gasp from the Removites.

"A waiter!"

"Limburg!"

"Gammon!"

"It's a fact!" gasped Skinner. "I've got it here—got it down in the letter from Brighton! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Not so much row here, you young swags," said Loder, coming back to the Remove table. "This isn't a bear-garden."

"It's all right, Loder," gurgled Bolsover major. "It's the joke of the season! It's come out that Limburg the Great is a waiter."

"What rot!" said Loder incredulously.

"It's true. I've got a letter from the hotel in Brighton where he worked," said Skinner. "His father was head-waiter, and he was under-waiter. I sent them his photograph, and they've recognised it."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Loder.

The room was in a shriek of merriment now. Seniors as well as juniors enjoyed the joke. The Removites crowded out of the dining-room, and in the hall Skinner was surrounded by an eager crowd, wanting to see the letter from Brighton.

Limburg had disappeared.

"I told you I knew him!" chortled Skinner. "Didn't I tell you so? I knew I'd seen him somewhere, in evening clothes. Ha, ha, ha! His waiter rig, you know, though I didn't think of that."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I knew it was in some seaside place I'd seen him. And then I found he came from Brighton, and was keeping Brighton dark. What was he keeping it dark for? I guessed that he had been in the hotel where I stayed—I couldn't have seen him in evening-clothes anywhere else—but I never thought of the waiter. We don't get many waiters here in the Remove. I remember now, there was a young waiter, a German. The head-waiter was a German, and he had a son being brought up to the business, and the young shaver used to wait on us. Oh, crumbs!" And Skinner went off into a fresh paroxysm of mirth.

The juniors yelled with laughter.

"It sounds jolly thick," said Peter Todd. "Unless you're sure about it, Skinner, I'd advise you to keep your head shut."

"It's as safe as houses. Look at this letter! I sent his photograph to the hotel-clerk at the Esplanade at Brighton, and asked him to tell me if he knew anything about the chap. I knew something was being kept dark, though I couldn't quite spot what it was. Ha, ha, ha! Never dreamed of the waiter. Look at this letter! And you saw how he answered up when I called out 'Waiter!' I did it to catch him. He, ho, he!"

"Let's see the letter," said Vernon-Smith.

Skinner displayed the letter. A crowd of juniors craned their heads to read it at once.

And they read:

"Of course, I know the photograph. It's the photograph of Franz Klein, the son of our former head-waiter. Klein came into money some time ago, and left the hotel, and I have not heard from him since. I dare say he's gone home to Germany now. He had a tremendous attack of swelled head when he came into his money. And as for young Klein,

there was no standing him. How did you come to get his photograph!"

The juniors did not need to read more.

There was no doubt about it. Indeed, Limburg had hopelessly given himself away when he answered, from force of habit, to Skinner's call of "Waiter!"

The Removites almost wept with merriment.

The Snob of the Remove—the haughty aristocrat of Prussia—the youthful junker who hardly considered the ground good enough for him to walk on—was the young German waiter who had waited on Skinner during his vacation, with a serviette over his arm, and a civil demeanour and an expectancy of tips.

It was too funny!

"Let's go and see him!" howled Bolsover major. "He says he can't wash teacups. He's too haughty! Why, the number of teacups he must have washed in his time—"

The Removites rushed away in search of Limburg. There was not a fellow there who had not been offended and irritated by his pride and arrogance. And now that his origin was revealed, beyond the shadow of a doubt, they were not likely to let him off easily.

Bolsover major threw open the study door.

Limburg was there.

He had had time to recover himself, and he stood up and faced the crowd of juniors with his old arrogance. But that arrogant manner did not deceive the juniors now.

"Waiter! Waiter!" howled Skinner. "Hurry up!"

"Give him a serviette!"

"Threepence for the waiter!"

Limburg bit his lip till it bled.

"What do you mean?" he said huskily. "You—you dare to say—"

"He, he, he!" cackled Billy Bunter. "That was why he was so ratty when I happened to speak about German waiters. He, he, he!"

"How dare you say—" blustered Limburg.

"Oh, come off!" roared Bolsover major. "We know it now, Limburg—I mean Klein. Your name's Klein. Are there any Von Klein in Germany?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Limburg turned deadly pale.

"It is false!" he stammered. "My name is Von Limburg. I—I—"

"Look at this letter, then!" howled Skinner.

Limburg looked at the letter and faltered.

"Waiter! Waiter! A tanner for the waiter!" bawled Bolsover major; and there was another yell of laughter.

The wretched boy looked at his tormentors, his face working. Truly, he was paying now for the miserable snobbishness which had earned him universal dislike. He did not attempt any further denials. He knew that that was useless. He knew that he was known for what he was—the son of an hotel-waiter who had come unexpectedly into money, and had developed "swelled head" and snobbishness with his unaccustomed riches.

"I—I—I—"

Limburg broke off, his features twitching. He flung himself suddenly into a chair, and covered his face with his hands.

The juniors left him then. Some of them felt a little pity for the wretched snob whose exposure had been so complete and so crushing. Probably what he said was true. He was a "Von," for what that was worth; and the snobbish pride of the true Prussian junker, long repressed under the forced snavity of the waiter's profession, had broken out uncontrollably when he found himself in the possession of riches. But for that snobbish pride and arrogance, the inheritance from his junker ancestor, his secret might never have been revealed.

But it was revealed now, and in the crushing ridicule that followed, the Snob of the Remove found his punishment.

THE END.

The next day Franz von Limburg left Greyfriars. He could not bear to remain there an object of ridicule, food for the laughter and scorn of everyone who had known him in his arrogant pretentiousness. He departed unregretted; for though some of the fellows felt sorry for the wretched Prussian in his hour of humiliation, no one was sorry to see the last of the Snob of the Remove.

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## Our Gran I Ferrers Lord Serial Story.



## THE UNCONQUERABLE.

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By SIDNEY DREW.

### Captured—and Free.

"Nices mornings, hunk!" said Gan. The ragged, hairy quartette grunted in chorus, and grinned. The dirtiest and hairiest of them all was the gentleman in the red cap.

"I tink yo bedder ged down," he remarked. "Loosen der ropes, Hans. Ja! Vat a sight—vat a vunny sight!" They all laughed as if they took Gan for a one-man circus. The donkey stood quite still. Once on his feet and free of the sack, Gan shook hands with his new acquaintances. Hans led the donkey away.

"Yer come often der yacht—hey?" "Dat it!" said Gan-Waga. "Dey play a bad 'nuff jokes on me, and sticks me on de donkeys. I butterfuss glads I meets yo, but I tink I goes back now. I awfulness obligeness. Yo' likes cigars, hunk? Have a smokes?"

Gan-Waga was not altogether easy in his mind. The company was altogether too ragged and dirty to please him. Besides, when you offer a person a cigar it is not the rule in civilized circles for that person to keep the cigar-case. Gan was too polite to point out this fact, for of course he did not understand the custom of the country; besides, they were four to one.

"De owner of der yacht he very rich—yes!" grunted flannel-cap. "He Prince Ching-Lung, de Chinese millionaires," sniggered Gan-Waga. "Yo' comes and sees him wid me. He a butterfuss kind chaps."

The Eskimo began to feel still more uneasy. Hans had taken up a position near the mouth of the defile, with his gun on his shoulder.

"I tink yo mit us stop ein bit," said flannel-cap. "Come inside, and I gif yo ein drink of beer."

It would have been ungracious, if not dangerous, to decline. Gan followed flannel-cap into a low cave. The cave was dimly lighted from a shaft. The light would have been stronger, except for the smoke of a fire, which escaped through the shaft. There was a table in the place, a few stools, and four heaps of heather, which were used as beds.

"Dot was peer in dot char," said the dirty man, "and dot vas vater in dot odder char. Choost keep quiet dill ve dink vat ve do."

Gan was glad enough of a drink of water to wash the flavour of soot out of his mouth. He had no intention of remaining in that smoky place any longer than he could help. He tiptoed to the entrance to see what the ragged brigade was doing. Over the top of the boulder he espied the barrel of a gun. Then his eyes grew round, and he peeped up his ears.

"Dunder und blitzen," said a familiar voice, "der ting ud must be! I lose nine pounds in weight in three days. Der life dot Eskimo lead us is vorse dan peing dead. Shaf! Der lead us der life of tugs! Ve do not vant yo to gill der reptile. Acls, vein, nein! Ve choost vant him not to come pack. Ve pay yo der moneys, Heudrik, mine poy, and yo do der trick. Yo smuggle him away in der night, und perhaps he vall ofberboard. Ha, ha! Bud if he vall ofberboard de ein brack round der neck of him, for he vaim like ein duck!"

It was the voice of that baseborn traitor Herr Schwartz. Gan picked up a pair of dirty water and potato-peelings, and crept nearer. Then he swung the pair over the boulder and let it fall upside down on the traitor's head.

About four minutes later, having submitted to superior power, Gan-Waga found himself reposing under a heap of litter. Although he was gagged and tied, he could breathe freely, and was not actually uncomfortable. He had not witnessed the departure of Herr Schwartz, but he had heard his yells. Again he pricked up his ears. He heard the

leazy voice of Barry O'Rooney, and Gan-Waga winked as he listened.

"Bedad, we'll make ye all rich for loife, honey, me lindy!" said Barry. "It's worth six months' pay to each of us to get rid of the bustle! The prince'll never know he isn't alone till we're hours away. Lave him on some desert island, wid a box of matches and a toothpick, and let him play at cold Robinson Crusoe! Och, 'tis a day of joy and bliss! Let's take a last look at the ugly varmint!"

The litter was dragged aside, and Barry O'Rooney, Tom Point, the bo'sun, and flannel-cap grinned exultantly at the captive.

"Arrah, we've rid of ye at last, ye yellow-faced untrustworthy," said Barry, shaking his fist. "Hooy! Oi could stand on my head and sing!"

"Ye honey, the joy's enough to kill me!" cried Point. "Ye're a 'sinner,' that's what you are—a awful, 'orrid, ghastly nightmare!"

"Cover it up—cover it up, please me!" growled the bo'sun. "The sight of it gives me pain and needles all down my spine!"

"I see dot he nosd game pack," asked the hairy Heudrik. "Be get him away on der mek' dide, und he come pack infer. I gill, dough, ve bodder gif him, for dot safe mouch dime. I dink lots of dings, bud I infer yet kill ein Rajimo."

The voices died away. It was difficult to laugh with the gag on, but Gan-Waga's sides began to quiver. It was an excellent joke, and he could not help feeling amused; but the trouble was that O'Rooney and company were having all the best of it. And then there was a scraping and a sniffing and a rustling of litter, and a cold, wet nose was thrust into the prisoner's face.

His dog had swung a-head, and found his beloved master.

In his excitement the little black dog scraped at Gan's ear, and the Eskimo rolled over to get rid of it. To his astonishment, the movement loosened the cords and freed his hands. He pulled off the gag, and found that the cords round his ankles were so loosely tied that a vigorous kick would have freed them. It was quite evident that his captors did not expect to find him there on their return.

"Ohmi! I de bigs fatheads, Schwartz, not to finds dat out before!" said Gan-Waga. "I not tink ole cooksey loffs much. Ho, ho, ho! So yo' finds me, hunk? We goes and axes cook how he likes peed taters, hunk? Oh, he not loffs much! He, he, he, he!"

Gan inspected the cave. The season was almost over, but he found several cases containing seabirds' and plovers' eggs. It was by gathering the harvest of the sea, cliffs, and heath that Heudrik and his brothers earned their hard-earned livelihood. Gan pocketed a few eggs, as he thought they might be useful as missiles if he happened to run against any of his foes. Then Gan-Waga uttered a joyous hoo!

"Excuse me, but being unable to find the electric bell, I cannot ring, so I am using the telephone. Are you there, anybody?" asked a voice.

The fire had smouldered out, and the round opening of the shaft was partially obscured, darkening the cave.

"Hallo, Chingy! Where you was, hunk?" cried Gan. "I see yo' voices. But where yo' butterfuss ugliness faces, hunk?"

"I am on the roof," answered the voice, "searching for the coal-collar! I hope the tiles are firm, or I may come downstairs too abruptly!"

Ching-Lung's yellow face appeared at the top of the shaft.

"Chink up, and have a bathin den!" he said. "There's a ripping pool up here, and I've been catching treat fish fun!"

Some forty yards from the cave a little waterfall tumbled over the cliffs into a babbling stream. The water-worn rocks formed a natural ladder; and a wetting was nothing to Gan-Waga. He left the dog to find a way round, and began to climb. He had climbed many an iceberg in his time to look out for whales, and he was quickly at the top.

"Oh, Chingy, Chingy," he blurted out, "what yo' tie to those bad 'nuff awful blackguards do to yo' butterfuss, beaves, lovely Gan?"

"Shh!" whispered Ching-Lung, who was lying on the bank of a glassy pool. "There's a whopping treat here, if I can only tempt him!" Go and kiss him, little worm, and kiss him hard! Gee-whopp! He birth! No, he doesn't; he slopes—the early slack slopes! How's that for a catch on a bent pin, Gan? Those Serran Island trout belong to the Juggins tribe. Why, what's the matter with your face?"

As Ching-Lung struck his half-sole of fine brown trout together, Gan related the bitter tale of the woes and indignities he had suffered.

"They're such a greedy lot that it seems impossible to satisfy them," said Ching-Lung thoughtfully. "You give them eggs-and-bacon and potato-peelings, and still they ask for more. Well, wash off the soot, and make yourself beautiful! Do they want more?"

(An extra long instalment of this grand serial next Monday, Order your copy now.)

## The EDITOR'S WEEKLY CHAT WITH HIS READERS.

Next Monday will indeed be a red-letter day so far as my readers are concerned, since it heralds the appearance of the **BUMPER CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE "MAGNET" LIBRARY,**

which will surpass all previous issues in its superabundance of fine fiction and hearty humour.

To begin with, there will be a

### SPLENDID COLOURED COVER,

depicting an old warrior "fighting his battles over again," by one of our most talented artists. The genial Frank Richards has scored a stunning success with his rousing 50,000-word tale of the chimes of Greyfriars School, entitled,

### "THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL!"

which should on no account be absent from the Christmas fireside.

Next we are given

### "A GLIMPSE OF THE FUTURE!"

in which our author portrays Harry Wharton & Co. as men of advanced years. Some of the Remove fellows prove to be very funny freaks indeed in their old age; and this feature will, I feel sure, make a very big hit.

Tom Merry, the manly young skipper of the Shell at St. Jim's, has given me permission to reproduce the Christmas Number of

### "TOM MERRY'S WEEKLY!"

and this exciting journal will evoke many hearty laughs. Articles by all the leading lights of St. Jim's will appear, and, as the copy is detachable, you will be able to take it out of next week's "Magnet" and pass it round to all your friends.

Of course, the great crusade against Germany is not forgotten, and the next instalment of

### "A WORLD AT STAKE!"

is replete with thrills; while Sidney Drew's great serial will also come into the picture.

These excellent features, together with many rousing war illustrations, will go to make up the finest Christmas Number on record. What? Twice, of course! And the value better than ever!

### GREAT NEWS!

I hope to make an announcement on this page next Monday, dealing with a most important matter which I have had in mind for some time. This announcement will be of intense interest to all my readers, and my only regret is that—the matter being a profound secret for the present—I am to keep them in suspense. This much I can divulge, however. My chums have a treat in store for them such as they have seldom or never experienced before; and the long-felt want of many Magnetites is shortly to be realised, in a way which will far exceed even their highest expectations!

### NOTICE TO LEAGUE LEADERS.

I am well aware that during the last few years many "Magnet" Leagues have been formed, and are flourishing in various parts of Great Britain and in the Colonies.

Will the presidents and leaders of these leagues kindly write and notify me of their names and addresses, together with the number of members, and any other information of interest connected with their League? I shall then be enabled to draw up a tabulated list of "Magnet" Leagues, which list shall be published on this page at the earliest opportunity. By this means readers may ascertain if there is a League in their district which they may join.

I need not enlarge here on the numerous advantages which accrue when fellow-readers are thus brought into touch with each other. The enterprising president of a "Magnet and Gem" League in South London writes that with the advent of the long winter evenings an astonishing increase in membership has been made, and that the success of his undertaking is assured.

By a boy or a girl a "Magnet" League is undoubtedly looked upon in the same way that a gentleman regards his club; and many pleasant evenings may be spent with the congenial companions one is sure to meet. Therefore, with a view to furthering the interests of my readers both at home and abroad, I shall be glad to hear from all leaders of Leagues as early as possible.

*The Editor*

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The ALLIES and CANNON BROOCH With  
Words "WE STAND UNITED." Price 1s.

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