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(SEE INSIDE)

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Week Ending August 16th, 1924.

The Magnet 2[¢]

Library EVERY MONDAY.
of Complete School Stories.



TEMPLE "MAKES-UP" FOR HIS PART!

See—"THE GREYFRIARS ARAB!"—THIS WEEK'S ROLICKING SCHOOL STORY OF HARRY WHARTON & CO. --INSIDE.

NEXT MONDAY'S PROGRAMME!

THE Foe FROM AFRICA!
By Frank Richards.

THAT is the title of the second story in our grand holiday series. With the coming of Ali ben Yusef a breeze of excitement settles over Greyfriars, for Ali has a particularly unscrupulous and dangerous fellow-countryman shadowing his every step. That implies a mystery surrounding the young Arab—a mystery I do not intend to go into here, for Mr. Frank Richards can hold your interest with an affair of this sort far better than I can. But take it from me, boys, this dusky fellow from Northern Africa is the bold, bad villain of the piece.

STANDING BY THEIR PAL!

That applies, naturally, to the Famous Five, for Major Cherry has left his young charge in their care. Thanks to Harry Wharton & Co. an attempt by this foe from Africa to kidnap Ali is frustrated, although the former is armed with a serviceable revolver, and, what is more, uses it.

BY ORDER OF THE HEAD!

Thereafter Ali ben Yusef is forbidden to leave the precincts of the school on account of this lurking danger outside, and for some time Ali is content to obey Dr. Locke's decree. Later, however, his rather untamable nature revolts against such limited freedom of movement, and Ali breaks bounds via the school wall. What happens after that sends Greyfriars into another whirl of excitement, for Ali does not turn up for call-over. All sorts of wild rumours are running the round, until Horace Coker condescends to give information on the subject—for once in a way the burly Horace is "in the know." I can promise you a real treat of a yarn next Monday, my chums, with the Greyfriars Scouts well to the fore. Be sure and order your **MAGNET** early, and tell all your pals about this wonderful new series of holiday stories.

"SHERWOOD GOLD!"

There is another long and powerful instalment of this brilliant old-time story, boys, on the programme for next week. Young Tom Hadleigh has the satisfaction of crossing swords with the notorious Guy de Blois—the stakes being the talisman and life itself. Who wins I will leave you to discover for yourselves. But don't miss next week's instalment, or you will be missing something extra good!

"NATIONALITIES!"

The subject of the Herald next week concerns, one might almost say, the aliens at Greyfriars. The old school is a cosmopolitan sort of a place, with representatives from countries thousands of miles away from England. Some of these representatives we are well conversant with—Inky, Squiff, Fisher T. Fish, and the Wun Lunga. Many of their merry antics have, however, escaped being recorded in the past, so next week's "Herald" will remedy the deficiency. Look out for it!

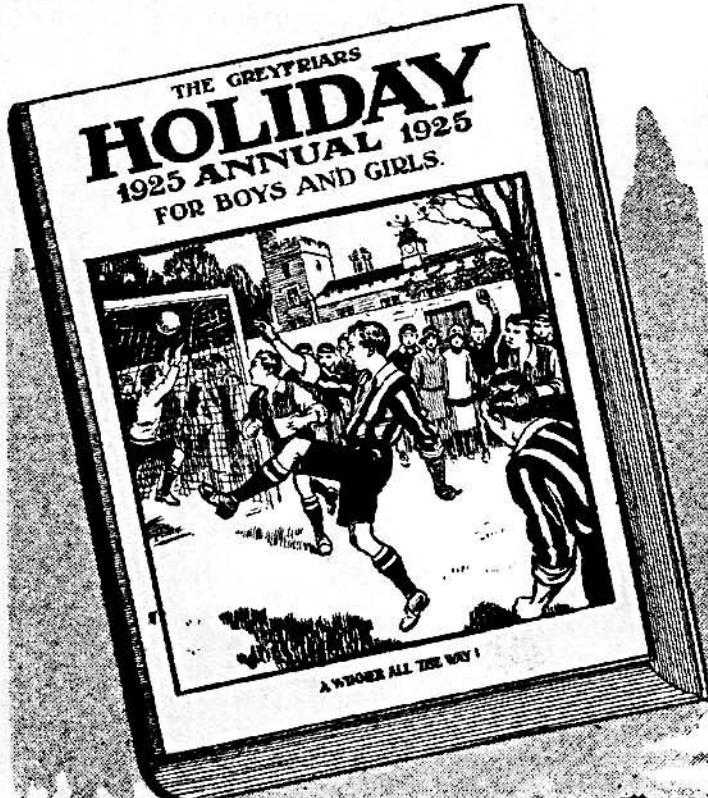
THE "HOLIDAY ANNUAL!"

The 1925 edition of this world-famous annual will be on sale at all newsagents on September 1st, and it is a volume that every reader of the Companion Papers should possess. In it are long, complete stories of Harry Wharton & Co., Tom Merry & Co. of St. Jim's, Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood, and a host of other features specially selected for readers of the Companion Papers. My chums would do well to begin saving their pocket-money now in order to buy this wonder Annual, for, believe me, no value like it has ever been put on the market before.

Your Editor.

Now's the time to save your pocket-money for this great Book!

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A Wonder
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Adventure
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Puzzles,
'How-to-Make'
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and Everything
Calculated to
be of
Interest to Boys
and Girls.
No Value like it
on the Market,
Chums!
...

ON SALE SEPTEMBER 1st.

PRICE SIX SHILLINGS.

Greyfriars is a cosmopolitan sort of place, harbouring fellows of many nationalities. Up till now, however, no fiery-tempered roamer of the deserts of Northern Africa has ever set foot within its gates, and the promised coming of such a character is eagerly looked forward to by the Removees. The Arab arrives all right—in fact, two Arabs turn up at the school, and both claim to be the real article. Which of the two is the genuine Ali ben Yusuf?



A Magnificent New Long Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars, introducing Ali ben Yusuf—the son of an Arab chieftain. By popular **FRANK RICHARDS.**

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Not a Remittance!

"BOB!"
No answer.
"I say, Bob, old man!"
Billy Bunter was not heeded. It was not likely that Bob Cherry would heed Bunter, or anybody else, just then.

Bob was in the field with the Remove Eleven, and Temple, of the Fourth, was batting. Bob was looking for a catch, and he did not heed the fat voice of the Owl of the Remove.

"I say, Bob—"
Billy Bunter seemed anxious. Perhaps the matter was urgent. Certainly it should have been very urgent to justify bothering a fieldsman in a cricket match.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh was bowling for the Remove. Temple of the Fourth stepped out to the ball, and sent it whizzing with one of his flourishing strokes.

Smack!
Up went Bob Cherry's hand. The round red ball reposed in the palm thereof.

"Well caught!" yelled the Remove fellows.

The ball went up from Bob's hand, and came down straight as a die to his palm again. Bob grinned cheerily.

"How's that, umpire?"
Cecil Reginald Temple of the Fourth did not need telling that he was out. Temple looked quite cross.

It was the last Form match of the term—the last occasion that Fourth Form and Remove would meet on the cricket field before Greyfriars broke up for the summer holidays.

Temple had wanted very much to wind up with a victory. He had felt that, with his magnificent batting to rely upon, the Upper Fourth ought really to win that match. So it was particularly exasperating to be caught out for a duck's egg.

With a frowning brow, and a big round nose to his credit, Cecil Reginald Temple retired to the pavilion.

"Good man, Bob!" called out Harry Wharton, with a cheery smile. "That's the stuff to give 'em!"
"Well caught, Bob!" chirruped Johnny Bull.

"I say, Bob, that was ripping, old man!" exclaimed Billy Bunter, edging into the field. "I say—"

"Get off the grass!" said Bob, looking round, apparently becoming conscious of Bunter's existence for the first time.

"But, I say—"
"Buzz off, you fat duffer!"

But William George Bunter came nearer, instead of getting off the grass. There was some little delay before the next batsman came in—Temple & Co. did these things in a leisurely style. Bunter took advantage of the pause.

"I say, Bob, there's a letter for you at—"

"Never mind now!"
"It's from your father," said Bunter.

"I know his fist, you know."
"Mind your own bizney, Bunter!"

"Well, I thought perhaps you'd like me to bring you the letter, old chap—"

"You silly owl!" hooted Bob. "Do you think I can read letters while I'm playing cricket? Blow away!"

Dabney of the Fourth was coming along from the pavilion now. He came with a leisurely stroll.

"But I think it's important, Bob!" urged Bunter.

"Eh? How the thump do you know anything about it?"

"Well, your father's been away a long time, and the postmark is Dover," said Bunter, who had evidently been examining the letter in question. "I heard you tell Wharton the other day that your pater was coming home from Africa—"

"You hear too much, and you talk too much," said Bob. "If you don't get off the ground, Bunter, you'll get damaged. Run away and play. What the thump does my father's letter matter to you?"

"Well, he hasn't sent you any remittances while he's been away," said Bunter. "I heard you tell Nugent so. Stands to reason he's going to play up now he's come back. Don't you think there's very likely a tip in the letter?"
Bob Cherry burst into a laugh.

Bunter's keen interest in the letter from Major Cherry was explained now. "Shall I open it for you and see?" asked Bunter.

"No!" roared Bob.
"The fact is, old chap, I've been disappointed about a postal-order," said Bunter. "If there's a remittance in your letter I could do with a loan of a few bob. I could really."

Dabney of the Fourth was at his wicket now, lately vacated by Cecil Reginald Temple.

"Kick that fat duffer off the ground, somebody!" called out Harry Wharton.

"Oh, really, Wharton—"
"Clear off, you ass!"

Billy Bunter reluctantly backed out. Evidently he was deeply concerned about the letter from Major Cherry. If there was a remittance in that letter, it was a matter of far greater importance than any number of cricket matches, in Bunter's estimation. But it was clear that Bob Cherry was not going to deal with his correspondence until the cricket match was over.

Billy Bunter rolled away disconsolately, and sat down in the grass under a tree. There he produced from his pocket a letter—which was addressed to Robert Cherry, at Greyfriars School, in the firm handwriting of Major Cherry.

The Owl of the Remove had taken the letter from the rack, and brought it down to the cricket ground—apparently in the hope that its contents would be ascertained on the spot—in which case Bunter had a strong hope of sharing in the remittance, if any.

But the letter was still in the fat junior's possession, and still unopened. Bunter turned it over in his podgy hands.

As Bob had decided to deal with the matter, Bunter should certainly have taken the letter back to the house. But he seemed loth to part with it. Certainly it would not have needed a Scotland Yard expert to tell that the letter had been in Bunter's hands. A variety of finger-marks revealed that fact.

"I—I wonder if I ought to open this for Bob?" murmured Bunter. "It may
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be urgent—there may be cash in it—I mean, there may be important news? I wonder—

Bunter hesitated. His fat fingers fumbled with the letter. Almost before he realised what he was doing, Bunter had opened it.

"Oh, dear! It's come open now!" murmured Bunter. "Frightfully careless of Major Cherry not to stick it safely. People ought to be more careful with their letters. Just like Bob to think that I opened it on purpose. People are so suspicious."

Billy Bunter gave an uneasy blink towards the white-clad figures on the cricket ground. The cricketers were far too busy to have any eyes for Bunter, and the fellows gathered round the field were looking at the game, not at the Owl of the Remove.

"I—I suppose I'd better see if there's a remittance in it, now that I've got it open," murmured Bunter. "Can't be too careful with money!"

He drew the folded letter out of the envelope and unfolded it. There was no sign of a postal-order or a money-order or of cash in any shape or form.

Bunter looked utterly disgusted. He had opened the letter—a very serious matter, as he began to realise as soon as he had done it. And there was nothing to reward him—no chance whatever of raising a loan from Bob Cherry.

"Oh, rotten!" grunted Bunter. "Well bowled, Inky!" came a roar from the Removites on the cricket-ground.

Dabney of the Fourth had gone down to Hurree Singh's bowling. Fry strolled out to take his place.

It was clear to all the fellows on Little Side, Remove, and Fourth, that Temple's hope of winning the last match of the term was extremely ill-founded. The Remove were winning hands down.

Bunter, as a patriotic Removite, ought to have rejoiced. But he did not even notice how the game was going.

He was feeling worried. He sat under the tree, with Bob Cherry's letter in his hand, and a troubled expression on his fat face. How was he going to explain to Bob how the letter had "come open"? And how was he going to escape the severe kicking which was the just punishment for opening another fellow's letter? With those problems on his fat mind, William George Bunter was not likely to give much thought to cricket.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Bunter Solves the Problem!

"I'VE a jolly good mind to punch his cheeky head!"

Temple of the Fourth was undoubtedly cross.

"Oh, rather!" assented Dabney.

"Whose, and what for?" asked Fry.

Fry of the Fourth was just out for six.

"That cheeky cad Cherry!" said Temple.

"Of course, a fellow doesn't want to be mixed up in rows with these Remove fags. All the same, I've a jolly good mind to punch his head after the match."

"What's he done?" asked Fry.

"Besides catching you out, I mean."

Temple frowned darkly.

"Not because he caught me out, you ass—"

"Oh! Of course not. But why?"

"He's a cheeky fag," said Temple.

"He grinned at me when he caught me out, just as if it was easy—just as if he thought I was a duffer giving him an easy catch. Check!"

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"Oh, rather!" assented Dabney again. "Well, it wasn't a difficult catch, was it?" yawned Fry. "Better leave his napper alone, Temple. These fags will be sayin' that we don't like bein' beaten at cricket."

"I hope I'm sportsman enough to lose without making a fuss," said Temple loftily. "But I don't like Remove cheek! It was a mere fluke Cherry catching me out as he did. A rotten fluke!"

"He, he, he!"

Temple of the Fourth turned angrily as that unmusical cachinnation fell upon his ears.

It proceeded from William George Bunter, who had rolled along to the pavilion.

"Well, what are you cacklin' at, you fat toad?" demanded Cecil Reginald Temple hotly. "Do you want to be kicked?"

"Oh, really, Temple—"

"Crawl away, you fat worm, before I kick you!" said the captain of the Fourth disdainfully.

Billy Bunter blinked defiance at him through his big spectacles.

"Yah!" was his elegant rejoinder.

Temple was cross; there was no doubt about that. He was annoyed by the catch that had sent him out; he was annoyed by Bob Cherry's real or supposed amusement at catching him out so easily; he was deeply annoyed by his failure to score. On top of all these annoyances Billy Bunter's mockery was really not to be endured on a hot afternoon.

Cecil Reginald Temple reached out and caught Bunter by the collar, slewed him round, and planted a shoe on his tight trousers. Fortunately for Bunter it was not a boot, for the kick was a rather hefty one.

Bunter gave a roar, and spun away towards the pavilion doorway.

"Yah! Beast!"

"Come back and have another!" howled Temple.

"I'll jolly well lick you for that, Temple!" howled Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Or I would if it wasn't too hot for scrapping," gasped Bunter. "Beast! You can't play cricket for toffee! A babe-in-arms could have caught you out! Yah!"

Temple made a movement towards him, and Bunter dodged into the pavilion. Fry caught his chum by the arm.

"For goodness' sake don't let's have any raggin' here, Temple," he said.

"Who's raggin'?"

"Well, keep your temper."

"Who's not keepin' his temper?"

Fry sagely dropped it at that. Cecil Reginald seemed to be in a quarrelsome mood. However, he turned back to watch the cricket. Scott and Wilkinson of the Fourth were at the wickets, and they were putting up rather a good show.

Runs at last were coming to the Fourth. Billy Bunter blinked out of the pavilion at Temple morosely.

Bunter had been kicked. Often and often had Bunter been kicked, and generally had asked for it. But he did not like it.

Custom did not make it pleasant. Gladly would the Owl of the Remove have licked Temple of the Fourth—and certainly it was not only the hot weather that prevented him from making the exertion.

"Beast!" murmured Bunter. He blinked at the cricketers. The match was not likely to last much longer, and when it ended Bob Cherry would go in for his letter. Then he would discover that Bunter had opened it.

The kick from Temple was painful; but it was a trifle light as air compared with what Bunter would receive for opening Bob Cherry's letter from his father.

That was what worried Bunter now. He could not replace the letter, with its torn-open envelope, in the rack. He thought of throwing it away and denying strenuously that he had ever touched it. A few "whoppers" would have cost Bunter very little; but he realised that they were not likely to be believed. Bob knew now that there was a letter. He would look for it, and he would ask Bunter about it.

As he blinked at Temple an idea came into Bunter's head. Perhaps his fat wits were sharpened by the kick Temple had given him.

Temple had hung his blazer on a peg in the pavilion—it was close to Bunter, where he stood. The Owl of the Remove had already noticed it.

A cunning gleam came into his eyes. He cast a wary blink round him, but no one was paying him any attention. Scott of the Fourth was putting up a good innings, and all eyes were on the cricket.

Bunter backed towards the peg where Temple's jacket hung.

He slipped his fat hand into his pocket for Bob's letter. Keeping his hand behind him, he slipped the letter into the pocket of Temple's handsome blazer.

The torn envelope he had already disposed of. Now he had disposed of the letter.

Billy Bunter, after another anxious blink round him, rolled away from the pavilion. He was feeling quite easy in his mind now.

Temple had kicked him. Bob Cherry would want to pitch into somebody for opening his letter. Well, he could pitch into Temple!

That seemed, to Bunter, an excellent arrangement. All parties, in fact, would be satisfied—excepting, no doubt, Temple. And Bunter had no desire to satisfy Temple of the Fourth.

Bunter disposed himself comfortably in the grass to watch the finish of the Form match, hoping that somebody would ask him to tea when the game was over.

It was not long in finishing now.

"There goes Scott!" remarked Ogilvy of the Remove.

"How's that?"

"Out!"

"Wickets are cheap to-day!" grinned Bolsover major.

It was a single-innings match, and the Remove had batted first and knocked out 200. The Fourth finished all down for 155.

It was not a result to please the Fourth, especially Temple, after all his happy anticipations of winding up the term with a victory over his old rivals.

The field came off in a merry mood.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, catching sight of Temple's moody face. "Better luck next time, old scout."

"Oh, go and eat coke!" snapped Temple.

"Eh!"

"A rotten fluke isn't much to brag about," said the captain of the Fourth savagely.

Bob laughed cheerily.

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MERRY MAG. 7d

"I don't remember any flukes—and I wasn't bragging, anyhow," he said. "Keep your temper, old bean."

"I don't want any Lower Fourth check!" growled Temple. "For two pins I'd punch your head!"

"Punch away!" grinned Bob. "I'm your man!"

Cecil Reginald Temple made an angry stride forward. But Dabney and Fry caught hold of his arms, and stopped him. At the same time Frank Nugent and Harry Wharton pushed Bob Cherry away.

"Cheese that!" said the captain of the Remove. "We don't want a row over a cricket match, Bob."

"I'm sure I don't," said Bob. "But—"

"Well, come on, old man—leave him to get cool," said Nugent.

"Oh, all right!"

Bob Cherry walked on good-humouredly with his chums. Cecil Reginald Temple, with a red face, slammed on his blazer, drove his hands deep into his pockets, and walked away with Fry and Dabney.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Mysterious Letter!

"WHAT the thump's this?" Temple drew a crumpled, finger-marked letter from his pocket and stared at it.

Temple was still feeling annoyed, but he had allowed his comrades to reason with him, and keep him clear of the Removites. Fry and Dabney, at least, realised how absurd it would be for the captain of the Fourth to pick a quarrel with the fellow who had caught him out in the match.

The three Fourth-Formers were sauntering in the shade of the old elms when Temple discovered the letter in his pocket.

"What the dooce is it?" he said. "Looks like a letter," yawned Fry. "It's not mine that I know of."

Fry laughed. "Do you carry other fellows' letters about in your pockets?" he asked.

"Well, if it's mine, I haven't seen it before, that I remember. Blessed if I understand it!" said Temple, staring at the letter. "Look at it!"

The three juniors looked at the letter. It ran—in a handwriting they did not know:

"My dear Boy,—I landed in England to-day, and I shall be coming down to Greyfriars to see you on Saturday. I shall bring with me a lad with whom I wish you to make friends. He is an Arab, named Ali ben Yusef, the son of an Arab sheik I knew well, who is now dead. I have very particular reasons for bringing him to England, which I will explain more fully when I see you.

"Dr. Locke has agreed to give him a trial at Greyfriars, and he will be at the school for the rest of this term, at least. Now, my boy, I want you to do your best, your very best, to make Greyfriars agreeable to Ali, and I shall take it as a special favour if you and your friends will make friends with him, and make rather a fuss of him. He is a good lad, though, of course, his ways are not English ways.

"More when I see you on Saturday.

Your affectionate
"FATHER."

"Is that some jape?" asked Fry, in astonishment. "You never got that from your pater, Temple?"

"Of course I didn't."

"Then what—"



Bunter backed towards the peg where Temple's jacket hung. He felt in his pocket for Bob Cherry's letter. Then, casting a wary blink round him, he slipped the letter into the pocket of Temple's handsome blazer. (See Chapter 2.)

"It's a jest of some sort, I suppose," said Temple, bewildered. "Some ass has written this, and shoved it into my pocket—blessed if I can guess why. My pater wouldn't be likely to bring a wild Arab to Greyfriars, and ask me to make friends with him. Besides, this isn't my pater's fist." Temple stared at the letter again. "Besides, my father always signs his name to a letter.

"It's a jape of some sort—though I'm blessed if I can see where the joke comes in," said Fry.

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

Temple knitted his brows in thought. He was quite perplexed by the discovery of that strange letter in his pocket.

"It doesn't sound much like a jest," he said. "I—I suppose it couldn't be some fellow's letter—"

"It must have been put in your pocket," said Fry. "I suppose you didn't pick a letter up and shove it in your pocket without remembering it?"

"Of course not."

"Well, chuck it away, and let's go in to tea," said Dabney. "We're late already."

Temple hesitated. If the letter in his pocket was some jest on him, he was quite unable to see where the jest came in. And the letter sounded as if it had been written seriously. The contents were rather unusual; but for that very reason it was unlikely that the letter had been composed by a practical joker at the school.

"No, I won't chuck it away," he said. "I'll ask the fellows whether anybody's lost a letter. Though how the dashed

thing got into my pocket is a giddy mystery."

The three juniors walked away to the School House. In the quadrangle they passed the Famous Five of the Remove, who were chattering in a cheery group before going in to tea. Bob Cherry smiled involuntarily as Cecil Reginald Temple came up the path, and that smile roused Temple's ire again.

He halted. "What's the joke?" he demanded angrily.

"Joke?" repeated Bob.

"Yes. What are you grinning at?"

"Grinning!" repeated Bob.

The Removites smiled, and Dabney and Fry smiled, too. Cecil Reginald's face grew redder with wrath.

"If you want a thick ear, Cherry—" he began hotly.

"My esteemed and ludicrous Temple," murmured Hurree Janset Ram Singh, "let not your angry passions rise. Let dogs delight to bark bitefully, but—"

"Oh, cheese it, you dashed imp of darkness!" growled Temple.

The nabob's dusky face flushed.

"Oh, come on!" exclaimed Fry. And he caught Temple by the arm and hurried him on.

"Let go, you silly ass!"

"Rot! Come in!"

Temple was walked into the house by his comrades, and once more the "scrap" was averted.

"Letter for you in the rack, Temple," said Scott of the Fourth, in the doorway.

"Thanks!"

The three Fourth-Formers went for the letter, and Temple tucked it into his pocket, and they proceeded to their study for tea. Under the genial influence of tea and muffins, Temple recovered his usual good-humour.

"After all, it wasn't worth while lickin' that cheeky ass Cherry!" he remarked.

"Not at all," agreed Fry.

"He's a cheeky fag—but so are they all in the Remove, an' a fellow can't go about thrashin' all the Lower Fourth," argued Temple.

"He can't, certainly," agreed Fry, with a wink at the ceiling. Fry's opinion was that if Temple had started thrashing Bob Cherry, Temple would have met with the surprise of his life. But he tactfully refrained from mentioning his opinion to the captain of the Fourth.

"Better let him off," went on Temple.

"Much better!"

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"All the same—" continued Temple.

Baug!

Cecil Reginald was interrupted by an emphatic knock at the study door, and the door flew open.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Strategic Bunter!

"WHAT about tea?" said Frank Nugent.

"Good!"

"Tea in Study No. 1," said

Harry Wharton. "We're going to have a little spread to celebrate giving the Fourth their last licking of the term. Poor old Temple!"

The chums of the Remove chuckled. Temple of the Fourth had undoubtedly taken the "last licking of the term" rather badly. The Famous Five went cheerily into the School House, and Bob Cherry paused at the foot of the staircase.

"There's a letter for me in the rack," he said. "Bunter told me so while the match was on. I'll get it, and come up in a minute."

"Right-ho!"

Bob Cherry went for his letter. Two or three fellows were looking over the letters, and Bob called out cheerily as he came up:

"Chuck mine over, Hobson!"

"Nothing for you here that I can see," answered Hobson of the Shell.

"There jolly well is—or ought to be," said Bob.

He glanced over the letters in surprise. Certainly there was no letter to be seen addressed to Robert Cherry.

"Bunter said— Besides, I was expecting a letter from my pater. I wonder if that fat duffer's taken it?" growled Bob. "Any of you fellows know where Bunter is?"

"Give it up," yawned Hobson. "In the tuckshop, if he's got any money. If not, goodness knows!"

Bob Cherry, with a frowning brow, went up to the Remove passage. He was not long in finding Bunter. That fat and fatuous youth was in Study No. 1 with Harry Wharton & Co.

"The fact is," Bunter was saying, "I want to ask you fellows to a spread in my study. I was going to ask you to-day, but there's been a delay in the post, and I haven't received a postal-order I was expecting. I'll tell you what—you come to a spread in my study to-morrow, and I'll have tea with you to-day, see?"

"Where's my letter, Bunter?"

Billy Bunter gave a guilty jump, and blinked round at Bob Cherry.

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"Your—your letter!" he stammered.

"Wha-a-a-t letter?"

"The letter you told me about on the cricket ground. Have you taken it from the rack?" demanded Bob.

"Certainly not. I hope you don't think I'd touch another fellow's letter," said Bunter with dignity.

"Well, it's not in the rack now."

"Perhaps it hasn't come yet," suggested Bunter brightly.

"What?"

"You know what rotten delays there are in the post," said Bunter, shaking his head seriously. "I've been disappointed myself about a remittance I was expecting—from one of my titled relations—"

"You silly owl!" roared Bob. "You told me you saw it!"

"So I did. I hope you don't think I'd tell you an untruth, Bob Cherry."

"You wooden-headed duffer!" howled Bob. "If you saw it, I suppose it must have come, mustn't it?"

"I—I suppose so," assented Bunter.

"Very likely, in fact. Now, about tea, Wharton, if you want anything fetched from the shop—"

"Look here, Bunter—"

"I'll fetch it for you. Say the word, and I'll fetch up anything you like," said Bunter generously. "No trouble at all when it's a question of obliging a pal. I— Yaroooh! Leggo my collar, Bob Cherry, you beast!"

"Shake! Shake!"

"Where's my letter?"

"How should I know where your dashed letter is?" howled Bunter, jerking his collar away. "Perhaps somebody took it from the rack. Perhaps one of these fellows has got it."

"What?" exclaimed Wharton.

"Or—or somebody!" said Bunter.

"What about Temple of the Fourth?"

"Temple!" exclaimed Bob.

"Yes. He was threatening to punch your head at the pavilion. I heard him. And he kicked me," said Bunter. "A fellow who would do that would take another fellow's letter, wouldn't he?"

"You silly chump!" said Bob, staring at the Owl of the Remove. "Do you mean to say that Temple's taken my letter? Why should he?"

"Well, he might have thought there was a remittance in it," said Bunter.

"You—you—your chirruping idiot!" gasped Bob. "Do you think Temple would steal a remittance from another fellow?"

"I know he kicked me," said Bunter.

"Well, I've kicked you before now—and I'll kick you again if you don't shell out that letter, you fat chump!"

"How can I hand you a letter that Temple's got?" demanded Bunter.

"Talk sense!"

"I don't believe Temple's got it. He's not a chap to touch another fellow's letters."

"Of course he isn't!" said Harry Wharton. "Bunter's wandering in his mind. I should think."

"What makes you think Temple's got it?" demanded Bob.

"Well, he was ratty with you—"

"Fathead!"

"I know he took a letter from the rack. I saw him."

"I dare say there was one for him, ass! Why shouldn't there be?"

"That's all very well," said Bunter. "But my belief is that Temple's got your letter. You can ask him for it."

"I jolly well sha'n't do anything of the kind!" growled Bob. "I wouldn't insult a decent chap by asking him such a thing."

"You've asked me!" howled Bunter.

"That's quite different!" grunted Bob.

"The decentfulness of the esteemed Bunter is not terrific," remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"Oh, really, Inky—"

"Look here, Bunter. I want that letter, and I want it at once!" said Bob, his blue eyes glinting with anger. "My father's been away the best part of a year, and I want to know what he's got to say now he's come home. Give me my letter."

Bob Cherry picked up a fives bat from a chair and advanced upon the Owl of the Remove.

Bunter dodged round the study table.

"I—I haven't got it!" he gasped. "I—I tell you Temple of the Fourth has got it! I—I saw him with it!"

"You saw Temple of the Fourth with my father's letter?" ejaculated Bob.

"Yes!" gasped Bunter desperately. "He was reading it under the eims, with Fry and Dabney!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Wharton. "Not one of them would do such a rotten thing! I'm sure of it!"

"I saw them!" howled Bunter.

Bob Cherry paused. He laid down the fives bat on the table.

"You've not got the letter, Bunter?"

"No, I haven't! Temple's got it!"

"I'll ask Temple if he's seen anything of it before I whale you, you fat villain!" said Bob. "I don't believe a word of it, but I suppose I must speak to Temple."

Bob Cherry left Study No. 1.

"I say, Bob!" howled Bunter.

"Well?" Bob Cherry turned back.

"Give him a jolly good hiding for kicking me—I mean, for bagging your letter!"

"You silly ass!" roared Bob.

And Robert Cherry, not in his usual placable frame of mind, strode away to the Fourth Form passage.

He thumped on Temple's study door, and it flew open. Bob walked into the study.

"Temple—" he began.

Cecil Reginald Temple eyed him icily.

"I don't remember askin' you into this study!" he said.

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said Bob unceremoniously. "I've after a letter from my pater, and Bunter says— Oh, my hat!"

Full in view, on the study table, lay the letter that Cecil Reginald Temple had found in his pocket. Temple had laid it there, intending to show it along the passage after tea, and ask the Fourth Form fellows if they knew anything about it.

Bob Cherry's glance fell on it, and he recognised his father's handwriting at once.

His face became crimson with wrath, and he snatched up the letter. The envelope was not to be seen.

"You—you rotters!" he exclaimed, almost choking with wrath. "You've read this letter?"

"What about it?" snapped Temple.

"What about it!" roared Bob. "What about reading a letter—opening a fellow's letter and reading it! I'll jolly well show you what about it, you sneaking cad!"

And Bob Cherry shoved the letter into his pocket and rushed round the study table at Cecil Reginald Temple. And the next moment it seemed as if a cyclone had broken loose in Temple's study.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

A Form Row!

"COLLAR him!"
"Oh, my hat!"
"You silly ass!"
"Yaroooh!"

Cecil Reginald Temple had jumped up in a great hurry to meet the sudden attack. Temple and Bob Cherry, clasped in a close embrace, staggered across the study, gasping and panting and punching.

Fry and Dabney rushed to the rescue at once.

They collared Bob Cherry, and strove to drag him off the captain of the Fourth.

Bob certainly was not a match for the three, but in his angry excitement he seemed to have the energy of two or three fellows. He engaged all three of the Fourth-Formers, and they found that he kept them very busy.

Dabney went down on Temple's expensive carpet with a terrific crash. The next moment Fry was sprawling across him, feeling as though his nose had been pushed through the back of his head.

Then Bob Cherry went down with Temple on him, and they rolled on the floor in wild and whirling combat.

"Oh gad! Ow!"

"You rotter!"

"Whoooooop!"

"Give him jip!" yelled Fry, struggling to his feet. "The dashed ruffian! Give him beans!"

Crash, crash! Bang!

Two or three chairs went over, and the study table rocked, and several crocks crashed to the floor. Five or six fellows of the Fourth came running along the passage to stare in wonder. They saw Bob Cherry fighting hand to hand with three, and fully holding his own.

"What the dooce is this shindy about?" exclaimed Scott of the Fourth.

"Lend us a hand with this hooligan!" panted Fry.

"Oh, rather!" gurgled Dabney.

"Kick him out!" roared Temple. "He's dashed well wrecking the study. Kick him out!"

"Collar him!" shouted Wilkinson from the passage.

There was a rush of the Fourth-Formers into the study. What the row was about they did not know, and cared very little. The sight of a Remove fellow kicking up a "shindy" in a Fourth Form study was enough for them.

Bob Cherry was collared right and left, and six or seven Fourth-Formers united to hurl him out of Temple's study.

He went out spinning, to collapse in the passage in the midst of a crowd of the Fourth. The uproar in Temple's study had drawn a dozen fellows or more to the spot.

"Kick him out!" roared Temple.

"Boot him out of our passage!" yelled Wilkinson.

"Give him jip!"

Bob Cherry strove to struggle up. But the Fourth fairly swarmed over him. He was rolled along the passage, resisting vainly in a wildly ruffled and dishevelled and breathless state.

Temple, Dabney, and Fry were gasping, quite out of breath, in their study, in great wrath and indignation. But their friends were quite numerous enough to deal with Bob Cherry without their aid. The Fourth-Formers rushed the breathless Remove along to the Remove passage, and bumped him on the door of Study No. 1.

"Hallo! Fourth Form cads!" shouted Vernon-Smith up the passage. "Rescue, Remove!"

The Bounder rushed on at once, and five or six Removes ran out of their studies to back him up. Harry Wharton & Co. came hurrying out of Study No. 1, nearly falling over Bob Cherry as they came.

"Hook it!" murmured Scott of the Fourth.

The Fourth-Formers retreated promptly to their own passage. They had

awakened a hornets' nest in the Remove quarters, and they wisely did not linger in it.

Bob Cherry sat up dizzily. "Oh, my hat!" he gasped. "Ow! Oh crumbs!"

"He, he, he!" came from Billy Bunter. Bunter blinked at Bob from the study, apparently greatly entertained by the state he was in.

"Oh dear! Ow! Lend me a hand!" gasped Bob. "I'm done!"

Harry Wharton helped him to his feet and into the study.

Bob Cherry sank into the armchair, gasping.

Bob was a hefty fellow, and a rough-and-tumble tussle was really quite in his line. But he had been "through" it this time, with a vengeance. His nose was streaming crimson, his eyes blinked painfully, and he had aches and pains all over him. His chums gathered round him in concern and wrath, and Frank Nugent fanned his blazing face with an exercise-book. Bob gasped and gasped and gasped.

"He, he, he! I say, old chap, you look an awful wreck!" giggled Bunter. "Did you let Temple lick you? He, he, he!"

"Shut up, you fat owl!" growled Johnny Bull.

"He, he, he!"

"Kill him, somebody!" moaned Bob Cherry.

"He, he— Yooooop!" roared Bunter, as Johnny Bull took him by the collar and sat him forcibly down on the floor of the study.

"I suppose Temple cut up rusty, Bob," said Wharton. "I wish we'd come with you. But we'll raid their passage and make them howl for this!"

"Yes, rather."

"The rutherfordness is terrific!" exclaimed Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh. "Come on, the stitch in time saves ninenpence!"

The Bounder looked in at the doorway with Tom Redwing and Peter Todd, and a dozen more of the Remove behind him.



"Give him jip!" yelled Fry, struggling to his feet. "The dashed ruffian! Give him beans!" Crash, crash! Bang! Two or three chairs went over, the study table rocked, and several crocks crashed to the floor. Five or six fellows of the Fourth came running along the passage, to stare in, in wonder. They saw Bob Cherry fighting hand to hand with Temple & Co. "Kick him out!" roared Temple. "He's dashed well wrecking the study!" (See Chapter 5.)

"We're all ready," said Vernon-Smith. "We'll mop up the Fourth Form passage from end to end!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Wait a tick till I get my breath!" gasped Bob Cherry. "I'm coming. I want to give that cad Temple another punch."

"But what's the row about?" asked Redwing.

Bob spluttered breathlessly.

"That cad, that worm Temple, that rotten outsider——"

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Peter Todd.

"Temple's a swanking ass, but he's not all those pretty things."

"He is!" roared Bob. "I tell you he's bagged a letter of mine, and opened it and read it!"

"Phew! That sounds rather thick." "He had the letter!" exclaimed Wharton.

"It was lying on his table when I got to his study!" gasped Bob. "I saw it there. I've got it in my pocket now. They owned up that they'd read it—Temple and Dabney and Fry."

Wharton flushed with anger.

"The rotters! That's the limit!"

"I told you so!" gasped Bunter.

"Didn't I jolly well tell you that Temple had your letter?"

"You did," said Bob. "I didn't believe it, but I'm bound to believe my own eyes. It was there on his table."

Bob Cherry rose, still rather breathless.

"I'm ready now," he said. "We'll jolly well make an example of the Fourth to wind up the term."

"Hear, hear!"

"Hold on!" said Peter Todd quietly.

"Oh, dry up, Toddy; this isn't a time for jaw," exclaimed Squiff. "Let's go and mop up the cads!"

"Mop them up as much as you like by way of a rag," agreed Toddy. "But let's have it straight. There's some mistake here."

"Rot!" exclaimed Bob angrily.

"Temple's no pal of mine," said Peter. "I'd rather punch his head than not. But he never opened your letter, Bob. That's all piffle. He's not a fellow like Bunter or Skinner."

"Oh, really, Toddy!"

"I tell you it was open, and lying on his table, and he admitted that he'd read it!" roared Bob.

"Hold on, all the same. Let's get to the rights of it," urged Peter. "What made you go to Temple's study after your letter? What put the idea into your head?"

"Bunter told me."

"Exactly!" agreed Peter. "I heard him howling to you about that letter when we were playing cricket. Now, when Bunter tells me anything, I always believe exactly the reverse."

"Look here, Toddy, you beast!"

"But the letter was there!" shouted Bob Cherry. "Don't I keep on telling you that I found it on Temple's study table?"

"Who put it there?"

"Eh? Temple, I suppose."

"This isn't a matter for supposing, when you're accusing a chap of doing a particularly dirty and mean thing," said Toddy. "There's some mistake here, and I fancy Bunter's at the bottom of it. If anybody opened your letter, it wasn't Temple. Suppose—since you're supposing—that somebody else opened your letter, and chucked it into Temple's study to get rid of it afterwards?"

"Oh!" ejaculated Bob.

"Good old lawyer!" grinned Squiff.

"I say, Bob, that sounds much more likely than Temple opening another fellow's letter. He really isn't that sort."

Bob Cherry breathed hard.

"He never said so," he began.

"Did you give him time?" inquired Peter.

"Well—hem—no!"

"Mind, I've no objection to mopping up the Fourth," said Peter Todd. "We'll mop them up, if you like, till their giddy paters won't know their faces when they see them in the holidays. But I think we ought to get to the facts about this giddy letter."

Harry Wharton nodded.

"That's right enough," he said.

"Better go slow, Bob. I suppose you never asked Temple how he'd come by the letter?"

"Well, no. Seeing it open on his table, and after what Bunter said——" stammered Bob.

"Exactly! Dear old Bunter," said Peter Todd. "Bunter, did you shove that letter into Temple's study?"

"No!" roared Bunter.

"Did you open it?"

"I hope you don't think I'm the kind of fellow to open another chap's letter, Peter?"

"What you hope isn't evidence," said Peter Todd. "Did you open Bob's letter, or didn't you?"

"Certainly not! A letter might come open by accident."

"It might—especially in your hands," agreed Peter. "So you had the letter, and it came open by accident?"

"Nothing of the kind. I never touched it," said Bunter. "It never even occurred to me that there might be a remittance in it, and I never brought it down to the cricket-ground for Bob, and——"

"And after you'd opened it you didn't know what to do with it?" inquired Peter.

"I didn't open it!" shrieked Bunter. "It came open by accident—I mean, it never came open at all."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And after it came open by accident, and never came open at all, what did you do with it?" inquired Peter blandly.

"N-n-nothing! I never had it, you know."

Bob Cherry fixed a deadly glare on the Owl of the Remove. He was beginning to realise that he had acted rather hastily in Temple's study, now.

"Bunter was at the bottom of it, of course," said Peter. "I guessed that at once. Now, we'll all go on the jolly old war-path if you like; but, first of all, we'll find out how Temple came by that letter. I'll go and ask him."

"You'll get ragged if you go to the Fourth Form studies now, you ass," said the Bounder.

"I'll take a giddy flag of truce."

"Fathead!"

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"Leave it to me," said Peter cheerily. And the schoolboy lawyer went his way, leaving the Romovites in a buzz of excitement, and William George Bunter in a decidedly uneasy frame of mind. It was dawning upon the fat mind of William George that there was some weakness, somewhere, in his masterly strategy.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Bunter's Reward!

"O H, gad!"
"Ow!"
"Mmmmm!"
Temple, Dabney & Co. were feeling hurt.

The odds had been heavily against Bob Cherry in the wild and whirling combat in Temple's study. But undoubtedly he had done considerable damage. Temple looked into the glass, and fairly glared at the sight of his nose. Temple prided himself upon his handsome Greek nose. It looked much more like a Roman one now, and still more like a beetroot.

There was a shout in the passage, where a dozen excited Fourth-Formers were still gathered.

"Here comes a Remove cad!"
"Rag him!"
Temple rushed to the door.
"Collar him! Rag him! Mop him up!" he shouted.

"Hold on!" roared Peter Todd. "Flag of truce!" Peter was walking coolly up the Fourth Form passage with a ruler held over his head, to which was attached a handkerchief. This, apparently, was a flag of truce.

The Fourth-Formers had not, for the moment, recognised it was the white flag—perhaps because the handkerchief had seen service.

"Oh, rot!" exclaimed Temple.
"Bump him!"
"You uncivilised heathens, can't you respect the white flag?" exclaimed Peter. "I'm a giddy ambassador!"

"Oh, let him alone," said Temple.
"What do you want, anyhow, you cheeky Remove cad!"

"About Bob Cherry's letter."
"Blow Bob Cherry, and bless his silly letters."

"My dear man, blow and bless everything and everybody you like. But Bob found his missing letter on your table, and it was open, and you told him you'd read it."

"Does he accuse me of openin' his letter?" yelled Temple.

"I've told him there's some mistake," said Peter soothingly. "I want to get at the facts. I've guessed that the letter was planted on you somehow, Temple. I know you're not the chap to do a mean thing."

"Well, I'm glad you understand that," said Temple, somewhat mollified. "I'd have told that bargin' idiot Cherry if he'd given me a second or two instead of jumping on me."

"Well, how did you get hold of the letter?"

"I found it in the pocket of my blazer. I suppose somebody put it there while it was hangin' in the pavilion. I thought it was a spoof of some kind at first. Then I thought I'd ask the fellows about it, and left the letter on my table. Then that howlin' ass butted in—"

"I see," assented Peter. "Just what I supposed. All serene!"
And Peter walked away cheerily.

He put the flag of truce in his pocket as he came back to the Remove passage.
"Well?" grunted Bob Cherry.



There was a shout in the passage, where a dozen excited Fourth-Formers were still gathered. "Here comes a Remove cad!" "Mop him up!" roared Temple. "Collar him!" "Hold on!" exclaimed Peter Todd. "Flag of truce. I'm a giddy ambassador!" Peter was walking along with a ruler held over his head, to which was attached a handkerchief. (See Chapter 6.)

"It's a giddy mistake, as I told you. Always listen to the good advice of your Uncle Peter—"

"Oh, cut it short! What does Temple say?"

Peter Todd explained.
"Oh!" said Bob, rather crestfallen.

"I—I see! Still, even if he found the letter in his pocket, he might have known whose it was, by the name on it."

"Is there a name on it?" smiled Peter.

"Eh! I suppose so."
"You suppose too much, old man. Look at it and see!"

Bob Cherry drew the letter from his pocket. He glanced over it, and the contents surprised him so much that he read it through again, without heeding the other fellows.

Peter Todd waited rather impatiently.

"I've left my tea getting cold, to look into this little affair," he hinted, at last.

"I don't want to interrupt you, Bob, in the enjoyment of giddy paternal correspondence. But—"

"The letter's not signed by a name," said Bob, a little shamefaced. "I—I suppose Temple couldn't have known it was mine—he's not likely to know my father's fist by sight."

"Just so!" agreed Peter. "Now, instead of mopping up the Fourth, I fancy you owe Temple an apology, Bob."

"Blow Temple!" growled Bob Cherry. He was not feeling in an apologetic mood.

"My esteemed and ludicrous Bob—" murmured Hurree Singh.

"Oh rats!"

"Well—" began Wharton.

"I want to know how that letter got into Temple's pocket," said Bob savagely. "I take his word for that, of course. But who opened my letter, and shoved it into Temple's blazer to get rid of it?"

"Does Bunter know?" smiled Peter.

"Oh really, Toddy—"

"It was Bunter, of course," said Harry Wharton. "Not much doubt on that point."

"The doubtfulness is not terrific.

"Nothing of the kind!" hooted Bunter. "I never thought of planting that letter on Temple because he kicked me!"

"Oh, that was the reason, was it?" grinned Toddy.

"Haven't I just told you it waan't?" roared Bunter. "Don't you understand plain English?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You opened it?" shouted Bob.

"Nothing of the sort. I keep on telling you that it came open by accident."

"You had it—"

"I hadn't! Last I saw of it it was in the letter-rack. I never even thought of touching it!"

"Oh, my hat!" said Nugent.

"I hope you fellows can take my word. As for reading another fellow's letter, I hope I'm incapable of it! I haven't the

faintest idea what's in that letter," said Bunter. "Temple knows, because he's read it; but I don't know anything about an Arab coming to Greyfriars to—"

"What?" howled Bob.

"I don't know a word of it—you see, I haven't looked at the letter," said Bunter. "I don't even know it's from your pater—I don't know his fist. Look here, you're practically casting doubt on my word—my personal honour, Cherry! I prefer the whole subject to drop."

"So you've read the letter?"

"Not at all. I keep on telling you I haven't!"

"Then, how do you know what's in it?"

"I don't know, of course. I've just said so."

"Is there anything about an Arab in the letter, Bob?" asked the captain of the Remove.

"Yes."

"Then Bunter's read it!"

"That's pretty clear!" said Johnny Bull.

"I haven't!" shrieked Bunter. "I've already said that I don't know anything about an Arab coming to Greyfriars—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It was Bunter all along!" growled Bob. "He opened my letter and read it, and planted it on Temple, and made me pitch into that silly ass! I'm going to slaughter him!"

"I—I say, you fellows—"

"Where's that fives-bat?"

"I—I say—"

"A dozen of the best!" said Peter Todd.

"Ow! I—I say, you fellows— Yoop! Help! Fire! Thieves! Murder!" roared Bunter, as he was collared and slammed face down on the study table.

Bob Cherry grasped the fives-bat.

Whack, whack, whack!

The sounding slaps of the fives-bat rang on Bunter's tight trousers like a succession of pistol-shots. Louder still rang the yells of the Owl of the Remove.

"Yo-wow-wow!"

Whack, whack, whack!

Bunter roared and wriggled and squirmed. His masterly strategy had gone for nothing, after all, and he had to take his punishment. And now that it had come, it exceeded his most horrid anticipations.

With a powerful arm, Bob Cherry administered the swipes of the fives-bat to the very last of the dozen, while Billy Bunter roared and squirmed and yelled.

"Now chuck him out!"

"Yaroooooh!"

Bump!

Bunter landed in the passage.

He roared as he landed, and he was still roaring as he picked himself up and limped away. The way of the transgressor was hard, and the passage floor was hard, and the fives-bat had felt very hard indeed!

In fact, Billy Bunter, as he crawled away, felt that it was a hard life altogether.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER. The Amende Honorable!

"A GIDDY Arab?"

"Yes."

Peace and plenty reigned in Study No. 1 in the Remove. The Famous Five sat down to the study spread, and all was calm and bright.

Bob Cherry was still feeling the effects of his terrific scrap with Temple & Co., but his good-humour was restored, and it was a very cheery tea-party in Study No. 1. And as the spread was disposed

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of the talk turned on the rather startling news in the letter from Major Cherry.

"An Arab coming to Greyfriars—a giddy African Arab!" said Harry Wharton. "That's something new.

What's his name?"

"Ali ben Yusef."

"That's a stunning name? Who is he—and what—and why?"

Bob grinned.

"You fellows had better read the pater's letter," he said. "There's no secret about it."

Bob handed out the letter which had caused so much turmoil in the Remove and the Fourth that afternoon.

Harry Wharton & Co. read it with keen interest. They were aware that Major Cherry had been absent in Africa for a long period, and that his return was expected any day. But certainly they had never dreamed that he would bring back with him a native of the Dark Continent—an Arab of the Sahara. Who and what Ali, the son of Yusef, might be, the juniors could not guess.

"Somebody's down on his luck, and the pater's taken him under his wing," said Bob. "That's just like the old pater! He says that the Head has agreed to the kid coming to Greyfriars, so I suppose it's all right. I wonder what he will be like."

"He doesn't mention whether the kid speaks English," remarked Nugent.

"Most likely he does, or he wouldn't be much use at Greyfriars. But I suppose an Arab of the Sahara would be more likely to speak French than English, if he knows any European lingo at all. Perhaps both. Being the son of a sheik, he may have been educated."

"A sheik—that's a giddy Arab chief," said Johnny Bull. "Well, I suppose we're going to rally round the giddy Arab and give him a good time, as the nuzer makes a point of it?"

"Yes, rather!" said Harry Wharton. "He must be a decent kid, or the major wouldn't have taken him up. We'll see him through."

"We'll stand him a feed in the Rag—what?" said Nugent. "What do Arabs specially like in the way of grub, Bob?"

Bob Cherry rubbed his nose.

"Blessed if I know! I believe they eat dates."

"Well, we can get some dates," said Wharton, laughing.

"Lots in the calendar," suggested Johnny Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And—and figs," said Bob; "and something made of barley, which they call what-do-you-call-it—or thungummy—or something."

"Couldn't order that from the stores, I'm afraid. They would want you to be a bit more explicit."

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"My father's told me a lot about Arabs, but I've forgotten most of it," he confessed. "You know, he was mixed up with Arabs in the War, out in the East. He speaks Arabic, of course, and writes it, too. Jolly queer lingo; looks like the trail of a fly that's been dipped in ink. He told me lots of Arabic words, but I remember only one—sahara, which means desert. I remember that because it's on the map."

"I wonder what the chap will be like?" said Frank Nugent. "Will he come here in Arab clobber?"

"Burnous and turban and all that?" said Johnny Bull. "It would make rather a sensation at Greyfriars—just as if you turned up, Inky, in the rig your people wear in India."

"More likely to come in English clothes, I think," said Bob Cherry. "He's not coming till Saturday, so the pater will have time to rig him out. Luckily, it's a half-holiday, and we'll make a party to meet them; only the pater doesn't mention what train he's coming by. I dare say he will let me know that later, though."

The interesting news in Major Cherry's letter occupied the Removites till the spread was finished.

When the Famous Five left the study and went down Wharton tapped Bob on the arm.

"About Temple, old chap?" he said.

"Oh, bother Temple!"

"You really owe him an apology, you know," said Harry. "You're bound to play up, old chap."

"I'd rather punch his nose again!" growled Bob.

"I know. But—"

"Oh, all serene!" said Bob. "I'll tell him I'm sorry. As a matter of fact, I oughtn't to have been quite in such a hurry."

Cecil Reginald Temple of the Fourth was in the Rag with Dabney and Fry when the Famous Five came in. The three gave the heroes of the Remove a rather war-like look, and they pushed back their cuffs, apparently in readiness for combat, when Harry Wharton & Co. came towards them.

"Temple—" began Bob, colouring a little.

"Oh, go and eat coke!" said Temple politely.

"I want to say—"

"Go and say it to somebody else! I'm fed up with you," said the captain of the Fourth.

Bob crimsoned.

"Look here, you cheeky ass—"

"Oh, rats!"

Bob Cherry controlled his rising wrath.

"I haven't come here to rag," he said.

"I—I wanted to apologise, Temple."

"Oh!" exclaimed Temple, taken aback.

"Is that it?"

"I was a little bit hasty, I think—"

"You were!"

"I ought to have known that you wouldn't have opened my letter, or read it if you'd known it was mine. I'm sorry," said Bob.

"Pity you didn't think of that before you started in to wreck my study," said Temple sarcastically.

"Well, I'm sorry—and I can't say more than that."

"That's all right," said Temple. "I accept your apology. Now you can go and eat coke!"

Bob Cherry breathed hard and moved away without another word. Temple looked at him sourly, but a better impulse rose within him and he stopped after Bob.

"Look here, Cherry, it's all right! But a fellow doesn't like havin' his nose bashed, and he doesn't like bein' suspected of a rotten thing!"

"I was taken in," said Bob.

"I know! It's all right—all serene, and all that!" said Temple. "I'm not bearin' any malice. I'm goin' to make you Remove kids sit up before the term ends. I give you warnin' of that! But never mind about the scrap in my study; let's forget it."

"Right-ho!" said Bob cheerily.

And the Famous Five strolled away, glad that that little matter had been set right.

Dabney and Fry regarded the captain of the Fourth rather dubiously and curiously.

"Makin' the Remove sit up—what?" said Fry.

"Sit up an' howl!" said Temple impressively. "It's up to us, you know. All very well to apologise for bashin' a fellow's nose for nothin'. But that doesn't improve the state of my nose, does it? I'm goin' to make that set of fags look the biggest asses at Greyfriars."

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney. But Fry looked doubtful.

"Is it a jape?" he asked.

"That's it!"

"Better let them alone——"

"Rubbish!"

"You see, Temple——"

"Rot! I tell you this wheeze is the catch of the season," said Temple. "You see, we've got the news in Cherry's letter—of course, we shouldn't have read it if I hadn't found it in my pocket without knowin' the owner. But as the matter stands we've got the information."

"Blessed if I see——"

"You wouldn't!" said Temple. "But I dare say you'll see when I explain to you in words of one syllable, Fry."

"Look here——"

"But what's the jape?" asked Dabney.

"No good talkin' here—too many ears about," said Temple mysteriously.

"Come up to the study an' I'll tell you."

In his study Cecil Reginald Temple proceeded to explain the wonderful wheeze that had come into his fertile brain. Dabney and Fry listened at first in blank astonishment, then they chortled.

"But will it work?" said Fry.

"Of course! I shall take the matter in hand myself."

"Hem!"

"Look here, Fry, you captious ass and——"

"Well, if it works it will be no end of a catch, and those cheeky fags will be chortled to death," admitted Fry. "You've got a brain, Temple."

"I fancy I have," said Cecil Reginald complacently.

And Fry, being a tactful fellow, did not mention his opinion that that was all fancy.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

A Wonderful Wheeze!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. found themselves looking forward rather keenly to Saturday.

Bob, of course, was glad to see his father again, after the major's long absence from England—and all the Co. shared his satisfaction—they liked the bluff, hearty old soldier. But, apart from that, they were all very curious to see the Arab.

Fellows came to Greyfriars from all quarters of the earth. There was Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, Nabob of Bhanipur, in India; there was Wun Lung, the Chinese, from the far-off Flowery Land; there was Fisher T. Fish, from the U.S.A.; there was Squiff, from Australia; and Tom Brown, from New Zealand. But an Arab from the boundless deserts of Africa was something much more out of the common. The son of a sheik, apparently heir to the headship of a Sahara tribe, was likely to make something of a sensation in the old school—especially if he came in Arab garb and brought any Arab manners and customs along with him. But the probability was that, like Hurree Singh, he would have adopted European costume, and would speak English. Anyhow, the Famous Five were very curious to see him, and they were all prepared to play up to the request in the major's letter and make a friend of Ali ben Yusef, and make Greyfriars as agreeable as they could to the stranger from afar.

The coming of the Arab was a good deal talked of in the Remove. Although the major had not said so, it was understood that Ali ben Yusef would come into the Lower Fourth—Harry Wharton & Co. could scarcely have chummed with him in a different Form, and the major was evidently keen on their doing so. Billy Bunter—though he still maintained that he had not read Bob's letter—talked freely of its contents, and so all the Remove soon knew that an Arab was expected at the school on Saturday,

to enter the Remove as a Lower Fourth boy.

Temple, Delaney & Co., of the Upper Fourth, would not in the ordinary course of things have taken the slightest interest in the matter. They might have been curious about the Arab—but they would have made it a point to disregard anything that went on in the Remove—a Form miles below their lofty notice.

And outwardly, at least, Temple & Co. were indifferent. Only in Temple's study was the wonderful wheeze talked off, which Cecil Reginald had planned in connection with the stranger's arrival.

Of that wheeze the Remove fellows suspected nothing. Indeed, had they known that Cecil Reginald was planning a jape, they would not have been alarmed.

In the shindies between the Upper and Lower Fourth, the honours were generally with the Remove; and the latter would have regarded with good-humoured scorn any attempt on Temple's part to "take a rise" out of them. But, as a matter of fact, they did not even know that Temple was planning anything of the kind.

Temple & Co. were keeping the wheeze extremely dark—whatever it was! In the privacy of their study in the Fourth-Form passage they discussed it and chuckled over it; that was all. Even the other members of the Fourth were not taken into their confidence. As Cecil Reginald Temple observed sagely, a fellow couldn't be too careful; and Dabney and Fry agreed with him.

Taking no interest whatever in the proceedings of Cecil Reginald, the Famous Five naturally did not know that he had paid a visit, with his chums, to the costumier's in Courtfield, and had no idea that the three had returned to Greyfriars with big bundles of mysterious contents.

Nobody outside Temple's select circle knew that, with the study door locked, those bundles had been unpacked, revealing a variety of strange garments—Oriental garments such as had never been



"Ali ben Yusef, sir," announced Bob Cherry. Mr. Quelch rose to his feet, his eyes fixed wonderingly on the dark face under the jewelled turban. "Bless my soul!" he gasped. The Arab salaamed low. "Peace be with you," he said. "Dear me! I am glad to see you, my boy," said Mr. Quelch. "Please sit down." Bob Cherry jerked forward a chair for Ali, but the Arab did not heed it. He sat down on the floor, crossing his legs. (See Chapter 11.)

seen at Greyfriars excepting in plays given by the dramatic society.

Nobody knew that, still with the study door locked, Temple of the Fourth had tried on those strange garments, and with the help of his comrades, and any amount of taking in and letting out, had made them fit him more or less.

Nobody knew that Temple was experimenting with strange grease-paints, practising before the glass to produce a rich coffee-coloured complexion on his aristocratic face.

Whatever the wheeze was, Cecil Reginald Temple was fairly throwing himself into it, and his chums were backing him up heartily.

On Friday Temple of the Fourth met Bob Cherry in the passage near the Rag, and stopped to speak, with a genial nod. Bob stopped at once, with his politest grin. Bob was a little conscience-stricken over the handling he had given Temple, and was prepared to endure some of the lofty Fourth-Former's "swank" patiently, as a sort of consolation prize. But Temple's manner now was very agreeable.

"It seems that you've got a new pal comin' into the Remove, Cherry," he remarked.

"That's so," said Bob.

"A Turk, or Egyptian, or somethin', isn't it?" said Temple carelessly.

"An Arab," said Bob, with a smile.

"Somethin' rather new for Greyfriars, what?" said Temple. "Of course, I can't help knowin' somethin' about it, as I read that letter, not knowin' it was yours—"

"That's all right," said Bob. "Nothing secret about it."

"Your pater's been in Africa?"

"Yes, for a jolly long time—exploring in the Sahara," said Bob. "I'm glad he's home again."

"Glad he's got back safe," said Temple cordially. "That's a jolly dangerous corner of the earth, I believe. They will stick you with a spear to rob you of sixpence, and all that. Glad he's got back all right. So you're seein' him this week?"

"Yes—to-morrow afternoon."

"Comin' down by car?" asked Temple.

Bob smiled. Cecil Reginald's pater, Sir Reginald Temple always came down to the school in a magnificent car. Bob's father, a hardy old soldier, with no "side" whatever about him, was more likely to come with a third-class ticket on the railway.

"Oh, no," said Bob. "Train to Courtfield."

"Meetin' the train?" asked Temple carelessly.

"Yes—I've had a letter from him to-day, and he says it will be the four train at Courtfield," said Bob brightly. "We're going to club together and stand the pater a taxi to the school."

Temple suppressed a desire to chuckle. The contrast between the simple old soldier's ways, and the ways of his own magnificent pater, struck him as comic. Temple was not a bad fellow in his way; but "swank" was a part of his nature, and he couldn't help it.

"Well, I hope the old gentleman will have a pleasant visit," he said. "I say, Cherry—if he goes back to the Sahara Desert, don't let him take you with him."

"Eh! Why not?" said Bob. "I'd jolly well like to go."

"Not safe for you," said Temple, shaking his head.

"Bosh!" said Bob. "I shouldn't worry about that."

"You see, there's tribes of gorillas there—"

"Gorillas!" repeated Bob.

"Yes. Suppose you get among them in—"

"Well?"

"Then the others mightn't let you go again," said Temple blandly; and he walked away rather quickly.

Bob Cherry stared after him. It dawned upon him that this was a joke, and that Temple had been pulling his leg. Apparently Temple had entered into that talk, for the purpose of "working off" this feeble joke on Bob Cherry.

"Silly ass!" commented Bob; and he strolled on quite undisturbed.

Bob was keen enough; but it did not occur to him that Temple had been pumping him. But that, in point of fact, had been the astute Temple's object, and he had succeeded.

"The jolly old major arrives with the Arab by the four train at Courtfield Junction to-morrow," Temple told his chums in his study, a little later. "I've got that out of Cherry."

"Good!" said Fry.

"That gives us lots of time," went on Temple. "They're goin' to meet the old scout at the station, and bring him and his nigger along in a hired taxi. Ha, ha! Well, my idea is that the nigger, I mean the Arab, is goin' to arrive without the major—earlier than he's expected—"

"Oh, rather!" grinned Dabney.

"And my idea, too, is that he is goin' to give those Remove kids a high old time!" chuckled Temple.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Tar if el Arabi?" asked Temple.

"What?"

"Which?"

"Tar if el Arabi?"

"What on earth does that mean?" asked Fry, in astonishment. "Have you got a pain in your neck?"

"Ass! That's Arabic."

"Oh, my hat! What does it mean?"

"Blessed if I know," confessed Temple. "I learned it out of a book, so as to be able to speak some Arabic to-morrow, but I've forgotten what it means. It's a question, and it means somethin' or other—I forget what. Not that it matters—nobody here speaks Arabic. Sounds all right, doesn't it?"

"Ripping!" said Fry.

"Oh, rather!" agreed Dabney.

"It will work like a charm!" said Cecil Reginald Temple complacently. "I can tell you fellows that this is the jape of the term, and by this time to-morrow those Remove kids will be wantin' to kick themselves—hard!"

And Temple & Co. chortled in a merry chorus.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

A Change of Identity!

"I SAY, you fellows—"

"Scat!" snapped Temple.

"Off for the week-end?" asked Billy Bunter.

"Find out."

It was Saturday afternoon, a half-holiday at Greyfriars, and a fine, sunny, summer's afternoon. Temple, Dabney, and Fry came out of the School House after dinner, with bright and cheery faces. Temple was carrying a rather bulky attache-case—hence Bunter's inquisitive question.

The Owl of the Remove rolled after them down the steps, and rolled after them into the quad. If Temple was going home for the week-end, Billy Bunter was quite prepared to go home with him. As a fisher for invitations, Bunter had no equal inside Greyfriars, or outside.

"I say, Temple—"

"Buzz off, fatty."

"But I say, Cecil, old man," urged Bunter, "I was going to ask you home to Bunter Court for the holidays. I really want you to come, you know. If you like, I'll come home with you for the week-end, and we can talk it over, what? Shall I go and ask the Head for leave?"

Cecil Reginald Temple did not answer, but he swung round the attache case, and caught Bunter on his fat little legs.

There was a roar from Bunter, as he sat down suddenly on the hard, unsympathetic earth.

"Yoooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Temple & Co.

"Yow-ow! Beast!"

"Look out, Cecil," exclaimed Fry, hurriedly. "That bag's come open."

"Oh, gad!"

"My hat! What on earth have you got there?" asked Hobson of the Shell, as a stream of white linen fluttered from the bag that had burst open from the violent contact with Billy Bunter.

"Oh, nothin'," said Temple hastily.

He hurriedly closed the bag, and walked on with his companions, leaving the Shell fellow staring.

"Narrow escape," grinned Temple, as he walked out of gates. "Lucky it wasn't one of those Remove kids, instead of that ass Hobson. It's all right."

"Right as rain," agreed Fry.

"Oh, rather," said Dabney.

The three chums of the Fourth walked on quickly towards Courtfield. They stopped at a distance from that town, however, and turned from the road into the woods.

In a dusky glade of the wood, far from observation, they halted, and the attache-case was set down and opened.

"Now for a giddy metamorphosis!" grinned Temple.

"You're really goin' to have the nerve to show up in public in that clobber!" said Fry.

Temple sniffed.

"I've got plenty of nerve, I hope. Now, we've arranged it all, Fry. It will take me about half-an-hour to change. You buzz on to Courtfield, and telephone to the school, and then get a taxi and come back here and pick me up."

"Right-ho!"

Fry of the Fourth walked on towards Courtfield. Then Temple and Dabney got busy.

A looking-glass was taken from the attache-case, and hung on a tree-trunk. Grease-paints and Oriental garments were unpacked.

Temple stripped off his Etons, which were folded up neatly and placed in the attache-case. Then he dressed himself in the Arab costume.

Standing before the mirror, he proceeded to darken his face, and soon produced the coffee-coloured complexion he required. He "bushed" out his brows and blackened them, and gave his upper lip a dark shade, as though an incipient moustache threatened to sprout there.

Several more artistic touches Temple gave to his countenance, till the reflection in the glass bore not the faintest resemblance to Cecil Reginald of the Greyfriars Fourth.

Dabney looked on with great admiration. Cecil Reginald turned to him with a grin.

"Would you know me now?" he asked.

"Your own father wouldn't," grinned Dabney.

Temple tied his turban very carefully. He had practised it many times

(Continued on page 17.)



My Biggest Run!

Some Thrilling and Amusing Recollections of our Contributors.

LORD MAULEVERER:

As Bob Cherry will tell you elsewhere in this issue, I once ran six yards of the Remove passage without stopping! It was a wonderful feat of endurance, begad! As a rule, I find it too much of an effort to walk, much less run. But Loder of the Sixth happened to be close behind me with an ashplant; hence my amazing burst of speed! Having completed my non-stop run of six yards, I managed to dodge into a convenient doorway, and Loder went charging by without seeing me. This was very fortunate for me; for if I'd had to run a greater distance than six yards, I should have expired on the spot.

BILLY BUNTER:

I've put up so many wonderful feet on the running-track that I find it hard to say which was my biggest run. I've won so many cups and meddles and other trofies that I really can't find room for them in my study, so they are all being kept in the strong-room at Bunter Court. As a long-distance runner, I have no sooperior at Greyfriars, Perraps my best performance was when I ran all the way from Dover to Cally without stopping.

(If you had attempted a feat like that, Bunt, you would now be lying at the bottom of the English Channel! The longest run I have ever seen you do was from the Remove Form-room to the tuckshop!—Ed.)

VERNON-SMITH:

My longest run was from John o' Groat's to Land's End. But it is only fair to add that I made the "run" by motor!

SAMMY BUNTER:

My biggest run was when I came in first in the fags' race. I sped round the track like a hair, and you couldn't see me for dust! I finished miles ahead of all the crack runners, such as Dicky Nugent and Gatty and Myers, and I'm

entitled to call myself the champion runner of the Lower School. Unforchunnittly, the prize wasn't quite what I Eggspected. I thought it was going to kon-sist of six nice, nurrishing current-cakes; but what it did kon-sist of you will read in Vernon-Smith's story, in this issew. I've never had such a rood shock in my life!

WILLIAM GOSLING:

"Don't talk to me about runnin'! 'Ow can a man o' my years be hexpected to run? My pore old legs be so crippled with the rheumatics that I can 'ardly walk, let alone run. In the days of me youth I was a wonderful runner. I won so many races that after a time they 'ad to 'andicap me, like they 'andicaps an 'oas. I 'ad to carry a penalty of 'alf an 'undredweight on me back, an' even then I used to come in first! But them times is dead an' gorn. I ain't the man that I was, an' I couldn't run an 'undred yards now to save me life—not even if there was 'alf-a-dozen bulls 'ard on me 'eels. An' yet nobody never makes no hallownances for a pore old porter wot 'asn't got a kick left in 'im. It's 'Gosling, jest run down to the village!' an' 'Gosling, jest pop over to Courtfield!' But my runnin' an' poppin' days is over long ago, an' I wish the Powers that Be would realise the fact!"

THE HEAD:

My best performance on the running-track was at college, when I won the mile in the inter-Varsity sports. I often look back upon that achievement with pride, mingled with regret at the fact that I am now "in the sear and yellow leaf," as Shakespeare expresses it, and am no longer capable of a burst of speed. I fear that even an injection of thyroid would not rejuvenate me sufficiently to enable me to win a mile race! But I like to see my boys participating in the health-giving sport, and I trust this remark will catch Harold Skinner's eyes.

NOTES AND NEWS!

By BOB CHERRY.

RUNNING seems to be very popular at Greyfriars just now. Morning and evening, you will see dozens of enthusiasts sprinting in the Close. The running fever seems to be spreading, for when I went into the bath-room just now for my daily "tub," I actually found the tap running!

Further proof that the running craze is spreading is furnished by Peter Todd, who says he has seen the Head's chicken-run! Possibly he has also seen the Head's garden walk!

Coker of the Fifth declares he can run the hundred yards in "ten seconds dead." The timekeeper's watch must have stopped for about five minutes! I'm quite prepared to believe that Coker could cover the distance in ten seconds dead. He couldn't do it alive!

Alonzo Todd seldom plays cricket, but when chased by a furious bull the other day we saw Lonzy "take a run"! Incidentally, he was jolly near "caught," after making a "late cut"

Lord Mauleverer, who never stirs from his study sofa except under compulsion, actually ran six yards of the Remove passage the other day. He was conveyed to the school sanny in a critical condition!

Skinner is a slacker who would never dream of taking part in a running race. The only thing we have ever seen him run is the gauntlet!

Vernon-Smith is such a wealthy fellow that when he runs you can't see him for "dust"!

Mr. Prout, the portly master of the Fifth, declares that he once won a Marathon race in his youth. He must have been the only competitor!

Billy Bunter is the biggest duffer who ever put on running-shoes. He can't run for toffee, and his antics on the running-track are guaranteed to make a cat laugh. Still, it is interesting to note that his "Weekly" is still running!

Why are Peter Todd's running shorts like two towns in France? Why, because they're too long and too loose (Toulon and Toulouse)!



"I FEEL sorry for young Sammy Bunter!"

Dicky Nugent, the leader of the Second Form, made that remark in thoughtful tones. Dicky's faithful henchmen, Gatty and Myers and the rest, stared at him in surprise. It was seldom that Dicky Nugent—or anybody else, for that matter—expressed any sympathy with Sammy Bunter.

Sammy was always getting into scrapes. He was born into trouble, so to speak. But it was generally his own fault, and nobody had any pity to waste on him. Yet here was Dicky Nugent openly declaring that he felt sorry for Sammy.

Naturally, Dicky's statement brought a general chorus of:

"Why?"

"Well, it's like this," said Dicky. "Young Sammy always seems to have a rough passage. He gets kicked and cuffed all day long, and his life's a misery."

Gatty shrugged his shoulders.

"That's nobody's fault but Sammy's," he said. "If he was a decent kid, instead of a horrible fat worm, we should all like him, and he'd have quite a happy time of it."

"True, O king," said Dicky Nugent. "But we must make allowances, you know. There's black sheep in every fold. As I say, I feel sorry for Sammy, chiefly because he's such a duffer at sport. He can't play cricket, he can't swim, he can't run, and he's no good at leap-frog or marbles. I don't believe he's ever won a prize of any sort in his life!"

"He's never deserved to win one!" growled Gatty.

"P'raps not. But as he's about the only fellow in the Second who has never won a prize for sport, I think it would be a jolly good wheeze to let him win one."

"Eh?"

"Supposing we let Sammy win the fags' quarter-mile to-morrow in the sports?" said Dicky. "He's entering for it; but, of course, he wouldn't have an earthly if we all ran our hardest. So I propose that we deliberately slacken speed, and fall down, and suddenly go lame, and that sort of thing, so as to let Sammy win."

The fags stared at Dicky Nugent harder than ever. They could not understand why Dicky should have suddenly taken such an affectionate interest in Sammy Bunter. As for Dicky's suggestion that they should make Sammy a present of the quarter-mile race—why, it was unheard-of!

"I'm blessed if I see the fun of letting that fat duffer win!" grunted Myers. "You must be potty, Dicky!"

But Dicky Nugent stuck to his guns.

"We mustn't be greedy," he said. THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 862.

"Young Sammy's the only fellow in the Form who hasn't won a prize, and he shall have his chance to-morrow. Gwynne of the Sixth is presenting this particular prize, and I happen to know what it is. It's six cakes."

"Six cakes?" echoed Gatty. "My hat! That's a ripping prize! I mean to have a jolly good shot at winning it myself!"

"You'll do nothing of the sort," said Dicky Nugent sternly. "We won't be selfish. Much as we all like cake—especially the sort that Dame Mimble makes—we'll be generous for once, and let Sammy Bunter collar the spoils."

Naturally, there was a great deal of protest on the part of the fags. But Dicky Nugent, being the champion fighting-man of the Form, soon won them over.

"If any fellow but Sammy Bunter wins the quarter-mile," said Dicky, "I'll pulverise him!"

And so, with much grumbling and growling, the fags agreed to Dicky's proposal. They all voted him "off his rocker." At the same time, they had no desire to come to blows with him on the morrow. Dicky's hefty punches on the nose were things to be avoided.

The fags' sports took place on the following afternoon. They were carried through with the usual zest and keenness, and Gwynne of the Sixth was in charge of the proceedings.

The quarter-mile was the last event on the list. Sammy Bunter had entered for all the previous events, and had finished last in every one. His solitary hope lay in the last race.

Dicky Nugent looked grimly at his fellow-fags as they lined up for the quarter-mile. His look told them what they might expect if they failed to carry out his wishes.

Sammy Bunter lined up with the rest. His little round eyes were gleaming behind his spectacles. Sammy was tremendously keen on winning this race, for he knew that the prize was six cakes. And the mere thought of six large, appetising plum-cakes made Sammy's mouth water.

"I say, Gwynne," exclaimed Sammy. "can I have a start? Five hundred yards will do."

Gwynne laughed.

"Why, you young ass, the whole distance is only four hundred and forty yards!" he said. "Besides, this isn't a handicap. You'll all start from scratch—a fair field and no favour."

"Oh crumbs!"

Sammy's hopes of winning the race sank to zero. Still, he was determined to do his best. Strange things sometimes happened in races. Even crack runners like Dicky Nugent sometimes developed stich, or failed to reproduce their best form.

Gwynne fired the pistol, and the runners leapt off the mark. An interested crowd—including Harry Wharton & Co. of the Remove—stood looking on.

"Go it, ye cripples!" sang out Bob Cherry.

"My minor's going to win this race!" said Frank Nugent confidently. "Put the pace on, Dicky!"

Dicky Nugent obliged. He covered the first lap with the speed of a hare, and he looked a winner all over.

Then an alarming thing happened. Dicky suddenly stumbled and pitched forward on his face. He seemed to have hurt himself somewhat, for he found difficulty in rising.

Sammy Bunter saw what had happened to the leader, and he took fresh heart. He ran his hardest, and his fat little legs were going like clockwork. His major, who was among the onlookers, shouted his encouragement.

"Stick it, Sammy! That's the style, kid! You've got 'em all whacked!"

And it really seemed as if Billy Bunter was right. For, following Dicky Nugent's fall, a whole chapter of accidents occurred. Gatty developed stich and was compelled to retire. Myers, who had been running well, slowed down to a mere jog-trot. Little Hop Hi, the Chinese fag, didn't seem to have a "hop" left in him.

Sammy Bunter, who had been a bad last, was now a good first. And he looked like keeping the lead, for the rest of the runners seemed to have had all the stuffing taken out of them.

Sammy was almost exhausted, but he struggled on gamely. Occasionally he glanced behind him, and he was overjoyed to see that he was not being seriously challenged.

"Six cakes!" he thought to himself, as he plodded on towards the outstretched tape. "Oh, how ripping!"

Dicky Nugent had picked himself up by this time, and he came along with a mighty rush. But his spurt came too late. Sammy Bunter fairly hurled himself at the tape, and he beat Dicky by a yard.

The onlookers were too astonished to cheer. Sammy Bunter, the duffer of the Second, had actually won a race!

Bob Cherry rubbed his eyes.

"Do I dream? Do I wonder and doubt? Is things what they seem? Or is visions about?" he gasped.

"Well, this is a giddy surprise-packet, and no error!" said Wharton.

(Continued on page 16.)

Supplement ii.

The Children's Best Coloured Paper
JUNGLE JINKS
 Out on Thursday—Price 2d



A Runner's Diary!

Some Amusing extracts from
the Diary of ALONZO TODD.

MONDAY.

This morning I received a communication from my esteemed and worthy Uncle Benjamin, exhorting me to take up the sport of running. "You would do well, my dear Alonzo, to take at least an hour's exercise each morning," writes my avuncular relative. "Cricket is a dangerous sport. Boxing is a barbaric business. Hop-scotch is undignified. But a gentle sprint will make the roses bloom in your cheeks, will keep you physically fit, and will do you a power of good. Take my advice, and adopt this fascinating pastime without delay." I have taken my dear uncle's words to heart, and propose to start in earnest to-morrow. I have no doubt I shall soon develop into a really great runner. I shall be winning cups and shields and medals galore, and shall hope to walk off—or, rather, run off—with the championship of Greyfriars.

TUESDAY.

I rose with the lark, and donned my running shorts and vest, and a pair of light canvas shoes. Many sarcastic remarks were made by my schoolfellows on the slimmness of my calves. Bob Cherry likened them to matchsticks, and Skinner declared that my ankles were slimmer than a sparrow's. When I told the fellows that I was going to take up running, they became almost hysterical with laughter. "Oh, Louzy, Louzy, you'll be the death of me!" gurgled Bob Cherry. Nothing daunted by the banter of my schoolfellows, I toddled down into the Close, and made preparations for my first run. I crouched on one knee, like I have seen runners do when waiting for the pistol to go off at the start of a race. Then I leapt off the mark like an arrow from a bow, and ran at top speed for a distance of fully six yards. After this tremendous achievement I sank exhausted on to the flagstones. I am prepared to swear that I ran the six yards in less than six minutes. Marvellous! Wonderful! It was enough to make me drop dead with heart failure. I took things very quietly for the rest of the day. Mr. Quelch noticed that I was looking utterly worn out during lessons, and be very kindly excused me. Running seems to be a most exhausting sport, but I mean to persevere.

WEDNESDAY.

You may believe me or not, as you like, but this morning I ran the whole way from the school gates to the tuck-shop! I will freely pardon anyone who cannot accept this statement. The distance is well over a hundred yards, and I did a non-stop run. Of course, it was utterly reckless and foolhardy of me. I

might have known there would be disastrous after-effects. I collapsed in a dead faint in the doorway of the tuck-shop, and Mrs. Mumble had to revive me with brandyballs. My legs have been aching dreadfully all day. I have strained a cartilage in my knee and I have severely sprained the little toe of my right foot. I shall have to take a rest before I resume my running activities.

THURSDAY.

I was a hopeless wreck to-day, after my Spartan achievement of yesterday. I spent the day in the armchair in my study, with my lower limbs swathed in bandages. I am beginning seriously to doubt the wisdom of my Uncle Benjamin in advising me to take up running. I am utterly prostrated!

FRIDAY.

This morning I resumed my training, and I had the satisfaction of beating Bob Cherry in a race. Cherry is considered to be the champion runner of the Remove, so I am naturally very proud of my performance. The distance was a hundred yards, and Cherry refused to give me more than seventy-five yards' start, so, of course, I was heavily handicapped. But I managed to beat my opponent by a foot; and the affair caused a great sensation at Greyfriars. In my elation at having conquered Cherry, I sent a telegram to my Uncle Benjamin as follows:



I spent the day in the armchair in my study with my lower limbs swathed in bandages.

"Am progressing splendidly. Won my first race to-day despite the fact that I received only seventy-five yards' start in a hundred. Shall enter for the mile race to-morrow in the sports."

"ALONZO."

I expect Uncle Benjamin was in the seventh heaven of delight when he got my wire. I retired to bed to-night with visions of cups and championships. And to-morrow I shall doubtless astonish the natives by winning the mile!

SATURDAY.

I duly entered my name for the mile, and Mr. Lascelles, who was in charge of the sports, asked me if I had taken leave of my senses. I told him I was in sober earnest, and added that I should certainly win the mile, if only I were given three-quarters of a mile start. But Mr. Lascelles would not consent to this. "I will give you half a mile, Todd," he said. "That would be ample." This dealt rather a death-blow at my rosy dreams of winning the race. However, I determined to do my best. When the pistol went I was off like a flash of light. To employ a vulgarism, "you couldn't see me for dust." But alas! I had a weary half-mile to cover, and could not keep up my meteoric progress for long. I began to stagger and stumble, and my poor frail legs refused to support me. But I struggled on somehow, hoping against hope that I might reach the tape first. After all, even with a meagre half-mile start, I had still a remote chance of victory. Gately I plodded on, lurching and stumbling, and occasionally falling down; but I always picked myself up and renewed the grim struggle. Just as I was nearing the tape, along came a whole bunch of runners, including Cherry and Wharton and Linley. They shot past me in a flash, and with a groan of despair I collapsed. I managed eventually to crawl to the tape, and came in tenth. (There were ten runners.)

SUNDAY.

I am now about to make arrangements for the purchase of a bath-chair, in which to rest my weary limbs. I have also decided, despite the sage counsel of my Uncle Benjamin, to give up running for good, for in my humble opinion running as a sport is as dangerous as football, boxing and the other barbaric pastimes of my reckless schoolfellows. Perhaps in the future, when my constitution can be favourably compared with that of Robert Cherry's, I shall be able to tackle this fatiguing sport with safety and equanimity. Who knows?

A SHOCK FOR SAMMY!

By H. Vernon-Smith.

(Continued from page 14.)

"The surprisefulness is terrific!" remarked Hurree Singh. "Who said that the esteemed and ludicrous age of miracles was pastfully gone?"

Frank Nugent gave a snort. "Looks like a wangle to me," he said. "I don't believe young Dicky really tried. He could have got up long before he did."

But, wangle or no wangle, the fact remained that Sammy Bunter had won the race. And it was a case of "to the victor, the spoils."

Sammy was in the seventh heaven of delight. He was feverishly anxious for the prizes to be presented, so that he might retire to a quiet corner with his six cakes and enjoy the feed of his life. And his major Billy was waiting on the top line, so to speak, to share in that feed.

The prize-giving took place in the fags' Common-room. And Sammy Bunter was seated in the front row, eager and expectant.

Sammy's was the last prize to be presented. He jumped up like a jack-in-the-box when Gwynne called his name.

Dicky Nugent was grinning. The rest of the fags were looking reproachfully at Dicky.

When Sammy Bunter stood before Gwynne the tall prefect lifted the lid of the desk and produced an oblong box of medium size.

"Congratulations, kid!" said Gwynne. "I have much pleasure in presenting you with six cakes!"

Sammy Bunter's jaw dropped a little. He had expected to receive six plum-cakes. But how could six large cakes possibly be contained in a box of that size? Sammy began to suspect that there was a catch in it somewhere.

And there was! For when he opened the box and beheld its contents he nearly fell down.

The box certainly contained six cakes, but not of the edible variety. They were cakes of soap!

"Mum-mum-my hat!" gasped Sammy in blank dismay.

"Soap!" roared the unfortunate Sammy. "Toilet soap! Oh, what a beastly sell!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You couldn't have had a more appropriate prize than those cakes," said Gwynne. "I don't believe you've washed your neck for a month!"

Gatty and Myers turned to Dicky Nugent. The same question was on the lips of both.

"Did you know beforehand the prize was going to be cakes of soap?"

"You bet!" replied Dicky, with a grin. "You see, I happen to be Gwynne's fag, and I was sent down to the village to buy the soap. That's how I knew. Well, we've done the generous thing and allowed young Sammy to win a prize. But he doesn't seem to be very pleased about it."

Sammy certainly didn't. Hurling the box of soap to the floor, he rolled out of the Common-room, slamming the door furiously behind him. And, instead of jubilation on the part of the victor, there was weeping and gnashing of teeth!

THE END.

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MY BIGGEST RUN!

By BILLY BUNTER.



AWAY I went, at breathless speed,
Through muddy, miry places;
I went much faster than a steed
At Courtfield Steeplechases!
You couldn't see my form for dust,
Which rose in clouds to blind me;
I heard the bellows of disgust
Of the bull I left behind me!

It was a most amazing scene,
My pace was just a stunner!
Bob Cherry shouted: "Quick, old bean!"
To me—a "scarlet runner!"
I called for help, my feet were sore,
But no one seemed to mind me;
And still I heard the frantic roar
Of the bull I left behind me!

Thank goodness I am just as strong
As men like Mister Sandow!
Thank goodness I can cut along
As fast as a Dorando!
I'd make a splendid outside-right
(I think the 'Spurs have signed me);
I still recall my headlong flight
From the bull I left behind me!

I galloped o'er the muddy plain,
And over dykes and ditches;
I wouldn't do that run again
If offered untold riches!
The fellows laugh at that event,
They grin when they remind me;
Just like a streak of light I went
From the bull I left behind me!

At last, I reached a friendly gate,
And promptly clambered over;
Then, having dodged a fearful fate,
I rested in some clover.
In the Remove's new running team
No place have they assigned me;
Yet I CAN run! and often dream
Of the bull I left behind me!

The Slip Slightful.

The bad boy of the family was always up to something. If it wasn't stoning cattle, it was smashing windows; if it wasn't smashing windows, it was stealing apples; if it wasn't apples, it was jam; and if it wasn't jam, it was cream.

Just now it was cream. Alone in the pantry, he was having a simply splendid time. First, he dipped his finger into the jug, and next he dipped it into his mouth, and then he dipped it into the jug again.

So he continued for fifteen minutes, till his maternal parent appeared unnoticed in the doorway, and stood grimly watching his proceedings.

Dip, suck; dip, suck; dip, suck!
"Jim," mother rapped out suddenly, "I don't like that!"
He looked up calmly. Then he dipped again. Then—

"Well," he responded, sucking, "you don't know what's good for you!"

EDITORIAL!

By Harry Wharton.

WHO has not felt the keen thrill of satisfaction at breasting the tape in advance of rival runners? Very few fellows, I'll

warrant. Of course, there are some people who would never win a race in the proverbial "month of Sundays." Billy Bunter, for example. Bunter doesn't run. He rolls. Well might Byron have written of Billy Bunter:

"Roll on, thou plump and podgy porpoise, roll!"

Even in a race to the tuckshop, or some equally desirable goal, I am afraid Bunter would be beaten. He will tell you wonderful stories of his achievements on the running-track; but you must take those with a whole salt-mine. The fact is, Bunter hasn't the build of a successful runner, and he certainly hasn't the ability.

Skinner is another fellow who would never win a race of any description. In his case, it isn't because he's too plump. With the possible exception of Alonzo Todd, he is the thinnest fellow in the Remove. The trouble with Skinner is that he doesn't keep himself in condition. Smoking cigarettes on the sly may be very "doggyish," but it doesn't make for physical fitness. Skinner is a pale, pasty-faced specimen, and he can never hope to become a good runner until he mends his ways.

Poor old Alonzo Todd will never make a good runner, even with a mad bull behind him! Here it is a case of the spirit being willing, but the flesh weak. Alonzo is far too frail to indulge in strenuous athletics. It is rumoured that he once ran the whole length of the Remove passage, and then had to rest for twenty minutes on his study sofa, in order to recover his breath!

Who are the best runners in the Remove? This is a question to which it is difficult to give a definite answer. It is a matter of personal opinion. And my own opinion is that our best long-distance runner is Mary Linley, and that our best sprinter is Bob Cherry.

When it comes to a Marathon race, over a long and toilsome course, Mark Linley is in his element. His powers of endurance seem unlimited. He covers mile after mile in his plodding, resolute manner; and, barring accidents, he is generally first man home.

As a sprinter, Bob Cherry has few, if any, equals. He covers the hundred yards course like a streak of lightning. Bob is always in the pink of condition, for he believes in rising early, and going for a sprint round the Close. He may be said to be always in training, and would be prepared to race anybody anywhere, at a moment's notice.

Other "star" runners who merit special mention are Vernon-Smith, Tom Brown, Squiff, Frank Nugent, and Hurree Singh. But you will read all about the exploits of the Remove runners in this issue.

N.B.—By the way, we are preparing an extra special number of the "Herald" for next week, the subject of which is "Nationalitis." Don't, on any account, miss it, boys.

[Supplement iv.]

THE GREYFRIARS ARAB!

(Continued from page 12.)

in the study, and he succeeded pretty well.

The dark face, looking out from under the folds of white linen, certainly did not look like that of an English school-boy. Certainly, the features were not Arab. But nobody at Greyfriars was likely to know the distinctive characteristics of Arab features. In the flowing garments of the Orient, in the turban, the sandals, and with his darkened face, Temple looked like a son of the far and mysterious East, strangely transplanted to the West.

"That will do, I think," he remarked, at last. He arranged a jewelled dagger in his girdle. It was a "property" dagger, hired along with the costume, and it was not very dangerous, neither were the jewels on its hilt very valuable. But certainly it looked the thing.

"Top-hole!" said Dabney heartily.

"You look after the bag and my things, Dab, old man. Get back to Greyfriars as soon as you can."

"You bet!"

"Hallo, there's the taxi."

A motor-horn was hooting on the road. A taxi-cab, coming from the direction of Courtfield, had stopped by the roadside, and Fry of the Fourth had stepped out of it. He stood staring towards the wood, while the chauffeur sounded his horn.

Leaving Dabney in the trees, Temple of the Fourth walked out of the wood, to the road.

He walked slowly and with dignity, in the manner of the calm and dignified East.

The chauffeur stared at him.

"My eye!" he said to Fry. "Is that there the passenger I'm to pick up 'ere, sir?"

"That's the man," said Dabney, "an Arabian prince, you know."

"Looks like a blooming play-actor, don't he?" said the chauffeur.

Temple arrived at the road.

"The taxi is ready, your Highness," said Fry, to impress the driver. And he held the door open for Temple.

Cecil Reginald stepped into the cab.

"You've phoned?" he whispered.

"You bet."

"And it's all right?"

"Right as rain."

"Good man. Let the Roumi proceed with his carriage that moves without horses," said Temple, with dignity.

"My eye!" murmured the driver. "These blooming forinners! Did he expect to see a 'orse tied on to a taxi-cab! My eye!"

"Get on to Greyfriars," said Fry.

"Right-o."

The taxi buzzed on along the white, dusty road.

Fry walked to the wood to join Dabney. Cecil Reginald Temple sat upright, with an air of calm dignity, as the taxi rushed on towards Greyfriars. He was fairly committed now to his remarkable jape, and his heart beat a little faster as the grey old tower of the school came in sight over the trees.

There was not much traffic on the Courtfield road, but what there was gave its attention to Temple as he passed. Oriental potentates were few and far between in that quiet corner of Kent. Two or three motorists stared at him; a waggoner stopped his horses in order to have

a good look; a couple of village boys set out to follow the taxi, and contrived to keep pace with it for a dozen yards or so. The gates of Greyfriars were reached at last, and old Gosling, the porter, came out of his lodge, to open his eyes wide at the sight of the new arrival.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

The Arab Arrives I

"**T**IME for some cricket!" Harry Wharton remarked.

"Lots!" agreed Bob Cherry. "We needn't leave here before three, as your pater's getting to Courtfield at four," went on the captain of the Remove. "That's nearly an hour yet."

"May as well put in some cricket," agreed Nugent.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Been opening any more letters by accident, Bunter?" boomed Bob Cherry. "The fives-bat is ready for you if you have."

"Oh, really, Cherry! I say, you fellows, that cad Temple's gone home for the week-end with Fry and Dabney. He begged me to go with him, and I turned him down."

"I don't think!" remarked Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull! Of course, I wouldn't have anything to do with Temple, after the way he begged Bob's letter the other day—"

"What?" ejaculated Bob.

"Mean, wasn't it?" said Bunter, blinking at the Famous Five through his big spectacles. "If there's anything I really despise, it's meanness. One thing I can say it, I never did a mean thing."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Did I mention to you fellows that I was expecting a postal-order?" asked Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"A few thousand times!" chuckled Bob.

"A few million, I think," grunted Johnny Bull.

"The mentionfulness of the esteemed postal-order was terrifically frequent and numerous, my esteemed and ludicrous Bunter."

"Well, it's a bit rotten," said Bunter. "But it hasn't come."

"Great Scott!"

"I suppose you fellows could lend me a few bob till it comes. I'm going to be very friendly with that nigger, Bob, to please your pater."

"Do you mean the Arab, you fat dummy?"

"Same thing, isn't it?" asked Bunter. "I suppose he's a nigger like Inky here, isn't he, more or less."

"My esteemed fatheaded Bunter—"

"I'm going to take him up, Bob," said the Owl of the Remove. "I'll ask him home to Bunter Court, and give him a chance of mixing in some high society—see?"

"Oh crumbs!"

"I mean it, old fellow. I'll ask my pater to let me take him yachting in our—our yacht, you know. I mean it."

"And you'll do all that for a loan of half-a-crown till your postal-order comes?" grinned Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Let me catch you palling on to Ali ben Yusuf," said Bob. "I'll jolly well scalp you. He's only going to know respectable chaps at Greyfriars."

"Look here, you beast—"

"Scat!"

Harry Wharton & Co. went down to the nets to while away half an hour, leaving Billy Bunter morose and impetuous. Bunter's celebrated postal-order had not arrived—a misfortune that happened only too frequently to that celebrated postal-order. And that postal-order was so very celebrated that it was practically impossible for Bunter to raise the smallest loan on his financial expectations. So the Owl of the Remove was stony and morose.

Heedless of Bunter and his morose looks, the Famous Five of the Remove gave their attention to cricket. It was nearly half an hour later, and they were still at the nets, when Hobson of the Shell came along and called to Bob.

"Here, Cherry!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"Message from Mr. Quelch."

"Oh, all right!" Bob came across to the Shell fellow. "What is it?"

Hobson seemed rather cross.

"Asking a Shell chap to bring a message to a dashed fag!" he said warmly. "I jolly nearly told Quelch I wouldn't!"

"Lucky for you you didn't quite!" grinned Bob. "But what's the message, Hobby, old man. Cough it up!"

"Mr. Quelch has been rung up from Courtfield Station by your pater," granted Hobson. "He's holding the line, and you're to go in and take the call, and buck up—and be blowed to you."

And having thus elegantly delivered his message, Hobson of the Shell stalked indignantly away.

"What's up, Bob?" asked Harry Wharton, joining his chum.

"Blessed if I can make it out," said Bob. "The pater seems to have got to Courtfield by an earlier train, and he's rung me up on Quelch's phone. I'd better cut off."

Bob Cherry trotted away towards the house.

He tapped at the door of Mr. Quelch's study. The Remove master gave him a kind nod.

"Your father desires to speak to you on the telephone, Cherry," he said.

"You may take the call."

"Thank you, sir."

Bob Cherry picked up the receiver.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Is that you, dad?"

"Is that you, Bob?"

"Yes. That you, dad? Your voice seems changed."

"Does it, my boy? I have been through some trying times in—in Africa, you know."

"I hope you're quite fit, dad," said Bob hastily.

"Oh, quite, quite! I've got to Courtfield earlier than I told you, Bob, as you see. I shall have to remain here some little time, to see to some business, so I am sending on Ali ben Yusuf in a taxi to the school."

"We were going to meet your train, dad."

"Yes, yes. I will explain when I see you. I want you to take care of Ali till I come along. I shall not be long delayed. He will be at the school under half an hour from now. Got that?"

"Yes, dad."

"Take every care of him."

"Yes, rather!"

"That's all now, Bob. I shall see you very shortly. I leave Ali ben Yusuf to you and your friends until then."

"Right-ho, dad!"

Bob Cherry put up the receiver. Mr. Quelch was looking at him, and Bob explained to his Form master what he had just learned.

"Very good," said Mr. Quelch. "Dr. Locke made arrangements to see the boy at four, when he expected Major Cherry to arrive with him; and it is too late now to alter arrangements—the Head is out. But you may bring the boy to me when he comes, Cherry. And then no doubt you and your friends will be able to take care of him until your father arrives."

"Oh, certainly, sir!" said Bob.

He left the Remove master's study and returned to the cricket-ground, to acquaint his comrades with the change of programme.

"We'd better get in and get changed and wait for him at the gates, then," said Harry Wharton. "It's not like your pater to alter arrangements like this at the last moment, Bob; but I suppose he has his reasons."

A quarter of an hour later the Famous Five of the Remove were sauntering down to the gates, looking very nice with their clothes brushed, and clean collars, and nicely tied ties. They had taken this trouble in order to make a good impression upon the young stranger from far-off Africa.

Several other Remove fellows, and some of the Third and the Fourth gathered round them. From words the Famous Five had let drop it was known that the young Arab was expected immediately, without the major; and the juniors were curious to see him. There was quite a buzz as the hoot of a motor-horn was heard on the road.

A taxicab stopped at the gates.

Gosling came out.

"My word!" murmured Gosling, as he spotted the dusky youth sitting in the taxi.

The Arab looked out at him.

"Tar if el Arabi!" he said.

"Eh?"

"Barak Allah! Bang! Okey cokey!"

"My word! What a language!" murmured Gosling. He opened the door of the taxi, and the youth, in flowing garments of white, stepped loftily out, and stared haughtily round him.

Bob Cherry ran forward.

"Ali ben Yusef?" he asked.

"Tar if el Arabi?"

"My hat! Don't you speak English?" asked Bob, in dismay.

"Yes. Good. Some small English. Very fine—what!" said the Arab.

"He calls that there Henglish!" murmured Gosling, almost overcome.

"Is this Greyfriars School?"

"Yes, this is jolly old Greyfriars," said Bob.

"Where is the head man?"

"The—the what? Oh, the school-master! He's out of gates at present. You see, you were expected later. But come in, old chap. Hold on a minute while I pay the driver."

"Give him gold!" said the Arab. "He has brought me here in the carriage without horses. Good! Fine! Yes. He is a faithful slave! Give him gold." "My eye!" said the chauffeur.

Bob Cherry paid the fare, and a little over. The taxi rolled away. Ali ben Yusef—if the newcomer had any title to that name—walked in at the gates with the chums of the Remove, in flowing robes and with dignified gait, the cynosure of all eyes.

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THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Dangerous!

"I SAY, you fellows, he's come!"

Billy Bunter spread the news far and wide. But without the aid of Bunter it would have spread fast enough. An Arab of the Sahara did not arrive at Greyfriars every day.

Fellows came along from all quarters to have a look at the "giddy Arab." Fags of the Third and the Second stared at him openly and unashamedly. Remove and Fourth Form fellows observed him a little more politely, but they observed him all the same. Even great men of the Fifth and the Sixth strolled around with a careless air, as if not specially interested, and took a glimpse at the white-robed figure in the jewelled turban.

With slow and stately steps the newly-arrived Arab paced along, accompanied by the Famous Five.

Bob Cherry had introduced himself and presented his chums, and to each of them the Arab had given a low and solemn bow, which they supposed was an Eastern salaam.

His manner was reserved, dignified. Not unfriendly, but certainly not exuberant.

He said little, and what he said was in a high-pitched voice, and his English was far from perfect, though certainly not so original and remarkable as that of Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

Two or three dozen fellows marched with the little procession to the School House.

At the big, arched doorway the Arab stopped and gazed up at the old building with interest.

"Fine! Yes. Is this the mosque?" he asked.

"The—the what?"

"The mosque?"

"It's the giddy School House!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Where are the Ulemas?"

"The which?"

"The wise men who expound the Koran to the faithful?"

"Oh dear! The Koran isn't in the curriculum here," said Bob. "We—we don't study Arabic, you know."

"I know," said the Arab, with dignity. "In this country of the frozen North you speak the strange tongue of the barbarians. You are not even Mohammedans."

"Oh, not quite!"

"There is no God but Allah, and Mahomet is his prophet," said the Arab, repeating the formula of faith of the East.

"Yes. My hat! Never mind that now. Come into the school," said Bob hurriedly. It occurred to Bob for the first time that the Arab would naturally be a Mohammedan, and possibly expected to find inscriptions from the Koran on the walls and over the portals of Greyfriars.

The Arab mounted the steps of the School House with the Famous Five, and halted in the doorway.

"Where are slippers?" he asked.

"Sis-sis-slippers!"

"Do you not remove your sandals on entering a building in this savage country?"

"Oh, no! There's a doormat," said Bob. "You—you see, customs are—rather different in England."

"I have found many things strange in Inglستان," said the Arab. "Be it so. Barak Allah! Bang! Oh! Hokey! Cooney!"

"Is—is that Arabic?" stuttered Bob.

"Lead on!" said Ali ben Yusef.

"I'm to take you to my Form master to begin with," said Bob. "The Head isn't in at present. This way."

"Oh!" ejaculated the Arab.

He paused in the corridor.

Apparently, for some reason of his own, he was not anxious to interview a Form master.

"Come on, old scout!" said Harry Wharton.

The Arab moved on again. Whether he wanted to see Mr. Quelch or not, there was, in fact, no help for it.

Bob tapped at the Remove master's door.

"Come in!"

"Ali ben Yusef, sir!" announced Bob Cherry.

Mr. Quelch rose to his feet, his eyes fixed on the dark face under the jewelled turban. He was slightly surprised, for he had quite expected that Major Cherry would have his protegee clothed in some rather less striking garments after his arrival in England. The Arab's attire was altogether too striking for Greyfriars.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Quelch.

The Arab salaamed low.

"Peace be with you!" he said.

"Dear me! I am glad to see you, my boy," said Mr. Quelch. "Please sit down."

Bob Cherry jerked forward a chair for the Arab. Ali ben Yusef did not heed it. He sat down on the floor, crossing his legs.

"Bless my soul!" repeated Mr. Quelch.

"I—I say, old chap," stammered Bob, "we—we—we don't sit on the floor at Greyfriars, you know."

"Dear me! The boy is quite new to our customs, of course," said Mr. Quelch. "Please get up, Ali ben Yusef, and sit on a chair."

"To hear the head-man is to obey," said the Arab.

He transferred himself to a chair.

The chums of the Remove backed out of the study, leaving Ali to the Form master. They waited outside for him till Mr. Quelch should be finished. The corridor was thronged with juniors, most of them grinning.

"My hat!" said Bolsover major. "Do they sit on the floor in his native country?"

"Of course they do!" said Scott of the Fourth. "Do you think they have suites of furniture in their giddy tents?"

"Nunno. I suppose not."

"They generally have mats and things, and sometimes divans and so on," said Scott. "Temple's got a book about Arab customs. I've read some of it."

"Cherry!"

"Yes, sir," said Bob, putting his head into the study. Mr. Quelch's conversation with Ali ben Yusef had been brief.

"Please take Ali and show him over the school, and—and take care of him until Major Cherry arrives. I trust he will not be long delayed. You may go, my boy."

"May your shadow never grow less," said the Arab, salaaming to Mr. Quelch.

"Ah! Hem! Thank you, my boy!"

"May you flourish like the green tree beside running waters, like the cedars in the Valley of Lebanon."

"Bless my soul!"

"This way, old chap!" murmured Bob.

He led the Arab from the study, leaving Mr. Quelch staring and rubbing his nose thoughtfully.

"I say, you fellows, isn't he a corker?" chuckled Billy Bunter.

The Arab caught the fat junior's words and turned round on him. To Bunter's surprise and alarm he strode at him and caught him by the shoulder.

"Here! Leggo!" yelled Bunter.
 "Dog!"
 "Eh?"
 "Slave!"
 "Owl! Leggo!"
 "I—I say, Ali!" exclaimed Bob in alarm.
 "Take him away and give him the bastinado!" exclaimed the Arab.
 "Oh! Phew!"
 "Give him a hundred strokes on the soles of his feet! It is a command!" said the Arab haughtily.
 "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bolsover major.
 "Shut up, Bolsover! Shut up, Bunter! Oh, my hat!" said Bob Cherry.
 "I—I say, Ali, we don't give chaps the bastinado here, you know. I—I say, come on, old fellow!"
 "The dog is insolent!" said the Arab.
 "Barak bong bang chookey wallap!"
 "Wha-a-at does that mean?" gasped Bob.
 "He must die!"
 "Eh?"
 "Is there no bastinado for this slave?" demanded the Arab.
 "Nunno!"
 "Then I will slay him!"
 "Look out!" yelled Johnny Bull, as the Arab clutched the jewelled hilt of the dagger in his girdle.
 There was a shriek of terror from Billy Bunter. The Famous Five collared the Arab on all sides and yanked him away from the Owl of the Remove.
 "Hook it, you fat idiot!" gasped Wharton.

Billy Bunter did not need telling twice. He "hooked" it at great speed, and vanished.

A good many of the fellows backed away from Ali ben Yusof, and decided to give him a wide berth. A savage from the Sahara, who was so handy with his dagger, was not a fellow to be easy with at close quarters.

"Oh, dear! I wish the pater would hurry up!" murmured Bob Cherry.

The Arab stared at him.

"Why do you prevent me from slaying the fat dog with the glass eyes?" he demanded.

"Oh dear! We—we don't slay chaps in England, you know!" groaned Bob.
 "That's an African custom. I say, shall I take care of that sticker for you?"

The Arab shook his head.

"You'd like your tea, after your journey, wouldn't you?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Be it so," said the Arab. "Bring me Arabian coffee and sweetmeats, and the kous-kous."

"I—I rather think there isn't any kous-kous at the tuckshop—but we'll do our best," said the captain of the Remove. "Shall we go up to the study, you fellows?"

"Yes, rather," said Bob, anxious to get his dangerous charge into a secluded place where he could be kept quiet till the major arrived to take him in hand.

And Ali ben Yusof was piloted up to the Remove passage, into Study No. 1. Remove fellows crowded in the passage in a state of some excitement.

"So they're putting that bloodthirsty savage in the Remove, are they?" said Bolsover major. "Well, I can tell you that we won't stand it."

"No fear!" said Russell.

"Major Cherry must be a silly ass to think that a wild man from Borneo can come to Greyfriars," said Wibley. "Somebody ought to get that dagger away from him before he does some damage with it."
 "Yes, rather!"



"The dog is insolent," said the Arab. "I will slay him!" "Look out!" yelled Johnny Bull as the Arab clutched the hilt of the jewelled dagger in his girdle. There was a shriek of terror from Billy Bunter. The Famous Five collared the Arab and yanked him away from the Owl of the Remove. "Hook it, you fat idiot!" gasped Wharton. Bunter "hooked" it at great speed and vanished. (See Chapter 11.)

Soon after the Arab was safely landed in Study No. 1 Dabney and Fry of the Fourth arrived at Greyfriars, the former carrying an attache-case. They found some excitement in the School House.

"I say, the Arab's arrived," Wilkinson of the Fourth told them.

"What's he like?" grinned Fry.

"A regular savage! He sat on the floor in Quekhy's study."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Bunter offended him, and he tried to stab him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Dabney and Fry.

"It's jolly well not a laughing matter!" exclaimed Wilkinson. "Major Cherry oughtn't to have sent such a savage here! He jolly well won't stay long, that's a cert."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't see where the cackle comes in. Where's Temple?"

"Temple! Oh, he's here," said Fry.

"Not very far away, I think. Where is the jolly old Arab?"

"They've got him in Study No. 1 in the Remove, standing him tea. I think they don't quite know what to do with him. I hope there won't be murder done before the major comes."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We're going to have a look at that jolly old Arab," said Fry.

"Oh, rather!"

And Dabney and Fry, in a merry mood, made their way to the Remove passage. Cecil Reginald Temple's wonderful wheeze was evidently "coming off."

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Quite a High Old Time!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. were not feeling happy.

They had not quite known what to expect in Ali ben Yusof. But certainly their wildest imaginings had never pictured anything like this.

Apparently Ali ben Yusof was fresh from the desert, and was still imbued with the desert manners and customs.

How the major could possibly suppose that such a character could be admitted at Greyfriars was a puzzle.

The Co. were thinking only of keeping watch and ward over him till Major Cherry arrived to take him away from the school. A fellow who was ready to draw a dagger on another fellow who offended him was obviously unsuited for an English school.

Frank Nugent cut down to the tuckshop for supplies for tea. The chums of the Remove hoped that refreshments would comfortably fill in the intervals till the major arrived to take the wild Arab off their hands.

The kous-kous, whatever that was, was quite unobtainable at Greyfriars. Doughnuts and cakes might take the place of the Eastern sweetmeats to which the Arab was accustomed. But the juniors doubted very much whether tuckshop coffee would come up to the Arab standard. However, they could only do their best.

Frank Nugent returned heavy-laden, and the Famous Five prepared a handsome spread for their extraordinary guest.

Ali ben Yusef sat in the armchair and watched them. There was a perplexed expression on his dark face.

"Where are the slaves?" he asked suddenly.

"The—the what?" ejaculated Wharton.

"The slaves who prepare the meats." "Oh dear! There are no slaves in England," said Harry. "Slavery doesn't exist along with the British flag, you know."

"Soppy woppy chook hook alley bang!"

"We—we don't speak Arabic."

"I say, am I to have no slaves here?"

"No jolly fear," said Nugent.

"There are servants, of course," said Harry.

"But we generally prefer to get our tea ourselves. We like it better."

"Be it so!" said the Arab.

There was a knock at the study door, and Fry of the Fourth looked in, with Dabney grinning over his shoulder.

"Where's the jolly old Arab?" asked Fry.

"You Fourth Form blighters get out," said Bob Cherry crossly.

"Stay!" exclaimed the Arab.

Ali ben Yusef rose to his feet and salaamed to Dabney and Fry.

"Enter!" he said.

"Right-ho!" Dabney and Fry entered.

"You are welcome as the dusk of night on a hot day in summer in the desert!"

"Oh, my hat! Good!"

"You are my guests. Be seated."

"What-ho!"

The Famous Five looked at one another rather queerly. Certainly they wanted their peculiar guest to make himself at home. Undoubtedly he was doing so. Ali ben Yusef seemed to be under the impression that Study No. 1 belonged to him.

However, they were willing to agree to anything to keep him quiet. Dabney and Fry, grinning, pulled chairs up to the study table.

"Eat!" said the Arab.

"Oh, rather!"

"Bring more food," said the Arab, turning to Nugent.

"Eh?"

"Is this a feast to set before the son of a sheik? Bring more food. My guests must be satisfied."

"Oh, my hat!"

Nugent glanced at his chums. Bob Cherry's ruddy face was crimson with discomfort.

"I—I'm sorry, you chaps!" he whispered. "Can't imagine what made the pater plant this funny merchant on us. Back me up till the pater comes."

"You bet," said Johnny Bull. "I'd rather sling him head first out of the study. But we'll play up."

"The playfulness will be terrific."

The chums of the Remove, in a corner of the study, made a hurried collection of cash. Then Frank Nugent made another trip to the tuckshop. Outside fellows were grinning and looking into the study. Harry Wharton closed the door when Nugent had returned with a fresh cargo.

"Open the door!" snapped Ali ben Yusef.

"Wha-a-at?"

"Am I not to be obeyed? Set the door wide."

Wharton set the door wide open. Half the Remove and the Fourth were crowded in the passage outside. Grinning faces stared into the study, but a

good many of the fellows were ready to bolt if Ali ben Yusef should take a fancy to drawing his dagger again.

"Enter!" called out the Arab.

"No fear!" murmured Bolsover major.

"I'd rather stay outside."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Same here!" murmured Peter Todd.

"I don't think even Bunter would like to butt into this tea-party."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Arab turned to Dabney.

"Bring in more guests," he said.

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

He scudded out of the study and brought in Wilkinson, Scott, and three or four more of the Fourth Form. They were rather reluctant to come in at first, but they came with alacrity after Dabney had whispered something in their ears. And they seemed now in a state of great hilarity.

"I say, this is getting rather thick!" murmured Johnny Bull.

It was, beyond a doubt.

Study No. 1 was a room of good size, but there were eight of the Fourth Form there now, as well as the Arab and the Famous Five. Harry Wharton & Co. had intended to "tea" with their guest. But there was no room for them at the table—the Fourth-Formers crowded it. And the supplies for the feed, ample as they were, were nowhere ample enough for so large a party.

"Bring more food!" rapped out the Arab.

"I—I say!" stammered Nugent.

"Am I not to feed my guests? Bring more food!"

"Oh, all right!"

There was another hurried consultation in the corner, and another hurried raising of cash. Then another hurried visit to the tuckshop followed.

Dabney and Fry and the other Fourth-Formers were enjoying themselves. It really was a feast of the gods.

Harry Wharton & Co. had been in funds that day. Their funds were all expended now. They had certainly never dreamed that their cash would be expended in standing a magnificent spread to the Fourth. The coming of Ali ben Yusef had been full of surprises for the chums of the Remove.

The Co. hardly thought of their own tea. They were too worried and busy to think much about themselves. They only longed anxiously for the major to arrive and take this dreadful Arab off their hands.

This was the fellow with whom the major had wished them to become chummy. It was not likely to come to pass—if this was Ali ben Yusef.

Ample as the feast was, the Fourth Form party soon made a clearance of it. It was early for tea, but junior appetites were always good.

"I say, this is ripping!" said Scott.

"Oh, rather!"

"Top-hole!" said Fry.

"Jolly good of you Remove chaps!" grinned Wilkinson.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the Fourth-Formers roared. Even the dusky face of the Arab broke into a grin.

Harry Wharton & Co. were far from feeling in a hilarious mood. They only longed for this ordeal to be over.

"Bring me coffee!" rapped out the Arab.

Frank Nugent had been making the coffee. It was set before the Arab. He looked at it and sniffed at it.

"By the beard of the Prophet, do you call this coffee?" he demanded.

"Ye-e-es."

"Googy-woogy! Bang! Crash! Ping-pong!" growled the Arab. "Take it away—give it to the jackals!"

Crash!

Coffee-pot and crockery went into the grate together with a terrific crash.

"Great Scott!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Fry and his comrades.

Bob Cherry wiped his heated brow.

"If these are Arab manners I'm blessed if I think much of them!" he whispered.

"I'm jolly well fed-up!" growled Johnny Bull. "Let's kick him out of the study!"

"Shush!"

"The kickfulness is not the proper caper, my esteemed Johnny," murmured Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

Ali ben Yusef glanced at the study clock. It indicated a few minutes past four. He caught Dabney's eye, and rose.

"I—I say, have you finished?" gasped Bob Cherry.

"W-w-won't you try some more coffee?" murmured Nugent.

"Come for a trot with us, old chap," said Fry.

The Arab nodded.

"I will come!" he said.

"But—" began Harry Wharton.

"We—we're supposed to be looking after you, Ali, you know."

"Is not my will law?" demanded the Arab.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Silence, dog!"

"What?" roared Wharton.

"Silence, son of a thousand dogs!"

"Why, you—you cheeky rotter—"

"Shush!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Let him rip! My father can't be long now."

"I'm going to kick him out!" shouted Johnny Bull.

"Hold on, you ass!"

"My esteemed Johnny—"

"Come on, old man," said Fry.

"We're all fed-up with these Remove fags. You come along with us."

The hilarious Fourth-Formers poured out of the study, taking the Arab with them. Harry Wharton & Co. stared after them blankly. Certainly, they were glad enough to be relieved of the wild Arab. But they felt it their duty to keep him in charge till the major came. The captain of the Remove started after him.

"Look here, Ali—" He dropped his hand on the Arab's shoulder.

Ali ben Yusef turned on him, and the dagger flashed out from the folds of his burnous.

Wharton jumped back.

"Oh, my hat—!"

"Come on!" gasped Fry.

"Let me slay this dog of Inglistan!"

"Ha, ha! Nunno! Come on!"

Dabney and Fry marched the Arab away to the Fourth Form passage. They went into Temple's study, and the door was closed and locked. From that study loud roars of laughter were heard—fellows who heard the sounds of merriment wondered why Ali ben Yusef was in such a merry mood. They did not guess that Ali ben Yusef was being stripped of his Eastern garb, and his Eastern complexion, and his Eastern manners and customs at the same time, and was becoming Cecil Reginald Temple of the Fourth Form again!

The MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 662.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Genuine Article!

"OH, dear!" Bob Cherry wiped his perspiring brow.

Study No. 1 did not look tidy. The table was littered with the remains of the great spread—the grate was crowded with broken crockery. The chums of the Remove fell rather than sat down, and stared at one another. They felt quite overwhelmed by their experience with the wild man from the desert.

"Well, this is the limit!" said Harry Wharton at last. "I didn't quite know what to expect—but I never expected this!"

"Rather not!" groaned Nugent.

"Jolly queer how he seems to have made friends with those Fourth Form chaps!" growled Johnny Bull. "They're welcome to him."

"Yes, rather!"

"I—I suppose the pater will take him away at once," said Bob. "I—I hope so. He won't do at Greyfriars."

"No jolly fear!"

"Oh crumbs! What an afternoon!"

There was the sound of a taxi on the drive below, and Bob Cherry started to his feet.

"That's the pater, very likely," he said. "I'll go down and see."

"You chaps here?" Vernon-Smith looked into the study, with a rather peculiar expression on his face. "Your pater's come, Cherry."

"Oh, good!" said Bob.

"He's got a fellow with him—looks like an Arab—"

"What?"

"Another Arab!" roared Johnny Bull. "Great Scott! Has he brought half Africa home with him to land at Greyfriars?"

"The too-muchfulness would be terrific."

"Blessed if I understand this!" said Bob. "The pater mentioned only one in his letters. Let's get down and see."

The Famous Five hurried from the study, surprised and perturbed. One Arab was certainly enough, if not too much, for them.

"Bob!"

Major Cherry, bronzed and browned, was standing in the hall, and by his side stood a slim and handsome, brown-skinned lad, in Etons.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, dad!" Bob Cherry shook hands with his father. "I'm glad you've come—jolly glad—"

"I expected to see you at the station at Courtfield," said the major.

"We were coming, but—"

"Never mind. This is Ali ben Yusef, the son of an old friend of mine, with whom I want you to be good friends," said the major.

The young Arab smiled, showing a gleaming set of white teeth, and held out a brown hand frankly to Bob. Bob Cherry took it mechanically.

"Ali ben Yusef!" he repeated.

"Yes. I told you—"

"Is it his brother?" asked Bob dazedly.

"Eh! Whose brother?"

"The other Arab's."

"The what?" exclaimed the major.

"The chap who's come here already, I mean," stammered Bob. "The chap you sent on first, after telephoning—"

"What on earth do you mean?" exclaimed the major testily. "I have not telephoned to-day, and I have sent no one here."

"What?" gasped Bob.

"You—you—you didn't send that Arab chap?" exclaimed Wharton blankly. The major stared at him.

"What Arab?"

"The—the—the one who's come already!" stuttered the captain of the Remove.

Major Cherry gave a jump.

"Do you mean to say that an Arab has already arrived at Greyfriars?" he exclaimed.

"Yes. Of—of course. You telephoned that—"

"I did not telephone!" snorted the major.

"Well, somebody did," said Bob, utterly bewildered, "and he used your name, whoever he was. And then the Arab came."

"Upon my word! This is very extraordinary!" exclaimed the major, his bronzed brows contracting into a deep frown. "This must be seen into! Is the fellow here now?"

"Yes—he's in Temple's study—"

"Did he call himself Ali ben Yusef?"

"Certainly he did."

"And he's given us a high old time!" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "A ramping, raging savage—"

"You should have known that I would not send a ramping, raging savage to Greyfriars!" snapped the major.

"Well, we were surprised, but—but he—"

"Mr. Quelch saw him," said Bob dazedly. "Here's Mr. Quelch—you can ask him about it—"

The Remove master came out to greet the visitor. He shook hands with the major, his glance lingering curiously on the handsome, brown-skinned youth in Etons.

"This is Ali ben Yusef, Mr. Quelch," said the major.

"Bless my soul!"

"I have just heard an extraordinary story from those boys. They say that another Arab has arrived here, calling himself by my ward's name."

"That is certainly the case," said Mr. Quelch, in astonishment. "After receiving your telephone call—"

"I did not telephone," said the major. "I have only just arrived at Courtfield by the four train, and taken a taxi here. Some deception has been practised."

"Bless my soul! Wharton, is the Arab boy still in the school?"

"Yes, sir; he's in Temple's study in the Fourth—"

"Then we had better see him at once," said the major. "This may be a very serious matter. Mr. Quelch, may Ali remain in your study while we investigate this matter?"

"Certainly."

The genuine Ali ben Yusef, looking considerably astonished, was taken into the Form master's study. Then Major Cherry and Mr. Quelch ascended to the Fourth Form passage. The Famous Five followed them, in a state of bewilderment; and after them went a crowd of Greyfriars fellows, keenly interested in the strange affair.

"This is the study," said Mr. Quelch, and he knocked at Temple's door.

"Come in!" It was the easy voice of Cecil Reginald Temple from within the study.

Mr. Quelch opened the door and entered, followed by the major. Harry Wharton & Co. remained in the doorway. There was no sign of an Arab in the study.



"By the beard of the Prophet! Do you call this coffee?" demanded the Arab. "Ye-es!" gasped Nugent. "Googy! Woogy! Bang! Crash! Ping-pong!" growled the Arab. "Take it away—give it to the jackals! Crash! Coffee-pot and crockery went into the grate together with a terrific crash. (See Chapter 12.)

Cecil Reginald Temple, in his elegant Etons, looking his usual natty self, was there, and Dabney and Fry were there. But of the Arab there was no sign.

"Where is he, Temple?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"Where is who, sir?" asked Temple.

"The Arab."

"What Arab, sir?" asked Temple respectfully. "I haven't seen any Arab."

"I understood that the Arab was in his study."

"Not at all, sir! I've seen nothin' of him," said Cecil Reginald imperturbably.

"Temple wasn't there, sir," said Bob Cherry. "Dabney and Fry saw him, though, and brought him to this study."

"Dabney! Where is the Arab?" snapped Mr. Quelch.

The three Fourth-Formers exchanged glances. It was unfortunate, from their point of view, that a Form master had been brought into the affair. Temple might really have foreseen that; but, as a matter of fact, he had not taken it into account.

"Come," boomed the major. "Answer your Form master, boy! This may be a serious matter—more serious than you suppose. The Arab who has imposed on you may be a dangerous character."

Temple, Dabney, and Fry grinned involuntarily.

The major's frown deepened.

"What are you laughing at?" he ejaculated. "I repeat that this is a very serious matter."

"Boy, answer me!" snapped Mr. Quelch.

"I—I suppose we'd better own up, sir," said Temple. "I—I never thought you'd be brought into it, sir. I—I was quite taken aback when that ass Cherry—I mean, when Bob Cherry marched me into your study, sir—"

"What do you mean, Temple? Are you wandering in your mind?"

"Nunno, sir! I—I—I—"

"Well, what?"

"I—I was the Arab, sir!" stammered Temple.

"What!" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"What!" roared the major.

"What!" howled the Famous Five in the doorway. And there was a gasp from the fellows in the passage.

Cecil Reginald Temple's statement had made quite a sensation.

"Are you out of your senses, Temple?" exclaimed the Remove master.

"Nunno, sir! I—I— It was a jape on the Remove," said Temple. "Only a— a practical joke, sir, to— to take a rise out of the Remove."

"But—but what—how—what—"

Temple picked up an attache-case from a corner, and opened it. The folded garments of the Arab were disclosed, with the turban and the jewelled dagger.

"I hired them from the costumier's in Courtfield, sir."

There was a roar from Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came in a yell from the Fourth-Formers in the passage.

And the Removites joined in the howl of merriment.

"Temple, all the time!" roared Vernon-Smith. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Only Temple!" sobbed Peter Todd.

"Oh, my hat! Ha, ha!"

"Silence!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"Temple, do you dare to admit that you have played such a—a—a trick—such a prank—such a—"

Words failed the Remove master.

"Only a joke, sir!" pleaded Temple.

"I shall report this to the Head, you— you utterly ridiculous boy! Major Cherry, it appears that—that there is nothing to investigate, after all, only a foolish prank!"

"Good gad!" said the major. His bronzed face broke into a grin. "Well, well, there's no harm done! So far as I am concerned, Mr. Quelch, I have no complaint to make. I am only too glad that the matter turns out to be nothing but a harmless joke."

"Thank you, sir!" said Temple gratefully.

Harry Wharton & Co. glared at Temple. When they thought of what they had gone through that afternoon they wanted to get to close quarters with the playful Cecil Reginald—and it was only the presence of the Remove master and the major that saved Temple of the Fourth from the ragging of his life.

"No harm done!" said the major, smiling. "Come, my boys!"

And Major Cherry was very careful to see the Famous Five depart before himself, probably guessing what would have happened in Temple's study, had he left them there.

Harry Wharton & Co. did not soon hear the end of Temple's jape.

All Greyfriars howled over it. Undoubtedly, for once, Cecil Reginald Temple had scored over his old rivals, and the Fourth felt considerably "bucked," in consequence.

Temple's "prank" was duly reported to the Head; but Temple surmised that Major Cherry had put in a word for him, for he was not called to account—for which he was duly thankful.

A Head's flogging would rather have spoiled the joke. As it was, Temple, Dabney & Co. enjoyed it to the full, and they did not allow the Famous Five to hear the end of it till the end of the term.

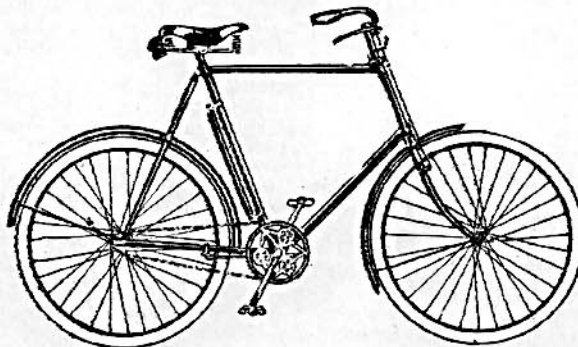
But the chums of the Remove had one consolation. The genuine Ali ben Yusef was very different from Temple's edition of the son of the desert—very different indeed. It was not long before the Famous Five were on the very best of terms with the Greyfriars Arab.

THE END.

(There is another long complete story of the Greyfriars chums next week, boys, featuring a fellow-countryman of Ali ben Yusef's, who cares little for the majesty of the English law. Make a note of the title—"The Foe From Africa!"—and order your MAGNET early.)

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IN NEXT MONDAY'S "MAGNET."

"Heigho! He bends his bow—flies the shaft of Robin Hood! Heigho!"

SHERWOOD GOLD

By
FRANCIS
WARWICK



INTRODUCTION.

Story is staged over the period when Richard Lion-Heart, the King, was away in Palestine on the Third Crusade. TOM HADLEIGH—a youth of sixteen, who was found as a babe by the monks of Hadleigh Priory deserted in Sherwood Forest. He breaks away from the master to whom he had been apprenticed, and throws in his lot with LANTERN—a carefree adventurer of diminutive stature, but withal a sterling swordsman. ROBIN HOOD—chief of the band of outlaws, whose headquarters are in the depths of Sherwood Forest. A good friend to the poor and needy, and a source of continual worry to EARL HUGO of CHARNDENE—an unprincipled vassal of Prince John, known to the people of Nottingham as the Black Wolf.

FRIAR TUCK, ALAN-A-DALE, LITTLE JOHN, etc.—members of Robin Hood's band. LON—once jester to Earl Hugo, but now the friend of Tom Hadleigh and Lantern. Lon tells Tom that the peculiar talisman in his possession—a half circle of polished horn upon which are the words "The cave betwixt—a split oak—follow the water—Gold," which was found near Tom by the good monks of Hadleigh when the former was a babe—would reveal the whereabouts of a wondrous treasure could the other half of the talisman be fitted to it. Lon declares that the other half of the talisman is in the possession of the Black Wolf. They set out to seek it.

After a series of stirring adventures Tom succeeds in wresting the other half of the talisman from the Black Wolf, but before he can read the inscription thereon the talisman is snatched out of his hand by DE BLOIS—the Black Wolf's right-hand man. About this time, too, Tom secures possession of a strange parchment alleged to have been written by Edward Athelstane, the late Earl of Charndene, upon which is set forth the declaration that Edward Athelstane's son—at present unknown to the powers that be—may be identified by a birthmark on his chest, shaped in the rough form of a falcon.

Shortly after this important discovery Lon falls into the hands of De Blois, and Tom sees now that De Blois intends to unearth the secret treasure for himself. By capturing Lon and putting him to the torture he reckons to learn the words written on Tom's half of the talisman. But Robin Hood loses no time in gathering his band together and marching on the castle of Guy de Blois. A fierce exchange of words takes place between Robin Hood and De Blois. Suddenly the latter places a whistle to his lips and blows three shrill blasts.

(Now read on.)

Put to Rout!

SWIFT the drawbridge fell, and even ere it had touched ground upon this side, across it came thundering forth from the castle a score of horsemen, agleam in their mail, their weapons flashing in the dying sunlight. Clearly De Blois had planned to slay us or make us prisoners ere our comrades, whom he would guess to be lying in wait amidst the trees, could draw nigh to aid us!

Ay, 'twas a bold stroke, swift and unexpected. We were in great danger, as we knew well enough, for we were but six men, without armour, 'gainst a score in mail. Robin Hood and Lantern, indeed, mounted as they were, could have escaped to the trees. But I and Alan-a-Dale, Little John, and Friar would have been cut down long ere we reached that same shelter.

Lantern laughed gaily. "Stab me," says he, "but this is rare luck indeed! I had thought to have to wait till we had scaled those walls, or broken down that gate, ere we could cross steel with the evil brood within. But here they are riding forth to meet us, and a merry skirmish we are about to have, methinks."

As he spoke the little swordsman swung his great piebald stallion round upon its haunches, to meet the onslaught of the horsemen. The next instant Lantern was thundering straight t'wards the centre of the oncoming troop.

He was in amongst them in a moment, half-raised in his saddle, cutting and

thrusting. I saw one of his adversaries pitch from his horse, to roll 'neath the hoofs of Lantern's prancing steed. A second of the villains crashed to earth as the magic blade of Lantern found his throat. But I could watch my comrade no more.

For the next minute we, too, were fighting grimly 'gainst the swarm of ruffians who encircled us.

Fast and furious was the struggle. The great sword of Little John sang sweetly as I swung it. From the corner of my eye I could see Robin Hood cutting and thrusting at a giant of a fellow on a great black stallion, and Little John, armed with a great brown-bill, sweep a man from the saddle as one might bowl over a skittle. Alan-a-Dale was humming a snatch of song as he fought—'twas a habit of the gleeman's—while Friar Tuck, wielding a great broadsword, was shouting lustily as he fought.

"Oho!" roared he. "That stroke tickles your ribs, does it? Ah, again! Take this gift from old Father Tuck, rogue!"

And with that he dealt his antagonist such a terrific blow that the links of the other's mail could not withstand its force. Through steel and hauberkon bit the Friar's blade, and the horseman, in the act of bringing his mace down upon the head of Alan-a-Dale, fell lifeless from his steed.

Ay, even yet we held our own! Though we were at sad disadvantage 'gainst men mounted we were not to be overcome so easily as they had imagined.

I'll warrant me that Guy de Blois, watching from the battlements, had not thought to wait many minutes to see his villains return with the body of Robin Hood. But yet we held our own. And then at last we heard the sound for which our ears were straining.

The song of the cloth-yard shafts. The bowmen had come running from the distant trees at first sign of our danger, and now, at last, they had drawn within bowshot.

Such wondrous marksmen were those gullant bowmen that we were safe enough for all that we were ringed around by those at whom the arrows were directed. Thick and fast flew the cloth-yard shafts from the great war-bows, ringing 'gainst the mail of the horsemen around us, and ever and anon the point of one would sink through some weak spot in the mail, so terrible was the force with which those shafts were sped.

Screams and groans rang out above the clamour. Then the scared horses scattered, and some of the riders had all that they could do to turn the heads of their steeds t'wards the drawbridge. Back to the gateway of the castle they galloped, for they durst no longer face that deadly rain that poured into their ranks from the six-foot bows of the men in Lincoln green. Across the drawbridge they thundered, despite the curses that De Blois roared down upon them from the bartizan above. Instantly the drawbridge commenced to rise. The survivors had escaped, but nine scared

destriers were running wild, and the men who had been astride them lay stretched upon the ground.

The bowmen were mighty eager to press on and send their shafts winging to the battlements. But Robin Hood called them back, and our party withdrew to the edge of the trees, on keen look-out for any further sally. But De Blois, it seemed, recognised that our force was too strong to be attacked rashly, and he was leaving the next move to us.

We held council. As Robin Hood made his plans for the assault, above the grim pile before us a banner rose, streaming to the darkening sky, a black banner with the device of a clenched hand upon it.

'Twas the sable banner of De Blois—a mute defiance!

night, though high above great black clouds rolled across the heavens like ragged sable banners. A great silence reigned, unbroken save for the sudden loud challenge of a stag in the forest. Swiftly darkness fell around us, and then, all suddenly, some great bird of the night came winging its way from out the trees, and we saw it settle upon the turret above the main gateway, ere 'twas scared away by the men upon the battlements. Friar Tuck rubbed his hands gleefully.

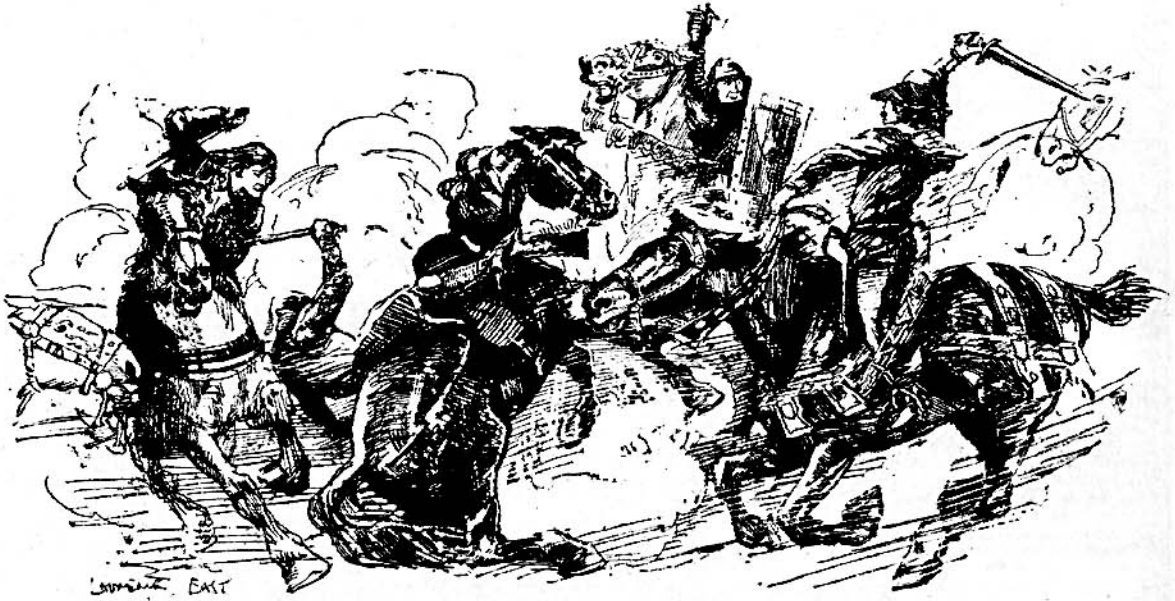
"'Tis an ill omen for De Blois and his ruffians," chuckled he.

I felt my fingers trembling on the hilt of my great sword as I waited with Lantern and the Friar by the edge of the trees, scanning eagerly the distant battlements, where we could discern the bustle and excitement as they prepared for the defence.

out beside me at the stronghold of De Blois the Red. The moon had risen o'er the trees, a great silver disc, showing us the black, silent walls of the stronghold that seemed to crouch before us like some evil beast at bay—waiting, waiting—

"All will soon be ready," said Robin Hood. "Ere long will I give the signal. Upon it the picked bowmen, under the command of Will Scarlet, will advance t'wards the battlements, till they have drawn nigh enough to shower their arrows upon those who defend the walls. Through their ranks will pass the men bearing the faggots, which they will cast into the ditch before the great gate under protection of the discharge of the archers. When the ditch has thus been filled in, the signal will come for the battering-ram to advance and be hurled 'gainst the great gateway."

"That is the post for me!" chuckled



Lantern swung his great piebald stallion round upon its haunches to meet the onslaught of the horsemen. The next instant the little swordsman was thundering straight towards the centre of the troop. He was in amongst them in a moment, cutting and thrusting, and Robin Hood was not a second behind him. (See page 23.)

The Assault!

"WITH the aid of Heaven that accursed banner shall float not by the light of another sunset!" said Robin Hood quietly, as he gazed upon it.

Many points had been discussed, but finally Robin Hood decided that the best object for attack was the great gate itself.

"Bushes must be cut, and faggots bound and cast into the ditch before it," said he. "'Tis fortunate that, though 'tis broad and deep, 'tis dry and not filled with water. When we have filled in the moat by this means we must strive to beat down the gate with a battering-ram, and so gain a footing."

He turned to Will Scarlet.

"Will, see you to the binding of the faggots. Let every bowman bind three. And you, John, take four men of brawn and fell yonder pine. Lopped of the branches, 'twill make a battering-ram well able to rip the heart from yonder dark portal."

Night drew on swiftly—a still, windless

"'Twill be a brave game that we shall play to-night," said Lantern. "Rare sport should await us by yonder walls, Tom. Stab me, but how your eyes are gleaming!"

I laughed. "Ay! To-night, perchance, may I be revenged upon this red-bearded villain for that stroke of his I took that night at Chawndene. 'Twould be a noble deed to rid the world of the evil rogue."

Lantern nodded.

"Ay, lad! The hands of Guy de Blois are stained to the colour of his beard with the blood of innocents. Tyranny and oppression, robbery and murder—those four are his daily pastimes. But to-night, perchance, there will come a reckoning. De Blois—"

He broke off, listening. Through the trees there came a sudden sound of splitting and creaking, and then a mighty crash.

"'Tis the pine-tree that falls," muttered the Friar. "Soon all will be ready for the assault. How dark the night has fallen."

Robin Hood came striding through the trees t'wards us, and stood staring

Friar Tuck, his great, jolly face all beaming. "I go with the battering-ram! Thus have I hopes of being amidst the first who enter through the smashed gateway when the ram has done its work."

The brawny Friar hurried off through the trees to where Little John and a score of the outlaws waited by the lopped pine. Lantern and I followed him, but we had scarce come up with them when the mellow note of a horn rang out.

'Twas the horn of Robin Hood—the signal for the assault!

On the instant, forth from the trees, there broke a long line of nut-brown men in Lincoln green. These were the picked bowmen, under the command of Robin Hood himself, and I saw that each man had a shaft ready nicked upon his bow-string.

Swiftly they drew in on the fortress. The clouds had cleared now, and the moonlight flooded down almost with the light of day.

The blood thrilled through me as I saw that gallant line sweep forward. At last they were within bowshot, and as one man they drew the grey-goose feathers to the ear. A glimmering belt of arrows

flashed through the moonlight, and so deadly was the aim that when an answering discharge flew out from the battlements 'twas wild and ragged, clearly the aiming of shaken men.

Thick and sharp as hail flew the shafts of the men of Sherwood, 'gainst every opening and embrasure in the parapets. One or two fell before the shafts and crossbow quarrels of our foes, but very few. And then, through that foremost line, went racing those who bore the faggots.

Into the moat the faggots were hurled, and the men returned for more. Again and yet again did they pass 'twixt the moat and their comrades, despite the storm of missiles showered down from the walls above. And then, at a word from Little John, the great battering-ram was seized and rushed forward.

"Sherwood! Sherwood! Sherwood!" The battle-cry of the outlaws rang out brave and defiant above the clamour, and 'twas answered by the shouts of "Le Main Fort! Le Main Fort!"—the battle-cry of De Blois.

A second time did the bugle of Robin Hood ring out. 'Twas the signal that the faggots had at last made a path level with the ground and the gate upon the farther side—the signal for the battering-ram to be brought to the assault!

The ranks of those before us parted as the giant outlaw, Little John, and his score of men, swept through and across the bridge of faggots with their mighty weapon.

Crash! With a dull roar the battering-ram crashed and thudded, as the outlaws swung it to the chant of Little John. The planks of the raised bridge were mighty soon so much splintered wreckage. And then the huge pine-tree thundered 'gainst the great gate itself!

From above, the ruffians of De Blois leaned out and shot their shafts and crossbow quarrels fiercely into the midst of that gallant score, while great stones came hurtling down upon the pavises that protected them. Three men fell dead, but swift were their places taken, and again and again the great ram crashed echoing upon the door.

I found myself, with Lantern and Friar Tuck and Alan-a-Dale, pressed 'gainst the splintered door, split now from top to bottom. Thud, thud, thud! Every mighty blow was loosening and widening the great cracks that rent it. Another blow sent the left side of the door staving inwards; yet still it held.

Despite the shower of missiles from above, again and yet again the battering-ram swept forward. But a great block of masonry came hurtling down from the parapet above, slaying two men outright, and dragging the pine-trunk from the grasp of those who wielded it.

But in a moment 'twas 'neath their arms again—crash, crash! And then from above their came a sudden stream of dark liquid—even as the outlaws swept forward for the last time and hurled themselves against the splintered portal.

With a mighty crash, the great gate fell. And then from Little John came a shout of warning:

"Back—back—"

Most of the outlaws obeyed. But Alan-a-Dale and the Friar, Lantern and I, with one or two others, who were hard 'gainst the smashed gate, had no time to retreat.

There came a sudden glare of light. The next instant a torch had been tossed down from above, and I knew then what had been that stream of liquid that had been splashed down upon us from above.

And in a moment 'twas alight! With a great roar, the flames burst upwards, consuming in their red, ravening jaw faggots and battering-ram and



"Le Main Fort! Le Main Fort!" came the battle-cry of De Blois and his men-at-arms. And a shower of arrows and stones descended on Robin Hood's men below.

the wreckage of the gate. Scorched and blinded, I staggered back into the darkness of the yawning castle mouth.

Dark forms leaped out, and the next moment my blade was ringing 'gainst that of an all-but-unseen foe.

I found myself back to back with Lantern, with Tuck struggling with his back to the wall upon my left. And there, in the crimson light of the flames that danced luridly behind us, we few who were cut off by that roaring barrier of fire from all aid, fought for our lives 'gainst the shadow-shapes that thronged the gloom!

Dawn!

HIGHER and higher leapt the lurid light of the flames. By their shaking glow we could see, though yet but dimly, the men with whom we fought.

More than two score there must have been in that broad, vaulted tunnel that led 'neath the outer wall of the castle to a second gate, beyond which, doubtless,

lay the courtyard. No doubt these men-at-arms had been mustered here in case the outlaws broke through in force. Short work they must have thought to make of us few!

Their first rush bore us back till we were mighty unpleasant nigh the licking flames. A horrid death awaited us should they succeed in forcing us back into that furnace, and right desperately we strove to keep our ground.

The clash of steel echoed loudly from the stone walls on either side. And above the sound came the voice of Friar Tuck.

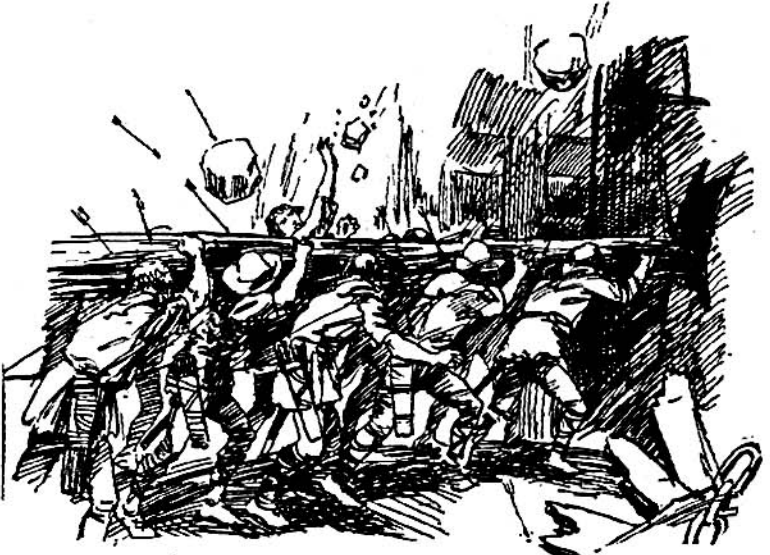
"Sherwood! Sherwood!" bellowed he, warding off with his buckler a spear that came hissing through the air. "Together, my sons—draw together! Sherwood! Sherwood!"

A tall, strong figure fought to my side, a gleaming battleaxe rising and falling in his grasp. I saw that 'twas Ranulf of the Plough, he who had once been in the service of Hugo, the Black Wolf. Near him I could discern Roger of Avon, for Roger and Ranulf had formed a vast friendship, and were inseparable comrades now. Both were doing deadly work this night, and together with Lantern and the Friar, Alan-a-Dale, and two more of the bowmen who were with us, we fought our way together.

"Sherwood! Sherwood! Sherwood!" "Le Main Fort!" came the answering cry, loud and defiant. "Le Main Fort!"

The men of De Blois were pressing mighty hard upon us. But, nevertheless; gradually did we draw into a solid phalanx. The flames behind still leaped high, utterly cutting us off from our comrades, e'en though they realised our plight. The firelight gleamed fiercely upon our weapons, glowing on the steel caps and brigandines and hauberts of our foes. Lantern and I had both donned shirts of chain mail, but the outlaws were clad but in their jerkins of Lincoln green. And hard around us swarmed the evil faces of that murderous brood of De Blois!

My great broadsword glimmered as I swung it, so that it appeared like an arc of ruddy light. I could see the lean, nut-brown features of Alan-a-Dale, saw his lips moving as he chanted some favourite



"Sherwood! Sherwood! Sherwood!" The battle-cry of the outlaws rang out clear and defiant above the clamour. Crash! With a dull roar the battering-ram crashed and thudded 'gainst the great gate of the castle. (See this page.)

song of the greenwood. I saw the wolfish face of a man-at-arms fall back into the shadow as Roger of Avon struck the fellow down. Then someone reeled against me—'twas one of the bowmen, felled by a spear-thrust.

I caught him in my arms, lowering him to the ground. But I saw a moment later the outlaw had breathed his last. I know his face well—Southern Will, they called him—and the sight of his lifeless form, limp in my arms, maddened me. I laid him upon the stones and sprang up. Fiercely I attacked the man who had struck him down. I beat down the ruffian's guard, and a minute later I felt a joyous thrill as I stretched him lifeless at my feet.

Our comrade was avenged. But mighty hard pressed were we; I saw that the Friar was wounded, and so was Ranulf of the Plough. How many minutes longer could we few, a mere handful of desperate men, hope to live 'twixt the flames and the swarming throng of villains who thirsted for our blood?

And then all suddenly a mighty voice rang out from behind that pack of human wolves. There was a sudden lull for a moment, and we saw that a small portal in the great gate had opened, and a man in full armour had appeared, wielding a mace. The visor was lowered, but by the black surcoat emblazoned with a clenched hand I knew this for De Blois himself.

"Drag them down!" roared he. "Tear the dogs to pieces! Drive them back into the bonfire, or rip their hearts out with your steel! Let not one man of them remain alive! Make way, make way!"

And through the press of men De Blois came storming, whirling his mace about his casque by its leathern loop. The clank of his armour could be heard. And then his eyes met mine.

They seemed to flash fire through the bars of his visor as he glared at me. Then he gave a great shout.

"Oho, young wolf! Again we meet! And Lantern, too! Your heads set upon spears and borne with that of Robin Hood to Charndene will make a mighty pleasing gift for Earl Hugo!"

Lantern leapt forward. "Wassail to Guy de Blois!" cried he mockingly. "May the dogs drink that toast in your red sap ere dawn, proud tyrant!"

His sword flickered about the mailed form of the Norman. But the steel could find no chink in the armour, and Lantern, baffled, had perforce to leap nimbly aside ever and anon when the great mace came whirling down to brain him.

"'Tis like fighting a hedgehog!" cried Lantern gaily. "All covering and no core!"

He darted his glistening blade upwards at the bars of the visor. But as he did so I gave a cry to see him slip upon the stones and fall upon his knees.

With a howl of savage triumph De Blois stepped forward swift as he could for his armour. The mace, gripped with both hands, whirled on high.

Lantern struggled to rise. But he could never hope to twist aside ere the deadly blow smashed his skull. I leaped forward desperately, and the great broadsword sang through the smoke-laden air.

Crash!
With a mighty clang the great blade struck De Blois upon the ribs. I saw the dent appear in his armour, such force had I put into the swinging blow.

He reeled, he tried to regain his balance, but could not. With a mighty ringing of metal down he crashed upon his back!

There was a hoarse shouting from all around. I leaped forward, and in another instant I was kneeling on his chest, the point of a knife held 'twixt the bars of his visor.

I heard his snarl of fury and I laughed exultantly.

"Every man who pays service to Guy de Blois, let him drop his weapon!" I cried. "Or this night shall your master's soul find rest in purgatory!"

For a moment I thought that they would leap upon me, and I saw my comrades make a swift move to defend me from them. But then, one by one, those villains did as I had bid them. Well they saw that if they were to save the life of De Blois they had indeed no other choice.

There came a roar of delight from Tuck.

"Right yeomanly done!" cried he. "My son, accept the blessing of old Father Tuck! And, by St. Christopher, here come our comrades!"

The flames had died low now, leaving a glowing heap of ash in the ditch where our path of faggots had been. Despite the smoke and the smouldering fires that yet remained, the outlaws were leaping down into the ditch, and mounting upon the backs of their comrades, the foremost came swarming up the hot masonry into the opening of the gateway.

A score and more soon stood beside us. And with what a shout we welcomed them!

And then all unexpected the great gate opening into the courtyard swung open, and a wedge of axemen and spearmen came racing through.

'Twas so unexpected that I was found off my guard. These men knew nothing of their leader's plight, so I could not check them as I had held the others; and, though De Blois was utterly at my mercy, I could not find it in me to stay him in cold blood, despite his villainies. Ere I could make up my mind to action I was sent reeling back.

I was all engulfed by surging feet for a minute. When at last I was able to stagger up a fierce light was again waging in that dark tunnel.

The battle-cry of the outlaws rang out wild and fierce as they came pouring in

upon the defenders. The clangour of the fight was like the echoes from some gigantic forge. From the tower above a storm of bolts and arrows came raining down upon the men of Sherwood as they crossed the ditch and swarmed up upon the inner side—great stones and streams of hissing, bubbling, scalding oil and pitch. But still they came, and gradually we drove that evil brood back, back, back into the courtyard, where they broke and ran.

Of De Blois there was no sign. The fighting spread swiftly as the outlaws gained a footing upon the battlements. In the vaulted passages and on the walls they made fierce battle with the evil swarms of De Blois. And soon enough 'twas seen how this brave game was like to go.

Though we searched for De Blois, Lantern and I could find him not. But when we could we slipped from the affray down some winding steps that seemed to lead to the dungeons. Our surmise was right.

We found ourselves in a foul, dark passage. We had taken a torch from a socket in the wall of the courtyard, and by the smoking light we groped our way onwards.

Many doors we found ere that from which an answer came. Lantern had brought a battleaxe, and we beat it down. But 'twas not Lon who lay within, but some poor, starved wretch who had lain in the castle of De Blois for many a year, forgotten by De Blois himself, remembered only by the gaoler and his churls. He had heard the storming of the castle, and mighty eager was the poor wretch to wield steel with us; but too weak he was, and we left him with the outlaws who were tending to the wounded men.

Another door did we batter down, thinking to have heard low groans within. But 'twas only the rats, it seemed, for naught lay within but a skeleton chained to the wall.

And then at last we found the hunchback.

He could not walk unaided, and betwixt us we supported him along those black passages and up the steps beyond. He craved for the open air, and in the keen bite of the night wind he revived a little and told us his horrid tale.

They had tortured him, ay! We had not saved him from that. And his eyes haunt me still when he told us that they had forced from him that knowledge De Blois so coveted—the words scratched upon my talisman.

Though we felt no blame for him, his remorse was terrible. He felt that he had betrayed us—though in like circumstances must any man have done the same.

"He knows all now," Lon whispered. "De Blois knows everything; he knows where this gold is hid—"

"A curse upon the gold!" I cried fiercely. "Let it lie where it is hid!"

"Nay!" cried the jester swiftly. "Nay! De Blois shall never win that gold! If, despite all, he loses this treasure, I shall be well avenged!"

"Then will we see that he never does lay hands upon it!" cried Lantern. "He must still be somewhere in this fortress; there are still many corners of this accursed place yet to be routed out! Soon will the castle have fallen into our hands. And then—"

Far into the night that grim battle raged on. The outlaws gave no quarter, and expected none. By the light of the torches and the battle-lanterns and the great moon we fought.



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Dawn came, stealing softly 'cross the sky from the grey east. The mists of morning hung heavy round the castle, and by that dim light was the sable banner of De Blois hauled down. Those of our foes who had not died upon the walls and in the courtyard had fled into the trees around. But of De Blois the Red there was no sign.

"I saw him once afterward, fighting upon the battlements," said Little John, as he stood with Lantern and myself upon the farther side of the moat, waiting while the outlaws made all ready to set the castle afire—for Robin Hood had decided to destroy for ever the evil pile. "After that he seems to have been spirited away by ghosts! For he is not among the dead."

Lantern nodded, with a puzzled frown, as he patted the mighty arched neck of Hiereward. I was holding the bridle of a magnificent white destrier that I had found within the castle, and had taken to be my own. Mighty weary were we all three, and the arm of Little John was found where he had taken a sword-thrust.

"It looks sadly as though De Blois has escaped us," I muttered. "Ay, and escaped with that wondrous knowledge that he alone of all men holds! But, for the sake of Lon, he must never put that knowledge to account!"

The outlaws were retreating now through the smoke-blackened arch across the ditch, and I saw that a glow of crimson was flashing through the mist-wraiths from the farther side of the castle. Then the flames burst out at a second point, and at a third. Robin Hood was making certain that the castle of De Blois should never shelter his villains again!

And then, very suddenly, Lantern gripped my arm.

"Look!" he whispered.

The streaming mists, breaking before the first gleams of the sunlight, were lifting. Like a torn veil, they had revealed to us the ghostly shape of a man not far away from us, walking silently and swiftly towards the road that led from the castle into the woods—a man who led a horse and glanced fearfully about him as he hurried on.

And in a moment I saw that this man was De Blois!

How he had come to be there in the mists I could not dream; though later he realised that he had awaited his opportunity ere coming forth from some secret underground way that led out from the castle. The horse was one of our own which had been tethered by a postern gate, and but for the good fortune that all suddenly had thinned the mists around him, the fugitive would have escaped as easily!

"'Tis he!" cried Little John.

Some way distant though he was,



With a howl of savage triumph De Blois stepped forward. The mace, gripped with both hands, whirled on high. Lantern struggled to rise. But he could never hope to twist aside ere that deadly blow smashed his skull. I leaped forward desperately, and the great broadsword sang through the smoke-laden air. With a mighty clang the blade struck De Blois upon the ribs, sending him crashing down upon his back. (See page 26.)

De Blois heard the words and swung round in alarm. In another instant he knew that he was seen.

He flung himself into the saddle with wondrous agility for a man of his burly frame. No longer did he try to keep silence! The hoofs of his steed rang out sharp and clear as he drove his spurs into its flanks, and went galloping madly down the road. He vanished in a moment, swallowed by the mist.

Lantern sprang lightly into the saddle, his face slight and wondrous gay.

"Quick, Tom!" cried he. "Now's to try the mettle of that destrier of thine!"

Bending low over the mighty stallion's neck, Lantern swept away from us, in wild pursuit of the man who held the knowledge that both we and Hugo, the Black Wolf, had striven so to obtain—the key to the hiding-place of the treasure of Sherwood Forest!

In another moment I had sprung upon

the back of my white destrier, and with the eager shout of Little John echoing in my ears, went thundering upon Lantern's heels!

The Road to York!

HOT upon the heels of Lantern's great piebald stallion, the white destrier neath me went thundering!

De Blois the Red had already vanished into the mists that hung so heavy round the doomed castle. Desperately we urged on our steeds. For if De Blois should escape us, bearing with him the knowledge of where lay the treasure of Sherwood Forest—

For a moment I glanced back. A gleam of smoking crimson flashed to my eyes through the mists, and I thought I could hear a faint roar of flames above

(Continued on the next page.)

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SHERWOOD GOLD!

(Continued from previous page.)

the drumming hoof-beats of my horse. The castle of Guy de Blois would raise its grim battlements to the dawn no'er again! Robin Hood and his outlaws were making very sure of that. A wild exultation filled me. As we swept on 'twas wondrous fine to feel the ease of motion of that glorious horse—the which I had taken from the castle of De Blois—see the fortress was set afire. And when I found that, though we did not gain upon them, we held our own with Lantern and the mighty Hereward, I knew that I indeed possessed a horse worthy to rank with the noblest of its kind!

My face was wet with mist, my hair, tossed back from my forehead in wild confusion, was all glistening with moisture. Ahead of me, like a vague spirit-shape. I could just discern my comrade. And then all suddenly a golden bar of sunlight shot through, as if by magic, dispersing the mists that swirled around us, and we could see the man that we pursued!

De Blois had put aside his armour. He wore now a steel cap and a shirt of chain mail, but his great wince hung at his belt, and a long sword was at his side. As he rode he glanced back, and when he espied us hot upon his heels he drove the spurs furiously into the sweating flanks of his horse.

"'Twas a good, strong beast, and fast;

but 'twas no match for such horses as Lantern and I bestrode, and I felt very sure that ere long we must overtake De Blois the Red!

Down that long road we went thundering. We saw the fugitive vanish 'midst the trees where the road went in among the woods. But ere long we, too, were in the trees, and though we could not see the fleeing man ahead, I thought that I could hear the distant hoof-beats of his destrier throbbing back to us.

(Will Tom and Lantern succeed in capturing the wily De Blois, or will he escape them? Next Monday's fine instalment will tell you boys. Don't miss it!)



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