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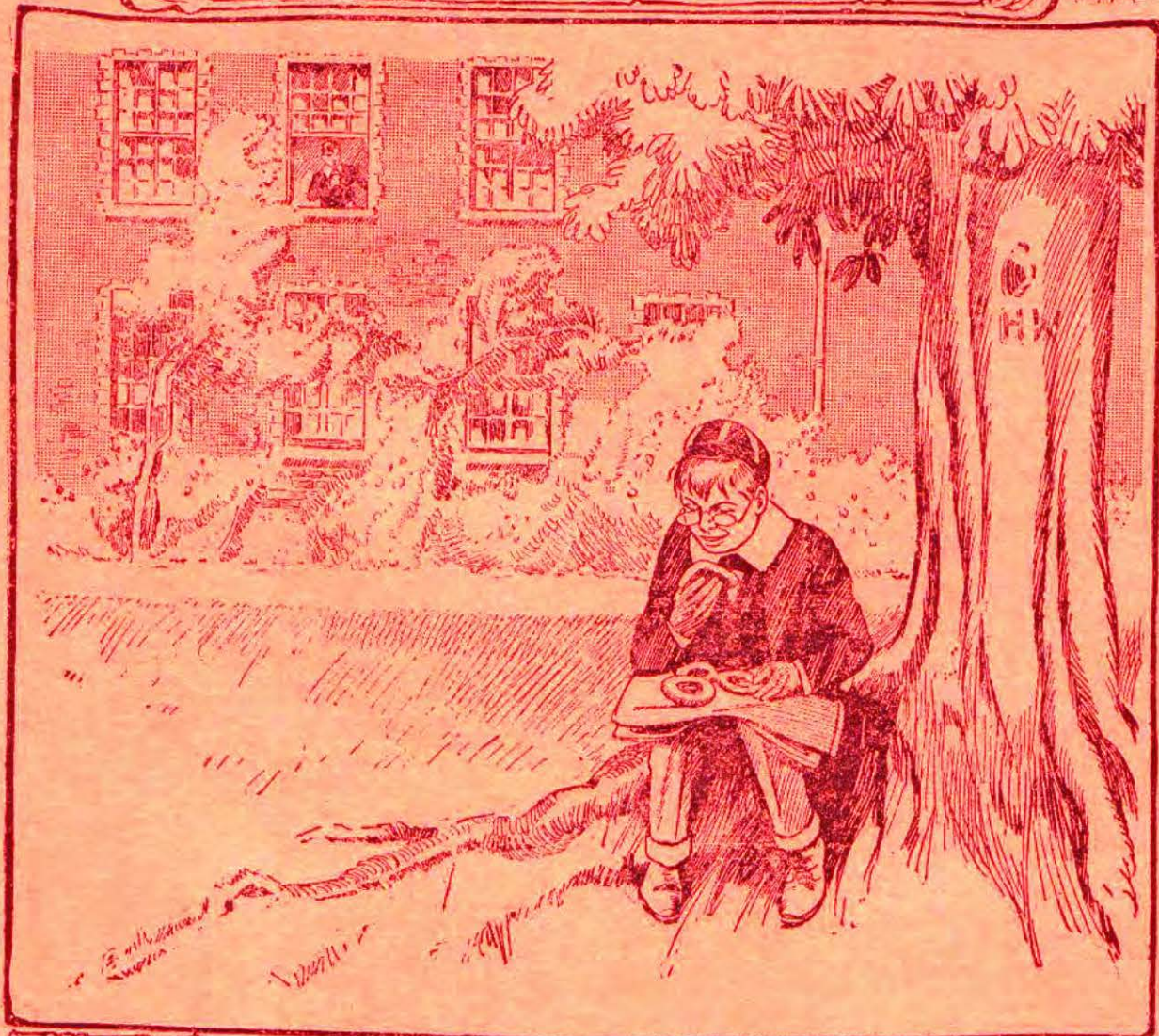
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COMPLETE
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TALE

RIVALS OF THE REMOVE.

By
FRANK
RICHARDS

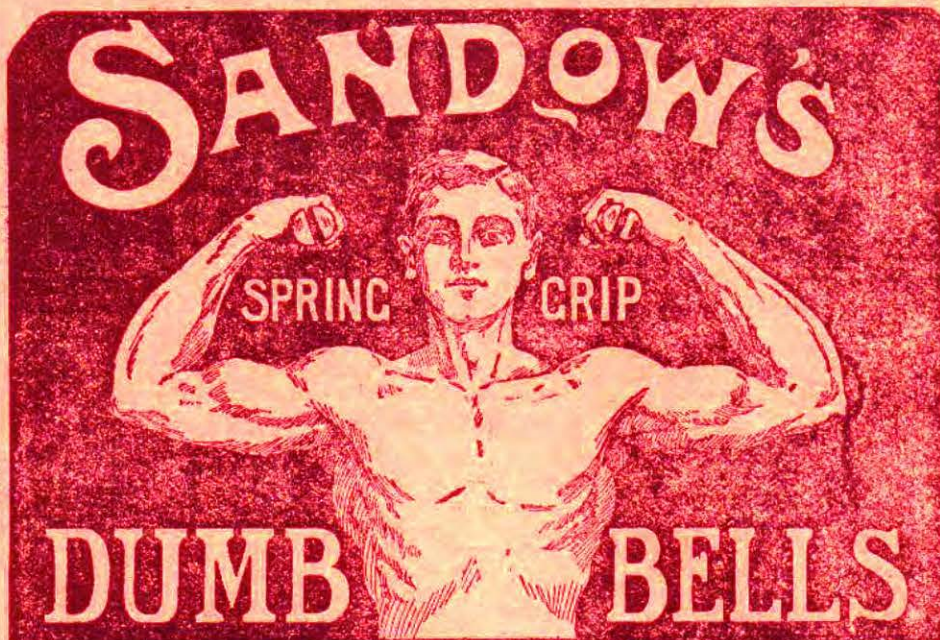


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RIVALS OF THE REMOVE.



A TALE OF THE
GREYFRIARS CHUMS.

BY
FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. English and German.

"**Q**UICK, Wharton!"
Nugent of the Remove dashed into No. 1 study at Greyfriars, in a state of breathless excitement, and gasped out the words. Harry Wharton started to his feet.

"What on earth's the matter?"
"They're after me."
"Who are after you?"
"Hoffman and his lot."
"But—"
"Hark!"

There was a sound of rushing feet in the passage, a howl of guttural German. Harry Wharton sprang to the door and locked it just in time. Nugent had sunk breathlessly upon a chair. The moment after the key had turned, there came a violent kick upon the door from without.

"Open tat door pefore!"

"Rats!" gasped out Nugent. "Rats! and many of 'em!"

There was a terrific thumping on the outside of the door.

"Open, sin't it! Open tat door pefore."

"Go and eat coko!"

"Ye will preak in te door after mit ourselves."

"You're welcome to try," grinned Nugent. "It's thick

oak, as thick as your napper, Fritz Hoffman, which is saying a great deal."

"Mein Gootness! I vill preak it in."

And there were thumps and kicks upon the door in deafening succession. Harry Wharton knitted his brows.

"What's the cause of all this, Nugent?"

Nugent gave a breathless laugh. "Only a row," he said. "Only one more. We've had enough lately to get used to them, I think. I don't believe there's been an hour's peace in the Remove since the foreign chaps came to Greyfriars."

"Well, you're right there," said Wharton, with a smile. "Between Hoffman and the German kids, and Meunier and the French ones, we have had lively times the past week or two."

Thump! thump! thump! Crash! crash! crash!

"By Jove! they'll have the Form-master on the scene if they don't shut up," said Wharton anxiously. "Mr. Quelch has been in a state of lunacy lately about the rows we've had, and he'll come up in a raging temper."

"The asses ought to know better."

"Open tat door pefore."

"Rats!"

"Den ve vill preak it in."

"Break it in if you can, Dutely, but you'll have Quelch on your track if you don't make less row," called out Nugent through the keyhole.

"Ach! I care noting. I will break in the door if you open it not after."

"Go ahead, then."

Thump! thump! thump! Bang! bang! bang!

"But what's it all about?" said Wharton, rather testily.

"How am I to write out my exercise with those lunatics hammering away at the door?"

"Ask me another."

Wharton sat down at the table again and filled his pen with ink. But it was useless to attempt to work. The din was terrific.

"It was just a word I said to Hoffmann in the Form-room," said Nugent. "I only asked him what price German sausages, and he got as ratty as anything. Then I punched his nose—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Then the whole gang wanted to frogs-march me, so I bolted. I tell you, Harry, things are getting too lively at Greyfriars with those foreign bounders here," exclaimed Nugent, with a decided shake of the head.

Harry Wharton nodded. "I've been thinking so myself, Frank."

"You see, we are bound to be the heads of the Form," said Nugent. "As English kids, and native Friars, we naturally take the lead."

"Naturally."

"But Fritz Hoffmann will never see that."

"He's an obstinate ass."

"And Adolphe Meunier can't see it either."

"He's another."

"And the French and German kids don't even agree among themselves," said Nugent. "When they're not rowing us they're rowing each other."

"Exactly."

"They only agree on one point, and that is that the home-grown article—that's us—shan't be the head of the Remove."

"Which is mere rot, of course."

"Only they can't see it."

"They must be made to see it," said Harry Wharton quietly. "We're going to be top dogs in the Remove, Frank, and put the aliens in their places."

"Well, we've tried," said Nugent, rather ruefully, while the hammering at the door continued without cessation. "Bob Cherry has had two stand-up fights with Fritz Hoffmann, and it was a draw each time."

"Yes, they were about equally matched," assented Harry, "and Hurree Singh came to the same conclusion in his fight with Meunier—they both went on to the end, and couldn't stand—and neither was licked."

"Besides, the beggars have pluck," said Nugent. "If we licked them, they'd come up smiling again as soon as they got over it."

"I suppose they would."

Thump! thump! thump! Bang! bang! bang!

"By Jove! they're going it! I wonder Quelch doesn't come up!"

"Perhaps he's gone out."

"I shouldn't wonder; he usually does go out early in the afternoon on a half-holiday," assented Nugent. "I daresay he's gone out, and they know it, and none of the other masters would interfere with the Remove, if they could help it. Hoffmann knows that, too." Thump! thump! thump! "They've got to be licked and put in their places once and for all," said Nugent, "but the question is, how is it to be done?"

"A rather difficult question to answer," said Harry Wharton, laughing.

"Yes, there's the rub."

"I say, they'll have that lock through if they go on like this," said Wharton, after a pause. "That's a stool or something they're banging it with."

"Sounds like it."

"No good opening the door and letting in seven or eight howling Deutschers, either. They would wreck the study."

"That's what they intend to do."

"Well, they'll be disappointed this time." Harry Wharton walked to the study window and opened it. It looked out upon the Close of Greyfriars, shaded by the old elms, quiet and deserted on the half-holiday. A fat little junior wearing an enormous pair of spectacles was eating jam tarts under one of the elms, and Harry's glance at once fell upon him.

"Bunter! Billy Bunter!"

Billy Bunter, otherwise known in the Remove as the Owl, on account of his extremely short sight and the owl-like appearance his big spectacles gave him, looked round him on hearing his name called.

He seemed rather surprised to find that there was nobody in sight.

"By George! I thought I heard someone call!" he murmured, and then resumed eating his jam tarts.

"Bunter!"

Bunter gave a start, and blinked round through his spectacles.

"I say, you fellows, I can see you," he called out, "I can see you hiding behind those trees! You can't take me in."

Harry Wharton burst into a laugh. "The sound of the laugh caught Billy Bunter's ears, and this time he caught the direction also. He looked up and saw Wharton at the study window."

"Hallo, Wharton! Is that you?"

"Yes, ass!"

"Oh, I knew you were there all the time! I——"

"I want you to go and find Bob Cherry and Hurree Singh," called out Harry. "Tell them the Germans are besieging us in our study, and we want them to bring some of the fellows to the rescue."

"Certainly, Wharton."

"And buck up——"

"I shan't be a minute or two finishing these tarts——"

"Go at once," roared Harry. "They'll have the lock in in a minute or two."

"I'm sorry, Wharton, but I must really finish the tarts first. If I leave them till later, I may not be hungry again in time for tea, and——!"

"If you don't go at once I'll give you the biggest licking you ever dreamed about when I get near you," shouted Harry.

"Now, don't get into a bad temper, Wharton——"

"You—you worm! Go at once! They'll wreck the study if they get in, and the lock may give way any moment."

"Oh, very well," said Billy Bunter, resignedly, "I suppose I had better go, Wharton."

"I suppose you had, if you don't want me to break you into little pieces presently, you young pig."

"I wish you wouldn't call me names——"

"Will you go?"

"Yes, but——"

"Go!" roared the exasperated junior at the window. If he had been within hitting distance of Billy Bunter at that moment, the gourmand of the Greyfriars Remove would have been made to feel sorry for himself.

"Oh, very well," said Billy Bunter, and he disappeared among the trees.

And once out of sight of the study window, he halted under an elm to finish his tarts at his leisure, and not till the last crumb had vanished did he proceed to carry out Harry Wharton's directions, and go in quest of the Removites.

THE SECOND CHAPTER. English and French!

"**M**ON Dieu——"
"Rats!"
"Ciel——"
"More rats!"
"I tell you viz my own tongue——"
"Well, you couldn't very well tell me with anybody else's——"
"Cochon——"
"Ass!"
"Beast!"
"Lunatic!"

The argument was growing warm in the gymnasium at Greyfriars. Bob Cherry, of the Remove, was talking to Adolphe Meunier, and the conversation was growing decidedly personal. Behind Meunier stood half a dozen youths of his own nationality, all looking very excited, while a number of fellows belonging to the Remove—the Lower Fourth Form at Greyfriars—were grouped round Bob Cherry. Close by him, and evidently ready for war, stood a dusky-complexioned youth, generally known at Greyfriars as Inky, but more properly called Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, Nabob of Bhanipur.

Matters had long been lively in the Greyfriars Remove. Greyfriars had been invaded by aliens. A foreign academy kept by Herr Rosenblum at Beechwood had closed its doors for financial reasons, and Herr Rosenblum had come to Greyfriars.

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as German master, and many of his boys had come with him. Dr. Locke had hardly foreseen the result, though he had expected that there would be some friction at first. Hurree Singh, the Hindoo, had chummed up with Wharton, Cherry and Nugent, in No. 1 study, as a true British subject. But the Germans and the French boys had made no secret of their intention to be "top dogs" from the start. And, as Nugent had put it, when they were not rowing with the native members of the Remove, they were disputing among themselves. Their old feud at Beechwood had been brought with them to Greyfriars, and the rows on the subject were endless.

"Vat you call me?" exclaimed Meunier excitedly, shaking a clenched fist in the face of Bob Cherry.

"I called you a lunatic—a giddy lunatic."

"Ciel! For zem words I chastise you."

Bob Cherry grinned.

"Righto; chastise away, Froggy."

"Go aheadful," exclaimed Hurree Singh, in the beautiful English he had learned from his native instructor in Bengal. "We are readyful for the rowfulness, my esteemed friends. We shall return you as good as you deliver."

"Nigger!"

The Indian's eyes flashed.

"My worthy Frenchful friend, I shall bestow upon you the dustfulness of the floor—"

"He, he, he," cackled Meunier. "Commencez-vous, and I will—"

Bob Cherry held the excitable Indian back.

"Leave that to me, Inky," he exclaimed.

Hurree Singh shook his head.

"It is to me to wipe up the floor dustfully with him, Cherry. It is impossible for the Nabob of Bhanipur to submit to the insultfulness."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Cochon!" shrieked Meunier. "Come on viz you."

"Oui, oui, come on," shouted Gaston Artois. "Ve vill vipe up ze floor viz you."

"They won't be happy till they get it," said Bob Cherry. "So here goes."

And he rushed at Adolphe Meunier.

The two closed at once, and went staggering about the gym, clutched in a deadly embrace. The next moment Hurree Singh was struggling with Gaston Artois, and then the French and English boys were mixed up in a wild scrimmage.

It was not the first which had occurred since the foreigners came to Greyfriars, by many a one.

Although there was no real ill-feeling at the bottom of the disputes, the rivalry was keen, and seldom slept.

One row ended only to be followed by another, and it was safe to say that at least one of the three parties at Greyfriars was always on the warpath.

The din in the gymnasium was terrific.

The excitable French lads shouted and shrieked as they fought, while the English boys were mostly silent, but all the more determined for that.

The odds, as it happened, were against the French, and they were soon driven into a corner of the gym and penned up there.

But they were not beaten yet.

They faced the foe manfully, with flashing eyes, and shrieks of defiance.

Bob Cherry called his followers on.

"Rush the rotters!" he exclaimed. "We'll take 'em out into the Close and frogs-march them round the school."

"Bravo!" shouted Trevor. "Come on."

"Good. The rushfulness is the good wheeze," exclaimed Hurree Singh.

The combatants had paused for a moment to take breath.

Now the English lads rushed forward again, and the French were fighting like wildcats with their backs to the wall.

The uproar was terrific, when Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars, stepped into the gym. He stared at the scrambling, yelling juniors, and started towards them with a wrathful brow.

"Stop that, you young rascals!"

But the young rascals were too excited to heed him.

They did not even hear him, as they fought and struggled in the corner of the gym. Wingate strode on, and came among them, cuffing right and left. Then they heeded his presence at last.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Trevor, as he reeled away from a hearty cuff. "What's the matter?"

"Stop it, I say."

"Hallo, Wingate! Is that you?"

"Yes. Stop it."

"Stop what?"

"This rowing, you young hooligans!"

The combat ceased at last!

There had been severe damage on both sides, and scarcely a face there but bore very plain traces of the fray.

Black eyes, and swollen noses, and thick ears were plentiful, and torn collars and ripped jackets were not scarce.

The rivals of the Remove stared and glared at each other in unappeased hostility, but the captain's word was law.

Bob Cherry wiped away a stream of crimson that was issuing

from his mouth, and looked at the Greyfriars captain with his usual coolness.

Wingate's brow was very stern.

"What does this mean, Cherry? I suppose I am not far wrong in taking you for the ringleader, as Wharton does not seem to be here."

Bob Cherry grinned.

"Righto, Wingate. I daresay you're about correct," he said cheerfully.

"What do you mean by rowing in the gym like a set of hooligans?"

Bob Cherry looked inquiringly at Hurree Jampot Ram Singh.

"What do I mean by it, Hurree Jampot?" he asked.

The Indian shook his head.

"I have not the knowledgefulness to reply," he said. "The meaningfulness is—"

"You see, Wingate—"

"Yes, I see," said the Greyfriars captain grimly. "I see a cheeky young rascal, and I see that he needs a lesson."

And his finger and thumb closed on Bob Cherry's ear like the grip of a vice.

The Removee wriggled.

"I say, Wingate, let go! You're hurting my ear."

"How curious," said Wingate, with grim humour. "Strange as it may appear to you, Cherry, that is actually my intention."

"Ow! Ow!"

Wingate let him go. Bob Cherry put his hand ruefully to his crimson ear.

"Now, then, what is all this about?" said Wingate.

"Oh, it's only a row, you know."

"Do you mean to say that you were quarrelling for nothing?"

"Yes, I believe so. One must do something on a half-holiday, you know," said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "What were we rowing about, Meunier?"

The French lad grinned expansively.

"Pour passer le temps," he chuckled. "It is really nozzing, Wingate; ve row because ve row, vous comprenez. Zat is all—"

Ciel! Let go my ear!"

Wingate gave the French lad's ear a twist.

"Do you think that is enough?" he asked, releasing it.

"Oui, oui," groaned Adolphe Meunier. "Zat is quite enough, in fact, it is ze too mooch."

"No more of this," said Wingate sternly. "If I catch you scrapping again I'll speak to your Form-master about it, and get you a hundred lines apiece. Remember."

And the captain of the school walked away.

The juniors looked at one another and grinned.

"Kows are off for the present," said Bob Cherry, taking Hurree Singh's arm. "Come along, my black tulip."

"With pleasurefulness," said the nabob.

And they strolled out of the gym. They were met at the door by Billy Bunter of the Remove. He looked at them curiously.

"Hallo, have you been having a row, Cherry?"

"Looks like it, doesn't it?" said Bob, wiping his mouth again with his crimsoned handkerchief.

"Yes, rather. I say, you fellows—"

"Oh, don't bother us now, Billy."

"But I say—"

"I'm going to get a wash," said Bob Cherry. "You look as if you could do with one as well, Jampot, and a clean collar into the bargain."

"I am going to seek the wash and the cleanful collar," said Hurree Singh.

"Come along, then."

"But I say, you fellows—"

"No time now, Billy. We're not going to stand you anything at the tuck-shop, and we've got no tin to lend till your postal order comes, so cut it."

"But I want to tell you—"

"Oh, don't bother."

"But—"

"The botherfulness of the fat sahib is extreme!" said Hurree Singh. "Shall I bestow upon him the punchfulness on the nose, my worthy chum?"

"Certainly."

Billy Bunter retreated.

"But I say, Cherry," he called out from a safe distance,

"Wharton sent me to tell you—"

"Hallo, what's that?" exclaimed Bob Cherry, turning round.

"Wharton sent you to tell me what, Bunt?"

"The German kids are besieging him in his study—"

"Is that true, you young ass?"

"Of course it is. Wharton sent me to tell you—"

"Why didn't you tell me, then?" roared Bob Cherry.

"Haven't I been trying to—"

"Oh, dry up. Get the fellows together, Jampot, and follow me."

"Certainly!"

Bob Cherry dashed off, and the nabob was not long in gathering the heroes of the fight in the gym and following him.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Remove to the Rescue.

THUMP! Thump! Thump!
Bang! Bang! Bang!
The din outside study No. 1 was continuing without cessation. Eight or nine German juniors were gathered in the passage, and Fritz Hoffman, the burly leader of the German faction, was wielding a heavy stool, which he was crashing against the lock of the study door.

Crash! Bang! Crash!
The door gave an ominous groan.
"It is giving in," exclaimed Carl Lutz, Hoffman's chum, gleefully.

Hoffman grinned as he paused to take breath.
"Ja, it is giving in," he exclaimed. "A few more plows like tat and we shall be in to study mit ourselves after."

"Goot! Pang at te lock again."
"Ach! Here goes."
Crash! Bang!
The lock was evidently yielding.

The German lads stood prepared to make a rush as soon as the door should open. The absence of the Form-master gave them an opportunity long desired of bringing their rivalry with study No. 1 to a head.

"Ve vill wreck te study," grinned Karl Lutz. "Ve vill preak eferyting, and rag to pounders till dey not know veder dey are on deir head or deir heel."

"Mein gootness! You vas right, ain't it."
"Te lock is preaking!"
Bang! Crash!

With a snap the lock parted.
The door flew violently open, and Hoffman, with an exclamation of triumph, dropped the stool.

"Come on!" he shouted.
"Ach! Rush tem!"
The German boys made a forward movement.

But within the study stood Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent, each with a bottle of ink raised in his right hand.
"Stop where you are," said Wharton calmly.
Fritz Hoffman hesitated.

The bottle of ink looked rather dangerous, and he had no desire to be drenched from head to foot in its contents.
The fellows behind pushed him on, and he had to enter the study.

He made a virtue of necessity, and, shouting to his comrades to follow, he dashed straight at Harry Wharton.
Harry gave a jerk of the wrist, and a stream of black ink shot into the German's face, and he reeled back with a yell. Nugent discharged his bottle at the same moment, and Karl Lutz received the ink, and staggered away gasping.

The other German lads burst into a loud laugh as they saw their leaders suddenly transformed into nigger minstrels. But they rushed right on.

Wharton and Nugent stood shoulder to shoulder. There was nothing for it but to fight now, against heavy odds, but they were plucky enough for anything.

Two or three of the Germans rolled over under their blows, and then odds told, and they were borne back right across the study by the rush.

Fritz Hoffman rubbed the ink from his eyes and glared about him.
"Hold dem!" he roared. "Haf you got te rotters?"

"Ach! Ja, ja!"
"Hold dem! Ve vill trench dem mit ink demselves after."
"Ha, ha! Ach, we have dem!"

Wharton and Nugent were struggling vainly in the grasp of the Germans. The numbers against them were too great. They were borne to the floor, and secured by the simple process of being sat upon by their adversaries.

With two or three stout Germans sitting upon each of them, they were powerless, and had to give up the struggle.
"Rescue!" bawled Nugent, at the top of his voice.

Fritz Hoffman grinned.
"Ach, dere is no rescue!" he remarked. "Te oder poys are in te gym, and dey hear you not. Ve vill anoint you mit te ink!"

"Ach! Ha, ha, ha!"
"Hold dem tight!"
"Ve have dem, ain't it?"
"I vill soon get te ink!"

Hoffman began rummaging about the study, and the two chums recommenced a desperate struggle to get free. But it was useless. The enemy were too many for them.

"I wonder if that little rotter Bunter gave Cherry my message?" murmured Harry breathlessly. "If not, we're done in."
"Rescue!" yelled Nugent.

There was a sound of pattering feet in the corridor.
"What ho, Remove!" shouted the well-known voice of Bob Cherry, shouting the familiar war-cry of the Remove at Greyfrars.

"Help!" shouted Nugent.
Bob Cherry came dashing into the study.
"Look out!" yelled Karl Lutz.
The German boys were looking out. Two or three of them flung themselves upon Bob Cherry in an instant and he went reeling back, fighting like a tiger against the odds. But other feet were ringing along the passage now.

"Rescue, Remove!" shouted Bob Cherry.
And a familiar voice answered.
"The rescuefulness is coming!"

And Hurree Singh dashed in, with a crowd of Removites at his heels. The Germans at once jumped up from the prisoners, and faced the new enemy; but the tables were fairly turned now.

The odds were on the British side now. The Removites dashed into the fray, and the Germans were knocked right and left.

Wharton and Nugent sprang to their feet and joined in with hearty goodwill, and the German party would have given a great deal just then to have got safely out of No. 1 study. But escape was cut off.

Hurree Singh had slammed the door behind the Removites when they were all in, and was standing with his back to it now. There was no escape for the invaders. The scene in the study was almost indescribable.

The room was not a large one, and there was hardly space for the combatants to move when the rescuers had crowded in.

The furniture was knocked right and left. The table went over with a crash, scattering books and papers and ink on all sides, and the chairs were hurled to and fro.

The Germans were soon mostly on the floor, with victorious juniors sitting upon them, keeping them pinned down. Fritz Hoffman made a desperate dash for the door to escape. But the Nabob of Bhanipur was on guard. He held the German leader at bay until he was seized by Bob Cherry and dragged down, and, with Bob sitting on his chest, Hoffman gave up the struggle. Hurree Singh surveyed the scene with a beaming smile.

"The forefignful bounders are prisoners now," he exclaimed.
"They have wrecked the study, but that is of little importance. We have captured them, and I think the ripping wheeze will be to make the example of them."

"Hear, hear!" gasped Hazeldene.
"Let us go! Ach, you peasts!"
"Mein gootness! You vas crush my chest, ain't it?"

"Ach! I cannot preathee mit meinself!"
"I vas choke, ain't it!"
"Never mind!" said Bob Cherry. "If you choke, we sha'n't miss you much, and we'll see you nicely and comfortably buried you know."

"Ach! You vas a prute!"
"You vas vun peeg!"
"Engleesh peeg!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Now, Wharton, what are we going to do with them?"

Harry Wharton laughed.
"I think Hurree Jampot's idea is a good one!" he exclaimed.
"We'll make an example of them."

"Good! What's the wheeze?"
"Of course, we don't want to hurt them!"
"Ha, ha, ha! They're looking rather hurt already!"

"Are you hurt, Hoffman?"
"Ach! You peast!"
"They are suffering from considerable hurtfulness" said Hurree Singh, in his purring voice, "The duckfulness under the pump would revive them, my worthy friends."

"Ha, ha, good idea!"
"Mein gootness! You vas not——"
"Dry up, Dutchy! You're licked, you know! And this is where we do the talking," said Bob Cherry, giving Hoffman a gentle poke in the ribs with his boot.

"Ach! I tink——"
"You can tink, or tinkle, as much as you like, but do it quietly," said Bob Cherry. "You're dead in this act. Now, then, Wharton, what's to be done with them?"

"I think the ducking under the pump would be rather rough!"
"Well, they look as if they needed a wash!" said Nugent, looking the Germans over with a critical eye.

"Never mind! We're not going to start washing Germans, I suppose? They can wash themselves."
"I don't think they ever do!"

"Ach! Tat is vun untroot after!"
"And what is it before?" demanded Nugent.
"I've got a rather good wheeze," said Harry Wharton, thoughtfully. "The German kids must be taught that our study is sacred territory."

"Rather!"
"And that it mustn't be invaded by any low-down aliens!"
"Mein gootness! I tink——"

"Tink away, but shut up!" said Nugent. "Go on, Wharton!"
"Well, they will have to be given a lesson. I think it would be a good idea to tie them up two and two, and march them

round the Close, as a sort of exhibition of funny animals captured by us—

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Then all Greyfriars will be able to see that we are the top of the Remove," explained Wharton. "If we make an example like that of the German bounders—"

"Ach! I vill gif you Cherman pounders—"

"Shut up, Dutchy!"

"It will show that they're of no account in the Form," said Wharton. "And after that we'll handle the French in the same way, and show them up. When both lots have had a good licking, we may get a little peace."

"Good!"

"Somebody go and find some rope somewhere!" said Harry Wharton, rather vaguely, "and we'll start the procession!"

"Mein Himmel! You vas nefer—"

"Dry up, Dutchy!"

"I vill not try up! I say—"

"No, you don't! Sit on his head, Hazeldene, and make him shut up!"

"Certainly!"

And Hazeldene obeyed, and Fritz Hoffman gasped and perforce was silent.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

The Procession!

"HERE'S the giddy rope!"

"Good! Now to business!"

Harry Wharton gave directions, and the Removites carried them out promptly. Fritz Hoffman and Karl Lutz were the first two to be secured. Their ankles were shackled, so that they could walk with short steps, but could not possibly run, and then Hoffman's right arm was tied to Lutz's left. Then their other arms were bound down to their sides. They stood quite helpless, glowering with rage at the grinning Removites.

"They look nice, don't they?" exclaimed Bob Cherry, gazing at them. "Hoffman looks rather ill-tempered, though. Are you feeling annoyed about anything, Hoffman?"

"Ach! You peasts!"

"Is there anything disturbing your equanimity?"

"Peast! Prute! Pounder!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Do you know what a peast, prute, pounder is, you chaps?"

"Ach! I vill—!"

"Oh, ring off, Dutchy!" said Nugent. "You've had your turn! Now for the others!"

"Buck up!" said Wharton. "The masters are off the scene now, but we never know when they may come along. We want to get the procession over without being interrupted by any obnoxious persons in authority."

"Righto! Shackle them up!"

The German juniors struggled and protested, but it was of no avail. The numbers against them were irresistible.

Two by two they were shackled, till the four pairs of them were fastened up, and all was ready for the procession.

The prisoners were red with rage and indignation, and they naturally shrank from the intended exhibition in the Close, but there was no help for them.

They had entered the lion's den in invading No. 1 study, and now the time had come to pay for their temerity.

"Form them in line!" said Harry Wharton.

"Come along, you bounders!"

"Ve vill not come!" shrieked Hoffman. "Ve vill not come, you peasts! Ve defy you to make us come before!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Push them along!"

"Ach! Ve vill not come!"

"Peegs! Prutes! Ach!"

The Removites, laughing, crowded round the prisoners, and they were shoved and hustled out of the study into the passage.

There, in spite of their resistance, they were bundled along, helplessly, towards the stairs, surrounded by the Removites.

The house seemed to be deserted—and it was well for the chums of study No. 1 that it was so.

It was a fine spring afternoon, and the weather had tempted out all who could go, and there was not a master left in the house.

With plenty of noise and struggling, the Germans went surging down the stairs in the midst of their captors.

Down into the hall, and then out into the bright sunny Close, under the green old elm trees.

"Shove them along!"

"Make the beggars march."

"Ach! I tells you tat I vill not march."

"And I tell you that you will, Hoffs."

"I vill not! I—ow!"

"Shove 'em along!"

"Ve vill not—ow—ow!"

"Make the bounders trot."

And the Germans had to trot. The more obstinate ones were pinched when they halted, and hustled and shoved along. In the midst of the laughing Removites they went forward on their forlorn march round the quadrangle.

"My only hat! What is that?"

EVERY
TUESDAY, The "Magnet" ONE
HALFPENNY.

LIBRARY.

Carberry of the Sixth was coming towards the house, and he stopped in amazement at the sight of the singular procession.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"It's only an exhibition," he explained. "We are exhibiting these curious animals which we have captured."

"Ha, ha, ha! What have you got them tied up for?"

"They're dangerous at close quarters. It's safer to keep them tied up in a state of captivity."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ach! Ve vill preak all your peastly pozes—"

"Come along, Dutchy!"

Carberry stood laughing heartily as the procession passed on. A good many other fellows stared at it in amazement and mirth. Windows opened in various parts of the school buildings, and curious faces looked out.

"Ciel! Vat is zat, zen?"

Adolphe Meunier and his friends came crowding round.

The French juniors were far from pitying the plight of the Germans. They screamed with laughter at the predicament of Hoffman and his comrades, and the furious glares of the prisoners only increased their mirth.

"He, he, he!" cackled Meunier. "Zat is ver' funny."

"Ach, you peastly pounders!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bring them along!"

"March, you beggars—march!"

The procession wound on round the Close, the accompanying crowd growing larger every minute.

Bob Cherry suddenly uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"Cave!"

"What's the matter?"

"The Herr!"

"My only hat!"

It was too late for retreat. The Removites stood their ground, and the procession came to a disorderly standstill.

Herr Rosenblau, the German master at Greyfriars, was bearing down upon the procession, his fat face blank with astonishment.

Herr Rosenblau, formerly headmaster of Beechwood Foreign Academy, had brought his foreign pupils with him to Greyfriars, and the endless disturbances which had followed had worried him considerably since. He was accustomed to rows at his old school; but national rivalry seemed to have taken a new lease of life among the Beechwood boys since they had come to Greyfriars. There had been disputes and fights without limit, but nothing quite so outrageous as what the German master now beheld.

"Poys!" Herr Rosenblau could only gasp out that one word. He stood gazing at the prisoners and their conductors in utter amazement. "Poys!"

"Yes, sir," said Harry Wharton, with his usual calmness, though his heart was beating.

"Poys!"

The juniors were silent enough now.

The German master's eyes rolled, and he gasped like a fish out of water. At last he found his voice.

"Poys, vat does dis mean after, ain't it?"

"What does what mean?" asked Harry Wharton demurely.

"Dis—dis outrage!" shouted Herr Rosenblau. "Vat are dese poys doing tied up mit rope mit demselves? Vat does it mean, I say?"

"It's only a procession, sir."

"Himmel! Vat?"

"Merely a procession, sir, that's all."

"You—you—you—"

"It's all right, sir," said Nugent. "Only a little fun, you know, sir."

"So tat is vat you call fun, Nugent?"

"Yes, sir. Isn't it funny, Hoffman?"

Fritz Hoffman grinned in a sickly way.

He had been far from regarding the affair in a comical light, but he was true blue, and he had no idea of not playing the game. He had got the worst of the row with the Remove, but he was not one to complain because of that.

"Tat is all right," he exclaimed. "It is only a choke, sir."

"Only a choke, Hoffman?"

"Ja, ja, mein Herr."

"You vas not complain of tat treatment?"

"Certainly not, Herr Rosenblau."

"Hoffman is trueful blue, my worthy friends," murmured Hurree Singh.

"Yes, rather!"

"Hoffman! Lutz! Do you tell me tat you do not complain of dis usage, tat you haf noting to say?" demanded Herr Rosenblau.

"Ja, Herr Rosenblau," said Hoffman stolidly. "Tat is only a liddle game vich te Remove poys play mit demselves, after, und ve not mind it at all."

Herr Rosenblau gasped.

"Hoffman, you vas not telling me te trot."

"Ach, Mein Herr!"

"You vas try to excuse dese poys."

"IN HIDING!"

Another Tale of Harry Wharton and his Chums,
by FRANK RICHARDS.

NEXT
TUESDAY.

"It is te troot, sir," said Hoffman obstinately. "It is a game vich ve play, und if ve have got te vorst of it, it is all right."

"Do you all say te same?"

"Ja, ja!"

The German boys all said the same.

Herr Rosenblum looked them over, and he understood, and his face cleared somewhat.

"I tink I know vat you mean, poys. You will not vat you call sneak—"

"There is no sneakfulness about Hoffman," purred Hurree Singh. "I shall stand him the treatfulness at the tuckshop after this."

"But such a scene as dis cannot be made in te Close," said Herr Rosenblum sternly. "Wharton, I know fery vell tat dis is anoder row—"

"All in good part, sir."

"Perhaps; put it is a row und a disturpane of the beace; und I tink tat Hoffman is as mooch to plame as you are—"

"If you please, sir—"

"Silence, all of you! You will take fifty lines each for dis conduct—all of you—"

"Oh, sir—"

"All of you, mind. Now you vill immediately set dese poys loose."

"With pleasurefulness, sahib."

"Let me see it done at vunce."

The juniors soon had the prisoners untied.

"Now," said Herr Rosenblum, with a warning wave of the hand, "if dere is any more rows to-tay, I cane you all mit yourselves after, ain't it!"

And he marched away, with a stern brow; but when he was within the house a smile came over his fat face in the place of the frown.

Harry Wharton gave Hoffman a thump on the back.

"Ach, you peastly pounder!"

"It's all right!" said Wharton hastily, as the German squared up to him. "Rows are off. I was only backing you up."

"Mein Gott! You almost preak mein pack!"

"You're a good sort, and true blue, and it was decent of you to speak as you did."

"Ciel, zat is quite true!" said Adolphe Meunier. "Even ze Sherman may have ze good quality sometime—"

"Vat tat you say, you French pounder?"

"I say zat ze Sherman vas peege," said Meunier defiantly.

"Ach! Rotter!"

"Rottair yourself!"

"I vill pounce your head!"

"Mon Dieu! I vill vipe up ze ground viz you!"

"Peast!"

"Rottair!"

The German and the French junior were rushing at one another by this time. But the English lads rushed between.

"Here, keep off the grass!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "You heard what Herr Rosenblum said—no more rows to-day."

"I do not care for zat Sherman—"

"I vill trash tat French peege—"

"Ciel! I vill—"

"Ach, let me reach tat—"

"Keep off the grass, confound you!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, pushing the excited French junior back. "I tell you you shan't row now."

"Duck 'em under the pump if they won't be reasonable," said Nugent. "It will do them good—both of them."

"Righto! That's a good idea."

But the prospect of a ducking under the pump was apparently not enticing to either the Frenchman or the German.

They gave in, and walked away in different directions, glowering at one another over their shoulders as they went.

"Nice lot of tiger-cats," said Bob Cherry. "Come along, lads; we're well out of that! And I'm jolly glad it was Herr Rosenblum that dropped on us, and not Mr. Quelch or the Head."

"Yes, rather. It was a good jape; and as for the fifty lines, who cares?"

"Nobody!"

"Hallo, what's that fearful row?" exclaimed Nugent, looking back.

There were sounds of deadly strife from under the elm trees.

Harry Wharton burst into a laugh.

"French and German!" he exclaimed.

It was true.

The foreigners had only waited for the departure of the interfering Removites, and they had met again in strife under the elm-trees. French and Germans were engaged in a deadly combat.

"No business of ours," yawned Nugent. "We've done our best to keep the peace. But I say you chaps, things will be lively at Greyfriars if those foreign chaps stay here. I don't believe there's been a day quiet since they came."

"I don't think they will remain," said Harry Wharton.

quietly. "The Head certainly never expected anything like this! I shouldn't be surprised any time to hear that they were going to leave Greyfriars. They're a bit out of place here."

"Well, that's so."

"There is truefulness in what you remark," Hurree Jamset Ram Singh observed, in a thoughtful way. "I should be sorry to leave Greyfriars myself, yet I admit that it would be somewhat sweetful to see my old chums Redfern and Lawrence once more. But if the time is short, let us have as many rows as possible, so that it will be merryful."

And the chums of the Remove laughingly assented.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

New Prospects.

DR. LOCKE, the Head of Greyfriars, wore a worried look. He had just come into his study. He had been absent from the school that afternoon, and had returned to find the French and German boys fighting like wild cats in the Close. He had stopped the fight, and relieved his feelings somewhat by imposing a hundred lines on each of the offenders. But he was worried.

"Dear me!" he murmured, as he stood by the wide study window and looked out into the old Close, with its high trees and green sward. "What has become of the peace and repose which once belonged to Greyfriars. Since the foreign lads came the school seems to have been in a continual uproar."

He stroked his chin thoughtfully.

"I really do not know what is to be done," he murmured. "Although I fully believe that the rivalry in the Remove is not at all bitter or ill-natured, still it is so extremely noisy and incessant in its manifestations that really—"

There was a tap at the door. Dr. Locke turned away from the window with a sigh, and called out to the individual who tapped to come in. It was Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, who entered the study.

The Form-master was looking very grave, and he closed the door behind him with an air of deliberation which showed that he had something important to say, and meant to say it. "Well, Mr. Quelch," said Dr. Locke, looking at him inquiringly.

"I want to speak to you, sir."

"Certainly. Pray sit down."

"Thank you. I am afraid I must broach a rather troublesome subject, sir. It is the presence of the foreign lads in my Form."

Dr. Locke looked more worried than ever.

"Have you any complaints to make, Mr. Quelch?"

"No, not exactly that."

"Do you find the foreign lads dull, or intractable?"

"Oh no, not at all!"

"Then what is the matter?"

"The endless friction, sir, between the boys of different nationalities in the Remove," said Mr. Quelch. "Even in the Form-room, during classes, sir, this breaks out."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, indeed! They are incessantly what they call ragging one another, and if the English boys let the French alone for a time the Germans begin ragging them, and if the Germans are quiet the French are certain to commence hostilities."

Doctor Locke smiled slightly.

"It is a very difficult position, Mr. Quelch."

"So difficult, sir, that it makes it practically impossible to maintain good government in the Lower Fourth Form," said the Remove master.

"So bad as that, Mr. Quelch?"

"Quite as bad as that, sir. The boys seem to have been accustomed to this ragging at their former school at Beechwood, and they seem to be making it a point of honour to keep it up at Greyfriars."

"I am afraid our own lads are none too backward in entering into disputes, Mr. Quelch."

The Remove master nodded.

"That is quite true, sir; but it only makes matters worse. Of course I should take no notice of a few fights or riots out of

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doors. Boys will be boys, and a little horseplay does not make them any the worse. But the latest escapade——

"What has happened?"

"The door of one of the Remove studies has been burst in."

"Is it possible?"

"It is only too true. The lock has been smashed, and the study apparently wrecked. I have questioned the occupants of the study, and they refuse to disclose who were the perpetrators of the outrage."

"They refuse a Form-master, Mr. Quelch!" exclaimed the Head.

"Yes, sir."

"Indeed!" Dr. Locke's eyes glinted. "I shall have to see to this."

"It is evidently another of the usual disturbances, sir. Either the French or the German boys broke in the door to attack Wharton and his friends."

"I suppose so."

"It will be useless to punish the juniors; it is a point of honour with them not to betray their rivals; sneaking, they would call it."

"I understand a schoolboy's sense of honour very well, and there is certainly something to be said for them in this case; but I cannot allow disobedience to a Form-master for any consideration whatever."

"I suppose——" Mr. Quelch paused and hesitated.

"Go on, Mr. Quelch."

"Well, sir, I suppose there is no chance of the new boys leaving Greyfriars?" hinted the Remove master. "I am afraid the discipline of the school will continue to suffer——while they remain."

The Head looked very thoughtful.

"You see, Mr. Quelch, as there is no fault to be found with the lads themselves, save the natural high spirits of youth——"

"I know the case will be a difficult one, sir."

"I must think it over. You are aware that Herr Rosenblau's Foreign Academy at Beechwood failed for financial reasons. The place was paying well, I believe, but the Herr was unable to meet a mortgage made on the place when it was started. Had he applied to me for aid, in time, I should have helped him, on the ground of old friendship; but he did not wish to trouble me. I gladly offered him the post of German master here when I learned how matters were. It was natural that he should bring with him the boys whose parents did not wish them to return to France or Germany."

"Yes, I suppose so; but——"

"I foresaw some trouble, but of course nothing like what it has turned out to be." The Head pursed his lips. "I don't know whether anything can be done, but I shall turn it over in my mind."

And Mr. Quelch bowed and withdrew. He left the Head in a thoughtful and troubled mood.

Dr. Locke paced to and fro in the study till another knock at the door interrupted his reflections.

"Come in," he said resignedly.

It was Herr Rosenblau who entered this time. The fat, good-natured face of the German was unusually grave in expression.

"I have to express to great sorrow, Herr Doctor!" he exclaimed.

"What is the matter, Herr Rosenblau?"

"I am speaking of the trouble which have been made since mein boys arrive at school," said the German master, with a dejected look. "Dere have been no peace."

"My dear Herr——"

"At Beechwood dere was rows," said Herr Rosenblau, shaking his head; "but noting like vat is going on now. At Beechwood te parties vas about equally matched in numpers, und dey keep each oder in order to some extent; but here——"

"But——"

"But here, my dear Herr Doctor, it is different. Te French and te German boys are so outnumbered by te Engleesh boys dat dey have no real chance. When te Remove unite against dem, dey go to te vall at vunce."

"I suppose so; but surely that should make for peace in the long run," said Dr. Locke.

Herr Rosenblau shook his head.

"But not at all, Herr Doctor. It only make te boys more determined to vat dey call keep deir end up, and so te row's nefer at an end."

"Yes, I dare say that is a natural result."

"I tink I have given you great trouble by pringing mein boys to Greyfriars."

"Oh, not at all; you must not look at it in that light, Herr Rosenblau!" exclaimed the doctor at once.

"I tink I must, Herr doctor; I really vish tat I had been able to keep Beechwood going, and in tat case——"

The doctor looked very thoughtful.

"What if you re-opened the school at Beechwood, Herr Rosenblau?" he said suddenly.

The German master shook his head.

"Te mortgages have closed on it."

"But the payment of the amount required——"

"Ja, tat would make all te difference, of course; but I have not te money."

EVERY
TUESDAY, The "Magnet." ONE
HALFPENNY.

"How much would be required, if I may ask?"

"Five thousand pound," said the German, with a hopeless shake of the head.

"Yet the school was paying its way?"

"So! and in two-three years I should have paid it off. But te mortgages knew dere vas coal on te land, and it fery valuable, so dey gif me no time. But it is not yet too late if I found te money. Put——" The German made a hopeless gesture. "I have not te tenth part of it."

"But if it were advanced to you?"

Herr Rosenblau coloured.

"Ach, Herr Doctor, I did not come to Greyfriars as a peggur."

"I wish you had told me when the difficulty arose, and I would have aided you at once!" exclaimed the doctor.

"Perhaps I should have done so; put te boor Sherman master has bride," said Herr Rosenblau.

"But this loan I am speaking of."

"Ach, nein, Herr Doctor!"

"You could repay the money if the school, as you say, is really a success. You could give me interest, if you liked."

"Ach, dat is anoder matter, of course."

"We will talk it over, Herr Rosenblau. I should gladly have helped you at the time had I known of your difficulty; and I would gladly help you now."

The tears stood in the eyes of the German master, as he grasped the doctor's hand. It was easy to see how dear to his heart his school had been, and how gladly he would revive Beechwood Academy if the opportunity came. And it was coming!

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.
Called Before the Head.

"WHARTON!"

"Yes, Wingate!"

The captain of Greyfriars was looking into No. 1 study, where the chums of the Remove were preparing tea. Billy Bunter was laying the table, and Nugent was poking the fire under the copper kettle. Bob Cherry was untying a parcel, which had evidently just been brought up from the school shop.

"You are wanted in the Head's study," said the Greyfriars' captain, briefly.

Bob Cherry gave a whistle.

"Hallo, has the Herr reported us, after all then, about the procession?"

"He wouldn't do that, Bob, after giving us an imposition himself."

"No, I suppose not. Then what——"

"I fancy it's about what's happened in this study," said Harry Wharton. "You know Quelch wanted to know who busted in the door."

"We couldn't very well give Hoffmann away."

"I thought Quelch hadn't finished with the matter," said Nugent, shaking his head. "He's handed it over to the doctor."

"The time of payfulness for the little jape has arrived," said Hurree Singh; "but we cannot tell the doctor any more than we told to the respected Form-master sahib."

"Hardly!"

"It is sneakful to give away the German rotters," said Hurree Singh. "Besides, whoever is saucy to a goose must also be saucy to a gander, as your English proverb says."

"Ha, ha, ha! Where did you learn that English proverb, Inky?" asked Bob Cherry.

"It was written in the copybook of my respected instructor in Bengal."

"Well, are you going, Wharton?" interrupted Wingate.

"Certainly."

"Aren't the rest of us wanted?" inquired Bob Cherry.

"Only Wharton was mentioned to me, but if any of you others were in the row, you can suit yourselves about going along with him," said Wingate.

And the Greyfriars captain walked away.

"Well, we'll all come!" said Nugent decidedly.

"No need for that," said Wharton quietly. "If it's a licking, one is enough, and I can stand it. You stay where you are."

"Rats! We're all coming!"

"Certainly. The lickfulness must be endured by all who had concern in the rowful disturbance," said Hurree Singh.

"Well, only Nugent and I were here when they busted the door in——"

"We were all in the row," said Bob Cherry. "Besides, if it's a licking, and there are four of us to take it, the Head will lay it on more lightly."

"There's something in that!"

"Of course there is. Come on, all together!"

And the chums of the Remove quitted the study.

They were looking rather serious as they approached the

Head's study. It was no light matter for a junior to be called into that dreaded apartment.

Harry Wharton knocked at the door, and led the way into the study. Dr. Locke raised his eyes and fixed them upon the quartette.

"I think I sent for you only, Wharton."

"I am here, sir."

"We have all come, sir," said Bob Cherry diffidently, "as we all had as much to do with the row as Wharton had."

"Indeed! What I wish to know is, how the door of your study came to have the lock broken?" said the Head sternly.

"It was broken in, sir," said Wharton.

"I know that. Who broke it?"

The juniors were silent.

"Was it broken in from outside by a party of juniors attacking the study?"

"Ye-es, sir."

"Who were the juniors?"

Silence again.

"Why do you not answer me?" said the Head quietly.

"It would be sneaking, sir," said Harry Wharton.

"Unless the names of the culprits are given to me, I shall have no alternative but to consider you, yourselves, responsible for what has happened, and to punish you severely for the damage done."

The faces of the juniors brightened visibly.

Between respect for the Head, and a determination not to betray Hoffman and his friends, they had been in a difficult position.

To escape from the dilemma at the cost of a licking was a relief to them.

"We have no objection to that, sir," said Wharton immediately.

The doctor compressed his lips a little.

"Then you may hold out your hand, Wharton."

He took up his cane. Wharton obeyed, and received two cuts on either hand, well laid on, too. Then each of the heroes of the Remove received the same. The cane stung their palms keenly in the experienced hand of the doctor, but they bore the infliction without a murmur.

Dr. Locke laid down the cane.

"You may go," he said quietly. "Your pocket-money will be stopped to pay for the damage done, and I am afraid it will leave you penniless for some time. You have only yourselves to blame for that. You may go."

"Thank you, sir."

And the juniors left the study.

In the passage outside they looked at one another with dubious expressions, while they twisted their smarting hands under their arms.

"By George! The Head has come down heavy this time!" murmured Bob Cherry. "I say, what are we going to do for tin in the next few weeks?"

"Blessed if I know," said Nugent. "I'm nearly broke now!"

"And I'm quite," said Harry Wharton. "I blued the last shilling in the tuck shop half an hour ago for tea."

"Fortunately, I am still in a somewhat cashful condition," murmured Hurree Singh. "It will be pleasurable to me to stand the treachery of my esteemed chums."

"Good old Inky!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, slapping him on the shoulder. "But your pocket-money will be stopped, you know, so you will want to be economical, too."

"What I have is at the service of my respectable chums," answered Hurree Singh, "and if I fall short of the filthy lucre, I have that which I can raise money upon pawnably!"

"Eh! What's that?"

Hurree Singh slipped his hand into his pocket and drew out a little case, which he opened, and a dazzling glitter shot from the dark velvet lining.

"My hat! Is it a diamond?"

"Yes, and a very valuable one."

The juniors looked at the big stone in amazement. It was a very large diamond, beautifully cut, and its value must have been very great.

"Where did you get that from?" asked Bob Cherry.

The nabob smiled.

"I have many like it, in the treasury of Bhanipur," he replied. "This one I had set as a tie-pin, as you see, but it was explained to me by the respectable Herr Rosenblum that it was not cautionful to wear it in public, as it might tempt the fingers of the thievish persons. It is worth a hundred pounds."

"Well, you'd better keep it out of sight," said Harry Wharton. "It's not safe for a kid to have a stone like that about him. As for pawning it, I fancy no pawnbroker would lend you anything on it, Hurree Singh. He would want to be satisfied first that you had a right to it."

"I am Nabob of Bhanipur—"

"Never mind; pawnshops are barred," said Bob Cherry. "We'll rub along somehow without that. Let's get in to tea!"

The chums of the Remove returned to their study. Billy Bunter had the kettle on the boil, and he made the tea as soon as he heard them coming.

In spite of their smarting hands, the juniors enjoyed their tea in the cosy study. And their late punishment had not the slightest effect so far as restoring peace in the Remove was concerned. For while they ate they discussed further plans of campaign, having for their object the defeat and complete setting-down of the alien members of the Form.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Broke!

THE chums of the Remove soon forgot about the caning in the Head's study, but they felt the rest of their punishment for a longer time. The stoppage of their pocket-money was a serious matter. The charge for repairing the door of No. 1 study and replacing the broken lock was a considerable one, and it was probable that the pocket-money of the four chums would be stopped for weeks before the bill was quite paid.

A natural delicacy prevented the chums from acquainting Hoffman with the state of the case. They had taken the punishment upon their own shoulders rather than give the Germans away, and they felt that they were in honour bound to stick it out, as Bob Cherry expressed it.

"We can't say anything to the Deutchers," said Bob Cherry decidedly, while the chums of the Remove were discussing the matter on Saturday. "That would spoil the whole thing. We've taken it on, and we must stick it out."

Harry Wharton nodded a full assent.

"You are quite right there, Cherry. Not a word to the Germans on the subject."

"Only what are we to do for tin?" said Nugent. "We have now come to the end of Hurree Singh's cash, and we are all stony!"

"I am sorrowful that I have no more cashfulness to place at the disposal of my respectable chums," said the nabob.

"My dear chap, you've come to the rescue like a nabob, and that's all right!" said Bob Cherry. "Of course, we shall square up later. But the question is, what's to be done now?"

"The painful method——"

"Won't do, kid."

"But the diamond would fetch——"

"My dear chap, the first question the pawnbroker would ask would be, where you got the diamond from," said Harry Wharton.

"I should acquaint him with the fact that I am the Nabob of Bhanipur, and that I have many such stones in my treasure-chamber in my Indian palace."

"But he might believe that you were romancing."

"If he had the doubtfulness of the veracity of a Nabob of Bhanipur, I should smite him upon the nasal feature with the powerfulness of the right arm."

"That wouldn't improve matters."

"It wouldn't improve his nasal feature, either. Besides he might call a policeman, and have you run in."

"Anyway, it might come out that a Greyfriars fellow had been to a pawnshop, and that would mean a row with the Head," said Harry Wharton. "It won't do, Inky. We must think of something else."

"I have the bowful submission to the wilfulness of the working majority," said Hurree Singh gracefully.

But the "something else" was not easily thought of, and the juniors had to give up the discussion without having thought of any method of raising the wind.

It was Saturday, and a half-holiday, and on such an occasion the chums of the Remove particularly felt the need of a little cash in hand.

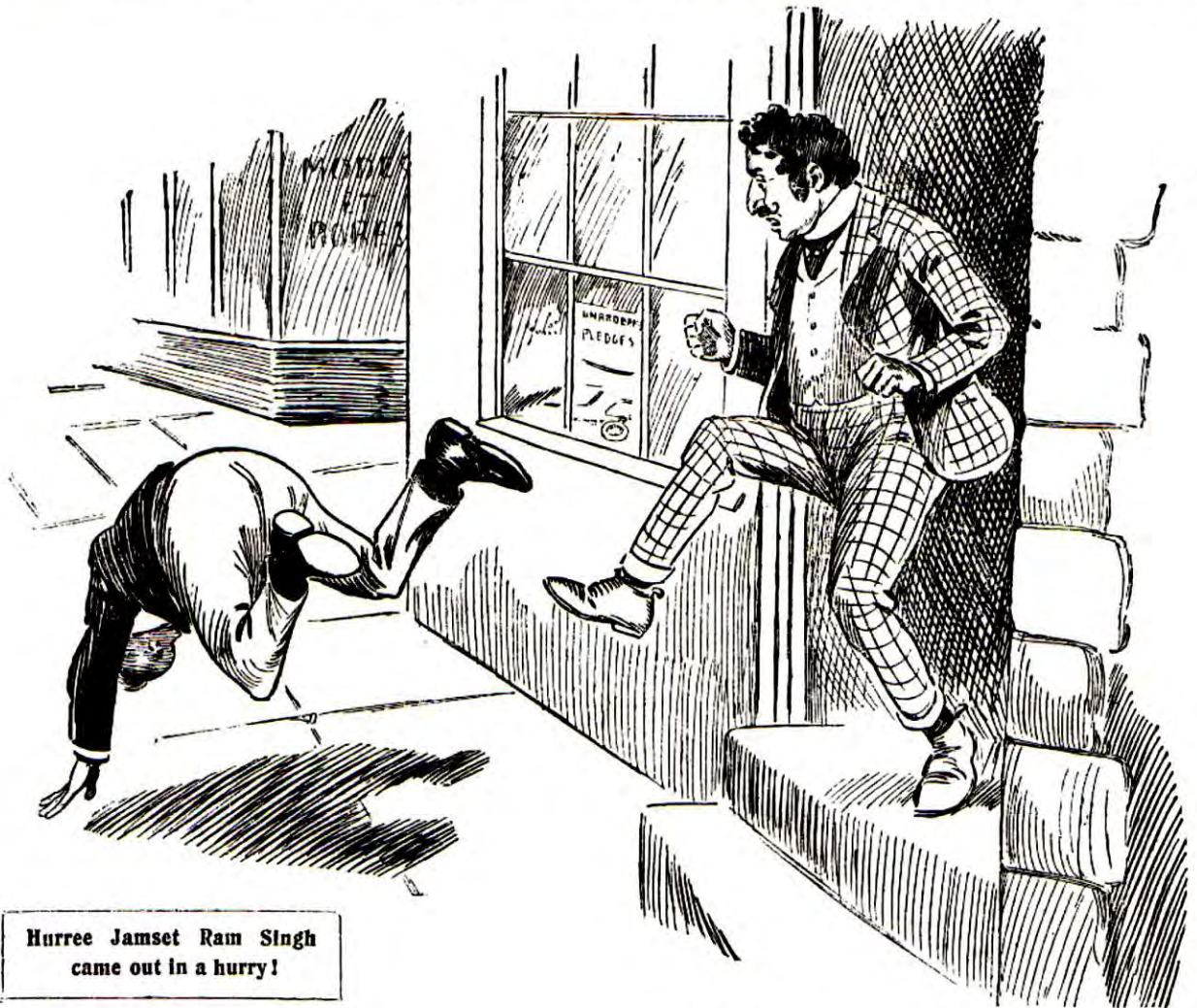
But they were all in a stony state, and every expedient devised for relieving their necessity was found to be impracticable.

There was nothing for it, as Harry Wharton finally said, but to grin and bear it.

But Hurree Singh's thoughts were busy on the subject.

He was pained by the thought that he could do nothing to help his chums in the hour of need, and his mind was still running upon the idea of pawning the diamond in the village and so raising money.

The difficulties raised by his chums did not change his mind upon that point. As for the risk of the fact coming out that a Greyfriars fellow had been to a pawnshop, that would not happen if he were careful. It would be a good idea to take a friend along with him to prove that he was Nabob of Bhanipur and had a right to dispose of the diamond if he wished. But as he intended to keep the pawning secret, at least for the present, he could not ask one of his chums, who had objected to the scheme. He turned the matter over in his mind, as he strolled out alone under the old Greyfriars elms, and he was still thinking it out when Hazeldene of the Remove joined him.



Hurree Jamset Ram Singh
came out in a hurry!

The nabob looked at him inquiringly.
"I say, I want to speak to you, Inky," said Hazeldene, in the ingratiating way which had earned him the nickname of Vaseline in the Remove. "Can you spare a minute?"
"Certainly."
"I'm rather broke to-day—my allowance hasn't come down—"
"I am sorry—"
"Could you lend me half-a-crown till next Saturday?"
The Indian looked really concerned.
"I am regretfully sorrowful, Vaseline, but I cannot. I really wish that I could perform the lendfulness, but I have no cash in the pocket."
Hazeldene looked incredulous.
"You're always rolling in money," he said. "You get, your allowance to-day, too. Why don't you say at once that you won't?"
"If you imply doubtfulness upon my assertiveness, Vaseline I shall wipe up the ground dustfully with you."
"Oh, keep your wool on! But—"
"The fact is, that I am in the brokeful condition, because my allowance has been stopped by the respectable and esteemed Head."
"What for?" was Hazeldene's natural question.
Hurree Singh explained.
"Then why don't you ask Hoffman to stand something?" asked Hazeldene.
Hurree Singh's lip curled.
"I do not wish to do anything of that sort. It is a secret from the esteemed German rotters."
"Ha, ha! Well, haven't you anything you can raise money on?" asked Hazeldene practically. "There's a pop-shop in the village."
"A what?"
"A pawn-shop," said Hazeldene, colouring a little.
The nabob started eagerly.
"That is what I was thinking of," he said. "Will you

come with me to raise money at the popping establishment, and I will lend you the sovereign or the two sovereigns, and will not ask you for the return payfulness?"
Hazeldene's eyes glimmered with covetousness at the idea.
"Will I come? Rather!"
"My gratefulness will be very great."
"But what have you to pawn?" asked Hazeldene.
The Indian drew the little case containing the diamond from his pocket. Hazeldene uttered an exclamation of amazement at the sight of the splendid stone.
"Why, that must be worth a heap of money!" he exclaimed.
"It is worth two thousand rupees, my esteemed friend."
"And is it yours?"
"I have many such in my treasure chamber in the city of Bhanipur."
"My word! I wish I knew the way into that treasure chamber," grinned Hazeldene. "But, I say, the pawnbroker will want to know all about this."
"You can bear the witnessfulness that I am really the respectable Nabob of Bhanipur, and honestly the ludicrous possessor of the precious stone."
"Ha, ha! I suppose I can."
"Then let us proceed swiftly to the shop of the popper."
"May as well try, anyway."
"I will go and put on my coat, as the weather looks somewhat rainful, and I will join you in a few minutes," said Hurree Singh.
"Good! I'll wait for you at the gate."
The two Removites walked away. And barely had they disappeared, when two grinning faces peered round the big trunk of a tree close at hand.
The faces belonged to Meunier and Gaston Artois. The French chums had heard the whole of the talk between Hurree Singh and Hazeldene.
"Mon bleu!" murmured Meunier, grinning expansively.
"Vat zink you of zat, my shum?"
"Zey go to ze pawn-shop," said Artois. "It would be ze

"IN HIDING!"

Another Tale of Harry Wharton and his Chums,
by FRANK RICHARDS.

NEXT
TUESDAY.

good shoke to take all ze fellows and meet zem coming out, and cheer zem."

"He, he, he! Zat would be funny."

"Let us get ze garçons togezer, zen."

Adolphe Meunier shook his head.

"Zat would be funny, Gaston; but I have ze better idea in my head."

"Ciel! and vat is zat, mon ami?"

"Zey go to ze pop-establishment to pawn ze diamond—"

"C'est vrai! And zen?"

"Suppose, ven zey reach ze pop-establishment zey no longer have ze diamond?"

Artois stared at his chum.

"But how? In vat vay?"

"Come viz me."

Meunier, chuckling to himself over his idea, led the way towards the School House. He explained to Artois as he went.

"Ze Indian vill go opstairs to put on ze greatcoat. Ve sall find him alone."

"Zat is true."

"Ve sall collair him and take ze case from his pocket—"

"But zen he vill know zat ze diamond is gone!"

"Ve must do it vizout his knowing."

"Good!—if it can be done."

"You vill see. You sit on ze head and rub ze features in ze carpet, and he vill not be sinking of anything at ze time."

"Ha, ha, ha! Zat is right."

"Ve put a marble in ze case instead of ze diamond!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Zen ze pawnbroker have zat offered to him! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" cackled Artois.

"I zink ze veeze vill work."

"I zink so. Ha, ha, ha!"

And the French lads hurried into the house and up the stairs, on the track of the unsuspecting Hurree Singh.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

The Popping Sahib Loses His Temper!

HURREE JAMSET RAM SINGH was changing his coat without a suspicion that the French juniors knew anything about his project, or had any knowledge of the existence of the diamond. When two mischievous faces looked in at the door, he did not observe them, and he did not know that foes were at hand till he heard a sudden rush of feet—and then it was too late!

"Seize him!"

He was grasped and dragged to the floor before he could think of resistance. He went down with a bump, and Gaston Artois sprawled over him, and Adolphe Meunier grasped him round the neck and flattened his princely features upon the floor.

"Oh! Ow! Leave off!"

"You vas ze prisoner zen!"

"I will dustfully wipe up the floor with you!"

"Sit on ze nigger harder, Gaston!"

"Oui, oui!" grinned Gaston.

"Vill you surrender now?"

"No, I will not surrender to you Frenchful bounders!"

gasped Hurree Singh, struggling manfully under the weight of the two juniors.

His resistance did not trouble the French chums much. In the struggle it was easy for Meunier to slip his hand into the pocket where he had seen Hurree Singh replace the case containing the diamond.

Hurree Singh, with his face in rough contact with the carpet, could not see either that the French lad had taken the case, or what he was doing with it.

In a few moments it was slipped back into his pocket, and he was totally unconscious of the whole proceeding.

"Now vill you surrender?"

"Never!"

"Zen ve vill tie you up to ze shair and leave you here," grinned Adolphe Meunier.

Hurree Singh changed his mind. He thought of Hazeldene waiting for him at the gate of Greyfriars, and of the necessity of raising money for the needs of study No. 1 by taking the diamond down to the pawn-shop in the village.

"I—I surrender, you rotters!" he gasped. "You are twofully to one superior in number, and there is no disgracefulness in surrendering to the great oddfulness."

"You confess zat you are beaten?"

"Certainly."

"Zen ve vill allow you to go," said Meunier, rising. "Let ze niggair get up, my shum."

And Hurree Singh was allowed to rise.

He got upon his feet, looking very dusty and wrathful. He rubbed the dust from his clothes and eyed the French chums indignantly.

"I would inflict upon you the severe thrashfulness if I had time!" he exclaimed. "Another time I will visit you with the condignful punishment."

The French juniors grinned as they walked away. Out of sight of the nabob, they hugged each other with glee.

"He know nozzing of vat I have do," said Meunier.

"Nozzing vatofer," grinned Artois.

"He vill go down to ze pop-establishment—"

"Viz ze marble in ze case. Ha, ha, ha!"

"It is too funny. Ha, ha, ha!"

Hurree Singh came out, and gave the French juniors a wrathful look as he passed them. Hazeldene was waiting for him at the gate, and the two walked down the lane together.

"You've been a long time," said Hazeldene.

Hurree Singh explained the cause of his delay.

"Well, it doesn't matter," said Hazeldene. "The shop keeps open all the afternoon. We had better take care not to be seen going into it. There would be a row if it were known at the school that a Greyfriars fellow had been to the pawnbroker's, I can tell you."

"That is quite rightfully the case, my respectable friend. It is only an emergency of extreme greatness which justifies the breaking of the rule."

"Oh, blow that!" said the less conscientious Hazeldene.

The juniors soon reached the village, and entered the pawning establishment quietly and quickly by the side door. A young man with black eyes and a very prominent nose asked them what he could do for them.

Hurree Singh, though he was making the sacrifice for the sake of his friends, felt a keen sense of uneasiness at really finding himself inside a pawnbroker's shop.

He coloured a little as he met the eyes of the young man with the prominent nose, and felt hastily in his pocket for the case.

"I believe that you perform the lendfulness to the needy person?" he remarked. "I am in want of cash."

"Do you mean that you want to pawn something?"

"That's it," said Hazeldene. "Cut the cackle, Inky, and let's get out."

"Certainly."

"Well, what is it you wish to pledge?"

Hurree Singh handed the case over the counter.

"I wish to raise a loan upon that diamond, if you please. It is worth two thousand rupees, but I wish you to lend me only the common or garden ten-pound note, in order to increase the easfulness of the future redemption."

The young man behind the counter opened the case. He looked at what it contained, and then looked at the beaming face of Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. Then he looked at the stone again. The expression of his face was very grim.

He could only possibly conclude that the two Greyfriars juniors had come into the shop with the deliberate object of working off a joke upon him upon his busiest day in the week, and his wrath naturally rose at the thought.

"So you want to raise money on this, do you?" he asked.

"Certainly."

"It's worth a hundred pounds," said Hazeldene; "but we only want a tanner on it."

"You only want ten pounds? Why not make it twenty?"

"The ten will do, thank you, my respectable popping friend," said the nabob. "I wish, as I had the honour of mentioning, to make more easyful the redemption of the popped article."

"I see," said the young man, with ominous quietness. "Wait just a minute, will you?"

"Certainly."

The young man disappeared for a moment, and the next moment he came out from behind the counter, and seized the two juniors by the collar, one in each hand.

He was a powerfully built young man, and the juniors were too taken by surprise to resist, and they were helpless in his hands.

"So you wish to pawn this valuable stone for ten pounds, do you?" said the young man wrathfully. "I'll teach you!"

"What's the matter?" gasped Hazeldene.

"The popping person is insaneful."

"If you don't want to lend the money—"

"Return my valuable diamond—"

"Out you go!"

With two strong jerks, the young man dragged them to the door, kicked it open, and then slung them out across the pavement.

The amazed juniors went reeling away, and fell sprawling. They sat up on the pavement and stared at each other, and at the young man standing glaring wrathfully at them from the doorway of the pawn-shop.

"He is dangerously insane!" gasped the nabob.

"Go away, you young scoundrels, or I'll come out to you!"

"He's off his rocker, for a cert."

"Got away from here!"

"Return me my valuable diamond, and I will execute the swift departfulness!" exclaimed the nabob, rising to his feet. "You are a rudeful and brutal individual, and I despise you. Return me the diamond!"

"There you are!"

The young man returned the case containing the stone with

a whiz. It struck Hurree Singh on the nose, and elicited a sharp cry. Then it fell to the pavement.

The door of the shop closed with a slam.

Hurree Singh rubbed his nose in rueful amazement. He could not comprehend the conduct of the young man in the least, except upon the supposition that he was insane. And the young man had looked excited and angry, but hardly insane.

"What does it mean, Vaseline?"

"Blessed if I know, unless he's right off his giddy rocker," growled Hazeldene, rubbing his limbs ruefully.

Hurree Singh glanced at the box on the pavement. It had jerked open in the fall, and the stone had rolled out of it—and the nabob gave a cry of astonishment at the sight of it.

"Look!"

"What's the matter?"

"My diamond is gone."

"What?"

"This worthless stone is put in the place of it," said Hurree Singh, picking up the case and the stone and regarding both in utter bewilderment.

Hazeldene gave a snort.

"Oh, I see; that explains. No wonder he got wild when you offered him a marble and asked him to lend you ten pounds on it, you utter ass."

"But the diamond was in the case."

"Rats! You've made an idiotic mistake."

"But it was in the case when I showed it you under the trees at Greyfriars."

"I know it was."

"And I have the complete certainty that I have not opened the case since," said Hurree Singh.

Hazeldene sniffed.

"You must have, and forgotten about it—or else someone has played a trick on you. My word, I see it now!"

"What do you see, my respectable friend?"

"One of the biggest asses at Greyfriars," growled Hazeldene. "Of course, that is what Meunier and Artois were up to when they collared you before you came out—they managed to change the diamond for the marble somehow."

"Surely it is impossible!"

"Rats!" growled Hazeldene.

"Perhaps it is so—but I do not understand—"

"Well, it's all up now, and we've had our journey for nothing," said Hazeldene. "I'm off, Inky."

"Do not be too hasty, Vaseline. I can take in my watch to the popping gentleman, and obtain the loanful consideration on that."

Hazeldene grinned.

"I don't suppose you'll find him in a very reasonable mood just now, Inky. I'd advise you not to go into that shop again."

"But surely he would not be so rashful as to refuse the good stroke of business," urged the nabob.

"Well, try him, that's all."

"Come in with me."

"No, thanks; I'll wait for you here."

"Very well. I am sure he will listen to reason when I give him the complete explanation of the extremely great error I have fallen into with regard to the diamond."

And Hurree Singh re-entered the shop.

The young man behind the counter stared at him, apparently hardly able to believe his eyes at the sight of the dusky nabob.

"So you've come back again!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sahib; I wish to make the polite and esteemed explanation—"

"Get out!"

"But I wish to explain—"

"Are you going?"

"I beg of you to have the esteemed patience, my worthy popping-sahib, until I have made the respectable explanation."

The popping-sahib seemed to have got quite to the end of his esteemed patience. He rushed round from behind the counter and dashed at the nabob.

Hurree Singh saw that it was dangerous to linger, and that there was no time for esteemed explanations just then. He made a spring for the door.

He had thrown it open again, and was just darting out, when the young man reached him, and took a running kick. His boot gave the nabob a powerful lift behind, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh went out flying, and landed on his hands and knees on the pavement.

Hazeldene burst into a roar.

"Ha, ha! I thought it would end like that."

The young man of the shop bestowed a glare upon the two juniors, and slammed the door, and Hurree Singh rose rather painfully to his feet.

"I consider that popping-sahib is a rudeful and brutal scoundrel," he remarked. "I wish my worthy chums were here, and we would ruid the shop and give him what you English call an elevated old time."

"Ha, ha! Come along."

"I suppose there are no other popping establishments in the village?" asked Hurree Singh, loth to give up his idea of raising the wind.

"Not likely."

"Then we had better return to Greyfriars."

And the juniors walked rather disconsolately back to the school. Harry Wharton met them in the Close, with a rather puzzled expression upon his face.

"I've been looking for you, Hurree Singh," he exclaimed.

"I have been to the esteemed village. What is it?"

"Meunier gave me this to give you," said Harry, extending a small packet to the nabob. "He made no explanation, but just shoved it into my hand, and said it was for you, something that belonged to you."

Hurree Singh took the packet and opened it. He suspected what it was, and he was not mistaken. The opening of the little packet disclosed the glittering diamond of Bhanipur, and Harry Wharton gazed at it in amazement.

"What does that mean, Hurree Singh?"

And the nabob, with a beautiful blush in his dusky face, explained; and Wharton shouted with laughter. And so did the rest of the Remove when Hazeldene told them the story.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

A Riot in the Remove.

"WHARTON!"

"Yes, sir."

"I leave you in charge of the class for a few minutes."

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Quelch cast a rather doubtful glance for a moment at the Remove as he crossed to the door. A fog had just brought him in a note. It was Monday morning, and the Remove were hard at work in their class-room, English, French, and German, all grinding away at Latin. The note evidently necessitated the departure of the Remove-master for a time, and he was dubious as to how his unruly class would conduct itself in his absence.

"You will be quiet, boys, and continue your work, while I am gone," said Mr. Quelch. "I will send in a prefect in a few minutes to take charge of the class."

"Yes, sir," said a dozen voices.

And the Remove-master left the room.

The moment he had done so, and the door was closed, a buzz of voices rose in the room—English, French, and German were mixed in a babel.

"Shut up, you fellows!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "You heard what Mr. Quelch said."

"Who was you?" demanded Fritz Hoffman, with an air of impartial inquiry, as if he really wanted to know.

"I have been left in charge of the class by Mr. Quelch."

"Pish!" exclaimed Adolphe Meunier. "Rats! Rot! Bosh!"

Wharton's eyes gleamed.

"Did you say bosh to me?" he exclaimed.

"Oui; I said bosh, and I said rats, and pish!" said Meunier defiantly.

"Keep quiet!"

"Bah! Keep quiet viz yourself!"

"Oh, shut up!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "We shall all get into a row if there's a kick-up in the class-room."

"That is extremely correct," said Hurree Singh. "I request these foreignful rotters to shut up their talkfulness."

"You was un nigger, Inky."

"Who cares for te Engleesh peegs?"

"Zat is right, you Sherman rottair!"

"Who was you call vun rotter, Adolphe Meunier?"

"You yourself, Hoffmann; you was ze chief rottair, and ze oders—"

"I vill poonch te nose of you—"

"Shut up!" roared Harry Wharton. "If you two sets of asses begin to row now, I will wade in and knock your heads together!"

"Ciel! If you was touch my head, I vipe ze floor viz you!"

"Ach! let him try to knock te head, tat is all!" And Fritz Hoffman, by way of showing his independence, began to whistle "The Watch on the Rhine" in his shrillest tones.

Meunier, not to be outdone, started whistling the "Marseillaise."

Wharton stopped his ears.

"Will you shut up?"

"Non!"

"Nein!"

And the French boys, getting into the spirit of the thing, set up their national song at the top of their voices.

The Germans roared back "Der Wacht am Rhein" in stentorian tones. The result was a din that could be heard over half Greyfriars.

"Es braust ein Ruf wie Donnerhall!" roared the German juniors.

"Allons, enfants de la patrie!" yelled back the French boys.

"Wie Schwertgeklirr und Wogenprall!"

"Le jour de gloire est arrive!"

"Zum Rhein, zum Rhein, zum Deutschen Rhein!"

"Contre nous de la tyrannie—"

"Wer will des Stromes Hüter sein?"

"My only hat!" gasped Bob Cherry. "They'll have the roof off soon!"

"The only thing to do is to start an opposition," exclaimed Hazeldene. "What price 'Rule, Britannia'?"

There was a yell of approval. The juniors struck up in a roar, and their voices drowned the fewer foreigners in a deafening din of sound.

"Rule, Britannia, Britannia, rules the waves,

Britons never, never, never——"

"Aux armes, citoyens——"

"Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhig sein——"

"Rule, Britannia——"

It is safe to say that no such terrific pandemonium had ever disturbed a class-room at Greyfriars before. Harry Wharton had given up the idea of attempting to keep order.

The whole Remove was on the warpath now, each junior seeking to make the greatest possible amount of noise as if for a wager.

There were more English lads than French and German put together, so "Rule, Britannia!" soon drowned both the "Marseillaise" and "Der Wacht am Rhein," and the foreign lads thereupon set to work stamping and beating the desks with rulers to drown the vocal efforts of the English juniors.

The juniors were not slow to reply in kind. The uproar was terrific.

"My word!" murmured Nugent. "There will be a row."

"There's one already, I imagine," grinned Bob Cherry.

"My solitary hat!" exclaimed Hurree Singh. "The noise will attract the prefects, and we shall be imposed upon without mercy."

"Ha, ha! Don't you know a Hindoo song, Hurree Singh, just to make the thing complete?" said Hazeldene.

"The idea is ripplingful," said the nabob.

And his voice at once added to the din, chanting some absolutely tuneless and incomprehensible lay of Bhanipur.

There was an angry voice at the door, as Carberry of the Sixth looked in. He was evidently the prefect sent by Mr. Quelch to take charge of the unruly Remove during the temporary absence of the Form-master.

"Shut up, you young blackguards."

But the Removites were too wildly excited by this time to heed him. It is quite probable that had Mr. Quelch himself come in then, he would have found it extremely difficult to restore order in the class-room; and so it was not likely that the Remove would pay much attention to Carberry, the most unpopular prefect at Greyfriars.

"Be quiet! Do you hear?" roared Carberry.

It was not easy to hear in the din, and certainly none of the Removites heeded. The uproar continued without abatement, and wildly mingled snatches of French and German and English echoed out into the corridors, and reached other class-rooms and amazed all who heard.

"Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhig sein."

"Fest steht und treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein——"

"Aux armes, citoyens,

Formez vos bataillons——"

"This was the charter, the charter of the land,

And guardian angels sang the strain,

"Rule Britannia——"

"Will you shut up, you young demons," shrieked Carberry, and he dashed at the Remove, smiting right and left with the cane he had snatched from the Form-master's desk.

Then some of the singers ceased their song, and howled with pain instead.

Hoffman received a cut across the cheek, and he snatched at the cane, and tore it from the prefect's hand.

Carberry seized him by the collar, and dragged him out before the class, and began to box his ears savagely.

This was too much for Karl Lutz, who rushed gallantly to the aid of his leader, and seized the prefect round the neck from behind, and dragged him to the floor. In his excitement he plumped down upon him, and began to jam his features on the hard linoleum, and Carberry gasped for help.

Harry Wharton dragged the excited Lutz off his victim, and the next moment was seized by Hoffman, and they wrestled and fought heedless of everyone else.

The chums of the Remove dashed to the rescue, and in a twinkling English and Germans were mixed up in a wild affray.

In a case like this, Meunier and his friends sided with the weaker party, and they scrambled to the aid of the Germans, so that the three parties were mingled in a general combat before the amazed Carberry could get upon his feet.

The prefect gazed about him in bewilderment.

French, German, and English were fighting like tigers, utterly forgetful of the fact that they were in a class-room in school hours, and that the Form-master might return at any moment.

A rush of excited juniors sent the prefect flying, and he bumped on the floor with half a dozen youngsters sprawling over him. But by this time the din had attracted general attention, and Mr. Quelch was returning to the Form-room with swift strides. The Remove-master arrived in the doorway, and he stood gazing in upon the scene in blank amazement.

"Boys!"

He roared out the words.

At any other time the mere sight of Mr. Quelch's angry face would have silenced the Remove and reduced them to obedience. But the juniors had fairly broken loose now. No one paid the least heed to the Remove-master's angry voice; most of the excited youngsters did not even know he was there.

"Boys! Cease this unseemly riot instantly."

But the unseemly riot showed no signs of abating.

"Carberry! How dare you allow this!"

"How could I help it," hooted Carberry, staggering to his feet. "The young demons have knocked me about and——"

"Silence! You should not answer me like that!"

"Well, it wasn't my fault! They want flogging all round——"

"You can go, Carberry."

"Jolly glad to," muttered the prefect, as he retreated into the passage.

"Go to the Sixth Form-room and tell the Head that I should be glad if he could come here at once."

"Certainly, sir."

The prefect hurried away, and Mr. Quelch gazed in upon the riot in grim silence. His voice had been unheeded by the rioters; it remained to be seen whether the Head's would be unheeded too.

There was a rustle of a gown in the passage, and the Head of Greyfriars came along to the Remove-room with swift strides.

"My dear Mr. Quelch!"

"Look!" exclaimed the Form-master, raising his finger and pointing dramatically into the room.

The Doctor looked, and his face became like a thundercloud.

"Bless my soul! I can scarcely believe my eyes, Mr. Quelch!"

"How did this happen?"

"I was compelled to leave the room for a few minutes, sir, and before the prefect I sent could arrive, this riot broke out."

"It is incredible—unparalleled! Boys!"

The Doctor's voice rang through the class-room.

"Boys! Cease this instantly!"

There was a sudden hush.

"The Head!" gasped Harry Wharton.

And the dreaded word passed round the Remove.

"The Head!"

The fighting ceased as if by magic.

The Removites, dusty and dishevelled and bruised and battered, stood with crimson faces, meeting the angry glare of the Head of Greyfriars, and a terrible silence fell upon the room.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Farewell.

A PIN might have been heard to fall in the Remove class-room. The head looked at the rioters, and the rioters looked at the Head.

As Hurree Singh said afterwards, in describing the scene to some old friends, the terribleness of the occasion was unparalleled.

"Boys!"

His tone was quiet now, but to the ears of the hushed Remove it seemed like thunder echoing through the silent room.

"I can scarcely believe my ears," the Head continued, looking straight at the red and dusty rebels. "I can scarcely believe my eyes. I have never beheld such a scene of unparalleled hooliganism."

"If you please, sir——"

"Silence, Hoffman."

"S'il vous plait, Monsieur le Docteur——"

"Silence, Meunier."

The Doctor's glance seemed to cut the rioters like a knife.

"The whole form has been concerned in this outrageous tumult," he said. "Every boy in the Remove will receive a caning after school, and will come to my study for that purpose."

"Certainly, dear sir."

"Every boy will write out five hundred lines from Virgil, and will perform this task the next half-holiday, and will remain in during all leisure hours until the task is completed."

The Remove gasped. They had expected something severe, but this was the sledge-hammer coming down with a vengeance.

"That is all," said the Head, sternly, "and if that does not teach the Form discipline, we will see what severer measures will effect."

The Remove were silent.

"Has anyone of you," went on the Head, "any explanation to give—any excuse to make for this outrageous conduct?"

There was a muttering of voices, but Harry Wharton was the only one who spoke out.

"If you please, sir, we didn't mean any real harm——"

Dr. Locke smiled grimly.

"You don't consider it harmful to riot in the class-room, Wharton?"

"Well, sir, we didn't stop to think."

"The circumstances of the case were too hasty and huffy, sahib, and we were carried away by excitement of our pedal extremities," explained the nabob.

"Ahem! I have one word more to say to you—news that will probably be welcome to the members of this Form who came here from Beechwood."

There was a general movement of interest.

A rumour had been spreading about Greyfriars for the past few days that there was to be a revival of the old school at Beechwood, and that Herr Rosenblum would return there with the boys he had brought to Greyfriars.

"I have to inform you," resumed the Doctor, impressively, "that Herr Rosenblum will be leaving Greyfriars in a few days, and that he returns to his former school, as headmaster, Beechwood Academy being now revived."

"Vive Herr Rosenblum!"

"Hoch! hoch!"

It was an enthusiastic shout from the foreign members of the Greyfriars Remove.

The Head's stern brow relaxed a little.

"Does this news please you, my boys?"

"Oui, oui," shouted Meunier.

"Ja, ja, mein Herr," exclaimed Hoffman. "Ve sall all pe glad as efer vas to return mit ourselves to our old school."

"I shall be sorryful to leave Greyfriars, but it will be pleasureful to me to see Beechwood and my old chum Redfern again," purred Hurree Singh.

"This change will take place in a few days," said the Head.

"In the meantime, I hope you will try to live in peace with one another."

"Certainly, sir."

"We'll do our best."

"We shall exert the extreme bestfulness of our ability, worthy sahib."

"Ach! tat is goot."

"Ve vill live in peace mit ze Shermans," said Meunier magnanimously.

"I will trust you, my boys."

And the Doctor turned and strode away with a rustle.

"Resume your places," said Mr. Quelch, and the Removites sat down, and the lesson was resumed; but it is safe to say that neither master nor pupils bestowed much attention upon it.

After the school was dismissed, the four chums met in their study to discuss the new development.

"I'm sorry you're going, Inky," said Bob Cherry. "We ought to give a farewell feed, but it can't be did, while we're in this state of stony brokenness."

"We ought to manage it somehow," said Harry Wharton. "I could take my watch down to Solomonson's in the village—"

"Or I my diamond studs," said Nugent.

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," called out Wharton.

It was Fritz Hoffman who entered.

The Remove chums looked rather on the alert, but the German junior soon showed that his visit was made in a friendly spirit.

"Dere vill pe no more rows," he exclaimed, with a wave of his fat hand. "Ve vill live like te lambs in te fold till ve leave Greyfriars now."

"We're willing, if you are."

"Ve sall haf plenty of rows ven we return to Beechwood," said Hoffman, with a grin. "No more at Greyfriars. But tat is not all. We haf heard apout you losing all your bocket money because of te door tat vas proke."

"What about that, Hoffman?"

The German took a little bag from his pocket, and poured out a heap of silver on the table. The chums of the Remove looked at it in amazement.

"What the dickens is all that for?" demanded Harry Wharton.

The German junior gave them a beaming smile.

"Ve make te subscription," he said. "Ve bass round te hat."

"My hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

"No," said Hoffman, innocently. "My hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Vy for you laff? Ve pass te hat round, und make subscription, vat you Englesch call fork out all round. You take te cash."

Four shakes of four heads answered the German.

"Can't be did," said Harry Wharton decidedly. "Couldn't think of it."

The German looked rather hurt.

"I tink you should take it—ve proke te door, und—"

"It's impossible."

"But you vas proke—"

"Yes, I know we are." A sudden thought flashed into Harry Wharton's mind, and he went on, "I'll tell you what: we'll take it as a loan to tide us over this stony time, and return you a postal order for it afterwards at Beechwood."

"Goot. Tat is all right."

"Then it's settled. We'll give a big feed as a sort of farewell feast, you know, and you'll all come?"

"Mit bleasures."

And Fritz Hoffman grinned genially and left the study.

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"Jolly good sort," said Bob Cherry. "Hallo, here's Froggy." Adolphe Meunier put his head into the study.

"Vat you zink of vat ze Head say?" he demanded. "Sall ve all live in peace wiz ourselves till ve go pack to Beechwood."

"Yes, rather."

"Zen ve are villing," said Meunier. "Ve give a big feast before we go, and ve ask you all to come—you and ze Shermans."

"We're giving one ourselves—"

"Zen ve had better make a pool of it, and make it one bigger feed," said Meunier.

"Good wheeze."

And the idea was adopted. The preparations for the farewell feast occupied the minds of the juniors during the next few days, and left them no time for disputing—to say nothing of the time taken up by the heavy impositions earned by the row in the class-room.

The last few days which the aliens spent at Greyfriars passed quietly enough. There had never been any ill-feeling at the bottom of the disputes, and the juniors were on their very best behaviour now. And when the day came for Herr Rosenblum and his pupils to go, the whole Remove marched down to the station to see them off.

The parting was genial on both sides: but especially affectionate was the separation of Hurree Jamset Ram Singh from the chums of the Remove.

"I have enormous afflictedness of the heart to see you no morefully," the nabob said, his English growing more mixed in his emotion. "I am departfully sorry to leave the esteemed Greyfriars and my worthy and respectable chums. I shall always regard you rememberfully, and I shall correspondingly write to you from Beechwood."

And the chums of the Remove shook hands with him, and the nabob hugged them one and all before he got into the train. And then leaned out of the carriage window, and shook hands with Harry Wharton again, and left a small object wrapped in paper in his palm.

"Hallo, what's this?" exclaimed Harry, in amazement.

The nabob smiled.

"A parting gift from a nabob," he replied. "Do not look at it till I am gone. Mind, I give it to you, and give it with all my heartfelt esteem, and these worthy and respectable chums are honourful witnesses of the circumstance."

"We are!" grinned the worthy and respectable Removites.

"But I say—"

The train began to move, and Hurree Singh waved his hand.

"You will keep it for my sake, Wharton, you who have been my bestful friend."

And the nabob's dusky face was so earnest that Harry, though he had not the faintest idea of what was in the parcel, and suspected that it contained something of value which he would not like to accept, could not but promise that he would keep it.

The train rolled on.

The windows were crammed with French and German faces and waving caps, and from one window beamed the full-moon countenance of Herr Rosenblum, and his fat hand waved farewell.

The Greyfriars lads waved their caps and shouted.

"Good-bye! Good-bye!"

"Adieu!" came ringing back from the departing train. "Leb'wohl!"

And the Beechwood boys were gone.

The chums of the Remove turned to leave the station. Wharton had for the moment forgotten the little package in his hand, but Bob Cherry called his attention to it.

"What the dickens is it, Harry?" he asked.

Wharton unfastened the little package.

"My hat!" exclaimed he. "I can't keep this. But—I said I would—I shall have to keep it now! But what on earth am I to do with it?"

For it was the nabob's diamond that glimmered in the palm of his hand!

THE END.

Next Tuesday!

"IN HIDING."

A grand, long, complete tale of the chums of Greyfriars,

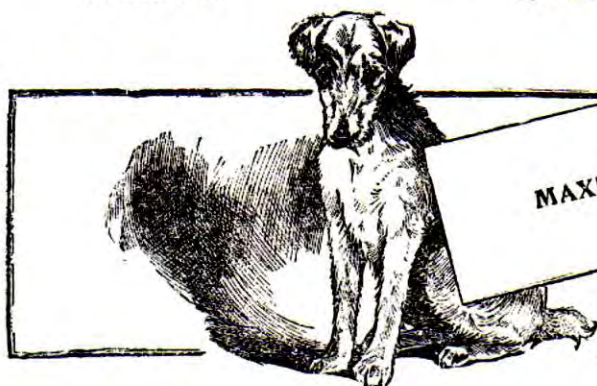
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NEXT TUESDAY.



NEW STORY SHOWING HOW TWO BOYS BECOME DETECTIVES.

By LEWIS HOCKLEY.

GLANCE OVER THIS FIRST.

Frank Dennis and Bob Lomax, two City clerks, are thrown out of employment. Having no prospects they decide to make the detective business their profession, and assume the name of "Maxenniss."

Grip, their dog, is instrumental in getting their first client—a woman named Mrs. Brewer, who is being threatened by some man aware that his victim is coming into a legacy.

Mrs. Brewer offers Maxenniss ten guineas to clear the matter up.

The Plunge.

Having expressed her willingness to part with the sum of ten pounds ten shillings in consideration of the detectives' obtaining for her release from the sending of the picture-postcards, and the circumvention of those who sought her money and her life, Mrs. Brewer departed, leaving Maxenniss the richer by one-half of the promised fee—the payment in advance was the Yorkshireman's idea, and the money had yet to be earned—a bundle of postcards, and not the faintest idea of how the work was to be done.

When the door had closed behind the voluble lady, Dennis looked at his chum with an expression of ruefulness inexpressibly comic.

"What the Jerusalem are we going to do?" he asked.

"When?"

"Now—any time."

"Well, at 12.30—it's nearly that now—we're going out to lunch with that Yankee chap, and afterwards we're going to set to work to earn that tenner," Lomax answered, quite seriously.

"But how?" Dennis persisted. "I don't see—"

"I do see that if we don't perform our contract, we're liable to be charged with obtaining money by false pretences, and I'm a detective, not a swindler."

"Very likely; but, still—"

"When you come to look at it, it isn't such a difficult case, after all," Lomax went on quietly. "Nothing that the two of us can't tackle. Either these cards are sent as a joke, or that old woman's story is correct; it's our business to find out."

"How?"

"Well, I can't elaborate the scheme yet—there isn't time; but, briefly, our first job is to find out where and when these cards are posted—they're all from the same place—and ascertain who is the sender. Once we know that, it'll be all plain sailing. Once let us know this, we'll know what to do—whether the sender is joking, or in real earnest, though I'm inclined to believe the former is correct. Come now, Frank, don't shirk the job. I tell you we're not acting the goat, but getting down to straightforward work."

"Well, I'm with you, of course, you know that," Dennis answered.

"That's right, and now we'll go to find Mr. Harvey J. Baxter."

They did find the American, spent a pleasant couple of hours with him, and went back to their office to examine this batch of postcards.

These they found, on inspection, to have been all despatched from the same place—a small village named Leigh, in Essex, not very far from the town of Southend, and distinguished from the several other places of the same name in England by the affix on-Sea. When Lomax borrowed a gazetteer, and found that the population of Leigh numbered only a couple of thousand, he showed great satisfaction.

"This simplifies matters considerably, Frank," he observed. "It's always easier to find out things in a little place than it is in a big one. Probably there's only two or three places in the village where picture-postcards can be

obtained, and anyone who buys 'em at all largely or regularly, is sure to be remembered."

"Just so," his chum replied; "but it doesn't follow that they were all bought in the village just because they were posted there."

"It doesn't. Glad to hear you talk like that, Frank; shows you're beginning to take some interest in the job, to put your brains in it."

"Thank you," Dennis said, with mock anger. "If you begin patronising me, I'll have to show you that a Cornwall and Devon wrestler'd knock spots off any North-country man that ever breathed—like I've done before," he added.

"Rot!" This was an insinuation that never failed to arouse Lomax. "Why, the best man you ever had would have been buried by one of ours—thrown into the middle of next week."

"Would he? I'll show you when I'm through with this little lot."

"Most of 'em, Bob, seem to go out by the evening collection," observed Dennis, after a spell of work.

"So I've found."

"What d'you take that to mean?"

"Either that the senders are anxious Mrs. Brewer should receive them first thing in the morning, or else that he doesn't have much time to himself until evenings."

A careful examination of the cards proved that the elaborately-worded threats which they bore were all in more or less of the same style of handwriting; there were some slight caligraphic differences, but the general appearance was pretty much the same. This led to another discussion.

"Strikes me that the writer of these cards is someone who hasn't had what you'd call a tip-top education," Lomax remarked. "This'd about tally with what our client—our client, if you please!—has to say about them being sent by the members of her family; and if they're like her, I guess they haven't been to any university."

"That's where you're wrong," his friend objected. "I reckon they're all written by some kid; it's a regular kid's handwriting, like every youngster at school writes—letters unformed, joinings bad, and upstrokes awfully shaky. Why, somewhere at home you'd find copy-books I wrote when I was a kid at school between which and these you couldn't tell any difference in the handwriting."

"Very likely," Lomax said coolly. "Wish you'd improved as you grew older. I've always said you're a duffer with the pen."

Dennis grunted indignantly, and resumed his examination.

"I'll tell you why I think you're wrong," Lomax remarked, after a bit. "No kid'd ever think of putting his meaning into such words as those used here; the style's a lot beyond a kid. Didn't Mrs. Brewer say something about the parties interested getting a little boy to write them? If so, your theory would be right as to the writer."

"Don't remember."

"Well, whoever it is, the fact remains that these cards are having a serious effect on Mrs. Brewer's nerves."

"Yes—either them or something else—what she keeps in her flask, for instance."

"Hallo, who's suspicious now?" And Lomax sat up.

"Who is it who's thinking badly of persons?"

"I don't care," Dennis answered stoutly. "The fact is, Bob, I'm a bit suspicious of this Mrs. Brewer. What she's told us may be true; but I'm sure it isn't all. My own idea is that we'd understand a deal more about these cards if we knew something more of Mrs. Brewer herself."

"There's something in it," Lomax said, with slow thoughtfulness. "There is something in that, Frank. 'If there's any mystery connected with a person, the more one knows of him or her, the more easy it is to arrive at a solution of the mystery. That's logical.'"

"That's the theory on which Sherlock Holmes worked pretty considerably!" exclaimed Dennis.

"Oh, Sherlock Holmes!"

"Yes. Don't you recollect that story in which he found out who it was that had murdered an old sea captain by sticking a harpoon clean through him?"

"Never read it."

"Well, it was," Dennis went on, overlooking the scorn of the great detective hero which his chum was at no pains to hide. "He raked up the dead man's history, found out what enemies he'd made when he was skipper of a whaling-boat, and was able, by that means, to prove that the suspected man was quite innocent, and that an altogether different chap was the murderer."

"H'm! Glad to hear it! Glad to know he was so sensible. But the idea's a good one, Frank; we'll work upon it. Look here, suppose we begin the investigation of this case from two quite opposite directions—one of us deal with the postcards, the other one look up Mrs. Brewer?"

"Right you are, old chap," Dennis said delightedly. "If you like, I'll take on the second part."

"Suit me."

"That means we've got to lock up our office. What'll we do if any more clients turn up?"

"Why, there's a letter-box inside the door, isn't there? We'll leave word with the caretaker that if anybody calls to see us, he's either to write out his business and drop the letter through the door, or to call again late in the evening. You'll have to arrange, old man, to call here every day, either morning or evening, in case anything happens. I can't do it. I can't be running up and down from Leigh every day—come too expensive, and we haven't any brass to chuck away. Once I'm there, I'll have to stop there unless something important crops up. But you're all right, on the spot, can get here any time you like."

"Yes, that'll do; and you'll let me know where a letter or wire'll find you if I want you."

"Yes, that'll be best. And now I'm going to begin at once. I'll dig up a Bradshaw, find out when there's a train to Leigh, and be off. I'll wire you my address to-night. And look here, Frank, we'll just send each other daily reports of what's happened, and what's been done, and keep one another posted. If Mrs. Brewer gets anxious or has any-

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thing more to say, you'll have to arrange to see her. If she wants to know how things are going on, tell her we're working day and night. I mean to, anyway."

"All right, old chap; don't say it like that. So shall I. I'm taking this seriously, I can assure you, though I don't mind telling you I believe the postcard business to be nothing more than mere bunkum. Someone's having a lark with the old girl."

"We'll see," Lomax rejoined. "You'll live here, of course."

"Yes, when I'm at home."

"And see here, Frank," the Yorkshireman said impressively, "if I were you, I wouldn't say too much about what we're doing to that American chap, if you should happen to see him again. He may be all right—I'm not saying he isn't; but—well, we don't want to tell everybody our business."

"All right."

Robert Lomax found his train, and with the bag containing all his worldly possessions, he started for Fenchurch Street Station. Dennis accompanied him thither, and on the way, Lomax had a good deal to say respecting their venture, and this first trial of their skill as detectives on which they were embarking. Lomax was taking himself very seriously. His last words to his chum when they parted on the platform, were: "Put your back into it, old man, and keep your mouth shut, especially before Mr. Harvey J. Baxter."

There was a curious feeling in possession of Frank Dennis when he left the railway terminus and slowly made his way into Gracechurch Street. He was elated, excited with the novelty of the situation in which he found himself, and yet he could not shake off a sensation of nervousness and concern. What was he going to do? Ascertain all possible circumstances connected with their client, Mrs. Brewer, obtain all possible particulars of her. And how he was going to do this, he knew no more than he was aware of the name of the man in the moon.

Detective work is interesting, a detective a most fascinating

WHAT DO YOU THINK of "THE GEM" Library?

"Dear Sir—I notice that at the end of every GEM there is an intimation that you are pleased to hear from all readers. No doubt that interesting paper is intended to amuse boys, but I may tell you that they also delight the girls. I am especially interested in Tom Merry & Co., and eagerly wait for Thursday to come. I think 'The Gathering of the Clans' and 'Miss Priscilla's Mission' exceptionally good tales.—Thanking you, I am, your constant reader, "L.C."

"Luton, Beds.

"Dear Editor—I am a reader of 'The Magnet,' and I saw you were anxious to know how people liked your new paper, by a few lines on the last page. I have had influenza since last Sunday, and your third issue cheered me up. They are excellent tales, and they seem quite real. I picture them in my mind. If every reader of 'The Magnet' liked to read them as much as I do, they would be greatly liked. I agree with you that Bob Cherry is a decent sort, Nugent is all right, Wharton can be nice when he likes. Bulstrode is a bully in his name and in habits. Vaseline is above a cad, and, if there is such a boy, I would like to give him what he deserves. The other boys, whether decent or not, I do not know, because you have not said much about them.—I remain, yours truly,

"H. LITTLE."

Vaseline is not quite so bad now.—EDITOR.

"Dear Sir—Just a line to say how fine the school tales are which now appear in THE GEM. I do hope they will always be about 'St. Jim's' and nothing else. I keep all my old copies, and read them many times, and laugh over the fig-pudding, etc.; they are a splendid cure for the blues.—Yours truly, "EVELYN WINIFRED DUFFETT."

"Catford, S.E.

"Dear Editor—After having read the first two numbers of 'The Magnet,' I send herewith my opinion of the same. I have read most boys' books published, but I think I have yet to read one to beat 'The Magnet.' I consider the tale of Harry Wharton quite out of the ordinary, and containing splendid examples for boys, especially those of Bob Cherry and Nugent. I live in a tobacconist's shop, and we sell 'The Magnet.' I thought that if you cared to send me any advertising matter you may have with regard to 'The Magnet,' I might be able to push the sale a lot. I am sure that when once read 'The Magnet' will be always read. I must close now by wishing you every success with 'The Magnet.'—I remain, yours sincerely,

"ARTHUR T. SPENCER."

WHAT DO YOU THINK of "THE MAGNET" Library?

"East Dulwich, S.E.

"Dear Sir—I am very pleased with 'The Magnet Library,' and have read all three numbers with great interest.—Yours truly,

"HAROLD BOX.

"P.S.—This may be published."

"Rotherham.
"Dear Editor—I have had all three numbers of 'The Magnet' Library, and like the tale about Harry Wharton, Nugent, and Cherry very much. The serial about 'Maxennis, detective,' is becoming equally interesting.—Yours truly,
"FRANCIS B. BAENSLEY."

personage; no occupation than his is more exciting or entertaining—in a novel or magazine story. He does the most wonderful things, and the method of his doing is simplicity itself—in print. It is all so easy that one is fully convinced that, given similar opportunities, placed in like circumstances, one would do just the same, and do it just as well. The detective hero of fiction is clever, of course; but the person who reads of his doings doesn't consider himself a fool, either; he reckons he'd be very nearly, if not quite, as successful himself if the things which come into the fictional hero's way, came into his also.

But romance and reality are two very distinct and different propositions. What looks so easy, simple, and pleasant when set down in print, wears an entirely different aspect when translated into the cold hard facts of common, everyday existence. Give the enthusiastic student of detective literature—one who has soaked himself in the ways and doings of crime investigators, and is inclined to reckon himself as clever as they—give him a genuine, living problem to solve, and he is up a tree, nonplussed, more than a little helpless. He can't see the head from the tail of the matter; and he hasn't the least idea in the universe where to begin, how to set about the unravelling. All the fine theories he has formed, the sublime confidence he has in his own abilities to rival Vidocq or Sherlock Holmes are of no more use to him than a headache. He realises that he has got hold of a vastly different job from what he had thought it to be. Make him work, and ten to one he makes a mess of it.

The clever creator of Sherlock Holmes was once approached in regard to a crime committed close to where he was living, and he set to work. And, behold, while he was making elaborate inquiries, working out this, that, and other deductions, some thick-headed village constable—a practical man—went out and arrested the veritable culprit.

No, Lomax was not so very far out in his obstinate, common-sense disbelief in the imaginative, and his reliance upon the practical; it is work, sheer hard work, plus some intelligence, plus some luck, that helps a man to solve mysteries. And the thing, when one sets about doing that particular sort of job, is to know—as with everything else—just how to set about it. To follow the working of someone else, to trace the steps by which he did this, that, or the other, is easy; the troubles arise when one has to take the initiative.

And this was precisely the side of the argument that was showing itself to Frank Dennis—how was he going to begin what he had to do? What to do for a beginning?

Frank got himself tied up mentally, and his wits in a fearful tangle trying to arrive at a suitable solution of the question. His head began to buzz, and presently he entered a tea-shop and ordered a cup of coffee, "extra strong," he told the waitress. When he got it—it was just the same, by the way, as any other customer would have had—he leaned back in his seat and tried to straighten out his ideas.

How would Sherlock Holmes set to work? Pooh! For that eighth wonder of the world, sufficient of Mrs. Brewer's personality, character, and general history would have been revealed during the interview of the morning to enable him

to know all about her without seeking particulars. Frank was compelled to admit, reluctantly, that it hadn't been so with himself; obviously, he was no Sherlock Holmes. He'd have got to the heart of the mystery in ten minutes; he'd have had the whole thing worked out, and at his fingers' ends by now. He'd know who sent the cards and why they were sent, and—Frank suddenly pulled himself short. That was Lomax's work, not his; he was to accumulate facts concerning Mrs. Brewer. And the best way—that's what Lomax would do—was to go to where Mrs. Brewer lived, and, in an unobtrusive fashion, pump the persons who knew her—her friends and acquaintances, enemies, tradespeople, and, above all, that lady who lived next door—Mrs. Biddlecombe.

With this resolve Frank drank up his cold coffee, and left the tea-shop. He

knew what he was going to do. His career as a detective was actually beginning.

The Other End of the Business.

While his chum was puzzling his brain and sipping his coffee, the other half of Maxenniss, seated in a corner of a third smoker, was engaged in upholding his end of an interesting and lively conversation with a fellow-traveller.

Robert Lomax was never averse to talking to anybody, but his warning to his partner to keep his mouth shut was not because he was one who preached what he did not practise, for—this conversational gift of his notwithstanding—Lomax, no matter how much he might say, did keep his mouth shut concerning himself. Some men can do this, others can't. Lomax would have talked all day, and his companion would have learned as much about him as would be comfortably put on a threepenny-bit. He would never give himself away, and never said anything about himself, except he saw a profitable reason for so doing.

But for that wrestling match in the office of Driver & Worritt that had led to the severance of the chums' connection therewith, Bob Lomax would probably have stayed and developed into a very successful lawyer. He had all the necessary qualities therefore.

The compartment was empty save for Lomax and his companion, a little, dark-faced, hooky-nosed, clean-shaven young fellow of about his own age, with the dark eyes, shiny dark hair, and that manner which stamps a Hebrew with the indelible sign of his race. He was quick, eager, and insinuating in his manner; deferential, easy, and flowing of speech. He was respectably dressed; wore diamond rings, scarf-pin, and a massive gold (?) chain that, at a distance, was impressive. It gave him an air of substance. A square, flat leather case was on the seat beside him. He looked a commercial traveller. He sized Lomax up before the train had reached Stepney—or thought he had, which was much the same—and before East Ham was reached the pair were talking as if they were old friends reunited after years' long absence.

"Pretty place, Southend!" he remarked, having exhausted the weather, the train-service, and other subjects of general interest.

"Don't know it; hope to see it soon," Lomax replied affably.

"Ah, it is! Often run down there Saturday to Monday. Air's fine; though the mud! Ah, it does hum! So you're going down near there, eh?"

"Yes; I think I won't be very far off."

"Where's that—Westcliff?" inquired the Jew, with whom diffidence was not a strong point.

"No, Leigh; that's near Southend, isn't it?"

"Yes; only about three miles along the cliffs. Quiet little place; know it well; often go there. Do a bit of business there, but not much. Southend's the place for trade! But Leigh ain't so bad, and, whatever people like to say, there's business to be done in the little country places just as well as there is in the towns."

"Just so. You are going down on business?"

"My friend"—and the Hebrew's eyes twinkled, and he smiled cunningly—"I was always on business; it is play to me. If a man don't do business nowadays he will starve; and the man who's always at business gets the money, eh?"

"You're right there," Lomax agreed. "There isn't much, got except by hard work."

"No; it's work, an' work, an' work—an' then, some day, a man has others working for him. You was going down on business, too?"

"I am. I think the same as you do."

"And what was your business?" inquired the Jew, with an insinuating smile.

"One that needs minding," Lomax answered.

The Jew accepted the rebuff with a grin.

(Another long instalment of this story again next Tuesday. Please order your copy of THE MAGNET Library in advance.)

For Next Week



The Editor, "MAGNET" Library, 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, will be glad to hear from you.

"IN HIDING."

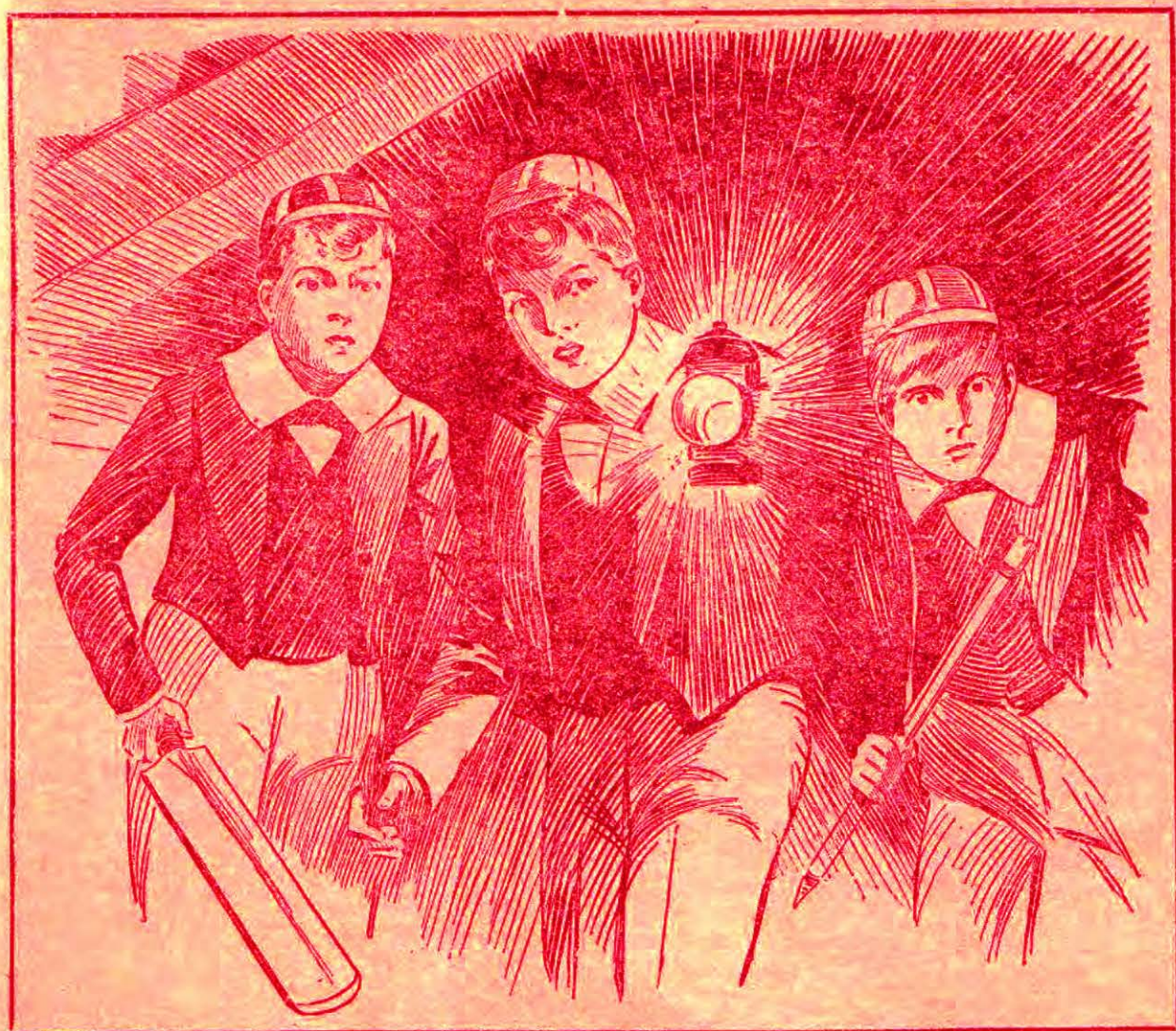
The College of Greyfriars has many attractions, but consternation reigns among the various studies when "grub" begins to mysteriously vanish.

But the one in hiding refuses to reveal either his person or his motive, and the revelation of his identity and reason for playing the stowaway will increase interest in the tales of Harry and his Chums.

THE EDITOR.

Next
Tuesday's
Cover!

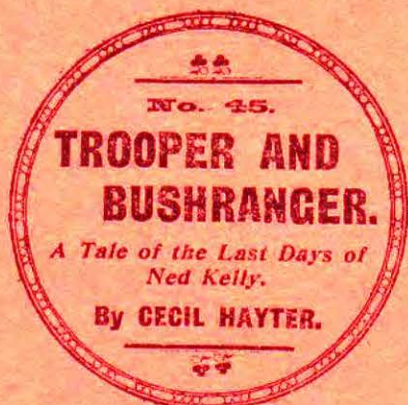
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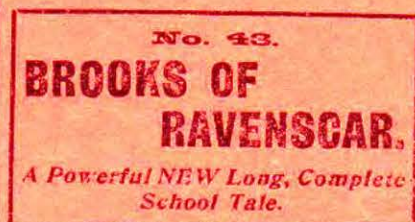
Harry Wharton, Cherry, and
Nugent stared, startled, intently
ahead!

*(A thrilling incident in next Tuesday's Long, Complete Tale,
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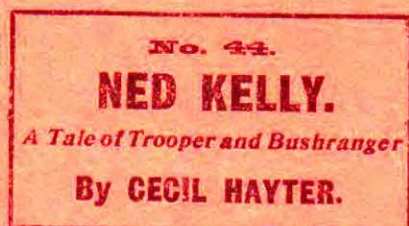
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