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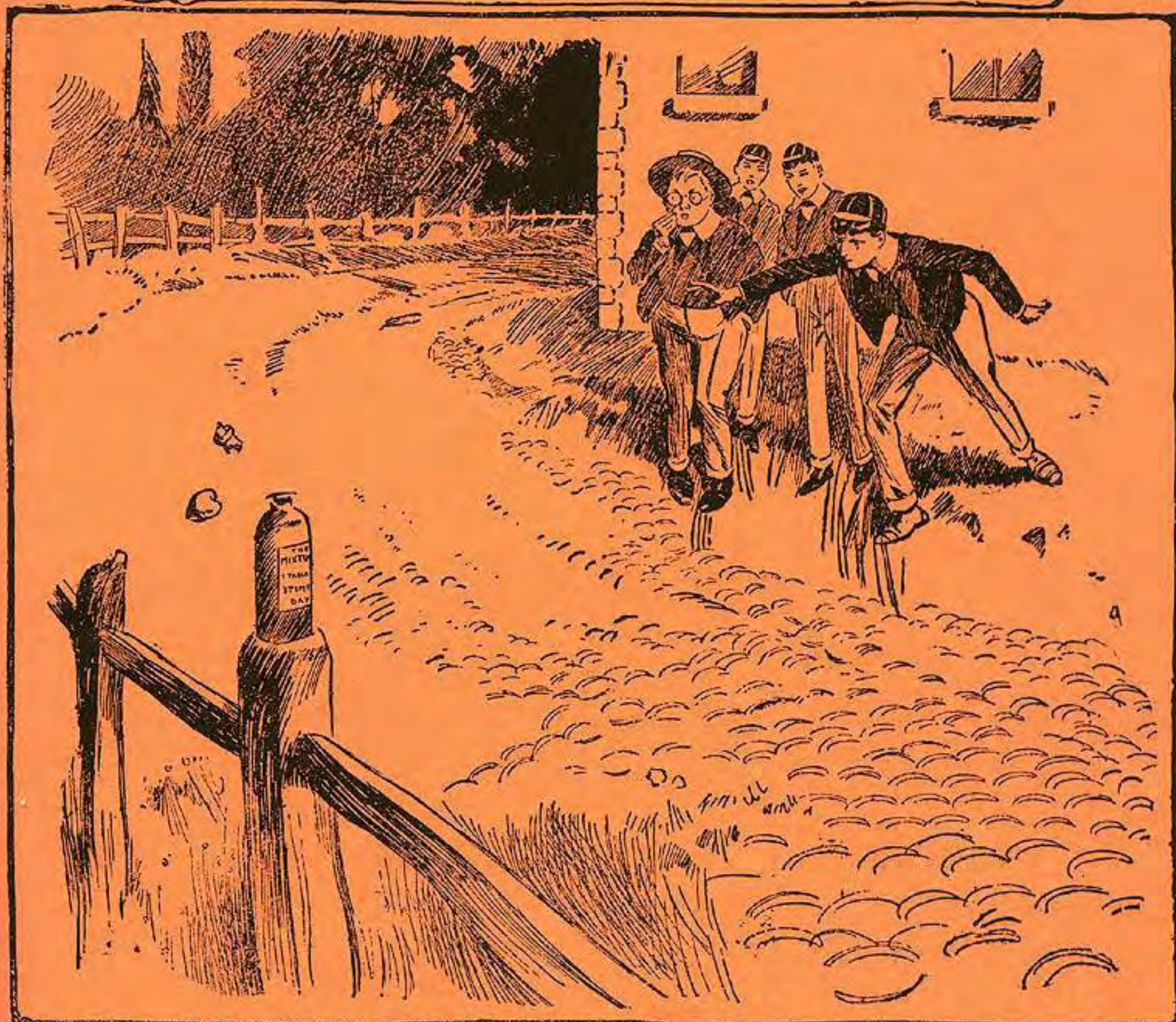
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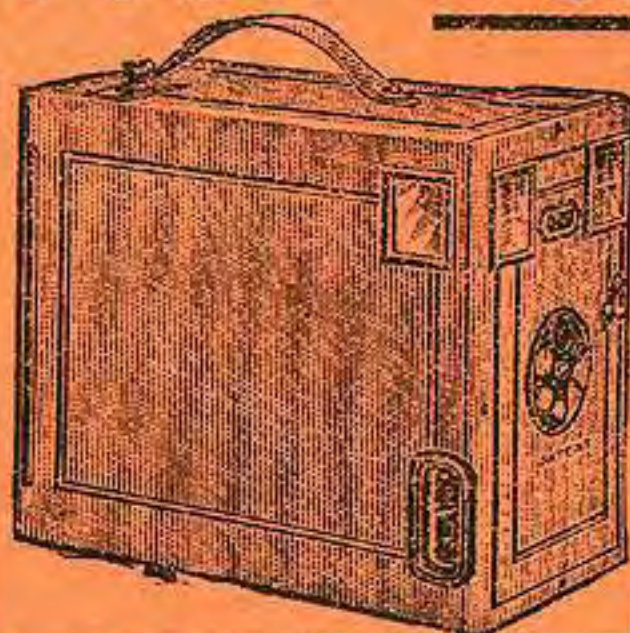
The
GREYFRIARS RIOT.

By
FRANK
RICHARDS



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THE GREYFRIARS RIOT.

By Frank Richards.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. News for the Remove.

"**I** SAY, you fellows, have you seen the notice on the board?"

The Remove at Greyfriars School had just come out of their class-room after morning lessons. It was a sunny July day, and most of them had made at once for the Close and the wide green playing-fields. Four of the Form, however, stood near the corner of the passage chatting, when Billy Bunter came up with his excited question.

"I say, you fellows——" he repeated.

"No rain to-day, after all," Harry Wharton was saying. "It looked like it this morning, but it's all right. We shall be able to get in some cricket practice before dinner."

"I say, you fellows——"

"The pitch will be all right," said Bob Cherry. "Let's get along then—— Hallo, hallo, hallo, is that you, Billy?"

Bob Cherry had run into Bunter as he turned round. Bunter staggered against the staircase, holding on his glasses with one hand, and gasping.

"Yes, it is me, Bob Cherry," he exclaimed energetically and ungrammatically, "and I think——"

"Sorry, Billy, were you talking?"

"Yes, I was talking. I was saying——"

"Keep it till dinner-time, old chap," said Frank Nugent.

"We're going out to cricket now——"

"I say, you fellows——"

"The interval till dinner must be occupied cricketfully to

improve our formfulness," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the Hindoo chum in the Greyfriars Remove. "The esteemed remarks of the honourable and revered Bunter can wait till we meet again dinnerfully."

"I say, you fellows, have you seen the notice——"

"What notice?" asked Harry Wharton.

"On the notice-board in the hall."

"No," said Wharton carelessly. "What is it? Does it concern the Remove?"

"Well, I should jolly well say it does," exclaimed Billy Bunter. "It concerns us, and nobody else."

"What is it, then?" asked Bob Cherry. "Some new regulation restricting the meals of all juniors to twelve a day? That would come rather rough on you, Bunt."

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"Let's have a look at it," said Nugent. "I've noticed several fellows looking at the board since we came out of the class-rooms. Perhaps it's something from Quelch, to explain why he didn't take the Remove to-day as usual."

"I say, you fellows, it's about Quelch—and a new master!"

"A new master for the Remove!" exclaimed four voices at once.

"Exactly!"

Four faces wore expressions of concern: Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove—the Lower Fourth Form at Greyfriars—was a stern master sometimes, but he was always just, and generally kind. He was greatly esteemed by the Removites,

though he held them with a tight rein sometimes, and they would have been genuinely sorry to lose him.

"Let's go and see the notice," said Wharton slowly. "I've noticed for the past few days that Quelch looked seedy, and his missing class this morning looks as if he were ill. I hope he's not going for good."

The juniors walked down the passage to the notice-board, upon which all sorts of information for the school generally was posted, in a variety of handwritings. One, recently pinned up, in the well-known hand of Dr. Locke, caught their eyes at once.

"That's it," said Billy Bunter.

And the chums of the Remove read the notice through together.

"Owing to indisposition, Mr. Quelch is compelled to leave Greyfriars for a few days. During his absence the Remove will be taken temporarily by Mr. Chesham."

The notice was signed by Dr. Locke, the Head of Greyfriars.

Harry Wharton, having read the notice, turned to Billy Bunter, seized him by the collar, and slowly and methodically knocked his head against the notice-board. Billy gasped with amazement.

"Stop it! I say, you fellows, pull him off—he's gone mad! Stop it! Ow! Look here, if you make my glasses fall off, they'll very likely break, and then you'll have to pay for them."

Wharton released the gasping youngster.

"There!" he said severely. "Let that be a lesson to you not to exaggerate. You told us Mr. Quelch was leaving, and as a matter of fact he's only going away for a few days because he's not well. You young ass!"

"Look here, Wharton—"

"Oh, scat! So that's how the matter stands, you chaps—Quelch is seedy, and is going away for a bit. That accounts for Wingate having taken the Remove this morning. I wonder who Chesham is? Ever heard of him, anybody?"

There was a general shaking of heads.

"He's not a master at Greyfriars, anyway," said Nugent.

"Some chap coming along to take Quelch's place temporarily, that's all," Bob Cherry remarked. "I wonder what he'll be like."

"Yes, rather!" said Bulstrode of the Remove, stopping before the notice-board. "Let's hope he'll suit us, or he'll get ragged by the Remove."

"Yes, ratherfully," agreed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "The Remove has its reputation to keep upfully as the roughest Form at the honourable school, and the advent of a new master may furnish an opportunity to pull his august leg ragfully."

Bob Cherry grinned.

"Good idea!" he exclaimed. "We are looking for some fun, too. Quelch isn't the kind of Form master to be ragged, and lately we've had a chance, because he has been off his Form, but we've been too tender-hearted to do it—"

"Exactly! The temptation was great, but we have resisted it extremely," said the Indian chum. "Great creditfulness is due to us, and we are entitled to indemnify ourselves by the ragfulness of the new-master."

"Just so!"

"But I say!" Harry Wharton remarked thoughtfully. "Let's give the new chap a chance, you know. He may be all right, and we don't want to jump on him too suddenly."

"Certainly; give him a chance," agreed Bob Cherry, the most good-natured as well as the most restive of juniors. "No harm in that."

"Oh, take him under your wing, Wharton, and coddle him!" said Bulstrode, with a sneer. "That's what you'd better do while you're about it."

"Oh, rats to you!" said Harry politely. "Come along, you chaps, and let's get out to the cricket practice."

"Right-ho, my pippin!"

The chums of the Remove went down to the door. A cab from Friardale was outside, and a gentleman with a pale face and worn look was going down the steps, leaning on the arm of Wingate, the rugged, athletic captain of Greyfriars. It was Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove.

He caught sight of the juniors, and beckoned to them to approach. The youngsters, with grave faces, came up, cap in hand, to the side of the station cab.

"I daresay you know that I am going away," said Mr. Quelch quietly.

"Yes, sir, we have just read the notice," said Harry Wharton. "We are very sorry that you are ill, sir."

"We are very sorry indeed, sir," said Nugent, sincerely enough.

"The sorrowfulness is terrific," murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

The master of the Remove smiled faintly.

"I am sure of that, my boys. I want to ask you a favour before I go. I do not expect I shall be away long. My place will be taken by Mr. Chesham—I know very little of him, but you will find him a kind-hearted man, and I hope you will give him as little trouble as possible. I know the Remove has a reputation to keep up—at the same time, I think you might

give my substitute a chance. I want to hear good accounts of my Form when I return to Greyfriars."

The juniors hesitated for a moment.

"Mind, I do not ask anything in the nature of a promise from you," said Mr. Quelch. "I only want you to make up your minds to keep the Remove as orderly as possible during my absence. You are the heads of the Form, and the other boys look up to you. You can do much if you will. That is all."

"We will do our best, sir," said Harry Wharton respectfully.

"We all say the same, sir."

"The samefulness is terrific."

"Thank you, my lads. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, sir, and I hope you will soon be back amongst us again."

"Thank you once more."

The Remove master shook hands with the juniors in turn, and the cab rolled away. Wingate of the Sixth looked rather grimly at the juniors.

"I hope you are going to live up to that," he said. "The new master of the Remove will be here some time this afternoon."

"Do you know what kind of a merchant he is?" asked Bob Cherry.

"No, I don't—I hope he's a fellow accustomed to pig-driving, though, and then he will get on with your precious Form," said the captain of Greyfriars.

"Oh, come, Wingate, don't you start being complimentary in your old age," urged Nugent. "We gave you a good time this morning now, didn't we?"

"Yes, you did—if you hadn't I should have lammed you, and you jolly well knew it," said Wingate. "Carberry is taking you this afternoon till the new master arrives—"

"Carberry! That rotter—"

"If you speak of a prefect like that, Cherry—"

"Well, I won't then, Wingate; but he is a rotter, isn't he? I only hope he won't get ragged by the Remove, that's all."

Wingate grinned, and walked away. Carberry of the Sixth was the worst-tempered prefect at Greyfriars, and a bully to the finger-tips. It was extremely likely that he would not have a quiet time with the Remove that afternoon. But that was his own business, and it did not trouble Wingate much.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Remove Riot!

"I SAY, do you know Carberry's taking us this afternoon?" giggled Billy Bunter, as the Remove came in for afternoon lessons.

"Knew that before you were born, my son," said Bob Cherry. "Tell us something new. Have you seen Carberry?"

"No, he's not in the class-room."

"Sure and he isn't in a hurry to take the Remove," said Micky Desmond, one of the most mischievous fellows in the Greyfriars Lower Fourth. "Perhaps he thinks we are not going to be good boys intirely."

"And he won't be far wrong, if he starts his usual methods," said Harry Wharton, with a determined setting of the lips. "He won't find it all lavender if he begins bullying. And he's pretty certain to."

"The certainfulness is terrific."

"I tink tat ve gifs him as good as he sends, ain't it," grinned Fritz Hoffmann, the German junior in the Remove.

"I zink zat it vill be so," remarked Adolphe Meunier. "I zink zat Carberry is a rottair—Ow, ow, ow!"

A finger and thumb had fastened upon Adolphe Meunier's ear, and he danced in anguish, and twisted round to find himself looking at Carberry of the Sixth, who had overheard his remark.

"You think what?" asked Carberry grimly.

"I zink zat you vas rottair," gasped Adolphe Meunier.

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"Oh, you do, you young frog-eating alien. Take that, then!"

Carberry boxed Meunier's ears right and left, and sent him staggering into the class-room. The French junior reeled on to a seat, and the Remove slowly took their places. Carberry closed the door and glared at them.

"I've got to look after you young rotters for an hour and a half," he began. "Mind you don't rouse my temper, that's all."

"Will something dreadful happen if we do?" asked the irrepressible Bob Cherry.

"You'll see, Cherry. Get your books. I don't see why I should be bothered with a set of lazy young scoundrels——"

"You're not," said Harry Wharton quietly.

"Eh! What's that, Wharton?"

"We're not a set of lazy young scoundrels, and you have no right to call us anything of the kind."

"Are you looking for a licking, Wharton?"

"No."

"Then you had better shut up. I've got Quelch's cane here, and I shall use it, I promise you, if I have any of your impertinence. Now, then, where are you?"

"I'm on this form," said Nugent.

"I mean, where are you in the book, and what book is it?"

"I'm at Chapter II., in the current number of the 'Gem,' if that's what you mean," said Hazeldene.

Carberry scowled.

"I don't mean anything of the sort, Hazeldene, and you know it. What book are you doing under Quelch?"

"First book of the 'Æneid,'" said Russell.

"Where are you in it?"

"Æneas's speech to Dido."

"You go on from there, Wharton—construe."

Harry Wharton rose in his place. Wharton, although he gave up a great deal of time to athletics, was by no means behind with his school work. His Latin was the best in the Remove, with the possible exception of Nugent's, and Mr. Quelch had often highly commended it. But Carberry was not satisfied.

"Do you call that construing?" he demanded, rudely interrupting Wharton at the third line.

Harry Wharton coloured with anger.

"Yes, I do," he said.

"Then I can only say that your master must have been easily satisfied," said Carberry. "A slovenly class, and a slovenly master, I suppose."

"Do you mean to call Mr. Quelch's methods slovenly?" said Wharton. "If you do, you are telling an untruth, and you know it."

Carberry almost staggered.

To be told, by a junior, that he was telling an untruth, was a new experience for a Sixth Form prefect at Greyfriars.

"What—what is that, Wharton?" he almost gasped.

"I say that you are telling an untruth if you are referring in those terms to Mr. Quelch," said Harry Wharton, quietly and determinedly.

Carberry drew a quick, deep breath. He picked up the cane from the desk, and made a step towards Wharton. The junior did not flinch. For a moment it seemed that the prefect would lash out with the cane.

But he restrained himself. If he came to blows with the captain of the Remove, he felt that it had better be upon some other question. If it came out that he had referred disparagingly to Mr. Quelch it would not be well for him.

"I shall remember that, Wharton," he said. "I will not interrupt the work of the class by punishing you, but I shall not forget."

"Remember it as long as you like," said Harry Wharton, with a contempt he did not take the trouble to conceal.

"Is that the way you speak to a prefect?"

"Yes, to a prefect who doesn't know how to make himself respected?" was the unexpected reply. And the Remove giggled.

Carberry clicked his teeth.

"You will go on," he said. "Continue, Cherry."

Bob Cherry construed, and now there were real blunders for Carberry to take hold of if he wished. But he passed most of them unnoticed. It did not take the Remove long to discover that the prefect was extremely weak in his Latin. He was, as a matter of fact, not capable of taking the Remove in the classics at all; and that discovery added the final touch to the Form's contempt for him.

"You can go on, Bunter."

"Certainly, Carberry, I will go on with great pleasure——"

"Don't answer me. Go on."

"Certainly. Where is the place?"

"Don't you know the place?" roared Carberry.

"Yes, but—but—— I'm sincerely sorry, Carberry, but I've lost the place."

"You haven't been attending to the lesson."

"Yes, I have been attending to it very carefully, Carberry—I have, really—but I have just lost the place. I'm sincerely sorry——"

"Come out here, Bunter," said Carberry, feeling that in the Owl of the Remove he had a victim upon whom he could safely wreak his savage temper.

Billy Bunter eyed the bully of the Sixth with uneasiness and dismay. He did not like the gleam in the prefect's eye at all.

"If you please, Carberry——"

"Stand out here——"

"But if you don't mind."

"Do you want me to fetch you?" roared Carberry.

"Oh, no, certainly not, but——"

Carberry rushed towards the desk, and the hapless Owl skipped out before the class just in time to escape being dragged out. The prefect gave him a savage look.

"You young rascal, how dare you disobey me?"

"I—I didn't exactly disobey you, Carberry. I'm sincerely sorry, but—ow! Please don't pull my ear, Carberry; it hurts! Ow! Wow! You beast! You rotter! Leggo!"

"Oh, a beast and rotter, am I?"

"No, I really didn't mean to say that. I respect you very much, Carberry, and I think you're the nicest chap in the Sixth—ow, you beast! I like you awfully, but—leggo, you rotten beast!"

Carberry, red with rage as the Remove burst into a roar of laughter, seized Billy Bunter by the collar, and lashed him with the cane. Bunter hopped and yelled.

"Ow! Stop it! I say, you fellows, stop him, you know!"

The appeal was not made in vain. Harry Wharton's brow had darkened at the sight of the wanton bullying, and, as Bunter called out, he rose in his place. Bob Cherry and Nugent rose too, and then Hurree Singh and Hazeldene and Micky Desmond.

"Stop that!"

Harry Wharton's voice rang out like the note of a clarion. Carberry stopped, in sheer surprise, and stared at the junior.

"Wharton! You! What——"

"Stop that!"

"What?" yelled Carberry.

"You are not going to use Billy Bunter like that. Stop it, I say, or we'll jolly soon make you, prefect or no prefect."

Carberry could scarcely believe his ears. He raised the cane again, and lashed out, and the unfortunate Billy Bunter gave a howl of anguish. It was too much for Harry Wharton. With a bound he was over the desk; with another, he was upon Carberry, and wrenching the cane from the bully's hand.

Carberry staggered back. Wharton faced him with flashing eyes. The Sixth Former and the Removite each had a grip on the cane. Carberry strove to wrench it away, but Harry Wharton held it tightly.

"No, you don't!"

Carberry did not speak. He dropped the cane, and clenching both his fists, rushed straight at Harry. For the moment he had forgotten where he was; he remembered only that he was defied by a junior, and that junior one who had often crossed him before, and whom he had always disliked.

Harry did not flinch. He threw up his fists, and drove aside the savage drives of the senior. But he would have fared badly at the hands of the powerful Sixth-Former if he had been left to face him alone. But he was not left alone. Bob Cherry and Nugent were on the scene, and the prefect staggered in their grasp, with their weight hanging upon him.

"Buck up!" shouted Nugent. "Rescue, Remove!"

It was a shout that was never passed unheeded by the most reckless Form at Greyfriars. They had never heard it under such circumstances before. But they were ready to respond to the call.

"Rescue, Remove!"

"Hurrah!"

The Remove scrambled out of their places. Carberry was surrounded and dragged to the floor. He sprawled there with the youngsters scrambling all over him. He gasped and struggled, and yelled threats and abuse, but without avail. The Remove was fairly roused now. Carberry had provoked the storm, and he had to bear the brunt of it.

"Frog's march him!" shouted Nugent.

"Hurrah!"

The suggestion was taken up unanimously. The Remove had broken all bounds now, and they felt that they might as well, as Bob Cherry put it, be hung for a sheep as for a lamb. In spite of his furious struggles, frog's marched the prefect was, and he went up and down the class-room enjoying that delightful experience. The shouts and the trampling of feet made a terrific din.

"My hat!" gasped Bob Cherry. "We're going it this time, and no mistake."

"The going-itfulness is terrific."

"All his own fault. He——"

There was a sudden yell.

"Cave!"

The door of the class-room opened. A terrible figure in cap and gown appeared before the startled eyes of the Remove. The juniors who were frog's-marching Carberry dropped him so suddenly that he bumped on the floor, and gave a yell of pain. There was a general gasp of consternation.

"The Head!"

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The New Master.

DR. LOCKE, the Head of Greyfriars, stood looking in upon the disorderly scene with a brow of thunder.

So startled and dismayed were the Remove, that they could only stare at him, and they did not for the moment notice that he was accompanied by a second gentleman, a slim, mild-faced man in a black frock-coat.

"Boys!"

The Head's voice was not loud, but it was deep, and it sent a thrill to every heart present. Prefects had been ragged before at Greyfriars, and even an unpopular master now and then. But disrespect to the Head was unheard of. The Removites stood silent and confused, while the Doctor's eyes roved over the crowd of culprits, and finally settled upon Carberry.

"Carberry! What is the meaning of this riot in a class-room?"

"You'd better ask Wharton, sir," said Carberry between his teeth. "He started it. He's the ringleader, as he always is in any trouble in the Lower Forms."

"Wharton! Stand forward!"

Harry Wharton came quietly forward. His face was somewhat pale, but it was very quiet and determined.

"You hear what Carberry says, Wharton?"

"Yes, sir. But what he says is not quite correct. He started this uproar himself by bullying Bunter in a way that forced us to interfere."

There was something about Harry as he spoke that carried conviction. The Head glanced at Bunter, who was rubbing himself ruefully in the places where Carberry's cane had taken most effect. Then he looked at the prefect.

"I am sorry to see that you could not keep order in this class-room for an hour, Carberry—"

"It was a riot planned by Wharton and his friends, sir."

"There was no riot when Wingate had charge of us this morning," said Harry Wharton quietly.

"That is true. Whoever is to blame, it is quite clear that you cannot keep order, Carberry, and I shall take care that you are not placed in such a position of trust again. You may leave the room."

"But, sir—"

"Enough. You may go."

And Carberry, with a face like a thundercloud, went.

"Take your places, boys."

The Remove silently resumed their seats. They had gone farther in the riot than had been intended at the start, the excitement very naturally carrying them away. The rebuke of the doctor's grave, cold manner was felt by all.

"Boys, this is your new master, Mr. Chesham, who is to temporarily take the place of Mr. Quelch. Mr. Chesham, I am presenting you to your class at an unfortunate moment; but you must believe that the Greyfriars Remove is not always in a state of revolt and riot."

The juniors winced under the words. Mr. Chesham's mild blue eyes roved over the class, and he ran his fingers through his flaxen hair, which he wore rather long.

"I am quite sure of that, sir," he replied. "A moment of excitement, that is all. I am sure I shall get on excellently with the Remove. I hope so sincerely. Firmness—er—combined with kindness will work wonders. My boys, I am very happy to make your acquaintance, and I hope that we shall become very good friends by the time your master returns to relieve me of my duties here."

The new master's words made a good impression upon the Remove. There was a slight murmur of applause as Mr. Chesham finished.

"Very good," said the Head. "I will leave you now, Mr. Chesham. There will not, I think, be any repetition of that scene of disorder."

Dr. Locke's voice was very significant. It implied that if there were any repetition of the riot somebody would suffer for it. But the effervescence of the Remove had quite spent itself now. They were in their meekest mood, and looked as if butter would hardly melt in their mouths, as the Head of Greyfriars withdrew from the class-room and closed the door.

"Now, my boys, we will commence work," said the new master genially. "What—er—lessons were you engaged in when you—er—left off to remonstrate with your prefect in that emphatic manner?"

The Remove grinned at the new master's way of putting it.

"The head boy of the class will answer me," said Mr. Chesham.

Harry Wharton rose in his place, and gave the required information.

"Very good," said Mr. Chesham. "Will someone have the kindness to lend me a book for the present? Thank you, my lad. Now, you may construe, Wharton, I think your name is Wharton?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good. Construe, please."

Wharton construed. Mr. Chesham gave him a word of praise, which he really deserved. As he sat down the new

master glanced at him more carefully, and came a little nearer, his eyes fixed on the junior's face.

"Ah! Wharton, are you given to coughing?" he asked.

"No, sir," said Harry, looking surprised. "I have never coughed in my life, sir."

"You are quite sure?"

"Quite sure, sir."

"Then appearances are deceptive. I should judge from the hectic hue of your cheek that you are liable to coughs and chest complaints. You must be careful not to exert yourself too much, Wharton, until I have had an opportunity of more carefully ascertaining your state of health. Do you play cricket?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah! For the present I think you had better give up cricket. It is an exertion somewhat too heavy for you."

"But, sir—"

"I may mention, my dear boys, that I am an authority on this subject," remarked Mr. Chesham. "I have studied it very deeply, and can speak with confidence. If any of you require any hygienic advice at any time I shall be only too happy to give it you. I place my time and my experience entirely at your disposal."

"But about the cricket, sir," murmured Harry Wharton.

"That is most important, my lad."

"We are having a Form match with the Upper Fourth before long, sir—"

"That is not so important as your health. The next boy will now construe."

"If you please, sir—"

"Come, Wharton, you must not argue with your Form master. The next boy will construe," said Mr. Chesham, with emphasis.

Harry Wharton was silent. Bob Cherry gave him a glance of sympathy as he rose to construe. This was an unexpected development on the part of the new master, but there was more to come.

When it came to Billy Bunter's turn to construe the eyes of Mr. Chesham were fixed upon him anxiously. Billy blundered, as he always did; but the new master did not take note of his blunders. He seemed to be taking more interest in his looks.

"Are you feeling quite well, my boy?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said Bunter.

"You do not look well. You have the appearance of a lad who suffers from indigestion due to overfeeding. Are you reckless in the matter of diet?"

"No, sir, not in the least. As for over-feeding, I never really get enough to eat," said Billy Bunter. "I have a healthy appetite, sir, and the college fare is not quite up to it. We eke it out by feeds in the study, but I never really get enough."

"Dear me, that is very serious," said Mr. Chesham. "Was your former Form master acquainted with this fact?"

"Well, no, sir. Mr. Quelch did not take much interest in such matters."

"H'm! It is a very important matter."

"Yes, sir," said Billy Bunter, feeling that he had found a kindred spirit at last. "I'm glad you think so, sir. I so seldom get really enough to eat—"

"A very singular fact," said Mr. Chesham, looking attentively at Bunter. "The symptoms are all of over-feeding, certainly not of under-feeding. A very singular fact indeed, I shall see that this is remedied. What is your name?"

"Bunter, sir—William Bunter."

"Well, Bunter, this shall be seen to."

"As a matter of fact, I'm rather hungry now, sir," said Bunter, pushing his advantage.

"Dear me! To exercise the mind while insufficient nourishment is supplied to the body is likely to cause serious injury to the physique," said Mr. Chesham. "This cannot be allowed. You must not be hungry in class."

"I often am, sir," said Bunter pathetically.

"I will give you a note to the housekeeper," said Mr. Chesham, scribbling at the desk. "Take this to the housekeeper, Bunter, from me, and she will provide you with some food at my request."

Billy rose from his place with alacrity.

"Thank you, sir."

"You are excused the rest of the lesson."

"Oh, thank you, sir."

Billy Bunter left the class-room with the note in his hand and a seraphic smile on his face. The Removites looked at one another.

"What do you think of the merchant?" murmured Nugent.

"A health faddist," muttered Bob Cherry, in return. "Fancy his being taken in by Bunter like that! Billy ate enough at dinner to last him the rest of the week—if not the rest of the summer."

"Ha, ha! Bunter has come off better than Wharton."

"I wonder whose turn it will be next?"

Micky Desmond rose in his place, and held up his hand. Mr. Chesham's mild blue eyes turned upon him.

"If you please, sir—"

"Yes, my lad—what is your name?"

"Desmond, sir—Michael Patrick Shamus Desmond, sir."

"What do you want, Desmond?"

"I'm feelin' faint intirely, sir. I—I get so hungry in class, and I—"

"Dear me," murmured Mr. Chesham, "I am afraid that the health of this Form has been very carelessly neglected. You are hungry, Desmond?"

"Sure and it's an aching void I've got, sir."

"Are you usually hungry in class?"

"Yes—or—sometimes."

"It is a pity for the lesson to be interrupted," said Mr. Chesham; "but this will never do. I will give you a note to the housekeeper."

"Thank you, sir."

"Take this to the housekeeper. She will furnish you with some refreshment. You are excused the rest of the lesson."

"Sure, and I thank ye from me heart, sir."

And Micky Desmond left the class-room, grinning. Skinner was the next boy called upon to construe, and he rose with a long-drawn face and a deep sigh. Mr. Chesham looked at him quickly.

"Is anything the matter with you, my boy?"

"Yes, sir. It's nothing, sir."

"Toll me at once what it is, my lad. What is your name?"

"Skinner, sir—Herbert Skinner. I am awfully thirsty, sir!"

"Dear me! Do you suffer much from thirst?"

"Yes, sir, when I'm dry in the hot weather."

"You may go out and get something to drink, Skinner. Mind you do not drink unfiltered water. In fact, you should not drink cold water at all. It is far better to drink it lukewarm."

Skinner made a grimace.

"Shall I ask the housekeeper to make it lukewarm for me, sir?"

Skinner was the joker of the Remove, but he had a face as serious as a judge's, and Mr. Chesham was not to guess his propensities. The new master hesitated a moment.

"Er—no," he said, "I am afraid we must not trouble the housekeeper so much. But you must not drink cold water. Can you get lemonade?"

"Yes, sir, at the school shop," said Skinner eagerly. "Mrs. Mimble keeps it."

"Very good. You may go and get some lemonade. Take this note to Mrs. Mimble, and she will charge the lemonade to me."

"Thank you very much, sir. Can I stay away the rest of the lesson?"

"No, Skinner. You had better return when you have quenched your thirst."

And Skinner went out.

"Next boy," said Mr. Chesham.

The next boy was Levison, the new boy in the Remove. He put his hand to his side as he rose, and gave a gasp.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the Form master.

"Only a stitch in the side, sir," said Levison. "It's rather painful, sir, that's all. It would be all right if I could take a turn in the Close."

Mr. Chesham shook his head. The Remove were giggling, but the master was too much in earnest to notice it.

"Is it a sharp pain you feel, my lad?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. It always goes off if I can take a walk."

"I do not think a walk would be much use, my lad. A gentle exercise indoors would be better. Come out here before the class."

Levison hesitated. His stitch in the side was purely imaginary, but as three boys had already imposed on the simplicity of Mr. Chesham, he did not see why he shouldn't escape the Latin lesson also. But it looked just now as if the Form master were catching on to the joke.

"Come out here," said Mr. Chesham. "What is your name?"

"Ernest Levison, sir."

"Well, come here, Levison."

The new boy in the Remove slowly went out before the class. But Mr. Chesham's face showed that he was far from suspecting that he was the victim of a jape. He scanned the junior's flushed face carefully.

"You do not look quite well," he said, "a stitch in the side may be nothing, but it may be serious. Stand near the wall there, Levison, and raise your arm slowly in the air, and lower it again."

"But, sir—"

"Do as I tell you."

Levison rather sullenly obeyed. The Remove was still in a state of suppressed merriment, but the joke was up against Levison now. His attempt to follow in Billy Bunter's footsteps was not turning out exactly a success.

"Now," said Mr. Chesham kindly, "do you find that the pain is better, worse, or just the same, Levison?"

"Worse, sir," said Levison promptly.

"Raise your arm and lower it again."

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Levison, with a flushed face, obeyed. Then the Form master repeated his question.

"Is it better, worse, or just the same?"

"Much worse, sir."

"Ah, that shows that it is really severe, and that a walk in the Close would not relieve it," said Mr. Chesham sagely. "You will stand there, Levison, and slowly raise and lower your arm during the rest of the lesson."

The Remove burst into an irresistible chuckle. Mr. Chesham looked round with a frowning brow.

"Silence in class!" he exclaimed. "I am surprised at you! The pain suffered by your Form-fellow is scarcely a fit subject for merriment, I should imagine."

The Remove suppressed their mirth. Levison was scarlet. The Form master turned to him again with a kindly expression.

"Raise your arm and lower it, slowly but incessantly," he said. "You will then find the pain gradually abate."

"If you please, sir—"

"Come, come, you must do as I tell you, my lad."

Levison sulkily obeyed. The Remove grinned joyously. Three fellows had succeeded in imposing upon the new master, and the fourth had been caught in his own trap. It was poetic justice; but it was not agreeable to Levison.

The lesson continued. There were no more complaints of any kind from the Remove. They did not want to risk a cure like the unhappy Levison's. He was standing in full view of the class, with his arm sawing up and down as if he were working away at an imaginary pump-handle. His face was red and sulky.

"If you please, sir," he began, in the first pause in the lesson. Mr. Chesham turned round.

"Do you feel better, Levison?"

"Yes, sir. The pain is quite gone now."

"Ah, you see the wonderful efficacy of the remedy," said Mr. Chesham, with a beaming smile. "You were unwilling to undergo it at first, Levison. You did not think it would cure you."

"N-no, sir."

"But you see that it was exactly what you needed. If you had been allowed to take a walk in the Close, instead of this simple exercise, the pain would not have abated yet."

"You can bet on that," murmured Bob Cherry.

"But you had better continue the exercise for another ten minutes," said Mr. Chesham. "This will prevent a return of the pain."

"I feel perfectly well now, sir."

"Yes; but the pain may return, and that is what I wish to prevent. Continue the exercise for another ten minutes, Levison."

Mr. Chesham turned back to the class. Levison had no choice but to obey, and he went on sawing away with his arm, up and down, and down and up, with aching bones, and a sullen and furious face. The Remove grinned at him joyfully. His bad temper made the whole matter funnier.

It was not till the lesson was over that he was released from his ridiculous position. Then Mr. Chesham inquired solicitously how he felt, and Levison, in terror of some new cure, declared that he was perfectly well.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

A Faddist Form Master.

"I'VE seen some masters in my time," Nugent said reflectively, in the study at teatime. "But I don't think I ever came across a specimen like Chesham before."

The chums of No. 1 Study nodded assent. The afternoon's lessons had been an experience for the Greyfriars Remove. The new Form master had taken them all by surprise. There were, as Bob Cherry remarked, masters and masters, but a master like Mr. Chesham was a new wheeze.

"I've heard of health faddists before," said Hazeldene, who was having tea with the chums in No. 1; "but this chap takes the cake."

"He prances off with the giddy Peek Frean and collars the Huntley and Palmer, and no mistake," said Bob Cherry. "Fancy making Wharton give up cricket practice."

Harry Wharton looked rebellious.

"I don't know about that," he said. "I'm not going to be off my form for the match with the Upper Fourth to please any faddist that ever fadded."

"Ha, ha, ha! The only thing is to hope for Quelch's recovery, and that he'll soon be back to shift this funny merchant."

"He's not a bad chap at all," said Nugent. "He's got a kind heart. He doesn't rag us over the lessons like Quelch. He knows a lot, too."

"He rags us over our health, and that's worse. Fancy thinking I have anything wrong with my chest!" exclaimed Wharton, half angry and half laughing. "It's as sound as a bell and as strong as any chest in the Remove, anyway!"

"I say you fellows—"

"The new master is fadfully off his honourable dot," said Hurree Janset Ram Singh, the dusky Nabob of Bhanipur. "The question is, shall we let him continue his fadful career or shall we remonstrate with him ragfully?"

"I say you fellows, the new master isn't a bad chap at all," said Bunter. "I got a nice snack this afternoon from the housekeeper. She sniffed when she read the note, but she gave me a chunk of cold chicken pie, and it was ripping."

"Mind he doesn't find you out, that's all," laughed Harry Wharton.

"What do you mean by finding me out, Wharton? I suppose you don't think I was imposing on Mr. Chesham, do you?"

"Oh no! But when he finds out what a human cormorant you are, Billy, he'll very likely put you on a starvation diet to bring down your fat."

Billy Bunter was so alarmed at the suggestion that he stopped his teacup half way to his mouth, and stared at Wharton over it.

"I say, Wharton, do you think that's possible?" he asked.

"Yes, rather!"

"I—I say, that would be appalling," said Billy Bunter. "It's—it's rotten that a Form master should be allowed to interfere with a fellow's feeding."

"Ha, ha! You liked the interference this afternoon."

"That was different, of course."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If I were put on a low diet my health would suffer. It would very likely wreck my constitution. I wish Mr. Quelch would come back. I'm sincerely sorry Quelch is ill."

"He'll only be away a few days," said Nugent comfortingly. "Don't worry, Billy, or you may grow thin; and then we shouldn't know you."

"Really, Nugent——"

"Now that we have finished the teaful refreshment, I opiniote that we should go out and practice cricketfully," the nabob suggested, rising from the table.

"I say, Inky, I haven't finished my tea."

"I was not speakfully alluding to you, my worthy Bunterful chum. You do not play cricketfully. Are you fellows coming alongfully?"

"I'm coming," said Bob Cherry, taking his bat out of a corner of the study.

"So am I," said Nugent. "What about you, Harry?"

Harry Wharton looked troubled.

"Blessed if I know," he said. "It's impossible to disobey a Form master, and bad form, too. But I can't miss the cricket practice, can I?"

"Suppose you tried to explain to Chesham."

"Well, I did, in class; but he's a howling faddist, and he wouldn't listen then, so he wouldn't listen now."

"I know!" exclaimed Hazeldene suddenly. "Why not speak to Wingate, and he could put it to Mr. Chesham. As a matter of fact you'll soon have Wingate on your track if you cut the cricket."

Harry's face brightened up.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "That's a ripping idea. Chesham is bound to pay some attention to the captain of the school, and Wingate is sure to chip in for me in a matter like this. I'll look for Wingate and put it to him."

"Then let us go forthfully."

The chums of the Remove sallied out. Wingate was standing near the cricket pavilion talking to another Sixth Former, when Harry Wharton came up to him. Wingate gave the young leader of the Remove a cheerful nod. There had been trouble between them once, but latterly they had been on the best of terms.

"Can I speak to you, Wingate?"

"Go ahead, kid," said the captain of Greyfriars, in his laconic way.

"You know we've got a new Form master, Wingate. He thinks there's something wrong with my health, and he's told me to give up cricket practice till further orders."

Wingate stared.

"Are you joking, Wharton?"

"Not a bit," said Harry Wharton ruefully. "I only wish it were a joke. But it isn't. Mr. Chesham thinks there's something wrong with my chest, and I'm not to play cricket, as he thinks I should be over-exerting myself."

"What utter rot!"

"I was thinking that you might speak a word for me, Wingate, if you wouldn't mind. Of course there's nothing wrong with my health."

"I don't quite understand that," said Wingate, looking at the junior in amazement. "Why should Mr. Chesham fancy there is something wrong with you?"

Harry shrugged his shoulders.

"He has found something wrong with Bunter, and Skinner, and Levison," he said. "I'm afraid it's a hobby of his."

Wingate laughed.

"Well, I'll certainly speak to him, Wharton," he said. "It's absurd. I'll do my best for you, at any rate."

"Thank you, Wingate."

The captain of Greyfriars, with a curious expression upon his face, walked towards the house. Wingate never wasted time. Two minutes after his talk with Harry Wharton he was tapping at the door of Mr. Quelch's study, now occupied by the new master at Greyfriars.

There was no reply for a moment. The Greyfriars captain tapped again, and then the voice of the new Remove master called to him to come in. Wingate entered the study, and started a little as a pungent odour assailed his nostrils.

It was a hot July day, but the master of the Remove had a fire in his study. He was bending over it in his shirtsleeves, attending to a little pot that was bubbling and boiling, and sending out the pungent odour that Wingate had noticed. The captain of Greyfriars stared at the boiling liquid and then at Mr. Chesham.

"You are busy, sir," he remarked.

The Remove master turned a crimsoned countenance to the Greyfriars captain. He was perspiring from the heat of the fire. He nodded, without noticing the latent sarcasm in Wingate's tone.

"Yes, I am rather busy," he said. "I cannot trust this into the hands of the school cook, as you may be certain."

"May I ask what it is, sir? There is a laboratory here for chemical experiments, and I should think you would find it cooler than having a fire in your study."

Mr. Chesham laughed.

"This is not a chemical experiment, Wingate. I am making a decoction of herbs to prepare a medicine known only to myself. I alone possess the recipe, and I can safely say that this medicine has saved more lives than any other in existence."

"Indeed, sir!" said the amazed Wingate.

"Yes, indeed. Have you noticed that any of the juniors are attacked by a curious kind of hunger, a desire to eat between mealtimes, although the last meal has been a fully satisfying one?"

Wingate grinned.

"Yes, I think that is a common case at Greyfriars, sir."

"I thought so. This medicine will cure that hunger; it is what we call habit hunger, and does not really exist, being, in fact, only an effect of the imagination. The medicine is good for other things, such as rheumatism and lumbago."

"Is it really, sir?"

"Yes. When I have finished, I should be happy to send you a bottle——"

"I don't suffer from either rheumatism or lumbago, sir," said the captain of Greyfriars, hastily. "Thank you very much all the same. I came here to speak to you about Wharton, Mr. Chesham, if you will allow me."

"Certainly," said Mr. Chesham. "It is more for Wharton than for anybody else that I am taking the trouble to prepare this medicine. It is invaluable in cases of chest trouble. Dear me, it is very hot! Have you noticed any fresh symptoms in Wharton's case, Wingate?"

"The fact is, sir, Wharton is quite well——"

Mr. Chesham smiled indulgently.

"You do not read the symptoms aright, Wingate. It is impossible for Wharton to be well now, considering the state he was in only this afternoon."

"But he is one of the most athletic fellows in the Form——"

"Muscular strength, my dear fellow, that is all."

"He is never ill——"

"That is the most alarming symptom of all. It shows that the disease is eating its insidious way inwardly. I only hope Wharton's case will not turn out too serious. I trust it will not be necessary to send him to a sanatorium."

"I think a good game of cricket——"

"Would probably be fatal."

"But, sir——"

"Come, come, you must allow me to know best about this matter," said Mr. Chesham. "I have made a long study of it. I suppose you would not like to see Wharton become a chronic invalid, for the sake of a game of cricket."

"But I think——"

Buz-z-z-z-z-z-z-z.

"Dear me, it is boiling over," exclaimed Mr. Chesham, in an annoyed tone, turning back to the pot on the fire. "This is really exasperating."

Wingate grinned—coughed—and retreated. The smell was terrible now that the boiling herbs had boiled over into the fire. The captain of Greyfriars gasped as he ran along the passage.

"My hat!" he exclaimed, as he emerged into the Close, and drew in a deep breath of pure air. "My hat! I pity the Remove if they have to take that stuff. It's rough on Wharton, but it can't be helped."

Harry met him in the Close with an eager look. Wingate shook his head.

"I'm afraid nothing can be done, Wharton, lad. He seems to have made up his mind that you are a human wreck, and——there you are."

"Then I can't play cricket?"

"You can't disobey your Form master," said Wingate, gruffly.

"But what am I to do?"

"Grin and bear it till Mr. Quelch comes back," said Wingate,

and he walked away, leaving Harry Wharton looking decidedly rebellious and wrathful.

"Any success?" asked Bob Cherry, as Wharton came down to the cricket field. Harry shook his head disconsolately.

"No. I'm not to play."

"Sorry, old chap. I wish Quelch were back."

And Harry Wharton, with a wrathful brow, stood by the ropes while the chums of the Remove played cricket, and the things he thought about Mr. Chesham would have surprised the new master of the Remove if he had known of them.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

A Change for the Remove—And a Surprise for Bunter.

THE next morning Mr. Chesham presided at the Remove breakfast-table in the accustomed place of Mr. Quelch. His mild blue eyes smiled genially at the Removites, and roved from face to face, apparently seeking traces of ill-health in the juniors.

"Ah, good-morning, Levison. Have you had any return of that pain you suffered from yesterday afternoon?" he asked.

"No, sir," said Levison, tartly.

"I am glad of that. How are you feeling this morning, Wharton?"

"First-rate, sir."

Mr. Chesham shook his head.

"I am afraid that is a deceptive sign, Wharton. I do not wish to alarm you, of course, but it will be necessary for you to take care of your health. You will feel worse before you are really better, I think. How are you, Bunter?"

"Very hungry, sir!"

"You are usually hungry, I believe?"

"Well, sir, as I explained to you, I very rarely get really enough to eat."

"This breakfast seems to me to be a very substantial one for juniors," said Mr. Chesham, glancing along the well-spread table. The fare at Greyfriars, except perhaps at tea-time, was generally very good.

"Yes, sir, if I have time to eat enough," said Bunter. "May I have a second helping of bacon, sir, please?"

"Certainly."

The breakfast proceeded. Fellows of other Forms, from the other tables, were glancing curiously towards the Remove. A hint had got abroad of the peculiar ways of the new Remove master, and the fellows were interested: especially Temple, Dabney and Co., of the Upper Fourth. They were the rivals of the Remove, and always on the look-out for a chance of chipping them.

"May I have another helping, sir?" said Bunter, with a joyful smile.

The new regime was pleasant to the Falstaff of the Remove, so far. Mr. Quelch, who knew that Bunter was suffering from over-feeding if anything, seldom allowed him a second helping of bacon, and never a third. But Billy Bunter pushed up his plate now with a confident feeling that the new master would not deny him.

"Certainly, Bunter," said Mr. Chesham.

And Billy Bunter started operations on another rasher.

The Remove watched him curiously.

Once or twice, when a very special study feed had given him a chance, Billy Bunter had shown what he could really do in the gastronomic line, and what he could do in that line was amazing. He had never had a real chance at the school table. But now it seemed as if he would have an opportunity of going ahead and distinguishing himself in a way that Mr. Quelch had never allowed. And the Removites were curious to see how it would end.

Billy Bunter was a quick eater. He never finished a meal till last, but that was because he ate much, not because he ate slowly. The third rasher disappeared, and he pushed up his plate again with an insinuating smile.

"If you please, sir."

Mr. Chesham eyed him attentively.

"Are you still hungry, Bunter?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are quite sure?"

"Oh, quite sure, sir."

"You have eaten three rashers of bacon, four eggs, and five slices of bread-and-butter," said Mr. Chesham, referring to a pencilled note on his shirt-cuff.

Bunter looked dismayed, and the Remove chuckled. There was evidently a "chiel amang them takin' notes."

"Ye-e-es, sir," stammered Bunter.

"I am afraid, Bunter, that this hunger of yours is merely habit hunger, and founded upon a peculiar illusion of the mind," said Mr. Chesham. "You could eat another rasher?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Then I am quite certain that something is wrong. If you remind me when lessons are over this morning, Bunter, I will give you something better than bacon."

Billy Bunter beamed. Something better than bacon meant to him something especially choice in the way of comestibles. At the same time he kept a longing eye on the dish on the breakfast-table.

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"Thank you, sir. But mayn't I have a little more bacon now?"

"I think not, Bunter."

"Or a couple of eggs, sir."

"I think not."

"I am awfully hungry, sir."

"That is really due to the imagination, and will pass off."

"Oh, dear! Pass the bread-and-butter, Wharton, will you?"

"Don't do anything of the kind," said Mr. Chesham.

"Bunter has had enough."

"But just a little bread-and-butter, sir."

"Nothing more at all, Bunter."

Mr. Chesham rose from the table, a signal for the boys to do likewise. The Remove filed out of the dining-hall. Billy Bunter was looking a little disconsolate. He gave a jump as Bob Cherry slapped him on the shoulder.

"Really, Cherry—you startled me."

"How do you like the new master now?" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Not so well as at first," said Bunter. "He really doesn't improve upon acquaintance. Still, I haven't done so badly this morning, when you come to think of it. I haven't had enough, of course, but I'm used to that. But I've had more to eat for breakfast to-day than I've had since last holidays."

"And you're going to get something from Chesham after morning lessons," said Nugent, with a grin.

"Yes, some little dainty, I suppose," said Bunter, with a smirk of anticipation. "He can see, of course, that I'm a fellow who requires nourishing. Although I'm so athletic, there's none of that coarse, rude health about me, you know. I may say I'm intellectual rather than fleshy. I wonder what he has got for me."

The chums of the Remove wondered, too. They did not anticipate anything so pleasant as Billy Bunter anticipated. But they would not dash his hopes prematurely.

When the Remove went into their class-room after prayers, Mr. Chesham was observed to wear a thoughtful expression upon his face. Instead of commencing the morning's work, he referred to some notes in his hand, and cleared his throat with a cough. The Remove were all alert at once. Something was evidently coming.

"My boys, I have something rather important to say to you this morning," said Mr. Chesham. "I regard it as quite as much a part of a Form master's duty to look after his boys' health, as to give them instruction. I am going to lay down a few rules which I shall expect you all to follow."

The Remove waited.

"I wish you all to drink a glass of warm water before breakfast every morning," said Mr. Chesham. "This will assist the digestion. As it is better to begin the day with a light meal, there will be, in future, no bacon on the Remove breakfast-table."

The whole Form gasped.

Even fellows who were not particularly given to eating, looked blank at having their accustomed meal swept away in this manner.

"But do not imagine for a moment that I wish to deprive you of proper sustenance," went on Mr. Chesham, with a good-humoured smile. "In place of the bacon will be provided a plate of porridge, which will be better for your health, and which will be made under my own supervision, and very palatable to the taste."

"My only hat!" murmured Nugent.

"That is the only change that will be made in the diet at present," said Mr. Chesham. "Your present diet is injudicious, but a sudden change would not be beneficial. For the present we will content ourselves with the change I have specified. Now as to your lessons. I believe that it is not good for the health of growing boys to be confined to a class-room for hours at a time."

The Remove brightened up wonderfully. They were quite in agreement with the new master on that point, at least.

"Therefore," said Mr. Chesham. "At intervals of half-an-hour all through the time devoted to school work, we shall leave the class-room, and walk round the Close for exercise and fresh air. I shall lead you, and you will be careful to walk in a quiet and orderly manner, without any larking or horse-play."

The Removites' faces fell again.

A relaxation of the school rules would have been welcome to the restive Lower Fourth, but to be marched round the Close in orderly array was by no means so welcome. They could imagine how they would be chipped by the other fellows, and alluded to as a girls' school, and a flock of sheep, and so forth.

"We will now proceed," said Mr. Chesham. "I will close my book when it is time for the first recess."

The lesson commenced. The Removites were grumbling to one another in low tones, and several of them had to be called sharply to time by the new master. Less inattention would have produced a crop of canings and impositions from Mr. Quelch; but the new master was made of gentler stuff. He contented himself with words.

There was a sudden snap as the Form master closed his book. It was the signal.

"Come, my boys! Follow me."

The Remove rose from their forms. Mr. Chesham opened the door, and put on his hat, and led the way into the Close. After him went the Greyfriars Remove.

At that hour in the morning the Close was deserted. The Lower Fourth marched round it in silent wrath, following their Form master. A face looked out of a window of the Upper Fourth class-room, and Bob Cherry, glancing up, recognized Dabney. The Upper Fourth fellow made a derisive gesture, and Bob Cherry shook his fist.

Mr. Chesham glanced round.

"Cherry!"

"Yes, sir," said Bob, turning red.

"What was the meaning of that gesture?"

"I—I was just shaking my arm, sir," stammered Bob Cherry.

"Is there anything the matter with your arm?"

"Oh, no, sir."

"Then why did you shake it?"

"I—I—I just shook it, sir."

"That is very curious," said Mr. Chesham. "You mean that you felt a sudden impulse to shake your hand in the air?"

"Ye-e-es, sir."

"Very singular indeed. It is evidently a variety of St. Vitus dance," said the Form master. "Have you experienced anything of the sort before, Cherry?"

"Yes, sir," grinned Bob Cherry.

"Come, Cherry, you must not laugh. This is a serious matter. If taken in time, there is no reason why a permanent cure should not be effected, but if neglected, the most serious results may follow. I only hope it is not too late. You say you have felt this impulse to shake your clenched hand in the air before. Is the impulse accompanied by any feeling of pain in the arm?"

"Oh, no, sir."

"Do you, at the same time, feel a sensation of burning in the skin?"

"Not at all, sir."

"Then I am glad to say the case is not far advanced," said Mr. Chesham. "Taken in hand now, it can be checked, and ultimately cured. Some time to-day I will give you a bottle of lotion, which you will rub upon your arm for a quarter of an hour every night before going to bed. After a week you can tell me the result." Mr. Chesham turned away again. "Follow me."

Bob Cherry's face was a study as the Remove marched on. The juniors could hardly suppress their merriment, but Bob Cherry did not feel merry. To have to rub his arm with lotion for a quarter of an hour every night, because he had shaken his fist at Dabney, was rather rough, he thought. But it was of no use attempting to explain now. The Form master would only be angry, even if he believed him.

"Well, you're in for it, Bob," murmured Nugent.

"The infulness for it is terrific," purred Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "Fortunately, it is only weekfully that the esteemed Cherry must rubfully lotion his honourable arm."

Bob Cherry grunted.

"Chesham won't be here a week," he growled. "If he is, he will be found dead in the Remove class-room one morning, you mark my words."

And the Remove chuckled. They re-entered the class-room, and lessons were resumed. Then came another walk, and another resumption of lessons. Work was certainly interrupted, but, as Mr. Chesham said, what was that when the boys' precious health was at stake?

When the morning class was dismissed, Billy Bunter lingered behind the rest to speak to the Form master. Mr. Chesham looked at him.

"What is it, Bunter?"

"If you please, sir, you told me to remind you—"

"Ah, yes, yes, of course. I am glad you remembered it, Bunter. Come with me to my study," said Mr. Chesham.

Billy Bunter followed the Form master to his study, his fat face glowing with happy anticipation. In the study Mr. Chesham groped in a drawer of his table, and produced a bottle containing a dark-coloured fluid.

Bunter eyed it nervously. Mr. Chesham drew the cork, sniffed at the bottle, and re-corked it. Then he held it out to Bunter.

"That is it, Bunter."

Billy Bunter took the bottle gingerly enough.

"Wh-wh-what is this, sir?"

"That is what I promised you."

"Th-th-this is, sir?"

"Yes. It is a cure for the habit-hunger you suffer from, and which makes you believe that you are in need of food when as a matter of fact, you have already eaten too much. You will find directions on the bottle—one dose before each meal, and one dose directly after, and a double dose before going to bed. Keep this up for a week, and you will find the difference it makes to you simply marvellous."

Billy Bunter's lower jaw had been gradually dropping while he listened to the Form master, and now, finally, it looked almost as if it were going to detach itself from his head altogether. He looked at the bottle, and he looked at Mr. Chesham, and he gasped like a fish.

"One dose before each meal," he murmured, dazedly, "and one meal directly after each dose, and a bed before going to a dose—"

"No, no," said Mr. Chesham, with careful correction. "One dose before each meal, and one dose immediately after, and a double dose before going to bed."

"But—but—but—"

"You may go, Bunter. Take great care to follow out my directions carefully."

Billy Bunter left the study. He walked along the passage like one in a dream, still holding the bottle of medicine straight out before him in his hand.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The Medicine is not Taken.

"HALLO hallo, hallo!"

It was Bob Cherry's exuberant greeting, as Billy Bunter walked dazedly into the Close, holding out the bottle of medicine in front of him, mechanically, and with an expression of dreamy stupefaction on his fat face.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, Billy! What have you got there?"

"I—I don't quite know," murmured Billy. "I—I've just escaped from a maniac."

"My hat!"

"What's the matter?" asked Nugent. "Didn't you get what you expected from Mr. Chesham?"

"I got this."

"And what is that?" asked Harry Wharton.

"A bottle of medicine."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's no laughing matter, Cherry. I say, you fellows, the man's mad. Mad as a hatter. Absolutely stark, staring, raving insane. What do you think he's given me this medicine for?"

"I should tink tat it vas to drink," said Fritz Hoffmann.

"Oh, don't be an ass. He's given me this medicine to cure my hunger. If he tried to cure it with pies and puddings and things I wouldn't mind. But medicine!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The man's mad! I'm to take a dose before every meal, and a dose after going to bed, and a double dose before something or other—I don't quite remember. It doesn't much matter, as I know jolly well that I shan't take any of the filthy stuff."

"If Mr. Chesham has ordered you—"

"I don't care. He's not a giddy doctor, is he?" exclaimed Billy Bunter, aggressively. "I—I'd rather have Quelch back, ragging me over false quantities, than this dangerous lunatic giving me his beastly concoctions."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"How do I know it won't poison me? I don't know what it's made of. Catch me taking a dose before each meal, and a dose after, that's all."

"Taste it," said Nugent, encouragingly. "It may not be so bad, you know. Give the chap a chance."

"Taste it yourself."

"Oh, I don't mind. Take the cork out."

Billy Bunter uncorked the bottle. A pungent odour was perceptible at once. The Removites sniffed expressively.

"Smells like carbide of calcium," said Bulstrode.

Nugent took a tiny drop of the medicine on his finger and tasted it with the tip of his tongue. Then he made an exceedingly wry face.

"Ow!" he said, expressively.

"What's it like?"

"I don't know exactly—something like it smells—rotten, anyway."

"I hope you'll enjoy it, Billy," said Hazeldene, sympathetically. "You'll get used to it in time, very likely. You'll have a chance to, if you take all the doses it says on the label."

"No fear!"

"Hand it over," said Bulstrode. "We'll make a cock-shy of it; that's about the best thing we can do with the rotten stuff."

"I say, you know, Chesham may inquire after it—"

"Then tell him to go and eat coke."

Bulstrode took the bottle from Bunter's not unwilling fingers, and walked off, with a dozen of the Remove at his heels. He set it up on a post at some distance from the house, and the Removites selected stones.

"There may be a row over that," said Harry Wharton, warningly.

Bulstrode looked at him with a sneer.

"You needn't chuck any of the stones if you're afraid," he said.

Wharton flushed crimson. It was a taunt that struck him hard. He had taken Bulstrode's place, of late, as leader of the



"Wow! you beast, leggo!" cried Bunter.

Greyfriars Remove. The fellows were all ripe for a revolt against the faddist Form master. Bulstrode saw a chance of regaining his old prestige.

"You know I'm not afraid," broke out Wharton, angrily. "But—"

"Well, then, take a hand in the game, and don't creak."

"That's right," exclaimed Levison. "What right has the fellow to dose us with his confounded medicines. He made my arm ache yesterday, and I've got an ache in the bone still. It's about time we ragged him into his right senses."

"Bravo!" shouted a dozen voices.

"Well, there's something in that," said Nugent. "Anyway, I'm not going to have Bully Bulstrode hinting that I'm afraid. Here goes."

And Nugent hurled the first stone at the bottle. That decided the matter for Harry Wharton. Right or wrong, prudent or imprudent, he was with his chums, and would not keep out of anything they ventured into. He was the next to pick up a stone and hurl it, and the neck of the bottle went off with a crash.

"Good for you, Wharton."

The bottle had fallen to the ground, and the liquid it contained was running out, but only the neck was broken. Bulstrode set it up again, and a shower of stones from the laughing Removites crashed upon it, and splintered it to fragments.

"That job's jobbed," remarked Bulstrode. "If Chesham inquires after his medicine, Bunter, tell him the Remove have made an end of it."

"I'm afraid he would be angry, Bulstrode."

"Then let him rip."

"That's all very well, but suppose you give him the message. If you want to cheek him, do it yourself. It's not fair to put it on me."

"I'll give you a thick ear, you cheeky young rotter—"

"No, you won't," said Harry Wharton.

Bulstrode stared at him for a moment, and then put his hand in his pockets and walked away. Billy Hunter grinned.

"If Chesham asks after his medicine, I shall tell him the bottle got broken," he remarked. "That will be the exact truth, and I was always brought up to tell the truth, and I shan't begin to tell untruths now to please anybody. I say, I'm jolly hungry. If any of you fellows are going to the tuck-shop before dinner, I don't mind coming along."

"Very likely," said Bob Cherry, walking away.

"Really, you fellows—Wharton—Nugent—Hurreo Singh—I wish you wouldn't walk away while I'm talking—it's rude—dear me, they're all gone. Awful selfish set of fellows I have to associate with, and no mistake."

The chums of the Remove went down to the nets for some practice before the midday dinner. Harry Wharton, as before, was only an onlooker. He chafed, but he remembered the half-promise made to Mr. Quelch, to give the new master a chance. He had never expected anything like this, and he had not a patient temper. But he restrained his strong desire to throw off the yoke of obedience. There was something due, too, to the high position he had in the Form, but Harry had never felt so strongly inclined to revolt against authority. To be governed by a tyrant was bad enough, and he had had experience of that. But to be ruled by a faddist was intolerable.

"Ah, I am glad to see that you remember my instructions," said a voice near him, and Harry turned to see the mild blue eyes of the new master fixed upon him. "I hope it will be possible for you to take up cricket again next summer, Wharton. But festina lente, you know—we must make haste slowly. With care you will be restored to health—dear me, is that Cherry at the wicket?"

"Yes, sir."

"How reckless of him, with that strong tendency to an attack of St. Vitus dance in his right arm," said Mr. Chesham anxiously. "He might cause permanent injury to the limb by this dreadful carelessness. But it is my fault; I should have warned him. If harm comes of it, I shall blame myself. Cherry! Cherry!"

Bob Cherry glanced round. Hazeldene was about to bowl, but he paused as the master of the Remove called out.

"Yes, sir," said Bob.

"Come here at once."

Bob Cherry's face fell.

"I'm batting, sir."

"Come here, Cherry. Come at once."

Fierce rebellion flashed into Bob Cherry's face. He guessed what was coming, and he was inclined to disobey. Bulstrode was keeping wicket, and he whispered to the batsman over the stumps:

"Don't go."

Bob Cherry hesitated. But it was practically impossible to disregard the master's order. He waved his hand to Hazeldene, and walked off the pitch with his bat under his arm, and a cloud upon his usually sunny and good-tempered face.

The look of real concern on Mr. Chesham's face somewhat disarmed him. The master of the Remove might be a fussy faddist, but he certainly had a kind heart.

"Cherry, my lad, you must not play cricket until I am satisfied as to the state of your arm. It is very, very reckless of you."

"My arm is all right, sir."

"It is quite impossible for your arm to be all right, Cherry, when it was suffering from an insipient attack of St. Vitus dance this morning," said the Form master severely.

Bob Cherry was about to recklessly blurt out the true story but he caught Harry Wharton's warning look in time. Mild as Mr. Chesham's temper certainly was, he would never have forgiven Bob Cherry for having made him look ridiculous before the whole Form. The junior remained silent.

"Put down your bat, Cherry. You had better rest in the shade of a tree, and don't forget the lotion this evening."

"But I want to play cricket, sir."

Mr. Chesham smiled indulgently.

"Naturally, Cherry. You have no knowledge of what is necessary for the preservation of your health, but fortunately you have a Form master well versed in such matters. You will do as I tell you, or I shall be angry."

The chimes from the clock tower interrupted the Form master, and he gave a start. He looked at his watch quickly, and then opening a little packet he extracted from his waistcoat pocket, took out two small pills. Much to the amusement of the juniors, he popped them into his mouth and swallowed them. Then he breathed a sigh of relief.

"Dear me, I had almost forgotten my usual dose," he murmured. "You will be careful to carry out my instructions, Cherry."

And the Remove master walked on. Bob Cherry and Harry Wharton looked at one another in expressive silence for a minute. The cricketers went on with the game.

"There's two of us out of it," said Bob Cherry, at last. "No breakfast, no cricket, and the Upper Fourth cackling at us like a lot of old hens."

"Blessed if we're going to stand it!" exclaimed Wharton. "We told Quelch we would give the new master a chance, but we never expected anything of this sort."

"Quelch can't have known what he was like, either."

"And I fancy the Head doesn't. He's taken on for his scholastic attainments, and I don't deny he's clever. He knows a heap. But this faddism——"

"It's too thick."

"We're not going to stand it," growled Wharton. "Life won't be worth living if he goes on. If we have any more of his fads, there will be rows in the Remove."

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Revolt of the Remove.

"DINNER!" said Nugent, as a bell rang, and the Remove crowded into the lofty, cool, dining-hall from the blaze of the July sun.

Mr. Chesham took his place at the head of the Form table. The dinner of the juniors at Greyfriars was of a solid description, and the task of carving was usually no sinecure. But Mr. Chesham made a light task of it to-day. The helpings he sent round on each plate were small, not to say infinitesimal, and the juniors stared at them. Billy Bunter surveyed his plate almost with tears in his eyes.

"My only hat!" murmured Bob Cherry. "That chap must have been brought up in a blessed boarding-house."

There were discontented faces along each side of the long table. The first helping of beef disappeared, and plates were passed up for more. But Mr. Chesham shook his head with a pleasant smile.

"There will be no second helping, my boys."

There was an audible growl from the Remove.

"Mr. Quelch always gave us a second helping, sir," said Bulstrode.

"That is changed now."

"The first helping was jolly small, sir," said Nugent.

"Perhaps so. I must explain to you my views on the matter. Surely none of you can be so ignorant of the simplest rules of health, as to be unaware that very little meat should be eaten in the hot weather. A quantity of wholemeal bread has been provided to supply the deficiency. You may have as much bread as you like, in moderation."

"I'm hungry," said Billy Bunter.

Mr. Chesham's mild blue eyes turned upon him.

"Ah, you are hungry, Bunter! Have you carried out my instructions with regard to the bottle of medicine I gave you?"

Billy Bunter was silent.

"Have you taken a dose before dinner?"

"If you please, sir—I'm sincerely sorry—but—the bottle was broken, sir. I'm sincerely sorry, but it was broken before I had time to take a dose, sir."

"Dear me! How was it broken, Bunter?"

"A—a stone knocked against it, sir."

"I am afraid you have been very careless, Bunter. You are paying the penalty of your carelessness, however, in suffering from a recurrence of the habit-hunger——"

"If you please, sir, it's real hunger I've got now."

"Quite a mistake," said Mr. Chesham blandly. "It is a feeling that comes from habit, and is due to an illusion of the imagination, and is quite distinct from real hunger. The only resemblance is that it feels precisely the same."

"It feels awfully real, sir," murmured Billy Bunter. "I—I should like a little more beef, sir, if you please."

"I must refuse you, Bunter, in the interests of your health. You may, however, have another slice of wholemeal bread."

Billy Bunter made a grimace which it was fortunate the Form master did not see. The Removites left the table in an extremely discontented mood. They were ripe for revolt that afternoon, and it needed very little to set the smouldering discontent into a flame.

"What can we do with him?" said Russell. "The boulder will keep on till he's reduced us all to skin and bone, if he's not stopped!"

"I've a good mind to complain to the Head," growled Billy Bunter. "I don't see why we should be starved to death."

"Lot of good complaining against a Form master," said Jones Secundus. "The Head wouldn't listen to us—especially on a question of grub."

"He'd think we were a greedy lot of young cormorants," said Skinner. "He'd be right as far as Billy Bunter is concerned——"

"Really, Skinner, I think——"

"It's rough," said Bulstrode. "If I were captain of the Remove, you'd jolly soon see a difference, I can tell you."

"What would you do?"

"Never mind! You've made Wharton captain, and you can stand by him. Let him get you out of this, that's all," sneered Bulstrode.

Meanwhile the chums of No. 1 were talking together very seriously on the subject.

Bob Cherry and Wharton had ample cause to be exasperated over the prohibition of cricket practice, and the others were hungry.

"We're not going to stand it," said Bob Cherry. "But the question is, what can we do? It would be rather caddish to complain to the Head, and probably wouldn't be any good, either."

"Well, if the Head listened to complaints against a Form master, he'd have his hands full," Harry Wharton remarked, with a smile.

"True. But that makes it only the worse for us."

"We've got to depend upon ourselves, that's all," said Wharton. "After all, the Greyfriars Remove has always been able to fight its own battles. We've got a reputation for keeping our end up, too. We've given this chap some rope, to please Quelch. It seems to me that we've done enough for Quelch's sake. If we knew exactly how long he would be away from the school, we might make up our minds to grin and bear it till he came back. But we don't know."

"That's so! And this Chesham-ass is such a good-tempered beast that a chap hardly likes to rag him," Nugent remarked, thoughtfully.

"Ratherfully. The good temper of the ass is terrific."

"Right," said Harry Wharton. "We want to give him a chance. I suppose this faddism has grown on him, you know. You often notice that people start with wholemeal bread or vegetarianism, and that's all right—and then they keep on till they grow into faddists. That's the case with this ass, I suppose. He doesn't know where to draw the line. I think we ought to tell him."

The Removites chuckled.

"Will you tell him, Harry?"

"Yes, I will," said Wharton resolutely. "If this goes on, it

will lead to ructions in the Remove, and that's not fair on him without giving him warning first."

"True. Somebody is wanted to bell the cat," grinned Nugent. "You're not going to do it alone, though, Harry. We shall stand by you."

"Better leave it to me. It may turn out seriously, and it's no good a lot getting called over the coals instead of one."

To which Nugent cheerfully replied:

"Rats!"

The Remove were in a dangerous mood when they filed in for the afternoon school. Mr. Quelch had ruled with a rod of iron, but even he had not always been able to keep the reins of discipline tight on that restive Form. Mild little Mr. Chesham was not the man to do it, and he had not started the right way.

"Ah! We are taking English history now," said Mr. Chesham cheerfully. "Before we commence the lesson, however, I have some instructions to give you, my lads. The use of boots in modern times has been carried to such excess that the feet of human beings scarcely ever have an opportunity of relaxing themselves and resuming a natural shape. This can be remedied by the use of sandals. I have ordered a supply of sandals from London, and I expect them down to-day. You will make it a point to wear sandals for at least one hour a day."

The Removites looked at one another speechlessly. They could imagine what the Upper Fourth would have to say when they saw the Removites walking about in sandals. There was rebellion in every face. Every eye turned upon Harry Wharton, some in expectancy, some in sneering derision. He was the leader of the Form, and it was a post of responsibility as well as honour. Would he rise to the occasion. The sneers were banished as the hero of the Remove rose to his feet.

"If you please, Mr. Chesham, may I speak a word?"

"Certainly, Wharton," said the new master genially.

"There have been many changes made in the Remove during the couple of days you have been with us, sir. We know you mean well, by us——"

"That is certainly the case, Wharton, and I am very pleased by this spontaneous acknowledgement of——"

"But we don't like it, sir."

"Eh?"

"I am sorry to have to say that we don't like it, sir. We are always prepared to show you the respect and obedience due to a Form master, but we think we have a right to have our personal liberty left to us without interference, as it was in Mr. Quelch's time. The whole Form thinks as I do, sir."

The murmur of applause that followed Harry Wharton's speech showed that he spoke quite correctly on that point.

The leader of the Remove had been allowed to finish his speech simply because the Form master was too amazed and taken aback to interrupt him. But the clouds were gathering upon Mr. Chesham's brow, and he turned a thunderous look upon Harry Wharton as he finished.

"Wharton, do you know what you are saying?"

"Yes, sir, I am speaking for the whole Form. We think we ought to be allowed to have as much grub as we used, and to play cricket just as we like."

"Stand out here, Wharton!"

Harry walked out before the class. His manner was respectful, but there was no trace of fear in it, and he required all his courage now, for he knew perfectly well that he might be flogged by the Head, or expelled from Greyfriars, for what might be construed into a defiance of a Form master in the Form-room.

But Harry Wharton did not "face the music" alone.

Nugent, Cherry, and Hurree Singh rose at the same moment as if moved by the same spring, and followed him out before the class.

After a moment's hesitation Hazeldene left his seat and joined them.

Mr. Chesham stared at them blankly.

"What do you mean by coming out here?" he exclaimed. "I ordered only Wharton to step before the class. Go back to your places."

"We're with Wharton in this, sir," said Nugent. "He's speaking for us. We all think we ought not to be interfered with."

"Is that the way to address a Form master?"

"We are sorry, sir; but we have our rights, and——"

"You have no right to oppose me in any way, or to set your opinions against mine," said the master of the Remove harshly. "I cannot overlook this breach of discipline. Is any other associated in this rebellion?"

"Faith, and I am for one!" exclaimed Micky Desmond, coming out and joining the group of culprits.

"And I for another," said Jones, following him.

It was a signal for revolt.

The whole Remove rose, and marched out from the desks with the exception of Bulstrode and Bunter, and after a second's pause those two followed.

Mr. Chesham stared at them helplessly.

Mr. Quelch would have dealt with such a situation promptly and effectively, but the faddist Form master was not made of the same stuff. He looked helplessly at the boys, not finding in his heart determination enough for the severe measures which alone could have reduced them to obedience.

"Really—really!" he exclaimed.

The signs of weakness and irresolution were all the Remove wanted to make them throw off all restraint.

Micky Desmond gave a shout.

"Hurrah for the Remove, and down with all bastely faddists! Let's get out!"

There was a cheer, and the Remove swarmed to the doorway.

Before Mr. Chesham could realise what was happening they were streaming out of the class-room, and in a minute more he was left alone.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

A Difficult Position.

MR. CHESHAM stood in the Remove-room, his face somewhat pale, and breathing hard.

He was a man with the best intentions in the world, but he could not understand that petty interference was harder to tolerate even than tyranny.

He looked at the open door, from which the revolted Remove had streamed, helplessly, and passed his hand across his forehead.

"Ungrateful!" he murmured. "Goodness, what is to be done?"

That was rather a difficult question to answer. The Remove had revolted, and he had not nipped the revolt in the bud. How to deal with it now was a question wiser heads than Mr. Chesham's could not have answered satisfactorily.

His authority was set at naught. If he went out into the Close, and ordered the boys to return to the class-room he knew that they would not obey. He could call upon the Head for assistance. That would be effective, but what a humiliating confession to make to the doctor that he could not keep his Form in order unassisted.

The Head was busy in the Sixth Form-room, and he certainly would not relish being called upon to suddenly deal with a rebellion and restore a wild Remove to order.

But the fact that the Remove were in the Close instead of in the class-room could not remain long unknown to the rest of Greyfriars. The situation required to be dealt with instantly, but how?

One weakness naturally led to another.

Mr. Chesham hurried out of the class-room, and looked into the Close. The thought in his mind was to find Harry Wharton. He had already discovered how extensive was Wharton's influence over the reckless Form. Wharton could effect what was impossible to the new master—if he would. Anything to save looking ridiculous in the eyes of all Greyfriars.

"Wharton!"

Harry Wharton started, and came towards the Form master.

It was far from being his wish to triumph over Mr. Chesham. Had the new master been a bully or a tyrant Wharton would have delighted in defying him, and would have revelled in the present situation. But Mr. Chesham was only a weak man, and quite kind-hearted and well intentioned. Harry would willingly have done anything he could to extricate him from his humiliating position.

"You called me, sir?" said Wharton, with more respect in his manner than in his heart.

"Yes, Wharton. What—what does this revolt mean? Is it possible that you are resolved upon defying your Form master's authority?"

"I should be very sorry to do so, sir; but——"

"You know what this must lead to, Wharton. If I call Dr. Locke's attention to the matter the leaders in this unexampled outbreak will be expelled from the school."

Wharton's face set doggedly.

"Possibly, sir. We're only standing on our rights."

"That is nonsense. I know better than you do what is good for you, and I am acting for the best. If you all immediately return to the class-room I will overlook this occurrence, and no one shall be punished. Otherwise, I shall have no resource but to call Dr. Locke."

"I will speak to the fellows, sir."

Harry Wharton repeated the Form master's offer. The Remove chuckled over it. Even from Mr. Chesham they had not expected such a confession of failure.

"We won't go in," said Bulstrode. "Let the Head come. He can't expel the whole Form, anyway. I'm for sticking out."

"Easy enough for the rank and file to stick out," said Harry Wharton contemptuously. "I have no mind to be expelled, Bulstrode."

"If you're getting afraid——"

"That is the second time you have hinted as much, Bulstrode. If you are willing to back up your words with your fists, take your jacket off," Wharton broke out passionately.

Bulstrode retreated a pace.

"This isn't a time for fisticuffs!" he exclaimed. "We've got to deal with the new master now, Wharton."

"Then hold your tongue. Fellows, I'm not for giving in to Mr. Chesham's fads any more than the rest of you; but it's no good going too far. We've made him plainly understand that we won't put up with his rot. I think we've done enough for the present. We don't want the Head brought into it."

"Rather!" said Nugent.

"The ratherfulness is terrific."

"My idea is that he'll draw in his horns now. Anyway, we ought to give him a chance. Let's get back to the class-room."

"I'm not going," said Bulstrode.

"You dare not stay here alone," said Harry, with a flash in his eyes. "Well, you chaps can do as you like. It's like Bulstrode to jump on a fellow who is down, and Chesham is down now. I'm going in."

Harry Wharton walked away, followed by his friends.

The rest of the Form followed. Bulstrode brought up the rear; but, as Harry had said, he dared not remain alone.

Mr. Chesham's great relief showed in his face.

He had been saved from an unpleasant and humiliating position by the influence of the Form captain, and his manner was very subdued for the rest of the afternoon. There was no further mention of the new regulations.

"He's had his lesson," Nugent remarked, when the Remove quitted the class-room once more. "We sha'n't hear anything more of those giddy sandals."

Harry Wharton nodded, but Hazeldene looked doubtful.

"I don't know," he remarked. "Chesham has been taken aback, but that won't happen again. He'll come up smiling to-morrow, I expect."

"Then he'll get another lesson, that's all," said Harry Wharton.

"What about the cricket?" asked Bob Cherry dubiously.

"We've told him we're not going to stand his rot, so I suppose we can go and practise."

"Yes, certainly," said Wharton. "If he thinks we're ill he ought to send for the school doctor. We've had enough of his bosh. Let's get down to the pitch," and the chums of the Remove were soon busy on the junior pitch with the rest of the Form.

Temple, Dabney and Co., of the Upper Fourth, came along to stare at them.

"Hallo!" called out Temple. "I thought you were on the sick-list, Wharton—had a pain in your little chest, or your tummy, or something."

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney. "And Bob Cherry was ill, too—St. Vitus Dance, or measles, or something."

"More likely a yarn to get out of meeting us in the Form match," said Fry, with a shake of the head.

"Oh, go and eat coke!" said Bob Cherry.

"I hear you've got a grandmother for a Form master," grinned Temple. "Kind old codger who gives you pills and wraps you up in cotton-wool."

"And nurses you when you're peevish," said Dabney.

"And sings you to sleep," remarked Fry.

"Hallo, here he comes!"

Mr. Chesham was coming towards the cricket ground. He glanced towards the cricketers, and his face flushed as he saw Harry Wharton at the wicket and Bob Cherry fielding a ball. He stopped at the ropes.

"Wharton! Cherry!"

"Yes, sir."

"Come here immediately."

The two Removes slowly obeyed.

"You have disobeyed my positive orders," said Mr. Chesham severely. "I overlooked your insubordination of this afternoon, and I suppose this is the consequence. Go into the house immediately, and remain there. Take two hundred lines each."

Harry Wharton's eyes blazed.

"Do you hear me?"

Hot words of defiance were on the tip of Harry Wharton's tongue. It was as much for Mr. Chesham's sake as for his own that he restrained himself, turned quietly away, and walked into the house.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

The Sandals.

THERE was a buzz of talk in the junior common-room. Most of the Remove were discussing the events of the afternoon, and the vagaries of the faddist Form master, and the Upper Fourth fellows who were present were making sly allusions to the predicament of the rival Form, and chipping the Removes in every possible way.

There was an excellent prospect of a row, for the Remove were by no means patient in temper that evening.

It was a hot evening in July, and tempers were strained by the weather, and the Remove had many causes of irritation just then.

"It's rotten!" was the general opinion of the Remove. "He had a lesson to-day, and now he's got his back up again. It's rotten!"

"Wharton oughtn't to have given in," said Bulstrode. "He ought to have stuck out when he was ordered off the cricket pitch."

"Yes; I rather wonder he knuckled under," Skinner remarked. "I wouldn't have."

"Nor I," said Billy Bunter. "I should have pointed out to Mr. Chesham, gently but firmly, that I had a right to do as I liked. You won't catch me taking any of his rotten medicine. I'm not afraid of Chesham——"

"Bunter!"

Billy Bunter jumped nearly clear of the floor. It was the Form master's quiet voice at the door. The faddist's mild blue eyes blinked into the room.

"I—I—I—I——" stammered Billy Bunter, in utter dismay. For a fellow who wasn't "afraid of Chesham," he looked extremely dismayed.

"You were speaking of your Form master disrespectfully, Bunter."

"I—I—I—I'm sincerely sorry, sir. I really didn't mean to speak of you with anything like disrespect. I respect you very highly, sir, and I wouldn't dream of saying what I think of you, if I thought you could hear me. We all respect you very much, sir, and we don't think you a faddist."

"Bunter."

"Yes, sir. I'm sincerely sorry that you should have misunderstood me in this way. What I really meant was that I respected you very much, and——"

"You will take fifty lines, Bunter."

"Oh, dear! It's quite a mistake, sir; it's really a great mistake on your part to think that I meant to——"

"Silence."

"Certainly, sir, I won't say another word; but you might let me explain that I——"

"Take a hundred lines, Bunter."

"Oh, dear!" gasped Billy, and he relapsed into silence at last, fearful lest the hundred lines might become two hundred if he persisted.

Mr. Chesham glanced round the room, grown strangely silent. Some of the Remove were inclined to hiss the new master, but the look on Harry Wharton's face stopped that. Mr. Chesham glanced at Harry, and then his glance passed on as if he did not take particular note of the leader of the Remove.

"My boys, I have come here to speak a few words to you. There was a case of gross insubordination in the class-room to-day. I have overlooked that. If it is repeated, I shall deal sternly with the offenders. That is a warning to you all. Meanwhile, the new regulation I mentioned to you in class will be carried out."

The Remove were silent. They were too surprised to be anything else. The new master seemed to be popping up again like a jack-in-the-box after his defeat. He had his tail up again, as Bob Cherry expressed it, with a vengeance.

"The sandals," continued Mr. Chesham, "have arrived. The consignment has been delivered by the carrier. They are in the Form-room. Each boy belonging to the Lower Fourth will go to that room and select a pair to fit him, and will wear them to-morrow morning on coming down, and will change them for morning school. I shall expect this order to be implicitly obeyed. I have your best interests at heart, though some of you do not seem to understand that."

There was a suppressed giggle from the Upper Fourth fellows. The Remove looked at one another with burning eyes. To be made to look ridiculous in the presence of the rival Form was the bitterest pill of all.

"Another new rule," went on the rash innovator. "You are accustomed to having tea in your studies, and eating all kinds of things that are not good for your health. This must cease. In future the whole of the Remove will be expected to appear at the school dining-table at the proper time for tea, and will take that meal from the school fare, in the presence of their Form master."

A WONDERFUL NEW STORY.

A WORLD AT WAR.

By ANDREW GRAY.

NOW STARTING IN

"The Boys' Herald."

"FOUR ON THE WAR PATH."

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

NEXT
TUESDAY.

The Remove gasped.

If the new master had ordered them to stand on their heads at morning chapel, he could hardly have taken their breath more completely away.

Give up tea in the studies—the most cherished institution of Greyfriars! Give up the last relic of their ancient freedom, and be cackled at for ever by the Upper Fourth! It was not likely.

In the silence of consternation that followed the Form master's words, Temple, of the Upper Fourth, rose to his feet. There was a subdued grin on Temple's face.

"If you please, sir," he said, "as captain of the Upper Fourth, I wish to express the opinion of my Form that you have done well for Greyfriars by keeping the most unruly Form in the school in order like this."

"Hear, hear!" said Dabney and Co.

Mr. Chesham blinked with his mild blue eyes at Temple.

"Thank you," he said; "I am truly glad to see that my efforts meet with appreciation in some quarters, and I hope the Remove will soon come to see matters in the same light. In fact, I am sure that such will be the case. Good-night, my boys, and do not forget to go to the Form-room and select your sandals."

And Mr. Chesham walked away.

The torrent of hissing, long hard-held, burst forth in a volume. The Form master affected to hear nothing. The Remove were in a fury, and the chuckles of the Upper Fourth and the Third Form fags added to it.

"Are we going to stand this?" roared Bob Cherry.

Harry Wharton's face was hard and determined.

"No."

"Little boys must be kept in order," said Temple. "I quite agree with Chesham. The Remove eat too much, and they're too cheeky by half. I think——"

What Temple thought will never be known, for just then Russell's fist caught him on the nose, and he sat down without finishing his remarks.

There was a rush of the Upper Fourth fellows to rally round their chief, and a rush of the Remove to assail them. The temper of the Remove was up, and fellows who would not submit to a Form master were not likely to stand so much chipping from another junior Form.

"Sock it to them!" shouted Nugent.

"Kick them out!" cried Harry Wharton. "Buck up, Remove!"

"Hurrah!" shouted the Removites, and they hurled themselves into the fray with ardour. They were in the majority, and the Upper Fourth had hardly a chance from the first. Temple and Dabney were hurled out into the passage, and Fry followed them, sprawling over his leaders, and, then, one by one the Upper Fourthers were flung out.

The room was cleared of the obnoxious enemy in a remarkably short space of time. Then the Remove, somewhat relieved in their minds, paused to deliberate upon their next proceeding.

"We're not going to wear the giddy sandals," said Bob Cherry. "That's certain."

"Quite certain," said Harry Wharton. "We're not going to wear them, and we'll let all Greyfriars know it."

"What's the wheeze?" asked Nugent, who saw, by the gleam in Harry Wharton's eyes, that he had already mapped out a course of action.

"We must go to the Form-room and get the beastly things. But, instead of coming down in them to-morrow morning, we'll make a pile of them."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Outside Mr. Chesham's bedroom door, and he can find them when he comes out," said Harry Wharton. "That will be a pretty plain answer to his rot, I think."

"Ha, ha! Rather!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific."

"Good!" exclaimed Nugent. "It's ripping. We all stand together in this, and if one is punished, the whole Form will have to be punished, too."

"Hear, hear!"

"Now let's go and get the sandals. Its us against Chesham now, and we'll see who gets the best of it—the Remove or the faddist!"

"Hurrah!"

And the Removites crowded out of the common-room. A quarter of an hour later Mr. Chesham looked into the Form-room. The sandals were gone; evidently they had been selected by the Remove and taken away, to be worn on the following morning according to instructions. A satisfied smile wreathed the mild face of the faddist.

"Very good," he murmured. "The affair of this afternoon was but a momentary effervescence, and it is quite over now. I am sure that I shall soon quite bring round the Remove to my way of thinking."

And the new master went on his way contented.

EVERY TUESDAY, **The "Magnet"** ONE HALFPENNY. LIBRARY.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

A Surprise for Mr. Chesham.

CLANG! clang!

The Greyfriars Remove awoke. It was morning, and the far from musical tones of the rising-bell were ringing through the clear air.

Harry Wharton sat up in bed.

"Up with you, you chaps."

Billy Bunter yawned.

"I'd like another five minutes, if you don't mind, Wharton. I say, Cherry, don't put that sponge near me, you beast. It's wet. Ow—w—wowow! You rotter! Don't! Can't you see I'm getting up?"

The Remove were quickly out of bed. They were not usually so prompt to the clang of the rising-bell. But this morning they had business in hand.

They dressed themselves, and put their boots on, amid much suppressed excitement. There was to be a new defiance of the Form master, on more determined lines this time; but in a way that he would find it harder to deal with. Harry Wharton glanced round to see if all were ready.

"Don't forget the sandals," he said.

"Not likely," chuckled Nugent.

"I say, you fellows——"

"Mind, every pair must be here. Have you got yours, Bunter?"

"No. Upon second thoughts, Wharton—I'm sincerely sorry not to be able to back you up in this matter, but upon second thoughts I'd rather——"

"Get your sandals."

"I tell you I'd rather——"

"Get your sandals," roared Harry Wharton.

"Oh certainly, Wharton, if you make a point of it. I'll do just as you like, you know. I'll get them by all means."

"There's going to be no skulking over this," said Bob Cherry. "We're all ready, Wharton. Lead on, old son. Chesham won't open his door for a good ten minutes yet, so we've got plenty of time. It will be rather a surprise for him."

"The surprisefulness will be terrific."

"Come on, then," said Harry quietly.

The Remove left the dormitory. They presented a singular spectacle as they went quietly downstairs, each youngster holding a pair of sandals in his hand. Harry Wharton stopped at the door of the new master's room. There was a pair of boots on the mat. Harry Wharton laid his sandals beside them.

Then in turn each of the Removites followed his example, until above forty pairs of sandals reposed in a pile against the door of the Remove master.

"My hat!" murmured Bob Cherry. "There will be a clatter when he opens his door."

"The clatterfulness will be great, and the jumpfulness of the honourable sahib's esteemed nerves will be terrific," remarked the nabob.

"There will be a row," Nugent remarked—"a row in a double sense—but we can stand it. Let's get out."

The Removites went out into the green Close, fresh and sunny in the July morning. Some of them were feeling a little uneasy as to the result of the escapade. But the ringleaders of the revolt—the chums of No. 1 study—were perfectly cool and self-possessed.

After the Remove had gone down, Herr Rosenblum, the German master, came out of his room, and walked along the passage to the stairs. His foot struck against one of the sandals and there was a clatter. The fat German stopped and stared in blank amazement at the pile outside Mr. Chesham's door.

"Mein crashious!" he murmured. "I tink tat is ver' strange mit itself after, ain't it? Vy for does Herr Chesham desire so many sandals?" A grin dawned on his fat face. "But, perhaps it is vun trick of te juniors. Ach! te young rascals."

He tapped at Mr. Chesham's door.

"Vas you avake pefore, Herr Chesham?"

"Yes, certainly," came a voice from within. "What is wanted?"

"Noting, mein herr, noting, but I knock mein foot mit meinself upon vun of te sandals tat are pile up here, und I tink——"

"What!"

"I tink tat——"

Before the German master could get further the door was snatched open, and Mr. Chesham looked out excitedly. There was a crash of falling sandals. The whole pile of them fell inwards as the door opened, and they crashed round Mr. Chesham's feet. The Form master gave a jump.

"Goodness gracious!"

Herr Rosenblum suppressed a chuckle.

"Vat is all tat heap of sandals for, mein herr?"

"I—I—I am amazed——"

"Ach! It is vun trick!"

Mr. Chesham recovered himself. He stared at the sprawling

heap of sandals, and his brows darkened. The defiance of the Remove was plainly to be read there.

The German master looked at him curiously.

"Vat is all tat for?" he asked. "Vere is it tat all dese sandals come from mit demselves after, sin't it?"

"It—it is a joke of the boys of my Form," muttered Mr. Chesham. "I shall deal with it severely. Excuse me, Herr Rosenblum."

He withdrew into his room, and the German master passed on, his fat face wreathed in smiles. A few minutes later the master of the Remove came downstairs. The juniors looked at him cautiously as he sat down at the table for breakfast, but he did not speak a word concerning the sandals.

Breakfast was as Mr. Chesham had promised the day before. There were neither eggs nor bacon, and the bread-and-butter was flanked by basins of porridge. It was good porridge, and wholesome food, but the Remove were on the warpath now. They refused to touch it; and they ate their bread-and-butter with chilling dignity.

The Remove assembled in the Form-room at the usual time. Some hearts were beating quicker than usual. There was excitement intense though suppressed. Mr. Chesham came into the room, with a clouded brow, and addressed the Form from his desk.

"Boys, I am very sorry to see that you have neglected to carry out my instructions with regard to the sandals."

Dead silence.

"Instead of wearing them, you have piled them in a heap outside my bed-room door. I can only take this as an act of defiance."

Bob Cherry murmured "Go hon!" in a sarcastic tone, but the rest of the Remove were silent, expectant.

"I must know whom it was that suggested this act of insubordination," said Mr. Chesham. "Let him stand forward!"

No one stirred from his place.

"Do you hear me?" said the Form-master, raising his voice. "It is impossible for me to pass over a matter of this kind. Who is the ringleader in this outrage?"

Stony silence.

The Remove were standing together, as one man—shoulder to shoulder against the common enemy; and Mr. Chesham was nonplussed.

In the dead silence of the Form-room a pin might have been heard to drop.

"Very good," said the new master, in a low, incensed tone. "Very good. I—"

He broke off.

The door of the Remove-room had opened from without, and a well-known figure stood in the doorway. Mr. Chesham looked surprised; and the Remove burst into a cheer. It was Mr. Quelch.

The old master of the Remove advanced into the room. He was still looking somewhat pale, but much better than when he had left Greyfriars, and there was a brown tan of sun and sea-breeze on his cheeks already. He walked up to the desk, with a cheery nod to the Form.

"Mr. Quelch!" ejaculated Mr. Chesham.

"Yes," said the Remove master quietly. "I have returned earlier than I expected. I am ready to take charge of my Form again."

Mr. Chesham looked relieved. Doubtless, he was relieved to be extricated from the difficult position he found himself in, and perhaps he had already had enough of the Remove.

"Very good, Mr. Quelch. I have done my best with the Form, though I am sorry to say there have been some differences. I willingly return the charge into your hands."

He shook hands with the Form master, and turned towards the door. The Removes hardly knew what to make of the matter. Mr. Quelch had returned early and suddenly, and it seemed evident that he must have known something of what was going on in the Remove at Greyfriars, both from his return, and from the curious expression upon his face. It was not till afterwards that the Removes knew that Wingate had written to Mr. Quelch to let him know the trouble that was caused by his absence.

Mr. Chesham paused at the door, and his mild blue eyes sought the Remove once more.

"Good-bye, my boys," he said, kindly enough. "I am afraid we have not pulled together very well, but I hope you feel only kindly towards me, as I certainly do towards you."

It was an appeal that was not lost on the Remove. The juniors melted at once. Harry Wharton rose in his place.

"Certainly, sir," he exclaimed. "There have been some misunderstandings, that is all, and we all respect you very much. I wish we had got on better. Good-bye, sir."

"Good-bye, sir," chorussed the Remove.

And so the faddist Form master went. In all Greyfriars there was not a Form that day so meek and attentive as the Remove. They had blown off steam, as Bob Cherry expressed it, at the expense of Mr. Chesham; and, besides that, they wanted to show Mr. Quelch that they could be an orderly Form when they chose.

As to what had happened during his absence, Mr. Quelch discreetly never spoke a word. Bygones were allowed to be bygones. Mr. Quelch reigned in his old place, but for a long time the Remove chatted and chuckled over their brief experience of a faddist Form master.

THE END.

(Another splendid tale of Harry Wharton and his Chums next Tuesday. Please order your copy of the MAGNET Library in advance.)



MAXENNIS.
Detective.

GRAND STORY
showing how
TWO BOYS BECAME
DETECTIVES.
By Lewis Hockley.

The Result of the Detective's First Case.

The precious pair were soon safe in custody, and another policeman accompanying them, Lomax and Dennis made tracks for Ringwood's Court.

And here they found Mrs. Brewer, in a house occupied by a married sister of McDonald, who believed the good lady to be a lunatic awaiting admission into a madhouse, and was not sorry to be relieved of her custody. Mrs. Brewer's wonder when the detectives entered her room knew no bounds.

Her lodger, so she explained, had accosted her at the end of the street in which she lived, and with some specious tale had induced her to enter a cab. She had been driven to the house in the New Cut, taken within, and there locked in her room. Realising that she was a prisoner, and fearing herself about to suffer the terrible punishment which the writer of the threatening postcards had promised, she had given herself up to despair. Every moment, so she vehemently asserted, when she had somewhat recovered from the shock of her deliverance, she had expected would be her last. But the fears of the drunken boxer that she had had nothing to eat or drink had been groundless. His sister, though frightened of her charge, had not believed lunatics required to be starved, and had not starved this one.

A cab was procured, and Mrs. Brewer conveyed to her own dwelling. On the way thither, Dennis and Lomax attempted to convey to her the real meaning of the mystery

which she had entrusted to them to solve. And apparently she recognised its gravity, for she insisted upon them receiving, then and there, the remainder of their fee. Nor would she be satisfied until they had each accepted a five-pound note each over and above.

"It's worth it, young men!" she declared. "The weight you've took off my mind you'll never know. I feel like a reprieved murderer. And now, if you don't mind, I'll just pop in and see if Mrs. Biddlecombe is up."

Lomax and Dennis made no hurry in their return journey to their office lodgings. They had a deal to say, and they said it. From congratulations they passed easily to argument.

"It's just as I told you before," remarked Dennis seriously. "In this detective work one requires imagination."

"Fudge!" was the retort. "It's sheer hard work and common-sense reasoning. We'd never have done this, our first job, without it."

"Hallo, your trumpeter dead! Self praise, etc."

"Not a bit! It's because you put your story-book nonsensical ideas of 'tects out of your mind that we've done what we have."

"Pull up, old man!" Dennis rejoined. "What you mean is that it's because you've adopted some of 'em."

"Not I!" was the indignant answer. "I wouldn't—"

"Perhaps not, but you did!" put in Dennis. "What about disguises, Grip getting the postcard—"

"That's luck."

"And luck's just another word for seizing opportunities."

"Well, whatever it was, it's earned us ten sovereigns apiece, and won us our first case, so we won't quarrel about it."

THE END.

(Tell your chum to read the opening chapters of "In the Ranks."—The Editor.)

"FOUR ON THE WAR PATH."

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

NEXT
TUESDAY.

GRAND TALE OF THE REDMINSTER CADET CORPS.

95 WORDS THAT WILL TELL YOU WHAT
HAS TAKEN PLACE.

The story opens with a review of the Redminster Cadet Corps, led by young Lieutenant Jack Dashwood. The proceedings are interrupted when the Headmaster receives a telegram asking him to send Jack home at once, as his father—Colonel Sir Harry Dashwood—is dangerously ill. Dick Vivian goes with his chum, and soon after their arrival at the house the Colonel passes away. When the will is read and it is found that Jack is practically disinherited in favour of his Uncle Dominic and Cousin Leonard, Jack insinuates that his uncle is not acting straight. (Now go on with the story.)

Jack Leaves Home.

"What do you mean, John?" said the lawyer hotly; but it was a poor attempt at indignation. "Of course, I shall not allow you to be left penniless. I shall make some provision for you."

"Very kind of you, Uncle Dominic," said Jack, "but it is not my intention to be beholden to you for a single penny. I have known you for a long time, and my only surprise is that you can possibly be the brother of my father. I suppose the legacies to the servants are not included in the second will?"

"There is no mention of any legacies," said the lawyer, recovering his self-possession.

"But, of course," said Jack, laughing strangely, "it is your intention to make some provision for these faithful dependents?"

"My dear John," he began, speaking with authoritative sternness, "your suspicions—"

"Will some day prove to be very well founded, Uncle Dominic," said the lad, turning from the table. And although Squire Appleby endeavoured to detain him, and urged him to be calm, the lad put his hand aside gently, and with a curious, far-off look in his eyes, passed through the open window on to the terrace.

Dick Vivian rose at the same time, and was following his friend, when the silence in the room was broken by a sudden buzz of indignation, and Dick paused and looked back.

"I think, Mr. Dashwood," said Squire Appleby, his face purple with wrath, "that, knowing the condition of affairs, you should have given that poor boy some warning."

"What do you mean, Mr. Appleby? Do you, too, impute dishonesty to my actions? I would suggest that you be very careful, sir; there are such things as courts of law."

"Well, sir, and there are such things as horse-ponds, and I, for one, should be glad to see you dragged to the nearest one," said the choleric squire. "I wish you good-day, sir!" And Mr. Appleby strode out of the room into the hall, whither Sergeant Hogan followed him.

"I knew it, sir," said the old man, in a whisper, "but there's one thing I cannot understand."

"What is that, my poor fellow?" said the squire, as Hogan handed him his hat and stick.

"Simply this, Mr. Appleby. You knew the colonel, and you will agree with me that a better man or a kinder father never lived. Now, when a month ago he was threatened with a seizure, and the doctor told him his end was not very far off, was it likely that he would keep all this from Master Jack? I never knew the colonel so happy and cheerful as he was ever since he recovered. There's something wrong, Mr. Appleby, and it's meself that'll get to the bottom of it one of these days."

"Hush! Hogan. You may have your suspicions, but you

must be very careful what you say," said the squire, slipping a sovereign into the old man's hand, as he prepared to mount his horse.

"And look here, Hogan, you will, in all probability, be turned out of the hall by your new master. If you want a home, come to me. Don't forget it; come to me!"

The old man saluted as the squire rode away.

Somehow, with the exit of Mr. Appleby, all the other guests who had assembled to hear the will read, got off their chairs, and a most uncomfortable pause, interrupted by nods and grimaces, and muttered conversations, took place; and such black looks were cast upon the lawyer and his son, that Leonard seized the opportunity to leave the library, and found himself on the terrace outside. The news had come as no surprise to him, as his father had made him acquainted with what would happen. He found it difficult to disguise the exultation that filled his heart, for, while outwardly of very presentable exterior, Leonard Dashwood had inherited his father's crafty, cunning nature, and if Jack Dashwood had not been so broad-shouldered and long in the arm, the miserable fellow would have taken delight in making him feel this cruel loss of fortune. As it was, he deemed it safer to go upon the opposite tack, as Jack and young Vivian approached him.

"I say, you know," said the lawyer's son, "it's awfully hard on you, Jack, but don't you think you're just a bit rough on my father? He couldn't help Sir Harry dying when he did, and if he had lived another six months the whole position would have been changed."

His cousin turned his grey eyes upon him, and looked him through and through, with such a searching gaze that Leonard coloured, and bit his lip nervously.

"If I thought that you had known anything of this," said Jack slowly, "I should thrash you within an inch of your life, Leonard Dashwood. Your father has robbed me. Oh, you needn't look black! I have no proofs, but I don't care who hears me say it, and some day he'll suffer for this. As for you, I would strongly advise you to keep out of my way, because I am very much afraid that I shall have to thrash you, after all. I feel it coming on, Leonard Dashwood! Sneering, you dog, are you? By heaven, you shall have it now!" And the next moment Jack's arm had shot out, and sent his cousin staggering back on to the gravel, where he rolled over and over like a rabbit.

There had come into the rogue's face, as Jack looked at him, an uncontrollable gleam of triumph. It was only for a moment, but Jack's keen eye had seen it.

Leonard picked himself up, very much bruised from his contact with the ground, and, as his father, hearing the scrimmage, came hurriedly from the library window, Leonard grew bold, and glared at the disinherited lad vindictively.

"You talk very glibly, Jack," he hissed, "of what you will do one of these days, but I tell you I will make you suffer for that blow before you're much older."

"Silence, sir!" said Mr. Dominic Dashwood, taking his son by the shoulder, and thrusting him through the French window behind him, assuming a very severe tone as he looked at his nephew. "I don't think you're behaving at all properly, Jack," he said sternly. "This is certainly not the way to enlist my sympathies. I make all allowance for your irritation; but—"

"There is no 'but' about it, Mr. Dominic Dashwood, for I shall call you uncle no longer. I tell you here, to your face, you have deliberately swindled me out of my

inheritance, and the day of reckoning will come. I am going to ask no favours, but I shall enter the house and remain just so long as it shall take me to pack some things that belong to me. My father's sword is one of them. If you say it is yours, I shall treat you as I treated your son."

And there came into Jack's face a flush of hot anger that Dick Vivian had never seen there before. Even the lawyer, big, burly man as he was, paled a little before the righteous indignation of the disinherited lad, and, with a shrug of his shoulders and a wave of his hand, that might mean anything, he turned round and stalked into the house.

"Come along, Dick, old chap, I feel better now," said Jack, entering the library, and, walking to the fireplace, he unhooked the sabre that hung below Sir Harry's portrait, and, tucking it under his arm, marched, with head erect, into the hall, ignoring the presence of the lawyer and his son, who maintained a discreet silence as they watched him.

Jack said a few words to Hogan, whom he found standing there as erect and motionless as the suits of armour that adorned the staircase, and, saluting in silence, Hogan stumped away to the stables. In a few minutes Jack and his friend came downstairs again, portmanteaux in hand, and, with a set, determined face, that had suddenly grown very old for its years, Sir John Dashwood passed through the double line of sorrowing servants, mounted into the dogcart that Hogan had brought round.

Then, with one swift glance at the windows of the room in which his father had died, the young baronet started the mare at a brisk trot, and left the home of his ancestors—it might be for ever. Who could tell?

How Jack Dashwood "Took the Shilling."

DICK VIVIAN, seeing that Jack was plunged in profound thought, sat opposite to him, as he had done on the journey down, and said nothing. The whole thing was so incomprehensible, and so beastly, as Master Dick Vivian afterwards expressed himself, that his great longing was to get home and talk it over with his father. Of course, he had made up his mind that Jack would make his first stopping-place at Vivian Towers, but, to his great astonishment, as the train slowed into Reading Station, Jack got out of his corner, shook the creases out of his trousers, and, taking the sabre from the hat-rack, passed his hand affectionately over it, and thus spoke:

"Dick, old chap, I want you to keep this for me until I return to claim it. I know it will be safe in your hands."

"But you're coming home, Jack?"

"Not yet—perhaps not for years," said the lad, smiling at Dick. "You'll just get out here and toddle home to your people. You'll hear from me before very long, and if you dare to come and see me you can."

"But, Jack," faltered Dick Vivian, feeling that all the marrow had been suddenly drawn out of his bones, "where are you going? What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to take the King's shilling, Dick," said our hero quietly. "At least, even that is denied me, for they don't give a shilling now. But to put it quite plainly, I am going to enlist, and in the governor's old regiment, if possible. There's nothing else left for it. I've got to be a soldier, somehow, and there's an end of the matter. Now, out you get! Here's your portmanteau. Don't stare like that, you young idiot! I shall be all right, and I'd better face the thing at once."

Dick opened his mouth to protest, but his friend settled the matter by lifting him out of the carriage and dropping him on to the platform, pitching his bag after him, shutting the carriage door, and leaning his elbows on the window. A bell rang, a whistle blew, a flag flourished, all before Dick Vivian realised, altogether, what was happening, and the next thing he saw was Jack's hand waving from

the carriage window, as the train proceeded on its way to London. Then Master Dick Vivian, standing there with the sword in his hand, and his portmanteau beside him on the platform at his feet, did a very natural thing, under the circumstances, and blubbered like a girl.

It was a fine summer morning, and Trafalgar Square was looking its best. Up and down the broad pavement, at the eastern end of the National Gallery, stalked a dozen or more martial figures, looking for all the world as though they had nothing to do but to stalk about and enjoy the sunshine. Some of them were dragoons, in scarlet patrol-jackets, others more soberly-clad linesmen. Here a lancer jingled his spurs. Some of them met together and talked in little groups of twos and threes, others paced solitary and alone. But though they appeared to be doing nothing, and doing it very well, their eyes were remarkably keen, and took stock of every likely young fellow who showed any disposition to linger and read the gay placards that were fixed to the railings. All these men were recruiting sergeants. They expanded their chests, they smote their shapely thighs with riding whips or swagger canes, and, suddenly, one of the little groups ceased its conversation, and turned its professional eyes upon a figure that approached. They all knew instinctively, while the lad was yet twenty yards away, that he was coming into the net.

It was just a question which of them would get him. There were four sergeants in the group—one a black-moustached man of the Queen's Bays, with a broad white trouser-stripe, a guardsman, in shell-jacket and crimson sash, a scarlet lancer, and a hussar.

"Now, what's the betting?" said the guardsman. "That youngster means business if ever I saw one."

"The betting is he doesn't come your way!" said the lancer, with a laugh. "There's cavalry written over every inch of him!"

The sergeant of the Queen's Bays tapped the palm of his left hand with his riding-whip, and proceeded to take the bull by the horns.

"Good-morning, sir," he said, in a cheery voice, as Jack Dashwood came to a stand in front of the group. "And what can we do for you?"

Jack's grey eyes measured the sergeant from head to foot, passed over the guardsman, lingered for a moment on the blue facings of the scarlet lancer, and finally rested on the hussar, in all the glory of his yellow braiding and gold-laced pillbox, suspended over his right ear.

"Are you enlisting for the 25th?" said Jack.

The sergeant of the hussars bestowed a triumphant wink on his comrades.

"I'm enlisting for the hussars," he said. "Why do you want the 25th? Isn't the 8th Royal Irish good enough for you?"

"Oh, the 8th's all right," said Jack, smiling. "But I must have the 25th, or nothing."

"Well, I can enlist you for them," said the sergeant. "What's your trouble? Run away from school?"

"No, I've not run away from school," said Jack.

"Perhaps you have friends in the regiment?" persisted the sergeant, examining him shrewdly.

"I had friends," said Jack, with just a little squaring of his resolute chin, and a keenness coming into his grey eyes. "My father was in the 25th."

"Oh, what was he? Troop sergeant-major?"

"He was their colonel," said Jack quietly.

And the sergeant started.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said civilly, "but we must try and find out something about the recruits that come to us. Does he know that you are going to take the shilling?"

"He's dead," said Jack.

The sergeant pulled his moustache thoughtfully, remembering a paragraph he had seen in the paper.

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