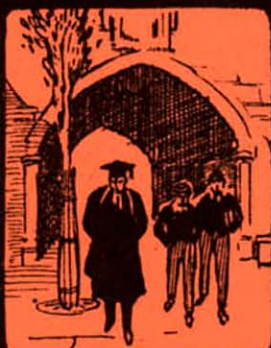


A splendid, New,
Long, Complete
School Tale:

"THE GREYFRIARS TYRANT."

By
Frank Richards.

The Magnet 1^d Library



No. 171 | The Complete Story-Book for All. | Vol 5.



HARRY WHARTON & CO.'S INTERVIEW WITH THE
NEW HEAD-MASTER!



5!

MONTHLY.

I am the ONLY man in the world who sells well-known high-grade Coventry Cycles at Pounds below Makers' prices. Brand - new 1911 HUMBER, ROVER, COVENTRY-CHALLENGE, TRIUMPH, SWIFT, PREMIER, PROGRESS, QUADRANT, REMINGTON, GENTAUR and SINGER cycles supplied at 5/- monthly. Sent on approval and 12 YEARS' GUARANTEE GIVEN.



WRITE FOR LISTS

HIGH-GRADE
COVENTRY
CYCLES
from
£3 10s. Cash.

O'Brien, Ltd.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER. (Dept. 24), COVENTRY.



CAMERAS & PHONOGRAPHS, WATCHES, RINGS, &c., &c.

FREE

Simply for selling 12 or upwards of our new range of lovely pictorial Postcards we give every reader of this paper a HAND-HOME PRESENT in accordance with our list ABSOLUTELY FREE. All you need do is to send us your name and address (a postcard will do), and we will send you a selection of beautiful cards—real glossy actresses, comics, views, etc., etc.—to sell or use at 1d. each, together with splendid enlarged 1911 Prize List, containing over 200 varieties of FREE GIFTS, including 30-hour Lever Watches, with Chains, special Souvenir Coronation Gifts, Phonographs, Air Guns, Cinematographs, Toys, Steam Engines, Cutlery, etc., etc. Sell or use the Cards within 28 days, and we will reward you according to the list we send you. You can sell our cards in 24 hours. Write NOW. A postcard will do.

THE ROYAL CARD CO.
(Dept. A), Kew, London.



Just as an Advertisement

Sent Post Paid to your Door

£2-2 Suit
FOR
15/-

Send us your name and address, and we will forward you FREE Patterns of Cloth, Inch tape, and fashion plates. You will be delighted with what we send, and you need not return the samples, even if you do not order a suit.

CRAIG, CRAIG & CO.,
Head Office (Dept. G),
81, Dunlop St., GLASGOW.



7/6 BOOTS
Lady's & Gent's **1/-** Per Week
Send size.



1/- DEPOSIT AND 1/- WEEKLY.

As an Advt. we will send to first 1,000 applicants our £8 8s. "Royal Emblem" Cycle for 1/- DEPOSIT, and on LAST payment of 84 weeks at 1/-, making £8 8s. A HANDSOME PRESENT IS SENT FREE. Cash with order, £3 15s. only. Write for Illustrated Catalogue of Latest Models.

ROYAL EMBLEM CYCLE WORKS
(C30), Great Yarmouth.

VENTRILLOQUISM made easier. Our new enlarged book of easy instructions and ten amusing dialogues enables anyone to learn this Wonderful Laughable Art. Only 6d., post free. "Thousands Delighted." (Ventriloquist Dolls supplied.) Mesmerism, 1s. 2d.—G. WILKES & CO., STOCKTON, RUGBY, ENG.

Royal AJAX The Old Firm.
CYCLES from **6/-**



Per Month or Secondhand
£2 10s. CASH
Lists Post Free.

BRITISH CYCLE MFG. CO. (1901), Ltd.
(Dept. J.B.), 1 & 3, Berry Street, LIVERPOOL.

Rudge-Whitworth
Britain's Best Bicycle



FREE BY POST

BY APPOINTMENT TO
H.M. KING GEORGE

is the Cyclist's Encyclopedia for 1911, with its large folded chart of interchangeable parts.

A perfect guide to the selection of the perfect bicycle as ridden by H.M. King George and H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

This beautifully illustrated book is sent, post free, on receipt of a postcard to

Rudge-Whitworth, Ltd.,
(Dept. 331) COVENTRY.
LONDON DEPOTS:—
230 Tottenham Court Road, W.
23 Helborn Viaduct, E.C.

4365



BLUSHING.

FREE, to all sufferers, particulars of a proved home treatment that quickly removes all embarrassment and permanently cures blushing and flushing of the face and neck. Enclose stamp to pay postage to Mr. D. TEMPLE (Specialist), 8, Blenheim Street, Bond Street, London, W.



WARRANTED 15 YEARS.

Packed Free. Carriage Paid. Ten Days' Free Trial. Best British-made MEAD

'COVENTRY FLYERS'

Defiance Puncture-proof or Dunlop Tyres, Coasters, Variable-speed Gears, &c.

From **£2. 15s.** CASH OR EASY

Payments. Tyres and accessories half usual prices.

500 Shop-soiled and Second-hand

Cycles from **15/-** Great Clearance Sale.

Write at once for Free Art Catalogue and Special Offer on sample machine.

Save dealers' profits. Agents wanted.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. 233K

11-13, Paradise Street, LIVERPOOL.



GROW A MOUSTACHE.

A smart, manly moustache grows in a few days at any age by using "Moustas," the only true Moustache Forcer. Remember, Success positively guaranteed. Boys become men. Acts like magic. Box (sent in plain cover) for 6d. and 1d. for postage. Send 1d. to—

J.A. DIXON & CO., 12, Junction Road, London, N. (Foreign orders, 1s.)



The "LORD ROBERTS" TARGET PISTOL

Beautifully plated and finished. May be carried in the pocket. Will kill birds and rabbits up to 50 yards. Noiseless Ball Cartridges, 9d. per 100. Shot, 1/6 per 100. 100 birds or rabbits may be killed at a cost of 9d. only. Send for list.

CROWN GUN WORKS, 6, Whittall Street, BIRMINGHAM.

IF YOU WANT Good Cheap Photographic Material or Cameras, send postcard for Samples and Catalogue FREE.—Works: JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL.



TIME WILL TELL

To any person sending Name and Address we send one Packet containing Thirty only of Artistic 1d. Postcards. When sold send the 2s. 6d. you receive for same, and we send you, post paid, by return, absolutely FREE (no further conditions) one of our Solar Time Watches, suitable for Lady or Gent. You have only Thirty Cards to sell, and we send you, post paid, this Useful Present without any further expense whatever.

Cable Watch Company, 148, Old St., London, E.C.

Applications with regard to advertisement space in this paper should be addressed: Stanley H. Bowerman, Advertisement Manager, "Pluck" Series, 6, Bouverie St., E.C.

NEXT
TUESDAY:

"The School on Strike."

By
FRANK RICHARDS.



A Complete School Story-Book, attractive to All Readers.

The Editor will be obliged if you will hand this book, when finished with, to a friend.

Our Readers are informed that the characters in the following Story are purely imaginary; no reference or allusion is made to any living person. Actual names may be unintentionally mentioned, but the Editor wishes it to be distinctly understood that no adverse personal reflection is intended.



A Splendid Long, Complete Tale of
Harry Wharton & Co.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Bob Cherry in Difficulties.

BOB CHERRY opened the door of the Head's study, and put his head cautiously into the room.

The bright morning sunlight was falling in at the opened windows. Outside, the green twigs of the elms twitched

against the panes. The room was very quiet. A fat spaniel on the hearthrug opened his eyes, blinked at Bob Cherry, and closed them again. The room had no other occupant, and Bob, after a cautious glance round, stepped in, and closed the door behind him.

Bob was trembling a little with suppressed excitement. The Head's study at Greyfriars was an awful apartment, regarded with awe and dread by the juniors. They seldom

entered it, unless it was because they were called before Dr. Locke for punishment.

To be caught intruding in the Head's study was likely to be a serious matter for a junior, but it was really not Bob's fault. Coker, of the Fifth, in a playful moment, had tossed Bob's cap in at the open window. It was just one of Coker's little jokes, and he had walked away grinning, without troubling his head in the least with wondering how Bob was to recover his cap.

The cap had skimmed in at the window, and fallen somewhere in the study; and as the Head did not look out, Bob concluded that he was not there. So the junior had come to recover his cap, and he hoped to slip in and slip out again without being seen.

Bob paused and listened as he closed the study door behind him. There was no sound in the passage. The Head might come in at any moment, of course.

Bob looked round anxiously for his cap.

He had expected to see it lying upon the carpet inside the study, but it was not there. Where the dickens had it gone? Bob looked up and down and round about, but the cap was not to be seen.

Bob murmured under his breath:

"Where the dickens is it? The beastly cat! I shall get

walloped if the Head comes and finds me nosing about his study! And if he found my cap here, anyway, he'd think I'd been here larking! Oh, rats! Where's that beastly cap?"

He hunted round the study.

Suddenly he paused.

The fat spaniel on the hearthrug had opened his eyes again, as if he heard a footstep. Bob heard it, too, and his heart beat.

A footstep in the passage outside!

Was it the Head?

Bob's heart thumped like a hammer. He did not stop to think—his only idea was to avoid being seen by the Head.

There was an Indian screen in one corner of the study, and Bob Cherry slipped behind it, quickly.

He stood there—quiet, motionless, with pulsating heart—waiting. And as he stood, he made a discovery—the cap he had been in search of was lying at his feet. It had fallen behind the screen when Coker threw it into the study.

"Oh, blow!" murmured Bob Cherry.

He picked up his cap and stood waiting, breathlessly. If only the footsteps would pass on, he could slip out of the study and escape. But they did not pass on. They stopped at the study door, and the handle turned, and the door opened.

Bob gave an inward groan.

He knew that step. It was the Head. And Dr. Locke was not alone. He was bringing someone else into the study.

Bob Cherry stood like a statue behind the screen.

"Come in, Mr. Quelch!"

The words made Bob start. It was Mr. Quelch who was with the Head—Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove—his own Form-master.

He heard the door close. The Head sat down, and Mr. Quelch followed his example. There was silence in the study. The Remove-master was evidently waiting for the Head to begin. Bob felt worried. It was quite contrary to his nature and his inclination to listen to anything that was not intended for his ears, but it seemed that he would be forced to do that now. While he was debating in his mind whether to sit tight, or to show himself and risk the consequences, the Head's deep voice began:

"I think you will be surprised at what I am going to tell you, Mr. Quelch. You are aware that I am leaving Greyfriars for a few days—or perhaps a few weeks, as it may turn out—on account of my daughter's illness. It is necessary for Rosie to be taken to the seaside, and I am too anxious about her to let her go alone."

"Yes, sir."

"She has never quite recovered from her terrible experience, when she was imprisoned in the vault under the priory by her kidnapper," said the Head. "She caught a chill then, and it has gone from bad to worse. It is not likely to prove serious if care is taken, but you can understand that I am anxious."

"Quite naturally, sir."

"While I am away from Greyfriars," pursued the Head, "it will be necessary for someone to take my place. I have the permission of the governors to leave the school for as long as may be necessary, and it was my wish that one of my own Form-masters should fill my place while I was gone."

Mr. Quelch nodded.

"The governors, however, have decided otherwise," continued the Head, and Bob Cherry could detect a tone of indignation in his voice. "I have heard from them to the effect that they are sending a gentleman to take my place while I am gone. I regard this as very—well, very unusual on the part of the governors, who have always hitherto treated me with consideration. The man they are sending is, so far as I know, quite capable, and I suppose he has satisfied them as to his qualifications. But he is a complete stranger to me and to the school. His name is Lothrop—a Mr. Lothrop."

Mr. Quelch nodded again. There did not seem to be anything to say. The Head was evidently annoyed with the decision of the governors. But that decision had to be accepted; it was no use making any objection to it.

"Mr. Lothrop arrives to-night," went on the Head. "I leave the school with my family this afternoon, so I shall leave it to you to meet him."

"Certainly!"

There was a pause.

Bob Cherry shifted from one leg to the other. He hoped that the masters had finished talking now, and that they would go, and give him a chance to escape.

What he had heard was of no importance. He had not known it before, but it would be known to all the school, of course, in a few hours.

But the Head went on.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 171.

"That is not all! Although I do not know this man Lothrop, the name is familiar to me. There was an assistant master of that name at a certain school in Essex, who left under circumstances that would not recommend him to me. He had a violent temper, and was accused of brutality towards some boys; but the matter was never made public. If this is the same man, there may be trouble with him at Greyfriars."

"Could you not suggest to the governors—"

Dr. Locke shook his head.

"I cannot make any suggestions to them on the subject. They have made their decision without consulting me, and it is not my place to suggest that they may have neglected to make proper inquiries concerning the man they have selected to send here."

"Well, I suppose it would hardly do," Mr. Quelch assented.

"I can say nothing," said the Head, "but I am very uneasy. I have told you this, Mr. Quelch, in order that you may know what to expect, and that you may acquaint the other masters. You will, of course, treat the new Head-master with the same respect that is shown to me; but at the same time you will be on your guard, for if he is the same man who left his post under a cloud at the Essex school—and I think he is—you will find it far from easy to pull with him."

"Thank you sir; I quite understand."

Bob Cherry shifted from one leg to the other again. He was growing horribly uncomfortable.

All this was evidently intended only for the master to know, and the Head would certainly not have spoken so if he had known that a junior was within hearing. And he was going on:

"When I am gone, Mr. Quelch, you will—"

Bob Cherry could stand it no longer. With a face as red as a well-boiled beetroot, he stepped out from behind the screen.

"If you please, sir—" he stammered.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the Head.

Mr. Quelch started to his feet.

"Cherry! What are you doing here?" he thundered.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The New Head Arrives.

BOB CHERRY faced the two masters, with his face looking as if all the blood in his body had been pumped into it. He was feeling extremely sheepish and uncomfortable; but he was not sorry that he had come out of his concealment. Anything was better than playing the eavesdropper.

"How did you come here, Cherry?"

"I—I—if you please, sir—"

"You have been listening!"

Bob Cherry's face became a little redder, if possible.

"I—I haven't, sir!"

"Then you have heard nothing?"

"Oh, no, sir; I heard it all!"

"Yet you say—"

"Allow me," said the Head gently. "Why did you come out from behind the screen, Cherry?"

"Because I didn't want to listen, sir."

"How did you come here in the first place?"

"I—I came in for my cap, sir," stammered Bob. "A chap chuckled it—I mean pitched it in at the window, sir. I—I heard you coming, sir, and I dodged out of sight."

The Head smiled.

"Well, it was very honourable of you to come out, Cherry, and show yourself, as you might have remained concealed. Do you not think so, Mr. Quelch?"

"Quite right, sir; but Cherry should be punished for entering the room at all without permission, I think," said the Remove-master.

"Quite so! You will take—er—twenty lines, Cherry."

"Yes, sir," said Bob Cherry meekly.

"Now you may go."

"Thank you, sir."

Bob Cherry quitted the study. He heard the murmur of voices behind him as he went. The Head and the Form-master were deep in discussion of the new state of affairs that was to begin at Greyfriars after Dr. Locke's departure.

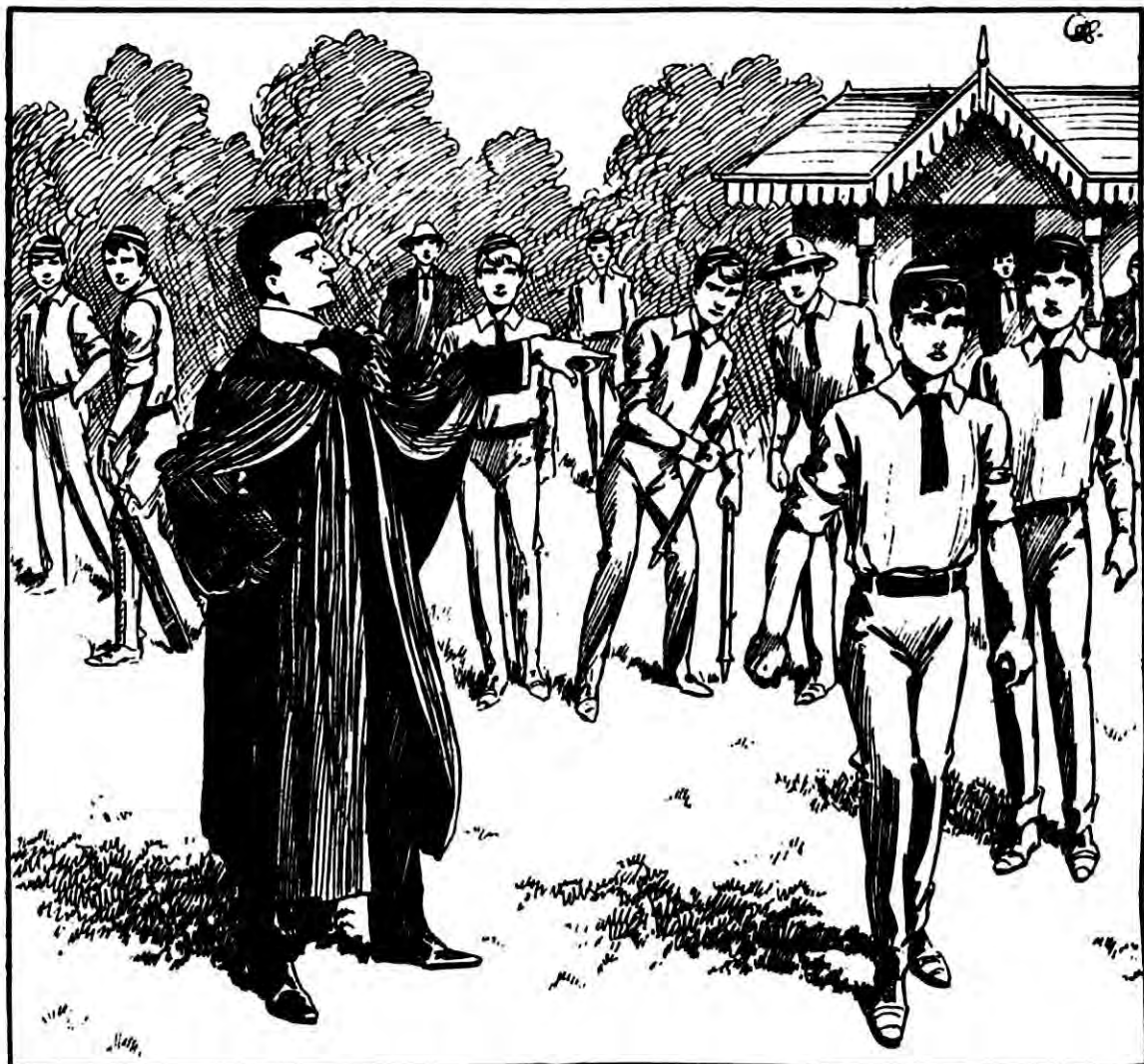
"My only hat!" murmured Bob Cherry as he went down the passage. "I'm jolly glad I'm out of that! I— Oh—hallo, hallo, hallo!"

Three juniors were waiting for him at the corner of the passage. They were Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, and John Bull, of Bob's own Form—the Remove.

"You ass!" said Harry Wharton. "We saw the Head go in, and listened for the yells. Haven't you been licked?"

Bob Cherry grinned.

"Do I look like it?" he asked.



The Head raised his hand and pointed to the School-House. "Go in," he said, "every one belonging to the Remove is to go into the Form-room and stay there." Slowly and sullenly the juniors left their interrupted cricket match.

"Well, no."
"The Head's an awful brick!" said Bob enthusiastically.
"I'm jolly sorry he's going to leave Greyfriars!"
"Leave Greyfriars!" echoed John Bull.
"He's going to take Miss Rosie to the seaside," explained Bob Cherry. "You know she's been ill since that affair in the priory?"
"I've heard something about that," said Wharton thoughtfully. "I wonder who will take his place? Quelch, perhaps, or Mr. Prout, of the Fifth."
"Not at all."
"How do you know?"
"There's a new Head coming."

Bob Cherry explained what he had learned in the Head's study. The juniors all looked very serious.
"Lothrop!" repeated Wharton thoughtfully. "I've heard that name before. What school was he at in Essex?"
"I don't know."
"And he was sacked for being a brute, was he?"
"Well, I suppose it amounts to that."
"Nice prospect for us, I must say!" John Bull remarked.
"Well, there will be trouble if he tries those methods at Greyfriars," said Harry Wharton, with a gleam in his eyes. "I wonder where I've heard his name? It's familiar enough to me. I'm curious to see the chap."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 171.

"Yes, rather—same here!"

"Looks as if there are going to be lively times at Greyfriars," John Bull remarked. "Well, I dare say we shall manage to keep our end up if the giddy Lothrop-bird cuts up rusty!"

"I hope so."

And the juniors waited with keen curiosity for the arrival of the new Head-master of Greyfriars.

In the afternoon, Dr. Locke, with Mrs. Locke, and Miss Rosie, and little Molly, drove away to the station. Miss Rosie looked very pale, but very sweet, and she smiled sweetly at the juniors as they took off their caps to say good-bye. Wingate, the captain of St. Jim's, was in the carriage, going as far as the station to see the doctor off—or perhaps to see Miss Rosie off.

What Bob Cherry had learned of the new Head was soon common property in the Remove. It did not occur to Bob, until too late, that it would have been more judicious to say nothing.

The new Head was expected by the seven o'clock train at Friardale, and when seven rang out from the school tower there was a general movement of interest among the juniors.

"Train's in," said Bob Cherry to a crowd of juniors who were talking outside the schoolhouse, some with bats under their arms, practice being over.

NEXT
TUESDAY.

"THE SCHOOL ON STRIKE."

By
FRANK RICHARDS.

Fisher T. Fish, the American junior in the Remove, chuckled.

"I guess not," he said.

"Then you guess wrong," said Bob. "It's seven."

"I guess your trains are generally five minutes late," said Fish. "You don't know how to hustle in this country, I reckon."

"Rats!"

"The new Head will be here in a quarter of an hour," said Bulstrode, the captain of the Remove. "Let's go down to the gates and watch for him."

"Good idea!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

A crowd of fellows waited at the school gates to watch for the new Head. They were very curious to see Mr. Lothrop. A cab loomed up in the dusky lane, and passed in at the old gateway. There were a couple of trunks on top of the station cab, and several bags beside the driver. A man with a hard, clean-shaven face, square jaw, and very bright and keen eyes, sat in the old vehicle.

He glanced round at the crowd of fellows at the gate and frowned. The frown was still on his face as the cab drove up to the Head's house, and he alighted.

He passed into the house, and the fellows looked at one another.

"That's the new Head!"

Bob Cherry snorted.

"Well, I don't think much of him, for one," he remarked. And the other fellows agreed with Bob Cherry. They had not seen much of the new Head, certainly; but from what they had seen, they did not think much of him.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Cloven Foot.

HAZELDENE looked into Harry Wharton's study a little later. Wharton and Nugent were there, about to begin their preparation. The tea-things had been shoved upon the bookcase, for the time being, leaving the table clear for work. Wharton and Nugent were alone in the study, since Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, their Indian chum, had returned to India to attend the Coronation ceremony at Delhi.

"Tea's over," said Frank Nugent, with a nod to Hazeldene; "but there's some cake left."

Hazeldene laughed.

"I don't want any tea," he said. "I've had tea with Bulstrode. Ripping tea, too. Bulstrode is keeping it up. He's been standing feeds ever since he was elected captain of the Remove."

"And I suppose he'll be a jolly great deal more popular than I was!" Harry Wharton said, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Well, I don't know about that. Some of the fellows have been saying that it was a pity you were pushed out of the captaincy, Wharton."

"That is very kind of them."

"There was the Courtfield cricket match last Saturday," said Hazeldene. "We just managed to make it a draw by leaving it unfinished. If there had been time to finish they would have beaten us—those Council School chaps, you know."

"I know."

"You and Nugent were in sanatorium then with your blessed colds, and it was Bulstrode's first job as cricket captain," Hazeldene remarked. "The fellows grumbled pretty well, I can tell you. It wasn't nice for Bulstrode."

Wharton smiled.

"It wasn't nice for me as skipper when anything went wrong," he said. "Bulstrode is welcome to the job, so far as I'm concerned."

"But that wasn't what I came to speak about," said Hazeldene. "Can you lend me a beastly Horace?"

"I don't know about a beastly one. Here's a Horace."

And Wharton tossed Q. Horatius Flaccus across the study, and Hazeldene caught the book.

"Thanks," he said. "I've sold mine, and now I want it. I hear that the new Head is hard and heavy on slackers, too."

"Well, I don't know that I blame him for that."

"I hear he's the kind of man who looks into a Form-room and asks you questions, and ignores the Form-master."

Wharton whistled.

"That's rotten! Who told you?"

"Coker, of the Fifth. Coker says he had a young brother at a school in Essex, where there was a master named Lothrop, and he believes it's the same chap."

"Oh! Well, if Coker minor was anything like Coker major, I'm not surprised at Lothrop having walloped him," said Nugent.

"Something of the same sort seems to have happened there, according to Coker," said Hazeldene. "Coker says the

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 171.

headmaster was on a vacation, or something, and Lothrop took his place, and gave the school a high old time. Coker says he was a brute as under-master, and a regular tyrant as Head. He had to leave."

"But is Coker sure it's the same chap?"

"Well, the name is the same."

And Hazeldene put Horace in his pocket and left.

"Looks as if the Head's a regular rotter, from all accounts," Nugent remarked. "But you can't take in everything you hear."

Wharton nodded thoughtfully.

"I remember now hearing Coker telling that story," he said. "That's how the name was familiar to me. Still, we may as well wait till Lothrop shows the cloven foot before we're down on him."

The door was kicked open as Wharton spoke.

Loder, the most unpopular prefect at Greyfriars, put his head in. There was a scowl on Loder's face, as there usually was when he had to deal with the juniors, but at the same time there was ill-natured satisfaction in his eyes.

"Clear out of here!" he exclaimed.

Wharton and Nugent jumped up.

"Clear out!" repeated Harry. "What do you mean, Loder?"

"You're to go down to the Form-room for prep."

"What?"

"Getting deaf?" asked Loder, with a sneer.

"I suppose you're rotting," said Wharton coldly. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that you're to go down to the Form-room for prep."

"We're doing our preparation here."

"That's altered."

"Altered."

"Yes. In future prep. is to be done in the Form-room, under a master—same as the Third and Second Forms. Get out."

Loder swung out into the passage again.

The two juniors looked at one another in dismay. They could hardly believe that it was not a deception.

"Look here, Loder," called out Wharton, "is that the truth?"

Loder did not reply. But he went along the Remove passage, kicking at the doors, and calling in to the juniors to go down to the Form-room for preparation.

There was an indignant buzz the whole length of the passage.

The Remove turned out of their studies, and a crowd of inquiring fellows surrounded Loder, who was evidently quite pleased at the dismay he was causing.

"I say, Loder," exclaimed Bulstrode, "this can't be right. We've always done our prep. in our own studies, you know."

"It's a regular thing at Greyfriars," said Ogilvy; "it always has been. We've never had to do our prep. under a master like the fags."

"Never!"

"Of course not."

"I guess not, some."

Loder grinned.

"It's a new rule," he said.

"How do you know?"

"I've been instructed by the Head to tell you."

"The Head."

"The new Head—Mr. Lothrop."

"Oh!"

"Phew!"

"My hat!"

"The beast!"

"What's that, Morgan?" exclaimed Loder sharply. "Take fifty lines for speaking disrespectfully of your headmaster."

"Oh, draw it mild, Loder!" said Elliott.

"Take fifty lines, Elliott!"

"Oh!"

"Mind you're all down in the Form-room by eight, that's all," said Loder, as he strode down the passage and went downstairs.

He left the Remove in a ferment of indignation.

Loud was the wrath of the juniors—all the louder, because it was impotent. They knew that they had to knuckle under, and that was the worst of it.

All Forms above the Third at Greyfriars had separate studies for the juniors, where they were allowed to have their tea and do their preparation quite independently. The lower forms prepared in the Form-rooms in the presence of their masters. At many public schools, certainly, the preparation is done in the same way by the Fourth and the Sixth, with a Form-master looking on. But it had never been so at Greyfriars. And the Remove, as Dr. Locke had always been satisfied with the existing arrangement, naturally considered that it was satisfactory enough, and regarded any change as a serious invasion of their independence. At all events, it was

HAVE YOU SEEN THE "X" on the back page "GEM" LIBRARY? It might mean A FREE HAMPER FOR YOU!

certainly a high-handed proceeding on the part of the new Head to make a drastic change like this before he had been an hour in the school.

In common decency, Bob Cherry declared, he might have left it till the next day, if he was going to do it at all. But why was he doing it? Doubtless, the new arrangement was the one he was accustomed to in the schools he had served in. But he might have known that a custom in existence at Greyfriars from time immemorial was not a thing to be lightly touched. And to come down like this before he had been an hour in the place! Only one word adequately described it—cheek!

And the juniors could not resist.

"It's rotten!" said Nugent. "Caddish! Quite outside."

"Beastly!"

"Mean!"

"It's not so much having to do the prep. in the Form-room at a special hour," said Tom Brown. "We could get used to that. But what does he want to make the change for?"

"Mere tyranny."

"That's it."

"He can't say the present system works badly, because he hasn't seen it work at all," said Wharton.

"Just so."

"And to spring it on us all of a sudden!"

"Oh, it's rotten!" exclaimed Bulstrode.

"The question is, are we going to stand it?" exclaimed Russell hotly.

"Well, I don't see that we can do anything else."

"We ought to do something else."

"What can we do, then?"

"Oh, I don't know—I'm not captain!" growled Russell. "If I had bothered a Form into electing me Form-captain, I'd think of something."

Bulstrode turned crimson. He was beginning to taste some of the sweets of leadership.

And he had no right to grumble, either, for he had made matters as difficult as possible for Harry Wharton when the latter was captain of the Remove.

"Well, that's rot!" said Bulstrode. "I suppose we can't set ourselves up against the Head, can we?"

"Of course we can't," said Mark Linley. "Let's get down to the Form-room and do our prep. quietly. After all, it won't hurt us."

"Oh, you're a blessed good-little-Georgie, and believe in turning the other cheek; we all know that!" said Skinner, with a sneer.

"It's no good making a fuss about what we've got to do, Skinner. What's the good of swanking up here in the passage, and then going into the Form-room as meek as lambs?" asked the Lancashire lad.

Some of the juniors laughed; and as Mark Linley led the way, most of them followed him.

It was not, as a matter of fact, much use using big words in their own quarters, and then proceeding to eat them. As they had to give in it was advisable to give in with as good a grace as possible.

But there were dark looks among the Removites as they went downstairs and took their books into the Form-room, and anger in every heart. The new Head of Greyfriars had started badly enough, as far as the Remove was concerned.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

The New Head Comes Down Heavy.

MR. QUELCH came into the Form-room. The master of the Remove was looking very quiet and subdued, and there was a peculiar tightness about his lips that made them look very thin. The juniors knew what that meant. The Form-master was very angry, but he was determined not to show it.

Dr. Locke's misgivings with regard to the new Head had already been realised. A sudden change in the customs of the school was no more gratifying to the masters than it was to the boys. If Mr. Lothrop wished to make a change it was only proper to do so in a more leisurely way, and after consulting the masters. That he had not done. He had coldly informed the masters that in his opinion certain changes were desirable, and that he wished them to be carried out.

That was all!

There was not a master at Greyfriars who did not resent such treatment; but for the sake of appearances they had to conceal their feelings. It would never do to allow the boys to see that there was disagreement between the Form-masters and the Head.

That regard for appearances, however, keenly as it was felt by the Greyfriars masters, did not seem to trouble the new Head very much. He did not appear to care what the boys knew, or what they thought. It was quite clear that he was a man who knew of only one method of governing—by fear and force.

If boys objected, they could be caned. If they resisted, they could be flogged or expelled. If masters did not like

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 171.

it, they could resign. Such evidently were the ideas the new Head had brought to Greyfriars.

Mr. Quelch, as a matter of fact, had other occupations for his time just now, but he had to put them aside to take the Remove in preparation in the Form-room.

Admirably as he controlled his feelings on the subject, the boys could see that Mr. Quelch was as intensely annoyed as they were; and there was, in fact, a secret sympathy, unexpressed, between master and boys.

And some of the fellows who had thought of turning the prep. into a Form-room rag thought better of it.

There was no use in ragging Mr. Quelch.

He was not to blame, and he secretly disliked the change they so much resented; it was the new Head they had to blame.

Prep. went on quietly, therefore.

There were restless movements on the part of a good many of the fellows, and murmurs and whispers; but Mr. Quelch appeared to notice nothing.

He told them in a few words that it was the new head-master's wish that this change should be made, and that was all.

Then they settled down to work.

It was about half-past eight when the Form-room door opened, and a portly figure in cap and gown came in.

The boys rose.

It was the new Head.

They looked with interest and curiosity at the man who had taken Dr. Locke's place in the old school, and who had commenced making trouble already.

He was a young man still, with a hard, clear-cut face, a very square and determined jaw, and hard, sharp eyes.

Not a man to be trifled with, or to budge a single inch out of his way; rather a man to stand more obstinately firm if he were resisted.

He glanced at the boys as they rose respectfully at his entrance.

"I have a few words to say to you," he said, in a clear, hard voice.

The boys listened.

Mr. Quelch stood at his desk, apparently deeply interested in the pattern of a map hanging on the wall near him.

He did not look at the class, or at the Head.

Neither did Mr. Lothrop pay him much attention.

His cold, hard gaze was fixed upon the boys of the Remove, and very hard and unpleasant eyes the new head-master had.

"I am taking the place of your former head-master for a few weeks," said Mr. Lothrop. "I believe the change will be beneficial to Greyfriars. I find that there is a very great amount of idleness and slacking in this school. I am going to make a complete change in that respect."

The juniors listened in silent resentment.

The man's disparagement of Dr. Locke was in the worst possible taste, and it made them indignant; for there was not a fellow there who did not respect the kind old Head of Greyfriars.

"Preparation in the juniors' Forms will in future be done in the Form-rooms, in the presence of a master," went on Mr. Lothrop.

There was a murmur.

"Too much time, I believe, is devoted to outdoor sports here, and too little to study," Mr. Lothrop continued. "I shall examine into that matter to-morrow, and probably make extensive changes."

"My hat!" murmured Bob Cherry.

There was a deep groan from the back of the class, expressive of the strong disapproval of some venturesome junior.

Mr. Lothrop frowned blackly.

"Who made that sound?" he exclaimed.

There was no reply.

"The boy who uttered that groan is commanded to step out," said the new Head harshly, his eyes gleaming under his heavy brows.

No one stirred.

"Who was it?"

Silence.

"I order that boy to step out."

The new Head waited. The order was not obeyed. He did not look a pleasant person to step out to, under the circumstances.

He frowned more blackly.

"Very well," he said. "I order the boy next to that boy to point him out to me."

The Remove gasped.

To be ordered to play the sneak was a new experience for them. And this was the man who had dared to speak slightly of their beloved head-master!

There was a deep groan from a dozen throats.

Mr. Lothrop turned a dull crimson with anger.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "This is evidently an organised conspiracy to show disrespect to your new head-master. I am surprised at this conduct in your class, Mr. Quelch."

"I am sorry," said Mr. Quelch, biting his lips.

"It shows me that I have more drastic changes to make," said the new Head. "For this disrespect I shall punish the whole Form."

Groan!

"The whole of the Remove," said Mr. Lothrop, biting his lips, "will attend in turn in my study after prayers to-morrow morning, and I shall cane every boy. I shall teach this Form something like discipline, I hope! That is all for the present."

Mr. Lothrop strode from the Form-room, leaving the juniors perfectly dazed.

The whole Form to be caned!

The new Head was certainly beginning well!

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

No Remedy.

PREPARATION in the Remove Form-room finished in the midst of a stunned silence.

The Remove were quite taken off their balance.

The fellows in the Remove rather prided themselves upon being "hard," and in not being easily surprised or put out. They prided themselves, too, upon their reputation as an unruly Form, knowing how to make a master repent himself if he harassed them.

But the new Head was something quite out of their experience.

They had had experience of more than one master. Mr. Quelch's place had once been taken by a substitute, and the Remove had had a very lively time with him. But it was nothing like this.

The new Head was a new thing altogether.

The Remove, for the present, could not grasp the problem. They gave it up. Hardly a word was said even when, after prep. was over and Mr. Quelch dismissed the Form, the boys filed out of the room.

It was not till they were gathered in the junior Common-room that their indignation found expression in words.

In the Common-room were other juniors, all of them smarting under the same sense of injury. Temple, Dabney & Co., of the Upper Fourth, had been at prep. in their Form-room with Mr. Capper, and the Shell had also been routed out of their studies for the same purpose.

Hobson of the Shell was holding forth indignantly. Temple was talking in a very loud voice. The Remove joined in.

"Rotten!"

"Shameful!"

"Caddish!"

"Quite outside!"

"Simply impossible!"

Such were the expressions that rained on all sides, and the indignation and the noise were increasing, crescendo, every moment.

The whole of the Lower School seemed to be in a stato ripe for revolt, if revolt had been possible.

"How are you getting on with the ruffian?" Dabney of the Fourth asked, as Harry Wharton & Co. came in.

"Badly!" said Harry.

"No more prep. in your studies, I suppose?" said Temple.

"No."

"Same with us, and the Shell."

"I don't see that it matters about you youngsters," said Hobson of the Shell. "But to be down on the Shell like this—nearly seniors, as we are—"

There was a roar from Fourth and Remove.

"Rats!"

"And many of 'em!" said Bob Cherry. "You're juniors, the same as we are, though you call yourself Middle School, you blessed swankers! If we have to prepare in the Form-room with a giddy master, you ought to do the same."

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"It's rough on the lot of us," said Fry of the Fourth pacifically. "He hasn't started on the Fifth or the Sixth yet, apparently."

"He wouldn't have the cheek!"

"Oh, I don't know—he seems to me to have cheek enough for anything."

"Oh, rather!"

"Are you chaps booked for any lickings?" asked Wharton.

"Not yet."

"Well, we are."

"How many of you?" asked several voices.

"The whole giddy Form."

"Great Scott!"

"What for?"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 171.

"We only groaned him down," said Bob Cherry wrathfully. "He was cheeking us—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Cheeking Dr. Locke, too; and we groaned him down."

"Serve him right!"

"I should say so!"

"And we're all called up for punishment to-morrow morning," said Nugent. "What do you think of that for a start?"

"Rather thick, I call it," said Hobson.

"I don't think we ought to stand it," said Trevor of the Remove.

"What can you do?"

"Well, I don't know."

"You can't do anything," said Temple, with a shake of the head. "You'll have to stick it, and take it out in grumbling."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Oh, shut up, Bunter."

"It's a rotten shame!" said Bulstrode.

"Can't you think of anything, Bulstrode?"

"What am I to think of?"

"You're Form-captain, ain't you? Are you going to sit tight, and watch him ragging the Remove like this?" roared Ogilvy.

"What can I do?"

"Don't ask me! Wharton never used to ask us what he was to do when he was Form-captain."

"Quite true," said Hazeldene.

Bulstrode flushed.

"Perhaps you want Wharton for Form-captain again!" he exclaimed, angrily.

"Well, I dare say it would be a change for the better."

"Hear, hear!"

Bulstrode scowled.

"Wharton's welcome to the job!" he exclaimed. "I'm about sick of captaining a set of carping, grumbling, ungrateful rotters!"

"Oh, oh, oh!"

"Cheek!"

"Take it back!"

"Cheeky cad!"

Bulstrode glared defiance at the Removites. As a matter of fact, he was what he would have described as fed up with the grumbling and growling of the juniors. They had turned Harry Wharton out of the captaincy to elect him, and now they were turning on him, and he did not mince his opinion of them.

"Let's sack him!" shouted Skinner.

"Hurrah!"

"Depose the cheeky bounder."

"Make Wharton captain again."

"Hurrah for Wharton!"

"Hold on," said Harry Wharton. "Don't suggest anything of the sort. I'm not captaining the Remove again—not this term, at any rate."

"Look here, if we ask you—"

"You can ask till you're black in the face, and I won't say yes," replied Wharton coolly. "Next term I might—this term I'll see you hanged first. That's plain English."

"Jolly plain," grinned John Bull. "Quite right—straight from the shoulder. Hear, hear!"

"Look here, Wharton—" began a dozen voices.

"Rats!" replied Harry. "You've made Bulstrode captain; now stick to him, and back him up. I'm willing to back him up."

There were loud grumbles from all sides, but there was no more suggestion of turning Bulstrode out, and recalling Wharton to the captaincy. Harry had put his foot down on that once and for all.

Bulstrode touched him on the arm. There was a worried expression upon the face of the burly Removite. Since he had been Form-captain, Bulstrode had certainly bucked up and done his best to win golden opinions from all people; but he had found the path a very thorny one.

The Remove were not an easy Form to lead.

"That was very decent of you to speak up for me like that, Wharton," Bulstrode said, in a low tone.

"Not at all; you'd have done the same."

Bulstrode coloured.

"Perhaps I shouldn't," he replied. "But never mind that. Look here, I'm Form-captain now, and you said you were willing to back me up."

"So I am."

"What about this matter, then? I suppose we can't do anything. We can't stick up against the Head," said Bulstrode anxiously.

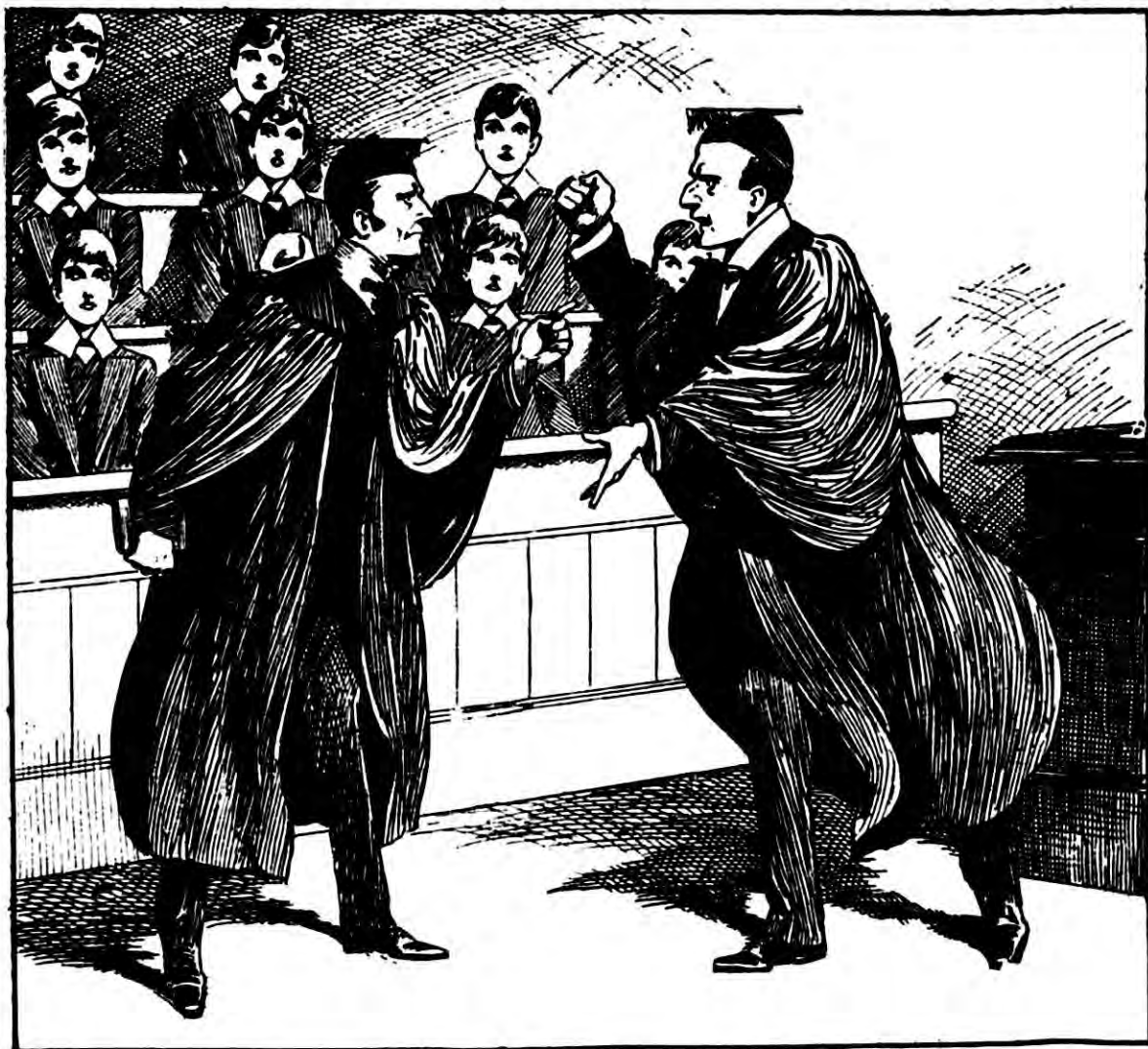
Harry Wharton laughed.

"Of course we can't," he said.

"Then there's nothing to be done?"

"Nothing that I know of."

HAVE YOU SEEN THE "X" on the back page "GEM" LIBRARY? It might mean A FREE HAMPER FOR YOU!



Mr. Quelch and the new Head were red with anger, and they waved their hands excitedly as they stormed. "You will leave this Form-room and the school at once, Mr. Quelch!" thundered the new Head. (See page 11.)

"The fellows seem to expect something of me."

"Let 'em expect."

Bulstrode laughed ruefully.

"Well, I suppose that's all I can do," he said.

"That's all."

Loder, the prefect, looked in from the passageway.

"Not so much noise there!" he exclaimed.

There was a yell.

"Yah!"

"Get out!"

"Go and eat coke!"

Loder scowled. It was not respectful language to use to a prefect. But the juniors looked so excited and dangerous in temper that Loder did not venture upon his usual bullying.

"Well, you'd better not let the Head hear you," he said; and retired.

A yell of derision followed him. At any other time it would have brought Loder back with a cane. But Loder was wise in his generation, and he realised that the juniors were too excited just now to care much what they did, and he gave the junior common-room a wide berth for the rest of that evening.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 171.

NEXT
TUESDAY.

"THE SCHOOL ON STRIKE."

By
FRANK RICHARDS.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Facing the Music.

THE Greyfriars fellows, from the head of the Sixth to the youngest fag in the Second Form, were in a restless mood on the following morning.

It was the first day under the new Head-master.

But they had had a sample of his methods the evening before, and they knew what to expect.

There was a tyrant over Greyfriars, in the place of the kind, good-tempered Head-master they had been accustomed to.

And all Greyfriars knew that there was trouble to come.

The boys were down in good time. They would not give the new Head any excuse for beginning on them, as Bob Cherry put it.

After prayers came the time for the Remove to take the punishment apportioned them for groaning at the new Head in the Form-room the previous evening.

There was a great deal of angry talk about it among the Removites, but when it came to the actual point of refusing to go to the Head's study as ordered, the most belligerent failed.

The case was, that they had to go, and there was no help for it, and those who talked "big" on the subject simply

looked foolish when the time came, and they went with the rest.

"I guess we've got to go through the mill," Fisher T. Fish remarked, "and the sooner we go through it, the sooner it will be over. Come on!"

"Yes, come on," said Harry Wharton. "Let's get it over. And if we keep the Head waiting, we may get it laid on harder."

"Faith, and ye're right," said Micky Desmond. "Sure, you are going in first, Bulstrode darling."

"Why?" demanded Bulstrode.

"Sure, ye're Form-captain, and it's ye're duty to lead. And the first chaps will get it laid on hardest, of course. The Head's bound to get a bit fagged before he gets through with forty fellows."

"Ha, ha! Rather!"

"Go it, Bulstrode!"

Bulstrode swung away towards the Head's study.

"I don't mind going first," he said, "and you can come second, Desmond, as you're so jolly keen about my going first."

"Faith, and I—"

"Come on!" exclaimed Bulstrode, seizing him by the arm.

"Sure, and I—"

"Ireland leads, you know," grinned Ogilvy.

"Faith, and Ireland doesn't lead till we get Home Rule," said Micky. "Until then you can go in after Bulstrode, you blessed Scotsman."

"Ha, ha! Rats! Take him in, Bulstrode."

Bulstrode settled the question by dragging Micky up to the Head's door. He tapped and entered, and Micky had no choice about going in with him.

Mr. Lothrop was quite ready.

He had several canes lying across the desk in readiness, doubtless anticipating that one might split in the course of so prolonged a castigation as he proposed to inflict upon the Remove.

His hard, keen eyes were fixed upon Bulstrode.

"Ah! You are here!"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. I shall give you two strokes each, as this is your first punishment, and I do not desire to be unduly hard upon you," said the new Head.

"Thank you, sir!"

"Faith, and ye're very kind, sir," said Micky Desmond.

"Hold out your hand!"

Bulstrode held out his hand first.

The new Head rose to the occasion. He measured the distance with a very keen eye, and brought down the cane with a sharp lash.

It was evident that Mr. Lothrop was quite an artist in this sort of thing.

Bulstrode's jaws set hard. He kept back the cry of pain that rose to his lips, but only with an effort.

He had been caned often enough at Greyfriars. The Head and Mr. Quelch had often paid him that attention. But he had never experienced anything like this. One stroke from Mr. Lothrop equalled half a dozen from Dr. Locke.

The captain of the Remove uttered no sound but a faint gasp. But his usually ruddy face went quite pale.

Mr. Lothrop watched him with an unpleasant eye.

"The other hand," he said.

Bulstrode took the second cut.

Both his hands now were tingling and shooting with sharp pain, which seemed to run through every nerve in his body.

A wild desire came over him to kick Mr. Lothrop's shins with his heavy boots, and give him a sample of what pain was like.

But he did not. He turned quietly, and walked out of the study.

Micky Desmond held out his hands in turn.

At the first cut he gave a wild howl.

"Arrah! Ow!"

"Silence," said Mr. Lothrop. "The other hand—at once."

Swish!

"Murder—murder!"

"Go," said Mr. Lothrop. "The next boy, please!"

The Removites seemed in no hurry to enter. The "next" boy was not anxious to select himself.

"How did it go?" several voices whispered anxiously, as Bulstrode came out.

Bulstrode grunted.

"Horrible!"

"Does he hurt?"

"My hat! Yes."

"Worse than our Head?"

"Yes, rather!"

"Worse than Quelch?"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 171.

"Fifty times!"

"Great Scott!"

"Worse than Quelch when he's got his back up?" asked Skinner anxiously.

"Quelch's never got anything near it!" groaned Bulstrode. "The beast is a scientific beast, and—well, you'll see for yourself!"

The juniors were not anxious to do that. But someone had to go in, and Harry Wharton threw himself into the breach, as it were.

The Removites waited for the yell. There was no yell; but Wharton came out with a pale face.

"Got it bad?"

"It's horrid!"

"Oh dear!"

"The beast!"

"Go it, John Bull; you're next!"

"Oh, all right!" said Johnny. "I don't care!"

And he marched in. Again the juniors listened. But John Bull did not utter a cry. Distinctly they heard the lash of the cane on the hand. But never a sound passed the lips of the sturdy junior.

John Bull came out with his hands at his sides, not even squeezing them to allay the pain. But his face was very strained.

Mark Linley went in. He was silent, too, and came out with lips firmly set. Then Skinner made the plunge.

"You'll hear something this time," said Bulstrode.

And they did.

There was a lash of the cane and a wild shriek, and then another lash, and another shriek as if murder was being done. Skinner came out blubbering.

"Oh, cheese that!" said Bulstrode contemptuously.

"You've got no worse than we've got, Skinner!"

"Ow, ow, ow!"

"Oh, don't blub., for goodness' sake!" muttered Ogilvy.

"Take it like a man!"

"Ow, ow! Groo!"

"Your turn next, Vernon-Smith!"

The Bounder of Greyfriars shook his head.

"I'm last man in," he remarked. "I'm not going to be caned."

"Rats! You'll take it the same as we do!"

"You'll see."

"Tom Brown, you go!"

"Oh, I don't mind!"

And the New Zealand junior went in. One after another the Removites entered the dread apartment—never so dreaded as now—and sometimes they yelled, and sometimes they bore the infliction silently; but it seemed to be equally severe in each case. The new Head did not seem to tire.

Down the passage went a long string of juniors, with their hands squeezed under their arms, their forms bent, and their faces twisted with pain.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Bounder Catches It.

VERNON-SMITH, the Bounder of Greyfriars, was the last to enter the Head's study, and all the other fellows had received their punishment. Most of them were gone, but a few lingered to see how the Bounder would fare. Vernon-Smith was a peculiar fellow in some respects, and his boast that he would not be caned roused some curiosity.

It was certain that Dr. Locke had never treated the Bounder with the severity that his conduct deserved. Vernon-Smith had done things that other fellows might have been expelled for, but he had never been "sacked."

There was a story that his father, the millionaire, had influence over the governing board of Greyfriars, and that the Head could not have sacked him if he had wished. Be that as it may, certainly there was undue influence somewhere—and Vernon-Smith flourished still. But whether he would be able to flourish under the new Head, as under Dr. Locke, remained to be seen.

The juniors would gladly have been in the study to see what passed. But that was impossible, and they disdained to get near the keyhole. They waited till Vernon-Smith came out.

Billy Bunter, if he had been there, would have glued his ear to the keyhole, certainly. But Bunter was not there. Billy Bunter had been struck by a brilliant idea.

Mr. Lothrop being so new to Greyfriars, of course could not possibly know the Removites by sight, or indeed know how many boys there were in the Form. And Bunter had simply stayed away from the punishment scene, giving the Head's study a wide berth, feeling pretty certain that one boy would not be missed from more than forty.

Billy Bunter, therefore, had escaped punishment, though whether he would escape for good was a question. Mr.

Lothrop was not the kind of man to play tricks like that upon with safety.

Harry Wharton and Bulstrode and Bob Cherry and Nugent waited in the passage, with two or three other fellows. They waited to hear a yell from within the study, for they did not expect the Bounder to take his punishment quietly, or to escape it altogether as he appeared to expect.

As a matter of fact, Vernon-Smith's heart was beating painfully as he stepped into the Head's study.

The hard, clean-shaven, clear-cut face of the new head-master, the cold, searching eyes, disconcerted the Bounder of Greyfriars, cool and self-possessed as he was.

"Come here!" said Mr. Lothrop, taking up a new cane.

Vernon-Smith advanced towards him.

"Hold out your hand!"

Vernon-Smith made no motion to obey that order. Instead he looked the new head-master full in the face.

"Will you please excuse me, sir?" he asked.

"Excuse you! What do you mean?"

"I mean, not cane me."

"Certainly not! Hold out your hand!"

"I was not one of those who groaned at you in the Form-room last night, sir."

"I have decided to punish the whole Form for insolence!" said Mr. Lothrop harshly. "That intention I shall carry out! Will you hold out your hand, or shall I flog you with the cane instead?"

The Bounder backed away a step.

"Will you listen to me a minute, sir? My name is Vernon-Smith—"

Mr. Lothrop stared at him. He seemed too surprised by the Bounder's coolness to take immediate action.

"Well?" he said.

"My father is Samuel Vernon-Smith, the millionaire, sir."

"What has that to do with me?"

"My father has great influence with Dr. Locke. Dr. Locke always treated me with special consideration, sir."

"I do not understand you, Smith. Dr. Locke may have done so, but I have no intention of doing so! Hold out your hand!"

The Bounder's eyes began to glitter.

"Dr. Locke had good reasons for doing so," he said. "He did not wish to offend my father. As you are a friend of Dr. Locke's, sir—"

"I have never met Dr. Locke!"

"Oh!"

"I am appointed here, during Dr. Locke's absence, by order of the governing body," said Mr. Lothrop. "Any reasons Dr. Locke may have had for favouritism, for that is what it amounts to, do not affect me in the least."

Vernon-Smith bit his lip.

The underhand influence by which his father made things easy for him at Greyfriars was evidently useless now.

It affected only Dr. Locke—the new Head could afford to disregard Samuel Vernon-Smith, the millionaire, and his son, too.

The Bounder of Greyfriars realised that he had failed.

Mr. Lothrop took a step towards him. There was a decidedly unpleasant expression upon his hard, clear face.

"I regard this conduct as utter impertinence, Smith!" he said. "You have spoken to me as no boy should speak to the head-master! I shall, therefore, cane you with extra severity! Hold out your hand!"

There was no help for it. Vernon-Smith held out his hand, and the cane lashed in the air, and stung savagely across his palm.

"Oh!" gasped the Bounder.

"The other hand! Quick!"

Lash!

A sharp cry.

The juniors in the passage heard that cry, and they looked at one another significantly. It was clear that the Bounder's sting was drawn—he could not flout the new Head as he had flouted Dr. Locke.

Lash, lash!

Cry, and cry again. The pain was bitter, and the Bounder could not bear it in silence. The waiting juniors listened in painful interest.

"He's getting more than we had," whispered Bulstrode.

"Yes; that's four! Listen!"

Another cry.

"That's five! Poor chap!"

"Poor beast!"

"That's the lot," said Harry Wharton. "Here he comes!"

The door opened, and the Bounder staggered out. His face was white as chalk, and the eyes seemed to burn from it. He was unsteady in his walk, and his chest was rising and falling in convulsive gasps.

He looked furiously at the juniors.

"Hang you!" he muttered. "You were right; I've got it! You needn't cackle at me—"

"We're not cackling!" said Harry quietly. "We're sorry! You seem to have got it worse than the rest."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 171.

"Yes; twice as bad! Hang him!"

"What was it for?"

"Because you tried to get out of it, Smithy?"

The Bounder ground his teeth.

"Yes. The hound!"

"Hush, you ass!"

"I don't care! I'll make him suffer for this! I'll write to my father!" said the Bounder, gritting his teeth. "He's strong enough to crush a hundred school-masters by lifting his little finger! I'll show this brute that he can't treat me like this!"

And the Bounder staggered away, gasping and squeezing his hands.

The other fellows followed in silence.

The new Head glanced from his study, as if to ascertain that all the delinquents had been punished, and the juniors hurried on to escape his searching eye.

"My hat!" said Bob Cherry, rubbing his hand ruefully. "This is a ripping way to begin the morning, I must say! I sha'n't be able to hold a pen!"

"My hands are swollen!" said Nugent.

"The beast can lay it on—beats Quelch hollow!"

"Yes, rather!"

There was only one fellow who was not twisting uncomfortably as he sat down in his place in the Form-room. That one was Billy Bunter. The Owl of the Remove looked as fat and comfortable as ever. Bob Cherry started as he saw him, and nudged him.

"You fat boulder! You didn't turn up for the licking!" he said.

Bunter blinked at him.

"I forgot," he said.

"Don't tell whoppers!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Blessed if it wasn't a cute dodge, too!" Bob Cherry said. "It's all right, Bunt; I'm not going to give you away. But I don't believe you'll get off. That beast has eyes like a blessed hawk, and he'll spot you!"

"I—I hope he won't!" murmured Bunter. "You—you see, I've got a delicate constitution, and—and can't bear pain, you know!"

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"You'll jolly well have to, if Lothrop spots you!" he said.

Mr. Quelch looked towards them, and the muttering ceased. Mr. Quelch was in a very quiet mood, and evidently not disposed to be harsh with the boys. Perhaps he thought they were likely to get enough harshness from the head-master.

His kindness and consideration to the Form that morning could not fail to be noted, and the juniors were grateful to him. His patience seemed to have no limits, and there was not a single punishment, hardly a word of reproof, the whole morning.

But just as Mr. Quelch was about to dismiss the class, at the end of the morning's lessons, the new Head entered the Form-room, and the boys kept their places. All the juniors looked uneasy, and Billy Bunter tried to make himself as small as possible. Mr. Quelch's lips tightened at the sight of the new Head, and he bowed coldly.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

And So Does Bunter.

MR. LOTHROP stood before the waiting, anxious Remove, and scanned them with his keen, searching eye. Billy Bunter made a feeble attempt to squeeze behind Bob Cherry. As Bob was not much more than half the width of Bunter, the attempt was somewhat hopeless.

"I had occasion to punish this Form this morning," said Mr. Lothrop, addressing Mr. Quelch. "I ordered all the boys to come before me. It is possible, however, that all did not come, and I wish to ascertain whether that was the case or not."

Billy Bunter groaned inwardly.

"Very well, sir," said Mr. Quelch coldly. "The whole Form is here."

"Then I will look over them."

"Do so."

The incisive of the Form-master's manner did not seem to affect the new Head at all. He turned to the Remove again and scanned them.

The boys stood silent and apprehensive.

They had already learned to regard the new Head as an utter outsider, and some of them were nervous that he might pick on them for punishment again. They hardly expected him to remember so many faces, and he was the kind of man who would rather risk punishing a fellow twice than allowing a delinquent to escape once.

But Mr. Lothrop's memory seemed to be excellent.

He remembered every face he had seen in his study that

morning. Indeed, it was probably the remembrance of some face he had seen in the Form-room the previous evening, and had not seen in the study that morning, which brought him here now investigating.

His glance rested for a moment on each face, and seemed to burn there, and each junior felt as if a weight had been lifted from him when that cold, hard gaze was removed.

The searching eyes rested at last upon Bunter.

"Ah!" said the new Head.

Bunter shivered.

"What is that boy's name, Mr. Quelch—the boy in glasses?"

"William George Bunter."

"Bunter!"

"Ye-es, sir?"

"Step out here."

"If you please, sir—"

"Step out here!"

The sharp, angry voice impelled Bunter. He came slowly out before the class. The fat junior was trembling now in every fat limb. Instead of escaping the punishment to which the whole Form had been condemned, he was to receive it after all, with probably something additional for his attempt to escape.

He stood shivering before the new Head. Mr. Lothrop seemed to find some peculiar kind of satisfaction in inspiring terror in a youthful breast.

"You were here in the Form-room last night, Bunter?"

"Yes, sir."

"You did not come to my study this morning?"

"Ye-es, sir."

"What! You came to be caned?"

"Yes, sir," said Bunter desperately. "You caned me along with the rest, sir. Don't you remember, sir?"

Mr. Lothrop looked at him hard.

The Remove could only stare. Bunter was the most untruthful boy at Greyfriars, and his untruths always had an air of untruthfulness that gave them away at once, which was very fitting. Bunter would lie, as several of the fellows said, rather than tell the truth, any day; but he very seldom succeeded in deceiving anybody. Such an astounding falsehood as he had just uttered could have come from no lips but Bunter's. And the fellows, who had been feeling sorry for the fat junior, felt disgusted instead now. A fellow who would lie in that barefaced way deserved to be licked.

"Bunter," said Mr. Lothrop at last, "you are lying."

"Oh, really, sir—"

"My memory is perfectly clear on the subject. Every boy here came to my study this morning, excepting yourself."

"If you please, sir—"

"You have not been caned."

"I—I was caned, sir. Don't you remember? Perhaps you've got a very bad memory, sir," said Bunter feebly.

"My word!" murmured Bob Cherry. "The cheek!"

Mr. Lothrop fixed his sharp eyes on Bunter's face.

"On the contrary," he replied, "I have a most excellent memory, and I should not be likely to forget you, Bunter. You did not come to my study this morning, and you have just uttered a most palpable falsehood."

"Oh, sir!"

"I shall punish you as the rest were punished, and punish you in addition for attempting to deceive me."

"I—I—if you please, sir, I—I forgot. I—I didn't come to the study, now I come to think of it, sir," mumbled Bunter.

"Ah! Have you remembered that now?"

"Yes, sir, if you please, sir."

"You have remembered it a little too late, Bunter. Will you kindly hand me a cane, Mr. Quelch?"

The Remove-master was turning over some papers, and he did not seem to hear. The new Head glanced round at him.

"Will you kindly hand me a cane, Mr. Quelch?" he asked, in a louder tone.

Mr. Quelch raised his eyes then, and looked at him.

"There is a cane on the desk, sir," he said.

Mr. Lothrop bit his lip. It was on his tongue to order the Remove-master to hand him the cane. But he realised that the order would not be obeyed, and he did not want to be made to look ridiculous before the juniors.

He stepped to the desk and took the cane.

There was a gleam in his eyes that boded no good to Mr. Quelch. He could not venture to rag a Form-master as he ragged the boys. But the quiet disapproval of Mr. Quelch was not likely to go unpunished, if he could contrive to punish it.

"Hold out your hand, Bunter."

Bunter shivered.

"If you please, sir, I—I—I'd rather not be caned," he stammered.

The Remove grinned.

"Hold out your hand!" thundered Mr. Lothrop.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 171.

"I—I've got a delicate constitution, sir, and I can't stand it. I'm in a very low state now, and, in fact, only keep myself going by taking constant nourishment. I am afraid I shall be ill, sir—"

Mr. Lothrop raised the cane, with the evident intention of bringing it down across Bunter's shoulders. The fat junior held out his hand in a great hurry.

Swish!

The cut brought a yell of pain to the lips of Billy Bunter, and the tears to his eyes. He tucked the injured hand under his arm, and squeezed it frantically.

"Oh! Oh! Ow! Yow! Yaroooh!"

"The other hand, Bunter."

"Ow! Yow!"

"Do you hear me?"

"Yoop!"

"Will you obey me, Bunter?"

"Yaroooh!"

Mr. Lothrop's thin lips set in a thinner line. His eyes seemed to gleam and sparkle. It was evident that he had a savage temper, very slightly held in control.

"For the last time, Bunter, hold out your hand," he said.

"Ow, ow, ow!"

Mr. Lothrop said no more. He grasped the fat junior by the collar, and swung him round, and lashed with the cane upon Bunter's fat person.

Bunter leaped into the air with pain, yelling like a Red Indian.

"Yah! Yow! Yaroooh! Groooooooh!"

Lash, lash, lash!

"Ow, ow, ow!"

Mr. Quelch stepped forward. His face was pale with anger and indignation.

"Mr. Lothrop—"

Swish, swish!

"Mr. Lothrop! Sir!"

The new Head ceased the castigation for a moment, and glared at him.

"Well?" he rapped out.

"Do you not consider that Bunter is punished sufficiently?" asked Mr. Quelch, controlling his voice with an effort.

"When I consider that Bunter is punished sufficiently, Mr. Quelch, I shall cease to punish him," said Mr. Lothrop tartly.

"But—"

"Pray do not interfere!"

"But—"

"Stand back!"

Lash, lash, lash!

Billy Bunter yelled and roared. Some of the fellows were on their feet now, red with anger. They had never seen a thrashing like that in any Form-room at Greyfriars before.

"It's a shame!" muttered Bob Cherry furiously. "It's a cowardly shame! He wouldn't dare to do that in a Council school. He'd be summoned for assault."

Lash, lash!

"I cannot witness this," said Mr. Quelch, in a shaking voice—shaking with anger. "Mr. Lothrop, I request you to leave the punishment of boys of my Form to me."

The new Head released Bunter.

"What did you say, Mr. Quelch?"

"You heard what I said, sir," said the Remove-master, raising his voice. "I will not have my duty taken out of my hands in this manner. If you interfere between me and the boys in my Form, I shall ask you to accept my resignation."

Mr. Lothrop smiled sneeringly.

"You offer me your resignation?" he exclaimed.

"I do."

"Then I accept it. I will take this Form myself, until new arrangements are made," said Mr. Lothrop. "I have already observed that the Remove is the most unruly and disorderly Form at Greyfriars, and that it requires special attention. I shall give it special attention. I accept your resignation, Mr. Quelch."

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

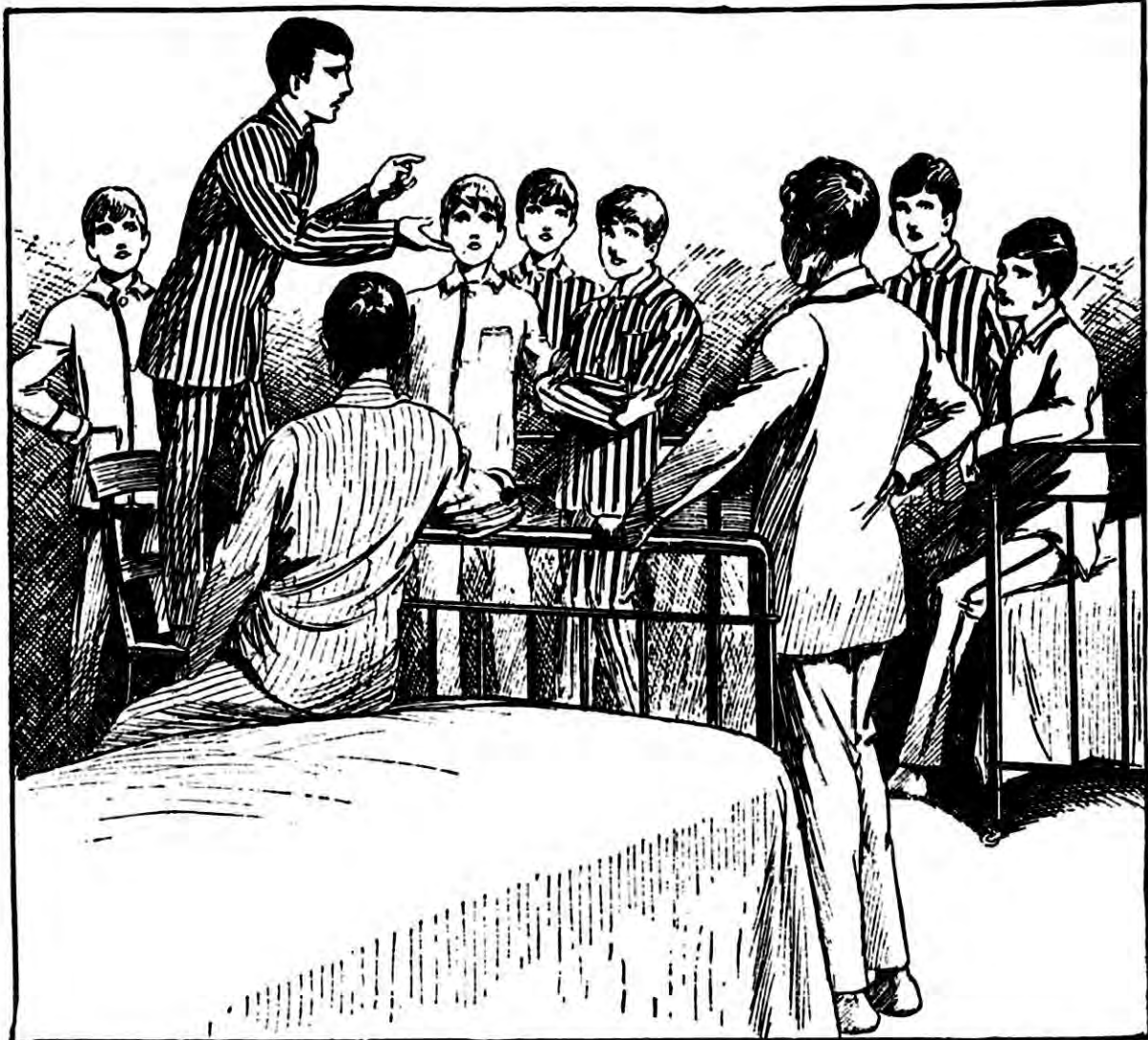
Master and Master.

MR. QUELCH was pale to the lips now. The Remove had never seen him so angry. The Form-master was a quiet man always, and if there was a thing he hated more than anything else it was a "scene," especially before the boys. But Mr. Lothrop had driven him into a "scene," and it was no longer to be avoided.

"Very well, sir," said Mr. Quelch, in concentrated tones, "I resign my post here, and I will write to Dr. Locke and explain the cause. I shall also acquaint the governors with the cause of my resignation."

"You will please yourself about that, of course."

"Dr. Locke, sir, never interfered with a Form-master in



Bulstrode jumped up upon a chair his face flushed with courage and determination. "Chaps," he said, "we've had enough of the new Head. We're fed up with tyranny. We are not going to stand it any longer."

his own Form-room. It is against all etiquette, and, I may add, against all decency," said Mr. Quelch. Now that he had begun to speak, he was speaking in exceedingly plain English. "I regard your conduct, since you have been here, as outrageous, sir."

"Mr. Quelch!"

"You have acted in a way, sir, that can only end by destroying all subordination in the school."

"Silence!"

"What!"

"Silence!" exclaimed Mr. Lothrop. "I order you to hold your tongue!"

Mr. Quelch simply staggered. To be ordered to hold his tongue, in his own Form-room, before his own class, was a new experience.

"What?" he almost stuttered. "How dare you, sir?"

"Leave this Form-room, Mr. Quelch!"

"How dare you?"

"I tell you—"

"You are no gentleman, sir!"

"You are an insubordinate hirceling, Mr. Quelch!"

"I tell you—"

"I tell you—"

"Sir—"

"Sir—"

The two masters were red with anger, and waving their hands excitedly as they stormed. It was an amazing scene, THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No: 171.

such as no fellows at Greyfriars had ever dreamed of beholding at the old school.

The boys sat breathless.

What was to happen next? Billy Bunter crept back into his seat, squirming with pain. He was only too glad to see the Head's anger turn upon another object.

"Leave the Form-room and the school!" thundered the new Head. "Do you hear? If you refuse to go I will call in the servants and have you ejected, sir!"

"I will go," said Mr. Quelch, stuttering with rage. "I will go, and report your conduct in the proper quarter, sir! I will go, but before I go, sir, hear my opinion of you. You are a ruffian and a blackguard, sir!"

The new Head made a step towards the Remove-master, his fists clenched.

But something in Mr. Quelch's eye stopped him.

Instead of hurling himself at the Remove-master, as he had seemed to be about to do, he pointed to the door.

"Go!" he said hoarsely.

Mr. Quelch turned to the door. Five or six fellows jumped up.

"Don't go, sir!"

"Don't go!"

"Stay here, sir!"

"We'll back you up!"

Mr. Quelch turned round.

"Boys—"

NEXT
TUESDAY: "THE SCHOOL ON STRIKE."

By
FRANK RICHARDS

"We'll stick to you, sir!" shouted Harry Wharton.

"Hurrah!"

"Down with the outsider!"

The fellows were nearly all on their feet now. The whole Form was ripe for revolt.

At a word—at a sign—from Mr. Quelch they would have rushed upon the new Head like wolves.

But Mr. Quelch did not give that word.

He held up his hand for silence.

"Boys—"

"Hurrah!"

"Boys—my dear lads—"

"You are inciting this Form to mutiny, Mr. Quelch," shrieked the new Head. "I shall make a note of this, sir—I shall make a note of this."

"I am doing nothing of the kind. I am endeavouring to prevent a mutiny which you are doing your best to provoke," said Mr. Quelch. "Boys, listen to me! You must not rebel against proper authority."

"We'll back you up, sir!" shouted Nugent.

"Silence!"

"But, sir—"

"Silence! I am no longer your Form-master—you must obey the head-master sent here by the governing body. Until Dr. Locke returns you are under the authority of Mr. Lothrop. You must render him your respect and obedience. My dear boys, if you wish to please me, and oblige me in any way, you will be dutiful and obedient, and act the best you can for the credit of the Form."

"Oh, sir!"

"Good-bye, my boys! I trust I shall see you again."

"Good-bye, sir!"

Mr. Quelch quitted the Form-room.

The Remove sat quiet, dazed.

Mr. Quelch had gone! Their Form-master, whom they had known as long as they had been at Greyfriars, was dismissed! It seemed incredible.

Mr. Quelch had been a severe master sometimes, but he had always been just, and he was very well liked in the Form.

His standing up for them against the tyrant had made him more popular than ever, and just at this moment he was a hero in the eyes of all the boys.

And he was gone!

And they were left at the mercy of this hard-featured, spiteful-looking man with the square chin—at his mercy till the unknown date when Dr. Locke should return.

There were bitter feelings in the breasts of the Removes.

Mr. Lothrop watched the door close behind the Remove-master, and then drew a deep breath, and turned to the Form again.

"Boys!"

The word came rapping out like a bullet. The Remove looked at him sullenly. They might obey this man, but they could never respect him.

"Boys, this Form is the most unruly, the most insubordinate, at Greyfriars! I shall take this Form under my special care while I am here, and I shall see that the laxity you have suffered under does not continue. I shall see that your previous master's neglect of his duties is—"

"Let Quelch alone!" shouted a voice.

"Who said that?"

Silence.

"Who spoke?" demanded the new Head, in a withering voice.

"Silence!"

"Very well! The whole Form will stay in till dinner," said the Head. "Not a boy will leave this Form-room till the dinner-bell rings. Every boy will write out a hundred

lines of Virgil. I will teach you subordination in some way."

There was a loud hiss.

"Silence!"

The hiss died away.

"I think I know who are the ringleaders in this disgraceful demonstration," said Mr. Lothrop. "I shall keep my eye upon them. I believe each Form at this school has a Form-captain. Who is captain of the Remove?"

"I am, sir," said Bulstrode.

"What is your name?"

"Bulstrode, sir."

"Very well, Bulstrode. I shall expect you to keep order in this room while the boys are detained. If there is disorder, you will report to me the names of those who are guilty of it for special punishment. If you fail to keep order, or to make a proper report, you will be flogged."

And the new Head strode from the Remove Form-room.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Detained.

"MY only hat!"

"Great Scott!"

"I guess this beats the deck!"

"The cad!"

"The beast!"

"The thafe of the worruld!"

"The rotten outsider!"

The Removes had left their desks. They had no more intention of writing out their lines than of eating their volumes of Virgil. They were detained, but they did not intend to do their detention work. As Bob Cherry said, they could be brought to the water, but not made to drink.

The indignation was boundless.

For once all the discordant elements in the Remove were united. Harry Wharton was in perfect accord with Bulstrode, and both were quite in agreement with Vernon-Smith.

The Greyfriars tyrant had succeeded in uniting the Remove. "Are you going to make your report, Bulstrode?" asked Skinner, with a sneering grin.

Bulstrode flushed.

"Of course not!"

"Are you going to keep order?" yelled a dozen aggressive voices.

"Better try it, that's all!" said Ogilvy.

"Yah!" roared a score of furious Removes. "Just try it!"

"You needn't start on me," said Bulstrode. "I'm not backing up the beast, am I? I can't help his picking on me. If he ain't satisfied I shall have to take the flogging. I don't do anything to back him up, anyway."

"Good!"

"Fancy Quelch being sacked!" said Frank Nugent. "Of course, he'll come back again when Dr. Locke is here."

"Yes, I should think so."

"But until then—"

"Lothrop's going to take us every day."

"It will be a high old time," said John Bull. "I say, what about those lines?"

Wharton set his lips.

"I'm not going to do any lines," he said.

"Nor I!"

"Nor I!"

"Not a giddy line!" said Bob Cherry. "We shall most likely be licked, anyway, whether we do the lines or not, so what's the use?"

"Yes, rather!"

"We sha'n't be able to stand him," said Hazeldene. "Fancy this sort of thing going on day after day! We can't stand it!"

"What can we do?"

"Ask our blessed Form-captain."

"Oh, shut up!" said Bulstrode.

"Lot of good asking him, look you!" said Morgan.

"Look here, are we going to stick here?" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "It's ripping out in the 'Close, and we want some practice, too, if we're playing the Upper Fourth this afternoon."

"We're detained."

"Oh, blow!"

"See if the beast is in sight, and if he isn't let's cut," said Vernon-Smith.

"Good egg!"

Fisher T. Fish opened the door and looked out. Loder of the Sixth was in the passage, sitting on the window seat. He caught Fish's eye, and grinned. It was clear that the prefect had been stationed there to see that the juniors did not leave.

"Loder's on the watch," said Fish, turning back into the Form-room.

"Then we've got to stick here."

SANDOW'S BOOK FREE!

Just published, a new book showing how Sandow won Health and Fame, beautifully illustrated, and explaining how every man and woman can obtain robust health and perfect development by exercise.

SPECIAL OFFER.

To every reader who writes at once a copy of this book will be sent free.

Address: No. 18, SANDOW HALL, BURY STREET, LONDON, W.C.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 171.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE "X" on the back page "GEM" LIBRARY? It might mean A FREE HAMPER FOR YOU!

"Let's rush Loder," suggested Micky Desmond. "Faith, and there are enough of us to ate him, intirely!" But that reckless suggestion was not adopted. The juniors talked and stamped about the room till the bell rang for dinner.

Then they trooped out of the Form-room.

Mr. Lothrop was in the dining-room, at the head of the Sixth-Form table, when they entered. He looked towards them, and noted black and sullen faces, and a grim smile crossed his lips.

All the fellows were very subdued during dinner. All the Forms had felt the heavy hand of the tyrant in one way or another. It had fallen heaviest upon the Remove, and that unfortunate Form had the sympathy of the rest of the school.

If there was anybody at Greyfriars who approved of the new Head it was Loder. The new principal's methods enabled Loder to pay off many old scores against Harry Wharton & Co., but with the exception of Loder, and perhaps Ionides and Carne of the Sixth, the new Head was detested by everybody within the walls of Greyfriars. He did not seem to care. There was no conciliation in his manner towards anyone.

He was detested, and perhaps feared, but there was no respect mingled with the fear, for the real character of the man was clear enough by this time to the dullast. He was a man of unbalanced character, and his head was turned by his being placed in a position of authority, and such a man could not be respected.

As Nugent remarked—Nugent being strong on Shakspere:

"Man, vain man,
Dressed in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep."

The new Head of Greyfriars was dressed in a little brief authority, and he was now proceeding in the most rapid manner possible to make the angels weep.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

King Cricket.

AFTER dinner, however, the Remove had other matters to think of, and the obnoxious Head was dismissed for the moment from their minds. It happened to be Wednesday, and a half-holiday at the old school, and there was a cricket match fixed for the afternoon between the Remove and the Upper Fourth.

Cricket was occupying the thoughts of the Remove just now to the exclusion of most other things. Under Bulstrode's captaincy the Remove had drawn in an out match with Courtfield County Council School, instead of winning the crushing victory they had been pleased to anticipate. The match had been arranged to be replayed on the following Saturday, when Wharton would be able to appear in the team. Wednesday afternoon was a good opportunity for practice, and a match with another Form was the best possible kind of practice. Bulstrode knew that he must pull his team together somehow if he was to beat Courtfield at the end of the week.

It was a bright and sunny afternoon; an ideal afternoon for cricket.

The Removeites felt cheered up as they made their way down to the cricket-ground.

After all, the new Head, trouble enough as he was within doors, could not interfere with them here. On the cricket-pitch they were safe from him—at all events, so they thought for the present.

They were not yet fully acquainted with their new head-master!

Temple, Dabney & Co. were already on the ground when the Remove eleven turned up, with most of the Form to watch the play.

"Waiting for you," said Temple.

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"Well, we're here," said Bulstrode.

"Wharton playing for you?"

"Yes."

"Oh!"

Bulstrode grinned. The Upper Fourth had expected that Wharton would be left out. He had been left out of the Courtfield match, but that was because he was ill at the time. Temple had never expected that the former captain of the Remove would play under the lead of the new captain—in fact, he did not think that Bulstrode would let him.

But Bulstrode wanted to win, and Wharton wanted the Remove to win, and so it had come about.

"Nugent and Cherry as well," said Temple, "and Bull?"

"Yes, the whole family."

"I don't see that you've made much difference in your Form team since you became captain, Bulstrode."

Bulstrode shrugged his shoulders.

"Not enough difference to please you, I dare say," he remarked.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 171.

NEXT TUESDAY: "THE SCHOOL ON STRIKE."

By FRANK RICHARDS.

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

"Oh, rats!"

The stumps had been pitched. Temple lost the toss, and the Remove went in first. The innings opened with Harry Wharton and Bulstrode.

Fry, of the Fourth, went on to bowl.

Round the ground, standing or lying on the grass, were crowds of Fourth-Formers and Removeites. It was a cheery scene, and the cheery click of bat and ball was music to a cricketer's ear.

"Play!"

Wharton received the first over from Fry.

The sturdy Removeite showed that his late illness had not impaired his form on the cricket-field. He swiped the ball away, and the Fourth-Formers started chasing it while the batsmen crossed the pitch again and again.

There was a shout from the Remove.

"Well hit!"

"Hurrah!"

"Run, you beggars—run!"

And they ran hard.

Three runs had been registered by the time the ball was fielded and tossed back to Fry. Bulstrode was now at the pavilion end to receive the bowling.

Fry sent the ball down again.

Bulstrode knocked it away through the slips and ran, and the batsmen changed places, and then the bowling was to Wharton again.

The rest of the over gave Wharton four more runs.

He was loudly cheered as the field crossed over.

The match had begun well for the Remove. In the next innings they were not likely to fare so well, for Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the Indian, the champion bowler of the Lower School, was away. But so long as they were batting the Remove were head and shoulders above their opponents.

But Wharton's luck was not good on this occasion. It was in the third over that he gave Dabney a catch at slip, and Dabney caught the ball—somewhat to his own surprise, and greatly to the surprise of everybody else.

There was a roar from the Upper Fourth:

"How's that?"

"Out!" grinned Blundell, of the Fifth, who was umpire at that end. "Out! Well caught! Who was it said the age of miracles was past?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wharton carried out his bat. John Bull took his place. That strong, sturdy junior was known chiefly for his stonewalling. He was not a brilliant batsman, and his runs were few—off his own bat. But he could generally be depended upon to keep his end up against almost any attack.

And Bulstrode wanted just that.

Bulstrode was in fine form that afternoon, and prepared to make things "hum." He was ready to make all the running, with a good stonewalling player at the other end of the pitch.

There was no doubt that the new captain of the Remove had the makings of a very good cricketer in him. He sent nearly every ball away for 1, 2, or 3, and the Remove score went up by leaps and bounds.

Bulstrode's own score was at 20 ere long, and the Fourth Form bowlers had exhausted all their skill against him in vain.

Bulstrode's manner was growing, perhaps, a little "swanky" now.

He did not mean exactly to swank, but he could not help it, and he began to put in flourishes that endangered the safety of his wicket.

Playing to the gallery was not allowed when Wharton was captain of the cricket eleven, but Wharton had no voice in the matter now. He looked on and said nothing, while Bulstrode made risky strokes, any one of which might have ended in disaster.

But Bulstrode was favoured by fortune. The riskiest strokes seemed to come off well, and runs were added and added to the Remove score.

Loud were the cheers for Bulstrode.

"Hurrah!"

"Well hit!"

"Buck up, Bulstrode!"

The cheering excited the Remove captain. He made another hit and ran, and John Bull ran to keep him company. Once, twice, thrice they crossed the pitch, and then Bulstrode started running again.

"No!" yelled John Bull.

For he saw that the ball had been fielded, and was coming in.

But Bulstrode did not hear. He ran.

Bull ran too, as he saw that Bulstrode would not stop. Bull crossed the pitch like lightning, and Bulstrode ran hard, seeing the danger now. The ball was coming in to the wicket-keeper. Bull's wicket was in no danger, but

Bulstrode's own wicket was within a hair's-breadth of it. Harder he ran.

The ball had come in now, and the wicket-keeper had grasped it.

Bulstrode threw himself forward, his bat extending before him as he fell full-length on the pitch.

Crash!

The wicket was down.

But the umpire shook his head.

"Not out!"

The end of the bat had been on the crease. Bulstrode had saved his wicket by a second. There was a burst of cheering as he staggered up.

"Hurrah!"

"Well done!"

"Bravo, Bulstrode!"

But Bulstrode knew well enough that he did not deserve those cheers. The narrow escape sobered him, and he played more carefully. Even Wharton's critical eye had no fault to find with him as he batted during the next few overs.

Bulstrode had just swept the ball away, soaring far above the reach of the running fieldsmen, when there came a sudden interruption to the game.

An imposing form in cap and gown strode upon the field. It was the Head!

There was a murmur from the cricketers and from the crowd. The Head took no notice of it. He strode fairly upon the pitch and held up his hand.

"Stop this instantly!" he rapped out.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Stop Play!

"STOP play!"

The Remove could hardly believe their ears.

"Stop play!"

It seemed incredible.

The new Head, during the short time he had been at Greyfriars, had seemed to be bent upon outraging every tradition of the old school. But the juniors had never expected him to go so far as this—as to stop a cricket match in full swing upon a half-holiday for no apparent reason whatever.

There was a murmur in the crowd. There were a good many seniors there, including Wingate and Courtney, of the Sixth. Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars, listened to the Head in amazement as great as that of the juniors.

"What does he mean?" he muttered.

Courtney shook his head.

"Off his rocker, I suppose," he said.

The cricketers had ceased, of course.

Fry came in from the longfield with the ball and stopped, and the rest of the fieldsmen stood round with him, looking on in surprise and dismay. The batsmen had ceased to run, and stood with their bats resting on the ground.

It was a dramatic scene.

There was a grim silence for several seconds that seemed minutes long. Then the Head spoke again in stern, harsh tones:

"All the Remove will go into the House at once!"

The Remove gasped.

"We are playing cricket, sir," said Wharton.

"Silence!"

"But, sir—"

"Do not interrupt me, Wharton. I ordered an imposition to be done

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 171.

by the Remove during their detention this morning. This imposition has not been done. The Remove will, therefore, stay in for the afternoon, and write out their lines. The lines are increased to two hundred for each boy."

"My hat!" murmured Bob Cherry. "This is getting thick."

"Go in at once, all the Remove!"

Some of the fellows started off. They remembered the caning of the morning, and they did not want to have that experience repeated.

But the more determined fellows held their ground.

"Please, sir," said Bulstrode, speaking very civilly and respectfully, "we are playing a cricket match, and we will do the lines afterwards, sir; if you will be kind enough to let us finish."

"Hold your tongue, Bulstrode!"

"Dr. Locke wouldn't have interrupted a match, sir."

Mr. Lothrop's brow grew black. Evidently he was not pleased at being thus unfavourably compared with his predecessor in authority at Greyfriars.

"If you speak again, Bulstrode, I shall cane you."

The Remove captain bit his lip.

"Go in at once, all of you!" said Mr. Lothrop harshly.

The Removites hesitated. Wingate, of the Sixth, came striding upon the pitch. There was a flush in his rugged, fearless face.

"Would you be kind enough to reconsider this, sir?" he asked. "It is very hard on the juniors to have to abandon a match in the middle of it, sir."

Mr. Lothrop looked at him with a cold, grim glance.

"Who are you?" he asked.

Wingate flushed more deeply.

"I am Wingate, of the Sixth, sir. I am captain of the school."

"And a prefect, I presume?"

"I am head prefect, sir."

"Then you should know better than to encourage juniors in disregarding authority, Wingate. You are no longer a prefect."

"What, sir?"

"You are no longer a prefect," said Mr. Lothrop icily. "I degrade you from that rank. Go into the house immediately, and remain in your study until I send you leave to quit it."

Wingate stood rooted to the ground.

The other fellows held their breath. It was Wingate, the head of the Sixth—the captain of the school—Wingate, the head prefect of Greyfriars, who was being talked to in this way!

The juniors doubted their ears.

Wingate did not move.

"You hear me, sir?" rapped out Mr. Lothrop.

"I hear you," said Wingate.

"Then obey me!"

"Do you know what you are saying, sir?" said Wingate, his cheeks flushing, as he began to recover from his astonishment. "What have I done?"

"You have been impudent."

"I did not intend to be impudent. I was pointing out—"

The new Head interrupted with a wave of the hand.

"You have no right to point out things to your head-master," he replied. "If Dr. Locke allowed such impertinence on the part of his prefects, I do not intend to imitate his methods. I can only say that it is one of the in-



You May Get One of these Splendid Hampers FREE!

See "The Gem Library," 1d. Now on Sale.



Gosling trod carefully on to the Head's study, carrying the tray laden with good things. A few inches above the floor the cord was stretched tight—ready for Gosling and the tray!

stances of folly in the management of this school which I intend to alter."

"You have no right to speak like that of Dr. Locke, sir," said Wingate, his eyes flashing.

"Silence!"

"Very well, sir. As you say I am no longer to be a prefect, I must submit. I should not care to act as a prefect under you, I must say."

"Go into the house immediately!"

Wingate walked away without replying.

He did not go towards the house. But the new Head did not look after him—perhaps he was willing not to push matters to an extremity with the big, rugged, athletic captain of Greyfriars.

"Now, you juniors, do as I have told you," said Mr. Lothrop.

The Removites looked at one another.

"Loder!" rapped out the Head.

"Yes, sir," said Loder obsequiously.

"Take the bats and stumps away, and lock them up in safety till I give you instructions to return them to these juniors."

"Certainly, sir."

Loder gathered up bats and stumps. The juniors did not resist. They could hardly do so. The prefect, with a

lurking grin on his face, carried away the bats and stumps in an armful towards the house.

The Head raised his hand and pointed to the School House.

"Go in," he said; "everyone belonging to the Remove is to go into the Form-room and stay there."

Slowly, sullenly, the juniors obeyed.

With black brows, and fury in their hearts, they obeyed; tramping off grimly towards the School House in the sunny afternoon.

The Fourth-Formers stood nonplussed.

With the opposing team gone, the match certainly could not continue, and Temple, Dabney & Co. did not feel inclined to go on playing a scratch match.

Nobody, in fact, felt inclined to do anything but revile the tyranny of the new Head.

Mr. Lothrop watched the Remove into the house, the same hard and uncompromising frown upon his heavy brows. He followed them in, and disappeared from view. Then the fellows on the cricket-ground seemed to breathe again, as if a cloud were gone.

"Well, my hat!" said Temple. "If this doesn't beat anything I ever heard of! I wonder where that chap was brought up."

"I know where he'll be brought down, if he keeps on like this," said Fry.

"Oh, rather!"

"Oh, I know the man!" said Coker, of the Fifth. "He was kicked out of his last school for ragging my young brother—I know it's the same man. I don't know how he's come over the governors. Artful dodger, I expect."

"Beastly cad!"

"Rank outsider."

Courtney, of the Sixth, followed Wingate. The captain of Greyfriars was walking up and down in the quiet Cloisters, his hands thrust deep into his trousers' pockets, and his brows meeting in a dark line.

"This is rather thick, Winny, old man," said Courtney.

Wingate nodded.

"You're sacked from being a prefect."

"So he says."

"One thing's jolly certain," said Courtney, "if the Head doesn't take that back, he'll have a chance of seeing how he can get on without prefects."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I shall resign, for one, and I think the rest will, excepting perhaps Loder. He seems inclined to stick up to Lotherp."

"Blessed if I know what the school will come to if Dr. Locke doesn't come back soon," said Wingate gloomily. "It's treating the youngsters villainously. There have been barrings-out at public schools, in the old days, for less things than that."

"I don't think we shall come to that here," said Courtney, with a grin; "but if he doesn't want you for a prefect, he can do without the rest of us. He's pushed out one Form-master already, and the rest are ready to resign."

"It's rotten for Greyfriars."

And Courtney agreed that it was. If the new Head continued as he had started, it was likely that he would soon be in charge of Greyfriars without any prefects, and without any masters either!

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Second Thoughts.

INDIGNANT juniors stood about in groups in the Remove Form-room. They were in the Form-room whither they had been ordered to go; but they were not writing out their lines.

There did not seem to be much use in writing out the lines. The Greyfriars tyrant had made a special set against the Remove, and, if the impots. were written out, there was little doubt that he would soon find some other fault with them.

The juniors stood about, or walked up and down the room like caged animals, and discussed their wrongs.

The bright summer sunshine poured in at the high windows of the Form-rooms, and the leaves brushed against the panes, the soft breeze stirring the branches of the old elms.

All Nature seemed to be calling the boys out of doors, and there they were mewed up by the decree of a tyrant, a stranger to Greyfriars, a man sent there to govern them without the concurrence of their own Head-master.

"It's rotten!" said Bob Cherry, for the tenth time.

"It's infamous!"

"It's villainous!"

The door opened, and the Head looked in.

"You will write out your impositions now," he said.

There was a sullen silence.

"I shall come back in a few minutes," said the Head; "if the impositions are not being written out then, I shall cane the whole Form."

He closed the door and walked away.

The juniors exchanged glances.

Snoop, and Skinner, and some more of them went to their desks, and began to write. The greater part of the Form did not.

"I'm going to write nothing," said Harry Wharton, drawing a deep breath. "He can muck up our cricket match, if he likes. He can't make us write out impots."

"That's my idea," said Nugent; "not a line."

"Not a word!"

"Not a syllable."

"But he's coming back," said Elliott.

"Let him come."

"He's going to lick the whole Form."

"Let him!"

"H'm!" said Stott. "I prefer not to be licked, if it's all the same to you. The beast lays it on too hard."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"Oh, really, you know! I think we had better knuckle under, you know. You see—"

"Ring off!" roared Bulstrode angrily.

"I sha'n't write a line!" said Wharton, setting his lips.

"Nor I!"

"Nor I!"

"What about locking the door, and keeping him out?" suggested Ogilvy.

"Good egg!"

"There's a key in the lock, and—"

"Go it!"

Ogilvy ran to the door. He latched it, and put his hand on the key. Then he hesitated. It was open rebellion that he was contemplating—rebellion against the Head! It was what led to expulsion.

"Better not," muttered Skinner.

Wharton knitted his brows.

"It's a good idea," he said; "let's keep him out. If he's going to lick us anyway, we may as well make him sit up first."

"What about being expelled?"

"He can't expel the whole Form, I suppose."

"I shouldn't dare to face my people if I were sacked from Greyfriars, after all," said Ogilvy uneasily.

Wharton strode to the door.

"I should," he said. "My uncle would understand—and after all, as I know he would stand by me, I ought to take the risk."

"Not you," said Bob Cherry. "It's the bizney of the Form-captain to take the lead, ain't it? You stand back, Harry, and don't poach on Bulstrode's preserves."

Bulstrode changed colour.

"I don't know about locking the Head out," he said. "It's a jolly serious thing. A chap doesn't want to be expelled."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"That's our giddy Form-captain, the chap who pushed Wharton out. Lock the door, Bulstrode!" roared a dozen voices.

Bulstrode turned crimson.

"I'll do it, if you put it like that," he said. "But you jolly well know that the Head will find out which chap looked the door, and he'll expel that chap as a warning to the rest."

"Well, what's a leader for if he doesn't want to lead?" demanded Elliott.

"You pushed Wharton out of the captaincy," said John Bull. "Hang it all! You can't expect only to lead when it's perfectly safe!"

"Hear, hear!"

"I'll lock the door, then, and chance it," said Bulstrode.

"Go it, then."

"Play up!"

Bulstrode went to the door, but Harry Wharton, who had his hand on the key, did not move.

"Better leave it to me, Bulstrode," he said. "I tell you that if it comes to being expelled, my uncle will stand by me."

Bulstrode hesitated.

"Hold on a minute," said Mark Linlay, in his quiet way. "I'd like to say something, if you fellows will listen to it."

"Go ahead, Marky!"

"I don't think the door should be locked," said Mark. "And I think the lines should be written."

"Rats!"

"Bosh!"

"Piffle!"

"Coward!"

Mark flushed.

"I don't think I'm a coward," he said. "I'm not afraid. But I think we ought not to put ourselves in the wrong. Our new head-master has treated us badly, but he is our head-master, and we are bound to obey his orders, unless he becomes utterly intolerable. We don't think we deserve the impots, but we never do think we deserve them, do we?"

There was a laugh.

"Quite right, Marky," said Bob Cherry. "Go it!"

"Well, after all, an impot is only an impot, and it won't hurt us," said Mark; "and if we write out the lines he won't have any excuse for ragging us when he comes back, so there's no need to lock the door."

"But—"

"Look here—"

"It's not good business to place ourselves in the wrong,"

ANSWERS

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 171.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE "X" on the back page "GEM" LIBRARY? It might mean A FREE HAMPER FOR YOU!

said Mark Linley. "If we're coming into a dispute with the Head, we ought to be in the right. It would be a bad enough business even then. But to disobey orders, and to lock the Head out of the Form-room, is putting ourselves in the wrong."

"Something in that," said Ogilvy reflectively.

Wharton paused, and removed his hand from the lock. He had a great respect for the judgment of the Lancashire lad. And he knew, too, that Mark Linley was as brave as any fellow in that room, and that his words would never be dictated by fear.

"I dare say you're right, Marky," he said slowly.

"I'm sure of it, Wharton!"

"But the brute will rag us just the same, even if we're writing out the lines when he comes back!" exclaimed Vernon-Smith.

"Well, if we give no cause of offence, and he begins on us again, we shall be in the right, and he'll be in the wrong, that's all."

"I don't see what difference that makes."

"It makes a great deal of difference, if we're coming to open trouble. We ought to have a clear case to explain to Dr. Locke when he returns."

"By Jove! Marky's right!"

"Quite right."

"We'll do as Linley says," said Wharton. "After all, we can't be too careful. Lothrop may find his balance presently, and leave off acting the giddy ox."

"Not likely."

"Well, give him a chance," urged Mark Linley. "If we should be driven into resisting, we want to know all the time that we did everything possible to avoid trouble."

The Lancashire lad's cool reasoning carried the day. The juniors went to their desks, and started work.

A few minutes later Mr. Lothrop looked into the Form-room.

He seemed to anticipate disobedience, for he carried a cane in his hand, and a slight expression of surprise came over his face at the sight of the Removites sitting at their desks, and writing away industriously.

He gave them a long, hard look, and then spoke, in his usual harsh, dictatorial tones, which alone were enough to rouse a feeling of rebellion in the listeners.

"I am glad to see that you are at work." He did not look glad. "You will write lines from Virgil till seven o'clock. If I hear a single word of disturbance in this room, or if a single boy leaves, I shall return. I am determined to reduce this Form to obedience. I shall hold you responsible for order, Bulstrode; and also if any boy leaves the Form-room."

He retired and closed the door.

Harry Wharton breathed heavily.

"How long are we going to stand that sort of thing?" he murmured.

"As long as we can," said Mark Linley quietly. "Can't you see his game? He's trying to provoke us to back up, and then he'll come down heavier than ever. Don't give him an excuse."

The Lancashire lad's advice was too good not to be taken. But the hearts of the Removites were heavy, and their faces were dark, as they sat at the desks, with the pens travelling wearily over the foolscap.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Rough on Bulstrode.

"I'VE had enough of this!"

It was Vernon-Smith who spoke.

Six had chimed out from the clock-tower, and the westerling sun was falling in at the windows of the Form-room.

The others had had enough of it as well as Vernon-Smith. But they were mustering all their patience, and driving away at the impositions. Mr. Lothrop had looked in twice, and had been satisfied that the Remove were still at their task.

The boys had grown more and more restless as the hours passed. The afternoon was gone, but there was still a weary hour of detention left.

Detention was a common enough punishment at Greyfriars, but not long detention like this. Boys had been detained for a whole afternoon sometimes, but to be kept in a whole summer's afternoon, and forced to remain in the Form-room till seven o'clock, long past their usual tea-time, was unheard of. Mr. Lothrop was evidently lacking in discretion as much as in feeling.

The juniors shifted in their places, or rose and walked about the Form-room. More than once they were on the point of breaking out, but, after enduring so much, it seemed absurd to face severe punishment for the sake of another hour of so.

And so the Remove "sat tight," and bore it as best they

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 171.

could, till, just after six had chimed out, the Bounder of Greyfriars rose.

The Bounder was looking furious. The son of a millionaire, he had never been accustomed to the hard and heavy hand of a master. Even at Greyfriars, where he might have found his level, the Bounder had had an easy time, owing to his father's mysterious influence over the head-master.

Things were changed under the new Head, and not changed to the liking of the Bounder. He had, as he said, had enough of it.

The others looked up and grunted.

"Sit down, Smithy!"

"Don't play the goat!"

"We've all had enough of it, if you come to that."

The Bounder strode out from the form.

"I'm going to stand it no longer," he said. "I've had enough of it. Let's back up against that brute. We could bring him to his senses if we all stood together."

"Rot!" said Ogilvy. "We've stuck this all the afternoon, and there's no sense in kicking over the traces at the finish."

The Bounder gritted his teeth.

"I tell you, I won't stick it any longer!"

"Oh, sit down!" said Harry Wharton. "You know what the Head said. He's keeping an eye on us. Besides, he holds Bulstrode responsible, as Form-captain, if there's any trouble here. If there's a row, Bulstrode will get it in the neck. We've all agreed to write out the lines and avoid trouble."

"I don't care!"

"Sit down, you ass!"

"I won't!"

"What are you going to do, Smith?" asked Nugent.

"I'm going out."

"The Head will know."

"Hang the Head!"

"He will come down heavy on you, and on Bulstrode for letting you go out."

The Bounder shrugged his shoulders.

"Bulstrode can look out for himself, I suppose," he said.

"As he's made himself Form-captain, it's his bizney to think of some way out of this mess."

"What can I do?" said Bulstrode.

"Don't ask me; only I'm not going to stand this."

"Sit down!"

"I won't, I tell you!"

Harry Wharton rose to his feet.

"Sit down!" he repeated. "Bulstrode, you're skipper. Say the word, and I'll make that rotter toe the line with the rest!"

"Collar him!" said Bulstrode, as the Bounder walked towards the door.

The Bounder quickened his pace as three or four juniors ran towards him. The fellows were exasperated. They had all agreed to stand the infliction, and it was simply caddish of Vernon-Smith to wish to spoil the whole thing by breaking out in this way. In this matter, more than in any other, it was right to bow to the will of the majority.

The Bounder cared nothing for that. Esprit de corps and noblesse oblige were phrases that had no meaning for him.

He had just reached the door when the juniors grasped him. He was swung back bodily towards the desks.

Then his savage temper broke out. He struggled fiercely, kicking and hitting.

"Will you go back?" asked Wharton.

"No!" yelled the Bounder.

"You'll get us all into a row."

"Hang you all!"

"And Bulstrode—"

"Hang Bulstrode!"

"If that's the way to put it, we know how to treat you," said Bulstrode angrily. "Bump the cad into his place."

"All together," said Bob Cherry.

The Bounder was swept off the floor in the strong arms of five or six juniors, and carried, kicking and struggling, towards the desks.

"Let me go!" he yelled.

The door opened.

Perhaps Mr. Lothrop had not been very far away, and had heard the disturbance in the Form-room. He looked in with steely eyes.

"Boys!"

"My hat!"

"Cave!"

The juniors let go Vernon-Smith as if he had become suddenly red-hot. It was unfortunate for the Bounder, for he was two feet from the floor at the time.

Bump!

There was a howl of pain from Vernon-Smith as he bumped on the floor. He lay there gasping for breath.

Some of the juniors grinned. But the expression upon Mr. Lothrop's face was enough to banish any sign of merriment very quickly.

He came into the Form-room.

"I think I told you what would be the result of any disturbance here," he said icily. "I do not approve of horse-play in the Form-rooms."

"If you please, sir—"

"Don't answer me, Bulstrode. You are Form-captain, and I directed you to keep order. If you could not do so, you should have appealed to me for assistance."

"I—"

"Not a word. I shall cane all the boys concerned in this disturbance, and you, Bulstrode, will be flogged."

"Oh, sir!"

"Go to my study, and wait for me there."

Bulstrode stood rooted to the floor.

It seemed impossible that the master, hard and cruel as he was, could really intend to flog a boy for so light an offence. In the good old times of public schools, when flogging was the order of the day, certainly it would not have been surprising. But at Greyfriars a flogging was very rare. Perhaps Mr. Lothrop was fifty years behind the times in his ideas with regard to governing a school.

"Do you hear me?" thundered Mr. Lothrop.

"You—you are going to flog me, sir?" gasped Bulstrode.

"I have told you so."

"What for, sir?"

"For disobedience and disorder."

"But—but I—"

"Not a word more, Bulstrode. Go to my study."

Bulstrode turned red, and clenched his hands.

"Then it's a rotten shame!" he exclaimed.

"What?"

Bulstrode gritted his teeth, and glared defiance. He had blurted out the words, but he was not sorry they had passed his lips. His punishment could not be made much more severe for speaking his mind, anyway.

"Go to my study!" said Mr. Lothrop hoarsely. "Go!"

Bulstrode, with clenched hands and heaving chest, quitted the Form-room. Mr. Lothrop took a cane from the desk.

Each of the boys who had seized the Bouncer was caned, and the Bouncer himself came last. They returned smarting to their places.

The Head fixed a stern look upon the class.

"I am going to reduce this Form to order," he said. "You shall be made into an example for the rest of Greyfriars. Your detention is increased until half-past seven, and if there is any further disturbance, I will flog every boy concerned in it."

He went out and closed the door. He left the Remove feeling stunned.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Flogged.

BULSTRODE stood waiting in the Head's study.

More than once Bulstrode had entered the study for punishment, in the time of Dr. Locke; but he knew that what he was about to receive would be something quite new in his experience—and not pleasant. Dr. Locke's flogging would be very mild in comparison with Mr. Lothrop's.

The captain of the Remove was thinking far from pleasant thoughts as he stood there waiting. He was going through this because he was captain of the Remove—and a bitter smile crossed his lips as he thought of how he had schemed, and contrived, to bring about Harry Wharton's downfall, and get elected to the captaincy in his place.

It seemed like fate—as soon as he had attained his ambition, like Dead Sea apples, it turned to ashes in the mouth.

This was the first fruit of his leadership—and Bulstrode was beginning to wish that he had let the matter well alone, and left the doubtful honour in the hands of Harry Wharton.

But it was too late to think of that now. And Bulstrode had a great deal of dogged pluck to help him through his ordeal.

Mr. Lothrop came into the study. His lips were set in the thin red line that the Greyfriars fellows were learning to know so well.

"I have sent for Gosling," he said. "You will wait till he comes, Bulstrode."

"Yes, sir," said Bulstrode heavily.

The Head sat at his desk.

There was a tap at the door, and Gosling, the school porter of Greyfriars, came in. Gosling was looking quite cheerful.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 171.

Gosling did not like boys. His private opinion was that all boys ought to be drowned, or, at least, flogged. And as Gosling's duty was to hoist boys who were flogged, he sometimes had the pleasure of seeing his principles carried into practice.

"Which Trotter said you wanted me, sir," said Gosling.

The new Head rose.

"Yes, Gosling. It is necessary to flog this boy, and I require your assistance."

"Yes, sir."

Gosling stepped towards Bulstrode.

The burly Removeite started back.

"Keep your hands off me," he said.

"Bulstrode!"

"Yes, sir."

"Let Gosling take you up at once."

"Which it's my dooty, Master Bulstrode," said Gosling, who did not like the look of Bulstrode's clenched fists. "Wot I says is this 'ere; it's my dooty, if so be the 'Ead horders me."

"I do order you," said the Head.

"So you see, Master Bulstrode—"

"Keep back!"

"Do you refuse to obey my orders, Bulstrode?" exclaimed the Head furiously.

Bulstrode ground his teeth.

"I won't be flogged," he said. "I've done nothing to deserve it, and Dr. Locke wouldn't allow it if he were here! I won't stand it!"

"Take him up, Gosling."

Gosling advanced in a gingerly manner to obey. Bulstrode struck out fiercely, straight at his face, and the porter dodged back with ludicrous haste.

"I—I— He—he won't let me, sir," mumbled Gosling.

"Call in Loder."

"Yes, sir."

Gosling returned in a few minutes with Loder. The prefect looked inquiringly at the angry face of the Head.

"Loder, Bulstrode refuses to submit to his punishment. I want you to help Gosling to hold him while he is flogged."

It was a task which any other prefect at Greyfriars would have indignantly refused. But not so Loder. He undertook it quite cheerfully.

"Certainly, sir," he said.

"You coward!" said Bulstrode. "Keep off!"

Loder laughed, and strode towards him. Bulstrode struck at him desperately, but the powerful Sixth-Former knocked aside his blows, and grasped him. Bulstrode, strong as he was, was no match for a senior. And Gosling came quickly to the help of the prefect.

Bulstrode struggled fiercely, but it was in vain.

He was pinioned by both arms, and writhed helplessly in the grasp of the school porter and the cad of the Sixth.

"It's all right, sir," said Loder.

Mr. Lothrop's thin lips curved in a cruel smile.

"Thank you, Loder."

He advanced towards the struggling boy. Bulstrode, in spite of his resistance, was hoisted upon Gosling's broad shoulders.

He had his chest to Gosling's back, and his arms were drawn over Gosling's shoulders, and held in front by the porter.

Once in that position, he could struggle very little, and could only kick out blindly with his legs.

Loder kept an iron grasp on the back of his collar, and twisted his collar whenever he kicked out, till the junior was almost throttled.

Mr. Lothrop, taking care to keep clear of the junior's boots, advanced to inflict the punishment—and he inflicted it steadily and methodically.

Bulstrode bore it for some minutes in silence.

Then even his great strength and iron nerve proved unequal to the strain, and he burst into a loud scream of pain.

Loder released his collar. The bully of the Sixth, bully as he was, and brute, too, thought that Bulstrode had had enough.

But not so Mr. Lothrop.

The cruel cane rose and fell like clockwork, and now at every stroke there came a fresh shriek from the suffering boy.

Mr. Lothrop did not use a birch. He knew that more pain could be inflicted with a cane, especially in the way he laid it on.

Bulstrode writhed and gasped on the broad back of the porter.

"Oh, sir! Stop!" he panted at last, driven by sheer agony to beg for mercy. Oh, sir! I—I can't bear this, sir! Stop! Please!"

The new Head smiled grimly.

"Ah! So I have reduced you to subordination, Bulstrode?"

HAVE YOU SEEN THE "X" on the back page "GEM" LIBRARY? It might mean A FREE HAMPER FOR YOU!

"Ye-es, sir! Oh!"

"Very well. You may put him down, Gosling."

The school porter let the junior slide to the floor.

Bulstrode stood writhing with pain.

Mr. Lothrop fixed a cold and cruel eye upon him. He laid the cane upon the desk, breathing somewhat hard. The castigation had tired his arm.

"You may go now, Bulstrode," he said. "I trust that this will be a lesson to you."

Bulstrode gasped.

"Do you hear me, boy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you take profit by this severe lesson?"

"Yes, sir."

Bulstrode would have said anything then to get out of the room. He felt as if he were in a wild beast's den, and that Mr. Lothrop was seeking to provoke him into an insolent reply, so that he would have an excuse for punishing him further.

"Very well," said Mr. Lothrop, "I trust you will do so. You may go."

Bulstrode staggered from the study.

His whole body was aching with pain, his limbs seemed to be racked with it. He staggered rather than walked along the passage.

He made his way, with aching limbs and swimming brain, to the Remove dormitory, and threw himself upon the bed.

There the Removites found him later, when, their detention over, they looked for their Form-captain. Bulstrode was extended upon his bed, his face white as chalk, his eyes burning, and low gasps of pain breaking from his lips.

"Oh, here you are, old chap!" said Harry Wharton. "You look bad!"

"I believe the brute has half killed me," muttered Bulstrode. "I'd rather run away from school than go through that again."

"It's a shame—a rotten shame!"

The juniors' looks were black and gloomy. They were sorry for Bulstrode and they knew that the same cruel punishment might fall upon any of them, so long as the tyrant of Greyfriars remained at the school.

Wharton's eyes were gleaming. He felt, more and more, that the juniors would be driven into resistance. And if they were to resist, why wait till further cruelty had been inflicted upon them?

That was the thought that was working in Harry Wharton's mind—and it was working in other minds, too. The whole Remove was ripe for revolt. It needed very little to cause an outbreak now—an outbreak that might have terribly serious results for the boys, for the school, and for the head-master himself. But, in his blind fatuity, the Greyfriars tyrant could not see it.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Something for Loder.

"WHAT on earth's that, Bob?"

"Soot!"

"Soot?"

"Looks like it, doesn't it?"

"What's the game?" asked Tom Brown, coming up.

Bob Cherry grinned at Nugent and the New Zealander.

"Loder," he said.

"Loder?"

"Yes, my sons. It's part of a presentation bouquet for Loder."

And Bob Cherry held up the basket of soot and ashes he was carrying for more minute examination—if it was desired.

"Good egg!" said Nugent. "A trap for Loder. When's it to be, Bob?"

"Now."

"Where?" said Tom Brown, grinning.

"Loder's study," said Bob Cherry cheerfully.

"It's risky," murmured Nugent. "But I'm on, Bob."

"So am I," said Tom Brown. "It's simply ripping. Rather!"

"Forward the guards, then," said Bob Cherry. "Loder's out, and we must make haste."

And he led the way to Loder's study.

"But I say, Bob," said Brown, "isn't it a bit too thick. Soot and ashes, you know. It'll make an awful mess of him. Really, it's too thick."

"I wish I could make it thicker," said Bob unconcernedly. "Loder's a beast!"

"Hear, hear!" said Nugent. "I'd make him wear sack-cloth and ashes, if I could."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But what are you going to do with the soot and ashes?" asked Tom Brown.

"You'll see when we get to his room, Brown."

"You're not going to sprinkle it all about the room, surely, Bob!" said Nugent.

Nugent's tone said plainly that he would have regarded that as a weird miscarriage of justice. Evidently he expected much greater things to happen.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 171.

NEXT TUESDAY: "THE SCHOOL ON STRIKE."

FRANK RICHARDS

EVERY
TUESDAY.

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

Bob Cherry laughed heartily.

"No, my sons," he said. "I'm going to dose Loder properly while I'm about it, you see."

"Tell us," said both his friends coaxingly.

"Box rest on top of door slightly open. One end on ledge of door frame—"

"Oh, I see!" broke in Tom Brown. "You'll nail the basket in that position, and as Loder shakes the door to get it open, he will cover himself with ashes and soot. Good egg!"

"Ripping, Bob!" said Nugent.

"Not at all, my children," said Bob Cherry promptly. "I am not going to do it that way at all. I intend it to be more thorough."

The chums stared at Bob Cherry. They thought they had "caught on" brilliantly.

"Well, what are you going to do, then?" asked Nugent.

"Have you never heard of a basket in the position I have described being quite loose and so arranged as to fall head over heels on to the person below?" said Bob.

"Well! My only hat! What a simply gorgeous wheeze, Bob!"

"It will make a muck of the poor beast's clothes, though."

"Ha, ha, ha! You fathoad! What does it matter!" said Bob Cherry, laughing. "Come on!"

"They were very near Loder's study by this time."

Bob Cherry listened cautiously as they came to the last turning before they entered the passage in which it was situated. There was no sound. All the rooms about seemed to be unoccupied. The chums were lucky indeed.

"It's our day, kids," said Bob Cherry, creeping forward. "We'll make Loder sick of himself. Hold the basket, Nugent, while I reconnoitre the final position."

"Right-ho!"

Bob Cherry walked boldly up to Loder's door and knocked. There was no answer. Bob entered the study. It was quite empty.

"Clear coast, kids!" he whispered, gaining the passage again. "The beast is out."

Nugent and Brown grinned quietly. They entered the study noiselessly.

Bob Cherry quickly put a chair under the door-handle to prevent a surprise. Then he proceeded to reconnoitre the further possibilities of the room.

Nugent drew his attention to the height of the door.

"There isn't a chair in the place high enough to stand on to put the basket safely in position, Bob," he said. "We'll have to find something else."

Bob Cherry grunted. He had noticed the high door.

"Couldn't we put the chair on the table and manage it that way?" said Tom Brown.

Bob Cherry shook his head.

"There doesn't seem to be any one about," he said. "But moving that heavy thing would very likely make a noise."

"And I don't think we could get it in that angle behind the door," said Nugent. "What's to be done? Suggest something, somebody!"

"What about Gosling's steps?"

Nugent and Bob Cherry beamed on Tom Brown.

"Ripping, if you can get 'em!" said Bob.

"Come on, Tom," said Nugent. "I'll go with you. If necessary, I can hold the giddy Gosling in conversation while you get the steps away."

"Right-ho!" agreed Bob Cherry. "I'll wait in the empty study at the end of this passage. Hurry up, my sons. There's no time to lose."

And Nugent and Tom Brown lost none. In two minutes they were back with Gosling's steps.

The worthy porter was obligingly absent from his den, and they had no difficulty in commandeering his property. Bob Cherry got to work at once.

Tom Brown kept watch at the end of the passage outside, while he and Nugent made "all the things in the garden lovely" for Loder.

There was some difficulty at first in getting the door to hang just in the right position. But Bob Cherry was equal to the occasion. Cutting a small wedge with his penknife, he wedged the door in position. But at the same time it was held so slightly that the merest push would free it. Bob Cherry stepped back to admire his handiwork.

"There's a picture for you, chaps!" he cried.

"It's just a treat, Bob," agreed Nugent.

"Hear me gloat!" laughed Tom Brown. "I wish the beast was here now!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But I say, Bob," went on Nugent, "how are we going to get out of this?"

"What d'you mean? Walk out, I should say."

And Bob Cherry looked at Frank Nugent in inquiring astonishment.

Nugent grinned.

"Oh, yes!" he said. "But that door, you see, is open about six inches. It's all serene for the fellow coming in. He won't have to wedge himself through. But what about us?"

Bob Cherry and Tom Brown stared at the door. Then they broke into unrestrained laughter.

They could not get out of Loder's room without disturbing the position of the door.

If they attempted it at present, the soot and cinders would be their lot instead of Loder's. But Bob Cherry had a way out of all things.

"That's all right. Though I am a donkey not to think of it before."

"My only hat!" exclaimed Tom Brown. "Then we're done in, after all. I mean, we shall not be able to do this little pleasantry on Loder."

"Won't we!" said Bob Cherry, grinning. "Alonzo Todd used to say, try, try, try again. It doesn't mean we're licked!"

"Not much!" said Nugent, who was already whipping up the ladder and handing the basket down to his friend.

"Here you are, Bob!"

Bob Cherry took the "bouquet."

"Oh, you're going to fix it from the outside!" said Brown, as he saw Nugent take the ladder out into the passage.

"You've guessed it, my son," said Bob Cherry gravely. Nugent had the steps set up in a moment.

"Wedge the giddy door again, Bob," he cried, "and hand up the nosegay."

"Right-ho!"

And though it was rather difficult to get the basket in position from the outside, it was done at last.

"Get the steps out of sight, Brown," said Bob Cherry. Brown complied. There was no time to take them back to Gosling's yard, but a dark corner a little further down the passage came in handy.

"Ha, ha! Hear me chuckle," said Bob Cherry.

"Uckle-uckle!" grinned Nugent. "Do we hide ourselves in the study opposite?"

"Rather! In you go. Buck up!"

Nugent and Tom Brown were pushed into the opposite study.

Bob Cherry was so unceremonious about it that Tom Brown lost his balance and went sprawling across the study floor.

"You idiot, Bob! There might have been someone in."

"Very likely, I must say, after all the row we've been making in the passage!" grinned Bob.

"Look out!" said Nugent warningly. "I think there's someone coming."

They listened. There certainly was a sound of footsteps in the distance.

"Here's our mutton!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Gather round the chink, my sons."

"The enemy is about to fall. Hush!"

"We are shushing," said Tom Brown and Bob together.

"Well, shush a bit shushinger, then," said Nugent. "Listen!"

A measured tread could just be heard. But whether it was coming their way could not yet be ascertained. The chums strained their ears. The footsteps seemed to be a long way off, and never coming any nearer. But suddenly they became very much louder.

"He's coming round a bend!" grinned Bob Cherry. "He'll be louder in a minute."

"Loder, you mean!"

"Kill Nugent, Brown! Fancy a fellow punning at a moment like—"

Bob Cherry suddenly died out, as it were. The footsteps were in the passage outside.

There could not be the least doubt which way they were coming now.

"He's ours!" said Bob, in a stentorian whisper. "Put your mugs to the chink, kids. We mustn't miss the least bit of this act!"

And unable to restrain his boisterous emotion, Bob Cherry actually opened the door sufficiently to allow him to take a rapid survey of the passage.

He drew his head in instantly.

A dignified figure in cap and gown was approaching. Bob Cherry reeled back from the door into the study, gasping.

"What's the matter, Bob?"

"Hark!"

There was the sound of a crash—and a wild yell!

"Loder's got it!" gasped Nugent.

"Ho hasn't!"

"What?"

"It's not Loder!"

"Not Loder!"

"No. It's the Head!"

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Wrong Man!

"THE—the Head!" muttered Nugent faintly.

"The Head!" mumbled Tom Brown.

"Yes."

"Oh, great Scott!"

The juniors were quite pale. The new Head of Greyfriars was the object of their keenest detestation, but in their wildest dreams they had never dreamed of treating him like this.

The Head had evidently come to the Sixth Form passage to speak to Loder. Loder had become his right-hand man in the new regime of tyranny he had established at the old school. He had pushed open the study door in utter unsuspectingness of the deadly trap laid for Loder.

And the basket of soot and ashes, intended for the unpopular prefect, had descended upon his head!

The sounds from the passage left no doubt upon the subject. Caution urged the juniors to lie very low. But they could not restrain the desire to look upon the result of their handiwork.

Bob Cherry opened the door again half an inch. Through the narrow chink the juniors looked anxiously into the passage. The Head was there—he was standing within six feet of them.

Loder's door was wide open. The basket that had contained the soot and ashes lay in the doorway. There was a considerable quantity of the contents on the floor, and a very considerable quantity upon Mr. Lothrop.

The Head was smothered!

His cap and his gown were drenched in soot. Soot and ashes smothered him, and his face had disappeared under a wave of blackness.

And from the way he was rubbing his eyes, and snorting, and sniffing, and coughing, it was pretty clear that a quantity of the soot had found its way into his eyes and nose and mouth.

"Groo! Oh! Agroo! Ahoo! Atchoo!"

In spite of the danger they were in the juniors could hardly restrain a yell of laughter.

But they did restrain it. The punishment that had fallen upon Bulstrode was nothing to the punishment that would fall upon them if the Head discovered the authors of the jape. He would never believe that it had been intended for someone else. He knew how much cause he had given to the Removites to detest him.

And even if he knew it was a mistake, that would hardly reduce his fury. He would flog them terribly; there was no doubt about that. They thought of Bulstrode twisting in pain on his bed in the Remove dormitory—and they did not laugh out.

Bob silently pushed the door shut.

"My hat!" he whispered. "He looks pretty awful, doesn't he?"

"Listen to him!"

"He may look in here," murmured Tom Brown.

"Let's get under cover."

And that the three practical jokers promptly did. They scuttled under the study table and behind the curtains and waited.

They heard the Head go stamping away down the passage. His footsteps died away, and then Bob Cherry peeped cautiously out of the study. There was no one in sight.

"Coast clear!" whispered Tom Brown.

"Yes. Come on—quick!"

They scuttled out of the study.

"We can't go down the stairs," muttered Bob. "He'll spot us. Come the other way—up the passage and round by the box-rooms."

"Right-ho!"

They dashed away.

In two minutes they were safe in the Remove dormitory, where Bulstrode was still lying on his bed in the gathering gloom of evening. The captain of the Remove peered at them in the dusk.

"Who's that?" he said.

"Us," said Bob Cherry. "Not a word, my son. We've got to prove the biggest alibi that ever was proved, or we shall be skinned."

"What on earth have you done?"

"The Head."

"Eh?"

"We've done the Head."

And the three juniors chuckled.

Bulstrode sat up. Then he gave a gasp of pain, and lay down again.

"Ow! Oh, my hat! What have you done, then?"

Bob Cherry explained in a breathless whisper.

Bulstrode, in spite of the pain he was in, chuckled. He

would have welcomed an earthquake at that moment if it would have made Mr. Lotherp "sit up."

"We meant it for Loder," said Bob ruefully, "but something always goes wrong when I plan a little jape. We wanted to make him sit up for having had a hand in holding you in the Head's study. We're going to make Gosling wriggle, too. But—but I never thought of smothering the Head. That's too good! Ha, ha!"

"Serve him right!" said Bulstrode.

"Yes, rather! But if he drops on us——"

"Nobody saw you?"

"Not a soul."

"Good! Stay here as if you were keeping me company, and don't go down till it's time for prep," said Bulstrode. "I don't see why he should guess that it was a Remove chap at all."

And the juniors stayed in the dormitory. They were keenly curious to know what was happening below, but prudence kept them there. If they had known actually what was passing they might have descended at any risk. There was a scene unprecedented at Greyfriars being enacted in the lower hall.

The sight of the Head dashing out of the Sixth Form passage, with soot smothering him and trailing from his gown, brought a crowd of fellows round. Mr. Lotherp was stuttering with rage, and coughing and snorting with soot. He almost ran into Wingate in the hall, and the captain of Greyfriars did not recognise him.

"Who on earth is that?" exclaimed Wingate. "I——"

"Wingate!"

"Why, is it Mr. Lotherp?"

"Yes," said the new Head, in a grinding voice, "I am Mr. Lotherp! I have been treated like this—insulted like this—I presume, for a joke!"

"By Jove!"

Wingate tried not to laugh, but he could not prevent a simple coming into his face. Mr. Lotherp certainly looked comical enough.

The head-master snapped his teeth.

"Where is Loder?" he exclaimed.

"Loder?"

"Yes. Where is he?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Find him at once!"

The man's tone nettled Wingate, but he turned to go in search of Loder. But it was not necessary; the prefect was among those who had been drawn to the spot by the startling appearance of the Head. He came forward from the staring and grinning crowd of fellows as the Head spoke his name.

"Do you want me, sir?" he asked.

"Yes, Loder. Look at me!"

The prefect looked at him.

"Yes, sir," he said, not understanding.

"Look at the state I am in!" said the Head, trembling with rage. "Look at me! I had regarded you as a prefect I could trust—as a senior who would be of great assistance to me. I find that you have no more sense of what is proper than to play an astoundingly insolent trick on your Head-master!"

Loder staggered.

"I, sir?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, you, Loder—you!"

"I—I didn't, sir! I——"

"I entered your study, Loder, and a basket of soot and ashes fell upon me," said the Head, in a voice choking with rage. "It is useless to deny that you placed it there. You did not place it there, I suppose, Bunter?"

"Oh, really, sir!" said Bunter, backing away in the crowd. "I—I didn't know anything about it, sir! I—I think it was awful of Loder, sir—disgusting! I——"

"Bunter, go and fetch a cane from my study!"

"Oh, yes, sir!" said Bunter, greatly relieved. "Certainly, sir! With pleasure, sir!"

And he rolled away willingly enough. He would have fetched a cane at any time with very great pleasure to see Loder licked.

Loder gasped for breath.

"You—you are not going to cane me?" he exclaimed.

"I am going to cane you most severely."

"Sir, the—Sixth are never caned."

"Is that a custom here?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Then I shall institute a new custom of greater benefit to the school," said the Head grimly. "The Sixth will certainly be caned, as much as the Second or Third, if they are insolent to their head-master."

"I—I had nothing to do with the trick, sir. I——"

"Silence!"

"I swear——"

"No more falsehoods, Loder. Give me the cane, Bunter!" The fat junior was hurrying back.

"Here it is, sir," he said officiously.

The Head grasped the cane in his sooty hand. He was THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 171.

EVERY
TUESDAY,

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

so beside himself with rage that he seemed unconscious of the ridiculous appearance he was presenting. But the fellows were not grinning now. The matter had grown too serious for that. The new Head had declared his intention of caning a Sixth-Former, and it seemed to the Greyfriars that after that the skies must fall. Cane a Sixth-Former! They would not have been more astounded if they had heard of the Prime Minister of England being caned.

Such a thing was unknown at Greyfriars. A Sixth-Former—and a prefect—caned like a mischievous fag. It was amazing!

The Head could not be in earnest. But he was in earnest. He strode towards Loder, grasping the cane.

"Hold out your hand!" he said.

Loder was not a brave youth. He had no particular idea of dignity or independence, but there was a limit, even for Loder. He put his hands behind his back, and his teeth set hard.

"Hold out your hand, Loder!"

Clear and distinct came Loder's reply:

"I won't!"

THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Poltroon I

WINGATE made a step forward with the intention, plainly written in his face, of backing up Loder if necessary. There was no love lost between them, but it was a question now of the honour of the Sixth. If Loder resisted the tyrant of Greyfriars, the captain of the school was prepared to back him up to any extent. And the other prefects were gathering round Wingate, and from the rest of the seniors came a deep murmur. Nearly all Greyfriars were gathered on the spot now, crowding the hall and the passages and the stairs. There was a breathless hush.

Perhaps, as he saw the resistance he had provoked, Mr. Lotherp realised that he had gone too far, and would have been glad to retreat.

But he had scarcely left himself any retreat now. He had to go on or to yield, and if a head-master yielded to the resistance of his boys he could scarcely hope for respect or obedience afterwards.

Possibly that reflection swayed him, or it may have been rage that mastered him. He strode towards Loder, grasped him by the shoulder, and lashed out with the cane.

Lash, lash!

Loder gave a yell of agony.

"Stop it!" he shrieked.

Lash, lash!

Wingate strode forward.

"Mr. Lotherp, stop that!"

"Wingate——"

"If you know anything of decent schools, you know that a prefect cannot be caned," said Wingate, his voice trembling with anger. "Are you mad, sir? Do you want to raise a revolt in the school?"

"You threaten me with a revolt?" exclaimed the new Head.

"You are doing your best to bring one about, sir."

"Another word, Wingate, and I will cane you too!"

The captain's teeth set hard.

"You would not cane me," he said. "I should not endure it."

"Boy!"

"You will not cane Loder. Loder, old man, we're all ready to stand by you. We've had enough of this!" shouted Wingate, losing his temper at last. "If he touches you, hit out! It's the only way!"

Loder clenched his hands.

The Head seemed to gasp for breath. He had brought this on himself. He had provoked the storm, and now it had burst. The junior Forms had had to knuckle under, but he found out his mistake in treating the Sixth in the same manner.

He was in an impossible position now. Whatever course he took there was no dignified way out. If he persisted in caning Loder he would be roughly handled by the seniors—there was no doubt of that. That would be an end of all authority in the school. If he retreated, how much respect would be left him, when all would know that he had retreated only from motives of fear?

The vain, weak nature, too vain and weak to support the responsibility of authority, was wavering now. It is from the weak natures that tyranny comes—tyranny, and cowardice when tyranny has provoked resistance.

Loder shook the head-master's hand from his shoulder.

The cane was lowered.

At that moment Wingate felt pity for the man who had

placed himself in this ridiculous position before the whole school—the man who had started out to play the tyrant, and finished by playing the poltroon.

And the Greyfriars captain felt, too, the harm that this exhibition of pusillanimity would do to the school. What would the juniors do when they found that the head-master knuckled under to resistance?

The seniors had been driven to it. The juniors might consider themselves driven to it, too. In his mind's eye Wingate could already see Greyfriars in a state of riot.

He tried his best to prevent anything of that kind. He would gladly have saved appearances for the Head if he could.

"Loder declares that he had nothing to do with the affair, sir," he said.

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed Loder eagerly.

"Won't you give him a chance to explain, sir, and make his defence?"

It was an opening given the Head, and he had perception enough to see that Wingate was offering him a way of escape from an impossible position, and he grasped at it.

"Very well," he said, "I am willing to hear what Loder has to say. Come to my study, Loder, when I have cleaned this soot off myself."

"Yes, sir."

The Head hurried away.

The soot hid the expression of his face, hid the rage, the chagrin, the fury, that were there.

The boys looked after him, with derision and contempt in their looks. This was the new Head, this was the tyrant of Greyfriars, this was the man who had made them tremble, this was the man who gave way as soon as a determined resistance was made!

The juniors dispersed, discussing the matter eagerly.

"My hat!" said John Bull. "That's the giddy Napoleon—that's the lath painted to look like iron."

Harry Wharton nodded.

"The man's an utter fool!" he said. "He's given his whole character away! He's had his head turned by being made Head of a school like this, and he's started out to play a sort of Napoleon, and he's gone on and on till he's made somebody resist; and now he hasn't the courage to stand by what he's done! Why, old Quelch would have been cut in pieces before he'd have yielded an inch!"

"Yes, rather!"

"The man's a coward," said Mark Linley.

"They say bullies are usually cowards—and he's a bully, anyway. It's a case of biting off more than he can chew, I guess," said Fish.

"That's it!"

"The Sixth won't stand his rot, you see," Hazeldene remarked. "I don't see that we are called upon to stand it either."

"Let's hear what Bulstrode says about it," said Harry Wharton quietly. "He's captain of the Form."

Hazeldene sniffed.

"He won't want to risk another flogging. Why can't you take the lead?"

"Because I'm not captain."

The juniors made their way to the Remove dormitory. They found Bob Cherry and Nugent and Tom Brown there with Bulstrode. Bulstrode was still looking very white.

Bob Cherry jumped up.

"What's the news?" he exclaimed. "Have you seen the Head?"

"Yes, rather!"

"Was he sooty?"

"As black as sin!" said Harry. "It seems that Loder has been laying a booby trap for him, and catching him on the head with a basket of soot and ashes."

"Loder?" roared Bob Cherry.

"Yes, he—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What's the cackle?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You ass! What—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "You don't mean to say that he thinks Loder fixed that giddy booby trap up for him, do you?"

"Yes," said Harry. "He's been going for Loder, and there's been a terrific scene. What do you know about it? Wasn't it Loder?"

"Ha, ha! No!"

"Who was it, then?" asked Harry, beginning to guess.

"Us!" said Bob Cherry, chuckling. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"By Jove! Lucky the Head didn't know—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But what's happened?" asked Nugent eagerly.

The juniors described the scene breathlessly enough. Bob Cherry looked a little anxious.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 171.

"Loder's all right now, I suppose?" he asked.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Yes. The Head will think twice before he touches a Sixth-Former again, I think. Wingate looked as if he would knock him flying—and I believe he would have done it, too."

"Pshaw!"

"Besides, Loder will explain when the Head's calm enough to listen," grinned John Bull. "No need for you to go and own up, Bob."

"Well, I would if Loder was going to be licked—"

"But he isn't!"

Bob drew a deep breath.

"Then mum's the word!" he said. "I know how that beast would lay it on if he knew. And Loder would help him—the cad! But look here, it seems that the Sixth are not going to stand his silly bunkum."

"I guess so," said Fish.

"Then why should the Remove stand it?"

"That's what we want to know," said Harry quietly.

"Let's talk it over with Bulstrode. My belief is that he will begin on us again, all the harder because he can't touch the Sixth."

"And then we—"

"That's what we've got to decide."

And in low, eager tones the Removes discussed the situation.

THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

A Fall for Gosling.

MR. LOTHROP sat in his study.

He had cleaned off the soot and ashes—most of them, at all events—and changed his clothes. There were still a few streaks of black about his ears, and his hair was certainly feeling very gritty.

The new master of Greyfriars was in a very unpleasant humour.

He had dismissed Loder unpunished. He believed, on reflection, the prefect's statement that he had not laid the trap, but that it had been laid for him by others, and that the Head had walked into it by mistake.

But that did not alter the case much. The Head had been defied by the Sixth, and he had taken it lying down. True, he could carefully avoid all further trouble with the Sixth—that was possible. For their own sakes, for the sake of the school, the seniors would treat him with outward respect.

But what of his authority in the school? Even the juniors might follow the example so successfully set by the seniors. He ground his teeth at the thought.

No idea of moderation, of justice, of clemency, entered his mind. He had but one thought to overcome opposition—force, and more force, and yet more force—punishment, and punishment, and punishment. He could not punish the Sixth; he was afraid of them. He could punish the juniors without limit; his power was not bounded in that direction.

There was a hard, spiteful expression upon his face as he thought the problem out; but he could come to no better or wiser conclusion than that he would punish severely the first and slightest sign of insubordination on the part of any of the juniors.

That was the only way he understood of governing a school, and it seemed that experience could teach him nothing.

He rose from his seat and touched the bell impatiently. It was nearly time to take the Remove in preparation, and he had ordered some refreshment to be brought to him before then.

Trotter, the page, was gone to the village, and Gosling, the porter, whose duty it was to bring in the tray, was dozing by the kitchen fire. The bell started Gosling, and he rose with a growl.

"Which he's in a mighty 'urry, I think," said Gosling, as the bell rang a second time. "Wot I says is this 'ere—I ain't going to 'urry!"

But he did hurry, all the same, and in a couple of minutes he was labouring up the kitchen stairs with the laden tray in his hands.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, meeting him on the way to the Form-room. "Is that a snack for me?"

Gosling snorted.

"It's for the 'ead!" he grunted.

"I suppose I can have some of the biscuits?" said John Bull.

Gosling grunted, and walked on slowly with the tray, without troubling to reply.

Bob Cherry gave Bull a sudden dig in the ribs.

"Ow!" gasped Bull. "Yow! You ass!"

"Talk to Gossy," whispered Bob.

"Eh?"

HAVE YOU SEEN THE "X"  on the back page "GEM" LIBRARY? It might mean A FREE HAMPER FOR YOU!

"Talk to Gossy. Keep him a couple of minutes. It's a jape."

John Bull grinned.

"Oh, all right!"

Bob Cherry ran down the passage, and by a devious path made his way to the Head's study. He groped in his pocket as he went, and drew out a coil of string and a couple of small staples, such as are used for fastening cords or wires to picture-frames.

"If Bull keeps him one minute, all serene," he murmured. Gosling's part in the flogging of Bulstrode was to be avenged. Loder had suffered for his share, though not exactly in the way the avengers had intended; but Gosling remained to be punished. Bob intended to punish him now.

He bent outside the closed door of the Head's study. He drove the two tiny staples into the doorposts, a few inches above the level of the floor. Then he tied the cord tightly across.

The cord stretched tight now, a few inches above the floor. It was all ready for Gosling—and the tray!

Bob Cherry scuttled away. There was a sound of expostulation as he reached the spot where he had left Gosling and John Bull.

Bull was standing in the middle of the passage, with his arms outspread, blocking the path of the school porter. Gosling's face was growing purple with wrath.

"Lemme get by, Master Bull! I'll report yer!"

John Bull grinned.

"What I says is this here," he replied. "There's no hurry."

"I says——"

"Rats!"

"What are you up to, Johnny?" demanded Bob Cherry severely. "Get out of Gosling's way at once! Gossy, old man, I'll lick him for this like—a postage-stamp! Come on, Bull! How dare you molest an elderly, respectable gentleman with a tray!"

And he dragged Bull away.

Gosling snorted, and went on his way. He turned the corner of the passage, and disappeared, and Bob Cherry broke into a chuckle.

"What on earth's the wheeze?" demanded Bull.

"Come and see."

They crept to the corner and looked down the passage upon which the door of the Head's study gave.

Gosling had nearly reached the study. He was going along very carefully, with the tray well balanced. It was laden with things, and Gosling was very careful with it. Mr. Lothrop was not the kind of gentleman he would have wished to startle by a sudden crash of breaking crockeryware and glass.

He trod on carefully to the Head's study.

There he paused. Carefully balancing the tray on one hand, he tapped at the door with the other, and then turned the handle, and threw the door open. The door opened inwards, and it flew back, leaving the doorway open for Gosling. The porter grasped the tray again with both hands, and marched in.

"Yaroooh!"

Gosling's foot caught in the taut cord, and he went staggering wildly forward.

Crash!

The tray flew from his hands, and shot into the study.

The Head sprang to his feet with a startled yell.

"What the—— Ow!"

A cup from the tray cracked on his chin, and fell in pieces to the floor, and Mr. Lothrop clasped his chin with a wild howl.

"Ow! Yarooop!"

Gosling crashed down upon the tray and on its contents.

"Oh!" groaned Gosling. "Ow!"

"Ah! Oh! Ooooh!"

"Groo!"

"You clumsy fool!" roared Mr. Lothrop. "How dare you fall into my study in this way? I will stop every penny of damage out of your wages. Blockhead!"

"Yow!"

"Fool! Get up immediately."

"Ow!"

The Head, in his rage, ran towards Gosling, and kicked him in the ribs. The school porter scrambled up quickly enough then.

"Ow!" he roared. "Chuck it! Yow! It wasn't my fault, sir——"

"You clumsy idiot!"

"It wasn't my fault. My foot caught in somethink, sir. I was threw over," said Gosling wrathfully.

The Head glanced at the doorway. He uttered an exclamation as he caught sight of the cord stretched tightly across it.

"Ha! What is this?"

"That's a string, sir. Wot I says is this 'ere. I've been threw over by that there string, sir."

The Head's eyes sparkled with rage.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 171.

NEXT
TUESDAY:

"THE SCHOOL ON STRIKE."

BY
FRANK RICHARDS.

EVERY
TUESDAY,

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

"It is a trick," he said, "and I think I know in which direction to look for the offenders. Clear that mess up at once, and have the tray ready for me again when I return in an hour's time."

"Yes, sir."

And the Head strode away, breathing fury.

THE TWENTIETH CHAPTER.

The Revolt.

THE Remove were assembled in the Form-room by this time. They were there for evening preparation, obedient to the Head's decree that junior prep. was to be done in the Form-rooms in the presence of a master. Mr. Quelch was gone from Greyfriars, and one result of his dismissal was that the Head himself had to take the Remove in preparation—there was no other master available. But perhaps the inroad on his time was compensated for in his opinion by the opportunity of ragging the juniors. That was an occupation which seemed to afford the new Head of Greyfriars a peculiar pleasure.

The new Head's brow was black as he entered the Form-room.

At the mere sight of him the juniors knew that there was trouble to come. Some of the more timid trembled, but the harder spirits looked dogged. They were beginning to get desperate—fed up, as Nugent had expressed it.

If the new Head was determined upon trouble—why, let him have it. The Sixth had shown the way. That was what the Removites were beginning to think.

The Head stood before the class, frowning grimly.

"A trick has been played in my study," he said, "and another trick was played in Loder's study this evening. I have not the slightest doubt that the culprits in both cases are in this Form. I order them to stand out."

No one moved from his place.

"I shall flog each of them to-morrow morning in Big Hall before the whole school," said the Head harshly. "I am determined upon that. I will make an example of them, and I think that a public flogging before Greyfriars in Hall will perhaps bring them to their senses. I order them to admit their guilt."

Silence!

The Head compressed his lips.

"Very well," he said, "as the culprits have not confessed I shall flog the whole Form—every individual member of the Remove—to-morrow morning, after prayers."

Bob Cherry jumped up,

"If you please, sir——"

"Was it you, Cherry?"

"Yes, sir."

John Bull and Nugent rose, and Tom Brown, of New Zealand.

The Head's hard, searching gaze dwelt upon them.

"Were you concerned in the matter also?"

"Yes, sir," said the four juniors firmly.

"Very well," said the Head, "you will come into my study in the morning. I shall flog all the five of you in public, before the whole school. I will teach you what discipline is."

Harry Wharton rose to his feet.

"If you please, sir——"

"Sit down, Wharton!"

"I wish to say——"

"Another word, and you shall be flogged also."

"I must say that——"

"Silence! You will be flogged, too," thundered the Head. "We will now proceed."

"Shame!"

"What?"

"Shame, shame, shame!"

The word came in a yell from every quarter of the Form-room. Some of the juniors were on their feet in their excitement. Bulstrode was shouting at the top of his voice. There was no doubt that he was willing to lead the Remove now.

"Shame!" he roared. "We won't stand it! I've had enough of it, for one! Stand by me, you fellows, and we'll see that there's no flogging."

"Hurrah!"

The Head was pale to the lips.

"Silence!" he shouted.

"Shame!"

"Back up, Remove!"

Bulstrode jumped on a form.

"Fellows, we're not going to stand this. It's caning, flogging, ragging all the time, and I'm sick of it. Hang the prep! Come out with me!"

The Head stood petrified. He had provoked a storm he could not quell. Bulstrode walked to the door, and threw

it open. The juniors thronged after him, Harry Wharton the first.

"Return to your seats!" shrieked Mr. Lothrop.

But the juniors did not heed him.

They tramped out of the Form-room, leaving the new Head alone there; they tramped up the stairs, and tramped into the Remove dormitory. There, for the moment, at least, they were safe to discuss what they should do—to decide what was to be done in the strange circumstances into which they were thrown.

"My hat!" said Bob Cherry. "It's mutiny at last!"

"He's driven us to it," said Harry Wharton, between his teeth. "Now let him make the best he can of it."

"Lock the door," said Bulstrode.

The door was instantly locked. But the Head was not following them. He seemed to have been utterly astounded and unnerved by the sudden revolt of the juniors.

The Removites filled the dormitory with a wild, excited crowd. All the fellows were talking at once—many of them terrified at what they had done, but yet not regretting having done it.

It was a long time before the Remove thought of going to bed, and before they finally retired Bulstrode jumped up on a chair.

His face was flushed with courage and determination. He waved his hand to the excited crowd. There was no faltering about Bulstrode now. He was the leader, and he was ready to lead, reckless of consequences.

Our Readers are informed that the characters in the following Serial Story are purely imaginary, and it contains no reference or allusion to any living person. Actual names may be unintentionally mentioned, but the Editor wishes it to be distinctly understood that no adverse personal reflection is intended.

A THRILLING TALE OF AMAZING ADVENTURE!

Wolves of the Deep.

The Story of a Great Conspiracy, introducing Ferrers Lord and Ching-Lung.

By SIDNEY DREW.

READ THIS FIRST.

Ferrers Lord is the possessor of a wonderful submarine, called the Lord of the Deep. One night the model is stolen from him by Michael Scaroff, a Russian. Ferrers Lord learns that Scaroff has built a submarine similar to his own, and, accompanied by Rupert Thurston, sets out on the track of the Russian. One day Thurston is walking at the bottom of the sea with Ferrers Lord and Horton, the diver, when he strays from his friends and is picked up by the Tsaritsa, Scaroff's submarine, on which Lady Violet, Ferrers Lord's niece, is being kept a prisoner. Scaroff attempts to bribe Thurston to betray his master, but Rupert refuses to have anything to do with the Russian's suggestions. Thurston becomes acquainted with a little Chinese boy named Ching-Lung, who helps him to escape from the Tsaritsa. Meanwhile Ferrers Lord is confident that there is a traitor on board the Lord of the Deep, and accompanied by Horton he pays a visit to an island on which a submarine, larger than his present vessel, is being built.

(Now go on with the story.)

In which Nathan Trethvick Lays a Deadly Trap for Ned Horton—Eric Unchains the Ape—Within an Ace of Death—There Stands the Traitor."

In spite of what Ferrers Lord had said, Nathan Trethvick still remained on board the Lord of the Deep. He watched the departure of the diver and the millionaire for the island with an evil grin. Then he stole back to the door of the storage-chamber, and, striking a match, again read through the notice Ferrers Lord had chalked there.

"The crafty demon!" he snarled. "If I didn't know him so well I'd chance it. But I do know him."

The heavy key was hanging above his head. He took it down, and then replaced it.

"It's too risky," he muttered—"too risky by half. I wonder if he's found what I hid there?"

Suddenly the dark scowl vanished from his face, and he rubbed his hairy hands together. He crept to his cabin and kicked the sleeping ape.

"Wake up, Lucifer, my shaggy darling!" he croaked. "We're going to have a tea-party to-day. Ha, ha, ha! Oh, such a tea-party, my bonnie blossom! Ha, ha, ha!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 171.

"Go it, Bulstrode."

"Hear, hear!"

Bulstrode waved his hand.

"Chaps!" he shouted. "We've had enough of him! We're fed up with tyranny! We're not going to stand it any longer."

"Hear, hear!"

"Hurrah!"

"The Sixth have stopped him, and now we're going to stop him. If he won't treat us decently we'll go on strike."

"Hurrah!"

"Who's going to back me up?"

"I!"

"And I!"

"And I!"

"Faith, and all of us!"

"Yes, rather!"

"Hurrah!"

Loud the shouts rang through the Remove dormitory at Greyfriars—loud and ringing, telling the rest of the school that one Form, at least, was in revolt—that the Remove, if no other Form, was done with the domination of the Greyfriars Tyrant!

(Another splendid long, complete story of Harry Wharton & Co. next week, entitled, "The School on Strike," by Frank Richards. Order your copy of the MAGNET in advance. Price One Penny.)

The ape chattered and grinned and tugged at its chain as the dwarf spread a white cloth over a locker, and produced three cracked cups and saucers, a few plates, and a bottle of rum. All the time he was doing this, Nathan Trethvick hummed the tune of the "Sally Howe."

"Oh, Lucifer," he croaked, lighting his black pipe, "it'll be such a tea-party! A traitor aboard—eh? We'll find him, Lucifer, my noble, loved one. Ha, ha, ha! We'll soon find out who's been tampering with the guns for Michael Scaroff's gold. Didn't he beat me, Lucifer? Didn't he almost murder me? We don't forget, Lucifer, you and me. We'll kill two birds with one stone to-day. Here, drink me luck, you hairy monster—drink, drink!"

The ape swallowed the rum, and licked its red gums greedily.

"That's enough, my treasure!" snarled the dwarf. "If we win you'll have a whole bottle!"

He flung himself into his hammock and blew clouds of smoke towards the ceiling. For two hours he never shifted his position, except to refill the black pipe and strike a match. Then he clambered down, and mounted to the conning-tower.

A boat was nearing the vessel from the island. It contained two figures—Ned Horton and Eric Hagensen, the Norwegian boy. As the boat came closer the dwarf waved his cap.

"Ahoy!" he shouted, trying to soften his cracked voice. "How goes it, shipmate?"

Ned Horton looked up.

"Pretty well," he said. "Do you mind throwing us a line?"

The boat was made fast, and the two scrambled on board.

"Hallo!" croaked Nathan Trethvick. "What's this young scarecrow you've brought along?"

Little Hagensen grinned broadly as his blue eyes scanned the ugly dwarf.

"Me Eric," he said. "You funny chap. Dank you very mooch."

"Oh, you're Eric, are you? Where the dickens did you find him, Mr. Horton?"

HAVE YOU SEEN THE "X" on the back page "GEM" LIBRARY? It might mean A FREE HAMPER FOR YOU!

Nathan Trethvick was doing his utmost to look pleasant, and failing abominably. But a child might have deceived the burly diver.

"He's a ward of the chief's," he said, "and Mr. Ferrers Lord has put him under my charge."

Trethvick knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and nodded.

"Well, I guess he's got a good master," he croaked, "and you'll soon lick him into shape. You remember what I said to you this morning? I've been thinking it over, and I know I was to blame all through. It was a mighty manly thing of you to let me off, and I want you and me to be pals. Come down into the cabin and have a drop of tea with a splash of rum in it. Bring the kid along."

Honest Ned Horton knew no such thing as distrust.

"I shall be delighted, Mr. Trethvick," he answered, "and there's my hand again. As I told you before, I hate to be at loggerheads with anybody. We both made asses of ourselves. Now, then, 'Dank you,' come along. I'll see if we can find you a pair of decent trousers later on."

They followed Trethvick to the cabin. The ape growled and snarled, till the cracking of the dwarf's whip sent it cowering into its corner.

"Old Lucifer ain't used to visitors," croaked Nathan Trethvick, "and he don't know his manners. I'm sorry I'm short of chairs, but the kid can squat on the ground. I'll soon have the kettle going."

He lighted the spirit-lamp, and threw a handful of tea into a dirty teapot. Eric was eyeing the ape with boyish admiration and wonder. Born off the bleak coast of Norway, he knew everything that a lad could know of the birds and beasts and fishes of his home; but, except in a picture, he had never seen such a monster before.

"Does dot talk?" he asked, turning to the diver.

Horton laughed.

"Not much, youngster. Don't go near him. You wouldn't talk much more if he got hold of you."

The youngster sat down on the floor and stared at Lucifer. The brute had ceased to growl, and, squatting on its haunches, its red eyes returned the lad's stare. Then it moved forward inch by inch, and, stretching out its hairy arm, gently stroked Eric's naked foot.

"Hang it!" snarled the dwarf suddenly, bending over the kettle.

The ape cowered back at the sound of his voice as if struck with a whip.

"What's the matter?"

"The lamp is out, and I haven't got another drop of spirit. It's all down in the storage-chamber. I wonder if that youngster could find it?"

Ned Horton stood up at once and seized the tin bottle. He had been into the storage-room several times, and knew the big tank that held the methylated spirit.

"Have you the key?" he said. "I'll fetch some in a moment."

Trethvick could have shrieked aloud with delight.

"You're mighty kind, Mr. Horton!" he croaked. "You'll have to flounder round in the dark, you know, for it's against rules to take a light in there. Don't be long."

"Not two minutes."

Horton left the cabin, whistling merrily; and little Hagensen started as he caught a glimpse of Trethvick's face, for it was the face of a fiend. Chuckling and rubbing his hairy hands, the dwarf waddled to the door, and crept like a cat after the diver.

The moment he disappeared the ape crawled forward, and again began to softly stroke the urchin's naked foot. It crept closer still, and touched the lad's face with its paw.

"You funny chap!" said Hagensen. "Dank you very mooch. Why you up chained?"

There was nothing bloodthirsty about Lucifer now. The fierce brute that had rent man to shreds in its anger chattered and purred and fondled the lad. Little Hagensen had no fear. He took a broken ship's biscuit from his pocket, and they shared it between them.

"Why you up chained, funny face?" he said again. "What key dot?"

A key lay on the locker beside the dirty teapot, and the boy pounced upon it, and thrust it into the huge padlock that kept the ape a prisoner. It fitted, and Lucifer was free.

There were no words in his limited knowledge of English to express his delight as the ape seized him in its powerful hands and swung him aloft. Lucifer had found a friend. He laid Eric gently in the hammock, and proceeded to swing him to and fro. Suddenly a harsh voice sounded in the corridor, and, with a snarl of fear, the ape made a flying leap for the door.

"A thousand thunders!" roared Trethvick in horror. "Out of the way there—out of the way! The ape is loose!"

Uttering a volley of curses, he made a rush at the animal; but Lucifer was in a strange temper to-day. One shaggy arm swept out and flung Trethvick aside. Cries of warning and fear came from the engine-room and deck, men fled for their lives, doors were closed and locked.

Trethvick staggered to his feet, and seized the whip.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 171.

EVERY
TUESDAY,

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

"Come back, you fiend," he shouted—"come back!"

The ape turned at the fierce cracking of the lash, and snarled. Then, snatching up a bucket, it hurled it at its master, and lumbered away.

Ned Horton, bottle in hand, went whistling towards the storage-chamber, the dwarf creeping behind him. As the diver descended the steps the gloom grew deeper. He had never been to the room alone, and as he felt his way along he suddenly remembered that he was smoking. The room was packed with combustibles and explosives of all kinds—cartridges, petroleum, spirits.

Horton floundered back up the steps, and, leaving his pipe and matches behind him, fumbled for the key. He ran his fingers along the iron walls in vain, for no key was to be found. Then he laid the tin bottle on one of the steps and felt with both hands. He found it almost at once, but as he took it from the hook his heel struck the bottle and sent it clattering down.

"Well, of all the clumsy idiots," muttered the diver, with a laugh, "I guess I'm about the clumsiest! Where has the tin got to?"

On either side of the door were heaps of lockers and stores. To find the bottle was even more difficult than to find the key. Like everyone else when anything is lost, he searched every place but the right one. Little did he know the terrible thing that lay beyond the door, or that every minute wasted was a godsend.

At length his fingers touched the bottle snugly wedged in between a locker and the iron wall. He found the keyhole at once, and the heavy door rolled back, revealing a deeper darkness beyond.

A sound of shouting reached his ears, and he paused with his foot on the threshold.

"Out of the way, there—out of the way! The ape is loose!"

Ned Horton halted, petrified, and listened. The door closed again with a sudden roll of the ship, and the cries grew louder. Something dark shut out the faint light at the head of the steps, and the snarling monster came leaping down.

Key and bottle fell, and Horton shrank against the wall. The brute passed him, and crashed against the door.

Then came a hideous, bloodcurdling cry, the thud of a fall, and silence.

The silence was quickly broken by Ferrers Lord's deep, stern voice.

"A lantern," he said grimly—"a lantern! What fiend's work is going on here?"

A light flashed at the head of the steps, and Horton saw the millionaire and the frightened faces of the men behind him. Ferrers Lord halted at the open door.

"Back!" he cried. "Back! It is death to pass this way!"

He went in alone, edging close to the wall, and there was a sudden click.

"Now you may pass," said the millionaire.

They crowded in. The ape lay on the floor, its huge limbs horribly twisted, its huge hands clutching its own throat, its blackened tongue protruding. Ferrers Lord kicked it with his foot.

"The brute is dead," he said sternly—"electrocuted! How did it come here?"

"It broke loose!" said a dozen frightened voices.

"Yes," said the millionaire more sternly still. "But how did it come here? Where is Trethvick?"

Nathan Trethvick, mad with grief, was kneeling beside the lifeless body of his strange pet. He rose and pointed at Ned Horton.

"That man unlocked the door!" he snarled. "There stands the traitor!"

Ferrers Lord turned white, and passed his hand quickly across his forehead. Then he held the lantern so that the light shone full upon the warning notice. Horton shivered as he read it.

"I trusted you," said the millionaire hoarsely, "perhaps more than I trusted any of my men. All of you know that we have a traitor with us. The guns were tampered with, and I set a trap which that luckless ape fell into. Read again what I have written there."

Horton was deadly white.

"I am no traitor," he answered. "I came here to get some spirit for the skipper's lamp. How could I, or any other man, read in the dark?"

Ferrers Lord raised his head quickly. The fanlight of the staircase was shut, and he remembered he had looked to it himself on the night he laid his trap. He knitted his brows. It was never closed as a rule. There was some mystery.

"Listen!" he said grimly. "I would give much to think you innocent. Had you entered this room you would have been lying there now where that poor brute lies. Do you

think I laid such a deadly, horrible snare without considering well what I was doing? I knew that the traitor had not finished his work, and that he would crawl back to finish it. I knew that my warning was not really necessary to keep the loyal crew away, for a mere order would do that. I chalked that order up with my own hand in three places—on the door of the saloon, in the engine-room, and in the fore-castle. Only the traitor would disobey. The threat of being shot would not deter him, for, if we discovered him, he would in any case be shot. In laying my trap I only put one life, and that life was already forfeited."

"I knew nothing of the order, sir," said Horton doggedly. The millionaire's eyes blazed angrily.

"Do not lie!" he said. "All here knew it!"

A bronzed boatswain came timidly forward and saluted. "Beggin' your pardon, sir, for makin' so bold, sir," he said gruffly, "I don't think a man of us ever seed them orders. I swear I didn't, and they all says the same. It's uncommon strange, too, that fanlight bein' dowsed. I've never knowed it shut since I came aboard this ship."

Ferrers Lord dashed down the lantern, and turned upon his heel.

"Arrest that man!" he said roughly. "I will sift this to the bottom—and Heaven help the man who cannot give a good account of himself!"

The diver was seized, and the handcuffs snapped over his wrists. Nathan Trethvick remained behind in the stuffy darkness, kneeling beside his ape. Though he had lashed and tormented the brute, he had loved it as much as his evil heart would allow him to love anything.

"Curse them! Curse them!" he moaned. "They have murdered you, Lucifer! You saved the ship once, my beauty! Curse them! I'll destroy it for them, and blow them all skyhigh!"

He rose at last, biting his lips, and, picking up the lantern, relighted it. Through the slit in the half-open door two keen blue eyes watched him. Trethvick moved half a dozen heavy cases with ease, though two ordinary men could only have lifted them with difficulty. He raised the lid of a box, and thrust his arm elbow-deep into it. The keen eyes watched more keenly as he drew out a small bag and a leather pocket-book.

Trethvick replaced the cases, and swept away every atom of spilled sawdust with his handkerchief, and poured out its contents.

Diamonds, large and small, some cut, some uncut, some with the fragments of gold settings still clinging to them, he poured them out in a flashing, dazzling heap. The keen eyes at the door seemed to reflect their fire.

"Ha, ha, ha!" croaked the dwarf, letting the gems trickle through his hooked fingers. "Here's wealth! So they say a man can't serve two masters, do they? No gold for me, it's too heavy to carry about; no notes or cheques for me, they may be stopped. Give me diamonds—nothing but diamonds! Curse them for murdering Lucifer! I'd give many of these little sparklers to have him alive again! Thunder! What's that?"

He swept the diamonds into his pocket, startled by a sudden noise, and extinguished the light. Something that sounded like running footsteps reached his ears.

"Hang you!" he called, dashing to the door. "Who's there?"

There was no answer, and he mounted the steps at a bound. A trail of wet, naked footprints led towards the engine-room. The dwarf's fanglike teeth snapped together. Other footprints appeared upon the higher steps.

"It's the brat," he snarled—"Horton's brat! Can he have seen? I'll tear his tongue out!"

Ching-Lung and Rupert Find a Friend in Need—The Rag-shop in Hamburg—Dawn.

The clocks were chiming midnight when Ching-Lung sent the boat sweeping into the harbour. No one hailed them; no one noticed them. With a sigh of thankfulness, Rupert stepped out, soaked to the skin, and only half-dressed.

"Whatee you do with de goldee?" asked Ching-Lung. "Leave it where it is," said Thurston, with a slight shudder. "After what you have told me, I would not touch it, even to fling it into the sea!"

Ching-Lung grunted. "Aleo lightee," he squeaked. "We gotee away, and now where we go, whatee we do?"

Thurston did not know. To have gone through the streets as they were, streaming with water, would be to court arrest. He shook his head.

"I suppose we must sneak about until dawn," he answered, "though I don't half like the idea."

"Den stall walkee velly quick," said Ching-Lung. "Me velly coldee."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 171.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE "X" on the back page "GEM" LIBRARY? It might mean A FREE HAMPER FOR YOU!

It had become darker, and the breeze was growing stronger. They had landed near the head of the harbour, where a network of gloomy, narrow streets ran through the huddled houses. Most of the dirty buildings were in darkness, and they drew back dismayed when, on turning a sharp corner, they came upon one with light pouring from its windows.

"Dat a pubee," said Ching-Lung, with a chuckle.

"A what?"

"A pubee, dlink-shop, de place where peoples go to see de times."

The Chinese boy was right. They had stumbled upon a low public-house, and they could hear a murmur of voices and a clatter of glasses.

"You stayee here 'alf a mo.," squeaked Ching-Lung, "and Chinese boy getee some glub to eat."

Everyone turned as the door opened, revealing the quaint figure of Ching-Lung. Except for his soaked clothes, he would have attracted little attention, for the scum of every ship in the port frequented the stuffy inn. English, Dutch, Laecars, Italians, Americans—all were there; and a high-pitched voice inquired, in a Yankee drawl, as Ching-Lung went smilingly towards the bar:

"Hallo, China! Where's your umbrella? I guess it don't rain to that tune—eh?"

Ching-Lung's left, slanting eye winked at the speaker. He knew the company he was in.

"You talkee English," he squeaked. "Me come tellee you something." He went across to the liquor-stained table at which the man was sitting. "Me desertee from my shipee," he said, pulling up his wide sleeve to show the bruises on his arm. "De ole blackguard captain, he allee whackee-whackee. Me noee go back unless he collal pool Chinese boy. Other white man deserlee, too. Wantee some dly togs. Gotee money."

Everyone there had guessed that he was a deserter already, and, as most of them had been deserters in their time, they were sympathetic.

"You'd better get hold of some duds as soon as you can," drawled the American. "How much can you go?"

The crafty Chinese boy cautiously produced a sovereign, but the man shook his head.

"Two, den?" said Ching-Lung.

"You bet not," drawled the Yankee. "The captain of a ship has some rights, even in Hamburg. When you've signed your papers it's a risky thing to desert, I reckon; and it's a risky thing, too, to help a deserter. You bet, I've got to knock the old Jew up to buy the togs, and I want a bit for myself. Make it three, and I deal."

"Not gotee it," sighed Ching-Lung sadly. "Me givree you two-tennee. We waitee lound in de sileet till you come back. Den you getee de money."

The bargain was struck, and they went out together.

"You might as well come along, China," said the Yankee, "and bring your pal. I don't want to come loafing back here, and I guess it's too dark for anyone to spot you."

"Allee lightee," squeaked Ching-Lung.

He whistled softly, and Rupert emerged from the darkness. The Yankee quickly explained matters.

"I'm going to take you to the biggest old thief in Hamburg!" he drawled. "I believe the cuss would skin his grandmother for sixpence! The old thief is English, too, I think, though you can't be sure, for he speaks a dozen languages. He'll rig you up, and then you'll have to chance it. Get a move on."

They traversed the narrow, dirty street at a quick pace, passing dirtier and narrower alleys, where half-starved cats were fighting and snarling over the rotting garbage that lay deep in the gutters.

Their guide turned into the narrowest and dirtiest alley of all. At the lower end a lamp was trying hard to keep alight in the evil air. Its dim rays shone on the shutters of a filthy shop. A name had once been painted above the door, and it was still possible to trace the faded letters. Rupert started as he read:

"Simon Trethvick!"

He stood staring at the name, amazed. It was not a common name, and he had never heard it before until Ferrers Lord had introduced him to the captain of the Lord of the Deep. A loud hammering at the door that threatened to tear down the rusty knocker distracted his attention.

"Wake up, Simon!" shouted the Yankee. "We've not come here to live!"

For a time there was no answer, and he hammered more loudly. At last a light shone in the room above the shop and the window opened.

"What do you want?" croaked a voice that made Thurston start again.

"We want some duds, Simon. We'll pay well for 'em."

The window was closed and barred. Rupert bent forward eagerly to stare at the man who flung open the door. "Great Scott!" he thought. "They must be father and son!"

The light of the guttering candle fell full on Simon Trethvick's face. He was not a dwarf, but his head was strangely large for his shrivelled body. Each of his sunken eyes had a red ring round it, and a white beard fell almost to his knees.

The eyes were the same, the voice was the same, the flat nose was the same, the name was the same.

"Father and son, for a million pounds!" thought Rupert. "Who ever thought the world was wide enough to hold such a pair of human gorillas, and that I should meet both?"

They were in the musty shop—a ragehop and nothing more. Simon Trethvick glanced at Thurston, and, opening a drawer, flung him a flannel shirt and a faded serge suit.

"That's all you'll get to-night," he croaked. "A sovereign's the price, and you can take it or leave it. If you want a cap, find one for yourself. You can dress here, and then go."

"It will do very well, thank you," said Thurston quickly.

As he dressed he glanced round him. The place looked more like the den of some animal than anything else. Among the piled rags were musty bones, dirty bottles, and ragged shoes that even a tramp would fling away.

"Hurry up, pards," said the Yankee, "or else give me my dollars. I can't stand this sort of atmosphere. I expect a sovereign out of this. Thanks."

He spun the coin in the air, caught it, and, putting it in his pocket, drawled:

"I'm glad I was able to give you a hand."

"We are deeply obliged to you," said Rupert. "Good-night, and a thousand thanks!"

The nimble Ching-Lung was already dressed in a suit of old grey flannel, made long ago for a man almost twice his size.

"Give me the money," croaked Simon Trethvick, "and go."

Ching-Lung, with a deep sigh, dropped the two sovereigns into his skinny palm, and, putting Shakespeare Willum in his pocket, turned to the door. The footfalls of the Yankee were dying away in the distance.

The old clothes' dealer stood rubbing his bony hands together. Suddenly his crafty eyes gleamed.

The door was flung open, and a levelled revolver flashed in the candle-light.

"Scaroff!"

Ching-Lung uttered a shrill squeak of horror as he saw the figure of the man he dreaded most. Like a mole, he burrowed into the rags and vanished from sight; while Rupert, almost stunned, stared dazedly into the barrel of the revolver.

"Fasten the door, Father Simon," said Michael Scaroff calmly.

"Hold!" shrieked Trethvick. "Where's the Chinaman?"

The sudden cry put the Russian off his guard. He turned his head, and Thurston's clenched fist cracked down upon his wrist, sending the revolver flying across the room. A moment later Rupert and Ching-Lung were racing madly down the alley.

A shrill whistle sounded, and other whistles answered it. Then came the sound of distant cries and hurrying feet.

The pair did not halt in their flight from deadly peril until all sounds of pursuit had died away.

"I suppose we shall have to wander about till dawn," muttered Rupert. But as he spoke, Ching-Lung pulled his sleeve.

"Here am nice stablee," he whispered, pointing towards a half-open door of a shed.

Sure enough, Ching's words proved correct, and two minutes later they were sound asleep on the straw—not over-clean, but they were too tired to notice trifles of that kind.

The light in the east spread higher and higher, and a faint rumbling of wheels told that the city was awakening. Rupert shook the Chinese boy.

"Up with you, Ching!" he said.

"Where are you going?" asked Ching-Lung, with a groan.

"To London, by the first boat."

"Then you muchee big foollee!" drawled Ching-Lung blandly. "Me go getee some bleakfast. London not lunee away. Me gotee hole insidee tellible bigee. Glub firstee, Mr. Foleign Debbil, thankee you!"

Ned Horton Is Tried for His Life—The Evidence of Nathan Trethvick—Eric Hagensen has an Adventure and Turns the Tables on the Dwarf.

The crew of the Lord of the Deep marched silently into the saloon, and took up their positions there. It might have been a gala day instead of the day on which one of their number was to be tried for his life, for every man was spick-and-span, and looked his best. There was a faint murmur as

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 171.

Edward Horton, heavily ironed, was brought in between two sailors.

Then Ferrers Lord entered, followed by Nathan Trethvick, and sat down at the table. A hundred eyes watched his grim face eagerly, but it might have been marble instead of flesh and blood, for it never relaxed.

"Stand forward, No. 61!" he said, in his deep tones. A sailor advanced to the table.

"Before I question any witnesses," said the millionaire, "I will say a few words. You are all pledged to me by a solemn oath, except two men. One of these, Mr. Rupert Thurston, is missing; the other is the accused man. On board this ship I am lord of life and death. I am judge, jury, and executioner, if need be. We have a traitor on board, as you all know, and everything points to the fact that the accused man is guilty. Except for the strange fact that most of you state that you did not see the notices I posted up, Edward Horton would have been shot without a trial. Under the circumstances, I will give him a fair chance. Do not imagine, men of the Lord of the Deep, that I will not give the prisoner a fair trial. I tell you plainly that I trusted him implicitly, and that even now I can hardly doubt him. Now, No. 61, tell me what you saw on Thursday morning."

The sailor glanced at the diver sorrowfully, as if he hated to speak.

"If I must, sir, I must," he said. "First of all, sir, let me say I firmly believe Mr. Horton innocent."

Ferrers Lord's eyes flashed fire.

"Tell me what you know," he cried angrily; "not what you believe!"

"Well, sir, begging your pardon," said the frightened sailor, "I passed the swimming-bath door on the way to the engine-room that morning, and I seed Mr. Horton and Mr. Trethvick talking there. About five minutes after I came back, and I heard someone on the steps leading to the store-room. I'm not mistaken, sir, for I heard a cough; but, not knowing the new rules, I took no notice."

"What time was that?" asked Ferrers Lord sharply.

"I can't say, sir. Close on six, I expect. I didn't know the time."

Ferrers Lord knitted his dark brows. It was soon after six that he had entered the bath, and found the diver there. Before that, perhaps ten minutes, Nathan Trethvick had come to him, and told him he had apologised to Edward Horton. He had not noticed the time any more than the sailor had, except roughly.

"Nathan Trethvick!" he called.

There was a hush as the dwarf waddled forward. Trethvick looked like a man who had not slept.

"Tell me what occurred at your interview with the prisoner?"

A sudden thrill ran through the crew as the dwarf croaked: "It's my duty to speak, sir, and so I'll speak; but I swear Mr. Horton is as innocent as a child!"

"Silence!" thundered Ferrers Lord, his dark eyes flashing angrily. "Answer my questions, and nothing but my questions, or you may wish you had been born dumb. What passed at the interview?"

The vessel was lying at the bottom of the sea, and the telegraphic apparatus attached to the submarine cable stood on the table beside Ferrers Lord. The tinkling of the bell, though it was only a little past five in the morning, distracted the millionaire's attention. He read the message, and then cabled it on, for it was merely a private cablegram to London concerning a shipment of wine.

"Well, Mr. Trethvick," he said, "I am waiting."

The dwarf was a wonderful actor, and he played his part cunningly. Every word of the interview had to be dragged from him; and, to the amazement of his listeners, his one aim seemed to be to screen the prisoner. Big Ned Hurton, standing in silence, with the chains hanging from his wrists, looked at Trethvick gratefully more than once. During the long night of captivity the dwarf's bitter words: "There stands the traitor!" had been ringing in his ears. But all was changed now that the hour of his trial had come. Nathan Trethvick swore that the diver was innocent—must be innocent!

"Is that all?" said Ferrers Lord quietly.

"All, sir."

Nathan Trethvick stood back, but the millionaire's flashing eyes followed him.

"You swear it is all, Trethvick?"

The dwarf hesitated.

"Well, sir—"

"Speak, you fool!" thundered Ferrers Lord, "or I'll wring the truth out of your black heart!"

Again Nathan Trethvick waddled to the table, his crooked knees knocking together in pretended fear.

"Then I suppose I've got to spit it out," grumbled the dwarf: "but, if I had to be shot dead the next minute, I'll swear Mr. Horton ain't guilty! I went to the galley, sir, soon after I'd seen you, to get my breakfast. On the previous night, sir, if you remember, I brought you the log-book into the saloon, and you said you'd look over it. I left it with you, sir, and when I had my grub I went to fetch it. Just when I got to the door I brushed up against Mr. Horton, who was—"

The dwarf paused with a sigh, and Ferrers Lord's cold voice said:

"Well, what was Mr. Horton doing?"

"Stuffing something into his pocket, sir. His tobacco-pouch, most likely."

"Has the prisoner been searched?" asked Ferrers Lord.

Ned Horton had not: but, at a sign from the millionaire, two sailors took the task in hand. Conscious of his innocence, the diver made no resistance.

"Ah!"

Ferrers Lord leant forward, and snatched a ball of crumpled paper from one of the sailors. Slowly he unrolled the ball, and spread three written sheets upon the table. A shiver ran through the assembled men.

"These are the three notices I wrote," said Ferrers Lord, in icy tones. "How can you account for them being in your possession? Answer, Edward Horton!"

The diver was stunned and speechless. He looked round him helplessly and piteously.

"Answer!" cried Ferrers Lord.

Ned Horton licked his dry lips. There lay the proofs of his guilt. The evidence of the papers was so terribly convincing that many of his staunchest supporters began to waver.

"Answer," cried Ferrers Lord, for the third time.

"I am innocent, sir. I never touched those papers. I don't know what to say, or what to think, except that this is a plot to ruin me. I have told you why I went to the storage-chamber—it was to get Mr. Trethvick some spirit for his lamp. It looks black against me, but I am as innocent as a child!"

"You mean to suggest," said the millionaire, playing with the revolver, "that someone put the papers in your pocket?"

Ferrers Lord laughed softly, and the dwarf, who knew his moods, stifled a diabolical chuckle.

"I do, sir."

"A pretty story," said the millionaire. "That is how the matter stands. I find that we have a traitor on board my vessel, and undoubtedly that traitor is in the pay of Michael Scaroff. So far, I can only find one circumstance in the prisoner's favour, and that is that he was with me on the conning-tower when the searchlight was shown. The first witness could give no reliable evidence, though it is certain that someone was in or near the storage-chamber at the time he mentions. But the evidence of Mr. Trethvick is very weighty. He swears he saw the prisoner at the door of the saloon, putting something hastily into his pocket. The notices which I put up myself are found in his possession, and he was discovered later at the open door of the room. The evidence is conclusive. Have you anything to say, Edward Horton?"

"Nothing," said the diver, swallowing the lump in his throat, "except what I have said before."

"This is a sad business," Ferrers Lord said. "I trusted you implicitly, Horton, and only the terrible weight of evidence against you persuades me even now to believe you guilty. Both witnesses stay behind. Take him away!"

Ned Horton folded his manacled arms.

"Then I am to be shot, sir?"

"Yes, at dawn."

The diver turned to the door with drooping head, but the other men stood still. The door opened, and a titter of laughter broke the solemn silence. There, black as a sweep, his face, hands, and

bare legs smeared with soot, stood the grinning Norwegian boy, Eric Hagenson. He wiped the caking soot from his shaggy mop of hair, and said:

"Dank you very mooch!"

Then he caught sight of Ned Horton standing fettered before him, and the grin gave place to an expression of dismay.

"What do matter with you is, big man?" he asked.

"Nothing at all, youngster. What's the matter with you, eh? Where have you been?"

The dwarf was biting his lips. Suddenly the barefooted urchin ran boldly up to the table, and faced Ferrers Lord.

"What you with Mr. Horton going to do? Why he chain?"

Ferrers Lord calmly snipped off the end of a cigar, and smiled at the dirty little figure. He spoke a few words in Norwegian to the urchin. Hagenson's chest swelled beneath the ragged shirt, his blue eyes flashed, his little fists clenched. Then, pointing at the dwarf, he poured out a torrent of words in his native tongue.

The lighted match burnt away in the millionaire's fingers as he listened, and the cigar fell from his lips.

Like a bugle-call the millionaire's voice rang through the room.

"Seize Nathan Trethvick!" he cried.

For a moment the amazing order paralysed every man. Then, with a fierce oath, the dwarf felled the boy to the ground. A dozen men sprang upon Trethvick, but he fought like a tiger, hurling them to right and left, and cursing horribly. He was overpowered at last, and bound.

"Mind what you do, Ferrers Lord!" he hissed. "Mind how—"

"Gag him," said Ferrers Lord, "and look after the boy. Take him to my cabin."

Tender hands lifted the youngster, and carried him out.

"Men of the Lord of the Deep," said the millionaire, "I have just learnt from little Hagenson something that throws a new light on this miserable business. Until now the boy did not know what was happening here, and even the prisoner did not dream of calling him as a witness. What he has just told me has shocked and startled me. He says that when he was watching the ape in the captain's cabin he saw Nathan Trethvick slip something white into Horton's pocket."

The millionaire paused, and there was a sudden movement among the men.

"That is not all," went on Ferrers Lord calmly. "The boy declares that he unchained the ape, and played with it for some time. When it escaped, and he heard the uproar, he was frightened, and hid himself. Later on, he crept out to see what had become of the brute, and saw Nathan Trethvick in the storage-chamber take a bag of gems from a hiding-place. To-day, just before the trial here, his jackdaw

flew out, and Nathan Trethvick seized it and flung it into the furnace that heats the water for the galley. The fire was out, and the boy crept into the furnace to rescue the bird. Trethvick closed the door upon him, and shut him in. He did not tell me how he succeeded in getting out, but it is certain that Nathan Trethvick had some motive for keeping the boy out of the way."

Again the bell of the telegraphic apparatus tinkled, and the needle quivered. The millionaire ticked off the message:

"Am free and in London, if this reaches you. Found from Oceanic Cable Company you had just sent wire to your bankers, so am wiring on chance. Watch Trethvick closely. Have strange news for you. THURSTON."

Ferrers Lord raised his head.

"You're free, Mr. Horton," he said calmly. "Take the prisoner Trethvick away."

(Another long instalment of this thrilling, mysterious, adventure serial NEXT WEEK.)



Driven to extreme measures by the intolerable tyranny of the new Head, Greyfriars takes matters into its own hands with a vengeance, with results unprecedented in the history of the old school. You should on no account miss reading—

THE SCHOOL ON STRIKE.

The Editor



A SILVER WATCH FREE

For Postal Order 1s. (or 13 stamps) we will forward a massive 18-ct. Gold Simulation Chain, together with our generous offer of a Solid Silver Watch Free per return post (lady's or gent's). These watches have solid silver cases, reliable movements, and are guaranteed time-keepers. We are simply giving them away to introduce our goods. — (Dept. C), LONDON SUPPLY STORES, Invicta House, Swancombe, Kent.

Applications with regard to advertisement spaces in this paper should be addressed: Stanley H. Bowerman, Advertisement Manager, "PLUCK" SERIES, 6, Bouverie Street, E.C.

NOW ON SALE:

3 New Numbers of "The Boys' Friend" 3d. Complete Library.

No. 154: "IN THE FAR WILD WEST." A Splendid, New, Long, Complete Tale of Jack, Sam and Pete. By S. CLARKE HOOK.

No. 155: "PENAL SERVITUDE FOR LIFE." A Grand, Long, Complete Story of Sexton Blake, Detective.

No. 156: "THE GYPSY OF ST. SIMEON'S." A Powerful, Long, Complete Tale of School Life. By DAVID GOODWIN.

NOTE: Ask always for
"THE BOYS' FRIEND"
3d. Complete Library.



A FREE OFFER!

—Come to London in Coronation Week. All Expenses Paid—

See

"THE BOYS' HERALD." 1d.

Now on Sale.



OUT ON TUESDAY.



A SPLENDID, NEW, LONG, COMPLETE TALE OF TOM
MERRY & CO. AT ST. JIM'S.

