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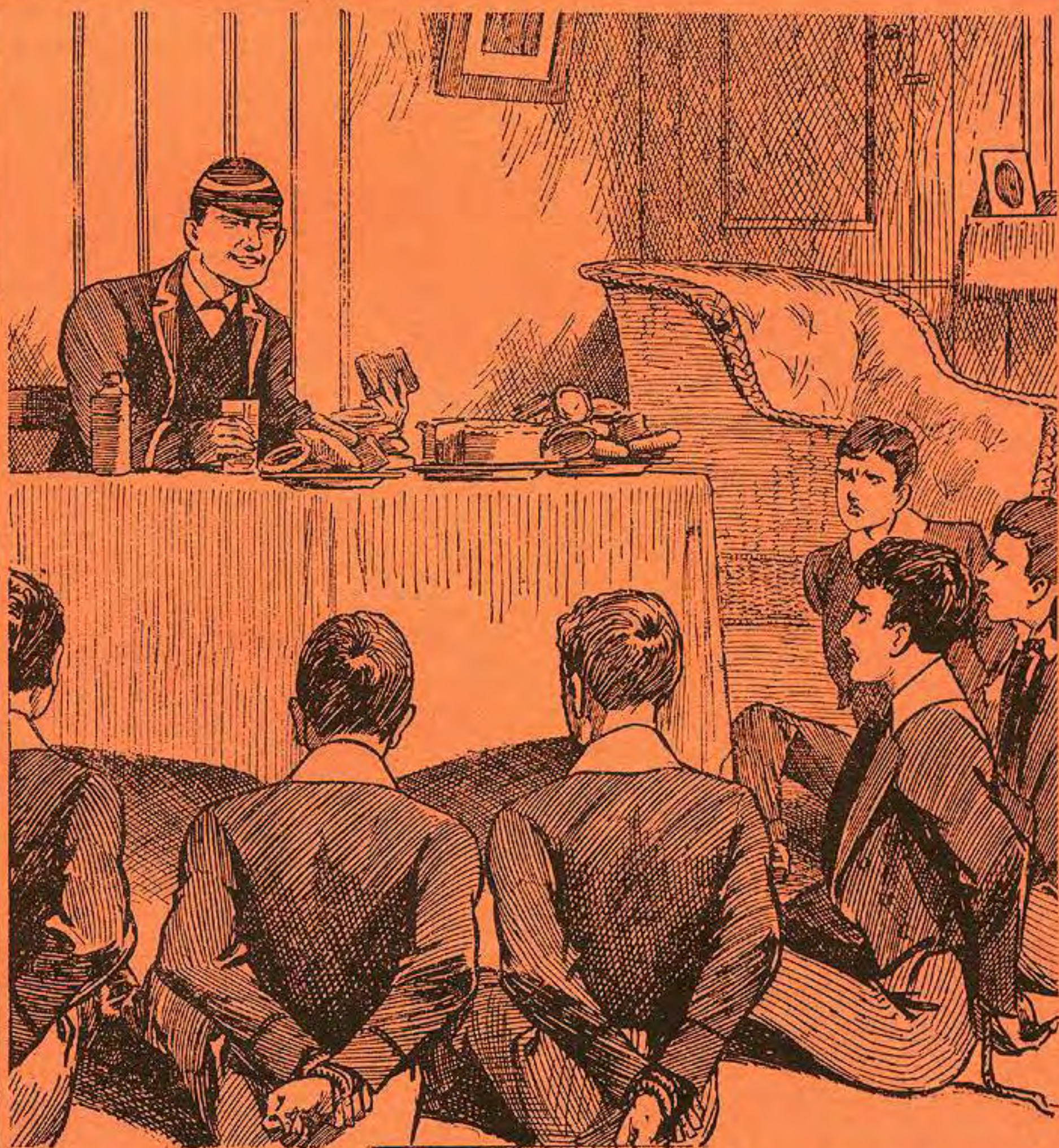
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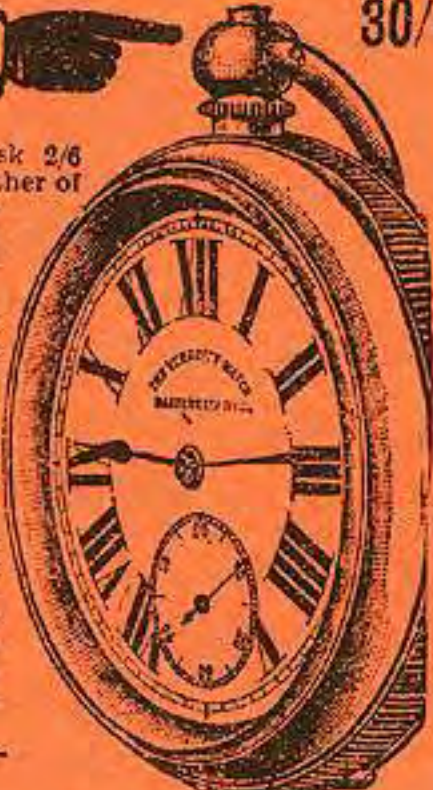
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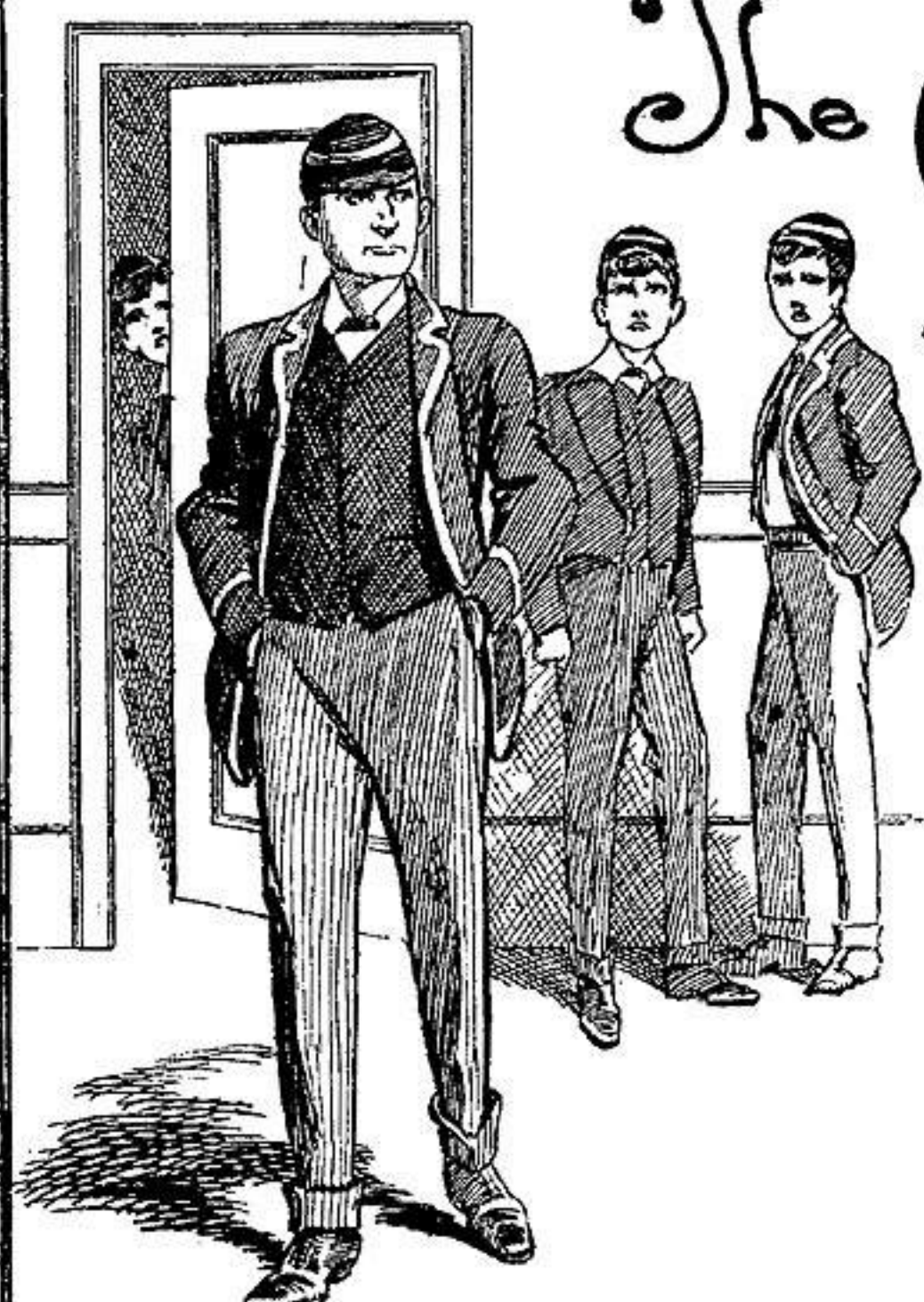
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THE FIRST CHAPTER.
Ready to Celebrate.

"**T**H**E**RE!" said Harry Wharton, with a great deal of satisfaction. "I think that will do!"

"Oh, ripping!" said Frank Nugent.

And Bob Cherry said:

"Stunning!"

It certainly did look very nice.

No. 1 Study, in the Remove passage, had been made quite tidy—newly swept and garnished, so to speak. The fender was bright, and the windows were clean, and the mantelpiece

was dusted. The fender had been bright before, certainly, and the windows were frequently clean, and the duster was not unknown on the mantelpiece. But it was very seldom that they all happened at once, as Nugent put it. No. 1 Study shone resplendent; and—crowning glory of all—there were fresh flowers in the milk-jug on the window-sill, and a bunch of red roses in the salmon-tin on the bookcase. No wonder the chums of the Remove looked at the study with pride in their glance.

And that was not all. The table was laid—laid for a feed—and a feed of unusual magnificence. Ham and eggs were common enough, so were sardines, so were seed and currant-

cake. But a cold chicken, and a whole pineapple, gave distinction to the study table; and then there were meringues and jam-puffs, and filberts and oranges.

It was quite an unusual celebration for No. 1 Study, and fellows passing along the passage had looked in and inquired, with surprise, what it was all about. Few guessed correctly.

"Marjorie coming over from Cliff House?" John Bull asked, as he paused in the passage and looked in.

Wharton shook his head.

"No."

"Anybody's birthday?"

"Not that I know of."

"Come into a fortune?"

"No," said Harry, laughing.

"Form-master coming to tea?"

"My hat! No."

"Head dropping in by any chance?"

"Not at all."

"Then what on earth's up?" demanded John Bull, standing in the doorway with his hands in his pockets—his usual attitude—and surveying the study.

"Bulstrode's coming back!"

"Bulstrode!"

"Yes."

"Well," said John Bull slowly, "I'm blowed!"

Bull ought really to have said that he was blown, if he made the remark at all; but he was too surprised to be grammatical.

Bulstrode, the captain of the Remove—the Lower Fourth at Greyfriars—was not eminently popular, and especially in No. 1 Study. Bulstrode had always been the bully of the Remove, and he had become captain of the Form in the place of Harry Wharton, by means that he was not disposed to boast about. But it was noticeable that since he had been Form-captain a change for the better had come over Bulstrode; and it was a great surprise to the Remove to see how well he pulled with the junior he had supplanted in the captaincy.

And Bulstrode had been through a very "rocky" time of late. His young brother was no more; and that terrible blow had seemed to crumple Bulstrode up. He had been away from Greyfriars a great deal since it had happened, but now he was coming back again. The fact that he was coming back again did not seem to affect the Remove generally very much, and it certainly left the rest of Greyfriars quite cold. But in Harry's Wharton's study a welcome was preparing.

John Bull stated that he was "blowed," and then he whistled.

"So you are celebrating Bulstrode's coming back, are you?" he demanded.

"Yes. Why not?"

John Bull laughed.

"Under the circumstances, I shouldn't expect you to," he said.

"Many of the chaps have been saying that while Bulstrode's away, it's a chance for you to get back into your old position."

Wharton shook his head.

"If I try to do that, I shall do it while Bulstrode's here, not while he's away," he said. "But I don't intend to try, for this term at least. Bulstrode's welcome to be captain of the Remove."

"Of course, we all felt sorry for him about his brother," John Bull remarked. "I don't know that I should get wildly enthusiastic, though, about his coming back. I don't know that I should have thought of celebrating it."

"You've got to."

"Eh?"

"You're coming to tea," said Harry Wharton. "You're on my list. We're going to fill the study as full as it will hold, you see, and you're one of the guests."

John Bull grinned.

"Oh, all serene; I'll come!"

And he walked down the passage with his hands in his pockets. A minute later Fisher T. Fish, the American junior, looked in.

"I guess you look extra O.K. this afternoon!" he remarked.

"Anything on?"

"Bulstrode's coming back. We want you to meet him at tea—six, sharp!"

"I guess I'll come."

"I say, you fellows—"

Billy Bunter insinuated himself into the doorway of the study, and blinked in through his big spectacles. Fisher T. Fish grinned and walked on, leaving the field to the Owl of the Remove. Bunter's eyes almost started from his head at the sight of the feed spread upon the table.

"I say, you fellows, I see you're going to have a feed," he said. "I suppose you haven't forgotten that I used to be in this study?"

"Painful recollections like that aren't easily got rid of," said Nugent, with a shake of the head.

"Oh, really, Nugent—"

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Harry Wharton pointed with his forefinger into the passage. Billy Bunter blinked in the direction indicated, and then blinked back at Wharton.

"What do you mean, Wharton?"

"Travel!"

"Oh, really, you know—"

"Buzz off!"

"But I'm coming to the feed."

"Your mistake," said Bob Cherry blandly. "You're not."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Scat!"

"We're getting up a little celebration to welcome Bulstrode," said Harry Wharton. "We want to have a cheerful party, not an exhibition of the gorging powers of William George Bunter. You can go further on."

"Look here—"

"Give him a tin of sardines, and let him bunk," said Bob Cherry.

"I say, you fellows—"

"You can't come! Will you have the tin of sardines, or won't you?" asked Bob Cherry, picking up the tin from the table.

"Oh, certainly! But look here, I know you're joking. I know what you're getting up this feed for. It's not for Bulstrode; you don't like the beast any more than I do. You know who's coming."

"Eh?"

"I suppose you know there's a new chap coming into the Remove?"

"Yes, I believe I've heard it mentioned," said Wharton carelessly. "Chap named Bolsover, or something."

"Yes. He's a friend of mine," said Bunter importantly. "He's a big chap—bigger than Bulstrode—as big as lots of fellows in the Fifth here. He's a fighting-man, too, I can tell you. He will be able to lick any chap in the Remove. And he's a very intimate friend of mine. His father is a partner of my father's."

"Go hon!"

"I was thinking of having a bit of a feed ready for him," said Bunter. "I'm expecting a postal-order, but there's been some delay in the post, and I haven't got it yet. He'll be here by the five train, so there's no time to lose. Can any of you fellows lend me a sovereign?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ten bob would do—"

"Go hon!"

"Look here," said Bunter, "I'll tell you what. I'll come to tea with you, and bring him. How do you like the idea?"

"Not a little bit," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "We don't know Bolsover; but if he's an intimate friend of yours, I should say he couldn't be much class."

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"And we don't want any strange dogs in the kennel on an occasion like this," said Bob Cherry.

"Well, I'm not so very particular about Bolsover coming, but I'd like to come, and I think—"

"Will you have the sardines, and buzz? Or will you have a thick ear, and buzz?" asked Frank Nugent.

"Oh, really, Nugent—"

"Catch!" said Bob Cherry, raising the tin in the air.

"Oh, really—ow—"

Billy Bunter caught the tin of sardines on his chest, and staggered out of the doorway. The tin clattered on the floor, and Bunter sat on the mat. Bob Cherry kicked the door shut.

"Ow!" gasped Bunter.

He staggered to his feet. With one hand he grasped the sardine-tin, ready to run; with the other he opened the study door. He blinked in furiously at the grinning juniors.

"Beasts!"

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Crack! The two juniors' heads came together with a report that could be heard across the hall. They yelled together and struggled wildly to escape, but Bolsover's grasp seemed to be of iron.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You wait till Bolsover comes, that's all! He'll make you sit up! Beasts!"

And Billy Bunter rolled away down the passage, leaving the chums of the Remove to finish their preparations for the reception of George Bulstrode.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Bully!

"THIS the train for Greyfriars?"

Bulstrode looked up.

The burly Remove fellow was seated in a corner of a carriage, in a train that had just stopped at Courtfield Junction. Bulstrode was coming back to Greyfriars after his holiday, and he had been sitting in the carriage in a thoughtful mood, and he did not even know the train had stopped. He was thinking of Greyfriars, and that last sad scene in the sick-room of his young brother, and the cloud was deep and dark upon his brow. He started out of his gloomy reverie as a face looked in at the carriage window, and the loud, sharp voice addressed him.

"Eh!" ejaculated Bulstrode.

The stranger stared at him. He was a fellow of about Bulstrode's own age, or a little older. Bulstrode was tall for his age, but the stranger was taller and more broadly built,

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with wide shoulders of great strength, and a deep, strong chest. His neck was short, his head round, and his expression curiously like that of a bulldog. He looked a pugnacious fellow, ready enough to quarrel with anybody, and decidedly dangerous to whomsoever he should quarrel with.

"I asked you if this was the train for Greyfriars?" said the boy, in an unpleasant voice. "Asleep, eh?"

"No, I wasn't asleep."

"Then why can't you answer?"

"Yes, this is the train for Greyfriars," said Bulstrode quietly. "You get down at Friardale; that's the next station to Courtfield."

"Oh, good!"

The boy opened the carriage door, and stepped in. He tossed a travelling-rug and a bag on the seat, and then looked out of the window.

"Porter!"

"Yes, sir!"

"Put my box in."

"Yes, sir!"

The muscular youth sat down in the corner opposite Bulstrode and gave him a stare. Bulstrode had a reputation for being willing to quarrel, as willing as anyone; but just now he was feeling very subdued. He turned his glance away, and looked out of the window on the other side of the carriage.

NEXT
TUESDAY: "INKY MINOR!"

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The porter came along the train and looked in at the window. Bulstrode's fellow-traveller stared at him.

"I've put the box in, sir," said the porter.

"Very good!"

The porter stared at the boy very peculiarly. The fellow who was going to Greyfriars stared at him, but made no motion to hand over a tip.

"I've put the box in, sir," the porter repeated, as if he had not spoken before.

"Very well!"

The man snorted and went down the platform. The train began to move, and the stranger turned to Bulstrode with a grin.

"Funny, ain't it?" he remarked.

Bulstrode glanced round.

"What's funny?"

"That porter chap. I don't see why I should tip him, do you?"

"A chap generally tips a porter for putting a box in," said Bulstrode.

"Well, I don't if I can help it."

Bulstrode nodded, and looked out of the window again. He did not want to enter into talk with the other fellow. There was something about him so aggressive and unpleasant that Bulstrode felt that a talk would lead to a quarrel, and he was not in a mood just then for a quarrel.

The other fellow stared at him.

"You belong to Greyfriars?" he asked.

"Yes."

"What's your name?"

"Bulstrode."

"What's your Form?"

"The Remove—the Lower Fourth."

"My hat! That's mine, too!"

"You're going into the Lower Fourth at Greyfriars?" asked Bulstrode, glancing at him with some interest now.

"That's so. My name's Bolsover."

Bulstrode nodded, and looked out of the window again. The new boy for Greyfriars frowned, and leaned a little forward.

"I suppose you think I'm a jolly big chap to go into the Lower Fourth?" he remarked unpleasantly.

"I suppose you are," assented Bulstrode. "I wasn't thinking about it, though."

"Well, that's my Form."

"All serene."

"I was in the Lower Fourth at my last school," the new boy explained. "I was in it for terms, and my pater's taken me away."

"Has he?"

"Yes. I dare say I shall get my Remove pretty soon at Greyfriars."

"I hope so," said Bulstrode.

Bolsover scowled.

"Does that mean that you don't want me in the Remove?" he demanded.

"I don't care a rap whether you're in the Remove or not!" said Bulstrode tartly. "Are you looking for trouble?"

Bolsover laughed sneeringly.

"I shouldn't have much trouble with you," he said. "I fancy I could lick you with one fist."

"You'd better not try."

Bolsover jumped up.

"I jolly well will try, if you put it like that!" he exclaimed. "I was cock of the walk in the Fourth in my last school, and I can tell you I'm going to keep it up at Greyfriars. You savvy?"

Bulstrode looked at him calmly.

"You won't get the Greyfriars Remove to put up with any swank," he said. "If you begin any cock-of-the-walk bizney with us you'll get it in the neck sharp!"

Bolsover grinned.

"You'd better begin now," he said. "I'm ready to have it in the neck, if you can manage it."

"I don't want a row with you—"

Smack!

Bolsover's open palm came upon Bulstrode's cheek with a crack like that of a whip. The Remove fellow almost fell from the seat. The next second he was upon his feet, springing at the new boy.

Bolsover grinned as he closed with him.

"Now then!" he exclaimed.

Bulstrode was a powerful fellow for his age, and there were few fellows in the Greyfriars Remove who could stand up against him. Harry Wharton and John Bull and Mark Linley—they were all. But Bulstrode felt like a child in the hands of the burly Bolsover.

The latter swung him off his feet, whirled him round, and

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plumped him down upon the floor of the carriage. Bulstrode lay dazed, gasping for breath.

The new boy grinned down at him.

"How do you like that?" he asked.

"Ow!" gasped Bulstrode.

"You'll stay there till Friardale," said Bolsover. "If you try to get up I'll knock you down again—see?"

Bulstrode, his face flaming with rage, sprang up. Bolsover's fist swept out, and he was on the floor again in a second, feeling as if a horse had kicked his chin, and with his senses in a whirl.

"Going to stay there now?"

Bulstrode sat up dazedly. But he got no further. He realised very clearly that he had no chance against the new boy.

The train ran into Friardale Station. Bulstrode was still sitting on the floor, and the new boy was sitting with his feet across the carriage, his boots resting on the opposite seat and a mocking grin upon his face.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Knocked Out!

"HALLO!"

"Been in a railway accident?"

"My only Uncle Tham! He looks dusty, doesn't he?"

Three youths greeted Bulstrode thus as he came out of Friardale Station. Bulstrode certainly looked rather dusty, and his nose was swollen, and there was a smear of red on his face.

The three youths were Trumper, Grahame, and Solly Lazarus, of Courtfield County Council School. Rows were of frequent occurrence between the Courtfield fellows and the Greyfriars juniors, and they seldom met without badinage being exchanged—more or less politely; generally less.

Bulstrode looked at them somewhat dazedly. He was still feeling the effects of his tussle with the new junior in the railway carriage.

"Been wiping up the platform with yourself?" asked Trumper.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I've been in a row," said Bulstrode angrily. "and I'm quite ready for another, if you fellows are looking for trouble!"

"Peathe, my thons—peathe!" said Solly Lazarus. "The dear boy has had enough trouble. He has been running his nothe against something hard, I should thay."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bolsover followed Bulstrode out of the station. A porter followed him with his box. Bolsover looked round him unamiably.

"Put that thing on a cab, if there's one here," he said.

"Yes, sir."

Bolsover looked disdainfully at the ancient Greyfriars hack. Certainly it had seen its best days.

"Is that the only cab here?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, shove the box on it. I'll walk."

"Yes, sir."

"You can carry my rug, you fellow—Bulstrode, I think your name is!" said the new boy loudly.

Bulstrode flushed red.

He had been the bully of the Remove Form in his time, and had fagged younger fellows, but to be fagged himself was a little too "thick."

"Oh, cheese it!" he said savagely.

"Take my rug!"

"Rats!"

Bolsover came towards him with a threatening expression. The three Courtfield fellows looked on curiously. They could see that Bolsover was a new boy for Greyfriars, and they wondered how Bulstrode would take his treatment. Bulstrode did not look as if he would take it "lying down."

"Are you going to take my rug?" demanded Bolsover.

"No!"

"Then you'll get a licking, I warn you."

Bulstrode clenched his fists.

"Come on!" he said desperately.

He knew that he had no chance, but he would have let himself be killed rather than have allowed the new boy to fag him.

Bolsover tossed the rug over a railing and pushed back his cuffs and took the Greyfriars fellow at his word. He "came on" with a rush, hitting out, and Bulstrode was driven back from the fierce attack. Bulstrode was a powerful fellow, and a fairly good boxer, but he had no chance against Bolsover. The burly fellow knocked him into the road, and followed him up, still hitting.

"My only Uncle Tham!" exclaimed Solly Lazarus. "That chap is a terror, and no mistake! How would you like to take him in hand, Trumper, dear boy?"

Trumper grinned, and shook his head.

"I rather think I'll let him alone," he said.

"Same here," grinned Grahame. "He's rather above our weight, Solly. I wonder if you could tackle him?"

Solly chuckled his soft chuckle.

"I think I could," he said. "I wonder! But poor old Bulstrode hasn't a dog's chance. I rather think—yeth, rather!"

Bulstrode rolled in the road under the hammering fists of the new junior. Bolsover bent over him.

"Are you going to carry my rug?" he demanded.

"No!" gasped Bulstrode.

"Then get up and have some more!"

"I'm done!"

"Get up!"

"I—I can't!"

"Then I'll jolly well roll you in the gutter!" said Bolsover. "I'm going to be cock of the walk in the Greyfriars Remove, I can tell you that! I'll begin with you! Now, are you going to carry my rug?"

"No!"

"Then you'll have a lively time!"

And the burly junior, stooping over Bulstrode, seized him in his strong grasp, and rolled him towards the gutter. The gutter was thick with soft mud, and if Bulstrode had been rolled into it his clothes would have been in an unenviable state afterwards.

Trumper made a step towards the bully.

"Hold on!" he exclaimed. "Let him alone!"

Bolsover looked round savagely.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"Me? Oh, I'm Trumper!"

"You belong to Greyfriars?"

"Wouldn't be found dead in Greyfriars!" said Trumper cheerfully. "I'm a Courtfield chap—Courtfield County Council."

"Oh, a Board-school bouncer!" said Bolsover, with a sneer.

Trumper nodded.

"Exactly," he said. "Here's another Board-school bouncer—Solly Lazarus. Solly, old son, knock some of the conceit out of this rotter!"

"Thertainly!" said Solly.

"You'd better keep your distance," said Bolsover. "I'll wipe up the road with you if you interfere, you blessed Jew!"

Solly's black eyes gleamed.

He pushed back his cuffs in a slow and deliberate manner, and advanced towards the new junior. Solly was more than a head shorter than Bolsover, and he was much more slightly built. It did not look as if he would have the ghost of a chance against Bolsover. But Trumper and Grahame knew their chum well. Solly was a wonderful boxer, and there were few fellows within two or three years of his age who could stand up to him.

"Very well, my dear boy," said Solly. "Wipe up the road with me, please. And take that for a start."

He gave the new Greyfriars boy a gentle smack on the side of the head. Bolsover gave a roar like a bull.

He quitted Bulstrode, who staggered dizzily to his feet. Bolsover rushed right at Solly Lazarus, attacking him as he had attacked Bulstrode. It seemed impossible that the slightly-built Jewish lad could hold his own against such a tremendous attack. But Solly did not seem in the least disconcerted.

He gave ground before Bolsover, retreating step by step, but his guard was so perfect that not one of Bolsover's furious blows reached his face.

There was a quiet grin upon Solly's face all the time, which had a most exasperating effect upon Bolsover.

He attacked harder and harder, trying to break through the Jewish boy's guard; but it was as hard to get through as a stone wall.

He paused at last, gasping for breath.

"Sail in, Solly!" yelled Trumper.

And Solly "sailed in."

He came right at the breathless bully, and his fists rang in hard postman's knocks upon the bulldog face.

Bolsover staggered back into the road, feebly defending, Solly following him up fast, hitting harder and harder.

Bolsover stumbled in the gutter, and fell.

Bump!

He sat on the ground, staring blankly at Solly Lazarus. Grahame and Trumper were yelling with laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bravo, Solly!"

"M-my hat!" gasped Bolsover.

Solly regarded him with a calm and polite smile.

"Would you like any more, dear boy?" he asked. "I am quite willing to oblige you if you would, you know. Please thay tho, you know."

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NEXT TUESDAY: "INKY MINOR!"

EVERY
TUESDAY.

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ONE
PENNY.

"Ow!"

Bolsover still sat in the road. Solly Lazarus stepped back on the pavement, grinning cheerfully.

"Thank you!" said Bulstrode. "I'm not feeling very fit just now, or that cad wouldn't have had it all so easily with me. Thanks!"

"Not at all, dear boy! Very pleased to chip in!" said Solly cheerfully.

And the Courtfield fellows strolled away, laughing. It was pretty clear that the great Bolsover wanted nothing more to do with them. Bulstrode gave the fallen bully a look, and walked away towards Greyfriars. It was some minutes before he collected himself sufficiently to follow.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Bolsover Arrives.

"HERE he is!"

"Here's Bulstrode!"

"Welcome home, my son!"

Quite a little crowd of juniors stood at the gates of Greyfriars as Bulstrode came up. They shook hands with him, and he walked in in the midst of them. But they could not help looking at him curiously. He showed many signs of wear and tear.

"Anything happened?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Yes."

"Been fighting with a lawn-mower?" asked Nugent sympathetically.

"No. New boy."

"Phew! He handled you like that?" exclaimed Bob Cherry, in astonishment.

"Yes."

"You didn't get the worst of it?" exclaimed John Bull.

"Yes, I did."

"My hat!"

"It's a new kid for the Remove—his name's Bolsover," Bulstrode explained. "He came down in the same train."

"Yes; Bunter knows him," said Wharton. "He's a friend of Bunter's; or Bunter says so, at any rate. A great fighting-man, I hear."

Bulstrode grinned ruefully.

"Well, that much is right enough," he said.

"Did you tackle him, or did he tackle you?" asked Tom Brown.

"He tackled me."

"We all know what a nice, quiet, inoffensive chap Bulstrode is," Hazeldene remarked, with a grin. And there was a chuckle from the juniors.

Bulstrode reddened.

"I wasn't bullying him, if that is what you mean!" he exclaimed. "He picked a row with me without the slightest cause. He's a big chap—big enough to be in the Fifth—nearly as big as Coker."

"Phew!"

"And he licked me hollow," confessed Bulstrode. "I should have had a horrid time if some of the Courtfield chaps hadn't interfered. Bolsover says he is going to be cock of the walk in the Remove."

Harry Wharton's face set grimly.

"He will have to walk over some of us first, then," he remarked. "He won't get us to stand any of his rot."

"I guess not!" said Fisher T. Fish emphatically. "I guess I'll show him how we box over there, if we have any of his side."

"Yes, rather!"

"Come in, Bulstrode, old son," said Harry. "I'm sorry this should have happened on the day you've come back. We've got a bit of a feed ready for you."

"You're very good!"

"You chaps turn up about six, and you'll find it ready," said Wharton.

"Right you are!"

And Wharton linked arms with Bulstrode, and walked him off. Bulstrode was certainly very much in need of a wash and brush-down.

Most of the fellows remained at the gates. They were eager to see the new boy who had handled the burly Remove so easily. The fellow who had licked Bulstrode hollow was likely to be something of a "terror" in the fistical line, and if he turned out to be a bully, it meant rough times for some of the Remove.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Here's Bunter! I hear that the new chap is a friend of yours, Bunter!"

"Yes, rather!" said Bunter. "And you'd better be

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civil to him, too. He could lick any chap in the Remove quite easily. Look here——"

"Oh, shut up!"

"I tell you——"

"Oh, kick him somebody!" said Nugent.

There was a fiendish yell from Bunter, proving that somebody had done so. The fat junior rolled away. The fellows looked out into the road, and there was a shout as the new boy was sighted. He had not been very far behind Bulstrode.

"Here's the new kid!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

Bolsover came up. He was not looking in a good temper. He was dusty, and his nose was swollen, and his lip was cut. His encounter with Solly Lazarus had thrown him into the worst of tempers, in fact, and he was scowling as he came into the school gateway.

He looked at the Greyfriars juniors, and the Greyfriars juniors looked at him.

"Well, here you are!" said Bob Cherry.

"Yes; here I am," said Bolsover.

"Nice afternoon, ain't it?"

"Yes," said Bolsover, looking a little puzzled.

"So glad to see you!" said John Bull.

"Thank you!"

"Not at all. Any friend of Bunter's is a friend of ours, of course!" said Bull.

"Bunter!" said Bolsover. "Oh, Bunter!"

"Yes; William George Bunter, of that ilk," said Ogilvy.

"The fat boulder says that he knows you!"

"Oh, I know him!"

"Then you won't be lending him any money," Nugent remarked.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You chaps belong to the Remove?" asked Bolsover.

"Yes, rather!"

"Seen a fellow come in—Bulstrode, I think his name is?"

"Yes."

"Did he look nice?"

"Oh, he always does! Bulstrode is the beauty of the family," said Skinner.

"Well, I think I've spoiled his beauty for him a little," said Bolsover, with a grin. "He cheeked me in the train, and I put him through it. I was cock of the walk in the Fourth at my last school."

"Really?" said Bob Cherry.

"Yes; and it's going to be the same here," said Bolsover. "If you've got a chap who can stand up to me, produce him, and I'll knock him into a cocked hat. Otherwise, you'd better lie low. That's a warning."

The juniors looked at one another. They had seen varieties of swank at Greyfriars. Bulstrode himself was a little given that way, and Fisher T. Fish was a past-master of it. But the swank of the new Removite was something more than they had ever experienced before.

"That's a warning, is it?" said Bob Cherry.

"Yes. I don't mean to have any rot."

"You're going to keep us in order?" suggested Bob, with a dangerous gleam in his eyes. "If we're not nice, you are going to whack us?"

"Just so!"

"I—I—I'm trembling!" murmured Tom Brown. "Some of you hold me while I tremble. Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, shut up!" said Bolsover.

"Eh?"

"Shut up; that's what I said."

"Blessed if I ever saw a chap looking for trouble like this before!" said Bob Cherry. "And the Greyfriars Remove is just the place to find trouble, if you're looking for it!"

"Faith, and ye're right!" said Micky Desmond.

Bolsover held out his rug.

"Carry this in for me!" he said.

Bob Cherry stared at the rug, and then at Bolsover. He did not quite believe his ears at first. That a new fellow, who had not even set foot in the school yet, should think of fagging him, was quite incredible.

"Eh? What did you say?" Bob Cherry ejaculated.

"Carry my rug!"

"Carry your rug?"

"Yes."

"Why should I?"

"Because I tell you to," said Bolsover, in his most truculent tone. "Now then, look sharp!"

"Well, my only hat!"

"Are you going to carry my rug?"

"No fear!"

"Then I'll jolly well——"

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"Hold on!" said Bob Cherry. "On second thoughts, hand it over!"

Bolsover grinned as he handed over his rug. The other fellows stared at Bob Cherry in amazement. It seemed to them impossible that the hero of the Remove meant to let the new boy ride the high horse in this way.

Bob Cherry took the rug quite gravely, and placed it on his arm. The juniors were silent and mystified.

"Anything else?" asked Bob politely. "Can I carry your hat, too?"

"No," said Bolsover. "Just carry that rug in, and look alive over it!"

"I'd really like to carry your hat, too."

"Buzz off with that rug!"

"But can't I really have your hat, too?"

"No!" roared Bolsover.

"Look here, I regard it as an honour to carry things for you. Won't you let me carry your hat, too, as a special favour?"

"No; get on!"

"Oh, very well!"

Bob Cherry marched off with the travelling rug over his arm. He turned from the gravel path, and Bolsover, who was following, shouted to him.

"That's not the way, aas! Carry it into the house!"

"This is my way!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully.

"Look here——"

"No, you look!" said Bob.

Bob had reached a place where the late rain had left a large muddy puddle in the Close. He calmly proceeded to lay the travelling rug in it. It was rather an expensive rug, and there were many colours in it. The colours were speedily all reduced to one, as Bob Cherry trampled on the rug, trampling it down into the water and mud. The Removites burst into a roar. They understood now.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bolsover stood transfixed with rage for a moment. Then, with a shout, he rushed at Bob Cherry, and grasped him round the neck. In a moment he had Bob's head in chancery, and was pommeling him furiously.

— — —

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Makes a Valuable Suggestion.

BOB CHERRY closed with the bully, and they struggled, both of them now trampling on the drenched rug. There was more mud than rug about it now. Bolsover seemed to have forgotten it, in his intense desire to revenge himself upon the Greyfriars junior. The other fellows gathered round in a ring, cheering on Bob Cherry.

"Go it, Bob!"

"Pile in!"

"Give the cad socks!"

Bob Cherry did his best. But Bolsover was bigger, and Bolsover was stronger. He seemed to have the strength of a man rather than of a boy. Bob was athletic, but he was no match for Bolsover. The new boy gripped him with his left arm, keeping his head in chancery, and punched him unmercifully.

"My hat!" murmured Nugent. "Bob is getting the worst of that!"

"I guess he is," said Fisher T. Fish. "Of course, it wouldn't be fair to interfere, or I'd show the guy how we box over there!"

"Oh, rats!"

"I guess——"

"I'm jolly well going to interfere!" said John Bull determinedly. "Bob isn't going to be punched like that!"

Bull grasped the bully by the shoulder, and swung him back. Bob Cherry tore his head loose. He was looking dazed, almost stupefied, and his nose was bleeding, and his eyes discoloured.

Bolsover looked furiously at John Bull.

"Hands off!" he exclaimed.

"Let him alone, then!"

"You can take his place if you like," said Bolsover, with a sneer.

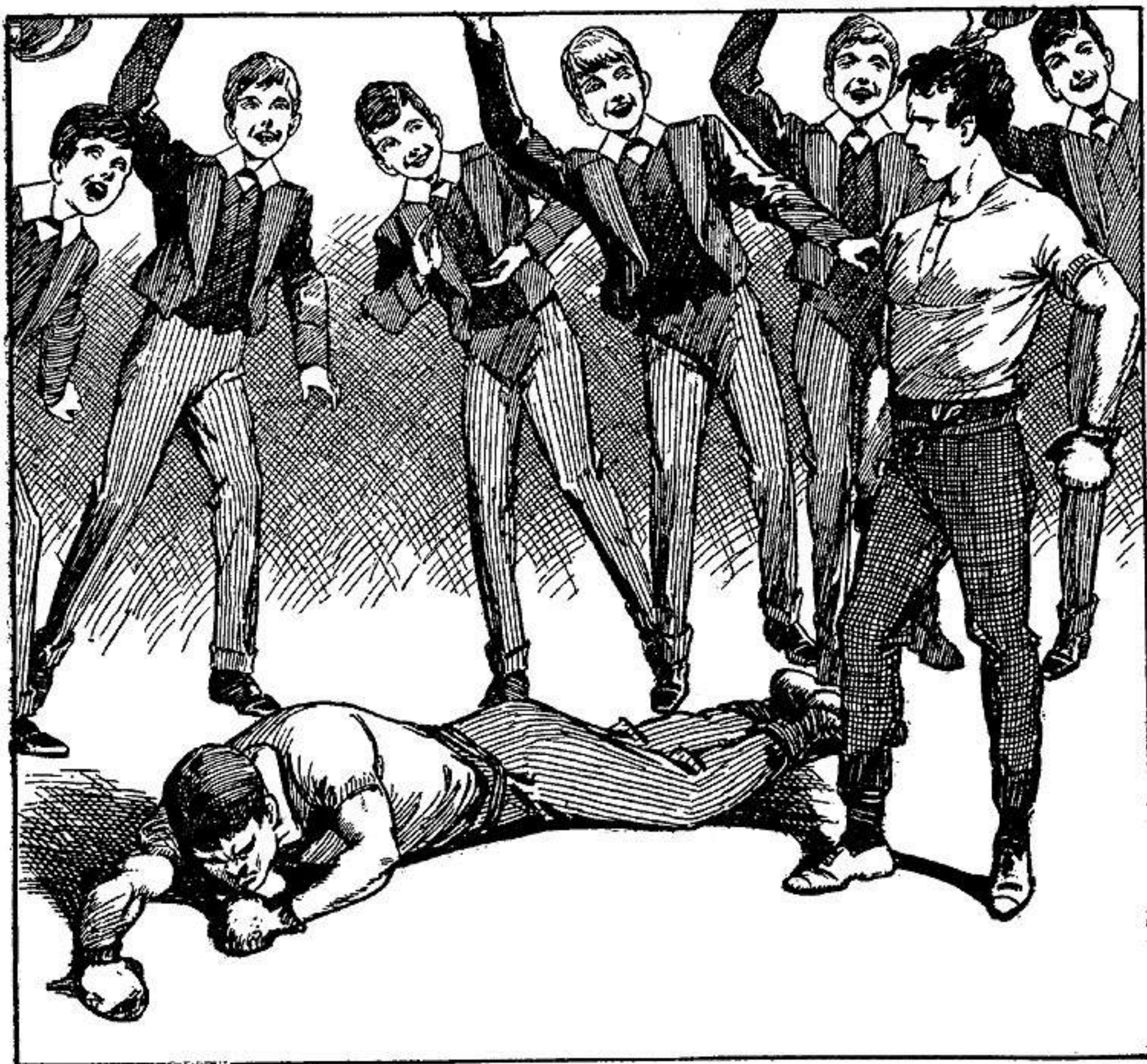
"I'm ready," said John Bull instantly.

"Then come on!"

John Bull put up his hands. The juniors looked on breathlessly. John Bull was the best fighting man in the Remove, with the exception of Harry Wharton and Mark Linley, and they fully expected him to lick the arrogant stranger.

But they were disappointed.

John Bull attacked pluckily enough, but he staggered back from heavy drives from right and left. The new boy's size gave him a great advantage, and he was much longer



Solly's right met Bolsover's chin with a crash and the Remove Bully crashed to the floor, and did not even attempt to rise again. He was licked, and Solly was Cock of the Walk!

in the reach. Bull staggered into Nugent's arms, and Frank caught him and supported him.

"My word!" gasped Bull.

"I guess he's pretty slick," Fisher T. Fish remarked.

"Boys, what does this mean?"

The juniors looked round as Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, came upon the scene, with rustling gown. The Remove-master was looking very angry. The row had taken place in full sight of his study windows, and of those of the Head, too.

"What do you mean by quarrelling here in the Close?" exclaimed the Remove-master. "Who is this? Are you the new boy Bolsover?"

"Yes, sir," said Bolsover.

"Then you will have to learn better behaviour here," said Mr. Quelch. "I trust that this is not a ragging inflicted upon a new boy, Cherry?"

"I feel as if I've had most of the ragging, anyway, sir!" murmured Bob Cherry, rubbing his nose ruefully.

"Who began this fighting, Nugent?"

Frank was silent.

"He shoved my rug in the puddle, sir," said Bolsover, "so I punched him."

"Indeed! Why did you do that, Cherry?"

"Because I—I—"

"What you would call a lark, I suppose," said Mr. THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 182.

Quelch severely. "There is no humour in damaging property, Cherry. You will take fifty lines! Now go in!"

And Mr. Quelch strode away.

The juniors looked at one another with feelings too deep for words. The new fellow was not only a bully; he was apparently a sneak as well. Snoop, of the Remove, was a sneak, and he was often ragged for it. But it would be a more difficult matter ragging Bolsover, that was pretty clear.

"Well, of all the cads!" said Ogilvy.

"Of all the curs——"

"Of all the rotten sneaks——"

"Pick up that rug!" said Bolsover.

"What!"

"Pick up that rug, and wring it out, and take it in!" said Bolsover.

Bob Cherry gave him one look, and then turned away and walked into the house. The other fellows followed him, leaving Bolsover standing alone. The bully stood hesitating, a little taken aback.

"I say, Bolsover, old man!"

It was a squeaky voice. Bolsover turned his head and saw Billy Bunter. The fat junior came up with his most ingratiating smile.

"You remember me, Bolsover?" he said persuasively.

"Yes," said Bolsover. He did not show any enthusiasm over the remembrance.

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"I'm jolly glad to see you here, Bolsover," said Bunter confidentially. "I was going to stand you a feed to welcome you here, you know."

"Good!" said Bolsover.

"Only the funds ran out, you know, and I was disappointed about a postal-order. I was expecting a postal-order this morning, and it hasn't come, so—"

"Bosh!"

"Ahem! But I'm jolly glad to see you, Bolsover. Look here, if you would care to have a feed—a really good feed—"

"Well, I'm hungry after my journey," said Bolsover. "I suppose there's tea in hall, isn't there?"

Bunter turned up his fat little nose.

"Yes; weak tea and doorsteps!" he said. "You don't want that. Look here, there is a feed going—a jolly good feed! Sardines, and salmon, and cold chicken, and ham and eggs, two sorts of cake, and a giddy pineapple!"

"Good! Where?"

"Chap named Bulstrode is coming back to-day, and some fellows are getting the feed ready for him," Bunter explained.

Bolsover grinned.

"I've met him—and licked him!"

"You've licked Bulstrode?"

"Yes."

"Good! Then you will be able to handle any of the others," said Bunter. "I should like to see you lick Wharton, and I'm sure you could. He's a cocky cad, and he never does anybody a good turn. He refused to let me come to the feed."

"Where is the feed?"

"In Wharton's study. Look here, why shouldn't we have it?" said Bunter. "You could knock Wharton into a cocked hat if you tried!"

"I've no doubt I could."

"You're older and bigger than any other chap in the Remove. You ought to be in the Fifth, really, and—Ow! Leggo!"

Bolsover shook the fat junior savagely. Bunter had unintentionally touched upon a weak spot. Bolsover was very sensitive about being so low down in the school, in spite of his age and size. It suited him to be cock of the walk among younger lads, but, at the same time, he did not like any reference to the fact that he was old enough to be in the Shell or the Fifth.

"Ow!" gasped Bunter. "Whaddyer mean? Chuck it! Ow! If you s-s-shake me like that you'll m-m-make my glasses fall off, and if they get broken you'll have to pay for them. Yow!"

"Then no more of your little jokes!" said Bolsover, giving the fat junior a whirl that made him sit down on the muddy rug with a squelch.

"Ow! I—I wasn't joking!"

"You can pick up that rug for me, and wash it out!" said Bolsover, as Billy Bunter staggered dizzily to his feet.

"It wants doing. But about that feed?"

"I—I—I'll wash out the rug with pleasure, Bolsover. I'd do more than that for a fellow I really like!" gasped Bunter. "But about that feed—"

Bolsover grinned in anticipation.

"We'll have it," he said.

"Good! I'll show you the study, and I'll come in later, and—"

"You can come in with me if you like."

"I—I'll look in later, I think," said Bunter. "I—I should only be in the way, you know, if there is trouble."

"Oh, there won't be much trouble!" said Bolsover arrogantly. "I mean to be cock of the walk here, I can tell you."

"This way," said Bunter.

And Bolsover followed him into the house, Bunter carrying the muddy rug. There was a grin of satisfaction upon Bunter's fat, shiny face, in spite of the shaking he had had. Bunter had had many slights to suffer in the Remove, all due to his own meanness and caddishness, but painful enough, all the same, to the fat junior. With a fellow like Bolsover to back him up, Bunter saw a chance of paying off many old scores, and he rejoiced. He showed Bolsover the way to the Remove passage, and they stopped outside the door of No. 1 Study.

"Here you are!" said Bunter, in a cautious whisper, as he blinked in through the half-open door. "There's only Wharton there now; he's cooking the eggs. Smell nice, don't they?"

Bolsover smacked his lips; he was hungry.

"Yes, rather!" he agreed.

"You'll have to lick Wharton."

"Easy enough."

"Oh, yes; easy enough for a chap like you!" said Bunter.

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flatteringly. "I believe you could lick Coker, of the Firth, if you tried. I shouldn't wonder if you'd have a chance against Wingate, even!"

"Oh, shut up!"

"Ahem! Certainly! But—"

"I suppose there are a good many fellows coming to the feed?" said Bolsover, moving along the passage so as to speak to Bunter without being overheard in No. 1 Study.

"Yes, I think so—five or six, anyway."

"H'm!" Bolsover's eyes gleamed suddenly. "Can you get me a rope?"

"A rope?"

"Yes. A strong rope—strong enough to tie chaps up with."

Bunter grinned.

"Oh, yes, rather!"

"Buck up, then."

"What-ho! He, he, he! What a lark!"

"Stop your silly cackling, and buck up!" growled Bolsover.

"Ahem! All right!"

Bunter rolled away to his own study. He returned in a couple of minutes with a coil of rope in his hand. Bolsover looped it over his arm, and walked towards No. 1 Study.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The Uninvited Guest!

HARRY WHARTON was alone in his study. He had left Bulstrode in the Remove dormitory, cleaning off the traces of his encounter with Bolsover outside the station in Friardale. It still wanted a quarter to six, and none of the guests had yet arrived. Wharton was busy poaching eggs. In the days when Billy Bunter had been an inmate of No. 1 Study, he had done most of the cooking; and, certainly, he was a better cook than Harry. But the chums had been glad to get rid of him at any price. Bunter was not a pleasant companion under any circumstances.

Wharton was turning the eggs out of the frying-pan, looking very warm and ruddy, when the door was pushed wider open, and Bolsover came in.

Wharton glanced round at him.

"Well?" he said.

"Well!" said Bolsover.

"Do you want anything?" asked Harry, puzzled.

"Yes."

"What, then?"

"Civility, first of all," said Bolsover. "If I don't get that there will be trouble. In the next place, I'm hungry, and want feeding."

"You won't get fed here," said Wharton.

"I rather think I will!"

"I wouldn't mind asking you to tea, as you're a new boy; but, under the circumstances, it can't be done," said Wharton. "Bulstrode is the guest of honour, and you've just been fighting with him, so you see—"

"Bulstrode can keep away."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"I'm hardly likely to exclude the chap we're getting up the feed specially for, to have you instead," he said. "Besides, to speak plainly, I don't care for your company. I saw all that happened in the Close from the window here, and I think you're a bully. The less I have to say to you, the better I shall like it. Bob Cherry is a chum of mine, and I saw how you handled him. You can get out."

Bolsover sneered.

"I shall please myself on that point," he said. "I'm come here for a feed."

"You won't get it."

"At my old school I used to make the Fourth feed me," said Bolsover. "They used to get up a subscription, and stand me feeds, and if they weren't nice I can tell you there were some thick ears afterwards."

Harry Wharton's lip curled.

"You won't find the Remove here much like that," he said. "Nobody here is likely to feed you. I suppose you can use your fists, from the amount of side you put on; but I dare say we can produce somebody to walk over you, if necessary."

"Perhaps you'd like to try it yourself?" Bolsover suggested.

"I shouldn't object."

"Well, I'm ready."

"I'll meet you in the gym., after tea, if you like," said Harry Wharton quietly. "I'm expecting guests in a few minutes now, so I'll ask you to get out."

Bolsover did not stir.

"I suppose you don't want to make a row here, just when I'm standing a feed to a chap coming back from being away?" said Wharton quietly.

Bolsover laughed sneeringly.

"I'm sure I'm not very particular about it," he said. "I'm coming to the feed, at all events."

"You're not!"

"I'm here," said Bolsover. "Are you going to shift me?"

Wharton laid down the frying-pan.

"Yes," he said, "if you don't go!"

"Well, I'm not going!"

Harry Wharton pushed his cuffs back and stepped towards the new boy. Bolsover stood with his hands in his pockets, looking at him, a sneer upon his face.

"Are you going, Bolsover?"

"No!"

Wharton said no more. He put up his hands, and came straight at the new boy. Bolsover backed away a pace or two, and then hurled himself upon Wharton.

Harry Wharton was strong and athletic, and he had the reputation of being the best fighting-man in the Remove. And there was a great deal of fighting done in that Form at Greyfriars. But Bolsover came as a surprise to him. He was more than a year older than Wharton, and very much bigger, and Harry had little more chance than he would have had against a fellow in the Fifth.

Bolsover broke through his guard, hitting out fiercely, and closed with him. Harry wrestled fiercely, striving to swing his adversary towards the doorway.

They reached the door, and Bolsover kicked it shut with his foot. Then he exerted his strength, his strong arms closing round the Removite like bands of iron.

His bulldog face, with its mocking grin, looked down into Wharton's.

"It won't be so easy," he remarked.

"You cad!"

"You are going to chuck me out, ain't you?" grinned Bolsover. "Well, I'm waiting for the chucking to begin."

Wharton made a desperate effort, putting into it every ounce of strength he possessed; and the burly fellow crashed back against the door. He slid to the floor, but his powerful arms still held Wharton, and Harry went down with him.

They rolled on the floor, struggling furiously.

Then Bolsover's strength and size told hopelessly against the younger boy. He rolled Wharton over, and sat astride of his chest. His heavy fist whirled in the air, and crashed down into Harry's face. The back of the junior's head thudded on the floor, and the cowardly blow almost stunned him.

"Now, will you give in?" shouted Bolsover.

"Oh, you coward!"

"Do you give in?"

"No!"

The bully rained blows upon the lad under him. Wharton strove in vain to elude them. His senses were swimming under the brutal attack.

"Now, do you chuck it—eh?"

Wharton did not reply. He could not. Bolsover grinned, and dragged open the coil of rope. Wharton saw his intention, and struggled, but it was useless. His wrists were dragged together, and the rope wound round them, and in spite of his resistance the muscular bully knotted it tightly.

Then he rose, gasping a little, and bound the junior's ankles in the same way. Harry Wharton was helpless to resist now, and he had to lie quietly while an extra length of rope was wound round his body, holding his arms down to his sides.

Bolsover grinned at the helpless lad.

"Quite done?" he asked.

"You cad!"

"You can sit there," said Bolsover. "I'll entertain your guests for you. My hat, this does look something like a feed!"

"You hound!" shouted Wharton. "Let that grub alone."

"Not likely."

"I—I'll smash you!"

"Ha, ha, ha! You look like smashing anybody, don't you?" grinned Bolsover.

Wharton ground his teeth. His eyes were burning with rage. He had been defeated. There was no disgrace in being beaten in a struggle with a fellow much older and bigger than himself; but Wharton felt his position keenly. It was ridiculous to be sitting there bound hand and foot when his guests arrived.

And he was helpless. Even when he was let loose again, he knew that he would have no chance of punishing Bolsover. He was no match for the new bully of the Remove.

Bolsover laughed as he watched his face. He sat down in a chair at the table, and looked over the good things spread there. The door was opened and Bob Cherry came in, and Bolsover jumped up.

EVERY
TUESDAY,

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ONE
PENNY.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Quite a Collection!

"FIRST in the field—eh?" said Bob Cherry cheerfully. Bob Cherry was always cheerful, though two black eyes and a swollen nose were not really conducive to cheerfulness. "I'll lend a hand—why—what—how—the dickens!"

Bob Cherry broke off, staring in blank amazement at the strange scene in the study. Harry Wharton was crimson with rage and shame.

"Harry! What the—how the——"

"That cad has tied me up like this!" said Harry, between his teeth. "Get me loose, Bob, old man, and we'll chuck him out before the other fellows come!"

"What—ho!"

Bob Cherry stepped towards Harry Wharton. Bolsover ran into the way.

"No, you don't!" he said.

"Keep back, you cad!"

"No fear!"

Bolsover laid hands upon Bob. Bob knew by experience that he had little chance; but he put up a good fight. Bolsover was very busy with him for two or three minutes before he finally got him down.

Then Bob Cherry still struggled. But with Bolsover's heavy knee planted upon his chest, grinding him down, he had little chance.

"I think I've got you!" grinned Bolsover.

"Ow! Rotter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you cad!"

"I'm going to tie you up, my buck, like a giddy prize-turkey," said Bolsover. "Got anything to say against it?"

"Help!" shouted Bob Cherry. "Rescue! Remove!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bolsover dragged Bob's hands together, in spite of his resistance, and tied his wrists. Then he tied his ankles together.

"There!" he gasped. "I think that will do."

"You hound!"

"Go it," said Bolsover coolly. "You can blow off your breath in fancy names if you like. I don't mind a bit."

"You worm!"

"Pile it on."

"You utter cad!"

"Keep it up!"

"You—you unspeakable toad!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry stopped. It was evidently useless to "slang" Bolsover. He roared with laughter at the fancy names Bob Cherry applied to him. The bully evidently regarded the whole affair as a first-rate joke. It certainly was funny from his point of view; but the chums of the Remove could see nothing comic in it.

There was a sound of footsteps in the passage. Bolsover closed the door. Harry Wharton gave a shout.

"Rescue!"

The door opened, and Frank Nugent came in. He had a bag under his arm, containing jam-puffs, and he laid it on the table before he perceived the state of the occupants of the study.

"Why, what—what——" he exclaimed.

"Hallo! Are you another of them?" asked Bolsover, shutting the door. "Very well! I'll add you to the collection."

"Tackle him, Franky!" roared Bob Cherry.

"What—ho!" said Nugent, and he ran right at Bolsover. He was met by a powerful right-hander on the chest, which sent him staggering across Harry Wharton, and he fell with a crash to the floor.

Bolsover's knee was on his chest the next minute.

"What are you up to?" gasped Nugent, as Bolsover began to bind a length of rope round him, pinning his arms to his sides.

"Tying you up," said Bolsover cheerfully.

"Why, you cheeky cad——"

"Keep still!"

"I won't! I——"

"You'll get hurt if you don't," said Bolsover, clenching his fist.

"Will you hit a chap when he's down, you horrible cad?" said Frank.

"Yes, if you don't keep quiet."

Nugent's wrists were tied together. Bolsover grinned as he rose to his feet, and surveyed his three prisoners with great satisfaction.

The Greyfriars chums writhed with rage. If they had been loose there were enough of them to eat Bolsover, but they were bound and helpless.

ANSWERS

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 182.

NEXT TUESDAY: "INKY MINOR!"

A Grand, Long, Complete Tale of an Amazing Jape at Greyfriars School. By FRANK RICHARDS.

"Any more coming?" asked Bolsover coolly.

"Cad!"

"Rotter!"

"Beast!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bolsover. "I've been called all those nice names before, and some others, too; but they don't break any bones, you know."

"Let us go!"

"No fear!"

"I—I—I'll pulverise you—"

"Yes, you look like it! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hallo! What's the row?" asked Tom Brown, looking into the study. "I can hear you all along the passage. What the—My hat!"

"Look out!" shrieked Nugent.

But it was too late. Bolsover's strong grasp was upon the New Zealand junior, and he was dragged into the study, Bolsover kicking the door shut behind him. Tom Brown struggled, but he was down in a minute; he was taken by surprise, and he had not the ghost of a chance.

In a minute or less he was bound and placed in a sitting posture on the floor with the others, so dazed and bewildered that he wondered whether he was dreaming.

"What—what—what's the little game?" he stuttered.

Bolsover chuckled.

"It's a nice little treat for you," he explained. "I'm coming to the feed here; but the company don't seem to like the wheeze, so I'm tying up the company first—see?"

"Why, you cheeky rotter—"

"Any more coming in?" asked Bulstrode.

"My hat," said Nugent, "I wish two or three would come in together!"

The door opened, and Bulstrode came in. Bulstrode was newly washed and brushed, but his face showed only too visible traces of the hammering he had had at the hands of the new junior.

"Ready?" he asked. "Why, what—"

Bolsover's grasp was upon him.

"Here, chuck it!" exclaimed Bulstrode. "What's the little game? What are you up to? My only hat! What the—"

"Down you go!" said Bolsover.

Bump!

Bulstrode sprawled upon the floor, with the bully sprawling over him. In spite of his struggles, his hands were bound down to his sides with the coiling rope. Bolsover knotted it round him with great and especial care.

Bulstrode was so amazed that he hardly knew whether he was on his head or his heels. He stared at the new boy, and he stared at Harry Wharton & Co., gasping for breath. Bolsover was grinning, but Harry Wharton & Co. looked glum enough.

"What—what does this mean?" Bulstrode stammered. "Is it a lark?"

"Yes, it's a lark of that cad's!" said Harry, gritting his teeth. "He's got us, Bulstrode, old man. I can't help it. He's going to scoff the feed."

"You—you chaps have let him tie you up like this!" exclaimed Bulstrode.

"He took us one at a time."

"Yes, but—"

"He's tied you up, too, hasn't he?" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Well, yes."

"Any more coming to the feed?" asked Bolsover. "I've got plenty of rope left—yards and yards of it. And I don't object to an audience when I feed—not at all!"

"Cad!"

"Rotter!"

"Brute!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Bolsover.

There were footsteps in the passage. The chums of the Remove had little doubt that they belonged to another fellow coming to the feed. They exchanged a look, and then all shouted at once:

"Look out!"

John Bull opened the door and came in. Bolsover stood behind the door as it opened, so that he was able to take Bull from behind by surprise.

"Hallo!" said Bull. "What is there to look out for? Ow!"

He staggered forward, with Bolsover's powerful grip on his shoulders behind. He was bumped down upon his face, and the bully's knee was grinding into the small of his back before he could struggle or realise what was happening. His hands were dragged up behind him and bound together.

"M-m-m-my word!" gasped Bull.

Bolsover rolled him over into a sitting position, and John Bull blinked at the other juniors. They blinked back glumly.

"Look here, I don't like this!" roared Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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"If this is the way you receive your guests, Wharton—" "Oh, don't be an ass!" snapped Wharton. "Can't you see I'm tied up in the same way? The beast took us one at a time, and he's too strong for us."

"My hat!"

"I rather think I'm too strong for the lot of you!" grinned Bolsover. "My hat, this is the joke of the season, I think! Won't the whole blessed school roar when they hear of it! But I'm hungry. Any more guests coming? I want to get to the grub."

"Fish and Hazeldene are coming together," said John Bull, looking at Wharton. "The cad won't be able to tackle the two of them."

"Good luck!"

"They were coming down the passage when I came in. Ah, here they are!"

Hazeldene and Fisher T. Fish came into the study as John Bull was speaking. They stopped on the threshold, staring in blank amazement at the astounding scene before them.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

"Not a Finger!"

"GREAT snakes!"

"My word!"

"I guess this takes the hull biscuit factory!" said Fisher T. Fish. "What sort of a bizney do you call this, anyway?"

"What's the game," asked Hazeldene. "What are you tied up for, you fellows?"

"Do you think it's because we like it?" howled Nugent. "That beast has done it. He's too strong for us."

"Two strong for half a dozen of you?" exclaimed Hazeldene.

"He took us one at a time," said Bob Cherry.

"Oh, I see!"

"I guess he can't take us one at a time," said Fisher T. Fish, and he pointed a lean forefinger at the new boy. "You just untie those chaps! You hear me?"

"I hear you," agreed Bolsover.

"Then you'd better hustle."

"Oh, collar him!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "You're not much in the fighting line, either of you, but the two of you ought to be able to manage him."

"Pile in!" exclaimed John Bull.

"I guess I could show him how we box over there, if he doesn't knuckle under in short order," said Fisher T. Fish. "Are you going to untie those guys, Bolsover?"

"Not much!"

"Then I guess I'll do it."

Bolsover chuckled.

"I guess you won't," he said.

"You hold him off, Hazeldene, while I untie them," said Fisher T. Fish.

Hazeldene eyed the bully doubtfully. He did not very much fancy the task of "holding off" a fellow head and shoulders taller than himself—a fellow who had overcome all the fighting-men of the Remove in turn. Hazel could use his hands, and he had some courage, but he had never been a fighting-man.

"Look here, I'll untie them while you keep him off," he said.

Bolsover chuckled again. He came round to the study door and locked it. He did not want to run the risk of more fellows arriving while he was tackling two at a time. He had plenty of confidence in his great strength, but he did not wish to run the risk of the tables being turned upon him. He could guess what kind of a rugging he would get if Harry Wharton & Co. should get loose and have him to themselves in the study.

Hazeldene and Fisher T. Fish looked at one another, and then they looked at Bolsover, and then at the bound juniors on the floor.

Bolsover looked very dangerous to tackle, and it was very doubtful if they could get Harry Wharton & Co. untied in time to help. Certainly one of them might have engaged Bolsover while the other started work on the cords; but neither was anxious for the task of engaging Bolsover.

"I guess you'd better untie those cords, Bolsover," said the American junior.

"You've guessed wrong, then," said Bolsover.

"I kind of guess I shall lick you if you don't."

"Begin—I'm ready."

"Come on, Hazel, let's tackle him," said Fish. "I don't feel inclined for a scrap on a hot afternoon; but we can tie him up as he's tied the others up."

"Good! There's plenty of rope here, anyway," said Hazeldene.

"Come on, then!"

"All right! You begin."

Bolsover laughed, and there was an angry roar from the tied-up juniors on the floor.

"Go for him!"

"Bump him over!"

"I guess I'm just going to begin. You'll get left, Bolsover, if you don't untie those guys," said Fisher T. Fish. "Jevver get left?"

"Buck up, you silly asses!" shouted John Bull.

"I guess I'm bucking up. Look here, Hazel, why ain't you coming on?"

"Well, why don't you come on, if you come to that?" Hazeldene retorted.

"I guess I'm waiting for you."

"And I'm waiting for you."

"Now, I guess—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bolsover. "If you're not going to begin, I think I will. Now then, both of you at once!"

He rushed at the two juniors.

Fisher T. Fish dodged round the table and escaped for the moment. Hazeldene tried to dodge, and stumbled over Bob Cherry's long legs, and fell to the floor. Bolsover was upon him in a moment, his knee planted upon him till he yelled.

"Ow! Chuck it!"

"Are you going to take it quietly?" chuckled Bolsover.

"Ow! Yes!"

"Help him, Fishy!" roared Bob Cherry. "You blessed white-livered son of a Chicago potted beef tin, help him, can't you?"

"I—I guess so! I—"

"Rescue!" howled Hazeldene.

"Shut up!" said Bolsover, knocking his head against the floor. "Dry up! Now, are you going to yelp again?"

"Ow! No! Yow! Oh, no!"

"Good!"

Bolsover bound Hazeldene's wrists, keeping an eye on the American junior all the time. Fisher T. Fish made a rush at him. Bolsover half rose, and the American scuttled round the table again.

"You'd—you'd better stop that, Bolsover, I guess!" exclaimed Fisher T. Fish threateningly. "When I get my mad up, I'm dangerous! You hear me?"

"Yes, I hear."

"You let Hazeldene alone! You untie him immediately! You hear? I guess I'll knock you into the middle of next January if you don't let up—some!"

"Go for him, you ass!" howled Bob Cherry.

"Buck up, Fishy!"

"Squash him!"

"I—I'm going to!" gasped Fish. "I—I'm just going to begin! Wait a minute till I've taken my jacket off!"

"Blow your jacket! Go for him!"

"Well, let me push my cuffs back, and—and—"

"Yah! You're afraid!" bellowed John Bull.

"I—I guess I'm not afraid of anything your old island can produce," said Fisher T. Fish. "You'll see in a minute—"

"Go for him!"

"You should see me box over there!" said Fisher T. Fish.

"I've knocked out bigger guys than that chap, and—"

"Yah! Coward!"

"What's that?"

"Coward!" yelled Bob Cherry.

"I guess I refuse to fight the chap now," said Fisher T. Fish, with a great deal of dignity. "Nobody is going to call me a coward, and expect me to help him. I utterly decline to lay a finger on Bolsover now."

The juniors, in spite of their rage, could hardly help grinning. There certainly wasn't any chance of Fisher T. Fish laying a finger on Bolsover, but his way of getting out of the difficulty was certainly comic enough.

Bolsover finished tying Hazeldene's hands, and sat him in the row with the rest. Then he advanced towards the American junior.

Fisher T. Fish backed away round the table.

"I guess I'm not going to lay a finger on you," he said.

"I guess you're not," agreed Bolsover. "I guess you haven't the pluck to lay a finger on a white rabbit, if he tried to bite. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here—"

"Come away from that door!" roared Bolsover, as Fisher T. Fish made a rush in that direction.

The American junior halted.

"Oh, c-certainly!" he exclaimed. "I—I don't mind! Anything to oblige! Mind, I'm not going to lay a finger on you, Bolsover. I was going to pulverise you—to simply knock you into a squashed melon, but I won't now!"

"I know you won't! Hold out your hands!"

"What for?"

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NEXT TUESDAY: "INKY MINOR!"

EVERY
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ONE
PENNY.

"For me to tie them."

"I—I guess not! You see—"

"I'll jolly well bump you over if you don't!" said Bolsover.

"Well, I've said that I won't lay a finger on you, so I really don't know what I'm to do," said Fisher T. Fish. "I—I'd rather not, you know. If any chap proposed to tie me up, as a rule, I should sail in and knock him into tiny pieces. But I've said that I won't lay a finger on you, and I'm a fellow of my word."

"Give me your paws."

"Well, there you are. As I've said, I won't lay a finger on you, I—I—"

"Oh, ring off!"

Bolsover tied Fisher T. Fish's wrists together. Fish was the only one who had surrendered without a struggle, but certainly it would have been all the same if he had resisted. He would have had no chance against the burly Bolsover.

Bolsover shoved Fisher T. Fish down in a sitting posture with the rest of the juniors, and chuckled aloud.

"Well, you look a jolly row," he remarked. "Now I think it's time I had my tea."

The juniors did not speak. Their feelings were too deep for words. They watched the bully in silence as he sat down at the table and began upon the good things.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Free Feeds.

BOLSOVER had, apparently, a good appetite. He "wired in," and soon made a considerable difference with the good things that were piled upon the table.

The cold chicken vanished as if by magic, and the ham and eggs followed, Bolsover helping himself in the most liberal way. He grinned at the silent and furious juniors as he proceeded with his repast.

"I must say this is jolly good!" he remarked. "I hope we shall often have little feeds like this in this study. Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors glared.

To sit there, tied up like so many chickens, and look on at the feed—the feed they had prepared for themselves, and which the bully was devouring—was intolerable.

But they had no help for it.

The only thing to do was to grin and bear it—to bear it, at all events, even if they could not grin.

They bore it.

Inwardly they registered all sorts of fearful vows of vengeance. Bolsover grinned at them across the table.

There came a tap at the door. The juniors made a movement of hope at the thought of rescue. The handle of the door was tried, but Bolsover had locked it.

"Rescue!" shouted Nugent.

"I say, you fellows—" came a squeaky voice through the keyhole.

Bob Cherry grunted.

"No good; it's only Bunter."

"I say, Bolsover—"

"Hallo!"

"Have you licked Wharton?"

"Yes," grinned Bolsover.

"Are you feeding?"

"Yes."

"Well, you might let a fellow in," said Billy Bunter, in an injured voice. "I suppose there's more than enough for one; and I put you on to this, you know."

Bolsover burst into a laugh. He unlocked the study door, and opened it, and the Owl of the Remove came in. Billy Bunter stopped short as he caught sight of the row of bound juniors on the floor, and gasped.

"Great Scott! Wh-what—"

"Shut the door," said Bolsover.

"But—but how did you do it?" gasped Bunter.

"Oh, I did it!" said Bolsover airily.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Stop that cackling, you fat duffer!" said Bob Cherry. "Look here, I'll stand you a big feed if you'll call Mark Linley, and tell him what's going on."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Chuck that croaking, you ass."

"He, he, he!" giggled Bunter. "Oh, dear! Ha, ha, ha! This is funny! I say, you fellows, how do you like it?"

"Oh, ring off!"

"I warned you what Bolsover was like!" grinned Bunter.

"He, he, he! You're going to have a lively time in the Remove! He, he, he!"

Snoop and Skinner looked in at the door, which had been left unlocked. They stared at Harry Wharton & Co. in astonishment, and giggled too.

"Is this an exhibit?" asked Skinner.

Bolsover waved his hand to the table. He relocked the door. He had taken the measure of Skinner and Snoop at a glance.

"I'm standing a feed," he said. "These chaps are simply audience. You can pile in if you like."

Skinner and Snoop needed no second invitation. They drew chairs up to the table, and piled in.

Bunter was first, however. He didn't trouble about a chair. He stood at the table, and fed. Bolsover had already made a deep inroad into the most tasty delicacies on the table. But the feed was a liberal one, intended for seven or eight fellows, and so there were ample supplies. Bunter's fat face was soon glistening from his exertions. But he did not slacken them.

Snoop and Skinner did full justice to the feed, too. It was seldom that they had such a treat for nothing. Bolsover demolished a few more tarts and meringues, and then sat and watched the others, with a grin. He did not want any of the feed left.

Harry Wharton & Co. watched too.

They could not interfere, and it was useless for them to raise verbal objections. They could only take it quietly, with all the patience they could muster.

Billy Bunter blinked round at them presently. The fat junior was enjoying the situation as much as he was enjoying the feed. He had never taken what he considered as his rightful place in the Greyfriars Remove. But under Bolsover's wing, he felt that there were new times coming for him. It behoved fellows to be civil to a chap who could call in the aid of the cock of the walk at any time.

"I say, you fellows. I suppose you don't mind this?" he remarked. "He, he, he!"

"Oh, go ahead!" growled Harry Wharton. "You may as well have it as the other cads!"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"I'll give the fat beast a jolly good licking, all the same, presently," growled Frank Nugent.

Billy Bunter blinked at him.

"You'd better not," he said. "Bolsover is going to look after me, ain't you, Bolsover?"

"Certainly," said Bolsover loftily. "Bunter's under my protection. Anybody who lays a finger on Bunter will have to look out for me."

"There you are, Nugent!"

"You'll get more than a finger, all the same," said Frank.

"You'll get a whole fist!"

"Oh, really—"

"And a whole foot, too," said Bob Cherry.

Billy Bunter picked up a jam-tart, and rolled towards Nugent. He blinked down at the round junior.

"Where will you have it?" he asked.

"Eh?"

"Where will you have it?" repeated Bunter.

"You—you fat rotter! Keep it away!"

"Not unless you apologise," said Bunter, in his haughtiest tone. "If you like to say you are sorry—"

"You fat cad!"

"There you are, then!"

Squelch!

The jam-tart crushed and crumbled on Nugent's face. He gasped and snorted as the jam filled his nose and mouth. The tart remained sticking to his face, till, by working his features, he succeeded in getting rid of it. Then most of the jam remained.

"Ow!" gasped Nugent. "Gree! Oh!"

Bolsover roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton & Co. were silent after that. Whatever they intended to do in the future to the spoilers of the feed they kept to themselves. There were plenty of jam-tarts to go round, and Billy Bunter was only too willing to take advantage of a fellow who was helpless.

The feed finished at last. Skinner and Snoop rose from the table. Billy Bunter was packing filberts and oranges and biscuits into his pockets. He had eaten all he could, and there was a bright shininess in his complexion and a slow heaviness in his movements which showed how much he had overdone it.

"Finished?" asked Bolsover.

"Yes," said Skinner. "Thanks! I've seldom had a more ripping feed! So kind of you, Bolsover!"

"Jolly decent!" said Snoop. "It was ripping!"

"Glad you liked it!" said Bolsover.

He unlocked the door, and Skinner and Snoop and Bunter, with mocking grins at the bound juniors, quitted the study. Bolsover turned in the doorway to look at them.

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"Well, I think you've had your lesson," he said. "Thanks for the feed; it was nice! And now I think you'll admit that I'm cock of the walk in the Remove—eh?"

"Oh, go and eat coke!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bolsover closed the study door behind him, and went down the passage whistling.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Too Previous.

HARRY WHARTON & CO. remained as they were.

They were bound too tightly to have any chance of getting loose, and it was evidently not Bolsover's intention to set them free.

Their limbs were growing cramped with the bonds, and their tempers were getting exasperated to a most dangerous point.

Bob Cherry was the only one who retained any good-humour. The hero of the Remove seemed to be able to preserve his good temper under any circumstances. He grinned round at the scowling faces of the other fellows.

"Well, this is a go!" he exclaimed.

"Hang that fellow!" growled Hazeldene.

"I guess he's slick," said Fisher T. Fish dolefully. "There ain't any flies on that sport, you bet!"

"Hang him!"

"Blow him!"

"The beast!"

"The cad!"

"The rank outsider!"

"That's right—blow off steam!" said Bob Cherry approvingly. "It will make you feel better."

"Oh, shut up!" growled Nugent. "Ow! My face is beastly sticky! I'll skin Bunter! It tickles like anything!"

"Poor old Franky!"

"There's a beastly fly crawling on my nose!" said Nugent distressfully. "Ow! Can't somebody rub him off?"

The hot afternoon sun was streaming in at the study window. The jam on Nugent's face was very attractive to the flies. Flies were buzzing over the tea-table, and flies were buzzing over Nugent. One fly had crawled on his nose to eat the jam, and had his legs stuck in it. His efforts to extricate himself were decidedly irritating to the helpless junior.

Nugent rolled over, and rubbed his nose against the floor, with fatal results to the fly. But as soon as he sat up again, gasping, flies came round to call. They seemed to like Nugent very much.

"We—we must get out of this fix!" said Harry Wharton, who had been straining at his bonds till his joints almost cracked. "Can't any of you fellows get loose?"

"I guess I can't!"

"I've been trying," said John Bull, who was as red as a beetroot in the face with exertion. "I can't!"

"I can't!" said Tom Brown. "The horrid cad has tied us up too well. My arms are aching fearfully."

"So are mine."

"Same here."

"Well, we're in a giddy fix, and no mistake!" said Bob Cherry. "The only thing is to yell. Somebody will come and let us loose. I believe Marky is in his study."

"Hold on!" said Harry Wharton hastily, as Bob Cherry opened his mouth to yell.

Bob paused.

"What's the row?" he asked.

"Don't be in a hurry! We don't want the fellows to come crowding in, and seeing us like this!" said Harry, red with mortification.

"H'm!" said Bob. "There's something in that! But —"

"I don't see any other way out of it, Wharton," said John Bull.

"Can't some of you get loose?"

There was a general straining at the rope again. But they had tried that before. It was useless; and one after another they gave it up. They could not get loose, and they sat gasping painfully from their efforts.

"Can't be done!" said Nugent.

"We shall have to yell," remarked Bob. "May as well make up your mind to it, Harry."

"I guess it's all O. K.," said Fisher T. Fish. "There's no disgrace in being done in, one at a time, you know. As for me, I had no chance, as I had said that I wouldn't lay a finger on the fellow, and—"

"Rats!"

"I guess—"

"Oh, shut up, Fish!" said Wharton irritably. "We don't want any swank now! If you had put up a decent fight, this wouldn't have happened. I suppose we shall have to yell for the fellows. Go it!"

The Removites burst into a simultaneous yell:

"Help!"

There was no reply at first. But by the time that they had yelled half a dozen times in succession there was a sound of footsteps in the passage. Mark Linley, of the Remove, opened the door and looked in.

Linley was a very quiet and composed lad, but as he saw the strange sight in the study his jaw dropped, and his eyes opened wide, and he stared at them blankly, looking a great deal like a fish fresh from the water.

"Marky, old man——"

"Why, what—what has happened?"

"We've been tied up!" said Harry lamely.

The Lancashire lad smiled. He could see that for himself. But he did not waste time in asking questions. He took a knife from the table, and went from one junior to another, cutting the ropes.

Glad enough were Harry Wharton & Co. to rise and stretch their cramped limbs. They stretched and twisted themselves to get the stiffness out of their joints, and there were muffled exclamations as attacks of "pins and needles" came on.

Bob Cherry hopped on one leg, with his face twisted up into a most extraordinary expression.

"Ow!" he gasped. "Yow! I've got it!"

"It will pass off in a minute, Bob!"

"Yow-ow-yow!"

Mark finished his work and laid down the knife. He could not help smiling a little. The whole thing was utterly absurd, and no one could feel the absurdity more than Bolsover's victims themselves.

"You've had a rough time," Mark Linley said sympathetically, but with a glimmer in his eyes. "How did the fellow manage it? Who was it?"

"It was Bolsover!"

"The new boy?"

"Yes. He tackled us one at a time, excepting Hazel and Fish. He took them together, but Fish couldn't put up a fight!"

"I guess——"

"Oh, rats! Look here, you fellows, we shall never hear the end of this," said Harry Wharton restlessly. "The Remove will roar over it, and the whole school will get hold of it and chuckle! We've got to make Bolsover sit up for it!"

"Rag him!" said Hazeldene.

"Good! Rag the cad!" said Fisher T. Fish. "I guess that's about the right caper!"

Wharton shook his head hesitatingly.

"I don't know about that," he said. "Ragging is all very well, but—but— Well, it will look jolly bad to rag a chap we can't tackle single-handed. If it were a fellow one of us could stand up to, it would be all right. But it would look bad if he were able to say we set on him five or six at a time, because we couldn't take him on singly. I don't like the idea!"

"I don't, either, for that matter," said Bob Cherry. "But what are we to do? We can't let him go on like this!"

"I suppose not."

"And we can't lick him."

"We can try."

"Haven't we tried?" said Bob. "I've tried, and he simply walked over me! Bulstrode tried, and was walked over!"

"I had no chance," said Bulstrode. "How did you find him, Wharton?"

Wharton coloured.

"Well, I hadn't much of a show," he said; "but then I didn't know how big a job it was, and I wasn't quite ready for it. I think it might turn out differently, with gloves on, in the gym., and everything in order for a regular mill. And if I can't lick him, I think Marky had better come next."

The Lancashire lad nodded.

"I'm quite willing," he said. "If the chap's a bully, and he has to be taken down, I'm willing to do my best. I don't know if I can do it, that's all; but I'll try!"

"If Marky can't, nobody can, and the ratter will be cock of the walk, just as he said!" said Bob Cherry dolefully.

"I guess I could show him how we box over there! I——"

"Oh, ring off, Fishy!"

"Let us go down and see the cad!" said Harry. "I'm going to make him come into the gym., and have it out now. We shall see how it turns out."

"Good enough!"

The juniors crowded out of the study, only Frank Nugent remaining behind to wash the jam off his face. Billy Bunter was on the stairs, slowly ascending—very slowly. That feed was telling on the fat junior.

He caught sight of the juniors coming down, and gave a gasp of alarm. There was vengeance in their looks as they saw him. Bunter turned and ran, and lost his footing on the stairs, and rolled to the bottom. He lay on the mat gasping.

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NEXT TUESDAY: "INKY MINOR!"

EVERY
TUESDAY,

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ONE
PENNY.

"Ow! Ow! Leave off!" he yelled. "Yow! Stop it!"

The juniors had not touched him yet—they had not even reached him. But Bunter was roaring as if he were being slaughtered. Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, opened his study door and came out. Bunter heard his footstep, and roared louder, imagining that the juniors were close upon him.

"Ow! Help! Murder! Yaroooh! Ow! Chuck it! Yah!"

Mr. Quelch stopped, and stared down at the fat junior. He wondered whether Bunter had taken leave of his senses.

"Bunter——"

"Ow! Yow! Yaroooh!"

"Bunter!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"Oh!" gasped Bunter, recognising the voice; and he sat up, and blinked at the Form-master. "Ow! Oh, sir! I thought——"

"What do you mean, Bunter, by rolling on the floor, and uttering those ridiculous cries?" Mr. Quelch exclaimed severely.

"If you please, sir——"

"I think you must be mad, Bunter! I have never heard of such an utterly ridiculous and unaccountable proceeding!" said Mr. Quelch, exasperated. "It is a ridiculous trick, Bunter—a deliberate intention to annoy and alarm your Form-master!"

"Oh, sir, I——"

"Follow me into my study, Bunter."

"Oh, sir, I——"

"Follow me!" almost shouted Mr. Quelch. "Since you choose to cry out in an alarming manner, Bunter, and alarm the house, I shall give you something to cry out for."

"But, sir——"

Mr. Quelch interrupted him. He laid an iron grasp upon Billy Bunter's collar, and marched him into his study. From the closed door a swishing sound was heard, and wails of anguish from the Owl of the Remove.

Harry Wharton & Co. went on their way grinning. They had not touched Bunter, but the cad of the Remove had had his punishment all the same. Billy Bunter came out of the Form-master's study snorting and grunting, and compressing his fat hands under his arms. Harry Wharton & Co. had gone into the junior common-room to look for Bolsover.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

A Fight to a Finish.

BOLSOVER was there.

The new junior was holding quite a court.

The story of the happenings in No. 1 Study in the Remove passage had spread. Snoop and Skinner had taken care of that.

The whole Remove had chuckled over it already, and fellows of the other Forms were getting hold of it. Even Wharton's own friends, fellows who would never have backed up Bolsover against him, even Bulstrode's own chums, laughed over the story. They could not help it. It was a deadly blow to Bulstrode's prestige as captain of the Remove, and it afforded many of the juniors secret satisfaction as regarded Wharton. For Harry, many fine qualities as he had, was looked upon as being given to "riding the high horse" at times, and a fall for Wharton afforded gratification even to many fellows who were on the best of terms with him.

The junior common-room was crowded, and the fellows were all laughing. They laughed more than ever as Harry Wharton & Co. came in. The new-comers did not need to be told what they were laughing at.

Temple, Dabney & Co., of the Upper Fourth, seemed to be enjoying the joke as much as any.

Fags of the Second and Third Form, Dicky Nugent, and Gatty, and Tubb, and the rest, chuckled over it without end. They burst into a yell as the Removites came in, and Sammy Bunter, of the Second, yelled:

"See the conquering heroes come!"

And there was a roar of laughter.

Harry Wharton & Co. walked in with crimson faces. Really, there was no shame in what they had suffered; they had been taken one at a time, and there was no disgrace in a fellow being overpowered by another fellow stronger than himself. It was true, but they felt ridiculous, and they could not help feeling that there was something ominently ridiculous in the position they had been in.

The Remove seemed to think so, anyway. Some of the fellows were laughing till the tears ran down their cheeks.

Bolsover was the centre of a crowd. Fellows like Snoop and Skinner regarded him as an excellent person to make friends with. And, under the circumstances, nobody was inclined to quarrel with him. The fellow who was big enough

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and strong enough to handle Harry Wharton & Co. as Bolsover had done, was not a person to be lightly tackled.

Wharton came straight up to Bolsover. Snoop and Skinner drew behind the bully; but Wharton took no notice of them. He was not after the small fry. Bolsover met him with an insolent grin.

"You've got out, then?" he asked.

"Yes," said Wharton.

"Must have been a nice sight, I think," remarked Temple, of the Upper Fourth, in his bland tone. "I wish I had been there with my camera."

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wharton did not even look at the Fourth-Formers. His eyes were fixed upon Bolsover.

Bolsover stood with his hands in his trousers' pockets, in a carelessly lounging attitude.

It was perfectly plain that he did not care two straws for Wharton, or for anything that he might say or do.

"I've got to settle with you," said Harry.

"Go ahead!"

"Will you come into the gym.?"

"What for?"

"To stand up to me with the gloves on."

Bolsover laughed.

"Haven't you had enough yet?" he asked.

"No."

"Oh, I don't mind giving you another licking. But you'd better keep off the grass; you haven't an earthly."

"We shall see about that."

"Well, I'll come; I'm ready."

"Follow me, then."

Everybody in the room followed Wharton. If the champion fighting-man of the Remove was to tackle the cock of the walk, the fight was certain to be interesting. Wharton's determined character was well known; he would not give in so long as he could stand up.

It would be a fight to a finish, and the Removites were very keen on encounters of that sort. Almost all the Lower School crowded into the gymnasium after Wharton and Bolsover.

"Shall I be your second, Wharton?" asked Bulstrode.

"Thanks!"

"I guess if he licks you I'll take him on," said Fisher T. Fish. "The guy will have to be taken down a peg somehow."

"Shut up!" roared the juniors.

"But I guess——"

"Ring off!"

The Removites were "fed up" with the American junior's swank, after the pitiful exhibition he had made in No. 1 Study. No one but Fisher T. Fish would have continued to swank in the same way, for a time at least; but Fish was never known to cease.

Wingate, of the Sixth, the captain of Greyfriars, paused in the doorway of the gym., and looked at the crowd of Lower School fellows streaming in. A much less keen fellow than Wingate would not have seen that something was "on."

"Wharton!" he called out.

Harry turned round.

"What's going on?" asked Wingate.

"We are," said Bob Cherry. And he went on.

Wingate laughed. He was a good-humoured fellow, as he needed to be to keep his temper with the Removites, as a rule.

"It's only a row, Wingate," said Harry.

"You and the new boy?"

"Yes."

"Fighting already—and again?" said Wingate, with a frown at the new Removite.

Bolsover gave a shrug.

"I don't particularly want to fight," he said, "but this chap is looking for trouble, and I'm going to wipe up the floor with him, if he likes."

"Gloves on, mind," said Wingate.

"Oh, yes," said Harry; "that's all right."

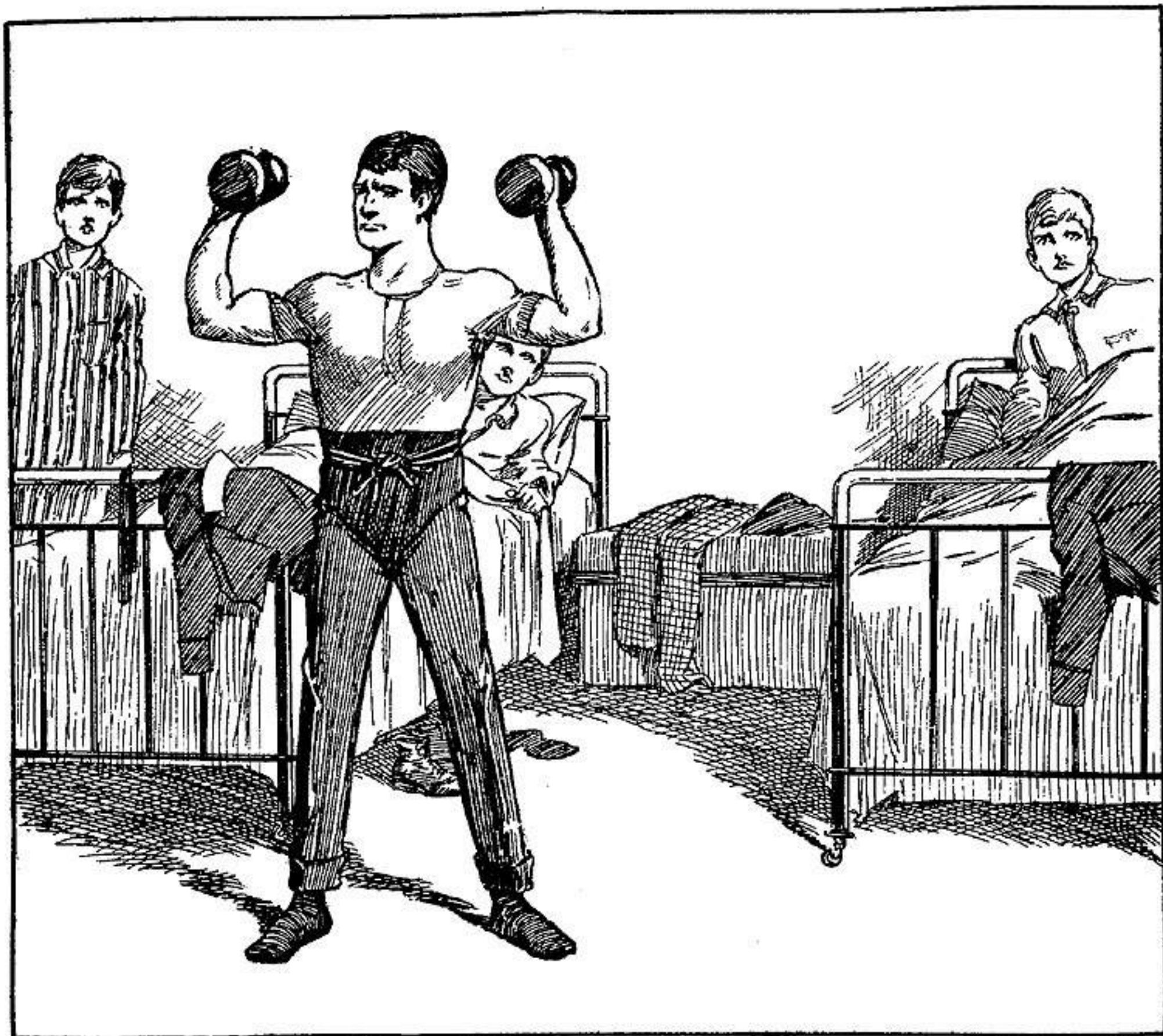
"Very well, then."

Wingate walked away. So long as the usual gloves were used, he had no objection to a mill now and then among the juniors, though fighting with bare fists was always frowned upon.

The juniors formed a ring in the gym., and Bob Cherry brought a basin of water and a sponge. Bob was looking unusually grave now. He had a feeling that Wharton would get the worst of the encounter, and he did not like the prospect. Wharton was not so confident as usual himself, but he meant to fight till he fell.

The two combatants stripped off their jackets and rolled up their cuffs, and donned the gloves. Bolsover swaggered forward to face Wharton.

"Two minute rounds, and one minute rests," said John Bull. "I suppose that's agreeable, isn't it?"



Bolsover picked up the big dumb-bells and began to go through his exercises, while the Remove juniors sat up in bed watching him.

Bolsover grinned.

"Yes, unless Wharton would prefer one minute rounds, and two minute rests," he said. "I dare say he'll like it like that before I get through with him."

"Swanker!" said Bob Cherry.

"Do you want a thick ear?" asked Bolsover threateningly.

"Rats!"

The bully made a movement towards Bob, and Harry Wharton stepped between. Wharton's face was very quiet and set, but his eyes were flashing.

"Hold on!" he said quietly. "One at a time! You haven't finished with me yet."

"I'll soon finish with you," said Bolsover angrily.

"I'm ready."

"Time!" said Temple, of the Upper Fourth, who had appointed himself timekeeper, chiefly because he had a gold watch.

And the fight began.

Harry Wharton was strong and steady, and he was a first-class boxer for his age. But in the first round he realised how little chance he had against a fellow who was taller and longer in the reach, whose strength was enormous, and whose condition was perfect.

Bolsover, too, boxed very well. He had not made much of a show in his tussle with Solly Lazarus in Friardale; but Solly was not an ordinary boy. He could have exhibited himself as a juvenile boxer in a fair, and drawn great crowds.

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Bolsover had not the slightest uneasiness in facing Harry Wharton; and he was right.

The first round brought Harry severe punishment, but he stood it gallantly until the call of time. But for the gloves, he would have been badly mauled. Even as it was, his face showed traces only too plainly of the hammering Bolsover had given him in the course of the two minutes.

Wharton sank on the knee Bulstrode made for him, and Bob Cherry sponged his heated face. Bob was grim and silent. Wharton looked at his friends with a forced smile. There was bitter chagrin in his heart. He saw that they did not believe that he would win; he did not believe so himself. It was a new position for the fellow who had been champion of the Remove, and it came as a bitter blow to him.

The next round began, and Wharton pressed the fighting. Regardless of the punishment he received, and it was heavy enough, he attacked all the time, and several times his blows came deftly home, and the round ended with the fall of the bully. Bolsover caught an upper-cut on the point of the chin, staggered back, and fell with a crash to the floor.

He lay helpless and dazed till his second picked him up. There was a roar of cheering from the Greyfriars fellows. They were intensely anxious to see Wharton win, and now their hopes began to rise.

"Hurrah!"

"Bravo, Wharton!"

"Hurrah! Give him another like that!"

"Go it, Harry!"

Bolsover's face was evil and dark as he sat on his second's knee. Skinner was his second, and Skinner had been grinning very cheerfully; but now he had become suddenly grave.

Bolsover read the expression of his face, and sneered.

"Do you think I'm licked?" he said savagely. "One swallow doesn't make a summer. I'm going to smash him in the next round."

"I hope you will," said Skinner, quite sincerely.

"So do I, by jingo!" muttered Snoop.

The cad of the Remove certainly meant it. A fear had come upon them that they had been a little too hasty in backing up the new boy, that it might turn out that they had backed the wrong horse, so to speak.

But when the third round commenced, they drew comfort from it. Bolsover put into the fight all the strength he had, all he knew of boxing. He pressed Harry Wharton hard, and harder, and the junior was badly punished. The bigger lad showed no mercy; his heavy fists came home again and again; and although Wharton put in several telling blows, they did not seem to affect Bolsover much. He seemed to be made of iron, and able to endure almost any punishment.

Crashing blows full in the face, which would have felled any fellow in the Remove, only made Bolsover shake his head, and then come on again. One of his eyes was discoloured, and his nose was looking a little sideways, but he did not seem to mind.

Crash!

A terrific right-hander from Bolsover caught Harry Wharton full on the jaw.

The junior went backwards as if he had been shot, and crashed on the floor, and did not move again. Temple began to count.

Bolsover stood ready to knock Wharton down again if he attempted to rise. According to the rules, he had won the fight if ten were counted before Wharton renewed the contest. Temple's voice droned on steadily.

"One, two, three, four, five, six——"

Wharton's friends were looking at him anxiously. He had been half-stunned by that terrific blow, and though he made a faint motion to rise, he sank back again. Bob Cherry gritted his teeth.

"He's done!" he muttered.

And Nugent nodded gloomily. Even if Harry could get up and continue the fight, there was no doubt that he was "done."

"Seven, eight, nine——"

Harry Wharton pulled himself together and leaped up. Bolsover's fist swept out, and he crashed to the floor again. This time he did not rise. Temple counted once more, amid breathless silence.

From one to eight, and Wharton did not stir.

"Nine——"

A slight movement, that was all.

"Out!"

Temple put his watch into his pocket. Skinner and Snoop chuckled. Harry Wharton sat up dazedly, and Bob Cherry helped him to his feet.

"Never mind, old chap," he whispered. "You put up a good fight, anyway."

Wharton did not speak.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Mark Does His Best.

SOME of the remove fellows and the fags cheered the victor. But they were few. Most of the fellows were sorry to see Wharton licked. It was not only that they knew him, and that the victor was a stranger. But the latter was a bully, too; and he had been utterly ungenerous in the fight. He had taken no advantage that he was not entitled to take by the rules; but it was clear that such a thought as chivalry had never entered his head. Wharton showed no resentment. He stood quietly, passively, while Bob Cherry wiped his face, and Nugent helped him on with his jacket, and Bulstrode handed him his tie. But the lad was deeply wounded. The outward hurts he would soon recover from, but the wound to his pride was deeper. It was not as if he had been beaten by a fellow he could have liked or respected—a fellow like John Bull or Tom Brown, or like Trumper or Solly Lazarus of Courtfield. But to be hopelessly licked by a fellow he disliked and despised, that was what cut deep.

Bolsover was swaggering now more than ever. He had a right to swagger, if he liked. He had licked the champion of the Remove. And there were few fellows inclined to interfere with his swaggering.

He came over to Wharton with his hands in his pockets and an insolent grin on his face.

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Wharton looked at him quietly and steadily.

"So you've had enough, hey?" said Bolsover.

"Yes," said Harry quietly.

"I suppose you're sorry you started now?"

"Not at all."

"You've had a jolly good licking."

"That is true."

"And you'll get another if I have much of your lip!" said Bolsover. "Remember that! I'm cock of the walk in this form! That's got to be remembered!"

"You won't be cock of the walk over me!" said Harry Wharton steadily. "You are too much for me; but you will have a fight on your hands every time you try to lord it over me, or over any fellow here who's worth his salt!"

Bolsover knitted his brows.

"I see you haven't had all the cheek knocked out of you!" he said. "Mind, I don't want any of it! If I have any more from you I'll clout you like a fag! See?"

And he swung out his open hand, as if he would have carried out his threat. A sturdy form came between as Wharton stood gritting his teeth with rage. It was the lad from Lancashire.

Bolsover glared at Mark Linley. He had not noticed the Lancashire lad before, as Mark stood quietly in the ring of spectators.

"You won't do anything of that sort here!" said Mark. "Nobody but a cad would think of crowing over a fellow he'd licked!"

"I fancy I shall do just as I like!" said Bolsover. "I'm cock of the walk, my pippin! And if you say another word I'll give you what I've given Wharton!"

"You'll have a chance, then," said Mark. "If it weren't that you've been through a fight already, and are tired, I would begin on you now!"

Bolsover laughed sneeringly.

"You needn't mind that," he said. "I'm not too fagged to lick you, or any other chap here, for that matter."

"I'll wait, though——"

"You won't get out of it so easily as that!" sneered Bolsover. "If you don't fight me, after what you've said, I'll thrash you, anyway!"

Mark flushed.

"If you put it like that," he said. "I'll fight you at once! I was only thinking of treating you decently; but I suppose you don't understand."

"Oh, come on!"

Mark put on Wharton's gloves. The ring, which had been breaking up, gathered again in greater eagerness than ever. Mark Linley came next to Wharton in the Remove in reputation as a champion with the gloves on; and if Bolsover could tackle him, immediately after defeating Harry, there was little doubt that his claim was fully established to be cock of the walk in the Remove.

Mark Linley's face was hard and set. He knew that he had taken on a difficult task, but he meant to go through with it and do his best to put the bully of the Remove in his place.

The two juniors faced one another with the gloves on, and Temple took out his watch again.

"Time!" he said.

And they started.

Bolsover had been but little fatigued by the fight with Wharton. He seemed to be made of iron.

He attacked Mark Linley from the start, pressing him hard. The Lancashire lad stood his ground well, and put up a splendid fight.

But weight and size were bound to tell.

Harry Wharton, with his face swelling from the damage he had received, and dark circles forming about his eyes, stood with the rest looking on. He would have given anything he possessed to see the Lancashire lad defeat the bully. But as the first round progressed, he felt that there was little hope. There was no doubt that Bolsover was in splendid condition. All that he had gone through seemed to make little or no impression upon him. He appeared to be as fresh as paint.

"Time!" said Temple.

The first round was over. Both the juniors were breathing hard; neither was very much hurt so far.

"Go it, Marky, old man!" whispered Bob Cherry, fanning the Lancashire lad with a cap as he rested. "Go it! You've got a chance!"

"I'm going to do my best!" said Mark determinedly.

"That's right, pile in! If you can't lick him, Marky, nobody can!"

"I believe nobody can!" muttered Bulstrode. "He's a bit out of the common, you know. It would take a regular prizefighter to beat the brute!"

"Marky's got a chance."

"Well, I hope so."

But Bulstrode did not speak in a very hopeful tone.

"Time!" said Temple.

"Go it, Linley!" shouted the Remove, as the combatants toed the line again.

Time had been when the Lancashire lad—the scholarship boy who had worked in a factory—would have had little sympathy from the Removites. But they looked upon Mark Linley differently now. He was one of themselves, after all, and he was fighting for Greyfriars against the swaggering stranger, and they were ready to cheer every blow he struck. If he could have beaten the bully, Mark Linley would have become the idol of the Form. But could he?

He had strength and nerve, and unbounded pluck and resolution. He would fight as long as he could stand. But that could not avail him against overpowering strength. Bolsover had everything on his side. Bullies, as a rule, are cowards; but Bolsover was not a coward, he had courage, as well as unusual strength and height and length of reach, and it was almost hopeless to tackle him.

But the Lancashire lad went grimly through four rounds, though in each his punishment grew heavier and harder. Many of his blows had gone home, and Bolsover was looking much the worse for wear, as Bob Cherry put it. But at the end of the fourth round there was little doubt in the minds of the spectators how the fight would end. And Skinner and Snoop, who had again been smitten with that uneasy fear that they might have backed the wrong horse, cheered Bolsover as the fifth round began in their relief at seeing that he was certain to win. But, in the present mood of the spectators, that was not a judicious thing to do. Savage looks were turned upon the two cads of the Lower Fourth.

"What are you chirping about, eh?" demanded Ogilvy. "Looking for trouble? You'd better shut up, if you know when you're well off!"

"Faith, and ye're right!" said Micky Desmond. "If I hear any more chirruping, somebody will get a thick ear!"

And Snoop and Skinner "moderated their transports," as a six-shilling novelist would say.

They did their rejoicing quietly after that. And, unfortunately, they were given something to rejoice about. The fifth round was decisive. Mark Linley was knocked down with a terrific left-hander that caught him under the nose, and he barely came up to time. The minute rest saved him, and he stepped up for the sixth round; but it was clear to all that it was only dogged pluck and determination that made him able to face the hammering fists of the bully.

Bolsover did not spare him. As the Lancashire lad failed in his efforts, spent by the long, hard struggle, the bully hammered and hammered. Mark Linley staggered back under a shower of fierce and pitiless blows, and fell.

This time he did not come up to the scratch. He could not! He made one strong effort, and reeled back, and Bob Cherry caught him as he fell. Bolsover, standing firmly upon his feet, looked at him with a sneer.

"Done?" he asked.

"Yes, done, hang you!" said Bob Cherry.

Bolsover laughed.

"Any more coming on?" he asked.

There was no reply. The bully's challenge was heard by all, and it was not taken up. What was the use of the fellows taking it up when their two best men had been defeated in turn before their eyes?

Bolsover waited a few moments for the reply that did not come. Then he threw off the gloves, and signed to Skinner to help him on with his jacket. Skinner and Snoop busied themselves about him most officiously.

"All over, eh?" said Bolsover. "Well, I don't mind. I'd take on half a dozen of you in turn, if you liked; but I don't care. I'm not a quarrelsome chap. Only, I'm cock of the walk in this Form, don't any of you forget that, or there will be trouble. That's all!"

And Bolsover put his hands into his trousers' pockets and swaggered out of the gym.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Fags.

"BEDTIME!" said Wingate, looking into the junior common-room.

And there was a general movement.

Wingate looked curiously at Harry Wharton & Co. There had been rows galore in the Remove, at various times. Signs of damage were not infrequent. But such a crop of darkened eyes and swollen noses, and cut lips and bruised cheeks had seldom been seen even in the Remove.

The Greyfriars captain grinned a little, but he made no remark on the circumstance. After all, it was no business of his.

Harry Wharton & Co. went up to the dormitory feeling sore, in a double sense. The swagger that Bolsover put on was one of the hardest things they had to bear. That Bolsover was cock of the walk there could be no doubt; and, as Nugent remarked, he did not forget to strut.

He strutted up the passage, and strutted up the stairs, and

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strutted into the Remove dormitory. And Trevor, who fell in behind him and strutted, too, and evoked a roar of laughter, was sorry for himself when Bolsover discovered what he was doing. The bully smacked his ears with a force that made his head ring. Trevor did not take it quietly. He fought, and he was licked hollow in less than a minute. He was tossed, gasping, upon his bed, and Bolsover proceeded calmly to take his boots off.

Trevor undressed without a word. He had had enough. Many of the fellows looked at the new boy with burning eyes. But they did not speak.

Bolsover had taken off one boot, and was about to begin on the other, when a thought appeared to strike him.

"Stott!" he called out.

Stott looked round.

"Yes, Bolsover?" he said civilly.

"Take my boot off!"

"Oh, certainly!" said Stott.

He unlaced Bolsover's rather large boot and took it off. The other fellows looked on in disgust.

Bolsover yawned, and began to take off his jacket. He gave it to Stott to fold up, and Stott folded it up.

Bob Cherry snorted.

"Did you ever see such swank?" he murmured.

"I guess not!" said Fisher T. Fish. "For two pins I'd wade in and wipe up the dorm. with the guy—some!"

"Go it, then," said Bob Cherry.

"I guess I'm too sleepy."

"Br-r-r-r!"

"Blessed if I'd fag for him!" said Nugent. "I'd be cut in pieces first! But I suppose Stott and Skinner & Co. will fag as much as he likes."

"I guess he'd better not ask me!" said Fisher T. Fish. "I'd put it to him in plain American, in a way that would make his hair curl—some!"

"Yes, I guess you would!" said John Bull, with a sniff. "You'd put it to him in nice, polite language, I think, and say you'd be very pleased."

"I guess not! I only wish he'd tell me to do something, and you'd see. We don't stand bullies over there, I can tell you. I guess—"

"Fish!"

"Hallo!" said Fisher T. Fish, starting as Bolsover rapped out his name.

"Open my box and get my dumb-bells out!"

"Eh?"

"Getting deaf?" asked Bolsover, looking at him. "Do as I tell you, my son, or you will get a thick ear!"

The chums of the Remove grinned. Fisher T. Fish's face was a study for a moment. It was his usual way to get himself into a fix with his endless swank.

"Well, I guess I might oblige the chap that far," he remarked.

"I guess you will, anyway," said John Bull.

"Well, you see—"

"Oh, seat!"

Fisher T. Fish went to Bolsover's box. He opened it, amid the grins of the Removites. He found a pair of dumb-bells inside, so large and heavy that it was not without difficulty that he lifted them out. Fisher T. Fish was not an athlete.

"Bring them over here," said Bolsover.

"I guess I don't mind doing that."

"Don't drop them, fathead!"

"Oh, all serene."

Bump!

One of the heavy dumb-bells fell to the floor. It made a terrific crash. Bolsover uttered an angry exclamation.

"You silly chump!"

"Look here, I guess you'd better not call me names," said Fish.

"I'll call you what I like."

"Oh, all O.K. Go ahead, then. I guess it's all wind, and it doesn't hurt."

"Put the dumb-bells on my bed, idiot!"

"Ahem! Here you are."

"Now cut off, you fathead!"

Fisher T. Fish cut off willingly enough. The juniors turned in, with the exception of Bolsover, who took up the dumb-bells. Wingate looked in at the door.

"All in?" he asked.

He looked at Bolsover.

"Go to bed," he said.

And Bolsover looked at him.

"I'm doing my exercises."

"You can do those in the gym," said Wingate. "The dormitory isn't the place, and this isn't the time. It's bedtime now."

"But I want to do my exercises," said Bolsover. "I

never miss it, you know. I'm bound to get through with it."

Wingate's eyes gleamed, and he came towards the junior. The Remove looked on with keen interest. Bolsover might be cock of the walk in the Lower Fourth, but if he came into conflict with the captain of Greyfriars he was likely to have a very rough time. And the Removites would certainly have been delighted to see him have a rough time, and the rougher it was the better they would have liked it.

"Put those dumb-bells down!" said Wingate.

Bolsover lowered them, and hesitated.

"I give you one second to do as I tell you," said the captain of Greyfriars, in a hard, grim tone.

Bolsover laid the dumb-bells down.

"Now get into bed!"

Bolsover got into bed.

"Good-night, boys!"

"Good-night, Wingate!"

The Greyfriars captain switched off the electric light, and left the dormitory, closing the door. There was a soft chuckle from some of the beds. Bolsover had plainly had it in his mind to defy the captain of the school, but had quailed at the last moment.

The bully sat up in bed.

"Who's that cackling?" he asked.

There was no reply. The chuckles ceased.

"If you think I'm not going through my exercises, you are mistaken," said Bolsover. "I'm going to do them all the same."

He stepped out of bed, groped his way across to the door, and turned the switch of the electric light. Then he came back towards the beds.

"Better have a candle," said Skinner, warningly. "The electric light shows up from the windows into the Close, and anybody looking out of his window would see that we have the light on here. Better have a candle."

"I suppose I can do as I like?" said Bolsover truculently.

"Oh, yes—yes, certainly!" said Skinner.

"Shut up, then!"

Skinner obediently shut up. Bolsover's friends did not seem likely to get much more politeness from him than his enemies.

Bolsover picked up the big dumb-bells and began to go through his exercises. The juniors sat up in bed watching him. There was no doubt that the new boy was possessed of unusual and enormous strength for his age. The dumb-bells were very heavy, and he handled them as if they were featherweights. He seemed to be a mass of muscle from head to foot.

"Cave!" exclaimed Snoop suddenly.

The door opened, and Wingate came in angrily. He came straight towards Bolsover, who faced him, still swinging the dumb-bells. The captain of Greyfriars looked at him with knitted brows and flashing eyes.

"So you are up again!" he exclaimed.

"Yes. Looks like it, doesn't it?"

"Put those dumb-bells down!"

"I haven't finished my exercises."

Wingate strode towards him.

"Hands off!" said Bolsover. "You'll get hurt if you come too near to the dumb-bells."

"My word!" murmured Nugent.

Wingate took not the slightest notice of the new boy's words. He came right on, and grasped the bully by the shoulder. As he swung him over, the dumb-bells crashed to the floor with a deafening noise.

"Now then," said Wingate, "you seem to be doing a great deal of swanking in your own Form, but you will have to learn that it won't do with me."

"Let me alone!" shouted Bolsover.

He struggled fiercely in the grasp of the Greyfriars captain. Powerful fellow and Sixth-Former as he was, Wingate did not find him easy to handle. He had to exert his strength, and then he forced Bolsover over on the bed.

He held the new boy face downwards on the bed, and swished in the air the cane he had brought into the dormitory.

Swish—swish—swish!

Bolsover yelled with pain. Wingate lashed him with the cane till he howled for mercy. Then he left off.

"I hope that will be a lesson to you, my lad," he said, breathing hard, as he released the bully of the Remove. "You will get more than that if you don't learn to obey a prefect. Now get into bed."

Bolsover, quivering all over with rage and chagrin, got in. Wingate extinguished the light, and quitted the Remove dormitory. From the darkness came more than one chuckle; but this time Bolsover did not inquire who it was. The bully of the Remove had been tamed for a time.

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THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Hands Off!

BOLSOVER was looking very ill-tempered when the Remove turned out in the morning at the clang of the rising-bell. His experience with the Greyfriars captain overnight had taught him some wisdom. He had learned that there were some things that he could not do. But he was extremely annoyed at being taken down in such a way before the Form, and he was looking out for someone to make a reference to it, in order to fall upon that someone and give him a tremendous licking, and so re-establish his prestige to some extent. But no reference was made to the incident. No one wanted to become the object of the bully's anger.

Bolsover grunted angrily as he looked round. He was in a mood for a quarrel, and quite anxious that someone should give him an excuse to begin.

"Do you fellows wash in cold water?" he asked.

"Yes," said Skinner.

"Oh! I want hot water!"

"Can't be had."

"There'll be trouble for someone if I can't have it," said Bolsover. "You can go and find me some, Bunter."

"Oh, really, Bolsover—"

"I'll wait two minutes for it, that's all!"

"But, really—"

"Time's going!"

Billy Bunter picked up a jug and disappeared. He returned in about three minutes with the jug full of hot water. He had begged it in the kitchen.

"Put it down there," said Bolsover, "and take that for being late!"

Smack!

"Ow!" roared Bunter.

Crash!

The jug slipped from his hand—accidentally, or possibly not accidentally. It smashed to pieces at Bolsover's feet, and the hot water splashed over the bully's legs and ankles. Bolsover gave a fearful yell.

"Yaroooh! Oh! Yarooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Removites.

"I—I say, I'm sincerely sorry!" gasped Bunter. "I—I— Ow! Yow! Leggo! Don't shake me like that, you ass! If my glasses fall off and get broken, you'll have to pay for them. Ow! Yow! Oh!"

Smack, smack, smack!

Bolsover was simply furious. The water was not hot enough to scald him, but it was hot enough to be very painful. Bolsover was almost dancing with pain, and he smacked Bunter's ears till the fat junior danced with pain, too.

"Shame!" shouted several voices.

No one cared much for Bunter, and if he had his head smacked sometimes, the general opinion was that it was no more than he deserved. But Bolsover was going altogether too far. Harry Wharton ran towards them.

"Stop it!" he exclaimed.

Bolsover paused.

"Are you going to interfere?" he shouted furiously.

"Yes, if you don't stop it!"

"Do you want another licking?"

"Let Bunter alone!"

Smack, smack, smack!

Bolsover smacked away harder in sheer defiance. Wharton ran at him, hitting out.

Bolsover let go Bunter, and put up his hands. A pillow swept through the air, from the hands of Bob Cherry, and caught the bully on the chest, and bowled him fairly over. Bolsover sat down on the dormitory floor with a shock that jarred every bone in his body.

"Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow!" groaned Bunter. "Ow! I'm injured! Yah! I say, you fellows, keep him off! He's a dangerous beast! Ow!"

Bolsover staggered up. His face was flaming with rage.

"By gum! I'll make you smart for that!" he exclaimed.

"Will you?" said Bob Cherry, between his teeth. "I've fought you fairly once, you cad, and I can't stand up to you. But if you think you're going to bully me because you can lick me, you're making a big mistake. Come on, if you like!"

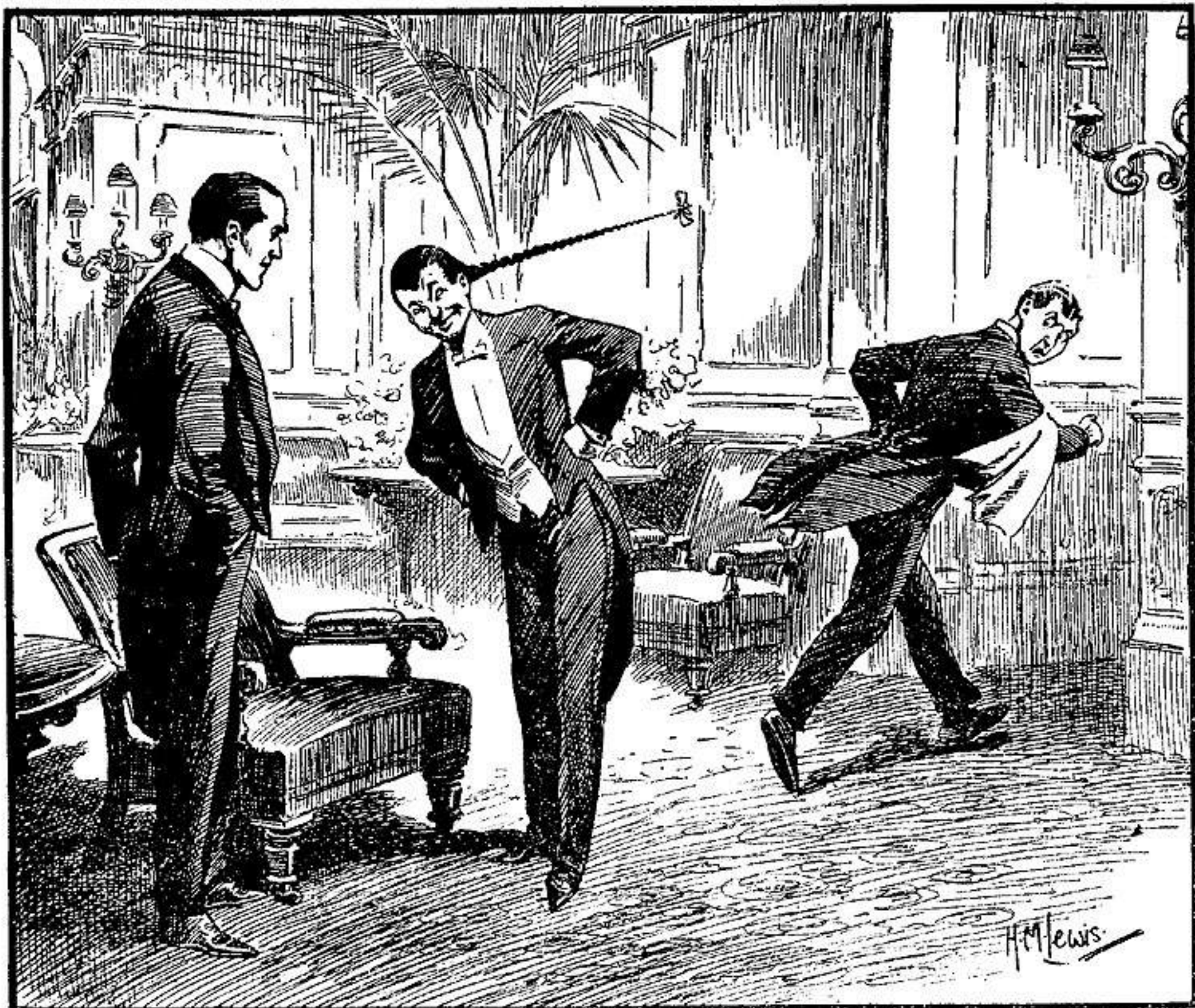
Bob had caught up a cricket-stump.

He stood with the stump in his hand, ready to use it if the bully of the Remove touched him, and Bolsover paused in his rush.

"Put that stump down!" he shouted.

"I'll put it down across your head if you come any nearer!" said Bob Cherry.

"I—I'll pulverise you!"



The waiter was gliding away, but he stopped suddenly, gazing at Ching-Lung's back in astounded horror. Ching-Lung's pigtail gradually stiffened, rose inch by inch, until it was standing out straight like a handle of a pump, and then the yellow bow began to dance up and down. The waiter fled. (See the opening instalment of Sidney Drew's amazing adventure story, "Beyond the Eternal Ice," which starts on page 24 of this number.)

"Well, I'm waiting!"

Bolsover rushed at him savagely. The cricket-stump swept through the air, aimed directly for Bolsover's head. He started back just in time.

"You—you rotter!" he gasped. "Coward!"

Bob Cherry laughed.

"I'll brain you if you come nearer!" he said. "You cad! You ought to be in the Fifth Form; a fellow of your age and size, instead of crowing over fellows in the Lower Fourth. If you weren't as stupid as you are rotten, you'd be in the Fifth now. But if you try to bully us because you're bigger, you'll get it in the neck, and that's flat!"

Bolsover stood panting with rage.

But there was nothing to be done; Bob was evidently in deadly earnest, and the bully of the Remove turned away muttering to himself. Bob threw the stump into a corner, and glanced round at the juniors.

"That's my advice to you all!" he said. "We can't tackle him—he's too big—and if he had a small spot of decency, he'd let chaps alone when they've given him best. But he wants to bully us, and my advice is, if he touches any of you, pick up the nearest thing and bash him."

"Faith, and ye're right!"

"Good egg!"

Bolsover turned to his washstand. He was beginning to see that his reign in the Greyfriars Remove would not be a peaceable one, powerful as he was. He was in a bitter rage as he washed and dressed himself. When he had finished, he looked round at Bob Cherry. Bob was sitting on his bed putting on his boots. The cricket-stump was not near, and the bully thought that he saw his opportunity.

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NEXT TUESDAY: "INKY MINOR!"

"Look out, Bob!" shouted Mark Linley, as Bolsover made a sudden run at the hero of the Remove.

Bob Cherry was looking out. He had had his eye on Bolsover all the time. As the burly junior came at him, Bob's hand swung up, with a boot in it. Bob's boots were a large size, and they were heavy.

Biff!

The heavy boot and Bolsover's chest came into violent collision. The bully of the Remove gave a gasp, and fell back upon the floor. Bob Cherry looked at him with a grin, and flourished the boot.

"Do you want some more?" he asked.

Apparently, Bolsover did not. He picked himself up and quitted the dormitory without another word, and Bob Cherry finished putting his boots on with perfect calmness and cheerfulness.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER, Hard Knocks.

"I GUESS—"

Fisher T. Fish was holding forth in the passage downstairs. Bolsover was not in sight, or the American junior would have been a little less talkative, perhaps. It was a curious circumstance that, whatever happened to Fisher T. Fish, however much his swank was exposed and ridiculed, it made not the slightest difference to him. As soon as he had recovered from one fall, he went on in the same strain again, without end.

John Bull interrupted him. At other times the Removites took the American junior's swank good-humouredly. But

A Grand, Long, Complete Tale of an Amazing Jape at Greyfriars School. By FRANK RICHARDS.

the coming of Bolsover made a difference. Bolsover had a very irritating effect upon the tempers of the Removites. Even John Bull, the stout and sturdy junior, who was usually as calm and placid as a summer sky, was in a state of nerves and exasperation.

"Oh, for goodness' sake chuck it, Fish!" he exclaimed irritably. "You know perfectly well that if Bolsover came in now—"

"I guess I'd tell him what I thought of him, if he gave me any talk!" said Fish.

"You know jolly well you'd tie up his boots if he told you!"

"I guess not! I guess—"

There was a chuckle from some of the juniors who were standing near. Bolsover had just come in at the door, but as John Bull and Fisher T. Fish had their backs turned to him, they could not see him. Fisher T. Fish went on, unwarned by the chuckle.

"I guess Bolsover's not much, anyway. I've licked bigger guys than he is over there. I guess he don't amount to shucks!"

Bolsover looked at the American junior, and came quietly over towards him. In blissful ignorance of his proximity, Fisher T. Fish went on—rushing blindly to his doom, as it were.

"He's big, I'll allow, but he can't box—and I guess I could sock it to him, if I took the trouble. He's a big, shambling, clumsy guy; that's what's the matter with Bolsover!"

"You'd better tell him so!"

"Oh, I'd tell him fast enough, if I cared. I'd as soon think of being afraid of Nugent minor's white rabbits as of that hulking duffer. If he came along just now, I'd tell him what I thought of him, sharp!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors.

Fisher T. Fish glanced round in surprise.

"Where's the yoke?" he asked. "I— Oh!"

He broke off as he saw Bolsover.

The burly junior was standing quite close to him, regarding him with a mocking grin. His hands were in his pockets.

"Well?" he said.

"W-w-well!" gasped Fish.

"Go ahead!"

"Eh?"

"I'm waiting!"

"W-w-w-aiting for w-w-what?"

"Waiting for you to tell me what you think of me!" said Bolsover. "You were going to do that, you know. Go on with it!"

"I—I—I guess—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm waiting," repeated Bolsover. "What do you think of me? I particularly want to know! Go on with it!"

"I—I—I guess I—I think you—you—you—"

"Well?"

"I—I think you—you are a jolly decent chap, you know!" said Fisher T. Fish. "I—I think I like you immensely, you know!"

The juniors yelled with laughter. Fisher T. Fish's recantation, when he was brought up to the point, was decidedly funny. Bolsover laughed himself, he could not help it.

"Oh, so that's what you think of me, is it?" he asked.

"I guess so. Yep!"

"You're quite sure?"

"Yep!"

"You don't think I'm a big, clumsy, shambling duffer?"

"Nope!"

"But you have just said so."

"That was only my—my fun!" stammered Fisher T. Fish. "I—I was only joking, you know—just pulling Bull's leg, that was all. I—I'm an awfully funny chap, you know."

"I think you must be," agreed Bolsover. "Extremely funny, indeed. But you will look funnier when I've done with you!"

"I—I say—"

Bolsover grasped the American with his left hand. He extended the right at the same time, and grasped John Bull. The latter struggled fiercely.

"Let go!" he shouted.

Bolsover grinned.

"So I will, when I've knocked your heads together!" he replied.

"What!"

"I guess—"

Crack!

"Ow!"

"Yow!"

Crack!

The two juniors' heads came together with a crack that

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could be heard across the hall. They yelled together, and struggled wildly to escape.

But Bolsover's grasp seemed to be of iron. John Bull was strong, very strong for his age, but he could not tear himself loose from that powerful grasp.

Crack!

"Yowp!"

"Oh!"

"Boy! Bolsover! What are you doing?"

It was Mr. Quelch's voice. The Master of the Remove had come suddenly upon the scene. His face was dark with anger.

Bolsover released Bull and Fish instantly. The two juniors stood rubbing their heads. Bull was panting with rage. He did not swank like Fish, and he was not inclined to take things so quietly. In spite of the Form-master's presence, he turned upon Bolsover with his fists clenched.

"Bull, stand back!"

John Bull paused, his eyes flaming. Bolsover looked sullenly at the Remove-master. He could see that he was "in" for it; and all his physical powers could avail him nothing when he came into conflict with the strong arm of authority.

"Bolsover, you appear to be very strong—extraordinarily strong for a lad of your age. But do you not know that it is cowardly and mean to use your strength for the purpose of bullying and ill-treating lads who are less strong than you are?"

Bolsover scowled.

"Cowardly—mean!" repeated the Form-master, with biting emphasis. "Besides that, you were doing a most dangerous thing, Bolsover. A blow on the head is always dangerous. You are given to bullying, I am afraid, Bolsover, and your unusual strength makes this all the more unfortunate. I must see if I can cure you. Follow me into my study!"

Mr. Quelch went into his study. Bolsover remained standing where he was, his face dark with rage.

"Better go in!" muttered Skinner warningly.

"Oh, let him stay here!" said Trevor. "Quelch will come out and fetch him, and he'll get it all the warmer, the cad!"

Bolsover did not stir till Mr. Quelch looked out of his study doorway, and then the burly junior hurriedly went into the study. From within that dreaded apartment the voice of the Remove-master could be clearly heard, and the juniors listened with great interest.

"Hold out your hand, Bolsover!"

Thwack!

"Now the other hand!"

Thwack!

"Now the first again!"

Thwack!

"And now, Bolsover, I trust that the infliction of pain upon yourself will teach you a lesson to avoid inflicting it upon others," said Mr. Quelch. "You may go; and I trust you will take the lesson to heart, Bolsover. And remember that I shall have my eye upon you in the future, Bolsover."

The bully quitted the study.

A general grin met him as he came out. No one was disposed to sympathise with him. Even the boys who had made friends with him were glad to see him punished.

Bolsover strode through the grinning crowd with a scowl upon his brow. Billy Bunter rolled after him, and made one hypocritical attempt at sympathy.

"Hard cheese, Bolsover, old man! I say, come over to the tuckshop and—"

"Eh!"

"I'm sincerely sorry, you know. But you shouldn't let old Quelch catch you bullying, you know. He's awfully down on that sort of thing, and—"

Smack! Bunter gave a roar, and rolled down the steps, as Bolsover's palm caught him across the ear. Bolsover strode away, somewhat comforted, and the Owl of the Remove sat up on the steps and blinked after him in amazement and anger.

"Ow! Beast!" he muttered. "When I was sympathising with him, too! Ow! Why, he's an utter rotter! Ow! Beast!"

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Ripping!

"WHAT'S to be done?"

Frank Nugent propounded that question as if it were a conundrum. He addressed five or six fellows who sat round the tea-table in No. 1 Study late in the afternoon.

School was over at Greyfriars, and lessons that day had

been a torment to Harry Wharton & Co. They were aching, and they had swollen noses that throbbed, and black eyes that blinked and winked, and bruised jaws that ached and ached. Mr. Quelch—who knew when to be considerate—was very light upon them that day, and he had allowed them to mumble, and to forget, and to make mistakes, without pouring out the vials of his wrath upon them. It was kind of him, and the juniors appreciated it. But after school they had a problem to face. What was to be done?

Wharton had called his immediate friends together to tea in his study to consult about the matter.

Something had to be done! It was agreed on all hands that Bolsover was intolerable, that he could not be stood—not at any price.

But what was to be done? The fellows had tried their hand in turn, and each had been defeated. What champion could they find to overcome the new boy, and put him in his place? It was not that they bore malice; but the position was unendurable. Bolsover had announced himself as cock of the walk, and he was making his boast good. He had declared that he was going to play in the cricket eleven—though the slight exhibition he had given of cricket was decidedly poor. If he were not allowed to play in the Form team there would be trouble. He had invited himself to become a member of the Remove Amateur Dramatic Society, and if a good part were not assigned to him in the next play, the next play was likely to be roughly interrupted.

In a word, Bolsover was cock of the walk, and Bolsover was making things simply intolerable in the Remove Form.

But the chums, met in council, could only look glumly at one another. They did not know what was to be done. Nugent repeated his question, and Bob Cherry grunted.

"Is that a riddle, Franky?"

"If it is, I can't answer it," said John Bull. "I'm blessed if I know what's to be done! What do you say, Bulstrode?"

Bulstrode rubbed his reddened nose.

"I say that we can't stand Bolsover," he replied. "I don't know that I've got anything else to say."

"We can't stand him," said Harry Wharton. "That's agreed. But what's to be done?"

"He's got to be licked somehow."

"Licked!" said Tom Brown dolefully. "Haven't we all tried? Do you know that he slanged Coker of the Fifth this afternoon?"

"What did Coker do?"

"Looked at him, and walked away. Even Coker, of the Fifth, didn't care about taking him on. And, you know, Coker could handle any two of us! What chance have we got?"

"None at all!" said John Bull.

"Then, what's to be done?"

"Goodness knows!"

"I guess a ragging is about the proper caper," said Fisher T. Fish. "I'm not in my usual form, or I'd lick him hollow—"

"Oh, for goodness' sake chuck that, Fish—we're fed up with it!" said John Bull crossly, and rubbing his head reminiscently. "We've got to stand Bolsover, I suppose, but we're not called upon to stand your rot. Chuck it!"

"Well, I guess ragging's the thing," said Fish, unabashed. "We can't lick him, but we can rag him. A dozen fellows could take him and duck him in the fountain, give him the frog-march round the Close, and bump him till he squealed."

Harry Wharton shook his head.

"I don't like the idea," he replied. "As I've said before, it's rotten for a lot of fellows to set on one because they can't tackle him singly. The Fourth Form would howl at us, too. It can't be done."

"Well, excepting as a last resource, I shouldn't advise it," said Bob Cherry. "But something's got to be done!"

"The chap's got to be licked in a fair fight," said Harry.

"That's the only thing that will bring him to his senses."

"But who's to do it?"

"There's the rub!"

"My hat!" exclaimed Bulstrode. "My only hat!"

The juniors all looked at him. Sudden excitement had flashed into Bulstrode's discoloured face, and his eyes were gleaming.

"Where have you got the pain?" asked Bob Cherry.

"I've got an idea!"

"Well, get it off your chest! If it's an idea for taking that unspeakable boulder down, I'll buy you a stick of toffee!"

"Look here," went on Bulstrode excitedly, without heeding Bob Cherry, "Bolsover's got to be licked—licked hollow, before the whole Form!"

"Yes, but—"

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NEXT TUESDAY: "INKY MINOR!"

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ONE
PENNY.

"There isn't a chap in the Remove who can do it, unfortunately. But what about a chap outside the Remove?"

"A higher-Form fellow, do you mean? Coker, of the Fifth, has baulked it already," said Bob Cherry. "Besides, it wouldn't do!"

"I wasn't thinking of that," said Bulstrode.

"Then what the dickens were you thinking of?"

"One of the Courtfield chaps."

"What!"

"You all know Solly Lazarus?" said Bulstrode, getting animated. "You all know what a little terror he is? I've seen him lick a big rough—a chap six feet high. He's simply a marvel at boxing. He ought to be a pugilist!"

"Solly Lazarus! But could he touch Bolsover?"

"He's done it!" said Bulstrode. "The day the cad came here—you remember—yesterday—we had a row outside the station, and the Courtfield chaps interfered. Solly downed the cad in a shake of a lamb's tail."

"My hat! Did he?"

"I saw him do it!"

"Hurrah!" shouted Bob Cherry. "Solly's the man!"

The juniors looked excited. True, they would rather have seen the bully licked by one of their own fellows. But to see him licked—that was the chief thing. And Bolsover could not, in reason, find any fault with the arrangement. Solly Lazarus was at least a year younger, and at least a head shorter. The advantage, apparently, at all events, would be on Bolsover's side. Nor would he want to avoid the conflict, probably. He had bulldog courage of a kind.

"My hat!" exclaimed John Bull. "You've hit it, Bulstrode! The cad has got to be put in his place, and Solly's the man to do it!"

"But will he?" said Nugent doubtfully.

"I think so," said Harry Wharton. "Solly's an obliging chap, and he likes boxing; and, as a matter of fact, I think any Courtfield chap would like to come here and lick the top dog of the Remove."

"Yes, rather!"

"Well, what do you say?" asked Bulstrode. "I think it's a ripping idea! What do you fellows say to it?"

"Passed unanimously!" said Tom Brown.

"Hear, hear!"

"Then I suggest that Bob Cherry goes over to Courtfield to see Solly and speak to him about it," said Bulstrode. "Cherry's on the best terms with him."

Bob Cherry nodded.

"I'm quite willing to go," he said. "I get on all right with Solly, except when we're having a school row, of course. I believe he'll come like anything!"

"Good!"

"And the sooner the quicker," said Nugent. "Buzz off as soon as you've done your tea, Bob. Go on your bike."

"What-ho!" said Bob, rising from the table. "I'm done now. I'll buzz!"

And he rushed out of the study full of the new idea.

He met Bolsover as he wheeled his bicycle down to the school gates. The bully of the Remove glanced at the machine.

"Going out for a ride?" he asked.

"Yes!" said Bob shortly.

"Your mistake," said Bolsover, with a grin. "You're not—I am! Hand that jigger over to me, please!"

"I'll see you hanged first!" said Bob.

Bolsover clenched his fists.

"Now, look here!" he said. "My bike hasn't come down to the school yet. It's coming on, and until it comes I'm going to borrow a machine. That looks as if it would suit me, so hand it over!"

"Rats!"

"Then I'll jolly soon take it!"

Bolsover advanced towards the junior. Bob Cherry swung the bike round, and ran it fairly into the burly Bolsover. The latter gave a yell as he staggered back and fell. The next moment Bob Cherry was on the bicycle, pedalling away for all he was worth.

Bolsover staggered to his feet. He ran a few paces after the cyclist, and then, realising that pursuit was hopeless, he stopped, and shook his fist after Bob Cherry.

"Come back!" he roared.

Bob turned his head for a moment, and smiled.

"Good-bye, Bluebell!" he sang out.

"I'll—I'll—"

But the cyclist pedalled out of the gateway, and turned into the road to Courtfield, and Bolsover's threats were wasted upon the desert air.

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

Solly Obliges!

"MY only Uncle Tham!"

It was Solly Lazarus, of Courtfield County Council School, who uttered that ejaculation. He was sitting on the garden fence of his home in Courtfield, swinging his legs, and chatting with Trumper, when a hurried cyclist came into sight. The Courtfield boys recognised Bob Cherry at once.

"It's Cherry, from Greyfriars," said Trumper.

"And he's in a dooth of a hurry," said Solly, slipping off the fence. "I rather thurmise that he's coming to look for trouble, my thon."

Trumper chuckled.

"Well, we can give him all the trouble he wants," he remarked.

"Yeth, rather."

The cyclist came to a sudden halt, jamming on his brakes, as he caught sight of the chums of Courtfield. He jumped off the machine, and came up panting breathlessly.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" he exclaimed, jerking out the words.

"Hallo!" said Trumper.

"I came over to see you chaps—"

"Well, here we are!"

"Yeth, rather!"

"It was really Lazarus I wanted to see," Bob Cherry explained. "We want him to do us a favour."

"Oh!"

"All therene, my thon," said Solly placably. "Go ahead! What ith it?"

"We'll stand you a first-rate feed afterwards," said Bob Cherry. "It's rather a peculiar thing to ask; but it's just in your line."

"Got your accounts mixed up, and want Solly to sort 'em out?" asked Trumper.

Bob Cherry grinned.

"No! You remember that new chap you met in Friardale yesterday—chap named Bolsover—you saw him punching Bulstrode, and Solly chipped in."

"Yeth, rather!"

"He's cock of the walk in the Remove now, and he's giving us a rotten time," said Bob Cherry. "We've been put through it since he came, I can tell you."

"You look as if you had," commented Trumper.

"Yeth, rather!" said Solly. "Why don't you lick him, my thon?"

"We've tried, and got licked instead."

"All of you?" exclaimed Trumper, in astonishment.

"Bulstrode, Linley, Wharton?"

"The whole family," said Bob Cherry ruefully. "That's why I've come over to ask Solly to stand by us. We want Solly to come over to Greyfriars, and put the gloves on with Bolsover in the gym."

"My only Uncle Tham, and Aunt Thelina!"

"Will you do it, Solly?"

The Courtfielder nodded.

"Thertainly, dear boy."

"Come on, then," said Bob Cherry. "I'll wheel my bike back with you. It's awfully good of you to take it on like this, you know."

"Not at all, dear boy," said Solly, with a grin. "But do you think I can handle the rotter, dear boy? I don't mind trying."

"Oh, I know you can do it; besides, you tackled him in Friardale, and you had the best of it then."

"Yeth, rather!"

Bob Cherry expatiated upon the wicked deeds of Bolsover, as he walked back to Greyfriars with the Courtfield fellows. Solly, in spite of his soft and quiet ways, was very keen upon the encounter at once, as Bob could see. Solly's powers as a pugilist were too great for any fellow to take on a combat with him willingly, and as Solly was not at all inclined to be a bully, he was very seldom in a fight at all—except in the rough-and-tumble rows that sometimes occurred between the Courtfielders and the Greyfriars juniors. To meet a foeman worthy of his steel in a friendly round with the gloves was a pleasure to Solly, and he was always in the pink of condition. By the time Greyfriars was reached, Solly was keener about the matter than Bob was, if possible.

Quite a crowd of juniors met the trio as they reached the gates of the old school. The news of the new scheme had gone round, and the Removites were eager to greet the Courtfield champion. There was a cheer as he came in, and a dozen fellows slapped him on the back.

"Jolly glad to see you!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "It's

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awfully decent of you to come over and help us like this, Lazarus."

"All therene, dear boy," said Solly, in his lazy tones.

"Faith, and it's a broth av a boy ye are," said Micky Desmond. "And that baste Bolsover—"

"Hallo! What's that?"

It was Bolsover's voice.

The bully of the Remove came up with a frowning brow. Micky Desmond backed away.

"Faith, and I was saying—"

Bolsover's eyes fell upon Bob Cherry, and he strode towards him. Bob Cherry stood his ground; but Solly Lazarus stepped between. Bolsover paused.

"Get out of the way!" he said.

"Rats, dear boy!"

"Look here, you Jew cad—"

Smack!

Solly's palm came upon Bolsover's cheek with a crack like a whip. The burly junior staggered back.

"You—you hound!" he roared. "I—I—"

"Yeth, go on, pleathe," said Solly cheerfully. "Perhaps you wouldn't mind thtepping into the gym, and putting the gloves on, dear boy. It would be more comfy."

"I'll smash you—I—"

The juniors closed round Bolsover.

"You'll go into the gym," said Harry Wharton.

"I'll do as I like."

"You'll do as we like on this occasion," said Wharton quietly. "Solly Lazarus has come over to lick you, and we're going to see you licked."

"Hurrah!"

"I don't choose to fight him. I—"

"You won't have any choice about that," said Wharton, with a curl of the lip. "You've taken advantage of us quite enough. You'll have to fight. If you don't, we'll rag you. You'll fight Solly Lazarus, or you'll get a dormitory licking to-night."

"Yes, rather."

"And if we rag you, you'll get it where the chicken got the chopper," said Bob Cherry. "And that's in the neck."

"Look here—"

"Come into the gym."

Bolsover scowled at the crowd. But the Removites were in earnest. Bolsover had taken advantage of his size and strength to make himself cock of the walk in the Lower Fourth. Now that a champion had been found to meet him, with a good chance of success, the bully of Greyfriars was not to be allowed to escape without a combat.

He could not expect it. Anyway, the Removites had made up their minds. The crowd pushed Bolsover in the direction of the gymnasium, and he thought it better to go.

They crowded into the gym.

There was keen anticipation in all faces. Fellows of higher Forms heard what was on, and came to "spectate," as Fisher T. Fish called it in his mysterious American language. A thick crowd gathered round the ring that was formed for the combatants.

Solly Lazarus still had his soft and sleepy look, but the Greyfriars juniors knew only too well how he could wake up when it was required.

Bolsover gritted his teeth.

"I'll fight the cad, if you like," he said savagely, "and when I've licked him, I'll lick the fellow who brought him over."

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"If you can lick Solly, you're welcome to lick me till I'm black, blue, and pink," he said. "But get Solly licked first."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't think I shall take long over the skinny little rotter," said Bolsover. "Give me the gloves!"

Skinner handed him the gloves, and he donned them. Trumper was acting as Solly's second; Bob Cherry brought sponge and water. Solly took off his jacket and rolled up his sleeves in his slow and deliberate way.

"Go in and win, Solly," murmured Trumper. "Show these blessed Greyfriars chaps how we box in Courtfield—what?"

And Solly chuckled softly.

"Yeth, rather, dear boy!"

"I'm keeping time," said Temple, taking out his famous gold watch. "Now then, you chaps, ready?"

"Yeth!"

"I'm ready," growled Bolsover.

"Time!"

And then began a fight which was destined to be historic in the Greyfriars Remove.

THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

Bolsover Meets His Match.

SOLLY looked soft and sleepy as he faced the burly junior. But as the sparring began he seemed to wake up suddenly.

His black eyes gleamed, his head was thrown back, and every nerve in his face seemed to be tense and keen and on the alert.

The Greyfriars juniors stood in an eager ring, watching. From the call of time all eyes were upon the two champions.

"Go it, Solly!"

"Buck up, Jerusalem!"

"Pile it in, Shylock!"

Solly only grinned at the peculiar names that were applied to him. It was easy to see upon which side was the sympathy of the crowd.

Bolsover began with his usual tactics—attempting to sweep away his opponent by a heavy and impetuous attack. It seemed as if the slightly-built Courtfield lad could not possibly stand against his heavy rush.

But Solly did not attempt to stand against it. He allowed Bolsover to drive him round the ring, contenting himself with guarding every drive.

Bolsover was soon panting with rage and exertion.

Twice round the ring he had driven Solly, but not one of his savage blows reached the cool, smiling face of the young pugilist.

Solly had given him a few taps, as if to suggest what he could do if he liked, and he contented himself with that.

"Time!" said Temple.

The first round was over. Solly grinned serenely as he retired. Bolsover was snorting with rage.

"It ain't a fight; it's a blessed foot-race!" said Skinner. "You'll catch him next time, Bolsover. You're bound to win."

"Of course I am!" said Bolsover, with an angry glare.

"H'm!—I—I—"

"Oh, shut up!"

Skinner shut up. Bolsover was evidently in an unreasonable mood, and that looked somewhat as if he already had doubts about the result of the combat.

"Time!"

The champions stepped up again. Bolsover pressed the attack hard, but he could not get through the guard of the Courtfield fellow.

Solly's boxing was a picture to watch. It was simply perfect. He never left a point unguarded, and his arms seemed to be made of steel.

His face remained calm, smiling, and smooth, while Bolsover's was convulsed with growing rage.

The second round was like the first. It was walking exercise more than anything else. Bolsover had a tap on the nose which made him sniff, but that was the only blow that reached home on either side.

Temple grinned as he received Solly Lazarus on his knee after the round. Harry Wharton laughed as he sponged the face of the Courtfielder.

"Jolly good!" he said.

"All therene!" said Solly.

"You'll wear him out, and then——"

"Then he will be downed," grinned Trumper.

"I hope tho," said Solly modestly.

The third round ran on the same lines. Bolsover by this time was boiling with fury. His attempts to penetrate the Courtfielder's defence were quite in vain, and in his efforts to do so he began to lay himself open to attack. At the end of the round a swift right-hander came from Solly Lazarus, and Bolsover staggered back feeling as if a horse had kicked him as the hard glove crashed upon his chin.

"Oh!" he gasped.

Bump!

Bolsover was down.

A wild yell of delight burst from the Removites. Bolsover was down, sprawling upon the floor, and had it not been the end of the round he would probably have been counted out.

Skinner lifted him up and dragged him to his knee, not very graciously. Skinner was feeling once more that he had backed the wrong horse, and it looked almost certain to him now.

"Are you going on?" he asked, not very sweetly.

Bolsover grunted savagely.

"Going on? Of course!"

"Oh, all right!"

"I shall beat him."

"H'm!"

"Don't you think I shall?"

"H'm!"

Bolsover's eyes blazed. He brought his gloved hand round and caught Skinner on the side of the head. The unfortunate second rolled on the floor with a yell.

"Ow! Yow! What——"

"My hat! He's going for the giddy second!" ejaculated John Bull. "Ha, ha, ha!"

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NEXT TUESDAY: "INKY MINOR!"

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ONE
PENNY.

Skinner rolled out of Bolsover's reach and picked himself up. He shook his fist at his principal.

"You can jolly well whistle for a second!" he howled. "I'm done with you!"

"Time!"

Bolsover stepped up again. Solly's exasperating tactics continued, and the infuriated Bolsover rushed upon him furiously. Suddenly, instead of backing away, Solly stood his ground.

Bolsover's fists were knocked upward, and under his helpless hands came Solly's blows in rapid "postman's knocks"—left, right—right, left.

Bolsover staggered back blindly.

Rap, rap, rap!

The blows were raining upon his face, and he staggered and fell heavily. Solly stepped back with a quiet grin.

Temple began to count.

Bolsover staggered to his feet. Solly could have knocked him down as he rose, but he did not. He stood back and gave him a chance, and there was a murmur of approval from the crowd.

"Good old Solly!"

Bolsover continued to fight, but he was evidently groggy. He gasped with relief at the call of time, and stood pumping in breath. He had received severe punishment, and it was telling upon him.

Round succeeded round. All the time Bolsover was growing more and more groggy, but he toed the line with a desperate determination that won him a certain amount of admiration.

Solly was as cool as an iceberg all the time. He had received some punishment, too, and his dusky face showed the signs of it. But Bolsover was being hammered terribly, and it was a wonder to the juniors that he stood up at all.

Round No. 7 found Bolsover staggering as he put up his hands, but he fought on doggedly.

The juniors watched in tense silence now. Solly had dropped his defensive tactics, and was attacking all the time.

Hammer, hammer, hammer came his incessant blows, and the bully of the Remove was driven blindly round the ring under a shower of them. Bolsover felt that all was over, and he made one more effort. He gathered his strength, as it were, and made a desperate rush at Solly Lazarus, slogging at him furiously. But it was fatal. His blind blows were swept aside, and Solly's right came under his chin with a crash, and then his left landed on Bolsover's nose.

The Remove bully staggered back and crashed to the floor.

He hardly moved after he fell.

Temple counted:

"—Nine, ten—out!"

Bolsover had not even attempted to rise.

The juniors gathered round the victorious Solly, slapping him on the back, shaking his hands, and congratulating him. The bully sat up, blinking round him blindly. Not a glance was cast at him. He reeled to his feet, and grasped blindly at his jacket, and moved unsteadily away without a helping hand.

He was licked!

The cock of the walk was cock of the walk no longer. He had met his master, and his fall had been swift and complete.

Solly was breathing a little hard, but he was as cool as ever. He received the congratulations of Harry Wharton & Co. with his sleepy grin.

"It's all therene, dear boys," he said—"quite all therene! It was a good fight—a jolly good fight! And the chap knowth how to put up his handth—he doth really!"

Bob Cherry took one of Solly's arms, and Wharton took the other, and they marched him in triumph out of the gym, followed by the cheering crowd of juniors.

"See the conquering hero comes!" chirped Bob Cherry.

And Solly and Trumper were marched into No. 1 Study, followed by as many juniors as could find room in that famous apartment; and the feed that followed was quite a record, and Solly Lazarus, of course, was the guest of honour and the hero of the hour. Harry Wharton rose with a glass charged with ginger-beer.

"Gentlemen, a toast——"

"Hear, hear!" ...

"To Solly Lazarus—the Cock of the Walk!"

"Ha, ha!"

"Hear, hear!"

And the toast was drunk with enthusiasm.

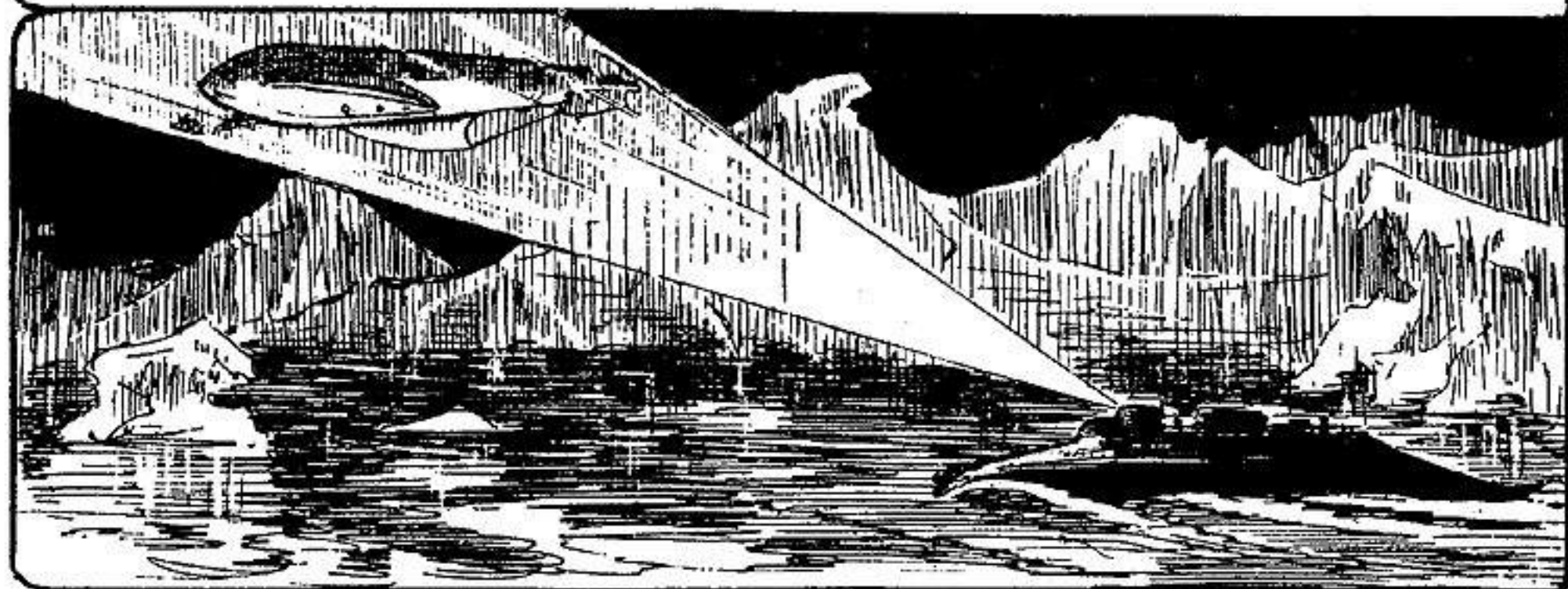
THE END.

Another splendid, long, complete school-story of Harry Wharton & Co. next week, entitled: "INKY MINOR," by Frank Richards. Please order your copy in advance. Price 1d.)

THE FIRST INSTALMENT!

"BEYOND THE ETERNAL ICE!"

A Thrilling Story of the Amazing Adventures of Ferrers Lord, Millionaire, Ching-Lung, and Rupert Thurston.

By **SIDNEY DREW.****The "Wide World" Club—A Startling Speech and a Startling Offer—"I will take your bet, Professor."**

Carriage after carriage, motor after motor, halted under the hissing arc lamps of the great club, sacred to the meeting of travellers, explorers, and men of science. A wide strip of crimson carpet covered the marble steps, and attendants in livery stood beneath the awning, ready to open the carriage doors.

The waiting crowd cheered as they recognised well-known faces. Edison and Marconi arrived in the same brougham. There was a roar as the slim figure of Grahame White appeared, a wilder roar as a Royal carriage, guarded by cavalry, drew up, and his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales mounted the steps, hat in hand, bowing right and left.

Everyone of note seemed to have accepted the president's invitation—soldiers, politicians, literary men, judges, great lawyers, and wealthy merchants. Then the tide began to slacken, and only a few stragglers noticed a lightly built man, who walked briskly up the steps, a cigarette in his mouth.

He did not enter the reception-room, but, removing his coat and hat, sat down in a comfortable chair. His black hair was thinning at the temples, and was slightly grizzled. His eyes, widely set apart, looked sometimes grey, and sometimes almost black. He began to draw figures on the rich carpet with a small gold-mounted cane.

A crash of music came from the banquetting hall of the famous club. Waiters rushed here and there, and there was a buzz of voices that mingled with the music. The man glanced at his watch impatiently, and then sprang up, holding out his hand.

"Welcome, your Highness!" he said, in a mellow voice. "You are just two minutes late."

The new-comer was a boyish, yellow-faced Chinese. He wore the usual evening-dress and opera hat of the European gentleman, but a long pigtail fell from beneath his hat, its end tied with a bow of yellow silk ribbon. To the amazement of the waiters, he uttered a wild squeak of delight, and clasped the speaker round the neck.

"Good gracious, I jolly glad to see you, ole chappee!" he said. "Lette me lookee at you. Gleet Scottee! You not altel a lille scalp. Givee me youl flippel. He, he, he! Deal ole Fellers Lord! Just tinkee, I not see you for one whole yeal!"

Ferrers Lord, the great inventor and owner of millions, smiled.

"I'm glad to see you, Ching-Lung," he answered; "but you need not make a scene. I fear the cares of State have not improved you. You are just as wild and childish as ever. How is Kennedy? Waiter, two glasses of sherry and bitters!"

The waiter was gliding away, but he stopped suddenly, gazing at Ching-Lung's back in astounded horror. Ching-Lung's pigtail gradually stiffened, rose inch by inch, until it was standing out straight like a handle of a pump, and then

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the yellow bow began to dance up and down. The waiter fled.

"Ole Mike Kennedy, ne allee lightee!"

"My dear fellow," said the millionaire, "pray speak English!"

Ching-Lung smiled sweetly, and a gold cigarette-case appeared mysteriously in his hand. It opened with a click, and a cigarette shot up towards the ceiling, circled like a butterfly round an arc-lamp, and dropped into the prince's mouth. It was burning, and Ching-Lung puffed at it placidly.

"You would oblige me by deferring your juggling tricks for a more fitting occasion," said Ferrers Lord good-humouredly. "Oh, Ching, what is going to become of you? Do be serious for five minutes!"

Ching-Lung looked penitent at once.

"I'm awfully sorry, old man," he said, "but I can't help it. What did you bring me from China for?"

"To help me. I've been frightfully bored since we last met in Kwai-hal. There has been nothing to do at all. I went to Tibet for four months, and a wonderful country it is. We'll pay it a visit some day. That, however, has nothing to do with the present subject. Why do you think all these people are here to-night?"

"To eat, I suppose," answered Ching-Lung, with a grin.

"That is partly their object, of course," admitted Ferrers Lord, "but not quite all of it. If you have studied the newspapers and blue books I sent you, you must have noticed that things are looking rather black. We seem to be losing much of our trade, and America is taking a good deal of it. They seem, as they say themselves, to want the whole of it. In fact, the guest of honour to-night, Professor Nat Hugley, of Chicago, wants the North Pole."

"To chop up for firewood, eh?" murmured Ching-Lung.

"Not exactly; but he is cocksure of planting the Stars and Stripes there. Personally, as the Americans are our cousins, I would rather see their flag there than that of Germany or Russia, but I would like to see the Union Jack there better. Hugley has invented a very clever flying machine, and they are raving about it everywhere. I dare say in fair winds it would be all right, but in a gale—"

He shrugged his shoulders and took a sip from his glass.

"Then he means to fly to the Pole?"

"Exactly! He is a smart fellow, Ching, and he has unlimited money at his disposal. I know nothing against the fellow, but I strongly object to a certain gentleman who intends to accompany him. Thurston will be here later if he can get a special train from Brighton. Ah, there goes the gong! What is the number of your place at the table?"

"Eighty-three."

"And mine is forty-six. Wait for me here afterwards."

The dining-hall was one blaze of light and colour. It was cooled by carved pillars of ice resting in silver buckets, and surrounded by flowers. The band, hidden behind a screen of palms, was playing a lively march. The Prince of Wales held the post of honour, the Prime Minister, the president, and the guest of the evening, Professor Nat Hugley, sitting close to his Royal Highness.

The professor was tall and burly, his hair long and white. As an inventor of a flying machine, the whole world rang with his name. The details of his wonderful invention had been kept a profound secret, and though half a dozen nations had offered to buy the secret for fabulous sums, they had received a polite but firm refusal.

Course followed course, toast followed toast. At last the banquet was over, and, amid a salvo of deafening cheers, the professor mounted the platform. The noise gave place to silence. Professor Hugley bowed.

"Your Royal Highness, my lords, and gentlemen," he said, with a slight Yankee twang. "I feel deeply honoured to find myself among you. Some eighty or ninety years ago an Englishman—the immortal Stephenson—revolutionised the world by the invention of the locomotive.

"By that invention he conquered both sea and land. New York is almost as close to London now as Edinburgh was in those days. Comparatively, Australia is but a stone's throw, and a voyage round the world is thought as little of now as a journey to Rome was then.

"But what is the conquest of land and sea to the conquest of the boundless air? The secret of aerial navigation, except by the clumsy and dangerous method of ballooning, and flights in flimsily constructed aeroplanes, has baffled us for a century. I do not wish to boast, but where thousands have failed I have succeeded. It is my power to wreck the combined navies of the world, to lay this great city in ruins, to make myself monarch of all races of mankind. I hold the world in the hollow of my hand."

He paused, his eyes flashing strangely, and a hushed murmur ran from lip to lip.

"Luckily," he said, "I do not aim at Empire. I am a man of science and a man of peace. The time will come, no doubt, when the aerial fleets of great nations will grapple for mastery in the skies. I do not wish to live to see that day. As an American, I love my country, and I am proud of her. England boasts of the first locomotive, your cousins across the Atlantic boast of the first real airship.

"As you know, I am a great traveller. Twice I have tried to reach the North Pole, and twice I have failed. As I have already stated, I intend to use my invention for peace, and not for war. I have the utmost faith in my machine. I cannot allow you to examine it, but I will show you what it can do. Look! There is the Cloud-King!"

A large mahogany case, clamped with heavy brass bands, stood beside him on the platform. The professor bent and touched a hidden spring. The doors opened, and a strange buzzing sound filled the room. Then a wild shout broke from a hundred throats.

A cone-shaped body sprang from the case, and soared upwards like a bird with beating wings. It was a model five feet in length. Every eye was fixed on it as it circled slowly round the table. The roar of voices grew louder and louder, till it was a thunder of applause. The professor held up his hand for silence. Silence came at last, except for the queer droning of the aeronef*, as it swept in a curve above the heads of the guests.

"Farewell to battleships!" muttered a white-haired old admiral of the fleet.

"It would annihilate an army!" murmured a general. "We could not strike a blow."

All at once the guests seemed to realise the horrible power of the machine that could rain down death and devastation from the skies. Their faces reflected their feelings. Ferrers Lord alone was calm and collected. He sat scribbling lazily on a menu card, a smile on his lips. The professor was flushed with triumph.

In a hush, a young man, faultlessly attired, entered the room, and walked towards the platform.

"Professor, may I ask you a question?"

His voice broke the spell. He carried a long leather case in his hand.

"A hundred if you wish."

"Thank you," said the young stranger, bowing. "Is it true that you have so much confidence in your invention that you intend to make a voyage in it to the North Pole?"

"It is true."

"Then may I ask what your airship can do against a gale?"

The professor shrugged his shoulders.

"An average gale," he answered, "goes at a speed of forty miles an hour. The Cloud-King can hold its own against that. Even in a fifty mile wind it would make headway."

The listeners gasped. It seemed incredible.

"And gusts? A gust with a twenty mile force, for instance? Could your model stand that?"

"It could."

The young man opened the leather case, and took out a silver tube, fitted with a wooden stock.

"I have here a powerful air-gun," he said, "which at a distance of thirty feet will give a force of air equal in weight and pressure to the force of a gust at twenty miles an hour.

* A machine heavier than air which flies by mechanical power.—SIDNEY DREW.

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ONE
PENNY.

May I try it upon your model? I give you my word of honour that the gun is not capable of giving a greater force. You may test it if you wish. Here, too, is an instrument specially constructed for testing wind pressures. Will you examine it?"

He handed up a round disc of brass, to which a steel bar fitting into the tube was attached. It was an aerometer. There was a stir of excitement among the guests, and Ferrers Lord laughed softly.

"Thank you," said the professor, somewhat uneasily; "I will take your word. I did not come here to experiment, but you are welcome to make the trial. A gust may check the machine, but only for a moment."

The young man bowed, and raised the gun to his shoulder. The airship was moving towards him. They held their breath.

"I will fire at its prow," he said.

"One moment!" said a voice. "There is no slug or shot in that gun?"

For answer the young man turned, levelled the gun at a mirror, and pulled the trigger. A dull report followed, but the polished glass was intact.

"Sir Charles," he said, turning to a grizzled general, "will you kindly recharge this for me?"

The general bent back the stock, a powerful spring forcing the air into the chamber. Once again the little machine was buzzing over the platform. It swept round, nose on, and the young man glanced down the tube. Crack!

The model went crashing into the wall, and fell with a crash to the ground, wrecked and shattered. For a moment the professor stood dumb and silent, gazing at the wreck. Then, with a savage cry, he hurled himself at the young man. Strong arms seized him and held him back. He groaned with rage.

"It was a trick," he shrieked—"a cruel trick! The gun was loaded with slugs!"

"You are mistaken," said the young man quietly. "No slug has ever been fired out of the gun, as an expert can prove. My name is Rupert Thurston, and here is my card. I object to being called a cheat and a trickster, even by Professor Hugley. You can easily prove what I say by reconstructing the model and making the experiment again. The gun is at your service."

"Let me go!" snarled the professor.

They freed him, and he paced the platform like a madman.

"After what has happened," said Rupert Thurston drily, "you will, I presume, abandon your dreams of reaching the Pole?"

"Never! I have been tricked! I shall reach the Pole and plant the Stars and Stripes there!"

"Will you make a wager that you will not find the Union Jack there when you arrive?"

The professor laughed wildly.

"I will wager anything that America wins!" he cried. "Where is the Briton who dares to cover my bet? Which of you will race me to the North Pole? The stake is five million dollars—a million pounds! Where is the man who will take my bet?"

It seemed madness. A million pounds! They knew that the professor was rolling in wealth, but, after all, it seemed only boasting. Then a man stepped forward.

"I will take your bet, professor," he said quietly. "Your million against mine—Britain against America in the race for the North Pole!"

It was Ferrers Lord. For a time the two men stood face to face; there was unbroken silence. Then came a ringing British "Hurrah!" that rent the very air.

Like wildfire the news reached the streets, and a cheering crowd gathered outside the club.

It is Told How Old Comrades Meet Again on Tarrah Island, and How the Great Race Commenced.

All the world went mad over the story of the great wager. Who was Ferrers Lord—this mysterious man of millions? Even the keenest of journalists were baffled. They knew that he had a house in Park Lane, and that he seldom visited it. To the majority of people his name was quite unfamiliar. What was he like? Where did he live? How had he obtained his enormous wealth?

The same string of questions was on every lip. Most people set him down as a lunatic, and decided that the whole affair was a colossal hoax. There was some chance that Professor Hugley might reach the Pole, for his airship was an established fact. Had Ferrers Lord also invented a flying-machine? Half the songs in London music-halls contained some reference to the proposed race. And where was Ferrers Lord?

A week had passed since the night of the wager, and he had been neither seen nor heard of. A New York paper offered a thousand dollars to anyone who could interview him. Not to be outdone, a London morning paper offered twice that sum—four hundred pounds—for the same thing. Detectives and journalists searched high and low, but in vain.

And where, too, was Professor Nat Hugley? Like the man he had challenged, he, too, had disappeared.

"Sail-ho!" growled a hoarse voice.

Ben Maddock dragged in a squirming rock-cod, unhooked it, and, shading his eyes, glanced over the tossing sea.

"Go hon, Thomas!" he grunted. "Can't yer tell the difference between a sail and the smoke of a steamer? Why don't yer get yer eyes done up? That's the yacht, I'll be bound!"

They were on the Island of Tarrah, an almost barren rock, eighteen miles due east of the Faroe coast. Once in a year a few hardy wild-fowlers and egg-hunters visited it, to prey upon the swarming sea-birds; but at other times it was desolate. Tom Prout and Ben Maddock had been there for a fortnight, waiting for their master. The Lord of the Deep—Ferrers Lord's wonderful submarine-boat—lay snugly at anchor in a quiet cove. It had been a busy fortnight, but now the work was done. A square platform had been erected on the edge of the cliff above them, and behind that the carpenters had built a pretty wooden bungalow.

"She's got some other craft in tow," said Maddock, whose eyesight was excellent. "It's the yacht, for a month's pay! We've knocked about a bit, Thomas; but how do you fancy the North Pole? We'll be sleeping with polar bears and chasin' them hororer-bory-what's-their-name things! I should like to shoot one of them!"

Prout grinned. He had served on a whaling vessel long ago, and he knew the aurora borealis wasn't a wild animal.

"We lived on one of the critters a month," he said, winking at a defunct rock-cod. "My, and ain't they tough!"

"Shoot it yerself?" inquired the bo'sun, with great interest.

"No; harpooned it!" answered Prout. "You can't sleep for the varmints! They sit on the Pole all night, and 'owl orful!"

Though Ben's knowledge of northern geography was limited, he understood that the North Pole was nothing like a scaffold-pole.

"Have a bit of fish?" he said. "Yer wants a bit of a refresher after that! P'r'aps you'll 'owl a bit now!"

The rock-cod sailed through the air, and wrapped its clammy body round Prout's neck. Prout fired a volley of stones after Maddock's retreating form, and then composed himself to slumber in the sunshine.

The steam-yacht came swiftly into sight. She was towing a heavy barge, but the weight did not seem to hamper her speed. In half an hour the men on her deck could be seen plainly. Prout sprang up and hurried along a narrow strip of sand which, at low tide, edged the foot of the cliffs like a thread of gold.

He blew a shrill blast on his whistle. As if by magic thirty armed men, dressed in white, swarmed out of the grey, low-lying hull of the Lord of the Deep, and tumbled into a couple of boats. They lined up on the sand. The yacht was heading for the cove. She ran in gracefully and reversed her screws. The heavy barge slid past her, and the anchor chains rattled through the hawser-holes. Then a boat put off containing eight men.

Ferrers Lord sprang out first, and the crash of thirty rifles welcomed him.

Prout's hand went mechanically to his cap, his jaw dropped, and his eyes grew vacant and stony. Then a roar came from his great chest—a roar that would have made a prize bull envious. He forgot all discipline in the frenzied joy of the moment.

"Chingy!" he bellowed. "Oh, Chingy!"

He rushed forward, and Ching-Lung met him half-way. They hugged each other, and laughed like a couple of demented Frenchmen. For an instant a shadow crossed the millionaire's stern face, but the frown melted into a smile as he turned.

"Dismiss!" he said roughly. "Follow me, gentlemen!"

Thurston stayed behind to wring Prout's hand again and again. Then Maddock joined them, and there was more handshaking, hugging, and laughter. There was no half-heartedness about their greetings. They had faced perils together a dozen times, and there was a bond of true affection between them all. To the intense delight of the sailors from the yacht, Ching-Lung turned innumerable handsprings, seized Prout's watch and chain, tossed it into the sea, and then produced it from a box of cigars, which apparently jumped out of Maddock's head. He handed the cigars round.

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They then climbed the winding path to the bungalow.

"I suppose that scaffolding is to launch the Yankee air-ship?" said Thurston. "I thought she could rise from the ground?"

"So she can. They're going to put her together on that. Hugley says they can do it in six hours."

"Marvellous!" said Rupert.

"Oh, I don't know; she's all in segments, and there's not much of her when all's said and done. I rather like the professor, Rupert. He's a bit excitable when he gets roused. It wasn't bad of him to apologise to you in public for saying you cheated him. That friend of his is a beast, though."

"You mean that Cuban—Paraira?"

"Hush!"

Ching-Lung touched Rupert on the arm. A twist of the steep path brought them face to face with the Cuban. He sat on a boulder, twirling a cigarette between his fingers with a skill that only a Cuban or Mexican can attain. He was strikingly handsome, broad-shouldered, muscular, yet lithe as a cat. The slight curl of his black hair told of a touch of negro blood. He was very dark, but he had the true Spanish features, and the haughty manner of one who had been accustomed to rule.

"Again we meet, amigos," he said. "Caramba, I shiver here! I fear I was not born to explore the lands of ice. Do you gamble, senor?"

"Seldom," answered Rupert; "that is not one of my vices."

"Your Highness, then, perhaps?" said the Cuban, with a half-concealed sneer.

"A lily bittee!" lisped Ching-Lung. "I playee nap fol nuts sometimee."

"Not for money?"

"Oh, no; dat velly bad chop! Not knowee how muchee. You teachee me, and I flyee."

Ching-Lung's left eye closed slightly as a hint to Thurston not to interfere. Paraira was not aware that the Chinese boy could speak anything but broken English. Like all his race, the Cuban was a born gambler. He knew that Ching-Lung was rich, and he thought that he had found an easy victim. He whipped out a pack of cards at once.

"I'll teach you poker," he said. "It's very simple."

"Poker," murmured Ching-Lung. "Me knowee him first chop. You jabee de file wid him—eh? Showee me!"

Ching-Lung's eye closed again, and Thurston, stifling a chuckle, strolled away.

Ching-Lung listened with the most abject look of innocence on his face while Paraira explained the rules of the game. A flat boulder served as a table, and the cards were dealt. In ten minutes—for they were playing for high stakes—Ching-Lung had lost ten pounds. The stakes were doubled and then trebled, and still Ching-Lung continued to lose.

As they played on, crowded boats moved from the yacht to the shore. The barge was towed round to its position under the cliffs, and a crane rigged on the platform. Slowly huge black masses were hauled up from the barge—slowly, as the men toiled, a cone-shaped monster began to form on the platform. Hammers clanked as rivets were driven home, and men swarmed like flies over the gigantic bulk.

Rupert watched the scene in amazement. The monster seemed to be growing under a magic spell. The growth was slow, yet it seemed almost too rapid, he thought, to be the work of human hands. Every man seemed to know his duty. They never spoke to each other, and never paused for an order.

A second crane was dragging up piles of stores. There was no fuel, however, of any kind. The "Cloud-King" could dispense with that, for every beat of her mighty wings could store away both light and heat in the shape of that mysterious, miraculous, wonder-working fluid—electricity.

"You are needed, sir!" said Prout's voice. "Dinner is at six, sir! I've put your trunk in your room, sir!"

The magnificence of the interior of the bungalow amazed Rupert. The floors were thickly carpeted, and his own tiny room was luxuriously fitted. And yet, in a few brief hours, the bungalow would be left untenanted. There would be no time to remove any of the furniture. All would be left to the mercy of the wind and the weather, or as plunder for the hardy Faroe Island fishermen and wild-fowlers. It was like Ferrers Lord.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Rupert looked round with a start. Ching-Lung was lying on the couch, giggling and kicking.

"So you're back, Ching?"

"Eight hundred poundee, and an I. O. U. for anothel two fifty!" giggled Ching-Lung rapturously. "He, he, he! Me askee that blacklead face to teachee me more games at calds to-morrow! He, he, he!"

"You've been cheating, you little villain!" said Rupert sternly.

"Oh, shamee to sayee dat!" said Ching-Lung. Then he burst into a roar of laughter, and discarded his pidgin English. "I say, Rupert," he went on, "you ought to have been there. I don't trust that man! He imagined that he had got hold of something to cheat; but he thinks better of it now. Of course, I thought there might not be enough aces in his pack, so I brought a few with me. Want some?"

Ching-Lung jerked up his arms, and a shower of aces absolutely darkened the air.

"You scamp!" cried Thurston, wiping his eyes. "You—ha, ha, ha!—you miserable little sharper!"

"Oh, don't talk," said his Highness; "I sha'n't keep his dirty money, though it would serve him right if I did! I think he would have knifed me if Tom Prout hadn't come to look on. Just get hold of my blouse in the middle, and give it a pull! Lord asked me particularly to come to dinner in my robes. Here, don't tickle, but pull!"

Rupert gave the blouse a pull, and both blouse and wide trousers came away in his hand, revealing Ching-Lung in a princely purple costume, embroidered with jewels. Nothing that Ching-Lung did surprised Thurston in the least, now.

"Close on six!" said Thurston, glancing at his watch. "Do you know, Ching, I'm bubbling over with excitement. Just think of it. A race for a million pounds, the winning-post the North Pole! I wonder if we shall ever reach it? I have badgered Lord to tell me what he thinks, but he has always dismissed the subject by telling me to wait and see. I don't even know when we start!"

"At midnight, old chap, unless they decide anything else."

The dinner-gong boomed noisily. Rupert and Ching-Lung were first in the dining-room, and though both were accustomed to scenes of luxury and magnificence, they paused with exclamations of delight and admiration. The table groaned under its burden of chased gold. Ruby lights flashed softly through a screen of wonderful flowers. On either side of the table stood two high bowls of glittering silver, filled with water. On each floated a swan carved out of crystal ice. Their backs were hollowed out, showing the gilt necks of champagne bottles. The air was full of music, soft, but ravishing, and gorgeous butterflies fluttered from flower to flower.

"Wonderful!" said Thurston, almost in a whisper.

"I am glad you are pleased, Rupert," said the millionaire's mellow voice at his elbow. "Permit me to introduce you to two gentlemen, whose names you will know—Sir Clement Morwith, and Mr. Richard Van Witter."

Thurston bowed to the two men. To him their names were quite familiar. Sir Clement was president of the Royal Yacht Club, and Van Witter was the finest yachtsman America had ever produced. Both were short and florid.

They bowed again as Paraira and the professor entered. Dinner commenced, and servants, wearing Ferrers Lord's rich livery, moved silently about. Every fresh course was a revelation—a masterpiece of cookery; the wines were like nectar. It was a silent meal, however, until the coffee was brought and the cigars lighted. Then the millionaire rose lazily.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we have succeeded in giving the world a new sensation. Both my friendly antagonist and myself owe a debt of gratitude to both Sir Clement and Mr. Van Witter. They have consented to act as judges in this race. The stakes have already been paid—Mr. Hugley's into the Bank of England, and mine into the Bank of New York. As this is virtually a friendly contest between Great Britain and America, to avoid any suspicion of unfairness Mr. Van Witter will sail with me, while Sir Clement will accompany the professor and the senior. Their judgment will be final in every respect, for there are no two gentlemen in the world better fitted to judge, and no truer and more honourable sportsmen."

"Hear, hear!" cried Ching-Lung.

"Wal," drawled the Yankee, standing up with his hands in his pockets and a cigar in his mouth, "I reckon I haven't known Mr. Ferrers Lord very long, but it seems to me he can give a slap-up feed, and I guess he's a gentleman. Of course, for the sake of the old Stars and Stripes, I want the Cloud-King to get there first. We Yankees want the earth, you know, but I don't care a cent whether we get it this time or not, if I see a good honest race. Let the best man win! That's my motto, and here's jolly good health and luck to you both."

Van Witter's bluff, straightforward speech was greatly applauded. Ching-Lung felt pleased that they were going to have him for a travelling companion.

"Sir Clement," said Ferrers Lord, "perhaps you will oblige us by reading over the rules of the race."

"Certainly, sir!" answered the baronet.

The rules were quite short and quite simple. The rival vessels of sea and air were to leave Tarrah at midnight. Six months only were allowed for the voyage out and home, whether successful or not. Both vessels were to return to Tarrah within the specified time. If neither reached the Pole it was to be voted no race. If, however, one of the vessels gained its destination and found neither flag nor

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ONE
PENNY.

buoy to prove that the other had not been there before it, it could either wait for its rival or return. The decision of the judges was absolute and irrevocable, and governed the result of the race. They pledged themselves to be utterly impartial, to give no advice and to take no share in the handling of the vessel. Once a day, all hands, except the steersman, were to be ordered below to give the judges an opportunity to secretly take the reckonings.

"Thank you, Sir Clement!" said the millionaire, as the baronet sat down. "All we have to do is to sign!"

A servant brought forward a silver inkstand, and Ferrers Lord scrawled his signature across the paper. Professor Hugley signed next in clear, firm handwriting, and then Sir Clement and Van Witter added their signatures. The paper was handed to Paraira, but he thrust it away.

"One moment, seniors, what proof have I that you mean to act fairly?"

There was a stupefied silence, and Ferrers Lord's eyes grew hard.

"Explain yourself, senior!" he said grimly.

"Ah, yes!" sneered the Spaniard. "I will explain myself, but I will sign first. There you see it—'Gomez Paraira!' What are your rules worth? Every man has his price, and we have two millionaires amongst us. Caramba, the word of one judge is law, and honour is cheap! I could buy the word of a saint that I had reached the Pole for a thousand dollars!"

A chair went over with a crash, and the little Yankee was on his feet. Ferrers Lord's eyes were gleaming strangely.

"Gentlemen," drawled the Yankee, "I'm luckily not passionate by nature, and, as I am a guest here, I do not mean to create a scene. Injuns are poison, and so are Cubans in my experience. Both Sir Clement and I have been grossly insulted. We have been told in so many words that we are capable of swearing away the race to the highest bidder. I am sorry for Professor Hugley—very sorry—for he is a man of honour. Only that I know he is not responsible for that fellow, I would resign at once. Later on, if I am spared, I shall have a settlement with the senior. Mr. Ferrers Lord, I must ask you to order him out!"

The millionaire fixed his flashing eyes on the Cuban's dark face, and pointed to the door.

"Go!" he said.

"Hang you! Who are you?" snarled the Cuban.

The blue muzzle of a revolver gleamed between the fingers of the millionaire. With an oath, Paraira sprang up and went scowling from the room, shutting the door with a crash. The professor's head was pillowed in his arms.

"He is ill!" cried the baronet.

Hugley raised his haggard face.

"Ask me nothing," he said faintly. "I am heartbroken, gentlemen, that this should have happened. I can only apologise!"

Ferrers Lord moved from his chair, and gently laid his hand upon the American's shoulder.

"Come," he said cheerfully; "we must not be despondent to-night. A magnum of champagne here, at once. Fill your glasses, my friends, to Britain and America. We are rivals in trade, and rivals in sport, but we are brothers in blood. And, if ever the day comes when the nations rise against us, John Bull and Sam, shoulder to shoulder, will shake the whole world and conquer it!"

He waved his hands, and two flags fluttered, side by side, over the table—the Star-spangled Banner, and the Union Jack.

Boom!

A tongue of crimson flame leapt from the throat of the gun on the cliff, and a thunderous report rang across the placid sea-line. Like some gigantic bird of the night—the "Cloud-King," her mighty pinions whirling and droning—soared from the platform and dipped majestically, as if about to plunge into the waves.

Below her, moving slowly seaward, was the Lord of the Deep. Tom Prout, in her glazed conning tower, gripped the wheel. Four men stood on the deck, looking upward, and waving their caps. Ferrers Lord, Thurston, Van Witter, and Ching-Lung. Again the gun boomed, and a dazzling beam of light darted from the submarine vessel towards the aeronef. It gleamed on the pale face and silvery hair of the professor, and the dark, sullen features of Gomez Paraira.

The speed increased, and the airship drew ahead. Then the light went out, and the Lord of the Deep sank beneath the waves. The race for a million pounds had begun!

(Another splendid long instalment of this grand serial next Tuesday, in which the further grand adventures of "Ferrers Lord and his friends in the great race to the North Pole, are chronicled.)

NEXT
TUESDAY: "INKY MINOR!"

A Grand, Long, Complete Tale of an Amazing Jape at
Greyfriars School. By FRANK RICHARDS.

Lion Against Bear.

A Thrilling Story of the Amazing Adventures of
FERRERS LORD, MILLIONAIRE.

By **SIDNEY DREW.**

CONCLUSION.

"It may be a ticklish job," Ferrers Lord said. "I'm thoroughly puzzled about it. The vessel has been here for nearly a week now, and yet we have seen nothing of her except one glimpse I got when I destroyed the mines. Why hasn't she bobbed up and put a few shells into my vessel? Before I took the precaution of mounting those guns and the four searchlights she could have done it with ease."

"Perhaps they are waiting for orders from Scaroff. They would hardly care to damage the Lord of the Deep while there was any chance of taking her. Who commands the boat, by the way—Val—Val—what? He's rather a good sort, I fancy. I used to like him."

"A giant Mongol," said the millionaire, "by name Tori Valkassar."

Ching-Lung smoked pensively.

"Well," said Lord nonchalantly, "let's get something to eat, and talk it over."

The five—Ching-Lung, Thurston, General Yang, Kennedy, and Ferrers Lord—dined in the saloon of the Lord of the Deep. Outside there was an incessant rattle of shovels and picks. The millionaire glanced at his watch, and now and then he raised the receiver of the telephone to his ear.

"Fill you glasses, gentlemen!"

Glasses were filled as the millionaire stood up. A few whispered words had just come over the wire.

"A toast," said the millionaire. "Success!"

"Success!" shouted the guests.

There was a scraping sound, a gurgling rush of water, and the vessel began to move swiftly. Then came a plunge, and a wild chorus of cheers from a thousand Chinese workmen. The Lord of the Deep was afloat. The door was opened, and Prout appeared. He had managed the whole affair, and they greeted him rapturously.

"Come, Tom," said Ching-Lung, "you've got to make a speech! Here's Maddock come to listen. Out with it!"

"Yer 'Ighness, Mr. Ferrers Lord, and gentlemen," said Prout, his face a fiery red. "I ain't much o' a speaker, and, really, a pore, iggerant man like me"—"No, no! You're a brick!"—"ain't got no right 'ere. All I can say is as 'ow it's the proudest day o' my life! I didn't know till I met yer all that there was sich kind, true 'earted gentlemen in the world as yer 'Ighness, Mr. Ferrers Lord, and Mr. Thurston, or sich true pals as Ben and Old Mike. My friend, Prince Ching-Lung, if I dare be impertinent enough to call 'im so"—"Certainly, old chap!" from Ching-Lung—"as made us sit hup a bit with 'is tricks and pranks, bless 'im! but I'd sooner sit up all me life than 'ave ter leave 'im"—"Ear, 'ear!" from Maddock. "That must be, 'owever, and that we may all meet again, live long and die 'appy, is the wish o' yer pore, 'umble servant, Thomas Prout—a Britisher bred and born, thank yer!"

Tremendous cheers and handclaps greeted Prout's speech. Ferrers Lord actually laughed, and rapped the table with his knuckles. Ching-Lung strove hard to keep the ball rolling; but everyone had a saddening conviction that a separation was close at hand.

Then a bell rang.

"Gentlemen," said Ferrers Lord, "the time has come."

They sprang from the table.

"Now," said Ferrers Lord.

He touched the indicator, and the vessel began to move down the river. Then the water hissed into her tanks, and the great torpedo-nets fell over her plates. Ching-Lung worked the searchlights, and the millionaire was at the deadly machinery that worked the electric gun.

"I hope we shall not have to sink her," said Ferrers Lord.

"We all hope that."

"Yes; but if the worst comes to the worst, it must be done. I ordered Horton to take up his mines. If Valkassar discovers this he will try and make a bolt for it. But I do not see how he can find out—Hullo!"

Something black shot past the conning-tower, almost grazing the nets—a torpedo.

"She's there!" shouted Ching-Lung. "Back her!"

The flashing searchlight had found her out. The Tsaritsa was moving slowly across the stream, launching torpedoes from her tubes. The screws were reversed, and the vessel

moved slowly back against the current, keeping her lights on the foe.

Ferrers Lord broke the tense silence.

"I could blow her out of the water!" he said grimly; "but I have not the heart to do it."

"Why not?" asked Yang gutturally. "I should like to see such a sight. Bah! She is a foe!"

"True."

Ferrers Lord touched a lever, raising the muzzle of the terrible gun, which was fired in the bow, and worked in the conning-tower.

His hand wandered towards the fatal button.

"I can't!" he said, with a groan. "Fire for me, Yang!"

The general had no such scruples. His finger was almost on the button.

"Hold back! Hold back!"

The cry came from Ching-Lung's lips, as he flung the general aside.

"Great heavens!" gasped Thurston. "The Destroyer!"

She came racing out of the darkness like a spectre ship, and the searchlights flashed on the awful face of the bronzed statue that formed the figurehead. The mighty sword was pointed upstream.

"She's going to ram her!" said Prout hoarsely.

The Destroyer moved round, her lashing screws churning the water like milk, and then dashed down upon her foe.

For a moment the onlookers were spellbound. Then Ferrers Lord gripped Ching-Lung's hand.

"Look!" he shouted. "He's captured her! Bravo, Horton!"

Then they understood, and cheered themselves hoarse as the Destroyer began to move towards the surface, lifting her crippled foe with her.

At once the tanks were emptied, and the Lord of the Deep ascended. In a few moments her decks were packed with armed men. There, on the moonlit waters, lay the Destroyer, her decks crowded, dragging her maimed foe towards the shallows. Cheer answered cheer as the Lord of the Deep thrashed to her assistance. Wire hawsers were made fast, and they towed the captured vessel towards the sandbank. In half an hour she was safe in the channel dug to refloat the Lord of the Deep, and Horton and Ferrers Lord were shaking hands.

All the time, except for the few torpedoes she had fired, the Tsaritsa might have contained no living soul. Sailors with levelled rifles gathered round her, and at last a solitary figure appeared in her conning-tower and stepped out. It was the giant figure of Valkassar.

Only two men had stuck to the ship—Valkassar and one engineer. Ferrers Lord ran forward, raising his hat.

"May I have the pleasure, Mr. Valkassar," he said in Russian, "of shaking hands with a brave man?"

"Bah!" the Mongol answered. "I am beaten, but I bear no malice. There's my hand, sir."

A week of busy toil was sufficient to repair the captured vessel.

Then, accompanied by Thurston and a strong escort, Ferrers Lord went to Pekin. There an answer to his message to Lord Salisbury was awaiting him. He was welcomed by the commanders of the European forces, and all were highly indignant at Scaroff's plot to destroy the prince. The Russian Government telegraphed to London, denying that the dead man had received any authority from them for such a despicable action. This was wired on to Pekin, and Ching-Lung was safe.

And more than that. With Ching-Lung guarding the northern border of China, all Russian hopes were dashed away.

The three submarine vessels floated on the stream, one behind the other. Ching-Lung's whole army was paraded on the bank. The boat was waiting to take Ferrers Lord and Little Eric aboard. Ching-Lung held Eric to his heart.

"Good-bye, my lily sonce," he said, lapsing into his broken English. "You takee care of Shakespealee Willyum, and you notice folgetee old Ching-Lung."

"Oh, never, Ching—never—never!" said Eric tearfully.

The millionaire's eyes looked misty as he wrung the prince's hand.

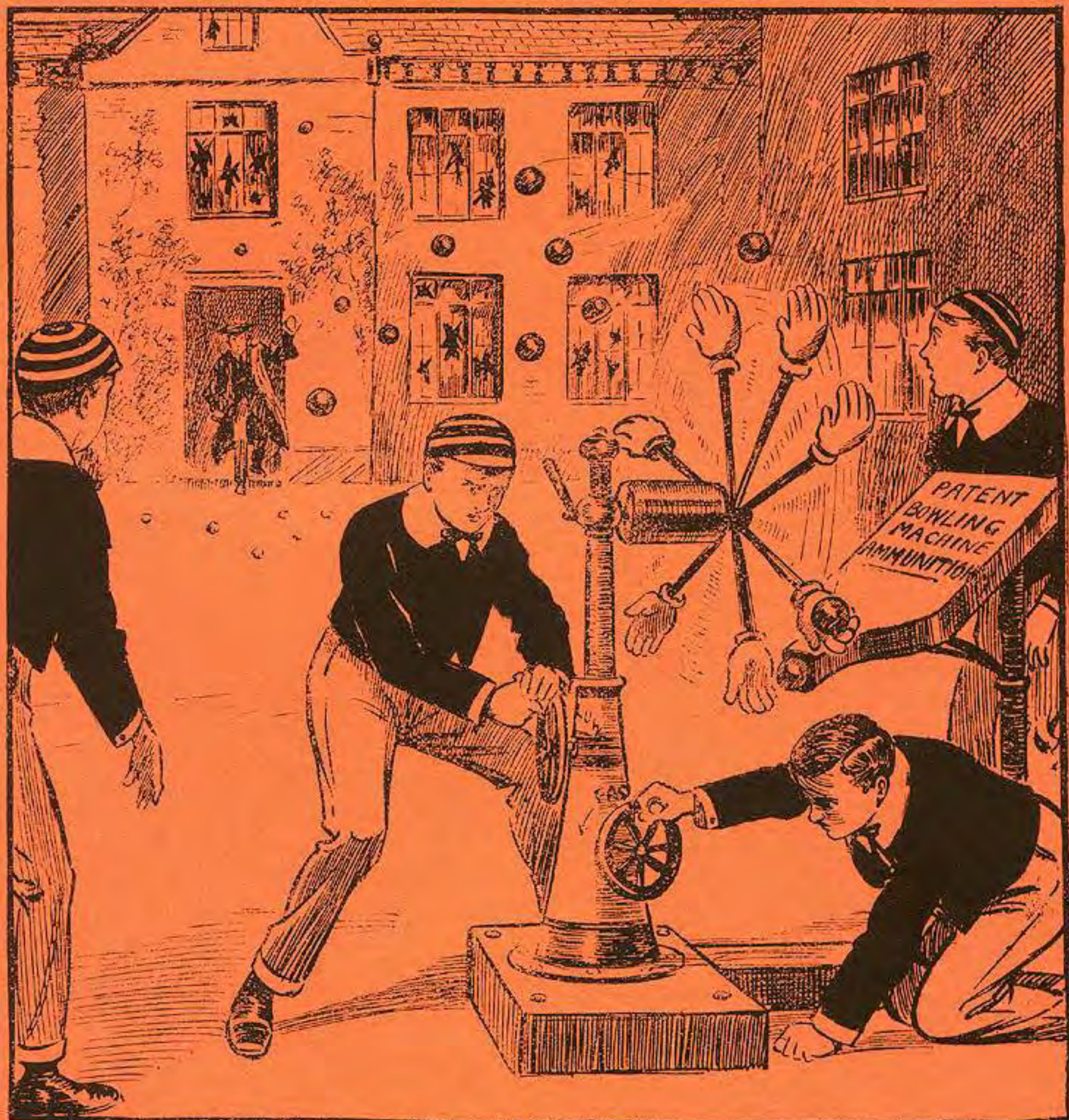
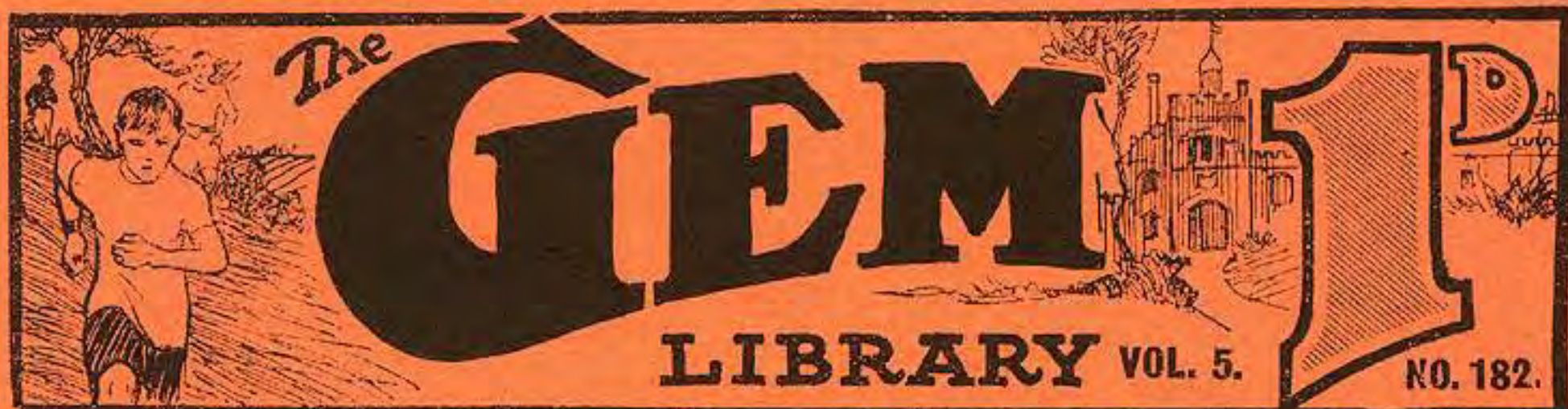
"Good-bye—no, only au revoir, for we shall meet again. Heaven bless you, my lucky lad! Good-bye, Kennedy, and guard your prince as you would your life! Come, Eric!"

The boat darted from the shore. At a signal from Kennedy, five hundred rifles cracked, cheers rose from the crowded decks, and the band struck up "God Save the King." Then the decks were empty, and the three vessels sank below the rushing waters, homeward-bound.

Kennedy dashed his hand across his eyes.

"Buck up, old chap!" said Ching-Lung kindly. "We shall all meet again. Here, have a cigar!"

THE END.

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