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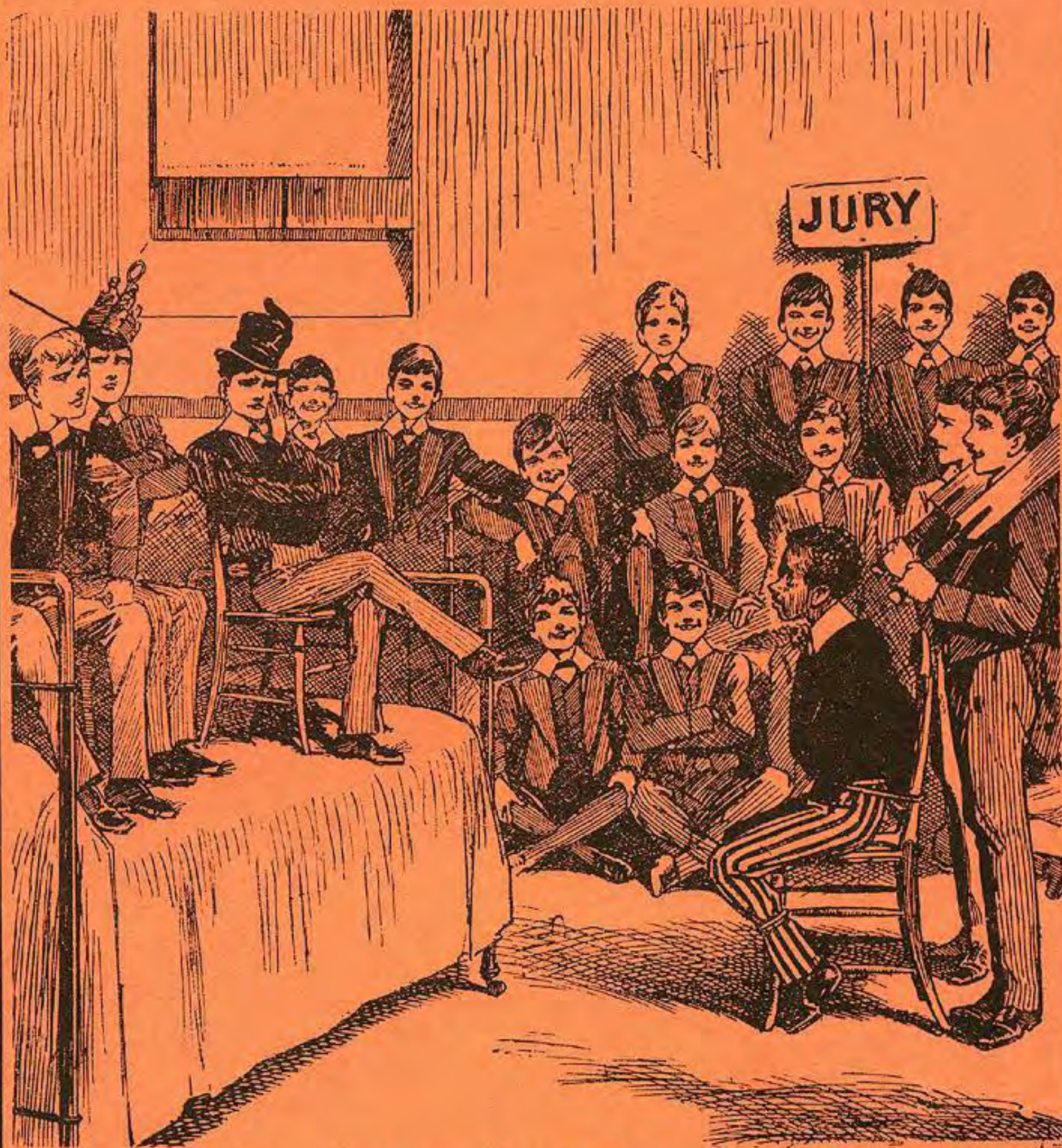
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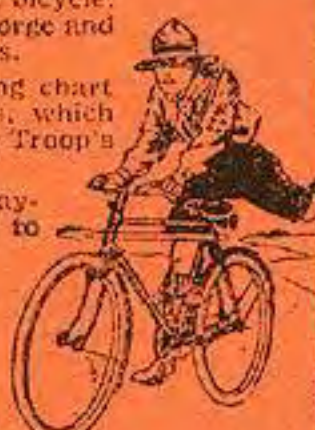
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Inky Minor



A Splendid,
Long, Complete School Tale
of
HARRY WHARTON & Co.,
at Greysfriars

By

FRANK
RICHARDS

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Just Like Dicky!

"STOP him!"
"Catch him!"
"Hold him!"

The shouts rang along the Remove passage at Greysfriars.

It was a scene of wild excitement. Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent were rushing out of Study No. 1, the latter with a cricket stump in his hand. Bob Cherry was tearing down the passage, and after him came John Bull and Fish and Tom Brown. Bulstrode and five or six more fellows

were dashing out of their studies, calling out to know what the matter was.

"Stop him!" roared Bob Cherry.

A diminutive junior was speeding down the passage as if he were on the cinder-path. It was Nugent minor, of the Second Form, the hopeful younger brother of Frank Nugent of the Remove. Nugent minor was running his hardest, but he was rather under difficulties for a foot-race, for he had a pot of jam under each arm, a bag of biscuits in one hand, and a bag of eggs in the other, and his pockets were stuffed with cake and apples and nuts and other eatables of a portable nature. As he ran he shed comestibles on all

sides, and left a trail of apples and oranges and biscuits on the well-worn linoleum of the Remove passage.

"Stop him!"

Dicky Nugent dodged past Harry Wharton as he came out of Study No. 1, and reached the head of the staircase. There he paused for a second, panting, and looked over his shoulder.

The whole passage was alive with Remove juniors in hot pursuit.

Those who had not seen Dicky at his depredations could guess what had happened from seeing him loaded up with plunder. It was not at all infrequent for the Remove fellows to raid one another's studies. It was quite common for the Upper Fourth to raid the Remove, and for the Remove to raid the Upper Fourth. It added a certain amount of liveliness to existence at Greyfriars. But for the Second Form to raid the Remove was unheard of. Only Nugent minor would have had the astounding cheek to think even of anything of the sort. But Dicky Nugent, as was well known, had cheek enough for anything.

Dicky Nugent had a handsome, sunny face, with the most innocent expression in the world upon it, and soft blue eyes that deceived most people. Under that gentle and taking exterior he was one of the most mischievous and reckless young rascals at Greyfriars. No one but Dicky Nugent would have thought of raiding the Remove, and certainly no one but Dicky Nugent would have dreamed of carrying out the raid single-handed.

But that was what he had done.

And he had nearly escaped scot-free with his plunder, had not Bob Cherry chanced to enter his study to make sure that the feed he was preparing for some of his chums in the Remove was quite safe. He had found Dicky Nugent calmly loading himself with the feed, and he had been so astounded that Dicky had dodged past him out of the study and fled before Bob could seize him.

But Bob gave instant chase, and his shouts brought nearly all the Remove out of their studies, and Nugent minor had to dodge and twist like a Rugby three-quarter to get down the length of the passage.

But he did it!

He grinned breathlessly as he looked back from the head of the stairs. The Remove were rushing on in pursuit, with Bob Cherry and Wharton and Frank Nugent in the lead.

Dicky's hand swept up. There was a crash as a jampot fell to the floor and was smashed. He had forgotten that for a moment. The hand was raised that held the bag of eggs, and as the crowd of Removites rushed at him, Dicky hurled the bag fairly among them.

Smash!

The eggs scattered on all sides from the open bag, and whizzed among the Removites. Smash—smash! Squelch!

"Oh!"

"Ah!"

"Ow!"

"Yarrah!"

Smashed eggs decorated nearly every junior near at hand, and yolk ran down over ties and waistcoats.

Dicky Nugent chuckled, and turned to run again. Eggy juniors rushed after him with wild shouts of wrath.

"Collar him!"

"Stop him!"

Patter, patter went Dicky Nugent's swift feet down the stairs. But Hazeldene of the Remove was just coming upstairs. He had heard the shouting, and was coming up to see what was the matter.

"Stop him!" shrieked Bob Cherry.

Hazeldene grinned.

"I'll stop him—all serene!"

He paused on the stairs, and took a hold of the banister, and waited. Dicky Nugent paused desperately.

He was not big enough to tackle Hazeldene, but in a few moments the crowd behind would have hold of him.

He hadn't a second to spare.

But one second was enough for the scamp of the Second Form. He swerved to the banisters—the wide, smooth banisters that the juniors were fond of sliding down when there were no masters or prefects about—and threw one leg over. In a moment he was sliding down at a wild rate in a sitting position, still clutching the jampot that remained, and with apples and biscuits scattering on the stairs as he flew.

Hazeldene jumped away from the banisters in time to avoid being cannoned. If Dicky had collided with him in his wild career he would certainly have been knocked head-long down the stairs.

Dicky flew past breathlessly.

With a whiz he went down the length of the long banisters, and a wild yell rose from the juniors above.

"Look out!"

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"Stop!"

"Cave, you young ass!"

"Oh!" gasped Frank Nugent. "He's done it now!"

"Cave!" yelled Harry Wharton. "Look out!"

But it was too late for Dicky Nugent to look out—he was going at too terrific a speed. Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, had come out of his study with a cane in his hand. He had come out to see what was causing all the noise, and sheer thoughtfulness and foresight made him bring the cane. But he was not prepared for the wild descent of Nugent minor. Dicky flew down the banisters, and flew off the end, and would have landed on his feet as nimbly as a cat but for the Form-master. Mr. Quelch got in the way just in time, just as if he had intended to.

He certainly couldn't have intended to, for the results were painful. Dicky Nugent struck him like a cannon-ball full on the chest, and knocked him over backwards. Dicky landed on him astride, and sat upon the Form-master, gasping.

The jampot crashed on the floor within an inch of Mr. Quelch's chin, and broke, and jam oozed out over the Form-master's neck. Mr. Quelch was too utterly shocked and astounded to do anything but gasp. And Dicky Nugent gasped for breath. And the juniors on the staircase gasped, too, in horror.

"Quelch!"

"Dicky's floored him!"

"The young ass!"

"He's done it this time!"

"My word!"

A voice was heard from below—the voice of Mr. Quelch, than which, at that moment, the roar of a lion in its wrath would not have been more terrible.

"Boy! You—you young ruffian! Get off immediately, and allow me to rise!"

Dicky Nugent rolled off helplessly, and Mr. Quelch, as he requested, was allowed to rise.

— — —

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Quite Ratty.

MR. QUELCH rose.

He was breathless, and his breathing came in short, quick pants. His collar and face and neck were jammy—decidedly jammy. His gown was torn its whole length, and his clothes were covered with dust. But his expression showed that he had suffered more in his temper than anywhere else.

"Boy," he gasped—"boy!"

Nugent minor panted. He cast a longing glance down the passage, but he was recognised, and flight was useless.

He faced the angry Form-master, trying to work up an expression of contrition on his crimson and dusty face.

"If—if you please, sir——"

"Boy!"

"I'm sorry, sir—so sorry!"

"Yes, I—I should think you were sorry!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "I should think you were very sorry indeed, sir! But I am going to make you sorrier, Nugent minor—very much sorrier! How dare you, sir—how dare you come down the public staircase in that manner?"

"I—I slid down, sir," said Dicky, as if that were an excuse of some sort.

"I know you slid down, Nugent minor—I saw you, and I feel the effects of it!" exclaimed the master of the Remove. "And why did you slide down? How dare you slide down?"

"I—I was in a hurry, sir! I—I'm so sorry I biffed into you, sir!"

Mr. Quelch grasped the bag by the collar.

"Come with me, Nugent minor!"

"If you please, sir——"

"Come with me!"

The Remove-master marched the bag off. As they passed the open door of Mr. Quelch's study Dicky involuntarily halted, expecting to be taken in there and caned, but the Form-master did not stop.

"Come, Nugent minor!"

"Oh, sir! I—I thought——"

"You are going to the Head!"

Dicky Nugent gave a gasp of dismay.

"To—to the Head, sir?"

"Yes, Nugent minor," said Mr. Quelch grimly. "I decline to deal with such a wild Indian, such a perfect cannibal as you are. I leave it to the Head. This is not your first offence—it is the last and crowning offence, Nugent minor, of a long and disgraceful series. I hope it will be the last. I trust that Dr. Locke will send you away from Greyfriars."

Dicky Nugent's jaw dropped.

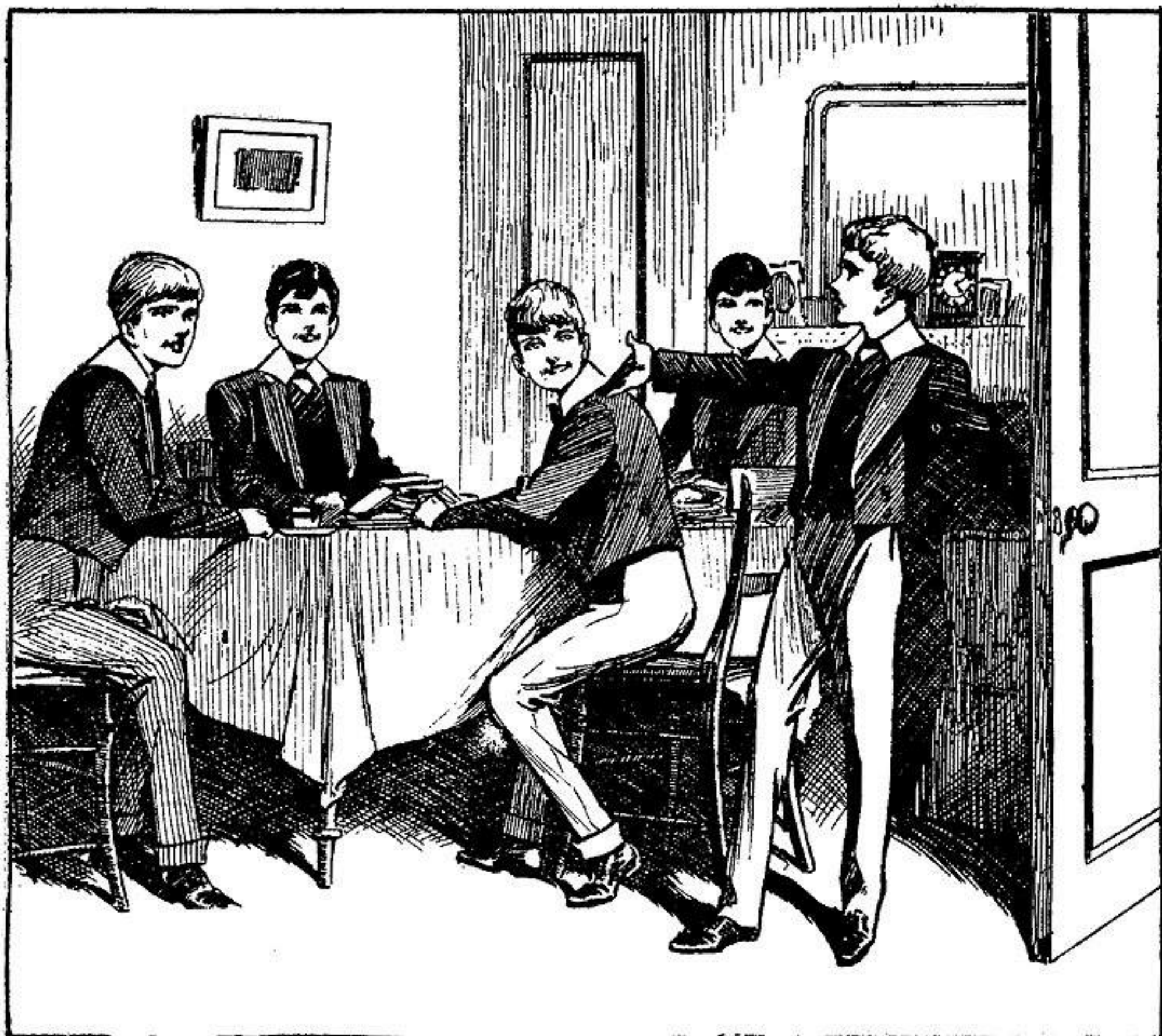
"Away from Greyfriars!" he stuttered.

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"Within twenty-four hours you'll see me here again," said Dicky Nugent impressively, "and I sha'n't be sent home again either!" (See Page 6).

"Yes, I certainly hope so."

"B-b-but, sir—"

"You may find some other school where the banisters may be used instead of the stairs, and Form-masters knocked over like ninepins," said Mr. Quelch, with grim humour. "I do not suppose you will—but you may. And Greyfriars will be very peaceful when the worst boy here is gone."

"Oh, sir!"

Nugent minor was utterly dismayed. He could remember the time when he had come to Greyfriars at first, and had not wanted to come. But things had changed since then. The mere thought of being sent away from the old school, from his accustomed haunts, from his chums in the Second Form, filled him with dismay.

Mr. Quelch's iron grasp led him on towards the Head's study. At the end of the Form-room passage a group of Second-Form fags stood, and they watched the Form-master and Dicky in dismay. They had been awaiting the return of Nugent minor from his raid, and this was how he returned.

Gatty and Myers and Bunter minor and Hop III, the Chinese fag, and Newell and Bath were there, and they stared blankly at their chief being led along by the master of the Remove. Dicky Nugent was still shedding biscuits from his overloaded pockets. The fag and the Form-master passed down the corridor, and entered the Head's study. Gatty gave a low whistle.

"My hat! There's trouble for Dicky!" he murmured.

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NEXT
TUESDAY: "THE SCHOOLBOY MILLIONAIRE,"

"Mo tinkee muchee trouble," said Hop III, shaking his head sadly.

Bunter minor went along the passage picking up the biscuits Dicky had dropped. Perhaps to make sure of getting them into safety, Sammy Bunter ate them as fast as he picked them up. The other fags watched him in disgust. Sammy Bunter regarded Dicky Nugent's misfortune exactly so—it meant biscuits for Sammy, and so far as Sammy was concerned it meant nothing else.

Gatty followed Bunter minor down the passage.

"There's another bisker, Sammy," he said.

"Thanks!" said Sammy, blinking through his spectacles in the direction pointed out by Gatty.

He stooped for the biscuit, and Gatty took a running kick.

"Yow!" roared Sammy.

He went rolling along the passage, yelling. Then he sat up on the floor, and blinked furiously at Gatty.

"Yaroo! Ow! What did you do that for?" he howled.

"Rotter!" was all the explanation Gatty vouchsafed.

And Gatty & Co. went down the corridor to wait for Nugent minor to come out of the Head's study.

They expected to hear sounds of anguish from within.

But no wild howls came to indicate that the Head was getting in some bicep practice with the cane.

There was silence in the Head's study, save for a low murmur of voices that came faintly to the ears of the fags in the corridor.

Gatty & Co. looked at one another in dismay.

What did it mean?

A Splendid New, Long, Complete Tale of Greyfriars School. BY FRANK RICHARDS.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Findings Keepings!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. had watched Dicky Nugent's disaster from the stairs. As Dicky was led away in the grasp of the Form-master, Frank Nugent grunted in an exasperated manner.

"Just like Dicky!" he growled. "The cheeky young villain, to raid a Remove study! And then to bump into the Form-master! The young ass!"

"It will mean a licking for him!" said Bob Cherry.

"Serve him right!" growled Frank. "That young bouncer is enough to turn his major's hair grey. I hope Quelch will lay it on well! I—I hope Dicky won't be hurt, though," he added, as an afterthought.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Well, you can't have it both ways," he said. "Anyway, Dicky is pretty tough, and he can stand it. We'd better help you pick up your props, Bob. The young rascal has scattered them for you."

The Removites picked up the things Nugent minor had scattered in his wild flight. Billy Bunter rescued a jar of apricots, and slipped them into his pocket for safety, and gave a howl as Harry Wharton's grasp fell upon his collar.

"What have you got there, Bunter?"

Billy Bunter—Bunter major—blinked at him through his big spectacles. He was very like his minor, Sammy. The same fat shiny face, the same round eyes, and the same kind of glasses, gave him the same look—and they were exactly alike in disposition, too. Their similarity ought to have made them chums; but it had the exactly opposite effect. Perhaps they knew each other too well to be able to get on. At all events, no two boys in Greyfriars were on worse terms generally than Billy and Sammy Bunter.

"I—I—I've got nothing, Wharton."

"I saw you pick up a jar," said Wharton, shaking the Owl of the Remove angrily.

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Turn it out!"

"I—I say, you fellows, you know, I—I picked up this jar," said Bunter, producing it. "I—I suppose that doesn't belong to Bob Cherry, does it?"

"Why, of course it does, you fat fraud!" exclaimed Bob Cherry indignantly. "Whom do you think it belongs to, then?"

"I—I found it, you know," said Bunter feebly. "Findings keepings, you know."

"Hey?"

"Findings keepings—that's an old rule, you know," said Bunter. "Of course, I hadn't the faintest idea that it belonged to you."

"Well, of all the whopper-merchants, if you don't take the cake!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "You knew jolly well that Nugent minor dropped this along with the other things."

"Now I come to think of it, Cherry, perhaps he did; but I certainly never thought of it before. I trust," said Bunter, with a great deal of dignity, "that you do not imagine me capable of keeping a jar of apricots that does not belong to me."

"I believe you'd keep a tin-tack or a wax-vesta that didn't belong to you, to have the satisfaction of stealing something!" growled Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"But if findings are keepings," said Bob, opening the jar with his knife, "you shall keep these apricots, Bunter."

"Oh, thanks, Cherry! That is really very decent of you. I was thinking of asking my friend Bolsover to give you a licking, but now I shall let you off."

"You are too kind, Bunter."

"Not at all; in fact, it's my intention to be kind," said Bunter fatuously. "You are going to give me the apricots."

"Yes. I'm opening them for you."

"Oh, good!"

"You don't want the jar, I suppose?"

"Well, no."

"Only the apricots?"

"Yes."

"And the juice?"

"Oh, yes, of course."

"Very good; here you are," said Bob Cherry. "Findings keepings, and I hope you will enjoy the keepings."

And he turned the jar of apricots and juice upside down over Bunter's head.

The fat junior started back with a yell.

Fat apricots and thick juice ran down over his face and his ears and his neck, and his hair was a sticky, shiny mass.

"Yaroo! Yah! Ow! Oh, really— Yoop!"

The juniors yelled.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry! Oh, ow! Beast!"

Bunter clutched wildly at his hair. Apricots and juice

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came off stickily upon his fingers. The juice ran stickily down his neck, sticking his collar to his skin, and going in a slimy stream down the small of his back.

Bob Cherry held up the empty jar.

"You're entitled to the jar, too, on the principle of findings keepings," he remarked. "Will you have it?"

"Ow! Oh, really, yow—"

"Will you have it?" roared Bob Cherry, flourishing the jar in the air as if he intended to break it on Bunter's head.

"Yaroo!"

The fat junior dashed away wildly. The other fellows roared. Nobody ever felt any sympathy for Billy Bunter. Even untruthful boys were disgusted at the lengths to which Bunter carried the art of lying. It was not so long since Bunter had had a narrow escape from being expelled for dishonesty, and there were few to congratulate him on his escape. Only yells of laughter followed him now, as he dashed away with apricot juice streaming from his sticky hair.

Bob Cherry grinned as he collected up the rest of his property.

"Tea will be delayed a bit, you fellows," he said. "I shall have to get in some more stuff; all the jam's gone, and most of the biskers. Come a quarter of an hour late, and it will be all serene."

"Right you are, Bob!"

Bob Cherry returned to his study. The tea-table was laid, but on a corner of it Mark Linley, Bob's study-mate, was at work with his books. He looked up with a cheerful smile as Bob came in.

"Lend a hand, Marky," said Bob. "For goodness' sake shut up those rotten Greek books, and do something useful—such as boil the kettle."

Mark Linley laughed.

"Very well, Bob. I was only filling in time looking out a beast of an irregular verb. Are you ready for tea?"

"The fellows are coming in a quarter of an hour."

"Good!"

And the study mates were quickly busy. Mark Linley boiled the kettle, made the toast, and cut bread-and-butter, while Bob Cherry fetched new supplies from the school shop to replace those raided by Nugent minor.

By the time the guests presented themselves the tea was quite ready, and as the first of them entered Mark Linley filled the teapot, and a fragrant scent of tea spread over the room.

"I guess I'm the first on the floor," remarked Fisher T. Fish, the American youth, as he came in.

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent followed. Then came John Bull and Tom Brown, and Bulstrode. That made the party complete.

"Quite ready," said Bob Cherry. "Make yourselves at home. You'd better toss up for the gammy chair—somebody will have to have it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors sat down round the table. It was really an excellent spread that was prepared for them, and they looked very cheerful. They were healthy lads, and they generally had very good appetites.

"Pile in," said Bob Cherry.

The door opened, and a fat face looked in, and a pair of large spectacles glimmered in the light. It was Billy Bunter, still showing traces of apricot juice over his ears. There was a shout from the whole tea-party at once.

"Get out!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Buzz off!"

"I—I thought you said something about my coming to tea, Bob!"

"I didn't say anything of the sort, and don't call me Bob,"

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retorted Bob Cherry. "Get out of the study, or I'll jam you from head to foot, and roll you out."

"But I say—"

"Outside!"

"I say, you know, the postman's come, and—"

"And you've been disappointed about a postal-order," said Frank Nugent, sarcastically.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, yes, as a matter of fact, I have," said Bunter. "I was expecting a postal-order from a titled friend of mine, and there has been some delay in the post. But there's a letter for Wharton."

"Oh," said Harry.

"It's from Inky."

Harry Wharton jumped up eagerly.

"My hat! A letter from Hurree Singh! Good!"

"I've brought it up for you, Wharton," said Bunter, in a wheedling tone. "I dare say there's some good news in it, too. I—I suppose you fellows would like to—to ask me to stay to tea now, after I've taken the trouble to bring that letter up."

Bob Cherry burst into a laugh, as Bunter handed Wharton a letter bearing an Indian postmark.

"Stay if you like, you fat bounder!" he said.

It was not a very gracious invitation, but it was good enough for Billy Bunter. He dragged up a stool to the table, as there were no more chairs, and started. And as the chums of the Remove were paying more attention to Inky's letter than to the tea-table, Billy Bunter had a good start!

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

The Letter from Inky.

HARRY WHARTON opened the letter quickly. The chums of the Remove were glad enough to hear from Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the nabob of Bhanipur—their old Indian chum at Greyfriars. They had always called him "Inky," in playful reference to his complexion, which the nabob had taken good-humouredly enough. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh had been very popular, and the chums had missed him very much when he had to go back to India to attend the Delhi Durbar.

"Perhaps he'll say when he'll be back," said Frank. "Buck up with the letter, Harry."

"Right you are; I'll read it out."

And Harry Wharton read out the letter, which was couched in the fearful and wonderful English which Hurree Jamset Ram Singh had certainly not learned at Greyfriars.

"Most honourable, esteemed, and ludicrous chums,—I am writefully communicating with you from the capital city of my country of Bhanipur. I am arrivefully safe in India's coral strand, as your poet Shakespeare so touchingly describes it. The sightfulness and also the soundfulness are very differentiated from those of custom at Greyfriars, but I am in many senses glad to returnfully view the land of my honourable birth.

"When I gaze fully look from my windows I behold the mountains and the forests of my beloved India, instead of the esteemed Close of Greyfriars; and daily I beholdfully see elephants and sowars and manifold horses, which is very strange after the cricket-ground and the Cloisters of my ancient and well-beloved ludicrous school.

"I have news for you, which will delightfully excite you, my esteemed chums. I shall not be able to returnfully arrive at Greyfriars until after the honourable Durbar at Delhi; but my young and honourable brother will in all probablefulness arrive at Greyfriars.

"He will be Hurree Singh minor; but I thoughtfully foresee that you will call him 'Inky minor,' which is affectionate and ridiculous. I am not sureful yet that he will come, but I hope that the esteemed roof of Greyfriars will have the honour of sheltering another Indian prince beside myself. The joyfulfulness of my esteemed self at having my minor at Greyfriars will be without bounders.

"How are you progressing cricketfully? I trustfully hope that you have beaten Highcliffe into an honourable cocked hat, and that St. Jim's have gone home bootlessly. Is Bunter still as fatful and as greedyful as ever—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, I say, you fellows—"

"Ha, ha, ha! Go on, Wharton!"

"Is Bunter still as fatful and greedyful as ever? And, if so, why not invite him to an esteemed feed, and give him some medicine in his grub, which will give him an honourable twist insidefully, and perhaps cure him of his gorgeous propensities—"

"Groo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I wish I could be with you playfully on the cricket-field, but I hope to be back at the venerable school before the endfulness of the honourable season of cricket.

"I will closefully finish my letter now, with the kindest regardfulness to all my ludicrous chums. INKY."

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EVERY
TUESDAY,

The "Magnet"
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ONE
PENNY.

The chums of the Remove laughed over the letter.

It was just like Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, full of cheerfulness and kindness; and the extremely peculiar English reminded them more than anything else of their absent chum.

"Good old Inky!" said Bob Cherry. "I wish he was back! I wonder what his minor will be like?"

"Ink!" said John Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, I suppose he will have Inky's beautiful complexion," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "I hope he will be as decent a chap as Inky; but I've no doubt of it. I shall be jolly glad to see him! I suppose he will go into the Second or Third Form. We must keep an eye on him, and make things as easy for him as we can."

"Inky doesn't say when he's coming," Tom Brown remarked.

"No. He may not come till Inky does."

"If he goes into the Second I'll get my minor to look after him a bit," said Frank Nugent. "Dicky is a young rascal, but he will do that."

Billy Bunter paused for a moment in devouring cake to emit a fat chuckle. Frank looked at him.

"Well, why the cackle?" he asked.

"He, he, he!"

"What on earth is the fat animal squeaking about?" asked Frank.

"What's the matter, Bunter?" asked Wharton.

"He, he, he!"

Bob Cherry picked up the butter-dish.

"Explain yourself, you fat bounder, or you'll get it in the neck!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"What are you squeaking about?" shouted Bob.

"Only what Nugent said, that's all. I don't see how Nugent minor is going to look after Inky minor—"

"Why not?" demanded Frank.

"Well, he can't!"

"Why can't he?"

"He won't be at Greyfriars."

Frank stared at the fat junior. Billy Bunter chuckled again, and tried to eat cake at the same time, and began to cough and gurgle.

"You fat chump!" said Frank, in measured tones. "And what's put the idea into your silly napper that Dicky won't be at Greyfriars?"

"Gr-groo-hoo!"

"Answer me, you ass!"

"Gug-gug-groo!"

"Look here, Bunter—"

"Guggle—guggle—gug-gug!"

"He's choking!" said John Bull. "Pat him on the back, Bob."

Bob Cherry grinned.

"What-ho!" he said cheerfully.

Smack! Smack! Smack!

"Gerrooop!" roared Billy Bunter. "Yowp! Gug-gug-gug! Leave off! Yowp!"

Smack! Smack!

"Gug-gug!"

Smack!

Bunter twisted away from the table and gasped and guggled at a safe distance from Bob Cherry. Perhaps Bob had been a little too heavy-handed in rendering assistance to Bunter. Perhaps he had intended to be.

"Gug-gug!" gasped Bunter. "Ow! Groo-goo-goo-hoo!"

Frank Nugent glowered at him.

"Will you explain what you were he-he-ing at when you've done gug-gug-ing?" he shouted. "My hat, I'll take the poker to you in a minute!"

"Gug-gug! Ow! Keep off! I'm all right now! Gug-gug!" panted Bunter. "Look here, I was only saying that Nugent minor wouldn't—gug-gug!"

"I know he won't!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Wouldn't be at Greyfriars when young Inky comes, that's all! Gug-gug!"

"And why won't he?"

"Because he's going to be—gug-gug!—expelled."

"What?" shouted Frank.

Billy Bunter backed away from the angry junior, blinking at him in alarm through his big spectacles. Frank Nugent had jumped up from the table, his face red with anger, and his eyes gleaming. Billy Bunter placed as much distance as possible between himself and the angry junior.

"I—I say, you fellows," he gasped, "keep him quiet, you know! He looks dangerous! Gug-gug! Keep him off, you know!"

"What do you mean by saying that my young brother is going to be expelled, you fat villain?" howled Frank.

"B-b-because he is, you know, that's all," said Bunter. "I heard the fellows in the Second say so. They're all waiting outside the Head's study for him."

"The Head's study! Did Quelch take him in to the Head?" exclaimed Wharton.

"Yes, certainly. And he isn't being whacked, because if he were whacked he would howl; and Gatty said he hadn't howled at all. They think he's going to be sacked; and it would be a good riddance, too! Yah!"

"Oh, it's only some Second Form chatter!" said Bob Cherry. "No need to be alarmed, Frank."

But Frank Nugent looked worried.

"I don't know," he said. "Quelch looked frightfully wild, and Dicky has been in hot water one way or another ever since he came to Greyfriars. I should hardly think they'd expel him, but I— If you chaps will excuse me, I'll go down and see him. I suppose he's out by this time."

Tap!

The study door opened, and Nugent minor came in just as Frank was about to leave. Frank looked at his young brother anxiously.

"I was just coming down to see you," he said.

"Thanks!" said Dicky. "You'd better stay here, in case Bob Cherry gets his rag out. He seemed annoyed about something when I saw him on the stairs a little while ago."

Bob Cherry burst into a laugh.

"You cheeky young ass!" he exclaimed. "Never mind, it's all over now. You ought to be licked into a jelly, but —"

"That's all serene, then!" said Nugent minor cheerfully.

"But it's like your cheek to come here—the very blessed study that you were raiding!" exclaimed Frank.

Dicky Nugent grinned.

"I went to your study first, and you weren't there, so I came here," he said. "I thought I'd better tell you the news."

"The news? You don't mean to say that there's anything in the rot Bunter's just told me?" Frank exclaimed, aghast.

"As I don't know what rot Bunter has just told you, I really can't say whether there's anything in it or not," said Dick serenely. "What special kind of rot has Bunter been telling you?"

"Oh, really—"

"Shut up, Bunter major—you're dead in this act! It's your turn to jaw, Franky."

"He said you were going to be expelled."

"He did, did he?"

"Yes. You're not sacked, Dicky, surely?"

"That's where you're wrong," said Dicky Nugent.

"What? You're going?"

Dicky Nugent nodded.

"Yes."

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Nugent Minor's Programme.

THE chums of the Remove stared blankly at Nugent minor.

He was going!

It was true, then! Bunter's news had been, for once, correct. But Dicky certainly did not look like a fellow who had been expelled. His cheerfulness seemed undiminished.

"Oh, you young ass!" groaned Frank. "Sacked!"

"Sacked!" said Dicky, with a nod.

"Expelled!" said Wharton.

"Not exactly expelled."

Frank Nugent seized his young brother by the shoulder and shook him. Dicky yelled.

"Leggo! Chuck it!"

"You young rascal!" said Frank savagely. "Inky minor is coming to Greyfriars, and I wanted you to chum with him if he goes into the Second. You young waster! Now you've got yourself sacked! What will the mater say?"

"Haven't thought about that," said Dicky. "It's not so serious as all that, you know. So Inky minor is coming, is he? Isn't Inky coming back?"

"Not yet. But about you—"

"Had a letter from Inky?"

"Yes. If you are sacked—"

"When is Inky minor coming?" asked Dicky, with interest. "I shall be glad to see him. Old Inky's beautiful flow of language always cheered me up. No need to take in comic papers while Inky was around."

"Never mind Inky!" roared Frank Nugent, shaking his minor again. "Tell me what's happened to you."

Dicky Nugent yawned.

"Oh, all right! The Head looked as solemn as an owl while Quelch explained to him. Quelch was quite ratty for some reason."

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"You young hooligan, he had reason enough, I should think!"

"Oh, I don't know! Of course, it was a biff! But I've had biff enough, without getting so jolly ratty about it! You chaps haven't brought up your Form-master carefully enough. We wouldn't stand him in the Second."

"Look here, Dicky—"

"Oh, all right! Quelch pitched it strong to the Head, and the Head listened like an owl or a judge—or anything of that kind—and frowned like Jove. I've never seen Jove frown, of course, but I should think it was something on the same lines. Quelch would have asked him to flog and expel me, I think—the whole bag of tricks, you know—but he stopped short of that. The Head wouldn't have played up. But I'm to be sacked for a time."

"For a time!" repeated Frank.

"Yes. I'm to be sent home in the morning, and I'm to stay away from Greyfriars for a week—to consider myself, I suppose, and repent of my horrid crimes," said Dicky Nugent cheerfully. "The pater is to have a letter explaining, and I expect he will get it pitched to him very strong. That's rather rough on the pater, because he will feel bound to go for me, and then the mater will chip in, and make him chuck it. Blessed if I know why the Head wants to make these bothers in a peaceful family. But these old chaps are all the same; they have no tact!"

The Removites looked at Dicky Nugent speechlessly.

There were some cool fellows in the Remove, and cheek was a quality they excelled in. But for the pure, unadulterated article, Dicky Nugent certainly did take the whole cake.

"So you're going to be sent home?" exclaimed Frank at last, drawing a deep breath.

"Yes."

"For a week?"

"So they say!"

"I suppose they mean it?" said Harry Wharton.

"Yes, they do; but I don't!"

"You don't?"

"Exactly!"

"What on earth are you getting at?" demanded Frank Nugent testily. "You bothering, worrying little boulder, what do you mean? I suppose you will have to go if you're sent."

"Yes," said Dicky reflectively; "I shall have to go!"

"And you'll have to stay at home for the time."

"No fear!"

"Do you mean to say you'll come back?"

Dicky nodded.

"That's what I mean, old Franky!"

Frank stared at him.

"You'll come back?"

"Yes; within twenty-four hours, too!" said Dicky Nugent confidently. "I'm jolly well not going to leave Greyfriars if I know it! Why, we've got a match on with the Third Form on Saturday, and Tubb's team will wipe up the Second like anything if I'm not there to bat!"

"You'll—come—back!" said Harry Wharton, in measured tones. "What do you mean? You can't come back! You'd be sent away again!"

"Not much!"

"Do you think you could come back and stay without the Head's permission?"

"What-ho!"

"Oh, you're talking out of your hat!" exclaimed Frank impatiently. "Don't be a silly young ass! You know you can't!"

"I know I shall!"

"Bosh!"

"What will you bet on it?" demanded Dicky defiantly.

"Nothing, young fathead!"

"Oh, I don't mean money! But I'll wager a study feed that I'm back at Greyfriars within twenty-four hours, and that I'm not sent away when I come in, either!"

"Rats!"

"To-day's Tuesday," said Nugent minor calmly. "Tuesday next week you stand me a study feed—me and the rest—if I've come back within twenty-four hours, and haven't been sent away!"

"Oh, we'll do that!" said Frank. "But you know you won't!"

"We agree," said Harry Wharton. "But you know jolly well that you're talking out of your hat!"

"We shall see what we shall see!" said Dicky Nugent oracularly. "It's a go, then—and a study feed on it!"

"Oh, yes; rather!"

"Within twenty-four hours you'll see me here again," said Dicky Nugent impressively, "and I sha'n't be booted out! You mark my words!"

And the juniors, with one voice, replied:

"Rats!"

DON'T MISS

the special new story of the Chums of St. Jim's, entitled:

"FIGHTING HIS WAY,"

In this week's "GEM" Library. Price One Penny.



The cab, with Inky minor as driver, rolled off into the High Street of Friardale, and the driver chased behind yelling and shaking his fist. "Stop! Hi! Stop!" The juniors inside poked their heads out in alarm.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Gatty Thinks So.

NUGENT MINOR quitted Greyfriars the next morning before first lesson.

The Head spoke to him very seriously before he went. Dicky Nugent listened with an air of innocent gravity which quite touched Dr. Locke's heart. The young rascal was winking at Gatty all the time with the eye that was turned away from the doctor.

Gatty almost exploded. But he managed to restrain himself. If Dr. Locke had discovered the real spirit in which the scamp of the Second was receiving his admonitions, it is quite probable that he would have made the week's "rustication" into a real expulsion. After the Head had finished, Dicky Nugent put his bag into the trap that was ready to take him, and entered it himself, and sat there with an expression of sad contrition on his face while Gosling drove out at the gates. In the road, Gosling turned his head to look at the sacked fag.

"Which it's 'ard lines, sir," he remarked.

"Yes, ain't it?" said Dicky cheerfully. "It will be awful not to see you for a whole week, Gossy. You'll write, won't you?"

And Gosling turned all his attention to the horse, and kept it there for the rest of the drive to the station.

Gatty & Co., of the Second, looked very glum after Nugent minor had gone. Dicky ruled in the Second Form with a high hand; but he was very popular, and he was the chosen leader of the fags. He had endless resource and unlimited

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courage, and it was through his aid alone that the Second were able to keep their end up, as they called it.

Before Dicky Nugent's advent at Greyfriars, they had been much downtrodden by the Third and the Remove; but under Dicky's lead they had "bucked up" wonderfully, and the Third, at least, had been taught to let them alone.

"We shall miss him frightfully," said Gatty dolefully.

"Yes, rather," said Myers. "But he's coming back in a week."

"We play the Third on Saturday."

"They'll lick us."

"It's rotten!"

All the Second agreed that it was rotten. Tubb, of the Third, met Nugent minor's chums as they came in ruefully. Tubb, of the Third, wore a grin.

"So he's gone?" he remarked.

"Yes," said Gatty defiantly; "he's gone!"

"All the better for Greyfriars!" said Tubb. "He was a cheeky young cad! He never understood that an Upper Form was an Upper Form!"

Gatty snorted.

"He never stood any swank from the Third, you mean!" he exclaimed. "And he won't, either, when he comes back. As for the match on Saturday, we shall beat you, all the same!"

Tubb chuckled.

"I rather think not!" he replied. "Of course, you have no chance, in any case! By the way, I hear that Hurreo Singh's minor is coming to Greyfriars. I heard a Remove

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chap say so. Is he going into the Third or the Second, do you know?"

"Blessed if I know!"

"My hat!" ejaculated Myers. "If he comes into the Second, and he's here before Saturday, we'll play him against you. Inky was a wonderful cricketer—a regular young Ranji—and I dare say his young brother takes after him."

"Good egg!" said Gatty.

"Only he may come into the Third, and in that case we shall play him against you!" grinned Tubb.

"Anyway, we'll lick you!" said Gatty.

At which Tubb only chuckled.

There was one fellow in the Remove who looked glum over Dick's departure. It was Nugent major. Frank could not help it. In spite of Dicky's faults, which were endless, Frank was very fond of his younger brother, and Dicky, too, had been specially placed in his care at Greyfriars by his anxious mother. Frank had looked after him as well as he could, but it was quite impossible to prevent Dicky from getting into scrapes. It would have been as easy to keep a duck from the water.

"The young ass!" Frank said, a dozen times that day.

"The young fathead! If he had dropped on Monsieur Charpentier it wouldn't have been so bad, but to drop on old Quelch—The ass! The chump!"

"But he's coming back," said Harry consolingly.

"Yes, I know; but it's rotten, all the same!"

"And he says he's coming back within twenty-four hours," grinned Bob Cherry.

"Oh, that's all rot, of course!"

"Yes, rather!"

"I guess the young guy was talking out of his hat!" Fisher T. Fish remarked. "I guess he's got it in the neck this time. He won't come back till the week is up. Hallo, young shaver! What are you listening to your elders for?"

The latter question was addressed to Gatty, of the Second, who had paused in the passing, as he heard the chums of the Remove mention Dicky's name.

"What's that about Dicky coming back?" demanded Gatty.

Harry Wharton smiled.

"Oh, he's bet us a study feed that he's back within twenty-four hours!" he replied.

Gatty whistled.

"Of course, it's all rot!" said Frank.

"That's all you know!" said Gatty, with a sniff. "If Dicky said he would be back within twenty-four hours, he jolly well will be, and don't you forget it!"

"Oh, rot!"

"Well, noo verrong, as Mossoo says!" replied Gatty confidently. "We shall see! If Dicky said he would do it he will do it—that's a dead cert!"

And Gatty walked away whistling. The chums of the Remove looked at one another. Gatty's confidence was not without its effect upon them. For the first time it dawned upon them that Nugent minor might make good his boast—that he might return to Greyfriars in the time he had specified.

"The young ass!" said Frank. "It would be like him! But if he does, there will be trouble!"

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER,

Dicky Comes Home.

"I'm sure," said Mrs. Nugent, wiping her eyes, "that it wasn't Dicky's fault."

Mr. Nugent looked up from his morning paper, and looked down again. He did not speak, but the thunder upon his brow spoke for itself.

"I'm sure," Mrs. Nugent went on, trying to see her husband's face over the top of the paper, and failing in the attempt—"I'm sure that the Head has been misinformed in some way!"

There was a peculiar sound from behind the newspaper—something between a grunt and a snort.

Mrs. Nugent toyed nervously with her eggspoon.

Dr. Locke's letter lay upon the breakfast-table beside Mr. Nugent's coffee-cup. He had read it out to his wife with Jobian thunder on his brow, and then betaken himself to the "Times."

Mrs. Nugent wanted to get the storm over, if possible, before the arrival of the scapegrace. But Mr. Nugent was not to be drawn, apparently.

"I dare say Dicky has enemies at the school who try to do him harm," said Mrs. Nugent. "I know when he was at home people sometimes took dislikes to him for no reason whatever. A more lovable child—"

Grunt! from behind the "Times."

"A more dutiful and affectionate boy—"

Snort!

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DON'T MISS the special new story of the Chums of St. Jim's, entitled:

"FIGHTING HIS WAY," in this week's "GEM" Library. Price One Penny.

"A more really kind and lovable child there never was, Henry—"

Snort!

"There is some mistake," said Mrs. Nugent bravely—"some utter accident—something that Dicky could not possibly help—has been magnified by a foolish or spiteful master at the school—"

Grunt!

"These masters are sometimes very bad-tempered, I know," said Mrs. Nugent. "I remember when we were at Greyfriars to see a cricket match, or a football match, or something—no, it was a tennis match—I remember Dicky offended the French master, quite unintentionally, and the man was quite angry. Dicky upset some ices down the back of his neck, and he apologised in the sweetest way; but the man persisted in being angry."

Grunt!

"Then there was another master, named Quinch, or Squelch, or something, who lost his temper completely because Dicky dropped a cricket ball on his foot," said Mrs. Nugent. "Schoolmasters are very bad-tempered, I believe, and in this hot weather, of course, they would be less patient than usual. I am convinced that there has been a mistake, or else that there is a conspiracy against Dicky."

Snort!

"The poor boy!" said Mrs. Nugent tearfully. "He will come home broken-hearted. I hope that, after meeting with cruelty and injustice at school—"

Snort—crescendo!

"After meeting with injustice at school," said Mrs. Nugent bravely, "I hope he will be able to rely upon the affection of his parents."

Snort—fortissimo.

"I hope he will be received with sympathy, Henry—"

Mr. Nugent laid down the paper. He was drawn at last.

"He will be received with a thrashing," he said deliberately, "and unless he has changed very much, he will get another thrashing every day of the week while he is at home."

"Oh, Henry!"

"You have spoiled that boy, Mrs. Nugent," said her husband. "You have spoiled him. You have made him into a thorough young rascal, madam, with your petting and coaxing, and interfering between him and fitting punishment."

"Henry!"

"And if he ends his days in prison, madam," said the exasperated Mr. Nugent, "if he should finish his career as a convict, as I fully anticipate, he will have his mother to thank for it."

Mrs. Nugent sobbed.

Her husband eyed her across the table with glowing eyes. Mrs. Nugent had a gift most valuable for any woman, especially a married lady; she could cry without making her eyelids red. And in any little dispute in the Nugent household, she therefore had always the resource of tears—before which a mere man, of course, could only lay down his arms and surrender unconditionally.

"I—I—I am sure," said Mrs. Nugent, between her sobs, "that I have always done my best to take care of Dicky, and to bring him up to be like his f-f-father."

Snort!

"I am sure—oh—oh—oh! Oh!"

"Mrs. Nugent!"

"I am sure no mother could be more careful than I have been," sobbed Mrs. Nugent. "I have always—oh—oh—oh!"

"Mary!"

"Always—oh—oh—oh!"

"My dear Mary!"

Sob!

"Mary, my dear—"

Sob!

"Of course, I know you have always been a model mother, in every possible respect," said Mr. Nugent, laying down the "Times." "My dear—dear girl—"

Sob!

"I—I was only hinting at a little carelessness, due to over-affection, my dear. Of course—"

Sob!

"In fact, I did not really mean what I said, at all," said Mr. Nugent distressfully. "I did not mean it at all. I—I was speaking generally. I was thinking of something else. The fact is—"

Sob!

"As for that young rascal—"

Sob—crescendo!

"I mean, as for Dicky, of course I know how you have taken care of him, and if he has turned out a young scapegrace—"

Sob! Sob!

"It is only a little wildness, natural to—to high-spirited

youth," said poor Mr. Nugent. "I have not the—or—the slightest doubt that the whole matter has been hopelessly exaggerated."

Sob!

"I shall write to the headmaster to—to that effect, or—or something of the sort," said Mr. Nugent. "Of course, Dicky was only playing some entirely harmless little joke—some proof, really, of—of a playful disposition, and a kind and thoughtful nature."

Sob!

"My dearest Mary——"

"To thrash the dear boy, when he is returning broken-hearted from school," said Mrs. Nugent. "Oh! Oh!"

"Of—of course, I did not mean exactly that," said Mr. Nugent hesitatingly. "A little gentle chastisement——"

Sob!

"A slight caning——"

Sob!

"Perhaps, upon the whole, it would be wiser to speak to him gently and firmly," said Mr. Nugent. "Upon the whole, perhaps the matter is not really serious enough to call for personal chastisement. A few firm words——"

Sob!

"Or—or perhaps, under the—the circumstances, perhaps it would be better to say nothing whatever, and to leave Dicky to his own reflections upon the matter," Mr. Nugent said. "I really think, Mary, that that would be the most judicious course. But—but I am willing to leave the matter quite in your hands."

The sobbing ceased.

"Now, don't cry, my dear, or Jane will see it when she comes in," said Mr. Nugent nervously. "I—I know this is a trial to you, of course."

"The dear boy may be here at any moment now," said Mrs. Nugent, drying her tears with wonderful ease. "He must not feel that we blame him in any way. The poor, dear child!"

"Exactly," murmured Mr. Nugent, only too glad to see the last of the tears. "The—the poor, dear child!"

"The merest word hurts him so much, he is so very sensitive," said Mrs. Nugent. "My poor, dear, wronged boy!"

"Ahem!"

The door of the breakfast-room opened quietly, and a boyish face looked in. It belonged to Dicky Nugent. Mr. Nugent took up his "Times," and buried himself behind it. Dicky Nugent entered the room softly.

There was a peculiar expression upon his face. One eye wandered nervously in the direction of his father. Dicky knew only too well, from past experience, from which quarter a thunderstorm was likely to come.

"Dicky!" exclaimed Mrs. Nugent.

"Mummy, dear!"

Dicky put his arms affectionately round his mother's neck, and kissed her on both cheeks. He was not humbugging now; the young rascal had grace enough to be very fond of his mother.

"My poor, dear boy!"

There was a snort from behind the "Times."

"Henry, dear!"

Grunt!

"Henry, have you nothing to say to your boy—your own dear boy?"

Mr. Nugent lowered the paper.

The expression upon his face showed that he had a great deal to say to his own dear boy; but it would not have pleased his wife if he had said it. So he kept it back.

"You've come home, then," he said.

"Yes, dad."

"You have not been to blame at all, of course?"

"I am sure he has not," said Mrs. Nugent.

"As a matter of fact, dad, I was a bit to blame," said Dicky. "I was careless. But how was I to know old Quelch would come buzzing along just in time for me to biff him in the gear-box?"

"There! The dear child admits that he was to blame!" exclaimed Mrs. Nugent. "It is noble—noble of him to be so frank and truthful."

Mr. Nugent turned purple.

"I think I will finish my paper in the garden," he said.

And he walked out of the French windows.

Dicky winked at the ceiling.

"Been a row, mum?" he murmured.

"Oh, Dicky, you should not worry your father!"

"Of course I shouldn't," said Dicky. "I'm a rotter—a beast, ain't I, mum?"

"Oh, no, my dear Dicky; though it is very manly of you to blame yourself!" said Mrs. Nugent. "Your father was a little angry at first, but when I pointed it out to him how the matter really stood, he had to admit, of course, that—the wrong was not on your side. But——"

"But I'm going back, mum," said Dicky cheerfully. "I'm going back this afternoon."

"Dicky!"

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ONE
PENNY.

"You see, I've reason to suppose that the Head will take it all serene, and the sooner I go back the better," said Dicky. "The governor needn't get his back up, after all. I sha'n't be here for more than a few hours."

"My dear Dicky!"

"I shall want some tin, that's all," said Dicky. "I suppose you can let me have some tin, mum."

"Of course, Dicky, dear, of course. But—but I really think that you ought not to return to Greyfriars until the master has apologised."

Dicky chuckled.

"Yes, I can see old Quelch doing that, mum," he remarked. "He was in his rights to be ratty—I biffed him on the carburetter, you know, and it was bound to shake him up. You don't understand, mum—you haven't been to a public school. Quelch was ratty, and the Head had to back him up. It was just my bad luck. But I'm going back this very afternoon."

"Are you sure it will be all right, Dicky?"

"Oh, positive!"

And when Mr. Nugent heard that the scapegrace of the family was going back that afternoon, he was too relieved to ask many questions on the subject.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

News of Inky Minor.

"TELEGRAM!"

The telegraph-boy from Friatdale was crossing the Close towards the School House. The Greyfriars fellows were just turning out after dinner into the sunny afternoon. It was a half-holiday that day at Greyfriars, and the juniors were in high spirits. The arrival of a telegram always caused a certain amount of interest, and a group of juniors paused in the doorway to watch the boy come up.

"I say, you fellows, I expect that's for me," Billy Bunter remarked. "I was expecting a postal-order this morning, but owing to some delay in the post, it didn't come. Perhaps my titled friend forgot to post it, and he's wiring the money to me."

"I guess that's a whacking big perhaps," said Fisher T. Fish.

"Oh, really, Fish——"

"More likely it's from Inky minor to say he's coming," said Bob Cherry.

"Or from young Nugent, to cry off that wager about the study feed," said John Bull, laughing.

"I shouldn't wonder."

The telegraph-boy came up the steps of the School House. There was a chorus of inquiry from all the group of juniors at once.

"Is that for me?"

"Master Wharton, please," said the lad.

"Here you are!" said Harry.

"Are you sure that there isn't a mistake?" said Billy Bunter anxiously. "The name Wharton looks very like Bunter in writing, and——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really you fellows——"

Harry Wharton slit the buff envelope, and took out the folded form. He opened it, and glanced at the message. Then he gave a whistle.

"My hat!" he ejaculated.

"What's the news, Wharton?"

"Inky minor's coming."

"Inky minor?"

"Yes."

"By Jove! This is rather sudden, isn't it?"

Wharton frowned in a puzzled way.

"Well, yes, it is," he said. "Is there any other telegram, kid?"

The telegraph-lad shook his head.

"No, sir."

"Nothing for the Head?"

"No, sir; that's the only one."

"All right, then; no answer."

The telegraph-lad took his departure. The juniors gathered round Harry Wharton to hear the news. He read the telegram out to the listening crowd.

"Wharton, Greyfriars School. Coming schoolfully today. Meet me stationfully. Four o'clock train.—HURRAH SINGH MINOR."

The juniors grinned.

"Inky's brother talks the same kind of English as Inky, evidently," said Bulstrode. "I fancy that must have made the operator laugh when it was handed in."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Where does it come from, Wharton?"

Harry glanced at the telegram.

"London," he said. "Handed in at one o'clock."

"That's odd, though," said Nugent. "Inky never gave us the least hint in his letter that his minor was arriving so soon."

"May have made an extra quick voyage," Bob Cherry remarked. "I believe steamers sometimes come in ahead of their time. Anyway, here's Inky minor coming to-day. There's no mistake about that."

"No, that's a cert!"

"I suppose we'd better meet him at the station," said John Bull. "It would be only decent, as he's old Inky's minor, especially as he asks for it."

"Oh, rather!"

"I suppose the Head knows he's coming?" said Wharton, with a puzzled look. "I should have expected a wire for the Head, too."

"Perhaps he had a letter this morning," Tom Brown suggested. "I don't suppose Inky minor would drop in suddenly without letting him know."

"No, I suppose not."

"Oh, the Head knows right enough; it stands to reason," said Bulstrode. "Anyway, he'll know when Inky gets here. We'd better all turn up to meet the four o'clock train at Friardale, and give him a good reception. It will please Inky when the young shaver writes and tells him about it."

"Good!"

"We'll have a bit of a feed, too," said Harry Wharton. "We ought to do old Inky's minor down in good style. If your young brother keeps his word, Frank, and comes back in twenty-four hours, he can have the pleasure of introducing Inky minor to the Second Form."

Frank laughed.

"Oh, he won't come!" he said. "He can't."

"Luckily, there's no match on this afternoon," said Wharton. "We can get in some practice at the nets, and go down to the station in good time to meet Inky's train. I'm jolly glad he's coming. It will be the next best thing to having old Inky back again."

"Yes, rather."

Many of the juniors were glad to hear that Inky minor was coming, and many more were curious to see him, and see what he was like. From the wording of his telegram, it was clear that he was accustomed to speak in the same peculiar English as his major. It would seem like old times to the chums of the Remove to hear those extraordinary variations upon their mother tongue.

The juniors went down to the nets; but they knocked off cricket practice in time to walk down to the station in a body to meet the four o'clock train.

When four o'clock chimed out from the old church of Friardale, Harry Wharton & Co. were standing on the platform, waiting for the train to come in.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

The Jam!

"HERE she comes!" exclaimed Bulstrode.

The train appeared in sight down the line. Trains did not come in very promptly at the little country station, and Bob Cherry had several times asked the porter about what time the four o'clock was expected in. It came in at four-seven, as a matter of fact.

The train stopped, and the group of juniors scanned the passengers as they turned out. Nugent gave a shout.

"There's Inky!"

Certainly, there was no mistaking him. A youth in Etons, with a dark face that gleamed in the sun, and heavy, dark eyebrows, stepped from the train. No one with that complexion could be missed. He was the only coloured youth on the train, and the Greyfriars juniors made for him at once.

The dark youth swept off a silk hat in response to their greeting.

"Hallo, Inky minor!"

"Here you are, then."

"We're from Greyfriars."

"I guess we're glad to see you, sonny. We'll give you the glad hand."

The dark youth beamed upon them. He was not much like Inky major in the face, but he was certainly like him in complexion.

"The gladfulness to see the honourable chums of my venerable major is terrific," he exclaimed.

"Hear, hear!"

"Hurray!"

"The importance of the honourable occasion," continued Hurree Singh minor, "is only equalled by the politeness of the MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 183.

of the esteemed, handsome youths who have arrivefully come to meet the august train."

"Hear, hear!"

"Go it! Doesn't it sound just like old Inky?" chuckled Bob Cherry, in great delight.

"The shakefulness of the honourable hands is terrific. I am gladful in my esteemed heart to meet the venerable friends of my august brother."

"Hurray!"

"The hurrafulness is terrific."

And Inky minor waved his silk hat in the air.

The juniors all laughed. Inky minor was evidently in high spirits. They shook hands with him all round. The minor of the great Inky was certainly of a jollier disposition than his brother. Inky had always been cheerful and good-tempered, but there had been a sedateness about him which was, perhaps, due to his being a prince. But Inky minor was as gay as a lark, that was clear.

"We're jolly glad to see you," said Harry Wharton.

"By the way, what's your name?"

"M-m-my name?"

"Yes. Of course, you're Hurree Singh minor to us, but I suppose you have a name as well, kid?"

"Ye-e-s, of course," said the dark youth. "In my country we—we all have names. My full name is—is Sindbad Omar Khayyam Gorgonzola."

"My only hat!"

"What's in a name?" grinned Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I think we'll call you Inky minor for short," said Harry Wharton, with a stare of astonishment. "I didn't know Gorgonzola was an Indian name."

"Oh, yes!" said Inky minor cheerfully. "It means Son of the Moon and Stars, you know."

"Does it?"

"And I am named Sindbad after a famous sailor, who was an ancestor of mine."

"My word!"

"And have you any title?" asked Fisher T. Fish, who had all an American republican's thirst for titles. "Are you a giddy prince, like Inky?"

"I am a Jam."

"A what?"

"A Jam."

"A-a-a Jam?"

"Certainly! It is an Indian title," said the dark youth airily.

"My hat!"

"What kind of jam?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"By Jove!" said Harry Wharton. "It's a real Indian title, you know. Ranjitsinhji became a Jam, I remember. And if Ranji was a Jam, why shouldn't Inky minor be a Jam. It sounds odd, but I dare say many English titles sound odd to foreigners."

"Of course," said Bob Cherry.

"I guess I'm honoured to meet a Jam," said Fisher T. Fish. "Would you mind taking off your glove to shake hands with me, Jam?"

The dark youth shook his head.

"Jams never shake hands with their gloves off," he replied.

"Great snakes!"

"Inky used to," said Frank.

"But Inky was a nabob, and I am a Jam, I thinkfully believe," said the wary junior. "I will shake hands twice-fully with the honourable glove on, but with the esteemed glove off it would be a moral impossibility, or, as you say in English, an immoral possibility."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"This way out," said Harry Wharton. "You can be satisfied, Fishy. Real Royalty is bound to ooze a little through a common or garden glove, you know."

"I guess—"

"Come on, Inky minor! By the way, where's your box?"

"The honourable box was not put in the esteemed train."

"Phew! You haven't lost your box, have you?"

"No, I have not lost it."

"Then where is it?"

"It was not put in the train."

"Where—in London?"

"Yes, my esteemed friend, the box was not put in the train in London, certainly."

"Then it will have to be inquired after," said Harry anxiously. "You can't lose your box, you young duffer."

"It is all rightful. My box is quite safe."

"Oh, if you're sure of that—"

"Quitefully sure."

"Good, then. Come on!"

"He can borrow some of my minor's things if the box

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doesn't come on to-night," said Frank Nugent. "Dicky left his box at Greyfriars, you know."

"Yes, that's a good idea."

Harry Wharton led the way out of the station. Outside, the station cab was waiting, the old horse nodding between the shafts, and the driver thoughtfully sucking a straw as he leaned against a pillar-box.

"Get infully, my worthy chums," exclaimed Inky minor.

"Right you are!"

The juniors piled into the cab. It was rather crowded with all of them in it. The driver detached himself slowly from the pillar-box and came towards his vehicle.

"Hi!" he exclaimed.

Inky minor had mounted to the box and taken up the whip.

The dusky face grinned down at the startled driver.

"It is allfully right!" explained the Jam. "I am going to drivefully take the esteemed cab to Greyfriars."

"You young rip!" exclaimed the driver, as the dusky junior set the horse into motion. "Get haff my cab!"

The Jam grinned, and whipped up the horse. The old steed started at a run, and although his run was a slow one, it was faster than the old driver's.

The cab rolled off into the High Street of Friardale, and the driver chased behind, yelling and shaking his fist.

"Stop! Hi! Stop!"

The juniors inside poked their heads out of the window in alarm.

"Hold on!" shouted Harry Wharton. "What are you up to?"

"I am drivefully taking the cab."

"Stop!"

"Whyfully?"

"Stop, you young ass!" roared Bob Cherry.

The Jam only chuckled and cracked the whip ferociously. The horse put forth his greatest efforts. The cab gathered quite a speed as it rattled and rang down the old High Street.

The yells of the cabby died away behind.

"My hat!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, as the cab swayed and swung from side to side. "My only chapeau! We shall have an accident soon."

"Looks like it."

"We shall be over as soon as we get into the lane, as safe as houses."

"Stop!"

"Inky minor, stop!"

"Jam—Jam, stop!"

The Jam did not stop.

His whip was still cracking.

The horse's hoofs rattled upon the rough old stones of the High Street of Friardale, and the cab jolted and oscillated more than ever.

The juniors leaned out of the windows, shouting and waving their hands to the reckless driver.

But all their shouting had no effect upon the reckless Jam.

He shouted to the horse, in his turn, and cracked the whip, and the animal bounded on faster and faster. Loud shouts from the cheerful youths of Friardale greeted their progress through the streets.

"It's not safe to jump out," exclaimed Harry Wharton, half-opening the door and then shutting it again, "but—"

"But it's not safe to go on, either."

"Exactly!"

"Jam! Jam! Inky minor, stop!"

"I guess our goose is cooked this journey."

"Stop, you young villain!"

"Stop!"

The cab tore on. It was out of the village now, in the lane; and the lane was very rough and rugged. In the soil were deep ruts, and the mud was hardened by the blazing sun almost to the hardness of iron.

The cab simply jumped now as the horse tore on.

"Stop, Inky, you champion ass!" roared the juniors.

"Oh, stop!"

The cab did stop—suddenly. It gave a wild lurch on the edge of a wide, dry ditch, and toppled over. The shafts broke off short, and the horse went galloping down the lane with the shafts and the traces clattering behind him. Inside the cab, the juniors yelled and struggled in a heap.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

The Second Form are Pleased.

"YOW!"

"M-m-my hat!"

"Yaroo!"

"Gerroff my chest!"

Wild and whirling words proceeded in strange varieties of tone from the overturned cab as it reposed among the dried ferns and reeds in the shallow ditch. Inky minor sat in the hedge, where he had fallen, gasping.

The right side of the cab was uppermost now, and from the window two or three heads emerged, snorting.

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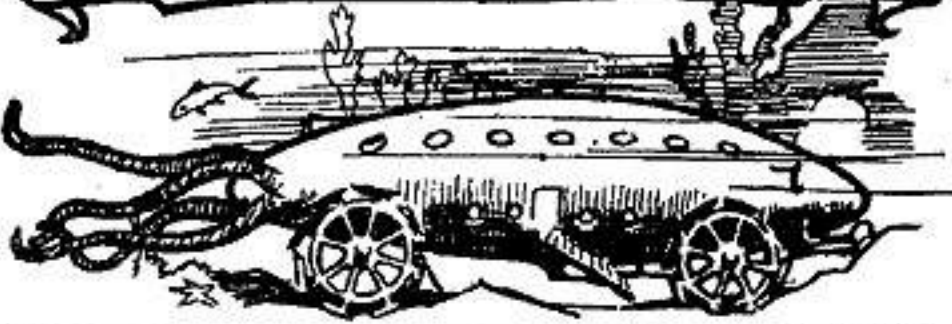
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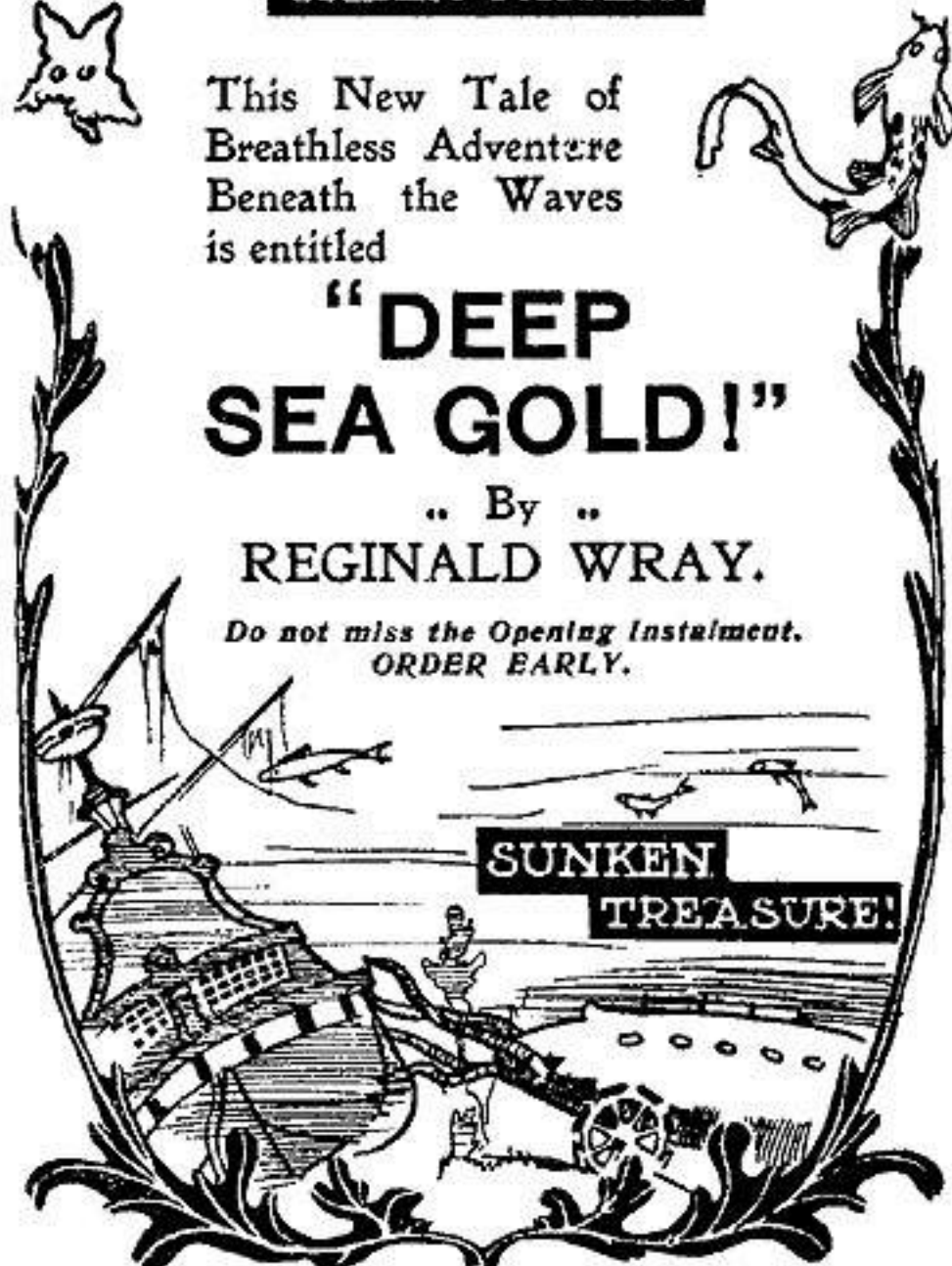
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"Ow!"
 "Gerroff my legs!"
 "Yah!"
 "Owp!"

The door was burst upwards, and Harry Wharton clambered out. Frank Nugent followed him, and then Bob Cherry. Then Bulstrode's head came into view, and he was dragged out. Then Fisher T. Fish and John Bull were assisted from the cab.

Dusty and dishevelled and very red and breathless, the juniors stood gasping in the roadway.

The Jam looked at them from the hedge, and chuckled breathlessly.

"The upsetfulness was terrific," he gasped.

The juniors shook their fists at him. They forgot for the moment that he was a new boy whom they were taking under their special care, that he was Inky minor, the younger brother of good old Inky.

"You—you black villain!" roared Bulstrode.

"You silly owl!"

"You howling ass!"

"You—you—you——"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Inky minor, and his laugh sounded very English. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bump him!" yelled Bob Cherry.

"Good! Collar the black chump!"

"Hold on!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "He's Inky's young brother, you know. We can't bump him. Hold on!"

"Look here, Wharton——"

"Besides, he's a Jam of the Indian Empire, and it's next door to regicide to bump a Jam," grinned Nugent.

"The Jamfulness is terrific, my honourable chums."

"Get down out of the hedge, you young idiot!" growled Wharton. "We're not going to bump you. Here comes the driver. I fancy you'll have to do some explaining now."

Inky minor crawled out of the hedge.

The driver arrived breathlessly. He shook his fist at the juniors, and raved.

"You young rips! Who's goin' to pay for my cab? Who's going to pay for the damage? That's what I want to know! Who's going to pay—hey?"

"Oh, you'll be paid!" said Harry Wharton. "You won't be done, old son. We'll raise the tin among us, and you can send the bill in to me."

The old driver's face cleared at once.

"Which I didn't mean them words for you, Master Wharton," he said. "But it's enough to make a man wild."

"Quite right; it is," agreed Bulstrode.

"But if the damage is paid for——"

"It shall be paid for."

"The payfulness will be terrific, my worthy and esteemed old bottle-nosed friend," said the Jam cheerfully.

The driver glared at him. Then he rubbed his nose, so politely alluded to by Inky minor, in a thoughtful way as he gazed at the wreck.

"I shall 'ave to get 'elp to get that hup," he remarked. "And then there's the 'orse to ketch. This will run into quids, Master Wharton."

"That's all right."

"We shall have to walk to the school now," said Bob Cherry. "If you begin any more of your mad pranks, you young ass, we'll bump you, so mind!"

"My honourable friend is not displeased by the playful jokefulness of my humble self?" exclaimed the Jam.

"Well, no," said Bob. "Only, don't do it any more."

"The circumspectfulness of my honourable conduct shall be simply terrific," the Jam promised.

And he certainly looked very demure as he walked towards Greyfriars with the juniors. They eyed him a little distrustfully from time to time. His propensity for practical jokes of the wildest description was a surprise to them. It was not what they had expected in the brother of the Nabob of Bhanipur. It was evident that Inky minor did not bear a close resemblance to Inky major.

There was quite a little crowd at the gates of Greyfriars to greet and stare at the brother of the nabob.

"Here he is!" exclaimed Ogilvy, as Inky minor walked in with the chums of the Remove.

"Here he is!" repeated Gatty, of the Second. "Here's the kid!"

"Here he is!" said Tubb, of the Third. "What Form are you going into, kid?"

"Second," said the Jam promptly.

Gatty gave a yell of triumph, and Tubb frowned.

"Do you play cricket, like your brother?" demanded Gatty.

"Ratherfully!"

"Oh, good—good—good!"

"Ripping!" exclaimed Myers.

"The rippingfulness is terrific, my worthy chums," said

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Inky minor. "Are you members of the honourable and esteemed Second Form of Greyfriars?"

"We are, rather!"

"Then administer kindly the shakefulness of the hand."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come into the Form-room, and we'll feed you," exclaimed Gatty. "If you can bowl like Inky major, you'll be worth your weight in gold to us. What?"

"Certainly!"

"Here, hold on!" exclaimed Wharton. "We're going to feed Inky minor in our study."

"Rats! He belongs to the Second."

"But as Inky minor——"

"I guess the kid had better take his choice," said Fisher T. Fish. "I reckon you'll get a better feed in a Remove study, kid. The Second Form here stand you feeds of burnt herrings and tea made in inkpots."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We don't!" roared Gatty indignantly.

"I will come with my major's honourable chums first," said the Jam. "After that I will proceedfully make my way to the Second Form-room, to make the honourable acquaintance of my esteemed Form-fellows."

"Oh, all right!" said Gatty.

And Inky minor walked into the School House with Harry Wharton & Co., and was marched up to No. 1 Study in triumph. A feed had been specially laid in, and the table was already set. All the juniors were ready for their tea, and Nugent put the kettle on the spirit-stove.

"Like to have a wash before tea?" asked Harry Wharton. The travelling and the accident in the lane had not been without effect upon the countenance of Inky minor.

The Jam shook his head.

"Thankfully no!" he replied.

Wharton was surprised again. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh had been cleanly almost to the point of fastidiousness; but this was evidently another respect in which his minor did not take after the nabob.

"Right-ho!" said Wharton.

And the Jam, with a serene countenance, sat down to tea with the chums of the Remove.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER. A Troubled Tea Party.

HARRY WHARTON & CO. had done their best to provide a feed worthy of Inky's minor, and it was certainly an extra good one. The dusky junior surveyed the table with satisfaction as he sat down.

"The hospitality of my worthy chums is terrific!" he remarked.

Nugent grinned.

"It's just like having Inky back," he remarked. "You're not much like him to look at, but you talk just the same."

"The resemblance is not terrific," agreed the Jam.

"I have heard that my worthy chum has a minor at this esteemed school also."

Nugent frowned a little.

"So I have," he said; "or, rather, I had. He's been sent away for a week for playing the giddy ox. He's a young rascal."

"Rats!"

Nugent stared.

"Eh? What? What did you say, Inky minor?"

The Jam stammered. He had spoken very quickly, evidently without thinking.

"I—I— The sorrowfulness is terrific!" he exclaimed. "I did not mean to interrupt my worthy chum."

"You haven't seen my minor—you can't have if you've only just come to England," said Frank. "Perhaps you've heard about him from Inky, though."

"I have certainly heard about him."

"Then you know he's a regular young villain?" said Nugent.

"Does it run in my worthy chum's honourable family?"

Nugent stared at the Jam again. He could not understand the dusky junior taking up the cudgels for Nugent minor in this way.

"And is your worthy minor like you," asked the Jam, "or is he good-looking?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry.

Nugent glanced round at Bob.

"What are you cackling about?" he demanded.

"Ha, ha, ha! Is he like you, or is he good-looking?" roared Bob.

"Ass——"

"He's like Nugent, and he's good-looking," said Harry Wharton, to pour oil upon the troubled waters, so to speak.

The Jam shook his head.

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"My worthy friend has stated the immoral impossibility," he remarked.

Nugent rose to his feet.

"Look here," he exclaimed, "if you weren't old Inky's minor, and a guest in this study, you'd jolly well get a thick ear, young shaver!"

"Peace, my sons!" said Harry Wharton. "This isn't the way to talk to old Inky's minor, Frank. Honour the guest that is within thy gate, you know."

"Well, then—"

"The esteemed Nugent has the honourable ratty temper," suggested the Jam. "Perhaps he is a terrific trouble to his august minor."

Nugent snorted and sat down. He made no reply, but his looks at Inky minor after that were not nearly so cordial. Certainly it seemed to be the Jam's object to "draw" Frank Nugent if he could.

The tea proceeded. Inky major had always been noted for his slight appetite. The juniors had said that he could live for a week on a banana. But in this, too, the minor showed no resemblance to the major. The Jam made a heavy inroad upon the well-supplied tea-table; and he showed a clumsiness, too, that was really remarkable, considering how deft and neat Inky had always been. When Nugent asked for the milk, the Jam passed it to him, and the milk shot out of the jug over Nugent's knees.

Frank jumped up with a shout.

"You clumsy young ass!"

The Jam looked very concerned.

"The sorrowfulness is terrific!" he murmured.

"You—you fathead!" howled Nugent, mopping his knees with his handkerchief. "My bags are soaked now!"

"My worthy chum—"

"You silly ass! You—you—"

"Hold on, Franky!" murmured Harry Wharton. "He couldn't help it, you know. Accidents will happen."

"Br-r-r-r!" growled Nugent. "I shall have to go and change my trucks now. Yow!"

And Frank Nugent swung out of the study, closing the door behind him with considerable force.

The Jam grinned. Harry Wharton looked rather apologetic.

"Never mind Nugent," he said. "The fact is, he's a bit upset about his young brother being sent home. Nugent's minor is an awful young rascal, and is always worrying somebody. Yaroo!"

Wharton jumped up with a yell.

The Jam's elbow had come into sudden contact with the tea-pot, knocking it off the tray, and it crashed against Harry as it fell.

Smash!

The teapot broke on the floor, and Harry gasped as the splashes of hot liquid came over his ankles.

"Oh! Ow! Oh!"

"Oh, I am sorrowful—"

"You young ass!"

"The regretfulness is terrific!"

"Oh, never mind!" said Harry, sitting down and rubbing his ankles. "It wasn't hot enough to scald me. Never mind."

It required all Harry's politeness to extract those words from him. He was thinking that Inky minor was the clumsiest young ass he had ever come upon, and beginning to wonder whether it was really all clumsiness or not.

There was a peculiar gleam in the Jam's eyes that seemed to hint that he was a youth endowed with a strong and peculiar sense of humour. That was not the only noticeable thing about the Jam's eyes. Wharton had observed that they were blue in colour—as blue as Frank Nugent's—and Inky's eyes had been as black as midnight. The want of resemblance between Inky major and minor was really surprising.

"Never mind, Harry," said Bob Cherry. "Accidents will happen, you know."

And Bob grinned.

"Oh, it's all right!" said Harry.

"Can I pass you anything, my worthy Cherry?" asked the Jam politely.

"No, thanks!" said Bob, quite hastily.

"Will you try the honourable marmalade—"

"No. Don't you pass me anything, please."

The Jam sighed.

"I fear that my clumsiness is terrific!" he remarked.

"Oh, not at all; only don't pass me anything! I'll try the pears, please, Johnny."

John Bull reached out to pass the dish of preserved pears, swimming in juice, to Bob. But the Jam was quicker.

"Allow me!" he exclaimed.

He lifted the dish with both hands.

"Careful, there!" exclaimed Fisher T. Fish.

Inky minor turned round to him.

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ONE
PENNY.

"Did you speak, my esteemed chum?" he asked.

"Look out!" roared Bob Cherry. "You're tilting the dish, you young ass, and pouring the juice over the toast!"

"Oh, dear!"

Inky minor righted the dish, and tilted it on the other side, and a fresh stream of juice shot over the edge—this time into the butter-dish.

"Put it down!" roared Bob.

"But I am passing it to you, my esteemed chum."

"Well, pass it carefully. Oh! Ow!"

The Jam reached over the table with the dish, and it tilted, and the whole of the contents shot into Bob Cherry's waistcoat.

"Yaroo!" roared Bob.

Pears and juice ran down him merrily. Inky minor stood the picture of contrite dismay.

"Oh, I am sorrowful—"

"B-b-by George!" gasped Bob Cherry. "You frabjous, dreadful ass! Ow! I'm smothered! I shall have to go and change."

He looked at Inky minor as if he could have massacred him, but he restrained himself and rushed from the study instead.

The dusky junior looked round pathetically.

"The clumsiness is terrific, I know!" he remarked.

"Oh, not at all!" grinned John Bull. "You're a nice, useful chap to have at a tea-table, I don't think. I'm done, I rather think, myself."

And he rose from the table. The other guests followed his example. They had had quite enough of being at close quarters with Inky minor. They had a strong suspicion that if the feed lasted any longer there would be more accidents.

"Finished already?" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"Yes, thanks!"

"Had an awfully good time," said Tom Brown. "We've enjoyed Inky minor's company more than anything else."

"I guess so."

And Wharton's guests took their leave. Inky minor rose from the table with a solemn and serious face.

"I fear that the clumsiness has been really terrific," he murmured. "The apologisefulness is also great!"

"Oh, that's all right, Jammy!"

"Don't mench."

"It's all serene!"

"I take my leave of my esteemed chums with the thankful heart," murmured the Jam. And, with a stately bow that was very like Hurree Singh's, he quitted the study.

Nugent and Bob Cherry returned as he was leaving. The Jam bowed to them again, and walked down the passage. In No. 1 Study the chums of the Remove looked at one another.

"Well, what do you think of him?" said Nugent, at last.

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"I'd rather he were in the Second Form than in the Remove, so far as I'm concerned," he said.

"Same here," said Nugent. "I don't believe that he's so jolly clumsy as he makes out."

"Inky never used to play pranks like that."

"Well, he's not much like Inky, anyway, excepting in complexion."

"I fancy he will have a lively time in the Second if he goes on like this," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "If he spills pears and juice and hot tea over the Second Formers, they will massacre him."

To which Frank Nugent rejoined:

"And serve him jolly well right!"

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Very Inky.

THERE was a serene smile upon the Jam's dusky face as he walked down the Remove passage. Perhaps he was thinking of his exploits in No. 1 Study. But the smile faded from his face as he caught sight of Wingate, of the Sixth, the captain of Greyfriars, on the stairs. As the Jam was new to Greyfriars, it was curious that he knew Wingate at all; but, apparently, he did, and was for some reason alarmed at the sight of him. He paused and looked round, as if meditating flight, but the Greyfriars captain caught sight of him and beckoned to him.

ANSWERS

"Hullo, young shaver!" he exclaimed.
 The Jam stopped.
 "The hullofulness is terrific," he replied.
 "Who are you?" Wingate demanded. "I haven't seen you before?"
 "Inky minor."
 Wingate laughed.
 "Oh, some of the kids were saying that Hurree Singh's minor might be coming to Greyfriars. But I understood that it was some time off yet."
 "I have arrivefully come."
 "Yes, I see you have. When did you get here?"
 "This afternoon."
 "Oh, have you seen anybody yet?"
 "The honourable Wharton and his esteemed chums have stood me the hospitable tea in their august study."
 "Well, you talk like your major, though you don't look much like him," said Wingate. "But you ought to report yourself to your Form-master. What Form are you going into?"
 "The esteemed Second."
 "Then I'll show you to your Form-master's study."
 "The thankfulness is terrific."
 Wingate turned and went downstairs, and as he did not hear any footsteps behind him, he looked back. The Jam was going in the opposite direction. The Greyfriars captain shouted after him.
 "Kid! Inky! Come here."
 "Yes, my worthy Wingate."
 "Follow me!"
 "Certainly! The followfulness is terrific."
 And Inky minor made no further efforts to escape. He followed the Greyfriars captain to the door of Mr. Toodle's study. Mr. Toodle was a new master at Greyfriars, a little fat gentleman with a beaming smile. He smiled at Wingate as he knocked and came in, and smiled at Inky minor.
 "This is a new boy for your Form, sir," said Wingate.
 "He's the young brother of Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, an Indian, who used to be in the Remove. He has arrived this afternoon, so I thought I'd bring him to you."
 "Thank you, Wingate. Come in, my boy."
 The Jam came in.
 Wingate walked out of the study, leaving the dusky junior alone with his Form-master. Mr. Toodle had been having tea, and his tray was on the table. He pointed to a chair, and Inky minor sat down, while Mr. Toodle went on with his buttered toast.
 "I am glad to see you, my lad," said Mr. Toodle, who cultivated a genial way with his Form. "You are very welcome. You have lately arrived from India, I understand."
 "The arrivfulness is terrific."
 Mr. Toodle looked astonished. He had not been at Greyfriars in Hurree Jamset Ram Singh's time, and so the peculiar English came as a surprise to him.
 "Dear me!" he said. "You have a very—hem!—peculiar way of expressing yourself, my lad."
 "The peculiarity is with the honourable speakers of the great English language. I have studied English very carefully, my worthy sir."
 "Ahem! I think we shall alter all that. It is very—hem!—picturesque, but it will hardly do for Greyfriars."
 "The do-fulness is all right, sahib."
 "Ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Toodle genially. "You must not call me 'sahib'; you must call me 'sir.'"
 "Yes, sahib."
 "Yes, sir," said Mr. Toodle, gently but firmly.
 "Yes, sir, sahib."
 "Ahem! Please tell me what name I am to call you by?"
 "Sindbad Ali Baba Haroun Alraschid, sahib."
 "Dear me!" said Mr. Toodle, in astonishment. "What a really remarkable name! But no doubt your parents selected it from a book which, I imagine, must be widely read in your country—the 'Arabian Nights.'"
 "Yes, sahib."
 "You have read that book?"
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"Yes, sahib."
 "In the original language, perhaps?" suggested Mr. Toodle, very much interested.
 "The originalfulness of the language is terrific."
 "Ahem! Have you been long in England?"
 "About five feet one, sir."
 "Eh?"
 "I believe that is the exact longfulness of my honourable self, sahib, sir."
 Mr. Toodle laughed again.
 "I did not mean long in that sense, my lad. I mean, have you been in England for any considerable time?"
 "The considerableness is terrific."
 "I hardly understand. However, we will pass on. You have been prepared, I suppose, to enter the Second Form here?"
 "The preparefulness is great."
 "And your attainments, I suppose, are of a nature to enable you to take your place in the Form?"
 "The attainfulness is terrific."
 "Ahem! I will give you a little examination," said Mr. Toodle. "We will proceed, while I proceed with my tea; in that way we shall kill two birds with one stone. Ha, ha!"
 And Mr. Toodle, while he demolished his toast, proceeded to question the dusky junior. He found that Inky minor's attainments were very much on a level with those of the average boy in the Second Form.
 He was still speaking when Inky minor suddenly fixed his gaze upon the window. The Form-master, struck by his look, followed his gaze.
 "What are you looking at, my boy?" he asked mildly.
 "Is there some esteemed person climbing the ivy, my worthy sahib?" asked the dusky junior.
 Mr. Toodle started.
 "Dear me! Such a thing would be most dangerous!" he exclaimed.
 He rose hastily from the table and crossed the room to the window. The instant his back was turned, Inky minor reached out over the table with both hands, taking the lid off the teapot with one, and picking up an inkpot with the other. Mr. Toodle's inkpot and papers had been put to one side when his tea was laid.
 To empty the inkpot into the teapot, and replace the lid, was the work of a second.
 Inky minor sat demurely in his chair, looking as if he had not dreamed of moving, when the Form-master, having scanned the ivy outside the window, turned back.
 "There is no one there," he said. "You were mistaken, my lad. Let me see—where were we?"
 "Your worthy self was in the armchair, sahib."
 "Ahem! I did not mean that. We were speaking, I believe, of Roman history," said Mr. Toodle, taking up the teapot, and thoughtfully pouring out his second cup of tea.
 "Dear me, how very strong this tea looks! But it is a most refreshing beverage on a hot afternoon, when one is assailed by unusual thirst. Let me see—I think I asked you what king was expelled from Rome on account of his pride and cruelty."
 "Tarquin, sahib."
 "Very good!" Mr. Toodle paused, and took a deep draught of his tea. The next moment the cup crashed on the floor, and Mr. Toodle jumped up, gasping and spluttering. "Oh! Ow! Yow! I am poisoned! Help! Oh!"
 "My worthy sahib—"
 "Groo—hooh! Gerroooh! Yah! Ow! Groooh!"
 "Most noble sahib—"
 "Yaroooooh!"
 Mr. Toodle gasped and spluttered and spluttered, and spat out the tea. His mouth was running with dark stains, and he gorged it out spitefully with his handkerchief.
 "Oh, oh, ah! There is something horribly wrong with the tea, yet the first cup was quite good!" he gasped.
 "Ow! I am poisoned! I—I will excuse you now—I will see you again presently. Ow! You may go! Groo!"
 "Yes, sahib!"
 "Yow! Ow! Grooooooh!"

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"The Jams of India have the power of conferring Jamhoods on their followers," said Inky minor. "It is the sameful thing as knighthood in this august country. I think so highfully of the esteemed Gosling that I have determined to confer the honour of Jamhood upon him." Gosling looked quite fluttered. "Oh, Master 'Urree Singh," he said. (See page 16.)

Inky minor left the study, leaving the master of the Second coughing and gasping and spluttering. Outside, in the passage, he chuckled a soft, unholy chuckle.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER. The Head is Puzzled!

"HERE comes the Jam!"

In the Second Form-room there was a smell of herrings—there generally was at tea-time. The fags having the room to themselves at that hour, they often prepared meals which made Upper Form fellows turn up their noses—and sometimes hold their noses—but which were very nice indeed to the fags.

Gatty had quite a turn for grilling herrings, and he was grilling herrings now. He turned his head as the shout of the fags announced the arrival of the new junior.

The Jam came in.

"Hallo!" said Gatty. "You've had a feed with those Remove bounders, of course. You won't want any of the herrings—eh?"

The Jam sniffed.

"Well, the burntfulness is terrific," he remarked.

Gatty sniffed.

"If you start turning up your nose in this Form-room——" he began.

"Not at all-fully, my worthy chum. There have been some accidents in the esteemed study of the august Wharton.

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and I did not quitefully finish my tea. I shall have great happiness in finishfully doing so here."

"Oh, good!" said Gatty. "These herrings are all right. A slightly burnt flavour makes a herring taste all the richer, to my mind."

"The tastefulness will be terrific."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Sammy Bunter.

Gatty glared at him, and the fat fag suddenly left off laughing.

"They're nearly ready," said Gatty. "I think they will be nice. Have you got the bread and butter ready, Myers?"

"Yes, here you are."

"How did you get here, Inky?" asked Gatty.

"Walked, my worthy chum!"

"I don't mean that, ass! How did you find your way to the Form-room, I mean?"

"I discovered it."

"Oh, all right! New boys don't usually know their way so easily about Greyfriars," said Gatty. "Well, here you are; that's the chief thing. You can sit down on that locker, or at a desk, and we'll feed you."

"The goodfulness of the honourable Gatty is terrific."

"Hallo! How did you know my name?"

Inky minor looked a little confused.

"I—I have heard it," he said.

"Oh! Perhaps your brother told you some things about Greyfriars," said Gatty. "He wasn't a bad sort, old Inky. He wasn't much like you."

"Better looking," said Myers, with Second Form candour. "And a bit darker," said Sammy Bunter. "I say, Gatty, how long are those herrings going to be?"

"I don't see that it makes much difference to you," said Gatty, "as you're not going to have any."

"Look here, Gatty—"

"This is a bit of a feed for Myers and Inky minor and me," said Gatty. "You other fellows may as well buzz off. I've got to talk to Inky minor about the cricket. Sit down here, Inky."

"Certainly, my worthy chum!"

The three fags sat down to tea. The herrings, when they were finished, did not look very appetising; but appetites in the Second Form were strong and keen. Gatty had a knife and fork for the guest of honour, too; while a pocket-knife served his own turn, and Myers had to be content with such aids as Nature had given him.

Inky minor appeared to enjoy the herrings, and that was the chief matter, after all. It really looked as if he liked the rough-and-tumble feed in the Second Form-room more than the more stately repast in the Remove study.

Gatty looked on with an approving eye. He fancied himself as a cook; and healthy appetite on his guest's part was a proof that his cooking was appreciated.

The herrings were just finished when Trotter, the page, put his head in at the door.

"Master 'Urree Singh minor 'ere?" he asked.

Gatty looked round.

"Yes," he replied. "Buzz off!"

"The 'Ead wants 'im," said Trotter.

Inky minor looked a little startled.

"The Head!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, Master Inky."

Trotter departed, and Inky minor rose to his feet. Gatty gave him a reassuring look.

"It's all right," he said. "The Head only wants to see you because you're a new kid, you know. It isn't a row."

"N-no," said Inky minor dubiously.

"You'll find the Head in his study," said Myers. "Better buzz off."

"Oh, all right!"

"Hold on! You won't know the way," said Gatty, as the dusky junior went towards the door.

"Oh, rot!" said the Jam. "I know the way well enough, fathead!"

Gatty stared at him blankly.

"Well, you've begun to talk in remarkably good English all of a sudden," he said; "and I don't see how you know the way, either."

"Er—ah! H'm! I—I mean, if my worthy chum would have the goodness to give me the showfulness of the way I should be terrifically obliged," stammered Inky minor.

"I'll show you the way if you like."

"The obligefulness will be terrific."

Gatty, considerably puzzled, accompanied the Indian, and showed him the way to the Head's study. Inky minor knocked at the door, and entered.

Dr. Locke was at his desk.

He turned his glasses upon Inky minor, who stood before him in an attitude of deep respect, with his eyes modestly on the carpet.

"Ah! Hurree Singh minor," said the Head. "I am very much surprised to see you here. I was not in any way advised of your coming."

"I am come fully here, honoured sahib."

"Ahem! I did not know it in the least. I have been told by a Remove boy that Hurree Singh wrote that his brother was coming to Greyfriars."

"That is correctful, sahib."

"But it is very singular that I have not heard from your people myself," said the Head. "Perhaps you have a letter for me?"

"No, sahib."

"It is very extraordinary."

"Yes, sahib."

"Can you not give me any explanation as to why you have come without my being informed, Hurree Singh minor?"

The junior shook his head.

"The cannotfulness is terrific, sahib."

"It is extraordinary—very extraordinary!" said the Head.

"I cannot understand it at all. However, as you are here, you must stay, and I will communicate with your people. You will take your place in the Second Form, and begin your lessons to-morrow. It is very extraordinary indeed!"

"Yes, sahib."

"Did you come alone to the school, Hurree Singh minor?"

"Yes, sahib."

"And did you travel from India alone?"

"The travelfulness was terrific."

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"That is not exactly an answer to my question. I asked you if you made the voyage from India without a companion."

"The speakfulness of the honourable English language is difficult to the esteemed people of India, most noble sahib."

"Ahem! Perhaps you do not know English well enough to comprehend me," said the Head musingly. "Never mind: I shall see you again when I have heard from your people. In the meantime, you will take your place in the Second Form. You may go."

"The thankfulness is great, sahib."

And Inky minor quitted the study with alacrity.

Gatty was waiting for him in the passage. Inky minor drew a deep breath of relief when he was in the passage.

"Well, it wasn't so very bad, was it?" asked Gatty, with a grin. "The Head's a good old sort, Inky."

"I know that."

"I don't see how you know, when you've never seen him before," said Gatty, puzzled.

"No, of course not," said Inky minor. "I mean that the knowfulness is great now that you have informfully told me."

"I see," said Gatty.

But he did not quite see. There was something about the younger brother of Hurree Jamset Ram Singh that puzzled him very much.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Jammed.

"GOOD-EVENING, your 'Ighness!"

Thus said Gosling.

Gosling, the porter, was sitting outside his lodge when Inky minor came by with Gatty. Inky minor was carrying an extremely old umbrella to shade his face from the sun, or perhaps to keep his face in shadow for reasons best known to himself. Gosling took off his hat very civilly to Inky minor. Inky major had always been rolling in money, and had been very liberal with tips, and Gosling saw no reason why Inky minor should not carry on the tradition.

Inky minor stopped, and looked at him.

"The goodfulness of the evening is terrific," he remarked.

"It are!" said Gosling. "Werry warm weather, sir—werry thirsty and dry weather, I find it, sir. Wot I says is this 'ere—a man does get dry."

"The conversation of the esteemed Gosling bears out his statement," assented Inky minor. "The dryfulness is terrific."

Gosling looked a little puzzled.

"Wot I says, sir, is this 'ere—"

"I have the great esteem for the honourable Gosling," said Inky minor, with a sweet smile. "The esteemed Gosling knows that I am a Jam?"

"I 'ave 'eard so, sir."

"The Jams of India have the power of conferring Jamhoods on their followers," said Inky minor. "It is the sameful thing as knighthood in this august country. I think so highfully of the esteemed Gosling that I have determined to confer the honour of Jamhood upon him."

Gosling looked quite fluttered.

"Oh, Master 'Urree Singh, I—"

Inky minor waved a dusky hand.

"It is all rightful, my esteemed Gosling. You have deserved the honour of becoming an esteemed Jam."

"I—I—"

"The honour of Jamhood is only for the best and most deserving of men," said Inky minor. "I appeal to my friend Gatty if Gosling is not worthy to become a great and glorious Jam."

And Inky minor's left eye half closed, and Gatty grinned. Gatty could see that the dusky junior was being humorous, though that fact was quite lost upon Gosling.

"Jolly good idea," said Gatty. "It will be splendid for Greyfriars. It isn't every coll. that has a Jam for porter. Dr. Locke will be able to make a lot out of that in letters to parents and guardians. A Jam of the Indian Empire kept as porter. It will sound well."

"But I say, sir—"

Inky minor waved his hand again.

"The modestfulness of the honourable Gosling is terrific," he said, "but I have determined that he shall be honoured."

"But 'ow do you do it, sir?" asked Gosling.

"The ceremony is brief—"

"I—I 'ope it doesn't 'urt, sir," said Gosling anxiously.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Gatty. "Do you think being knighted is like having a tooth out, Gossy, you ass?"

"Wot I says is this 'ere—"

"Kneel!" said Inky minor, closing the umbrella, and

taking it up in a bunch in his hand. It was a very old gamp, and persisted in bulging.

Gosling started.

"Wot did you say, sir?"

"Kneel!"

"Bow down, base slave, bow down!" said Gatty.

"Look 'ere, sir——"

"Kneel!"

"But wot am I to kneel for?" demanded Gosling, very much flurried.

"People always have to kneel to be knighted," said Gatty, "so of course they have to kneel to be Jammed. I should think you would understand that, Gossy."

"Wot I says——"

"Kneel!"

"Oh, all right, sir!"

And Gosling knelt.

He went down upon his knees before the Jam, and there was a burst of chuckling from the juniors looking on from a distance.

Gosling was feeling very flurried and confused, but he could not fail to feel the great honour of being Jammed.

He would be a titled man after that—on a level, in fact, so far as rank went, with Sir Hilton Popper and other great guns of the neighbourhood.

It was enough to make the porter of Greyfriars feel rather elated.

"Kneel!"

"I am a-kneeling, sir."

"Very well. Now, you have to repeat the oath of Jamhood after me."

"Yes, sir."

"Do you understand Hindustani, Gosling?"

"N-n-no, sir."

"Not a word of that honourable and esteemed language?"

"N-n-no, sir."

"Very well. I will repeatfully recite the words in Hindustani, and you will repeat them after me, and then I shall Jam you."

"Ye-es, sir."

"Hoity-toity-hum-hum-hem-hem-ikey-pikey-crikey."

"Yes, sir."

"Repeat the oath."

"Is that the hoath, sir?"

"Yes, of course! Repeat it—in Hindustani."

Gosling repeated it faintly.

"Hoity-toity-hum-hum-hem-hem-ikey-pikey-crikey. Is that all, sir?"

"No, there's some more. Heeper-peeper-creeper-tooral-looral-lido."

"Heeper-peeper-creeper-tooral-looral-lido," repeated Gosling.

"Yah-yah-hi-tiddley-hi-ti."

"Yah-yah-hi-tiddley-hi-ti."

"Very goodfully, worthy Gosling," said Inky minor gravely, while Gatty was stuffing his handkerchief into his mouth. "You speak the esteemed Hindustani with as elegant an accent as my worthy self."

"Oh, sir!"

"Now that you have taken the oath, close one eye and put your tongue out."

"Eh?"

"Close one eye and put your tongue out. It is an important part of the ceremony."

"Werry well, sir."

Gosling's aspect, as he obeyed Inky minor's instructions, was so utterly ridiculous that the juniors looking on shrieked with laughter. But Gosling hardly heard them, and he did not care. Was he not going to be made a Jam—a great and glorious Jam of the Indian Empire?

Inky minor touched him on the shoulder with the umbrella.

"Arise, Jam Gosling!" he exclaimed.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Gosling rose.

"You are now a Jam," said Inky minor solemnly. "The ceremony is completed by the four pokes—a most important detail—thus."

"Ow!" yelled Gosling, as Inky minor prodded him in the ribs with the umbrella.

"My dear Gosling——"

"Yaroor!"

"It is most important, as otherwise you are not a true Jam," said the dusky junior, delivering a third poke.

"Yowp!"

"There is but one more——"

"Ya-a-a-a-a-h!"

"Now it is complete. You are a Jam."

"Oh, my 'at! Oh, dear!"

"A great and glorious Jam, my dearful Gosling."

"Ow! I believe I'm punctured! Ow!"

"Now you must stand with your eyes closed, while I put the golden chain of Jamhood about your neck."

Gosling's eyes glistened.

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ONE
PENNY.

"A golden chain?" he exclaimed.

"A chain of gold weighing three pounds, and worth the sum of a thousand guineas," said the Jam solemnly. "Every Jam has to wear it, and it is conferred by the Jam who makes him a Jam. Does the honourable Gosling refuse the gift?"

"N-n-n-no!" howled Gosling. "No—no—no! Wot I says is this 'ere, I'm on that!"

"The goldfulness is terrific. The worthy Gosling must close his eyes, and stand quite still, and not open his eyes again until he feels the chain of gold upon his neck. Is it understood?"

"Yes—yes—yes, your 'Ighness!"

"Close your eyes, then."

Gosling obeyed.

"Keep them tightly shut."

"Werry good, sir."

Gosling screwed up his eyes as if he would never open them again. Inky minor winked at Gatty, and they withdrew with silent steps. The other juniors, choking with suppressed laughter, withdrew also, and Gosling was left standing with closed eyes, waiting.

Several minutes elapsed.

Gosling began to grow impatient. It seemed to him that the Jam was a long time with that golden chain.

"I say, your 'Ighness——" he began.

There was no reply.

"Your 'Ighness——"

Silence.

"Wot I says is this 'ere, it's getting chilly in the hevening, and I want to go hin!" said Gosling. "Would you mind 'urrying hup?"

No answer.

The porter opened his eyes.

He was standing quite alone outside his lodge. The Jam and the juniors had vanished.

Gosling blinked round him, and blinked again, and then it slowly dawned upon him that Inky minor had been indulging his peculiar sense of humour in making him a Jam.

Gosling turned the colour of a beetroot as he realised it.

"Wot I says is this 'ere," he muttered. "All boys oughter be drowned, and specially black boys! Br-r-r-r!"

And Gosling went into his lodge, and slammed the door with a slam that was heard as far as the School House.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Second Form are Surprised.

INKY MINOR went up to bed with the Second Form when bedtime came. Some of the Remove fellows stopped in the passage to wish him good-night. Upon reflection, they did not care for the close acquaintance of Inky's younger brother, but they wished him well all the same, and felt it their duty to take some notice of him. Inky minor bade them good-night in the cheerfullest possible way.

"The good-nightfulness is terrific, my worthy chums!" he said. "I am sorrowful for the spoiffulness of the esteemed Nugent's honourable bags——"

"Oh, that's all right," said Frank.

"And the august Cherry's first-class waistcoat——"

"Not at all," said Rob.

"And I hopefully wish that the honourable Wharton has recovered from the painfulness of the upsetful tea on his esteemed legs."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"That's all right!" he said. "Don't worry! I hope you'll be comfy in the Second dorm., young Inky. If there's anything we can do for you, don't fail to let us know."

"The goodfulness of the esteemed Wharton is terrific! Perhaps the honourable Nugent will tell me——"

"What is it?" asked Frank.

"I am keenful to see the esteemed Nugent's minor. Is he coming backfully to Greyfriars?"

"Yes. Next week."

"Not till the nextful week?"

"No. He's being rusticated," Frank explained. "He played a mad trick, and bumped a Form-master over. He was lucky not to be expelled."

"But I hear from the Second that he said he would come-fully arrive back in the twenty-four hours."

"Oh, he said so—yes."

"And he has not come?"

"Of course not!"

"And he wagered an honourable study tea?"

"Quite so. He's lost, of course."

"I should like to see him," murmured the Jam. "If he

should come back in the twenty-four hours, you will informally tell me, my esteemed chum?"

"Oh, yes, certainly. Good-night!"

Frank Nugent looked a little puzzled as he went with his chums to the Remove dormitory.

"Blessed if I know why young Inky should take such an interest in my minor!" he said. "It's very odd! I remember he was backing my minor up in our study. He can't possibly know young Dicky. He's never met him."

"He seems a queer young beggar altogether," said Harry, laughing. "He's been knighting Gosling. The fags are shrieking over it. Old Gossy thought he was being made a Jam, and young Inky left him standing with his eyes shut, waiting for a golden chain to be put round his neck."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Second Form tumbled in. Loder, the prefect, was looking after the Second that night, and he came to turn lights out. Inky minor was not yet undressed. He was the last. He had spent a long time taking off his boots.

Loder looked at him with a scowl.

"Why aren't you in bed, you young black rascal?" he demanded.

"The slowness of my honourable self is terrific!" murmured the Jam, apologetically.

"You'll undress in the dark, then!" exclaimed Loder.

"My dearful Loder—"

"Oh, ring off!"

Loder turned out the light and went out. He glanced back into the dark dormitory with a final word of warning:

"If you put the light on here I shall see it, and I shall come and warm you!"

"My respected and esteemed Loder—"

"Oh, rats!"

Loder slammed the door.

"The rotter!" said Gatty. "But you have been a jolly long time, Inky minor. We all had time to undress."

"It is all rightful, my worthy chum."

"Look here, I'll light a candle-end for you, if you like, and risk Loder," said Myers.

"Oh, no—no! I can undress in the dark, my worthy chums," said Inky minor hastily. "It is betterful not to have the light."

"Well, if you can manage—"

"The managefulness is terrific!"

And the Jam undressed in the dark and turned in.

The Second Form were soon asleep. Pale moonlight came in at the windows and glimmered upon the Jam's dusky face as it showed above the coverlet on the white pillow.

When the rising-bell clanged in the morning, Gatty opened his eyes sleepily, and yawned, and looked round the Second dormitory.

Clang—clang!

"Hullo, you fellows! Anybody getting up?"

"Inky's up," said Myers.

"Is he? Before rising-bell?"

"Yes. Look!"

Gatty sat up and looked at the Jam's bed. It was empty. Inky minor had evidently risen before rising-bell.

"Well, he's a queer little ass!" said Gatty. "He goes to bed after the rest of us, and gets up before we're awake! I wonder where he's gone?"

The Second Form turned out as the rising-bell ceased to clang. There was a sudden exclamation from Myers. Gatty looked round at him.

"What's the row?" he asked.

"My hat!"

"What is it?"

"Great Scott!" went on Myers, in tones of the greatest astonishment.

"You ass!" roared Gatty. "What is it, I say?"

"Look!"

Myers pointed to the pillow on Inky minor's bed.

Gatty gasped.

He had reason to gasp. Upon the white pillow were dark stains—stains that had evidently been made there by the face that had pressed the pillow.

"My only hat!" gasped Gatty.

"By Jove!"

"What does it mean?"

"I say," exclaimed Sammy Bunter, "'ere's Inky minor!" Inky minor had come in.

"The brightfulness of the morning is terrific!" he exclaimed. "You are lazyful bounders not to come fully walk into the esteemed Close— Why—what—how—"

"Look there!" roared Gatty.

"Oh!"

"Does your giddy complexion come off?"

"Oh!"

"What does it mean?"

"Great Scott! Oh!"

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"You fraud!" yelled Myers.

"You bounder!"

"What does it mean?"

"Explain!"

"Now, then, out with it!"

Inky minor looked utterly dismayed. The fags of the Second gathered round him threateningly.

"I—I—I'll explain!" said Inky minor. "Only—only mind, it's a dead secret—a dead secret among the Second, you understand!"

"Well, that's all right," said Gatty. "But what is it? What does it mean? Who are you—who are you? Explain."

And there was a shout from the Second-Formers.

"Explain, you fraud!"

Inky minor proceeded to explain. Before he had uttered a dozen words, there was a wild yell of amazement from the Second. And it was followed by a roar of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The dormitory door opened, and Bob Cherry, of the Remove, looked in. The merriment in the Second-Form dormitory had caught his ears as he was going down.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "What's the joke here—eh?"

Gatty quickly covered up the smudged pillow.

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

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent looked in from behind Bob. They were equally surprised. The sight of the Removites seemed to increase the almost hysterical merriment of the Second-Formers. They simply yelled.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What's the joke?" demanded Harry Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Gatty. "You are! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, rats!" said Bob Cherry. "It's a rag. But a Second Form rag doesn't matter. Rats!" And he slammed the door. The Removites walked away, and as they went they heard fresh yells of merriment from the Second Form dormitory.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Stolen Letter!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

"So do I," said Bob Cherry. "I say, Bunter, will you do me a favour?"

"Certainly, my dear Cherry. You would like me to fetch you something from the tuckshop? I will go with pleasure."

"Will you, really?"

"Certainly! I'd do anything to oblige a fellow I really like," said Bunter. "Shall I go to Mrs. Mumble's?"

"Yes, please."

"At once?"

"Yes, at once."

"And what shall I get?"

"Oh, nothing!"

"Eh?" said Bunter, blinking at the humorous Bob through his spectacles. "Eh! I—I don't quite understand. You want me to go to the tuckshop?"

"Yes, certainly."

"And what else?"

"Oh, stay there!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry!"

"You might do a little thing like that for a chap you really like," urged Bob.

"I say, you fellows!"

"Aren't you going, Bunter?"

"Certainly not! It's too hot to walk across the Close on a warm morning like this," said Bunter. "Look here! I was going to say that there's a letter in the rack, with an Indian postmark."

Harry Wharton uttered an exclamation.

"Another letter from Inky," he exclaimed.

"If you fellows—"

But the fellows did not stay to listen to Billy Bunter. They were always anxious for news from their absent chum, and they expected that Inky's letter, too, might throw some light upon the mystery of the Jam's unexpected and unannounced arrival at Greyfriars. No doubt that this letter was to explain the matter.

Harry Wharton took the letter. It was addressed to himself, and it was certainly in Inky's hand. Third lesson was over at Greyfriars, and the juniors were free for a quarter of an hour. The Second Form came trooping out as Harry Wharton took the letter, and he glanced round and signed

to the Jam, who was walking with his arms linked in those of Gatty and Myers.

"Inky minor."

"Yes, my worthy Wharton? The yesfulness is terrific."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Gatty and Myers.

"Pray be silentful, my worthy chums!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see where the cackle comes in!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "You fags seem to have some big joke up this morning."

"He, he, he!"

"Oh, shut up!"

"Ho, ho, ho!"

"There's a letter from your major, young Inky," said Harry Wharton. "I thought you might like to hear it."

Inky minor's dusky face was a study for a moment.

"From my—my major!" he gasped.

"Yes; old Inky."

"Not for—for me?"

"Oh, no; for me! I expect old Inky will explain how it was you came here so suddenly without anybody expecting you."

"My hat! I—I mean, the hatfulness is terrific."

"You're a curious little beggar!" said Bob Cherry. "You seem to drop in and out of that wonderful English of yours, and old Inky used to speak it all the time."

"My worthy chum—"

Harry Wharton slit the envelope.

"May I look at the letter before you open it, my worthy Wharton?"

"Certainly!" said Harry. "It has the Bhanipur and Bombay postmarks."

Inky minor took the letter in his dusky hands.

He turned it over thoughtfully, and then, so suddenly that no one was prepared for his action, he turned and bolted upstairs.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" shouted Bob Cherry. "Bring that letter back."

"Bring that letter back!" yelled Wharton. "What do you mean, you young monkey! Bring it back at once!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Second-Formers.

Inky minor disappeared round the bend of the staircase.

The Removites looked astounded.

Why Inky minor should bolt with his brother's letter was a profound mystery to them. The Second-Formers yelled with laughter, as if they saw some reason for the junior's peculiar action.

Wharton ran up the stairs.

But Inky minor was not to be seen.

He had vanished down some passage, and the letter from India was gone with him.

Wharton rejoined his chums in great astonishment.

"Blessed if I can understand it!" he said. "He can't mean to read the letter. Besides, I had offered to read it to him."

"It's only one of his monkey tricks," said Nugent. "He seems to me to be rather off his silly onion."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Gatty.

"Oh, let's get away from these cackling fags!"

The Removites went out into the Close. Wharton was very much puzzled. Inky minor puzzled him more and more every time he encountered him. Wharton was really anxious to read Hurree Singh's letter, and he was exasperated.

"We'll wait for them when they come out at noon, and collar Inky minor, and have the letter off him," said Bob Cherry.

"Good egg!" agreed Wharton.

And when morning lessons were over, and the Remove came out—a few minutes before the Second Form—Harry Wharton & Co. posted themselves outside the door of the Second Form-room, and waited for Inky minor.

The door was thrown open, and the Second crowded out, Inky minor and Gatty among the first to appear.

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent grasped the dusky junior instantly.

"Ow!" yelled Inky minor.

"Got him!" said Nugent. "Now produce that letter!"

"Hand it over, you black rascal!"

"Ow! Rescue!"

Gatty and Greene and Myers rushed to the rescue, but Bob Cherry and John Bull and several more Removites shoved them back.

Inky minor was rolled over on the floor, and a letter jerked out of his Eton jacket, and Bob Cherry picked it up.

"Here it is!" exclaimed Bob, holding up the letter.

"Good!"

"Let the young bounder go!"

Inky minor was released.

He lay gasping on the floor, quite out of breath, while the chums of the Remove walked away triumphantly with Hurree Jamset Ram Singh's letter.

Inky minor rose with a helping hand from Gatty, and gasped.

"Game's up, I think," said Gatty.

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NEXT
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The dusky junior nodded.

"I suppose so," he said. "I suppose old Inky will be giving it away in that letter."

"He, he, he!" chuckled Sammy Bunter. "Didn't you read the letter?"

"No, I didn't!"

"More fool you."

"If you're looking for a thick ear, Bunter minor—"

Bunter minor apparently wasn't, for he backed away very quickly. Inky gasped for breath. He had had a very rough handling from the Removites.

"Well, if it's all up it's been a jolly good jape," he said. "But we shall see."

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Startling Discovery.

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"

"What's the matter, Bob?"

"Your paws, Franky."

"Eh!" Nugent looked at his hands. "My paws! What's the matter with them? Why, my hat! Great Scott! What the dickens!"

And Frank Nugent stared blankly at his hands.

Wharton and Bull and Tom Brown and the rest of them stared at them, too, with various and emphatic exclamations of astonishment.

There were black smudges on Nugent's hands, as if he had been handling a sooty shovel or dabbling with charcoal.

Where had the stains come from?

"I've got 'em on my hands, too!" Wharton exclaimed. "Look here!"

He held up his hands. There were black smudges on the fingers.

"It's Inky's complexion coming off!" shrieked John Bull.

"But—but—"

"Impossible!"

"It can't come off," exclaimed Tom Brown. "A nigger's complexion is a fast colour, ain't it?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I don't make this out," said Harry Wharton. "What the dickens has the young ass been blacking his face for?"

"I should think Nature had made it black enough, too."

"Yes, rather!"

"Let's read Inky's letter," said Harry Wharton abruptly.

"Right-ho! Go ahead!"

Wharton took the letter out of the envelope.

His face was very curious in expression as he opened it. Strange suspicions with regard to Inky minor were working in his mind now.

"My dear and worthy Wharton,—Justly a lineful epistle to warn you not to expect my honourable minor, as his esteemed guardians have decided that he is to continuefully go on with his education at present with Indian masters.

"I know this will be disappointing to you, but perhapsfully my excellent minor will come with me when I returnfully go to Greyfriars.

"I hope you are all spiffingly well and blessed healthy. —Yours alwaysfully,
INKY."

Wharton lowered the letter. The chums of the Remove stared at one another blankly.

For some minutes not one of them could speak. Inky's letter had simply taken their breath away.

"My hat!" said Bob Cherry at last.

"What does it mean?"

"I can't understand it."

"Same here."

"He says his minor is not coming, after all," said John Bull slowly. "Yet the young bounder is here."

"He has run away without telling his people, then, I guess," said Fisher T. Fish. "He wanted to come to England, and he's hooked it from home."

Wharton shook his head.

"That doesn't explain it," he said.

"I guess it does."

"It doesn't explain the fact that he wanted to prevent me from reading this letter from India," said Harry.

"H'm! Well, no."

"It doesn't explain why he has blacked his face."

"By Jove!"

"It doesn't explain a great many things that have been awfully surprising about Inky minor," said Wharton drily.

"I guess he's a regular puzzle," said Fisher T. Fish.

"What did he want to put black on a black chivvy for?"

"Shakespeare says we shouldn't gild refined gold, or paint the lily," Frank Nugent remarked, with a grin, "and blacking the black is the same thing."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't understand it," said Wharton abruptly. "It's

pretty clear that there's something on—either a jape, or worse."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, it's pretty clear that the chap who's come here as Inky minor, isn't Inky minor at all."

"Phew!"

"Inky minor is still in India, if Inky major knows anything about it, and I suppose he does."

"My hat!"

"That chap, whoever he is, isn't Inky minor. The question is, who is he?"

"Some blessed practical joker, I suppose."

"I guess so."

"Most likely," agreed Harry Wharton. "And he's not black, either. He's coloured up his face to look like Inky's."

"Great Scott!"

"And that's why his blessed complexion comes off when you handle him!" exclaimed Frank Nugent. "Of course!"

"And that's why his eyes aren't Inky's colour, nor his features like Inky's," said Wharton. "He's English, excepting for the colouring of his chivvy."

"I guess you're on the right track."

"The young bounder may be here for a lark, or he may be here for something worse," said Harry. "He might belong to some gang of thieves, and be here to spy out the lay of the land."

"It's possible."

"I guess so."

"We'll jolly well have the truth out of him," said Harry grimly. "The matter's got to be cleared up, and at once."

"Yes, rather."

"What's the plan, then?"

"We'll give him a dormitory trial."

There was a chorus of approval at once. A dormitory trial was an institution at Greyfriars.

"But shall we leave it till to-night?" asked Bob Cherry doubtfully. "If he's up to real mischief, he ought to be nailed at once."

"We won't leave it a minute. We'll nail him, and yank him off to the Remove dormitory, and give him a trial."

"Hear, hear!"

"I expect he will go up to touch up his complexion," said Harry. "We may be able to nail him upstairs, and capture him without any trouble. We'll lock the door, and keep the Second out."

"Good wheeze."

"The young bounder shall be made to explain himself, and answer for what he's done," said Harry. "If it's a jape we'll consider what to do with him. If it's anything worse than that, we can leave him to the Head, as soon as we get the facts out of him."

"I guess you're right."

"Come on, then. Get the fellows quietly into the dorm. Tell them it's a dormitory trial, and they're all to turn up."

"Right you are!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

Wharton and Nugent and Bull went into the house to look for Inky minor. The other fellows gathered in the Remove for the dormitory trial. The juniors came in willingly enough. The startling discovery with regard to Inky minor had amazed them all, as soon as they heard of it, and they were all very keen to investigate the facts.

The Removites were soon thronging in their dormitory, where, at that time of the day, they were not likely to be disturbed.

They entered into the idea of a dormitory trial with great zest. Bob Cherry superintended the arrangements, and when they were finished, the Remove waited with breathless interest for the arrival of the prisoner.

THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

Caught!

"THERE, that will do," said Gatty.

Gatty and Greene were with Inky minor in the Second-Form dormitory. The dusky junior was looking at himself in a hand-glass held by Gatty, and touching up his complexion. It had suffered very considerably in the tussle with the Removites for the possession of the letter from India.

"All right?" asked Inky minor.

"The alrightness is terrific!" grinned Gatty.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's all serene, unless the letter from India has given you away," said Gatty. "And perhaps it hasn't! We shall see, anyway."

"Look out!" muttered Green. "Somebody's coming."

There were footsteps in the passage outside.

In a twinkling the colour was popped out of sight, the handglass was poked into a bed, and the three fags assumed attitudes of the greatest innocence.

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"I think cricket practice is a bit of a fag," Gatty was saying in a loud voice, as Wharton and Nugent and Bull looked into the dormitory.

"Go hon!" said Nugent.

Gatty looked round with an air of great surprise.

"Hallo! What do you fellows want?" he asked.

"We want Inky minor."

"Rats!"

"What is the littleful game, my worthy chums?" asked Inky minor, keeping his eyes very warily upon the Removites.

"You have taken your honourable letter."

"Yes, and we've read it, too, you young fraud," said Wharton.

"My excellent chum——"

"Come along!"

"Where?"

"To the Remove dorm."

"What for?"

"To be tried."

"My excellent, worthy chum, I am too busyful——"

"Oh, you can drop that blessed mixed English," said Wharton, grinning. "We're up to snuff now, my son. Are you coming?"

"Certainly not."

"Then you'll be taken."

"I declinefully refuse to be taken."

"Collar him, chaps."

The three Removites rushed towards the dusky junior.

Gatty and Greene and Inky minor dodged round a bed, and jumped over another, and made a wild break for the door.

Gatty and Greene reached it, but the Removites had marked Inky minor. Wharton seized him by the back of the collar, and Nugent intercepted him, and caught him round the waist. He was captured.

"Rescue!" bawled the Jam.

Gatty and Greene turned back.

"Help! Yow! Rescue!"

"Let him go!" yelled Gatty.

"Rats!"

"Come on, Greene."

It was not much use for the fags to begin a russle with the Removites; but they had plenty of pluck. They rushed desperately to the rescue of Inky minor.

John Bull met them, and grasped each by his collar. The powerful junior exerted his strength, and swung both of them off their feet at once.

"Ow!" gasped Gatty.

"Yaroooh!" spluttered Greene.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

John Bull grinned.

"You can take Inky minor away," he said. "I'll look after these two giddy heroes."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wharton and Nugent swept Inky minor off the floor, and carried him towards the door by the ankles and the shoulders. The dusky junior struggled fiercely, but although he gave some trouble, he was unable to release himself from the grasp of the two Removites.

He was carried out of the dormitory, while Gatty and Greene struggled with the sturdy junior, without in the least affecting John Bull. Bull held them in a powerful grasp until a distant whistle warned him that the prisoner had been safely conveyed to the Remove dormitory.

Then he swung them upon a bed.

"There you are!" he exclaimed cheerfully.

"Ow!"

"Yow!"

John Bull chuckled and walked out of the dormitory. Gatty and Greene sat up on the bed, and stared at one another with sickly grins.

"What a strong beast!" said Gatty, gasping.

"Yes. Ow! The rotter! Groo!"

"They've taken Inky minor to their dorm. Look here, we're going to rescue him!" exclaimed Gatty, jumping up.

"Yes, rather. Come on!"

The two juniors rushed out of the dormitory, and down the passage. They hurled themselves upon the door of the Remove dormitory. It was locked.

Gatty thumped on the door.

"Open this blessed door!" he shouted.

"Oh, go and eat coke!" replied a voice from within.

"Have you got Inky minor there?"

"Yes, rather!"

"Let him out!"

"Rats!"

"Open the door!"

"More rats!"

"Rotter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's no good!" exclaimed Gatty desperately. "We can't

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open the door, and they won't open it. But we'll get it bust in somehow. Let's go and gather the Second, and bring them all here."

"Good!"

And Gatty and Greene rushed off to gather the heroes of the Second Form for the rescue of Inky minor. Meanwhile, the unfortunate Jam remained in the hands of the enemy.

THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

The Trial in the Dormitory.

INKY MINOR sat in a chair in the Remove dormitory. He had struggled to the last, and the Removites had passed a rope several times round him and the chair, binding him fast to it. Inky minor had ceased to struggle now, because he could not move a limb, and he sat in the chair gasping, the perspiration rolling in beads down his dusky face, and making peculiar pale streaks in his complexion.

The dormitory had been really excellently arranged as a court.

Three chairs were set upon a bed, upon which was a placard bearing the legend, "Judges' Bench." The seats were evidently for the judges. On a broomstick standing against the wall was another placard, "The Jury."

The jury were already empanelled.

There were twelve good men and true, all Removites—Ogilvy, Micky Desmond, Trevor, Russell, Morgan, Treluce, Smith minor, Tom Brown, Hazeldene, Skinner, Stott, and Mark Linley.

They were in three rows—the first row seated on the floor, the second row sitting on chairs, and the third row standing.

Two warders, armed with cricket-bats, stood behind the prisoner's chair, as he sat facing the judges' bench. The two warders were John Bull and Bob Cherry.

Three judges mounted to the bench—Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, and Bulstrode.

Their aspect was very grave, as became the judicial bench. Judicial wigs, of course, were lacking at Greyfriars; but the deficiency had been supplied, one of the judges having a cruet-stand, another a fool's cap, and the third a silk hat upon his head.

The dusky prisoner grinned at them.

"Now, what's the little game?" he demanded.

"Silence in court, I guess."

That was from Fisher T. Fish, who had been appointed—or had appointed himself—usher.

"Oh, cheese it!" said Inky minor. "I mean—ahem!—the cheesefulness is terrific."

Laughter in court! All the Removites who were not on the jury or the judicial bench were crowded along the walls, looking on and grinning.

Wharton looked round with a judicial frown.

"Silence in court!" he exclaimed. "I trust that the public do not imagine that a law-court is a place for the exercise of humour."

Laughter!

"If there is any further unseemly merriment in this court, I shall have to request the ushers to remove the person offending," said the judge severely.

"Silence, I guess!" said Fisher T. Fish. "Oyez! Oyez! Oh, yes! Silence!"

"Prisoner at the bar," went on the judge, "you must know that we bar fellows like you."

Laughter in court.

"Ahem!"

Loud laughter.

"Prisoner at the bar—usher, kindly see that silence is preserved—prisoner, stand up."

"How am I to stand up, you silly ass, when I'm tied down?" demanded the prisoner, naturally enough.

"Ahem! Sit down, then."

"Well, I'm doing that. How long is this silly game going to last?" demanded the prisoner.

"Prisoner, you will not enhance your case in any way by treating the court with disrespect."

"Oh rats! I mean, the ratfulness is terrific."

"Order! I shall commit you for contempt of court otherwise."

"The boshfulness is terrific."

"Warders!" thundered the judge.

"Yes, your honour?" said Bob Cherry.

"If the prisoner is guilty of contempt of court again, you will rap him on the napper—ahem!—I mean the head, with a bat."

"Yes, your honour."

"Here, you chuck it!" exclaimed the prisoner, twisting his head round to look at the two grim warders. "Don't you start playing the giddy ox. Ow!"

Crack!

"Yaroo!"

Bob Cherry had given the prisoner a light tap with the bat. It was only a light tap, but the prisoner roared.

"You—you utter chumps!" he roared. "I—I mean, the chumpfulness is terrific. Stop! Leggo! Lemme out!"

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"Order!"

"Rats! I tell you— Yaroo!"

Whack!

The prisoner subsided into silence. The cricket-bats were too much for him. He glared at the warders, and then glared at the judges.

"Now," said the chief judge, with a frown, "prisoner, you are accused of coming to this school in disguise, and we want to know who you are, and what the little game is."

"Hear, hear!" said the jury.

The judge frowned.

"The jury will kindly keep silent," he said.

Skinner, the foreman of the jury, rose.

"Your honour—"

"Silence in court!"

"Your honour, when we said 'Hear, hear!' we did not mean hear, hear, but here, here, meaning that we were all here, here," Skinner explained.

Laughter in court.

"Order!"

"The charge against this prisoner," resumed the judge, "is a serious one. If he cannot meet the charge—"

"He will have to borrow of somebody." It was a voice from the court, followed by laughter.

"If the public cannot keep order, I shall direct that the court be cleared," said his honour severely. "A court of law is not a theatre. To resume. The prisoner at the bar is guilty of coming to this school in disguise, under a name that does not belong to him. Warder!"

"Yes, sir?"

"You should say yes, your honour, fathead."

"Yes, your honour fathead."

Laughter in court.

"Ahem! Kindly roll up the prisoner's sleeve, so that it can be seen how far his dark complexion extends."

Some signs of resistance on the part of the prisoner, but they were unavailing. His arm was jerked loose from the cords, and his sleeve was rolled up. The skin above the wrist was seen to be quite white.

There was a gasp of interest from the watching crowd of juniors.

Although it was pretty well known that the supposed Indian was a white boy in disguise, yet this clear and convincing proof of it was a little startling.

"My hat!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "He's really white!"

"Who is he?"

"Blessed if one can tell who he is with that black smudging on his chivvy," said Nugent. "My belief is that I've seen him before."

There came a sudden chuckle from the prisoner. Something in Nugent's remark seemed to strike him as funny.

"Prisoner, order!"

"Oh, rats!"

"Warder—"

"Hold on!" exclaimed the prisoner hastily. "It's all right; I'll keep order."

"Gentlemen of the jury, you observe—"

The foreman of the jury rose.

"Is it in order to ask a question now?" he demanded.

"No."

"Well, I'll ask it all the same. Are you judge or prosecuting counsel?"

The judge seemed a little puzzled by the question.

"Both," he answered finally. "I am conducting this case, in the absence of counsel, and I do not require any assistance from the foreman of the jury. If the foreman of the jury asks any more questions, I shall commit him for contempt of court. Proceed with the trial."

Laughter in court.

"Gentlemen of the jury," resumed the chief justice, with a fiery glance at the foreman, "you observe that the prisoner is in disguise. There is no disguising the fact. He is white, and he is got up to look like an Indian. He is, therefore, in disguise."

"I quite agree with the remarks of my learned brother," said Nugent, setting the cruet straight on his judicial head; "the prisoner is in disguise."

"The next question is to discover his identity," went on the judge, "and to ascertain whether he is someone we know, playing an idiotic jape on us, or whether he is some emissary—"

"That's a good word," said the foreman of the jury.

"Order!"

"Or whether he is some emissary of a gang of criminals, sent here to gain information for the purposes of robbery."

"Oh!"

"Prisoner at the bar, what is your name?"

"Walker."

Laughter in court.

"You are directed to tell the court your true name."

"Rats!"

"The prisoner refuses to disclose his identity. We shall, therefore, proceed to remove his disguise, and ascertain whether we know him."

"Good egg!" said the jury, all together.

"Look here—" began the prisoner.

"Silence!"

"Warders, you will take a basin of water and a sponge, and wash the face of the prisoner. Wash it till the black all comes off."

"Yes, your honour."

The warders obeyed. As the trial was being held in a dormitory, facilities for washing were close at hand. Bob Cherry dipped a sponge in a basin of water, and soaped it, and rubbed away at the countenance of the bound prisoner.

The prisoner objected strongly. Perhaps he did not object so much to his disguise being removed, as to the vigour with which Bob Cherry removed it. Bob certainly had a strong arm, and his rubbing was powerful.

The dusky face of the prisoner disappeared in a cloud of foam and suds, and Bob Cherry worked away manfully, with his sleeves rolled up, amid a kind of chorus of growls, howls, gasps, and personal observations from the prisoner.

But Bob Cherry never heeded. He worked away, and lathered and rubbed, and rubbed and scrubbed till the judge directed him to stop.

"You must have the paint off by this time, warder, I should think," he exclaimed.

"And the skin, too I should say," grinned Bulstrode.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, all right, your Honour!" said Bob Cherry. "I'll get the soap off now, and we'll soon see if we know him."

"Yes, buck up!"

Bob Cherry sponged off the sea of foam and soapsuds. A face, white excepting where it was red with rage, emerged into view and recognition.

The juniors looked at it, and there was a yell of amazement.

"Nugent minor!"

THE TWENTIETH CHAPTER.

Nugent Minor Wins.

NUGENT MINOR gazed furiously at the Removites.

His collar and jacket were soaked with water and soap, and water was running down his back, and all over him. His face was beautifully clean—cleaner, probably, than it had ever been in his life before.

The amazement of the Remove knew no bounds. They had expected anything but this. Frank Nugent gazed at his young brother as if he had been a spectre.

"Dicky!" he gasped.

"My hat! Nugent minor!"

"Dicky Nugent!"

"The young sweep!"

"He's taken us all in!"

"Great Scott!"

The court broke up in its excitement. Judges and jury mingled with the crowd that surged round the scamp of the Second Form.

"Nugent minor!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "You awfully cheeky young rascal! Then you did come back after all!"

The clouds cleared from Dicky Nugent's face, and he grinned.

"I said I'd come back within twenty-four hours, didn't I?" he demanded.

"Yes, you young sweep—"

"Well, and I've come. I said I'd come back, and wouldn't be sent away again—and I've done it. I knew there was some idea of Inky minor coming, so I came as Inky minor. The disguisefulness was terrific," grinned Dicky Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My hat! We've been taken in, and no mistake!" exclaimed John Bull. "And we've lost that study feed. Nugent minor wins it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I rather think I do," said Nugent minor coolly. "You'll stand it this evening, if you please, and I'll bring Gatty and Myers, and Greene, and Hop Hi. And now you've found me out, you'll hold your tongues—you're not going to give me away."

"What!" exclaimed Frank.

"I'm keeping this up," Nugent minor explained coolly. "You'll have to go and fetch me some more complexion from my box. I'm not going home for that week. I'm staying here as Inky minor until the week is up, you see. I've told mother I'm not going to be at home, and I'm not. See?"

"Look here—"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 183.

DON'T MISS

the special new story of the
Chums of St. Jim's, entitled:

"FIGHTING HIS WAY,"

in this week's "GEM" Library.
Price One Penny.

"We haven't punished him yet, for taking us in," said Bulstrode. "I recommend frog's-marching round the dorm."

"And a ducking."

"And a bumping."

"And a licking."

"Here, hold on!" exclaimed Nugent minor. "I—"

Crash! Crash! Crash!

It was a terrific attack on the dormitory door. Gatty & Co. had returned to the rescue. Crash! Crash! Crash! A large and heavy hammer was crashing on the lock, and strong as it was, it was pretty certain that the lock would not stand an attack of that kind for very long.

Crash! Crash!

"Open the door!"

"Let us in!"

Crash!

"Stop that, you young asses!" shouted Harry Wharton. "You'll break the lock!"

"Ha, ha, ha! That's what we're going to do," yelled Gatty. "You let Nugent—I mean Inky minor out, then."

"Rats!"

Crash! Crash! The door shook and groaned. Then there was a sudden exclamation of alarm in the passage.

"Cave! Here comes Quelch!"

There was a scattering and pattering of feet. The steady tread of the Remove-master was heard approaching. The handle of the door was tried, and then there was a sharp knock.

"Open this door at once!"

The juniors exchanged looks. There was nothing else to be done. Bob Cherry began hastily to untie the prisoner, with some idea of getting him out of sight of the Remove-master. But there was no time. The door was unlocked, and Mr. Quelch came in, frowning.

He gazed at the crowd of juniors in the dormitory in amazement.

"What does this mean?" he exclaimed.

Before anyone could reply, Mr. Quelch's gaze fell upon Nugent minor. Bob Cherry had just succeeded in untying him.

"What!" exclaimed the Remove-master. "What! Nugent minor! I understood that you were at home! Why what—what—"

His glance turned upon the basin of discoloured water, the blackened sponge, and upon the Jam's hands, which were still black. He understood.

"Nugent minor! Is it possible—that—that—"

"If you please, sir—" began Dicky Nugent, with his meekest and mildest look.

"Explain yourself at once, Nugent minor," exclaimed the master of the Remove sternly.

"Yes, sir; I—I was Inky minor, sir."

"What!"

"I—I went home, sir, when I was sent, but—but my mater was so worried, sir," said Dicky Nugent pathetically. "I—I couldn't bear to be a trouble to my mother, sir, so I—I came back."

"Ahem!" said Mr. Quelch.

"I—I got myself up as Inky minor, sir, and—and came back," said Dicky Nugent. "I—I hope you don't think I've done wrong, sir."

"Wrong!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, astounded. "Of course you have done wrong."

"Oh, sir, I'm so sorry!"

"You have come back without permission—"

"Not as myself, sir, but as—"

"That is a mere quibble, Nugent minor."

"Oh, sir!"

"You have deceived us—"

"Have I, sir?" stammered Dick, in great contrition.

"Certainly you have. We believed you to be the brother of Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, and you are nothing of the sort," exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir, I—I suppose I've done wrong," said Dicky, softly and meekly. "I—I acted for the best, sir. It was so hard to see mother cry, sir."

"Ahem!" Mr. Quelch coughed. "You have acted in a most unjustifiable way, Nugent minor—I have never heard of so wild an escapade. But—but since your motives were good, I will do my best to induce the Head to pardon you, and—and to allow you to remain without being sent home to complete your term of absence."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" exclaimed Nugent minor, and there was real gratitude in his face now. "Oh, thanks! You are very kind, sir."

Mr. Quelch waved his hand.

"See that you deserve my kindness, that is all," he exclaimed.

And he left the dormitory.

"Queelchy is a jolly good sort," said Harry Wharton, "and he's treated you a jolly lot better than you deserve, you young rascal. But I suppose you've got out of this scrape now, as you always do get out of scrapes, somehow."

Nugent minor grinned.

"Quite so—I mean, quitefully so," he replied. "The exactfulness of my honourable chum's statement is terrific."

"Shut up!" roared Bob Cherry. "Enough of that."

"My worthy chum—"

"Stop it!"

"Very well—only don't forget that study feed," said Nugent minor. "I've beaten you all along the line, and you've got to own up, and stand the feed. I'm going to bring Gatty, and Greene, and Myers, and Hop Hi, and—"

EVERY
TUESDAY,

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

"Oh, bring the whole blessed Second, if you like!" said Harry Wharton. "You've done us!"

And Nugent minor did bring quite a number of the heroes of the Second to that study feed—quite as many as No. 1 Study would hold. And they contrived to have a very good time.

THE END.

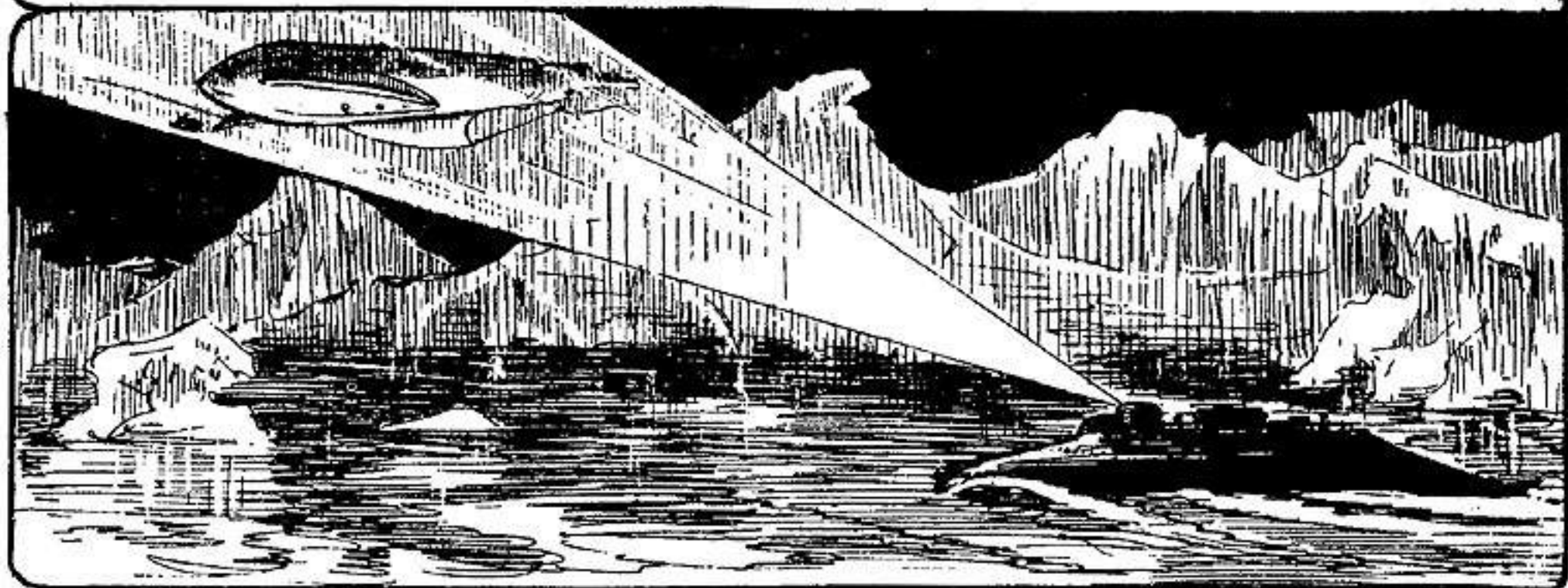
(Another splendid, long, complete school-tale of Harry Wharton & Co., at Greyfriars, next week, entitled "THE SCHOOLBOY MILLIONAIRE," by Frank Richards. Please order your copy of THE MAGNET Library in advance. Price 1d.)

The Second 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 OPENING CHAPTERS.

Ferrers Lord, the famous multi-millionaire and inventor, startles the world by entering the lists against Professor Hugley, the celebrated American scientist, who is about to start in search of the North Pole, in his wonderful airship the Cloud King. Lord announces his intention of starting for the Pole at the same time in his mysterious submarine the Lord of the Deep, and makes a match of it with the professor for the gigantic sum of a million pounds! The preliminaries are settled, and two judges are appointed—one to travel on board each of the two strange competing craft. Ferrers Lord is accompanied by all his old friends on the Lord of the Deep, including Ching-Lung and Rupert Thurston; while Professor Hugley has a Cuban named Paraira with him.

On the day appointed for the start a gun booms from the cliff on the barren island of Tarrah, off the Faroe coast, and the Cloud King soars into the air, while at the same moment the Lord of the Deep shoots out across the heaving waters of the sea. The race for a million pounds has begun!

(Now go on with the story).

Ching-Lung Makes the Acquaintance of Gan-Waga, the Esquimaux, and Discovers that Gentleman in Bed—A Chat About the Race—The Yellow Patch.

Northward Ho!

The faces of all those gathered in the wheel-house of the Lord of the Deep expressed the excitement they felt. Even Ferrers Lord's cheeks showed a light tinge of red. Tom Prout, his pipe in his mouth, and legs wide apart, kept his eyes on the compass-needle and perspired. Rupert's hand shook so that he found some difficulty in striking a match to light a cigarette. Ching-Lung's pigtail wagged from side to side. There was something wildly exhilarating and intoxicating in the thought that the race for such a wager had really begun.

"Wal, I should guess," drawled the Yankee umpire, THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 183.

NEXT TUESDAY: "THE SCHOOLBOY MILLIONAIRE,"

"I've done a bit of travelling above water in my time, but this is the first time I have ever taken lodgings below it. It's a mighty queer sensation, too. Say, the thing won't bust up, will it?"

Everybody laughed.

"I hope not," said Ferrers Lord.

"That's just echoing my wish, too," said the Yankee. "You'll oblige me a good deal by telling the steersman I'm not very heavily insured, and I'm very fond of myself. I shall get pretty riled with him if he bursts us on to a sunken rock, or bangs us against the ribs of an eighty-ton whale. I give you my word, I shall be rude—very rude!"

Everybody laughed again. There was the same merry twinkle in the Yankee's eye. Ferrers Lord whispered some instructions which Prout received with a respectful salute.

"Now, sir, although it is late," said the millionaire, with a bow, "I'm at liberty to show you round my vessel. Rupert, my dear fellow, may we have the pleasure of your company?"

The three men descended the ladder, and, snatching the pipe out of the steersman's mouth, Ching-Lung placed it in his own.

"Any'ing fleshee, Thomas?" he inquired.

"Don't speak to the man at the wheel!" roared Prout.

"Allee lightee," said the Chinese boy placidly. "You stickee to the lules, Thomas. Dere no lules to say you no talkee to me. I askee if dere anybody fleshee among the clew? Open youl bigee mouf when you tole."

"Well," said Prout, his good-natured grin expanding, "most of the ole lot is with us still, except Ned Horton, the diver. We sha'n't see the poor chap this trip. We left him in the hospital at Colombo, where they was patching his left thigh. You see, we was watchin' the niggers pearlin', an' Ned reckoned he'd have a try at pearl-fishin' without a divin'-suit. He tried, and got to bad words with a shark. The shark hit back—I mean bit back—and Ned went into dry-docks for repairs."

"Good glacious me!" murmured Ching-Lung. "How ole Ned getting on?"

"First rate," answered the steersman. "We've got two lascars aboard and one blubberbiter."

Ching-Lung's eyes opened in astonishment.

"Blubberbiter? What sort of ting is dat?"

"An awful, greasy, flat-faced, tall-haired, snub-nosed freak!" said the steersman. "It's a Heskimoo, that's what it is!"

Ching-Lung had heard of the Esquimaux, the children of the frozen North, but he had never seen one. He plied Prout with eager questions.

As far as Prout knew, Ferrers Lord had brought the man from Greenland. He was a skilled seal and bear-hunter, and could pilot his kayak—a flimsy canoe made of skins—over the roughest water.

"But," went on the steersman, "of all the ugly, door-knocker faces I ever did see, he's got the ugliest! I allus wants to chuck a belayin'-pin at it. And the grub he eats! Why, he'd sooner drink a pint of engine-oil any day than a pint of rum! To see 'im bitin' chunks out of lumps of suet as if it was a mutton-pie, is enough to make a chap ill! T'other day——"

Prout stopped suddenly and glared at a black rotund shape that crawled suddenly into view round the wheel. It looked like a monstrous tortoise with a long tail. Something was tied to the tail, which dragged over the floor with a swishing sound.

"It's come," said Prout. "That's the blubberbiter!"

The amazing apparition rose slowly on its hind-legs, revealing a flat, oily face, in which two little black eyes gleamed good-naturedly. One glimpse of the face was enough for Ching-Lung. He had never seen anything so mirth-provoking before in his whole life. There was hardly any nose at all, but enough mouth for a large family. The head of the Esquimaux was covered with a hood of seal-skin, and he wore a necklace of shark's teeth. The substance attached to his tail was a square block of ice.

Very gravely he pulled the block into place, sat down on it, crossed his legs, and grinned at Ching-Lung.

The Chinese boy held his sides and laughed. The Esquimaux seemed to take his laughter in good part, for he laughed too.

"If he ain't next cousin to a Hafrican gorillah, I'm blanked!" said Prout. "I thought at first his tail was natural until I seed it stitched on. Look at it now, a-sittin' on that chunk of hicc, and grinnin' like a pizened cat! Oh, murder, it's going to eat!"

From some hidden pocket the Esquimaux produced about a dozen green tallow candles. They were half melted and stuck together. He severed one from the bunch, bit it in half, and chewed away with great relish.

"Good 'nuff!" he said, or, rather, gurgled, winking solemnly at Ching-Lung. "Butterfully nice!"

"Tallerly nice," groaned Prout. "Oh, it's bad enough to turn the stummick of a horstritch!"

"Want some?" gurgled the blubberbiter, politely offering one of the candles to Ching-Lung.

Ching-Lung bowed himself low, his hand on his heart, and accepted the gift. He balanced the candle on his nose and gave a little puff. A thin flame seemed to shoot from between his lips. The next instant the candle was burning steadily. Like some enormous cavern the blubberbiter's mouth opened in awed amaze. His little eyes started out so far that the possibility of ever getting them back into their proper place seemed very remote. He stared transfixed. Ching-Lung gave his hand an upward jerk, and the lighted candle vanished down his throat.

Ching-Lung waved his hand. Magically the bundle of tallow-dips the Esquimaux was holding burst into flame. Uttering a shrill yell of horror, he bounded up, tripped over his icy seat, and pitched headlong down the companion-way. They heard the thud, thud of his body as he rolled down the steps, and the loudor bang, bang of the ice which followed him.

Prout collapsed against the wheel, tears of laughter pouring down his ruddy cheeks.

"I tink dat lathel flightence himme," tittered Ching-Lung. "How voly lude to leavee us like dat! I go and see whele he gonee."

The vessel was not moving at any great speed, but still her plates quivered with the throb of her powerful engines. Prout flashed out the searchlight for a moment, and sent its silver spear circling through the glassy water. Two silvery notes chimed through the ship, telling that it was one o'clock. The race was just an hour old.

Ching-Lung followed the Esquimaux. Ice-splinters and a wet streak marked his hasty flight. The track led between the bulkheads of the long passage, skirted the engine-room, and paused at the door of the swimming-bath. As readers of the "Wolves of the Deep" and "Lion Against Bear" know, Ferrers Lord's submarine had both a billiard-room and swimming-bath.

When the vessel sank below the water her enormous tanks were filled with water, and also the bath. When she rose, powerful pumps expelled the sea-water and air previously

compressed, rushed back into the tanks, giving her the necessary buoyancy to float.

Curious to discover what had become of Prout's blubber-biter, Ching-Lung quietly pushed open the door. Utter, impenetrable blackness met his eye. He moved forward a few paces, his felt slippers making no noise. Right under his feet gleamed a little circle of light, and he fancied he could smell the smoke of a cigar.

"Christopher Columbus," thought Ching-Lung. "He's in the water."

He switched on the electric light, and there, floating like a barrel, his head pillowed on the block of ice, his eyes closed, and a smouldering cigar between his lips, was the Esquimaux. Evidently he had only just fallen asleep on his queer bed, otherwise the cigar would not be burning.

The astonished and admiring Ching-Lung noticed, too, that he had taken the precaution to have some light refreshments near at hand, in case he should happen to feel hungry in the night. A corked bottle labelled "sweet oil," and full of that appetising though bilious fluid, floated beside the blubber-biter. And from the blubberbiter's apology for a nose came a soft, contented snoring.

Ching-Lung sat down on the marble edge and stared again. The placid look on the sleeper's face made him envious. A man who could compose himself to slumber in six feet of cold water was an astounding novelty. The cigar was burning steadily, and, looking more closely, Ching-Lung detected two thin lines of blue smoke issuing from the sleeper's nose.

A brisk, firm footstep sounded along the corridor, and then came a soft laugh. It was Ferrers Lord.

"Well, prince," he drawled merrily, "what right have you in Gan-Waga's bed-chamber?"

"Great Scott, Lord!" gasped Ching-Lung. "What is it all about? Is he a human walrus or porpoise? Is this where he sleeps? What kind of freak is he? Where did you dig him up? Oh, thanks!"

He took a cigarette from the millionaire's jewelled case.

"You go too fast," said Ferrers Lord. "My dear fellow, you are getting almost as excitable as Thurston. Briefly, I brought Gan-Waga—his name means the bull-seal—from Alaska. He is the eldest son of the chief of a small Esquimaux tribe. He will be very useful to us, for he was born among the Eternal Ice, and, as a great fisherman, he can scent open water miles away."

"Scent it?" put in Ching-Lung. "He seems to revel in it!"

"That's because he finds the vessel too hot. The heat is as deadly to him as the cold is to us. But he is one of the best-tempered, happiest fellows I have ever known. He looks sluggish enough here; but wait till we sight the ice. He will be all energy then. Our Yankee friend and Thurston are playing billiards. Come to the state-room with me; I want to talk to you."

The state-room of the Lord of the Deep was decorated in blue and gold. It had been redecorated since Ching-Lung had seen it last. But there was no vulgar display or ostentation to offend the eye. From the dull-blue carpet, soft and springy as a sponge and edged with gold, to the rich tracery of the ceiling, all was in perfect taste. Ferrers Lord fell lazily into a chair, and gazed into a fire of scented, smokeless logs.

"By the way," said Ching-Lung, "you seem to have been everywhere except the moon."

"Some day, perhaps, I may even go there," drawled Ferrers Lord. "But I am interrupting you. Well?"

"I was going to ask you if you had ever visited the North Pole before?"

"Never, Ching." He clasped his hands over his knees and smiled dreamily. "I have often intended to make the voyage; but you must remember my vessels have not been built very long, and my time has been fully occupied."

"And what is your opinion of this mysterious place?"

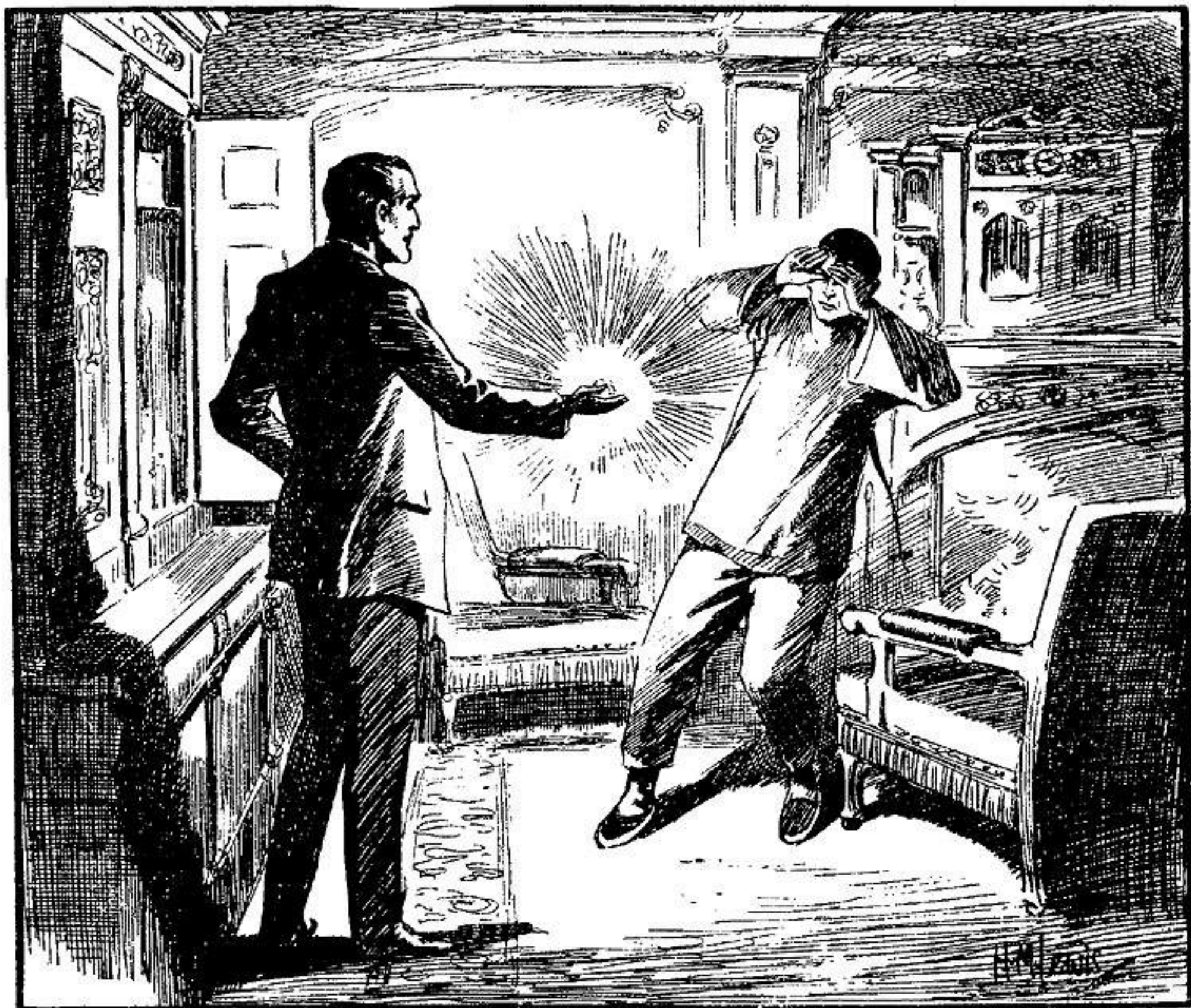
"I am afraid I had better keep silence on that point, prince; but I may tell you that they are absolutely different from those of other people. Poor Franklin found ice, Nansen found ice, Peary found ice, and what became of the ill-fated Andre and his balloon, and what he found will, I fear, never be known. Remember, prince, we have no child's play before us. When we reach the ice, to find a shallow sea will almost be fatal. The thickness of the ice may make it impossible for us to pass beneath it."

"What?" cried Ching-Lung. "You mean to pass beneath leagues of ice?"

"And why not, my friend?"

Ching-Lung was silent.

"Of course," went on the millionaire calmly. "I admit that the whole thing savours slightly of madness. It would not be pleasant to be imprisoned down these fifty or sixty fathoms below water. Many of the large bergs run quite to that depth, and weigh hundreds of thousands of tons. They would crack the vessel's ribs as easily as I smash this match.



Dancing shafts of coloured fire poured from the gem in Ferrers Lord's hands—yellow, white, red, gold, and vivid green. It seemed to writhe and dance like a living thing. "Put it away!" said Ching-Lung hoarsely. "Don't tempt me! A man would sell his soul for such a gem!"

However, it will be exciting, and I cannot exist without excitement. Look at this one moment."

He opened the door of a carved cabinet and took out an oblong jar of what seemed to be copper. It was thickly covered with barnacles.

"Our friend, Ned Horton, gave me this," he said. "He was first mate of the whaler *Queensland* at the time, and cruising just north of Independence Bay. A whale was sighted, harpooned, and killed. A smaller harpoon was found imbedded in his tail, and to the harpoon this odd-looking jar was attached. Horton kept it as a curio, and nothing more."

Ching-Lung examined the jar. A tarnished screw cap closed it at the narrow end.

"I see nothing strange about it," he said.

"But I do," cried the millionaire—"something extraordinary—something amazing. It is not made of copper. When I just touch it with my finger it rings like a silver bell. It is not steel, iron, brass, bronze, gold, aluminium, tin; it is some metal utterly unknown to us. And, what is more, there is an inscription on it that no man can read. Listen!"

He struck his hand against the jar, and it gave out a tremulous, quivering note. His grey eyes were flashing, and he began to pace the room with excited steps.

"I am fogged, Lord," said Ching-Lung. "I do not understand. What do you argue from this mysterious jar?"

"Two things. First, that there is an open passage to the Pole; secondly, that there is some race of human beings there—not savages, mind you, but a skilled and civilised

race. Skilled hands alone created that jar. Battered as it is, the workmanship is magnificent, the ornamentation beautiful, though of a pattern utterly new to us. And the jar was not empty. Look again!"

He opened his extended hand. A ball of fire, trembling and shivering with a hundred over-changing, dazzling hues, lay in his palm. The glare of it hurt Ching-Lung's eyes.

He gave a cry of admiration and delight.

"A diamond!"

"No; some strange jewel, unheard of and undreamed of by our old earth. It was a mere muddy pebble when Horton gave it to me. More than once he was on the point of throwing it away. I cut and polished it with my own hands. What diamond can compare with it? It needs no borrowed light to show its charms. Sometimes I think that it lives, and has a soul."

He raised his hands, and the electric lamps died out. But they were not in darkness. Dancing shafts of coloured fire poured from the gem—yellow, white, red, gold, and vivid green. It seemed to writhe and dance like a living thing.

"Put it away!" said Ching-Lung hoarsely. "Don't tempt me! A man would sell his soul for such a gem!"

The millionaire laughed and locked the stone in a drawer.

"I admit that it even fascinates me," he answered, as he switched on the light. "My throat actually tickles when I remember I own it. It tickles because a good many people would not object to cutting it in order to get that stone. But we are straying from the subject. Here is my whole theory in a nutshell: There must be an open passage to the Pole, or, at least, a passage broken by pools of open water

at narrow intervals. A whale must rise frequently to breathe, as a whale is a mammal, not a fish. This passage is known to the whales, and probably also to the seals. This mysterious jar, with its undecipherable inscription and the nameless jewel you have seen, convinces me that there is an inhabited land near the Pole. Do you follow me?"

Ching-Lung nodded. He was becoming excited.

"Yes—yes," he cried eagerly, "I understand! The ice barrier that has prevented us from reaching the Pole has kept the people there from reaching us. They know that the whales travel backwards and forwards. Perhaps the jar was intended to try and communicate with us. They may—"

"Exactly! They may have dispatched hundreds of whales, but the messengers have either not been caught, or they have managed to rid themselves of the harpoons by rubbing themselves against the ice. We will find the passage, prince, and explore this new land of the North."

"Glorious!" said Ching-Lung. "Hallo!"

A whistle sounded at his elbow, and he put his ear to the receiver of the speaking-tube.

"Is that you, Ching?" asked Thurston's voice. "Is Lord there?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Then, as nobody seems to want to go to bed to-night," went on Rupert merrily, "ask him to come up and take some of the conceit out of our American friend. He's beaten me into nothing every game."

Ching-Lung gave the message, and Ferrers Lord yawned.

"Very good," he drawled; "and then to bed. I shall only play one game."

"And I think that will be quite enough for Van What's-his-name," said Ching-Lung drily.

Thurston was sitting on a lounge, fanning himself with a handkerchief. He had found more than his match in the American, and had been utterly defeated.

"Now for vengeance!" he said. "I'm going to just sit and gloat!"

"I reckon it would be more generous of you to open a bottle of champagne, instead of gloating," said the Yankee good-humouredly. "It's amazing, but living under water makes me a trifle thirsty."

"At your service," said Rupert.

As Rupert began to cut the wires of the cork, the Yankee began the game by giving the usual miss. Ferrers Lord chalked the cue lazily and went just as lazily to the table.

"Good shot, sir!"

But it was only the first of a succession. Time after time red and white came together, as if some magnetic attraction drew them together, and Ferrers Lord's ball was always in the position to make the simplest of cannons. He played with marvellous ease and skill. Never once had he a difficult stroke to make. The American stood dumb-founded.

"Ninety-six—ninety-eight—game!" called Ching-Lung.

The Yankee had not scored a single point—in fact, he had only touched the ball once.

"Wal," he drawled, staring blankly at the scoring-board, "this is no place for me! I reckon, if this train is stopping shortly, I'll get out and walk! By honey, sir," he added admiringly, "you know how to make the balls do everything but talk to you! Was I on at all in that scene, or was I not? It kinder strikes me I've forgotten where I live. However, Mr. Thurston, if you have finished gloating, would you mind making an aperture in the neck of that glass thing?"

Rupert had been standing, bottle in hand, watching the play and highly amused. He twisted out the willing cork somewhat sharply and clumsily. The wine gushed up, drenching the table.

"Sorry!" he said. "Where's your glass?"

The first oath man had ever heard Ferrers Lord use sprang to the millionaire's lips. The billiard-cue swung round his head, dashing the bottle and glass out of Thurston's hand. Then, with eyes ablaze and face distorted, he pointed to the cloth on the table.

Where the wine had fallen was a creeping and widening stain, bleaching the green to a vivid yellow.

"Gentlemen," said the millionaire, in harsh, icy tones, "you will find the state-room wholly at your service. Good-night!"

He bowed coldly as they looked at him in wonder. The hint he had given them was too broad to be ignored. Puzzled and silent, they turned away.

Five bottles of champagne stood in the square wine-basket. They had been left over from the dinner at the bungalow, and Maddock had carried them aboard. At Rupert's suggestion, in order to save the trouble of ringing for a servant, he had placed them in the billiard-room.

Ferrers Lord was calm by now. He picked up the bottles

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one by one, and scrutinised them. Four he replaced after a brief examination, but he retained the fifth.

Slowly he tore away the gold paper that covered the neck. Stamped on the glass were three tiny circles in the form of an inverted cone:

O O
O

"Thank you, Gomez Paraira," hissed Ferrers Lord, "and your precious League of Three Circles! Your knife has failed, and now your poisoned wine has failed. May your last circle be the noose that will hang you! Bah! It was a close thing!"

He took out his knife, and with four clean cuts severed the stained square of cloth from the table.

"A yellow flag," he muttered—"the flag of pestilence and death! It will keep until the time comes. It will be your death signal, then, Gomez!"

He shuddered. Except for Thurston's clumsiness and that tell-tale stain, death might have already taken some of them to the long, long sleep.

He locked away the wine and the square of cloth, and lighted a cigar.

The next moment he was standing in the door of the state-room, calm and collected.

"Gentlemen," he drawled, "I owe you some apology for my conduct. I can give you no reason for it just now, but I can assure you, as far as it is possible for mortals to be sure of anything, you will have an ample explanation later on. Once more, good-night!"

Aboard the Cloud King—Esteban, the Filibuster—The Plotters—"All's Well! Thanks for your Present of Wine."

The Cloud King, rising to an altitude of 1,500 feet, found a stiff north-easterly current to help her. The sky above her was a canopy of dull grey, speckled with silver points of light, and the dull roar of the waves told that the breeze was stronger at sea-level.

Even at 1,500 feet the cold was so intense that there was a slippery crust of ice covering the deck. The rush of air caused by the beating fans had the true sting of frost in it. The thermometer hanging outside the deck-house registered fourteen degrees below zero.

A few of the crew, shod in rubber boots, and muffled in furs, moved here and there cautiously, steadying themselves by stout ropes stretched athwart the decks. An aluminium screen, ten feet high, and pierced by lights of toughened glass, was placed amidships to form a shelter. It served a double purpose, for when the Cloud King raced with the wind, it acted as a sail to drive her forward. It could be lowered flush with the deck when the vessel beat against the wind, thus removing every possible inch of surface that the breeze could exert pressure upon.

Behind the screen, in perfect calm and comparative warmth, sat Gomez Paraira and a man of giant build. He was a negro of six feet four inches high. He had a chest like an ox, and one of his muscular-knotted arms would have dwarfed the thigh of an ordinary man. A bearskin rug was twisted round his legs, and his great, gloved hands looked like the paws of some monstrous gorilla. This was Esteban Gacchio, the notorious Cuban gun-runner and insurgent, for whose life the Spaniards, before the Americans had declared war against them, had offered the sum of £3,000 English money.

"Speak lower, camarado!" he growled, as a shadowy form moved silently across the deck. "We cannot trust all, and those confounded rubber shoes make no noise. You have the brain, and I have the muscle, ears, and eyes. I have greed, too, Senor Gomez."

His white eyeballs rolled cunningly as he glanced at Paraira.

"Greed!" whispered the Cuban. "Caramba! Esteban, had you the greed of a Port Royal shark, I can fill your maw! Hugley has taken the oath and joined the League."

"Never! You are a worker of miracles!"

"Money works any miracle," muttered the Cuban. "He is a man of science, and too much science is first cousin to madness. He wanted money to complete his invention. The fool! His one dread was that his airship would be used in warfare. He has not the heart enough to kill a fly!"

"Then that was why he would not offer this aeronef to any of the great powers?" said the negro, with a chuckle. "And so you acted the man of wealth, the explorer, the scientist, and a hundred other things? Caramba! You are a jewel, my Gomez!"

Paraira laughed as he lighted his cigarette. Flattery from Esteban Gacchio, the scholar, the polished negro

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gentleman, who had taken the highest honours at the University of Madrid, was flattery indeed. Knowing his power over the Cuban blacks, and hoping to win him over to his side, the Spanish Government had educated him and loaded him with honours. He wore the diamond star of Ferdinand and Isabella, and was a Knight of the Grand Order of Juan of Saville. And bitterly they regretted it.

Again the ghostly shadow passed astern.

"The Englishman," snarled Gomez, "creeping about like a cat! You shall have the pleasure of wringing his neck by-and-by, my friend. At present he is useful to us. There are five men in the crew we cannot trust. Hugley was determined to take them with him, and I was afraid to protest, as it might have aroused suspicion. I have already expressed the tremendous risk of the expedition on our dupe, Hugley. I told him some of us might leave our bones among the ice. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Then the paper is signed?"

"Both papers are signed and witnessed," went on the Cuban. "If, by some unhappy accident, he should lose his life, the stakes are mine. Supposing—it is not probable—I am left to bleach on an iceberg, or to form a meal for some Arctic bear, the million, instead of half of it, belongs to him. Do you know, Esteban," he added, with an evil grin, "I have a presentiment that something beastly unpleasant will happen to the professor?"

The negro uttered a soft chuckle, and rubbed his great gloved hands together.

"I will take care to make that my business," he answered. "Caramba! It is all so charmingly simple! A dark night, a push, a splash, or a thud, as the case may be. After that, an alarm and a fruitless search. These men of science are so thoughtless. It is absurd and reckless to lean too far over the rail of a flying-machine!"

Little by little, their voices hushed by the droning of the aeronef's beating wings and buzzing propellers, the plotters whispered on. The solitary light still burned in the deck-house, and the soaring moon sparkled on the frosty plates and threw the grotesque shadow of the flying monster on the sea below. A hoarse noise went up, and immediately the light went out.

"A steamer," said Gomez, stepping to the rail and pointing down. "Caramba, there goes her siren!"

The vessel, belching out black smoke from her stacks, was thrashing southward. She had sighted the airship. In the glaring moon they could see her crew gazing up in bewildered amazement.

"I'll let them know who we are!" laughed the Cuban. "Ah, Esteban, they will know us later on!"

He hurried towards the deckhouse, where the muffled steersman was holding the wheel. Paraira jerked down a brass lever. A hoarse cheer rose from the steamer, as, written in light on the aeronef's back keel, appeared the words:

"CLOUD KING.

TO THE NORTH POLE."

Esteban fluttered his handkerchief and looked down through a night-glass. The Stars and Stripes fluttered at the vessel's truck. She was evidently an American vessel, for someone began to play "Yankee Doodle," on a concertina, and the cheers increased.

"She'll have 'Yankee Doodle,' and 'Hail, Columbia,' crushed out of her, Gomez!" growled the negro. "She will throw the independence of Cuba at our heads, and pour her hoarded dollars at our feet. Eh, my camarado? Wait till the Cloud King sinks her proud navy!"

"Unless—" said Paraira gloomily.

He pointed towards the sea, and Esteban ground his white teeth.

"You mean Ferrers Lord?"

"Yes. He has escaped knife, fire, and pistol. Hang him! Is he mortal? Will not even poison kill him? Ah!"

He clutched at the rail with feverish hands. The American vessel was far astern, but away to starboard a glistening cone leapt into sight, and a beam of light shot towards the sky.

"The Lord of the Deep!" hissed Gacchio. "See, she's signalling! What does she say? You know the code!"

Flicker, flash, flash, flicker, flash! The light trembled and danced out its message as the screen slipped backwards and forwards across the lens. A string of oaths fell from Paraira's lips.

"What does she say?"

"We have failed," said the Spaniard. "We have failed! She says: 'All's well! Thanks for your present of wine!'"

How Gan-Waga's Craving for Fat Things Got Him into Trouble.

Rupert Thurston screamed himself almost into hysterics when Ching-Lung gave him a graphic description of the Eskimo and his peculiarities. Only one sly peep at Gan-Waga, placidly at rest in his water-cot, would convince him

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NEXT TUESDAY: "THE SCHOOLBOY MILLIONAIRE,"

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that his Highness was not romancing. How the "Blubber-biter," as Prout had christened him, kept afloat at all was a perplexing mystery, unless his fat and the amount of oil he consumed supported him.

The stump of the cigar was still between the lips of the son of the North, the same look of perfect peace on his greasy countenance, the same ice-block—a trifle smaller on account of thawing—formed his downy pillow. Rupert rubbed his eyes. How any mortal man, born to tread the earth, could turn himself into an amphibious animal, and enjoy it, was beyond his comprehension. He expected to see flippers instead of hands, a dorsal fin and a tail.

"Great Scott!" he muttered, as he jumped into bed. "What is it? Is it a man or porpoise? I give it up!"

Gan-Waga always found one drawback to his watery couch. It acted on him like a tonic, and gave him a desperate appetite. A diet of oil and fat he had discovered kept him in excellent trim for his aquatic performances. Six metallic strokes of a bell, intimating it was three in the morning, roused him. Uttering a grunt he propelled himself sideways, clutched the bottle of oil, and refreshed himself. Being in the water, it was only natural that he should experience a sinking feeling. Many people, especially non-swimmers, have experienced the same feeling under similar conditions.

But the sinking condition was in Gan-Waga's stomach, and the contents of the bottle did not allay it.

As he lay on his back, blinking in the darkness, delightful visions of rich, yellow, oily butter came before his mental gaze. He imagined it in rolls, in pats, in kegs, and—oh, rapture!—in cartloads. Slowly and gloatingly he patted the place where the sinking feeling lay. Nothing but butter would alleviate that. He must have butter.

Gan-Waga was not quick of brain, except when hunting seals, the walrus, or the bear, or the crafty musk oxen of the northern slopes; but he had the dogged pertinacity of a Chinaman. Once he had made up his mind, nothing but unfightable odds would turn him back. There was butter in the ship, and he determined to find it. Rolling over like a seal, one graceful stroke sent him gliding to the steps. He shook himself to remove the water clinging to his suit of skins, and turned towards the store-room. He came from a land of long, dreary Arctic nights, and his eyes were like a cat's.

Owing to the fact that a great race had been arranged hastily, and the necessity for a large supply of warmth-giving clothes, the holding capacity was overtaxed. The store-room was not large enough to hold all the provisions. Kegs and boxes were piled before the fore-castle in two tall rows, the passage between them just leaving room for the sailors to reach their sleeping quarters.

Gan-Waga, to his intense disgust, found the store-room securely locked. He tried the door with his shoulder, but, being composed of sheet iron, it defied him. Sad at heart, he wandered on until a familiar smell met his nostrils—the smell of cheese. The Eskimo did not object to cheese, though he preferred butter. Still cheese was better than nothing.

He turned the corner and saw a ravishing sight. At the far end of the vista of packing-cases sat Tom Prout, under the light of a swinging lamp. A box formed his chair, and a second box his table. He had just abandoned the wheel to Maddock, and he was refreshing himself gloriously with Stilton cheese, pickles, and bread.

"Butterful! Butterful!" gurgled the Eskimo greedily.

"Hunk!"

"Hunk" was the usual salutation signifying "Hallo!" or

"What cheer?"

Prout looked up as he devoured a pickled onion. "Oh, it's you, is it, candleface?" he roared. "What's wakened you?"

Gan-Waga advanced, smiling all over his face, and gurgling sweetly.

"Bit of cheese, eh?" said Prout, cutting off a large slice.

"Well, there you are, oil-shifter!"

The slice disappeared as if by magic.

"Try another of the same?" said Prout.

Slice number two—six ounces at least—also vanished.

"Butterful 'nough!" gurgled the Eskimo.

"So it seems!" roared the steersman; "quite enough. You've had your supper, and I ain't. I reckon I'll have to whistle for it, if we go on at this rate. That's all you'll get, so here's your good 'ealth!"

Prout uncorked a bottle of stout, poured its foamy contents into a pannikin, drank deeply, laid the tin down with a sigh of deep satisfaction, wiped the froth from his beard, and gazed steadfastly at the Eskimo.

"Look 'ere," he said, "what did your father do when he saw your lovely features arter you was born? Did he cut 'is throat, take to drink, go mad, pizen himself, drown himself,

or just commit ordinary suicide by looking at your features twice? You are 'andsome, and no mistake!"

"Shut up, can't yer?" came a drowsy voice from a distant hammock. "Let a tired chap sleep!"

"Joseph," roared Prout, "I was just complimentin' blubberbiter on his astonishin' beauty!"

"Was you?" growled the drowsy voice. "Well, kindly chuck it, or I'll come out and astonish your beauty with both my fists!"

Prout smiled placidly at this threat, and attacked the pickles with renewed vigour. He wielded a jack-knife and fork, and Gan-Waga sighed deeply as the cheese fell and dwindled before this assault. Sadly he turned away. Then his face lighted up as his little eyes rested on a flat-topped circular keg. He had seen exactly such a keg in the cook's galley, full of the golden substance of his longing—butter.

He dragged down the keg in a minute, clutched it in his arms, and turned back, beaming.

"Knife!" he gurgled. "Open box. Good 'nuff—butterful!"

Prout looked at the keg, then at the Eskimo, and chortled behind the pannikin.

"Want to—to eat it?" he spluttered.

"Yah! Butterful! Knife!"

Prout felt that he wanted to explode. On the keg was printed plainly enough: "Wilks's Genuine Soft Soap."

"Wait a bit, then," he said, pressing a hand over his mouth. "I'll fetch a knife!"

He lurched into the fore-castle.

"Joe," he said, "come 'ere! Talk about a game! 'Ere's blubberbiter goin' to eat a keg of soft soap!"

This astounding information brought the sailor out of his bunk in shirt and trousers.

"No?"

"Yes," Prout spluttered. "He says it's 'butterful,' the haythin' reptile! Come on and watch the circus!"

"If he thinks that butterful," murmured Joe, "I should guess he's a gent with a soft and soapful natur'."

"Joe," said the steersman, solemnly shutting his fist, "I'm a long-suffering man, but if you tries anythin' like that agen I'll break you into little bits the size of sago!"

Soft soap—in fact, any sort of soap—was a novelty to Gan-Waga, for he usually washed himself by the beautiful method of rubbing a little blubber over his face. Greedily he clutched Prout's great jack-knife, eagerly he forced it into the crevice of the lid. One try started the nails.

The "butter" was of a curious colour, an unhealthy mottled brown. The odour it exhaled, too, was not exactly what one associates with "best fresh." This was a mere detail to Gan-Waga, to whom a slight rancid flavour was a slight improvement. He thrust his forefinger into the mottled mass, while the sailors stared, scooped up the soap, and conveyed it to his mouth.

Yelling, he spat the nauseous morsel out. Tom Prout and Joe yelled, too—with delight. For an instant the Eskimo turned his watching, indignant eyes upon them. Then, like a flash, he whipped up the keg, inverted it, and brought it soapside down over Prout. Quick as lightning he lifted it, and before Joe had time to fly he was bonneted also.

Leaving the two to howl, kick, splutter, and roar, Gan-Waga tripped away, and a dull splash from the direction of the swimming-bath signalled his return to bed.

A clamorous barking of dogs roused Ching-Lung, and rather astonished him. Flinging a towel over his shoulder, he hammered at Thurston's door.

Rupert was in that drowsy, luxurious state between waking and sleeping. He heard the dogs, too, and imagined he was well ahead of the field, riding close to the pack, with the fox in view.

"Yoicks!" he murmured.

"Tally-ho!"

"Wake up!" shouted Ching-Lung.

Thurston bounded up, his fox-hunting dream dissipated.

"Top of the morning, Ching!" he said, opening the door. "What's the row? Have you got a kennel of hounds on board this ship?"

"I guess they're the old sea dogs you hear about!" grinned the prince. "Come and have a dip!"

Rupert glanced through the porthole.

The Lord of the Deep was at a standstill, rocking lazily on the flashing bosom of the sea.

The wild barking increased as they made for the deck, accompanied by a succession of small reports, like the cracking of a small revolver.

Ben Maddock, who was smoking his pipe in the wheel-house, saluted cheerfully.

"What's the menagerie, Ben?" asked Ching-Lung.

"Eskimo sledge dogs, yer 'Ighness," explained Ben Maddock. "Nigh on a hundred on 'em, and a nice lot of bloodthirsty critters they are. Ain't they, Thomas?"

Prout lounged up, lighting his beloved pipe as he came. "Wolves, that's what they are!" he answered. "Faith, I wouldn't face 'em—"

"Yi, yi, yi, yi!" roared a voice.

There was a wild scampering, like the sound of a stampede of buffaloes. Eighty or ninety shaggy dogs poured up the steps in a tawny torrent, sweeping Prout, Maddock, Thurston, and Ching-Lung off their feet.

After them waddled the blubberbiter, brandishing an enormous whip. And as Gan-Waga surveyed the prostrate forms around him, his mouth opened, emitting a guttural chuckle of perfect joy, and his fat chest rumbled blissfully.

"Hunk!" he murmured. "Butterful! They much tired, and lie down. Hoo, hoo, hoo!"

"I've a lump on my 'ead as big as a biler!" growled Maddock.

"And the evil baste has the imperence to larf," roared Prout. "when my collar-bone's twisted into a knot! I'll show 'im what time it is! Now, you varmint, I'm goin' to talk to yer!"

Mr. Prout rose with a groan, and, placing himself in a pugilistic attitude, began to hop round the Eskimo, inviting that gentleman to "put 'em up," under the penalty of having his head knocked somewhere into the middle of the following century.

Rupert and Ching-Lung, having recovered from the sudden shock, looked on with interest.

The Eskimo did not appear to see anything threatening in the steersman's attitude. He seemed to think that Prout was performing a dance of some sort, and the gaze of his little eyes expressed admiration.

"Butterful!" he murmured. "Me do it, too!"

Then he began to imitate Prout's evolutions, picking up one foot after the other, and moving his fists slowly round.

Ching-Lung and Thurston screamed. The solemnity depicted on Gan-Waga's face as he hopped grotesquely up and down was too utterly ludicrous. It reminded them of a very fat and good-natured bear dancing on hot bricks.

"The villain!" roared Prout. "He's makin' fun o' me! Watch me inter-dooce him to the postman's knock. Ouch!"

His great fist thudded like a drum against Gan-Waga's chest, and Gan-Waga collapsed with the suddenness of a burst bubble.

Before Prout could strike again, Thurston was between them.

"Steady, Tom," he said; "you're too rough. Besides, he doesn't understand."

"Then a bit o' teaching'll do him good!" roared Prout. "A nice sort o' ship this is, wi' wild beasts and fat gorillars let loose! When I sails, I sails in a law-abidin' wessel, an' not a Noah's ark, sir! Yes, you can rub, candle-features!"

(Another splendid, long instalment of this thrilling serial next week.)

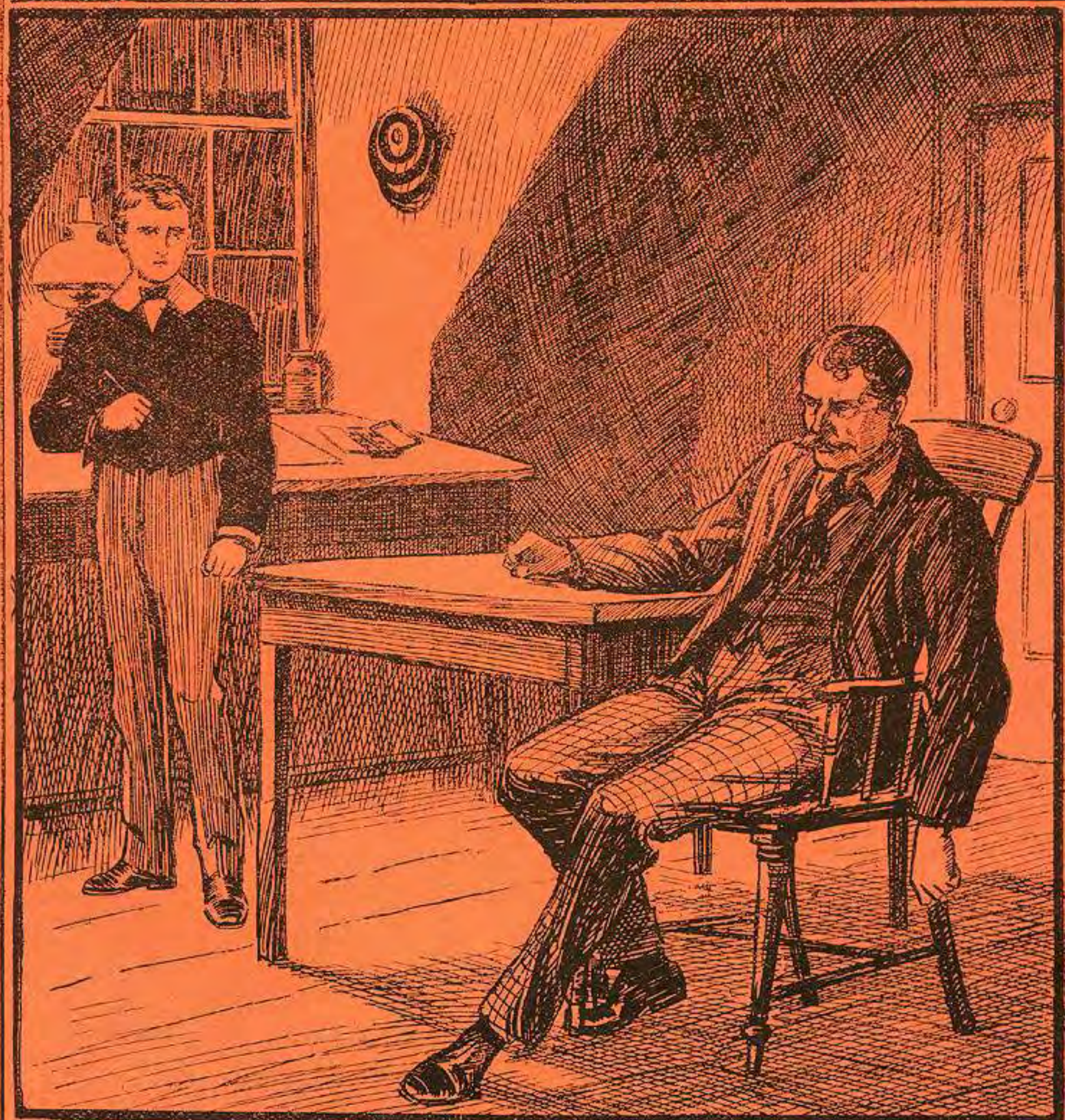


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