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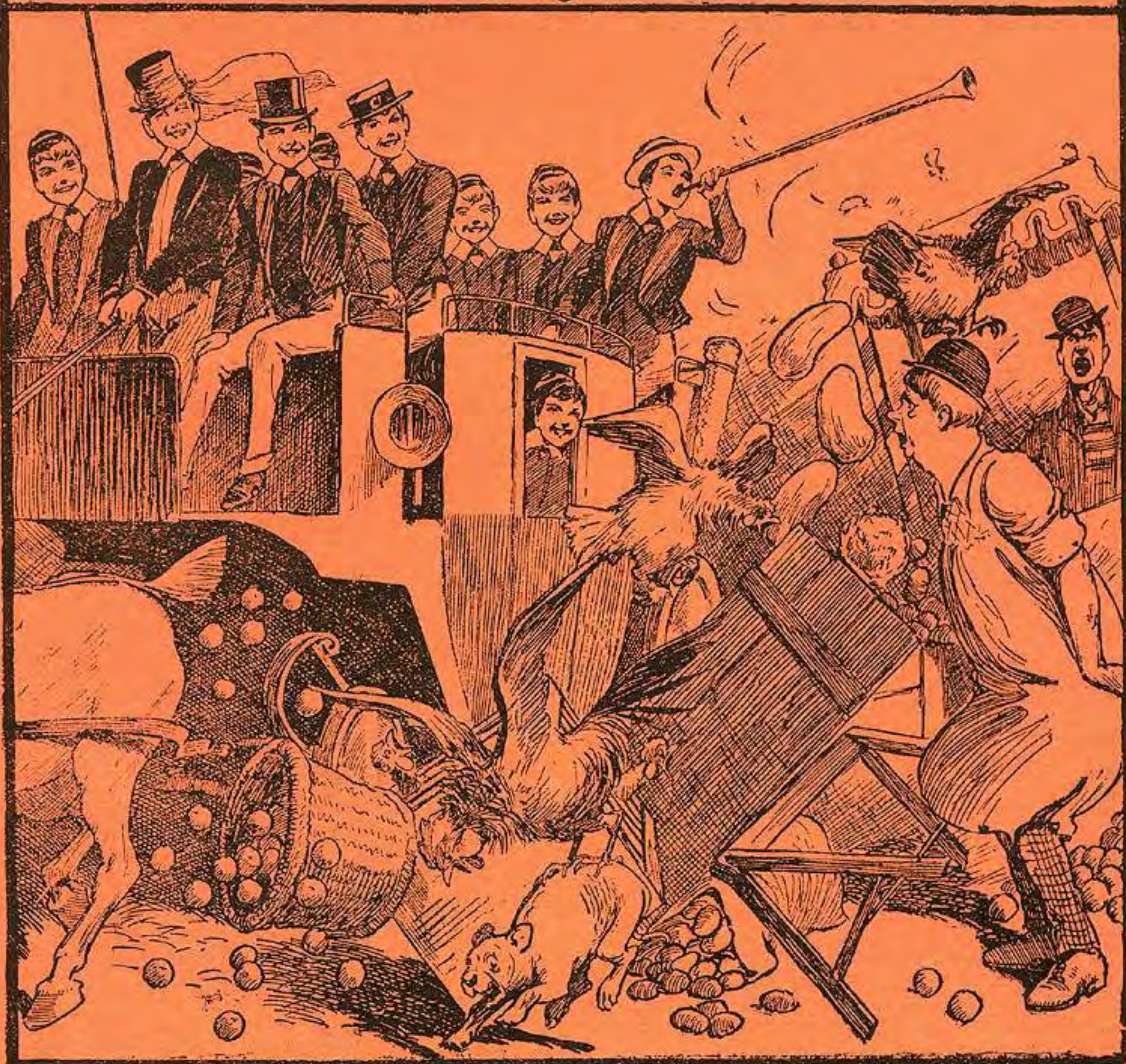
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— BY —

FRANK RICHARDS



THE FIRST CHAPTER. His Lordship.

"PORTER!"

"Yessir."

"Where is my carriage?"

"Eh, sir? Which?"

"My carriage, porter! I ordered my carriage to be here to take me to Greyfriars School."

"My only hat!" said Bob Cherry.

Bob Cherry and Harry Wharton, of the Remove Form at Greyfriars School, were standing just inside the station entrance at Friardale. Bob Cherry was inserting pennies into a slot machine and extracting chocolates, and Harry Wharton was looking out into the old High Street of Friardale. The chums of the Remove were waiting for some other Greyfriars

fellows who had come down to the village that afternoon. It was a blazing summer's day, and the fellows had agreed to meet at the station and take the station cab home, sharing the discomfort and expense of that ancient vehicle. A somewhat high-pitched, but not unpleasant voice became audible from the direction of the platform, and the mention of Greyfriars made the two juniors look round at once. It immediately struck them that the speaker was a new boy for Greyfriars.

A somewhat slim and handsome youth in Etons, with a very shiny silk hat, came towards them, with an obsequious porter in close attendance. The new-comer carried his head very high in the air, and seemed scarcely to regard the ground as he walked along; and Bob Cherry murmured to Harry Wharton that he thought it must be quite a long time since

the chap had seen his own feet. So which remark Harry Wharton replied by a chuckle.

The youth carried a cane with a gold head, and he wore a gold chain, which probably had a gold watch at the end of it. His sleeve-links glittered with diamonds, and he had a diamond pin that was worth at least fifty pounds. He had pale blue eyes and light eyelashes, which gave him a peculiarly languid and bored to death expression. The high pitch of his voice, too, indicated that he considered it a troublesome effort to have to speak at all.

"Porter!"

He did not notice the Greyfriars fellows at first. He gave a glance out of the door of the station, and then fixed his tired eyes on the porter.

"Porter! Where's that porter? Where on earth can that exasperating porter have disappeared to? Porter! Porter!"

"Ere I am, sir," said the porter, who was at the new-comer's elbow all the time. "Ere I am!"

"Oh, good! Quite so, porter. Where is my carriage?"

The Friardale porter scratched his head in a puzzled way. He had seen all sorts and conditions of boys arrive for Greyfriars, but he had never seen one quite like this. The new arrival was something quite new in his experience.

"The carriage, sir?" he repeated.

"Yes; where is it? What?"

"The keb is here, sir."

And the Friardale porter sleepily indicated the ancient hack outside the station, the vehicle which Harry Wharton & Co. intended to take to Greyfriars. The youth in Etons gave one glance at the hack, and sniffed.

"Do you really think I could ride in that thing?" he asked. "Oh, dear! If my carriage is not here, I am really at a loss! Whatever shall I do, porter?"

"I dunno, sir," said the Friardale porter. "S'pose you walked, sir?" he added, as if struck by a brilliant idea.

The youth seemed to gasp at the idea. His glance fell upon the two Greyfriars juniors, who were watching him with quiet grins, and he came over towards them, raising his silk hat in a really graceful way.

"Excuse me," he said, with a bow. "May I ask if you belong to Greyfriars College?"

Bob Cherry bowed in return with great solemnity.

"Certainly you may," he replied. "Ask away."

"Well?"

"Well!"

"Ahem! I don't think you quite understand me! I asked you if you belonged to Greyfriars College."

"No, you didn't," said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "You asked if you might ask, and I said that you could."

Harry Wharton laughed. The stranger was looking very puzzled, not quite comprehending Bob Cherry's little pleasantry.

"We do belong to Greyfriars," said Harry. "You are for the school, I suppose?"

"Yes, certainly. I am going there. I am in a predicament—a really terrible predicament. Perhaps you could help me."

"Certainly," said Harry.

"I ordered my carriage to be here to meet this train," exclaimed the other. "It was to be sent here, you see. I foresaw that there would be some such wretched vehicle as that to convey passengers from the station to the school, and I ordered a coach and four to be sent here for me."

Bob Cherry and Harry Wharton looked at him. They could not believe that he was speaking seriously, yet his manner was perfectly earnest. But a junior schoolboy who ordered a coach and four to be sent to convey him a quarter of an hour's walk, from a railway-station to a school, was something quite new.

"Coach and four!" said Bob Cherry.

"Yes."

"Curious; we're in the same fix," said Bob Cherry, with great seriousness. "Only we're waiting here for a coach and twelve! Coaches and four are considered a little out of date in the Lower Fourth at Greyfriars, you know—a chap who drove less than twelve horses would hardly be spoken to."

"Dear me! Amazin'!"

Harry Wharton burst into a laugh. Bob Cherry chuckled himself. The new-comer looked at them both in a puzzled way, apparently not able at all to make them out.

"You haven't seen my carriage?" he asked.

Wharton shook his head.

"No," said Bob Cherry. "But perhaps we might know it if you described it. Was it a pink one with yellow spots and crimson bars?"

"Dear me! Certainly not."

"Then I haven't seen it," declared Bob Cherry, with a shake of the head.

"Shut up, Bob!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Look here, my friend," he went on, addressing the new boy, "don't pile it on too thick."

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"Eh?"

"Draw it mild."

"I do not quite grasp your meanin'. Pray excuse me."

"Well, draw a line with your coaches and fours," explained Wharton. "We are more than six years old, you know; we don't believe in fairy tales."

"Dear me! I do not quite understand you! I am waiting for my carriage! This is very distressing. It is impossible to walk. How am I to reach Greyfriars?"

"We might join hands and carry you," suggested Bob Cherry. "I think I can see myself doing it, too."

"Oh, no, I couldn't trouble you in that way," said the other, with perfect seriousness. "It is very, very kind of you, but I really couldn't—excepting as a last resource, at all events."

They stared at him. Bob Cherry tapped his forehead significantly.

"Mad!" he murmured. "Fairly off his rocker!"

There was a rumble of wheels and a clatter of hoofs in the street. The new-comer turned quickly to the station door, and looked out, and uttered an exclamation of satisfaction.

"Very good! Here is my carriage!"

There was a voice outside the station.

"Lord Mauleverer's carriage! Yes, my lord! Here, my lord!"

Bob Cherry looked dazedly at Wharton.

"Then it's true!" he murmured. "He's got a coach, and he isn't mad."

"My hat!"

The two juniors followed his lordship into the street. They were too astounded to speak further. There was no doubt about it—the coach, with four splendid horses pawing the ground, stood there—waiting, and a liveried coachman was bowing most respectfully before the youth in Etons.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Something New in New Boys.

LORD MAULEVERER drew out a gold watch, of which the case sparkled and glittered with diamonds. He glanced at it, and then cast a severe glance at the coachman.

"Peters."

"Yes, my lord."

"You are two minutes and a half late."

"I'm sorry, my lord."

"Yes, Peters, I have no doubt that you are sorry, for it is a very serious matter. I have been kept waiting two and a half minutes, and was thrown into a great state of alarm. I feared that something might have gone wrong with the arrangements, and that I might have had to walk to Greyfriars."

"Oh, my lord—"

"I will excuse you, Peters, but you must never allow anything of this sort to happen again."

"No, my lord."

"Where have you been, Peters?"

"I baited the horses at the Railway Arms, my lord."

"And himself, too," murmured Bob Cherry.

"Very well, Peters, we will say no more about it," said Lord Mauleverer, with a wave of his gloved hand. "I will overlook it this time, but you must be more careful in the future—much more careful."

"Yes, my lord."

"Oh, my lord!" murmured Bob Cherry. "Never knew there were so many blessed lords outside the House of Lords. I say, Harry, this will be an acquisition for Greyfriars. I wonder what Form the image is going into?"

"Ask him."

"By Jove, so I will!"

Bob Cherry walked across the pavement to Lord Mauleverer.

"I think you said you were going to Greyfriars?" he remarked.

"Yes, certainly. What?"

"What Form are you going into?"

"The Lower Fourth, I understand," said Lord Mauleverer politely. "I think it is called something else at Greyfriars, but I don't remember."

"The Remove?"

"Yes, quite so—that's it."

"My hat! We belong to the Remove, you see," Bob Cherry explained.

"Indeed! Then I am very pleased to meet you," said his lordship, holding out his hand. "My name's Mauleverer."

Bob was a little taken aback. He had expected plenty of swank from Lord Mauleverer, and the frank manner surprised him. But he grasped the hand, giving it a big grip, and leaving some very visible marks upon the lavender-kid glove.



"Tremble!" said Billy Bunter, making a threatening motion with the pipe. "The pressure of my finger and you're a dead man! Mark my words, I am desperate! Your money or your life!" "My—my hat!" gasped the schoolboy millionaire. "No!" thundered the fat junior. "Your money!"

"My name's Cherry," he said—"Bob Cherry! This chap is Harry Wharton!"

"Glad to meet you," said Lord Mauleverer. "Perhaps I can give you a lift to Greyfriars."

Wharton and Bob Cherry exchanged glances. They had been going to hire the crazy old station hack home, and the difference between that and the handsome coach of Lord Mauleverer was tremendous. The softly-cushioned and shady interior of his lordship's coach appealed very much to the dusty juniors.

"You're awfully good," said Wharton. "But we're waiting for some fellows here."

"I can take them, too."

"There are four of them. Would you have room?"

"Oh, you could cram in, you know, if you don't mind," said Lord Mauleverer. "I am going outside, so it would only be six of you."

"It's jolly good of you," said Bob Cherry. "Here come the chaps. Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

Four juniors of the Greyfriars Remove were coming down the street. They were John Bull, Frank Nugent, Mark Linley, and Fisher T. Fish, the American. They stopped and stared at the elegant coach and the four handsome horses in blank astonishment.

Bob Cherry grinned.

"Pray allow me to present Johnny Bull, Fishy Fish, Franky Nugent, and Marky," he said. "Lord Mauleverer! Know one another!"

"My hat!"

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"Pray accept a lift in my carriage to Greyfriars," said Lord Mauleverer. "I shall be most honoured. Peters, open the door."

"Yes, my lord."

The man stood with immovable face while the dusty juniors—dusty and tired from an afternoon's roaming in the woods and by the seashore—piled on to the coach.

"Quite comfy?" asked Lord Mauleverer, looking round at the juniors.

"Quite, thanks," said Harry Wharton. "But you—"

"Oh, I'm going to drive."

"What!"

"I'm going to drive!" explained his lordship.

"H'm!"

"Ahem!"

"Oh!"

His lordship did not seem to observe the dubious exclamations. He mounted to the coachman's seat and took the reins and the whip. The juniors on the coach looked at one another very doubtfully. Lord Mauleverer was certainly a very polite and good-natured fellow, but he did not strike them at all as being the kind of fellow to manage four horses.

His lordship looked down from his seat.

"Peters!"

"Yes, my lord?"

"You will get to Greyfriars somehow to take charge of the carriage after I have driven there."

"Yes, my lord."

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Bob Cherry turned his head to look at Lord Mauleverer.

"I say, Mauleverer!" he exclaimed. "Hold on!"

"What! What!"

"We're not tired of life," Bob Cherry explained. "We've got to play a cricket match with Highcliffe and do several other things before we kick the bucket. The road to Greyfriars is jolly hilly. Would you mind letting the coachman drive?"

Lord Mauleverer laughed.

"My dear chap, I am a safe driver—ain't I, Peters?"

"Yes, my lord."

"You've seen me drive six-in-hand, haven't you, Peters?"

"Yes, my lord."

"There, you hear what Peters says, my young friend?" said his lordship.

Bob Cherry snorted.

"Well, I believe the man's got to the end of his vocabulary, and can't say anything else if he wanted to!" he replied. "As for being your young friend, I'm as old as you are!"

Crack!

The horses started.

"My hat! Hold on! I say——"

But the coach-and-four were going! Bob Cherry made a comical grimace at his companions.

"It's neck or nothing now," he remarked. "We're in for it! I only hope he won't break all our necks!"

"My hat! I hope not!"

Wharton called out.

"Mauleverer," he exclaimed, "you've forgotten your box!"

The new junior laughed.

"My boxes are coming on," he replied. "I never travel with luggage. Peters, you will tip the porter. Give him a sovereign."

"Yes, my lord."

"A sovereign!" gasped John Bull. "My hat!"

Then the juniors were silent. The new boy surprised them more and more; but the carriage was now gathering such speed that the chief question that interested them was whether they would arrive at Greyfriars with broken bones or not.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Lord Mauleverer Arrives in Style.

HARRY WHARTON & CO. had cause for alarm. Lord Mauleverer, when he was on the ground, had seemed the quietest of fellows, and almost too tired to live. But on the driver's box he was a different person altogether. Jehu of old, who was known for his furious driving, would have looked upon Lord Mauleverer as a promising disciple if he had seen him handling the ribbons.

The coach-and-four dashed down the old High Street of Friardale. The street was old and crooked and bumpy, and not at all the place for such a race. But Lord Mauleverer, sitting bolt upright, reins in hand, did not seem to think of that at all. He was thinking only of getting as much speed out of the horses as possible.

The team dashed down the old street in fine style.

Police-constable Tozer jumped into the road as he saw the coach coming, his fat face purple with indignation.

He waved a fat hand in menace.

"Stop!" he shouted.

Lord Mauleverer did not even look at him. He drove right on, and Mr. Tozer jumped back to the path faster than he had left it.

"My heyo!" gasped Mr. Tozer.

The next moment the coach-and-four had flashed past him.

Harry Wharton & Co. sat holding on. The vehicle bumped from side to side, and the horses' hoofs struck sparks from the stones in the road.

"M-m-my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry. "This is ripping!"

"I guess it's a giddy circus," said Fisher T. Fish.

"Well, a chap can only die once," said Mark Linley, laughing. "That's one comfort."

Bump, bump!

Shouts rose on all sides as the team dashed on.

Such a sight was seldom, or, rather, never seen in the village of Friardale, and the villagers clustered to doors and windows at the clatter of the hoofs. Boys shouted and waved their hands and caps, chickens and dogs flew out of the way with loud protests.

The wheel caught into a barrow, and hurled it flying, depositing its contents in the gutter, and the merchant to whom that barrow belonged stood in the middle of the street and looked after the flying coach and said things.

The juniors were soon enthusiastic. It was clear by this time that Lord Mauleverer could drive.

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He was about as reckless as a driver could possibly be, but he knew how to handle his team, and he handled them wonderfully. He seemed to have a wrist of iron.

"Splendid!" shouted Bob Cherry. "Go it!"

"Pile it on, Mauly!"

"Put on the speed!"

"Hurrah!"

Crash! Crash!

A baker's cart went staggering, and crashed upon the pavement. There was a roar from the baker as his loaves were distributed in the road.

"Hurrah!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

They were out of the village by now, and careering along the country road in the direction of Greyfriars. The horses were still gathering speed, and the pace by this time had become terrific.

"I guess this beats the deck!" gasped Fisher T. Fish.

"Hurrah!"

"Go it, Mauleverer!"

His lordship did not need bidding to "go it." He "went" it.

Clatter, clatter, clatter! Bump, bump!

A waggon came lumbering round a bend in the lane. There was a yell of warning from the juniors. It seemed that a collision was inevitable. But Lord Mauleverer handled his team in the most masterly way. They swept by the waggon with about an inch to spare, and the off wheels slid over into the ditch by the side of the road. The juniors caught their breath, but the danger was over as soon as it had arisen. The impetus of the coach carried it on, and dragged it safely to the road again, and it tore on unharmed.

"M-m-my word!" muttered Nugent. "My word! What an escape!"

"Hurrah!"

"Pile it on, Mauly!"

Clatter, clatter—bump!

A grey tower rose into view over the trees. Down the road the grey old stone gateway of Greyfriars was visible. Wharton shouted to the youthful Jehu:

"Hold on! That's Greyfriars!"

"What! What!"

"That's Greyfriars!"

"Oh, good!"

"Slacken down!" yelled John Bull. "You can't prance up to Greyfriars in that style! Back-pedal, you ass!"

Lord Mauleverer did not reply. The whip cracked, and the team leaped forward at a greater speed than ever. The juniors looked at one another in consternation. It was clear that Lord Mauleverer meant to take them right up to Greyfriars at a gallop. What the Head would say to juniors arriving at the school in that manner they could not guess.

Clatter, clatter! Thump! Bump!

Right up to the gates of Greyfriars and in at the broad drive the team went at the gallop, and Gosling, the school porter, jumped back, and staggered into the doorway of his lodge in amazement.

"The mad young ass!" gasped Bob Cherry. "He means to take us right up to the house like this. My word! This beats the drive Inky minor gave us when he wrecked us in the lane. My hat! Here's the Head!"

The coach-and-four careering up the drive had drawn attention from all Greyfriars. There were crowds of fellows, seniors and juniors, in the Close, coming in from the playing-fields. Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, was chatting with Mr. Prout, of the Fifth, under the elms, and the Head was visible in the doorway of the School House. He was staring blankly at the oncoming team.

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Shouts rose on all sides:

"Who is it?"

"What's the game?"

"There'll be an accident!"

"Ten to one they come a mucker!"

"Ten thousand to one, I think!" gasped Bob Cherry, clinging to the side of the coach. "Who'd have thought that sleepy young ass would wake up like this? My hat!"

Clatter, clatter, clatter!

With really wonderful skill, Lord Mauleverer toolled the team to a halt just outside the School House, and the horses, snorting and foaming, stood covered with sweat.

His lordship jumped lightly down, and raised his silk hat to Dr. Locke.

The animation had died out of his face, and he was the calm, placid fellow again whom the juniors had met at the station. His bow to the Head was a model for a Chesterfield.

"Dr. Locke, I presume," he said gracefully. "Pray allow me to introduce myself. My name is Mauleverer—Lord Mauleverer!"

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Bolsover Backs Down.

DR. LOCKE gasped.

"Lord Mauleverer!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir."

"What—what do you mean by arriving at Greyfriars in this fashion, Mauleverer?"

His lordship looked surprised.

"Anything wrong, sir?"

"Wrong!" exclaimed the Head warmly. "Do you think that is a proper style for a junior schoolboy to arrive—dashing up to the house in a coach-and-four? What do you mean by it, sir?"

"Sorry, sir, it's only my way," said Lord Mauleverer. "I'm sure I didn't mean to do anythin' to displease you, sir. It's only my way."

"Then you will kindly discontinue ways of this sort while you are at Greyfriars," said the Head. "How does this coach come here at all?"

"I—I drove it, sir."

"Yes, yes! I mean, how did it come at Friardale? I am sure such a turn-out could not be hired in the village!"

"I had it sent on to meet me at the station, sir."

The doctor could hardly believe his ears. He stared hard at the new junior.

"You had it sent on!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir, to meet me at the station."

"Is it possible that you have so much money to waste, Lord Mauleverer?"

"Oh, it didn't cost much, sir!" said Lord Mauleverer negligently. "Not more than twenty pounds altogether, probably. Peters knows."

"Dear me! And what is to become of it now?"

"Peters will take it away."

"Dear me! Then you had better ask Gosling to take charge of it until Peters arrives. You are a most extraordinary boy!"

"Yes, sir."

The Head re-entered the house. Gosling had followed the turn-out up to the house in great amazement. Harry Wharton & Co. had dismounted from the coach. The Greyfriars fellows were thronging round.

Lord Mauleverer seemed to be unconscious of having caused any undue excitement. He looked round in a languid way, and nodded to Gosling.

"Are you the porter here?" he asked.

"Which I ham!" said Gosling. "And wot I says is this 'ere—these 'ere goings hon is dangerous, I says."

"Take charge of my horses till my coachman arrives."

Gosling nearly collapsed. He had never received an order like that from a junior schoolboy before.

"Which?" he gasped.

"You heard what I said. Take charge of the coach-and-four, and deliver them to my man Peters when he comes," said Lord Mauleverer crisply. "Take this for your trouble."

He thrust something that crisped and rustled into the school porter's hand. Gosling stared at it, and stared again, hardly able to credit his eyes. It was a banknote for five pounds.

"My—my—my heye!" gasped Gosling.

Lord Mauleverer turned away. Evidently he saw nothing unusual himself in his action. Gosling gasped and gasped. But he did not let go the banknote. After satisfying himself that it was a good one, he stowed it away into his pocket. Then he led the horses away, still in a state of great astonishment.

"My hat!" murmured Harry Wharton. "What sort of a fish have we caught this time? I've never seen a chap of fifteen handing out fivers like that before."

"I guess not! He must be rolling in quids," said Fisher T. Fish. "I suppose he's really a lord?"

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EVERY
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ONE
PENNY.

"Oh, that's right enough!"

"I guess I like him," said Fisher T. Fish. "Something very nice about him. Don't you think so?"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Yes, to an American—his title," he remarked.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess I'm going to improve his acquaintance," said Fisher T. Fish. "It will sound well in letters to home, and make them sit up in New York—some!"

Fisher T. Fish was not the only fellow who wanted to improve the acquaintance of the new boy. A fellow who could hand out in a tip to a porter as much money as made a whole term's pocket-money to many of the juniors was evidently a fellow whose acquaintance was worth cultivating.

Quite a crowd of fellows gathered round Lord Mauleverer, asking him questions in a manner far more civil and obliging than was customary with a new boy. After all, as Skinner remarked, a lord was a lord, and cash was cash—two propositions that were quite incontrovertible.

"So you are Lord Mauleverer?" said Bulstrode.

The new boy nodded.

"Yes. Quite so—what!"

"Hope you had a good journey down," said Skinner.

"Thank you, excellent."

"What Form are you coming into?"

"I hope you'll be in my study."

"There's room for Lord Mauleverer in mine."

"Are you in the Remove, my lord?" asked Snoop.

"Yes."

"Hurrah!"

His lordship beamed upon the Removites. He was evidently pleased at the welcome extended to him by his Form-fellows.

"Thank you very much!" he exclaimed. "You are very nice indeed! I am sure I shall like Greyfriars."

"I'm sure Greyfriars will like you!" said Skinner unblushingly. "Is your lordship hungry? It would be a pleasure to stand your lordship a feed."

"Oh, he's coming to feed in my study," said Ogilvy. "There's room in my study for a new chap, and I'm going to ask Quelchy to put Mauleverer in."

"I guess he's coming into mine."

"Here, clear off, all of you!" said a loud and bullying voice. "Lord Mauleverer is going to be in my study. This way, Mauleverer."

It was Bolsover of the Remove. Bolsover was the bully of the Form. Although he was a new boy himself at Greyfriars, Bolsover was easily cock of the walk in the Lower Fourth, and even boys in the Upper Forms did not care to quarrel with him. He was old enough and big enough to be in the Fifth, and he took the most unscrupulous advantage of his size and strength. Bulstrode looked at him with gleaming eyes as he spoke. Bulstrode had been the biggest fellow in the Remove till Bolsover came, and he was captain of the Form, but Bolsover had walked over the Form-captain as easily as over everybody else. And when Bolsover laid claim to the new boy he did not doubt for a moment that he would be able to make his claim good. And a study-mate who could shell out five-pound notes would have been very valuable to Bolsover.

Bolsover dropped his hand familiarly upon Mauleverer's shoulder. He did not trouble to be civil to anybody very often, but he meant to be quite polite to his lordship. Unfortunately, his variety of politeness was not appreciated by Lord Mauleverer.

His lordship glanced at the large hand on his shoulder, and then glanced at the big, heavy face of Bolsover.

"Come on, kid," said Bolsover; "I'll show you the way."

"Where?" asked Lord Mauleverer.

"To my study."

"But I'm not going to be in your study. I don't know you."

"My name's Bolsover."

"Thank you! Please take your hand off my shoulder."

"What?" roared Bolsover.

"Take your hand off my shoulder, please."

Bolsover stared at the new boy. He found some difficulty in believing his ears. Surely he, Bolsover, the bully of the Remove, was not really being spoken to in this cool, nonchalant way by a new boy whom he could have knocked into a cocked hat with one hand!

"What?" he gasped at last. "What did you say?"

"Kindly remove your hand from my shoulder."

There was a chuckle from the juniors. There was not a fellow in the Remove who was not pleased to see Bolsover taken down. The bully cast a fierce glance round at the Removites, and then fixed his eyes with a deadly look upon Lord Mauleverer.

"So you don't want to come into my study?" he asked.

"Thank you, no!"

"Why not?"

"I don't quite like your looks, Bolsover, and your manners don't please me, either."

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

Bolsover was almost purple with rage. He took his hand from the new boy's shoulder, and pushed back his cuffs.

"I'll give you such a licking that your mother wouldn't know you if she saw you within a week or two!" he said.

"You swanking cad——"

Harry Wharton interposed.

"Hold on, Bolsover!"

The Remove bully looked at him furiously.

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

"Yes," said Wharton determinedly. "You're not going to pile on a new kid who's not much more than half your size. Chuck it!"

"I'm going to lick him!"

"You're not!"

"Who's going to stop me?"

"Well, I think there are enough of us here to stop you," said Harry Wharton scornfully. "It's no good your repeating that you can lick any fellow in the Remove—we know that. But you won't bully fellows as you like because of that. If you lay a finger on Lord Mauleverer you'll get bumped—hard!"

"Yes, rather!" said Bulstrode. "And I'll lend a hand in doing it."

And there was a shout from all the Removites. No one wanted Lord Mauleverer to be licked. His kindness and good-nature moved Harry Wharton & Co. in his favour, and his evident wealth was not without its effect upon the rest. Bolsover gritted his teeth, but he saw that it would not do. Six or seven juniors were already preparing to collar him. It was evident that he would not be allowed to lay sacrilegious hands upon the Greyfriars millionaire.

He stepped back, his face dark with rage.

"Thank you very much, Wharton!" said Lord Mauleverer. "I have a great objection to being licked, and I could not possibly fight that great beast."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Lord Mauleverer!" It was Mr. Quelch's voice.

"Kindly follow me to my study."

And the new boy followed the master of the Remove.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER. In Great Request.

MR. QUELCH looked scrutinisingly at the new boy as Lord Mauleverer stood before him. His lordship stood in an easy attitude, evidently not in the least afraid of the Form-master, and yet at the same time not in the least assuming. He was something new in the experience of the Remove-master, and Mr. Quelch was naturally interested in him.

"You seem to have some manners and customs very unusual in a junior, Lord Mauleverer," said Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir. It's only my way, sir."

"You must try to be more like the others while you are at Greyfriars. You seem to me to have far too much money."

"Oh, no, sir!"

"What allowance does your father make you?"

"I have no father, sir."

"Oh! I am sorry! Your guardians, then?"

"I'm allowed as much as I like, sir."

"What?"

"It was in the will, sir. My guardians have to give me all the money I want, sir," said Lord Mauleverer. "There's plenty of it. When the coal was discovered on the Mauleverer estate it made us quite rich. Our family used to have only about fifty or sixty thousand a year——"

"Only!" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"Now we have about half a million a year, and most of that is accumulating during my minority," Lord Mauleverer explained, "so I can afford to have a good allowance, sir. I mention it to show you that I can afford it, sir, not to swank. I am sure you will not form a wrong opinion of me."

"At the same time, it is necessary to be careful with one's money," said Mr. Quelch; "though, under the circumstances, I suppose you can afford to spend very freely. But you should never waste money."

"Oh, I never do, sir!"

"I saw you give the porter five pounds as a tip."

"Well, sir, he's a poor man, and it will be useful to him."

"Ahem! And the expense of bringing a coach-and-four down to meet you at the station here——"

"All good for trade, sir."

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"HIS PAST AGAINST HIM!"
A Splendid New Complete School Tale in

THIS WEEK'S "GEM" LIBRARY. "DEEP SEA GOLD!"
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"Ahem! I understand that you are going into my Form, Lord Mauleverer," said the master of the Remove. "Dr. Locke has also mentioned to me that you are to have a study to yourself in the Remove passage."

"Yes, sir. My Uncle Harry told me he would arrange it for me if he could. He is my guardian. You see, sir, I have artistic tastes, and I want to furnish my quarters to suit myself."

"Ahem! You will have the new study, No. 15, that has been added at the end of the Remove passage," said Mr. Quelch. "You may have your things taken into it, and your box into the Remove dormitory. I have some work to do now, and so you may go. I shall see you again later. No. 15 is your study."

"Thank you, sir!"

Lord Mauleverer quitted the Form-master's study. Mr. Quelch shook his head very dubiously. He was evidently a little doubtful as to Lord Mauleverer's future at Greyfriars. However, he dismissed the matter from his mind, and taking up his pen began to write.

Tap!

"Come in!" said Mr. Quelch.

Ogilvy, of the Remove, entered. Mr. Quelch fixed his eyes upon him across his table.

The junior stopped, hesitated, and blushed.

"Well, Ogilvy," said Mr. Quelch, "what is it?"

"If you please, sir——"

"Go on!"

"I—I——"

"You have something to ask of me, Ogilvy? Is that it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then kindly come to the point at once, Ogilvy," said Mr. Quelch. "My time is of value, and I have a great deal to do."

"Hem, sir! It is about the new boy, sir," stammered Ogilvy.

"Indeed! Lord Mauleverer?"

"Yes, sir. He's a nice chap, sir, and I—I've taken a great fancy to him, sir, and—and I should like him in my study, sir."

"Very good! I am glad Lord Mauleverer has made such an excellent impression upon you, Ogilvy," said Mr. Quelch, with a note of sarcasm in his voice. "But his study is already decided upon. Close the door after you."

Ogilvy closed the door after him. Five minutes later there was another tap on the door, and in response to Mr. Quelch's somewhat tart invitation to enter, Skinner came in.

Skinner was not blushing; Skinner seldom blushed, though he had plenty to blush for if he had troubled to call it to mind.

"If you please, sir——" he began.

"Well, Skinner, what is it?"

"There's a new boy just come, sir——"

"Lord Mauleverer? Yes?"

"He's a very nice chap, sir, and he looks rather as if he wants somebody to look after him a bit—very quiet and mild, sir. I was thinking you might put him into my study, and I could look after him, sir," said Skinner.

"That is very kind of you, Skinner."

"Yes, sir. I want to be kind to the new kid. He doesn't seem really to be quite up to a school like this, and I want to protect him, sir."

"Ahem! Lord Mauleverer's study is already arranged. You may go, Skinner."

"If you please, sir——"

"Close the door after you."

Skinner departed. He stopped in the passage to grit his teeth. He knew perfectly well that the Remove-master had seen right through him.

Mr. Quelch took up his pen again. But he was not suffered to work for very long in peace. There was a tap at the door again, and Mr. Quelch rapped out the words "Come in!" as if they were two bullets that he was discharging at an invader.

It was Hazeldene, of the Remove, this time. Hazeldene was more hesitating than Skinner had been. The clear, steady gaze of the Form-master seemed to disconcert him.

"Well, Hazeldene, what is it?" asked Mr. Quelch, although he hardly needed to ask the question. He knew very well what it was before Hazeldene opened his mouth to speak.

"I want to ask a favour, sir."

"You may ask it."

"There is a new chap here to-day."

"Lord Mauleverer—yes."

"I should like him to come into my study, sir, if possible. He's such a—a nice chap, that I've taken a fancy to him, sir, and I want to look after him a bit."

Mr. Quelch smiled grimly.

"Lord Mauleverer is indeed fortunate in the impression he has succeeded in making upon the Remove," he said. "You are not the first who has wanted to have Lord Mauleverer



Bolsover watched the schoolboy millionaire with a grin upon his face. It was very amusing indeed to the bully of the Remove to have his boots cleaned by a lord.

placed in his study, Hazeldene, and I dare say you will not be the last. Lord Mauleverer's quarters are already fixed. You may go."

And Hazeldene went. Mr. Quelch, breathing rather hard through his nose, took up his pen again. The pen scratched on the paper, and the Remove-master, immersed in his work, forgot Lord Mauleverer and the juniors who were so anxious to look after him, and take him to their hearts, so to speak. But before ten minutes had elapsed, the inevitable tap came at the door again.

Mr. Quelch snorted this time. He fixed a glare upon the door as he rapped out "Come in!" which would certainly have scared the junior who entered if he had been able to see it. But he wasn't; for the new-comer was Billy Bunter, the Owl of the Remove, so called on account of his short sight and the big spectacles he wore, which gave his fat face a peculiarly owl-like expression. Bunter blinked at the Form-master with an ingratiating smile, all unconscious of the thunder upon Mr. Quelch's brow.

"If you please, sir—" began Bunter.

"Bunter! You want Lord Mauleverer in your study, I suppose? Is that it?"

"Yes, sir," said Bunter. "I don't know how you guessed, sir. You see, sir, I have a study to myself. It's a small one, but there's plenty of room for two, and I wouldn't mind crowding a bit for the sake of a fellow I like. I'm on very chummy terms with Lord Mauleverer, sir, and he would be as pleased as myself, sir, if you put him in the study with me. In fact, he told me, almost with tears in his eyes, how

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much he would like it, sir. If you would put him in my study, sir, I—"

"Bunter!"

"Yes, sir?"

"I do not believe you have told me the truth."

"Oh, sir!"

"In any case, Lord Mauleverer's study is arranged. Bunter, take this pen, and this sheet of paper, and write as I dictate."

"Ye-es, sir," said Bunter, in amazement. "But, sir—"

"Silence! Write!"

"Ye-e-es, sir."

"Lord Mauleverer will occupy Study No. 15 in the Remove passage," dictated Mr. Quelch.

"Oh, sir!"

"Give me the pen."

Bunter handed Mr. Quelch the pen, and the Form-master signed the paper. Then he blotted it, and handed it to Bunter. The fat junior took it, and blinked at it.

"You will pin that paper up on the notice-board in the hall, and draw the attention of the rest of the Remove to it," said Mr. Quelch.

"Oh, really, sir—"

"You may go, Bunter."

"But, sir—"

Mr. Quelch laid his hand upon a ruler, and Billy Bunter left his study in a great hurry, and a few minutes later the notice was pinned up on the board. There were no more visitors to Mr. Quelch's study that afternoon.

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THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

A Little Luggage.

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"

"Great Scott!"

"Only look!"

There was reason to look, and the juniors looked. Four vehicles were wending their way up the drive, and each of them was well laden with trunks, boxes, packages, and cases.

"What on earth is it?" Harry Wharton exclaimed. "There can't be a dozen new fellows coming all at once, surely, at this time in the term!"

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

"What is it, Bob?"

"Ha, ha, ha! It's the property of our friend Mauly.

"Mauleverer?"

"Yes, rather! These are his goods and chattels."

"Phew!"

"My word!"

"Mauleverer! Where's Mauleverer? Mauly! Mauly!"

Lord Mauleverer's name had already been cut down to Mauly by most of the juniors. Bob Cherry had promised to call him Mauleverer on Sundays, but suggested that Mauly was good enough for week-days. He came to the call, and looked out of the doorway at the approaching cargo with a nod of approval.

"What? What? Yes, they're my traps."

"You don't mean to say that all those things belong to you?" exclaimed Nugent.

"Yes, indeed. I had to have my personal belongings with me, you know."

"But—but—but—"

"I've brought on a few things, too."

"Only a few! My hat!"

The vehicles halted, and began to unload. There were six men in charge of the consignment, and there were lurking smiles upon their faces. A fat man in livery came up the steps and saluted Lord Mauleverer with great respect.

"Bring them in, James," said his lordship.

"Yes, my lord."

And the boxes were brought in.

Man after man came staggering up the steps with boxes, or trunks, or gun-cases, or hat-boxes, or parcels of books, and a bicycle, and a motor-bike.

There was plenty of space inside the big entrance of Greyfriars, but the property of Lord Mauleverer made a very big demand upon it.

Boxes were piled on all sides.

The bumping of the boxes brought Mr. Quelch out of his study after a time. The last of the consignment had just been deposited in the hall, and the vehicles were wending away towards the gates again.

The Remove-master stared at the piles of luggage, and rubbed his eyes, and stared again. He thought for a moment that he was dreaming.

"What does this mean?" he exclaimed. "How did all this luggage come here?"

"It's mine, if you please, sir," said Lord Mauleverer.

"Yours!" ejaculated Mr. Quelch.

"Exactly, sir. Quite so."

"Yours! All this luggage is yours?"

"Yes, sir. I haven't brought very much, as I feared there might be some lack of accommodation in the school," said his lordship innocently.

Mr. Quelch gasped.

"Not much!" he exclaimed. "You do not call this much! Boy, there is enough here for a whole Form, I should think. You cannot possibly keep all this luggage at Greyfriars. It is impossible."

"Oh, dear!" said his lordship.

"Call—call Gosling, some of you, and tell him to pack all this away somewhere," said Mr. Quelch. "The hall cannot be lumbered up in this way. This is most—most extraordinary."

And Mr. Quelch retreated into his study again, leaving Gosling to deal with the luggage. Gosling rubbed his chin as he surveyed the piles of boxes. The five-pound note had imbued Gosling with a great respect and admiration for his lordship, but those boxes seemed too big an order altogether.

"I s'pose they can be packed away in the box-rooms, sir," said Gosling—"I mean, my lord, of course. But wot I says is this 'ere, 'ow am I to get them hupstairs? I says. You want a Goliath on this 'ere job, my lord."

"Oh, we'll help!" said Bolsover.

"Thank you kindly, Master Bolsover," said Gosling, looking suspiciously at the bully of the Remove. "I don't know as you can 'elp. Wot I says is this 'ere—"

"Oh, come on, Gossy, start!" said Bolsover. "I'll lend you a hand with the biggest one, for a beginning."

"Wot I says is—"

"I'm sure it's very kind of you, Bolsover," said Lord Mauleverer.

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"HIS PAST AGAINST HIM!"

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Mauleverer. "I would help myself, but I always avoid exertion; it's my way. Pray take the boxes up, Gosling."

Gosling snorted a little, and bent over one of the largest trunks. He succeeded in lifting it, with Bolsover's assistance, and the burly junior helped him carry it up the stairs. The juniors stood looking on and grinning. They had a feeling that something would happen to that box before it reached the top of the stairs; and they were right. Something did!

"'Ere, 'old on!" said Gosling, as he mounted the fourteenth or fifteenth stair. "You're a pulling of the box, Master Bolsover!"

Bolsover chuckled.

"I'm helping you, Gossy."

"Ow! You ain't! You nearly made me fall that time."

"Stuff! Go on!"

"Look 'ere, you let go—"

"Hallo! It's going!" exclaimed Bolsover. "Look out, Gossy!"

He had given the big trunk a heavy shove, at the same time letting go. Gosling had to let go, too, to save himself from being hurled downstairs.

The box slid to the stairs.

Bump! Bump! Bump!

From stair to stair it crashed with a terrific din, rolling down, and rolling over the whole length of the staircase.

"My heye!" gasped Gosling.

"Look out!" roared Harry Wharton. "Clear the way!"

The juniors crowded back from the foot of the staircase.

Bump! Bump! Crash!

The trunk careered wildly down the stairs, crashed into the hall, and burst open. A sea of shirts and socks and other articles of apparel flooded the hall. There was a yell of laughter from the juniors.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, dear!" gasped Lord Mauleverer.

The terrific crashing had alarmed the whole House. The Head himself came down the passage from his study, and he stood looking at the scene in amazement.

"Extraordinary!" he exclaimed. "Dear me! What is it? What has happened?"

"It's only Mauleverer's luggage, sir," said Harry Wharton, choking back his merriment.

"Bless my soul! Is all that luggage Mauleverer's? Gosling, it is very careless of you to allow that box to fall."

"Ow! Master Bolsover was 'elping me, sir. Wot I says is this 'ere—"

"Accidents will happen, sir," said Bolsover blandly. "The box was very heavy, sir, and Gosling couldn't quite manage it, though I did my best to help him."

"Amazin'!" said Lord Mauleverer.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I do not see anything to laugh at in this accident," said the Head, with a puzzled look. "Silence! Boys, collect up all those things, please, at once. Gosling, you had better get the gardener to help you. This is most—most extraordinary."

The Head looked at Lord Mauleverer and was about to speak, but he checked himself. Perhaps he realised that it was useless.

He retired to his study; and for the next hour or two Gosling and the gardener were engaged in conveying Lord Mauleverer's luggage to the most accessible box-room and stacking it away there. Meanwhile, Lord Mauleverer was shown the way to the school tuckshop by some obliging juniors, who feared that he might be badly in need of refreshment after his journey down.

— — —

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Whole Hog.

"YOU'RE awf'ly kind, all of you!" said Lord Mauleverer. "I hope you will all join me in a little feed. Will you?"

Would they?

As one man the Remove marched with Lord Mauleverer into the school shop. The shop was not very large, but the juniors crammed themselves in with great skill. But even with the best of management there were many left outside. Billy Bunter, of course, succeeded in getting a front place. On an occasion like that the Owl of the Remove was not likely to be left out.

Mrs. Mimble came out of her little parlour, with some alarm in her face, as the juniors crowded in; perhaps with some fear of a raid. There was a general shout to greet her.

"Buck up, Mrs. Mimble!"

"Ladle it out!"

"Pray allow me to introduce my friend Mauly," said Bob Cherry. "He's rolling in quids—most disgustingly wealthy—beats even John Bull hollow! Most valuable person for you to know, Mrs. Mimble."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "I want to stand a little feed," said Lord Mauleverer.
 "Lemme see! Don't push, you fellows—I never could stand being pushed."

"Some of them can't get in," said Harry Wharton, laughing.

"The grub can be passed out," said Billy Bunter. "Don't shove! It spoils a feed, to be shoved. Can I begin on the tarts, Mauly?"

"Yes, certainly! Quite so!"

"Go it, you fellows!"

"Hand out the jam-tarts, Mrs. Mimble"

"Doughnuts for me—to begin."

"I'll have cake——"

"Pineapples here——"

"Chocolates, please——"

"Pile in!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Please—please don't be in such a hurry!" gasped Mrs. Mimble. "I shall never be able to keep an account. Deary me!"

"Oh, never mind that," drawled Lord Mauleverer. "Suppose I take the whole stock—that would be simpler."

"Eh?"

"I will take the whole stock, dear madam. What is the value of the whole stock—eatables and drinkables?"

Mrs. Mimble smiled.

"It would be fifty pounds, young gentleman."

"Very good!"

Lord Mauleverer took out a handsome little Russia-leather pocket-book, opened it, and extracted a wad of banknotes. The juniors looked on breathlessly. There were wealthy fellows at Greyfriars. Johnny Bull of the Remove had once been in possession of a large sum of money, and had spent it right royally. Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, was the son of a millionaire, and he made a great display of wealth. Ionides of the Sixth, the Greek, was generally supposed to be rolling in money. But certainly nobody at Greyfriars had ever seen cash in quantities like this before. The juniors gazed almost in awe at the wad of banknotes.

"Fifty, I think you said, madam?" said his lordship.

"Yes!" gasped Mrs. Mimble.

"You are quite sure that is sufficient?"

"Ye-es."

"Very well, then."

Lord Mauleverer counted out five notes for ten pounds each and laid them, crisping and rustling, on the counter. Mrs. Mimble took them up with fingers that positively trembled.

"Now, kids," said his lordship, "pile in!"

And the kids piled in—with a vengeance.

Mrs. Mimble's stock was raided, and it was handed out as fast as hands could hand it, the good dame herself lending every aid.

It was amazing to see how quickly shelves were bared, and jars and dishes emptied. Good things were passed out to the fellows outside the shop. The news of the stupendous feed soon spread, and fellows arrived from all quarters to lend a hand.

"My hat!" said Bob Cherry. "This is something like! I say, Mauly, lend me a million pounds, will you? I'm expecting a postal-order to-morrow."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry——" began Bunter.

"Hand over the jam—the whole jar, please!"

"Tarts here! Tarts!"

"Jam-puffs!"

"Lemonade!"

"Ginger-beer!"

"Go it!"

"I guess you're a regular duck, Mauly!" said Fisher T. Fish. "I've seen some feeds over there, but I guess this prances off with the whole biscuit factory."

"Yes, rather!"

"Hurray!"

Lord Mauleverer stood looking on with a quiet and cheerful smile. He ate very little himself, though Billy Bunter generously urged him not to spare the grub. Billy Bunter himself was doing wonders. Bunter could always be relied upon to play up on an occasion like this. And he played up manfully. The way Bunter travelled through the eatables was simply a marvel.

Wingate of the Sixth, the captain of Greyfriars, looked in at the tuckshop door and stared.

"What's going on here?" he exclaimed.

"Feeding," said Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You're—you're not raiding the shop, are you, you young sweeps?" asked the captain of the school, laughing.

"Ha, ha! No; it's Mauly's treat."

"Mauly's!"

"Lord Mauleverer's! This is Lord Mauleverer, of that ilk—our dearest friend," said Frank Nugent. "We all love him like a brother."

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ONE
PENNY.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He has bought up the shop——"

"Bought up the shop?" gasped Wingate.

"Yes. Fifty quid!"

"Fifty pounds?"

"That's the figure—it's nothing to Mauly! He's rolling in quidlets," said Bob Cherry. "He exudes banknotes at every pore of the skin."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wingate walked away in a state of great astonishment. Two or three seniors pushed their way into the shop, elbowing the juniors out of the way.

Loder and Carne of the Sixth tapped Lord Mauleverer on the shoulder in the friendliest possible way. The two black sheep of Greyfriars were generally impecunious. They both had good allowances, but their little excursions to the Cross Keys and their little flutters on the races reduced them to a chronic state of hard-up. Dead certs, after the manner of dead certs, turned out to be certainties only for the book-makers, as a rule. Loder and Carne belonged to the Sixth, but they would have chummed up with a fag in the Second Form if he had had a pocket-book full of banknotes.

Lord Mauleverer smiled cheerfully at them.

"Will you have something?" he asked politely.

"Thanks, I will!" said Loder. "Ahem—ginger-beer."

"Same for me," said Carne. "So you're Lord Mauleverer."

"Yes, that's my name."

"You're the chap who arrived in a coach-and-four?"

"Yes."

"Jolly glad to see you!" said Loder. "What Form are you in?"

"The Remove."

"H'm! Rather rough on you to be stuck among those kids!" said Loder. "But I've no doubt you'll make friends in the Upper Forms. Would you care to give me a look in this evening? I'm Loder of the Sixth."

"You're awfully kind. Everybody's awfully jolly to me!" said his lordship.

"Well, give me a look in when this celebration is over," said Loder. "Come on, Carne."

The two seniors left the tuckshop. They did not care very much for ginger-beer unless it had something stronger in it. In the Close they paused to look at one another.

"My word!" said Loder. "What is this for a little bit of luck?"

"Gorgeous!" said Carne.

"That chap is Lord Mauleverer, a giddy nobleman in his own right, and the richest in England," said Loder. "I've heard about him. They were always rich, and when the coal was discovered on the Mauleverer estate they became millionaires. I've heard that this chap will have five hundred thousand a year when he comes of age."

"Great Scott!"

"Worth cultivating—hey?"

"Well, rather!" grinned Carne.

"We ought to look after him a bit," said Loder. "As I'm a prefect, I shall be able to do him lots of little favours. I dare say he would like to learn how to play nap—for sovereigns—hey?"

"What-ho!"

And the black sheep of the Sixth walked away feeling very pleased with their new prospects.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER. Faithful Friends.

"MAULY!"
 "Where's Mauly?"
 "Mauleverer!"

"Yaas!" said his lordship, coming out of the tuckshop.

"Yaas! What is it?"

"Something's come for you," said Temple, of the Upper Fourth. "Big van with Liberty's name on it!"

"By gad, you know, that's the furniture!"

"The what?"

"The furniture!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "So you're having furniture sent down, are you, Mauly?"

"Quite so. I have to furnish my own study," said Lord Mauleverer. "I gave Liberty's the order. They've undertaken it. I suppose I had better see the man."

Lord Mauleverer walked over towards the School House. A crowd followed at his heels. It seemed as if the Greyfriars fellows didn't want to lose sight of his lordship for a moment. Certainly no new boy had ever made such a sensation in the school before.

A great van had drawn up before the House. It was laden to the roof. A man with a pencil behind his ear touched his gold-braided cap to Lord Mauleverer.

"Shall we put the things in now, my lord?"

"Yass, at once," said Lord Mauleverer. "Somebody show this gentleman where my study is. Is there a page or something here?"

"Oh, I'll do it!" said Skinner. "This way, sir."

The foreman was conducted to the study. Big boxes were unplied from the van. Carefully-packed furniture was carried in tenderly. Half Greyfriars stood staring at the astonishing sight. Lord Mauleverer certainly intended to "do himself down well," as Bob Cherry expressed it.

Silks and velvets and satins and costly rugs made the junior gasp as they saw them carried in. Lord Mauleverer's furnishings seemed really more suitable for a Royal palace than for a junior study at a public school. Mr. Quelch looked out of his study once and then closed the door again. He did not say a word; he felt quite unequal to dealing with the Earl of Mauleverer.

"Aren't you going to keep an eye on them, Mauly?" asked Bob Cherry, as the new junior strolled out into the Close with his hands in his trousers-pockets.

Lord Mauleverer shook his head.

"I leave it entirely to them," he replied. "I don't know anything about it, you know. Never interfere with a workman—that's my way, you know."

"Jolly expensive way, I should think."

"Not at all! They're doing the whole thing for two hundred and fifty pounds!"

"Eh?"

"My hat!"

Billy Bunter, who heard his lordship's remark, stood with his mouth wide open, as if he found it impossible to shut it. Two hundred and fifty pounds for furnishing a junior study was something quite new.

"Oh, I say!" gasped Bunter. "I—I say, you fellows! I say, Lord Mauleverer. I—I——"

"Yass?"

"I've got something rather important to say to you," said Bunter, sinking his voice. "If you wouldn't mind walking with me a few minutes——"

"Oh, certainly!"

"You see," Bunter explained, "I'm expecting a postal-order this evening—owing to some delay in the post, it hasn't come yet, and I'm being put to some inconvenience."

"That's hard cheese," said Lord Mauleverer sympathetically.

"Yes, isn't it? The postal-order is for a pound—I mean two pounds. Do you think you could manage to lend me the two pounds, and have the postal-order when it comes? It would really be cashing it in advance, that's all, you see."

"Oh, certainly!"

"I say, that's very decent of you!" gasped Bunter, wishing he had named a larger sum. "I—I say, now I come to think of it, the postal-order was to be for three pounds. It's from a titled friend of mine, you know."

"Very good!"

Lord Mauleverer took out his purse.

"I'll take it in a banknote, if you don't mind," said Bunter.

His lordship smiled.

"There are no banknotes for three pounds," he said.

"I—I said five pounds, didn't I?" gasped Bunter.

"No; you said three."

"I—I meant five. It was really a cheque I was expecting, not a postal-order. If you could make it five——"

"Certainly!"

Billy Bunter could scarcely believe his eyes as the new boy handed him a crisp fiver. The fat junior's little round eyes seemed to bulge out behind his big, round spectacles.

The banknotes rustled in his fat fingers. But Bunter was feeling more regret than satisfaction. He could have kicked himself! It dawned upon him that he might have had ten just as easily as five.

"I—I say, Mauleverer!" he gasped. "I—I made a little mistake. It was really ten pounds, you know—I mean twenty. It was twenty pounds that I was expecting to-night. Could you make it twenty?"

"You fat fraud!" said Harry Wharton, coming up in time. "You're not expecting twopence! How dare you try to rob Mauleverer in this way!"

"Begad!" said his lordship.

"Oh, really, Wharton——"

"Cut off!"

"Look here, Wharton, you mind your own bizney. Lord Mauleverer can advance me twenty pounds on my postal-order—I mean my cheque, if he likes. I——"

Wharton raised his boot, and Bunter retreated.

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"Beast!" he gasped. "I——"

Harry made a motion towards him, and he fled. Lord Mauleverer looked after him, and then looked at Harry Wharton.

"Was that a fiver you handed him?" asked Harry.

"Yass!"

"In advance upon a postal-order, I suppose?"

"Yass!"

Wharton laughed.

"Well, the postal-order won't come, and you won't see the fiver again. That's an old game with Bunter."

"But he promised it this evening, dear boy."

"You'll get to know Bunter in time."

"Begad!" said his lordship, evidently astonished.

"Hallo, my lord," said Coker, of the Fifth, coming up with Potter and Blundell and Bland of the same Form.

"Hallo! Glad to see you."

Lord Mauleverer looked at him.

"Thanks very much!" he said.

"We're in the Fifth," Coker explained. "I'm Coker. We want you to come to tea in our study."

"Thanks; I've had my tea, you know."

"Well, come and have a chat," said Coker. "Look here, it isn't every day that a fag in the Remove is asked into a Fifth-Form study, I can tell you."

"It's awfully kind of you!" said Lord Mauleverer.

"Well, come on!"

"Everybody's awfully jolly to me."

"Oh, you're such a nice chap, you know. Come on," said Coker, passing his arm through Lord Mauleverer's.

"Here, hold on!" exclaimed Ogilvy, of the Remove. "You're not going to collar our new chap. He's in the Remove!"

"Get away, you fag!"

"Rats! He belongs to us! Don't you, Mauly?"

"Oh, certainly!" said Lord Mauleverer, looking a little puzzled. "Quite so, begad!"

"He's coming to my study," said Coker.

"Rats! He isn't!"

"Get away!"

"Get away yourself!"

"Close round," said Coker to his friends. "We're taking him in."

"You're jolly well not going to take him in," said Ogilvy.

"Let him alone!" roared Bulstrode.

"Let our new kid alone!"

"Hands off!"

"Mauly's staying with us!"

"Yes, rather!"

"Stick to him!"

Lord Mauleverer looked bewildered among the various claimants. Coker took him by one arm, and Potter by the other, to walk him off. His lordship was going, but the Removites did not mean to let him go. There was a rush, and Ogilvy fastened upon Coker, and Russell grasped Potter, and Skinner and Stott seized upon his lordship.

"Ow!" gasped Lord Mauleverer. "Help! Yow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Stick to him!"

Coker & Co. tried to rush the new junior off. Lord Mauleverer was swept off the ground, and carried bodily away in the midst of the Fifth-Formers. The Removites closed round in a crowd, and collared his lordship wherever they could. Skinner got hold of one ankle, and Frank Nugent of another, and John Bull grasped him round the waist. But Coker had an arm, Potter another arm, and Blundell had his collar.

In the midst of the competitors, Lord Mauleverer struggled and gasped breathlessly.

"Ow—ow! Help! Let go! Begad! Oh!"

"Bring him along!" roared Coker.

"Yarrah!"

"Stick to him!" yelled John Bull.

"Hurrah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"O—ow! Help! Yow! Yowp!"

The Removites were in greater numbers. The Fifth-Formers were rushed off their feet, and they rolled over on the ground, Lord Mauleverer rolling with them.

The Removites collared the gasping nobleman, and rushed him to the house. His lordship had only a very faint idea by this time as to whether he was on his head or his heels, alive or dead.

"We've got him!" yelled Nugent.

"Hurrah!"

"Bring him along!"

"I guess we take the cake!"

"Hurrah for us!"

Lord Mauleverer was rushed into the House. In the

midst of a triumphant crowd of Removites, he was carried up the stairs. Coker & Co. rushed in pursuit, but the staircase was crammed with Removites, and Lord Mauleverer was conveyed safely to the Remove passage.

At the end of the passage the Fifth-Formers had to stop. Into the sacred precincts of the Remove quarters they could not venture. It would have fared hard with them if they had penetrated there, when the Remove were on the war-path.

Lord Mauleverer staggered to his feet.

His collar and tie were torn out, his hat was gone, his jacket was ripped up the back, his trousers torn in several places. He was red and perspiring and dusty, and utterly bewildered.

Bob Cherry patted him on the back

"It's all right, Mauly——"

"Ow!"

"We'll look after you!"

"Begad!"

"You're safe now!"

"B-b-b-begad!"

"Kick those Fifth-Form bounders off the landing!" said Bulstrode.

There was a rush, and Coker & Co. were driven off yelling. Lord Mauleverer was safe among his friends; but probably at that moment he echoed the wish of the ancient gentleman, whose prayer was that he might be saved from his friends.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

No Rags.

LORD MAULEVERER was quite glad to get to bed that night.

He had had an exciting time during his first day at Greyfriars, and he confided to Harry Wharton that he was beastly tired, by gad! And he found a general desire on the part of the Remove that he should be comfortable.

A suggestion from Bolsover that he should be put through a course of ragging, as a new boy, met with great disfavour, and Bolsover, bully as he was, did not venture to begin anything of the kind. Even Snoop would have backed up against him at such a time.

Lord Mauleverer had made a great impression upon all the Remove. Some of them liked him because he was rolling in money; and some because he was a nobleman; but most of them because he was a good-natured, generous fellow, with no "swank" about him. As Frank Nugent remarked, a certain amount of swank could be allowed for in a fellow who was both a lord and a millionaire; but there was nothing of the kind about Mauleverer. Certainly he appeared to regard the universe as a place specially designed for him to dwell in, but that was natural enough under the circumstances.

"I say, Mauleverer, I suppose you'd like a hot-water bottle, wouldn't you?" Billy Bunter suggested.

Bunter was determined to be obliging to his lordship, and that was the only service he could think of rendering.

Lord Mauleverer stared at the fat junior. As it was a hot summer's night, there did not seem to be any pressing need for a hot-water bottle.

"Thanks, very much—no!" he said. "It's awf'ly good of you."

"Oh, I'd do more than that for a fellow I like!" said Bunter. "Would you care to have an extra pillow?"

"Thanks—no."

"By the way, that postal-order of mine hasn't come," said Bunter. "I suppose it will be all right if I hand it to you in the morning?"

"Exactly; quite so."

"I am expecting two postal-orders, as a matter of absolute fact," Bunter went on, in a confidential tone. "Both are for five pounds. Would you mind advancing me the cash for the other one as well? I—Ow! Yow! Leggo! Oh, really, Bulstrode——"

"Chuck it!" said Bulstrode.

"Yow! Ow! Leggo my ear!"

"Then ring off the postal-orders," said Bulstrode, frowning. "You've had a fiver out of Mauleverer, and that's enough. Chuck it!"

"Look here, if Mauleverer likes to advance me money on my postal-orders——Ow!"

A pillow whizzed through the air, and caught Bunter on the chest. He sat down on his bed with great violence, and grunted.

He jumped up in a fury.

"Who threw that pillow?" he roared.

"I did," said Bob Cherry.

"Did you do it on purpose?" yelled Bunter.

"Yes."

"Oh—er—all right!" said Bunter. "Never mind."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

(Continued on the next page.)

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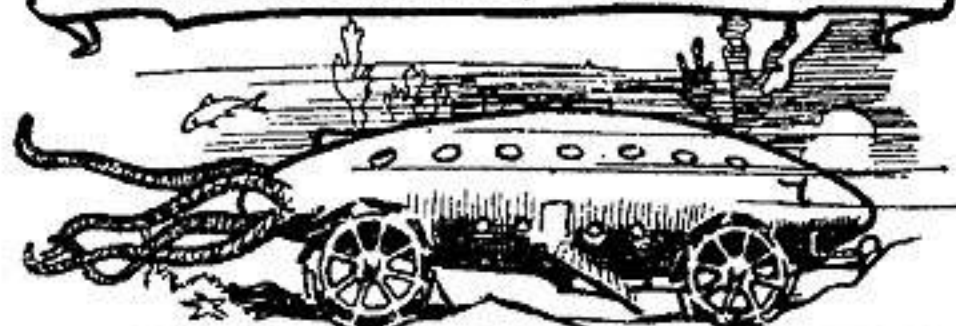
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Billy Bunter growled and turned in. Loder came in the dormitory to see lights out for the juniors, and he came beside Lord Mauleverer's bed to speak to him very civilly.

"You didn't come to my study this evening, Mauleverer," he said.

"So sorry," said his lordship. "They wouldn't let me come."

Loder frowned.

"Who wouldn't?"

"We wouldn't," said Harry Wharton, looking out of bed at the prefect. "We know jolly well what you want Mauleverer for, and you're not going to do it."

"Hear, hear!" said John Bull.

"So you're taking it upon yourself to interfere with me, are you?" said Loder, gritting his teeth. "Now, look here, you're not to interfere with Lord Mauleverer again, any of you. Because he's a quiet and easy-going chap, I'm not going to have him bullied. You understand that?"

"Oh, it's all right!" said Lord Mauleverer. "I wanted to stay with my own Form, you know. It's all right, Loder. Thank you very much, but I don't think I had better come."

"Rot!" said Loder. "I'll see you to-morrow, Mauleverer, and we'll have a talk about it. It's very rough on you to be shoved in among these young hooligans, and I'll do my best to make you comfortable."

"But I am quite comfortable, thank you."

"Nonsense! I'm going to look after you."

"Everybody's awfully jolly to me, I must say," said his lordship gratefully; "but—"

"I'll see you to-morrow," said Loder. "Good-night!"

"Good-night!"

The prefect put out the lights and left the dormitory. Bolsover sat up in bed.

"Look here, you fellows," he began. "In my last school new kids were always put through it. We used to toss 'em in blankets, and make 'em run the gauntlet. I don't see why Lord Mauleverer should be let off because he's a lord."

"Rats!" said Harry Wharton. "It isn't because he's a lord. He's a decent chap, and has treated us all very decently. Let him alone."

"I think he ought to be put through it," said Bolsover obstinately.

Bolsover had made one attempt, in the first place, to appropriate his lordship, but Lord Mauleverer did not like him, and showed that with his usual frankness. And as it was impossible to get on chummy terms with Lord Mauleverer, Bolsover had made a virtue of necessity, and determined to take up the attitude of sturdy independence, like a fellow who cared nothing about money or titles. And he was prepared to show his rugged independence of character by ragging the earl on every possible occasion.

"Rats!" said a dozen voices.

Bolsover laughed sneeringly.

"Blessed if I ever saw such a rotten set of tuft-hunters!" he exclaimed. "You're all crawling up to the cad because he's got a handle to his name!"

"Bosh!"

"Seems to me you began by crawling up to him," Ogilvy remarked. "I think I remember that you wanted him in your study, Bolsover."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"That was only because I was going to put him through it, and teach him not to swank," said Bolsover.

"Rats!"

"Piffle!"

"Rot!"

"Faith, and that's too steep, Bolsover darling!"

"Look here," said Bolsover, "you can crawl up to the titled cad as much as you like, but I'm not going to join in it. I'm not a tuft-hunter. I'm going to keep the young bouncer in his place."

"You're not going to rag him," said Harry Wharton.

"Who's going to stop me?" demanded Bolsover fiercely.

"Oh, we'll all lend a hand in that!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "It's only natural that Mauly shouldn't like you. You're a bully and a bouncer—"

"What!"

"And you're not going to punish him for not liking bullies and bouncers. It's simply a proof of good taste on his part."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you begin any ragging we'll pile on you, and tie you down to your bed," said Bob Cherry; "and it's no good repeating that you could lick any one of us. We know that already. And I expect you will get licked yourself in a week or two. I'm going into training for that very purpose."

The bully of the Remove gave a scoffing laugh.

"Much good it will do you. I'll knock you sky high."

"Well, we'll see," said Bob Cherry. "I'll give you a

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chance to try it next week. I warn you that I'm coming on very strong. Now, go to sleep like a good boy, and don't jaw, and keep your uncle awake!"

Bolsover snorted, but he took Bob Cherry's advice. Lord Mauleverer had become too popular for even Bolsover to rag him, and the bully had no liking for the prospect of being tied down to his bed till morning.

So Lord Mauleverer passed his first night at Greyfriars, sleeping soundly, undisturbed, and awoke fresh and cheerful at the clang of the rising-bell in the morning.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Bob Cherry is Too Obliging.

CLANG, clang!

Lord Mauleverer sat up in bed.

Harry Wharton & Co., always early risers, were already turning out. Billy Bunter was still snoring, and some of the juniors had pulled the sheets over their heads to shut out the sound of the rising-bell, in order to snatch a few more minutes of repose. Harry Wharton looked round, and caught the eye of Mauleverer, and smiled and nodded.

"Time to get up!" he said.

His lordship yawned.

"You rise early here, begad!" he remarked.

"It's seven," said Harry, with a smile. "What time do you usually get up at home?"

"Oh, about nine!"

"Well, you blessed slacker!" said Bob Cherry. "You'll learn better habits here. Do you still feel sleepy?"

"Well, a little."

"I don't mind helping you to wake up, as you're a new chap," said Bob Cherry. "I've got a good way. I squeeze a sponge down your neck, you know, and—"

"Thanks very much," said his lordship hastily. "I don't feel so sleepy as all that. I think I can get up all right."

And Lord Mauleverer hopped out of bed quite actively. Bob Cherry grinned, and turned to his washing again, slopping cold water over his sturdy limbs with a reckless disregard for all juniors within splashing distance.

Lord Mauleverer stood in his silken pyjamas, and yawned and stretched himself. He looked up and down the dormitory as if in search of something.

"Looking for anything?" asked Nugent.

"Where's my hot water?"

"Your what?"

"My hot water."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lord Mauleverer looked puzzled.

"I don't see anything to cackle at," he remarked. "Hasn't the hot water been brought up yet? And my hip-bath, too."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Really, you know—"

"We don't have hot water and hip-baths here," Harry Wharton explained, laughing. "If you want a hot bath, you go down to the bath-rooms—they're on the next floor—but there are generally a few dozen fellows waiting their turn, unless you're very early. You have to get up before rising-bell if you want a chance at tubber."

"Oh, you don't say so!"

"Yes, I do. But we generally take our morning baths here—sponge baths, you know, in cold water."

"Oh, dear!"

"You'll soon get used to it," said Bob Cherry. "If you like, I'll show you how to begin. Now, first of all, you fill the sponge with water—so."

"Yaas."

"Then you mop it over you like that—"

"Yaroo!"

"Rub it round the neck like that—"

"Grooh!"

"And over the chest—so!"

"Yowp!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yaroo! You're wetting my pyjamas through!" gasped his lordship. "Yow! Th-th-thank you very much, but stop it. Ow!"

"Ah! You ought to have taken your pyjamas off first," said Bob Cherry solemnly. "We always do."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lord Mauleverer stripped off his dripping pyjamas. Then he had the sponge bath, and felt all the better for it. Billy Bunter was still snoring, and he continued to do so until Bob Cherry squeezed a sponge over his face. Then the fat junior jumped up, snorting.

"Ow! Groo! Yow! What's that?"

"Water," said Bob Cherry blandly. "I suppose it comes a bit of a shock to you to get water on your face."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—yow! Stop it! I'm getting up! Yow!"

And Bunter rolled out of bed. He groped for his spectacles, and put them on, and blinked furiously at Bob Cherry. Then he caught sight of Lord Mauleverer, and the scowl died from his fat face, and a most ingratiating grin replaced it.

"Oh, good-morning, my lord!" he exclaimed. "I hope your lordship slept well?"

"Quite well, thank you very much!" said his lordship.

"I hope you weren't disturbed during the night," said Bunter, with great solicitude for Lord Mauleverer's comfort.

"Not at all! Once or twice I thought I heard a row going on, that's all," said Lord Mauleverer. "But I never quite woke."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "That was Bunter snoring."

"Oh, really, Cherry!"

"You'll get used to it in time," said Bob. "It comes a bit rough at first. First time I slept here I thought a wild bull had got into the dorm."

Billy Bunter snorted, and washed himself. Although he started later than most of the others, he generally finished first. The reason was that he washed by giving his fat face a dab in the middle with a sponge. Having done that, in a very gingerly manner, the fat junior hastily towelled it, as if he feared that the cold water and soap might have some injurious effect upon his skin.

Bob Cherry, having shown Lord Mauleverer how to sponge bath, and having awakened Billy Bunter, looked round for fresh worlds to conquer. There was still one fellow in bed. It was Carlton, popularly supposed to be the laziest boy in the Form, not even excepting Billy Bunter. Bunter was lazy, certainly, but Carlton had reduced slacking to a fine art.

He looked warily at Bob Cherry as the latter approached with a dripping sponge in his hand.

"Cheese it!" he exclaimed.

Bob Cherry grinned.

"I haven't started yet," he said.

"Buzz off!" said Carlton. "I want just two minutes more, then I shall have just time to dress before I rush down, and—Yaroo!"

Carlton rolled out of bed, with a wet sponge dangling round his neck. He bumped on the floor, and jumped up, and rushed at Bob Cherry. In a moment they were locked in a deadly embrace, as a novelist would say.

"Here, hold on!" gasped Bob Cherry. "I was only being obliging, you know, like poor old Alonzo—"

"You—you silly ass!"

"Oh!"

Bob Cherry went down with a bump, and Carlton sat astride of him.

"Give me that sponge, Bunter!" he roared.

"Certainly, Carlton," said Bunter, willingly enough.

"Here you are! Here's some soap, too. Dab the sponge round his neck and in his collar, and jam the soap into his mouth. Jam some of it into his eyes, too. It will smart."

"You—you toad!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Some into his nose, too," said Bunter. "It makes you feel rotten to have soap in your nose. Go for the beast! Shall I stamp on his legs?"

"Yow! Yaroo!"

Carlton mopped the sponge over Bob's face, and soaped him well over, and slid the cake of soap down his back to finish. As Bob was fully dressed, it was not nice. But he struggled in vain. When the slacker of the Remove did exert himself he was very strong, and he had the advantage. But he did not take Bunter's advice about Bob's eyes and nose and mouth. He soaped him well over instead.

"Yaroo!" gasped Bob. "Stop it! Chuck it! Ow! Blessed if I'll ever try to be obliging again. Yaroo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There!" gasped Carlton. "I think that will do. Now, will you make it pax?"

"Yow! No! I'll smash you!"

"Is it pax?"

"I'll pulverise you!"

"Give me some more soap, Bunter."

"Certainly!"

"Oh!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Yow! I'll make it pax! Pax!"

"Good!"

Carlton rose to his feet, and Bob staggered up. If he had not made it pax he would certainly have visited summary vengeance upon the grinning junior. As it was, vengeance was barred. Bob wildly tore off his collar and tie, and groped frantically down his back for the soap. Carlton turned to his bed again, and calmy got in.

"My hat!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "If he isn't going to bed again!"

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"I've still got two minutes, if I hurry over washing," said Carlton.

"I shall be down by the time Cherry is, anyway."

And the slacker of the Remove was right. Bob had plenty to do. Carlton and Bob Cherry were the last two down, and Bob was still looking extremely red and wrathful when the Remove went in to breakfast.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

His Lordship Proposes a Little Run!

"HIGHCLIFFE have scratched," said Harry Wharton, as the Remove came out of the Form-room after morning lessons.

Bob Cherry grunted.

"They knew they'd be licked," he said.

"They say Ponsonby's seedy!"

"Well, they could play some other skipper, I suppose."

"And Monson and Vavasour are seedy, too—all got bad colds."

"Piffle!"

"Well, I think it's piffle, too," said Harry Wharton. "They beat us once, but they know they're not likely to repeat it. I suppose they want to make the giddy glory last as long as possible. What are you going to do, Bulstrode?"

Bulstrode was captain of the Remove, and cricket skipper. He was looking very annoyed. It was certainly the worst of bad form for Highcliffe to scratch the match on the very day. Even if their explanation was true, and they had three men ill, there was no great reason why they should not have played substitutes. It would have been more sportsmanlike to risk a licking than to cut the match so late. But the Highcliffe fellows had never been sportsmen.

"Oh, they can scratch if they like," said Bulstrode, with a snort. "I've a jolly good mind to scratch the fixture altogether, and wipe them off the slate. They're a set of cads, anyway, and always up to some rotten game."

"That's true enough."

"Still, we can get up a match with the Upper Fourth this afternoon," said Bulstrode; "or, if we want something lively, we could run out and have a row with the Courtfield fellows."

"Faith, and that's a good idea intirely," said Micky Desmond.

"Perhaps!" said Lord Mauleverer.

There was attention at once for his lordship. It was clear that he was going to suggest something.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry. "Have you got a suggestion to make for the afternoon, my son?"

"Yaas. It is a half-holiday, isn't it?"

"Yes, every Wednesday and Saturday is a half-holiday here."

"Good! What would you fellows say to a run in a car?"

"A motor-car?" asked Nugent.

"Yaas."

"You don't mean to say that you've got a motor-car in your luggage?" demanded John Bull.

Lord Mauleverer laughed.

"Oh, no; but motors can be had in Courtfield. There's a big garage there. I inquired about it before I came here, you see. I'm fond of motoring, and I can drive a car."

"My hat! Well, you can drive a four-in-hand, at all events," said Harry Wharton, "but you'd have to have a chauffeur, you know."

"Yaas, I should have one with me. What do you say to a big touring car to hold six or eight, and a long run in the country," Lord Mauleverer suggested. "We could take lunch-baskets. I will order them from Courtfield."

"My dear chap, runs in the country in big touring cars are rather beyond the means of juniors," said Harry Wharton laughing.

"Oh, that's all right. I want to stand treat, you know. The whole thing could be done for about fifty pounds," said his lordship.

"Fifty rats!"

"I guess it's a good idea," said Fisher T. Fish. "You can put me down for a seat in the car, my lord duke."

Harry Wharton shook his head.

"We're not going to sponge on you, Mauleverer," he said.

"You've stood a big feed, since you came, and that's enough. But we can't have you standing treat all the time. It's not cricket."

Lord Mauleverer looked disappointed.

"I don't look at it like that," he said. "I've lots of tin. You see, I want to go myself, and naturally I don't want to go alone."

"Well, that's so, I suppose."

"I should like you fellows to come, but I don't want to stick you for a share of the exes. You couldn't stand it, could you?"

"Rather not," said Frank Nugent, laughing.

"Well, let this be my treat," said Lord Mauleverer. "It will really be a favour to me. You see, I shall enjoy it much more with a party of you fellows along."

"But—"

"I wish you'd say yes."

"Well, if you put it like that, we'll come," said Wharton.

"Of course, we should be delighted. Only—"

"That's all right, then. I'll make a list of the names, and wire to Courtfield for a car to hold the lot of us," said Lord Mauleverer. He took out a gold pencil. "Wharton, Cherry, Nugent, Bulstrode, Fish, Bull, Desmond, and myself—that's eight. I should like that chap Linley to come, too. Where is he?"

"Marky!" shouted Bob Cherry.

The Lancashire lad came towards them with a smile.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Lord Mauleverer's getting up a motoring-party this afternoon, and you're coming," Bob Cherry explained.

Mark hesitated.

"Thank you very much," he said. "But I've got to work. You see, I've got to get ready for the exam."

"Oh, blow the exam," said Bob Cherry, "and bust the Greek! Hang the mathematics, and shoot the French and German. You're coming!"

"But I say, Bob—"

"That's settled, then; he's coming, Mauly," said Bob Cherry. "Put his name down."

Lord Mauleverer looked inquiringly at Linley, and the Lancashire lad nodded and laughed.

"Thanks," he said. "I'll come, and bust the Greek and blow the exam. I don't get a chance of a motor run every day."

"Oh, good!"

And Lord Mauleverer added the Lancashire lad's name to the list. Then he wrote out a telegram. By the time he had finished it, it numbered about forty words. That was an item which apparently escaped Lord Mauleverer's attention.

"I'll buzz down to the post-office on my bike and take that," said Frank Nugent. "The car will be here after dinner."

"Oh, good!"

In ten minutes the telegram was sent. Before that time all Greyfriars knew of the fresh departure on the part of his lordship, and discussed it with great interest. The fact that it would cost "only fifty pounds" or so made the juniors gasp. Lord Mauleverer was certainly living up to the reputation he had already won at Greyfriars.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

How It Was Done.

B UZZ!

Zip—zip—zip!

There was a shout from the juniors crowded in front of the School House. Half Greyfriars had been waiting for the arrival of his lordship's car. It came swinging up the drive.

"Here she is!"

"Hurray!"

His Lordship & Co. were ready. A chauffeur jumped down and touched his cap.

"Lord Mauleverer?" he asked.

"That's right," said his lordship. "The lunch-baskets are in the car?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Oh, good! It's a handsome car, too!" said Lord Mauleverer, with a glance at the big Daimler. "We shall have a good run, you fellows. Pile in."

"Ahem!"

It was the well-known cough of the Head. The juniors raised their caps respectfully as Dr. Locke came up. The Head looked in amazement at the big touring car.

"Dear me!" he said. "Whose—whose is this car?"

"I've hired it, sir, for the afternoon," said Lord Mauleverer.

"Goodness gracious! What for?"

"For a little run in the country, sir."

"Oh! But—but—"

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"We have a reliable chauffeur," said Bob Cherry. "We shall be quite safe, sir."

"Ah, yes! But—"

"I hope there is no objection to our going, sir?" said Harry Wharton, anxiously.

"Well—er—no," said the Head hesitatingly. "But—but surely this is a very expensive amusement, Mauleverer?"

"Oh, no, sir," said the viscount negligently. "I'm going to do the whole bizney under fifty, sir."

"Fifty shillings?"

"Ahem! Pounds, sir."

"Do you mean to say, boy, that you have the means to spend fifty pounds upon an afternoon's amusement?" the Head exclaimed, in amazement.

"Yaas, sir."

"Dear me! I—I shall really have to speak to your guardian, Mauleverer! It is not really right for a boy to have so much money to spend!"

"We—we may go, sir?" asked Lord Mauleverer anxiously.

"Oh, yes, certainly."

Lord Mauleverer & Co. piled into the car, and the chauffeur tooled it out of the gates.

The Head stood gazing after it with a very dubious expression upon his face. He entered the house, and stopped to speak to Mr. Quelch. The Remove-master had been looking out at the car.

"This is extraordinary, Mr. Quelch!" said the Head.

"Indeed it is, sir."

"It is enough to ruin a boy's character to have so much money to spend."

Mr. Quelch nodded.

"I have thought so myself, Dr. Locke, and I was going to speak to you about it," he said. "But it certainly appears that Lord Mauleverer spends his money in a very generous and harmless way. There is no sign of any vicious tastes on his part."

"But they might easily arise, Mr. Quelch, considering the amount of attention and flattery he must receive, under the circumstances."

"Quite true, sir."

"I shall speak to Sir Harry Braithwayte about it," said the Head. "I shall write to him at once on the subject. It is my duty."

And the Head went into his study, still looking very dubious and thoughtful.

Meanwhile, the juniors were out on the road, and the car was buzzing along in fine style. Lord Mauleverer had told the chauffeur to "let her rip," and she was accordingly ripping.

Most boys enjoy a rapid run, either in a car or a horse vehicle. Speed alone appeals to the imagination. To whiz along the road at top speed, and watch houses and trees flashing by, was keen delight to Harry Wharton & Co., who were no exceptions to the general rule.

"My hat! This is ripping!" Wharton exclaimed, as his straw hat was blown off and sailed by him on the end of its cord.

"Gorgeous!"

"I guess it's O.K.!"

"Mauly, you're a brick!" said Bob Cherry, slapping the new junior on the back. "You're an acquisition! You're a treasure! You're a corn in Egypt, as old Inky used to say."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lord Mauleverer smiled contentedly. He had a simple and kind nature, and the sight of happy faces round him was sufficient to make him happy. Certainly, boundless wealth could not have been in better hands than Mauly's.

The ground flew under the feet of the juniors—or, rather, under the wheels of the car. Mile after mile raced by. They had passed Highcliffe College, they whizzed through Courtfield, they came out on the coast road, and dashed along in sight of the sea for a great distance. Then over the hills, and through a deep wood, with big, green branches shadowing the car as it followed the road.

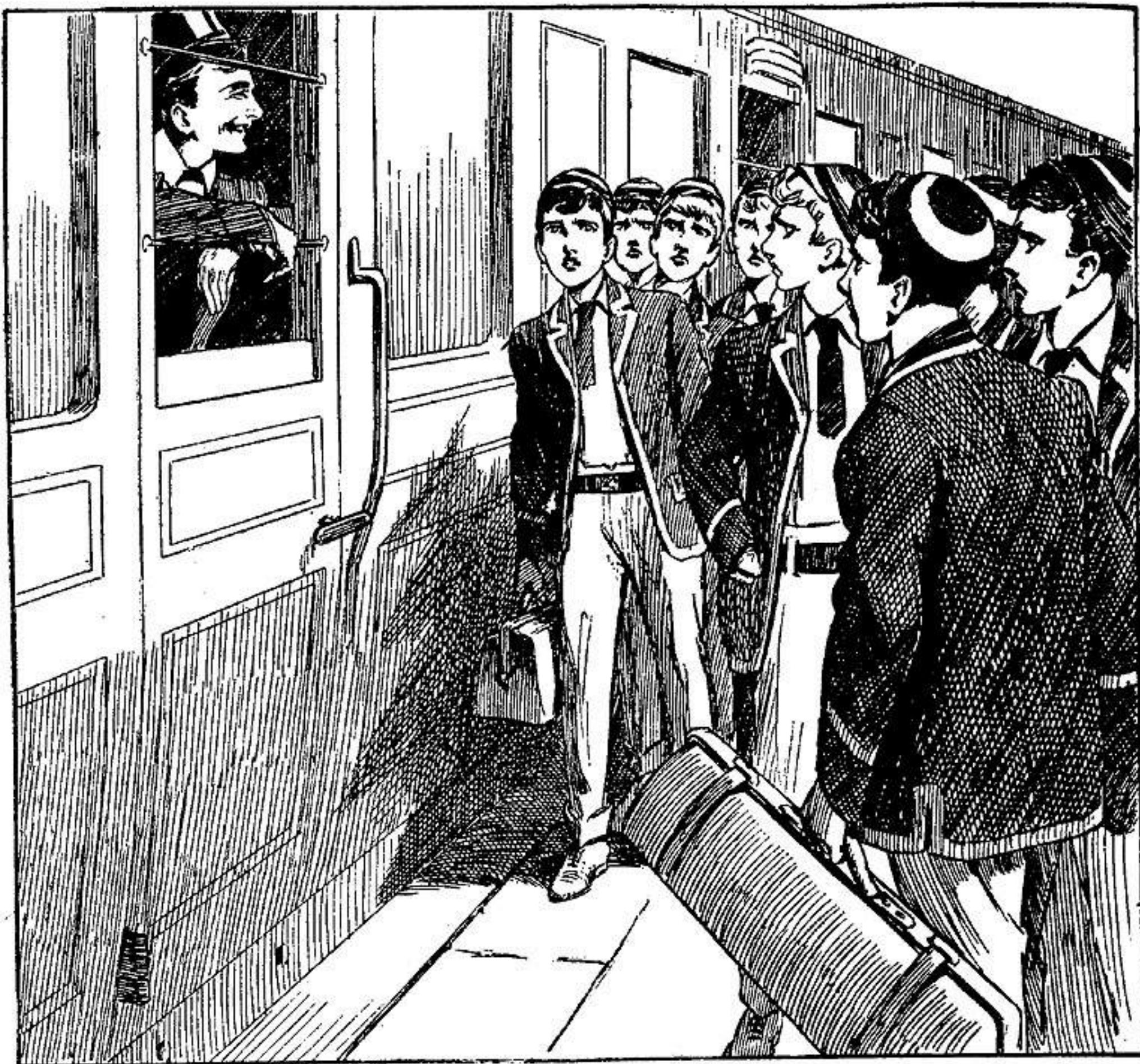
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The special train moved out of the station. The schoolboy millionaire kissed his hand from the window at the enraged and disappointed Highcliffians. That action gave the finishing touch to the wrath of Highcliffe. They shook their fists after the train, and stamped on the platform, and raved; and the special train disappeared down the line, leaving them so occupied, and Lord Mauleverer was gone on his journey to London.

"Oh, it's ripping!" said Nugent.
"Stunning!"

They stopped in the heart of the wood, where a bridge ran over a stream, to have their tea. They camped under the big trees, and boiled water to make tea, and John Bull poached eggs in a frying-pan over a spirit-stove.

"How far are we from Greyfriars?" Wharton asked.

"Thirty miles," said Lord Mauleverer.

"Thirty miles! By Jove!"

"And we haven't come straight—we've been round!" said Nugent. "My word, this beats biking, my sons!"

"Yes, rather!"

The luncheon-baskets were well supplied. There were four of them, and they had cost thirty shillings each. Lord Mauleverer did not do things by halves, evidently. Fisher T. Fish watched John Bull poaching the eggs, and grunted.

"I guess you don't know how to do that!" he remarked.

John Bull snorted.

"I've done a lot of cooking over there," said Fisher T. Fish. "I guess you'd better leave the cookery bizney to me, my son!"

"Rats!"

"I guess——"

"Well, you can handle it if you like," said John Bull,
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with a yawn. "It's jolly hot for cooking, anyway. Don't burn all the eggs."

"I guess I shall do it pretty slick!"

And Fisher T. Fish started. Fish had an idea firmly fixed in his mind that all things were better done "over there," by which term he meant the great United States. And of all the slick persons in the slick States, Fisher T. Fish regarded himself as the very slickest.

Only, as a matter of fact, Fisher T. Fish generally failed in everything that he attempted to do when he was showing how things were done "over there." And so his demonstrations were not, as a rule, very convincing.

"Lemme see, how do you break these eggs?" he murmured.

John Bull grinned.

"How do you do it over there?" he questioned.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors grinned, and all stood round in a circle to see Fisher T. Fish at work.

The American junior cracked an egg against the side of the frying-pan, and the contents of the shell dropped into the grass. There was a yell of laughter. Then he cracked another, and gave a wild howl as the yolk shot up his sleeve.

"Ow! Groo!"

The juniors roared.

"Better let Johnny Bull do it," grinned Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess I can break eggs!" said Fisher T. Fish, obstinately, as he picked up the bag. "I— Oh, my word!"

Crash! The bag slipped from his hand, and there was a general smash. The juniors shrieked.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You can break eggs, and no mistake!" yelled Bob Cherry. "You've broken the giddy lot now! Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess—"

"Better let 'em alone, Fishy."

"Rats! I guess I can poach eggs!"

And Fisher T. Fish started on a fresh bag. He broke the eggs in turn, and succeeded in getting about half of them into the frying-pan—in a sticky mass, with all the yolks broken. Then he jammed the frying-pan on the spirit-stove. He was looking very red and flustered by this time.

"I—I say," he murmured, "do you—er—do you stir this stuff over here?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yes, you're supposed to stir it with a spade," Bob Cherry said sweetly.

"I guess—"

"Go it, Fishy! It's getting on first chop."

Fisher T. Fish looked puzzled.

"I guess it doesn't seem to be cooking very fast," he said.

"They were cooking fast enough when you were doing it, Johnny Bull."

John Bull roared.

"Perhaps that was because I had the stove alight," he replied.

"Great snakes!"

Fisher T. Fish jerked the pan off the spirit stove. The methylated spirit had expired, and the stove was out—a fact that had been apparent to everybody excepting Fisher T. Fish all the time.

The juniors yelled with laughter as Fish glared at the stove. The American junior gave a snort, and swamped methylated spirit into the stove, and lighted it. There was a rush and a roar of flame, and the junior jumped back.

"Gee-whiz!"

"You ass!" roared John Bull. "You might have burnt your eyes and your hair! You silly ass! Why don't you let it alone?"

"I guess I can handle a spirit-stove as well as any son of John Bull," retorted the American obstinately.

He jammed the frying-pan down on the flaring, roaring stove. The eggs began to cook now, with a vengeance. The sticky mass in the frying-pan sputtered and buzzed and the American junior stirred it with his pocket-knife. There was soon a very strong smell of burning.

"I guess that's done," said Fisher T. Fish.

"I guess it is!" yelled Bob Cherry. "I guess it's done for!"

"Oh, it's all O. K."

"Faith, and is it a pancake ye've been making?" asked Micky Desmond.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It certainly looked like a pancake, when Fisher T. Fish turned it out—rather underdone on top, but considerably overdone underneath, to make matters equal. The American junior appeared quite satisfied with his performance.

"Who's going to have some poached egg?" he asked.

There was a chorus of declining.

"I guess it's all right. Won't you guys have some? You don't often get a chance to eat poached eggs like this."

"Ha, ha! Very seldom—and we don't jump at such chances, either," grinned Bob Cherry.

"I guess I'm going to eat it myself, then. I know a good thing when I see it—some."

"Pile in, then."

And Fisher T. Fish started on his poached eggs. He pulled a most peculiar face at the first mouthful, but the eyes of the other fellows were upon him, and he would not admit that he did not like it. He chewed away valorously, and tried to work up an expression of enjoyment upon his features.

"Go it!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Is it nice?"

"Yep."

"Not at all burnt?"

"Nope."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish took a second mouthful. But that was too much even for him. He jumped up spluttering. And amid roars of laughter from the juniors, he sputtered out the tasty morsel, and hurled the eggy pancake into the river.

"I guess I can poach eggs all serene," he remarked. "But eggs ain't the same in this country as they are over there, and—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the roars of laughter were so loud that Fisher T. Fish had to give up guessing.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Road Hogs.

"TIME'S up," said Nugent, looking at his watch.

It was time for the return. Lord Mauleverer intended to take in a wide sweep of country in the return journey. The juniors crowded into the car, and Lord Mauleverer sat at the steering-wheel, the chauffeur by his side. Lord Mauleverer was to drive the car home.

Even after the experience with the coach-and-four, the juniors were a little doubtful of his lordship's powers in handling a big car; but they were soon reassured. Lord Mauleverer drove splendidly, and his sleepy look dropped from him like a cloak when he sat with the steering-wheel in his hands. The car started, and zip-zipped away in fine style.

The juniors chatted, and sang sometimes, and shouted in sheer high spirits, as the wind rang past their ears.

Up and down the slopes, under big trees and between high hedges and widely-stretched green fields, the car ran rapidly on.

They drew near to Greyfriars at last, as the sun was sinking in the west over the shoulder of the Black Pike.

"There's Highcliffe," said Bob Cherry, with a nod towards a red-brick tower that rose into view in the distance over the trees.

"My hat! And there are the Highcliffians!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, a minute or two later. "Look out, Mauleverer!"

The big Daimler had swept past the gates of Highcliffe College, and was rushing on towards St. Jim's, when a lighter car, with four fellows in it, came sweeping round a corner towards them, on the wrong side of the road.

The juniors knew the occupants of the car at once.

They were Porsonby, Vavasour, Monson and Gadsby, of the Fourth Form at Highcliffe; and the man at the steering-wheel was very like Gadsby in face—Gadsby major, an old Highcliffian, who sometimes came down to see his brother—and who recklessly led the Highcliffe juniors into ways that were not good for them. Gadsby major had evidently been looking upon the wine when it was red, to judge by the way he drove. He was tearing along at top speed, a dangerous thing to do in a narrow lane, where the road was barely wide enough for two large vehicles to pass one another in safety. And he came round the corner with a reckless sweep, that brought his light Napier on the wrong side of the road, and without even sounding his horn.

"The madman!" gasped Lord Mauleverer.

The juniors sprang up in their seats.

A collision seemed inevitable. And Gadsby major, who either had not seen the danger or who was too excited to think about it, did not even put on his brakes.

Lord Mauleverer turned his car towards the hedge, as the only possible way of avoiding a terrible catastrophe.

The Napier came rushing on, and there was a grinding crash!

Crash! Gr-r-rind!

A wheel had caught. But for Lord Mauleverer's prompt action, the cars would have smashed each other to splinters. As it was, a wheel had collided, and the lighter car was whirled round and flung across the road. The big Daimler stood it better. Lord Mauleverer had jammed on his brakes; the car crashed along the hedge, and stopped. The juniors were struggling in a heap in the car; but they were not thrown out, nor was the car overturned.

The Highcliffe fellows had fared worse.

Their car was on its side, and all four of them were in a deep ditch that flowed beside the road on that side; perhaps, fortunately for them, it was a ducking, but it had saved their bones.

Gadsby major was sitting in the ditch, with his head out, looking completely stupefied.

Lord Mauleverer jumped down, with his chauffeur, both very much shaken, but unhurt. Harry Wharton & Co. piled out of the car, breathless and shaken up.

"Anybody hurt?" his lordship exclaimed anxiously.

"No! I'm all right."

"I guess I'm O. K."

"All serene Mauly."

"We might all have been killed if you had been a second later, Mauly," said Bob Cherry. "You were splendid!"

"Yes, rather!"

Lord Mauleverer ran across to the overturned car. Harry Wharton & Co. followed him, and the Highcliffians were dragged out of the ditch. They stood shaking the mud and

water from their clothes, and uttering furious exclamations. Although the accident was wholly and solely the fault of their driver, they appeared to regard it as a special injury directed at them by the Greyfriars fellows.

"You idiots!" roared Ponsonby. "You ought to be locked up!"

"You dangerous young fools!" said Gadsby major. "How dare you let a boy of fifteen drive a car?"

"Oh, cheese it!" said Harry Wharton sharply. "You were driving on the wrong side, you were going twice the speed limit, and you didn't sound your horn. You'll have to pay for the damage to Mauleverer's car."

"I guess so."

"As for you chaps, you've got off cheaply with a ducking, with a fool like that at the steering-wheel," said Wharton bluntly.

Gadsby major turned red with rage.

"You young whelp—"

"Oh, shut up!" said Harry. "You've no right to drive a car if you can't keep sober. And these chaps deserve more than they've got—the bounders! This is the bad cold that all three of you had—Ponsonby, Vavasour, and Monson! You scratched the cricket-match because Gadsby major came down to take you out in his car—and told us a yarn about it. This jolly well serves you right."

The Highcliffians were silent. They had nothing to say; they were too clearly bowled out for that. Even Ponsonby looked a little ashamed of himself.

Gadsby major was still swearing. That was one of the little ways in which that fashionable young man was instructing his young brother and the smart set of Highcliffe.

"Who's going to pay for this damage?" he demanded.

"My dear fellow," drawled Lord Mauleverer, "you were to blame, and you will have to do the best you can. There is considerable damage done to my car. I shall have to walk the rest of the way to Greyfriars. You are a road hog, and a clumsy ass, by gad!"

"Look here!" shouted Gadsby major, taking a step towards the earl.

"Hold on!" said Harry Wharton. "If you lay a finger on Mauleverer, we'll put you headfirst into the ditch, and the others after you."

And Gadsby major thought better of it. The Greyfriars juniors looked at their own car; the wheel was too badly damaged for them to proceed.

"That ass ought to be made to pay for that," said Wharton, frowning.

Lord Mauleverer smiled.

"Oh, I shall pay!" he said. "It is nothing; but the real trouble is that we shall have to walk to Greyfriars! Oh, dear!"

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Black But Not Comely.

DR. LOCKE stepped into Mr. Quelch's study on the following day. He had a letter in his hand, and a thoughtful expression upon his face.

"A reply from Lord Mauleverer's guardian, sir?" asked the Remove-master, as he placed a chair for the Head.

Dr. Locke nodded.

"Yes. A most peculiar letter. Listen."

"I will, with great interest."

The Head read the letter aloud:

"Dear Dr. Locke,—I thank you for your letter, and for the opinion you have kindly expressed. I do not agree with it. I have carefully watched my nephew's character, and I think there is too firm a foundation of honesty and goodness in it for him to be in any danger of being led astray by bad associates. He avoids them of his own accord, and without any advice from others. As for the bad effect of unlimited pocket-money upon a boy, I grant that it would be true in most cases, but not in Mauleverer's. He uses his money only for good and kind ends, and a little extravagance is permissible in the heir to half a million a year. I firmly believe that in case of any necessity my nephew would show that his carelessness and extravagance would drop from him like a cloak, and he would buck up like the little man that he is. Poverty is not likely to come to him, but I have long been turning over in my mind a plan for putting him to the test to satisfy many of his friends and relations who had expressed the same doubts. When this has been done I think you will be satisfied. It would be difficult, under the terms of his father's will, to keep him short of pocket-money, but when I have applied the test I have mentioned I think you will admit that it is quite safe to trust him in every way.—With kind regards,

"HARRY BRAITHWAYT."

"That is very curious," said Mr. Quelch. "I have observed the boy since he has been placed in my Form, and I must confess that he strikes me as he appears to do his uncle. He is a genuinely good lad, though he has some fastidious ways which can easily be forgiven under the circumstances."

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PENNY.

"Sir Harry does not say what the test is," the Head remarked thoughtfully. "Well, I have done my duty in expressing my opinion, and we shall see."

And he left the Form-master's study.

Lord Mauleverer was in the hall as he passed down. The new Remove was talking to Skinner of the Remove.

"Dear me!" he said. "Yes, I know they're jolly nice white mice, but it's extraordinary that you should have given a guinea each for them."

"You can have them for half that," said Skinner. "I know you will be kind to them; that's why I want you to have them."

"Skinner!"

The Head's voice made Skinner jump.

"Ye-es, sir!" he gasped. He had not seen the Head coming, or he would certainly not have offered Lord Mauleverer that remarkable bargain at that precise moment.

"Are you trying to swindle Mauleverer, Skinner?" demanded the Head, knitting his brows.

"Oh, sir!"

"Then what do you mean?"

"I—I was having a little joke with him, sir," stammered Skinner. "Of course, sir, it was only a joke."

"You had better not indulge in any little jokes of that kind in the future, Skinner," said the Head. "You may go, but I have an eye on you."

"Ye-es, sir."

And the Head passed on frowningly. Skinner walked away, and Lord Mauleverer, looking a little puzzled, went towards the stairs. Bolsover met him there, and linked arms with his lordship. Lord Mauleverer was far from wishing to link arms with the bully of the Remove, but he had no choice in the matter, for Bolsover was nearly twice his size, and Bolsover was determined.

"Hallo!" said Bolsover, with a genial manner that showed that he meant to make himself very unpleasant. "Hallo! Just the chap I was looking for."

"Really, my dear fellow—"

"I've been for a walk in the lane," Bolsover explained. "My boots have got fearfully dirty. Boots here cleans them only once a day. If they get dirty again we have to look after them ourselves."

"Really! Oh, dear! I don't think I could possibly look after my boots."

"No need. What you've got to do is to look after mine," said Bolsover, with a grin. "Come along."

"Oh, dear! What do you mean, Bolsover?"

"You're going to clean my boots—that's what I mean!"

"Impossible!"

"Ha, ha! We'll see about that!"

"My dear fellow—"

"Are you going to walk, or shall I carry you?" asked Bolsover, genially.

Lord Mauleverer looked at him, and then looked round for help. But there was none at hand. He decided to walk.

In a few minutes they were in the boot-room, where Trotter daily negotiated some hundreds of boots. Trotter's appliances were ready to hand, and Bolsover pointed them out to Lord Mauleverer, and then kicked off his boots.

His lordship gazed at them helplessly.

"I—I can't, you know!" he gasped.

"Time you learned, then."

"But, you see, my dear fellow—"

"Chap who can't clean his own boots oughtn't to be allowed to live," said Bolsover. "Nothing degrading in it, looked at the right way—my way! Ha, ha!"

"Oh, no; certainly not! If I considered that there was anything degrading in cleaning boots, I should certainly not allow Trotter to clean mine," said his lordship simply. "I should be more degraded in making him do it than he in doing it. But you see that I don't know how—"

"I'll show you," grinned Bolsover. "It will take you down a peg or two, which is a very good thing for a giddy lord. You stick the boot on your left paw—so—and take the blacking-brush in your right paw—so—and buzz away at it. If you don't do it I'll take the blacking tin and smudge it over your face and hair—see? You can make your choice about the matter."

"Really, you know—"

"Oh, go ahead! I can't waste time over it."

And Lord Mauleverer, with many misgivings, started. Bolsover stood and watched him with a grin upon his face. It was very amusing indeed to the bully of the Remove to have his boots cleaned by a lord.

Mauleverer brushed away industriously.

Bolsover's boots were very dirty, and required a lot of brushing, and the new junior panted with exertion. He was not used to exerting himself.

"Now put the blacking on," said Bolsover.

"Oh, certainly! But—"

"And then rub away—hard."

"V-v-very well."

The unfortunate Earl of Mauleverer rubbed away—hard. A voice was heard from the distance—the powerful voice of Bob Cherry.

"Mauleverer! Mauly! Where are you? Why don't you come down to the cricket, you bounder? Mauly—Mauly!"

"Here I am!" called out Lord Mauleverer.

"Shut up!" hissed Bolsover fiercely.

But it was too late.

There was a tramp of feet outside, and Bob Cherry, with Bulstrode and Harry Wharton, looked into the boot-room in amazement.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "The noble lord is cleaning his boots!"

"They are Bolsover's boots," explained Lord Mauleverer. "I'm so sorry to keep you waiting, but Bolsover insisted."

"Oh, he insisted, did he?" said Bob Cherry, with an angry glint in his eyes. "So you are fagging Mauly, are you, Bolsover, after what we've told you?"

"I'll do as I like!" blustered Bolsover.

"You jolly well won't!" said Harry Wharton. "We've warned you to let Mauleverer alone, and if you won't do it you'll have a giddy lesson. Collar him!"

"What-ho!"

The three juniors ran at the bully of the Form. Bolsover put up his hands, but he was dragged over in a moment, and bumped on the floor.

"Now hold him," gasped Bob Cherry, "while I put the blacking on!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow!" roared Bolsover. "Stop it! Oh! Oooch!"

Bob Cherry had taken the blacking-brush, thrust it into the blacking, and was putting the latter on Bolsover's face with a liberal hand. Wharton and Bulstrode held the bully of the Remove pinned down by main force during the operation. Bolsover struggled fiercely, but he struggled in vain.

"Ow! Oh! Oooooch!"

"Better keep your mouth shut!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Ugh! Groo!"

"There, I warned you! You wouldn't have got any in your mouth if you had kept it shut. Shut up!"

"Groo—ooooch!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bolsover's face soon closely resembled that of a Central African negro. His eyes glared out furiously from his blackened countenance. Lord Mauleverer looked on with a grin.

"There!" said Bob Cherry. "Will that do?"

"You haven't polished it yet!" grinned Bulstrode.

"Good! Give me the brush!"

Bob Cherry polished the blackened countenance. Bolsover roared and struggled. His features were pretty roughly handled in the process of blacking and shining.

Bob Cherry desisted at last, gasping with the exertion.

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

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bulstrode. "I think it will!"

"What do you think, Wharton?"

"Oh, ripping!"

"What do you think, Mauleverer?"

"Begad, I think it's stunning!" said Lord Mauleverer.

"What do you think, Bolsover?"

"Ow!"

"That's not an intelligible answer. I insist upon knowing whether you think it is quite satisfactory."

"Ow! Yow! Yah! Groo!"

"Then I'll go on with it—"

"Yarrah! Leave off! Yow!"

"Is it all right, then?"

"Ow! Yow! Yes—yes! Oh, yes! Oh!"

"Very well. If you're satisfied, I am."

And Bob Cherry rose from his task. Bolsover was released, and he sprang up furiously, and clenched his fists. Harry Wharton looked at him steadily.

"Keep your wool on!" he said. "Mind, for two pins we'd give you another dose, and worse! You'd better be careful, I think, Bolsover!"

Bolsover thought so, too. He stood quivering with rage while the chums of the Remove walked out of the room with Lord Mauleverer. The latter was chuckling.

"I don't think the cad will rag you again in a hurry," Bob Cherry remarked, slipping his arm through Lord Mauleverer's. "Now come down to the cricket."

Bolsover did not leave the boot-room immediately. There were no facilities for washing there, and he did not care to venture out with his face in that state. But there was no help for it, and he made up his mind to it at last.

He peered round the door, to make sure that the passage was clear, and then bolted. He made for the stairs to reach

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"HIS PAST AGAINST HIM!" THIS WEEK'S "GEM" LIBRARY. "DEEP SEA GOLD!" A Splendid New Complete School Tale in The first instalment of a new adventure story.

a bath-room, and met Fisher T. Fish. The American junior stared at him blankly.

"Great snakes! There's a blessed nigger in the school!" he exclaimed. "I'm not having niggers here! Get out, you black coon!"

Biff! Bolsover's fist bowled the American over, and he sprawled on the stairs, and the blackened bully rushed up.

"Boy! Who—what are you? What—"

It was Mr. Quelch. Bolsover, in his hurry, had almost rushed into him. The Remove-master stared at him in amazement.

"A negro—here! Why—what— Oh! I perceive that you have blacked your face! Ah! It is Bolsover!" said Mr. Quelch, recognising the bully of the Remove by his size. "Bolsover, how dare you play a trick like this upon me!"

"I—I—I—"

Bolsover was too enraged to speak clearly. He stammered, or, rather, jabbered, waving his hands excitedly. Mr. Quelch caught him by the shoulder and shook him.

"Bolsover! This is disgraceful! A boy in the Second Form would be ashamed of playing such a silly prank as blacking his face and going about the house in such a state! Go and clean yourself at once!"

"I—I—I—I—"

"And bring two hundred lines to my study before bed-time," said the Remove-master sternly. "Not a word! You are a disgrace to your Form! Not a word, I say! Go and clean yourself at once!"

"I—I—I—I—"

"Go!"

And Mr. Quelch sailed on, with rustling gown. And Bolsover, bursting with rage, tore off to a bath-room, where for the next quarter of an hour he was very busy.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter the Burglar.

LORD MAULEVERER took the russia-leather pocket-book from his jacket, and placed it under the pillow on his bed. It was his usual habit when he turned in. Even he was not careless enough to leave a wad of banknotes lying about.

Billy Bunter sat on his bed, taking his boots off, and he blinked through his big spectacles at the new junior. The sight of the pocket-book seemed to dazzle Bunter.

"I say, Mauly—" he began.

Lord Mauleverer looked at him.

"Would you mind calling me Mauleverer?" he asked.

"Oh, really, Mauly! I'm treating you as an old friend, you know."

"I don't like it," said his lordship.

"But Bob Cherry calls you Mauly—and Wharton—"

"Yaas," said his lordship. "But Wharton is Wharton, and Cherry is Cherry, and you are—Bunter, begad!"

"Oh really, Mauly! Look here, what I was going to say is, I'm expecting a postal-order to-morrow morning, and if you cared to advance me five pounds—"

"I don't!"

"Look here, you've got plenty of money, Mauly—"

"Heaps!"

"Then why can't you lend me five quid?"

"I'd give it to you if you asked, and told the truth," said his lordship. "But you've broken your promises. You were telling whoppers about expecting cheques and postal-orders. I can't stand liars. I don't want to have anything more to do with you."

"Oh, really, Mauly—"

"Please shut up!"

Bunter blinked angrily and shut up. He had, in fact, killed the goose that was prepared to lay golden eggs. He turned in, grunting angrily. He had another idea in his mind for gaining possession of Lord Mauleverer's money—a rather wild and reckless scheme, but which he thought would probably answer with a simple youth like Lord Mauleverer.

The Remove went to bed, and Loder turned the lights out. Loder was looking very annoyed and cross. Lord Mauleverer had steadily remained away from his enticing company. The black sheep of the Sixth had waited in vain for a chance to introduce him to the noble game of poker, and to initiate him into the mysteries of nap for sovereigns. Loder and Carne felt that they had been defrauded, and they were very much annoyed. Loder would willingly have expressed his feelings by spanking his lordship there and then; but he knew that the whole Remove would pile on him if he did. Lord Mauleverer was by this time easily the most popular fellow in the Form.

Loder retired from the dormitory with a frowning brow, and several voices called out—after the lights were out—

little remarks in reference to his well-known pursuits. The juniors knew far more of the proceedings of the black sheep of the Sixth than the masters did.

"Is it nap or banker to-night, Loder?"

"Put a sov. on for me each way, old boy."

Loder slammed the door, and the Removites chuckled.

Billy Bunter was a heavy sleeper as a rule. He could fall asleep the moment he got into bed, and remain asleep till he was dragged out by violence, however long a period elapsed. But this particular evening he remained awake, keeping his spectacles on, and blinking through them into the darkness of the dormitory.

Billy Bunter had a deadly purpose in his mind.

He waited till all the Remove were fast asleep. Half-past eleven had chimed out, and the chime had a hollow echo in the sleeping school.

Then the fat junior put a fat leg out of bed. The other fat leg followed it, and then the fat Removite himself.

Through the high windows of the dormitory the moonlight streamed in, and it revealed Billy Bunter dimly. The fat junior groped under his pillow, and took out what appeared to be a roll of black crape. He unrolled it, and adjusted it upon his plump face, and it was revealed as a crape mask.

Bunter's aspect changed considerably when the crape mask was adjusted over his fat features. It certainly gave him a fearsome look in the moonlight.

Another grope, and he extracted an old tobacco-pipe. With the stem protruding from his hand, it was quite easy, in the darkness, to mistake it for the barrel of a small pistol.

Bunter gave a soft grunt of satisfaction, and stepped on tiptoe towards Lord Mauleverer's bed.

His lordship was fast asleep.

He lay upon his side, breathing steadily, the placid sleep of the just. Billy Bunter stopped at his bed and gave him a gentle shake.

Lord Mauleverer's eyes opened at once.

"What?" he murmured.

"Wake up!" said Billy Bunter, in a deep and thrilling voice. "I mean, awake!"

"Eh?"

"Awake!"

"W-what?"

"Sit up!"

Lord Mauleverer sat up in bed. He gazed at the black-masked face in horror and alarm.

Billy Bunter levelled the tobacco-pipe at him.

"Hands up!" he said.

"What?"

"Your money or your life!"

"What—what?"

"Tremble!" said Billy Bunter, making a threatening motion with the tobacco-pipe. "One pressure of my finger, and you are a dead man! Mark my words, I am desperate! Your money or your life!"

"My—my hat!"

"No—your money!"

Biff!

"Yaroop!"

The midnight raider staggered forward as a pillow caught him on the back of the head, and he plunged wildly and helplessly upon Mauleverer's bed. The tobacco-pipe clattered on the floor. The pillow had been hurled by Bob Cherry, who was sitting up a few beds away, and grinning.

Lord Mauleverer gave a yell as Bunter fell sprawling upon his bed; but he had presence of mind and plenty of pluck, and he grasped the fat burglar immediately.

"I've got him!" he shouted. "Help!"

Bunter struggled fiercely. But the new junior was stronger than Bunter, and much more active. He held on grimly.

"I've got him!" he gasped. "He's a burglar! He's dropped his pistol! Come on! Help me to capture him!"

"Oh!"

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

"Yow! Leggo!"

Bunter dragged fiercely at Lord Mauleverer, who refused to let go. He rolled out of bed after Bunter, and the fat junior fell to the floor, and Mauleverer fell upon him. There was an alarmed yell from the burglar.

"Ow! Mind my glasses!"

"Dear me!" gasped his lordship.

He had never heard of a burglar in glasses before, and certainly he never expected a burglar to ask him to mind his glasses in the midst of a deadly struggle.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Bob Cherry. "Go easy, Mauly! It's Bunter!"

"What—what?"

"It's Bunter! I knew his voice when he was jawing you," roared Bob. "It's one of his little games. Don't quite kill him."

"Dear me!"

Lord Mauleverer rose to his feet and released Bunter. The Owl of the Remove lay gasping breathlessly.

Some of the juniors had candle-ends alight now, and they

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EVERY
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ONE
PENNY.

gathered round Bunter. The crape mask had been torn aside, and was hanging from one of Bunter's ears, and the fat junior's crimson and perspiring face was revealed.

"Bunter!"

"What's the little game?"

"I—I thought he was a burglar!" gasped Lord Mauleverer. "He certainly levelled something at me, and demanded my money or my life!"

"Ow! It was only a j-j-joke!" gasped Bunter. "Can't you t-take a j-j-joke?"

Wharton jerked him to his feet with a heavy hand.

"You young scoundrel!" he said. "You can call it a joke, but if you had scared Mauleverer into giving you his money I think you would have carried the joke on!"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Anyway, we don't want jokes of this sort in the Remove dorm., and every chap who is out of bed had better give you a spank."

"Ow! Ow—ow—owp!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good egg!"

The Removites caught on to the idea at once. Every fellow who was out of bed bestowed a ringing spank upon the Owl of the Remove, and a great many more tumbled out of bed in hot haste for the purpose. Billy Bunter roared and wriggled, but there was no escape for him, and he had to go through with it. When the castigation was finished, he crawled into bed.

"Exit Dick Turpin!" said Nugent cheerfully. "And the next time you start the midnight raiding bizney, Bunter, you'll get it in the neck!"

Billy Bunter only groaned. He was not likely to set up in business as a midnight raider again.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Special.

"TELEGRAM for Mauly!" said Bob Cherry.

"Mauly—Mauly! Come hither!"

Lord Mauleverer came hither, with a grin. The telegraph messenger was waiting, with the telegram in his hand.

"For Lord Mauleverer, please," he said.

"Thank you, my lad."

Lord Mauleverer opened the telegram. Billy Bunter hovered very near him. Bunter knew that money could be despatched by telegraph, and that, to Bunter, was the only possible reason why anybody should send a telegram. If Lord Mauleverer was to receive a remittance from the post-office, Bunter meant to be on the scene.

But the expression upon the boy's face showed that it was not a communication of that sort. His handsome, kind face became suddenly startled and troubled, and his fingers closed more tightly upon the telegram.

"Bad news?" asked Wharton, with a concerned look.

It was only when they saw Lord Mauleverer looking troubled that the juniors realised how much they had come to like the good-natured new boy.

"I don't know," said Lord Mauleverer slowly. "This is from my uncle's lawyers, Messrs. Have & Hookit. I'll read it to you fellows, and you can tell me what you think of it."

And Lord Mauleverer read out the telegram:

"Lord Mauleverer, Greyfriars College.—Serious news re your financial position. Fear terrible losses. Your uncle absent. Please come at once. Very urgent."

The juniors looked grave enough.

Lord Mauleverer hardly seemed to realise the import of the message; but the juniors, as they listened, realised it clearly enough.

If the solicitors said so much, it was pretty certain that they meant more; and it looked as if the millionaire schoolboy was ruined.

Ruined!

That was the thought that came into most minds, and it had various effects upon the different fellows. Bolsover laughed. Snoop sneered. But most of the fellows looked serious and sympathetic. Those who had chummed up most with Lord Mauleverer, realised that it was a time to show that it was not his money that had attracted them to him. Wharton touched him on the shoulder.

"Buck up, old chap," he said. "It mayn't be as bad as it sounds. I don't see how all your money could have gone, either."

"Half a million a year. It would take a long time to blow the capital, I should think," John Bull remarked.

"Yes, rather."

"But you must go at once, as the lawyer says," said Harry Wharton. "Better trot along and ask the Head's permission."

NEXT TUESDAY:

"THE SLACKER!"

A Splendid Complete School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.

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"Yes, I suppose I'd better."

"Better send an answer first," said John Bull.

"Yes, yes, I forgot that, begad!"

Lord Mauleverer scribbled down a reply, and handed it to the telegraph-boy, with a sovereign. The boy looked at the sovereign.

"I haven't change, sir," he said.

"Keep the change, please," said Lord Mauleverer.

And he walked away with Harry Wharton. It was not easy to alter old habits, and Lord Mauleverer was likely to continue to give sovereigns away so long as he had any left.

Dr. Locke looked at his lordship's telegram, and gave permission at once for him to leave the school for as long as was necessary. Lord Mauleverer left the study, and sent Trotter to tell Gosling to get a trap ready. It did not occur to him to walk to the station. But Gosling was only too ready to oblige his lordship in any way.

"By the way, what about a train?" asked Harry Wharton. "It's a quarter to nine now, and there won't be any up-trains till half-past."

"Begad!"

"You'll have to wait——"

"Can't be done! I've got to get there."

"I guess you can't hoof it to London," said Fisher T. Fish.

"I must have a special train."

"A—a—which?"

"A special train. Trotter can go down to the station on somebody's bike and wire for one. They will manage it for me, I assure you."

"I—I dare say they will," gasped Wharton; "but—but my dear chap, think of the cost."

"Oh, never mind that!"

"But if you've lost money——"

"Time enough to economise when I know I've lost it," said Lord Mauleverer cheerfully. "It can't all be gone. Besides, I can't imagine myself hard up. I expect it will be all right. Trotter!"

And Trotter was despatched. He came scorching back on the bike a little later, with the news that all was arranged.

Gosling brought the trap round. Quite a crowd of juniors assembled round to see them off, Mr. Quelch allowing his class a brief liberty for the purpose. Mr. Quelch, though he had seen many things to disapprove of in Lord Mauleverer's manners and customs, could not help liking the lad, and he was very sorry to hear the bad news, and very willing that his lordship should leave Greyfriars with the comfortable impression that he was well liked there, and had the sympathy of his Form-fellows. The juniors raised a cheer as the trap drove off, and Lord Mauleverer waved his hand; and Harry Wharton & Co. returned to the class-room, thinking more of Lord Mauleverer and his new trouble than of their lessons for the morning.

The trap bowled down the lane in the summer's morning, and a more misanthropic person than Lord Mauleverer would have been cheered by the bright sun and the fresh breeze, and the green trees and fields. They dashed into Friardale, and Lord Mauleverer descended at the station with a cheerful face. Even if the bad news was true, it was not necessary to be miserable yet, was what he thought.

Gosling grinned expectantly for his tip. He had learned to expect large tips from Lord Mauleverer. The new junior did not fail him. He tossed the school porter a sovereign, and walked into the station.

The stationmaster bowed almost to the ground before the youthful nobleman. A fellow who was not only a lord, but a millionaire in addition, and who could afford special trains when he wanted to go up to town, was surely worthy of any stationmaster's deepest respect.

"Is my train ready?" asked his lordship.

"Yes, my lord! Quite ready, my lord," said Mr. Punce.

"All ready, my lord! Would your lordship care to have a lunch-basket placed in your lordship's carriage?"

"Yaas. I don't suppose I shall feel hungry, but I might. Yaas, please."

"Very good, my lord! Is there anything else I can do for your lordship?"

"Nothing else, thanks very much."

"Yes, my lord! This way, my lord. Jones, don't push that trolley near his lordship, you fool! This way, my lord!"

And Lord Mauleverer was ushered upon the platform.

The special was waiting.

Lord Mauleverer was conducted to his carriage. There was a shout from the station entrance, and a crowd of fellows came pouring upon the platform. They were mostly in crickoting flannels, and some of them carried big bags. Lord Mauleverer glanced at them, and among them recognised Gadsby, and Ponsonby, and Vavasour, and Monson. They were evidently a party from Highcliffe School.

"Oh, I told you there was a train!" exclaimed Ponsonby. "It's all right. If there's an up-train, it stops at Cheswold, and we're all right, and we shall be in time for the match."

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"HIS PAST AGAINST HIM!"

A Splendid New Complete School Tale in

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"Oh, good!" exclaimed Vavasour.

"Sorry, gentlemen," said the station-master, who was closing Lord Mauleverer's door with his own august hands—"sorry, but this is a special!"

"What!"

"It's a special train."

"But—but—but——"

"It's Lord Mauleverer's train, gentlemen. Right, guard!" "Mauleverer!" yelled Ponsonby. "That Greyfriars boulder! Yes, there he is grinning in the window! Mauleverer, we're going by this train. You're going to stop at Cheswold, do you hear?"

"Right away!"

"Tumble in!" yelled Gadsby.

"Heave him out!"

"Stand back there, gentlemen!"

The special train moved out of the station. Lord Mauleverer kissed his hand from the window at the enraged and disappointed Highcliffians.

That action gave the finishing touch to the wrath of Highcliffe. They shook their fists after the train, and stamped on the platform, and raved; and the special train disappeared down the line, leaving them so occupied, and Lord Mauleverer was gone on his journey to London.

A savage and discontented crowd of cricketers poured out of the station, to seek some other method of conveyance to their destination, and to vow terrific vows of vengeance upon Greyfriars and all who dwelt therein!

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

Vanished Millions.

HARRY WHARTON & CO. waited with keen anxiety for the return of Lord Mauleverer. They took a very deep interest in the fortunes of the new junior, who had made himself so well-liked in a few days at Greyfriars. To a fellow like Mauleverer, with the habits he had formed, it would certainly be a terrible blow to lose his money—and that was what the lawyer's telegram meant, if it meant anything. And the chums of the Remove were very concerned for him. When morning lessons were over they looked out for Lord Mauleverer, but it was not till after dinner that he appeared.

When he was seen at the school gates, there was a general rush to greet him. He looked tired, and a little worn, and his dusty boots indicated that he had walked from the station. The juniors surrounded him at once with eager inquiries.

"What's the news?"

"What's happened?"

"Get it off your chest, Mauly, old boy!"

"Is all the tin gone?"

Lord Mauleverer nodded.

"Yaas," he replied laconically.

"Great Scott!"

"It's true, then?"

"Yaas, it's true," said Lord Mauleverer. "The mines have failed—the company busted—there are liabilities to the full amount of the assets, as the lawyer says, and I've got nothing left but the clothes I stand up in."

"I'm sorry, old chap."

"It's hard cheese."

"Poor old Mauly."

"Yaas, it's rather hard cheese," agreed his lordship.

"The worst of it is, that my poor old uncle, Sir Harry Braithwayt, has lost all his tin in the same business, and has gone quite stony, too. I don't quite comprehend how it comes about, but the lawyers do, I suppose; and old Mr. Have says that it is so. I suppose he knows."

"Have you seen your uncle?"

"No; he's laid up with the gout at present. I dare say he's been rather knocked over by this, you know."

"You don't seem to be much knocked over," said Harry Wharton, in wonder.

"Well, you see, I'm thinking of my uncle chiefly," said Lord Mauleverer. "I'm young and strong, and he's old and gouty, and he will have a fearfully rough time."

"What are you going to do?"

Lord Mauleverer laughed a little.

"There's only one thing to do; leave school, and work."

"Work!" echoed the juniors.

They could not imagine Lord Mauleverer working.

His lordship nodded calmly. He had evidently thought out the whole matter already.

"Yaas! I can't stay here without any money. The fees are paid for this term, but it's no good hanging on; and there's my uncle, too. He will be sold up. His very house will have to go. I shall have to look after him."

The coolness and courage with which the boy spoke touched most of the juniors. Harry felt his eyes moisten. Lord

"DEEP SEA GOLD!"

The first instalment of a new adventure story.

Mauleverer seemed the very last fellow in the world to face the battle of life—the least of all equipped for the struggle—and, perhaps, he felt that himself. But he was grit all through, and he did not complain, and he did not shrink from the inevitable. He had thought out his problem, and he was prepared to face the music.

Wharton slipped his arm through Lord Mauleverer's.

"It's rotten hard on you," he said, "and you're a plucky kid. Most fellows would be bowled right over by this."

"Well, it's not much good being bowled over, is it?" said his lordship. "After all, I've got health and strength, and I've had a good time. I've often thought that every chap ought really to work for his living, you know; and I've got to now, at all events. I'd better go and see the Head."

And Lord Mauleverer went to see Dr. Locke, to acquaint him with his plans, and he left the crowd in a buzz with the news.

It was soon all over Greyfriars.

Never had the school had such a topic of interest. From the youngest fag to the head of the Sixth, it was discussed and discussed again.

The effect was different upon different fellows. Loder and Carne were very pleased that they had not succeeded in taking up Lord Mauleverer. Coker & Co. found that they had no special hankering after his society. Snoop sneeringly said that, as a matter of fact, he had never fully believed in the millions all along, and he was glad that the fellow had been shown up in his true colours. Billy Bunter was of opinion that Lord Mauleverer was little short of an impostor, and ought to be kicked out of any decent school.

But it was good to see that most of the fellows rallied round Lord Mauleverer in his misfortune.

He had been kindness and generosity itself while he was a millionaire, and now that he had fallen upon evil times, everybody—who was anybody—wanted to help him.

The Remove, with a few exceptions, like Skinner and Snoop and Vernon-Smith, decided that they were going to back up old Mauly. Exactly how they were to back him up was not defined. But the wish to do it was something, and the general atmosphere of kindness and friendship must have been comforting to the unfortunate junior.

He came out of the Head's study, looking very grave and composed.

"The Head thinks I'd better stay here over to-day, at all events," he said. "He wants to hear from my uncle before I leave school. I suppose he's right."

"Oh, yes," said Wharton. "There may be a chance yet—"

Lord Mauleverer shook his head.

"Not much chance. The lawyer was quite clear about that. He said that everything would have to go—only that the money I have in my personal possession could be saved, if I chose—as well as my personal property—bike, and motor-bike, and the things in my study, you know. Of course, I told him that if the debts had to be paid, I should give up everything."

"You're not called upon to do that," said Bulstrode.

"Have you got much money?"

"About a hundred pounds, I think."

"Phew!"

"I'm going to send it off by registered letter to my uncle, to do as he thinks fit with it," said Lord Mauleverer. "If it isn't wanted to settle debts, it will make a bit of a nest-egg for the poor old boy. I want to write him a letter, too, to tell him what I think about the matter. Blessed if I know what to say. You chaps can help me if you like."

"Come into the common-room," said Harry.

The chums of the Remove gathered round Lord Mauleverer at the table in the junior common-room. Pen and paper were placed before the junior, and he gnawed the handle of the pen.

"Dear Uncle Harry," he began.

Then he gnawed the pen again.

"You see," he remarked, "it was partly my guardian's fault that the investments were so risky. I suppose the poor old chap's getting old, and isn't so careful as he was; but I don't want to reproach him. That would be rotten, wouldn't it?"

"I think you're taking it very well," said Wharton. "Most chaps, I think, would be pretty wild about it."

"I know I should be," said Bulstrode.

"Well, it's not much good getting wild with the old boy," said Lord Mauleverer. "It wouldn't bring the money back again, and would only make him feel rotten—and I expect he feels rotten enough about it already."

"Well, yes, that's so."

Lord Mauleverer knitted his brows thoughtfully, and started at last.

"Dear Uncle Harry,—I've seen Mr. Have, and know all about it now. I'm all right! Don't worry! I suppose it couldn't be helped, and I know you've always done the best you could for me."

"That's rather good," Lord Mauleverer explained to the juniors. "He clearly hasn't done the best possible, but he's

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done the best he could, and so that's a diplomatic way of putting it, don't you think so?"

"Good!" said Harry, with a smile.

Lord Mauleverer's pen travelled on again.

"I enclose the tin I have by me. If it isn't needed to pay the debts, keep it in hand in case you want it. I shall be all right, as I am going to sell my things, and they will fetch in a great deal of tin, I expect. I am going to take in the 'Daily Mail,' and look for a situation now, and I hope soon to be in work, and to be able to keep up some sort of a place, where you will be able to live with me. Of course, we shall have to stick together, and face this. I hope you're not worrying about having lost the money, because I'm sure it couldn't be helped, and it doesn't knock me over at all. Dr. Locke thinks I'd better not leave till to-morrow, but then I shall come straight to you, and I hope you will be well enough to see me. I hope you are keeping your pecker up. So no more at present from your loving nephew, Mauleverer."

"Think that's all right?" asked his lordship, looking round anxiously. "I never was much of a fist at letter-writing."

"I think it's ripping," said Bob Cherry. "It will make your uncle feel much better when he gets it, I should think."

"It will make him jolly proud to have a nephew like you, I think," said Wharton.

"Oh, draw it mild!" Lord Mauleverer went through his pockets, and took out a dozen loose sovereigns and half-sovereigns, and extracted a bunch of banknotes from the pocket-book. "Good! I've got a hundred and twenty quid altogether. It will come in jolly useful for nunky. I expect I shall raise another hundred when I sell my things."

He crammed the money into an envelope with the letter, and rose from the table.

"I shall have to go down to the post-office and register this," he remarked.

"Why not send Trotter with it?"

"Well, I can't afford any more tips, and it's outside his duty," said Lord Mauleverer, with a shake of the head. "I don't want to impose on him."

And Lord Mauleverer walked down to the post-office himself with the letter, but not alone. A dozen or more of the Removites walked with him to keep him company. As Bob Cherry remarked, it was best to keep him occupied, so that he wouldn't have time to brood over his losses. Not that Lord Mauleverer showed the faintest disposition to brood. He had taken a wonderfully practical view of the situation.

He bought a "Daily Mail" in Friardale, after despatching the letter, and occupied himself, as he walked back to the school, in looking over the columns of "Situations Vacant."

The juniors, as they saw him so engaged, did not know whether they wanted more to laugh or to cry. Lord Mauleverer looking for a situation was something they could not really accustom themselves to at all.

THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

Poor Mauly!

LORD MAULEVERER turned up to afternoon classes as usual. Mr. Quelch would willingly have excused him, under the circumstances; but his lordship did not want to be excused, and, indeed, it would not have been good for him to be idle. The more he had to fill his mind just then, the better it was for him. He went through his work that afternoon in a quiet, thoughtful, and calm way that amazed the juniors, and brought him many an approving glance from the Form-master. The blow that had fallen upon him brought out all the best qualities in his nature, that much was clear.

After lessons, Lord Mauleverer proceeded to inspect his property. There was certainly enough of it to fetch a good price, if sold to advantage. Some bargain-hunters at Greyfriars had already cast an eye upon it. Skinner had offered his lordship a pound for his bicycle. As it had cost twenty guineas, and was practically new, Skinner did not stand to lose by that offer. But the offer was not accepted. Lord Mauleverer did not know much about business, but he knew a little too much for that. Walker of the Sixth offered to take his motor-bike off his hands for five pounds, to be paid in monthly instalments—another offer that was declined with thanks. Ionides of the Sixth looked into his study, and offered ten pounds for his clock, his carpet, and his curtains. He went away without them.

"You see, the blessed clock alone cost thirty guineas, and it ought to fetch something," Lord Mauleverer explained to his friends. "Everybody's awfully jolly to me, but they don't understand the value of things, I suppose."

Harry Wharton laughed

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"I rather think they do—only too well," he replied. "I wish we could afford to buy up the things at cost price; but of course, we can't! You'd better have a dealer down, and do the best you can with him."

"Yaas, that's a good idea."

"Better come and have tea now," said Bob Cherry.

Lord Mauleverer glanced at his watch.

"Not time yet," he said. "Tea in Hall is at six."

"You're jolly well not going to have tea in Hall," said Bob Cherry warmly. "What on earth do you want with weak tea and doorsteps?"

"I'm not going to feed in the study any more. I can't afford it."

"Groat snakes! I guess that's a change for Mauly."

"It's better to take the thing sensibly, and get used to it," said Lord Mauleverer, quietly. "I think I've been a bit extravagant, but that's all over now. I'm going to be jolly careful. I shall need to. I don't expect to get more than fifteen bob a week to start with, in my first situation."

"You'll come and have tea in our study, though," said Harry Wharton.

Lord Mauleverer hesitated.

"Look here, you fellows, I'm not going to sponge on you, because I've come a mucker," he exclaimed. "I draw the line at that."

"Rats! You've stood us enough feeds, I should think," said Bob Cherry wrathfully. "If you say another word I'll biff you."

And so Lord Mauleverer had tea with the chums of the Remove, and they stood as handsome a feed as their combined funds would permit.

Loder and Carne met the chums of the Remove as they came down after tea. They stopped to speak to Lord Mauleverer. There was a bitter sneer on Loder's face.

"So the blessed millions have vanished," he remarked.

"Yaas," said Lord Mauleverer.

"And you're as poor as a church mouse?"

"Yaas."

"I wonder if the millions ever existed at all!" sneered Carne. "My opinion is that you were a rotten young swanker, and putting on side all the time."

"That's my idea, too," said Loder.

Lord Mauleverer flushed.

"I'm sorry you should think so," he said. "It isn't the case. I never meant to put on any side. If I did I'm sorry."

"You never did!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "And Loder and Carne don't think so, and they don't believe what they're saying, either. They're a pair of ghastly cads."

"Hear, hear!" shouted Bob Cherry.

The two seniors turned furiously upon Wharton. Harry clenched his fists, and looked at them with flashing eyes.

"Yes, you can come on, if you like!" he exclaimed. "For two pins we'd collar you and bump you, though you're in the Sixth, you rotten cads!"

"By George, I'll—"

"You'll shut up, Loder." It was Wingate's voice breaking in. "I heard what you said, and it was rotten caddish. It's like you to hit a fellow when he's down. I believe you were keen enough to take Mauleverer up a day or two ago."

Loder gritted his teeth.

"Mind your own business, Wingate. I—I—"

"Oh, get out!" said the Greyfriars captain contemptuously. "You make me sick! And if you say another of your rotten things to Mauleverer, I'll invite you into the gym. to have the gloves on. Scat!"

And the cads of the Sixth "scatted." They did not care to enter into an argument with Wingate. The captain of Greyfriars dropped his hand upon Lord Mauleverer's shoulder.

"You're a plucky kid!" he said. "All the decent fellows here are sorry for what's happened, and you mustn't take any notice of the others. You're taking this wonderfully well. Your people ought to be proud of you."

"That's just like Wingate," said Bob Cherry, as the Greyfriars captain walked away. "You can always depend on old Wingate to back a chap up when he's down. As for Loder, he's a worm."

"Skuse me, young gentlemen."

It was Gosling. Gosling held his hat in his hands, and bowed almost reverentially before Lord Mauleverer. The juniors looked at him with unusually kindly eyes. Gosling had doubtless heard of his lordship's misfortune, and had come to express his respectful sympathy.

"Skuse me, my lord! I posted that letter for you yesterday, and you told me to put a stamp on it."

"Begad, so I did," said his lordship, "and I never paid you for the stamp. I'm glad you reminded me, Gossy. What? Here's a penny."

He laid a penny in Gosling's hard palm. The porter looked at it, and looked at Lord Mauleverer, and then looked at the penny again.

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"Ho!" he remarked.

"It was a penny stamp, wasn't it, Gossy?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Yes," said Gosling.

"Well, there's your penny."

"Ho!" said Gosling. "Wot I says is this 'ere—the young gents are saying that Lord Mauleverer ain't any money left. Wot I says is this 'ere—"

"My dear old chap," said Lord Mauleverer kindly. "It's all right. Anything I've given you is yours; that's all right. Don't worry about that."

Gosling stared.

"I ain't worrying about that," he said, with a wonderful lack of respect in his manner now. "Wot I says is this 'ere; it's 'ot work in this weather goin' and postin' letters. That's wot I says. And it ain't in my reglar dooty, postin' letters for junior boys; I can tell you that, my lord. That's wot I says!"

Lord Mauleverer looked at him. He did not seem to understand that Gosling was demanding a tip in spite of his altered fortunes. The juniors glared at Gosling.

"You horrid old worm!" said Bob Cherry. "I think you've had enough out of Mauly! Did you ever get a fiver for a tip from anybody else?"

"Wot I says is this 'ere—"

"It's all right," said Mauleverer, and he dropped a shilling into the porter's hand. "There you are. I'm sorry I can't afford to make it more."

Gosling grunted. He was hardly satisfied with a shilling. But the juniors were hardly satisfied, either—with Gosling. They showed their dissatisfaction in a practical way. At a sign from Harry Wharton, they laid hold of Gosling. The porter was whirled out of the doorway.

"Oh!" he roared. "Leggo! Yah! Oh!"

"Kick him out!"

And Gosling was kicked out. The shilling rolled away into a drain, and Gosling rolled on the drive. He picked himself up, snorting—but he did not venture into the House again. He had had enough.

THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

Great News.

"MAULY, old boy—"

"Yaas, my dear fellow."

"Your uncle's here."

The Remove had come out of the Form-room after second lesson in the morning. Outside, on the drive, stood a big, handsome F.I.A.T. car, with a chauffeur standing beside it. Lord Mauleverer looked out at the car.

"Begad! That's Sir Harry's car!" he exclaimed.

"He's here!" said Bob Cherry. "Trotter's just told me that he's shown Sir Harry Braithwayt in to the Head."

Lord Mauleverer looked puzzled.

"It's jolly queer, his coming down in the car," he remarked. "I should have thought that the car would have been taken. I'm anxious to see him."

There was an exclamation in the passage. Lord Mauleverer turned round, as a ruddy-faced portly gentleman came towards him with the Head. Lord Mauleverer ran towards the ruddy gentleman.

"Uncle Harry!"

The old gentleman grasped his nephew by both hands, and shook them as if he would never be tired. There were tears glistening on his eyelashes.

"Uncle, it's all right! I'm jolly glad to see you!" said Lord Mauleverer. "Don't let it worry you! We shall pull through somehow."

"My dear boy, there is nothing to pull through," said Sir Harry.

The baronet took a letter from his pocket, and drew a bundle of banknotes from it. He passed them to Lord Mauleverer.

"There is the money you sent me," he said. "The letter I shall keep—and I shall never part with it. I shall keep it to show to anyone who dares to breathe a word of detraction in connection with my dear nephew—the bravest and pluckiest lad in England."

"But—but—"

"I have explained to the Head," said Sir Harry. "He has told me how well you have stood this trial—though I knew it well enough from your letter, and from what Mr. Have told me. You must forgive me, my boy."

"Forgive you, uncle! I know you couldn't help—"

"I mean, forgive me for this little deception," said the baronet. "I am ashamed of it now—but it was not to satisfy myself that I did it. I knew what you were like, my boy; I knew you had a character that nothing could spoil. But

many people had said—friends and relations, you understand—that petting and spoiling and too much money would ruin your character. Even Dr. Locke had doubts about it—and I made Mr. Have arrange this little plan to show them that they were wrong."

"Uncle! What little plan?"

"I did not intend Mr. Have to tell you anything that was not true, but I left it to him to arrange," said Sir Harry. "I suppose he did his best. You were to be given the impression that all the money in the family was gone, so that all could see how you would bear the loss. And all have seen it, my dear lad."

The juniors understood now, and Bob Cherry gave a shout. "Then it isn't true—Mauly hasn't lost his money, and he isn't to leave Greyfriars, sir?"

Sir Harry shook his head.

"No! Lord Mauleverer has not lost a penny——"

"Uncle!"

"Not a penny—and if you knew more of business, lad, you would know that your fortune could not be swept away in that manner," said the baronet, with a smile. "It was a little plan to prove that you were real grit, lad—and I'm sure you will forgive it."

Lord Mauleverer's face was very bright.

"Then we're not ruined, uncle?"

"Not a bit of it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Sir Harry was still shaking his nephew's hands. He let them go at last, and then Dr. Locke shook hands with the junior.

"I did not know the facts of the case until your uncle explained them to me this morning," he said. "I congratu-

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late you, Mauleverer, both on your good fortune and on the proof you have given of a steady, brave, and noble character."

"Oh, sir!"

"Boys of the Remove, you should be proud of your Form-fellow!" said the Head.

"We are, sir—we are!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Hurrah!"

"Hip, hip, hurrah!"

Lord Mauleverer burst into a happy laugh.

"Oh, it's ripping, by gad!" he exclaimed. "As—as I'm not poor after all, we'll have a feed to celebrate this—a really ripping feed, and Sir Harry shall join us—won't you, uncle?"

The baronet laughed.

"Yes, certainly!" he exclaimed. "With the greatest of pleasure."

"Hurrah!"

"Come on, my dear fellows," said Lord Mauleverer.

"We'll make it a stunning feed—worthy of the occasion!"

"Hurrah!"

And they came on—in crowds. And a stunning feed it was—worthy of the Schoolboy Millionaire!

THE END.

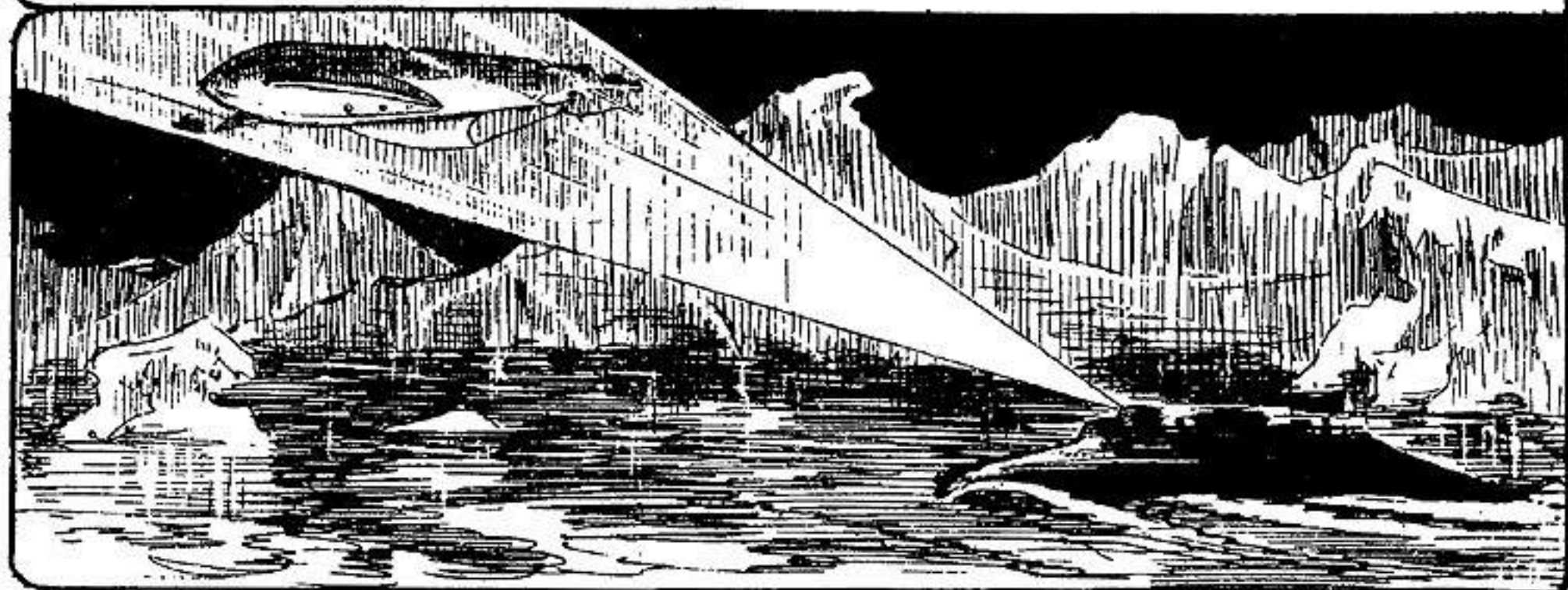
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"BEYOND THE ETERNAL ICE!"

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. Paraira, who is a thorough-paced rascal, does his best to put Ferrers Lord out of the race, sending him, among other things, a present of poisoned wine. By a lucky chance, however, Lord discovers the plot, and all goes well on board the Lord of the Deep. Among the crew on the famous submarine is an Eskimo, named Gan-Waga, who is in charge of the sledge dogs. He incurs the wrath of the seaman Prout, who knocks him down in the middle of his dogs.

(Now go on with the story.)

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Gan-Waga Takes a Lesson in the Noble Art of Self-Defence —The Vanquishing of Thomas Prout.

The Eskimo rubbed his hairy chest tenderly, and stared about him in disgusted amaze.

"Bad 'nough," he grunted—"much bad! I think you dance! What you go so for, hunk?"

"To fight!" roared Prout.

"Then that fight, hunk?" murmured Gan-Waga, placing his clenched fist close to Prout's nose.

"In course it is!" roared the steersman. "Where was yer born?"

"British mans fight so, hunk? I British mans, and I fight so. Good 'nough. How you say it? Ouch!"

He gave Prout such a stinging box on the ear that it sounded like a thunderclap. The force of it sent the sturdy steersman staggering across the wheelhouse. He had not the slightest chance of warding off the blow, for it was so utterly unexpected.

Wisely enough, Gan-Waga did not wait for the consequences. Calling to the dogs, he dived headlong overboard, followed by the pack. His grinning head appeared in the centre of the pack, and, placing the tip of his thumb to his nose, he spread out his fingers mockingly towards the wheelhouse.

The laughter of Thurston and Ching-Lung was as im-

moderate as the wrath of Prout. They clutched the wheel, and screamed.

Half deafened, Prout dashed across the deck, shaking his fists at the Eskimo.

"You haythin!" he yelled. "You cowardly, ugly-faced blackguard, come out of it!"

"Butterful!" lisped Gan-Waga. "Good 'nough!"

"Come out!"

"Soon!" grunted the Eskimo. "Like it much!"

Prout hurled a bucket at him, and Gan-Waga disappeared. A moment later his grinning face appeared on the other side of the vessel.

"Butterful!" he gurgled. "Me like fight like a British mans! Ouch! Me tickle him good 'nough, hunk? Hoo, hoo, hoo!"

There was a good deal of the bulldog in Tom Prout. No one in the fore-castle, where boxing was the favourite sport, could stand up to Tom Prout. He did not feel vindictive against the Eskimo, but he had his reputation to uphold. He felt that unless he did something promptly he would be chaffed unmercifully, and the roars of laughter from the wheelhouse did nothing to soothe him.

"Will you come out?" he roared again.

Once more Gan-Waga's thumb went insultingly to his little snub nose.

"Then, by hokey," screamed Prout, "I'll fetch yer!"

"Gad, Ching," laughed Thurston, "he's going in!"

Prout took a flying leap, and disappeared amongst a cloud of spray.

Lying lazily on his back, like a basking seal, Gan-Waga awaited the attack. The dogs had streamed round the stern in search of their master.

The steersman rose quite close to the Eskimo. He was a powerful swimmer, and he churned himself along with over-arm strokes.

As far as Rupert could see, Gan-Waga did not move hand or foot, and yet he glided away just as fast as Prout advanced. Then his pace slackened.

"He's got him!" yelled Maddock excitedly, as the steersman's fist rose above the Eskimo's head.

"And Ganny's got him, too!" chuckled Ching-Lung.

Prout's fists both fell at once, but they only struck the water.

Gan-Waga's seal-covered heel shot up, and descended heavily on Prout's head. The other heel followed it, and the Eskimo's fist began to play the kettle-drum on the steersman's face.

Prout was beginning to think he was fighting a whole army. He never got a blow in, for he never saw Gan-Waga at all. He turned and began to paddle frantically for the ship.

Bobbing up mysteriously and unexpectedly every instant, the Eskimo added blow after blow.

"Butterful!" he gurgled, giving Prout's nose a painful tweak. "Me like British mans fight! Good 'nough! Hoo, hoo, hoo!"

"Chuck it!" gasped Prout. "I gives in! Ow!"

"Ouch!" murmured Gan-Waga, tapping the steersman under the chin. "Me like it 'nough! Come 'long!"

He clutched Prout's ankle, dragging the steersman under water.

Choking and gasping, Prout came to the surface, and dashed the water out of his snarling eyes.

The Eskimo had gained the ship, and was dancing up and down, brandishing his fists, while Ching-Lung, Thurston, and Maddock screamed themselves into convulsions.

"British man fight butterful!" grinned Gan-Waga. "Ho look drowning! Not want him drown! Hi, yi, yi!"

Prout was surrounded by the dogs. Snatching up the great whip, the Eskimo cracked it, uttered a piercing whistle, and pointed to Prout. Two of the foremost dogs turned back.

"Murder!" yelled the steersman. "Call 'em off!"

"Hi, yi, yi! Yi, yi, yi!" bellowed Gan-Waga.

Prout splashed madly with his arms and legs, trying to drive the dogs away. It was useless. Their white teeth closed upon the collar of his shirt. Whether his head was above or under water seemed a matter of utter indifference to his canine rescuers. Almost stifled, his face the colour of a beetroot, and his body as limp as a piece of soaked ribbon, he reached the gangway, and crawled aboard.

"Rum!" he moaned, gazing fishily about him. "Is that you, Ben?"

"Yes," tittered Maddock.

"Then mebbe you'll tell me what I've been doing?"

"Well," said Maddock, with a solemn wink at Ching-Lung.

"I shouldn't like to venture an opinion. Afraid yer might think me rude. I should call it playing the giddy goat if I was axed. What would yer care for in the way of light refreshments? A nice tender stomach-pump, eh, or a squeeze through the mangle? I'm at yer service!"

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Prout wiped the water from his fiery beard stored at Gan Waga, who was eating suet, and, without a word, plunged below to think it over.

Solemnly Ching-Lung took a tin whistle from his pocket, and perched on the port rail. Pathetically he played the sad and touching tune, the words of which are:

"Down went M'Ginty to the bottom of the sea,

Dressed in his best Sunday clothes

He must find it jolly wet, for he hasn't come back yet;

And they say that his ghost goes wand'ring round the coast,

Dressed in those best Sunday clothes."

Wiping the tears away from his eyes, Ching-Lung put away the whistle, and, touching Gan-Waga on the shoulder, pointed to the sea. Not a word was spoken, but they joined hands. Then they plunged together over the side.

A laugh sounded at Rupert's elbow, and, turning, he saw Ferrers Lord, who was leaning over the rail.

"My dear Van Witter," he drawled, as the Yankee emerged from the wheelhouse, "look there!"

Gan-Waga, grinning like a shark, was floating about twenty yards from the ship. On his chest squatted Ching-Lung, again fingering the whistle to the tune of the doleful tragedy of M'Ginty and his best Sunday suit.

Prout Interviews a Musician with a Revolver—The Translation of the Inscription—A Bout with Foils—"Help! Help!"

Ferrers Lord was, to all appearances, in no hurry. The most powerful glass failed to reveal any trace of Professor Huley's airship, the Cloud King. It was a busy morning as the vessel lay like a log, her decks awash. Bales of seal and bear skins were unpacked, and Yo-Wang, the tailor, and his assistants, measured the crew for their furs.

A few distant sails were sighted, and the smoke of a few steam-trawlers showed far away towards the coast of Iceland.

The millionaire was absent from the lunch-table, and Ching-Lung and Gan-Waga spent most of the time in the sea, splashing and gambolling like a brace of ducks.

Carpenters and smiths worked at sledges, and Griezer, the German purser, made an inventory of the stores.

"Well," drawled Van Witter, placing his feet on the table, and blinking at Thurston through a cloud of cigar-smoke, "who is he, anyhow?"

"Who is who, anyhow?"

"Why, this Ferrers Lord!"

"I give it up," said Rupert, smiling. "I don't know."

The Yankee looked incredulous.

"Now, sir," he drawled, "I reckon to size myself up as a gentleman, and a gentleman doesn't go asking for information when he guesses folks don't want to give it. Consider I never made that remark. I'm dumb on that point."

"But I assure you that I'm in earnest," answered Thurston. "Ferrers Lord is my friend, and even more. I know he is tremendously wealthy, but I am quite as ignorant as you as regards everything else. Who he is, where his wealth comes from, who his father was—everything, in fact, is as much a mystery to me as it is to you."

"Sure?" drawled the amazed yachtsman.

"Quite positive."

"Then we'll leave it at that, shall we? Anyhow, whoever he is, he's got a very pretty taste in cigars. These weren't bought for a cent under a dollar a piece. Thanks for another cup of that excellent coffee. When do we start moving?"

A sound of rushing water answered him as the tanks filled. Then came the steady throb, throb of the engines of the Lord of the Deep, as, propelled by her screws she moved northward at a depth of twelve fathoms. Van Witter had already taken the reckoning.

"She knows how to travel," he drawled. "We ought to strike the first ice in three days. There's something fascinating in travelling under the sea in this fashion, only one misses the scenery. Strikes me it resembles being corked up in a bottle too much. I say, that Chinese youth is a queer card."

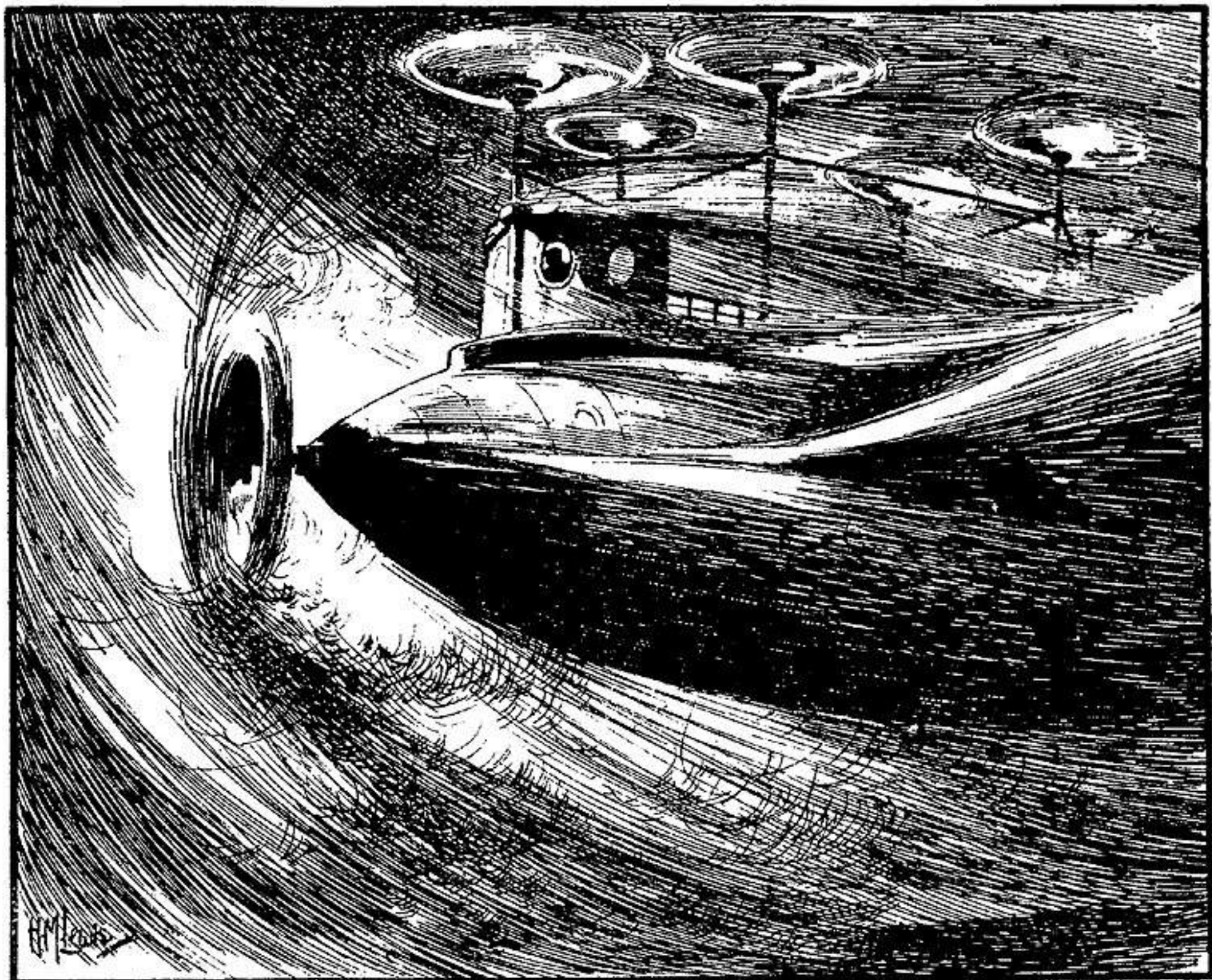
"As good as gold," said Thurston, sipping his coffee. "There he is."

The mournful strains of a tin whistle came from without. Some other musician joined in on some other instrument which bore a strong resemblance to a paper-and-comb.

The notes grew fainter as Thurston looked out. He caught a glimpse of Ching-Lung sitting on a keg, discoursing sweet melody, while the Eskimo solemnly worked his pigtail in imitation of the handle of a barrel-organ.

"Look here," cried Rupert, "stop that hideous row, for goodness' sake! What the dickens are you doing?"

"Playing pletty musicee," lisped Ching-Lung. "Me teachee Gan. He likee it. Eh, Gan?"



The huge aeronef forged ahead in the teeth of the shrieking gale.

"Butterful!" gurgled Gan-Waga. "Only row not good 'nough!"

"He meanee not loudee enoughee," explained Ching-Lung. "Wantee somet'ing mole chop-chop noisy. Allee lightee, Gan. Tly this lille thumpetee."

Ching-Lung wriggled slightly, and shook his left leg. Inch by inch he dragged out a long coach-horn of brass, almost four feet in length.

Gan-Waga's little eyes sparkled with mingled delight and awe.

"Great Scott, Ching," gasped Rupert, "you're not going to blow that? You'll rouse the ship!"

"Didn't know it had gone to bye-bye," murmured Ching-Lung. "Good glacious me, if you no likee musicce, you tlotee off home! We allee lightee, you het. Comee long, my blubbelbitel, and don't talkee to dat rude man!"

Rupert closed the door with a laugh as Gan-Waga, clutching the horn, stalked proudly after Ching-Lung.

The prince had been improving their acquaintanceship, and he was Gan-Waga's idol already. His juggling tricks and his skill as a swimmer had absolutely dazzled the Eskimo. They were friends at once.

"Now, you flat face," said Ching-Lung, in his pidgin English, "me teachee you to play a selenade."

"Good 'nough," gurgled Gan-Waga. "What, a lemonade? Me know him. Go fizz-pop, so! In a bottle!"

Ching-Lung fittered as he peeped into the dark fore-castle.

"No; that's lemonade," he explained. "You dlinkee dat. A selenade a lubly music. You playee it to people when dey asleepee. Dey gettee up and shy blicks at you: Oh, no! Dey gettee up and lub you to death, and shyee buttel at you."

At the thought of butter Gan-Waga smacked his lips.

Ching-Lung held up a warning finger.

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A stertorous breathing came from the bunk in which Prout lay sleeping, sweetly dreaming, after a long night's work.

"Come 'long," he whispered. "When you selenade people it is not de customee to lettee dem knowee where you are."

On account of the increased stores carried by the vessel, the accommodation of the fore-castle was somewhat cramped. A kind of open loft had been built to hold the lockers and sea-chests, reached by a stout ladder. The ladder was screwed to the floor, and Ching-Lung, kneeling down, proceeded to remove the screws.

"Upees you go, Gan, and begin to blow when I sayee 'thlee.' And keepee on blowing, no mattel what dey sayee."

"Good 'nough! I get butter?"

"By the tonee," said Ching-Lung. "Waitee till I say 'thlee.'"

Gan-Waga mounted and sat down among the lockers. Then, in the darkness, Ching-Lung shouldered the ladder and carried it away.

"Thlee!" he whispered. "Don't stoppee fol noothing!"

His head vanished, and he locked the door.

Gan-Waga blew a hoarse blast like the dying shriek of a foghorn.

There was a yell and a thud, and Prout rolled out of the hammock, imagining that the Lord of the Deep had run ashore.

"Christopher Columbus!" he gasped, clutching his bald head. "Christo—"

Brrrrr! Souzzzh! Br-r-r!

Prout peered wildly into the darkness, but could see nothing.

Gan-Waga was blowing hard enough to burst his cheeks. He paused for a second, expecting at least a pound of butter to be thrown at him; but, as none was forthcoming, he began again.

NEXT TUESDAY:

"THE SLACKER!"

A Splendid Complete School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.

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Zizz! Bizz-z-z! Br-r-r-zz! Br-r-r-rr!

The steersman wildly tore at his beard, and crawled on his hands and knees to the door. To his horror, it would not open.

"If it ain't a ghost," he said, "it's Ching-Lung!"

Prout was as startled as any man would be under the circumstances, but he rose with a look of determination in his eye. Creeping forward, he felt for the ladder. It was not there, and he winked to himself. Then he struck a match.

"The blubberbiter, by jingo!" he yelled.

Gan-Waga's eyes were quite hidden by his distended cheeks. He thought he was getting on splendidly.

Prout put the match to the wick of a candle, put his hands on his hips, and surveyed the musician.

Once more Gan-Waga paused for the butter to be showered upon him.

"My swate haythin' friend," cooed Tom, in his most honeyed accents, "what are you doin' up there?"

"Lemonade—good 'nough!" gurgled Gan-Waga.

"Lemonade?" murmured the steersman. "Are you certain it isn't ginger-ale? My untootored Eskimo, come down to these 'ere loving arms. I'm a hard-workin' man, and can't afford to loose my beauty sleep. Come, darlin'—come!"

Gan-Waga had regained his breath, and, remembering Ching-Lung's advice, attacked the coach-horn again.

"Kindness being wasted," muttered Prout, "we must use force," as the lady said when she got the coal-hammer to the winkle that refused to come out for a pin! Come down, dearest!"

The Eskimo's jaw dropped. A revolver was pointed at him.

"Comin' good 'nough!" he gabbled. "No shoot—no shoot! Comin' mighty quceek—so!"

He fell like a ball into a hammock, bounced out of it, and rolled to the ground, the horn clattering after him.

"Butterful!" grinned Prout. "Sit down there, darlin'! Columbus, you ain't got a collar on! There you are!"

With one twist of his powerful wrists he buckled the horn round Gan-Waga's neck.

The Eskimo kept his stony gaze fixed on to the revolver. He had good cause to dread firearms. In the old days the Russian seal-hunters were no less than butchers and pirates, who gloried in shooting down the Eskimos and burning their houses of moss and Arctic willow.

"No shoot—no shoot!"

"Not if you're good," grinned Prout. "Who sent you here? Was it Ching-Lung?"

Gan-Waga nodded, his face ghastly with fear.

"Hum!" grunted the steersman. "That's a different thing. In course, I love the moosic. I'm very pleased. I'm sure. Thank 'e very much—very much indeed! Good-bye!"

He wrung the delighted Eskimo's hand warmly, and scrambled into his hammock. He felt sure that the prince was outside, and that, finding that something had gone wrong, he would unfasten the door.

Nor was he deceived. The door yielded to Gan-Waga's touch, and, only too glad to escape, the Eskimo departed hastily.

"Now, what's the game, I wonder?" thought Prout, throwing his boot at the candle. "I'll have to talk it over with Ben. No, yer Royal 'Ighness, you ain't goin' to have it all yer own way this v'yage. We've 'ad some, thank 'e. If me an' Ben an' Joe can't turn the tables—why, call me a—a—a—oh, call me a blessed waxwork dummy, wi' glass heyes and tow whiskers!"

In five minutes he was asleep.

Ching-Lung came to the conclusion that the serenade had not been quite a success. He sympathised with Gan-Waga, who looked quite crestfallen, and impressed upon him that Prout was not a musical man. Then he won the Eskimo's eternal gratitude by presenting him with the twisted coach-horn.

Highly delighted, Gan-Waga repaired to the swimming-bath, settled himself comfortably in six feet of water, and perpetrated horrible growls and squeaks through the afternoon.

When the gong sounded for dinner, Ferrers Lord was still absent. He did not appear until after coffee had been served. Thurston and Van Witter had gone to the billiard-saloon, and Ching-Lung was keeping himself in form by juggling with two champagne-bottles, a bunch of grapes, and a cup. These ill-assorted articles vanished into his amazingly capacious pockets as the firm, brisk step of Ferrers Lord sounded in the passage, and Ching-Lung pretended to be absorbed in the pages of a novel.

"Playing your pranks again, I see," said the millionaire, with a smile.

"Eh?" inquired Ching-Lung innocently. "Yes, it is an exciting book, of course. I've just got to the place where the skeleton climbs the drain-pipe, and appears before the villain

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"HIS PAST AGAINST HIM!"

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just in time to prevent the hero being stabbed with a skewer. Yes, it is exciting—quite creepy, in fact. Is my hair on end?"

His pigtail rose erect, and began to wobble violently.

"My dear Ching," said Ferrers Lord, "be sensible. I have been hard at work. I have deciphered the inscription on the jar."

"What!" cried Ching-Lung excitedly. "Deciphered it, you say?"

"I have! My translation may not be quite perfect, but it will serve."

"But the language—how on earth did you manage it?"

Ferrers Lord placed the metal jar on the table, and snipped the end of a cigar.

"It was difficult," he said lazily; "and once I thought it impossible. I had a craze once for antiquities. By antiquities I do not mean things a few hundred years old, but thousands. I dabbled in hieroglyphics, Sanscrit, Runes, Koptic, Aztec, and Assyrian relics. The Assyrians, you know, usually wrote on bricks."

"Then, I suppose," said Ching-Lung, "that the Assyrian gentleman who wanted a library had to build a row of houses? But seriously, Lord, if you love me, don't be so confoundedly learned. Hang your Runes, Sanscrit, and Koptic, or I shall be longing for one of those Assyrian bricks to shy at you. Thank goodness I'm not a scholar! Read me the riddle and never mind how you worried it out."

"Listen, then."

Ferrers Lord glanced at the paper.

"To the unknown finder," he read, "'greeting from the land of the four suns. If ye, oh, unknown ones, can pass the great white barrier, welcome will ye be among us. That ye exist, men like ourselves, we are assured; for have we not here the bones of a great canoe—aye, and the bones of some of ye, also, who died in her? Fain would we know ye, strangers, and joy to welcome ye. Come, then, if ye dare, and the gods guard ye safely across the icy wilderness to the land of the four suns.'"

"Whew!" whistled Ching-Lung. "Anything else?"

"Only the words 'graven by Jal, the smith,' and a number," said Ferrers Lord. "This is something definite, at least. We are on the brink of a wonderful discovery, Ching. I did not think myself capable of feeling half so much excitement. At least, we will do our utmost to accept the kind invitation from the land of the four suns."

"What luxury!" said Ching-Lung. "Just imagine, four suns! If we could cart one or two of them away with us, and float as the London Sunlight Supply Company, we'd make our fortunes. Aren't you going to tell Thurston?"

"Not yet. I have been studying all the recent Polar charts. We shall pass Jan Mayen on Thursday at noon, if all goes well. The extreme limit of the ice in this direction is just south of Iceland, but we shall find little below the seventy-third parallel just now. It will blow to-night."

"From the north or south?" asked Ching-Lung.

"From the north. There was that greenish haze in the sky at noon, which is always a certain sign. More than that, the few birds I saw were flying landwards. Unless the professor can fly high enough, he will travel back towards Faroe almost as quick as he left it. That will be providential, for we need a little time. It may be weeks before we discover the channel. Come, down with the foils, and let me feel your wrists."

He pushed back the table, and Ching-Lung took down a pair of foils.

"I used to flatter myself that I was the match of any man," drawled Ferrers Lord, as steel crossed steel. "until I had a bout with Paraira, at Tarrah. Well done! A pretty lunge, but you spoiled it by a clumsy recovery. I touched you then. That Cuban is a master. It was a pointless draw between us. Bah! A pink over the heart, Ching; so consider yourself dead. I told the Cuban that I would practise more regularly, and try him again. But the foils will be pointed then," he added, below his breath. "Well done again! You—you—"

The foil fell clattering to the ground. The button of Ching-Lung's weapon had merely grazed the millionaire's wrist, but blood was oozing from it slowly. Ferrers Lord reeled like a drunken man.

"The bottle—the bottle!" he panted. "In—in my—breast-pocket! Quick! Oh, the—the—"

He swayed, his face ashen and lifeless.

Ching-Lung's cry of fear went ringing through the ship.

"Help! Help!"

He caught the limp and tottering millionaire before he could fall, his own face as white as that of a corpse.

ANSWERS

"DEEP SEA GOLD!"

The first instalment of a new adventure story.

A Midnight Alarm—The Death of Professor Hugley.

The inventor of the Cloud King was uneasy. The sun had gone down amid a breathless calm. A fog covered the sea, but it lay so low that the atmosphere around the ship was perfectly clear. She seemed as she moved slowly forward to be floating on top of the fog.

Her pace was not more than four or five knots, and everything was working smoothly. Professor Hugley's confidence in the wonderful machine he had built seemed thoroughly justified. He felt that the aeronef was far from perfection, but that would come in time.

George Stephenson's "Rocket" was certainly a locomotive, and it is the father of the marvellous engines of to-day, with their speed of sixty to seventy miles an hour; but it has taken a thousand brains and seventy years of thought and labour to make them what they are.

Professor Hugley moved about the deck, watching the throbbing aeroplanes and fans. Darkness had come on swiftly, and he did not like the look of the weather. He entered the deckhouse.

"What do you think of it, Bennet?" he asked the steersman.

"Stormy, sir. It'll blow hard from the north."

Bennet was weatherwise, and he knew the latitude.

"I guessed the same thing," said Hugley uneasily. "It is unfortunate."

"Do the other chap good," put in the steersman. "Wind won't make any difference to him. I've seed it blow dead from the north for a week at a stretch, but not this time of the year."

Professor Hugley shrugged his shoulders. The steersman's information was not cheering. Hugley expected much from the Cloud King, but he was not sanguine enough to imagine she could make much headway against the gale. Perhaps, as is often the case, by rising to a higher altitude, he might avoid the storm, or even find a current of air moving forward.

"Here she comes, sir!" cried the steersman.

The fog seemed to be suddenly rent away, and a fierce squall struck the Cloud King, making her stagger.

The sea, calm as a sheet of glass before, tossed up its waves, and boiled like a cauldron.

"Another thousand feet!" cried Hugley. "Quick, Bennet!"

The steersman dragged down a lever. The vessel quivered with the throb of the engines. The suspensory fans whirled with redoubled energy, and the Cloud King whirled upwards.

"Are we moving?"

"Backwards!" roared the steersman, above the gale.

"Put on every ounce, then!"

Bennet pulled a second lever, giving the driving-screws their utmost speed. Slowly the aeronef began to forge ahead. Hugley uttered a shout of triumph. The vessel could more than hold her own in the teeth of a gale. She could make headway, if only a knot an hour.

Rain lashed across the deck in huge drops. Then, as if by magic, the rain changed to whirling snow. They closed the door of the wheelhouse. The vibration of the engines was tremendous.

"Beg your pardon, sir, but it ain't wise to keep this pace. The storm ain't come yet, but only a squall."

Hugley did not understand.

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ONE
PENNY.

"Waal, sir," explained the steersman, "it's like a man pushing against a door, yer see, an' puttin' all his weight behind it. That's just what we're a-doin' against this wind. Now, suppose the door suddenly gives way, what happens? The man falls through, and very likely gets hurt. It's the same thing exactly, sir."

"You mean that the wind might drop at any moment?"

"That's it. With nothing to push at, an' runnin' like mad, those engines would rip themselves to scrap-iron. Better let her drift south some fifty miles than smash the ship to bits. Shall I, sir?"

Hugley nodded, and the speed was reduced.

At once the aeronef began to drift, nose to the wind. The air was full of whirling snow. Ten minutes passed, and the wind fell.

"What did I tell you, sir? Hallo!"

"What's the matter?" asked Hugley anxiously.

Bennet was staring at the barometer.

"Somethin' wrong," he said hoarsely. "We've dropped six hundred feet, and we're going down fast. Have we ripped a fan?"

It might be that.

White-faced, Hugley rushed out, and stared up at the whirling fans that sustained the vessel as they revolved on their upright axles. They were intact; but as he stood ankle-deep in snow he realised the mystery.

It was the weight of the snow that was dragging the airship down.

He sounded the alarm. Armed with shovels and brushes, the crew swarmed over the deck to remove the white carpet. Freed of the load, the Cloud King mounted to its former altitude, passing through a layer of snow-laden clouds. The stars shone placidly above, but the cold was terrible.

"Aren't you going below, sir?" asked the steersman, as he wrapped an extra shawl round his chest.

"Soon, Bennet. I am rather anxious. I'll send you something to drink. Call me at once if you don't like the look of things!"

"Very good, sir."

Hugley was very reluctant to leave the deck, but the intense cold was unbearable. He was no longer young, and his blood was getting stagnant in his

veins. Swinging his arms to warm himself, he went down the ladder.

Sir Clement Morwith, who was one of the umpires of the great race, had gone to bed. Time was beginning to hang heavily on his hands now that the first novelty was over. Sir Clement was a thorough English gentleman, and he liked to choose his friends. And the company on board the Cloud King did not please him.

In Hugley he found a gentleman and a scholar, but it was hardly possible, after what had happened at Tarrah Island, that the baronet could be more than merely civil to Paraira. To have to lunch and dine with the Cuban, who had practically accused him of being willing to sell the race, was revolting.

The giant negro, Esteban Gacchio, was worse. Whatever people may say, Nature has placed an impassible barrier between the black man and the white. Sir Clement was not prejudiced in any way. Gacchio spoke and acted like a

"THE SLACKER!"

NEXT TUESDAY:

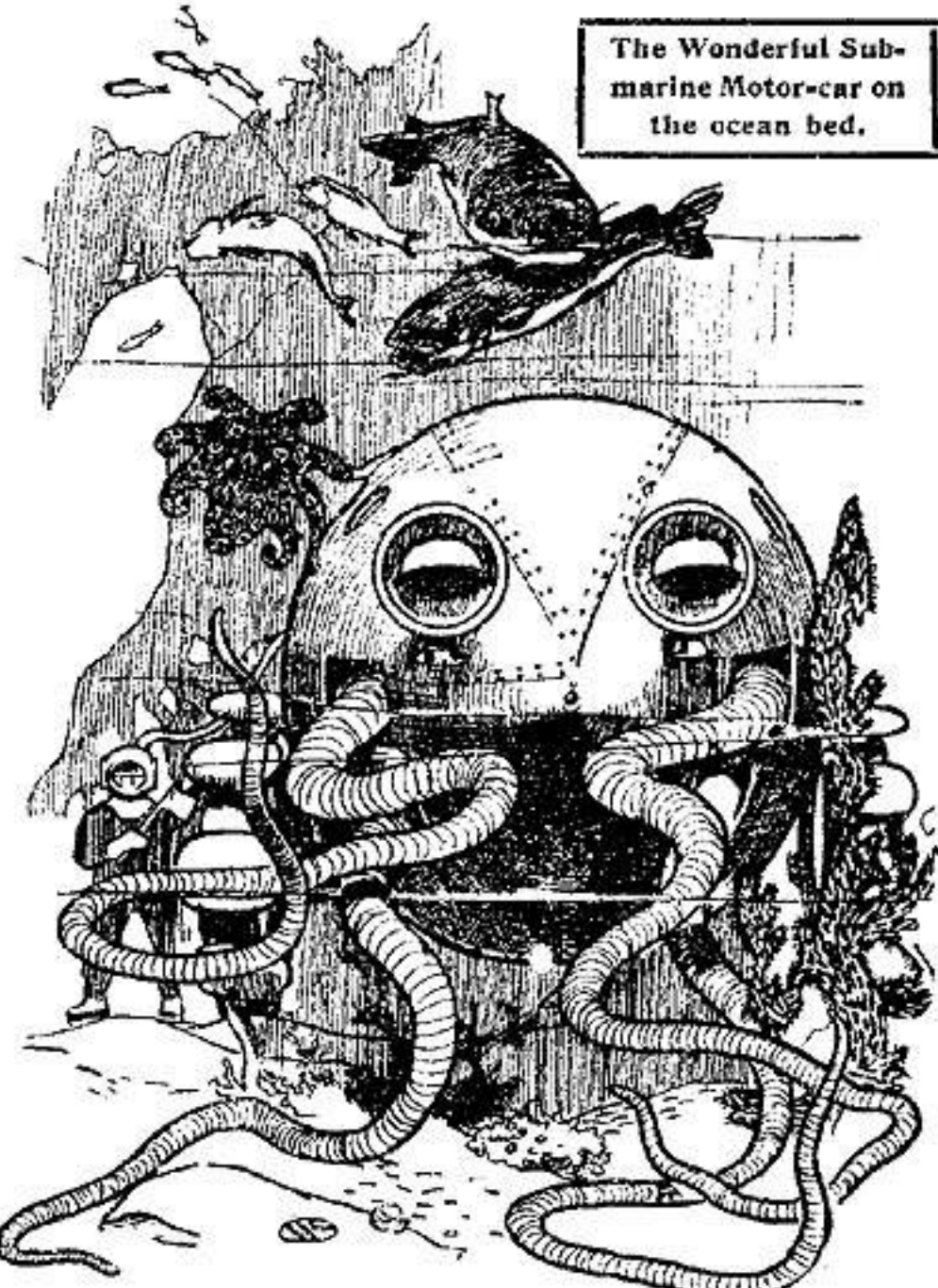
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polished gentleman, could talk half a dozen languages fluently, and converse on any topic. Still, he was a negro, and that was enough. Had he known the men who were to be his fellow-voyagers, Sir Clement would have hesitated before consenting to act as judge.

Gacchio and the Cuban were smoking and chatting when Hugley entered the room. Two electric stoves warmed the air.

"Well, Senor Nat," drawled Paraira, "you have abandoned us, it seems, of late. What! Are you going to drink?"

Hugley was pouring whisky into a glass from a cut-glass decanter. He seldom touched intoxicants.

"It's for Bennet!" he exclaimed. "He needs something in this terrible cold."

The negro made a gesture. Something clattered down.

"What have you dropped, Hugley? It sounded like money."

The professor turned. Then the negro reached over, and dropped a little stream of white powder into the glass. With a soft, hissing sound it dissolved, leaving the liquor as bright and transparent as before.

"Why, it's a dollar!" said Paraira, picking up the silver coin. "Here you are, camarado! What do you say if we take a turn on deck and brave the cold?"

"I am quite agreeable."

They donned heavy fur-lined coats, gloves, and caps that covered their ears. When they emerged they saw the professor and Bennet talking in the deckhouse.

"It is certainly cold," said Esteban Gacchio, with an evil laugh—"quite cold enough to freeze a man to death—eh?"

Paraira's eyes flashed and were fixed on the two figures in the wheelhouse.

Bennet raised the glass to his lips.

"He is drinking!" snarled the Cuban. "Caramba, Esteban, you must do it, but not with the knife!"

Gacchio laughed again.

"I do not take a sledgehammer to break an egg!" he answered. "He's coming! Call him!"

"Senor!"

"Yes, Paraira?"

The professor walked towards them—to his doom.

Paraira, the Judas, took him by the arm.

Gacchio, with his back against the stern rail, and a cigar between his lips, was watching the steersman.

"My dear fellow," said the Cuban, "I want to speak to you about the Englishman. He has a most deplorable lack of taste! Here is Senor Esteban, formerly the idol of the Spanish Courts and a most talented gentleman, and yet the baronet is hardly polite to him."

"In fact, absolutely frigid!" said the negro. "I presume he objects to my complexion?"

He saw Bennet stagger and fall. A choked cry pealed across the deck.

"What was that?" said Hugley, starting.

He never spoke again. Two great black hands closed over his throat—hands powerful enough to strangle an ox. His struggles grew fainter and fainter. Gacchio raised the body above his head, and hurled it away from him. It fell like a stone, and vanished into the dark screen of clouds below them. The murderers bent forward and listened.

Splash! The sea had received its victim.

After the Tragedy—The Plotters.

"Neatly done, Esteban," muttered the Cuban hoarsely. "He hardly made a sound."

"Bah! I never perform such little matters as these clumsily!" answered the negro. "By the way, it

will be as well to throw that tumbler overboard. Don't waste time, for they will notice something wrong!"

Paraira hurried towards the deckhouse. Bennet lay in a tumbled heap, stone dead, and the aeroplane, with no steady hand on the wheel, was flapping round in an uneven circle like a wounded bird.

"Prop him up!" growled Gacchio brutally. "And leave the door open. The frost will do what we want done!"

"Come," drawled Paraira a moment later, "and we'll have an hour with the cards! A pity we cannot leave him till the morning. But it would be madness to waste time, and keep on cruising about like this. I'll stroll to our dear professor's cabin to wish him good-night by-and-by! There will be some excitement then."

Laughing callously, they returned to the warm cabin, and began to play ecarte.

"It is all so simple!" laughed the Cuban, lighting a cigarette. "Bennet has died of cold, and the poor professor has walked in his sleep and fallen overboard. Naturally, I must take command. Your deal, I think!"

Gacchio shuffled the cards, dealt them, and lazily picked up his hand.

"Being in command is excellent," he said, baring his white teeth. "Sapristi! How cold it is! I should not be surprised to find two men frozen to death this week. You will put both Hern and Crofty on duty, no doubt?"

"They must both go, senor, for they are not to be trusted. But not in a week. Four deaths in one week might cause a mutiny. Let us do the thing quietly."

"Bah!" growled Esteban Gacchio. "It all seems a waste of energy. Caramba! I hate the very thought of ice and snow! If I had my way, I would turn the vessel south, and begin the campaign. Ah, Gomez, my king wins again!"

"You have nothing but luck! Here, take the money! I am just as eager to turn south as you, camarado; but a million pounds is not to be picked up every day. And besides, Esteban, we might kill two birds with the same stone. North Pole expeditions generally cost both money and lives. Even Ferrers Lord might not come back. He might, even, never reach the Pole. He has a weakness for fencing, and I took the liberty of tampering with his foils. It was very simple. I filed a little jagged edge on the button of each, and dipped them in poison. If there is an antidote to that poison, I do not know it!"

Gacchio looked at his companion admiringly.

"I presume a scratch would mean death?"

"Yes, senor. I doctored the wine with it; and how that fiend of a man escaped I do not know. You win again. Esteban! I have lost enough! And, Caramba, why should we fleece each other, when the world is full of fat sheep ready to be shorn?"

He tossed the cards aside, and, leaning back, rolled another cigarette. The negro crossed his legs, and began to strum a tune on a guitar.

"You were saying something about Ferrers Lord remaining at the Pole," he remarked. "Of course. I understand what you mean, my beloved Gomez. There are difficulties in the way even when we have got rid of Hern and Crofton. We can rely on all the others except this Englishman."

"If Ferrers Lord dies," snarled the Cuban, "it must be an accident! Death of my soul, look how accidents happen! He is fond of sport, and perhaps he will go out after bears. Bears are dangerous animals. Esteban, especially those with lead claws!"

"Si, si!" (yes, yes!) laughed the negro.

Paraira's meaning was perfectly clear to him. The bear with claws of lead was a rifle and a concealed assassin.

(Another splendid, long instalment of this thrilling adventure serial next week.)



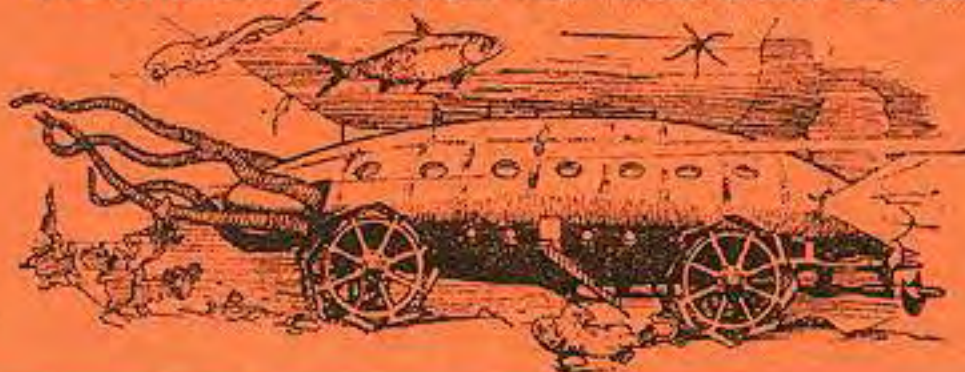
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