

LONG COMPLETE SCHOOL TALE.

The Magnet 1st Library

Also in this Number:
Thrilling Story
of Adventure.

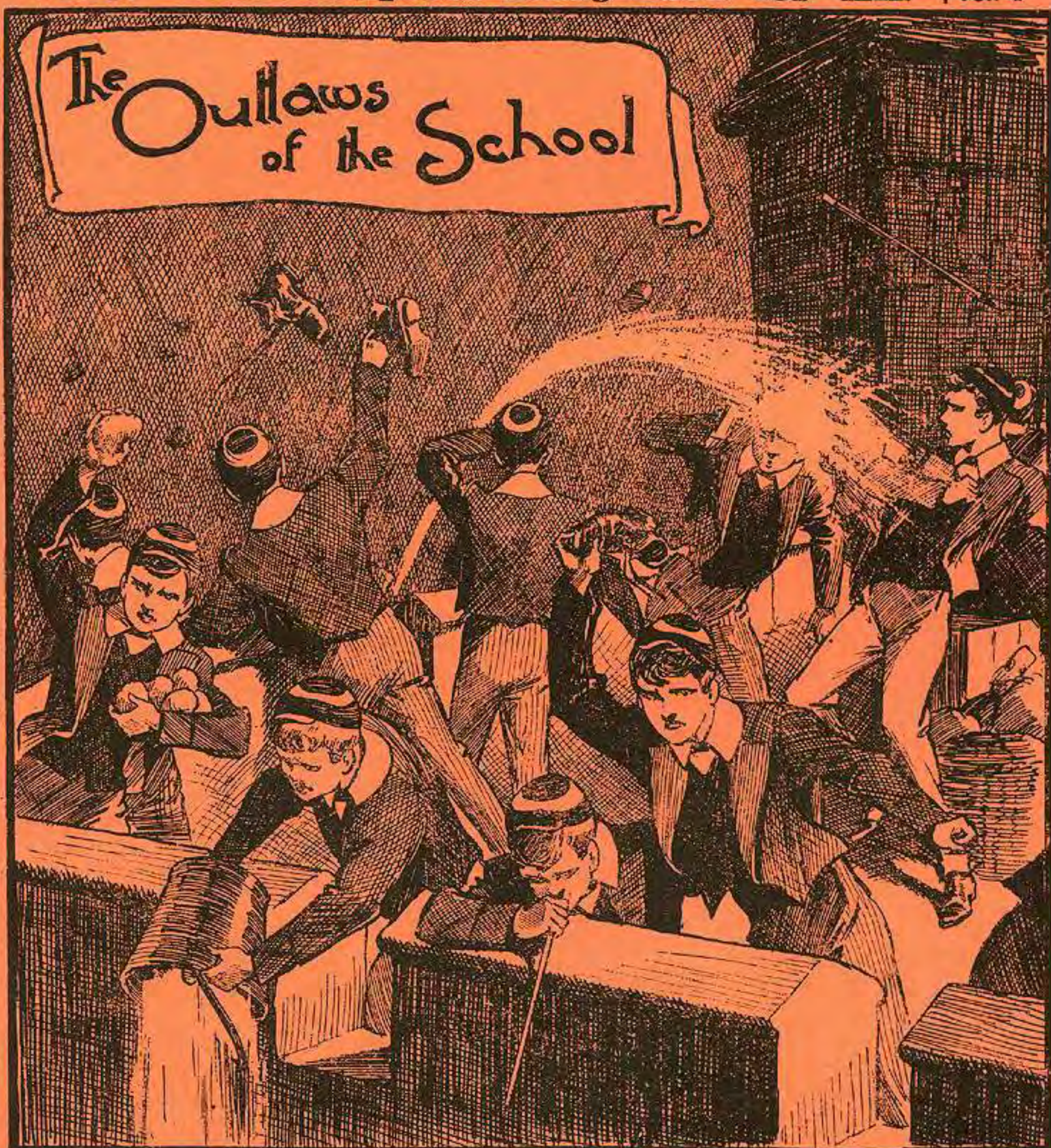
By

**SIDNEY
DREW.**

No. 150 |

The Complete Story Book for All. | Vol. 6

The Outlaws of the School



BESIEGED ON THE ROOF OF GREYFRIARS SCHOOL!

6/6 each



The "LORD ROBERTS" TARGET PISTOL

Beautifully plated and finished. May be carried in the pocket. Will kill birds and rabbits up to 50 yards. Noiseless Ball Cartridges, 9d. per 100. Shot, 1/6 per 100. 100 birds or rabbits may be killed at a cost of 9d. only. Send for list. **BROWN GUN WORKS, 8, Whitall Street, BIRMINGHAM.**

BLUSHING.

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



MOUSTACHE!

A Smart Manly Moustache grows in a few days at any age by using "Mousta," the guaranteed Moustache Forcer. Boys become Men. Acts like Magic! Box sent in plain cover for 7d. Send now to—**J. A. DIXON & CO., 42, Junction Road, London, N.**



TIME WILL TELL.

To any person sending Name and Address we send one Packet containing Thirty only of Artistic 3d. Postcards. When sold send the 2s. 6d. you receive for same, and we send you, post paid, by return, absolutely FREE (no further conditions) one of our Solar Time Watches, suitable for Lady or Gent. You have only Thirty Cards to sell, and we send you, post paid, this Useful Present without any further expense whatever.

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



1/- DEPOSIT AND 1/- WEEKLY.

As an Advt. we will send to first 1,000 applicants our £8 8s. "Royal Emblem" Cycle for 1/- DEPOSIT, and on LAST payment of 84 weeks at 1/-, making £4 5s. A HANDSOME PRESENT IS SENT FREE. Cash with order, £3 15s. only. Write for Illustrated Catalogue of Latest Models.

ROYAL EMBLEM CYCLE WORKS (C30), Great Yarmouth.

SPORT.—The Sure Shot Catapult, entirely new design, with supply of shot, 1/-, post free.—**WICKS BROS., NORWICH.**

SPECIAL BOOKS. "Boxing," 4d.; "Thought-Reading," 4d.; "Swimming," 4d.; "Conjuring," 4d.; "Riddle Book" (containing 2,000), 4d.; "Book of Tricks," 4d. Lot, 1/4, all post free. "Hypnotism," 1/2; "Young Author's Guide," 7d.—**G. WILKES & CO., STOCKTON, RUGBY.**



WORTH £3.3s

You can obtain from us FREE a magnificent £33s. Gramophone with 18-in. richly enamelled horn, massive oak cabinet, 12-in. record turntable, sound magnifying reproducer and strong steel motor, etc. Write for particulars. Highest Grade Gramophones at Half Shop prices, sent on approved free and carriage paid. Big Bargains in ZONOPHONES, COLUMBIAS, EDISONS and PATHEPHONES. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned. **Rena, Twin, Apollo, Pathe (20-in.) and Odeon Records** at very low prices. Send for Lists.

CASH BUYERS' UNION, Dept., LIVERPOOL.

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



SENT FOR 4/6 DEPOSIT.

HALF SHOP PRICES

Send 4/6 for the world-famed "ROBEYPHONE," with 24 selections and sumptuously decorated 17-in. horn, powerful motor, 10-in. turn-table and loud-tone sound-box, which I sell on easy terms of payment at HALF shop prices.

I control the largest stock in the world of PATHEPHONE, GRAMOPHONE, ZONOPHONE, EDISON, AMBEROL, COLUMBIA, EXCELSIOR, and other well-known Phonographs and records, and offer you over 350 magnificent models to select from.

Thousands of the very latest records of all the well-known makes always in stock. Sent on approval. 5,000 testimonials.

Write to Dept. 12.

Robey

[Late Geo. Robey, Ltd.],
The World's Provider, COVENTRY.

WRITE FOR LISTS.

CATAPULTS!! (Patent) 6d. and 1/- each. Catalogue free. **CLIFFORD & CO., Purton Road, Horsham.**

AN ARMY OF BOYS

and the

DAISY AIR RIFLE.



Every boy (and every boy's father) should send a postcard to us for a **Free Copy of "The Diary of a Daisy Boy,"**

Written by a man who knows boy nature thoroughly. Sixteen pages of wholesome humour, happily illustrated, and in addition a "Manual of Arms," "A Few Hints on Shooting," and "The Target and How to Score." Of course it tells about the Daisy Air Rifle, a "real" gun for boys, that furnishes endless amusement and at the same time gives that true training and development of hand, nerve and eye that makes for healthy, successful manhood. The "Daisy" is modelled after the latest hammerless rifle and shoots accurately, using compressed air instead of powder. No smoke, no noise, and perfectly safe in the hands of any boy.

"1,000 SHOT DAISY," an Automatic Magazine Rifle - 10/6
"500 SHOT DAISY," Do. Do. 7/6
"20th CENTURY DAISY," Single Shot - 3/6

Sold by Hardware and Sporting Goods Dealers everywhere, or delivered free anywhere in Great Britain and Ireland on receipt of price by

W.M. E. PECK & CO. (Department S), 31, Bartholomew Close, LONDON, E.C.

"HERRIARD'S LAST TERM."

A SCHOOL STORY THAT WILL BE TALKED ABOUT!

Starting **THIS WEEK** in the

BOYS' HERALD

Full of Boisterous Scenes!
Many Dramatic Incidents!

THE BOYS' HERALD. 1d.

Next Week's Grand
Long Story:

"AN UNGRATEFUL SON."

By FRANK RICHARDS.
Order Early.



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

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

An illustration of five schoolboys in uniforms walking in a line. The boy at the front is looking back over his shoulder. They are all wearing dark jackets, white shirts, and ties. The boy in the middle is holding a cane.

The Outlaws of the School

A Splendid, New, Long,
Complete School Tale
of
HARRY WHARTON & Co.,
in the
Remove Form at Greyfriars.
... BY ...
FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.
A Question of Fagging.

"FAG!"
"Fag!"
"Fag!"

The call came from the Sixth-Form passage, but it was quite audible in other quarters. Fellows in the Remove passage could hear it quite distinctly. Fellows on the stairs, and in the lower passages, heard it more plainly still. There was really no need for Loder, the prefect, to call three times, so far as that went. But he did; and even when he had called thrice, there was no response.

Juniors were not eager to fag for Loder. Fagging, indeed, was very unpopular at Greyfriars, anyway. It was an old-

fashioned custom that was kept up at the school, and the seniors—who had all been juniors and fags in their time—did not see any reason why it should be abolished. And there were some seniors whom the Lower Form fellows did not object to as fag-masters. Wingate, the captain of the school, for instance, was a fellow any junior would have walked miles for, and there was keen competition among them to fag for Wingate. And they were always glad to oblige good-natured prefects like Courtney and North. But with Loder it was different. Loder was a bully, and Loder was not good-tempered—neither was he popular. Wingate or Courtney would always help a junior with his lessons in return for his services as a fag, but Loder was more likely to repay them with a rough word or a cuff. And Loder, when he called for a fag, generally had to call a good many

times before one came—and one never came willingly. And that did not make the unpopular prefect any better-tempered.

"Fag!"

Loder was standing at the door of his study, calling. His face was growing red with wrath, as no answer came to his call. He heard a sound of scuffling footsteps at the end of the passage, and he heard a sound of hurried retreat on the stairs. That was all. Such fags as were within hearing were making haste to get out of it.

"Fag!"

Loder bawled out the word now with a crimson face. On the stairs three juniors hurried up to the Remove passage—they were Bob Cherry, Frank Nugent, and Russell, of the Remove. They grinned as they gained the safety of their own passage.

"He sounds rather ratty," Frank Nugent murmured. "It's Loder, of course. I know his sweet, dulcet tones."

"He won't get me to fag for him!" said Bob Cherry. "I'm fed up with Loder. He threw a saucer at me, the other day, because I spilt some tea on his tablecloth."

"Fag!"

"Better out!" said Russell.

And the three juniors vanished into their respective studies.

"Fag!"

Loder was tired of calling out. He turned back into his study, and picked up a cane. Carne, of the Sixth, was sitting at the tea-table, and he grinned. Tea was ready in Loder's study, but the toast was not yet made, and Loder's fag should have made the toast by the time the seniors came in. Hazeldene had the honour of being Loder's fag, but he had evidently forgotten to make the toast, after laying the table; or else he had neglected his duties as a fag. Any other fag would have served equally well, but no other fag was forthcoming.

"You'll catch one in the passage," said Carne.

"I'll skin them!" said the prefect, between his teeth. "This is a regular plot among those young cads. They come fast enough for Wingate or Courtney, but they never hear me."

And Loder strode from the study in wrath.

Two or three Removites had just come in from the Close. The autumn evening was drawing in, and the juniors came in early from the playing-fields. Harry Wharton, John Bull, and Mark Linley, of the Remove, came in together. The three Removites were looking ruddy and healthy after their exercise.

"Fag!"

Harry Wharton and his comrades did not look round. They made for the stairs immediately.

But Loder was there first, and he stopped them on their way. There was a very unpleasant expression upon Loder's face, and his grip was very tight upon the cane.

"Hold on!" he exclaimed.

The three juniors looked at him warily.

"I've been calling for a fag for some time," said Loder.

"I suppose you didn't hear me before—eh?"

"No!" said Wharton. "We've only just come in from the footer."

"You lying young cad!"

"Liar yourself!" said Wharton promptly.

"Why, you—you—you—"

"You may be in the Sixth, and a prefect, but you've no right to doubt my word!" said Harry, with a flash in his eyes. "And keep that cane to yourself, Loder! If you use it on me, I shall use my boots!"

"You cheeky young cad!" roared Loder. "You just heard me call, anyway, and you were making for the stairs instead of coming to my study."

"Quite so."

"I want a fag!"

"I'm not going to fag for you!" said Harry Wharton resolutely. "I don't like you. Besides, I'm not your fag—Hazeldene is!"

"He seems to have gone out."

"Well, I'm not his substitute."

Loder pointed to the Sixth-Form passage.

"Go into my study and make the toast," he said.

Wharton did not stir. The prefect took a tighter grip on the cane. His face was very dark as he came towards Wharton.

"Are you going?"

"No!" said Harry firmly.

"I order you—as a prefect!"

"I'm not going to fag for you!"

Wharton spoke calmly and deliberately, though he knew he was in a risky position. Loder was doubly in the right in giving him orders—as a senior, and as a prefect as well. But Wharton was Loder's pet aversion, and Loder was his; and he knew very well that if he went into the prefect's

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 190.

study, he would not escape without being bullied, and perhaps roughly handled as well. He knew Loder!

Loder did not waste any more words on him. He grasped the junior by the shoulder with the left hand, and raised the cane with the right.

"Hands off!" said Harry Wharton, between his teeth.

Lash!

The cane came slashing down across Wharton's shoulders. The Removite uttered a cry of pain, and struck out fiercely with both fists. Loder staggered back. Wharton faced him with clenched fists and blazing eyes.

"You cad!" he exclaimed. "You—"

He was interrupted. Loder leapt forward, lashing savagely with the cane. Wharton closed with him and struggled, and in an instant John Bull and Mark Linley rushed to his aid, and the three juniors closed upon the burly senior like dogs upon a stag. There was a crash as Loder went to the floor, with the three youngsters clinging to him.

"Ow!" roared Loder. "Yow! Help!"

"Bump him!" shouted John Bull.

"Hurrah!"

The three juniors were too excited to think of anything but punishing their enemy. Bumping a prefect was a rather serious matter, and they were in the open hall, where a master might have come upon the scene at any moment. But they did not think about that. They bumped Loder, and he roared.

"You young rascals! What are you doing?"

"Cave!" muttered Wharton. "It's Wingate!"

And the three juniors dropped the prefect as the captain of Greyfriars strode upon the scene, his eyes gleaming with anger.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

By Order.

WINGATE, the captain of Greyfriars, stared angrily at the juniors. Loder staggered to his feet, dusty and dishevelled. Harry Wharton & Co. looked rather sheepishly at the captain of the school. Wingate was evidently very angry.

"You young sweeps!" exclaimed the Greyfriars captain. "What are you up to? How dare you lay hands on a prefect?"

"He laid hands on me," said Wharton.

"That's a different matter!" said Wingate sharply. Kind and good-natured as Wingate was, he was a great stickler for discipline, and he always insisted upon the high and mighty Sixth being treated with the most profound respect by the Lower School. "But what is the matter? Do you mean to say that Loder has been bullying you?"

Loder's reputation as a bully was quite as well known to the Greyfriars captain as to the juniors.

"I ordered Wharton to fag for me," said Loder, in a choking voice, "and I'm not going to stand any interference from you, Wingate! I'm a prefect, and—"

"And I'm head prefect, and you'll shut up while I'm speaking!" said Wingate unceremoniously. "Have you refused to fag for Loder, Wharton?"

"Yes," said Harry.

"And why?"

"I'm not his fag."

"Who is?"

"Hazeldene."

"Hazeldene's buzzed off somewhere," said Loder.

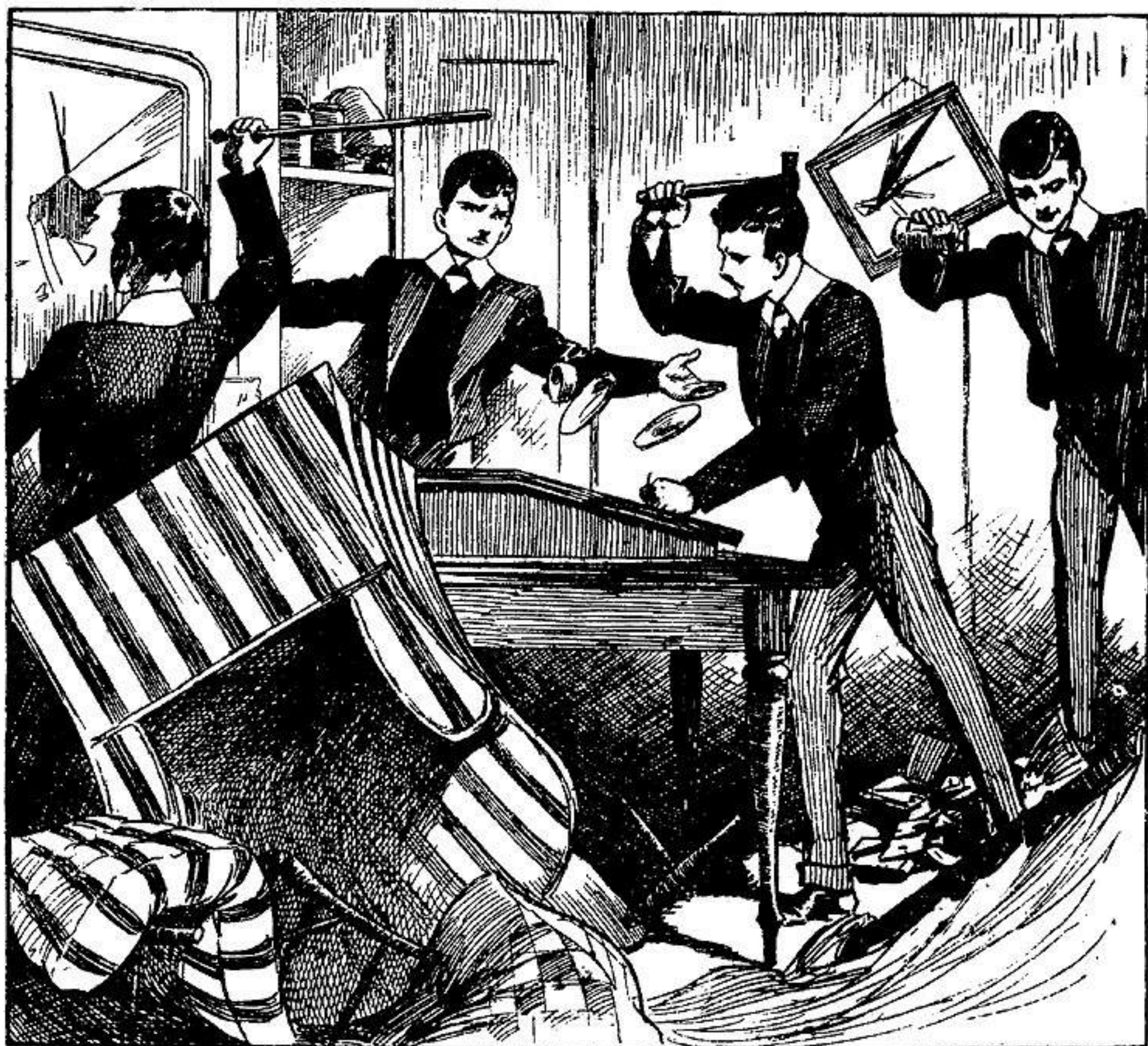
"You know perfectly well, Wharton, that any member of the Sixth has a right to fag the juniors, and any junior he pleases," said Wingate sharply. "A senior is supposed to keep to his own fag; but if his fag is absent, he has a right to call on any other junior. You know that's the rule."

Wharton was silent. He knew that that was the rule, but it was a rule he did not like. He intended never to fag any youngster when he became a senior himself, and he did not mean to be fagged by the bully of the Sixth. Besides, the Fourth Form at Greyfriars were exempt from fagging; they had won that liberty for themselves. In the old days all Forms below the Fifth had been fagged. Now the Upper Fourth was free from it. The Remove was the Lower Fourth, and they did not see why they should not be equally exempt. If it was a matter of custom, they were quite prepared to start a new custom on the subject, as Frank Nugent had humorously remarked.

Wingate was frowning very darkly. The refusal of the juniors to fag touched the honour and dignity of the Sixth. He did not like Loder any more than they did, but he was prepared to back up any senior in claiming his accustomed rights.

"You hear me, Wharton?"

"Yes," said Harry quietly.



"Come on, you chaps!" shouted Harry Wharton. "Wreck the study!" The Remove swarmed into the Sixth-Formers' sanctum, and in less time than it takes to tell, the whole room was wrecked. (See Chapter 4.)

"You have no right to refuse to fag for Loder. My hat! You will be refusing to fag for me next, when I order you!" Wingate exclaimed angrily.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed all three of the juniors at once. "We'd always fag for you, Wingate."

The captain's face softened a little.

"That's all very well," he said, "but we can't allow the juniors to pick and choose like this! Loder is quite within his rights, and you had no right to refuse, Wharton. Go and do as he tells you at once!"

Harry Wharton hesitated.

He could not disobey Wingate, because he was head prefect, captain of the school, and the most popular fellow at Greyfriars. But it was a bitter pill to swallow, to fag for Loder after refusing to do so.

"Do you hear me, Wharton?" rapped out the Greyfriars captain.

"Ye-es."

"I suppose you are not going to disobey me?"

"N-no," said Wharton, with an effort.

"Then go with Loder at once."

"Very well."

Loder strode away towards his study, and Harry Wharton followed him, his face pale with anger.

John Bull and Mark Linley went disconsolately upstairs.

"It's rotten," said Bull. "Loder will give Wharton a rotten time when he gets him into the study by himself. Wingate doesn't understand that."

The Lancashire junior nodded.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 190.

NEXT
TUESDAY: "AN UNGRATEFUL SON."

"Yes," he said; "but I don't see that Wharton should go like a lamb to the slaughter. Let some of us get along to the Sixth Form passage, and if there is trouble in Loder's study we can chip in."

John Bull chuckled.

"Ripping idea!" he exclaimed.

Bull looked into Bob Cherry's study. Bob was boiling a kettle on a spirit-stove, and there was a very strong scent of methylated spirit in the room. Bob was smelling of it, and the kettle was smelling of it, and the grate, and the tea caddy; and it was extremely probable that the tea, when Bob Cherry made it, would smell of it, too, and probably taste of it. Bob looked round with a rather red and flurried face as the juniors came in.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" he exclaimed.

"Hands wanted," said Bull.

"What's the trouble?"

Wharton's fagging for Loder, and we think he's going to be ragged," said Mark Linley. "We're thinking of turning up in force in case he wants help."

Bob Cherry burst into a chuckle at once.

"Good egg!" he exclaimed. He blew out the methylated spirit-stove, and jammed on the lid, and wiped his hands absent-mindedly down his trousers. "I'm ready! We may as well take some cricket-stumps with us."

"Good!"

Bull hurried along the Remove passage, calling out the juniors. They responded nobly to the call. Tom Brown, and Bulstrode, and Fisher T. Fish, and Russell and Leigh, and

By FRANK RICHARDS.
Order Early.

Smith minor and Micky Desmond, and a dozen more fellows came cheerfully on the warpath, with bats or stumps in their hands. Bob Cherry looked into Vernon-Smith's study. Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, was smoking a cigarette—one of the little customs that had earned him the title of the "Bounder." Bob Cherry sniffed. He had brought in a distinct odour of methylated spirit to mingle with the scent of Vernon-Smith's cigarette, but he preferred his own scent of the two.

"Are you coming, Smithy?" he called out.

The Bounder took the cigarette from his lips and stared at him.

"Coming where?" he asked.

"We're going for Loder."

"You can go for him," said Vernon-Smith. "It's rather too serious a bizney going for a prefect, to my mind. I don't want to get sacked from the school."

"You've come jolly near it a good many times," retorted Bob Cherry, "and if Dr. Locke caught you smoking that cigarette, you'd very likely get sacked, anyway."

The Bounder shrugged his shoulders.

"He won't catch me," he said.

"You won't come, then?"

"No."

"Rotter!" bawled Bob Cherry.

And he went out of the study and slammed the door. The Bounder laughed, shrugged his shoulders again, and went on smoking serenely. Bob Cherry looked into the end study in the Remove passage. Lord Mauleverer, the dandy of the Remove, was there, and he was reclining on his sofa, reading, or, rather, holding a book in his hand. It seemed too much fag for his lordship to read. He gave Bob Cherry a lazy look.

"Come on," said Bob.

"My dear fellow——"

"Come on!"

"I'm rather tired," said Lord Mauleverer plaintively.

"I've walked a quarter of a mile this afternoon, and——"

"I'll help you up," said Bob cheerfully. He picked up the end of the sofa, and shot the schoolboy earl off it upon the floor with a heavy bump. "Feel all right now?"

"Ow!"

"Come on! We're on the warpath!"

"Yass, all serene," said his lordship, with a sigh.

"Bring a cricket-stump."

"I can't."

"Can't!" roared Bob Cherry. "Why can't you?"

"I can't carry it!"

"Can't carry it?"

"No," said his lordship. "How can I carry a cricket-stump when I've got my hands in my pockets?"

Bob Cherry stared at him for a moment. There was a striking contrast between the laziest fellow in the Remove and its most energetic member. Bob Cherry did not argue. He seized Lord Mauleverer by the collar, and propelled him forcibly from the study with a rush that took his breath away.

"Oh!" gasped Mauleverer. "Ow! Oh! Ah!"

"Come on, you blessed slacker!"

"Begad!"

"This way!" shouted Bob Cherry, flourishing his cricket-stump, to the great peril of Lord Mauleverer's aristocratic nose. "This way! Rurrah for the Remove!"

And the juniors crowded down to the Sixth Form passage. If there was trouble for Harry Wharton in Loder's study, there was certainly trouble for Loder to follow.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Loder's Fag.

LODER marched Harry Wharton into his study. Wharton's face was dark and grim. He had been forced to fag for Loder, but it went very much against the grain.

His services were not to be willingly rendered. But he had undertaken to obey Wingate, and he meant to do so, if Loder gave him a chance. But if the prefect bullied him, there would be trouble. Wharton was quite determined upon that.

Carne grinned as Wharton came in. Wharton was the fellow in the Remove whom the bullies of the Sixth disliked most. He was the one whose spirit they knew they could never break.

"So you've caught one?" grinned Carne.

"Yes; and the worst of the lot," said Loder. "And if he doesn't behave himself, I'll give him such a licking, now I've got him here, as he won't get over for a dog's age. You can bear that in mind, Wharton."

Harry Wharton looked at him steadily.

"You won't!" he said.

"What do you mean, you young cad?"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 190.

"If you lay your paws on me, there will be trouble," said Harry Wharton. "I'm not Bunter or Snoop, and you won't handle me as you do them, that's all. Now, what do you want done? Wingate's told me to fag for you, and I'm ready to do it."

"You'll do whatever I tell you," said Loder, in his most bullying tones.

"I've said that I'm ready to do it."

"First of all, make the toast, and mind that you don't burn it. If you do, you'll get a thick ear."

"Rats!"

"What?" shouted Loder.

"Rats!" said Wharton.

The prefect made a motion towards him. Wharton had picked up the toasting-fork, and he grasped it in his hand like a weapon, and faced the bully of the Sixth. Loder stopped.

"You cheeky young cad! Get on with the toast."

"Very well."

Harry Wharton made the toast, and he made it well. Wingate told him that he was to fag for the bully of the Sixth, and it was not his way to do even an enforced task badly. Loder was probably looking for an excuse to complain; but the toast was made perfectly, and he could find no cause for grumbling.

"Now make the tea!" he growled.

"And be quick about it," said Carne. "We've been waiting long enough."

Wharton put the kettle on the fire, and stirred the coals. Loder uttered an angry exclamation.

"Not so much dust, you young fool!"

"I made no dust," said Harry.

"Don't answer me."

Wharton was silent. He was trying his hardest to keep his temper. Trouble with Loder might mean trouble with Wingate, and the junior did not want that.

The kettle boiled, and he made the tea. Loder looked round for some other task for him to do. He really required nothing else done, but he was not inclined to allow Harry to escape so cheaply. Harry Wharton waited. He knew perfectly well what was in Loder's mind. It was a case of the wolf and the lamb over again; the wolf was never at a loss for a reason to quarrel with the lamb when the latter was in his power. Wharton had felt all the time that the two bullies of the Sixth Form did not intend to allow him to leave the study without rough usage. It was only in case of interference from Wingate that Loder wished to have some excuse for ragging him.

"You can brush up the grate now," said Loder, "and don't make a dust. You'll find a broom in the bottom of the cupboard."

"Very well."

"And don't answer me in that cheeky way."

Wharton bit his lip and held his tongue. He found the hearth-broom in the cupboard, and began to brush up the grate carefully. Loder uttered a shout.

"Don't make that dust!"

"I cannot help making a little."

"If you make any at all it will be the worse for you."

Wharton looked round at him.

"Shall I leave off brushing the grate?"

"Get on with it at once."

"Very well."

Wharton went on brushing. Loder reached out with his foot, and kicked him, pitching him forward into the grate. Wharton uttered a cry. He threw out his hands to save himself, and they came in contact with the hot kettle, and his skin was blistered. He sprang to his feet. The two seniors had burst into a loud chuckle. But Loder did not chuckle for long. He had taxed the junior's patience too far. Wharton swung round the hearth-broom, and jammed it, heavy with dust and soot, into the face of the bully of the Sixth.

"Grorororooo-hoooh!" spluttered Loder.

He was choked and blinded with dust and ashes. He plunged back in his chair, knocking it over backwards, and leaped up. His knees knocked hard on the table as he did so, and he set the table dancing, and there was a rattle of crockery. Carne gave a yell. Half his tea had swooped out of his cup, and swamped over his legs.

"Ow! Look out!" he yelled.

"Groo-hoo!"

Wharton tossed the broom into the grate and sprang towards the door. It was not exactly safe for him to remain in the study after that; but Carne was after him in a flash, and his heavy hand fastened upon the junior's shoulder, and swung him back.

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

Wharton struggled fiercely. He knew that it would go hard with him unless he could get away before Loder came to the aid of Carne. Loder was gouging the dust and ashes out of his eyes and nose, and spluttering wildly. But Carne held fast to the junior, and shouted to the prefect:

"Quick, Loder! The young beggar will get away!" Loder dashed towards them. His grasp fell upon Harry Wharton, and the Removeite was swung back into the middle of the study. Loder seized a cane from the wall.

"Hold him!" he ground out. "Hold him face down over the sofa, and I'll lather him! By George, I'll make him wriggle for this."

Lash, lash!

Harry Wharton, struggling furiously, shouted as the cane descended. His shout rang out of the study and along the Sixth Form passage.

"Help! Rescue, Remove! Rescue!"

He hardly hoped that his shout would reach the ears of his friends. But it did. Bob Cherry & Co. were already in the Sixth Form passage, waiting for some sound of ragging from within. As Harry Wharton shouted, the Removeites came swarming along to Loder's study, and the door was flung open.

"Rescue, Remove!" yelled Wharton.

"Pile in!" yelled Bob Cherry.

And in a twinkling Loder's study was flooded with excited juniors, flourishing cricket stumps and yelling like demons.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

The Remove to the Rescue!

BOB CHERRY was first in the study, brandishing his cricket-stump in the most reckless way. The globe on the gas-bracket crashed down in pieces as Bob Cherry's weapon came in contact with it, and was scattered in fragments over the tea-table. One more sweep of the stump, and the tea-things were in the same condition as the gas-globe.

Loder and Carne released Harry Wharton, in sheer astonishment, as the juniors rushed in.

They had seen some reckless proceedings on the part of the Greyfriars Remove in their time, but never anything quite like this before. The rush of the juniors drove them back across the study, and Wharton, crimson with rage, sprang up.

"Come on, you chaps," he shouted, "wreck the study!"

"Hurrah!"

"Good egg!"

"Pile in!"

"Faith, and we'll wreck them intirely!"

"I guess that's so! Go it!"

"Hurrah!"

Loder glared furiously at the juniors.

"Get out!" he shrieked. "How dare you come into my study like this! Get out! I—I—I'll smash you! Get out!"

"Rats!"

"Go and eat coke!"

"Yah!"

Loder brandished the cane, and ran at the juniors, hitting out furiously. They yelled and roared as they caught the lashes across faces and shoulders. But Loder did not do much execution; he had no time. Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry and John Bull fastened upon him, and he was brought with a crash to the floor.

"Hold him!" panted Harry.

"Got him!"

"Got the cad!"

Carne was making for the door. But the doorway was blocked with excited juniors.

Tom Brown and Bulstrode and Bolsover seized Carne, and he was whirled back into the study, and shoved over, three or four of the Removeites sitting on him to keep him down.

"Help!" shrieked Loder.

"Help!" roared Carne.

"Lock the door!" said Harry Wharton quickly. "Wingate will be along in a minute, when he hears the row, and we don't want him in this."

"I—I say, we can't defy Wingate, you know," muttered Bulstrode.

"Lock the door!"

Bob Cherry locked the door. Bulstrode was captain of the Remove, but it was certainly Harry Wharton who was giving the orders now. Loder and Carne were struggling to rise, but they were pinned down by sheer weight. There came a sharp rap at the locked door.

"What's the row here?"

It was Wingate's voice.

"Don't answer!" said Wharton. "We don't want to cheek Wingate, but we're going to make these bullying rotters sit up."

"Hear, hear!"

"Loder," shouted Wingate from the passage, "what's the matter?"

Loder opened his mouth to reply, but Micky Desmond jammed a pat of butter into it, and the Sixth Form bully spluttered and stuttered instead of replying. Ogilvy had a lump of butter ready for Carne; but Carne was wiser, he did not open his mouth. The captain of Greyfriars rapped sharply on the door again.

"What's the row here? Will you answer me?"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 190.

NEXT
TUESDAY:

"AN UNGRATEFUL SON."

EVERY
TUESDAY,

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

"Faith, and we're not going to answer you, Wingate darling!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Desmond! Is that Desmond of the Remove?"

"Sure, and I sha'n't tell ye!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Desmond, open this door at once!"

"Shut up, Micky, you ass!" muttered Bob Cherry. "Now, then, we'll give these cads a bumping, and then shiu out of the window. We don't want to have an argument with Wingate in the passage. Wingate is a good sort, and we don't want to have to bump him too."

The juniors chuckled. They were not likely to attempt to bump the captain of the school.

Wingate was still knocking at the door, and calling out to the juniors to open it; but they preferred not to hear. There was no arguing with the head of the Sixth, but they had a right to be as deaf as they liked.

Loder and Carne, powerful seniors as they were, were powerless in the grasp of the juniors.

There were more than a dozen of the Remove crowding the study, and they simply swarmed over the two hapless Sixth-Formers, and in almost less time than it takes to relate the whole room was wrecked.

"Hold them," said Harry Wharton; "I've got something to say to them."

Loder and Carne glared at him.

"I came here to fag for you because Wingate ordered me," said Wharton. "Now, look here, I'm not going to fag for either of you again, orders or no orders from Wingate. I won't set my foot in this study any more; and if the Remove choose to back me up there won't be any more fagging done for you at all."

"Hear, hear!"

"Hurrah!"

"Down with fagging!"

The Remove were certainly keen enough about it. Their yells drowned the loud knocking at the door and Wingate's angry tones from the passage.

"Good egg!" exclaimed Bulstrode. "The Upper Fourth used to be fagged until they struck against it. Why shouldn't the Remove do the same?"

"No more fagging for anybody we don't choose, anyway," said Nugent.

"That's the ticket!"

"Hear, hear!"

"And Loder and Carne come on that list, and Walker, and Reece, and Valence," said Harry Wharton. "No more fagging for any of them."

"Bravo!"

"And to begin the campaign, we'll give these rotters a lesson," went on Wharton. "I had to come here and fag for that cad. I made his toast and his tea, and in return he kicked me into the grate, and burnt my fingers on the kettle. Look at these blisters."

"Shamo!"

"The brute!"

"I—I didn't mean to burn you," sputtered Loder through the butter. "I—I'm sorry about that—I—"

"I dare say you are," said Bulstrode. "And we'll make you sorrier before we've done with you, you howling cad!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Hold the cads!" said Harry Wharton. "They're going to have their tea and their toast, but outside instead of inside."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wharton took the plate of toast from the table, and jammed it over the faces of the two seniors. Then he took up the teapot.

"Stop!" shrieked Loder. "It's hot! You'll scald us! You murderous young villain, put that teapot down! Oh! Keep off!"

"Keep off!" shrieked Carne.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"I'm not going to scald you," he said. "It would be no more than you deserve, but I'm not going to do it. The tea will be cool enough when I've mixed it with the milk and the jam and the honey."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wharton made the mixture. He made it in a basin, and added a little soot from the chimney, and some ashes from the grate. Loder and Carne eyed the basin with the deepest apprehension as Harry Wharton brought it close to them. The juniors held them fast, and they could hardly wriggle, let alone escape. The Removeites grinned gleefully. They had suffered much at the hands of Loder and Carne, but the hour of vengeance had struck at last.

"You—you young villain! Take that away!" gasped Loder faintly. "I—I— Ooch!"

Slop!

It came down over Loder's face. It was not hot, only lukewarm; but it was nasty. Some of the ingredients might have been tolerable, taken singly; but together, and applied externally, too, they were decidedly unpleasant.

"Yoo-oo! Oo-ooch!"

Carne eyed the basin wildly. He knew that his turn was coming, and that there was no escape for him. He twisted his head to one side, and then to the other, in a wild attempt to avoid the concoction as it swooped down. But in vain.

Swish! Swash!

"Groo-oo!"

"I think the time has come for us to retire, gentlemen," said Bob Cherry, throwing open the window. "This way! Follow your leader!"

He clambered out of the window and dropped into the Close. The grinning juniors followed him fast, leaving Loder and Carne sitting gasping on the floor of the study, gouging the horrible mixture from their eyes and ears and noses, and sniffing and snorting and panting, while Wingate still hammered angrily on the outside of the door.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER,

No Sympathy!

THERE will be trouble!"

Bob Cherry made the remark, in prophetic tones. But really one did not need to be a prophet to foretell that trouble would follow the scene in Loder's study. The handling of a prefect and another senior in such a manner by members of the Lower School could hardly be allowed to pass unpunished; and keeping Wingate out of the study, when he had ordered them to let him in, was a serious matter. Now that the excitement had died down, the juniors realised that they were "in for it."

The leaders of the Form had gathered in Harry Wharton's study, there to wait together for the storm to burst. Harry Wharton and Nugent, Bob Cherry and Bulstrode, and Tom Brown and Mark Linley, and John Bull, were there together, waiting. They were the leaders, and they expected to have to bear the brunt of the tempest when it came. They had very little doubt that it would come.

There was a tramp of footsteps in the passage, and the chums of the Remove looked round towards the door with expectant looks. The door was flung open, but it was not Wingate who came in. Three juniors of the Upper Fourth stepped into the study—Temple, Dabney & Co. They stared at the Removites with peculiar expressions.

"Well, you've done it now!" said Temple.

"Oh, rather!" remarked Dabney.

"Fairly done it!" said Fry.

"Have you come to sympathise?" asked Bob Cherry. "If you have, you can go ahead and let off steam; if you haven't, you can shift—quick!"

"Yes, rather!"

"My dear chap, we've come to look at you before you're licked," said Temple loftily. "I think there won't be much of you left to look at when the prefects have got through with you after what you've done."

"Oh, rather!"

"Ragging a prefect!" said Temple severely. "Why, the Upper Fourth—us—have never done anything like that, and you mere kids—"

"You haven't had the pluck!" suggested John Bull, and the Removites laughed.

Temple flushed.

"Oh, rats!" he said. "Of course, there's such a thing as discipline, though you kids don't appear to know it. Of course, we shouldn't fag for the Sixth. The Upper Fourth doesn't fag. But it's only right and proper that you youngsters should fag."

"Rats!"

"As a matter of fact, you ought to fag for us," said Temple severely.

"Oh, rather!"

"Hear, hear!" said Fry.

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Harry Wharton. "Buzz off out of the study, and give us a rest. If the Upper Fourth had to fag for the Sixth they'd go on fagging for dog's ages, and never have the nerve to raise an objection."

"Look here—"

"Rats! Buzz off!"

"Discipline must be maintained," said Temple. "I grant that Loder is a beast, and Carne is a cad. But discipline is discipline. If you kids were taught to respect Upper Forms more it would be better all round."

"Oh, rather!"

"Including the Upper Fourth, I suppose?" said Harry Wharton, laughing.

"Well, yes," said Temple. "I don't approve of cheek on the part of the Remove under any circumstances. I consider—"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 190.

READ the grand new story of the Chums of St. Jim's, entitled: **"UNDER SEALED ORDERS!"** in this week's "GEM" Library. Now on Sale. Price One Penny

"Rats! Clear out!"

"Oh, chuck them out!" said Bob Cherry. "I'm fed up with Temple! Chuck them out!"

The three Fourth-Formers drew together, and put up their hands. They evidently meant to resist if violent measures were tried for ejecting them from the study.

"Hands off!" said Temple. "I'm not finished yet—"

"Your mistake! You are!" said Bob Cherry. "Sling them out!"

The Removites rushed forward. They were in a state of "nerves" already, owing to the terms they were on with the Sixth and their momentary expectation of a visit from Wingate. Under the circumstances, it was extremely injudicious for Temple, Dabney & Co. to pay them that visit, and the Removites were not in the least inclined to put up with any nonsense from the Fourth Form.

Temple, Dabney and Fry hit out, but they could not withstand that rush. They were hurled and bundled through the doorway of the study, and went flying out into the passage in a whirling heap.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"Ow!"

"Yow!"

Bump—bump—bump!

The Removites crowded in the doorway, laughing. The three Fourth-Formers sprawled in the passage, gasping for breath. Temple sat up and rubbed his head; Dabney staggered to his feet, and held a handkerchief to his nose; Fry lay where he was, groaning.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "Do you want some more?"

"Oh!"

"Ow!"

"Grooh!"

The three Fourth-Formers picked themselves up at last, and limped away down the passage. They did not feel inclined to try conclusions with the Removites again. Temple paused for a moment to shake his fist back at the grinning faces in the doorway.

"You rotters—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You remember this," said Temple, rubbing his head. "The Fourth Form don't back you up against the prefects. We're for law and order, and putting down any cheek of the fags. You understand that!"

"Oh, I dare say we can get on without your assistance," said Harry Wharton disdainfully. "Go and eat coke!"

And Temple, Dabney & Co. went—whether to eat coke or not we cannot say. They disappeared down the passage, and Harry Wharton and his chums, somewhat cheered up, turned back into the study. Whatever they had to suffer at the hands of Wingate and the prefects, at all events they had put the Upper Fourth in their places.

Temple, Dabney and Fry certainly looked a trio of wrecks as they went down the passage and turned into their own quarters. Two big fellows of the Fifth Form were coming along to the Remove passage, and they stopped to stare at the Fourth-Formers. They were Coker and Potter of the Fifth. They grinned at the sight of Temple, Dabney & Co.

"My aunt!" said Coker of the Fifth. "What have you been doing, wrestling with a lawn-mower or boxing with a railway-engine?"

Temple snorted.

"They've just come from the Remove passage," grinned Potter. "I suppose this is some more of the Remove's little game."

"That's it," said Fry. "Ow! It was a row. Yow! Groo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I can't see anything to cackle at," said Temple savagely. "There were six or seven of them, and they chucked us out, that's all. They'll do the same for you if you go there."

Coker laughed.

"Will they?" he said. "I'd like to see any juniors sling me out of a study. As a matter of fact, I'm going there. Come on, Potter."

And the two Fifth-Formers walked on to the Remove passage. Coker reached Harry Wharton's door, and gave it a tremendous kick that sent it flying open. The heroes of the Fifth walked in, to be met with a hostile glare from the Removites. Wharton did not like his study door being opened in that manner.

"Hallo!" said Coker, surveying the Removites. "So you're all here, eh—all the whole giddy family?"

"Yes, we're all here, and none the better for your coming in," said Bob Cherry. "Is that the way they always open doors in the slum you were brought up in?"

Coker frowned. He was big and strong, but he had not a ready wit. As a rule, he used his fists to conclude an argument, and in that manner many arguments ended in his favour which would otherwise have gone against him.



Closer and closer crept the traitor. His was a desperate plan; but the Bounder, between spite and determination to keep clear of the Remove rebellion, was in a desperate frame of mind. The sentinel heard no sound.
(See Chapter 16.)

"Oh, shut up, or you'll get a thick ear!" he exclaimed. "I hear you kids have been going for the prefects, and backing up against law and order generally. I hear that you say you're not going to fag any more. Is it so?"

"How should we know?" said Nugent. "We can't tell what you hear. It depends on whom you listen to, and the state of your auricular organs."

Coker looked puzzled. He was not able to follow Nugent's humorous remark, and he did not take the trouble.

"Look here! If you kids are backing up against fagging, you'll have the Fifth down on you as well as the Sixth," he exclaimed. "All the seniors in the school will be down on you. I warn you of that in advance."

"I should say so!" said Potter emphatically. "We've heard talk of this sort before, but it never came to anything. Why, bless you, when I was a kid in the Remove I said I wouldn't fag for the Fifth or the Sixth either, and I was whaled with a cricket stump till I was ready to fag for Billy Bunter himself if I had been told to."

"That's it!" said Coker. "That's the way to keep fags in order. Now, I warn you kids that if there's any rot on this subject the Fifth will be down on you heavy. I think—"

"What with?" asked Nugent.

"Eh?"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 190.

NEXT
TUESDAY:

"AN UNGRATEFUL SON."

By FRANK RICHARDS.
Order Early.

"My belief is that you haven't the necessary apparatus," said Frank, with a shake of the head, "so don't you spring a yarn like that on us, Coker. You don't think—you can't!"

"You cheeky young villain—"

"Do you prefer the door or the window as a mode of exit?" asked Harry Wharton. "You can take your choice, only please make up your minds at once."

"Why, you—you—"

"Outside!"

"I—I—"

"Travel!" said Bob Cherry. "We don't want any cheek from the Fifth!"

That was too much for Horace Coker. He went for Bob Cherry with a wild rush. He grasped the sturdy junior, and they waltzed round the study till John Bull and Linley came to Bob's aid, and the three of them seized Coker and hurled him forth. Wharton and Bulstrode and Tom Brown laid violent hands upon Potter, and whirled him through the doorway and hurled him out, and he landed upon Coker, eliciting a terrific grunt from that individual. Harry Wharton slammed the door.

Coker sat up dazedly.

"The cheeky young scoundrels!" he ejaculated.

"Young villains!" murmured Potter.

"Ow! I'm aching all over!"

"I've got seven separate pains! Ow!"

The two Fifth-Formers looked at the closed door of the study. They were inclined to kick it open, and rush in to the attack. But they didn't. They limped away, as Temple, Dabney & Co. had done, and there was peace in the Remove passage.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Wharton's Last Word.

"WINGATE doesn't seem to be coming."

"I wish he'd come and get it over," grunted Bob Cherry. "He's bound to come for us or send for us, and why doesn't the ass do it?"

"Blessed if I like lingering out the agony in this way," said John Bull.

"Nor I."

The study door opened, and again the juniors fixed their eyes eagerly upon it. But it was not the captain of Greyfriars. Dicky Nugent—Nugent minor of the Second—came in, with his hands in his pockets and a grin upon his cheeky face.

"What do you want?" growled Frank Nugent, with a not very brotherly look at his minor.

"Nothing!"

"Take it and go!" said Tom Brown.

"Wrap it up for me!" said Dicky Nugent undauntedly.

The Removites laughed. Dicky Nugent was looking them over coolly, as if they were prize animals in a show, with a patronising smile.

"I've got a message for you," he went on, having victoriously silenced Tom Brown. "It's from old Wingate."

"Oh! Out with it!"

"You seem to have been getting yourselves into a beautiful scrape," said Dicky Nugent. "Cheeking the captain of the school and walloping the prefects. I hear that you're up against fagging for the Sixth. That won't do, you know. If the Remove chucked fagging it would all have to be done by the Third and Second instead of being shared out. And I can tell you that the Third and Second will kick. You'll have all the Lower School against you if you begin anything of the sort. I warn you of that."

"It seems as if we shall have all Greyfriars against us," said Harry Wharton; "but, of course, we shall feel it awfully if the Second Form doesn't countenance us."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Dicky Nugent turned red.

"Oh, rats!" he said. "Well I've got a message. Some of you are to go down to Wingate's study and see him. I've got a list of the names here"—Dicky Nugent read out the list—"Bulstrode, Wharton, Nugent, Cherry, Bull."

"Is that all?"

"That's the lot."

"I think we'd better all come," said Mark Linley doubtfully. "We don't want you fellows to go through it alone."

"That's right!" assented Tom Brown.

But Bulstrode shook his head.

"We'd better do just as Wingate says," he replied; "and if it's a licking five of us are enough to be licked. Come on, you fellows!"

And the five devoted juniors quitted the study and went downstairs. They were feeling a little nervous. If it had been Loder or Carne they were to face it would have been different. They would have borne any punishment with fortitude, and found some means afterwards of getting even with the bullies of the Sixth. But with Wingate the case was altered. Wingate wasn't a bully. Wingate was the most popular fellow in the school.

Wingate had done them many a favour; he had always done his best to restrain the bullying of fellows like Loder, and Carne, and Valence, and he had helped the juniors in many ways at their cricket and footer, and with their school work. Besides that, Wingate was the best batsman Greyfriars could boast, the best swimmer, and the best kick at goal—qualities which made him a hero in the eyes of the youngsters.

To be "up against" Wingate was a great worry to the Removites, and they would have suffered a great deal rather than have been on bad terms with him.

They were consequently in a very unpleasant state of mind when they reached the study of the Greyfriars captain. Wharton tapped at the door, and the deep voice of George Wingate bade them enter. Wharton opened the door, and the five juniors marched in.

Wingate was not alone. Loder and Carne were in the study, and Courtney was standing at the window. Wingate was standing by the fire, leaning upon the mantelpiece, and his brow was very stern. It was clear that he had been

thinking out how he should deal with the matter, and he had taken his time about it.

The juniors could not help looking, and feeling, a little sheepish as they came up like criminals for judgment. They stood in a row, with the table between them and Wingate. The stern eyes of the head of the Sixth rested upon them.

"You sent for us, Wingate," said Bulstrode, breaking the silence.

"Yes," said Wingate, "I have been thinking over what you've done. I suppose you know that it's not allowed for juniors to raid a Sixth-Form study and rag a prefect."

"The chaps came to help me," said Wharton. "I called for help, because those two cads were ragging me."

Loder made a movement. Wingate signed to him to keep back.

"Don't use words like that, in speaking of the Sixth, Wharton," said Wingate quietly, "it's not respectful. What were Loder and Carne doing?"

"If you're going to listen to that lying young cad—" began Loder.

Wingate made a gesture.

"I'm going to listen to him, or I shouldn't ask him questions," he replied. "Be good enough to shut up for a few minutes, Loder."

Loder relapsed into angry, sullen silence. Wharton did not even look at him. He replied to Wingate's question with his eyes upon the Greyfriars captain.

"Carne held me, while Loder caned me," he said.

"What had you done to be caned?"

"Jammed the hearth-broom into my face," interjected Loder.

"Did you do that, Wharton?"

"Yes; he had kicked me."

"A push with the foot, and he tumbled over on purpose," said Loder. "Carne can tell you that it was merely a playful push, and then he came for me like a demon."

"Quite so," said Carne.

Wingate's brow clouded. It was very probable that the cads of the Sixth had bullied Wharton. But how was he to get at the facts?

"We needn't go any further into that," he said, after a pause; "but if you are badly treated by a senior, Wharton, your business is to come and tell me, not to take the law into your own hands. If juniors were allowed to attack seniors, and rag prefects, and raid a Sixth-Form study when they pleased, you can see for yourself that all order would be at an end in the school."

Wharton was silent.

"Therefore, you were in the wrong, whatever provocation you had," said Wingate. "The only question is, whether you prefer to be punished by me, or punished by the Head."

The juniors started.

"The Head!" repeated Nugent.

"Yes. I will take a report of the matter to the Head, and leave it in his hands, or I will punish you myself, as you please. Take your choice."

"We don't want to drag the Head into it," muttered Bulstrode.

"Very well, then I shall cane you!"

"Cane us!" said John Bull.

"Yes, and severely, too. Discipline is going to be maintained, or I will know the reason why," said Wingate grimly. He picked up a cane.

"There were a lot of others, too," said Loder. "I remember some of them—Fish, and Linley, and Bolsover, and Leigh, and Russell, and—"

"Never mind them," said Wingate. "We have the ring-leaders here, and that's enough. I don't want to cane a whole Form. Punishing the leaders will be enough."

SANDOW'S BOOK FREE!

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

SPECIAL OFFER.

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

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

READ the grand new story of the "Chums of St. Jim's, entitled:

"UNDER SEALED ORDERS!"

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

"But—"

"You've heard what I've decided."

Loder bit his lip. There was no gainsaying the captain of Greyfriars. Wingate signed to the juniors to come towards him in turn. Bulstrode started forward. As captain of the Remove, he would take his punishment first.

"Hold on a minute," said Harry Wharton quietly. "May I say a word, Wingate?"

"Certainly, if you like."

"We've been up against Loder and Carne because they are bullies. We've never declined to fag for you or Courtney, or any decent chap. You can't say we have."

"That's right enough," said Courtney.

"You can't be allowed to pick and choose," said Wingate, frowning. "Fags have to do as they're told. There's altogether too much cheek and independence in the Remove."

"If we're allowed to fag for seniors we can get on with, we don't grumble," said Wharton; "but fagging for Loder is impossible. I won't ever do it again—"

"What?"

"Or for Carne, either. Or for Walker, or Reece, or Valence," said Harry Wharton. "I've made up my mind that I'll never fag for a bully again."

"You'll do as you're told."

"Not in this case. And if you cane me now, Wingate—"

"I'm certainly going to."

"Then it will be the last of fagging for me for anybody at Greyfriars," said Harry, with a blaze in his eyes. "It's unjust—"

"What!"

"It's unjust. You can cane me, if you like, I suppose, as you're captain of the school, but you can't make me fag, and I never will fag again for anybody."

"Hear, hear!" shouted Bob Cherry. "Same here! I'm on! Hurrah!"

"Hurrah!" echoed John Bull. "Same here!"

"Don't make that row in my study, please," said Wingate quietly. "Come up and take your canings, and then go away and think it over. If you stick to what you have just said, Wharton, there will be a good many canings in store for you yet, I imagine."

"I don't care!"

Wingate smiled grimly, but he did not reply. He caned each of the juniors in turn, and a severe caning it was. Wingate did not like inflicting punishment, but he was moved by a sense of duty; his point of view was very far removed from that of Harry Wharton & Co. For the first time there was something of anger and bitterness in the breasts of the juniors towards the captain of the school.

They took their punishment quietly. Not one of them uttered a sound, only lips were tightened, and eyes gleamed. When it was over, they turned towards the door. Harry Wharton paused, last of all, with his hand on the handle of the door, and looked back at Wingate, as he laid down the cane.

"That's the end of it," he said. "No more fagging."

And he closed the door before Wingate could reply, and followed his comrades.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Against the Whole School.

"SEEN the notice?"

"Yes, rather! Phew!"

"Wharton's at the bottom of it."

"Most likely."

"It means business."

"What-ho!"

These remarks, and many more of the same sort, were passed among the Greyfriars fellows on the following morning.

For when the various Forms came out from lessons, there was a paper pinned up on the notice-board, written in a large bold hand for everybody to read.

The first fellow who read it gave a shout, and called the attention of all the others to it, and in a quarter of an hour nearly all Greyfriars had read it.

The seniors, as well as the juniors, read it, and sniffed, but in spite of their sniffs, some of them looked serious.

Wingate looked very grim when his eyes rested upon it, and he walked away with a thoughtful frown upon his face.

Loder and Carne stopped before the notice-board, and scowled, and sniffed contemptuously.

"The kid who put that up ought to be licked," said Carne.

"Oh, Wingate won't have that, of course," said Loder savagely; "but I'll have the rag down, at all events."

And the prefect tore the paper from the board, rent it to fragments, and threw them to the wind in the Close. It was useless, however. The authors of the notice were prepared for that. Within two minutes of the departure of Loder and Carne a new notice was pinned upon the board, a fac-

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 190.

NEXT
TUESDAY:

'AN UNGRATEFUL SON.'

By FRANK RICHARDS.
Order Early.

EVERY
TUESDAY,

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

simile of the previous one. There it was, in large letters, for all Greyfriars to run and read.

"NOTICE!"

"A meeting will be held in the Remove Form-room, at seven o'clock this evening, to discuss the question of abolishing fagging for the seniors."

"By Order."

There it was, bold and plain. The question of abolishing fagging for the seniors. No suggestion of consulting the seniors in the matter; it was evidently merely a question of the Remove making up their minds about the matter. And if they decided to abolish fagging for the Sixth—what then? It was pretty certain that the Sixth would not decide upon anything of that sort. Then there would be trouble—war, open war, between the Sixth and the Lower Fourth—between the heads of the school, and the fags—a state of affairs that had certainly never obtained at Greyfriars before.

All Greyfriars discussed that notice, with varying comments.

The Remove took it quite seriously. Whether they would decide for or against was not yet settled, but they were going to consider the question very earnestly. But the other Forms openly scoffed.

The Fifth and Sixth, of course, were against the young rebels, all along the line. That was only to be expected. They were seniors, and they intended to exercise their prescriptive right of fagging the Lower Fourth whenever they chose.

But the lower Forms, who might have been expected to sympathise with the Remove, were just as much against them as the seniors were.

The Fourth Form, having escaped the servitude themselves, ought to have sympathised with the efforts of the Remove. But they didn't. Temple, Dabney & Co. regarded themselves as far removed from the Lower Fourth, and they frowned upon the whole thing. As for the Shell, the Shell being the next Form to the Fifth, the Shell fellows regarded themselves as almost seniors, and all their sympathy was with the Upper School.

As for the Third and Second, they were hard against the Remove. They themselves had no chance whatever of escaping fagging, and they thought it a cheek on the part of the Remove to think of getting out of it. Besides, if the Removites did not fag, it was pretty certain that there would be more fagging for the Third and Second to do. And Tubb of the Third, and Nugent minor of the Second, delivered their opinions upon the subject in very plain English to Harry Wharton & Co.—and were promptly kicked out of the Remove passage in consequence.

It looked as if the Remove, if they persisted, would be outlawed by the whole school—with every Form against them, from the high and mighty Sixth down to the babes of the Second. Even the masters, if they interfered at all, would be against the Remove, on the principle that all innovations should be frowned upon.

It was plain, therefore, that the rebels of the Remove would have a hard row to hoe, as Fisher T. Fish put it. Even the Removites were not likely to be unanimous; poor-spirited fellows like Skinner, and Snoop, and Bunter would be afraid, and cads like Vernon-Smith and Bolsover might take the opportunity of making a set against the leaders of the Form.

But Harry Wharton, at least, was determined.

He had made up his mind that he would never fag again for Fifth and Sixth; and there was a strain of very hard obstinacy in Wharton's nature. What he had said he would do, he would do; and it was quite likely that he would carry the Form along with him.

During the afternoon the matter was very much discussed in the Remove—somewhat to the detriment of lessons. The Remove-master found that there was a subject of more interest to his Form than the Gallic War, and lines fell pretty thickly in consequence. But the Remove were not in a mood to care for lines.

After school Wharton looked at the notice-board and found that the notice had been torn down again, doubtless by some angry senior. He took a fresh paper from his pocket and pinned it up in the place of the removed notice. A hand fell upon his shoulder as he did so, and he swung round.

It was Walker of the Sixth.

"So you're the cheeky young cub who's been putting those papers up!" the Sixth-Former exclaimed.

Wharton met the senior's angry glance steadily.

"Yes," he said.

"Take it down."

Harry Wharton put his hands in his pockets.

"We have a right to use the notice-board," he said.

"But not to put up cheeky notices on it," said Walker

angrily. "Take it down, or I'll give you a licking here and now."

"I shall not take it down."

"You cheeky cub!" said Walker. "Then I'll give you a lesson—"

"Hold on!" said a quiet voice.

It was Wingate. Walker released the junior.

"Look here, Wingate," he exclaimed hotly, "I suppose you're not going to back up the fags in this insolence, are you?"

"They can put a notice on the board if they like," said the Greyfriars captain. "If they make fools of themselves that's their own look out. Let Wharton alone."

Walker strode away sullenly. Wingate fixed a steady look upon Harry Wharton.

"So you are in earnest in this, Wharton?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You mean to refuse to fag for the Sixth?"

"Yes."

"And to lead the rest of your Form to do the same?"

"Yes, if I can," said Wharton steadily.

Wingate shrugged his shoulders.

"It will mean lickings all round for you," he said. "Of course, you will not be allowed to refuse to fag. You will be expected to do so, and you will be licked if you refuse."

"I can stand the lickings, for one, Wingate."

"You are an obstinate young fool!" exclaimed Wingate angrily. "It's useless showing you kindness—I can see that!"

Wharton coloured.

"We're sorry to be up against you, Wingate," he said.

"But it's the others—Loder and Carne and fellows like that. Besides, fagging is abolished in a good many schools, and it's a rotten idea, anyway. We're willing to make an exception, too—that juniors shall always fag for the captain of the school."

Wingate smiled sarcastically.

"Thank you for nothing," he said. "You'll fag for the Fifth and the Sixth as usual, or you'll get into trouble. Better take warning."

And Wingate strode off. Harry Wharton's face set hard.

"But I won't fag for either the Fifth or the Sixth," he muttered; "and I think the Remove will back me up! We shall see!"

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

An Excited Meeting.

THERE was great excitement in the Remove as the time for the meeting came round.

After school the juniors were allowed to have their Form-room to themselves, and when they held meetings the Form-room was generally the place selected. The junior Common-room they had to share with the other Lower Forms.

Towards seven o'clock Removites came crowding into the Form-room.

Almost the whole of the Form turned up to the meeting, those who were against Harry Wharton as well as those who were for him. Fellows like Vernon-Smith and Skinner came to make trouble if they could, but it was easy to see that the great majority were on the side of the no-fagging party.

Fourth-Formers and Shell fellows came along, too, with the idea of breaking up the meeting, but they found that there was no admittance for anyone outside the Remove. Half a dozen stalwart Removites stood on guard at the door, and they plainly intimated their intention of throwing out any unauthorised person who tried to enter.

Temple, Dabney & Co. came along with a crowd of the Fourth, but they decided that they would not make a rush. They contented themselves with hooting and cat-calling in the passage while the Removites were going in to the meeting. Hobson of the Shell and a dozen or more Shell fellows came up to the Form-room door and tried to push their way in.

Harry Wharton called out an order, and the Removites closed up to resist.

"We're coming to the meeting," Hobson explained.

"You're not," said Bulstrode. "This is a Remove meeting, and doesn't concern the Shell at all. You can buzz off."

"Rats! We're coming in!"

"You'll get hurt if you do!"

"Rush them!" shouted Hobson.

The Shell crowd made a rush.

"Line up!" yelled Bob Cherry.

The Shell fellows found a solid phalanx of Removites ready for them. They were driven back and out into the passage, and the door was closed upon them. Nearly all the Remove now being present, Bob Cherry locked the door.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 190.

Harry Wharton sprang upon a form.

"Gentlemen of the Remove, the meeting is now open—"

"Hear, hear!"

"Gentlemen, you have been called together on this important occasion—"

"Hear, hear!"

"You have been called together upon this important occasion to discuss a most important matter. The question of fagging—"

Groans!

"The question of fagging for the seniors is a burning one," continued Wharton, "and it is a question that has got to be settled."

"Hear, hear!"

"The Fourth Form at Greyfriars used to be fagged, but it is not fagged now. Long ago they got their ears up about it, and it was decided that only Forms below the Fourth could be fagged. Well, that's all right for the Fourth. But what price the Remove?"

"Hear, hear!"

"The Remove claim the same right as the Upper Fourth—"

Tremendous cheering. For some minutes the voice of the orator was drowned, and it was impossible to hear a word he said. He broke off and waited for the noise to subside.

"I see that the gentlemen present are in sympathy with me," went on the speaker. "Why should the Upper Fourth have rights that we do not possess? Echo answers—why?"

"Hurray!"

"Excuse me one moment!" exclaimed Lord Mauleverer.

"May I ask the honourable speaker a question?"

"Certainly!"

"Go it, Mauly!"

"I fail to comprehend," said his lordship, with a puzzled look, "how echo can answer 'why,' when 'why' was the first word in the sentence. I have always understood that echo answers the last word of the sentence, and in this case, therefore, echo should answer 'possess.' If echo answers 'why,' there must be something very unusual and remarkable in the acoustics of this Form-room."

There was a roar of laughter.

"You utter ass!" said Bulstrode. "Don't rot now."

"My dear fellow, I am not rotting—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't see how echo could answer 'why,' when Wharton—"

"I was speaking figuratively," Wharton explained.

"Noblemen are not expected to understand," said Frank Nugent. "Get on with the washing, Harry!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"As I was saying, echo answers 'why,'" resumed Harry Wharton, warming to his subject. "Why should we fag, if the Fourth doesn't fag? I pause for a reply."

"Bravo!"

"Because we've got to," Skinner ventured.

"Rats!"

"Shut up, Skinny!"

"That's the question—whether we've got to, or not?" said Harry Wharton. "My view is that we should one and all refuse to fag, and let the Sixth Form do their worst. After all, they can't eat us."

"They'd find some of us pretty tough," Bulstrode remarked.

"If we go on strike against fagging—"

"Hear, hear!"

"I don't see what the Sixth can do. They may lick us—"

"They jolly well will!" said Vernon-Smith.

"Suppose they do—we can stand it."

"Hear, hear!"

"Wait till the time comes," said the Bounder. "It's easy to talk, but you won't like the lickings so much when the time comes to take them."

"Rats!"

"Ring off!"

"If it's a question of lickings, let them lick us," said Wharton, amid applause. "We shall be able to get our own back some way, and we may be able to make them tired of licking us in the long run. I don't like backing up against old Wingate; but he's thrown in his lot with the Sixth Form bullies, and it can't be helped. I'm not going to fag again for anybody so long as I remain in Greyfriars, if I'm cut to pieces for it. I think we should all agree to stand by one another and defy the Sixth."

The bold words were greeted with a storm of cheering. Vernon-Smith had a sneer upon his lips; but most of the juniors caught the infection of the enthusiasm, and yelled and stamped. There was no doubt that the orator was carrying the crowd with him.

"That's all I've got to say," said Harry Wharton. "Now it's your whack, Bulstrode."



"Go for him!" shouted Tom Merry. The juniors leaped upon the seafaring man, and he went down in the grasp of many hands. (An exciting incident in "Under Sealed Orders," the splendid school story of Tom Merry & Co., by Martin Clifford, which appears in this week's number of the "Gem" Library. Ask your newsagent for The "Gem" on Thursday. Price One Penny.)

"Right you are!"

The captain of the Remove mounted upon the form as Wharton stepped down. Bulstrode's face was a little flushed and very determined. He was fully of Wharton's opinion, and, in any case, he was determined to go as far as Wharton, if only to keep up his position as leader of the Form.

"Fellows—"

"Hear, hear! Bravo, Bulstrode!"

The idea is for us to make a compact to stand by one another never to fag any more for the Fifth or the Sixth. We make an exception in favour of the captain of the school, and of him only. All other fagging is barred."

"Hurrah!"

"Hands up for abolishing fagging."

A forest of hands went up—many of the Removites putting up both hands in their enthusiasm. Not more than six or seven fellows kept their hands down.

"Good!" exclaimed Bulstrode. "Now hands up for keeping on fagging and letting the Sixth ride the high horse."

Vernon-Smith's hand went up, and then Skinner's, and then

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 190.

NEXT
TUESDAY:

"AN UNGRATEFUL SON."

By FRANK RICHARDS
Order Early.

Snoop's. Stott's and Billy Bunter's followed. They were all.

"Five against; and the rest for," said Bulstrode. "Well, if those five fellows are afraid to back up the rest of the Form in a fight for freedom they can clear out. We won't force them to join us, but they can get out of the Form-room."

"Outside, you blacklegs!"

"Get out, cads!"

"I'm not going out!" said Vernon-Smith. "I suppose I can remain in the Form-room if I like. I'm against this rot because—"

"Get out!"

"I won't!"

"Throw him out!" said Bulstrode.

Vernon-Smith was seized by half a dozen juniors and borne, struggling, towards the door. He was hurled out into the corridor. The other four malcontents followed him more quietly; they did not wait to be thrown. The door was closed upon them and locked again.

Vernon-Smith picked himself up, panting and furious.

"Hallo!" said Hobson, of the Shell. "Chuck'd out, eh? What are those young bounders doing in there?"

"They're going to stop all fagging, and defy the Sixth," said Snoop.

"My hat!"

"And you don't agree with it, eh?" said Tubb, of the Third.

"No; that's why we've been slung out."

"Serve you right for not standing by your Form," said Hobson.

And that was all the sympathy that Vernon-Smith & Co. received.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

The Round Robin.

THE meeting in the Form-room waxed even more enthusiastic after the malcontents had been ejected. The juniors who remained were all of the same mind, and prepared to back up Bulstrode and Harry Wharton all along the line. It was only a question of ways and means; and these the leaders had already decided upon. Bulstrode had taken a sheet of paper and a pen.

"We're going to send in a round robin to the head of the Sixth," he said; "the names will be signed in a circle, so that they won't be able to pick on anybody in particular. Every chap here will sign it."

"Good!" said Lord Mauleverer. "That's a really ripping idea, my dear fellow."

"Faith, and it's stunning."

"I guess it takes the cake," said Fisher T. Fish. "But are you going to send it to Wingate? That's rather thick."

"It must go to the head of the Sixth."

Bulstrode began to write, and the juniors gathered round him eagerly to read over his shoulder. Bulstrode worked slowly.

"Notice to the Sixth:

"The Remove having decided that no more fagging shall be done by them, they hereby warn the Sixth not to expect them to fag any more. No fagging will be done under any circumstances by the undersigned."

"Is that all right?" asked Bulstrode looking round.

"Oh, ripping!"

"I guess so!"

"It's all serene," said Harry Wharton. "Now we've all got to sign our names in a circle. Who's going to begin?"

"Form captain," said Russell.

"Right; you begin, Bulstrode."

Bulstrode wrote his name upon the sheet.

"There you are," he said. "George Bulstrode."

"Mine next," said Harry.

H. Wharton was written next to George Bulstrode. Then Nugent, and Cherry, and Bull, and Linley, and the rest signed in turn. There were nearly two score of names on the paper by the time the writing was finished, and a remarkable variety of handwriting.

"Good," said Bulstrode. "That will make the Sixth sit up, I think. Who's going to take it to Wingate?"

There was a pause.

It was one thing to draw up the paper embodying the defiance of the Lower Fourth, and quite another to present it to the head of the Sixth, and captain of Greyfriars.

"Toss up for it," suggested Bob Cherry.

"That's a good wheeze."

"The chap who takes it is pretty certain to get a licking," Leigh remarked. "Why not send it by post?"

"Then he won't get it till to-morrow morning," said Bulstrode.

"What's the hurry?"

"The Sixth will want fags this evening, that's all," said Bulstrode. "And we want them to know about this at once."

"Faith, and ye're right."

"Lot Trotter take it," suggested Hazeldene. "Trotter will take it if you give him a bob; and it's his bizney to take messages, anyway."

"That's a good idea."

Harry Wharton shook his head.

"It looks as if we're afraid to own up to what we've done if we do that," he said. "We've all signed the round robin, and my opinion is that we ought to take it to Wingate ourselves and hand it to him openly. If we've done it, we ought to show that we're not afraid to stand by it. Let's go in a body."

"Good egg!"

"I guess you're right, sonny. Let a crowd of us go, and we can plank it down on Wingate, and then buzz off instant," said Fisher T. Fish.

Bulstrode nodded.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 190.

READ the grand new story of the Chums of St. Jim's, entitled: **"UNDER SEALED ORDERS!"** In this week's "GEM" Library Now on Sale. Price One Penny.

"Very well," he said, "I'm agreeable. A dozen of us can go, and it will show the prefects that we mean bizney, too."

"Hear, hear!"

"Shove that letter in an envelope," Hazeldene suggested; "we can give it to Wingate, and leave him to read it after we're gone."

"Good egg!"

The round robin was folded and sealed up. Then Bulstrode unlocked the door of the Form-room. A shout from the crowd in the passage greeted the Removites. The proceedings in the Form-room had excited the greatest interest among the fellows of all Forms, and they wanted very much to know the result.

"Well," said Coker, of the Fifth, with a grin. "have you decided to ask the Head to retire, and to run Greyfriars yourself in future, Wharton?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Not quite," said Wharton, laughing. "But we're fed up with the Fifth. You can go and eat coke!"

"So you're not going to fag any more, eh?" asked Hobson, of the Shell.

"Exactly."

"You've decided on that?" shouted Blundell, of the Fifth.

"Yes."

"My hat!"

"There's trouble in store for you, my sons," said Coker, wagging a warning finger at the rebels of the Remove. "You'll get it where the chicken got the chopper—and that's in the neck!"

"Oh, rather!"

"We're ready to risk it," said Bulstrode. "Come on!"

The Removites followed their leader. Bulstrode walked up to the notice-board in the hall and took down the notice of the meeting, turned it round, and scrawled on the blank side:

"Notice to all whom it may concern:

"Fagging is abolished so far as the Remove is concerned.—By Order."

He pinned the notice up.

"That's plain English enough, I think," he remarked.

"Yes, rather! Hurrah!"

"They can't make any mistake about that," Wharton agreed. "Now to take the round robin to Wingate. Does anybody know where he is?"

"In his study, most likely."

"Yes, he's in his study," grinned Hobson, of the Shell.

"He's entertaining some of the prefects to tea."

The Removites looked serious. But Wharton did not hesitate.

"All the better opportunity for handing them the round robin," he remarked. "They can all digest it at once."

"Good wheeze!" said Bulstrode. "Come on!"

A dozen of the Remove followed Bulstrode to Wingate's study in the Sixth-Form passage. Bulstrode tapped boldly at the door. There was a buzz of voices within, showing that the captain of Greyfriars was not alone.

Bulstrode opened the door.

"Hallo!" said Wingate.

He was seated at the head of the table, which was laid for four. Courtney and North and Valence were with him. All four of the seniors looked at the crowd of juniors outside the doorway.

"What do you want?" asked Wingate, in surprise. "Has anything gone wrong?"

"Not exactly," stammered Bulstrode.

"Then what have you invaded me like this for?"

"You see—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Valence. "They've come to tell us the result of the meeting—whether they're going to allow us to live or not!"

The seniors all laughed, and the Removites turned pink. They did not like their revolt to be made fun of in this way. Bulstrode strode in and laid the envelope upon the tea-table, and Wingate stared at it.

"What's that?" he demanded.

"A message from the Remove."

"Oh, a message from the Remove, is it?" said Wingate, taking up the envelope. "Many thanks to the Remove. Shut the door after you."

"It's a round robin," said Bob Cherry.

"A what?"

"A round robin," repeated Bob. "I suppose you know what a round robin is?"

Wingate laughed.

"It appears to be an attempt at humour on the part of the cheeky juniors," he replied. "But I will look at it, if you want me to."

"That's all we want," said Wharton.

"Very good; then clear out, and close the door after you."

The Removites retreated from the study, and closed the door. In the passage they looked at one another somewhat sheepishly.

"The rotters don't seem to be impressed," Bull remarked.

"Wait till they've read the round robin," said Bulstrode, confidently, "it will make them sit up."

"In any case, we've declared war, if they choose to take up the gauntlet," said Harry Wharton quietly. "That settles it, whether they take it seriously or not. We don't do any more fagging for the seniors."

And the juniors all chimed in heartily:

"Hear, hear!"

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

The Remove Mean Business.

WINGATE helped himself to more toast, and poured out a fresh cup of tea. The other seniors were looking at the envelope lying on the table. They were curious to know what it contained. But the captain of Greyfriars did not seem curious in the least. He ate his toast serenely.

"Oh, come," said Valence, at last, "aren't you going to open it, Wingate?"

Wingate tossed it across to him.

"You can open it if you like," he said.

"I will, then."

Valence slit the envelope with his knife, and drew out the folded paper. He unfolded it, and glanced at it, and gave a low whistle.

"Phew!"

"Read it out!" said Courtney.

"Right you are!" Valence grinned. "It's straight from the shoulder, at all events. Listen! 'The Remove having decided that no more fagging shall be done by them, they hereby warn the Sixth not to expect them to fag any more. No fagging will be done under any circumstances by the undersigned:'"

"My hat!"

"Then the names come in a circle," said Valence, holding up the paper. "Pretty nearly all the Remove in it, too, I think."

"Cheeky young beggars."

Wingate calmly munched his toast.

"What are you going to do about it, Wingate," asked North.

"Nothing!" replied the Greyfriars captain, serenely.

"Nothing!"

"Nothing—only put it in the fire. I'm hardly likely to take notice of rot of that sort from the Lower Fourth, I suppose."

"But the young rascals mean business," Courtney remarked.

"We shall see. If they refuse to fag, we shall know how to deal with them," said Wingate grimly. "I don't believe in treating the juniors harshly, but I believe in discipline, and I'll keep it going, or know the reason why."

"Yes, rather," said Valence.

"I think this will blow over, and they'll come round," said Wingate carelessly. "Throw the paper in the fire."

Valence tossed the famous round robin into the flames, where it was crumpled up instantly. Wingate munched his toast.

"We could easily tell if they mean business by calling for a fag," Valence remarked.

Wingate shrugged his shoulders.

"Call for one if you like," he said. "We shall see."

"Very well."

Valence opened the study door and looked out. Two of the Remove were in sight, and they promptly vanished as Valence came into view. The senior called down the passage.

"Fag!"

There was no reply. There was a sound of footsteps, but they were going away from him, not coming towards him, and they died away in a few moments. Valence called out again.

"Fag!"

Silence!

"Fag!"

No reply. Valence turned back into the study with a grin. "Looks like business," he remarked. "I know jolly well that at least three or four of the young beggars heard me perfectly well."

Wingate frowned.

"I'll call out," he said. "I don't think they'll venture to disregard me."

"Try, then."

Wingate stepped to the door, and his deep voice sounded down the passage.

"Fa-a-ag!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 190.

NEXT
TUESDAY:

AN UNGRATEFUL SON.

By FRANK RICHARDS.
Order Early.

EVERY
TUESDAY,

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

Footsteps were heard at once. Bob Cherry came from one direction, and Nugent from another, and they arrived breathlessly at the door of the study.

"Yes, Wingate," they exclaimed together, "Did you call?"

Wingate laughed.

"Yes, I called," he said. "I don't want a fag, but it was on account of your precious round robin. That's all."

"Oh, I see," said Bob Cherry. "That's all right, Wingate. We make an exception in your favour, you know."

"What!"

"We're not going to fag for anybody else," Nugent explained. "But we'll fag for you all the time, Wingate. Bulstrode ought to have put that in the round robin."

Wingate looked at them angrily.

"Do you mean to say that you mean the rubbish you have written down there?" he demanded.

"Yes, rather."

"And is that why you didn't come when Valence called?"

"Yes, that's why."

"You heard him?"

"Oh, yes."

"You cheeky young scoundrels!"

"Oh, draw it mild, Wingate. We'll fag for you till all's blue, you know," urged Bob Cherry.

"Yes, rather."

"That's as cheeky as the rest of it," said Wingate, angrily. "I suppose if you didn't condescend to like me, you wouldn't make an exception in my favour, would you?"

The juniors considered.

"Well, no," admitted Bob Cherry.

"But we do like you," said Nugent. "You're a good sort, Wingate. We should be glad to go on fagging for you."

"You'll fag for all the Sixth that want fags, and the Fifth as well," said the Greyfriars captain, sharply.

"Can't be did."

"Impossible."

"Do you mean to say that you'll refuse?" demanded Wingate, raising his voice.

"Must!"

"We've agreed with the rest of the Form," Nugent explained. "There's nothing else to be done. Fagging the Remove is abolished."

Wingate stepped back into his study, and took down a cane.

"Come in here," he said.

Bob Cherry and Nugent exchanged glances, and hesitated. It was a great deal like being invited into the lions' den.

"Come in," rapped out Wingate, angrily.

The juniors obeyed.

"Now," said Wingate, "I'm going to cane you for your cheek. I shall cane every boy in the Remove who refuses to fag when ordered to do so by a member of the Sixth. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Wingate."

"Then you know why I am going to cane you."

"Yes, Wingate—because you're bigger than we are."

"What!" roared the Greyfriars captain, somewhat taken aback. "I—I'm going to cane you to maintain discipline and order in the school."

"I wish I'd known you wanted to maintain discipline and order, instead of wanting a fag," sighed Bob Cherry. "I shouldn't have come."

Courtney smiled, and Wingate burst into a laugh and put down the cane.

"Perhaps it is not quite cricket to cane you this time," he said. "You can go, you young rascals. But remember, any more of this rot, and you will be caned. I have told all the Sixth to report to me if there is any refusal to fag, and I shall deal with every case. And I shan't spare the rod and spoil the child, I promise you."

"Yes, Wingate," said the juniors, meekly.

"You are going to fag, then, when called upon?"

"No, Wingate."

"What!"

"No, Wingate."

The Greyfriars captain turned red with anger.

"Get out of my study, or I shall change my mind about letting you off," he exclaimed, angrily. "Get out at once."

"Yes, Wingate."

And Nugent and Bob Cherry promptly got out, and Wingate slammed the door after them, and returned with a ruffled countenance to the tea-table.

"There's going to be trouble with those impertinent young rotters," North remarked. And Wingate nodded without replying.

In the passage, Bob Cherry and his comrade grinned. From up the passage, in the direction of Loder's study, came a call that echoed.

"Fag!"

"Loder wants a fag," murmured Bob Cherry. "He's going to get one immediately—I don't think."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Fag!"

Bob and Frank scuttled away, and the passage was empty. Loder stared out of his study, calling out angrily for a fag. But no answer came to his call. A dozen juniors heard his voice, but they were very careful to give Loder a wide berth.

"Fag!"

Only the echo of Loder's voice in the empty passage answered him.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

No Fags.

THE next morning, when the Remove came down, they kept their eyes very much open. They were at open warfare with the Sixth now, and they expected reprisals. They kept together in threes and fours, and kept a good look-out. But the Sixth were letting them alone for the present. Wingate was of opinion that the whole matter would soon blow over, and that the fags would return to their duties of their own accord. But the Greyfriars captain, keen as his judgment was in most matters, was mistaken in this. The Remove had made up their minds; and their leaders especially were determined never to give in. There was to be no more fagging at Greyfriars so far as the Remove were concerned.

During morning school the Remove exchanged whispers on the subject, to the surprise and annoyance of Mr. Quelch, their Form-master. Mr. Quelch had been away from Greyfriars, his place being taken by another master for a time, and he had only returned to the school that morning. He came back without the least knowledge of the unsettled state of politics in the Lower Fourth, and the ferment in the Form took him by surprise. Lines were given out, and knuckles were rapped, in the Remove Form-room that morning, but the juniors cared very little. What were maths. and Latin to them when they were at war with the Sixth, and had not the faintest idea, so far, how the tussle would end?

They came out of their Form-room, later, prepared for war. Harry Wharton & Co. expected to be called into Wingate's study for another caning. But they were not. Wingate seemed to be studiously taking no notice of them. The juniors were surprised, and a little annoyed. Having worked themselves up to the pitch of offering battle to the Sixth, it was exasperating to be totally disregarded.

"It's all right," said Nugent. "They're only lying low, and one of them will break out soon—one of them with a lovely temper like Loder or Valence."

Nugent was quite right. It was Loder who broke the ice. He called to Harry Wharton & Co. as they were sunning themselves on the steps after dinner, and some of the Sixth were going down to the football-ground.

"Wharton! Fetch the footer out of my study."

Wharton looked at him calmly. The tussle was coming, but Harry Wharton was quite ready for it.

"Sorry!" he replied, politely.

"Fetch my footer—quick!"

"If you ask it as a favour, I'll fetch it with pleasure," said Harry. "But if you mean to be fagging me, I won't fetch it."

Loder gritted his teeth.

"Will you fetch that footer?" he demanded.

"No, I won't!"

"You cheeky young sweep, I'll—"

Wingate broke in.

"Hold on, Loder. Wharton, go and fetch that footer at once!"

"I'll fetch it for you, Wingate."

And Harry turned away. The Greyfriars captain frowned.

"You'll fetch it for Loder," he said.

"Can't be did."

"Then you'll go into my study and fetch me a cane," said Wingate.

"Very well!"

Wingate waited for Harry Wharton to return. The junior came back with the cane in his hand, but without Loder's football. Wingate took the cane from him.

"Now, are you going to fag for Loder?" he asked.

"No!" said Harry.

"Not when I order you to?"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 190.

"No!"

"Then hold out your hand!"

Wharton held out his hand. The right of caning was vested in the prefects, and there was nothing to do but to take it. Wingate gave the junior two strokes, and hard ones, that made Wharton almost wriggle with pain, but he did not utter a sound. The Greyfriars captain gave him a grim look.

"Now you can take the cane back," he said. "Nugent, go and fetch Loder's footer."

"I'll fetch it for you, Wingate."

"Enough of that," said Wingate, angrily. "You will fag for Loder, or any other fellow in the Sixth. You can't even pretend that Loder was bullying you this time. You will fag for Loder, I tell you."

"I won't!"

"Then hold out your hand, Nugent."

"Very well."

Frank was caned, and he bore it calmly. By this time a crowd of fellows had collected. It was extremely unusual to see canings inflicted in the Close, but Wingate was very angry now, and he did not stop to reflect upon appearances.

"Cherry!" he rapped out.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully.

"Will you fag for Loder?"

"No."

There was no hesitation about Bob Cherry's reply. It came out directly, like a blow straight from the shoulder. There never was any possibility of mistaking Bob Cherry's meaning.

"Hold out your hand."

"Right-o, my pippin."

Bob was caned. He put his hands under his arms and squeezed them, and made a wry face, but he uttered no complaint. Bob Cherry was not soft. He could have grinned and borne severer punishments than that.

Fellows were gathering from all sides now. Wingate's face was a dark red with anger, and his eyes were gleaming. He felt that his authority was being defied, as indeed it was in a way, though the young rebels were far from wishing to offend Wingate personally. But there was no doubt that they were directly disobeying his orders. The Greyfriars captain had never had such an experience before, and he was in a most unusual temper about it. The look that was upon his face now was one that had very seldom been seen there before. One of the masters, hearing the noise in the quad, had come to his window, and was looking out curiously. Wingate seemed blind to the fact that a hundred eyes were upon him.

"Bull!" he said.

John Bull came up smiling.

"Right-o," he said. "You needn't ask the question—I won't fag for Loder, or for Carne, or for anybody else in the giddy Sixth. I'll see them all hanged first! I dare say some of them will be hanged some day, especially Loder—and there's my hand!"

And John Bull held out his hand for the cane. The crowd grinned at his observations, but Wingate did not smile. He brought the cane down with a lash that made the junior, strong and courageous as he was, give a sharp, short gasp.

There were several other juniors in the group on the steps. They were all looking defiant and determined. Canings or no canings, they did not mean to fag. They had made their declaration of independence, and they meant to stand by it.

"Linley!"

"Yes, Wingate?"

"Are you going to fag for the Sixth?"

"No, Wingate."

"Stand forward, then, and hold out your hand."

Mark Linley obeyed, and was caned. Then came the turn of Fisher T. Fish, the American junior. Fish had been loudest of all in his declarations that he would never dream of giving in, but Fish was known to be a swanker. He eyed Wingate's cane very nervously as he was called forward, and put his hands in his pockets. Wingate's glance fell upon him sternly.

"AN UNGRATEFUL SON!"

By Frank Richards,

IN

"THE MAGNET" 1^D.

NEXT
TUESDAY.

Please order your copy early.



A party of raiders descended to the lower regions, and the larder was cleared of most of its contents, which were conveyed upstairs and passed up to the dormitory. The outlaws of the school were now provisioned for a siege!
(See Chapter 15.)

"Are you going to fag for the Sixth?" he demanded.
"I guess I'd rather turn that over in my mind," said Fisher T. Fish cautiously. "As a business man, I'd rather not give an answer off-hand."
"Play up, Fish," came a voice from a Removite.
"I guess I can run alone, thanks, without any help."
"Answer me, Fish," said Wingate harshly. "You are either in this silly scheme or you are not. Are you going to fag for the Sixth?"
"I haven't been asked, I guess."
"Well, if you are asked, or ordered."
"That makes a difference, of course," said Fish.
"Will you give me a direct answer?" thundered Wingate.
"I guess so."
"Will you, or will you not, fag for the Sixth?"
Thus driven into a corner, Fish cast a helpless glance around him. His chums were looking at him steadily, and their looks told what he might expect afterwards if he betrayed the good cause now. But the cane in Wingate's hand, and the look upon Wingate's face, had sapped away the courage of the American junior.
"I—guess—" he faltered.
"Well?"
"Buck up, Fishy!"
"Play the game, old fellow!"
"Not!" concluded Fish. "I guess not."
THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 190.

It was out now. Even Fish had stood by his colour. Wingate raised the cane.
"Hold out your hand," he ordered.
"You see, I—I—I—" "Hold out your hand!" shouted Wingate.
Fisher T. Fish held out a bony hand in a very gingerly way. Wingate brought down the cane, and it swept the empty air as Fish snatched his hand away. There was a chuckle among the crowd, and Wingate became quite crimson.
"Fish! How dare you!"
"I—I guess it's all right," said Fish. "You can consider that you've caned me, and I'm quite agreeable to let it go at that, and—" Wingate took him by the collar, and brought down the cane upon his shoulders. Fisher T. Fish gave a terrific yell.
"Yaroo!"
Lash, lash, lash!
There was no doubt that Wingate had lost his temper. He lashed the junior across the back with the cane half a dozen times, and Fish danced and yelled and roared as if he were being massacred. His cries rang through the house.
"Shut up!" muttered Bob Cherry in disgust. "Take it like a man."
"Wingate! Stop that instantly!"
Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, strode upon the scene from the interior of the School House.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Wingate in Trouble!

MR. QUELCH'S face was dark with anger. He sometimes visited his boys with the cane himself, but he had a strong objection to anybody else taking the law into his own hands, so far as his Form was concerned. The prefects were allowed a restricted use of the cane, certainly, but Mr. Quelch considered, rightly enough, that Wingate was going altogether too far. Thrashing a junior in the open quad was a little too "thick," as the juniors would have described it.

"Wingate! Have you taken leave of your senses?"

Wingate stopped the caning. He released Fisher T. Fish, who staggered away groaning, with much louder groans, as a matter of fact, than the occasion demanded. He leaned up against Bob Cherry, but Bob pushed him off without any ceremony. Bob Cherry had no sympathy with fellows who could not take their punishment quietly.

Wingate fixed his eyes upon the Form-master. He realised that he had placed himself in a false position by losing his temper, but he was too angry to care.

"Did you speak to me, sir?"

"Yes, I did, Wingate. I am surprised and shocked at you. I never expected to see the captain of Greyfriars acting in this way, in sight of all the windows of the school, and of any stranger who might come in at the gates," Mr. Quelch exclaimed.

Wingate flushed.

"I have a right to punish the juniors for insolence," he exclaimed, "and I do not want any instruction about my personal conduct, sir."

"Wingate!"

"I mean what I say, sir. The boys of your Form have broken out into insolence and defiance, and refuse to obey the orders of the prefects, and they will have to be punished until they come to their senses. You do not seem to be able to keep them in order, sir, and so it falls to me to do it."

Mr. Quelch looked hard at the Greyfriars captain.

"That is not language to be used to a master, Wingate," he said. "I think, and hope, that when you are cool you will apologise for having used it. For the present, I decline to enter into a discussion. That is enough."

Mr. Quelch turned back into the house.

The Remove-master evidently thought the matter closed, as indeed it should have been. Never once had Wingate been guilty of insolence to those above him in position, and he had always been very careful to set the younger boys a good example in respect to the masters. But Wingate was not himself now. He had completely lost his temper, and being called to account by the master, under the eyes of all the crowd, had given him the finishing touch, so to speak. He was determined to keep on. The boys, as Mr. Quelch turned away, had begun to disperse, but Wingate did not move.

"Brown!" he exclaimed harshly.

Tom Brown started. He could hardly believe that Wingate meant to continue the scene. The New Zealand junior liked the captain of Greyfriars, like everybody else, and he was sorry to see Wingate place himself in such a position.

"Yes, Wingate?" he said quietly.

"Are you in the scheme to defy authority?"

"I put my name on the round robin," said Tom Brown.

"Do you refuse to fag for the Sixth?"

"Yes."

"Hold out your hand!"

"Very well."

The New Zealand junior held out his hand. Wingate caned him, but the junior, hurt as he was, for the strokes were terribly hard now, did not give a murmur. He was anxious not to draw Mr. Quelch back to the spot, and so cause serious trouble for Wingate.

"Hazeldene!"

"Ye-es?" said Hazeldene.

"Are you going to fag for the Sixth?"

"N-n-no."

"Hold out your hand!"

Hazeldene shivered as he held out his hand. He had seen the cuts that Tom Brown had received, but Hazeldene was not made of the same stuff as the New Zealand junior. He felt every nerve in his body shrink from the coming pain.

Lash!

The cane came down stinging across his palm, and Hazeldene gave a shriek.

"Quiet, you fool!" muttered Bob Cherry.

"Ow! Ow! Ow!"

"Hold your row!"

"Shut up!"

"You'll bring Quelch back, you dummy!" whispered Harry Wharton.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 190.

READ the grand new story of the Chums of St. Jim's, entitled: **"UNDER SEALED ORDERS!"** in this week's "GEM" Library. Now on Sale. Price One Penny.

"Yow! Oh! Ow!"

Hazeldene did not care if he brought Mr. Quelch back; indeed, he would have been very glad, if Mr. Quelch's coming had saved him from a second cut. The Remove-master, as a matter of fact, was already returning. There was a deep frown upon Mr. Quelch's face.

"Wingate!" he exclaimed.

"Well?"

"Don't answer me like an impertinent fag," said Mr. Quelch sharply. "I understood that this scene was at an end."

"I am going to punish every junior who refuses to fag for the Sixth," said Wingate, between his teeth.

"You are in no state to punish anybody, I think," said Mr. Quelch. "Before you inflict any punishment you should be sure that you are calm and dispassionate, and not in a fury, as you seem to be at present. I command you to cease this at once. Boys, disperse immediately."

Wingate gritted his teeth.

"If you interfere with me, sir—"

"I do interfere with you. I command you to cease this disgraceful scene immediately," said Mr. Quelch. "How dare you make such an exhibition in the Close? I am ashamed of you!"

"If you interfere with me in carrying out my duties as a prefect I shall complain to the Head, sir."

"You may please yourself about that," said Mr. Quelch. "I hardly think the Head would allow you to retain your position as prefect at all if he knew what has just been passing here. You had better go to your room, Wingate."

"I shall do nothing of the sort."

"Boys, disperse at once," said the Remove-master, affecting not to hear Wingate's reply, which made most of the boys gasp.

The crowd broke up.

The Removes walked away in a bunch. Most of them were rubbing their hands. Wingate had hurt them, but their hurts were not what they were thinking of most. They were thinking of the captain of Greyfriars, and the position he had placed himself in by losing his temper.

"Silly ass, to cheek Quelch in that way!" Bob Cherry remarked. "I can't understand it in Wingate; he's always been so decent."

"He's got his rag out now, and no mistake," said Nugent.

"Yes, rather!"

"I suppose he will apologise to Mr. Quelch when he's cool," said Harry Wharton, in a thoughtful way. "It's very awkward for him. He was punishing us for insubordination, but we've never done anything so flagrant as checking a master to his face. He's gone a great deal further than we have."

"I'm sorry, all the same," said John Bull. "But it can't make any difference to us. Wingate or no Wingate, we're not going to fag any more for the Sixth."

"That's settled."

"What-ho!" said the juniors all together.

There was no hesitation or uncertainty upon that point. The Removes were on the warpath, and they had no intention of turning back, whatever happened.

Wingate was in an unenviable frame of mind as he walked away. His anger and excitement were passing off, and he realised that he had made, as he would have expressed it, an ass of himself. In punishing insubordination, he had shown greater insubordination than that he was visiting with punishment. He had placed himself in an utterly ridiculous position.

Loder walked away with him, feeling unusually cordial towards Wingate. Loder was very glad to see Wingate commit himself, and the captain's earnestness in punishing the rebellious juniors gratified Loder very much. He began to think that George Wingate was, after all, a fellow after his own heart. Never had Loder made a greater mistake.

"I was glad to see you stand up to him like that, Wingate," he said. "Quelch had no right to interfere at all, of course!"

Wingate grunted, but did not speak.

"You gave it to him straight," said Loder. "If you want my advice—"

Wingate grunted, whether encouragingly or not, Loder could not tell. The prefect took the risk, and went on.

"If you want my advice, Wingate, you'll go straight to the Head, and complain about Mr. Quelch interfering with you in the execution of your duty as head prefect. You'll get your blow in first, you see, and that will discount anything Quelch may say afterwards. You know how much it means to get in the first whack!"

"Oh, cheese it!"

"What!"

"Cheese it!" said Wingate savagely. "Quelch was in the right, and I was in the wrong, and you know it perfectly

well. As for the juniors, they are cheeky young rascals, but—but they would never have got their ears up like this but for the bullying of you and other fellows like you, and you know it. You and your friends are the cause of all the trouble."

Loder turned quite pale.

"If you talk to me like that, Wingate——"

"Well, what will you do?" demanded Wingate scornfully. "You'd better sheer off, I think—I'm not in a humour to stand you now! You caused all the trouble—you and Crane and Valence—and a few more like you, and I've a jolly good mind to throw up the whole thing, and let the juniors have their way!"

"What! You'd never——"

"Oh, don't jaw! I've a jolly good mind to, that's all! Leave me alone!"

And Loder thought that he had better leave the captain of Greyfriars alone. He walked away biting his lips.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Outlawed.

"I GUESS we're solid," said Fisher T. Fish.

By that the American junior meant that the Remove were standing shoulder to shoulder.

Fish generally expressed himself in the beautiful American language, and sometimes puzzled his friends by so doing.

It was after school, and most of the Remove were in the Common-room. The strike against fagging was going strong. Since the scene with Wingate in the Close the prefects had taken no steps. The Remove were beginning to feel more sure of their ground, and the fellows who were inclined to waver were growing quite firm. Vernon-Smith & Co. were rather regretting by this time that they had not thrown in their lot with the Form. They were pretty generally cut by the rest of the Remove.

"Solid enough," said Harry Wharton. "Some of us howl out when we're licked, and that's all that's wrong."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish grinned serenely.

"I guess I could stand the racket without any chin music," he remarked. "But I reckon it was good bizney to bring Quelch on the scene—some!"

Harry Wharton frowned.

"We don't want to drag the masters into it," he said, "and we don't want to get Wingate into trouble. We're up against him now, but he's a splendid chap, and it's rotten to put him at loggerheads with the masters."

"Quite so," said Bob Cherry.

The American junior sniffed.

"I guess that's not business," he remarked. "Anyhow, we're solid against fagging, and they can't make us fag while we hold out. I guess the Bounder is sorry he kept on the other side of the fence now. Skinner has changed his mind already, and he's joined. Even Dutton is keen about it."

Dutton, the deaf junior, was standing close to Fisher T. Fish. Dutton was a peculiar fellow. He was generally quite deaf, but sometimes he would hear a remark that was made in quite an ordinary tone, though he generally mistook the meaning. He turned towards Fisher T. Fish with an indignant look.

"I heard you!" he exclaimed angrily.

"Eh? Well, what harm if you did?" said Fish.

"What am I mean about?" demanded Dutton.

"Hey? I said you were keen about it, you ass!"

"Eh?" said Dutton, putting his hand to his ear.

"Oh, I can't talk to you; it's too much like work!"

"Shirk—eh?" said Dutton. "I'm mean, and I want to shirk! You blessed Yankee, I'll show you! Take that!"

"Yaroo!" roared Fisher T. Fish.

He took it—on his nose, and sat down on the floor of the junior Common-room. Dutton gave him an indignant and wrathful look, and walked away. Fisher T. Fish rose slowly to his feet, rubbing his nose.

"I guess if that chap wasn't a deaf duffer, I'd go after him and massacre him!" he exclaimed.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You cackling duffers! It's no joke! He's nearly wrecked my nose!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton & Co. strolled out into the Close. They intended to put in a little practice on the footer ground before dark. The evenings were drawing in now, and sadly curtailing the outdoor sports of the juniors. Loder and Carne and Valence were standing outside the School House, and they looked at the juniors as they came out, but took no other notice of them.

Harry Wharton & Co. walked past the seniors quietly, without any trace of defiance in their manner. Defence, not defiance, was their motto, as Frank Nugent had put it, and they were not looking for trouble. So long as the bullies of the Sixth let them alone they were quite content.

"We're getting on," said Bob Cherry. "Loder would

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 190.

EVERY
TUESDAY,

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

have liked to go for us, I could see that in his face. But he doesn't know how far Wingate will back him up."

"I guess you're right."

There was a shout as the chums of the Remove came on the footer ground. Tubb of the Third, and Dicky Nugent of the Second, and a crowd of Lower School fags shouted. The Remove seemed no more popular among the Third and Second than among the seniors.

"Yah!"

"Go and do your fagging!"

"Yah!"

Harry Wharton smiled.

"The whole blessed school seems against us," he remarked.

"We're outlawed by the whole giddy show!" said Bob Cherry. "Well, we'll see whether the outlaws of the school can't hold their own against all Greyfriars. What?"

"Yes, rather!"

"Yah! Go and fag!" roared the Third.

"Oh, shut up, you kids!" said Wharton, laughing.

"You're going to do all the fagging in the future, and you may as well make up your minds to it."

"That's just what we're not going to do!" exclaimed Gatty, of the Second. "And if you chaps don't come down off your perch, you'll have all the Third and Second on to you!"

"I dare say we shall survive it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We'll jolly well see about that," said Dicky Nugent, in an exasperated tone. "Look here, we've been talking this over in the Second Form-room——"

"You're generally jawing, I believe!" said Bob Cherry.

"And we've decided," went on Nugent minor, in a withering tone, "that we're not going to allow the Remove to sneak out of fagging!"

"Going to lick us, I suppose?" suggested his elder brother, sarcastically.

"We're going to back up the Sixth, and put you in your places!" said Nugent minor determinedly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We think this rot has lasted long enough!" said Dicky Nugent wrathfully. "We're not going to stand it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's time for you to climb down! Are you going to climb down?"

"No fear!"

"I guess not!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Then we'll jolly well make you!" Dicky Nugent exclaimed. "Go for them, you chaps!"

"Now, you kids——"

"Keep off, you young donkeys!"

"Go for 'em!" yelled Nugent minor.

And the fags made a rush.

The Remove fellows, laughing, drew together, and stood shoulder to shoulder, hitting out as the fags rushed upon them from all sides. The Removites took it in the light of a joke at first. But there were fags in swarms, and they had the advantage of numbers. The Removites had to break before the rush.

They had knocked down ten or twelve of the heroes of the Third and Second, and then they were overwhelmed by the rush of a couple of score more.

"My hat!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Buck up!"

"Give 'em socks!" roared Dicky Nugent.

"Hurrah!"

"Down with the Remove!"

"Bump them over!"

And the Removites were bumped over. Fags seemed to spring up out of the earth—there were so many of them. Fags, and fags, and fags without number! They swarmed over Harry Wharton & Co., and the Removites, fighting desperately, were borne to the ground, and fags swarmed over them as they rolled in the grass.

The victory was certainly to the fags. The Removites sprawled in the grass, with fags sitting and sprawling on them, yelling with triumph.

Wingate came across from the senior ground.

"What's all this row about?" he asked.

Nugent minor blinked at him through half-closed eyes what time he mopped up a red stream that flowed from his nose.

"We're backing up the Sixth," he explained.

"What?"

"We're teaching the Remove that they've got to do their share of the fagging!" Nugent minor went on. "They've been asking for this for a long time!"

The captain of Greyfriars burst into a laugh.

"Well, you'd better chuck it now," he said. "I can see your Form-master coming."

"Cave!" said Nugent minor shrilly.

And the fags vanished.

NEXT
TUESDAY:

"AN UNGRATEFUL SON."

By FRANK RICHARDS
Order Early.

Harry Wharton & Co. staggered up, bruised and dusty and torn and utterly out of breath. They had had the roughest handling that they could remember for a long time. The fags had done their work very thoroughly.

"M-m-my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry. "I—I'm done in! I feel as if I'd been through a coffee-mill! Groo!"

"Oh, my nose!"

"Oh! My head!"

"Oh, oh, oh, oh!"

Harry Wharton laughed ruefully.

"The whole blessed school's against us!" he said. "Never mind! We'll stick to our guns. We'd better get in and get cleaned up. I think. We'll rag those blessed fags bald-headed for this!"

"Yes, rather! Ow, ow!"

The dusty and disconsolate Removites trooped into the house. Loder and his friends grinned hugely at the sight of them. Mr. Quelch was in the hall, and he fixed a stern glare upon the unhappy heroes of the Remove.

"What do you mean by getting into that state?" he exclaimed angrily. "I am disgusted with you! Go and get yourselves tidy at once, and take fifty lines each! Go! Not a word!"

And the wretched Removites went.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

No Luck for the Sixth!

FISHER T. FISH paused as he passed the door of the prefects' room in the School House. He heard a buzz of voices from within, and the American junior guessed what it was—a meeting of prefects.

Fish grinned quietly to himself. The Sixth had hitherto affected to regard the revolt of the Remove with lofty disdain. But if a prefects' meeting was being held upon the subject, it was evident that that was far from being their true view. And the American junior had no doubt that the strike of the Remove was the subject that the seniors were discussing so earnestly.

Fish halted in the passage, and hesitated. Under the circumstances, on the ground that all was fair in war, he wondered if he would be justified in listening at the keyhole, and thus learning the plans of the enemy.

As he stood hesitating, the voice of Loder came through the door, raised in angry tones, so that Fish could not help hearing it.

"I say, go for the young cads at once."

Wingate's voice, but in an indistinguishable murmur, followed.

The American junior winked one eye. He was certain now that the prefects were discussing the revolt of the fags. And he had only to stoop to the keyhole to learn what scheme they had in mind for dealing with the Remove.

As he hesitated, Bob Cherry came down the passage, whistling. Fisher T. Fish looked round, and made him a sign to be quiet.

Bob Cherry halted, and looked at him in surprise. He did not understand the suppressed excitement in Fisher T. Fish's manner.

"What's on?" he demanded.

"There's a prefects' meeting on. Can't you hear the jaw?"

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"Discussing us, I suppose," he remarked.

"I guess so."

"Well, let 'em discuss," said Bob carelessly.

"But there's a chance of finding out what they're going to do," said Fish. "I just heard Loder yap out that he thought they'd better go for us. They're scheming some scheme, you may be sure of that."

"How are you going to find out? I suppose you're not thinking of listening at the keyhole?" said Bob Cherry.

Fish coloured a little. That was exactly what he was thinking of, as a matter of fact.

"Well, you see, under the circumstances, as we're at war with the Sixth—"

"Rats!"

"Scouts in war time watch and listen, you know, and the best generals employ spies."

"They may," said Bob. "But we're not going to. If all is fair in war, so much the worse for war. A chap who listens at a keyhole is a rotten worm, whatever his motives may happen to be. Don't be an ass!"

"Under the circumstances—"

"Blow the circumstances! Come on!"

"But I guess—"

"You've guessed wrong this time," said Bob Cherry, taking Fisher T. Fish by the arm, and marching him on down the passage. "This way!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 190.

"Oh, all O K," said the American junior. "I don't say I was going to do it, but as all is fair in war—"

"All isn't fair in war," said Bob Cherry. "And it would be rotten mean. Think how you'd feel if somebody caught you listening. Horrid mean! Well, when you feel mean, you can be pretty certain that you're doing something mean. Don't jaw. It was a rotten idea, and if I'd come along and found you stooping at that blessed keyhole I should have lifted you with my boot. I promise you that."

And Bob Cherry walked into the Remove Form-room with Fisher T. Fish. The Form-room was crowded with Removites. Under the circumstances, as Fish would have said, the Removites preferred their own Form-room to the junior Common-room. In the latter apartment they had the company of the Upper Fourth and the Shell, both of which Forms were strongly against them in the struggle with the Sixth. The Third and the Second had the entree to that room, also, and the Third and the Second had shown plainly enough how they regarded the revolt. Outlawed, as it were, by the whole school, the Remove were only secure in their own Form-room, and it was doubtful if they were secure there. Some of the juniors were beginning to feel anxious about the result of the struggle. They had hoped that the lower Forms would back them up, but the lower Forms were more hostile than the upper. The Remove stood alone in their struggle.

But the leaders were as firm as ever, though there might be wavering in the rank and file. All Bulstrode's best qualities came out now. As captain of the Form, he ran the most risk, but he never faltered for a moment. And Harry Wharton & Co. were backing him up with all their hearts.

The Removites were discussing the situation when Bob Cherry came in with Fish. Many of them were showing very plain signs of their late tussle with the fags on the footer-ground.

"I guess the prefects are holding a meeting on our account," said Fisher T. Fish. "Loder suggests going for us. Cherry wouldn't listen to what they said, or we might have had all their plans cut and dried."

"Quite right too," said Harry Wharton.

"Oh, rats!" said Leigh. "It would have been better to know—"

"Bosh! We've got too good a cause to disgrace it by anything mean," said Wharton. "Besides, we shall soon know what the Sixth mean to do."

"Yes, rather," said Bob Cherry, "and if they try any nonsense, they'll find that we can hit out, too. I've had all the canings I mean to have. If there is any more trouble of that sort, I suggest holding out against them."

"How do you mean?"

"You remember how we held the gym. once, when Dr. Locke was away, and we had a tyrant for a head-master?"

"My hat!" said Nugent. "You're not suggesting a barring-out! We couldn't do that with Dr. Locke at home."

"Well, now, that would be a little too thick," agreed Bob Cherry. "I was thinking of holding out against the Sixth, that's all. If the prefects go for us, suppose we got on the roof of the lower dormitory, and held out there, and refused to come down till they came to terms?"

"Phew!"

"Well, you see—"

"Hark!"

"What's the row?"

"They're coming."

There was a tramp of feet in the passage. Bob Cherry ran to the door and slammed it, and felt for the key in the lock. He uttered an exclamation of angry dismay.

"The key's gone."

"My hat! They've taken it away, in case we lock them out!" muttered John Bull. "That's playing it rather low down."

"I guess so. I—"

"Here they are!"

Bob Cherry jammed his foot against the door. Several other juniors did the same, and as the door was tried from without, it did not open. There was a heavy bump on the outside, and it was forced open a couple of inches. The juniors exerted themselves, and jammed it shut again.

"Let this door open, you young fools!"

It was Wingate's voice, and his tones were very angry. The juniors planted their feet more firmly along the door.

"What do you want?" asked Bulstrode.

"We're coming in."

"What for?"

"That's no business of yours, Bulstrode," said Wingate angrily. "Do you dare to keep a prefect out of the room?"

"Yes," said Bulstrode, "unless you tell us what you want."

"Very well. We're going to stop all this rot," said the captain of Greyfriars. "We're going to lick the whole Form unless you come to your senses. Is that plain enough?"

"Quite."

"Now open the door."

"We refuse."

"What?"

"You can go and eat coke."

"Hurrah!" shouted the Remove. "Go and eat coke! Yah!"

There were angry exclamations in the passage outside. All the prefects of Greyfriars were there, and a number of other members of the Sixth to help them. Fourteen or fifteen stalwart seniors were backing up Wingate, and if they entered the Form-room there was not much chance for the juniors. The seniors had all brought canes, too. The Remove knew how much was at stake, and they lined up against the door with deadly determination.

Outside, the seniors crammed against the heavy oaken door, striving to shove it open. Inside, feet were planted along it, and strong shoulders braced against it, to keep it shut.

The door swayed open a few inches, and swayed shut again. On either side of the door the fellows gasped and strained.

But the advantage was with the Sixth. Slowly but surely their steady pressure proved irresistible, and the door swung open, inch by inch.

Loder planted his foot in the opening, as soon as it was wide enough, to prevent the juniors from closing the door again.

"Buck up!" gasped Harry Wharton. "One big shove, and we'll have it shut again."

"There's a boot in the way," said Fisher T. Fish.

"Shift it, then."

"I guess I can do that."

Fish drew a pin from his coat, and bent down, and drove it into the calf above the obstructing boot. It was no time for gentle measures. Loder gave a wild howl of anguish, and leaped frantically away, knocking two or three of his comrades flying. The Sixth were compelled to relax their pressure, and the juniors made a terrific effort, and jammed the door shut once more. The latch clicked.

"Done them!" gasped Bulstrode.

"Get a wedge, or something—quick!" said Harry Wharton. "A cricket stump will do, and jam the end under the door. It won't open then."

"Good egg!"

Bob Cherry dashed away in search of a wedge. There was no cricket stump to be found in the Form-room; but Bob found Mr. Quelch's pointer, which answered the purpose even better. That pointer, used to point out things on maps and blackboards, and sometimes to rap the knuckles of lazy pupils, was now put to a more important use. The thin end was jammed under the door—jammed till it would go no further. The door was now wedged as securely as possible, and was as fast as if it had been locked and bolted.

The juniors, gasping from their efforts, quitted their post at the door. There was a fresh shove from outside. Bob Cherry kept his foot upon the wedged pointer, and the wedge held the door fast. The Sixth and the Fifth might have shoved their hardest on the Form-room door without moving it the fraction of an inch.

Wingate's voice came hoarsely from the outside, hoarse with anger.

"Open this door!"

"Can't be did!"

"You will suffer for this."

"Go hon!"

The captain of Greyfriars, in a towering rage, retired. The prefects and the rest of the seniors were heard to tramp away down the passage. The Remove burst into a cheer.

But it was a somewhat tremulous and anxious cheer. They had beaten off the enemy for the present, but they had proof that the Sixth were in deadly earnest upon the warpath. They would be bound to open the Form-door to go to bed at half-past nine. What would happen then?

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 190.

NEXT
TUESDAY:

"AN UNGRATEFUL SON."

EVERY
TUESDAY,

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Good Advice!

MR. QUELCH was in his study, a little later, when Wingate tapped at the door. The Remove-master's brow was stern as the captain looked in.

"May I come in, sir?"

"Certainly, if you wish."

Wingate came into the study. His face was flushed, and his manner uneasy. But he came to the point in his frank way.

"I want to apologise to you, sir, for speaking to you as I did in the Close to-day!" he exclaimed. "I—I was in a temper, and spoke as I had no right to speak. I'm sorry."

Mr. Quelch's face cleared.

"I expected that of you, Wingate," he said quietly. "I was very much surprised, and very shocked to hear you speak as you did. It was not like you."

"I wasn't quite myself, sir, and I'm very sorry," said the Greyfriars captain.

"Very well. Let us forget all about it," said Mr. Quelch. "You seem to be in some trouble with the juniors, Wingate."

"Yes, sir," said the Greyfriars captain ruefully. "That was the cause of all of it. I hardly know what to do."

"If my advice would be any use—"

"I hoped, sir, that you might advise me," said Wingate. "The Remove have declared that they will not fag for the Sixth any more."

"And you—"

"I'd lick 'em."

Mr. Quelch smiled.

"Well, that was drastic, but probably it may have failed to convince the Remove that they were in the wrong," he remarked.

Wingate laughed uneasily.

"As it's your Form, sir, I thought I'd consult you. Of course, you understand that I am not making any complaint against the Remove. The Sixth are quite capable of taking care of themselves. But what I want is to be just. The Remove have always fagged for the Sixth, the same as the Third and the Second. But they say that the Fourth used to, as well, but have chucked it up now."

"That is true. It is a long time ago," said Mr. Quelch.

"But there was trouble, and the headmaster at that time decided that the Fourth should not fag. As a matter of fact, Wingate, that was intended at the time as a

step towards the abolition of fagging."

"You disapprove of it, sir?"

"Not wholly. As a rule, fagging works out well both for senior and junior. But in the case of a fellow of bad tendencies in the Sixth having a fag, it works out for pure evil, and that far outweighs any good there is in the system, to my mind. Take some of the seniors here—I will not mention names, but you know very well that there are some fellows here in the Sixth who certainly could not be trusted to have a strong influence over young and very impressionable minds. There was Carberry, who was expelled some time ago. He had a fag, and used to make him fetch smokes and drink from the village. The fag had to go or be thrashed. What kind of a training was that for a boy of thirteen? Carberry was found out, and expelled; but in most cases the bully is not found out."

"They're very rare cases, sir."

"Yes; but one case of the sort is sufficient to condemn the whole system," said the Remove-master.

Wingate was silent for a minute.

"Then you're on the side of the fags, sir?" he asked.

Mr. Quelch shook his head.

"No; I'm not on the side of anyone resisting authority,"

he said. "I wish they had been able to make some amicable arrangement with the prefects on the subject."

"Well, I must say that they tried to, sir, but—well, the Sixth got their back up at once. I did, as well as the others. It seemed like too much cheek from the juniors."

"But what caused the matter to come to a head so suddenly, Wingate?"

The Greyfriars captain coloured.

"The fags complain of bullying, and of being fagged unnecessarily by some of the Sixth," he said. "I'm afraid there's something in it, too."

"I fear so, Wingate."

"Of course, that's one of the disadvantages of the fag system, and can't be helped," the Greyfriars captain remarked.

"Somewhat rough on the fags, however."

"I suppose so."

"If you could come to a peaceable arrangement—"

"But we can't give in now, sir. There would be an end of all the authority of the prefects if we surrendered to the fags."

"However—"

"Besides, the other prefects won't," said Wingate. "Most of them are dead against the slightest surrender. Loder would cut the young rascals to pieces if I'd let him. I was thinking of trying the effect of a licking all round."

"You are within your rights in doing so, Wingate, and I should not interfere. But if the Remove resist—"

"They would hardly resist the prefects, sir. They have shut us out of the Form-room, but they would hardly go further than that."

"I do not know. They might."

"Well, sir, if they did—"

"If they did, Wingate, the Head would be brought into the matter, and I think it very probable that he would make a searching investigation, and if any cases of bullying came to light he would order fagging of the Remove to be discontinued."

"I don't know that I should object, sir. But I hope the Remove will come to their senses. After all, a row of this kind always blows over."

"Not always, Wingate. I know my Form," said the Remove-master. "But follow your own judgment; you have the authority of head prefect, but my advice to you would be to seek out some graceful mode of surrender."

"Thank you, sir. I'll suggest it to the other fellows, and if they agree, I'll be glad to do it."

"Very good."

Wingate retired from Mr. Quelch's study. The Remove-master was looking very thoughtful. Many of the Remove regarded him as a hard master, but he had a great regard for his Form, and the welfare of the boys was very dear to him. But he had no right to interfere between the prefects and the juniors in a dispute of this sort. The question of the Remove fagging for the Sixth was outside his province. And Wingate and the rest of the prefects were answerable to the Head alone.

Wingate returned slowly to the prefects' room. The defeated Sixth-Formers were there, discussing the matter angrily. Their defeat at the door of the Remove Form-room had angered all of them. Even Courtney was looking savage.

"Mr. Quelch's advice is that we let the fags have their way," said Wingate abruptly. "What do you fellows say?"

There was a shout of denial at once:

"Never!"

"Rats!"

"Bosh!"

"You're all against it?"

"Yes, rather!"

Wingate gave a shrug of the shoulders.

"Very well," he said. "I don't want to set myself against the rest. Have your way."

"I should say so," said Loder. "Hang it all! A pretty set of fools we should look if we gave way to a parcel of fags."

"Rotten!" said Valence.

Wingate frowned at them angrily.

"Oh, you two can shut up!" he exclaimed. "It's your rotten bullying that's at the bottom of it. Dry up!"

"Look here—" began Valence.

"Shut up, I tell you!"

And Valence shut up. Wingate was not in a mood to be argued with. The Greyfriars captain was keen enough about the rights of the Sixth and the authority of the prefects, but a doubt had been creeping into his mind for some time as to whether his cause was quite just, and Mr. Quelch's words had made the doubt stronger.

The captain was only half satisfied of the justice of his cause, and that was a very uncomfortable state of mind to

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 190.

a fellow who wanted to do what was right. But the other prefects had no doubt. They were prepared to go ahead at all costs, and they carried the day. They waited for the bedtime of the Remove with grim faces and their canes handy. At bedtime the juniors would have to come out of the Form-room, and then the turn of the defeated Sixth would come.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Remove on the Warpath.

TAP!

Half-past nine had rung from the Greyfriars tower. The tap at the door of the Form-room immediately followed. Bob Cherry stepped to the door and called out:

"Who's there?"

"It is I—Mr. Quelch."

"Oh! Very well, sir."

Bob dragged the wedge from under the door at once. The Remove had taken counsel on the subject, and they had determined not to leave the Form-room at bedtime, unless they had some sort of security against an attack from the Sixth. To be assailed in their dormitory by a party of seniors armed with canes would have been, as Bob Cherry said, a little too thick. But the voice of that Form-master outside the door was as a law to them. No one dreamed of disregarding Mr. Quelch.

Bob Cherry opened the door. Mr. Quelch glanced in apparently noticing nothing unusual in the aspect of the juniors, flushed and excited as they looked. Mr. Quelch was always very, very careful never to interfere in Form matters unless he was sure that they were his business.

"Bedtime, my boys," he said pleasantly. "I am going to see lights out in the Remove dormitory to-night."

The juniors exchanged glances. Although Mr. Quelch spoke in the most ordinary tone, they knew very well that he perfectly understood the situation, and that he intended to see them safe from attack that night. With more comfortable minds, the juniors marched out of the Form-room in the company of their Form-master.

At the end of the passage there was a sudden exclamation:

"Here they are!"

Loder rushed into sight, cane in hand, with a crowd of seniors after him. Mr. Quelch strode forward.

"What is the matter, Loder?"

The prefect started back. The other Sixth-Formers did the same, looking very sheepish, and some of them trying to hide their canes behind them.

"Oh!" ejaculated Loder. "I—I didn't expect—"

"If you have any punishment to inflict as a prefect, Loder, this is not the time for it," said Mr. Quelch. "You should see to it before bedtime. Pray go."

And Loder went. The other seniors followed him. They were breathing very hard.

Mr. Quelch accompanied the Remove to their dormitory, and saw the juniors to bed and turned their lights out. When he retired Bob Cherry stepped out of bed and locked the door.

"Jolly decent of old Quelch to see us through like this!" said Nugent.

"Yes, rather!"

"Faith, and ye're right!" said Micky Desmond. "Loder's face was a picture. I never saw the spalpeen look so black."

"Hark!"

There was a sound at the door. The handle was being tried from the outside. The door did not open, and the juniors chuckled softly. Bob Cherry had not locked it too soon.

"The rotters!" muttered Bulstrode. "They intended to catch us here."

"The cads!"

There was a knock at the dormitory door.

"Open this door, you young sweeps!"

It was Loder's voice. Wingate seemed to have retired from the leadership of the Sixth for the time. Loder was very much in evidence now, at all events.

"Go and eat coke!" retorted Bulstrode.

"We'll smash you in the morning, then!"

"Rats!"

The angry seniors retired. They could not get the locked door open, and they could not think of breaking it in. Their vengeance had to be postponed until the morning. But what was to save the Remove then?

"You fellows are only making matters worse for yourselves," said Vernon-Smith, with his usual sneer. "Quelch can't look after you in the morning, anyway. The prefects will be here soon after rising-bell, and what are you going

to do then? They'll lick you all the more for having made them wait."

"I know what we're going to do then," said Bulstrode. "We're not going to be here."

"Eh?"

"Bob Cherry's idea is a good one," the captain of the Remove went on. "If the Sixth get at us again, they'll make us squirm. We're not going to fag for them, and we're not going to be thrashed every day by Loder and his gang. Things have got to come to a head. When the prefects come for us in the morning they'll find us gone."

"Gone! Where?"

"There's a trapdoor on the landing outside our door leading up to the dorm. roof. That's where we're going."

"My hat! Of all the rotten ideas——"

"You needn't come," said Bulstrode.

"The fellows who stay behind will catch it pretty thick from the Sixth, though," said Bob Cherry, with a chuckle. "If Loder comes up with a dozen of them, and they find only Smithy and Snoop and Skinner here, I feel sorry for Smithy and Skinner and Snoop. I don't think the seniors will wait to hear them explain that they only meant to be good little boys."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Vernon-Smith scowled savagely. He knew that Bob Cherry was right. The exasperated Sixth, when they found that their victims had escaped and that new trouble was beginning, would be certain to wreak their rage and disappointment upon any Removites who remained in the dormitory. Vernon-Smith and the others who had so far held aloof from the revolt had no choice now but to throw in their lot with the rebels.

"We'll leave it till the whole place is asleep," said Bulstrode quietly, "then we'll get out and get on the roof. We can take the bedclothes there and the mattresses, too, and camp out. We can get all the provisions there are in the studies and raid the larder downstairs. It can't be helped; we may have to stick there a long time. One thing's certain—we're not going to surrender, and we're not going to be licked by the Sixth."

Wharton drew a deep breath.

"Do you mean to hold out after the time for morning lessons?" he asked.

"Yes!" said Bulstrode boldly.

"My hat!"

"Unless we have a safeguard to the Form-room and back again," said Bulstrode. "What we've got to be firm upon is this—that the Sixth don't touch us again."

"Hear, hear!"

"The whole situation will soon become impossible, and the Sixth will have to give in if we don't," said Bulstrode eagerly. "When it's a question of lessons being interfered with because the prefects are ambushing us in the passages something will have to be done. At any rate, we hold out to the bitter end."

"Hurrah!"

"Bravo, Bulstrode!"

The juniors turned out of bed and dressed. They were far too excited to think of sleep.

The time passed slowly in discussion till it was a safe hour for carrying out Bulstrode's plans. Eleven o'clock had struck when the Remove set to work.

Beds and bedding were prepared for removal, and then Bulstrode unlocked the dormitory door and stepped out into the passage.

Overhead, on the landing at the top of the stairs, was a trapdoor leading to the roof. It was placed there for use in case of fire, but the Removites were to put it to another use now. Bulstrode drew a ladder from a recess and reared it to the trapdoor. He mounted, and opened the trap, and threw it back. A flood of moonlight fell through the aperture into the dark passage.

Bob Cherry lighted a candle. Bulstrode gave his orders like a born general. The Remove studies were visited in turn by Harry Wharton and five or six others, and all the provisions were brought up to the landing.

The juniors passed them up through the trapdoor, and they were deposited upon the roof. The mattresses and bedclothes followed.

Midnight had rung out by the time all was finished.

By that time the whole of Greyfriars was buried in slumber.

Then a party of raiders descended to the lower regions, and the larder was cleared of most of its contents, which were conveyed upstairs and passed up to the dormitory roof.

The Remove were now provisioned for a siege.

Vernon-Smith and his friends had taken no part in the proceedings. But they had no chance of playing the sneak if they had wished to do so. Bulstrode had ordered them

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 190.

EVERY
TUESDAY,

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

upon the roof first of all, and they were there all the time—and as there was no means of descent, excepting through the trapdoor, the rebels were safe from any risk of betrayal by the malcontents.

All was finished at last.

Bulstrode was the last to mount upon the roof, and he drew up the wooden steps after him and closed the trapdoor. It was fastened down above, and the steps were laid across it, and some of the heaviest articles piled on top of them.

"Well, here we are!" said Bob Cherry, with a deep breath.

"Yes, and here we stay till the Sixth come to terms!" said Bulstrode grimly.

"Hear, hear!"

"Yes; hear, hear!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You'll be sorry for this in the morning," growled Vernon-Smith.

"Oh, rats!"

"Shut up!"

"Don't croak!"

The Bounder shrugged his shoulders. He was savagely angry. Whether he liked it or not, he was committed to the rebellion now, and had to take the same risks as the others.

The juniors camped out on the flat roof. There was a battlemented parapet all round the leads, and no risk of falling over. It was a fine, clear night, and camping out was rather a treat than otherwise.

Bulstrode took first watch, arranging for the sentinels' duties to be taken in turn every half-hour by the most reliable juniors. The rest of the Remove rolled themselves up in their blankets and were soon sleeping as peacefully as if they were in their beds in the dormitory below.

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER. The Traitor!

BULSTRODE stood by the parapet of the roof and looked into the starlit night. He was very sleepy, and yawned at intervals, but he did not think of sleeping at his post. It was possible that there might be an alarm; and he knew that there were some, at least, of the Remove who were against the whole business, and would be glad to make their peace with the Sixth by creeping down into the house and warning Loder & Co. of what was going on. If the Bounder or any of his set should warn Loder and open the trapdoor all would be over with the Remove and their resistance. If a dozen seniors gained access to the roof, the

Remove would be driven indoors again and the rebellion would be nipped in the bud. The Remove captain did not mean to run any risk of that.

But Bulstrode, as the minutes slowly passed, grew drowsy, and he leaned on the broomstick he had armed himself with in a state between drowsiness and thoughtfulness.

He did not see one of the juniors raise his head slowly from a blanket and look keenly and quickly towards him.

It was Vernon-Smith.

There was a very unpleasant expression upon the face of the Bounder of Greyfriars, a steely look in his eyes. His teeth were hard set.

Vernon-Smith had never had any sympathy with the movement of the Remove, and he did not intend, if he could help it, to suffer the vengeance of the prefects for a cause he cared nothing for.

He intended to get into the house again and inform Loder of what was going on, and leave the rest to the prefects. He thought he could depend upon Loder not to betray the fact that he had sneaked. If he was missed from the roof the juniors would suppose that he had deserted them; they could not prove, at all events, anything more.

But the sentinel made the Bounder's task difficult.

He had watched for some time, hoping that Bulstrode would fall asleep at his post, but that the captain of the Remove showed no sign of doing.

Vernon-Smith rose to his feet at last.

The next sentinel was to be Harry Wharton, and with him the Bounder would have less chance than with Bulstrode.

He determined to make the attempt.

He dropped his blanket quietly and moved with silent steps towards the trapdoor. He paused there.

To move the things that were piled on the trap and open

it without the sentinel hearing him was almost impossible, and at any moment, too, Bulstrode might look round.

The Bouncer's eyes gleamed savagely.

Before he could escape from the roof he had to get rid of the sentinel. After all, it was one to one.

The Bouncer crept behind Bulstrode.

The Remove captain was looking dreamily into the night, hearing no sound upon the roof save the steady breathing of the sleepers.

Vernon-Smith did not make a sound as he approached him. His face was desperate.

He intended to drag the junior down and crash his head upon the flat hard leads of the roof; and thus, dazed, Bulstrode would not be in a state to interfere with him. The others would be awakened by the disturbance, but before they were fairly awake Vernon-Smith would have torn open the trapdoor and fled.

It was a desperate plan, but the Bouncer, between spite and determination to keep clear of the Remove rebellion, was in a desperate frame of mind.

Closer and closer he crept to the sentinel.

Bulstrode heard no sound.

Vernon-Smith was almost upon him now.

Suddenly from the clock-tower came the chime of the hour. Bulstrode started. It was the end of his sentry duty, and he turned to call Wharton to take his turn.

As he turned the Bouncer was springing forward.

Bulstrode uttered a startled exclamation and leaped aside instinctively. The Bouncer's savage grasp missed him, and Vernon-Smith staggered. His foot slipped upon the smooth leads, and he fell.

Bulstrode gasped.

"Smith! You hound!"

He threw himself upon the Bouncer as the latter leaped up, and shouted to the juniors. The Bouncer closed with him savagely.

"Rescue! Wake up!"

Bulstrode's shout rang over the roof.

In a twinkling a dozen juniors were upon their feet.

"What's the row?"

"What is it?"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

Bob Cherry ran to the trapdoor at once under the impression that it was an attack of the prefects. Five or six fellows rushed after him.

Harry Wharton saw the two struggling figures on the leads and dashed towards them. Bulstrode was down now, and the Bouncer was upon him.

"Help!" gasped Bulstrode.

Wharton did not speak. He grasped the Bouncer with both hands and dragged him off the captain of the Remove.

Bulstrode staggered up, gasping for breath.

Vernon-Smith had turned upon Wharton like a tiger and was struggling with him fiercely. But he had no chance against Wharton.

He went down upon the leads with a crash, and Wharton pinned him there. John Bull and Nugent ran to his aid, and the Bouncer was a prisoner.

"Quiet, you fool!" muttered Nugent.

"Help!" shouted Vernon-Smith.

"You idiot! You'll wake the house."

"I guess that's what he wants to do," said Fisher T. Fish.

"Hold on! I'll shove a cake of soap into his mouth!"

"Good egg!"

"Let me alone!" gasped Vernon-Smith. "I'm not going to stay here! I'll have nothing to do with it! Hang you all!"

"You cad!"

"Help!"

"Gag him!"

A cake of soap was thrust into Vernon-Smith's mouth, effectually gagging him. He gasped and spluttered into silence. Bulstrode was breathing hard.

"How did it happen?" asked Bob Cherry.

"The rotten cad was creeping on me from behind!" gasped Bulstrode. "He wants to betray us to the Sixth, I suppose. There's a coil of rope among the things we brought up. Tie the cad up."

"Good!"

"I guess that will be O.K."

Vernon-Smith began to struggle again. But the Removites were not disposed to stand upon ceremony with him. They bound his wrists together, and then his ankles, and then he was tied to the belts of a couple of the juniors.

"Now," said Bob Cherry grimly, "make a row if you like; but I warn you that you'll get a cricket-stump across you at every yelp."

Vernon-Smith spluttered out the last of the soap.

"Hang you!" he panted.

"Shut up!"

"Help!"

Thwack!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 190.

READ the grand new story of the "UNDER SEALED ORDERS!" in this week's "GEM" Library. Chums of St. Jim's, entitled: Now on Sale. Price One Penny.

Vernon-Smith roared as a stump descended upon his shoulders. It descended again, and this time the Bouncer of Greyfriars did not roar. He was learning wisdom.

"My turn to watch now," said Wharton. "Jolly lucky we thought of setting sentinels, or the prefects might have been here by this time."

"Yes, rather!"

"I'll keep an eye on that cad," said Harry, with a scornful glance at the Bouncer. "If he tries to make a row, I'll shut him up fast enough."

But Vernon-Smith had learned better. There was no further disturbance, and the dawn came up on the school roofs and found him asleep with the rest of the Remove.

THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

Holding the Fort.

CLANG, clang, clang!

The rising bell bit the fresh morning air.

It awakened the juniors camping out on the dormitory roof, and they rose from their beds and yawned and stretched themselves.

It was a new sensation for most of them, to wake in the open air, and not a disagreeable one. Some of them, like Billy Bunter, were pleased at the prospect of having no washing to do that morning.

Bunter, indeed, did not get up. He lay on his mattress and snored. There was nothing for him to get up for, and as he was committed to the revolt now he thought he might as well have an extra sleep, at all events.

Vernon-Smith turned a savage eye upon the juniors. His limbs were cramped with the ropes, and he was feeling the pain now that he was awake.

"Let me loose, hang you!" he exclaimed.

Wharton gave him a contemptuous look.

"We may as well let the cad go now," he said. "The prefects will soon know that we are here, anyway."

Bulstrode nodded.

"We don't want any cowards or sneaks here," he said.

"Vernon-Smith can go, and so can anybody else who's not in favour of holding out to the finish."

The Bouncer was untied, and the trapdoor was raised. Bulstrode pointed to the opening.

"Buzz off!" he said.

"I can't get down without the ladder!"

"You can drop!"

"I can't! I—"

"You had better, or we shall drop you," said Bulstrode grimly.

The Bouncer gritted his teeth. He took the edge of the opening in his hands and swung himself down. The landing below was only six or seven feet below him. He dropped, and rolled over on the linoleum.

Bulstrode looked round at the Removites.

"Does anybody else want to clear out before the trouble begins?" he asked.

"Yes, I do," said Snoop promptly.

"Drop after Vernon-Smith, then."

Snoop obeyed. Skinner followed, and then Stott. Billy Bunter was still fast asleep.

"What about that fat rotter?" said Bulstrode. "If we keep him up here he will only eat the grub, and may play us some mean trick."

"I'll wake him up and give him his choice," said Wharton.

He shook Billy Bunter by the shoulder. The fat junior started out of a delicious dream of steak-and-kidney-pies and fried sausages.

"Groo! I'll have plenty of gravy with mine," he murmured.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Wake up, Bunter!"

The Owl of the Remove started up. He blinked at Wharton, and groped for his spectacles and adjusted them on his fat little nose.

"Ow! Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Are you going to stick to the Form, or do you want to buzz off before the row begins?" asked Bulstrode.

Bunter blinked at him.

"I don't hold with this rot," he said. "Of course, the Sixth will take it out of you. You will only get an awful licking all round."

"Are you staying, or going?"

"Going," said Bunter promptly.

"Then buzz off!"

With the aid of several boots Billy Bunter arrived at the trap. He blinked into the opening in dismay, and then blinked at the juniors.

"I—I say, you fellows, I—I can't drop down there! Where's the ladder?" I—"

"In you go!"

"Ow! Oh! Yow! Leggo! Yaroo!"

Five or six of the juniors grasped Billy Bunter and lowered him into the opening. When they could reach no further, they let him fall upon his feet. Billy Bunter rolled over and lay upon the landing, groaning.

"Ow! I'm killed—I mean I'm injured! You've broken my legs! Yow! Yaroo! I forgive you, Wharton! Ow! I'm dying!"

"Jolly good riddance!" said Frank Nugent.

"Ow! You heartless beast! But I forgive you! Groo!"

There was a heavy footstep on the stairs. Loder, of the Sixth, came into view, with a cane in his hand. Vernon-Smith had lost no time in alarming the prefect. Loder glanced at Billy Bunter, and kicked him.

"Get up!" he roared.

"Yaroo!"

Whack, whack, whack!

Loder's cane lashed upon Billy Bunter's fat form with great rapidity. The fat junior leaped up with surprising agility for one who was at the point of death.

"Yow! Ow! Yah! I—I'm not one of them!" roared Bunter. "I—I've come down to— Yaroo! I tell you— Yow! Yoop!"

Loder was evidently not in a mood to listen to explanations. His cane lashed round Bunter, and the fat junior gave up the attempt to explain, and fled.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Loder looked up at the trap-door in the roof. It was circled by grinning faces. The prefect shook his cane at the Removites.

"Come down immediately!" he roared.

"Rats!"

"I order you to come down!"

"More rats!"

"You young hounds! If I have to come up for you, I'll warm you!" yelled Loder. "Will you come down at once?"

"No fear!"

"We're staying up here till the Sixth come to terms," said Bulstrode cheerfully. "We've got our bedclothes, and plenty of provisions, and we mean to hold out!"

"Hurrah!"

"You young idiots! You'll have to come down for morning lessons!"

"We shall do nothing of the sort," said Wharton. "We're going to stay here till the Sixth show a little sense."

"You—you—you—"

"Buzz off, Loder!"

"What!"

"Your face worries us!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Loder almost danced with rage. He could not get at the juniors, a dozen feet over his head, and he was almost beside himself. As he glared up at the open trapdoor, Tom Brown opened a bottle of ginger-beer with the neck turned towards Loder. There was a fiz, and the stream of ginger-beer smote upon the upturned face of the prefect.

"Grrroooooohoop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Loder staggered away, half-choked, his face streaming with ginger-beer. The juniors slammed the trapdoor down again, and fastened it, and piled things on it. There was not much chance of the trap being raised from below.

"Good for us, so far!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Yes, rather! Ha, ha, ha!"

"What next?" asked Nugent.

"Brekker!" said Bob Cherry tersely.

And the suggestion was too good not to be adopted. The juniors ate their breakfast with good appetites on the dormitory roof, and waited for the attack—which, there was little doubt, would come.

THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

Victory.

HARRY WHARTON & Co. kept a keen watch from the parapet of the roof on all sides. They had finished their breakfast without interruption. The prefects were probably at a standstill. The Removites wondered what Wingate would do—and they wondered what the masters would do. But they never thought of surrender. If the Sixth chose to give way, well and good. If the Sixth did not choose to give way, neither would they do so. They were prepared to hold out to the bitter end.

As they watched from the roof, they saw fellows come out of the house, and stand staring up towards the parapet.

There was soon a large crowd in the Close.

Fellows of all Forms—fags of the Third and Second—Shell fellows and Fourth-Formers—seniors of the Fifth and Sixth, THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 190.

NEXT
TUESDAY:

'AN UNGRATEFUL SON.'

By FRANK RICHARDS.
Order Early.

EVERY
TUESDAY,

The "Magnet"

LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

stood staring up at the roof, till, as Bob Cherry remarked, they must have had cricks in the neck.

Amazement, anger, amusement—all sorts of expressions were on the faces of the fellows as they stared up at the stronghold of the Remove.

Mr. Quelch was seen to come out of the house, and look up; and the Removites immediately drew back out of sight. They did not want to appear guilty of disrespect to their Form-master. If Mr. Quelch ordered them to come down, they did not intend to see or hear him.

Wingate came out, and called up to the juniors. Wharton looked over the parapet. Mr. Quelch had gone in.

Wingate was frowning.

"Wharton! Bulstrode!"

The parapet was immediately lined with heads.

"Hallo! Hallo! Hallo!"

"Good-morning, Wingate!"

"Come down at once, you young fools!"

"Rats!"

"I order you—"

"Go and eat coke!"

"What!" shouted Wingate furiously.

"Look here, Wingate, we're fed up!" shouted Bulstrode. "I'm captain of the Remove, and I'm speaking for the rest. We're not going to fag for the Sixth. And we're not going to be licked because we won't fag! Do you understand? We're out for liberty, and we're not coming down until our terms have been granted!"

"You—you cheeky young rascal!"

"You can call us any names you like, but you can't get at us," said Bulstrode. "And we're going to hold out till—"

"Till when?"

"Till the Sixth agree to stop fagging the Remove."

"Hear, hear!" roared the juniors.

"You young lunatic!" shouted Wingate. "I suppose you will have to come down when the bell rings for school?"

"Then your supposer's out of order," said Bob Cherry, "because we're not going to do anything of the sort."

"I guess not."

"Never!"

"Do you want to be flogged or expelled?" demanded the Greyfriars captain.

Bulstrode's face set doggedly.

"We'll risk that," he said. "We're out for liberty. We won't fag for the Sixth, and we won't be licked. That's where we stand."

"Hurrah!"

Wingate pointed to the clock in the tower.

"You'll come down in ten minutes, or I shall get Gosling's ladder and come up to you," he said.

"If you choose to risk your neck, that's your business," said Bulstrode. "If you get on the roof we shall tie you up and keep you a prisoner."

Wingate did not reply to that. He turned away with a frowning brow and went into the house. The crowd in the Close thickened. A few minutes later the juniors on the dormitory roof saw three or four seniors go in the direction of the stables. That was where the ladders were kept. In a few minutes more they came back, carrying two long ladders among them.

"They mean business," Nugent remarked.

"So do we!" said Harry Wharton grimly.

"You bet!" said Fisher T. Fish.

"Bring the ammunition here," said Bulstrode.

The ammunition consisted of eggs, butter, pillows, plus other soft articles. The juniors stood ready with them.

Wingate and the prefects stood below, rearing the ladders against the wall. They reached to the parapet of the roof. That the juniors would throw them down was not feared by the attacking party, for that would have caused broken limbs. It was really taking an advantage of the defenders, as John Bull remarked.

Wingate looked up, and waved his hand to the rebels.

"Will you come down now?" he shouted.

"No!"

"Then we shall come and fetch you!"

"Rats!"

The captain of Greyfriars waited for no more. He clambered up one ladder, followed by Courtney and North. Up the other ladder came Loder and Carne and Valence, with several more fellows following.

"Fire!" said Bulstrode.

The juniors hurled the eggs with deadly aim. Had Mrs. Kebble, the housekeeper, been there, she would have wept to see her household stores wasted in that reckless manner. Eggs and chunks of butter and cheese rained upon the prefects.

Wingate roared as an egg burst in his eye and another on

his nose, another down his neck. Loder was covered with smashed eggs in a few seconds, and he slid down the ladder, blinded and choked, knocking over Carne and the others behind him. A heap of seniors rolled on the ground, and from above came eggs and butter pelting upon them, smothering them.

The crowd began to roar with laughter.

The outlaws of the school were defending themselves well, although a few moments later they were drenched by a stream of water which one of the angry prefects directed through a fire-hose.

One ladder was cleared. Wingate and Courtney, smothered with eggs and butter, clambered desperately up the other, but their followers had fallen away. They could not stand the fire from above.

Smash—smash—smash!

Wingate was a shocking sight. But he came on furiously. He reached the top of the ladder and grasped the parapet. The juniors could easily have pushed him off, but that would have meant a fall for him into the Close and a broken neck. He clambered on the parapet, and they seized him in their grasp. Courtney, behind him, could not pass him; he had to wait for Wingate to get out of the way. And Wingate could not get out of the way. As many juniors as could find room to grasp him had seized hold of him, and Wingate was helpless in the grasp of so many, athletic as he was.

"Let go, you young sweeps!" he gasped.

"Will you go back!" asked Wharton.

"No!" roared Wingate.

"Then we don't let you go!"

"Nope!" said Fisher T. Fish. "We're holding on, I guess!"

And they held on, while Nugent slipped a noose over Wingate's right wrist and drew it tight, and then lashed it to the other. The captain's hands were now bound, and he had to depend upon the juniors to hold him so that he should not fall.

"Drag him over and tie him up," said Bob Cherry. "We're sorry, Wingate, old man—awfully sorry—but this is war, you know."

"You—you—"

"Can't be helped, you know. Drag him over."

"We've got him!"

"Hold on!" gasped Wingate. The Greyfriars captain had a sense of the ridiculous, and he did not want to be tied up like a trussed turkey and kept a prisoner by the juniors. "I—I'll go back!"

"Oh, good!"

"Back you go, then!"

"Untie my hands, confound you!"

Wingate's word was his bond—the juniors knew that. They released him, and he went back down the ladder. Courtney was compelled to retreat to give him room. The crowd below groaned at the prefects as they retreated, and some of the fags started a cheer for the Remove. The success of the rebels was beginning to cause a change of feeling in their favour. Wingate stepped from the ladder and dabbed at his face savagely with his handkerchief. He was simply smothered with smashed eggs, and butter was melting all over him. Loder was in an even worse state, and he was stamping with rage.

From the roof came a ringing cheer from the victorious Removites.

"Hurrah!"

"Hip-pip! Hurrah!"

Wingate gritted his teeth.

"We can't touch them, you fellows," he muttered. "We shall have to leave them alone. They must come down for lessons."

"They won't!" said Courtney, with conviction. "They mean business, George, old man. And—and I think it's about time we chucked it. The whole school is laughing at us already."

Wingate turned away with a grunt. He was beginning to think so himself. The prefects retreated into the house to clean themselves, leaving the crowd of fellows in the Close yelling with laughter.

The bell rang for classes at last. The juniors on the roof heard it, and waited grimly.

They were not surprised to hear Mr. Quelch's voice below in the Close.

"Boys!"

The Remove did not look down, and did not reply.

"Boys! Bulstrode! Wharton! It is time for school!"

No reply.

Mr. Quelch waited a few minutes, and went back into the house. Wingate met him in the passage, a peculiar expression on his face. He did not know what to do—the situation had got beyond his powers.

"Don't you think this has gone far enough, Wingate?" said the Remove-master quietly. "If the juniors refuse to

come down I must call in the Head. He will certainly flog the whole of the Lower Fourth for refusing to obey orders, but there is no doubt at all in my mind that when he has examined the matter under dispute he will order that the fagging of the Remove shall cease, and probably there will be serious trouble for the members of the Sixth who have been guilty of bullying, and so started the trouble. My advice to you all is to let this stop at once before worse happens. The juniors are quite out of control."

Wingate nodded.

"I think so myself, sir, but if the Sixth gives in the juniors will always be getting their ears up—"

"It will always be in the power of the prefects to punish any insubordination, Wingate, and I do not think there will be any when the cause of the trouble is removed."

"Very well, sir. I don't want to bring the Head down upon the young rascals, and—and I dare say Loder and Carne would rather keep the Head out of the matter."

"Consult the prefects, then, and come to some decision."

Wingate called the prefects together. Loder was obstinate at first, but he was alarmed at the prospect of a searching investigation by the Head. His own conduct was certain to come to light, and he was not likely to be allowed to remain a prefect, even if worse did not befall him. He understood that, and he gave in. When Loder had surrendered the rest of the seniors submitted to Wingate.

"It's agreed, then?" said the Greyfriars captain. "The Remove don't fag for the Sixth any more—confound them!"

"Yes, it's agreed."

Wingate went out into the Close and called up to the Remove. The parapet was lined with heads again immediately.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" sang out Bob Cherry.

"You can come down," said Wingate grimly. "If you don't, the Head will be fetched out, and you will be flogged for refusing to go in to lessons. The other Forms are all gone in, as you can see. The Sixth are willing to waive their right of fagging the Remove."

"Honest injun?" asked Bulstrode.

"My word for it," said Wingate. "The Remove will not be fagged against their will any more so long as I am captain of Greyfriars."

"Hurrah!" roared the Remove.

They had won!

The Sixth had been beaten!

It was almost incredible, even to themselves, but it was true! They had fought out their fight with the Sixth, and they had won!

The dormitory roof rang with cheers.

"Hip, hip, hurrah!"

"Stop that row, and come down!" growled Wingate.

"Right-ho!" sang out Bulstrode cheerily.

The juniors opened the trapdoor and lowered the steps inside, and flocked down into the house. They marched into their Form-room in the most orderly manner in the world. It was their cue now to be as orderly and obedient as possible, to show that they had only been resisting tyranny, and that they knew how to respect constituted authority. Mr. Quelch tactfully avoided noticing that they were late for class.

During morning lessons there could not have been in any school a more orderly and respectful Form than the Greyfriars Remove. When Mr. Quelch dismissed them they walked out as meekly as lambs.

They met Wingate in the hall. The captain of Greyfriars gave them a grim look. Loder saw them, and strode away, scowling.

"I—I say, Wingate!" said Bob Cherry rather nervously. "You're not ratty, are you? We were only on strike against the bullies, you know. We'll all fag for you any time, and—and we're sorry we made you so eggy."

Wingate burst into a laugh.

"You are a set of cheeky young rascals!" he said. "But it's all right! Get out!"

"And you don't bear any malice, Wingate?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Of course not, you young ass!"

And the Remove gave Wingate a cheer; and then they streamed out into the Close, and gave themselves a cheer. Nothing succeeds like success, it was said of old, and so it was proved now, for the other fellows, who had been so much against the Remove during the tussle, joined heartily in a cheer for the Outlaws of the School.

THE END.

("An Ungrateful Son" is the title of next week's long complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars. Please order your copy of the "MAGNET" Library in advance. Price 1d.)

READ the grand new story of the "UNDER SEALED ORDERS!" in this week's "GEM" Library. Chums of St. Jim's, entitled: Now on Sale. Price One Penny.

BEYOND THE ETERNAL ICE!

Or, A Race for £1,000,000.

A Splendid Tale of Thrilling Adventure, introducing the famous characters Ferrers Lord, Millionaire, Ching-Lung, Rupert Thurston, and Gan-Waga, the Eskimo.

By **SIDNEY DREW.**

THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

When Professor Hugley, the renowned American scientist, startles the world by announcing that he is off to find the North Pole in his wonderful air-craft, the Cloud King, there is only one man who dares to enter the lists against him on behalf of Great Britain, and that man is Ferrers Lord, the famous millionaire and inventor. Lord pits his wonderful submarine, the Lord of the Deep, against the Cloud King in the most amazing race the world has even seen; the goal is the North Pole, and the prize a million pounds!

The preliminaries are soon settled, a judge is appointed to accompany each of the competitors, and the great race commences.

With Ferrers Lord are Ching-Lung, Rupert Thurston, and Gan-Waga, an Eskimo, while Hugley is accompanied by Pariara, a Cuban, and Estebian Gacchio, a huge negro. These latter soon show themselves in their true colours, and the Cloud King no sooner reaches the region of ice than Hugley, and such of the crew as are loyal to him, are murdered, and Pariara and Gacchio assume control of the airship.

In the meantime, Ferrers Lord and his party are floating through the mysterious, half-submerged caves on a raft made from giant fungi, and towing after them a smaller raft, on which is burning a fire, made from chips of fungi, when they suddenly shoot over the edge of a waterfall. In the confusion and darkness that follows, Gan-Waga is lost! The strange raft, with its occupants, drifts on, and enters a huge cavern, lighted by a mighty tongue of dazzling white light, shooting down from the roof. As soon as they are seen, however, they are attacked by the inhabitants of the cave—dwarfs—who, yelling like fiends, cluster round the raft. A fierce fight takes place. Ching-Lung is brought to his knees by a stab, but even as he falls, his hand grasps the haft of a spear that would have pierced Thurston's heart. The dwarfs gain the upper hand; but, as they are about to board the raft, the great pillar of light goes out, and the cave-dwellers abandon the raft, leaving it to drift through a tunnel into the open sea, where Ferrers Lord and his party are rescued by the crew of the Lord of the Deep.

(Read on from here).

The Search for Gan-Waga—The Stranded Mammoth—Back to the Cavern of Fire—A Leap for Life—The Call for Aid.

Gan-Waga was lost, and Van Witter, stabbed through the shoulder, hovered between life and death. The terrible adventure had left its mark upon all of them. Ching-Lung's arm was in a sling, Thurston wore a bandage, and Ferrers Lord hobbled along with the aid of a crutch.

Prout and Maddock, though they had chaffed and railed against the Eskimo, went about looking woe-begone and miserable.

"There'd be some satisfaction if we could only find his body, Ben," sighed Prout. "He was a decent chap, old Gan."

"Too good to be drowned in a dirty pit," said the boat-swain. "Let's go and look for him."

"You mean he might get washed down?"

Maddock nodded. The onward rush of water might sweep the body down. Ferrers Lord readily gave them permission, and, taking a torpedo-net with them, they got the launch afloat. Ching-Lung hailed them from the deck.

"I'm coming with you," he said, "and so is Hunk. He wants a blow. Catch, and then take the lamps!"

He flung the little cub to Prout, and then scrambled down. "I'll tell you what!" growled Maddock, clenching his fist. "If me and Tom get anywhere near them dirty dwarfs we'll teach 'em better manners not to stick their ugly spears inter yer 'Ighness! Eh, Tom?"

"By hokey," said Prout, "we'll wring the heads off 'em as if they was shrimps! Dwarfs! By Jupiter, they'll be

shorter by a foot each once I get 'old of the warmints! I reckon you put up a good fight, sir."

"A fair one," said Ching-Lung, smiling.

The launch danced merrily towards the mouth of the cave. It was just after noon, and a few hours of rest had refreshed Ching-Lung thoroughly, for he was as tough as an elephant.

"Were you told to be back at any special time, Tom?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"Then we'll go a bit further than you intended."

"Into the cave?" asked Prout and Maddock in a breath.

"Most likely. I can't force myself to believe that Gan-Waga is dead. Nobody in the world can swim so well. I have a conviction that he is still alive in there."

"Then, by hokey, we'll find him!" roared Prout. "I noticed the lamps, sir. Shall I give 'em a signal to say we might be late, sir?"

"If you like."

Prout dragged a red flag out of a locker and signalled the message to the Lord of the Deep. The flutter of a second flag told that the signal had been read. They raced along the edge of the ice and steered the vessel into the tunnel.

"We'll set the net, sir," said Maddock sadly, "for we might find him in it when we come back at tide-turn."

The net was stretched out from wall to wall, its lower end sunk by weights. Then an electric lamp was swung at the mast, and the launch thrashed up the channel. Something floated down, scraping the hull.

"Pouf!" growled Maddock, flashing the light of the second lamp upon it. "They ain't pretty."

It was the body of one of the dwarfs.

"Shouldn't I like a slap at some of 'em!" said Prout.

"Do you think we might get as far, sir? Look 'ere! There's plenty of grub in the lockers, and water, too. One, two, five rifles, and plenty of cartridges, and two tins of beef. Why, we could go a week on this lot, sir. An' who knows that old Gan ain't been captured by them?"

Ching-Lung reflected. They were in no hurry, and it was necessary to explore the cavern before bringing in the Lord of the Deep. The forlorn hope of finding the Eskimo urged him on. If that hope failed, he could carry back valuable information, and the journey would not be wasted.

"Keep the lead going," he said, "and you note the depths, Tom."

The lead splashed over, but found no bottom as the launch slowed. There was still no bottom a mile further on.

"Nine by the mark!" cried Maddock suddenly; and then added: "By the mark seven!"

Ching-Lung peered ahead.

"Pull her back, or we will be aground!" he shouted. "Great Scott!"

The launch jarred against something, and shook from stem to stern, flinging Maddock headlong over the bow. He gave vent to a yell of dismay. Ching-Lung whipped out the lamp, and then tittered.

The mammoth had been swept down, and was stranded in the shallow water.

They had run against its shaggy flanks, and he saw the bo'sun clinging to one of its tusks, neck deep in water. Maddock howled again as the light gleamed on the mammoth's head.

"The sea serpent!" he shrieked. "Ow! Murder! It's got me!"

"Then dive, you idiot—dive!"

Maddock disappeared, and came up puffing and trembling. Prout stared transfixed.

"Is it the great what-is-it?" he gasped.

"No; it's a mere mammoth, Tom, and as dead as Nero. We shot it miles away from here."

Prout rubbed his eyes as Maddock, dripping and scared, scrambled aboard.

"By hokey!" said the steersman. "That's a mammoth, is it? He's something like Ben about the whiskers. I'm

pleased he's dead, for he strikes me as a chap with a nasty temper. And a lovely set of teeth he's got! I reckon we ought ter have 'em off afore they spoils. There's a couple of saws in the chest. If he slips into deep water he'll have gone for good. Come along, Ben, my son, and let's do a bit of dentist's work."

Maddock grinned, though he was wet and uncomfortable. "Christopher!" he growled. "It gave me quite a twist when I met his gentle eye! Chuck a line here, old chap!"

They fastened the left tusk to the rail, and Prout drove the saw through the ivory with a powerful arm. Its weight when cut through gave the launch a dangerous list. They turned her round, lashed the second tusk fast, and sawed it away. Then the little vessel churned on.

"You'd better have some rum, Ben," said Ching-Lung, "or you'll catch cold."

"Ay, ay, sir!" answered Ben. "An' I reckon it's time for lunch, too. Hear that?"

It was a prolonged splashing sound.

"Fish!" cried Ching-Lung. "Why, the place is alive with them!"

The water round boiled and bubbled with fish.

"Pity we ain't got a net, sir," said Prout. "There's millions of 'em, and we could cook 'em in a spirit-stove. Let's try 'em wi' this. Mind I don't splash you, sir."

He lashed out with a boathook, but without success. A monster hurled itself into the air, gleaming like a bar of silver light, and another and another followed it.

"Great Scott!" cried Ching-Lung excitedly. "They're salmon moving out of the sea to spawn. There must be fresh water ahead, and open water, too."

"And fairly warm, sir," said Maddock. "Their spawn wouldn't 'atch out in water that froze, sir."

Prout smacked his lips, and used the boathook frantically at the very thought of juicy salmon steaks grilled over the spirit-lamp.

"Give me a rifle," said Ching-Lung. "I've only got one arm, but I'll use you as a rest. Now, Thomas, tuck in your top-knot, as they say. Slow her down, Ben. We'll see if we can nail one on the wing."

Prout knelt down, and Ching-Lung balanced the rifle across his muscular neck and waited. A fin and a broad, shiny back rose above the water. Ching-Lung clapped down the trigger, and the rifle snapped.

"Hurrah!" yelled the bo'sun.

A twenty-pound salmon turned his white belly upwards and drifted down, shot through the back. Maddock gaffed him with the boathook, and lifted him into the launch. In five minutes he was cleaned, and two thick slices were grilling merrily. Prout brought out the rum and biscuits, and the meal began.

The salmon was voted a huge success, especially by Hunk, the bear, who preferred his share raw.

"Poor old Gan! Wouldn't he enjoy this!" thought Ching-Lung, as he lighted a cigarette. "Shall we ever find him, I wonder?"

When Prout had wiped up the tin plates it was two o'clock, and the mouth of the cavern was at least twelve knots away. There was no danger of being lost in the darkness now, even though the two electric lamps gave out, for the launch contained an apparatus for re-charging them with electricity by the action of the screw. In turning, Ching-Lung banged his elbow against the rail, and the pain from the wound made him screw up his face. Prout saw it.

"By hokey," he growled, "I'll dwarf 'em! I'll teach 'em!"

"Me, too!" said Maddock indignantly. "Don't I wish we'd been there!"

Prout loaded all the rifles and sharpened his knife ready for the fray. He could not have forgiven his own mother if she had said a single word against his beloved Ching. The dwarfs had hurt Ching-Lung, and they were his sworn foes. He seemed to look upon himself as the prince's guardian. He brandished the knife, and felt the keen edge viciously. Apparently the dwarfs of the cavern of fire were going to have a bad time of it.

"My dear Thomas," said Ching-Lung, "you must not bear malice. Surely you must know better."

"Better nor what, sir?"

"Better than I know."

Prout and Maddock stared. They did not understand this drift.

"What, me, sir?" said Prout, puzzled. "A chap like me, sir, have the impertinence to know better nor you, sir?"

"Of course, Tom. I am only a savage, you see—at least, I was only a savage until I met Mr. Thurston and Mr. Lord. If a man injured me, I thought it was quite the proper thing to stick a knife into him. I was taught that when I was a child, but it is wrong. It is the nature of these poor dwarfs

to try and murder us. Unless they attack us, you must not fire."

"Not one shot, sir?" groaned Prout.

"Oh, just one each, sir?" pleaded Maddock.

"Not one!" said Ching-Lung. "Live and let live. That's the motto, eh, Hunk?"

Prout and Maddock looked at each other disconsolately.

"Very good, sir!" said Maddock. "Not unless they attack us, sir."

Then the rascals winked slyly at each other. The winks meant plainly that they would compel an attack by some means or other. They lighted their clay pipes and smoked luxuriously.

"A pity about Mr. Van Witter," said Maddock. "It's a pity to have holes bored in one by dirty dwarfs!"

"True!" growled Prout. "And he's a nice gent, he is, if he does talk down his nose! Anyway, he'll get better, they say, and if he feels at all insulted, he can stroll round with a gun for a day's excitement dwarf-shooting. My second aunt's eldest son is a dwarf, and of all the spiteful, cantankerous warmints, he took the cake. He's a poet now, with long hair and chin whiskers, and he's as tall as five penn'orth o' coppers. He writes soldier songs, about guns going bang, wadin' in gore, sabring guns and sich."

"The lazy rascal!" said Maddock, who had a great contempt for poets. "Why don't he do some honest work?"

"Dunno. Hold on, sir. That's funny."

Ching-Lung switched out the lamp. A yellow glare shone faintly in the cavern.

"It's the light I told you about, Tom. Half speed, and perhaps we'll get a look round before they see us."

"The imps are kicking up a pretty row, sir."

A faint chanting filled the air, increasing in volume as the boat moved along. The channel twisted and turned, and the light grew stronger and stronger. The two sailors waited eagerly for their first glimpse of the cave-men. Louder and louder swelled the chant. Then came a chorus of cries and shrieks horrible to hear.

"They don't seem to have much ear for music!" grinned Maddock. "Why, your voice is nigh as sweet, Tom."

"If it's as sweet as your face," said Prout, "I'd sell it to a vinegar-maker!"

The bo'sun chuckled. They were always having arguments about their personal beauty. The noise of voices swelled to a frenzied roar, and a cloud of white pungent smoke drifted over the launch. The smell of it was familiar to Ching-Lung. It came from burning vegetable ivory. He peered through it.

"They've got a beanfeast or something on," remarked the steersman. "We'll just ask ourselves to tea, Ben."

"Steady, steady! We're going too fast. Look, there they are!"

The launch floated into the cavern of fire. Through the drifting smoke they saw the gushing flame the ragged huts, the narrow fields of miserable grain, the tethered canoes. The smoke swept from the summit of the tall pillar of rock that ran sheer from the water for a hundred feet, and rolled in white pillows under the vaulted roof.

Ching-Lung raised his glasses. The rock was scaled by rude steps. Round the blazing fire the dwarfs were gathered—howling, dancing, and waving their spears. Before the fire, supported by four white boulders, was an altar. The crowd of pigmies fell apart. Others advanced. They swayed here and there, as if struggling with one another. The glass fell from the prince's hands.

"Full speed!" he almost shrieked. "Full speed! Shoot them down! They've got Gan-Waga!"

The spray churned white under the vessel's bows. Ching-Lung and his comrades realised the horrid truth. They had captured the Eskimo, and were about to sacrifice him on the altar to the god they worshipped. The smoke closed down, hiding all for an instant, and Ching-Lung wrenched his wounded arm out of the sling.

"Shoot to kill," he said hoarsely, "and shoot your best!"

Again the smoke rolled away. The pigmies were too occupied in their fiendish work to notice the approach of the boat. Gan-Waga had been bound to a stake, his back to the fire, and they were dancing round him, chanting still.

Then Ching-Lung saw something else that turned his heart sick with horror. The roaring fire, tossing up flames and smoke, was held from slipping down by a massive boulder.

ANSWERS

READ the grand new story of the "UNDER SEALED ORDERS!" in this week's "GEM" Library. Chums of St. Jim's, entitled: Now on Sale. Price One Penny.



Shrieking, the dwarfs closed in. Then came a cry of despair from Ching-Lung. Ferrers Lord was weaponless. His foot slipped, and he fell. The dwarfs poured on to the raft, and their yellow fingers were at his throat. Three times he flung them off, but he could not rise. It was over. (See page 26.)

The horde of pigmies divided in two, and stood alone, leaving Gan-Waga bound and alone.

Fifty of them dragged forward a huge stem of one of the monstrous mushrooms, and thrust it under the boulder. They were about to lever it aside and send the whole furnace of flame down upon the prisoner. The stone quivered and shook.

Crack, crack, crack!

Prout turned the launch just in time, as Ching-Lung and Maddock emptied their rifles. The pole the dwarfs were straining at came toppling down, followed by three dwarfs. The rest were panic-stricken for the moment. Then showers of spears were hurled at the launch. They knew no fear. Even the rifles, which strike terror into the hearts of savage tribes, didn't effect these demons of the northern cavern.

"They'll stab him!" groaned Ching-Lung. "Gan, Gan, try and break loose and jump!"

The Eskimo was straining every nerve to break loose. He uttered a gasp of pain as a spear, hurled by one of the maddened imps, glanced off the stakes and grazed his wrists. Its keen edge cut through the strands of the cord. Gan-Waga flung himself forward, free!

He took one leap, and fell like a stone into the water. At once he rose, and Prout, with a loud "Hurrah!" dragged him on to the launch. Her head went round.

"No more shooting," said Ching-Lung. "We are out of the range of the spears. Oh, Gan, my son, to think we've got you back after all! Where's your flipper? Hip, hip!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 190.

Gan-Waga beamed as they wrung his hand and slapped him on the back again and again.

"Good 'nough! But jolly hungry! Ah, butterful!"

He helped himself to a slice of uncooked salmon.

"By hokey!" gasped Prout. "If they ain't coming after us!"

The pluck of the little fiends made them gasp. A dozen canoes, packed almost to water level, had started in pursuit. Maddock levelled his rifle.

"No, no!" said Ching-Lung. "We can easily outdistance them. There's no need for more bloodshed."

"But we ought to teach 'em a lesson, sir," growled the bo'sun. "Just let me pick off the gentleman with the bald head, sir—that one standing up in front and yelling! He's making faces at me, sir!"

"Ow rude!" grinned Prout. "Should I try 'em with a few rockets, sir?"

There were a few ordinary signalling rockets in the locker, and Ching-Lung gave his consent. Prout levelled three of them over the stern rail, and lighted the fuses. They hissed forward, streaming out fire, and Maddock gave a scream of joy as one of them hit the bald-headed gentleman on the chest, and laid him out, as Maddock said, like pie-crust.

Even the rockets did not daunt them. They paddled gamely, and, for a time, actually gained on the launch.

"They've got the pluck, anyhow," said Ching-Lung. "They don't seem to know what fear is. I suppose they'll give up the chase when we loose the light. Ah, I thought so!"

NEXT
TUESDAY:

'AN UNGRATEFUL SON.'

By FRANK RICHARDS
Order Early.

The launch plunged into semi-gloom, and they saw the pigmies were abandoning the pursuit. A bend in the passage hid them, and the current was again switched into the lamp.

Gan grunted out his story, between the bites. Like the others, he had been flung from the raft when it rushed over the fall. He was stunned, and knew nothing until he found himself lying bound at the bottom of a canoe. The pigmies had thrown him into a cave. He had slept from sheer fatigue. The howls of the fiends had awakened him.

"I reckon you were in a bit of a funk, old blubberbiter," said Prout.

Boom! It was the dull roar of a gun from the outer sea. It thundered again and yet again.

"That's a signal!" cried Prout. "And they want us badly. What can be happening?"

The launch fled down the channel at full speed.

"The net, the net!" cried Ching-Lung. "Slow her, Tom!"

The insistent booming of the gun was answered by a fierce rattling of rifles. Ching-Lung slashed the net away with his axe. The launch sprang through the opening into the sunlight.

Then they saw the reason of the alarm. A whole flotilla of canoes surrounded the submarine, and hundreds of shrieking dwarfs were fighting to gain a foothold on her low deck.

The Pigmies are Defeated, and "Yalleroo," the Dwarf, Makes his First Appearance—Gan-Waga Finds a Bear, and Ching-Lung Receives a Visitor.

The moment the launch appeared the dwarfs were absolutely pitchforked into the sea by the gleaming bayonets of the crew. Gan-Waga, who had good reason to hate the spiteful imps, bellowed and danced with delight. Evidently Ferrers Lord had only been waiting for the return of the launch to strike the crushing blow.

Prout and Maddock opened fire at once, making every shot tell. The donkey-engine clanked, and a huge steel net ran from stem to stern on either side of the Lord of the Deep.

Spears were hurled in vain against the meshes, only to fall back blunted into the sea. Yelling horribly, the yellow fiends pushed forward to hack at the net. Revolvers cracked, and the vessel churned forward, grinding through the packed masses of canoes.

"Ching!" cried Ferrers Lord through a megaphone.

"Ahoy!" Even above the shrieks and rattle of weapons Ching-Lung heard his ringing voice. "What are we to do?"

"Clear away to the south. You can show them your heels if they attempt to follow. Cease fire!"

The vessel slowed down in the very centre of the flotilla, and her crew vanished into the deck-house. The ponderous door was closed. Like imps the dwarfs clambered up the nets until they were covered with clambering bodies. Ching-Lung sent the launch flying away, but their eyes were glued to the Lord of the Deep.

And then she sank, dragging her swarming assailants with her. The canoes were tossed here and there like corks, and sucked down into the whirling eddy caused by her descent. Black heads and tossing arms of frightened swimmers appeared battling with the whirlpool.

"Good 'nough!" gurgled the Eskimo. "Good 'nough! Oh, butterful—butterful! Hoo, hoo, hoo! Make 'em sick, Hunk! No fight more! Shoot—shoot! Kill 'em all!"

"No," said Ching-Lung; "let them alone. They've had their lesson. Let them go."

The canoes that had escaped were flying towards the cave as fast as the terrified pigmies could lash out with the paddles. The swimmers, too, were making in the same direction, and they swam like seals.

The launch was put about, and, lying on his back and kicking wildly, Gan-Waga laughed himself into a perspiration. Then he sat up, his oily face shining with delight, and took an enormous bite of salmon. His eyes became fixed in a stony stare. Two other eyes, black as coals, set in a wrinkled face, met his. Two yellow hands were clutching the tusk of the mammoth.

Surprise held the Eskimo spellbound for the moment, and then, seizing the fragments of the salmon, he hurled it at the face, and, snatching the rifle, prepared to brain the intruder.

Ching-Lung turned just in time to stop the blow.

"Why, he's only a child!" he said. "Grab him, Tom!"

Prout seized the youngster and lifted him into the launch.

Except for a strip of cloth tied round his waist by a sealskin thong, the lad was naked. He was barely three feet tall, and as thin as a herring. He squatted down, staring at his captors more in curiosity than in fear.

"By hokey!" said Prout, examining the prisoner with one eye closed. "What is it all? I gives it up!"

"Touch it and see if it moves!" grinned Maddock. "I reckon it's alive. Wouldn't it make a lovely bait for a shark? I don't think a lot of the cut of his trousers, either. What are we going to do with it?"

Ching-Lung looked round him hesitatingly. The last of the canoes had scurried out of sight.

"We shall have to keep him for a bit," he said. "Poor little beggar! We shall enter the cavern to-morrow, I think, and we can let him go back to his people. Ha, ha, ha! We do go in for beauty on the Lord of the Deep! With Gan, you two fellows, and this freak we ought to start a beauty show, tickets sixpence each, and half a dozen bad eggs given to each visitor. Here, freak, what's your name?"

The young dwarf, not frightened in the least, was hugging Hunk, the bear, and uttering strange, piping sounds.

"Yal-yalara-yal-yalaroo!" he squeaked. "Yal-yal-yalaroo!"

"Yalleroo, is it?" grunted Prout. "By hokey, if I had a name like that I'd strangle myself with margarine, and give my corpse away for a coconut shy! Your parents have something to answer for, young 'un! Come here, and eat that!"

He hacked off a slice of pressed beef and presented it to the urchin.

Yalleroo—they christened him that at once—devoured it eagerly, and patted himself as if he had enjoyed it. Then, while Prout and Maddock grinned, he began to stroke and fondle Prout's whiskers.

"He's taken a fancy to your whiskers, sonny," giggled the bo'sun. "He'll be hidin' in 'em in a minute."

"If he does it will be to get away from your face," answered Prout pleasantly.

Gan-Waga's knowledge of English was rapidly increasing, and he understood the repartee.

"Hoo, hoo, hoo! Good 'nough!" he gurgled. "Ben's face orful, horrid ugly! Hoo, hoo, hoo!"

"Shut up, you chunk of lard!" said Maddock. "Don't talk about faces. Yours is like a yard of soap!"

"Den I lend you some, and you have wash!" gurgled the Eskimo. "Hoo, hoo, hoo!"

"It 'ud kill 'im!" said Prout. "If he washed he'd die o' shock! Good for you, blubberbiter! You're all there!"

They were laughing merrily when the Lord of the Deep rose half a mile astern, and moved towards them. Once more her decks were crowded, and a burst of hearty cheering welcomed Gan-Waga. They patted his back until it ached again, and by universal consent every man handed over his ration of butter to give the Eskimo a lordly feast.

(This thrilling adventure story will be continued in next week's number of "The Magnet" Library. Order early. Price 1d. "The Ghost Ship," by Sidney Drew, now appearing in the "Boys' Friend," 1d., should be read by all readers interested in "Beyond the Eternal Ice!")



is the title of next Tuesday's grand, long, complete school tale. It deals with the adventures of Cyril Vane—a cousin to Bob Cherry, of the Remove Form at Greyfriars, and it will hold you interested from the first word to the last. On no account must you miss reading

"AN UNGRATEFUL SON!"

The Editor

BUY THIS GRAND NUMBER OF OUR COMPANION PAPER ON THURSDAY!

"DEEP
SEA
GOLD!"

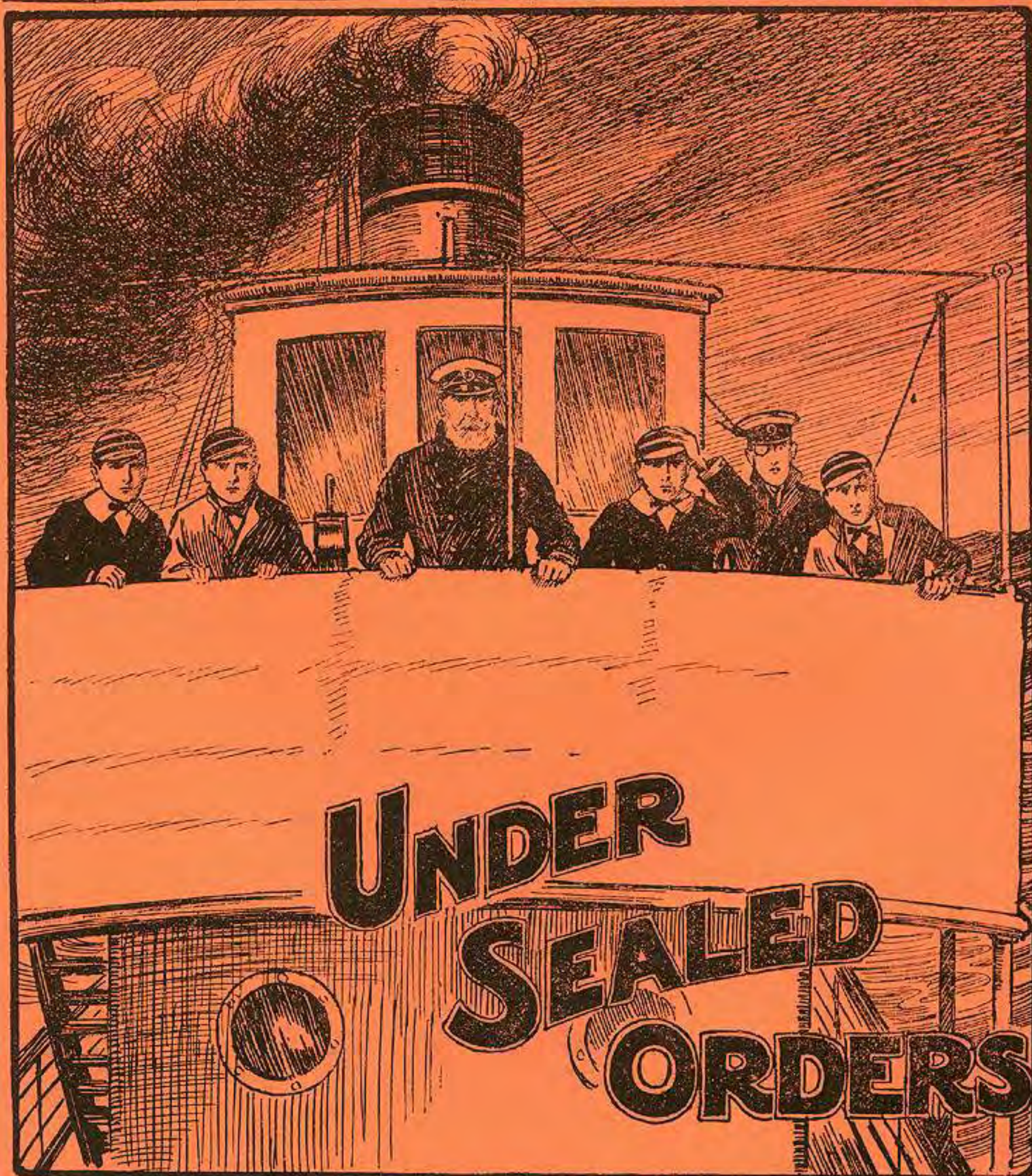
A New Story of
a Wonderful Sub-
marine Motor Car.

By
REGINALD WRAY.

And

The GEM

LIBRARY VOL. 6. No. 190.



THE CHUMS OF ST. JIM'S START OFF
ON THEIR MYSTERIOUS QUEST!

- NEW -
STORY
BOOKS!

THREE NEW NUMBERS OF
"The Boys' Friend"
3d. Complete Library.
NOW ON SALE!

No. 166: "THE HAYGARTH DETECTIVE."

A Splendid New Long Complete School
Tale. By JACK NORTH.

No. 167: "SCHOOL AND MILL."

A Grand Complete Tale of Lancashire
School Life. By DAVID GOODWIN.

No. 168: "CHAMPION OF THE WORLD."

A Thrilling Complete Story of the
Adventures of a Boy Athlete. By
ALLAN BLAIR.

— Ask —
always for **"The Boys' Friend" 3d. Library.**

Price

3

D.

Each.