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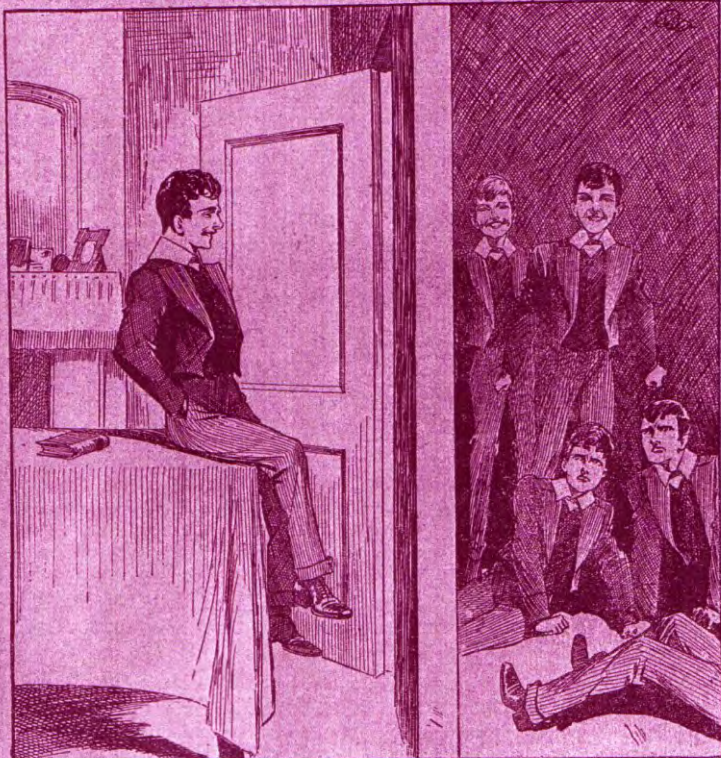
Also in this issue

**SIDNEY
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No. 216.

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Vol. 6.



THROWN OUT OF THEIR OWN STUDY BY THE NEW BOY!



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The Schoolboy Outcast!



A Splendid New,
Long Complete School Tale of
Harry Wharton & Co. at
Greyfriars.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Bulstrode Thinks It Rotten.

"IT'S too thick!"
"I'm not going to
stand it, for one!"

"Same here!"
Bulstrode, Hazeldene,
and Tom Brown, of the

Remove, were standing in the Remove passage at Greyfriars, as they delivered themselves of those emphatic opinions. The three juniors were red with anger and excitement.

"It's rotten—utterly rotten!" went on Bulstrode excitedly.
"They oughtn't to let the chap into the school at all—a blessed Sheeny! But if they must have him here, he ought to be given a study to himself."

"I should jolly well say so!" exclaimed Tom Brown.
"But to put him in our study—"

"It's a rotten shame!" said Hazeldene.
"I'm not going to stand it! I'll go and speak to Quelch about it," roared Bulstrode.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's the row?"
Bob Cherry, of the Remove, came upstairs, with Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent and Harroo Singh. The

Famous Four stopped, in amazement, at the sight of the three excited Removeites. Bulstrode, Hazeldene, and Brown shared No. 2 Study, and rows were not at all infrequent in that study. But it was not a study row that was exciting the three juniors now, evidently. They were evidently in sympathy with one another and boiling with wrath and indignation for some cause unknown.

"Anything wrong?" asked Harry Wharton.
Bulstrode snorted.
"I should jolly well say there is!" he exclaimed.
"We're not going to stand it."

"No fear!"
"But what are you not going to stand?" asked Wharton, in perplexity. "Who's been treading on your pet corns?"

"Heard you heard?"
"Haven't you?" asked Wharton naturally.
"About the Sheeny."

"The what?" asked the Famous Four together.
"The Sheeny!"
"The Shylock!"
"The giddy Hebrew!"

The exasperated juniors roared the words out in a kind of chorus. Harry Wharton & Co. looked at them in amazement.
"Blessed if I know what you're talking about," said Wharton. "Suppose you explain?"

"I suppose you haven't heard," growled Bulstrode. "I didn't know till Quelch told me he was coming into my study."

"Mr. Quelch coming into your study?" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"No, aac! The new fellow."
"Oh, a new fellow!"
"Yes, a Sheeny. We're not going to stand it. I'm jolly

well going to Mr. Quelch to protest!" howled Tom Brown. "I don't think it's fair! Why should he be put in our study?"

"Well, I suppose he will have to be put in some study," said Wharton. "What have you got against him?"

"He's a Sheeny."

"Well, a chap may come from Palestine, and yet be decent," said Bob Cherry, with a grin. "I should advise you to give him a trial before jumping on him."

"Rot! We're not going to stand it."

Harry Wharton smiled.

"I don't see how you'll help it, if Quelch has assigned him to No. 2," he said. "You'll have to take him in."

"We won't!"

"Look here, Bulstrode! It's rather too thick to jump on a chap you're never seen," said Harry Wharton seriously. "If you don't like him, you needn't hum with the chap. But give him fair play. I dare say he'll be all right."

"You can have him in your study, if you're fond of Sheenies," said Bulstrode, with a sneer. "I don't care for the Shylock family myself. I'm going to protest."

"So am I!" said Tom Brown emphatically.

"And I!" said Hazeldene.

Wharton shrugged his shoulders.

"You'll only get a wiggling from Quelch," he replied.

"I'll risk that. I'm going to let Quelch know what we think about it, anyway," growled Bulstrode. "Come on, you chaps! I want you to back me up."

"Better chuck it!" said Bob Cherry.

"Oh, rats!"

Bulstrode, Hazeldene, and Brown tramped away to the farm. Harry Wharton & Co. looked after them, and then cast sad glances. Wharton was frowning a little. He was master of the Remove—the Lower Fourth Form—at Greyfriars, and he did not quite like the attitude Bulstrode was taking. He did not number many Jews among his acquaintances, and he did not want to go for that matter; but it did not seem to him a "snicker" to jump upon a stranger who had no power to retaliate so far as rate.

"Dressed if I half like this," growled Wharton. "I think Bulstrode might take it quietly till he finds out what the chap is like, anyway."

"I don't know that I should care to have him in our study," Frank Nugent remarked. "I'm glad Bulstrode's got him."

"Well, yes; but—"

"Well, it's no bizney of ours," said Bob Cherry. "Come on; the tea will be cold. Marky was making it when I came to call you fellows."

"Tight-ho!"

And the Famous Four walked on to No. 13 Study, where Harry Wharton & Co. were to have tea with Mark Linley and Bob Cherry. Bulstrode and his two companions tramped downstairs, with frowning faces. Several fellows whom they passed asked them what the trouble was, and expressed sympathy when they heard. The general opinion was that it was rotten. Sheenies were evidently not popular in the Greyfriars Remove.

Bulstrode knocked at the door of Mr. Quelch's study. The voice of the Remove-master bade him enter, and he opened the door. Mr. Quelch fixed his eyes upon the three juniors, and they looked a little sheepish. They had come there resolutely enough; but now that the sharp eyes of the Form-master were upon them, their resolution waned. It was not easy for a junior to argue with Mr. Quelch.

"Well, Bulstrode?" said Mr. Quelch, in his incisive tones. "If you please, sir, we—we want to speak to you about the new chap," blurted out Bulstrode, taking his courage in both hands, so to speak.

"Ah, the new boy—Montague Newland!" said Mr. Quelch quietly. "I informed you that he will be in your study, Bulstrode. I do not think there is anything else to be said about the matter."

"If—if you please, sir—"

"Well?"

"We—we object, sir."

"What!"

Mr. Quelch's "what" was so terrifying that Tom Brown backed away towards the door, and Hazeldene turned quite pale. But Bulstrode stood firm.

"We object, sir."

"You object, Bulstrode?"

"Yes, sir," said Bulstrode desperately. "We don't want a Sheeny in our study, sir. We think it's rough on us, sir. We consider—"

"Silence!"

Bulstrode's voice died away. Hazeldene backed quietly out of the study, Mr. Quelch fixed a stern glance upon Bulstrode.

"Bulstrode!"

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"Yes-ees, sir!"

"I am surprised at you. This is a ridiculous prejudice. What right have you to condemn and dislike a boy whom you have never seen, because he is a Jew? I am ashamed of you, Bulstrode."

"I—I—"

"Leave my study!"

Tom Brown followed Hazeldene out. Bulstrode backed away, and hesitated, and stopped. He made one more attempt.

"We don't want him in our study, sir."

"Take a hundred lines, Bulstrode!" thundered Mr. Quelch. "And if there is any more of this impertinence, I shall cane you! Now, go!"

And Bulstrode went. He was trembling with rage as he closed the door of the study. Tom Brown and Hazeldene looked at him dubiously.

"It's no go!" Tom Brown remarked.

"I was afraid it wouldn't be," muttered Hazeldene.

Bulstrode gritted his teeth.

"Quelch is down on us, of course," he said. "But—but I'll make the Sheeny sit up for it! They can shove him in our study, I suppose, but I'll make him sorry for himself all the while he's there. Hang him!"

And Bulstrode tramped away, followed in silence by his study-mates. They were as exasperated as he was, but they realised that there was nothing to be done, unless they turned their wrath upon the Sheeny when he arrived.

There was trouble in store for Montague Newland when he came to Greyfriars.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Sheeny.

"THIS 'ere is Greyfriars, sir." The driver of the station hack spoke very respectfully, as he drew his clumsy, shabby old vehicle to a halt. The lad who sat inside glanced out quietly as the driver opened the door. He was a dark, handsome lad, with a full, well-shaped nose, a sensitive mouth, and keen, steady black eyes. No one, looking at him, would have doubted that Jewish blood flowed in his veins, but it seemed only to lend a richness to his complexion and a colouring of the Orient to his good looks.

He was very well dressed, and he had given even the hack driver an impression of wealth. To the driver, rough fellow as he was, the handsome lad was only a Jew; but he was the chief good enough for a handsome tip, and that was the chief consideration with the driver. Hence his great respect of manner as he opened the hack door for the new boy who had come to Greyfriars.

Montague Newland stepped out.

The driver was not disappointed about his tip; it was liberal enough. As he helped Gosling, the porter, to remove a large trunk from the roof of the hack, he confided to Gosling that the new-comer was a gent, although a Jew.

Montague Newland ascended the steps of the School House. A great many eyes had seen the hack arrive, and there was quite a little crowd in the doorway of the House to greet the new boy.

"Here he comes!" called out Bulstrode.

And a voice from the back of the crowd piped out:

"Here's the giddy Sheeny!"

And a laugh followed.

Newland coloured.

He knew, of course, that the epithet was directed towards him, but excepting for the flush in his dark cheeks and a quiver of his lip, he took no notice of it.

He glanced round at the crowd of juniors as he came in, but among all of them he did not meet one friendly look.

Some of them stared at him, some turned away their heads, and some openly sneered.

Newland passed into the hall.

Wingate of the Sixth, the captain of Greyfriars, came out of his study. Wingate signed to the new boy.

"You are Newland?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You are to go into Mr. Quelch's study. Here it is."

"Thank you."

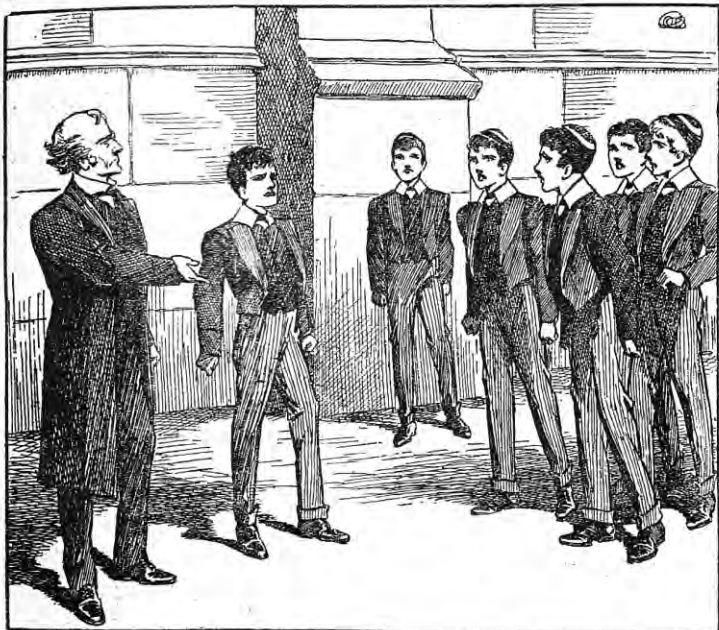
Montague Newland knocked at the Remove-master's door and passed in, and disappeared from the sight of the Removites in the hall.

"He doesn't look an outsider, after all," Ogilvy remarked.

"Looks a giddy Hebrew!" said Micky Diamond.

"Yes; but—"

"Regular Shylock, none and all!" said Snoop. "I think we all ought to be down on him, and show him that we don't like his sort in the Remove."



"I shall remain Head of Greyfriars," said Dr. Locke, to the amazed ragers, "and I owe it to that lad, to whom I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude. Do you realise the miserable mistake you have made in persecuting him?" The fellows did! (See Chapter 16.)

"Hear, hear!"
"Jolly good idea," said Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars. "We've got some queer beggars here now. There's Wharton's chum, the nigger, and there's Wun-Lung, the Chinese. I think they're enough, and we ought to draw the line somewhere. I draw it this side of Jerusalem!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"He looks decent," said Johnny Bull.
"You can't judge cigars by the picture on the box," said Vernon-Smith. "They're all the same, and they ought to be barred."

"Hear, hear!"
"Well, I believe in giving every chap a chance."
"Perhaps you'd like him in your study?" exclaimed Bulstrode wrathfully.

Bull shook his head.
"No; I don't say that. But—"
"He won't get much chance in our study," said Hazeldene.
"I'm not going to chum up with any moneylenders, if I know it."

"How do you know he's a moneylender?"
"Oh, they all are! Besides, he's rich."
"Rich, is he?" said Snoop.
"Yes; I've heard so."
"Might give him a chance," said Snoop thoughtfully.
"After all—"

Bulstrode interrupted him rudely.
"If I catch you sneaking after him for his money, Snoop, my boy, you'll get a prize thick ear," he said.

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"CUSSY'S APRIL FOOLS!"

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Snoop turned red.
"Oh! I wasn't thinking—"
"I say, you fellows"—Billy Bunter rolled up to the ground, blinking round through his big spectacles as if in search of somebody—"where's the new chap? I believe he's arrived."
"Have you heard that he's rich, too?" asked Bulstrode sarcastically.
"Oh, really, Bulstrode?"
"He's in Quelch's study."
"Well, if all you chaps are down on him, I don't see why I shouldn't be civil," said Billy Bunter, with an air of great righteousness. "You remember what Shakespeare says? 'Hath not a Jew eyes and nose and things, and if you prick him will he not bleed?' I don't see being down on a chap because he's a Jew. All that's out of date. If he turns out to be decent, I'm going to stick to him like—like—"
"Like a leech!" suggested Tom Brown.
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Oh, really, Brown—"
"You're an ass, Bunter!" said Vernon-Smith. "Do you think it's any good working your postal-order dodge on a Jew? You might as well try to get money out of a lottery. You won't get a red cent out of Newland."
"Of course, I'm not thinking of his money—"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Well, I'm going to be civil to him, and see how he turns out," said Bunter.
"How he turns out his pockets?"

"Ha, na, ha!"

"Oh, really, Bulstrode——"

"You're not going to disgrace us all by crawling up to a Jew!" said Bolsover, the bully of the Remove, in his most bullying tone. "You'll leave him alone."

"Oh, really, Bolsover——"

"I think he ought to be sent to Coventry by the whole school," said Bulstrode.

"Hear, hear!"

"At least, by all the Remove," said Bolsover.

"Good idea!"

The juniors moved away, discussing the unfortunate Sheeny and their plans regarding him. They knew practically nothing of him so far, excepting that he was partly of Jewish descent, and that he was rich. But they were willing to believe that his wealth was the profit of unscrupulous money-lending, and that he was a rascal and a sneak, without any evidence to that effect. Prejudice is stronger than reason. If Montague Newland was what they fancied him, he would never be able to hold his head up at Greyfriars; his measure had been taken in advance. If he was something better than they believed, he would have a hard and uphill battle to fight before he gained the respect of his schoolfellows.

He was a quarter of an hour in Mr. Quelch's study, and when he came out Billy Bunter was waiting in the passage. But the fat junior, after a step towards him, refrained again, as he saw that the Remove-master had come out with the new boy. Mr. Quelch and Montague Newland walked away down the passage, and Billy Bunter, who did not mean to lose his victim, rolled after them. They stopped at the door of the Head's study, and Mr. Quelch knocked at the door and opened it, and Newland went in. Then the Remove-master went back to his own study, leaving the Jew alone with the Head of Greyfriars.

Bunter waited in the passage with all the patience he could muster.

He could hear a murmur of voices in the Head's study, and he wondered what Mr. Quelch had taken the new boy there for.

Montague Newland had wondered a little, too. Mr. Quelch had been very kind to him, and his kindness had warmed the boy's heart. He had said that the Head wished to see him, and taken him to Dr. Locke's study. Newland looked with interest at the kind old face and silver hair of the Head of Greyfriars. Dr. Locke was a scholarly-looking man, and there was both strength and kindness in his physiognomy. There was a sombre shadow, too, upon his brow, as if trouble were not unknown to him—as, indeed, it was not.

He gave the new boy a kindly glance.

"Ah! Montague Newland!" he asked.

"Yes, sir. My Form-master brought me here."

"Exactly. I told Mr. Quelch I wished to speak to you. I have heard that some boys in the Form you are about to enter have conceived a certain prejudice—upon racial grounds——"

Montague Newland smiled grimly.

"You mean because I am a Jew?" he said.

Dr. Locke coloured slightly.

"Well, yes, Newland."

"I am not surprised, sir."

"You see, it is merely a prejudice, and really the effect of inexperience," the Head explained gently. "If there is some—some chaffing at first, and perhaps some rough jokes, you must not mind. You must take things as they come, in the proper spirit, like a—well, like a sportsman, you see, and you will get through very well, I think."

"Thank you, sir!"

"You must not misunderstand me, Newland. I am telling you this so that you will know what to expect, and can be prepared for it. Whether you find respect and friendship in your Form depends, I think, chiefly upon yourself. If you deserve them you will obtain them. If you have a somewhat hard experience at first, that is the time when real pluck and strength of character should be shown."

"I understand you, sir, and I thank you," said Newland quietly.

"Very well, that is all. You may go."

And the new boy at Greyfriars quitted the Head's study.

Dr. Locke, left alone, leaned his arm upon his desk, and his head upon his hand. There was a deep wrinkle of thought upon his brow.

"The boy looks a decent lad, and I will do what I can for him, though goodness knows I have no cause to like the race he springs from!" the Head murmured. "But it would be cruel injustice to visit the sins of the guilty upon the innocent, and I shall do the best I can for him."

Dr. Locke opened a drawer in his desk, and took therefrom a letter, and read it through, perhaps for the tenth time, with darkening brows. The signature at the end was "Moses Lewinski." The Head sighed as he replaced the letter. And he remained for a long time lost in sombre reflection.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

In the Enemy's Camp.

MONTAGUE NEWLAND quitted the Head's study, and found Billy Bunter waiting for him in the passage. The Owl of the Remove gave him a friendly nod, and Newland stopped. He had no choice about that, as the plump form of Bunter blocked up the way.

"I say, you're Newland——" began Bunter.

"Yes."

"I want to speak to you. The fellows are all running you down, you know," said Bunter confidentially. "I believe in giving every chap a chance. I'm not proud, I assure you, and I don't mind speaking to you, for one."

Newland stared at him.

"Don't you?" he said.

"Certainly not! I don't mind your being a Jew," said Bunter generously. "I'm quite willing to take you up and make a friend of you, in fact."

"You are very kind," said Newland, with a sarcasm that was wholly lost upon the Owl of the Remove. William George Bunter was not blessed with quick perceptions.

Bunter beamed through his big spectacles.

"Well, the fact is, I mean to be kind," he said. "I'm going to stick up for you, Newland. You stick to me, and I'll see you through."

"Thank you."

"Not at all. Just you come with me, and I'll show the whole blessed school that I don't mind speaking to you."

"But perhaps I might mind," Newland suggested. "Perhaps I shouldn't fully appreciate your kindness. In fact, the less you speak to me the better I shall like it. Would you mind letting me alone, and keeping to yourself, you fat boulder?"

Bunter stared.

"Eh?" he ejaculated. "What? Don't be an ass, you know! I tell you, I'm willing to be your friend——"

"I'm rather particular about my friends," Newland explained, "and I don't want to get you on the list. Buzz off!"

"Oh, really——"

Newland pushed the fat Bunter to one side, and walked on. Billy Bunter blinked after him in amazement and rage. He rolled after the new boy, and caught him by the sleeve.

"I say, you know——" he commenced.

Newland shook his fat hand off and dusted his sleeve with his handkerchief, as if he thought Bunter had soiled it, and walked away.

"Why, you you, blessed Jew," cursed Bunter. "You rotten Shylock!"

Newland half turned, and the fat boy's fat face stopped Bunter. The fat junior took a left-hand glowering with rage. Certainly his great friend was very much unappreciated by the Jew.

Newland smiled slightly as he walked away. He glanced round the hall, and saw that no one looked at the end of the branching passage. He then took the Owl of the Fifth was standing there taking a short rest, and Newland addressed him.

"Will you tell me what the name of the Jew is?"

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By FRANK RICHARDS.
Order early.

"Hallo!" said Coker, staring at him. "Are you the Sheeny?"

"Yes," said Newland cheerfully. "I'm the Sheeny." Coker laughed.

"That's the Remove passage," he said, indicating it with his thumb. "There you are."

"Thank you."

Newland entered the passage, and knocked at the door of the second study, and opened it.

Bulstrode, Tom Brown, and Hazeldene were all there. They fixed a steady, frozen stare upon the new boy as he entered.

"Mr. Quelch tells me that I am to be in this study," said Newland.

The juniors did not reply.

Newland looked from one to another. He read hostility in their faces, and his own clouded a little.

"Can you talk?" he asked.

"We can, but we're not going to talk to a Sheeny," said Bulstrode rudely.

Newland looked directly at him.

"Why do you call me a Sheeny?" he asked.

"Because you are one, young Cent-per-Cent," said Bulstrode.

"Look here, we don't want to have anything to do with you. Is that plain enough? We think it's a rotten shame to have you shoved into this study."

"Botten!" said Brown.

"Beastly!" said Hazeldene.

Newland nodded.

"I understand," he said. "I don't feel any more pleased than you do, but I suppose I must have some study?"

"I suppose so, but we don't like this."

"I don't, either. Perhaps you'd better make up your mind to take it as cheerfully as possible, and not play the giddy ox," Newland suggested.

"Well, don't talk to me!"

"Nor to me!" said Tom Brown.

"Nor to me!" said Hazeldene.

"I really don't want to. Your conversation is hardly what a chap would call an intellectual treat," said Newland cheerfully.

Bulstrode flushed angrily. It occurred to him that in a war of words the Jewish junior would by no means come off worst.

"Look here, we may as well have this out plain," he said. "I've asked Quelch to shove you somewhere else, and he's refused. I think that, in common decency, you might ask him to put you somewhere else."

"Quelch might put you in with Wharton if you asked him," suggested Hazeldene. "Wharton doesn't seem to mind Shinn."

"Or Bunter," said Brown. "Bunter will put up with you, if you lend him money; and I hear you've got plenty of that."

"And lending money will be in your line!" said Bulstrode, with a sneer. "I suppose that is the way your pater made his money?"

"My father is not a moneylender."

"Oh, rats!"

"Does that mean that you doubt my statement?" asked Newland calmly.

"Yes, rather!" said Bulstrode promptly. "Of course, he's a moneylender. You chaps are all moneylenders, and rotters, too, for that matter!"

Newland leaned across the table, stretched out his hand, and the palm of it smacked upon Bulstrode's face with a crack like a pistol-shot.

Smack!

Bulstrode jumped up, kicking back his chair. The chair fell with a crash, and Bulstrode stood, red with rage, and utterly amazed. He had apparently imagined that he could say what he chose to the new boy without fear of reprisals. He glared at the new boy across the table, for the moment too amazed to act.

"You—you bloated Hebrew!" he roared at last. "I'll smash you for that!"

"Hear, hear!" said Hazeldene.

Newland shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm ready for the smashing!" he remarked. "Go ahead!"

Bulstrode gritted his teeth. Before Bobover came to Greg-friars, Bulstrode had had the unenviable distinction of being the bully of the Remove; and there was a great deal of the old Adam left in George Bulstrode.

"You're not going to stay in this study," he said. "I'm fed up! We might have stood you if you had known how to keep your place; but I couldn't stand cheek from a Jew. I'm going to lick you, and kick you out. If you come in again, I'll kick you out again. If you sneak about it to Quelch, we'll give you a Form ragging!"

"What ho!" said Tom Brown.

Bulstrode came round the table, and threw open the study door. Then he advanced upon the new junior.

"Out you go!" he said.

Newland laughed.

"This is my study," he said. "I stay here! But if you fellows are in earnest—"

"I'll jolly soon show you that we are!"

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Read the grand new story of the Juniors of St. Jim's, entitled:

"Very well. It won't be possible for us to live together, and as somebody will have to go, either you fellows must clear out or I must. And I don't intend to!"

"Going to chuck us out?" asked Tom Brown sarcastically.

Newland nodded.

"Exactly."

Bulstrode burst into a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha! Well, you can begin with me."

"I will," said Newland, taking off his jacket. "Fair play, mind—one at a time."

Do you think we won't give you fair play, you rotten Sheeny?" asked Tom Brown indignantly.

"I hope you will," said Newland.

"I think any one of us could settle a Jew," said Bulstrode.

"I really don't fancy that I shall need any help. Here goes!"

He rushed upon the new boy.

Newland met him with grip for grip, much to the astonishment of the three juniors. They had not supposed that a Jew would show fight. And they had certainly not supposed that Montague Newland would be anything like a match for Bulstrode, who was considered a great fighting-man in the Remove—and the Remove prided themselves upon being a fighting form.

They had not noted the well-knit, athletic figure of the Jew, the deep chest, the broad shoulders. He stood like a rock, and the clear glance of his dark eyes never faltered. Bulstrode, to his amazement, found himself in a grasp of iron.

"You—you Sheeny!" he gasped furiously.

"Chuck him out!" shouted Hazeldene and Brown together.

"I'm going to!"

Tramp, tramp, tramp! went the struggling feet of the two juniors upon the carpet. The noise sounded along the Remove passage, and it soon drew a crowd to the spot. Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent came out of the next study, and a crowd of fellows came along the passage to stare in at the open door. Harry Wharton was frowning.

"What's the row here?" he demanded.

"Only chucking the Sheeny out!" said Hazeldene.

"What has he done?"

"Oh, he's come in!"

There was a laugh from the juniors in the passage. It was easy to see upon which side lay the sympathy of the Removites.

"Hang it all," exclaimed Wharton angrily. "Quelch put him into this study, and it's rotten to pick on a new chap like this!"

"You can have him in your study if you like."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Outside!" panted Bulstrode.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, looking in over Wharton's shoulder. "It looks to me as if the chucking-out isn't going to be so easy."

"My hat, I guess that Jew can wrestle a bit!" remarked Fisher T. Fish, the American junior; and Huxie Jamset Ram Singh, the Nabob of Ebanipur, remarked in his peculiar English that the wrestfulness was terrific.

Bump!

The combatants were down. And there was an exclamation of amazement from the crowd as it was seen that Bulstrode had fallen undermost.

"Break away!" shouted Johnny Bull.

Newland jumped up lightly. Bulstrode staggered to his feet, panting. He was crimson with exertion and rage.

"You—you Sheeny hound!" he gasped. "You're going out of this study on your neck!"

"Either you or I!" said Newland.

He had no time to say more. Bulstrode was upon him with the leap of a tiger, and they reeled round the study in a terrific struggle.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Chucker and Chucked!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. looked on with breathless interest.

The fight that the Sheeny was putting up amazed them. And as pluck will always appeal to British boys, some of them felt a glow of sympathy towards the new fellow. And certainly he appeared to be getting the better of it. It was certain that in a few moments a form would come whirling through the door, but it was not at all certain which of the combatants it would be.

The juniors backed away to give room to the ejected one, whichever it was. Twice Bulstrode whirled the Jew round to the door, and twice the Jew whirled back again, and Bulstrode clung to him, panting.

Then suddenly the combatants tore apart, and one of them came flying through the open doorway.

He crashed heavily upon the floor, and lay there gasping. There was a shout from the amazed Removites.

"Bulstrode!"

"Chucked out, by Jove!"

"Chucked out by the Sheeny, you mean?" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Are you going in again, Bulstrode, old man?"

Bulstrode scrambled to his feet. He did not reply to the question, but he hurled himself into the study again right at the Sheeny.

Newland closed with him, and in a few seconds Bulstrode was whirled off his feet and flung into the passage once more. Bump!

This time the burly Removeite was not in so great a hurry to rise. He sat up, leaning against the wall opposite the doorway, and gasped. He seemed as much astonished as hurt. There was not a gasp left in him, and he could not even rise to his feet. The combat was over for the present, so far as Bulstrode was concerned.

"Habet!" grinned Bob Cherry.

Montague Newland turned to Tom Brown and Hazeldene.

"Which of you is going next?" he asked politely.

Hazeldene backed away a step. But Tom Brown, the junior from New Zealand, was a bundle of pluck. He came right at the new boy.

"Ready!" he said.

They closed.

"My hat, it's a shipping order!" said Bob Cherry. "Make room, my sons! Brown will be coming out in a tick!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

But Tom Brown was not easily disposed of.

He was strong and wiry, and he knew how to wrestle, and he gave the Jewish junior quite as hard a fight as Bulstrode had given him.

But the end was the same.

A whirling storm came through the door, and crashed down upon Bulstrode, and there was a roar from that youth.

"Go, you coward! You are!"

"Go," gasped Brown.

"Next man to!" roared Bob Cherry. "Go it, Hazel!"

Newland turned upon Hazeldene. But Hazeldene had backed round the table. After seeing the defeat of Bulstrode and Tom Brown, he was not in the least inclined to tackle the new boy. He would as soon have tackled Bolsover himself, or Cohen of the Fifth.

"I say," he began.

"Your turn!" said Newland grimly.

"But I—I don't want a row," said Hazeldene. "Look here, I'm willing to let you stay in the study, Newland, as quietly put you here."

"But I'm not willing to let you stay in," said Newland coolly. "Stick to the bargain. Either you fellows were going to chuck me out, or I was going to chuck you out. That's the bargain."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Johnny Bull. "Stick to it, Hazel. You won't get a Sheeny to let up on a bargain; you can't expect it."

"Look here, Newland—" began Hazeldene.

"You are going out!"

"But—but I say—"

"Rats!"

Newland followed Hazeldene round the table. Hazeldene put up his hands desperately, and in a moment more he was struggling in the grasp of the new boy. He did not succeed in giving the Sheeny much trouble.

He came whirling through the door, and bumped heavily upon the lineoleum, Bulstrode and Tom Brown having got out of the way.

"Ow!" he gasped.

Newland stood looking out after the trio. He was breathing hard, but otherwise he seemed as fresh as paint.

"This is my study now," he said. "If any of you fellows want to come in again, you'll have to apologise for the caddish way you met me. Otherwise, you don't come in."

"My hat!" said Bob Cherry. "Our friend the Sheeny means biznez! It's only to be expected. Bitneth is bitneth, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bulstrode, Tom Brown, and Hazeldene stood in a dusty group in the passage. They looked at one another, and they looked at the Sheeny. They had been beaten, and they knew well enough that singly they were no match for the new boy. But Bulstrode was by no means inclined to submit to defeat.

"Come on!" he muttered. "We'll have him out!"

"Hold on!" said Tom Brown quietly. "Play the game. We agreed to tackle him one at a time, and I'm not going to have a hand in tackling any chap three to one!"

"Good old Brown!" said Bob Cherry.

"You lend me a hand, Hazel," said Bulstrode, with a sly look at the New Zealand junior. "That rotten Sheeny is going to have our study!"

"Stop!" said Harry Wharton sharply.

Bulstrode looked at him fiercely.

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"What are you interfering for, Wharton?" he shouted. "In the first place, because I'm captain of the Form, and in the second place, because I'm fond of fair play," said Wharton sharply. "If you want to fight the new chap, I've got nothing to say, but you're not going to tackle him two to one."

"Who says we're not?" shouted Bulstrode.

"I do! If you tackle him two to one, I shall chip in on his side, and it will be two to two. Fair play's a jewel!"

"Hear, hear!" said Bob Cherry. "Play the game!"

"Do you think we're going to let a rotten Sheeny have our study, and keep us out?" roared Bulstrode.

"Put him out fairly, then. You're not going to crowd on him."

"Mind your own business!"

"This is my business," said Harry Wharton sturdily, "and I call on all decent chaps to back me up. Fair play!"

Bulstrode gave Wharton a furious look. But he saw that he could go no further. Singly he could not put the Sheeny out, and he would not be allowed to use odds against him. He muttered something under his breath, and strode away savagely down the passage. Tom Brown and Hazeldene, after a momentary hesitation, followed him.

Sheeny winced! grinned Bob Cherry.

Montague Newland looked at Harry Wharton with a grateful glance.

"Thank you," he said quietly.

"Not at all," said Wharton. "We generally play the game in the Remove at Greyfriars, and Bulstrode will think the same as I do when he gets his temper back. You've won, and you keep the study—if you choose."

"I shall keep it until they apologise for the way they treated me when I came in," said Newland quietly.

"Well, I don't blame you for sticking to that. There'll be trouble, I expect."

"I think I can take care of myself."

Wharton burst into a laugh.

"By Jove," he said, "I think you can!"

And he returned to his own study. Newland closed the door of No. 2 Study upon the buzzing crowd. He remained in possession of the field, and in a very short time the story of the tussle in No. 2 Study and its unexpected result was known all over Greyfriars.

But when he was left alone in the study the new boy did not look so cheerful as the victor in an unequal struggle might have been expected to look.

There was a sombre cloud upon his brow.

Had he made a good beginning at Greyfriars, he wondered. He had been victorious, but the victory had left him alone. And how gladly the Sheeny would have extended the hand of friendship to every fellow in the Remove! He only wanted to be allowed to take his place there like any other fellow, but if he was to live there at all, it seemed pretty clear that he would have to fight every inch of the way! And where then would be the friendship, the cordiality for which his sensitive nature longed? The victory brought no pleasure to the heart of the Sheeny.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER,

Outcast!

THE Sheeny!

He was never called anything else.

Even the fellows who were inclined to tolerate him, and even to like him—they were not many—fell into the habit of calling him and alluding to him by that name, which had been fastened upon him even before he arrived at Greyfriars.

Probably it did not even occur to them that the word stung, and that it rankled; if it did, the Sheeny gave no sign.

He had made it abundantly clear, on the evening of his arrival, that he was not a Jew, there was to be no persecution of the Jews. The Sheeny had shown that he could keep his end up in a "scrap," and indeed, after the defeat of Bulstrode, few fellows cared to provoke him to a combat.

But they did not like him.

He had done nothing to cause dislike; he certainly was not given to swanking, to ostentation of any sort; he had pleasant manners, and could be very agreeable, but it booted not—he was the Sheeny!

And "the Sheeny" he was likely to remain!

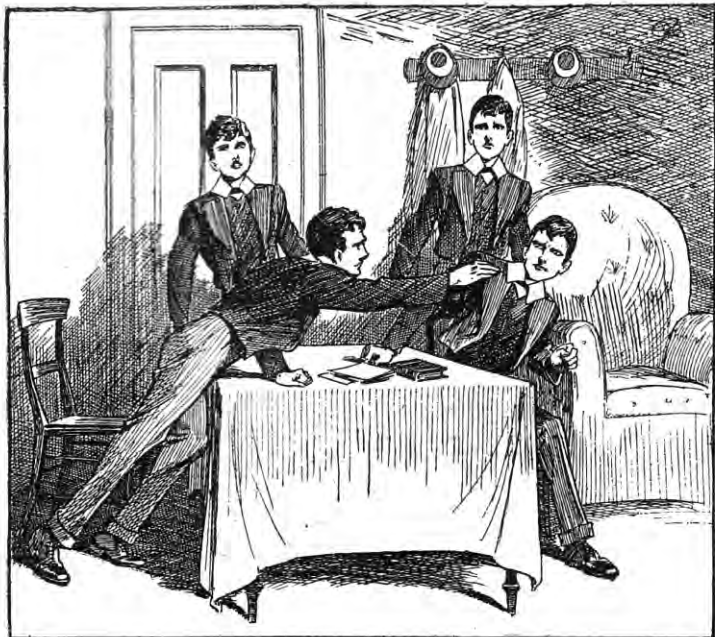
Few fellows in the Remove were inclined to bother their heads about him so far as to do him justice.

Newland realised that very plainly. He might have made friends among the Remove sort by lavishness with his money, and he seemed to have plenty of that. But he declined to buy friendship, and the Remove who had thought of making a good thing out of him were disappointed, and they repaid him with increased dislike. Fellows like Snoop, and Stott, and Bunter, who would have borrowed and never repaid,

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Newland leaned across the table, stretched out his hand, and the palm of it smacked upon Bulstrode's face with a crack like a pistol shot! (See Chapter 5.)

found that there was no possibility of spending his money for him, and they felt more rancour towards the Sheeny than the better sort of juniors.

But it was certain that he was unpopular, and he realised that very clearly. But he had plenty of pride, and he showed few signs outwardly that he was deeply wounded by the way the Remove treated him.

Even the fellows who were civil to him did not show much signs of wanting to be really friendly. And he was too high-spirited to seek friendship where it was not offered. And some of the fellows, perhaps, were diffident about offering it, lest the school should imagine that they wanted the Sheeny's money.

Bulstrode, Tom Brown, and Hazeldene had lost their study. They had undertaken to turn the Sheeny out, or to be turned out by him, and they were the turned-out party. Bulstrode and Hazeldene felt very bitter about it, but Tom Brown was a thorough sportsman, and he took it quite good-humouredly, and he refused to have anything to do with Bulstrode's suggestions of falling upon the Sheeny together and throwing him out.

The day after the Sheeny's installation in No. 2 Study, Bulstrode found a refuge with Penfold and Russell in their room, and Hazeldene was taken into Ogilvie's quarters. Tom Brown asked Wharton rather shamefacedly to let him do his prep. in No. 1, and Wharton consented at once.

The Sheeny remained with a whole study to himself.

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He would rather have had fellows in it with him, for he was not fond of solitude, but he did not say so, and he never receded from his position—that Bulstrode & Co. would have to apologise before they came back.

Tom Brown was the only one who was likely to do that. The New Zealand junior had been thinking over the affair, and he felt that he had been led into acting in a way that was not exactly in accordance with his ideas of "playing the game," and when the Remove came out of the Form-room after lessons the next day, Tom Brown tapped Newland on the shoulder rather hesitatingly.

Newland turned round.

"Well?" he asked.

Tom coloured.

"I want to tell you I'm sorry we ragged you like that your first day here, that's all," he said. "It wasn't quite the thing, to jump on you like that."

Newland smiled.

"It's all right," he said. "I don't mind—but it was rather rough. I don't want to be on bad terms with anybody."

"I—I don't mean that I want to come into the study again," said Tom Brown hastily. "Wharton's given me room in his. But I thought I ought to say that I'm sorry for the way we jumped on you, that's all."

"You can come into the study if you like."

"Thanks, no."

"Just as you choose."

Monty Newland smiled a little bitterly as he turned away. He understood perfectly. Tom Brown was sorry for having acted in a way that appeared to him, on reflection, what he would have called rotten. But he had no desire to chum up with the Sheeny.

Newland waded out into the Close.

Harry Wharton gave him a cheerful word in passing, and Mark Linley paused to speak to him for a few minutes. Mark Linley, who had come to Greyfriars on a scholarship, having worked in a factory previous to that, had had the experience of having his Form-fellows against him, and he could feel for the lonely lad.

Newland thrust his hands deep into his pockets as he strolled on.

Two or three Sixth-Form fellows were standing in a group, chatting under the elms.

They were Loder, Carne, and Walker, the black sheep of the Sixth, but Newland, of course, did not know anything about them. Loder caught sight of him, and signed to him to come up. Newland approached the seniors in some surprise.

"You're young Newland?" Loder asked.

"That is my name."

"I've heard your name," said the prefect. "You are the son of Joseph Newland?"

"Yes."

"Your pater is rolling in money, I hear—a giddy million-aires!"

"He is rich," said Newland quietly.

"And allows you plenty of tin, I suppose?" said Walker.

"I have a good allowance."

"Well, you seem a decent kid enough, for a Sheeny," said Carne.

"How do you get on with the kids in the Remove?"

Newland was silent. He did not understand what the seniors were driving at, but he was quite keen enough to see that they were not troubling themselves about him from sheer kindness.

"You don't pull with them?" asked Loder.

"I haven't been here long enough to know them yet," said Montague.

Loder laughed.

"You can speak out to me," he said. "I'm a prefect—I suppose you know what that means—and I can look after you and protect you if there is any ragging."

"Thank you; I shouldn't like you to interfere. I don't want the fellows to set me down as a sneak."

"Oh, good! But you may need a friend, all the same," said Loder.

"I rather like your looks, young'un. I suppose you're not engaged for tea this evening?"

Newland flushed.

"Come and have tea in my study, then," said Loder. "These two chaps will be there, and we shall make quite a cheery little party."

"Thank you very much," said Newland. "But—"

"I won't take 'em for an answer. When you've been a bit longer at Greyfriars you'll know that kids in the Remove don't often get invited to tea by a prefect," said Loder, frowning a little.

"No; I understand that," said the junior. "But I don't understand why you should trouble about me. I'm sure it's very kind of you. I am grateful."

"Not at all! Anybody will show you where my study is. Half-past six sharp," said the prefect.

"Thank you very much! I will come."

"Good! I'll expect you."

The three seniors walked away together, smiling at one another. Montague Newland remained where he was, thinking, with a perplexed expression upon his face. He knew, of course, that it was very unusual for a new junior to be taken up by the Sixth Form in this manner, and if the seniors had done it from a feeling of kindness, because he was neglected in his own Form, he owed them gratitude. Yet somehow they did not look like fellows who went out of their way to do acts of kindness. Newland was puzzled, and he thought over the matter a great deal without being able to come to a satisfactory conclusion.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

A Good Idea Wasted.

BILLY BUNTER had been wearing a thoughtful expression during afternoon lessons, and he was still wearing it when he came up to the Remove passage about six o'clock. Some great idea was evidently working in the mighty brain of William George Bunter, and one or two fellows had offered him a penny for his thoughts; but Bunter had not stated what they were.

He waited until no one was observing him before he came to the Magnet Library.—No. 216.

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up the Remove passage and knocked at the second door, and he entered hastily without being invited to do so, as if he did not wish to be seen entering Montague Newland's quarters.

Newland was alone there.

The Sheeny was likely to spend a great deal of time alone when he was not in class with the Form, apparently. But he did not look pleased when he saw who his visitor was. Newland had summed up Bunter's character at a glance. He did not like the fat junior, and the idea of being taken up and patronised by Bunter made him smile.

He fixed a cold, inquiring glance upon Bunter as he entered.

"What do you want?" he asked.

Bunter hummed and hawed.

"I thought you might be feeling lonely," he observed.

"You didn't," said Newland directly. "You came here for something. What is it?"

"You—you Jew chaps are so jolly businesslike!" said Bunter, with a feeble smile. "I—I like you for it, you know."

"Will you tell me what you want?"

"I—I don't exactly want anything," said Bunter. "I told you yesterday that I was willing to be your friend—"

"And I told you that I was rather particular about my friends," said Newland grimly.

"You don't seem likely to have many here, anyway," said Bunter, with a spiteful look.

"I would rather have none than fellows I despise," said the new boy quietly.

Bunter turned pink.

"Well, I—I don't want to row," he said. "I'm willing to do you a friendly turn, and I think you might be civil to a fellow."

Newland did not reply.

"The fact is," said Bunter, recovering his composure, "I've got a jolly good idea, and you are the very chap who can help me carry it out. Now, will you listen to me? I can now tell you on to a jolly good thing."

"I will listen to you if you like," said Newland, glancing at the clock. He was due in Loder's study in half an hour.

"Good! Now, I'm a business chap, you know. I've got lots of ideas for making money, but I'm always cramped by want of capital," Bunter explained. "The other fellows like to keep me down, too. There's a lot of personal jealousy in it, you know. But I've got a jolly good scheme. You are a moneylender, ain't you?"

Newland could not help laughing.

"No," he said.

"I mean, your pater is?"

"No; my pater is a merchant."

"But there must be moneylending in the family," said Bunter. "At least, you know what it is—you lend a chap some money when he's hard up, you know, and you take every blessed rag he's got by way of interest. That's the way Jews get rich, you know."

"Is it?"

"Yes, that's it," said Bunter, with a nod of great wisdom. "Now, of course, a chap like you wouldn't have any conscientious scruples about moneylending."

"Quite impossible, of course," said Newland, with a smile, wondering whether he should let Bunter run on, or throw him out of the study at once. But Bunter was so stupid that it seemed hardly worth while to get angry with him.

"Just what I thought!" said Billy Bunter eagerly. "Now, in this scheme of mine I'm willing to supply the brains if you supply the capital—see?"

"No, I don't think I quite see."

"I'll explain. Lots of fellows here are hard up. They run through their tin, you know, and borrow of one another till pocket-money comes. Some of them have extra tips at times, and then they're able to pay back old loans. Now, you being a Jew, and rich, there's no reason why something of that sort shouldn't be done here."

Newland looked at him without replying.

"We'll let it become known, on the strict Q.T., that fellows who are in difficulties can get a loan in this study," went on Bunter. "I will act as agent, and lend out the money, and gather in the interest. We'll charge, say, a penny a week interest on every shilling, and make them dub up the capital at the end of the term. Might rake in a regular harvest that way. Don't you think it's possible?"

"I shouldn't wonder."

"I've thought of this idea for some time," said Bunter, who was too short-sighted to see the expression that was gathering on Newland's face. "It was put into my head by finding out that the Head had been borrowing money of a Jew moneylender."

Newland started.

"The Head!"

"Yes."

"Dr. Lookie has dealings with moneylenders!" exclaimed Newland incredulously.

"Yes, rather!"

"How do you know?"

"Oh, I found out!" said Bunter, with an air of fat satisfaction. "I find out lots of things. Some fellows say that I ought to be a detective."

"You ought to be in prison, I should think."

"He, he, he!" said Bunter, determined to take that remark as a joke. "Very funny indeed! Yes, I find out lots of things. I happened to hear the Head speaking to that moneylender when he was here, you know—"

"You happened to be at the keyhole, I suppose?" suggested Newland.

"Never mind where I was!" said Bunter hastily. "Anyway, that's how I got the idea. Of course, we shouldn't let this business of ours get to the Head's knowledge. But if he found out he couldn't hate the cheek to be very rough on us, when he has dealings with that chap Levinski."

"Levinski?"

"Yes, that's the name of the moneylender. And I can tell you he's got the Head pretty tight, from what I've heard," said Bunter, with a grin. "Now, there are fellows in all Forms who get hard up, and would be glad to raise loans. Chaps like Loder of the Sixth, who bet on horses, you know—"

"Loder?" said Newland thoughtfully.

"Yes. You know him; I saw you speaking to him in the Close."

Newland nodded.

"Well, with a certain sum of money laid out really judiciously you might make a regular income out of them; and you could rely on me to put the screw on," said Bunter.

"We could go Co. in the bigney, you know. You could supply the capital and—take the responsibility, and I'd put in the brain work."

Newland laughed.

"Well, what do you say?" asked Bunter. "It's a really good thing, and you don't often get a chance like this. And when you're lent out a good deal of money you'd have a lot of fellows under your thumb, you know, and you could make them speak to you, whether they wanted to or not."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, that's about all," said Bunter, reflecting. "Don't you think we might make a good paying thing out of it?"

"Yes, I think that's very likely."

"Good! It's a go, then?"

"No, not quite."

"Oh, really, Newland—"

Newland rose and crossed to the door and opened it. Billy Bunter watched him through his big spectacles, in surprise and uneasiness.

"What does that mean?" he asked.

"There's the door."

"Yes, I know it's there," said Bunter. "But—"

"Will you oblige me by getting on the other side of it?"

"Eh?"

"Get out of my study!"

"But—but ain't you going Co. with me?" demanded Bunter.

"I'd sooner go Co. with a toad or a beetle, I think!" said Newland. "Get out! You make me sick! Get out!"

Bunter rose to his feet, his fat face quivering with rage.

"You—you rotten Jew end!" he spluttered. "I suppose you're going to use my idea, and leave me out of the profits!"

"You fat idiot!" said Newland. "If I were a mean and like you, I might. But—"

"I'm willing to take half shares," said Bunter eagerly.

"Look here, I'm willing to take a third—just one-third of the clear profits. Now, what do you say?"

"Get out of my study!"

"But—but I say, you know—"

Newland's patience was exhausted. He made a stride towards the Owl of the Remove and grasped him by the shoulders and swung him round towards the door.

Bunter roared:

"Ow! Leggo! You rotten Sheeny! You beastly money-lending Shylock! Leave me alone! Ow!"

Bump!

Billy Bunter descended violently upon the linoleum in the passage, and the door slammed upon him. He sat up, gasping and blinking, and set his spectacles straight upon his fat little nose.

"Ow! Beast! You Jew end! Yow!"

He scrambled up and kicked savagely at the door of the study. At a sound as if it were opening, however, he dashed down the passage, and almost rolled downstairs in his hurry to escape. He did not make a second attempt to take the Sheeny into partnership in the moneylending business.

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ONE
PENNY.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Loder's Guest.

HARRY WHARTON stirred the fire in No. 1 Study, and the kettle began to sing. Frank Nugent was cutting rounds of bread for toast, and Tom Brown was opening a jar of jam, which he had brought in to add to the common stock. The New Zealand junior was on very friendly terms with the chums of No. 1 Study, and now that he was out of his own quarters he had settled in No. 1 for the present. Johnny Bull was also there; he had come in to tea, and he was making himself useful by laying the table.

Wharton turned round from the fire and looked at his companions and hesitated. He seemed to have something that he wanted to say, but to hesitate about saying it.

"Anything up, Harry?" asked Nugent, catching his expression.

"I was thinking of asking a chap in to tea."

"Right you are! There are enough sardines to go round, and we can make any amount of toast. Do you mean Bulstrode? He's rather ratty with you just at present."

"No, I don't mean Bulstrode. Look here," said Wharton, speaking out at once, "it's only decent to ask the new chap."

There was a sudden silence in the study.

Wharton coloured a little. He felt that the general feeling was against him, but he went on steadily:

"The fellow's all right. He's plucky, and he looks decent, and he hasn't done anything to set the fellows against him. I don't see being down on him because he's a Jew. There's that Jew chap at Courtfield, Solacy Lazarus; he's all right."

"He doesn't want to come to Greyfriars and stick in our studies," said Tom Brown.

"And Solacy's an extra special Jew," said Nugent. "Hang it all, Wharton, I don't want to be down on the chap, but I draw a line at chumming with Sheenies!"

"I don't say chum with him," said Harry. "But he's a stranger here, and the fellows are rough enough on him. He must be feeling pretty rotten, all on his lonesome in his study."

"He shouldn't have come here!"

"Well, I suppose his people sent him. Anyway, I think it's a bit caddish to be down on him when he's done nothing!"

"He will begin lending money among the fellows, on their tie-pins and things, before he's been here long!" said Johnny Bull. "I knew a Jew chap who did that."

"If he does, we needn't speak to him. But look here, it's a bit thick to have a silly prejudice against a chap like this! I dare say he's all right."

"All right in his own study," said Nugent.

"Give him a chance!"

"You know what the fellows say about you, Harry," said Nugent, rather tartly. "They say that you always seem to want to take the unpopular side and back up chaps that the Form is down on."

"Yes; they said that when I chummed with Mark Linley, and then again with young Penfold, and now the whole Form are ready to admit that Penfold and Linley are two of the best."

"Well, yes, I admit that. But—"

"If you don't like the idea, I'll say nothing more about it," said Harry. "But I think myself that it would be only decent!"

Nugent grunted.

"Blessed if you haven't always got some crack-brained wheeze!" he said. "But don't mind me; I'll stand it if the other fellows will!"

"Oh, I don't mind!" said Johnny Bull.

"What do you say, Brown?"

Tom Brown shrugged his shoulders.

"All right!" he said. "There's no harm in the fellow that I know of. Ask him in, and we'll be civil to him."

"Good! I'll give him a look in, then."

Wharton left the study, and stepped along to the next door, and tapped.

"Come in!" called out Newland.

Newland looked a little red and flustered as Wharton came in. It was only a few minutes since he had ejected Billy Bunter from the study. But he gave the captain of the Remove a very friendly nod.

"We're just going to have tea in my study," said Wharton, in his frank way. "I should be glad if you would join us."

Newland looked at him sharply. Perhaps his experiences at Greyfriars had made him a little suspicious and over-sensitive; but there was nothing in Wharton's manner that he could take exception to. Certainly there was no hint of patronage about it.

"Will you come?" asked Harry.

"I should be glad to," said Newland, frankly enough; "but I've accepted an invitation to tea already."

"Oh, good! In the Remove?" asked Wharton. He could not help being a little surprised. He had not supposed that the idea of showing courtesy to the Sheeny had occurred to anybody but himself. He fancied that the invitation might cover some jape from some of the rougher spirits in the Remove, and he did not want the new boy to be subjected to anything of that kind by Bolsover or Snoop. Newland shook his head.

"No! Loder has asked me."

Wharton gave him a quick look.

"Loder, of the Sixth?"

"Yes."

"Are you going?"

"Is there any reason why I shouldn't?"

Wharton hesitated. There were a good many reasons why Newland should not go, but he did not feel that it was his business to state them.

"Well, I don't know," he said slowly.

"You may as well tell me," said Newland quietly. "I haven't been treated very civilly by the fellows in my own Form here, and I thought it rather queer that a prefect in the sixth Form should go out of his way to be kind to me. Is there any trouble between me and the Remove and Loder?"

"Well, all the juniors are on pretty bad terms with Loder," said Harry. "He is a bully, and he generally makes things warm for us when he can."

"But there is something else."

"Yes; there is something else," said Wharton. "But I don't know that it's my business to talk about it. I suppose you can take care of yourself!"

"Just as you like. But you might warn me if I've got to be out for trouble in any way."

"Well, the fellows say you are rich—"

"That is true," Newland looked surprised. "You don't mean to say that a Sixth Form prefect has invited me to tea as a reward for services rendered?"

"Not exactly that," Wharton paused. "Look here, Newland, there are a good many things that go on in schools that don't come to the masters' ears. I dare say you know that as well as I do. Loder has some little ways that would get him sacked if the Head knew of them. If there is any game on, keep out of it. Don't be drawn into playing any game for money. You understand me now?"

Newland nodded slowly.

"I understand," he said.

"All serene, then."

And Wharton quitted the study. Nugent and Tom Brown and Johnny Bull looked at him with mute inquiry as he came back into No. 1.

"He's not coming!" said Harry.

"Not refused?" exclaimed Nugent.

"Another engagement. Loder has asked him to tea," said Wharton.

Nugent chuckled.

"Good old Loder! He's after the loaves and fishes, of course; but I don't think he'll get much change out of Newland. The Sheeny isn't a soft kid like Mauleverer. We had to yank Mauld out of Loder's clutches, but I think Newland will be able to take care of himself. Hand out the sardines!"

Wharton was still looking and feeling a little uneasy. He could not help thinking that it was possible that the Sheeny, rejected by his own Form-fellows, might be glad to take friendship wherever he could find it, without inquiring too closely. In that case, he was a victim ready-made for Loder's net. And if the new boy were suspected of "sucking up" to the Sixth, and making friends with the Remove's special enemy—Loder—it would be all the worse for him in his own Form. But Wharton had done all he could, and it rested with Newland to stick to the right path if he chose. At all events, he had been warned of what he might expect as Loder's guest.

Newland left his study soon afterwards, and made his way to the Sixth Form passage. Loder greeted him very genially as he entered. The table was laid for tea, and Loder's fag, an ink-fingered youngster of the Third, had just finished making a pile of toast. Loder pointed to the door.

"You can get out, Tubb!"

"Oh, all right!" said Tubb. "Blessed if I want to stay here with your Sheeny friends, Loder!"

And he whipped out of the study, just in time to escape a book that the prefect hurled at his head.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

A Little Game.

L ODER was all graciousness to his guest. Anybody who knew Loder would have known at once that he had an axe to grind, in showing so much politeness to a junior of the Remove. Montague Newland did not know him, and although Wharton's warning was still in his mind, he could not help being pleased with his reception. After the slights he had received from the Remove and the other juniors of Greyfriars, Loder's courtesy was pleasant enough. And if Loder was an outsider and a blackguard, as Harry Wharton had hinted, at all events he was an agreeable one, and the lonely junior was not inclined to judge him too harshly.

Loder, Carne, and Walker, in fact, exerted themselves to make that tea agreeable to Newland. They talked to him quite as if he were one of themselves, and asked him questions about his home and his people. Newland was quite keen enough to see that most of the questions were aimed to discover his financial position, but he answered frankly enough.

When tea was over, he was feeling very cheerful, and the seniors made him take a comfortable seat in the armchair while they cleared the table. Loder did not call in a fag for that purpose; he did not want any fags in the study just then.

The prefect took a silver cigarette-case from his pocket, and opened it. Newland glanced at it in some surprise. He was a new boy at Greyfriars, but he knew enough of schools to know that smoking was forbidden in the studies. Loder offered him the case.

"Smoke?" he asked genially.

Newland shook his head.

"Thanks, no; I don't smoke!"

"Oh, stuff it!" said Loder, laughing. "That's all very well in the junior studies, you know; but in a prefect's quarters you are allowed a little liberty."

"Do prefects smoke here?" asked Newland.

"Well, under the rose, you know—we don't light up when the Head is present," grinned Loder. "Everything isn't done in the open, you know. But in a chap's study there is no harm in a cigarette."

And he lighted one himself, and again offered the case to Newland.

"Thank you; I'd rather not!" said Newland, colouring.

"I've never smoked."

"Must make a beginning some time."

"But if it's against the rules—"

"Oh, blow the rules!"

"But I'd rather not, really!"

"Oh, very well, if you are going to do the Eric business!" said Loder, with an offended air. "Hang it all, you might be sociable!"

"I—I don't like it!" said Newland awkwardly. "Excuse me, but I'd rather not!"

"Just as you like!"

Walker looked the door, and the three seniors were soon smoking. A blue haze filled the study, and Carne opened the window.

"Now, what are we going to do?" said Walker.

"What about a little game?" suggested Loder, in a casual sort of way, just as if the "little game" had not already been arranged between himself and his cronies.

"Well, I don't mind," said Carne.

"Loder, what game of nap," said Loder. "It will amuse us. You play nap, Newland?"

"Yes; but—"

"But what? If you don't like the game—"

"I don't play for money!" said Newland bluntly.

"Afraid of losing the shekels—eh?" said Walker.

Newland flushed.

"Oh, it's not that! But I don't gamble."

"Who's talking about gambling?" said Loder. "I've got some counters here. You don't think I asked you into my study to gamble—and I a prefect, too?"

"I—I'm sorry!" stammered Newland. "I'll play with pleasure!"

"Here you are, then!"

Loder drew a box of counters from the drawer of the table, and shuffled the cards. The three seniors sat down to a game of nap with bone counters, with great seriousness. They had no more intention of playing for counters than of playing for the moon; but they could see that it was necessary to be cautious with the new junior.

After several rounds Walker was yawning portentously, and Carne could scarcely keep up a pretence of interest in the game.

Loder shuffled the cards slowly, and glanced round.

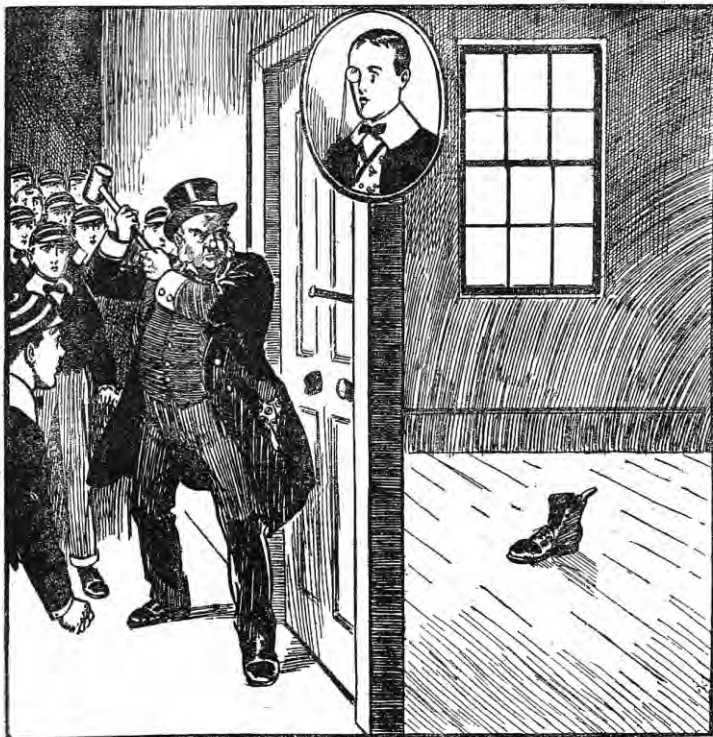
"We might have penny points, just to make the game interesting," he remarked.

ANSWERS

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 216.

TUESDAY: "SCHOOLBOYS' TREASURE!" By FRANK RICHARDS.

Order Early.



Taggles drove an iron chisel between the door and the jamb, and there was a loud-sounding crack as the door yielded. The juniors grasped their cudgels, and stood ready to rush upon the desperate cracksman whom they had tracked to the room! (An incident in "GUSSY'S APRIL FOOLS," the splendid long, complete tale of the famous clowns of St. Jim's, which is contained in this week's issue of our popular Companion Paper, the "Gem" Library. Out on Thursday. Price One Penny.)

"Hear, hear!" said Walker.

"Well, I don't mind!" said Carne. "Of course, I shouldn't think of playing for money, but penny points can't be called playing for money."

"Of course not!"

Loder was already dealing out the cards, and Newland had not had time to speak. He felt a natural diffidence about laying down the law to his elders, but, at the same time, he knew that this was the beginning of the end. He was hesitating, not knowing what to say, when Carne called. Walker called in his turn, and they waited for Newland, who was third.

"Well, what do you make it?" asked Loder genially.

Newland felt that it was too late to back out, but he jawardedly resolved that this round should be the last.

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Juniors of St. Jim's, entitled:

"GUSSY'S APRIL FOOLS!"

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"Four!" he said.

"Get them!" said Loder.

The cards were thrown out. Perhaps the three seniors played very badly on purpose.

Loder, at least, had the cards to beat Newland if he had chosen. He did not choose. Newland won.

He coloured awkwardly as the trio played him.

"I—I don't want to take this," he said. "Look here! I'd rather not play, as a matter of fact."

"You must take it!" said Loder, frowning. "Do you think we're not going to pay when we lose? We're not kids playing marbles. Take the tin."

"Yes, rather!" said Carne.

"Your deal, Carne!"

Newland sat with a very red face, the money before him.

on the table. He was not allowed to refuse to take it, and he could not very well pick up his winnings and walk away with them. He was fairly caught.

But an obstinate look was settling upon his dark, handsome face.

He was no fool, and he was not in the least inclined to vicious amusements. He regarded gambling as a fool's game, as indeed it is; and he regarded it as rotten, and he knew that that was the general opinion at Greyfriars. He did not intend to be drawn into it, in spite of the cunning of Loder & Co. If this was their friendship the less he had of it the better.

He made up his mind to lose his winnings, as quickly as possible, and then to rise from the table. It would have been better, perhaps, if he had risen at once, and left the money there, but he felt that something was due to courtesy to his hosts. Whatever their intentions were, they had been civil to him, and he wanted to be civil in return.

The game went round, and Newland called nap, without having the cards to make it. He intended to lose. But he had not counted upon the sharpness of the trio. By a really clever combination of bad play, they enabled him to get nap in spite of his bad cards, and he won again.

"Beginners' luck," said Carne, with a smile.
"We shall get cleaned out at this rate," said Loder, Newland bit his lip.

"Tell you what!" said Walker, as if struck by a sudden thought. "Let's make it tanners. That will give us a chance to get even."

"A second?" said Loder.
Newland agreed, and asked Carne.
Newland's rolling in blithely. Of course he does."

Newland felt that he was caught again. If he won this time, he would receive quite a sum of money, and the seniors had insisted that by that time the fever of gambling would have taken hold of him.

But there was a difference in the young Jew's character that he had not reckoned upon.

He called nap once more, and proceeded to play his cards with a careful calculation to lose, and this time he succeeded.

He had to pay out in shillings, which made half-a-crown each to the three seniors, and that, of course, swept away his winnings, and some more money, too, out of his own pocket. He was more than clear, and before the cards could be shuffled again he rose from the table.

"Looking for a cigarette?" asked Loder affably, but with a glitter in his eyes.

"No, I'll get along, if you don't mind."
"Not going already, surely?"

"Yes, if you don't mind. I'd rather not play for money," said Newland firmly.

"But this isn't playing for money. A few tanners make no difference to a young Crusier like you, surely!"

"It isn't the money. But—"

"But what, then?"

"I don't want to play."

"You don't want to pay, you mean!" sneered Carne. Newland flushed.

He looked very handsome as he stood there with his face flushed, and his eyes very bright. "This is gambling, and I don't want to have a hand in it. I'm much obliged to you fellows for being kind to me, and I—I don't set up to judge what you do, but I don't want to join in it. That's all."

He moved to the door.

The three seniors were upon their feet now. In their anger and disappointment, they made no effort to keep up the pretence of courtesy. Loder clenched his hand.

"You—you Sheeny cad!" he said, between his teeth.

"You rotten young Shyllock!" said Carne. "After we've taken you up, a Sheeny that nobody else would speak to!"

"Kick the young cad out!" growled Walker.

Newland opened the door. His lip was curling with scorn.

"You're in your true colours now, at all events," he said.

"I was warned what to expect if I came to this study, and I can see now that it was right. I don't want anything more to do with you! You are a set of cads!"

He stepped out into the passage, and closed the door behind him. Loder made a swift stride towards the door, but the more cautious Carne restrained him.

"Let him alone now, Loder!"

"Let him smash him, the cheeky cad! A rotten Sheeny, too!"

"Let him alone now! No good getting this blabbed over the school," said Carne. "You can find something else to hammer him for another time."

Loder realised the sagacity of that advice, and he stopped.

"I'll make him suffer for this!" he said.

And he locked the door again, and sat down to the table, and the game went on, minus the Sheeny.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 216.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

On the Football Field.

THE Sheeny had made another enemy, and he reflected, with a bitter smile, that it was not the fact that he was a Sheeny that made him the bitterest enemies, but the fact that he was determined to be decent, and to play the game. It was the worst fellows in the school who were most down upon him, and they were down upon him because he was a more decent fellow. If the boy had not had a firm and steady character, it would have been enough to drive him into a bad path. But the Sheeny was not to be driven, nor led either, where he did not want to go.

During the next few days Loder found many opportunities of coming down heavily upon the junior who had defied him, and the authority of a prefect made it impossible for the Sheeny always to resist him. But what could not be helped the Sheeny took quietly, and bore with fortitude. He had unnumbered lines, and was caned; but punishment seemed to have no effect upon him.

It was impossible for the better fellows in his Form not to respect his character, and Nugent and Bob Cherry came round to Harry Wharton's point of view, and pronounced that the Sheeny was all right, and they made it a point to be very civil to him.

But a chum in the school seemed unlikely to turn up. But if the Sheeny wanted a chum he did not show it. Whatever he felt seemed buried behind an impenetrable reserve.

He kept possession of No. 2 Study. The former owners of that apartment showed no desire to disturb him there. They preferred a share of other fellows' studies to "digging" with the Sheeny.

Mr. Quelch, the Remove-master, kept an eye upon Newland. And a few days later the Remove-master called to Wharton when the Lower Fourth were dismissed after morning school. Harry stopped at the master's desk.

"How does Newland get on in the Form?" the Remove-master asked abruptly.

Wharton hesitated.

"He seems to be getting on pretty well, sir," he said.

"There is a prejudice against him?"

"Yes, sir, I'm afraid so."

"You do not share it, Wharton?"

"No, sir. But I can't say I specially like Jews," said Harry. "But, of course, it's all rot to be up against a chap because he's of a different race. I know that, sir."

"Quite so," said Mr. Quelch, with a nod. "I have been observing Newland, and he seems to me a very fine lad. He is painstaking with his lessons, and I have observed that he is always ready to help other boys."

"He's a decent chap, sir."

"Does he play football?"

"I—I haven't asked him."

"That's what I want to speak to you about, Wharton. Of course, I do not intend to interfere in matters that concern only the boys. But don't you think it is your duty, as captain of the Form, to give him a chance to make the other boys like him and respect him? And football is supposed to be compulsory among the juniors here."

"I don't know whether other chaps would play with him, sir. But I'll give him a chance, if you think fit."

"I think you might, Wharton."

"Very well, sir."

Wharton left the Form-room looking very thoughtful. Football was coming to an end at Greyfriars now, but there were still some games to be played. It was certainly only right that Newland should share in the Form practice if he wanted to, but Wharton knew very well that there would be difficulties. But, after all, his position as captain of the Form brought him some unpleasant duties, and he had no desire to shrink from performing them. There was a meeting of the committee in Wharton's study that day, and the Remove captain brought the matter up then.

Bulstrode did not attend the meeting. The former captain of the Remove was still on bad terms with Wharton, not because Harry was captain of the Form, but because he regarded Wharton as championing the Sheeny. Bulstrode had also stated that he did not feel up to any more football, and his place in the eleven had to be filled for the next match, which was with the Upper Fourth on Wednesday afternoon. Bulstrode, in fact, was "on his dignity," and showed no sign of coming off it.

"Whom are you going to put in, Harry?" Nugent asked.

"What about Newland?"

The members of the football committee stared at Harry.

"Joking?" asked Johnny Bull.

"No!"

"Can the fellow play?" asked Ogilvy.

"I don't know. But I was thinking of giving him a chance in the practice to-day, and if he's any good—"

"I don't suppose he will be any good."

NEXT TUESDAY: "SCHOOLBOYS' TREASURE!" By FRANK RICHARDS.

Order Early.

"Well, if he isn't that will settle the matter. But he looks like a player."

"Hang it all!" broke out Tom Brown. "I think you might draw the line at putting him in the eleven. I don't say we oughtn't to be civil to him, as he behaves himself, but—"

"I bar him in the eleven," said Ogilvy. "And about his behaving himself. I don't see that he does. I've heard that he plays cards in Loder's study."

"He went there only once."

"And cleaned them out, very like," said Bull. "I know Bunter says that Newland wanted him to join in a scheme for starting moneylending among the fellows here."

"Bunter told me so, too," said Nugent. "He says he refused."

Wharton frowned.

"You all know Bunter," he said quietly. "I wouldn't take his word against a stray dog. More likely he tried to get money out of the Sheeny, and couldn't work it."

"Well, very likely. But—"

"But we don't want him in the team."

"No fear!"

"The no-fearfulness is terrific!" murmured Harree Singh.

"Well, let's give him a chance in the practice," said Harry.

"We can see how he turns out, and then think it over."

"Oh, all right!"

The committee consented to that, not with a very good grace. As soon as school was over Wharton spoke to the Sheeny about it. The new junior's face lighted up at the mention of football.

"You play?" Wharton asked.

"Always, when I get a chance," said Newland.

"Good! Come down to practice now," said Harry.

"With pleasure!"

The Sheeny made a handsome figure in football garb. The fellows could not help admitting that he looked like a player. But there was a general growl from the Remove when he was seen on the field—a growl of discontent.

"What's that chap doing here?" demanded Bolsover.

"He's going to practise," said Wharton.

"What? The Sheeny?"

"I suppose he has as much right on the footer-ground as we have!" said Harry warmly. "Don't be a cad, Bolsover, if you can help it!"

Bolsover sneered angrily.

"If that fellow plays on the ground I don't!" he exclaimed.

"Get off it, then!" retorted Wharton.

"I jolly well will!"

And Bolsover did. He strode away scowling, and two or three more fellows followed his lead. Ogilvy was about to do the same when Wharton called to him.

"Where are you going, Ogilvy?"

"Off!" said Ogilvy.

"If you're going to play in the match to-morrow you'll have to practise now," said Harry.

Ogilvy reddened.

"I don't feel like it," he said. "The fact is, I've thought it over, and—I bar the Sheeny. He oughtn't to come here."

"If you leave the ground now you don't play to-morrow!" said Harry Wharton, compressing his lips.

"Oh, draw it mild—"

"I mean it!"

"Very well; I'll stay, then," said Ogilvy sulkily.

Wharton's firmness had the desired effect. The fellows who wanted to play for the Remove on the morrow overcame their repugnance to practising with the Sheeny. Newland seemed unconscious of the remarks that were being passed concerning him. He joined in the footer practice with great keenness.

There was no doubt that he was a good player. His shooting was deadly, and his passing perfect, and his pace wonderful for a junior. There were not more than two or three fellows in the team who could equal him, and it was quite clear to all the onlookers that he far excelled the absent Bulstrode. On his merits he could hardly be left out of the eleven, and Wharton said as much when the practice was over. Wharton's chums heard him with glum faces as they walked back to the School House in the dusk.

"You can see for yourselves that he's a ripping player," said Harry. "He's far and away better than Bulstrode at his best."

"Well, that's so," said Brown grudgingly.

"Don't you think I ought to play him?"

"On his merits, yes."

"What else is there to consider?"

"The fact that he's the Sheeny," said Ogilvy tartly. "I'm blessed if I care to play for the Remove if he's in the team."

"It would be rot to leave out a good player because there's a silly prejudice against him," said Harry coldly. "I shall put him in."

Nugent drew a deep breath.

"You'll put him in the eleven, Harry?"

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Read the grand new story of the Juniors of St. Jim's, entitled:

"Yes."

"It will be very unpopular in the Form."

"I can't help that."

"The whole Form will have their backs up about it," said Bob Cherry.

"Let them!" said Wharton irritably. "They've made me captain, and if they don't want me I'm ready to resign; but while I'm skipper I'm going to play the best players in Form matches, and Newland is too good to be left out."

And there the subject dropped.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

A Licking for Bolsover.

HARRY WHARTON'S decision was, as Nugent had foretold, extremely unpopular in the Remove. That evening the Removites talked of little else, and Wharton's decision was condemned on all sides. Even his own chums had little to say. Snoop and Bolsover did not hesitate to hint that Wharton had been borrowing money of the Sheeny, and was making it up to him by putting him in the eleven. Most of the fellows could hardly think that of Wharton, but they regarded his proceeding as high-handed and indefensible, and his popularity fell to a very low ebb. Wharton did not seem to mind. He had thought out carefully what he ought to do, and he meant to do it. He told the football committee that he was ready to resign the captaincy if they liked, but nobody wanted that. The Remove had tried other fellows as captain, and they all knew that Harry Wharton was needed to lead them to victory on the footer-field. But he had many black looks in the junior common-room that evening, and the Sheeny was the recipient of many unpleasant remarks.

The Sheeny had been so quiet and subdued since the first row with Bulstrode in the matter of Study No. 2, that fellows had forgotten that incident, and they allowed themselves the liberty of sneering at him to his face. But there was a limit to the Sheeny's patience, as they discovered that evening. Bolsover had hoped to be put into the team in Bulstrode's place, and he was bitterly annoyed at losing the chance, especially as it was the Sheeny who displaced him. And when Bolsover was in a bad temper the fellow who made him so was generally booked for trouble.

The Sheeny came into the common-room after finishing his preparation alone in his study, and found Bolsover talking very loudly to a group of juniors. Billy Bunter was in the group, and he gave the new boy a spiteful blink through his spectacles.

"I say, you fellows, here he is!"

The juniors all turned their heads and stared rudely at the Sheeny.

"Here's Shylock!" said Ogilvy.

"Here's the giddy Hebrew!"

"Vat price dot, shentlemen?" said Snoop. And there was a laugh.

Newland flushed, but he crossed over to the fireplace without saying a word. He did not want to quarrel.

"It's rotten to play him, I must say!" said Bunter.

"Blessed moneylender, you know! I really think it's my duty to tell a prefect about him."

"Rotten sneak!" said Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, Cherry, when a fellow tries to lead a chap into a scheme for moneylending it's time he was shown up!"

Newland swung round.

"What's that you say?" he exclaimed.

"He says that you wanted him to join you in a money-lending scheme," said Bolsover. "And we know it's true."

"It's not true!" said Newland.

"Do you mean that I'm a liar?" roared Bolsover.

"I mean that Bunter is!" said Newland quietly. "He proposed to me a scheme for lending money, and I threw him out of my study."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "That sounds more like the facts."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"I don't believe it!" said Bolsover. "The Sheeny is a moneylender, of course! They all are! His father made his money by cent. per cent."

"That is not true!" said Newland.

"Rot! We all know it! If he isn't in the moneylending line now, I dare say he's in prison," said Bolsover. "I know he ought to be!"

And the juniors laughed.

The Sheeny stood quite still for a moment, and then he walked up to Bolsover. The bully of the Remove regarded him with an insolent stare.

"You have insulted my father," said Newland, in an steady voice. "You are a liar and a cad, Bolsover!"

"Hear, hear!" said Bob Cherry.

Bolsover laughed.

"I don't allow fellows to call me by those pretty names when I'm being hammered," he said. "I suppose you know I have to fight me for that, Sheeny?"

"I'm quite ready," he said.
 "Come into the gym, then," Bolsover grinned gleefully as he turned away, with a crowd of boys to go to the gym. He had no doubt whatever that he would be able to hammer the Sheeny to his heart's content, and he did not think that Newland would be very far from paying football on the morrow after he had done with him.

Wharton, looking very anxious, tapped Newland on the arm. The Sheeny looked at him.

"You can't meet Bolsover," said Wharton hurriedly. "You don't understand—the big brute will simply smash you. You've got no chance."

"He can't smash me, then," said Newland, between his teeth. "He has insulted my father, and I am going to thrash him, or he will thrash me."

"But I tell you—"

"I am going to fight him."

"I'll be your second, then, if you like," said Harry, as he realised that the Sheeny had made up his mind.

"Thank you; I should be glad."

"Come on, then!"

The Remove, and half the juniors of Greyfriars, crowded into the gym to see the fight. Although the Sheeny had been victorious over Bulstrode, and Bulstrode had not cared to call him to account a second time, no one supposed that Newland had any chance against Bolsover. Coker of the Fifth was known to regard Bolsover as a dangerous adversary; Bob Cherry was the only fellow in the Remove who could lick him. The Jew's chance seemed to be very slim, but the tightening of his lips, the glitter in his eyes, showed that he intended to put up a good fight. The combat would be worth watching, at all events, though no one had the slightest doubt that it would end in the complete annihilation of the unfortunate Sheeny.

"You chaps will have the gloves on, I suppose," said Wharton, as the juniors formed a ring in the gymnasium.

Bolsover laughed scornfully.

"Oh, yes, if the Sheeny's afraid of being hurt," he said. "I don't care."

Newland's eyes blazed.

"No gloves for me!" he said. "I am going to thrash Bolsover, or else he is going to knock me out. I don't want the gloves."

"You'd better—" began Nugent.

"I won't, I tell you!"

"Oh, all serene!"

The combatants faced one another. Bolsover swaggered forward, towering over the slighter junior.

"We don't want any rounds," said Bolsover, "so you can put your turnip away, Bob Cherry. I'm going to hammer this Jew till he gives in."

"Better fight according to rules," said Wharton sharply.

"You don't want to be a hooligan. Be a sportsman—if you can!"

"Let Bolsover arrange it as he likes," said Newland quietly.

"No rounds, then," said Bolsover.

"I agree."

"It's not worth it," said the Remove bully. "I shall smash the Jew cad to smithereens in a couple of minutes."

"Well, go it!" said Bob Cherry.

Bolsover rushed upon the Sheeny. He meant to give an exhibition for the amusement of his friends, and his plan

was to overwhelm the Sheeny by sheer weight and strength, and knock him helplessly round the ring under a shower of blows.

That was Bolsover's intention, but it did not work out exactly like that.

The Sheeny had to be reckoned with!

He backed away from Bolsover's rush, with his hands up, guarding every savage drive, and Bolsover's heavy fists did not once reach his cool, set face.

Twice round the ring they went, Bolsover slogging away with all his strength, and the Jew guarding every blow with cool precision, till the burly Removeite paused at last, his breath expended, in amazement.

Then the tables were turned!

The Sheeny launched himself forward like an arrow from a bow, and Bolsover's clumsy guard was knocked right and left before his lightning blows.

Right and left, left and right, his fists dashed into the face of the Remove bully, and Bolsover staggered back.

There was a buzz of amazement from the crowd.

"My hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "The beggar can fight!"

"Bolsover's getting it!"

"I fancy he'd like rounds now!" murmured Mark Linley.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was very little doubt about that. Bolsover was staggering helplessly round the ring, driven right and left by the furious attack. His face was battered, his left eye was closed, and his nose streamed red. A final terrific uppercut stretched him upon the floor of the gym, with a tremendous bump that seemed to shake the building.

There was a deep-drawn breath from the crowd.

"Bolsover's down!"

"Bravo, Sheeny!"

Like the Tuscans of old, the juniors could not forbear a cheer for the champion.

Newland stood waiting for Bolsover to rise.

The Remove bully lay upon the floor, floundering helplessly.

"Get up, Bolsover!"

"Go it!"

"Wire in!"

Bob Cherry began to count, and Bolsover staggered to his feet. His face was livid with rage, and the eye that was not closed was glittering savagely.

"I—I'll smash him!" he gasped.

"Looks to me as if you're getting the smashing!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it, Bolsover!"

"Go it, Sheeny!"

And they went it, hammer and tongs. The juniors looked on breathlessly. This time the Remove bully succeeded in getting to closer quarters, and in the in-fighting that followed, the Sheeny took a great deal of punishment. But he did not seem to feel it. His face was set, and his eyes gleaming. He intended to thrash Bolsover, and he was carrying out his intention with grim determination. There was blood upon his face now, his nose was swollen, and his lips were cut, and one of his eyes was discoloured. But he was steadily getting the upper hand. Bolsover was taking such punishment as he had never taken before, and he staggered again and again under the rain of blows.

Crash!

The Remove bully was down again, at last!

Newland, standing a little unsteadily, breathing in jerks, stood ready for him to rise.

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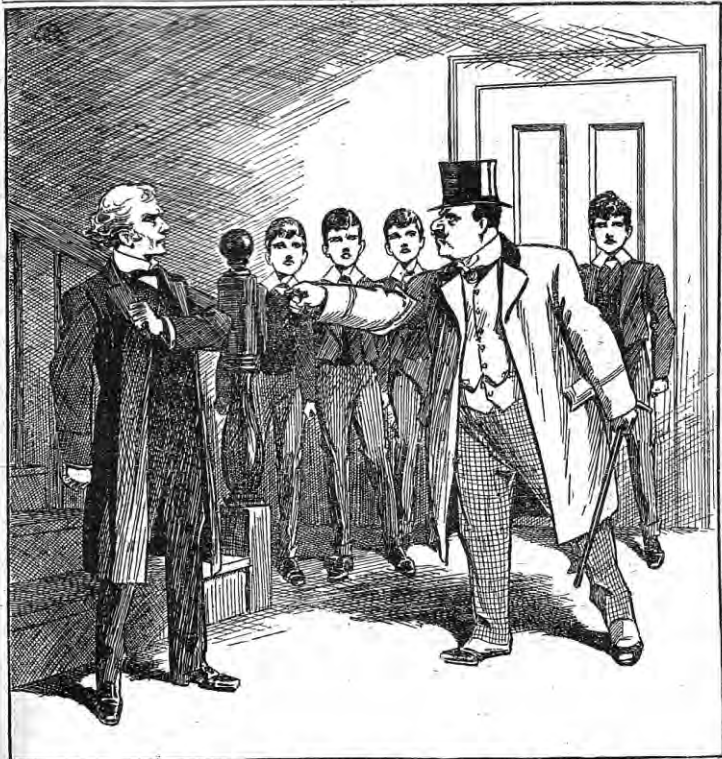
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"Dot man owe me monish!" screamed Mr. Levinski, louder then ever. "Look at dot man, mine poys! He owes me much money which he refuses to pay me. He is vun swindler!" The Head of Greyfriars reeled against the banisters, and looked as if he were about to faint. (See Chapter 15.)

But he did not rise.

"Are you going on, Bolsover?"

The only reply was a groan. It was evident that the Remove bully was licked.

Licked!

By the Sheeny!

There was a gasp of amazement from the Removees, and then a cheer rang through the gym. It rang strangely enough in the ears of the Outcast of the Remove.

"Hurrah! Bravo, Sheeny!"

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Grip of the Moneylender.

DR. LOCKE came out of the Sixth Form-room after morning lessons the next day, with a clouded brow.

He went directly to his study.

The moment the door was closed, and the Head of Greyfriars was safe from prying eyes, the cloud seemed to

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deepen upon his brow. The kind old face grew haggard and lined, as if ten years had descended upon him in those few moments.

He moved about the study with a restless step, very unlike his usual calm and quiet demeanour.

There was a tap at the door, and the Head started violently. His face went very pale as he turned towards the door, and his voice was scarcely audible as he called out "Come in!" He gave almost a gasp of relief as he saw that it was Mr. Quelch who entered.

The Remove-master looked curiously at the haggard face of the Headmaster.

"You wished to speak to me, sir?" he said, quietly and respectfully.

"Yes, Quelch."

There was silence. The master of the Remove waited for the Head to speak again, but it seemed as if the words would not come.

"It is the end!" said Dr. Locke, at last.

Mr. Quelch started. He was an old college friend of the Head's, and they had been masters together at Greyfriars for a very long time. The Remove-master was quite in the Head's confidence. Dr. Locke had few secrets from him.

"The end!" Mr. Quelch repeated.

Dr. Locke nodded, and sank down into his chair, and leaned his elbow heavily upon the table. The lines deepened in his face.

"It is the end!" he repeated, dully. "I shall have to leave Greyfriars!"

"Dr. Locke!"

"I have done all I can. But—that man——"

"Levinski?"

"Yes. That is what he calls himself. I do not know if it is his name—his business name, at all events," said the Head wearily. "I believe these moneylenders have many names for their different clients. Their nets are spread far enough for victims."

"But are matters really so bad?"

"They are at their worst!"

"It was a serious step to see this man at all, sir."

"I had no choice. I owed money, as you know, to Vernon-Smith's father, and I have paid him every penny. But there was only one way to do that. I had to raise a loan. To pay the loan I raised from Isaac Abrahams, I borrowed money of Moses Levinski. I found out afterwards that it was the same firm. They had me in their toils all the time. I have repaid the principal, and half as much again in interest, and still I owe that man a sum of money I cannot meet. And he is hard. He does not know his own interests, for he is trying me to ruin!"

"The Remove-master frowned.

"What does he demand, sir?"

"The whole sum now, and I cannot deny that, according to the written bond, he has the legal right to demand it. It was understood that I was to have time; but that was not written down, and he chooses to forget it now. I suppose I am a child in such matters, in comparison with that cunning man."

Mr. Quelch thought it very probable, though he did not like to say so.

"But if he forces you to give up your position here, sir, he will lose the money!" he said. "If you cannot pay with the generous salary you receive as Headmaster of Greyfriars, how does he expect you to pay when you have nothing?"

"He suggests that I should raise a fresh loan from a firm he recommends."

"Another branch of his own business, of course?"

"I have no doubt of it. I am to raise a fresh loan, and repay him with the whole of it, and render myself liable for a great sum—in fact, to burden myself for the remaining years of my life with a load of debt to him, which I shall never get rid of. I have done so once at his bidding, but I can see his object now. I have no doubt that he has many victims in his clutches in a similar way. He does not intend to let me escape. He has already plundered me without mercy, but he intends to make me pay, and pay, and pay! And I am resolved to end it. The end must come. It is useless to plunge deeper into the trap. I shall finish it now, while I have still something left for my wife and my children."

"What is the sum now, sir? Perhaps I——"

"Two thousand pounds."

"Good heavens!"

"The loan was a large one, and I sold off my private property to repay it," said the Head. "I have nowhere now to turn for the money. My dear Quelch, you cannot help me!"

"If it were hundreds, I could, and would," said the Remove-master sadly.

"I know you would, my friend. But it is all over now. There is only one thing I can do, and I can repay you a little for your long friendship and the counsel you have always given me. I can recommend you to the governors as my successor in the Headmastership here, and I have no doubt that you will be nominated."

Mr. Quelch started.

"I read of Greyfriars!" he exclaimed.

"Yes."

"If you depart, sir, it would be a great pleasure to me to take the post: but—but you must not go!" said Mr. Quelch.

"Something must be done! Something shall be done!"

Dr. Locke shook his head.

"Impossible!" he said. "I have turned over every possibility. There is nothing left. By defying this wretch, at least I shall get out of his clutches; but it will mean a public law-case, I fear, and of course, after that I could not remain here. The name of Greyfriars cannot be dragged through the mire of the newspapers; and even so, the governors would ask me to resign when all was known. I shall forestall that by sending them my resignation. When this hawk pounces THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 216.

upon me, I shall be a private man, and I shall do the best I can in the law courts."

"It is terrible!"

"I have made up my mind to it. The only consolation I have is that you will take my place when I am gone. I shall see Levinski this afternoon. He is coming here for my final decision."

Dr. Locke broke off. He had glanced from the window, and he caught sight of a fat, squat figure in frock-coat and silk hat, coming up the drive. Even from the distance, the blaze of a large diamond in the gaudy necktie could be seen.

"He is here!" said the Head. "Leave me now, Mr. Quelch!"

"Can I do nothing, sir?" said the Remove-master anxiously.

"Nothing, I fear."

Mr. Quelch quitted the study with a shadowed face. Dr. Locke remained alone, striving to calm himself, to call up all his fortitude for the interview that was coming. But it was not easy for the victims of Mr. Moses Levinski to maintain their fortitude under the hawkish eyes of the moneylender.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

The Moneylender.

"HALLO—hallo—hallo! I know that merchant!" said Bob Cherry.

A group of juniors in the doorway of the School House looked at the little fat man as he came up the path. Mr. Levinski walked with a most important stride, and the brilliancy of his diamond heralded his approach from afar.

"Who is it?" asked Ogilvy.

"His name is Levinski," said Bob.

"I've seen that name somewhere," said Nugent thoughtfully.

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"In the moneylending advertisements on the front page of the newspapers," he said.

"Phew!"

"What the dickens does he want here, then?" said Harry Wharton.

"I saw him last time he came. He came to see the Head."

"Oh!" said Wharton.

And he was silent. He remembered now some idle chatter of Billy Bunter's—some information that the Owl of the Remove had picked up, with his usual eavesdropping, and had chattered about in the junior common-room in his usual way. Harry Wharton had taken no notice of it at the time, but he thought of it now.

There was a sudden exclamation from Hazeldene.

"My word! He must be a relation of the Sheeny!"

"Why, of course!" exclaimed Snoop. "His pater, very likely. These moneylenders have all sorts of names, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Call the Sheeny—he's down the passage!" shouted Bulstrode gleefully. "Tell him his pater has come to see him."

"Shut up! Don't do anything of the sort!" exclaimed Wharton angrily. "You know jolly well that he isn't Newland's pater!"

"Oh, rats! Newland—Newland!"

"Come here, Newland!"

"Here's your pater."

Montague Newland came quickly towards the door, his face flushing.

"My pater!" exclaimed the Sheeny. "Where?"

"Coming across the Close," grinned Bulstrode.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Puzzled by the laughter, Newland stepped into the wide doorway, and looked out. He gave a violent start at the sight of the new-comer.

"He knows him!" shouted Snoop.

"It's his pater!"

"Here comes Sheeny senior."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Sheeny flushed crimson.

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed angrily. "What do you mean by saying that Mr. Levinski is my pater? He's no relation of mine."

"He knows his name, you see; trade name, of course," grinned Hazeldene.

"Yes, I know his name," said the Sheeny. "I know the man, too, for that matter, but he is not my relation."

"Too thin, I guess," said Fisher T. Fish. "If he ain't a relation, he's a connection in business, anyway, or how do you know him?"

"Member of the firm, of course—Newland, Levinski & Co.," chuckled Bulstrode.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Levinski came up the steps of the School House. He

looked at McGee Newland, and the juniors, who were watching for a sign of recognition on his part, saw at once that he knew the Jew lad.

"How do you do, Master Money?" said Mr. Levinski, in an oily voice. "Vat a surprise to see you here, my tear boy!"

The Sheeny frowned.

"It's a surprise to see you, too," he said. "What have you come here for, Levinski?"

"I have a little business with the Headmaster, mein poy," said Mr. Levinski, with an oily grin. "Shoost a little pizness."

And he passed into the House, and was shown into the Head's study.

The Sheeny remained standing in the doorway, with a frown upon his brow and his eyes gleaming strangely under his dark lashes.

The juniors were chuckling.

"Good old cent per cent," said Hazeldene. "Greyfriars is coming to something, I must say. Moneylenders visiting the Head, and members of the firm coming to school here."

"Oh, rotten!" said Bulstrode.

"Disgrace, I call it!" said Scoop.

The Sheeny did not appear to hear them. He stood for some moments in deep thought, and then, as Harry Wharton & Co. went in and went up to their study, he followed them.

The juniors looked at him in surprise as he came into No. 1.

"I want to speak to you, Wharton," said the Sheeny abruptly.

"Go ahead!" said Harry cheerily.

The Sheeny closed the door. Wharton and Nugent and Bob Cherry watched the proceedings in silent surprise.

"Anything wrong?" asked Frank.

"It's about that fellow who's just come here," said the Sheeny. "Of course, you fellows know he is no connection of mine!"

"I am sure of it," said Harry.

"But I have seen him in London," went on the Sheeny. "He has had business transactions with my father. He was a clerk once in my father's employ, before he started in business for himself as a moneylender. He is a rascal."

"He looks it," said Wharton. "But how do you know?"

"Well, I do know," said the Sheeny evasively. "You saw how civil he was to me. He hates me like poison, as a matter of fact, and my father, too. If I liked—but never mind that. Look here, I'm speaking to you fellows in confidence now. Bunter said something to me the other day, when he was proposing a silly scheme for moneylending here. He said that he had listened when the Head was talking to that man, and that Dr. Locke had been borrowing money of him and was in his clutches."

"I've heard Bunter say so, in the common-room," said Bob Cherry; "but it's no business of ours, or of yours, either, Newland."

Newland coloured.

"I'm not asking about this out of curiosity," he said. "I have my reasons for wanting to know how things are. Do you fellows know whether the Head owes that man money?"

"It looks like it; he would hardly see him for the pleasure of his company," said Wharton dryly.

"Of course, the Head doesn't know that we've heard the name, or anything like that," said Bob Cherry. "The Head is an innocent old bird."

Newland nodded.

"If he owes Levinski money, he is in bad hands," he said.

"Yes, I should say so."

Bunter hinted that he was in difficulties," said Newland anxiously, "that Dr. Locke owed money he could not pay, and that the moneylender was going to be very hard on him. Do you fellows know anything about it?"

Wharton shook his head.

"We know no more than you do," he said. "Only what Bunter was talking about, and the fact that Levinski has been here several times to see Dr. Locke."

"And I know the Head looks worried after his visits," said Nugent. "A good many of the fellows have noticed that."

"But what has it to do with you, Newland?" asked Bob Cherry bluntly.

"Nothing, only—" Newland paused.

"Only what?"

"If the Head were in trouble with that man, perhaps I could help him," said Newland quickly.

The chums of the Remove stared at him in amazement.

"You!" exclaimed Wharton.

"Yes."

"How could you help him?"

"Never mind that," said Newland quietly. "I think I could; that's all. But I suppose I can't go to the Head about it. I wish I could. If I knew how matters stood—I suppose you fellows can't tell me any more!"

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"No," said Harry.

"Very well, that's all."

Newland quitted the study.

The chums of the Remove looked at one another. Newland had surprised them very much, and what he had said had awakened their curiosity. But it was evident that the Sheeny did not wish to explain.

"What on earth was he driving at?" exclaimed Bob Cherry, in perplexity. "Between ourselves, I fancy the Head is in a hole, but I don't see how the Sheeny could help to fish him out of it."

"Unless the family have got an interest in the business and could let the Head off with something under a hundred per cent. interest," said Nugent, with a grin.

"It's not that," said Wharton, with a shake of the head.

"Newland has told us that his people are not in the money-lending business, and I am sure that he speaks the truth. But it's jolly mysterious."

There was no doubt that it was mysterious. The chums of the Remove were still talking it over when there was a sudden commotion below in the house. The study door was thrown open, and Nugent minor, of the Second, looked in, with a red, excited face.

"Come on, you chaps!" he shouted.

"What's the matter?"

"There's a row going on. Come on!"

And Nugent minor dashed down the passage. The chums of the Remove followed him, in amazement, and before they reached the stairs, a loud, raucous voice from below came up sharply to their ears.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Mr. Levinski Loses His Temper.

MR. MOSES LEVINSKI had been shown into the Head's study, and the Head greeted him with cold politeness.

Mr. Levinski was polite, too. He had his victim helpless in his clutches, as a matter of fact, and politeness was not needed, but Mr. Levinski seldom lost his oily manners.

"Good-day," he said affably, as he seated himself. "Good-day, mine dear Dr. Locke! Vat a fine spring day."

"You have called to see me on business, Mr. Levinski?" said the Head.

Mr. Levinski nodded.

"Exactly!" he assented. "Absolutely! Pizness is pizness. It is only a small matter of the payment of the loan, and I am all ready to receive your cheque."

"For two thousand pounds?"

"Yeth," said Mr. Levinski, rubbing his fat hands, from which oil seemed to exude as he rubbed them. "Dot is all."

"We had better come to the point," said the Head wearily. "I cannot meet this claim, Mr. Levinski. I will not say that you have deceived me in the drawing up of the papers I signed; I suppose I should have been more careful."

Mr. Levinski grinned.

"It is always best to be ferry careful in pizness," he remarked.

"I have discovered that," said the Head. "I was not so careful as it was necessary to be, and I must suffer for it. I have sold some property, and repaid you the loan you made me and a large sum of interest."

"Yeth; that is so."

"And still I owe you two thousand pounds."

"Two thousand and ten pounds, five shillings and thixpence," said Mr. Levinski.

"Yes, yes. Do you think that this exorbitant claim would hold good in a court of law, Mr. Levinski?" said the Head, looking the moneylender full in the face.

"I think so, mine tear Dr. Locke," said Mr. Levinski, with an oily smile. "You have signed all the papers, you see. You cannot deny your own signature."

"I should certainly not think of doing so," said Dr. Locke haughtily.

"Ferry well—ferry well! I think dot the claim would hold good," said Mr. Levinski, with a smile; "but I am willing to put it to der test, if you like—if the Head of Greyfriars can afford to go through the law courts."

"The Head of Greyfriars cannot!" said Dr. Locke. "You have calculated upon that."

"Yeth; dot is so."

"It is a species of blackmail."

"Mine tear Dr. Locke!"

"What else do you call it?" said the Head angrily. "You know that if I were sued by a moneylender in the courts, the governors of Greyfriars would ask me to resign my position here. You trade upon that knowledge."

"Pizness is pizness, my tear Dr. Locke!"

"I cannot meet this claim," said Dr. Locke. "I can pay you a certain sum each month, as I have offered before, and I can do no more than that."

Mr. Levinski shook his head.

"Dot is not good enough, mine tear doctor. The whole sum has now fallen due, and my firm claim their rights. I am not a hard man, but the firm—"

"I am quite assured that it is only you with whom I am dealing, Mr. Levinski. We had better be quite plain with one another."

Mr. Levinski shrugged his plump shoulders.

"Shoost as you like, my tear air—shoost as you like."

"Do you accept my offer?"

"Impossible, my tear air—absolutely!" said Mr. Levinski. "But if you like I can introduce you to a friend in the City who will advance you the two thousand pounds, and you can pay him back with a moderate interest."

"It is the old trick again," said the Head. "I should simply be deeper in difficulties than I am now, in a short time."

Mr. Levinski raised his fat hands in protest.

"Trick, my tear sor! Vot a hard word!"

"I cannot call it anything else. I am quite convinced that your friend in the City, as you call him, is simply a member of your firm."

Mr. Levinski smiled.

"I refuse to do anything of the sort," went on the doctor.

"Either you accept what I can offer you, or—"

"Or what?" smiled Mr. Levinski.

"Or I shall let you do your worst. The case shall be tried in the courts, and I will pay you exactly as much as the judges award, and no more," said the Head. "They will, at least, give me time to pay in without running myself."

"And the government of Greyfriars?" smiled Mr. Levinski.

"Yes, will they say?"

"I shall resign my position here before I act."

The moneylender stared.

"Yes. You resign?"

"That will be the only course open to me."

"Ah! Dot is vot you call bluff, isn't it?" said Mr. Levinski. "You tink dot you scare me when you say you resign?"

"I mean it! I am resolved to get free from your clutches while it is still possible for me to save something, to provide for those who are dear to me," said the doctor, his voice trembling a little.

Mr. Levinski smiled unpleasantly.

"I tink dot it is only bluff," he said. "You not throw up a good salary, I tink. You should better agree to my terms. I will not!"

"Den the action shall begin in the courts for the monish," said Mr. Levinski.

Dr. Locke turned pale.

"You mean that?" he said.

"Absolutely!"

"Very well," said the Head, rising. "Then this interview is at an end. Do your worst. You are a scoundrel, sir."

Mr. Levinski also rose. Apparently it had never occurred to him that he was a scoundrel, for the word seemed to make him very angry.

"You do not pay, and you call me names," he said, with a sneer. "I tink I have a name for you, too, my tear doctor. You are a swindler."

"What!" shouted the Head.

"Swindler!" said Mr. Levinski.

Dr. Locke clenched his hands, but he controlled himself, and pointed to the door.

"You are under my roof," he said, in trembling tones. "I do not wish to use violence towards you here. Otherwise, old man, as I am, you should not escape without a thrashing. Wretch! Leave my house!"

Mr. Levinski opened the door. His oily face was dark with passion, and his little round eyes glittered.

"You say dot it go to the law-courts," he said. "You know dot it do a moneylender's pizness no good to appear in der law-courts. It is you who do der blackmail, isn't it? But I will drag you through the courts, as an example to others. You are not the only schoolmaster on the books of Levinski & Co. I will make example of you. I will disgrace you. I will have der case reported in every paper in der United Kingdom. I will drag you through der dirt, my tear doctor. I will make you sorry. And I may as vell begin here." He threw open the study door wide, and raised his coarse voice. "Dr. Locke, you pay me der monish you owe me!"

His brutal tones rang along the passage.

Dr. Locke turned white, and pressed his hand to his heart. It had never occurred to the poor old gentleman, till now, what kind of a man he had to deal with. The baseness of the moneylender was beyond his understanding. That the man, brute and cheat as he was, would descend to making a scene in the very school, had never entered his mind.

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But Mr. Moses Levinski was capable of worse things than that when his blood was up.

"Go!" said the Head faintly. "Go!"

"Pay me mine monish!"

"Man, go!"

"Pay me, den!"

"Oh, Heaven!" muttered the Head. He strode towards the moneylender, and the look upon his face caused Mr. Levinski to retreat down the passage.

The Head paused, breathing hard. His brain seemed to be reeling with the horror of it.

There were no classes on at that hour of the day, and the passages were thronged with fellows. As Mr. Levinski emerged into the hall, excitedly waving his fat hands, dozens of pairs of eyes were turned wonderingly upon him.

The Head followed him to the hall, in the faint hope of inducing him to depart quietly.

"Please go!" he said, in a shaking voice.

But Mr. Levinski had no intention of departing quietly. The more fear his opponent showed, the more courageous Mr. Levinski felt. That was his nature. He stopped in the hall, and waved his hand towards the doctor.

"Look at dot man, mine poys!" he shouted. "Dot man owe me monish, which he refuse to pay me. He is a swindler!"

It was that raucous shout which reached the ears of Harry Wharton & Co. as they came out of their study in the Remove passage.

They ran down the stairs.

In the lower hall, the fellows seemed petrified by the scene. The Head, with a groan of misery, had reeled against the banisters, and he looked as if he were about to faint. The moneylender's coarse face was flushed with triumph and spite. His coarse tones rang out again more loudly than before.

"Dot man owe me monish!" he screamed. "He vill not pay! Dr. Locke, you are vun swindler!"

The moneylender had no time to say more.

Harry Wharton, without stopping to speak, or even to think, ran right at the man, and hit out straight from the shoulder.

His fist crashed into the fat, coarse face, and with a wild yell Mr. Levinski tumbled heels over head along the floor.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

The School Against Him.

HARRY WHARTON'S prompt action seemed to break the spell which lay upon the crowd of Greyfriars fellows. There was a roar.

"The cad!"

"Kick him out!"

"Fling the brute out!"

The fellows rushed upon the moneylender in a crowd. Mr. Levinski, as he scrambled up, was seized in as many pairs of hands as could reach him, and dragged into the doorway.

"Oh!" gasped Dr. Locke. "Oh! My boys—"

But no one was listening to the Head just then.

The moneylender, struggling and shrieking furiously, was dragged through the doorway, and flung out upon the steps with a bump.

He rolled over there, and sat up dazedly.

"Oh! Ow! Ach!" he roared. "I vill have the law on you! I vill—Ow!"

"Kick him out!"

Several juniors rushed down the steps after the sprawling rascal; but Mr. Levinski did not wait for them.

Hatless, and with his coat split up the back, his collar torn out, and his streaming, the hapless moneylender raced across the Close.

"After him!" yelled Bob Cherry.

"Hurrah! Bump him!"

And the juniors, with an excited whoop, broke into pursuit. Mr. Levinski heard them behind him, and he panted on at top speed; and it was fortunate for him that fear lent him wings, and that he arrived at the gates before the juniors could capture him.

He dashed out into the road, and without stopping to look behind him, fled down the road towards Friarale at frantic speed.

The crowd stopped in the gateway.

Mr. Levinski, running at a really wonderful speed for a man so fat and unwieldy, disappeared down the lane.

Bob Cherry burst into a laugh.

"My hat! That chap would win a prize on the cinder-path!" he ejaculated.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Faith, and ye're right!" said Micky Desmond. "I wish we'd got our hands on the cotton omnibus!"

"He's had a pretty rough handling as it is," said Harry Wharton. "The cowardly brute!" He rubbed his knuckles.

from which the shoe had been struck by contact with the face of the moneylender. "It had been the blow. "Poor old doc!" What a splendid show-up for him, that rotter kicking up a row like that!

"It's beastly!"
"The awful end!"
"The Head will feel this terrible," Nugent said, as they walked back to the House. "I suppose he will be glad that we've punished the rotten old doc—but he will be awfully cut up."

"It's a rotten shame!"
"I should say so," exclaimed Ooker of the Fifth. "I say, it is true that that was a realisation of the Sheeny? Bunter says so."

"Then you can be jolly certain that it isn't true," said Bob Cherry.

"Rot!" said Bulstrode. "It's true; they're all in the gang. I shouldn't wonder if the Sheeny had come here specially to spy on the Head somehow."

"Oh, don't talk rot!" said Harry Wharton sharply. "Newland has nothing whatever to do with this, and it's sheer rot to pick on him."

"So you say!" sneered Bulstrode. "My opinion is that they're all one gang, and the Sheeny's as bad as the rest. I expect it's his pater who's putting the screw on the Head; very likely that's how Dr. Locke came to let the cad into the Remove in the first place."

"Only too jolly likely," said Ogilvy.

"Faith, and ye're right!"
The juniors re-entered the School House. The Head had gone back to his study, and he did not show himself again that day. The fellows were not surprised. They understood well enough how the terrible scene must have cut the proud, reserved doctor to the very heart.

They felt for him keenly enough. There were some black sheep at Greyfriars, but even the worst of them liked and respected the Head. What would be the result of such a scene they could hardly tell. In the minds of almost all the fellows there was a connection between the rascally moneylender and the Sheeny. Newland had denied that he was a relation, or a connection of any sort, but the fellows did not believe him. It was certain that he was personally acquainted with the man. This blow had fallen upon the doctor within a week of Newland's arrival at Greyfriars. It was a coincidence, if it was nothing more, and the Greyfriars fellows felt that it was something more. Bulstrode's suggestion that the Sheeny had only been admitted to the school by the influence of Mr. Levinski seemed very probable. In proportion to their dislike of the moneylender, and their compassion for the persecuted Head, was the anger and hatred the fellows felt towards the Sheeny. Harry Wharton refused to take part in the general movement against him, but he stood almost alone. Even his closest chums were not with him in this.

It was a half-holiday at Greyfriars, and the Form match between the Remove and the Upper Fourth was due. But the juniors were not thinking about footer now. Temple, Dabney & Co., of the Upper Fourth, were equally forgetful of the game. They were as excited about the scene, and about the Sheeny, as the Removites themselves.

When Monty Newland came downstairs for dinner, he was greeted in the passage with loud hisses.

The Sheeny looked surprised. He did not know the cause of the hostile demonstration, and he turned to Johnny Bull, who was there, for information.

"What's the matter, Bull!" he asked.

Bull turned his back on him. Newland stared at him, and a wave of colour overspread his dark, handsome face. He went into the dining-room without another word to anybody.

At the dining-table the juniors crowded along so as not to sit near the Sheeny. Mr. Quelch, who was at the head of the Remove table, noticed it, and he frowned. But he was too much preoccupied to think much about it just then. The trouble that had fallen upon the doctor was weighing heavily on Mr. Quelch's mind. It was certain now that the Head would go, and the prospect of becoming headmaster of Greyfriars in his place did not comfort the Remove-master.

When the juniors came out after dinner, they broke up into groups, all of them discussing the scene they had

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witnessed, and the probable connection of the Sheeny with it. Newland went out into the Close, and loud hisses followed him again.

The Sheeny compressed his lips, and said nothing. He realised by this time what it meant, but he knew that it was useless to repeat to the juniors that he had nothing to do with the moneylender. They would not have listened to him, and would not have believed him if they had listened.

"The rotter ought to be kicked out of the school!" Bulstrode said.

And his words were echoed with approval on all sides.

"It isn't proved that he's got anything to do with the moneylender," Bob Cherry said, not very heartily.

Bulstrode sniffed contemptuously.

"It's proved clearly enough for me," he retorted.

"Faith, and me, too!" said Micky Desmond. "Of course, they're both in it. We ought to rag the spalpeen till he's glad to go!"

"Hear, hear!"

"At least, we can send him to Coventry!" said Ogilvy.

"And we'll do that!"

"Yes, rather!"

The Sheeny, as he stood on the steps outside, his hands in his pockets, and his brow very gloomy, heard much of what was said. The juniors meant him to hear, as a matter of fact. If he had attempted to defend himself, they would not have listened; but his silence gave the impression that he had no defence to make. They were not in a reasonable mood.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, as Trotter, the page, came by, with a silk hat wrapped up under his arm and a gold-headed cane in his hand. "Where are you going with those things?"

Trotter grinned.

"I'm taking them to Mr. Levinski, Master Cherry," he said. "He was in too great a hurry to take them with 'im when he went!"

The juniors laughed. Certainly, the moneylender had had no time to stop for his hat and cane.

"Mr. Quelch told me to take 'em," said Trotter. "I'm to go to the Cross Keys, where Mr. Levinski is staying to-day."

"Chuck 'em into the ditch as you go!" said Bolsover.

Trotter shook his head, and left the House. The Sheeny glanced at him, and signed to him to stop. Trotter looked impatient; but he stopped.

"You are going to Mr. Levinski at the Cross Keys?" he asked.

"Yes, Master Sheeny—I mean, Nooland!"

Newland took no notice of his impudence. It was only an imitation of what he had to endure from the Removites.

"Mr. Levinski is at the Cross Keys?" he asked.

"The 'Ead says so."

"Very good!"

Trotter went on his way. The Sheeny remained for some moments in thought, and then went back into the House. The fellows hissed him again as he passed, but he did not seem to hear. He came downstairs a few minutes later with his coat and hat. There was a shout from a crowd of the juniors.

"Going to see Levinski!"

"Going to visit your pater?"

"Yah! Sheeny cad!"

"Hang it all, Newland!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "You're not going to see that man, are you?"

Newland nodded calmly.

"Yes," he said.

"You're going to see the moneylender!"

"Yes. I was going to write, but as he is still in the neighbourhood, it would be better to see him, and—"

Newland broke off. "But I have no time to lose."

"You'd better not go!"

"I must go!"

"Cad!" shouted a dozen voices.

"Moneylender! Sheeny! Rotter!"

And with those pleasant names ringing in his ears, the Sheeny quitted the School House, and walked down to the gates.

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"CUSSY'S APRIL FOOLS!"

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THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Saved by the Sheeny.

THE excitement at Greyfriars was great. Seniors as well as juniors were excited and angry, and the general feeling was that something had to be done with the Sheeny. The fellows were anxious, too, to know what steps the Head would take.

That something would come of the scene in the House with the moneylender, they were sure; but their worst anticipations fell short of the reality. The news came to them like a thunderbolt.

It was Coker, of the Fifth, who first saw the new notice up on the board, and his shout of surprise brought a crowd round at once.

"Look at it!" gasped Coker.

The juniors read the notice, and gasped. It was written in the well-known hand of Dr. Locke, and it was brief but very much to the point:

"Owing to circumstances, it has become necessary for Dr. Locke to resign the headmastership of Greyfriars College. The headmastership will be taken over temporarily by Mr. Quelch, Remove-master, until the decision of the governing body is known."

That was all.

But it was enough.

The Head had resigned!

The boys looked at one another blankly. Greyfriars without the kind old Head they could hardly imagine. He seemed part and parcel of the place. They could as soon have imagined, almost, the departure of the old tower or the Cloisters, the crumbling of the grey old walls themselves!

The Head was going!

The notice on the board did not specify the "circumstances" that caused the resignation, but the fellows knew them well enough.

After the dreadful scene with the rascally moneylender, they could not be in any doubt.

The Head was in the grasp of the moneylender, and the villain intended to do his worst. Dr. Locke was powerless, and doubtless he shrank from facing the school again after what had happened. He was going—at once!

The news was so sudden and dismaying to the fellows that they were silent for some time. When they broke forth, it was into exclamations of rage against the moneylender and the Sheeny, his supposed confederate.

"My word," said Nugent, "that villain Leviniski has driven him into this, and the Sheeny has gone down to see him at this very moment! The awful cad!"

"Wait till he comes back—if he's got the cheek to come back!" said Coker. "We'll make an example of him! We'll show him that moneylenders ain't wanted at Greyfriars!"

"Hear, hear!" roared the excited crowd.

"We'll rag him baldheaded!" said Bulstrode. "We'll smash the cad!"

"You can't prove—" began Harry Wharton.

But a roar of anger and indignation interrupted the captain of the Remove.

"Shut up!"

"Don't give us any of that now!"

"If you stand up for the Sheeny, we'll give you some of the same medicine, Wharton!" bellowed Coker.

Harry Wharton could not even make his voice heard, and he got it up. Doubts of the Sheeny were in his own mind now, too, and in spite of his desire for fair play for the unfortunate junior, he felt that, if the Sheeny were indeed in the plot with Moses Leviniski, nothing was too bad for him.

"And Wharton was going to play that cad in the eleven this afternoon!" growled Bolsover.

"Shame!" roared the juniors.

"We jolly well wouldn't play you, if you had that cad in your team!" shouted Temple.

"And we'd all resign if Wharton put him in!" howled Ogilvy.

"Yes, rather!"

"Shame!"

"There won't be any match this afternoon, anyway!" said Wharton.

No fear; we're going to give our time to the Sheeny when he comes back!" said Bulstrode, with a savage laugh.

The juniors waited in simmering excitement for the return of the Sheeny. The fact that he was known to be gone to visit the moneylender was the last straw. There was no doubt of his complicity now.

It was more than an hour later when the Sheeny returned. He entered Greyfriars with a thoughtful expression upon his face, but there was a satisfied expression about him that could not escape notice. A shout from the fellows who saw him warned Greyfriars that he had returned.

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"Here he is!"

"Here's the Sheeny cad!"

Newland gave a scornful look round, and walked on with a firm step. The juniors expected him to go upstairs, or else into the common-room, and they were ready to mob him there. But to their surprise the Sheeny turned into the passage to the Head's study, and before the fellows could stop him, he was knocking at the Head's door.

He passed into the Head's study, leaving the crowd amazed and enraged.

"Never mind!" said Coker. "Wait till he comes out! He can't stay there all the afternoon."

And they waited in grim humour.

Dr. Locke was alone in the study. He had been putting his papers together, for it was his intention to leave Greyfriars that evening. He looked many years older; the disgraceful scene that day had hit him very hard, and it seemed to have bowed him down. He looked in surprise at the Sheeny.

"What do you want, Newland?" he exclaimed sharply.

"What I speak to you, sir!" said Newland respectfully.

Dr. Locke passed a weary hand across his brow.

"No, no," he said; "I cannot be troubled with school matters now! Whatever it is, you must go to Mr. Quelch."

"It is not a school matter, sir," said the Sheeny quietly.

"I have seen the notice you put up in the hall, sir, and—"

"Newland!"

"I have been down to Friardale, sir, to see Mr. Leviniski."

The Head stared at him.

"You have been to see Leviniski?" he ejaculated.

"Yes, sir."

"How dare you interfere in this matter, Newland! I cannot understand this. What is it that you mean?"

"Please excuse the liberty I have taken, sir," said Newland earnestly. "But I knew that I could help you, and I have tried to do so. If you will listen to me patiently for a few minutes, sir, I will explain."

"I do not understand this in the least, Newland. But go on!"

"You are aware, sir, that my father is a stockbroker in London. That man Leviniski was in his employ at one time as a clerk. He was discharged for dishonesty."

The Head smiled bitterly.

"I am not surprised at that," he said.

"I was a great deal about my father's office at the time," went on Newland. "It was I, in fact, who discovered that Leviniski was cheating my father, and brought his guilt to light. My father, if he had chosen, could have sent the man to penal servitude—the proofs of his guilt were ample, and they still exist."

Dr. Locke started.

"The man was so broken up by his danger, and he swore and promised so much that he repented, and that it would be a lesson to him, that my father decided to give him another chance. He dismissed Leviniski from his employment, but warned him that, if he should find him engaged in any rascality at any time, he would produce the forgery he had committed, and let him take the penalty."

"Ah!"

"After what happened to-day, sir, I could not fail to know that you were at the mercy of this man," said Newland quietly. "I thought it out, sir, and decided to interfere. I hope you will forgive me if you think that I took a liberty in doing so, sir, but I thought it my duty. I have visited Mr. Leviniski at Friardale, and I have forced him to come to terms. He knows that my father would do the same as I should do, under the circumstances, and I was able to speak with as much authority as my father. I told the man plainly that if he did not immediately cease his persecution of you, sir, he should suffer for the crime, he had committed, and it brought him to his knees at once."

The Head gazed at the boy in wonder.

"Newland!" he said faintly.

"I dictated terms to the rascal, sir, I could have forced him to forego his whole claim upon you, if I had chosen. But I knew you would not wish that."

"No, no!" exclaimed the Head quickly. "No, not Every penny—he shall have every penny, if I am given time to pay it without ruining myself."

"That is what I thought, sir. I therefore dictated to the man what terms he should offer you. He has written out and signed this paper, and I have had it witnessed by a solicitor to make all safe. It is a full discharge of your indebtedness to him, and makes it impossible for him to press any claim upon you."

The Sheeny laid the paper upon the Head's desk.

Dr. Locke took it up with a trembling hand.

"Oh!" he murmured. "My dear lad. You have done this!"

"Yes, sir. Read the paper, please. You will see that everything is quite clear."

"Yes, yes!"

"I am accustomed to business transactions, sir," said Newland, with a faint smile. "I have omitted nothing. Levinski has agreed to send you back every paper he holds that bears your signature, and the papers will reach you to-morrow morning. He has no choice but to rely upon your personal honour to pay him, but that, sir, is quite sufficient. You will make you own terms with him, pay him when and how you like, and you need not have any uneasiness that he will come here again. He would never have come here at all if he had known that I was at Greyfriars."

The Sheeny was silent. Dr. Locke looked at the paper again, and then fixed his eyes upon the Jew junior.

"Newland!" His voice almost broke. "Newland! Do you know what you have done for me? I had intended to send my resignation to the governors of Greyfriars—I have already written it out. I had no resource but to go out into the world—to fight a disgraceful law-suit in the courts with this vampire, and to begin life again—at my age! Newland, you have saved me from all that!"

"I am very glad I had the power to help you a little, sir."

"A little!" echoed the Doctor. "You cannot realise how much you have done! It seems almost incredible to me now. I am saved! My dear boy, I only hope that somehow, at some time, I shall be able to repay what you have done."

"It is nothing, sir. It enables you to remain Head of Greyfriars, sir, that will be satisfaction enough for me. If you won't leave us now, sir—"

"Certainly I shall not leave now," said the Head. "The notice shall be taken down from the board at once. Leave me now, Newland—I am almost overcome."

He held out his hand to the Sheeny.

"God bless you, my boy—God bless you!"

He shook hands with the Sheeny, and Newland quitted the study. Left alone, Dr. Locke leaned his face upon his hands. As he had said, he was almost overcome. In the very depths of despair, the trouble had rolled away like an evil dream. He was free—free from the clutches of the money-lender; free to hold up his head again; free to remain Head of Greyfriars! It was as if old age had suddenly rolled away from him, and left him strong, and free, and hopeful. The tears trickled through his fingers as he sat there—tears of relief and gratitude.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER. At Last!

"HERE he is!"

"Here's the cad!"

"Collar him!"

At the end of the passage surged the throng of excited, angry Greyfriars fellows. Monty Newland looked at them, but he came on with a firm step. He did not intend to say one word to them of what he had done. If they did not care to give him fair play, he would not ask for it. His courageous heart did not falter. He came right on, and as he emerged from the passage they closed round him.

"Collar the cad!"

Hands were laid upon him from all sides.

The Sheeny put up his fists.

"Hands off, you rotters!" he said fiercely. "I—"

He had no time to say more. They dragged him along, and the Sheeny hit out fiercely. Bulstrode rolled on the floor, and Bolsover fell across him. Ogilvie reeled back—but then he was overcome. In the grasp of many hands, helpless, overpowered, the Sheeny was dragged along.

"Bring him into the Rag!" roared Coker. "We'll have him ourselves there!"

"Hurrah!"

The big room which was used for meetings at Greyfriars was close at hand. Russell tore the door open, and the Sheeny was whirled in. Fellows followed in a thick crowd, till the room, large as it was, was swarming with them—fellows of all forms, from the Sixth to the Second.

The Sheeny dragged himself loose, and stood up with his back to the wall. The sunlight through the broad window fell full upon his face—handsome, defiant, angry.

There was blood upon his face! The ragers had not been gentle.

"Got him!" said Coker, with satisfaction.

"Rag him!" roared the crowd.

"Smash him!"

"The rotten cad!"

"The rotten Sheeny!"

They gathered round him like wolves, with almost the fierceness of wolves. All that had happened to their beloved headmaster they visited, justly or unjustly, upon the devoted head of the Sheeny.

And he faced them unflinchingly.

"Let me alone!" He spoke through his set teeth. "Or come on one at a time! Cowards!"

"Down him!" roared the crowd.

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PENNY.

"Down the Sheeny!"

"The Head's got to go," said Coker, "and it's all through you and your gang!"

The Sheeny laughed scornfully.

"I have nothing to do with that. That man Levinski is nothing to me!"

"Liar!"

"It's all through you!"

"You're a rotten Sheeny, anyway."

"We're fed up with Sheenies at Greyfriars," said Bulstrode.

"We're going to rag you till you're glad to go. Do you understand?"

Newland gritted his teeth.

"You can do as you like," he said, "but you can't make me go! If you know anything about Jews, you know that a Jew knows how to stick. I stick here!"

"Listen to the cad!"

"Oh, bump him!"

"Make him run the gauntlet!"

"Down with him!"

There was a rush at the Sheeny. He hit out fiercely, but he was down on the floor in a moment. The shouts rose furiously round him.

"Bump him! Bump the Sheeny cad!"

Harry Wharton forced his way forward.

"Hold on, you fellows! Give him a chance——"

"Stand back!"

"Keep out of this, you fool!"

"Shove him away!"

Wharton was flung back by force hands. The fellows were not disposed to brook interference from anyone just then. It was doubtful if they would have heeded the prefects. But there was no danger of the prefects interfering. They were just as much incensed against the Sheeny as the rest of the school.

"Bump him!"

Wharton was dragged away by Nugent and Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull.

"Hold on, you ass!" said Nugent cheerfully. "You can't interfere here, and you're jolly well not going to!"

And Wharton's own chums held him helplessly back.

Bump!

The Sheeny was going through it with a thoroughness that the Greyfriars fellows seldom bestowed upon any fellow who was ragged. He was bumped on the hard floor, and bumped again, and again. No cry escaped his lips. His teeth were set, and his eyes were blazing, but he said no word, uttered no cry.

"Now then, will you quit!" roared Coker.

"No!"

"Will you promise to get out of Greyfriars?"

"No!"

"My hat! He wants some more! Bump him!"

Bump! Bump!

"Go it!"

"Give it him harder!"

Bump!

"Now then, are you going to give in? Will you get out of Greyfriars?" roared Bulstrode.

"Never!"

Bump!

There was a loud knocking at the door. Coker, of the Fifth, had judiciously locked it to prevent interference. The knocking was unheeded, till Wingate's voice was heard shouting through the keyhole.

"Open the door at once, you young asses! What are you doing?"

"Ragging the Sheeny!"

"Open the door—the Head's here!"

"Phew!"

The din in the Rag was terrific. It could have been heard all over Greyfriars, and it was not surprising that it had attracted the Head to the scene. The door of the room was thrown open, and Dr. Locke appeared, his face pale with anger. The Sheeny was still struggling in the grasp of the bumpers.

Dr. Locke's angry eyes flashed into the room.

"Boys! Release Newland at once!" he thundered.

The fellows unwillingly obeyed.

"How dare you treat a boy like this!" exclaimed the Head, as Newland staggered to his feet, dusty, dishevelled, aching in every limb, and panting for breath.

There was a growl from the excited crowd.

"He's a Sheeny, sir."

"He's a rotten moneylender!"

"He's the son of the chap Levinski, or a relation, anyway."

"Faith, and he's a giddy Shylock, sir."

"We want to get rid of him from the school, sir."

"It's a shame to have a Sheeny here!"

Dr. Locke held up his hand for silence.

"Boys, is it possible that you have been ill-using Newland in this way, under the impression that he was connected with that moneylender, Levinski?"

"Of course, sir. We know he knows him."

"They're relations—all in the gang, sir."

"Silence! If it were so, you would have no right to interfere!" said the Head sternly. "But you have made an absurd mistake. Is it possible that Newland has not told you of your error?"

"He denies it, sir; but Sheenies are all liars, you know, sir," said Coker.

"Yes, rather."

"Silence! I shall tell you how matters stand in order that you may know how wickedly unjust you have been to that brave and noble lad, and I hope you will tell him you are sorry," said the Head.

"Oh!"

"You witnessed the miserable scene that happened here to-day," said the Head, amid a dead silence. "From that you know that I had fallen a victim to a moneylender. My want of business knowledge and foresight led me into great difficulties, which made it necessary for me to resign my position here. Owing to the action of that lad, I have been enabled to throw my letter of resignation into the fire. I have taken the notice from the board. I shall remain Head of Greyfriars."

There was a pause of stupefaction.

"Without any request from me, without even telling me his intention, that lad went to the moneylender at Friarale," pursued the Head. "He was able to influence him—how does not concern you—into releasing me from my obligations—into granting me honourable terms, instead of forcing me on to ruin. This was done by that boy, whom you have persecuted. This boy has saved your headmaster from ruin!"

"Oh, sir!"

"So that was why he went to Levinski," muttered Nugent.

"Why didn't he tell us?"

"Would you have believed him?" said Wharton.

Nugent was silent.

"I shall remain Head of Greyfriars," said Dr. Locke. "I owe it to that lad to whom I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude. Do you realise now the miserable mistake you have made?"

The fellows did!

If ever a crowd looked utterly and thoroughly ashamed of themselves, the Greyfriars rascals looked it at that moment.

"Oh, sir," stammered Coker, "we didn't know—we couldn't guess."

"Fools, and we're sorry, sir—"

"You must tell Newland that you are sorry," said the Head. "I trust that you will endeavour to make up to him for your harsh treatment."

And the Head turned away.

Silence followed his departure.

There was no danger that there would be any more ragging. The fellows cast sheepish looks at the Sheeny. Dr. Locke was not going, after all. He had been saved, and the Sheeny had saved him. It seemed incredible, but they had the Head's word for it.

"I—I say, Sheeny—I mean, Newland," stammered Coker. "I'm sorry!"

"We're all sorry, I think," said Bulstrode, who was a generous enough fellow at bottom. "You licked me once, Sheeny—you can lick me again if you like."

"Same here," said Tom Brown—"in fact, I'd feel obliged if you'd punch my head, Newland. I know I deserve it."

Newland smiled.

"Have you done the bumping?" he asked.

"Oh, don't talk of that," said Bob Cherry, "we're all sorry! Look here, we'll bump Coker, if you like. He was the worst of the lot."

"Hurray! Bump Coker!" shouted the Removites.

"Look here," said Coker wrathfully, "I'm as sorry as you are. The Sheeny is a decent chap, and he's done a lot for the Head while we've been jawing and doing nothing."

"No doubt about that," said Wharton.

"Wharton was the only chap who stood up for him," said Nugent.

"Bravo, Wharton!"

"Bravo, Newland, rather!" said Harry Wharton. "Hang it all, you've made a set of precious asses of yourselves! Newland's saved the Head, and saved us from losing him, and you've ragged him in return. I call for three cheers for Monty Newland, one of the best!"

There was a roar at once.

"Hurray! Hip, hip, hurray!"

"Good old Sheeny!"

The tide had turned. For the Greyfriars fellows, hasty and unreasonable as they might sometimes be, were generous lads, and when they knew that they had done wrong, most of them were willing to admit it, and to make amends for it.

Newland's face lighted up. He did not speak. His heart was too full for words. The darkest hour is ever before the dawn, and the dawn had come for Monty Newland.

Shoulder-high amid the shouting juniors, the Sheeny was borne out of the Rag, and every voice joined in the cheering.

"Good old Sheeny!"

"Bravo!"

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(READ THIS FIRST.)

Wishing to explore the practically unknown land of Tibet, Ferraers Lord, millionaire, makes up a party, including Prince Ching Lung, Rupert Thurston, Gan-Waga, the Eskimo, and a number of the crew of the Lord of the Deep, to travel with him across Tibet to Kwa-Hai, the capital of Ching-Lung's province in China.

The party, conducted by an Afghan guide named Argal-Dinjat, have just crossed the Himalayas into The Forbidden Land, when they are attacked by the notorious pirate and outlaw, Storland Sahib, and a band of his ruffianly followers. These are beaten off, and the party, after a period of hard travelling, reach the first Tibetan village. Here they are surprised to find that the head man is an Irishman, Barry O'Rooncey by name. They stay at his house for a time, and while at dinner they are startled by the arrival of Argal-Dinjat, who bears the news that Storland Sahib and his followers are riding towards the village. Storland and his brigands attack them fiercely, and the party takes refuge in a couple of sheds, where they are hotly besieged.

They are rescued by Ferraers Lord's wonderful aeroplane, the Lord of the Skies, and after having successfully driven the attackers away, the party go on board the strange vessel for a trial spin. They are flying over the crater of an extinct volcano, when the engines suddenly stop working, and they are sent hurtling down through the crater into an underground lake. The damage caused is so great that Ferraers Lord gives up hope of ever getting the aeroplane out of the cavern. Hal Honour, the engineer, however, makes a strange promise, and says that within two months he will rescue the whole crew. The millionaire then makes the discovery that their water tanks have been badly strained, and that their water has all drained away! With Ching-Lung, Joe the carpenter, and Maddock, he sets out to explore the cavern and succeeds in finding a lake of fresh water. The party also stumble upon the trail of a human being, and, following it up, come upon their missing Afghan guide, Argal-Dinjat, in the last stages of exhaustion. They rescue him and return to the cavern. Ching-Lung proposes a day's fishing, and a party set off for the day's sport. Whilst they are fishing the stream is flooded with boiling water, and Thurston, who is seated on a rock in the middle of the water, is overcome with the heat. Ching-Lung sets out to rescue him, by blowing up a natural dam which separates streams of hot and cold water. As he fires the dynamite an awful thought strikes him—he is murdering his friend or saving him.

(Now read on from here.)

Gan-Waga to the Rescue!

Up through the darkness gushed a torrent of crimson flame. Roaring, crashing, shrieking like the detonation of a hundred guns, lunged back by the echoes, multiplied a thousand times, the deafening report of the explosion surged through the cavern. Away in the distant camp the men dropped their tools and listened in alarm.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Masses of rock and showers of earth were hurled up and fell again. Thick dust and smoke mingled with the steam. Another roar in the distance told that somewhere the concussion of the air had caused a landslide. The charge fired had not been a large one, but by the echoes of the cavern a whole arsenal of dynamite might have exploded.

Half strangled, Ching-Lung rose to the surface. His lamp had been overturned, but it was still burning and uninjured. Great waves of sound still rolled through the hollow place. He scrambled out, and, snatching up the lamp, crawled forward over heaps of debris.

Had he failed?

He had won! The narrow strip of land had been severed as if cut with a knife, and a stream of cool water poured through swiftly, to mingle with the scalding torrent of the cascade. The steam was thinner, and the fiery snake was returning across the channel.

He could do nothing until the men returned. Running back, he found that a falling rock had broken the electrical machine to atoms; but his revolver, which lay near it, was uninjured. The echoes were dying away, but he awoke them again by discharging the weapon into the air. Shouts of joy broke from the swimmers, as the shots told them that Ching-Lung was safe.

Thank heavens! The steam was growing less dense rapidly as the cool water poured in. He flashed the light over the gully.

Thurston was there. He could see a limp human body lying on the flat rock. And then the men joined him one by one.

"I'll fetch him, sir," said Proud.

"No; I'll fetch him, Tom."

Ching-Lung lay down. The water, swelled by the cascade from the gully, was so high that he could reach it. He touched it with his fingers, and uttered a shout of delight and thankfulness. It was hot still, but the cold water of the channel had tempered it down until he could bear his hand in it without discomfort.

"Take it easy, sir," said Maddock. "It's not comin' down from above near so fast. However it is," he added huskily, "it can't hurt 'im now to let a bit longer. If he's dead, we can't 'elp 'im; and, if he's alive, a minute or two won't do no 'arm. It's best to wait, sir."

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Read the grand new story of the
Juniors of St. Jim's, entitled:

"CUSSY'S APRIL FOOLS!"

In this week's "GEM" Library,
Now on Sale.

"I can't wait!"

"You must, sir!" cried Maddock. "Though it's cool at the sides, who's to tell that it ain't boilin' in the middle? Collar him, Ben! Collar him!"

Ching-Lung was about to dive, when Maddock pinned him round the waist. It took the strength of four of them to hold him back. The sight of that helpless body drove him frantic. "Don't let him go!" said Gan-Waga. "No good gett' burnt!"

"I'll watch it!" growled Proud.

"Silly gett' boil to bits!" said the Eskimo. "All right for us, but not Chingy. Think I go instead, hunk."

Before a hand could be stretched out to stay him, before anyone could guess his intention, Gan-Waga had leapt into the water. He did not rise, and they gazed in horror at the black water.

"All right!" called a voice from the darkness. "Hot water at top, cool at bottom! Like cool best, so come bottom!"

To their intense relief they saw Gan-Waga scramble up the side of the rock.

"Bedad, he's movin'!" roared Barry O'Rooncey. "Hooroo! Luk at him! Bedad, he's movin' his hand!"

Perhaps the treacherous light had deceived them.

"Luk now—luk now!"

It was true. The white hand moved perceptibly. They found themselves laughing hysterically and shaking hands with each other. Gan-Waga stooped over Thurston.

Thurston's eyes were open.

"Hallo, Gan! Is that ugly face yours? What am I doing here?"

Instead of answering the feebly-spoken question, Gan-Waga began to dance, yell, and wave his arms, sprinkling water in all directions. The men on the bank followed his lead, and kept it up like a lot of lunatics for several minutes.

Rupert stared at them, and a twinkle crept into his eyes. He remembered now.

To his amazement and joy, he felt that he could move his fingers and limbs without trouble. Great as the heat had been, it had not been great enough to scald him. It was the sulphurous fumes that had caused him to lose consciousness. He felt deathly sick, and then he was sick in earnest—as sick as ever a landsman was on his first rough voyage. But Nature is a fine doctor, and when his first throes were over Rupert felt almost as well as ever.

And then the same twinkle crept into his eyes as he watched the maniacs on shore and the other maniac beside him. He stood up, glared hideously at Gan-Waga, and, pointing to Ching-Lung's electric lamp, hissed out:

"Aha! Dost see it, Horatio? There is ber-lud upon yon moon!"

Gan-Waga stopped dancing suddenly.

"Eh, humk?"

"Hist!" said Rupert, clutching his arm. "Speak not so loud! 'Tis blood, blood, ber-lud! Ha, ha! I slew him only yester eve! I struck him down, dabbling his white locks in gore! He was an old man, and weak! He prayed for mercy—prayed me to s-spare him! Ha, ha, ha! I dug his grave deep in the wood, but murder will out! See, Horatio, the ber-lud on yonder moon!"

Gan-Waga's jaw dropped, and the other's gave up dancing, as Thurston's wild laugh rang through the cavern. Had the horrors he had undergone driven him mad? Ching-Lung dived into the water and gained the rock.

"Rupert, old chap," he said anxiously, "you're not well. What's the matter?"

"Chuck it, Ching!" whispered Thurston, pretending to clutch him fiercely by the throat. "I'm as right as rain, but there's no reason why you should have all the fun. Tell them they must humour me, and I'll make you scream."

All the time Thurston's eyes rolled wildly.

"Who art thou?" he roared.

"W-w-hat?" gasped Ching-Lung, in strangled tones.

"D-d-don't you know me?"

"Ah, yes, I know thee now! Thou art Robinson Crusoe!" Ching-Lung drew his hand sadly across his eyes and hid a grin.

"His brain has gone, lads!" he called. "It's what they call temporary insanity, caused by shock. He'll be better in a few days, I hope, but we'd better humour him. If he says anything silly to you, don't contradict him; and, whatever happens, do just what he tells you, or he may get violent!"

"Murder!" said O'Rooney. "Fancy him goin' off his nut loike that! Bedad, we'll humour him, sor don't fret! Me grandmother was just the same; only hers was chronic, and she seed banshees and sperirts in the rain-tub, and little pink devils wid blue tails climbin' all over the pig-stye, and—"

"Oh, shut up, Paddy!" growled Maddack. "One's bad enough!"

"D'yez mane to suggest Oi'm balmy, is ut?" inquired O'Rooney. "Rekase, av that's ut, Oi'll purty soon be tacin' yez the contrary wid the best pair o' fists in Tibot!"

But the voice of Thurston, raised in song, put an end to the skirmish. Ching-Lung was down on his hands and knees, and Rupert was solemnly turning his pigtail round and round, as if it had been the handle of a barrel-organ, and chanting a touching ballad:

"We knew he was departing by the colour of his breath;
We knew the flower was nipping in the bud;
And the doctor said the only thing to save his precious life
Was to stop the circulation of his blood."

"Dance, monkey, dance!" shouted Thurston, fixing a threatening eye on Gan-Waga.

"Do, for goodness' sake, Gan!" whispered Ching-Lung. "Obey every word he says."

"By hoker!" groaned Prout. "The poor gentleman fancies himself an organ-grinder."

Gan-Waga, hardly knowing what was the matter, began to dance, and, still grinding at the pigtail, Thurston waited out:

"Then we filled his mouth with glue to try and bring him to,
And very gently laid him down to rest;
But in the night a burglar came and broke into the room,
And stole the mustard-plaster off his chest."

Tragic as Thurston's mental state was, fond of him as the men were, this touching picture of a death-bed scene was too much for O'Rooney. Instead of bursting into tears, as the occasion demanded, he broke into a snigger, and Prout was so indignant that he kicked him.

"Oi can't help it, Tom," said the Irishman. "Oi can't, and that's flat. Ut's ven, and—very sad, Oi know. Oh, murder, Oi don't want to laugh! Oi'd sooner—"

He sniggered again, and Thurston's mood changed.

"Water cool, Ching?" he murmured.

"Quite, old chap!" exclaimed the barrel-organ. "There's only a trickle of hot water now."

"Begone!" howled Rupert. "Hark! I hear Davy Jones calling. Fly to him!"

"Yes, I'll fly!"

"Then fly. Why lingerest thou? Begone!"

He helped Ching-Lung into the water with his foot, and then turned fiercely upon Gan-Waga.

"Is there blood upon the moon?"

"Oh, yes—yes! Lots, heap, much 'nough!"

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NEXT TUESDAY: "SCHOOLBOYS' TREASURE!" By FRANK RICHARDS. Order Early.

"Thou liest, caitiff!" roared Thurston savagely.

"Oh, no! Made mistook. No blood. Not tuppence worth!"

"But I say there is!" thundered Rupert. Dost defy me? What-ho! Without, there! Drag me this varlet to the torture-chamber. Fling him into the toppermost dungeon, and tear him to atoms! Gouge out his eyes, stretch his limbs upon the rack, scalp him, scarify him, boil him in oil, drag out his teeth one by one—"

Gan-Waga had reached the shore. He was shivering so with fright that Ching-Lung took pity on him, and whispered that it was only a joke.

"Keep it up, though, Gan," he added, "and you'll enjoy yourself. I'll tip the wink to Rupert that you know."

At once, like the famous Richard whom Shakespeare talks about, Gan-Waga was himself again.

"Bring me my steam-launch," cried Thurston, "and let me rove the foaming seas!"

"We haven't got it with us, Mr. Thurston," said Ching-Lung gravely.

"Ah, I knew it! It has foundered. No matter. Tell the First Lord of the Admiralty to send me two ironclads!"

"Hark at him!" groaned O'Rooney. "Two ironclads! Bedad, wouldn't two flatirons do?"

"Hush!" said Ching-Lung. "Perhaps we can talk him round. I'm very sorry, sir," he went on aloud; "but the First Lord sends word that, as we're at war with Russia, and all the battleships are engaged, perhaps you wouldn't mind swimming for once. We've had the water nicely warmed for you."

The lunatic scratched his head, and began to whistle "We won't come home till morning."

"Has the King of Korea still got red whiskers?" he asked suddenly.

"Oh, yes; as red as beetroot!"

"And does the Emperor of the Philippines find his cork leg work easier than the wooden one?"

"Oh-oh, much easier," said Ching-Lung, with tears in his voice.

"Mad as a hatter!" sighed Prout. "Raving mad! Stark, staring balmy!"

"I'm glad of that!" said the lunatic cheerfully. "It's better for his wife, too. Cork legs don't hurt as much as wooden ones, and he beats her regularly nineteen times a week with his. Poor empress!"

"Don't you think you'd better come?" suggested Ching-Lung soothingly.

"Is it frozen hard enough to bear me?"

"Oh, quite!"

"Then I'll skate across," said the maniac.

He sat down with great gravity, and proceeded to strap an imaginary pair of skates to his boots. A tear trickled down Prout's nose. It was a cruel thing to see a strong man brought so low as this—a pitiful thing.

"Get across the gully quickly, lads," said Ching-Lung. "We might have another lot of that boiling stuff rolling down any minute, and that would mean swimming the Channel twice. Show them the lead, Gan."

Thurston was on the other side first, though he had not exactly skated. For all that, he told Joe he had never enjoyed himself on the ice so much in his life. He declared he liked ice that was nice and warm like that, and wondered why people did not always have it instead of the wretched cold stuff they usually went in for. And Joe groaned.

Then Rupert's frenzied eye lighted on the sorrowful Maddock.

"Poor fellow!" he said. "Where is your other leg?"

"Next to the fast 'un, sir."

"You lie!" thundered Rupert. "He says he has two legs. Look at him, you with the tail!"

"Humour him, Ben!" said Ching-Lung, with a groan.

"Pretend you've lost a leg. Hooray, if it pleases him."

"Yes, sir; I'll do anything."

Gan-Waga was swimming backwards and forwards across the gully, bringing the uninjured fish and tackle. Poor Maddock perched himself on one leg, and then it suddenly struck the lunatic that all the others, with the exception of Ching-Lung and Gan-Waga, had been unfortunate enough to lose a lower limb.

Ching-Lung longed to lie down and laugh himself into hysterics, when Thurston started them hopping on their return journey to where they had left the tank.

"Ut's red-hot murder, this is!" panted O'Rooney. "Oi'm a-shkin' me inoide into rags!"

"It d-does j-jar a b-bit," stammered Joe, "d-d-doesn't it?"

"Keep it up, lads; keep going!" said the treacherous Ching-Lung. "If you cross him, he may run amuck."

"W-w-what's t-t-hat, s-s-i-r?" asked Prout, in a succession of jerks.

"It's a kind of madness they get, and the one idea is to kill. When they get like that, they'll murder their best friends. It's quite a common thing in Tibet for a man to run amuck and kill thirty or forty— Mercy! Where's my revolver?"

Bang!

The loud report made the hoppers stop dead and gaze behind them in horror. The revolver was in the maniac's hand. Rupert had extracted the used cartridges, and reloaded it with others slyly passed to him by the prince. Being well greased and quite waterproof, the immersion had done them no harm.

Rupert Has Some Fun with His Companions.

"Keep hopping!" groaned Ching-Lung. "I'll try and wheedle the revolver out of him before he shoots one of us."

"Murder!" muttered O'Rooney.

"By hokey, it'll be murder soon!" answered Prout.

"I can imagine my funeral comin' off," added Joe. "This is a-aw-awful!"

They started hopping again with redoubled vigour.

"Mr. Thurston!"

"Excuse me," answered Rupert haughtily, "you have made a mistake. My name is not Thurston. I dare say you have heard of me. My name is Little Boy Blue."

"To be sure, to be sure! Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn. Oh, yes, you live in a picture-book, and go to sleep when the pigs are in the meadow and the cows are in the corn. I am charmed to meet you."

"Hark at t-that!" moaned O'Rooney, whose bones all seemed to have toothache. "He's L-little B-bhoy B-b-blue now!"

"By h-hokey, he's not so blue as I f-feel!" jerked out Prout.

"Sir," went on Thurston, with great politeness, "I see you are labouring under a great mistake—a mistake which, I regret to say, is shared by all classes of society, and one that has caused me great anguish. It is only a few hours since I managed to escape from my prison in the picture-book, and I escaped with the firm intention of proving to the world that I have been grossly labelled. I never went to sleep and neglected my duties. In fact, I was a splendid fellow at driving pigs and cows, and I am the same now."

"Oh, really!" said Ching-Lung.

"Yes, to be sure. Allow me to show you how I do it. Here is a pig."

"Holy grindsstones!" wailed O'Rooney. "He manes me!"

"And there, sir," said Thurston, pointing to Joe, "is a cow."

"Oh, I'm a cow, am I?" sighed Joe.

"Now," went on Thurston, "I will blow my horn. I may say that the moment my back is turned these provoking animals have a habit of walking on their hindlegs. Shoo! Down on your marrow-bones!"

Joe handed his torch to Gan-Waga and silently obeyed, but Barry O'Rooney protested against the indignity.

"Niver!" he roared. "Oi thraw the loine at playin' pig! Ut's an outrage on decency and the honour of a thrue Orish gentleman. Oi won't be a pig not for all the lunatics in the wurld. Oi'm a son of a free, down-throdden race, and the man that threads on the tail of me coat had better look out for bombshells, airthquakes, and volcanic eruptions in large quantities! Good-day! Oi'm goin' home!"

Swelling with indignation, Barry spat on his hand, took a firmer grip of his torch-stick, and strode away with much haughtiness.

"Little Boy Blue," murmured Thurston, levelling the revolver, "come blow your horn."

O'Rooney was holding the torch above his head, and hard and constant practice had made Rupert an unerring shot. The bullet out the stick in two just below the ball of flaming rags, making O'Rooney almost jump out of his skin, and knocking every scrap of haughtiness out of him. Thinking it better to pretend to be a live pig than to become a dead man, he dropped down on all fours.

"Mercy!" he yelled. "Take ut away from him! Don't let him shoot! Bedad, Oi'll be fifty pigs to place him! Git how'd of him afore he murders somewan!"

"Have you noticed what a rich, musical tone my horn has?"

"It is delightful!" said Ching-Lung. "So leady—er—so silvery!"

"Gee up!" said Thurston.

Picking up the useless torch-stick, he gave Joe and O'Rooney a couple of not very gentle raps with it, and drove them forward. He made Barry grunt and Joe bellow, and Ching-Lung and Gan-Waga both felt that, if they could not let off steam very soon, they would have to explode. Joe and O'Rooney hobbled along side by side, and O'Rooney edged nearer to his comrade in distress.

"Grunt, grunt, grunt, Joe!" whispered the Irishman.

"Oi can't—grunt—stand much—grunt—more o' this!"

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Read the grand new story of the Juniors of St. Jim's, entitled:

"It's awful—moo-o-o—awful!"

"Oi've finished, Joe—Oi've finished! He ready—grunt—to help me! It's too much for flesh and blood, ut is!"

Barry began to breathe hard and to falter, as if exhausted, but he kept the tail of his eye on the maniac. As Little Boy Blue was showing how he could drive pigs, he came nearer to apply the torch-stick.

"Go any wid ut," howled the pig, "or Oi'll lose me timper!"

"Hurry up, you lazy— Oow!"

Barry crooked his strong arms under him, and, raising his feet from the floor, flung himself violently backwards. He planked both feet beautifully on Thurston's chest in the French fashion, and brought Rupert down with a bump. And then, making a neat somersault, Barry dropped on him and pinned him down.

"Gentlemen," he said, "avin a wurrm will turn, as Shakespeare says; and, bedad, so will a pig! Ut's mighty sorry Oi am to have to be violent wid the poor man, but Oi must save me bacon! Considerin' he held a loaded barker, ut was a rash thing to do; but Oi've done rasher things in me loife, and no gammon!"

"Have you hurt him?"

"Faith, I hope not!" said O'Rooney anxiously. "Oi didn't mane it!"

"By hokey, you've stunned him, Barry!" said Prout.

Thurston lay white and still. Ching-Lung dashed some water into his face.

"He's comin' to," said Joe.

Rupert opened his eyes.

"Hallo, boys!" he murmured. "What's the row? Where— By Jove, I remember! Then you managed to get me out of that beastly steam? I thought I was about cooked!"

"Hurroo!" yelled O'Rooney. "Oi've not only saved me bacon, but Oi've cured him! He's sane agin'!"

"Bacon—same! What's the fellow—"

"He's all right, old chap," said Ching-Lung. "You've been a bit light-headed. Can you walk?"

"Can a horse eat corn?" So I've been wandering, have I? Give me a lift to my pign. Confound that steam! If it had only kept off for another twenty minutes I should have collared that fish, and if he wasn't a fifty-pounder I'll never bait a hook agin'!"

It was a miraculous recovery from insanity; but that night, when Ching-Lung told his story, Ferrers Lord was compelled to laugh, and even Hal Honour's stern face relaxed into a smile.

Argal-Dinjat Tells His Story—Only Two Days More—"At Eleven o'clock the Aeronet Will Make Her Maiden Voyage!"

Argal-Dinjat was a true son of Nature, as agile as the mountain-goat and as strong as a yak. He never drank, he seldom smoked, and his wonderful constitution soon began to throw off the effects of the terrible exertion and privation he had undergone.

The tale he told in his calm, unassuming way was one of splendid heroism and devotion, and it bore out Ferrers Lord's theory to the letter. Returning from a fruitless chase after Storlad Sahib, he had learned from a terrified native that a flying devil had taken possession of the mountain, and made its den there. From the same native he heard of the cavern.

As the airship did not return, he had boldly faced all the horrors of the ascent, battling with fog, snowstorms, and the terrible cold. His heart sank when he reached the shaft and gazed into its gloomy depths. No human being could descend it.

His slender stock of food gave out, and while endeavouring to stalk a mountain-sheep he came across a second opening. He was almost exhausted then, but a long shot brought down the sheep. He was compelled to eat the flesh raw, for no fuel could be found.

Then he plunged into the cavern, lost his way, and suffered a thousand horrors. For two days—as Ferrers Lord reckoned it from the time he left the village—he had sat beside his coal fire, until his last morsel of food was gone. He was almost too weak to move. It seemed treble awful to die in that weird, black place, and he made a fight for his life. The lamp he had brought had burned itself out in a few hours. He went mad, and knew no more.

But the reception he got from everyone soon made him forget his terrible experiences. He was the hero of the camp beneath the mountains, and voted one of the best. From being rather disliked than otherwise he became immensely popular. Still, there was something about the gloomy giant that the men could not understand.

Argal-Dinjat lived for revenge, and nothing else.

So gallantly had Ching-Lung worked to keep up the spirits of the crew, and so gallantly had his efforts been appreciated, that all hands were amazed to find that they had been imprisoned for twenty-six days. Would Hal Honour fulfil his promise? Excitement ran up to fever-heat. Wagers were made as to whether the engineer had meant a month of four weeks or the usual month of the calendar. Ching-Lung put the question.

"Twenty-eight days," said Hal Honour.

Only two days more! The metal platform, sixty feet long, but ten in width, already had its uprights in position. But it seemed impossible that in a brief twenty-four hours he could turn the helpless machine into a thing of life. Night and day the engineer worked.

"You'll kill yourself," said Ferrera Lord, more than once.

"Better do that than break a promise," answered the engineer.

The morning of the last day came, and the crew gathered for breakfast.

"What time was it when I made my promise?" asked Hal Honour.

"At eleven o'clock."

"Then at eleven o'clock the aeroplane will make her maiden voyage."

Tells How Hal Honour Kept His Promise, and How the Castaways Emerged in Triumph from their Prison.

There was quite a rush for soap, towels, and hairbrushes among the men. They were a wild, shaggy-looking lot. Something in the darkness, or in the atmosphere of the cavern, seemed to be favourable to the growth of hair, and some of the men were what Ching-Lung called "hairy what-is-it."

But though long hair and shaggy whiskers were not objected to in the cavern, they would not pass muster outside. Joe set up a barber's shop, and began to ply his scissors and razors. Gan-Waga, in an apron and a big grin, assisted him to lather the customers, and the amount of lather the Eskimo managed to get into their eyes, mouths, and nostrils, and down their backs, would have done to shave a doorpost. Lucky was the man who wore a beard, for Joe's razors had a saw-like edge. One of the sufferers was heard to remark, with a moan, that if Joe called that easy shaving, he would shave himself with a lawnmower next time.

Clothes were brushed, boots oiled, handkerchiefs washed and dried, the remaining few rifles cleaned, bundles packed, and arms armed. A buzzing sound brought every man running towards the platform on which the little aeroplane had been built. One by one Hal Honour was testing the suspensory screws. They ran smoothly and easily with a long

"Screw all right, then?" asked Ching-Lung.

"You may take my word for that."

"Give him a cheer, lads!" cried the prince. "Give him

"Hurrah-burrah! Hurrah, hurrah!"

"Look out!" said the engineer, smiling.

The four arc-lamps on the little vessel blazed out brilliantly. Honour leapt to the steering-wheel. With a roar the whole of the eighteen suspensory screws began to revolve.

The aeroplane rose higher and higher. She began to move in a wide circle about ninety yards above the surface of the lake. Deafening cheers greeted her and her builder. Wild with delight at the prospect of escaping from their hateful prison, the men turned somersaults, danced, yelled, shook hands with each other, and rolled in the sand.

"Strike up 'See the Conquering Hero Comes,' boys!" roared Prout.

They were still bellowing it out when the aeroplane gracefully descended. The moment she came within reach ready hands seized the dangling ropes, and guided her to the platform. Honour slackened the current, and she settled down easily.

"I am ready," he said.

"Choose your first passengers, then. Ching-Lung, you must be one of them."

"All right, Lord, old chap!" answered the prince. "Gan-Waga will make two, and O'Rooney three. Now, boys, sort yourselves out, and come along. Don't keep the show waiting. Walk up, walk up! It's free to-day!"

"Are you sure it won't break, sir?" inquired O'Rooney.

"Break? Have a good look at it. If your face won't break it, it can stand lyddite!"

"Bedad, O'im not so sartain, sor!" grinned O'Rooney. "The old bird bust, and ain't a chicken more loikely to come a cropper? Oh, why did yez have yer swate home in Erin's Oisla, Barry, me bhoy? to foy about loike a buzzin' bluebottle? Why did yez do ut?"

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"Oh, tell me, mother, av Oi fall,

Shall Oi rebound or bump?

Shall Oi have any face at all,

Or shall Oi be all wan lump?"

"Sorra the day Oi left out Oireland wid the kid's money-box in me pocket and me bills unpaid. Oi was a happy boy thin, barrin' the toime when me dad was larrupin' me wid the four-shovel. Forgive those trickin' tears, which flow from a weary heart, and get out of me way, Gan, or O'll be under the painful necessity of playing 'Dennis O'Leary's Fanny Ball' on yer ribs in twinty-foive different ways!"

"Come aboard, you idiot!" laughed Ching-Lung.

"O'im comin', O'im comin'! When the swallows home-ward fly, and the laves begin to fall—well, that's the toime to be thinkin' about gettin' yer winther overcoat out o' pawn, Masther Prout—you wid the whiskers—koindly give me me parachute. Oi always loike to let a man down lightly, especially av ut's meself."

He caught the monstrous umbrella, opened it, and balanced it on his nose, while the men laughed merrily.

"Ready?" said Hal Honour.

"All read."

O'Rooney leaned over the rail as the little vessel slowly rose, waving his handkerchief and blowing kisses.

"Good-boie, people, good-boie! O'im lavin' yez. Av the ballifa come about the rint, tell 'em O'll be back for the landlord's funeral. Good-boie, good-boie!"

The white, upturned faces grew more hazy, the lights below became mere luminous specks, while the circle of brightness above enlarged. A faint cheer rose from the depths of the cavern.

"Hooroo!" yelled O'Rooney. "Dhrop me a postcard av the guinea-pig gets took wid measles."

"Yi-yi-yi-yi!" howled Gan-Waga.

"Yih! Yi-yi-yi!" came back the echo.

"Hurrah, hurrah!"

The men on the gallant little aeroplane broke into a cheer. Daylight at last—honest, pure, dazzling, life-giving, glorious daylight! It hurt their eyes, so long accustomed to the hideous gloom; but it gladdened their hearts. Daylight, glorious daylight! It brightened rapidly as the vessel's buzzing screws lifted her up the shaft.

And then it burst upon them in its full, dazzling radiance. They blinked like owls, and shouted like lunatics.

"There are goggles here, lads!" said Hal Honour.

He had donned a pair of the spectacles himself. The glasses were smoked. Ching-Lung passed them round, and then they were able to look down on the wonderful scene without discomfort. And the air? How sweet and pure and refreshing it was! They filled their lungs, and every breath gave new life.

"Oi could jump two foive-barred gates wan on top o' t'other," said O'Rooney. "Bedad, ut's a loight heart O'ive got. Oi could sing to yez loike a noightingale!"

"Oh, don't—don't!" groaned Ching-Lung. "Pity us, and spare us!"

"Oi can't help ut! Ut's the joy bubblin' out of me. Listen to the bubbles:

"Av Oi sat down on a box o' tacks,

Don't yez think O'd get up quick?

Av a man showed me a loaded gun,

And sex: O'im after yez, me son,

Don't yez think O'd hook ut slick?

Av—"

"Oh, chuck it!" said Ching-Lung, putting his fingers in his ears. "Chuck it, I tell you!"

"If he not," put in Gan-Waga, "he get chuck overboard. No can stand voice. Too awfully disgustfully beastly!"

"Very good," remarked the singer. "Ut's the company that can't appreciate talent. O'll cast no more pearls o' song afore swine. O'll turnn off the bubblin' of a joyous heart and take a boite o' bacsy instead."

The aeroplane was falling swiftly towards the valley. The air grew distinctly warmer.

"Excuse me, Masther Eskimo," said O'Rooney, "what was that remark yez made about me voice?"

Gan-Waga was very proud of that remark. He considered it elegant English, though he did not know exactly what it meant.

"Awfully disgustfully beastly!"

"Be jabers, was that ut? Ut's purty—purty and nate!"

"You like him, hunk?" asked Gan-Waga, beaming.

"Loike him, is ut? Why, a man who can invint such talk is a janias."

"What him? Not know him!"

"They doie young," said Barry O'Rooney sadly. "People get jealous o' 'em, and pizen 'em or shoot 'em. When Oi was a boy Oi swore a solemn oath to kill ev'ry janias Oi met. They were gettin' too common round our parrys. In fact,

there were a million janyus that yez couldn't get anywen to work. It's a month since Oi killed seventeen."

"Gan-Waga's eyes remained with intense interest. "Oi said" went on O'Rooney, in sepulchral tones. "Twenty-three minutes Oi there in wan short wake. And shall Oi tell yez what Oi did? I'll fraze yer blood to hear. Oi laid me down and a grandy blow, thin drank a point o' beer. Oi boned thin darkey at dead o' noight boie the loight o' a taller candle. To make sure each was dead, Oi battered his head wid a punch from a big spade-handle. Oi did, by hoke!"

"Did you, hank?" said Gan-Waga, with a shudder. "Poor chaps!" What busy was he?"

"Bekase they was janyus, bekase of the oath Oi had sworn. Av Oi made a janyus, Oi must kill him! Oi tell yez Oi slaughtered forty-seven in two days! Oi must kill janyus! Av Oi see a janyus, me blood turns to foire, and at him Oi go. Sometimes Oi've been mistaken. A smart remark will now and then make me think a perrson is a janyus when he ain't. Oi killed me mother-in-law that way! She hit me wid the rolling pin was day, yellin': 'Yez dough-faced spalpeen, Oi'll pass yez, so Oi will.' There was somethin' smart about the remark, as well as me head, where she'd hit me. Oi thought at janyus, and Oi pizened her boie puttin' water in her gin."

"Only water? Water not poison?"

"It was to her. She'd never tasted ut for sixty-foive years. Her last wurrds were: 'Barry, me boy, there's no soap. Av wather'll rot yer boots, what'll it do to yer inside?' And she doied wid a smile on her face that stoppered the clock and turned all the milk in the parish sour. Nine men and two oild women fell down in fits outside the hoire the same day. But ut was a mistake. She wasn't a janyus. Uf's a warnin' Oi'm givin' yez about sayin' smart things. What yez said about my voice sounded loike janyus to me. Don't do ut, Gan, for ut would break me heart to have to kill yez!"

Mr. O'Rooney opened his umbrella in a bloodthirsty fashion, and walked across the deck. Gan-Waga stared blankly after his retreating figure, and shuddered. Very pale, he approached Ching-Lung.

"Chingy!"

"Yes, my candle-shifter."

"Am I a janyus?"

"A what?" asked Ching-Lung. "Jany who?"

"Rooney say 'Janyus. Am I him?"

"Oh, a genius—ch! My lovely yellow-faced hero, you are ten times a genius. You see a genius at eating candles, a genius in the water, a genius—Why, what's the matter?" Gan-Waga paled, and uttered a hollow groan. He felt that he was doomed. The murderous O'Rooney would spy him out, and add him to his list of victims.

"I dead, then. Ole Barry kill me. He kill all janyus! Oh, I dead! I deuce coon!"

"What the geuce—"

At that moment the vessel touched ground close to the fire-blackened roofless sheds. Gan-Waga took a flying leap overboard, and to the amazement of the others, ran like a hare.

"What's the matter with the boy?" gasped Ching-Lung. "I'll wager O'Rooney has frightened him. Here, Barry, your Irish rascal, what have you been saying to Gan-Waga?"

O'Rooney grinned.

"Oi only towld him, sor, that Oi was a professional janyus-slaughterer."

"Did you? Look here, Barry, you've told him enough to give him a fright. Remember, he doesn't know very much, and he swallows what people tell him. Just you go and make things right. If you come back without him I'll take you in hand myself, and show you a bit of 'janyus' in the fist line that will stagger you."

"Av yez'll promise me the staggerin', Oi'll bring him back, sor."

"Right you are! I promise."

O'Rooney heard a good many glowing accounts of Ching-Lung's cleverness with his fists, but Barry took them with a grain of salt. As we know from the way he treated Rupert Thorton—a hard nut to crack—the Irishman could box. He was wanger to have to break with Ching-Lung, thinking that the stories he had heard were nothing but gross exaggerations. Ching-Lung was only a bantam, and too light to take much punishment. As he went in pursuit of the runaway, Barry chuckled.

"Oi'll get some back for the paste and feathers!" he grinned, spitting on his hands, and sparring merrily at the air. "Oh, lit us be joyful, for ut's punchin' soon we'll be." And Mr. O'Rooney, elated at the thought of a fight, burst into melody:

"Oh, wrap me up in me oild sthable jacket,

And kade me tooties warm."

He caught sight of Gan-Waga in the distance, and quickened his pace.

"Ahoj, Gan! Ahoj!"

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ONE PENNY.

The Eskimo glanced over his shoulder, and, seeing his pursuer, quickened his pace. But O'Rooney was a splendid runner. Oddly enough, Gan-Waga seemed greatly out of form. His pace flagged, and once he stumbled.

"Oi must have noigh frightened him out of his skin!" grinned O'Rooney; "but Oi'll soon have him. Bedad, his bellows name to be ather wantin' mendin'. Oi must get him afore he's in the wood."

Gan-Waga was heading direct for a belt of timber. If he reached that the difficulty of catching him would be increased a hundredfold. O'Rooney yelled all kinds of soothing remarks.

Gan-Waga did not halt. "Drat him!" panted Barry. "D'yez hear me, darlink? Come back to yer broken-hearted Oirish lad. Oi've got a cardoal o' candles for ye, and a ton of real fresh butter, Whoa, halt! Turnn off the shame!"

Gan-Waga was nearing the wood.

"The haythin rogue!" growled O'Rooney. "Faith, Oi niver thought he'd swaller all that stuff I towld him! Av he's really frightened o' me, he won't atthop for love, for he's sure to think Oi'm atther him for his gore. Ha, ha, ha!"

O'Rooney put on a splendid spurt that brought him to within thirty yards of Gan-Waga. Seeing that he was almost certain to be captured, Gan let out a yell of dread, and then swarmed up the trunk of a tall tree, perching himself on a high branch. O'Rooney came panting along.

"Come down, darlink, come down!"

The answer Mr. O'Rooney received was in the shape of a fruit something like an enormous melon. It broke with a squeaking sound on Mr. O'Rooney's skull, and it was full of horrible, evil-smelling, red, sticky pulp.

"Oh, murder!" howled O'Rooney.

O'Rooney Turns Gorilla, and is Pursued by his Comrades.

O'Rooney was like a monkey for fruit, and would have got up in the middle of the night to eat it.

But he did not like it thrown at him.

The sticky stuff resembled a thick, quick-drying varnish, and if he had not scraped it away it would have soon made it impossible for him to open either eyes or mouth.

He got the shell or skin of the thing off his head, and then his anger burst out at full speed, and he danced round the tree, shaking his fists at Gan-Waga, and making remarks that were naughty and rude.

"Oi'll have yer loife! Oi'll have yer loife! Oi'll have yer loife! Oi'll have yer loife!" he repeated.

Gan-Waga grinned down placidly, and murmured:

"Oi oiled yer 'air, Oi oiled yer 'air, Oi oiled yer 'air, Oi oiled yer 'air! Ho, ho, ho-coo!"

O'Rooney was not very bad-tempered; but Gan-Waga wanted punishing. He could not punish the Eskimo without first catching him. To catch him he must either climb the tree or persuade Gan to descend. He thought he'd try the latter first.

Mr. O'Rooney sat down, holding his sides, and began to laugh.

"Ha, ha, ha! Bedad, yez are a champion, Gan! Did Oi make yez think Oi was a timper?"

"Think!" gurgled the man in the tree sweetly. "What say?"

"Ha, ha! Did yez think Oi was mad wid yez for yer little joke?"

"Oh, no; you mad wid me 'cos me janyus."

"Niver in this wurld! Oi loves yez. Faith, av yez was me own son Oi couldn't love yez more! Bedad," he muttered under his breath, "av yez was me own son Oi'd larrup yez till Oi made yer hoide loike galvanised sine!"

"If I'd a father like yez," said Gan-Waga, "I think I'd—"

"Honour and respect him, is it?"

"No," answered Gan-Waga; "I boil him down and make taller cangles of him!"

This was an insult, and a twinkle of wrath showed in the corner of O'Rooney's left eye; but he was very gentle.

"Troth, ut's a broth of a boy yez are for wit, Gan! Very good—very good indade! Now come down wid yez, me loved wun. What does the bard say about yez?"

"Only to see her face again,

Only to hear yez smile;

Only to kiss yer ruby lips

O'd thramp a thousand mile."

"Ay, and Oi'd do ut!" went on Mr. O'Rooney. "Come to these arms, and let me hug yez to me achin' heart and croy in me bliss. Welcome, me boy—ma long-lost child! Come—oh, come!"

Gan-Waga did not come, but he was overcome. A couple of tears stole down his cheeks and dropped on a fat caterpillar that was crawling over his chest. The caterpillar thought it was raining.

"Grieve me no moor," said Mr. O'Reoney, "but floy to this fond embrace. And, beaded," added the Irishman below his breath, "O'll embrace him wid the buckle-end of me belt, which is the only brace Oi wear!"

"I'd come," sobbed Gan-Waga, "only—only I 'fraid I—I fall kerwallow!"

"Got him!" thought Barry triumphantly. "Don't be frightened; O'll catch yez."

"Can you catch?"

"Catch, is ut? Oi can catch anythin', from minnows to smallpox."

"Then catch that!" said Gan-Waga.

And another of the over-ripe melon-like fruit came hurtling down.

It hit Barry, who did not expect it, in the same place as the other, and the sticky juice shot right and left.

Then O'Reoney received number three in the chest, number four on the left shoulder, and number five in the neck.

Number six found the same mark as the first two, and O'Reoney rolled on the ground, howling like a man with forty toothaches and a few dozen other painful complaints.

"I'm a janius!" murmured Gan-Waga. "Know it now. Hit him every time. I'm janius at shyn' t'ings. Oh, butterful, butterful, butterful! Ho, ho, ho, ho-oo-hoo!"

The ground was not only dusty, but it was littered with small sticks, straws, dead leaves, and fluffy thistledown.

They say that some of the Indian natives catch tigers by birdminding leaves. They stick to the tiger's paws, and in trying to rub them off with his nose they cover the tiger's eyes.

Then the brute rolls and kicks, and the more he kicks the more the leaves adhere. Perhaps the natives make their "tiger" lime out of this very fruit.

This was exactly what happened to Barry. He picked up things at a furious rate. In ten seconds he looked like a porcupine that was mouthing badly.

His hands and face and hair became shapeless masses of leaves and rubbish.

Gan-Waga got higher up the tree in search of more fruit. He found plenty, and, as the reader knows, Gan-Waga was generous to a fault.

He was not greedy, and he did not keep one for himself. He gave them all to O'Reoney as fast as he could throw them, and O'Reoney roared his thanks like this:

"Chasse in! Murder, murder! O'll have yer loife! Yez are killin' me! O! O'll make yez think yez have been put through a mincin'-machine when Oi lay me claws on yez! For mercy's sake, chuck it!"

Gan-Waga obeyed, and "chucked" a monster, which burst to shreds in the small of the Irishman's back. It was almost impossible to tell whether O'Reoney was a man or an armed bundle of sticks, leaves, thistles, and straw.

He got up and ran out of range, and then began to dance again and to howl.

A yellow face appeared for an instant through the bushes, and the owner of the face pushed a few inches of pigtail into his mouth, and bit it to keep himself from shrieking.

O'Reoney was savage now. He got out his knife, and managed to scrape the rubbish from his hands. It stuck so hard that to pull it off was painful.

Then, digging the knife viciously into the ground to clean it, Barry started to shave off the most astonishing beard that ever a man grew.

The operation hurt a good deal, and the Irishman's threats were interlarded with hollow moans.

"This takes the bun!" thought Ching-Lung. "I wonder if he's having an easy shave?"

He looked towards Gan-Waga, who was watching the Irishman solemnly from his perch in the tree.

Dropping from branch to branch, the Eskimo gained the smooth trunk, and slid to the ground.

Barry kept one red and wrathful eye fixed on him, and Ching-Lung noticed that Gan had brought one of the melon-shaped things with him, which he kept concealed behind his back.

Gan-Waga halted about ten feet away from the Irishman, who was sitting down.

"Yo' are funny man, Mr. Rooney!" he said.

"Am Oi?" growled Barry, swallowing his wrath. "Why am Oi funny?"

"What for yo' grow whiskers all ober yo', hunk!"

"To kape the crowd out, me bloy."

"Den why yo' shave whiskers off, hunk?"

"Bekase Oi've growed too many and Oi'm hot, me son."

Barry cautiously hitched himself forward a couple of inches, and went on shaving.

(Another long instalment in next Tuesday's issue of "The Magnet" Library. Please order your copy in advance. Price 1d.)



Next week's splendid complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co. is entitled:

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will make its mark as one of Frank Richards' most popular stories.

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

"Constant Reader" (Swindon).—You will find the information you want at the bottom of page 23, in any issue of THE MAGNET Library.

Reggie W. (Montreal).—Thanks very much for your pleasant letter, which I was pleased to receive.

"Miff" (Bristol).—I am not at all offended at your complaint, as I quite understand your point of view. Unfortunately, for various reasons, I cannot see my way to making the alteration you desire, at any rate, for the present.

"Reader" (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Thanks very much for your letter. I must congratulate you on the success of your idea of sending your back numbers to the hospital, and I don't wonder at hearing how greatly they were appreciated.

Sophia J. (Victoria Park).—I have received all your postcards safely, for which I thank you, as well as for your appreciative words and good wishes.

Donald D., Bayham, Canada. —Thanks for your interesting letter. I cannot recollect any book about Ching-Lung's school days other than the one you mention. I will insert your request for back numbers in due course in the proper place.

W. Norman W., London.—Your request for a correspondent and back numbers will appear in due course in THE MAGNET or "The Gem" Libraries. Your suggestion, I am afraid, is not practicable, at any rate at present. There are so many motor garages that it is impossible to recommend any particularly. The best way to make a start would be to apply to some quite small establishment in your neighbourhood, where you would be likely to have experience of all sorts of work connected with the trade.

James Jackson.—I am afraid it is outside my province to recommend a remedy for your eye trouble, as this may arise from various causes. Your best course is to ask the advice of your local chemist without delay.

Miss Iris E. D., St. Mary Cray.—If you would care to send your stories up to me, I should be glad to give my criticism of same, with, perhaps, a hint or two, if these would be of any assistance to you.

From an Advertiser in the Free Correspondence Exchange.

The following letter speaks for itself, and is only another proof of the world-wide popularity of our great free correspondence exchange:

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"Dear Editor,—I am wondering if it is possible to let the readers of 'The Gem' and THE MAGNET know how impossible it is to reply to sixty (and over) boys wishing to correspond. So I adopted a kind of raffling scheme, and have written as many as possible. It was so nice of them to write me—Yours faithfully,

"(Miss) ROBERT WELFORD."

I have also received a letter from Miss Mary Whitehead, of Rochdale, upon the same subject. This young lady wishes me to thank the large number of fellow-readers who have written to her, and regrets that she is unable to reply to so many letters.

THE EDITOR.

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CORRESPONDENTS WANTED.

W. B. Shrobsbary, of 50, Sebourne Street, Walthamstow, N.E., 10, and H. Rosso (age 16), of 34, Sawconbe Road, Chiswick, wish to correspond with two girl Gemites.

W. C. J. James, of 108, Wallington Street, Collingwood, Victoria, Australia, would like to correspond with a girl Gemite of about 16 years of age.

No. 1435, Drummer B. Allwood, 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards, Chelsea Barracks, London, S.W., would like to correspond with reader of both sexes.

W. M. Wright, of 24, Koppel Street, Barrow-in-Furness, would like one or two correspondents who live in Australia.

Miss A. Stanton, of 11, Hattersley Street, Burnley, Lancs., wishes to correspond with some boy or girl readers.

W. Lucas, of 42, Fishergate Street, Fishergate, near London, would like H. G. Downen to correspond with him.

W. C. Atkins, of 32, Witton Lane, Aston, Birmingham, wishes to correspond with a few Gemites. He is interested in stamp-collecting, photographs, and postcards.

E. E. Roberts, of Alpha Street, South Tooting, Brisbane, Queensland, would like a girl or boy Gemite, age about 15, to correspond with him.

W. C. Rintoul, 4, Hathaway Street, East Park, Glasgow, W. G. would like a girl reader of "The Gem" or "The Magnet," of about the same age to correspond with him.

W. McKenzie, of 145, Crown Street, Glasgow, would like a boy or girl reader of "The Gem" or "The Magnet," age about 15, to correspond with him.

W. C. Ford, of 54, St. George's Terrace, Chingford Mount, Essex, would like to correspond with a girl reader of about 15 or 16 years of age.

W. Sandral, of Clear View, Mulwala, New South Wales, Australia, wishes to correspond with readers living outside Australia.

Miss D. H. Jones, of Hopwood, Watford Road, King's Norton, Birmingham, would very much like a boy reader to correspond with her, age about 17.

W. C. Street, of 4, Benrick Street, Hulme, near Manchester, and J. Elgham, of 15, Stephen Street, Urmonston, near Manchester, would like to correspond with two girl readers whose ages are between 15 and 18.

Miss P. Brooklyn, of Mafeking Cottage, Hazelwick Road, Bexley Bridge, Sussex, wishes to correspond with some college boy of about 15 or 16 years of age.

Miss Marie Shelley, 539, Hornsey Road, Holloway, London, N., age 18, wishes to correspond with a boy reader of the same age.

W. C. Cotti, of 42, Tailleur Street, London, N.E., England, would be glad to correspond with any Australian reader interested in tobacco-growing.

Master A. Berrill, of 39, Pattershall Street, Bedford, would like a chum to correspond with him.

E. Bayfield, of 21, Maria Street, Bolton, Lancs., would like a fellow reader of "The Gem" to correspond with him with a view to exchanging book numbers.

J. E. Larson, 1511-21, Street West, Crescent Heights, Calgary, Alta., Canada, would be pleased to correspond with any boy or girl reader of 15 to 16 years of age.

A. Pralley (age 17), of 13, Dalbridge Road, Ealing, would like to correspond with a girl reader of "The Gem."

E. Tiler, of 53, Mark's Road, Brompton, London, S.E., wishes to correspond with a girl reader of between 15 and 16 years of age.

L. Rubin, of 2, Nelson Road, Liverpool, would like to correspond with a Gemite in France, and would like to exchange stamps with a reader in Australia.

J. A. Flynn, 2, Peel Street, Lochie, via Dundee, wishes to exchange postcards with male readers of "The Gem" of 16 to 20 years of age.

S. E. Walter, of 7, Dauby Street, Peckham, London, S.E., England, would like to exchange stamps with readers in Cyprus, North Borneo, and Tasmania.

P. Mordant, of 55, Pigeon House Road, Dublin, Ireland, would like to correspond with some boy or girl reader, age about 15 or 16, in England or Africa.

Frank Belton, of 56, Turkey Street, off Grape Street, Hunslet, Leeds, England, wishes to correspond with a girl reader in England or the Colonies, of about 15 years of age.

W. Willis, age 14 years, of 71, Wyndham Street, Riverside, Cardiff, would like to correspond with a girl Gemite of his own age.

Miss M. Denton and Miss H. Harrison, of 21, Balmoria Grove, Southfields, Wandsworth, would like to correspond with two boy chums, ages between 15 and 17.

Miss V. Beauchamp (age 17), would like a boy Gemite to correspond with her at 83, Isledon Road, Finsbury Park.

(Continued on page 14.)

For the few simple rules to be observed by would-be correspondents—see special notice in this Thursday's issue of—

THE "GEM" LIBRARY.

"THE GEM" LIBRARY FREE CORRESPONDENCE EXCHANGE.*(Continued from page III.)*

G. Robinson, of 83, Latchmere Road, Battersea, London, S.W., wishes to correspond with a London girl Gemite.

E. Leach, 69, West Derby Road, Liverpool, wishes to correspond with a girl reader of about 16 years of age.

C. W. Hazell, age 15, of 42, Charlton Road, Blackheath, S.E., wishes to correspond with a girl reader of THE GEM.

G. Simes, of 26, Spelter Works Road, Sunderland, wishes to correspond with a girl reader of between 15 and 17 years of age.

R. Walker (age 15), care of Simes & Co., 60, High Street, Worcester, would like a girl chum of the same age to correspond with him.

F. M. Trotter, of 12, Melville Street, Hawthorn, Victoria, Australia, would like a boy or girl chum to correspond with him.

E. G. Taylor, of 46, Gerrard Street, London, N., would very much like a girl reader, age 15-17, to correspond with him.

E. H. Casey and H. B. Baylie, of 3, Huntingdon Buildings, Bethnal Green Road, London, N.E., would very much like to correspond with two girl readers, aged about 16 or 17 years of age.

F. Seymour, of 108, Fille Road, Eastbourne, Sussex, would be glad if a reader, living either in England or New Zealand, aged about 11, would correspond with him.

W. A. Wright, jun., of 12, Hooks Road, Peckham, London, S.E., England, would be pleased to correspond with any boy or girl reader about his own age (17).

D. Braverman, of 26, Casson Road, Whitechapel, London, would like to correspond with a boy or girl reader of THE GEM of about 17 years of age, living in Australia, Italy, Canada, or any other Colony.

H. Downard, of 93, Clarendon Road, Hove, Sussex, would very much like to correspond with a girl reader of about 18 years old.

M. O'Callaghan, of 13, Pickett's Lane, Cork, Ireland, would like to correspond with a boy or girl reader of THE GEM or "The Magnet," age about 16 or 17, living in England, New York, or Canada.

G. Seabrook, 247, Lower Road, Rotherhithe, wishes to correspond with a boy reader of THE GEM living in the vicinity of Louisiana.

H. Kerslake, care of Mrs. Potts, 78, Clapton Road, Meadows, Nottingham, would like to correspond with a boy or girl reader age 14 to 15.

A. Roberts, of 29, Lodge Lane, Liverpool, wishes to correspond with a boy reader of THE GEM Library.

H. Brown (age 12), Glen Usk, Manor Court Road, Nuneaton, would like to correspond with a GEM reader.

E. T. Braton, of 121, Culford Road, Balls Pond Road, London, N., would like to correspond with a girl reader about the age of 17.

G. F. Gibbons (age 13), of 9, Lily Road, Walthamstow, would like to correspond with a girl GEMITE.

H. Ellis, of Wood End, Armitage Bridge, near Huddersfield, Yorks, England, would very much like to exchange picture postcards with a girl reader in the British Isles, age 15 or 16.

A. H. F. Hodgkin, of Fern Villa, Garton Road, Peterborough, would like to correspond with a girl GEMITE.

A. Gee, of 119, Peter Street, St. Helen's, would like to correspond with any reader of THE GEM in England or France.

John Ford (seaman, H.M.S. Alert), care of G.P.O., London, would like to correspond with a girl reader between the ages of 18 and 20.

J. T. Somerville, of 34, Wick Road, Homerton, London, N.E., wishes to correspond with a girl reader of THE GEM (age 15).

H. Goldberg, of 63, Parayeford Road, Clissold Park, London, N., England, would like an American girl GEMITE (age 14) to correspond with him.

D. H. K. Bottrill (age 13), of Kiora, Sun Street, Marryatville, New Adelaide, South Australia, wishes to correspond with a Baden Powell Boy Scout.

W. Simpson, of 92, Church Street, Greenwich, would like a girl GEMITE to correspond with him (age 16).

W. Youngman (age 16), of 252, Kennington Park Road, S.E., would very much like another GEMITE to correspond with him.

C. Wadley, of 5, Highfield Road, Dartford, Kent, would like to correspond with two girl readers between the ages of 15 and 17.

S. Brad, of 14, Wansley Road, Waltham Road, London, S.E., wishes to correspond with a girl reader (age 17) living in South London.

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