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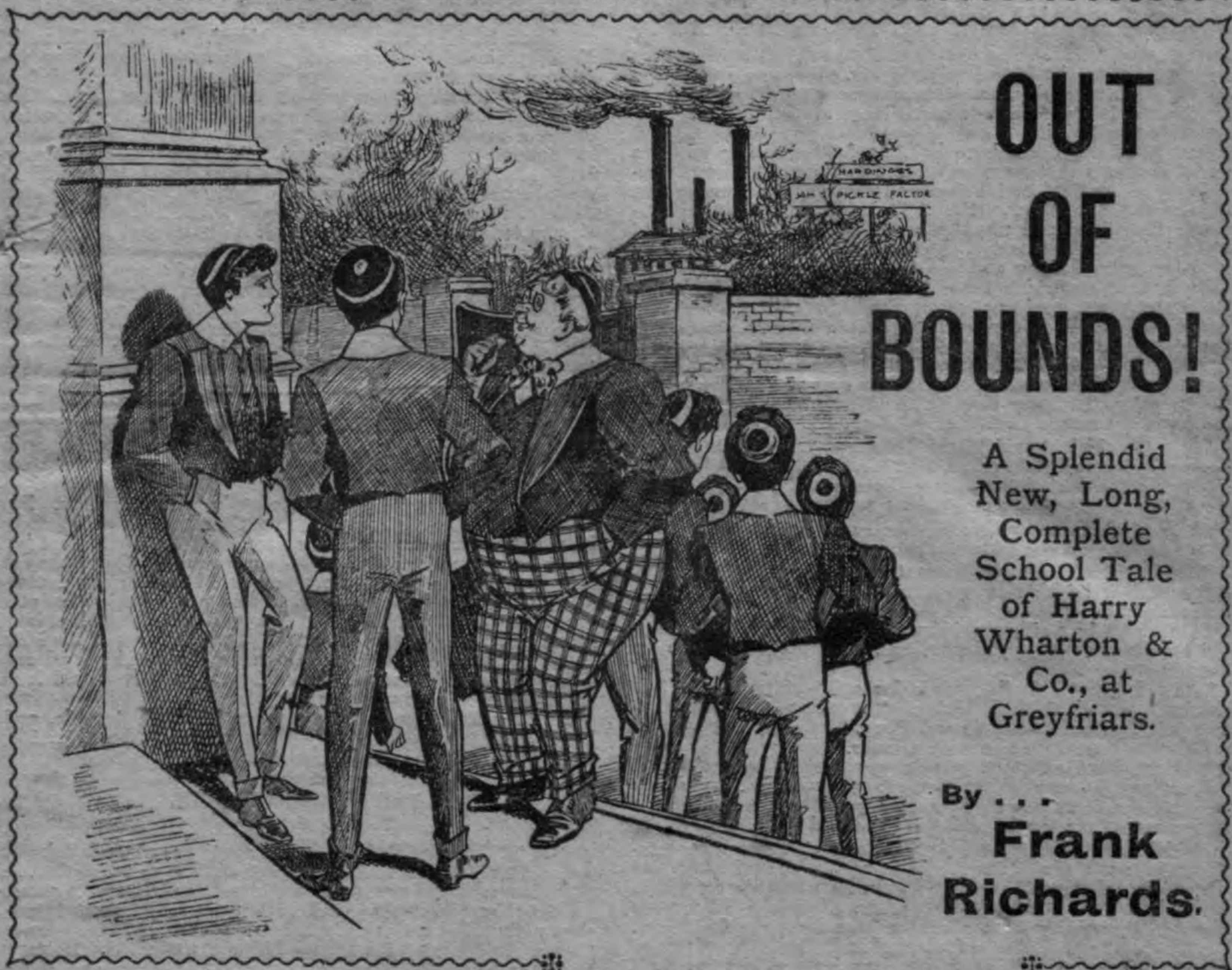
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Complete
School Tale
of Harry
Wharton &
Co., at
Greyfriars.

By . . .
**Frank
Richards.**

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Not at all Nice!

GREYFRIARS was annoyed.
There was really no reasonable reason why Greyfriars should be annoyed, perhaps; but that did not alter the fact. Greyfriars was very much annoyed.
From Wingate of the Sixth, the captain of the school, down to the smallest and inkiest fag in the Second Form, Greyfriars didn't like it.
Coker of the Fifth said that it was rotten. Coker of the Fifth was generally regarded as an ass, but on this subject the whole Fifth agreed with him. Bob Cherry of the Remove, usually the cheeriest and most tolerant of mortals, said that it was too thick. And all the Remove concurred.

Even the fags were indignant; indeed, they were more indignant than the elder fellows. Discussion on the subject ran high in the Second and Third-Form rooms. Nugent minor of the Second declared that it was an outrage. Tubbs of the Third stated it as his fixed opinion that something ought to be done.

All Greyfriars, large and small, old and young, talked on the subject, and with scarcely a dissentient voice agreed that it was simply the limit.

And yet nothing could be done.

It was suspected that the Head himself didn't like it any more than the boys did, though, of course, the Head made no remark upon the subject in the hearing of the boys. But the Head could not help it any more than the boys could. From

his study window the Head could see the column of smoke rising steadily from the high chimney in the distance, over the woods towards Courtfield. Fellows in the Close could see it, fellows on the cricket-field could see it. When the wind was favourable—or, rather unfavourable, from a Greyfriars point of view—some of the smoke was wafted even as far as the school. Bolsover of the Remove declared that the blacks penetrated into his study. This was an exaggeration, but the Removites were quite prepared to feel indignant about it.

And yet nothing could be done.

The whole county did not belong to Greyfriars; although, to observe the manners of some of the fellows, and to listen to their talk, one might have fancied that perhaps it did. Greyfriars talk sometimes might have given the peculiar impression that not only was Greyfriars the most important place in the world, but that each Form was the most important Form at Greyfriars, and each fellow was the most important fellow in his Form.

It was seldom that the old school was in unanimous agreement about anything. As a rule there were rivalries going strong, the Remove against the Upper Fourth and the Fifth, or all of them "up against" the mighty Sixth. But when the smoke from Mr. Hardinge's factory chimney rose upon the horizon, all Greyfriars agreed about that—that it was rotten, that it was a shame, and that something ought to be done.

And nothing could be done.

If Mr. Hardinge chose to erect a factory at his own expense, upon his own ground, and make jam and pickles within sight of the historic school, Mr. Hardinge was acting quite within his rights, and—amazing as it might seem to the Greyfriars fellows—there was nothing in the British Constitution to stop him.

The jam-factory had been building for some time. It was open now, and it drew workers within its gates from Friardale and Courtfield and Pegg, and the villages round about Greyfriars. Sometimes, when the wind was blowing hard towards the school and the class-room windows were open, at twelve o'clock the sound of the "buzzer" could be heard by the Greyfriars fellows at their desks. It broke in upon the calm and repose which were part and parcel of Greyfriars. True, the buzzer could not always be heard, and when it was heard the sound was very faint and far. But Greyfriars resented the buzzer very much.

"Jam!" said Bob Cherry, as the Remove came out of their Form-room after morning lessons and crowded on the school steps, and gazed away towards the blue smoke that rose on the horizon towards Courtfield. "Jam, and Pickles!"

"It's too thick!" said Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove. "I really do think that Mr. Hardinge might have put up that blessed factory somewhere else!"

"Lots of other places!" growled Bolsover. "It's disgusting. And we shall have crowds of all sorts of bounders going up and down past the school! Think of that!"

"Awful!" said Frank Nugent, with a touch of sarcasm. "We shan't be able to go out of gates for fear of contamination!"

"Oh, don't be a silly ass, Nugent!" said Bolsover irritably. "I tell you it's utterly rotten, and something ought to be done to stop it!"

"The factory is finding work for a lot of people in this district," remarked Mark Linley. "It means good wages to a lot of people in Courtfield and Pegg."

Bolsover turned on him with a sneer.

"Might have expected you to say that!" he exclaimed. "I suppose it seems like home to you to have a factory opposite the front door? I suppose you like the sound of a buzzer more than anything else in the world?"

Mark Linley flushed. As a matter of fact, there was something in what the Remove bully said. Mark Linley had worked in a Lancashire factory before he won the scholarship which had brought him to Greyfriars. And the old familiar sound of the midday buzzer was far from disagreeable to him.

"Oh, shut up, Bolsover!" broke in Bob Cherry sharply. "We're all up against the giddy jam factory, but we can't do anything. We've simply got to grin and bear it."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Oh, dry up, Bunter!"

"Oh, really, Nugent! Look here, I've been thinking that as Mr. Hardinge is a neighbour, he might be willing to let us have jam and pickles at a reduction in price."

"You fat bounder!" said Johnny Bull, in tones of deep disgust. "Do you want to ask a favour of the man who's mucked up the countryside with his beastly factory?"

"Go to bed, Bunter!"

"Get off the earth!"

"Scat!"

"Oh, really, you fellows—" protested Billy Bunter.

"Rats! Buzz off!"

Two or three boots came into contact with Billy Bunter, THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 225.

and the Owl of the Remove rolled down the school steps. He sat in the Close and roared.

"Ow! Ow! Beasts!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say!" exclaimed Bolsover eagerly. "Some of the factory rotters will be passing the gates soon, you know, going home to their beastly dinner. Who's coming with me?"

"Good egg!"

"Hurrah!"

"Hold on!" exclaimed Harry Wharton sharply. "What are you going to do, Bolsover?"

"Give the factory rotters a hint to keep out of sight of Greyfriars!" retorted Bolsover.

"Let them alone, then. I don't like the smoke over there any more than you do, but it's rotten to pick on chaps who've done no harm. Let them alone!"

The Remove bully laughed sneeringly.

"Yes, I'll let them alone, when I've done with them!" he exclaimed amiably. "Who's coming with me? Never mind Wharton, he can't help preaching."

Half the Remove streamed off towards the schoolgates at the heels of Bolsover. Harry Wharton flushed angrily, and made a movement to follow, with the evident intention of interfering. But Frank Nugent caught him by the arm.

"Hold on, Harry!" he exclaimed.

Wharton's eyes were gleaming.

"Look here, Frank!" he exclaimed. "I won't have it! I'm captain of the Remove! I'm not going to have the fellows ragging those factory chaps. It's all very well to slang old Hardinge for putting up his factory there. But ragging a lot of fellows who've never done us any harm is a different matter. It's rotten!"

"I know it is," said Nugent. "It's rotten—and it's exactly like Bolsover. But I think most likely there will be rows between our fellows and the factory chaps, in any case. And from what I've seen of some of them, I think they'll be able to look after themselves. We'll see and see fair play, if you like."

"Yes, that's not a bad idea," said Johnny Bull. "If Bolsover goes out to look for trouble, Harry, you can't stop him."

Wharton frowned.

"I'll jolly soon stop him if he begins bullying any of the factory kids while I'm on the scene!" he exclaimed. "I'm captain of the Remove, and I'll jolly soon make him toe the line! Come on!"

And Wharton, with knitted brows, strode away towards the schoolgates. Frank Nugent and Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull followed him. The Famous Four always stood by one another.

Wharton was, as he had said, captain of the Remove. But Bolsover had always been up against the Form-captain, and a good many fellows were inclined to follow his lead. And just now nearly the whole of the Remove were following Bolsover. The idea of ragging the workers in the offending factory appealed to them very strongly; and perhaps the idea of a "row" was not displeasing to the juniors. Things had been rather quiet lately in the Remove. They had beaten the Fifth at cricket, and the Upper Fourth in pillow-fights and rag-gings, and like Alexander of old, perhaps they would have been glad of a fresh world to conquer.

Bolsover had gone out of gates to look for trouble, and, judging by the sounds Harry Wharton & Co. heard as they walked down to the gate, he had found it.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Hard Hit!

BOLSOVER & CO. looked out into the road, and Bolsover uttered an exclamation of satisfaction at the sight of a lad who was coming down from the direction of Courtfield at a swinging pace. He was a lad of about fifteen, very plainly but very neatly dressed, with thick, heavy boots, that showed signs of a tramp through the wood. Bolsover had seen him before, and he knew that he was one of the boys employed at the new factory at Courtfield End, evidently going home to his dinner in Friardale.

The boy had a rugged, but very pleasing face, with abundance of good humour in it, and a pair of very merry and cheerful dark eyes, and thick curly hair that escaped from under the cheap cloth cap on his head.

"Here's one of them!" exclaimed Bolsover.

And he ran out into the road.

The factory fellow stopped. He had no choice about that, for the burly bully of the Greyfriars Remove had planted himself fairly in his path. He looked inquiringly at Bolsover, and at the grinning juniors who looked on from the gateway.

"What do you want?" he asked, in a quiet and clear voice.

"I've been looking for you," said Bolsover blandly.



Coker made a desperate rush at the factory hand who held the hose. Then the man turned the full force of the water upon him, and Coker, catching it full on his chest, was swept off his feet. Bump! "Ow! Groo-oo-op! Oh!" (See Chapter 5.)

The factory fellow stared.

"Have you?" he exclaimed. "Well, now you've found me. What's on?"

"We object to you," said Bolsover, with a wink at his comrades. "We want you to get off the earth. We don't want your blessed factories and your blessed smoke spoiling our landscape, for one thing."

"All right," said the factory fellow, with perfect seriousness. "When I go back after dinner, I'll call into Mr. Hardinge's office, and tell him to shift the factory to somewhere else. I've no doubt he will do it immediately."

There was a chuckle from the Removites, but it was at Bolsover's expense this time, and the Remove bully turned red.

"You cheeky young cad!" he roared.

"Well, I can't do more than that, can I?" said the factory lad in surprise. "I'm trying to please you."

Bolsover pushed back his cuffs.

"Well, now I'll try to please you!" he said. "Come on!"

Jack Blunt looked at him in astonishment.

"What are we going to fight about?" he asked.

"About one minute, I think!" said Bolsover, with great humour. "By that time you'll be knocked into a pancake. Are you ready?"

"No! I want to get home to my dinner. I didn't come along here looking for a row."

"Well, you'll find a row every time you come along this

road!" grinned Bolsover. "We don't like factory cads hanging about here. I'm going to give you a licking now for a start. Put your hands up."

"But I don't want—"

"Yah! Coward!" roared Snoop from the crowd at the school gates.

Jack Blunt looked round quietly.

"Will the chap who said that kindly step out into the road and say it again?" he asked, with great politeness.

"Go on, Snoop!"

"Step out lively!"

"Buck up!"

Snoop looked at the factory lad, and stayed where he was. Jack Blunt was not so tall as either Snoop or Bolsover, but he looked very muscular, and a grim look had come upon his sunny face that Snoop did not like.

"Never mind, Snoop," said Bolsover. "I'm here! Now, are you going to have a fight or a licking?"

"Oh, I'll have the fight, if I've got to have either!" said Jack Blunt coolly. "Fair play, you know—one at a time."

"We'll give you fair play," said Bolsover. "I don't think I shall need any help to wipe up the road with you."

"Hold on, Bolsover!"

Harry Wharton & Co. had arrived. The captain of the Remove came out into the road with a frowning brow. Bolsover gave him a savage look.

"Don't you interfere here!" he said.

NEXT
TUESDAY.

"DOWN ON HIS LUCK!"

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"Let that fellow alone! If you must pick a row, tackle a fellow of your own size!" said Wharton scornfully. "This chap is a head shorter than you. Let him alone."

"Oh, it's all right!" said Jack Blunt cheerfully. "Thank you very much, whoever you are; but I can take care of myself. Let him come on!"

"He will smash you," said Harry.

"Well, I'm ready to be smashed."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Well, if that's the way you take it, I've nothing more to say," he replied. "Go ahead!"

And the captain of the Remove stepped back to the gate. Bob Cherry indulged in a soft chuckle.

"There's a surprise waiting for Bolsover," he murmured.

"I've seen that fellow before. His name's Blunt. I saw him in a tussle with two roughs at Pegg last week, and he knocked them both out. He's a giddy tin terror!"

"Poor old Bolsover!" murmured Nugent.

Bolsover certainly did not regard himself as "poor old Bolsover." He was sailing down upon the factory fellow with the evident intention of knocking him into the middle of the next week, or still further along the calendar, at one blow. He descended upon the factory lad like a billow upon a rock, and broke upon him like one. For Jack Blunt did not recede, and did not give an inch of ground, and he was not swept away by the heavy rush of the Remove bully.

Somehow—Bolsover never knew how—the bully's lashing fists were swept up into the air, and then something—it was Jack Blunt's fist, but it seemed to Bolsover like the hoof of a particularly big horse—smote the bully on the chin, and Bolsover staggered back.

Bump!

The bully of the Remove went down in the road with a bump that shook him up from head to foot, seeing more stars than the most powerful telescope could have discovered in the whole of the Milky Way.

Bolsover lay for several seconds on his back in the dust, wondering what had happened to him. Then he sat up, and blinked at the factory fellow. Jack Blunt was rubbing the knuckles of his right hand with his left, and smiling. He did not look at all disturbed.

"Oh!" gasped Bolsover.

There was a roar from the crowd of juniors at the school gates.

"Great Scott!"

"Bravo!" shouted Bob Cherry.

Jack Blunt grinned.

"Would you mind getting up and finishing the smashing?" he asked, addressing Bolsover politely. "I want to get home to my dinner."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bolsover staggered to his feet. It seemed to him incredible that this slight lad, a head shorter than himself, had knocked him down in that way. Whatever Bolsover's faults, he had pluck enough, and he only stopped to recover his breath.

Then he came on again with a wild rush.

This time he clinched with his foe, and they reeled and whirled round in the road with a cloud of dust spinning round them.

The dazzled eyes of the crowd at the school gates saw a whirl of dust, of trampling feet, of flying arms, and legs and hair. Then the combatants broke away, and one of them went crashing to the ground, gasping. The fellow who went to the ground was Bolsover, and this time he did not get up. In that brief but terrific struggle, he had received fearful punishment. One of his eyes had closed up, and his nose was red and enlarged to the view, and his mouth had a curious sideways look. He sat in the dust, and gasped, with a red stream running from the corner of his crooked mouth.

"Oh, oh, oh! Grooo!"

"My hat!" ejaculated Harry Wharton. "Poor old Bolsover! He's dug up a giddy prizefighter by mistake!"

Frank Nugent, the good-natured, stepped forward and helped Bolsover up. The burly Removite reeled in his helping grasp.

"Finished?" asked Frank Nugent sympathetically.

"Groo! Oh! Yes! I'll tackle him again! But—yes!"

"Hard cheese, old man!"

And Nugent helped the battered bully of the Remove in. The juniors stared blankly at the factory fellow. Jack Blunt dusted down his clothes with his cap. Some of the Removites considered that another fellow ought to tackle him, for the honour of Greyfriars, and there was a yell for Bob Cherry.

"Go for him, Bobby!"

"Give him a licking, Bobby!"

Bob Cherry snorted.

"I'm not going to pitch into a chap for nothing," he said angrily. "Bolsover came out here to look for trouble, and he's found it. It serves him jolly well right to get it in the neck. This chap has done jolly well, in my opinion, and I'm more inclined to pat him on the back than to punch him."

"Yah!" bellowed Snoop. "You're afraid of him!"

Bob Cherry reddened. He made a movement towards Snoop, and that youth disappeared promptly into the Close of Greyfriars. The juniors roared.

"Tackle him, Bob! Go for him!"

"Rats! I won't!"

"Look here, you chaps," said Jack Blunt. "I'm sorry for this. I didn't come here for a row, and I wasn't looking for trouble. I've only defended myself. I don't want to quarrel with any of you, and I'm sorry this has happened."

"You're a good sort," said Bob Cherry. "Give us your fist."

Jack Blunt smiled, and shook hands with Bob Cherry, and then, with a nod, walked on down the road towards Friarsdale. There was a growl of disappointment from the Remove.

"You ought to have tackled him, for the honour of the Remove!" growled Ogilvy.

"Oh, he could have licked Bob Cherry!" said Vernon-Smith, with a sneer.

Bob Cherry nodded cheerfully.

"I shouldn't wonder if he could," he assented, "after the way he handled Bolsover major. But whether I could lick Jack Blunt or not, Smithy, I can certainly lick you; and I'll do it, too, if I have any more of your cheek!"

And Vernon-Smith did not say any more. The juniors turned back into the Close, annoyed and exasperated by the result of the encounter. Bolsover had been utterly in the wrong from start to finish, and he had only got what he deserved; but the juniors felt that the prestige of the Remove had suffered. Harry Wharton & Co. looked very thoughtful as they strolled back to the School House.

"We shall have rows with those factory chaps," Johnny Bull remarked.

"The more the merrier!" grinned Bob Cherry. "And my opinion is that they will give as good as they get!"

And in that opinion the Co. certainly concurred.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Sheer Tyranny.

"JAM!" said Bulstrode. "And pickles!"

The discussion was going on in the junior common-room after lessons. The fact that Mr. Hardinge, the factory owner, was a manufacturer of jam and pickles seemed to annoy the Greyfriars fellows as much as anything else. The fall of night had shut out the offensive column of smoke from view, but the juniors of Greyfriars were thinking of it still, and of the offensive factory, and the offensive hands employed there. The licking of Bolsover by a factory fellow had added the last drop to the cup of their wrath.

Whether Bolsover had been in the right or the wrong didn't matter a straw. A Greyfriars fellow had been licked by a factory fellow. It was like insult added to injury.

Under that stain upon their honour the Removites could not rest.

"We've got to get even with them," said Bulstrode.

"We've got to show them what's what!"

"Yes, rather!" said Bolsover, caressing his discoloured eye. "And if our precious Form captain won't take the lead, somebody else will."

Harry Wharton was at a table close at hand, playing chess with Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. The remark was intended for his ears, and he heard it, but he gave no sign.

Nugent came into the common-room.

"Johnny Bull back yet?" he asked.

"No," said Harry.

"The ass! He's late for locking-up, then."

Johnny Bull had gone over on his bicycle to Courtfield

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THE FIRST
CHAPTERS:

TWICE ROUND THE GLOBE! BY SIDNEY DREW.

NEXT
TUESDAY!

town, on a message to the local printer concerning the later number of "John Bull's Weekly." He ought easily to have been back by dark; but it was long since dark, and he had not come in.

"Perhaps he's coming back by the road," suggested Mark Lisle. "The short cut is dark through the wood, and he may prefer the road."

"It means lines if Gosling reports him."

"Which he will do!" said Tom Brown.

"I'll go down to the gate and wait for him," said Nugent.

"I'll come!" Bob Cherry rose from his chair, where he was watching the game of chess, and giving advice that was not followed. "Let's try our persuasive eloquence on Gosling to open the gate and shut his mouth."

"Good egg!" said Harry Wharton. "You're mate in two, Inky, so we may as well chuck it."

The Nabob of Bhanipur grinned.

"My honourable chum is mate in one," he remarked.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"By Jove, so I am!" said Harry, after a glance at the board. "Well, come on, then!"

And the chums of the Remove left the common-room together. They left the discussion on the subject of the factory going strong. Bolsover looked after the Co. with a bitter sneer.

"Wharton and his lot want to take this lying down," he said. "They don't care if the Greyfriars Remove has to knuckle under to a set of factory cads."

"We'll elect a new captain and go for the rotters!" said Snoop.

"Yes; I can see you going for anything but a tame rabbit—I don't think!" Micky Desmond remarked. And there was a laugh.

Harry Wharton & Co. reached the gates. They were shut and locked, as they always were at dark. Gosling, the school porter, was at the door of his lodge, and he looked suspiciously at the chums of the Remove.

"Johnny Bull hasn't come in yet, Gossy," said Nugent, in his most winning tones. "When he turns up, you're going to let him in, like a good chap, aren't you?"

Gosling grunted.

"Yes, I'm going to let him in, and report him," he growled.

"Now, be nice!" urged Bob Cherry. "Make it a tanner!"

Gosling surveyed the junior with lofty dignity.

"If you think you can bribe me to neglect the execution of my dooty, Master Cherry, you are making a mistake," he said. "Wot I says is this 'ere—"

"Make it a bob!" said Bob Cherry cheerily.

"Wot I says is this here—"

"Now, don't be avaricious, Gossy!" implored Bob Cherry. "Suppose we put it up to one-and-six. Will your sense of duty be satisfied at that figure?"

Gosling gave another snort.

"Gossy never satisfied his conscience under half-a-crown!" said Frank Nugent, with a shake of the head. "What price half-a-crown, Gossy?"

"I've got my dooty to do," said Gosling loftily.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"That means that Bull has been missed and Gossy's got orders to report him," he said. "It's no go. Why doesn't the fathead come in?"

There was a ring of a bicycle-bell on the dark road, and a lantern gleamed through the bars of the gate.

"Here he is!"

Gosling unlocked the gate.

"Which I've got horders to report yer, Master Bull!" he said. "You're to go directly to Mr. Quelch."

"All serene, old son!" said Johnny Bull, as he wheeled his bicycle in. "Go and eat coke! Hallo, you fellows!"

"What on earth's made you so long, Johnny?" said Wharton. "Been having a row with the Courtfield chaps?"

"No," grunted Johnny Bull. "I came back by road, that's all."

"Why didn't you take the short cut?"

"It's closed!"

"Closed!" exclaimed Wharton. "How could it be closed?"

"It seems that the right-of-way is closed for good now," said Bull. "It lies across land belonging to Mr. Hardinge, and he's closed it."

"What!"

It was a shout of indignation from the juniors. Right-of-way from Courtfield to the Greyfriars road had been

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NEXT TUESDAY: "DOWN ON HIS LUCK!"

EVERY
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ONE
PENNY.

public property from time immemorial. True, it lay across the estate at Courtfield End that had been purchased by Mr. Hardinge for his works; but that he should venture to close up the right-of-way astounded the juniors. His "nerve" in building his factory where the smoke could be seen from the school was as nothing to this.

"Closed up the right-of-way!" gasped Wharton. "Are you sure?"

"Yes, rather! There's a wooden fence built across the road, and a notice on it that the way is now closed to the public."

"My hat!"

Amazed and boiling with indignation, the juniors tramped back to the School House with Johnny Bull. That youth had to go into Mr. Quelch's study to report himself after his absence. The Remove-master received him with a very stern brow. Harry Wharton & Co. remained outside to wait for him, and they heard what passed in the study.

"You are half an hour after locking-up, Bull!" said Mr. Quelch severely.

"It wasn't my fault, sir," said Johnny Bull meekly. "The right-of-way at Courtfield End is closed, sir, and I had to come round by road."

"Oh!" said Mr. Quelch.

"I didn't know it till I started to come back, sir," said Johnny Bull.

"Oh, very well! Under the circumstances I will excuse you," said Mr. Quelch. "You may go."

"Thank you, sir!"

Johnny Bull rejoined his chums in the passage.

"Come and tell the fellows!" said Bob Cherry sulphurously. "There will be a row about this. Closing up the right-of-way—our right-of-way! Why, that right-of-way has been open ever since Greyfriars was built! The man must be off his rocker!"

"He must be, to think we'll stand it!" said Wharton.

The news was received in the common-room with a roar of indignation.

It was not without some satisfaction, too, that the fellows heard it. They were in the right at last!

They had been "up against" the factory and its owner from the beginning. But so far Mr. Hardinge had been quite within his rights. Angry as they might be at seeing the factory smoke curling against the sky in the distance, they could not deny that the factory owner had a legal right to build anything

he liked upon land that he had bought and paid for. But he had no legal right to close up a right-of-way that had been open from time immemorial—at all events, the Greyfriars fellows were sure that he hadn't. The obnoxious man had placed himself in the wrong, and when the news got out, Greyfriars would be against his tyrannic act like one fellow!

"The cheek!" roared Bolsover.

"Oh, it's the limit!" said Bob Cherry. "Are we going to stand it?"

There was a roar.

"No!"

"Never!"

"The neverfulness is terrific!" exclaimed Hurree Singh. "The honourable Remove will never take this lying down-fully."

Harry Wharton jumped on a chair. His handsome face was crimson with indignation. He waved his hand to the excited Removites.

"Gentlemen and chaps—"

"Hear, hear!"

"You have all heard the news brought by Johnny Bull—"

"Hear, hear!"

"Mr. Hardinge, of Courtfield End Factory—"

Groans for Mr. Hardinge, of Courtfield End Factory.

"Mr. Hardinge has closed up a right-of-way that has been used by Greyfriars fellows from time immemorial. As long as the memory of the oldest inhabitant extends that right-of-way has been open."

The oldest inhabitant of the Greyfriars Remove was about fifteen, but that did not matter. Wharton's eloquence was cheered loudly.

"Are we going to stand it?"

"Never!"

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"Are we going to permit this giddy tyrant—this manufacturer of jam and pickles—to rob us of our rights as free-born British subjects?" roared the captain of the Remove.

"Yah! Never!"

"Gentlemen, it's time something was done!"

"Hurrah!"

"We can't go to law with Mr. Hardinge to make him reopen the right-of-way. The Head may remonstrate with him, but if Mr. Hardinge refuses to give way the Head will simply get on his dignity, and let the matter rest."

"Shame!"

"He won't go to law about it. He'll simply place Courtfield End out of bounds."

"Shame!"

"And the seniors won't take the matter up. They'll be just as wild about it as we are, but the Sixth are too high and mighty to have a row with the factory over it."

"Blow the Sixth!"

"Gentlemen, it therefore rests with the Greyfriars Remove—us—to stand up for the rights of the old school!"

Loud applause.

"Are you all with me?" shouted Wharton, his eyes flashing as he warmed to his subject. "Are you all agreed to back me up in declaring war on Hardinge and all his works?"

Frenzied cheering.

"Then we declare war!" shouted Wharton. "We'll open the right-of-way by main force if we can't open it any other way!"

"Hurrah!"

"We'll jolly soon show Jam, Pickles, & Co. that they can't invade the rights of Greyfriars while the Remove has a say in the matter."

"Hear, hear!"

"We'll jolly soon——"

"You'll jolly soon stop that row!" said Wingate of the Sixth, looking in at the door. "Do you know you can be heard all over Greyfriars, you young asses?"

"Hardinge has stopped up the right-of-way at Courtfield End!" yelled Bob Cherry.

Wingate started.

"Are you sure of that?"

"Yes. Johnny Bull found it closed up, and a notice up."

"I don't think he had any right to close it," said Wingate. "I'll see the Head about it, and ask him if he'll send a note to Mr. Hardinge. And now don't make such a giddy row, or I shall look in again with a cane."

And Wingate departed. The juniors subdued their shouting a little, but the discussion ran on fiercely, and many wild suggestions were made for bringing Mr. Hardinge to his senses. But Harry Wharton's advice was listened to, and it was agreed at last that the Remove should wait to see what was the result of Dr. Locke's note to Mr. Hardinge. If it made him rescind his act of tyranny, well and good. If it did not, then the Greyfriars Remove would take matters into their own hands, and it would be war. And as a matter of exact fact, it must be confessed that the heroes of the Remove hoped that it would be war.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Out of Bounds.

THE Greyfriars fellows were very restive the next day.

The indignation on the subject of the closing of the right-of-way was not confined to the Remove. Every Form shared it, but it was only the enterprising Remove that had yet thought of taking the matter into its own hands. After morning lessons the next day some of the wilder spirits of the Remove wanted to start at once for Courtfield End, but Wharton restrained them. It was better, as he explained, to have right clearly on their side when hostilities commenced. It was known in the school that Dr. Locke had written to Mr. Hardinge, remonstrating on the subject of the factory-owner's action, and until his reply was received and known Wharton recommended taking no action.

So the Remove waited—with great impatience.

Trotter, the house page, had been sent over to Courtfield End to take the Head's note, and he was to bring the reply back with him. A crowd of juniors waited for the page's return. They could not know, of course, what was in the letter he brought, but they hoped to extract some information from Trotter. There was a shout when the stout youth was seen coming towards the School House, and an eager crowd of juniors surrounded him at once.

"What's the news, Trotty?"

"What did he say?"

"What's he like?"

Trotter grinned.

"He's a 'ard-faced gentleman," he said confidentially. "Got a jaw like a vice. Thought he was going to bite me when he took the letter an' read it. He wrote a reply in two minutes and 'anded it to me."

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"Didn't he say anything?"

"Yes," grinned Trotter. "He said, 'Take that, and go!'"

"Did he tip you?" asked Billy Bunter.

Trotter sniffed.

"Not 'e! 'E ain't that sort!"

And Trotter went into the house with his letter. The juniors would have given a great deal to know what that letter contained. Trotter took it into the Head's study. Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, was there with Dr. Locke. Trotter handed the letter to the Head and retired.

"Mr. Hardinge's reply?" observed the Remove-master.

"Yes."

Dr. Locke opened the letter. He glanced at it, and his brows knitted in a heavy frown. He passed the letter to Mr. Quelch without a word, and the Remove-master frowned, too, as he read the curt message.

"Dear Sir,—I regret that I do not see my way to complying with your request.—Yours faithfully, J. HARDINGE."

"Cad!" murmured Mr. Quelch, forgetting for a moment that he was a Form-master, and speaking as if he had been a Removeite himself.

"Certainly Mr. Hardinge's manners could be improved," said the Head, the colour coming into his cheeks. "He might at least have been courteous."

Mr. Quelch laid the letter on the desk.

"I am afraid that that settles the matter, however," said the Head musingly. "The right-of-way has always been regarded as public property, but there is no doubt that if Mr. Hardinge strictly enforces his legal rights he has the power to close it. I am afraid that legal proceedings would only result in establishing that fact."

Mr. Quelch nodded.

"He has the strictly legal right, perhaps," he said; "but no man of proper feeling would push the letter of the law to such an extreme."

"I am afraid that Mr. Hardinge is not a man of proper feeling," the Head said drily. "I should not care to ask a favour of such a man, and apparently he would not grant it if I did so. I fear that this ends the matter. I am only sorry that it will be a disappointment to the boys. They do not understand technical points of law. They will not understand—the younger boys, at all events—that I have no choice in the matter, and must submit to this unpleasant necessity."

"They will be inclined, I fear, to use the short cut even more than is necessary, in order to show Mr. Hardinge that they do not care for him," said the Remove-master, with a faint smile.

"Yes; and, of course, that must be prevented."

"Undoubtedly. It might lead to friction with the hands employed at Mr. Hardinge's factory."

"There has been some friction already, I think," said the Head. "That may possibly be the cause of Mr. Hardinge's action, or his excuse, though he does not say so. It will be necessary to place Courtfield End out of bounds."

"Yes, that is obviously the only course under the circumstances."

Outside, the Greyfriars fellows were waiting eagerly to learn the result. They knew it when a paper was posted up on the school notice-board. A crowd gathered to read it at once. It was in Dr. Locke's hand.

"ALTERATION OF SCHOOL BOUNDS."

"For the present Courtfield End, and the short cut through the Court Wood, are placed out of bounds."

The notice was signed by the Head.

The fellows were almost stupefied when they read it.

"Well, that's taking it lying down, and no mistake!" said Bob Cherry, with a deep breath.

"We won't stand it!" roared Coker of the Fifth.

"I suppose the Head's got no choice," said Courtney, a prefect of the Sixth. "He wouldn't take it like this if he could help it. Anyway, you kids have got to toe the line."

"Catch us!" growled Bolsover.

The prefect turned upon him sharply.

"Mind, if any of you youngsters break bounds it will be the duty of the prefects to stop you and report you for punishment," he said.

Bolsover growled, and made no rejoinder. Coker of the Fifth, however, was a senior himself, and felt fully entitled to argue the matter out with a prefect.

"That's all very well, Courtney!" he exclaimed hotly. "But we're not going to stand it. Of course, the kids must be kept within bounds. But the Head doesn't mean that order for the seniors."

"It is meant for the whole school," said Wingate.

Coker snorted.

"I don't think it's meant for the Fifth, anyway; and I think somebody ought to stand up for Greyfriars."

"Hear, hear!" roared Bob Cherry.

"That order's got to be obeyed, seniors and juniors as well," said Wingate sharply. "No nonsense about it, mind, or there will be trouble."



"What is your name?" asked Mr. Hardinge, as calmly as he could. "Bunter—William George Bunter." "Well, William George Bunter," continued the factory owner, "do you see that door? I give you one minute to take yourself to the other side of it." (See Chapter 9.)

He walked away, leaving the crowd in a buzz behind him. Deep indignation possessed Greyfriars from end to end. And Coker, of the Fifth, for one, didn't mean to stand it, and said so many times emphatically.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER. Coker Takes the Lead.

MANY meetings were held in Greyfriars over the important matter. After school that day, selected Removites met in Harry Wharton's study to discuss the plan of campaign. A crowd of the Fifth met in their Form-room, called together by the indignant Coker. Even the fags of the Second and Third Forms met in conclave and listened to burning speeches from Tubb and Paget and Nugent minor—who proposed various measures, from writing rude postcards to Mr. Hardinge, to burning down his factory over his head.

The meeting of the Fifth was not by any means unanimous. Coker had called it, and Coker was not captain of the Form. Blundell was Fifth Form captain, and he had a sense of responsibility as a senior, and he would have nothing to do with any scheme for taking violent measures against the obnoxious Hardinge. Blundell said he wasn't going to rage like a fag over a short cut being closed up. To which Coker rejoined simply with a snort, and called a meeting of fellows who agreed with him. And a great part of the Fifth turned up at Coker's meeting.

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**NEXT
TUESDAY: "DOWN ON HIS LUCK!"**

Coker was generally alluded to at Greyfriars as "that ass Coker." But it was curious that Coker, all the same, had a great deal of influence in his Form. He had only lately been moved up from the Shell, and perhaps he had still some of the responsibility of a junior. He was big and strong, and it was commonly believed that he could lick Blundell if he liked; and he was well supplied with money by a doting aunt, who regarded Horace Coker as the very last word in perfection. Two-thirds of the Fifth Form turned up at Coker's bidding, and the other third sniffed and kept away, following Blundell's example. The Fifth were seething with indignation over Mr. Hardinge's unwarrantable action, and they were ready for anything.

Coker mounted upon a form with his special chums, Potter and Greene, round him. The meeting gave him a cheer. If the Fifth wanted to win a cricket match, they couldn't do better than follow their captain Blundell. But in any escapade, Coker was certainly a better leader. And the Fifth were ripe for an escapade now, if any scheme could be thought of for "downing" the obnoxious Hardinge.

"Fellows——" roared Coker.
"Hurrah, Coker!"
"I haven't much to say——"
"Good!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Wingate says we're to show our dignity as seniors, and set an example to the juniors, by taking this check from old

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Hardinge lying down. With all respect to Wingate, I think that's silly rot. I don't want to say anything derogatory to Wingate, but I must remark that he is an ass!"

"Hear, hear!"

"The Sixth are going to sit down on their dignity, and let Hardinge rip. They want the Fifth to do the same. We'll see 'em boiled first!"

"Bravo!" roared Potter.

"It's up to the Fifth to set this thing right! We shall have the juniors taking it up if we don't do something!"

"Very likely, bedad!" said Fitzgerald.

"Who's going to follow my lead to bring Hardinge to his senses?"

"All of us!" roared Bland. "Hurray!"

"Come on, then!" shouted Coker.

"Where are we going?" asked Greene.

"Over to Hardinge's factory, to give him a piece of our mind! We'll talk to him straight, and tell him that the Fifth Form at Greyfriars won't stand it!"

"What good will that do?" asked Bland.

"Oh, don't jaw!" said Coker. "Don't be a blessed Jonah! Of course, he will understand then that we won't stand any nonsense!"

"It's a good idea, intaiely!" said Fitzgerald. "If he won't listen to reason, and promise to open the right-of-way again, we'll break his windows! Sure, that's what we do in Ireland when a landlord wants any rent, or any rascally thing of that sort!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker jammed his cap on his head and strode from the Form-room. The Fifth-Formers crowded after him. Coker led them with a rush across the Close, and they rushed out into the road. Without stopping to think, they crowded away towards Courtfield, twenty of them, all highly excited.

Some of the more cautious realised that Courtfield End was now out of bounds, and that they were taking a very reckless step. But the hot-headed Coker carried all before him. Coker knew that the Removites were on the warpath, too, and he wanted to be the first to bring the factory-owner to his knees.

Some distance down the road towards Courtfield there was a foot and bridle-path through the wood, and at the end of the wood it entered upon the land belonging to Mr. Hardinge. For half a mile the path crossed his land, and then entered the town. Wayfarers from Courtfield to Friardale had always used that path, and the Greyfriars fellows had constantly cycled that way when they were pressed for time. True, the path was not a good one for cycles, but it saved a great distance going round by road.

Coker & Co. came along through the woodland footpath, and burst upon the track over the fields that surrounded the jam factory. The factory was in full view now, and close at hand—a hideous brick building with two tall chimneys. As the Fifth-Formers came out upon the open ground there was a distinct smell of pickles in the air.

"There's the rotten place! Nice sort of eyesore to put up among green fields, ain't it? Poof!"

"Ought to be pulled down!" said Potter.

"We'll jolly well pull it down for him, if he doesn't come to his senses!" said Coker darkly. "Come on!"

The Greyfriars fellows marched towards the factory. The big gates were open, and a van was leaving, laden with cases which bore the inscription, "Hardinge's Pure Fruit Jam!"

"We'll give him pure fruit jam, the rotter!" muttered Greene.

And the Greyfriars fellows marched into the yard. Innumerable windows looked down upon them, and faces were soon innumerable at the windows. Coker & Co. marched directly to Mr. Hardinge's office, and as they came up the manufacturer himself stepped into view. He stared at the Greyfriars fellows in surprise, and they stared at him. Some of them knew him by sight, and the others guessed who it was.

Mr. Hardinge was a short man, not nearly so tall as Coker, but much wider. He had a very large gold chain across his ample waistcoat. His face was hard as iron, and Trotter's description of his mouth was quite accurate. His lips seemed to close like the jaws of a steel vice.

A cold glitter came into his eyes as he looked at the crowd from Greyfriars. He made a gesture to them to stop.

"What do you want here?" he exclaimed.

"Are you Mr. Hardinge?" demanded Coker.

"Yes."

"You've closed up the right-of-way at Courtfield End."

"Certainly!"

"We want you to reopen it."

"I shall do nothing of the sort!"

"If you don't—" began Coker wrathfully.

"I do not intend to discuss the matter with you," said Mr. Hardinge coldly. "I decline to have strangers on my land! Some of the boys of your school have interfered with hands employed in my factory. I shall not allow the path

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to be used again. In fact, I intend to begin building operations there."

"Well, of all the cheek!" roared Coker.

Mr. Hardinge pointed to the open gateway.

"Please go!" he said.

"Rats!"

The factory-owner's eyes glittered. He turned to his manager, who had come out of the office, and was trying not to smile. The manager's faint smile vanished the instant the factory-owner looked at him. Mr. Hardinge was not the kind of man whose presence encouraged smiling in anybody.

"Mr. Jackson!"

"Sir?"

"If these boys are not all gone out of the yard in one minute, order the men to turn the hose upon them!"

"Certainly, sir!"

Mr. Hardinge stepped back into his office and disappeared.

Coker & Co. looked at one another.

Exactly what they had hoped to effect by their visit to the factory they hardly knew. If they had anticipated terrifying the factory-owner, they had certainly failed. Mr. Hardinge did not look terrified. He had dismissed the whole matter scornfully from his attention with a few cutting words. That was all.

"Ahem!" murmured Potter. "Perhaps we'd better go!"

"I won't go!" roared Coker. "We'll give him a piece of our mind! Mr. What's-his-name, if you turn the hose on us, we'll bust up the whole show!"

The manager smiled.

"You had better go, my boys," he said. "You are breaking the law in invading Mr. Hardinge's premises in this way. Run home!"

"Yah!"

"Boo!"

"Down with jam!"

"Down with pickles!"

"Now, my lads," said the manager good-naturedly. "You heard Mr. Hardinge's orders——"

"Yah!"

"Rats!"

"Very well! Binns, turn the hose on these boys."

"Yes, sir!"

The Fifth-Formers crowded closer together. They were dismayed, and they did not know what to do. To march into the factory gates truculently, uttering threats, and to march out again as meekly as lambs, did not suit their ideas at all. But it was difficult to see what else they could do.

Siz-z-zz!

The man Binns, grinning, had connected the hose. He held the nozzle in his hand now, ready to turn a stream of water upon the Greyfriars fellows.

"Are you going?" he called out.

"No!" roared Coker.

Mr. Hardinge leaned out of his office window, his face red with anger.

"Turn it upon them at once!" he cried.

"Yes, sir."

Siz-z-zzzzzzz-ooooop!

"Yah!"

"Ow!"

"Yarooooop! Oh!"

The jet of water fell upon the crowd of Fifth-Formers from Greyfriars. It came lightly at first, but they were all splashed from head to foot. Coker and two or three others made a desperate rush at the man who held the hose. Then Binns turned the full force of the water upon them. The rush of it was terrific, and Coker, catching it full in the chest, was swept off his feet.

Bump!

"Yowp! Gr-o-o-ooooop! Oh!"

There was a wild rush of the Fifth-Formers to escape. They tumbled over one another in their mad haste to scramble out of the factory yard. Gasping and yelling and stumbling, Coker & Co. crowded out of the gates, the hose playing upon them as they went.

Splash-ash-ash—zizzzzzz!

"Ow, ow! Groo!"

And Coker & Co. were in full retreat.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Rough on Coker.

COKER & CO. halted in the fields at a distance from the factory, gasping, drenched, and defeated.

Coker gouged the dripping water out of his eyes and granted.

"M-m-my hat! What an awful beast!"

"The cheek of it!" panted Potter.

"Faith, and I'm wet!" said Fitzgerald. "And by the same token, we haven't broken a single window for the haste."

"The rotter!"

"The awful beast!"

Those, and many other fancy names, the Greyfriars fellows bestowed upon the jam manufacturer. But there was nothing to be done excepting to slang Mr. Hardinge. Even the truculent Coker did not feel inclined to face the hose again. He was drenched to the skin, running water from head to foot.

"We—we'd better get back," said Greene, his teeth beginning to chatter. "We—we shall catch a lovely set of colds, I think."

"I suppose there's nothing else to be done!" growled Coker. "But we'll make that awful beast sorry for this."

"How?" asked Potter.

"Oh, don't ask questions, you ass!" said Coker crossly.

"Somehow!"

The Fifth-Formers tramped unhappily away. They came to the fence they had climbed over in using the short cut, and Potter proposed pausing and pulling it down. But the fence was of strong stakes and boards, firmly nailed, and it would have taken a great deal of pulling down. The Fifth-Formers shook their heads at the suggestion. Above the fence was a board bearing a notice:

"No Admittance! Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted. By Order!"

"The awful cheek of it!" said Coker. "We'll have that board down and burn it some day. But n-n-not n-n-now! I'm c-c-catching cold!"

And the Fifth-Formers tramped wearily on.

The return of Coker & Co. to Greyfriars, drenched and dripping, naturally did not pass without notice. A great crowd collected in the Close as they came in. Sympathy, of course, was on the side of the Fifth-Formers. They had been waging the righteous battle. But somehow the other Greyfriars fellows could not help seeing a comic side to the matter, which was quite invisible to Coker & Co. And so there were grins and chuckles as the returned heroes marched drearily in.

"Been raining?" asked Temple of the Fourth politely.

"Oh, shut up!" growled Coker.

"You look wet, you know!"

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

Coker made a drive at the Fourth-Formers, and they dodged away. The dripping heroes of the Fifth squelched into the School House. There Blundell, who had seen their arrival from his study window, met them.

"So you've been over to Courtfield End?" the captain of the Fifth exclaimed.

"Yes, we have!" said Coker defiantly.

"Has there been a row?"

"They turned the hose on us!" admitted Greene sheepishly. Blundell burst into a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to yelp about!" growled Coker. "We've been standing up for the honour of Greyfriars, anyway!"

"I don't see how your getting an extra wash helps the honour of Greyfriars in any way," said Blundell. "You've made a set of silly asses of yourselves and you've set the fags an example of breaking bounds."

"Oh, blow the fags!"

"And blow the bounds intirely!" said Fitzgerald.

"The prefects will have something to say about this——"

"Faith, and blow the prefects!" growled Fitzgerald. "I don't see why we should take any notice of the Sixth. I'm a giddy Home Ruler. Home Rule for the Fifth!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, came out of his study. He also had seen the arrival of the drenched and dripping heroes of his Form.

"How did this happen, Coker?" he asked quietly.

"We—we got in the way of a hose, sir," said Coker. "We—we didn't mean to, sir."

"No; I suppose that is the case. But where were you at the time?"

"In—in a yard, sir."

"What yard?"

"A—a—a big yard, sir, paved with cobblestones."

"I did not ask for a description of the yard, Coker," said Mr. Prout severely. "You are prevaricating, sir, I asked for the situation of the yard."

"It was—was in front of a building, sir."

"What building?"

"Ahem! Mr. Hardinge's factory, at Courtfield End, sir," said Coker, driven to the plain admission at last.

The Fifth Form-master frowned.

"I thought so!" he exclaimed. "You have disobeyed the Head's direct commands, which placed Courtfield End out of bounds."

"Oh, that wasn't meant for the Fifth, sir!"

"It was meant for the Fifth, and you are perfectly well aware of the fact, Coker. You will all be gated for the next two half-holidays, and will write out five hundred lines of Virgil each!" said Mr. Prout severely.

"Oh, sir!"

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NEXT

TUESDAY:

"DOWN ON HIS LUCK!"

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ONE
PENNY.

"Now go and dry yourselves before you catch cold."

And the discomfited Fifth-Formers tramped off dismally to their dormitories. Two or three of them came down sneezing, many of them came down scowling. And it was apparent that Coker's reputation and prestige as a leader had fallen to a very low ebb. Whenever any of his erstwhile followers addressed him, the word "ass" or "fathead" could generally be heard among the rest.

The punishment of the Fifth for their raid out of bounds was heavy. Two half-holidays and five hundred lines each came down heavily upon them. The other Forms sympathised with them very much. But it was generally agreed that Coker had been an ass, and that the other fellows had been asses to follow him.

"The fact is," said Harry Wharton, to his special chums in No. 1 Study in the Remove passage—"the fact is that Coker isn't up to this sort of thing. The Fifth ought to have left it to us!"

"The oughtfulness is terrific!" murmured Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"I hear that Temple, Dabney & Co. of the Upper Fourth are making plans," went on Harry Wharton. "They mean to have a go at Hardinge and Jam. But they won't do any good. It will take the Remove to settle Hardinge's hash!"

"Hear, hear!"

"And we're going to do it," said Wharton decidedly. "Have all the things ready for to-night, and we'll show Messrs. Jam & Pickles that we mean bizney!"

"What-ho!" said Bob Cherry emphatically.

"The Fifth mean well," said Harry Wharton loftily; "but they're not up to this. Same with the Fourth. Gentlemen, it's up to the Remove to deal with Mr. Jam-and-Pickles Hardinge."

And the Removites chimed in with cordial agreement:

"Hear, hear!"

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

A Fall for the Fourth.

"NOT a word to the Remove!" said Temple.

"Mum's the word!" said Fry solemnly.

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"Get out of the school in twos and threes, without a word to a soul," went on Temple. "Meet me on the footpath near Courtfield End, and we'll go on together from there."

"Good egg!"

"But I say——" began Phipps, of the Fourth.

Temple, the captain of the Upper Fourth, held up a warning forefinger.

"Don't say a word," he said.

"Yes, but——" persisted Phipps.

"Not a word. One of those Remove bounders may hear you jawing, and get on to the wheeze," said Temple severely.

"But I——"

"Now, look here, you mustn't jaw," said Temple. "You're always jawing, Phippy. Not a word more on the subject till we meet near Courtfield End."

"I was going to suggest——"

"You are going to dry up!" said Temple.

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

And the leaders of the Upper Fourth walked away, and Phipps had no choice about drying up. But he sniffed.

Temple, Dabney & Co. were being very mysterious about the matter. They knew that the Remove intended to go on the warpath, and Temple was determined to forestall them. The Fifth had come home from the interview with Mr. Hardinge covered with ridicule—and wet water! Temple intended to arrange his campaign a little more carefully. And he was very anxious to get ahead of the Remove in dealing with the obnoxious factory owner.

Temple was a little anxious when afternoon lessons were over. He fancied that the Remove would be going out, too, with the same object in view that he had in view himself. He was relieved to see that Harry Wharton & Co. went down to cricket practice as usual. If the Remove intended going on the warpath, they were evidently in no hurry about it.

The great caution the Upper Fourth displayed in getting out of the school unnoticed was really not required. Nobody noticed what they were doing. They were very cautious, all the same. Temple prided himself upon his qualities as a general, and the first duty of a general was to display caution. So Temple displayed it. In ones and twos and threes the Fourth-Formers quitted Greyfriars, and made their way to the woodland path that led towards the new factory at Courtfield End. Under the shadows of the big trees they met again, nearly two score of them, and then they marched on to the famous short cut which had been fenced in by Mr. Hardinge.

"We'll have the giddy fence down, and make a bonfire of

the notice-board!" said Temple, with a chuckle. "We shall get into a row at Greyfriars, but that can't be helped. If the Head gates us all, we shall have to stand it, and the right-of-way will be open. It will be one in the eye to Hardinge."

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"But I say—" began Phipps.

"Oh, don't jaw, old son!"

Phipps snorted.

The Fourth-Formers came out of the wood into the fields. Where the footpath joined the fields, the fence was built across the way, and it was built very strongly. The notice-board, stared the Greyfriars fellows in the face.

"TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED!"

"Rats!" said Temple.

There was a shout from across the fields, and the Fourth-Formers saw that they were observed. They had anticipated that the factory hands would either be in the building, at work, or gone home. But there was a crowd in the next field, and the Greyfriars fellows saw that a game of cricket was going on. And the cricketers had paused in their play, and were looking towards the Greyfriars juniors.

"That's rotten!" said Temple angrily. "If they try to stop us, there will be a scrimmage, that's all. Wire in!"

"But how are we going to get that giddy fence down with our bare hands?" demanded Phipps. "We need hammers and saws and things."

"Oh!" said Temple.

"That's what I was going to say before we started, and you wouldn't hear a word," said Phipps, in an aggrieved tone.

"Oh, rats! It's no good saying, 'I told you so,' now!" growled Temple. "You might have suggested that before we started."

"But I was going to, and you—"

"It's no good jawing now," said Temple. "What a chap you are for jawing, Phipps. You'd jaw the hind legs off a mule. We've got to manage this somehow. Get over the fence, just to show those factory bounders that we don't care twopence for their silly old notice."

The Fourth-Formers clambered over the fence into the field.

There was a shout from the cricket pitch. Two or three of the cricketers came running towards the invaders, and the Greyfriars fellows recognised Jack Blunt at their head.

Temple, Dabney & Co. laid hands upon the top rail of the fence, and began to tug at it. Temple, in spite of his great gifts as a general, had forgotten that implements would be required to destroy the fence, but there was no time to go back for them now.

They had to do what they could with their hands. And perhaps Mr. Hardinge had anticipated some move of that sort when he gave instructions for the building of the fence. At all events, it was very strongly put together. The whole crowd of Fourth-Formers tugged at the top rail, but it showed no signs of coming down. Probably they would have had some effect upon it in the long run, but they had no time.

Their intention was quite plain to the factory fellows, and Jack Blunt & Co. had no idea of letting them go ahead. The factory lads came up with a run.

"What are you fellows up to?" demanded Jack Blunt, stopping breathlessly.

"Pulling down the fence!" said Temple.

"Oh, rather!"

"Then stop it!"

"Rats!"

"That fence belongs to Mr. Hardinge, and we're jolly well not going to let you damage it!" said Jack Blunt hotly. "Hands off!"

"Oh, go and eat coke!"

"Pull away!" said Phipps, with a glare of defiance at Jack Blunt. "I don't think that any factory bounders will be able to stop us!"

"No fear!"

"Now, then, a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together!" exclaimed Temple.

Creak!

Under the combined efforts of the crowd of Fourth-Formers the top rail of the fence gave a loud creak. The sound encouraged the destroyers and they redoubled their efforts.

Creak-k-k-k!

"Go it!"

"It's coming!"

"And so are we!" exclaimed Jack Blunt. "Will you get your paws off that fence?"

"No!"

"Then we'll jolly soon shift you. Go for 'em, you chaps!"

And the factory fellows charged.

Temple, Dabney & Co. had to take their hands off the fence, then, to defend themselves. In a moment a wild and whirling fight was raging along the fence. The numbers of the combatants were about equal, and the Fourth-Formers found, somewhat to their astonishment, that the factory fellows knew how to use their hands.

"Sock it to 'em!" roared Temple.

"Yah!"

"Down with the factory bounders!"

"Go for 'em!" yelled Jack Blunt.

Blunt and Temple closed and reeled to and fro. Temple hit out vigorously; but Blunt did not hit. He closed his arms round Temple, and swept the Fourth-Form captain off his feet, and jammed him against the fence. Then, exerting all his strength, which was amazingly great, he rolled Temple right over the fence, and dropped him on the other side.

Temple bumped down into the grass with a concussion that shook all the breath out of his body, and he lay there gasping, completely hors de combat for the time.

Two or three more of the Fourth-Formers were pitched over after him. More factory fellows were arriving on the scene every moment, and the odds were now very much on their side.

"M-m-my hat!" gasped Dabney. "They—they're licking us, you know. They're too many for us, Fry, old man. Ow!"

Dabney went down under a mighty swipe.

"We—we shall have to cut!" gasped Fry.

"Where's Temple?"

"He's gone!"

"Cut for it!" panted Jones minor.

Jack Blunt gave a yell.

"Rush 'em over to the pond, and give 'em a ducking!"

"Hurray!"

That was enough for the Fourth-Formers. They were hopelessly outnumbered. They were plucky enough, but they had no chance, and they did not want to return to Greyfriars in the same state as the defeated Fifth.

Some of them were already running across the fields, pursued by their victorious enemies. Some of them clambered over the fence, and some were still fighting. One by one they fled, or climbed the fence, till Jack Blunt & Co. were left in possession of the field of battle.

On the safe side of the fence, Temple staggered to his feet, gasping for breath.

"We'll get over again, and wallop the rotters!" he panted.

"Can't be done!" said Phipps. "They're too many for us. We ought to have come after dark."

"Oh, dry up, Phipps."

The factory fellows paraded up and down the Hardinge side of the fence, and yelled defiance, inviting the Greyfriars crowd to come over again.

But Temple realised that it was hopeless.

"We shall have to buzz off!" he said disconsolately.

"Oh, come on!" said Phipps. "I told you—"

"Br-r-r-r! Shut up!"

Temple, Dabney & Co. retreated through the wood, followed till they were out of hearing by the yells of the factory fellows.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

An Important Call.

HARRY WHARTON & Co. had finished their cricket practice, and were chatting in the Close, when the Fourth-Formers came back. On the way home Temple, Dabney & Co. had removed, as far as was possible, the signs of the deadly conflict. But they were looking very dusty and tired when they came in, and the large and varied assortment of black eyes and thick ears which they brought with them attracted attention at once.

The Removites gathered round them sympathetically.

"Been to see Jam and Pickles?" asked Bolsover.

"Had a little row?" asked Ogilvy.

"I hope you gave the factory bounders a good licking," said Nugent.

Temple snorted.

"Of course, we licked them!" he said. "That is to say, we gave them a licking, but they were too many for us, so we thought we'd better come back."

"Oh, rather!"

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"Yes, it was better for you to come back, no doubt about that," he remarked.

"Oh, shut up!" growled Temple.

And the Fourth-Formers sneaked into the School House as quietly as they could, very desirous of not attracting the

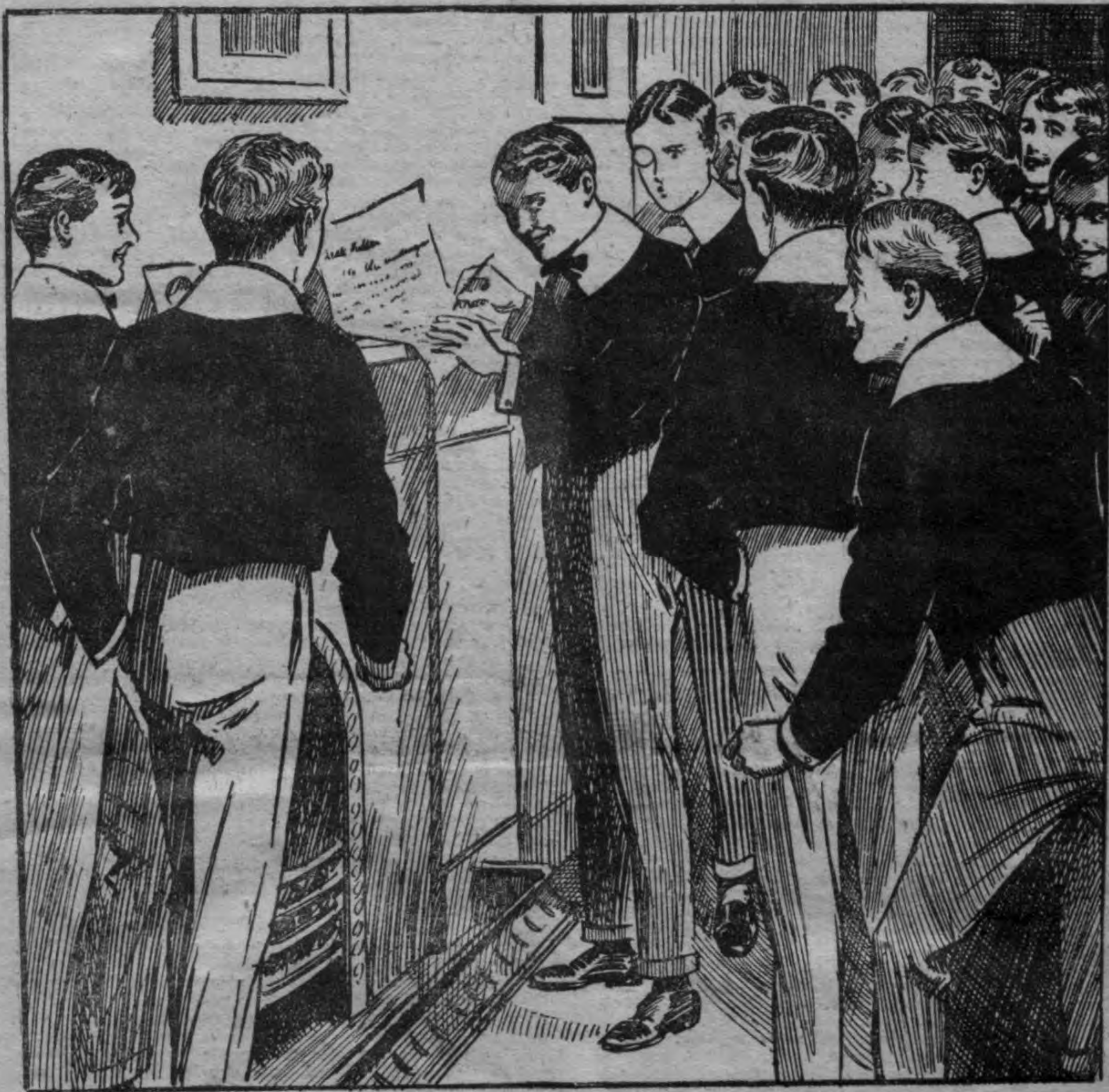
ANSWERS

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THE FIRST
CHAPTERS:

TWICE ROUND THE GLOBE! BY SIDNEY DREW.

NEXT
TUESDAY!



One after another the juniors signed D'Arcy's famous round robin, using Glyn's invisible ink, which was however, visible enough so far. "That's all wight," remarked Arthur Augustus, with great satisfaction. "I'll take this to Kildare, and undah the cirs., he's bound to take notice of it!" (See the grand, long, complete tale of Tom Merry & Co., at St. Jim's entitled "FOR THE SAKE OF THE SIDE!" by Martin Clifford, which is contained in our popular companion paper "The Gem" Library. Out on Thursday. Price One Penny.)

attention of their Form-master. As it happened, however, Mr. Capper met Temple and Dabney in the passage. He held up his hand to stop them.

"Temple!" said Mr. Capper severely.

"Ye-e-es, sir!"

"You have a black eye."

"Have I, sir?" said Temple, passing his hand over his eye.

"Yes. You have your nose very much swollen, Dabney."

"Have I, sir?" said Dabney, and he caressed his nose.

"You have. You two boys have been fighting," said Mr. Capper. "Temple, as captain of your Form, and head boy in the Fourth, you should know better than to fight with Dabney."

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NEXT
TUESDAY,

"DOWN ON HIS LUCK!"

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"Oh, sir."

"I have given you a hundred lines, and Dabney fifty lines," said Mr. Capper, "and if you fight again I shall cane you."

"Oh, sir!"

"You may go!" said Mr. Capper majestically.

And they went.

"The champion ass thinks we've been fighting one another, Dab," said Temple; as he bathed his discoloured eye in the Fourth-Form dormitory. "All the better. We didn't tell him so, and he doesn't suspect we've been over to Courtfield End. That would have meant gating for a couple of weeks."

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney. "I—I say, Temple, old man, it looks to me as if we shall have to let old Jam-and-Pickles keep his blessed fence up."

Temple made no reply. He was thinking the same himself. In the Remove studies there was a considerable amount of chuckling over the disaster of the Fourth. Temple, Dabney & Co. had tried to take the matter into their own hands, and they could not expect much sympathy.

"They're not up to it," Frank Nugent remarked in No. 1 Study. "Wait till the Remove get to work, and then we'll show 'em!"

"What-ho!" said Harry Wharton emphatically. "We'll dispose of Mr. Hardinge's fence for him; but it will have to be buried darkly, at dead of night, as they say in the poem."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The chums of the Remove had made all their preparations, and they had certainly laid their plans better than Coker or Temple.

As for the consequences, when they had carried their plans out they had not given that part of the matter a thought.

If there was trouble to follow, they were prepared to face the music, and that was all.

Harry Wharton & Co. were not the only fellows in the Remove who were laying plans. Billy Bunter had also been doing a considerable amount of thinking. The fat junior came into No. 1 Study while Nugent and Wharton were having their tea that day, with an expression upon his fat face which showed that great thoughts were working in his mind.

"Can either of you fellows lend me——" he began.

Frank Nugent interrupted him.

"No."

"But I say, Nugent——"

"Money's tight!" Nugent explained. "We know you are expecting a postal-order, and, in fact, several large remittances from titled friends of yours. But we are not tumbling over one another to cash the postal-orders in advance."

"Oh, really——"

"Shut the door after you, Bunter."

But Billy Bunter did not take the hint. He came further into the study and blinked indignantly at the chums of the Remove through his spectacles.

"I say, you fellows, I want you to lend me——"

"I'll lend you a thick ear if you don't clear out," said Nugent.

"I want you to lend me——"

"My hat! He goes on like a giddy gramophone. Can't you put on a new record?" Nugent demanded.

"I want you to lend——"

Harry Wharton picked up a cricket-bat, and Bunter backed away towards the door, eyeing him very warily.

"I say, you fellows, I don't want money! It isn't that! I want you to lend me a new necktie."

The chums of the Remove stared at him blankly.

"You don't want to borrow money?" gasped Nugent.

"No, I don't."

"Are you ill?"

"Oh, really, Nugent——"

Frank Nugent sank back into his chair, and looked as if he were going to faint. The shock had been too great for him. Billy Bunter gave him a glare, and then turned to the captain of the Remove.

"I say, Wharton, will you lend me a necktie? I've got some important business on hand, and I want to look well. I've borrowed a waistcoat from Bulstrode, and Ogilvy has lent me a collar. If you wouldn't mind lending me your gold watch, too, just to keep up appearances——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at!" growled Bunter. "I've got to pay an important call, and a chap wants to make a good impression. If I'm successful it will be a jolly good stroke of business, and I shall be able to supply the Remove with jam of the best quality at a low price."

"Jam!"

"Yes, Jam. Lend me a necktie, will you? Mine's rather dicky."

"You can have a necktie, but you're jolly well not going to have my watch," said Harry Wharton. "Take the tie, and buzz off."

Bunter selected the best tie in the box.

"Look here, Wharton, I'd like to have your gold watch——"

"I dare say you would; but you're not going to have it. Pawntickets wouldn't be any use to me," said Wharton, cheerfully.

"Oh, really, you know. I wasn't thinking of pawning it. But I say, lend me your gold chain, will you, and never mind the watch."

"Thank you! I'll mind the watch, and the chain too."

"Beast!" said Billy Bunter. And he departed from the study. He rolled along the Remove passage, and blinked into Lord Mauleverer's study. Lord Mauleverer had lines to do, for missing his preparation the previous evening. He was

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doing them by reclining on his couch, with his feet on the table, and yawning. One line had been written, and the effort had apparently exhausted the dandy of the Remove.

"I say, Mauly, old man," said Bunter. "Would you mind lending me your gold watch?"

"Yes," said Lord Mauleverer cheerfully.

"Oh, really! I've got to pay an important call, and I want to look respectable, you know," said Bunter. "You might lend it to me for a few hours."

"Impossible, dear boy!"

"Why is it impossible?" demanded Bunter.

"Because it's gone to be repaired."

Bunter snorted.

"Well, you silly ass!" he said.

And he retired from the study, and sought his own quarters. He took his Sunday silk hat out of its box, and regarded it thoughtfully. Bunter's silk topper was getting old, and he had not had a new one that term. The money that should have been expended on a new topper had found its way into the school tuck-shop.

"H'm!" murmured Billy Bunter thoughtfully. "I'd better borrow one from one of the fellows. Johnny Bull's toppers fit me. He makes a row when I borrow them, but it can't be helped—it's not my fault if he's selfish. I must look decent. Besides, if I come on any of the factory chaps they might biff it—and it's no good having my best topper spoiled."

And Bunter replaced the silk topper in the hatbox and rolled away to Johnny Bull's study.

A few minutes later he descended the stairs, arrayed in his best—and the best of several other fellows—and rolled away across the Close.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, catching sight of the Owl of the Remove as he came down to the gates. "Wherefore this thushness, my son? You've been washing your face!"

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"And you've got a new topper!" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

"What's on?"

"I'm going to pay——"

"Rats! Catch you paying anybody anything!"

"I'm going to pay a call——"

"Oh, I see!" grinned Bob Cherry. "I thought it couldn't be a debt. It must be a jolly important call if you've washed for it, a second time in one day!"

"It is an important call," said Bunter, with a great deal of dignity.

And he walked out of the school gates, with his little fat nose held very high in the air.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

A Good Stroke of Business!

"BLUNT!"

"Yes, sir?"

"Mr. Hardinge wants to see you in the office."

"Yes, sir," said Jack Blunt.

He did not speak very cheerfully in reply to the manager. He was not exactly in a fit state to visit Mr. Hardinge in his office. His nose was very red and swollen, and one of his eyes was blinking in a very uncertain way. He rubbed his nose with his handkerchief as he made his way to the office, and started, and turned red, as he saw Mr. Hardinge looking at him from the window.

Jack was very red and confused as he came in.

Mr. Hardinge turned round from the window and looked at him.

"You have been fighting, I hear, Blunt!" he said sternly.

"Yes, sir," faltered Jack.

"With whom?"

"Chaps from the school, sir."

"And why?"

"Well, sir, we—we had a row."

"I saw it all," said Mr. Hardinge.

"Oh, sir!"

"It seems that the boys from Greyfriars have taken matters into their own hands, and tried to remove the fence I have had put up on my land," said the manufacturer.

"Well, I suppose that's what they were going to do, sir," said Jack.

"And you stopped them?"

"We—we couldn't let 'em go ahead, sir."

The manufacturer smiled.

"Quite right!" he said. "You did quite well to protect your employer's property. I shall remember this, Blunt. You may go."

Jack Blunt almost jumped in his relief. He had had a fear at the back of his mind that he had been called into the office to receive what the factory fellows would have termed the order of the boot.

"Oh, thank you, sir!" gasped Jack.

And he departed promptly.

Outside the office his chum, Sam Wayward, was waiting for him, with an anxious expression.

"Sack?" he asked tersely.

Jack Blunt grinned.

"No; a pat on the back. Mr. Hardinge was pleased."

"Oh, good!" said Wayward, in relief. "You never know how he's going to take things. He looks as hard as nails, but he treats us jolly well. We owe our cricket club to him, and he's given us a field for a pitch. Not many factory owners do that."

"He's a good sort!" said Jack confidently. "I wish he hadn't closed up that blessed right-of-way; but as it is closed up, we're going to back up our side. That's cricket."

"What-ho!" said Sam Wayward. "Though I don't think the Greyfriars fellows will give us any more trouble about that."

"I don't know," said Jack thoughtfully. "They seem to be awfully up against that fence. I wish it hadn't been put there. But I suppose Mr. Hardinge has his reasons. Some of the Greyfriars chaps are jolly decent. I wish we could get up a cricket match with 'em, and show 'em that we can play the game."

Sam Wayward shook his head.

"I don't suppose they'd play us," he said. "They'd hold themselves too high to play a factory cricketing team."

"Some of them; but some of them are decent enough. Hallo! Talk of angels, and you hear the rustle of their wings!" said Jack, laughing. "Here's one of them!"

"And fat enough for two!" grinned Sam Wayward.

It was Billy Bunter.

The fat junior came up, with a great amount of dignity.

"This is—er—Mr. Hardinge's factory, I suppose?" he asked.

"Quite right!" said Jack.

"I want to see Mr. Hardinge," said Bunter loftily. "Can you tell me where he is to be found?"

"He's still in the office. Buzz in, and you'll catch him before he goes!" said Jack.

"Thank you! I suppose you two are factory chaps?" said Bunter, looking the two lads over in an extremely disparaging way.

"Yes," said Sam Wayward. "Got any fault to find with us?"

"I don't want to talk to you," said Bunter haughtily. "My people are rather particular whom I talk to."

And he rolled into Mr. Hardinge's office before Wayward could reply.

"Well, my hat!" ejaculated Wayward.

Jack Blunt chuckled.

"Falstaff is rather cheeky!" he remarked.

"I'll speak to him again as he comes out," said Sam dully.

Billy Bunter entered the outer office, and announced that he had come to see Mr. Hardinge. His name was taken in, and then he was shown into the inner office.

The jam manufacturer wheeled his revolving chair round and looked at Billy Bunter. Bunter did not take his hat off. Evidently he considered that any great respect of manner would be out of place if displayed towards a manufacturer of jam and pickles.

"Mr. Hardinge?" said Bunter inquiringly.

"Yes. What do you want?"

Bunter blinked at him, and took his hat off. He could see that the jam manufacturer was about to ring for the clerk to show him out.

"I've called to see you on a little matter of business," he said.

"Indeed!"

Bunter sat down without waiting to be asked.

"You manufacture jam?" he said.

"Certainly!"

"I belong to Greyfriars," Bunter explained. "I've been thinking this matter over, and I've thought of a really good stroke of business, which will benefit you and benefit me. Mutual profits, you know."

"Indeed!"

"There's a great deal of jam consumed at Greyfriars," Bunter went on. "Chaps are fond of jam, you know. And I think that if good jam could be had cheap, fellows would take to making their own jam-tarts. Now, how would you like a chance of supplying all Greyfriars with jam?"

Mr. Hardinge stared at him blankly.

"It would be a regular shipping order, you know," said Bunter. "Only it would have to be done through me."

"Oh!"

"I'm willing to act as intermediary," the Owl of the Remove explained. "You supply me with jam at a reduction, and I let the fellows have it, you know."

"Ah!"

"I should expect wholesale prices, and I should let the chaps have it at retail figures," said Bunter. "Of course, I should want good jam—whole fruit, you know, and none of the muck some of you manufacturers palm off on the public."

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NEXT TUESDAY: "DOWN ON HIS LUCK!"

EVERY
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ONE
PENNY.

Mr. Hardinge glared. But Billy Bunter was too short-sighted to see the glare. He went on in his fat, self-satisfied way.

"Of course, I'm up to snuff. You couldn't take me in. I should take the jam on a system of credit, and settle up once a—once a quarter."

"Boy!"

"It would be putting a good thing in your way, and help you to get a start collaring the local trade," said Bunter. "Some of the fellows at Greyfriars would be down on me for coming here and talking like this. But, bless you, there's no nonsense about me! I don't care whom I talk to!"

Mr. Hardinge seemed to find some difficulty in breathing.

"Now, what do you say?" asked Bunter. "It would give your trade about here a leg-up, you know."

"What is your name?" asked Mr. Hardinge as calmly as he could.

"Bunter—William George Bunter."

"Well, William George Bunter, do you see that door?"

Billy Bunter blinked round at the door.

"Yes," he said, "I see it. What about the door?"

"I give you one minute to take yourself to the other side of it."

"Eh?"

"Get out of my office, you impertinent young rascal!"

"I—I—I say!" gasped Bunter. "I—I'm making you a jolly good offer, you know. And I'm treating you on equal terms, as if you were a gentleman like me, you know. I—"

"Holmes!" roared Mr. Hardinge.

"Sir!" said a bulky commissioner, putting his head in at the door.

"Throw this young vagabond out!"

"Yes, sir."

Billy Bunter jumped up.

"I—I say, it's all right! I—I'll go!" he gasped. "I'll go!"

"That you will!" gasped the commissioner.

He lifted the fat junior by the collar, and carried him bodily out of the office. Billy Bunter was set down gasping and spluttering outside the factory gates, and his silk hat was tossed after him.

"Now you bunk!" said the commissioner severely.

"Ow!"

"Here he is!" roared a voice, and Sam Wayward came speeding up.

Billy Bunter gave him one blink, and ran. Sam Wayward and Jack Blunt stood roaring with laughter as he tore away; but Billy Bunter did not look back, and he kept on the run till he arrived at the gates of Greyfriars, completely out of breath. And the fat junior's great scheme for turning an honest penny by supplying the Greyfriars Remove with jam, at reduced rates was never heard of again.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

In the Stilly Night.

WINGATE, the captain of Greyfriars, saw lights out in the Remove dormitory that evening. Wingate noticed nothing suspicious about the Remove. They were all very quiet, and went to bed like lambs. That, indeed, was in itself a little suspicious, if Wingate had thought of it. The Greyfriars Remove were not usually lamb-like.

The Greyfriars captain turned out the lights, and retired from the dormitory, and his footsteps died away down the passage.

Then Harry Wharton sat up in bed.

"No sleep just yet, you fellows!" he said.

"No fear!" said Bob Cherry.

"What's on?" asked Dick Russell.

"Only a little excursion."

There was a chorus of inquiry at once. The whole Form had not yet been taken into the secret. Harry Wharton & Co. had laid their plans, but they had kept those plans dark. Chattering tongues would have spoiled everything. For certainly if the masters of Greyfriars, or the prefects, had had the slightest suspicion of what was intended, the Remove would have been well watched that night.

"What's on, Wharton?"

"Something up against the jammers?"

"Yes," said Harry, laughing.

"What is it? Out with it!"

"We're going to have that giddy fence down, and burn it."

"Oh!"

"And we're going to paint a new notice on the board, for the benefit of Mr. Hardinge and the rest of the jammers."

"To-night?" exclaimed Morgan.

"Yes, rather. We can't do it in the daytime, with the jammers on the watch. Coker and Temple have both made a

much of it, but the Remove know how to handle a job of this sort."

"Hear, hear!" chorused the Remove.

"I say, we shall have some trouble getting that fence down," said Micky Desmond. "Sure, and I've looked at it, and it's strong as houses."

"We've got all the things ready," said Harry Wharton coolly. "Choppers, and saws, and so on, hidden in the ivy, all ready to take with us."

"Faith, and ye're a jewel of a captain, Wharton darling."

"All of us going?" asked Bolsover.

"Yes, all who want to. I suppose Snoop won't want to, or Bunter." Loud snores from Snoop and Bunter, to show that they were asleep. "But all the rest had better come along. The more the merrier."

"The morefulness and the merryfulness will be terrific," grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Good egg!" said Hazeldene. "When do we start?"

"Half-past ten! The coast will be clear then."

"Hurrah!"

"Don't make a row, or Wingate will smell a rat."

And the Remove moderated their transports, so to speak, and were very quiet until half-past ten chimed out from the clock-tower.

"You fellows awake?"

Harry Wharton asked the question, as the chime of the clock died away in the silence of the night.

"Yes, rather."

Bunter and Snoop snored hard. But every other fellow in the Remove answered. Harry Wharton slipped out of bed, and the rest of the Form followed his example.

"No lights," said Wharton. "Dress in the dark. We don't want to risk getting a prefect on the scene."

"Right-ho!" said Bob Cherry.

It did not take the Removites long to dress. Then Harry Wharton quietly opened the dormitory door, and peered out into the passage.

It was quite dark. The lights were turned out in the upper passages after the juniors had gone to bed. From the staircase came a glimmer of light, but that was all.

"All serene!" whispered Wharton. "Come on!"

And the juniors stepped out silently into the passage.

Wharton led the way to one of the box-rooms at the back of the House, near the Remove passage, and the door was quietly closed when the juniors were all in the room. Then the Remove captain opened the window. The night was fine and clear, the stars glimmering upon the foliage of the old elms behind the School House. Below the box-room window was an outhouse, and the juniors dropped one by one upon the roof, and thence to the ground. The descent was easy, and in ten minutes the Remove were all upon the ground, keeping close in the shadows in case of observation from a lower window.

"All O.K. so far," murmured Fisher T. Fish. "I guess—"

"Shut up, Fishy!"

"I guess—"

"Silence, there!" said Harry Wharton. "Not a word till we're outside the walls. Come on, and keep in cover as much as you can."

"All right! I guess—"

There was a faint howl from Fisher T. Fish as Bob Cherry kicked him.

"Ow!"

"Shut up, you ass!" growled Bob Cherry. "This is a raid, not a guessing competition!"

"Come on," said Wharton again.

Skirting the School House, and keeping in the shadows, the juniors made their way into the Close, and to the school wall which bordered the high-road between Courtfield and Friardale.

The wall was scaled, and the Remove were soon in the road.

Most of the juniors were bubbling with excitement. Harry Wharton & Co. had taken the implements concealed in the ivy. They were all ready for the work to be done. Now that the enterprise was fully embarked upon, some of the fellows

began to think of the possible consequences; but there was no idea of turning back. Whatever happened afterwards, the Removites were fairly upon the warpath now, and they meant business, as the unpopular factory-owner was to discover.

"There'll be an awful row over this, you know," Lord Mauleverer murmured.

"Can't be helped," said Bob Cherry. "Forward!"

In a few minutes more the Removites were on the footpath under the trees.

The wood was very dark and silent, and full of shadows, and some of the boys looked rather uneasily into the dusky depths as they tramped on towards Courtfield End.

Most of them had never been out of the school at that hour of the night before. But there were some who had. Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, was perfectly cool.

"I suppose this reminds you of the time you went poaching, Bolsover," he remarked.

Bolsover major grunted.

"Oh, shut up, Smithy!" he said.

"There'll be as big a row over this, when it gets out, as there was over that poaching business," said Bulstrode. "But they can't expel the whole Remove, anyway, and I don't see how the Head can flog the whole crowd of us. I will only mean lines, after all."

"I don't see how they'll know it was us," said Russell. "We're not going to leave our cards for Hardinge, I suppose?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hardinge will guess the damage was done by Greyfriars fellows," said Wharton. "I rather expect that he will come over to the school about it."

"Begad!" said Lord Mauleverer.

"Mum's the word, though, if he does! We're not bound to give evidence against ourselves, and I don't think the Head will be very keen to go for us. Anyway, we've got to risk all that. We're going to open that right-of-way."

"What-ho!"

It was safe enough now to talk, and the Removites talked freely as they tramped on through the shadowy wood. They came out of the trees at last, upon the open path, where they were stopped by the fence. In the starlight the notice-board glimmered before their eyes, and they could read the warning words:

"Trespassers will be prosecuted!"

"We'll soon see about that," chuckled Bob Cherry. "I'll begin work on the notice-board, while you chaps are handling the fence. We'll leave the board standing, with a new notice on it for Mr. Hardinge's benefit."

"Good egg!"

The notice-board was mounted upon a post, out of reach, but that difficulty was easily overcome. Bob Cherry sat upon Bolsover's shoulders, with a can of paint and a brush, and daubed paint over the notice, soon painting the warning words out of sight. While he was busy with the brush, the other fellows lost no time in dealing with the fence. Hammers and choppers and saws were soon busily at work, and sounds of unaccustomed industry awoke the echoes of the woods and the silent fields.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Rats!

CRASH!

The top rail of the fence, upon which Temple, Dabney & Co. had expended their efforts in vain that day, came down heavily—in pieces. It had been sawn through in two places, and it came down in the grasp of the Removites. There was a wild yell from Fisher T. Fish.

"Yaroo!"

"You ass!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Do you want to wake up the whole giddy neighbourhood. What are you yapping for?"

"Yow-wow!"

"Shut up, you fathead!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Yow! My foot!"

"Blow your foot! What's the matter with your silly foot?"

NEXT TUESDAY:

"DOWN ON HIS LUCK!"

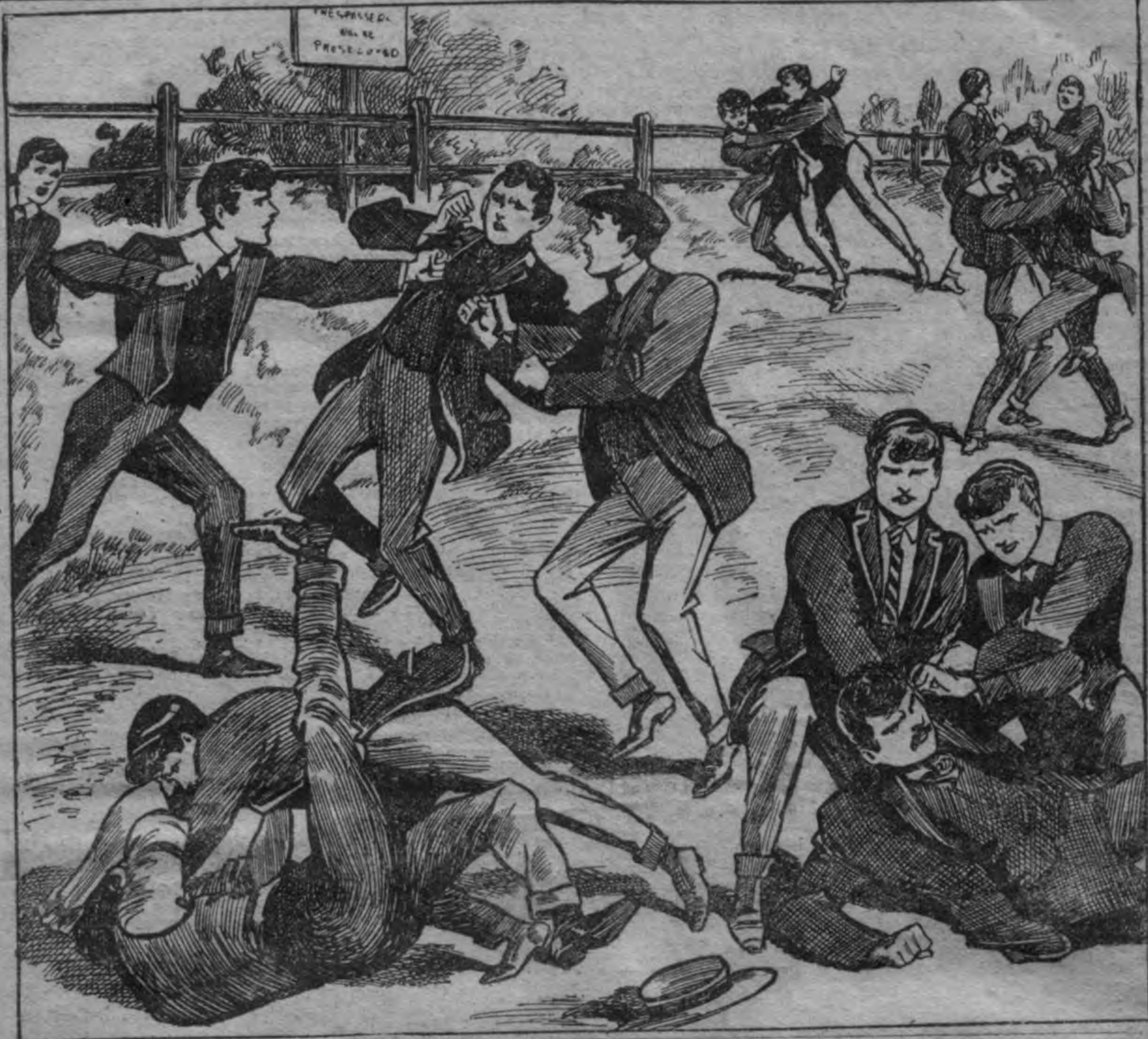
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In a moment a wild and whirling fight was raging along the fenced in right-of-way. The numbers of the combatants were about equal. "Down with 'em!" roared Temple. "Down with the factory cads!" (See Chapter 7.)

"Yowp! You've let that rotten rail drop on my rotten toe! Ow! Yaroooh!"

"Well, keep your silly toes out of the way," growled Bob Cherry. "You don't expect us all to stand round watching your toes, as if you were a giddy dancing-master, do you?"

"Yowp!"

"Biff him with that hammer, Franky!"

"Certainly!"

"It—it's all O K!" gasped Fisher T. Fish, backing away.

"I guess it's all right now."

"Dry up, then!"

The saws ground away at the wood. Post after post, and rail after rail, came down, and were added to the growing pile on the ground. The juniors worked away till they ran with perspiration. Lord Mauleverer, who was popularly supposed to have barely energy enough to tie his necktie, worked as hard as anybody, sawing away chiefly where sawing was not needed, and hammering blindly at anything and everything within his reach. But, as Frank Nugent remarked, his spirit was willing though his head was weak. The fence had been built with great strength, and with plenty of timber, but under the onslaught of the Greyfriars juniors it was reduced slowly but surely to a pile of ruins.

"How are you getting on with the notice-board, Bob?" asked Harry Wharton, pausing to take breath after a while.

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"Ripping!" said Bob cheerfully. "I've got it all painted out now. I shall have to give this paint a bit of time to dry before I start putting our message on."

"Good! Lend a hand here, then."

"You're jolly well making my shoulders ache," growled Bolsover.

"Just a minute, and I'm finished," said Bob.

Bob Cherry was not a light weight, and he had been mounted upon the burly Removite's shoulders for a considerable time while he painted out the lettering on the board. He had slopped the paint on with great liberality. There would be no time to give it two coats, so Bob put it on pretty thick. Half the paint in the can was gone now—some of it up Bob Cherry's sleeve as he painted. But the hero of the Remove did not mind a little thing like that. Bolsover gave a deep growl as he felt a cold and clammy "plop" on his hair.

"Groo! You ass! You're spilling that paint on my head!" he growled.

"Never mind—I've got a lot left," said Bob Cherry innocently. "There'll be plenty."

"You fathead!" roared Bolsover.

"Steady! If you jolt me you'll spoil the artistic finish."

"Oh, buck up, you silly ass, and get done!"

"Half a tick, now!"

"All hands!" called out Harry Wharton. One of the supports of the fence, a strong post planted firmly in the ground, had been sawn nearly through, and the juniors laid hands upon it to drag it over, and lower it to the ground.

They dragged heavily upon the sawn post, and there was a snap, and it came rolling over, and the crowd of juniors staggered round it. The post crashed upon the ground with great suddenness, and rolled over, and bumped against Bolsover's legs as he stood close by the notice-board. The bump on his calves from behind made the burly Remove stagger, and there was a roar from Bob Cherry.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Look out!"

But the weight of Bob Cherry on his shoulders was too much for Bolsover. He made a tremendous effort to recover his balance—but in vain.

Bump!

Bolsover went down, and Bob Cherry went down on top of him, and the can of paint went down on top of them both.

Swash!

Out came the remainder of the paint. Bob Cherry received a wash of it across his face, and gave a spluttering yell. Then the can, upside down, fell upon Bolsover's head, and fairly crowned him.

There was a wild gasp from Bolsover as the paint streamed out over his hair and face. It was white paint, and it turned Bolsover into a spectre in a second.

"Grrrrrrroooooohhh!"

"My hat!" gasped Harry Wharton. "You've wasted all the paint now."

"Grooooooop!"

"Yowp!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wharton helped Bob Cherry up. Bob dabbed at his face with his handkerchief, speedily reducing the handkerchief to a sticky rag. Bolsover sat in the grass, gasping and spluttering. The can had rolled off his head, but the paint hadn't. It was rolling stickily down his face, and into his nose and ears and mouth, and sticking like glue in his hair.

"Gerrroooh!" spluttered Bolsover. "Ow! I'm suffocating! Yah! Oh! Help!"

"My word!" murmured Nugent. "He looks like the giddy ghost of Greyfriars! You clumsy duffer, Bolsover, what did you fall over for?"

"You idiot!" shrieked Bolsover. "Do you think I did this on purpose?"

He gouged frantically at the paint on his face. His clothes were smothered with it. The smell of the paint was almost audible. There was a duet of gasps and groans and sniffs from Bob Cherry and Bolsover as they scraped the paint off. But they could not get it all off. It would require a great deal of scrubbing in hot water to get the paint out of Bolsover's hair.

"Don't make such a giddy row," said Ogilvy. "We don't want to get the night watchman at the factory over here, you know."

"Go and eat coke!" yelled Bolsover. "Blow the night watchman! Blow the factory! Blow everybody! Blow everything! Yow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at, you silly ass?"

"Well, you look funny, you know," said Ogilvy.

Bolsover snorted.

"I'll jolly soon make you look funny, too!" he roared.

And he made a rush at Ogilvy. The Scottish junior promptly dodged. He did not want any of that smelly paint.

"Stop that!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "There's no time for rowing now. We've got to get this job finished."

"Yep!" remarked Fisher T. Fish. "I'll finish painting the board, if you like, Cherry. I guess it would be a good idea to put on it 'Jevver get left?'"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Crash! Crash!

The fence was all down at last. The right-of-way was open once more; nothing but the notice-board on the post remained to mark where it had been. The juniors dragged the ruins of the fence-timbers into the middle of the path, and piled them up for a bonfire. Johnny Bull had brought a can of paraffin, and he soused it liberally over the broken timbers—and over the legs of several of the juniors who were too near at hand.

"Anybody got a match?" asked Bull.

"Hold on!" said Wharton. "Don't light up till the notice-board's finished. The fire will attract a lot of attention."

"I guess it will!" chuckled Fisher T. Fish.

"When are you going to get that board finished, Bob?"

Bob Cherry grunted.

"When I've got this paint off my chivvy," he said.

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THE FIRST CHAPTERS:

TWICE ROUND THE GLOBE! BY SIDNEY DREW. NEXT TUESDAY!

"Ha, ha, ha! You won't get all that paint off for a week! I'll do it while you're getting on with the scraping."

Black paint had been brought for the purpose. Wharton opened the tin, and dabbed a brush into it. Then he looked round for Bolsover.

"Ready, Bolsover?"

"Eh! What do you mean?" growled the bully of the Remove.

"I shall have to get on your shoulders to reach the board, you know."

"You jolly well won't get on my shoulders," said Bolsover emphatically. "I've had enough of silly asses sitting on my shoulders with silly pots of paint!"

"Well, somebody will have to give me a lift, and as you're pretty well smothered already, a little more paint won't hurt you," said Harry.

But Bolsover did not seem to see it in that light. Johnny Bull volunteered to give Harry Wharton the required "bunk," though with some misgivings.

Wharton mounted upon his shoulders and started. The white paint which Bob Cherry had daubed so liberally upon the board was by no means dry yet. The black letters which Wharton painted upon it ran as he laid the paint on, and the edges of them were very ragged and streaky. But, as Wharton cheerfully remarked, it was not intended as a work of art. So long as it could be read, that was enough. And certainly the word he painted could be read. As only one word was required, there was plenty of room for it, and Harry painted it in letters a foot high.

"RATS!"

That was all, but it was enough. It was considered by the Removes a full and sufficient reply to Mr. Hardinge.

"There! That's done!" said Harry Wharton, as he descended to terra firma again. "Now for the giddy bonfire!"

All was ready for the bonfire. A match was applied to the heap of timbers, drenched with paraffin, and there was a blaze immediately. The juniors backed away from the pyre as the tongues of ruddy flame shot upwards.

"My hat, it's going!"

"Hurrah!"

There was the sound of a shout from the distant factory. The rising flame had evidently been seen by the night watchman.

"Buzz off!" said Wharton tersely.

"Hurrah!"

And the juniors, leaving the offending timbers in a blaze behind them, marched off victoriously towards Greyfriars. Bob Cherry and Bolsover were still scraping off paint as they went. Even when they had reached the school, as they looked back they could see the reflection of the fire in the sky.

They entered the school very cautiously. The Remove dormitory was reached without an alarm. The juniors tumbled into bed, tired but triumphant.

"My hat!" said Bob Cherry, as he pulled the bedclothes over him. "There will be a row about this!"

"Who cares?" said Nugent.

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"Nobody! Good-night!"

And the Removes went to sleep, and slept the sleep of the just.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

The Wrath to Come.

THE next morning, when the rising-bell clanged out on the sunny air, the Remove turned out of bed with somewhat uneasy feelings. Overnight there had not been a doubt about the excellence of the plan that had been carried out so thoroughly. But with the morning—as is not uncommonly the case—there came doubts. The juniors had acted upon impulse, and in the cool light of day the expedition of the night did not seem exactly as it had seemed at the time. But there was no failing of courage. The juniors felt that they had deserved well of the school, and they were prepared to face the music, however serious the "music" might be.

When they came down to breakfast they were very much on their guard. But there was no alarm so far. Masters and prefects were in blissful ignorance of the Remove expedition of the night.

After breakfast, however, and before morning school, the blow fell.

There was a toot-toot of a motor-car in the road, and the big Daimler belonging to Mr. Hardinge, of Courtfield End, swung into the old gateway of Greyfriars. Harry Wharton & Co. were outside the School House, and they exchanged glances as they saw the car. They knew it by sight; it was well known in the neighbourhood. The manufacturer had evidently guessed who were the authors of the

destruction of his property. The car came right on to the School House, and jarred to a stop. In the car Mr. Hardinge could be seen, and his face was red with anger under his shining silk hat, and his jaw was hard set and looked more like a vice than ever.

He alighted from the car, amid the stares of the Greyfriars fellows. Not a cap was raised to him.

The manufacturer paused on the steps, and looked at the crowd of boys.

"Some of you young rascals destroyed my property last night!" he said, between his teeth.

Wingate, of the Sixth, looked out of the school doorway.

"What's that?" he exclaimed.

Mr. Hardinge glared at him.

"You know very well what it is," he exclaimed. "You know why I have come here this morning."

Wingate stared at him in surprise.

"I haven't the faintest idea," he said. "What do you want?"

"I want to know who burnt my fence last night!" shouted Mr. Hardinge.

Wingate almost jumped.

"Your fence! Burnt it!"

"Yes!"

"Has it been burnt?" said the Greyfriars captain, in amazement.

"You know it has!"

Wingate frowned.

"I didn't know it until you told me," he said angrily; "and if it has been burnt, it was not by Greyfriars fellows. Nothing of the kind would be allowed. There are a lot of people in Courtfield and Friardale who don't like the old path being closed to the public. And I can't say I'm sorry it's been burnt—if it has. It was rotten to put the fence there at all!"

Mr. Hardinge seemed on the point of exploding.

"I—I didn't come here to talk to a boy!" he stuttered; "I came here to see the Head. The perpetrators of this outrage will be flogged, sir—flogged in my presence, or else I shall have them prosecuted according to the law!"

And, with a snort of rage, the manufacturer passed into the house. There was a yell of derision from some of the fellows.

"Yah!"

"Go and make jam!"

"What price whole fruit pickles?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Dr. Locke was in his study when the jam manufacturer was shown in—or, rather, when he rushed in. Mr. Hardinge came in something like a whirlwind.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the Head. "Good-morning, Mr. Hardinge! I—"

"You were not expecting me?" shouted the manufacturer.

"No, certainly not! But—"

"You expect me to have my property destroyed and insulting words painted on my notice-board, and to take it lying down, sir?" bellowed Mr. Hardinge.

"Bless my soul! What has happened?"

"Last night, sir, some gang of hooligans destroyed the fence I have had erected upon my property at Courtfield End."

"Oh!"

"An insulting message was painted upon the notice board."

"W-w-what message?"

"'Rats!', sir!"

Dr. Locke jumped.

"Really, Mr. Hardinge—"

"'Rats!'" roared the manufacturer—"rats!"

"Sir," exclaimed Dr. Locke, very much offended, "I am surprised at you! I may say that I am astounded! I should never have dreamed that a gentleman of your years would use an expression of disrespect so boyish, so slangy—"

Mr. Hardinge stuttered with rage.

"That was the message painted on the notice-board," he roared. "The word, 'Rats!'"

Dr. Locke comprehended.

"Oh, I see! I misapprehended your meaning for a moment. The word 'Rats!' was painted upon the notice-board?"

"Yes, sir. And my fence was hacked down, sir, and burnt! The timbers have been destroyed, and the fragments, sir, are now piled in the path!" spluttered Mr. Hardinge.

"Good heavens!"

"This outrage was perpetrated by Greyfriars boys."

"How do you know that?"

"I am sure of it."

"Ahem! That is hardly evidence."

"My night watchman, sir, observed the fire at twelve o'clock last night, and—"

"Then it is impossible for the fire to have been the work of Greyfriars boys," said the Head decidedly. "At twelve o'clock at night the whole school is in bed and asleep."

"My watchman, sir, approached the fire and distinctly

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saw the boys making off. He is certain that they were Greyfriars boys—junior boys."

"Dear me!"

"I demand an investigation and the exemplary punishment of all the culprits, sir!" said Mr. Hardinge, with a wave of his fat hand. "I demand that they shall be flogged in my presence, sir! You understand? Otherwise—"

Dr. Locke rose to his feet with a great deal of dignity.

"Mr. Hardinge, this violence of language does not become you or me," he exclaimed. "If you cannot calm yourself, I must beg you to close this interview."

"What, sir—what!" roared Mr. Hardinge.

"You must not raise your voice in my study, sir. You can be heard all over the school!" the Head exclaimed indignantly. "This is disgraceful, sir. If you cannot speak more calmly, I shall ring for you to be shown out."

For some moments Mr. Hardinge appeared on the verge of an attack of apoplexy. The Head waved his hand soothingly.

"Pray calm yourself, my dear sir!" he said mildly. "You must see that this news is very astonishing to me. There will, of course, be the most searching inquiry into the charge you bring against my boys; and if they are proved guilty of this extraordinary outrage, surely I need not assure you that they will be severely punished."

Mr. Hardinge calmed himself with an effort.

"I came over here, Dr. Locke, to save you trouble," he exclaimed. "My first impulse was to place the matter in the hands of the police. I am willing to leave you to deal with it. Considering the insult and the injury I have received, I regard that as a generous concession on my part—a very generous concession, sir."

"Very well, Mr. Hardinge, I accept your offer in the—the spirit in which it is made," said the Head gently. "Now, please let me know exactly what has happened."

Mr. Hardinge's wrongs came out in a torrent. A frown gathered upon the Head's brow as he listened.

"This is very, very serious!" he said, when the jam manufacturer paused for breath. "I hope it will prove that none of my boys had anything to do with this outrage. But certainly I shall investigate the matter very strictly."

"There is no doubt in my mind, sir," said Mr. Hardinge. "This is not the first, nor the second time that your boys have come upon my land to defy me. My object in placing the fence there in the first place was to prevent collisions between boys from this school and my employees. Boys employed by me have been molested by Greyfriars boys, and attacked on their way home to dinner."

"I am sorry to hear it."

The Head's mildness had a pacifying effect upon Mr. Hardinge. The jam manufacturer had evidently expected to find himself in a hostile camp at Greyfriars, and he was surprised to find that the Head had no idea but to mete out strict justice. Mr. Hardinge's manner softened very much.

"I wish the offenders to be punished," he said. "This kind of thing cannot be allowed to go on. You will admit that yourself."

"Most certainly!" said the Head.

"In that case, sir, I am content to leave the matter in your hands. Indeed," said the jam manufacturer, relaxing still more, "since you meet me in such a fair manner, Dr. Locke, I am willing to consider the question of the right-of-way. I do not wish to be considered a hard man. If there could be any guarantee that the use of the path would not lead to conflict, I might reconsider my decision. But in the first place, this matter must be settled."

"I quite agree with you there, Mr. Hardinge. I shall inquire into the matter before lessons commence to-day—not a minute shall be lost."

"Then I can only thank you, sir, and say I am sorry for the anger I have shown," said Mr. Hardinge. And he held out his hand. Dr. Locke shook hands with the jam manufacturer, and bowed him out of the study.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Mr. Hardinge Plays the Game.

THE Remove were in their Form-room, ready for first lesson, when the Head entered with Mr. Quelch. The doctor's face was unusually stern and severe. Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged dismal glances.

"It's coming!" murmured Bob Cherry. "Look out for squalls!"

"The squallfulness will be terrific!" whispered Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Dr. Locke stood before the class.

"Boys," he said, "I have some questions to put to you. I am questioning the whole of the school, and I have already seen the Sixth, the Fifth, and the Shell, and the Upper Fourth."

They know nothing of what happened last night on Mr. Hardinge's land. Now, I have to ask you."

The Remove were very silent.

"Last night," said the Head impressively, "the fence upon the path across Mr. Hardinge's land was broken down and burnt."

Some of the Removites grinned faintly. They knew that without the Head telling them so.

But every face became very grave again as the Head's glance swept over the class.

"I wish to know," said Dr. Locke slowly and impressively, "whether it is the boys of this Form who were guilty of this action."

Silence!

"I need not say that the investigation will be very strict, and that the perpetrators will be discovered," said the Head.

"To save trouble, I call upon any boys who were concerned in the matter to own up!"

Dead silence!

The silence was suddenly broken by a piping voice from William George Bunter.

"Please, sir, it wasn't me."

"I am not asking who it was not, but who it was," said the Head.

The juniors did not speak.

"Have you nothing to say?" asked the Head.

Apparently the juniors had nothing to say. At all events, they did not say anything.

"Very well," said Dr. Locke. "Wharton!"

"Yes, sir."

"You are head boy in this Form. I ask you directly whether you know anything about this matter?"

Wharton hesitated.

"Am I bound to answer, sir?"

"Certainly! I command you to do so."

"Very well, sir. I do know something about it."

"I am glad you are so frank, Wharton. What do you know about it?"

"Everything, sir."

"You were concerned in it."

"Yes, sir."

"Indeed! Who was the leader?"

"I was, sir!"

The Head coughed. He had asked for a frank reply, but Wharton's extreme frankness seemed to surprise him a little.

"Ahem! So I may take it that you are to blame for this deplorable occurrence, Wharton?"

"I didn't think we were to blame, sir. We thought Mr. Hardinge was to blame for putting up a fence across a right-of-way that has been used ever since we've been here—long before Mr. Hardinge came into the district."

"Hear, hear!" murmured the Remove.

"Silence!" said the Head. "Wharton, you are perfectly well aware that Courtfield End was placed out of bounds for the special reason of avoiding any trouble of this kind."

"Well, yes, sir. I hope you don't think we meant any disrespect to you, sir, in what we did," said Wharton earnestly. "But—but we felt we were bound to stand up for Greyfriars against that outsider, sir."

"Ahem! Mr. Hardinge has stated to me that his reason in closing the path was chiefly to avoid trouble between his employees and the boys of this school. He states that his employees have been interfered with."

Some glances were cast towards Bolsover, who scowled.

"You have done very serious wrong," went on the Head. "Mr. Hardinge could have placed this matter in the hands of the police if he had chosen. He has kindly consented to leave it in my hands. This is a concession on his part. You do not, perhaps, realise how serious your action was. You have broken the law!"

The Remove were silent.

"As you have confessed, Wharton, I shall deal with you. As you were the ringleader—"

"We were all in it, sir," said Bulstrode. "We all backed Wharton up."

"Ahem—"

"All of us, sir," said Bob Cherry—"all excepting Snoop and Bunter."

"Begad, yaas!" said Lord Mauleverer.

"If Wharton's going to be punished, we all want the same, sir," said Johnny Bull. "We were all as much to blame as he was. If he hadn't led us, we should have gone without him."

"Yes, rather, sir!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific!"

"Then I am to understand," said the Head, "that this was wholly the work of the Remove?"

"Yes, sir," said Wharton.

"No other Forms were concerned in it?"

"None, sir. They're not up to it—ahem! I—I mean, it was only the Remove, sir."

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THE FIRST CHAPTERS:

TWICE ROUND THE GLOBE! BY SIDNEY DREW.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"Very well. You may go on with your lessons now, and I shall consider what is to be done," said the Head gravely. "I shall consult Mr. Hardinge, and your punishment will depend very much upon the view he takes of the matter."

And Dr. Locke quitted the Form-room.

Morning lessons commenced, but the Removites wore worried looks, and Mr. Quelch had to call the juniors to order very often that morning.

The Remove had cause to be worried.

They were beginning to realise that their campaign against the jam manufacturer was a little more serious than they had thought at first. And if their punishment was to depend upon Mr. Hardinge, they had no doubt that it would be a very severe one.

When the Form was dismissed, the juniors crowded out into the Close, discussing the matter.

"We're booked for a high old time, I think," said Bob Cherry lugubriously. "Old Jam and Pickles will make us sit up as much as he can."

"He may ask for some of us to be expelled," said Russell.

"The ringleader, anyway," said Bolsover, with a malicious glance at Harry Wharton. "What would the Remove do for a captain, I wonder, if Wharton gets sacked?"

"Shut up, you cad!" growled Bob Cherry.

"We shall all have to stand by Wharton," said Penfold. "If we stick together, it can't be as bad as expulsion. They can't expel a whole Form."

"No fear; it won't come to that," said Johnny Bull. "It may mean flogging. If it does, we shall have to grin and bear it."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry suddenly, pointing in the direction of the school gates. "Look there!"

Jack Blunt, of Courtfield End factory, had just entered at the gate, and was coming towards the group of juniors.

There were angry exclamations from the Removites.

In their present trouble, it seemed like insult added to injury for the factory lad to walk into Greyfriars so unconcernedly.

"The cheeky cad!" exclaimed Bolsover.

"Let's bump him!" said Ogilvy.

"Good egg!"

And with a rush the Removites surrounded the factory fellow.

Jack Blunt held up his hand.

"Hold on!" he exclaimed. "I've got a message for you chaps!"

"Rats!" growled Bolsover. "Bump him!"

"Hands off! I say—"

"Go for the cad!" roared the bully of the Remove.

Wharton pushed Bolsover back angrily.

"Shut up!" he said. "Let's hear what the chap has to say. Go ahead, Blunt!"

"Right-ho! I've brought you fellows a challenge," said Jack Blunt.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER. A Sporting Offer.

"A CHALLENGE!"

"Yes."

"Go ahead!" said Wharton tersely.

"In the first place," said Jack quietly. "I want to tell you that you've got a wrong opinion of our employer. Mr. Hardinge is a good sort, and a sportsman!"

Bolsover burst into a sneering laugh.

"Jam and Pickles!" he said. "He is a rank outsider, and you know it!"

Jack's eyes flashed.

"I'm not listening to anything against Mr. Hardinge," he said. "If that chap can't be civil, I'll get out without giving you my message!"

There was a shout from the Removites. They were all curious to hear what Jack Blunt had come to say.

"Shut up, Bolsover!"

The Remove bully growled. But he was in the minority, and he "shut up" as requested.

"Go ahead, Blunt!" said Bob Cherry.

"Mr. Hardinge backs up our cricket club at the factory," said Jack Blunt. "We play cricket, and we think we play it rather well."

"Blessed are those that blow their own trumpets!" murmured Vernon-Smith.

And there was a laugh. Jack Blunt laughed, too.

"I'm not gassing!" he remarked. "What I mean is, we play cricket—we've got a good team. You chaps play cricket, too."

"I guess so!" said Fisher T. Fish. "Just a few!"

"What do you say to a match?"

"What!"

"Hey?"

"We're willing to meet you in a game of cricket, if you are," said Jack Blunt coolly.

Bolsover snorted.

"Play a factory team! No, thanks!"

"It's not your business, perhaps?" suggested Jack Blunt mildly. "I understand that you are not cricket captain!"

"Quite so!" said Harry Wharton. "I'm captain of the Remove, and I don't see why we shouldn't play you."

"Look here, Wharton," roared Bolsover, "you can't disgrace Greyfriars by playing a set of factory cads!"

"No; I can't disgrace Greyfriars—I leave that to you!" said Harry cheerfully. "You can do it easily enough—you've done it often!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And if you have objections to playing Blunt, I don't see that it matters, as you would not be in the Remove team, anyway; you're not good enough!"

Bolsover jammed his hands deep into his pockets, and strode away, glowering, followed by a chuckle from the juniors.

"I haven't finished yet," said Jack Blunt. "You fellows have got your backs up against Mr. Hardinge for closing up the old Courtfield path."

"Yes, rather!"

"Well, it was your own fault. You all saw how that chap—Bolsover I think you call him—jumped on me the other day—for nothing. You can't say that I gave him any offence. The same thing had happened before, and several of our fellows were roughly handled. That was why the path was closed."

"Ahem!"

"And Mr. Hardinge is willing to play the game, though you don't give him credit for it," said Jack. "He takes a great interest in our cricket team, and he wants to fix up matches for us. He knew we wanted to play Greyfriars, but, to put it plainly, he thought that you would look down on a factory team."

"So we do!" said Snoop.

The next moment they were looking down on Snoop. Bob Cherry had given him a terrific shove that sent him rolling on the ground.

"That's enough for you!" said Bob wrathfully. "If we hear any more of that, Snoop, I'll wipe my boots on you! Seat!"

They did not hear any more of it from Snoop.

"Mr. Hardinge called me into his office, after work this morning," Jack Blunt went on, "and he gave me authority to make the offer I'm going to make you chaps—a really good sporting offer!"

"Go ahead!"

"If you choose to meet us in a cricket match, Mr. Hardinge is willing to let us play for the right-of-way. If you beat us, the path is opened again, and if we beat you, it remains closed, and nothing more is to be done to annoy him about it by you fellows."

"My hat!"

The Removites were astonished, and they looked it. It was a sporting offer, there was no doubt about that—and they had certainly not expected anything of the sort from the obnoxious manufacturer of jam and pickles.

It occurred to the juniors that they had been, perhaps, a little hot-headed, and that they had misjudged the jam manufacturer.

Their prejudice had been strong, and they had listened to the whispers of prejudice instead of following calmer judgment.

"Well, that's jolly decent, I must say!" said Bob Cherry.

"Jolly decent, and no mistake!" said Nugent.

"The decentfulness is terrific!"

"You're quite sure Mr. Hardinge said that exactly, and it's real business?" asked Harry Wharton thoughtfully.

"Quite sure!"

"We play a cricket match, and if we beat your team, we have our way about the path, and if you beat us, we make it pax, and let the path alone?"

"Exactly!"

"Well, that's square as a die!" said Fisher T. Fish.

"Hear, hear!"

"Blessed if I expected anything of the sort from Hardinge," said Harry Wharton frankly. "He came over here in a towering rage this morning."

Jack Blunt grinned.

"Well, what you did was enough to make him ratty, wasn't it?" he remarked.

"I suppose it was, come to think of it!" admitted Wharton.

"He doesn't look like a sportsman," said Nugent.

"Perhaps he doesn't, but he is, all the same. You can't judge cigars by the picture on the box, you know."

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NEXT
TUESDAY:

"DOWN ON HIS LUCK!"

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ONE
PENNY.

"Ha, ha! I suppose not."

"But we're under fearful threats of punishment just now," said Wharton. "Mr. Hardinge is to tell the Head how much medicine we're to have."

"I think that will blow off," said Jack Blunt. "What Mr. Hardinge wants is to have no more trouble here. He believes that if you fellows make a compact you will keep it. If there's going to be no more trouble, he's willing to overlook what happened last night, and to ask your headmaster to say no more about it."

"Well, I must say that's decent!" said Bulstrode. "Look here, you chaps, we've been rather thick on Hardinge. It was that blessed smoke from his blessed factory that started it! We didn't like him building a factory here, and that's the long and the short of it."

"You should have bought up the county, you know," suggested Jack Blunt. "That was rather an oversight!"

"Well, look here, you fellows, we accept this offer," said Wharton. "We thought that Mr. Hardinge was looking for trouble, and we were ready to give him as much as he wanted. We'll play you on Saturday afternoon, if you're free for that date."

"I was going to suggest it."

"Good egg! Then it's settled!"

And Wharton shook hands cordially with Jack Blunt ere he went.

The Remove discussed the matter with great interest and keenness, and there was no doubt that the whole Form was pleased by this solution of the difficulty. They had not the slightest doubt that they would beat the factory team at a cricket match, and, whether they won or lost, there was no doubt that Mr. Hardinge's offer was really good and sporting, and that they were bound to stand by it.

When the Remove went in to afternoon lessons the Head came in. There was an expression of relief upon Dr. Locke's face, and the Removites guessed at once that he had received a message from the manufacturer of jam and pickles.

"My boys," said the Head, "I have some very welcome news for you. I have received a note from Mr. Hardinge, and he tells me that an amicable arrangement has been reached, and that he wishes nothing more to be said about the destruction of his property last night. He has asked me, as a special favour, to leave the whole matter in oblivion, and to drop entirely the question of

punishment. I am going to accede to this very generous request, and I trust you will remember how much you are indebted to Mr. Hardinge."

"Thank you, sir!" said Wharton, speaking for the Form. "It is very kind of him, sir, and I shall apologise to him when I see him."

The Head looked pleased.

"I am glad to hear you say that, Wharton, and I hope that your example will be followed by the other boys concerned in this unfortunate matter," he said.

And the Remove were left to their lessons, and to discuss, in whispers, the coming match with the factory cricketers.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Match for the Right-of-Way!

HARRY WHARTON was even more careful than usual in selecting the team which was to represent the Greyfriars Remove in the match with the factory club.

Much more than usual depended upon that match.

If the Remove won it, they had won the right-of-way at Courtfield End, and all Greyfriars would have won with them. If they lost it, the way would remain closed, and they had undertaken to give Mr. Hardinge no more trouble in the matter. And that compact was binding upon the rest of Greyfriars.

The Remove had, therefore, the unique experience of playing for the whole school. They felt how important they had become, all of a sudden. Wingate helped them with their practice, and advised Wharton in his selections for the team; and when the Remove eleven played in practice on Friday, Wingate pronounced that they were as good as they could be.

The Remove thought so, too.

They had no doubt that they would beat Jack Blunt and his team. But they did not mean to leave anything to chance.

Every fellow in the eleven was determined to do his best, and to play his hardest for the Remove and for Greyfriars.

Saturday dawned a bright and sunny morning. During morning lessons, the Remove were in a state of appressed excitement, somewhat to the detriment of their work. But Mr. Quelch was very lenient. As a matter of fact, the Remove-master was very keen about the match himself, and he meant to watch it from beginning to end.

"We're bound to lick them!" Bob Cherry said, as the Remove came out after morning lessons. "They won't have a look-in. But we're not going to take it easy, all the same."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"But I say, you fellows," persisted the fat junior, "I want the Remove to win, you know. It would be a disgrace to be beaten by a factory team, and I think myself that everything ought to be done that's possible."

"Well, what have we left undone?" asked Wharton. "If you've got any suggestion to make, you can go ahead, only don't be long-winded."

"Oh, really, Wharton! I have a suggestion to make," said Billy Bunter, with dignity, "and it's this—at a time like this, all little personal jealousies ought to be put aside, and we ought all to pull together for the general good."

"My hat! That's rather a new record for you," said Bob Cherry. "I fancied that is what we were doing, though."

"Well, I don't think so," said Bunter emphatically. "I don't want to interfere. But when I see a first-class player being left out of the team on account of personal feeling, I think it's time to speak up."

Harry Wharton frowned.

"Do you mean to say that I'm leaving out a good player from personal feelings?" he demanded.

Billy Bunter backed away a little.

"Yes, I do," he said.

"Do you mean Bolsover? He's no good."

"I wasn't thinking of Bolsover," said Bunter loftily.

"Who is it, then?"

"You know jolly well whom I mean, Wharton."

"Blessed if I do!" said Wharton, with a puzzled look.

"Don't beat about the bush. What chap are you thinking of?"

"Myself!"

"Eh?"

"You know jolly well that I ought to play!"

The Removites burst into a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't see anything to cackle at," growled Bunter. "I don't want to interfere. But when it's a question of personal jealousies preventing the Remove from putting the best possible team into the field—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, you fellows—"

The Removites walked away, and left Bunter still talking. Billy Bunter's idea that he could play cricket was, as Bob Cherry remarked, pathetic, only it was so funny.

The afternoon was glorious, clear and calm and sunny. It was an ideal day for cricket, and the Removites looked forward to the match with great keenness. As there would not be time for a two-innings match, it had been arranged that the rival teams should play single innings, the stumps to be pitched at two o'clock. After dinner the Remove prepared for the match, and waited for the arrival of the factory team.

They had expected the factory eleven to walk over from Courtfield End, as their funds were not likely to run to a brake. But they did not walk over. The loud hooting of a motor-horn announced that they had come. A big car belonging to Mr. Hardinge brought them over.

Harry Wharton shook hands warmly with Jack Blunt.

"You're in good time," he said. "It's a ripping day for the match."

"Mr. Hardinge is coming to see the game," said Jack.

"I suppose we can depend on your chaps to be civil to him."

Wharton coloured a little.

"Of course!" he exclaimed. "If any chap was to be caddish, we'd bump him black and pink. When will he be here?"

"Before the match starts."

"Good! Come on, and I'll show you your dressing-room."

Ten minutes later the jam manufacturer arrived in his car. By that time very nearly all Greyfriars was on the cricket-ground.

Under the peculiar circumstances, the other Forms took almost as much interest in the match as the Removites themselves, and they were all crowding round the ground.

Mr. Hardinge was greeted with a cheer as he descended from his car.

The manufacturer looked a little surprised and very pleased as he raised his silk hat in acknowledgment.

The Remove team were outside the pavilion, and as the

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jam manufacturer came up, Harry Wharton made his comrades a sign, and they made a movement towards Mr. Hardinge. Wharton raised his cricket cap, and the other fellows followed his example.

"We've been wanting to speak to you, sir," said Harry Wharton impulsively. "We want to say that we're sorry."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Hardinge.

"Yes, sir. What we did the other night was rather thick, and we feel that, now that we've thought it over," said Wharton. "It was very kind of you to act in the way you did, and we feel that you've treated us very well. We were a bit hasty, and we're sorry."

Mr. Hardinge smiled, and, as Nugent remarked afterwards, his jaw did not look like a steel vice at all for the moment.

"Good—good!" the manufacturer exclaimed. "It is all right, my lads. I am glad that you have thought it over, and come to the conclusion that there may possibly be two sides to a question. The matter is entirely over and done with so far as I am concerned."

"Thank you, sir!" Wharton looked round. "Three cheers for Mr. Hardinge!"

And the cheers were given with a will.

Mr. Hardinge joined Dr. Locke, who had come out to watch the match. Harry Wharton and Jack Blunt tossed for choice of innings. The luck fell to the factory captain, and Jack elected to bat first.

Harry Wharton placed his men to field.

The Remove players looked very fit as they came on. They were all looking very keen, but it could be discerned in their manner that they regarded the result of the match as a foregone conclusion.

Jack Blunt observed that, and he grinned.

"Those chaps think it is all over bar shouting," he remarked to Sam Wayward.

And Sam chuckled.

"They do!" he remarked. "I fancy there is a big surprise in store for them."

"What-ho!" said Jack emphatically.

"Here they come!" sang out Snoop, as the two first factory batsmen came out of the pavilion. "Jam and Pickles!"

Some of the fellows laughed. Wingate came over to where Snoop was standing, and the cad of the Remove looked a little alarmed as the big captain of Greyfriars bore down upon him.

"I think you had better hold your tongue, Snoop," said Wingate quietly. "If there is any sneering or chipping at the fellows who have come over here to play on Greyfriars ground, you will hear from me. There's such a thing as hospitality, you know, and being decent to visitors."

And Snoop subsided into humble silence.

Harry Wharton tossed the ball to Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, who was generally considered the best bowler in the Remove. The Indian junior went on to bowl against Jack Blunt, who was opening the innings for his side.

There was a shout of encouragement from the Greyfriars crowd.

"Go it, Inky!"

"Hat trick, you know!"

The Nabob of Bhanipur grinned.

"The hat-trickfulness will be terrific, if my worthy self can bring it aboutfully," he remarked.

And he gave Jack Blunt one of his best.

The crowd looked on, expecting to see the factory wicket go to pieces at the first ball of the first over.

But it didn't!

Jack Blunt's bat swung, and there was a click, and the next thing the crowd knew was that the batsmen were running, and running again—and again—and yet again!

The ball came in from the long field, but by the time it arrived four runs had been made good. The batsmen had seemed to cover the ground like lightning.

The Greyfriars crowd stared.

To open the innings with a four was a little surprising to them, but it did not seem to surprise the factory fellows who were looking on. They grinned.

"My hat!" Harry Wharton muttered to Nugent. "They're hot stuff, those chaps! I never expected them to play like that."

"I don't think any of us did," grinned Nugent. "We shall have all our work cut out to beat them, I'm thinking."

"But we'll do it!"

"Play up, Remove!" roared Coker of the Fifth. "Don't go to sleep!"

The Remove certainly showed no signs of going to sleep, but they soon realised that they had to deal with a difficult team.

They had expected the factory fellows to prove a very scratch lot so far as cricket was concerned, and they were finding out their mistake.

Jack Blunt & Co. were quite up to their work.

The bowling and the fielding were both very good, but the batting was better—that was the long and the short of it.

The runs piled up.

When the first wicket went down for the visitors the score was at thirty-five, and some of the Greyfriars fellows had not expected the factory team to score more than that for the whole of the first innings.

"My Aunt Sempronia!" ejaculated Temple of the Fourth. "Those factory bounders seem to know as much about the game as we do!"

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"Bad luck they're not playing the Fifth!" said Coker, with a shake of the head. "We'd give 'em beans!"

"I don't see it!" said Temple. "The Remove have beaten the Fifth, so I don't see what you could do."

"Oh, don't jaw!" said Coker.

Jack Blunt was still batting. And he went on batting. He was well set, and it seemed past the powers of the bowlers to move him. They realised that, and directed their efforts chiefly against his partners. One by one the wickets went down, but each one was very expensive to Greyfriars.

"Hundred!" said Nugent minor of the Second. "Hundred for five wickets. Poor old Remove! Wharton ought to have bucked his team up by putting some of us in."

"They can't shift that fellow Blunt," said Tubb. "He'll be not out at the finish, you mark him."

And Tubb of the Third was one of the prophets. Jack Blunt was not out when the innings ended for the factory team with a total of exactly two hundred. He was first man in, and not out, and all Greyfriars had to admit that not only was the factory captain "hot stuff," but that he was very hot stuff indeed.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Fight to a Finish.

HARRY WHARTON & CO. looked a little more serious than usual as they prepared to take their innings. Two hundred was a big score to equal, and they seldom expected to touch such a figure in a single innings. In the keenest matches the Remove score seldom ran up to a figure like that. But they had to do it now, or admit defeat, and they felt in a mood to do or die. After the pitch had been rolled the Remove innings began, and the crowd looked on breathlessly to see what the factory bowling was like. If it proved as good as their batting, it was felt that the Remove had little chance.

Mr. Hardinge, who was sitting outside the pavilion with the Head of Greyfriars, looked on with a smiling face. The jam manufacturer was evidently pleased with the show his employees were making. He took a keen interest in the factory cricket club, and they were proving that they were worthy of it. The Greyfriars crowd were looking serious. They did not wholly relish being let down like this by a team of fellows who worked in a jam factory, and could only practice cricket in their spare time.

Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry opened the innings for the Remove. There was a shout of encouragement to them from the Removites round the ropes.

"Play up, Remove!"

Jack Blunt sent Wayward on to bowl. Wayward was a very tricky bowler, and Harry Wharton realised, as he stopped the first ball, that he would have to be very careful.

The factory bowling was certainly good. In half an hour the Remove were three down for twenty-five, which was by no means as good a start as the factory team had made. Then Johnny Bull came in to join Wharton at the wickets, and matters looked up for Greyfriars. Between them the two chums of the Remove piled up runs at a fast rate, and the bowling seemed unable to deal with them.

Fifty—sixty—seventy! Wharton was getting fairly into his stride now, so to speak, and he was making the fur fly.

A loud cheer rang over the field as the hundred was turned. It had cost the Remove team seven wickets.

"Bravo, Wharton!"

"Hurrah! Pile 'em up!"

Then misfortune fell upon the Remove. Wharton was caught out at slip, and a few minutes later Johnny Bull was clean bowled.

"Last man in!"

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh was last man in, and his partner at the wicket was Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars. Harry Wharton looked on from the pavilion, and his face, in spite of himself, was gloomy.

"The game's up!" he muttered to Nugent.

Frank nodded dolefully.

"Hundred to get," he said. "They can't do it, of course. But you never know the Bounder—he looks as if he means mischief."

Nugent was right in that. It was just one of the occasions when the Bounder liked to do his best, and when he did his best at any game it was a very good best. Wharton had had some slight misgivings about playing the Bounder at all, but as he watched Vernon-Smith batting his doubts vanished.

The Bounder played up wonderfully.

He was cool, collected, never doubtful or faltering for a

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ONE
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moment, and seemed master of himself, and of the bowling, too.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh backed him up loyally. The nabob was a good bat, but he did not seem to feel any inclination to shine himself—he was content to leave that to his more able partner. The two fellows were not on good terms, but nobody would have suspected that from the way Hurree Singh backed up his partner.

The factory team tried them with all varieties of bowling, and Jack Blunt changed the bowlers continually. The fieldsmen were watching like hawks for chances, but the Bounder did not give them any.

When it was necessary to be cautious he could be cautious itself, and at other times he played with an apparent recklessness which always turned out well.

The score crept up, and the faces of the Greyfriars fellows brightened as they saw it. Were the Remove going to win after all?

The factory fieldsmen had been given enough leather-hunting to tire out any team, and some of them had bellows to mend by this time.

And still Vernon-Smith was hitting away as cool as a cucumber. And now loud yells greeted every hit by the batsman.

"Good old Bounder!"

"Go it!"

"Give 'em socks!"

Harry Wharton's eyes were gleaming now. He was glad enough that he had decided to play the Bounder. Vernon-Smith was generally a rather uncertain quantity, but he was playing the game of his life now. If he could have pulled the game out of the fire at the eleventh hour in this way, the Bounder would have enjoyed his triumph to the full—and he meant to do it if he could.

"Hundred and seventy!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Good old Bounder! My hat! We'll give him a yell if he tops the two hundred!"

"What-ho!" said Wharton. "There he goes again—three, I think!"

And it was three! And then Hurree Singh chimed in with a single, and the Bounder had the bowling again, and then it was a four. The two batsmen were playing into one another's hands like clockwork. The Remove roared.

"Bravo, Smithy! Play up, Bounder!"

The Bounder grinned. He was enjoying the situation. A hundred and eighty—five—ninety!

"Ten to tie, and eleven to win," said Frank Nugent. "My hat! The Bounder looks good for another fifty yet."

"Yes, rather!"

"Go it, Smithy!"

"Play up, Inky!"

The fieldsmen were panting now. But they were still keen, and the bowling was still very good. And now, perhaps, his success was inflating the Bounder a little, and he began to take more chances. Wharton watched him anxiously. The Bounder cut away the ball with a mighty swipe, and ran, and ran again, and yet again. Three. And there the Bounder should have stopped. He started running again. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh hesitated, but the Bounder was fairly going, and so the nabob ran. Harry Wharton clenched his hands hard in his anxiety and excitement.

"Run!" he gasped.

"Buck up, Bounder!" roared the crowd.

The ball was coming in from Jack Blunt. It was coming for the Bounder's wicket, too, and it looked as if it would beat him. Right for the middle stump it came, and the Bounder was putting on a wild spurt to get home in time.

Crash!

The Bounder flung himself forward, and the end of the bat bumped on the crease, and a second later the crash of the wicket followed.

But the umpire shook his head.

"Not out!"

It had been the narrowest of narrow escapes, and the Remove breathed again.

"A hundred and ninety-four!" said Frank Nugent. "The Bounder can pull out now—if he's careful!"

And the Removites watched the finish of that exciting innings with all their eyes. The bowling was very keen, and for a couple of overs now only two runs were taken. A hundred and ninety-six!

Four more to tie—five to win! And now Jack Blunt had gone on to bowl, and the Bounder had the bowling.

Click went the willow upon the leather, and the ball went on its journey, and the batsmen crossed and recrossed.

Two more wanted to save defeat!

"Go it, Bounder!"

A single run was stolen by Vernon-Smith. Then Jack Blunt expended his efforts upon Hurree Singh for the

remainder of the over. But the nabob blocked every ball with calm precision.

"Over!"

Sam Wayward took the ball to tackle the Bounder when the field crossed over.

Wharton set his teeth.

"One more—or two more!" he muttered. "Go it, Smithy!"

Again the ball went on its journey. The batsmen ran; but the ball came up in the hand of Jack Blunt in the slips, and it came in, straight as an arrow.

Crash!

The wicket flew into pieces.

The Bounder had taken one chance too many.

There was a suppressed groan from the Remove. Up to the very last moment they had hoped to snatch victory from the jaws of defeat.

But the wicket was down now!

The Bounder paused. For a moment his eyes blazed. Then, as he heard the umpire's laconic "out!" he walked away quietly to the pavilion.

The innings was over!

Greyfriars had been beaten by a single run!

The factory had won!

"My hat!" gasped Jack Blunt. "It was a near thing! And we had the luck!"

The field cleared. The Removites, and the Greyfriars fellows generally, tried to take the defeat in a sportsman-like way. But it was hard for them. The thing had been so close; but a miss was as bad as a mile, as Nugent lugubriously remarked.

"Well, you've beaten us, Blunt," said Harry Wharton, as cheerfully as he could, as he met the factory captain coming off.

Jack nodded.

"It was a close thing," he said. "Not much difference in the score."

"Only enough to win," said Bob Cherry, with a rueful grin.

"I say, you fellows, if you'd played me——"

"Oh, shut up, Bunter!"

Mr. Hardinge rose from his chair. He was looking very pleased. He had been in great doubt during the last half-hour's play, but the ordeal was over now. Harry Wharton

& Co. came up to him. They had lost the match, and they were good sportsmen. They had to pay the piper, and they were ready to do it.

"Your team has beaten us, sir," said Wharton. "It was a close thing, but they've beaten us, and we're going to keep the compact. No Greyfriars fellow will interfere with the path at Courtfield End after this."

"Honour bright!" said Bob Cherry.

The manufacturer smiled.

"My dear lads," he said, "I know you would keep your compact; but I hope I shall prove myself as good a sportsman as any here. You have played a good match, and you are willing to abide by the result; but I shall not hold you to the agreement. The fence on the Courtfield End path has been destroyed. It will not be rebuilt. The notice-board will be taken away, and the path will be open again to the public from this afternoon. And all Greyfriars will be free to use it as much as they like."

"Oh, sir!"

"And I hope to see a Greyfriars team playing my lads on their own ground some day," the manufacturer added.

"Jolly glad to, sir!" said Harry. "We'll try to make the next match end differently. I must say you're a good sort, sir, and a good sportsman! We're all very much obliged to you!"

And a crowd of Greyfriars fellows escorted Mr. Hardinge to his car, and sent a cheer after him as he departed.

The factory cricketers did not depart so soon. They were entertained to tea by Harry Wharton & Co., and over that cheerful meal they were very friendly and cordial. Even Bolsover was civil, which was naturally reckoned little short of miraculous. In the "Rag" the juniors and their guests feasted cheerily enough, and Billy Bunter revelled in a land of plenty, and confided to everybody who would listen to him that that other run would have been taken, sure enough, if he had been playing for the Remove.

And when Jack Blunt & Co. departed, all the Remove marched down to the gates to see them off, and cheered them. And the rival teams parted with mutual good feeling between Harry Wharton & Co. and the factory cricketers.

THE END.

(Next week's grand long, complete tale of the Chums of Greyfriars is entitled "DOWN ON HIS LUCK!" by FRANK RICHARDS. Order your copy of The "MAGNET" Library well in advance. Price 1d.)

CHING-LUNG IN THE FORBIDDEN LAND.

A Wonderful Story
of Ferrers Lord,
Millionaire,
Rupert Thurston,
and Gan-Waga.

BY SIDNEY DREW.

"TWICE ROUND THE GLOBE!"
FIRST INSTALMENT NEXT WEEK. ORDER YOUR COPY EARLY.

THROUGH TRACKLESS TIBET!

(READ THIS FIRST.)

"TWICE ROUND THE GLOBE!"

A Grand New
Serial Story.

BY SIDNEY DREW.

NEXT TUESDAY.

Wishing to explore the practically unknown land of Tibet, Ferrers 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 Kwai-Hal, 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, on reaching a Tibetan village ruled by an Irishman named Barry O'Rooney, they are attacked by the notorious pirate and outlaw, Storland Sahib, and a band of his ruffianly followers. Things are looking serious for the party when they are rescued by Ferrers Lord's wonderful aeroplane, the Lord of the Skies. 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 Ferrers Lord gives up hope of ever getting the aeroplane out of the cave. Hal Honour, the engineer, however, makes a strange promise, and says that within two months he will rescue the whole crew. Punctually to the hour Honour fulfils his promise, and the miniature aeroplane he has constructed rises from the black crater into the sunshine above with the first load of passengers, consisting of Ching-Lung, Gan-Waga, and O'Rooney. The aeroplane rescues the remaining members of the crew, and goes back once more for Ferrers Lord and the stores. On the return Ferrers Lord decides to continue the journey to Kwai-Hal by motor-car, which Hal Honour builds. They proceed on their journey, and, later on, camp in a gorge, where Ching-Lung sights an eagle's nest. He determines to obtain an egg, and climbs the face of the cliff. When above the nest, he produces a length of string fastened to a piece of leather, upon which he smears some sticky substance.

(Now go on with the story.)

A Duel in Mid-air!

The string dangled down, the leather touched one of the eggs. Ching-Lung gave the sticky substance time to partially dry, and began cautiously to lift. The egg adhered to the leather.

"Look out, sir! Look out, sir!"

Prout was dancing and waving his helmet, his bald head shining in the sun.

"Heagle! Heagle!" yelled Maddock.

Ching-Lung saw the great bird sweeping towards him. THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 225.

He loosened his knife. The egg was almost within reach. The next instant the maddened eagle pounced down with a piercing shriek.

The egg dropped, and broke into oily fragments on Prout's bald head.

Ching-Lung caught one flying glimpse of the accident, and grinned. Then he drew back against the rock, knife in hand, to face the bird. It made a fierce blow at him with one powerful wing, and its huge beak snapped close to his ear. Like lightning, Ching-Lung had his coat wrapped round

THE FIRST
CHAPTERS:

TWICE ROUND THE GLOBE! BY SIDNEY DREW.

NEXT
TUESDAY!

his left arm as a shield. Gan-Waga, Barry, and Maddock gazed at the duel in the air in mingled terror and wonder.

The prince was safe, and he knew it. He was enjoying the extraordinary fight. The sloping rock above him guarded him from attack behind. Again and again the fierce bird attacked, again and again it just eluded the lightning knife-thrusts aimed at it by Ching-Lung.

He could have easily used his revolver, but he chose to fight on fair terms—his knife against the sharp talons, spiked beak, and muscular wings of his foe.

"First blood!" muttered Ching-Lung.

Feathers fluttered in the air, and there was a patch of crimson on the point of the hunting-knife. Shrieking with pain and rage, the bird flung itself at him once more. It was Ching-Lung's chance. He could have buried the blade in the deep in the eagle's breast, but, like a flash, he turned his wrist and struck upwards with the haft.

"I'll tell you off, old chap," he thought. "You're a good plucked one, you are. Ah, would you?"

He began to beat a fighting retreat. Another chance came, and the men distinctly heard the thud of the blow. The bird reeled in the air, and then, with a hoarse croak, perched itself on a crag close by, and began to wag its head drunkenly to and fro.

Barry knelt, and levelled his rifle.

"Don't shoot him!" shouted the prince. "Let him live!"

"Very good, sorr."

Ching-Lung reached the ground safely. Prout was removing the traces of the egg from his head, features, and garment. An eagle's egg has a flinty shell, and Tom's head showed a splendid and tender bump.

"By hokey!" he said. "It felt like a hard-boiled 'un. But I found it wasn't."

"You shouldn't get in the way," laughed Ching-Lung.

"By Jove! I got in one clinker that time! The poor old bird is nearly done."

The eagle had received his fill of fighting. He sat on the crag, swinging his head to and fro, and croaking sadly.

"Yez must have hit him below the belt, sorr," said Barry, with a snigger.

"Not I. We fought under the Queensbury rules, and all was fair. I hadn't the heart to kill him, and take the other egg."

"Wan thing surprises me," said Barry.

"What's that?"

"Prout's head, sir. Oi always thought it was soft."

"By 'hokey! If it was as soft as yours," growled the steersman, "I'd cut it into chunks and sell it for sponge-cake!"

"Don't quarrel," said Ching-Lung. "Prout's head is all right—to throw bricks at. Coo-ee!"

"Coo-ee!" came the answer, as the aeronef soared over them.

"Do you know how long it will take now?" shouted Ching-Lung.

"Quite three hours!" roared Ferrers Lord's voice; and the vessel raced away.

Three hours was a long time to have to kill.

"We'll walk through and see how far it is, boys," said the prince.

"Oi'm game," answered Barry. "Oi'd sooner walk on me head to Klondike than ride on that car. Bedad! The jokin' and bangin' has turned me upside down, and undermined me hilt! Lade on, MacGan, me noble Eskimo! Av we stand still, bedad, we'll never go! Shtep out wid yer best fut and lade the way; we sha'n't get there at all av here we sthay. Forward be our watchword!"

"Cheese it!" yelled Maddock.

"Stow it!" roared Prout fiercely.

"All roight, all roight! Kape yer fur down, plaze. Ut's good poethry, only yez haven't the brains to see uts beauty."

They shouldered their guns. The ravine was magnificently beautiful; but it apparently held no game except a few quail. As they had no fowling-pieces, the quail did not suffer any damage.

Suddenly Ching-Lung held up his hand. They stopped. A soft, piping noise was heard.

"Ut must be a bullfinch," said Barry.

"You're a giddy jay," answered Ching-Lung. "That's sweet music, and someone is playing. Is he a friend or a foe? That's the question. Here goes to look."

He crept forward, and peered over a rock. A dirty, brown-skinned, half-naked, long-haired man was squatting on the ground, fingering a reed-pipe. He lifted his head quickly, and saw Ching-Lung's face. A look of horror overspread his dirty features. He dropped the pipe, turned head over heels, yelled, sprang up, and ran for his life.

"Here, come back!"

"Hi! Yez have dhropped yer watch and chain!" screamed Barry.

"Just one curl of yer 'air, darling!" bellowed Prout. And Gan chimed in:

"Yo' come kiss me ere yo' gonod."

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ONE
PENNY.

The man ran like a hare, and they laughed as they watched his vanishing figure.

Barry murmured:

"Oh, sthay," the maiden croied, "and rist

Yer weary head agin' me breast!"

A tear stood in his bright blue oie;

But sthille he answered, wid a sigh:

"Can't sthop!"

Evidently the musician had a pressing engagement to fulfil, for he did not even turn round. Barry whispered to Prout that if one glimpse of Ching-Lung's face could make a man run like that, two glimpses of it would frighten an army.

"Wot dis watchercallut?" said Gan-Waga.

"It's a bag, my son," answered Ching-Lung, examining the object.

"I see wot in him den."

Gan-Waga picked up the sack—for a sack it was. Gan could yell, but he had never howled before in his life as he howled then. Had the bag been red-hot, he could not have made more fuss about it.

There was a hiss, and a long, scaly head shot out—the head of a cobra.

Gan dropped that sack and bolted. He had a horror of snakes. The men scattered as the hideous thing glided out, coil after coil. It puffed out its head, and the strange spectacle-marks gleamed on its extended hood, showing that it was the sacred snake of Buddha.

Bang! went Barry's rifle; but it was a wild shot. Prout, in springing back, tripped over a stone. Before he could struggle to his feet, the shining scales glided across his body, and the speckled head was drawn back for the deadly strike.

Maddock, O'Rooney, and Ching-Lung stood petrified with dread. The head began to sway from side to side, the forked tongue shot in and out. They dare not move their weapons; they dare not stir.

"For Heaven's sake lie still, Tom!" said Ching-Lung, in a hoarse whisper.

Their blood froze. One touch, one prick from those awful fangs, meant a death of agony and torture. Slowly Ching-Lung stooped, until his fingers touched the reed-whistle left behind by the native. He raised it to his lips, and began to play softly.

The hooded head turned, and the little eyes twinkled.

Louder and louder came the strains. The snake balanced itself on its tail, and raised itself higher and higher. Ching-Lung fingered the reed with his left hand, and his right crept to his hip. Playing still, he lifted the revolver little by little.

Then the weapon spoke. Down came the shattered head, and the body writhed and lashed in the death-throes. Prout rolled out of the way, and rose, white and shaken.

In silence the four men gripped each other by the hand.

Ching-Lung bent over the snake.

"We've had a scare for nothing," he said. "The poison-glands have been extracted."

"We didn't know that," answered Barry, shuddering.

"Snakes ain't in my loine. Ut gives me the shakes to luk at the ugly brute. Bedad! Oi'd give something for a nip o' brandy!"

They found Gan-Waga sitting neck-deep in a little pond. When Gan was scared, he always took refuge in water, if there was any about. They dragged him out, and walked back to the dismantled motor-car.

Ching-Lung and Gan-Waga Create a Deluge.

When the aeronef had made her final journey, the work of putting the car together commenced. It took longer than Honour anticipated, and the shadows were long and grey before it was completed. The prospect of a night journey over the log-road appealed to none with any favourableness.

"We'll camp in the ravine," said Ferrers Lord. "We shall be safe and snug there."

"We ought to be," put in Rupert. "It's the sort of place you could hold against an army."

"Except for shells, Rupert. Shells are abominations. Still, I do not expect another attack. Goodness knows, I wish we had got over this abominable road!"

They all wished that fervently. Ferrers Lord had quite expected to reach Lhasa that day; but the pure, clear air of Tibet makes it almost impossible to gauge distances by sight.

The adventurers built their fires in the eastern mouth of the ravine. It was wide enough here to hold both car and aeronef. There was another tiny waterfall falling in a crystal stream into a basin, and plenty of fuel. Just at dusk Argal-Dinjat grimly shouldered his rifle, and plunged into the forest.

After supper the moon rose and threw her cold beams into the ravine. Gan-Waga, Prout, Maddock, Barry O'Rooney,

and Prout always hobnobbed together. They had constructed a little bower of branches to sleep in, and were seated round the fire. Barry was spinning yarns, and constant bursts of laughter told that he was amusing his listeners. Gan-Waga came over to sit beside his beloved Ching-Lung at last.

"Got over your fright, Ganus?"

"Bad 'nough," gurgled the Eskimo. "Not love 'em, Chingy."

"Look here, Gan-Waga; are those bounders going to sleep in there?" said Ching.

"Yes; and me, too, Chingy."

"You, too? Why, you're half a dozen! I say, Gan, I wouldn't sleep in there, if I were you."

"Why not, Chingy?"

"Because," said Ching-Lung, yawning, and looking at the sky, "I think it will rain."

A hint was not wasted on Gan.

"I not sleep dere, den," he grinned. "I sloop—"

"Sleep."

"Good 'nough. I slap wid yo', Chingy. I like slopping wid yo'!"

"Sloop, slap, slopp!" said Ching-Lung. "Great Scotland, candle-biter, you do speak English! Here's a cigarette for you to smoke, and I fancy I know where there's a candle. Now, I'm going to have a wash."

Ching-Lung went to the basin into which the little waterfall fell. It was within a yard of the hut Prout and his cronies had built. The prince bared his arm and plunged it into the basin. He grinned as his fingers felt an unlimited quantity of clay. He began to scoop out the clay, and to place it in a bag, handful by handful.

An hour later lots were drawn, and, strangely enough, chance made Hal Honour and Thurston sentries. Then the camp slumbered. When all was still, Ching-Lung rose noiselessly and shook Gan-Waga. They stole out of the bright circle cast by the fire, and vanished into the gloom.

"Don't make a row, Gan," whispered Ching-Lung. "Give me the bag."

Before the water fell into the basin it fell upon a ledge above, where its constant dropping had hollowed out another pool. It was the overflow of this pool that filled the basin below. In the gloom Gan-Waga and Ching-Lung worked.

"Finished, Chingy?" whispered the Eskimo.

Ching-Lung chuckled.

"It's sure to rain," he said, "and rain jolly hard. We'll give 'em an hour. An hour ought to fill this place up to the brim. Have another smoke, Gan?"

They squatted down to wait. No water could pass into the basin below, and the little pool filled rapidly. The dulcet snores of the innocents rose blissfully to their ears.

Prout, Barry, Maddock, and Joe snored on merrily in about forty different keys. Gan-Waga measured the quantity of water in the puddle with his eye.

"Look like a stundersthorm, Chingy!" he murmured.

"It doth, Gan," said Ching-Lung. "I'll have another smoke."

A lighted cigar fell from the skies, apparently, and he caught it in his mouth.

"Sh-h!" said Ching-Lung. "Listen, my fat and lovely one."

Barry was talking in his sleep. Ching-Lung grinned from ear to ear.

"Tell me yez huvs me for meself alone," said Barry, "and Oi will happy doie. Oh, Misther Prout is a thick-headed lout, and his fate are four fut long; and Misther Ben Maddock's an ugly old haddock—Go away and lave me. There was a soft freak named Ching-Lung, a feller who ought to be hung; a pig-tailed young brat with a face like a rat, whose neck'll be jolly soon wrung!"

"Hoo, hoo, hoo-oo-oh!" chuckled Gan-Waga. "Dat smack fo' yo', Chingy."

Gan-Waga beamed his delight. The pool was full. Ching-Lung gripped the rope. He jerked the board out of the clay. Down went the water with a mighty rush, and the night air rang with yells, screams, and other noises expressive of everything but joy and mirth.

Ching-Lung Goes Out to Shoot a Mysterious Bird.

It is not a nice thing to be awakened out of a cosy and warm slumber by the descent of a ton of water. Many things happened down below. The roof of the branches gave way, and Barry O'Rooney, who had a dim idea that he was surrounded by Storland Sahib's wolves, made a wild attack on the nearest man. The nearest man was Joe. Joe was not the person to take such an onslaught tamely, and Joe hit back. Then Prout and Maddock engaged in a deadly duel on their own account, and the balmy air was full of sounds that resembled the fall of a thunderbolt into a china-shop.

The startled sleepers sprang up, snatching burning sticks.

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from the fire, and ran to the place. Someone who kept his wits switched on the electric lamps of the car. The fallen branches were heaving up and down in a most extraordinary manner, and in the puddle below strange shapes were rolling about, grunting and yelling.

"My pip!" gasped Ching-Lung. "It's the boys! They must have gone off all of a sudden! Hi, do you hear, in there? Joe, Prout, Maddock, and Barry—what are you doing?"

"This is most extraordinary!" said Rupert.

"Moss 'stornery t'ing I never was seen!" put in Gan-Waga gravely. "T'ink dey try learning swim, hunk?"

They cleared the branches away, and separated the fighters.

"What in the name of common-sense is it all about?" asked Thurston.

Ferrers Lord and Hal Honour walked back to the fire, smiling. They could understand.

"Haven't you got any tongues, idiots?"

Barry O'Rooney put his fingers into his mouth to make sure.

"Yis, sor," he said wearily.

"Then speak up. What is it?"

"Oi was asleep—fast locked in the arms of Porpus—"

"Morpheus," corrected Ching-Lung.

"Luk here," snapped Barry, bristling up, "was it yerself there, or was it me? Did ye see his arms? Oi was slumberin' in the arms of Porpus, when that black-hearted villain chucked a bucket of soapy wather over me!"

"Steady on," roared Joe, "and tell the truth! I never did! And you be jolly careful, my grid-iron face, who you call names!"

"Grid-iron face!" murmured Barry. "That's me, is it. Gentlemen, will yez kindly clear a twelve-fut ring? Afore I again seek the arms of Porpus I have a loight duty to perform. Misther Joe, plaze stand up on them things yez call fate, for the next six months of yer loife is goin' to be spint in 'orspital!"

Joe was perfectly agreeable. He took off his wet coat, and the men made a ring.

"Git ready to take down his larrst worrds!" said Barry, baring his hairy leg-of-mutton arms. "Would yez loike to write a letther to yez mother, Joe?"

"I'll write that on your features!" growled Joe.

The prospect of a good "mill" made Joe and Maddock forget they had a slight difference between them. Maddock offered to give Joe a knee, and Prout got ready to champion Barry. Barry was something of a dark horse, and all were eager to see what he could do.

"Me pumpire!" said Gan-Waga. "Me make peautiful pumpire and refelee!"

After all, there was to be no fight.

"Shake hands, you two," said Ching-Lung.

"Mayn't-I shake hands wid his face, sor?"

"Certainly not. Shake hands with him, Joe."

"But he called me a black-hearted villain!" growled Joe.

"And he told me Oi'd a gridiron face!" said Barry.

"Well, both of you were right," chuckled the prince.

"Just shake hands, or I'll put you both in irons!"

"Gridirons, sir?"

"Be quiet, and do what I tell you."

Barry struck a tragic attitude, and murmured:

"'Tis betther to forgive than punch,

And so I will forgive;

Black as the insult was and deep,

Oi'll let the spalpeen live.

Kiss me!"

They shook hands heartily, and the good-natured Gan-Waga hastened off to build them a roaring fire. Prout, Maddock, and Joe got as close to it as possible, but Barry did not come at once. Barry wanted to discover the cause of the torrent, and it did not take him long to discover it. With folded arms and the air of a stage villain he strode up to the fire.

"R-r-r-r-revenge!" he hissed. "By yondher stars in heavin's blue firmamint, by earth itself, and by the vasty deep, thim insults shall not pass widout r-r-revenge!"

"He's got 'em again!" murmured Joe.

"Yaz," said Barry; "the very skoies shall fall, the tadpoles in their ponds shall play the fiddle, and whiskers shall grow on bricks ere Oi forget or Oi forgive!"

"Fan him, and get the smellin'-salts," suggested Joe.

"Comrades," he hissed, "we have been betrayed! Base trayson is afoot! We have been betrayed!"

Then Barry sat down, and continued:

"Ching-Lung shall die! He is the author of our woes!"

Barry told them what he had seen.

"I'll bet Gan was in it, too!" said Prout. "By hokey, Barry, this is gettin' too thick!"

"Oi have sworn to be revenged!" said Barry. "The fatal hour hath come! The catiff slapes! Lave it all to me!"

Barry glided away. Ching-Lung was wrapped in slumber behind the dying fire. Barry climbed the rock, and placed the piece of wood in its old position. He puddled the clay round it, then he stole back.

"Well?" asked the three other conspirators eagerly.

"Kape quiet!" said Barry. "Oi've stuck that eagle's head on a stick. What yez have got to do is to hide in the dark, and start squeaking. O'll wake the prince, and tell him there's a strange birrd or somethin' there. Oi'll tell him Oi seed its head and oies, which will be thrue. Whin he comes afther it pounce on him an' gag him. Then we'll toie his hands, and fasten his pigtail to a rope Oi've got there. And, bedad," chuckled O'Rooney, "av he pulls too harrd at the rope he'll foind out somethin'!"

Joe was rather inclined to hang back, but he was speedily talked round. The three conspirators vanished into the gloom, and Ching-Lung started up to see Barry bending over him.

"Great Scoot, Irish, you made me jump!"

"Ut's a burrd, sor!" said Barry mysteriously.

"A bird?"

"Yes, sor. Oi seed its head. Just listhen, sor!"

Out of the gloom came a hoarse, croaking call.

"Kaa, kaa, kaa, kaa!"

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ONE
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painful. Bending forward, he began to pull steadily. If it had been possible, he would not have shouted for help. To be found in such an undignified position would have galled his pride too much.

He pulled again.

"Hurrah! It's going!"

And it came with a rush. His pigtail was tied to a log which helped to dam the basin. It fell with a crash, and about a ton of water fell with it. The tables had been turned with a vengeance. Ching-Lung had already had one or two serious reverses in his career of practical joking, but this was the worst. What angered him more than anything was the simple way in which Barry had hoodwinked him. He would have kicked himself if he could have done so.

And he felt that worse was to come. As a rule he could slip out of knots, as an eel slips through a baby's fingers. But Joe was an artist in knotting, and he knew Ching-Lung's abilities. There was no use wallowing in mud and water until the conspirators chose to release him. Bound though

STARTS NEXT TUESDAY!

A Wonderful New Serial Story in "The Magnet" Library.

"TWICE ROUND THE GLOBE!"

The Story of the Great Man Hunt.

By **SIDNEY DREW.**

SPECIAL NOTE.—Whether it be the wonderful daring and skill of Ferrers Lord, millionaire, jewel-collector, and adventurer, the screamingly funny tricks indulged in by Ching-Lung, or the eccentric doings of Gan-Vvaga, the Eskimo, this story in one way or another must appeal to all the readers of this paper. Sidney Drew, the talented Author, has written many successful stories, but, as he admits, "TWICE ROUND THE GLOBE!" excels all his former efforts. Not one reader of "The Magnet" Library must miss reading the opening instalment of this wonderful serial story.

EDITOR.

Ching-Lung jumped to his feet.

"Where is he, Barry?" he whispered.

"Agen the waterfall, sor, on the rock. Oi never seed a loive birrd loike it afore."

The truth of Barry's last remark was beyond dispute. He had never seen a live bird like that, and neither had anyone else.

"Kaa, kaa, kaa, kaa!"

Ching-Lung carefully loaded his revolver.

"How big is it, Barry?"

"Oi only seed its head and neck, sor, but he's a whopper!"

"Kaa, kaa, kaa, kaa!" croaked the mysterious bird.

"Close to the waterfall?"

"Sittin' roight agen it!" said Barry.

Ching-Lung set off to conquer, and Barry, with his thumb to his nose, and a leer in each eye, tripped joyously behind. There was a huge head showing dimly against the rock. Ching-Lung knelt to make certain of his aim, balancing the hand that held the revolver on his left arm.

And then he was flung down, gripped by strong arms, and gagged and bound in a trice. He was placed on his feet, and the figure vanished. He tried to free his legs, but failed. Placing his feet together, he hopped, but was brought up with a jerk. His pigtail was fastened to something behind.

"The blackguards!" he thought. "I might have guessed it was a trick!"

He took another hop, but the strain on his pigtail was too

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he was, Ching-Lung began to move towards the fire in a worm-like fashion by inflating his chest, pushing forward with his toes, and drawing his legs up after him. The log fastened to his pigtail followed him, and hampered him a good deal. He felt something like a lame dog with a tin tied to its tail.

Joe was rather frightened. Even in the red glow of the fire he looked rather pale.

"I wish we'd never done it!" he growled.

"Rats!" said Barry.

"But it's mutiny—rank mutiny!" sighed Joe. "Ain't he our officer?"

Prout, Maddock, and Barry merely grinned.

"He's that right enough, Joseph," said the steersman. "And, by hokey, I'm proud he is our officer! There's nothing to be in a funk about. Ching-Lung wouldn't go back on us if we cut his pigtail off. Would he, Ben?"

"Not on this earth!" answered Maddock. "He takes a risc out o' us, and we take one out of him. That's fair and fair about, that is! He makes us sit up, and we make him sit up—when we can. That's so, Barry?"

Barry assented.

"All's fair in luv and warr!" he answered. "And av he can't fight, the best thing the chap can do is to say, 'Good-noight!' Murther—oh, murther, what is ut?"

It was Ching-Lung crawling painfully and slowly forward, with the log bumping after him. They leapt up.

Barry seized an empty bottle, and using it as a telescope examined the monstrosity.

NEXT
TUESDAY: "DOWN ON HIS LUCK!"

A Splendid, New, Long, Complete School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. By FRANK RICHARDS. Order Early.

"Tom," he inquired, "tell me the crayter's Latin name, and I'll luv yez for ever!"

"Couldn't, by hokey!" grinned Prout. "I couldn't!"

"Is ut a snake, a conger-eel, or a lizard?"

"Ain't it a cockroach?" suggested Maddock.

"Tread on it and kill it!" said Joe, who was feeling more comfortable.

Ching-Lung wormed his way along sadly. He raised his head, and looked at them.

"Bedad!" said Barry. "Ut's got a face."

"So it has, Barry. Do you think it bites?"

Prout seized the victim by the leg.

"Make him wag his tail!" grinned Joe.

"Don't let him lave us yet, Tom," said Barry. "Howld him back! He's wet, ain't he? Troth, I belave he's made a mistake, and took a bath! Swate darlin' pet! Wag uts little tale, do!"

Ching-Lung endeavoured to struggle on, but Barry and Prout clung to his feet. All the time the prince had been fightin' with the knots. He discovered that the water had slightly expanded them. To his delight, he found his hands free.

"Ah!" said Barry. "Did ut foind the birrd?"

"Kaa, kaa, kaa, kaa!" crowed Prout tauntingly.

Joe and Maddock held their sides in rich enjoyment of the scene. Ching-Lung flattened out his palms under him. Then his legs shot out violently twice. There were four distinct thuds and two hollow groans. Prout and Barry were knocked over like skittles. Then Ching-Lung turned a lightning somersault. Over came the log, smiting the grinning carpenter between the shoulder blades, and Joe went down. Before Maddock knew what had happened Ching-Lung had dived between his legs, flinging him violently into the air, and depositing him on top of Joe.

Then the prince sprang up, removed the gag, freed his legs, untied the log from his pigtail, blew a few kisses to his fallen foes, and went back to bed.

"Tom," sighed Barry, rubbing his chest, "how d'yez faal?"

"I ain't got a rib that ain't fractured!" groaned Prout.

"A hearthquake 'as struck me in the back!" wailed Joe. Maddock had dropped on his head. He crept woefully to the fire, and stared into the glowing embers.

"Did we get the best of that, boys?" he asked, after a gloomy pause.

There was a dead silence. It was at last broken by a chorus of chuckles from the other fire.

"Good-night, my beauties!" cried Ching-Lung.

A Night Alarm—Flight—Surrounded by Foes—Running the Gauntlet—Despair—The Banner of Ching-Lung.

"Sahibs! Sahibs! Awake! Awake!"

Shrill through the slumbering camp rang the urgent voice of Argal-Dinjat, the Afghan. The startled sleepers awoke, and sprang to their feet in the grey Tibetan dawn. The locks of the rifles clicked, and the men forced in the cartridges. To load their weapons was their first thought.

Argal-Dinjat stood leaning on his long rifle.

"What is it?"

The tall figure of Ferrers Lord strode forward.

"Yes, Argal-Dinjat," he said, in the vernacular, "what news dost thou bring?"

"Evil tidings, sahib, for thee and thy people. The accursed wolf has let loose his hungry whelps! Fly, sahib, before they rend thee! Lhasa will burn ere the sun sets again!"

The millionaire started, and his face became grave. He understood the flowery language of the dusky guide.

"The insurrection has begun, then?"

Argal-Dinjat pointed grimly to the western sky. A dull crimson burned in the clouds.

"Llaksnav is ablaze, sahib! Twenty thousand men crossed the river four hours past. The rebels are gathering round Lhasa. There is safety for thee alone in the east. Fly then, before the circle closes!"

"And how did you learn this?"

The Afghan laughed.

"Have I not ears and eyes, sahib? Do not the very rocks and trees and streams tell me their secrets? I know, sahib, and that is enough."

Ching-Lung and Thurston saw by Ferrers Lord's face that something grave had happened. The millionaire did not doubt the Afghan's story.

"Storland Sahib has raised his banner, lads," he said quietly.

"And, sahib," muttered the Afghan, "the night wind from the east has also news. The yellow men are up along the border, and their banners bear the yellow dragon and the stars. A white chief leads them. Ye know these men?"

The millionaire's eyes sparkled. The banner with the yellow dragon and the stars was the flag of Ching-Lung, the

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Imperial banner of Kwai-Kal. And who could the white man be except Kennedy, the commander-in-chief of Ching-Lung's forces? Doubtless Kennedy was aware of the threatened insurrection. Either he was protecting the border against expected raids, or else he had received orders from the Chinese court to march across the frontier and quell the rebellion.

"Ching," said Ferrers Lord, "Kennedy is in force on the frontier!"

"Trust Kennedy for being wide awake!" laughed Ching-Lung. "I see there's a tidy bonfire over there!"

"Oi should answer, if axed polite," put in Barry, "that Llaksnav is gettin' ut hot just about now."

A faint rattle of firing crept through the ravine.

"Somebody's squirting lead bullets about the landscape regardless of cost," grinned O'Rooney.

Ferrers Lord spoke to Hal Honour. They examined the map together, and conversed in low tones. Then Maddock's whistle rang out. Pots, pans, and blankets were bundled together and packed away.

"Call the roll, Rupert."

All answered except the Afghan. He had vanished.

"We can't leave the chap," said Ching-Lung.

Ferrers Lord shrugged his shoulders impatiently. Suddenly Maddock levelled his rifle, as a giant in sheepskin coat and cap appeared in the mouth of the ravine. He lowered the weapon, for the man was the Afghan. He had changed his turbans and scanty loincloth for the Mongol dress. He bowed gravely.

"Farewell, sahibs," he said gravely, "and may Allah guard you safely!"

"Surely you are not going to leave us?" said Ferrers Lord.

"I go with sorrow, chief; but our paths no longer run together. Ye go to save your lives, I stay to kill or lose my own. Ye need me no longer. Your flying witchcraft and your chariot which runs without steeds ask for no guide. My oath holds me back. Perhaps I will bring you a strange gift. If it be Allah's will that gift shall be yours."

"Look here, Argal," said Ching-Lung, "you mustn't chuck us up like this."

"It is my destiny, sahib. I go to slay or be slain."

Ferrers Lord shrugged his shoulders again. He knew the Afghan's temper; he knew that every argument was a waste of breath. Once an Afghan has made up his stubborn mind, neither persuasion nor threats can change it. Ching-Lung had a wild idea of using force.

"What reward shall we give you, then?" asked Thurston.

Argal-Dinjat drew himself up proudly.

"I am no workman," he said, "and I do not sell myself for money. When I led your chief to slay a hundred tigers, did I take his gold? I also am a chief."

"You don't mind taking this, I hope?" asked Ching-Lung.

"Prince"—and Argal-Dinjat's eyes glittered with pleasure—"that is a gift from friend to friend. I thank you for it."

He strapped Ching-Lung's splendid hunting-knife and sheath to his belt. Then, with a last haughty salute, Storland Sahib's implacable enemy strode away.

"All aboard!" cried Ferrers Lord.

There had been little friendship between any of them and the grim Afghan; but they did not like to part with him like this. Ching-Lung looked regretfully after Argal-Dinjat's receding figure till it was lost in the gloomy shadows of the forest. All his bad qualities were forgotten, all his good ones remembered.

"Well, I'm hanged!" said Ching-Lung mournfully. "I am sorry he's gone. He wasn't such a bad sort, taken all round. Luck go with you, old chap, and keep you out of Storland Sahib's clutches."

"Faith!" said Barry. "Av ut's the other way about, and the sahib drops into his clutches, I wouldn't give a toss of a bad farden for the sahib's throat! That Afghan chap always made me feel creepy. He had a strange, woid, wathery, wicked, wabby oie on him. Oi should say he was barmy!"

"All aboard there!" rang the order.

Barry glided on board the aeronef, hoping fervently that he would not be noticed. He was tired of motoring over roads that would have shaken the lining out of a marine boiler. Gan-Waga dodged under the wheels of the car, and followed him. Then Ferrers Lord sprang to the wheel.

"Stand clear!"

The vessel rose, and the hawsers grew tight.

"Right?" cried the millionaire.

"Right!" answered the engineer.

With all four lights burning, the aeronef began to move onwards in the pale dawn. The car bristled with rifles; the Maxims fore and aft were ready for use. Ching-Lung squatted on a camp chair, with his eye glued to a telescope.

"Lhasa! Lhasa!"

The men sprang up. The sun was pouring its rays upon

the capital of Tibet—a city they were fated not to explore. The car rushed out of the forest into a hard, smooth road. The road ran white and straight through the heart of the very town.

"Troops!" roared Ching-Lung. "Get your shooters ready!"

A body of horsemen barred the way. Were they friends, or foes? Prout gripped his pipe between his teeth, spat on his hands, and bent over the maxim.

"Look out! Look out!"

The pace quickened. The car was not relying on the aeronef, for Honour had started the motor working.

Barry loaded his beloved elephant gun, and ran his eye along its fat barrel.

"Friends, or foes?"

The truth was quickly known. The horsemen divided, and left the road. They could hear their yells. Smoke rose in white puffs, and rifles cracked.

"Get ready!"

A vision of wild, savage faces, of smoke and flame, and they were past, leaving a column of dust behind them, through which riderless steeds galloped.

"Good biz!" laughed Ching-Lung. "Good—Confound!"

A bullet ripped through the telescope as a volley was fired from below from an ambush. The men in the car emptied their rifles. On, on! The buildings loomed up before them; the motor was working its best. They were in the town, sending the inhabitants flying like the wind. Bullets rained from windows, shrieks rent the air. Their glimpse of Lhasa was a confused dream. Rupert, always the unlucky one, had a bullet through the fleshy part of his thumb; but the others passed through the mysterious city unscathed. It was a nightmare ride. Every face was white, every heart thumped and throbbed. On they raced in a dense cloud of dust, screws buzzing and tyres roaring. On every side homesteads were ablaze, on every side Tibetans were killing, burning, and looting. Time after time they scattered bands of wild horsemen, who reformed and took up the pursuit. But the car and its flying occupant left them far behind.

The first disaster came when they were toiling up hill. One of the tyres burst with a resounding report. The car was stopped, and the engineer sprang down to examine the extent of the damage. There was a rent four inches long in the covering of the outer tyre, and the inner tube was almost torn to ribbons. A spare tyre was fitted speedily, and Honour got to work with the foot pump which Barry called a nosebag.

"All serene!" sang out the engineer.

"That's the sort of boss I do loike," said Barry, "wan as yez can put a new hind leg on widout throuble. Gan, me bhoys, are yez happy?"

"Butterful," grinned the Eskimo.

"O'm glad to hear it. Give me a poipe of terbeeey!"

In six hours they had travelled a hundred and seventy miles. It was only eleven o'clock, and they had a long day before them. For some time they had not seen any of the marauding bands, and Ferrers Lord began to think they had little else to fear. The men were glad of the brief halt to wash their faces and clear the dust from their throats. They all wore goggles, and had turned their handkerchiefs into masks to save their skins from the flying grit which stung like the lashes of the whip.

Those on the aeronef fared better. There was no dust to inconvenience them, and no jolting. They snatched a hasty meal, and Ferrers Lord doctored Rupert's wound again.

The journey was resumed after a stay of twenty minutes, but not at the same rate of speed. Though they had come through with only one casualty, it was all due to Argal-Dinjat's warning. Had they waited another few hours the Tibetans might have barricaded the road and stopped them. Apparently their coming was quite unexpected.

"Good old Argal!" sighed Ching-Lung. "I wish to goodness he had stayed with us! We shall never see him again."

"Who knows?" said Ferrers Lord.

"Of course, I don't know, Lord; but that's how I feel. What a mad-headed chap! I know he's gone back with some wild idea of killing Storland Sahib; but his chances aren't worth a cent."

"Who knows?" repeated the millionaire. "If he succeeds I shall lose my wager."

"I hope you will," said Ching-Lung fervently.

At five in the afternoon they were a hundred miles nearer the Chinese frontier. The excellence of the road surprised all except Ching-Lung. The road was used for the caravans of merchants and traders who dealt largely with the Tibetans in teas and opium. It was also infested with pirates and bandits; but the profit on opium was so immense that one caravan reaching Lhasa would pay amply for the loss of others. To-day the road was vacant, and that in itself looked ominous. They saw a few women and children, but no men, though the district was not thinly populated.

"Where are the people?" asked Ferrers Lord.

"They've not gone west, that's a cert.," said Ching-Lung.

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EVERY
TUESDAY,

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

"and they're not here. Therefore, I argue, unless they all dead, they must have gone east."

"To face your troops?"

"I expect so. If Storland Sahib can keep Kennedy out until he has put down all opposition, he ought to win. But he won't keep Mike out. I know Mike too well."

The millionaire shook his head gravely.

"That means that there is an army between us and the frontier."

"I guess so."

"If they hold the road, Ching, we're done."

Ching-Lung did not answer, but rolled a cigarette. Hour after hour passed, and the tireless aeronef and car swept on unflaggingly. When the shadows began to gather, the motor-meter registered a distance of three hundred and forty miles.

One by one the men dropped off to sleep. They could not hold up their heads and keep their weary eyes open. Hal Honour and Ferrers Lord alone kept their posts. Darkness fell, and the stars glimmered above. With lights blazing, the car and aeronef roared on with undiminished speed. Dawn broke, the sun rose, and still they were racing eastward.

Ching-Lung slid down the hawser, and took the engineer's place. In a moment Hal Honour was slumbering, but Ferrers Lord seemed proof against fatigue. All at once his clear voice rang from above:

"Brakes, there!"

"Ay, ay!" cried Ching-Lung.

"Cast off!"

Ching-Lung unfastened the steel hooks. He saw the millionaire shading his eyes. Then the aeronef began to mount swiftly. At last it sank.

"I want you, Ching!"

Ching-Lung climbed the hawser, and Barry's strong arm helped him over the rail. Without a word the millionaire quickened the speed of the suspensory screws, and the aeronef soared into the skies. Then Ferrers Lord pointed to the east.

"Look!"

Ching-Lung uttered a shrill whistle as he raised his field-glasses. He saw countless brown tents dotting the plain far away in the distance.

"Great Scotland!" he gasped. "How far off are they?"

"Fifteen or sixteen miles."

"And they are holding the road! Can they see us?"

"They could not make us out unless they have telescopes," answered Ching-Lung.

"Bad luck!" groaned Ching-Lung. "This is a proper mess, old chap."

Ferrers Lord quietly pressed down the lever. The news was told, and the men stared at each other gloomily. How could they hope to run the gauntlets of a whole army? There was no way round. The scrub and rock on every side was impassable for the car. Beyond the frontier lay safety; but between them and the frontier was Storland Sahib's army.

The aeronef grounded, and Thurston, Honour, Ching-Lung, and the millionaire paced up and down.

"Never despair," said Ching-Lung.

"Have you ever known me to despair?" answered Ferrers Lord. "We are in a fix, and a tight fix, and there is no good attempting to disguise it. We cannot retreat now, for the way is closed. For weeks to come Tibet will be in a turmoil. But can we advance?"

"Have they seen us?" asked the engineer.

"I hope not."

"And the road runs right through the camp?"

"Through the centre of it."

"Then why not make a night dash?"

Ferrers Lord shook his head.

"To attempt that," he said, "we must first discover whether the road is clear."

"Then go and see," said the engineer, pointing to the aeronef. "What is to prevent you?"

"Good old brains!" cried Ching-Lung. "Why, there's nothing at all to prevent us."

Every face brightened. The aeronef could travel anywhere without an atom of risk. Two minutes later she was speeding towards the camp at an altitude of three thousand five hundred feet. At her coming the camp sprang into life.

"Bigger than I thought, Ching," said Ferrers Lord.

"Quite twenty thousand men."

"But the road is clear, old chap!"

"Quite clear."

Wild yells rose, and running figures that looked like dolls snapped off useless rifles at the aeronef.

(This Story will be concluded next Tuesday, when Sidney Drew's Amazing New Adventure Tale: "Twice Round the Globe" will commence. Packed as it will be with thrilling interest and excitement from the very first lines. Order next week's MAGNET in advance. Price One Penny.)

NEXT
TUESDAY: "DOWN ON HIS LUCK!"

A Splendid, New, Long, Complete School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. By FRANK RICHARDS. Order Early.

My Readers' Page.



GRAND, NEW, WEEKLY FEATURE.

"DOWN ON HIS LUCK!"

by Frank Richards. The above is the title of next Tuesday's grand complete tale of the chums of Greyfriars. Powerful and gripping though the story will be, yet it will not by any means be lacking in brightness, the subject being perhaps scarcely such a serious one as the title would seem to suggest. Mark Linley, the universally popular junior, who at one time toiled for his living in a Lancashire factory, takes a leading part in the story, as also does Wun Lung, the lively little Chinese, while Harry Wharton & Co. are, of course, not left out. I advise all my chums to make sure of reading

"DOWN ON HIS LUCK!"

by ordering next week's MAGNET Library well in advance.

OUR NEW SERIAL.

Next week's issue of THE MAGNET Library will be marked by the opening chapters of a grand new serial from the pen of that world-famed author, Sidney Drew. The title of this wonderful tale will be "Twice Round the Globe," and it suffices for the present to say that it, in the opinion of the author himself, far eclipses any story ever written by him. Ferrers Lord, Ching-Lung, Gan-Waga & Co. are the principal figures, and the adventures form the subject of what I believe to be the most thrilling and interesting narrative ever written.

It is with supreme confidence, therefore, that I present "Twice Round the Globe" to the judgment of my readers.

A CALL TO ARMS.

The letter I published recently from Maurice Hubert, the "President of the Anti-MAGNET League," continues to bring me by every post floods of letters, every one of which emphasises further the feeling of grand loyalty which the great body of Magnetites extend to their favourite paper, and through it, I venture to think, to the unworthy editor of the same. The idea embodied in a letter from my chum H. S., of Lee, S.E., published last week, is one that seems to have occurred to a large number of readers simultaneously, and all over the country loyal chums are organising local "MAGNET Leagues," with a view to winning still further support for what is now universally dubbed "the brightest and best story paper." Now, this is a movement which it naturally gratifies me to read about very much, for, of course, the more THE MAGNET Library grows, the better I shall feel my efforts supported, and the better our grand little paper will be. I am deeply indebted indeed to those loyal chums who have so willingly and generously started this great MAGNET League movement, which I feel sure will be taken up by other loyal chums in every corner of the British Isles—ay, and in every corner of the British Empire itself—until it resolves itself into the greatest united body of readers by which any editor has ever had the good fortune to be supported.

A true chum, Jack H., of Preston, in good old Lancashire, writes as follows:

"Dear Editor,—I read that rotten letter from Maurice Hubert, of Liverpool, and all I can say is that I should like to meet him with or without gloves. I think that now is the time when all true Magnetites should stand together and crush all worms like Maurice Hubert once and for all by making a great effort—each one individually—to get as many new regular readers for the good old MAGNET as possible, and I appeal to all my fellow-readers to do so, starting from the moment they read my letter—if you think it worthy of being published, dear editor. If possible, also, MAGNET Leagues should be formed in every town and village in the United Kingdom for the purpose of popularising our ripping little paper by every possible means.—Hoping that this idea will be taken up by all loyal MAGNET readers, I remain, your true reader.

JACK H."

I can only thank Jack H. from the bottom of my heart, feeling sure, as I do, that his appeal will not be made in vain, and that thousands of my true readers will by now be up and doing great things for the cause of the little paper they love.

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

Jack H. (Ickenham).—Thanks for your letter, and also for your kind assistance in helping me to further popularise THE MAGNET and "The Gem" Libraries. In reply to your query, I have to tell you that many well-educated Chinamen speak English quite correctly. Sounding "l" for "r" is a peculiarity of "pidgin" English spoken by those who have learnt only a smattering of English.

Eric M. and Frank N. (near Oldham).—Thank you for your letter and the piece of poetry you sent about your favourite paper. I regret very much that my space is too limited to allow me to publish it.

W. Harding (Valetta, Malta).—The explanation of the passage—page 10, THE MAGNET, No. 211—you quote in your welcome letter will be found in THE MAGNET Library, No. 209.

BACK NUMBERS WANTED.

W. C. Baragwanath, The Maples, Alcester Road, Mosely, Birmingham, wishes to obtain No. 190 of THE GEM Library. ("Under Sealed Orders.")

S. Wilson New, 86, Dawley Road, Leyton, wishes to obtain back numbers of THE GEM Library.

H. Navier 60, West Parade, Hull, Yorks, wishes to obtain the first twelve numbers of THE GEM (halfpenny), or "The Magnet" at half-price.

V. Schuster, 25, Main Road, Woodstock, Cape Town, South Africa, wishes to obtain from Nos. 1 to 103 of THE GEM Library.

BIRD'S EGG COLLECTING.

Few hobbies beat birds' egg collecting, which combines the pleasures of a country ramble and education. Besides being interesting and fascinating, it teaches its followers the habits and habits of the British wild bird—knowledge which will always add to the charm of a country walk.

To start the collection the beginner should obtain a small wooden box, lined plentifully with cottonwool, and a pair of field-glasses, and should go out into the country-side armed with these articles and a light walking-stick.

Having decided on the spot to visit, which should be fairly well covered with thick bushes, with a stream or a pond and one or two open, grassy spots, he should walk by the bushes, tapping them with his stick, and watching for the appearance of any bird that might fly away frightened. That is one way of locating a bird's nest. Another way is to walk some distance away and watch the sky for any birds that might be flying overhead, and locating where they come to rest as near as possible. If the bush is an extra large one, and there is no chance of sighting the nest from outside, a good method is to crawl underneath and look upwards, when, if there is a nest there, it will be seen standing out dark against the sky. The beginner's attention should not be confined only to trees and bushes, etc., for the nesting-places of our wild birds are extremely varied, and many have been found in such places as a hollow tree trunk, and in the very ground itself, while some birds have been known to build their nests inside the roof of a loft.

When the nest has been located, not more than one egg should be taken from it, and on no account should the position of the nest be told to any other less successful collector. This is an unwritten law amongst bird collectors—that no more than one egg should be taken from one nest.

When obtained, the egg should be carefully placed in the box, and notes should be taken as to the position of the nest, its size, and the manner in which and the materials of which it is constructed. These notes will certainly prove useful when the eggs are placed in the cabinet at a later date. When the box has been filled with different eggs, and the return journey has been made, the collector should set about "blowing" them at the earliest possible moment, preferably as soon as he arrives home.

The blowing of the eggs is not a difficult matter, but it requires a certain amount of care, and the subject will be dealt with next week.

THE EDITOR.



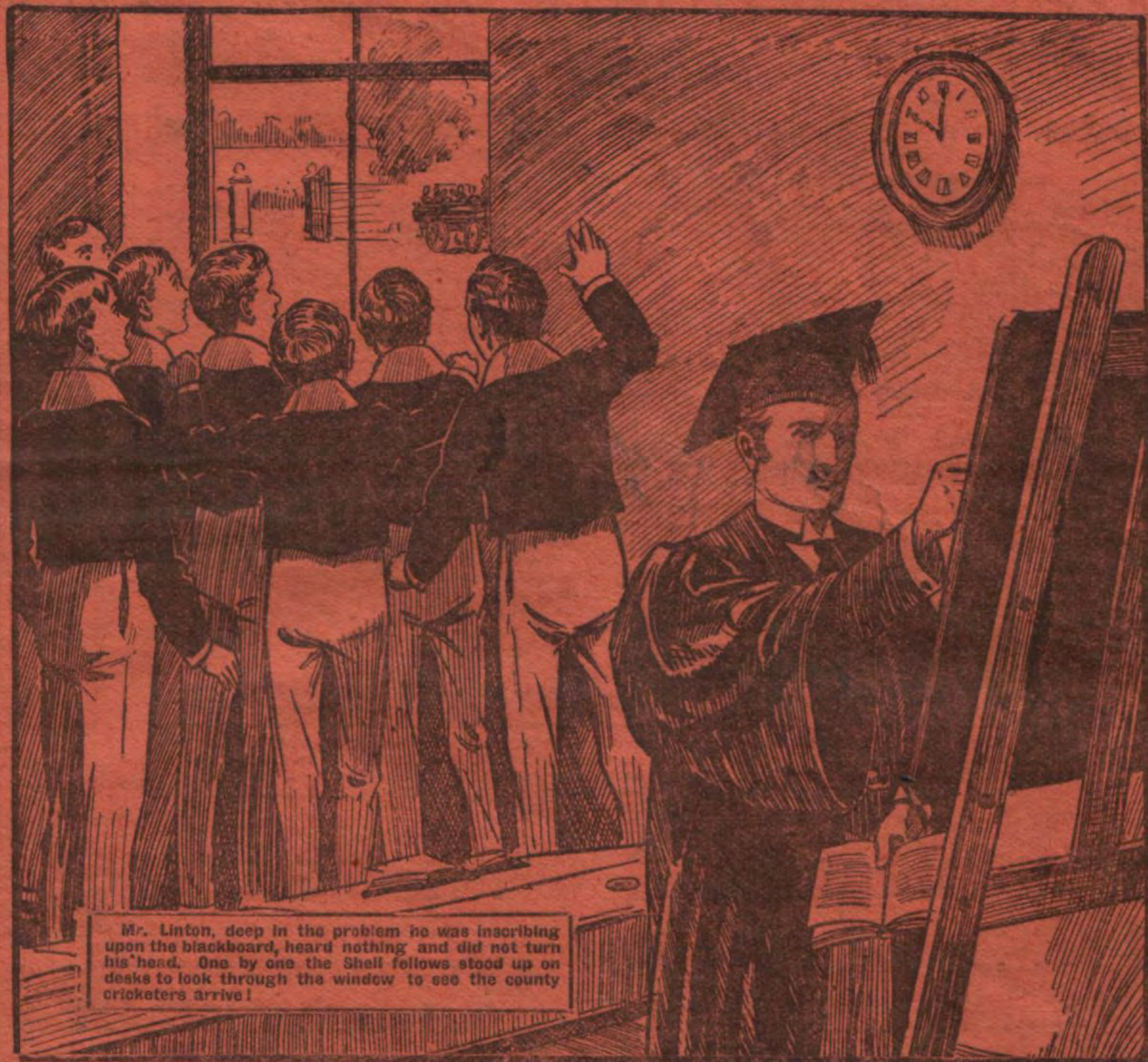
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Applications with regard to advertisement space in this paper should be addressed: Stanley H. Bowerman, Advertisement Manager, "PLUCK" SERIES, 6, Bouverie Street, E.C.

Look out for this Picture on Thursday on the cover of The "GEM" Library.



Mr. Linton, deep in the problem he was inscribing upon the blackboard, heard nothing and did not turn his head. One by one the Shell fellows stood up on desks to look through the window to see the county cricketers arrive!

This Thursday's Splendid Number of The "GEM" Library contains

"FOR THE SAKE of the SIDE!"

A GRAND COMPLETE TALE OF SCHOOL LIFE.

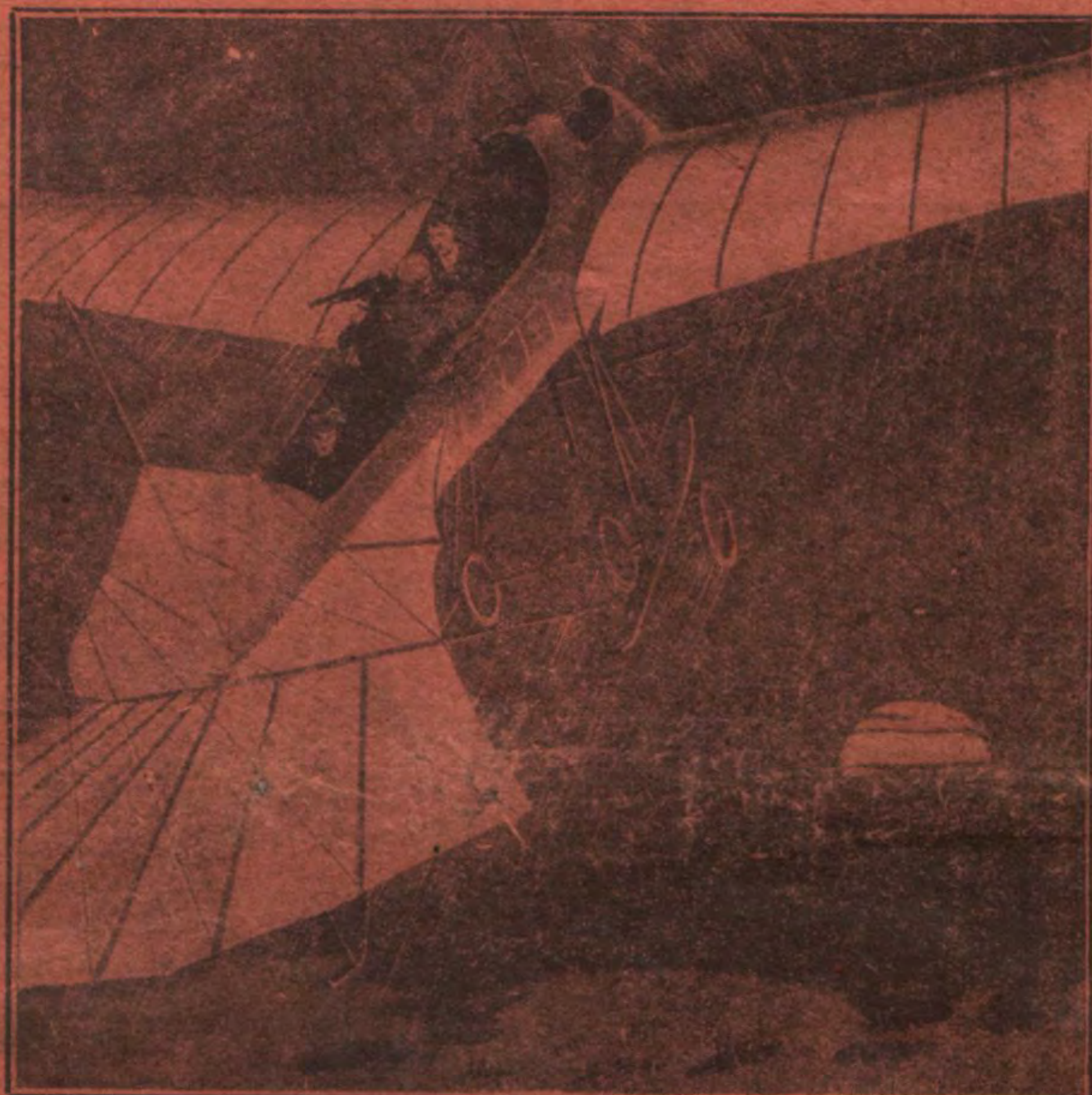
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"So long as Britain has her bulldogs to defend her interests," blissed Sam Galveston, turning to his Chinese captor, "she need never be afraid of what the Chinese, or any other Power, may do!" Shan Chung's black eyes glistened as he smiled. "If I wished to, boy," he replied, "I could sink those destroyers, ay, and every one of those cruisers down there, before the setting of the sun!"

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