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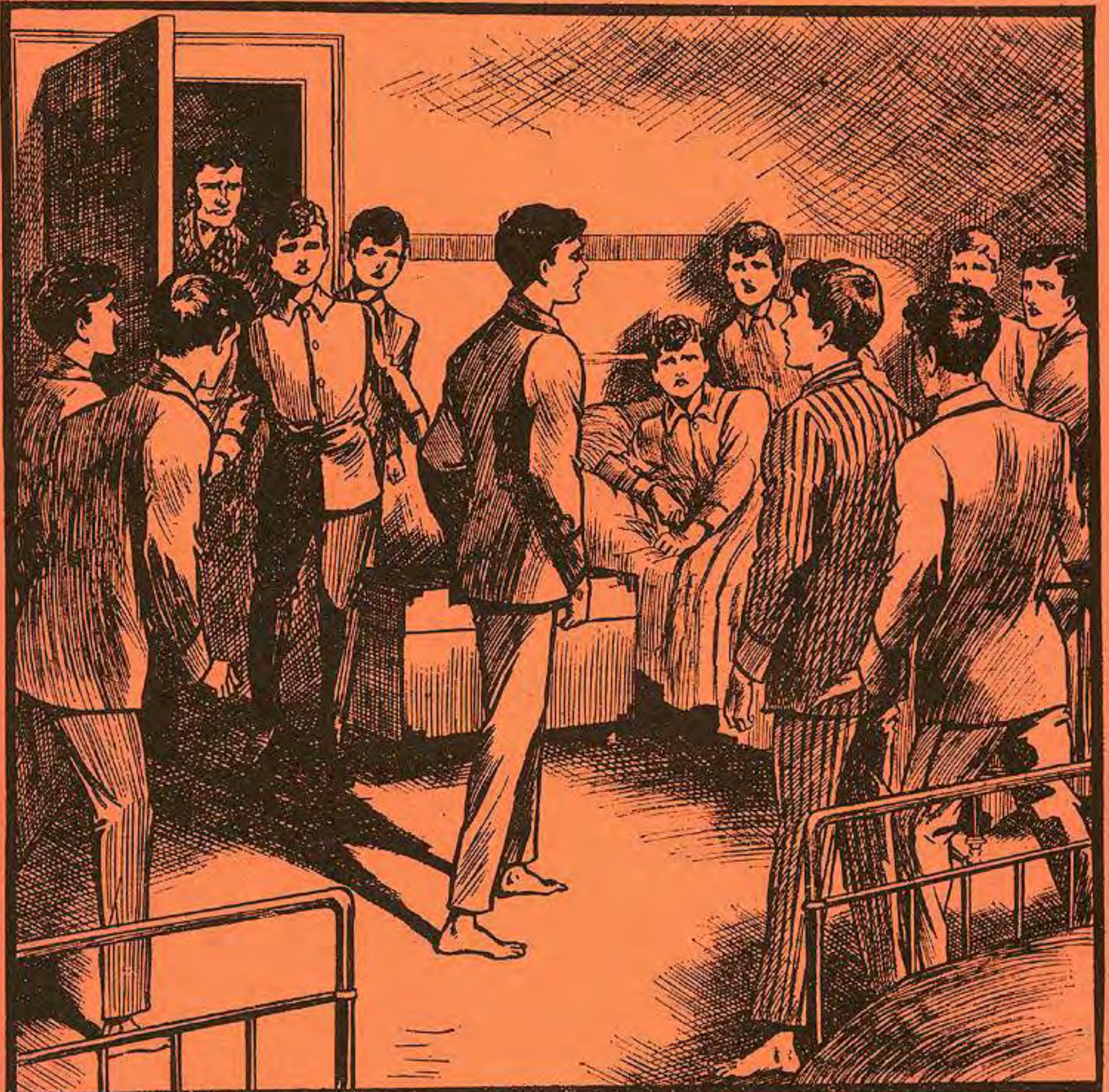
**"TWICE
ROUND
THE
GLOBE!"**

By Sidney Drew.

No. 243.

The Complete Story-Book for All.

Vol. 7.



Lord Mauleverer entered the dormitory, Nugent following him. In the glare of the electric light Lord Mauleverer's face was clearly seen. The eyes were closed, the face calm, and the breathing was quite regular. He walked through the crowd of fellows who made way for him with awe-stricken faces. "Asleep! By George!" said Tom Brown. There was no room for doubt now. Lord Mauleverer was a somnambulist. There was a footstep at the door, and Mr. Quelch, in a dressing-gown, looked in with a frowning brow. (See the grand complete story inside.)



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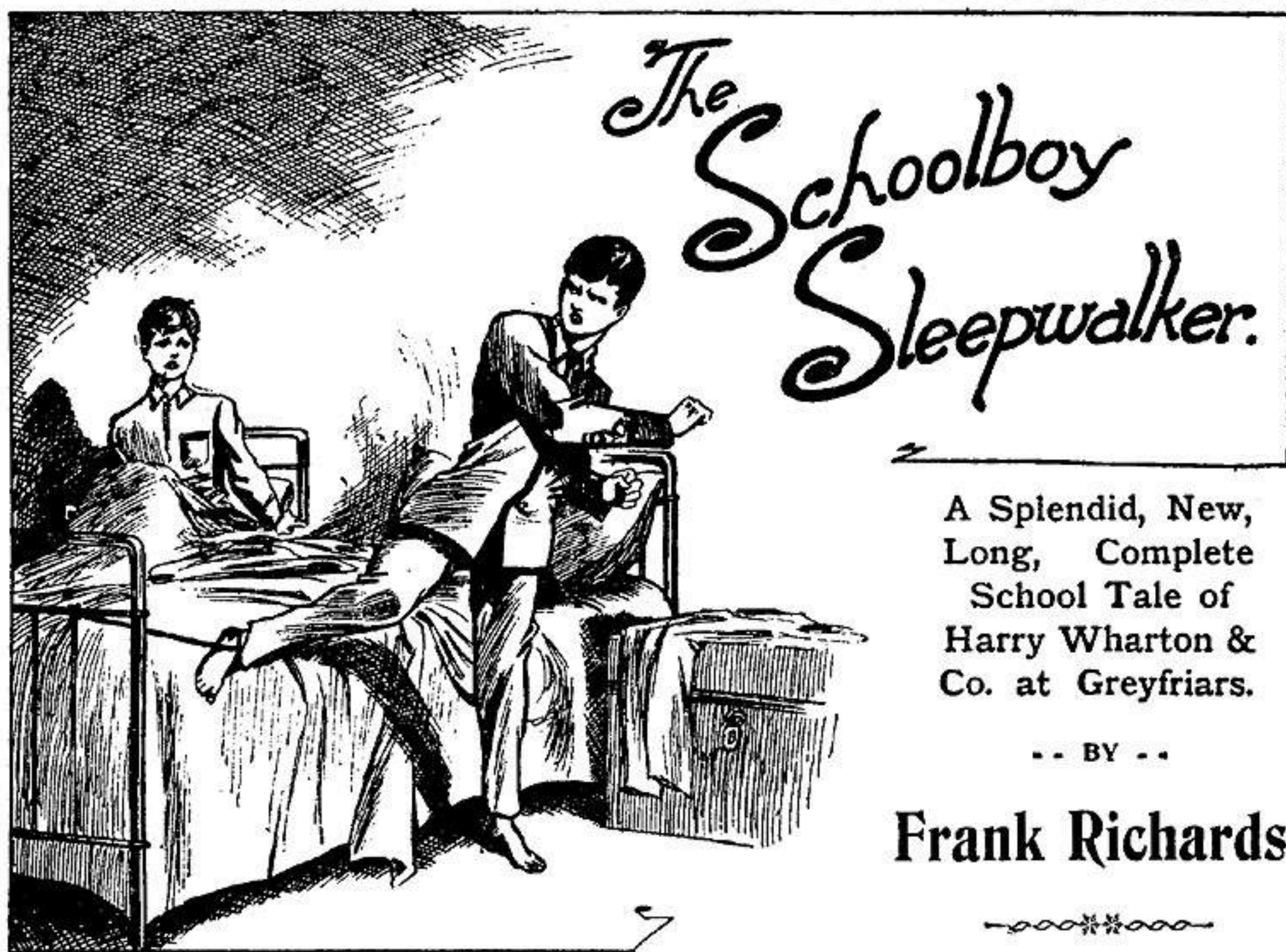
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School Tale of
Harry Wharton &
Co. at Greyfriars.

-- BY --

Frank Richards.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Bob Cherry Means to be Kind!

"ONE good turn deserves another!"

Bob Cherry stated that old and well-established maxim with an oracular air.

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent were sitting in the window-seat, at the end of the Remove passage at Greyfriars, talking football, when Bob Cherry halted before them, and interjected his remark into the conversation.

Wharton and Nugent looked at him inquiringly.

"One good turn," repeated Bob Cherry, "deserves another."

"I believe I've heard something like that before," said Frank Nugent, in a very thoughtful way. "Now I come to think of it, a stitch in time saves nine."

"Eh?"

"And evil communications corrupt good manners," said Nugent solemnly.

"You ass—"

"And procrastination is the thief of time!"

"You silly ass!" said Bob Cherry. "What on earth are you chucking mouldy old proverbs at me for?"

"Well, you started it," said Nugent. "I thought it was a game!"

"Ass!" said Bob Cherry politely. "I've been thinking it out, now footer's started again, and I've decided that one good turn deserves another—"

"Yes; and I remarked that a stitch in time saves nine—"

"Shut up! I was thinking of Lord Mauleverer. You remember, I suppose, that he took us on a ripping excursion to Blackpool in the vacation?" demanded Bob Cherry. "Well, one good turn deserves another—"

"And a stitch in time——"

"Dry up! Mauleverer is a frightful slacker, and as we owe him a kindness, I think we can't do better than make him play footer. I've been thinking it out, and I think that it's up to us to wake him up, and make him play, and generally make a man of him. What do you fellows think?"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"I think a good slogging footer match would kill him!" he said. "He's too lazy to live, anyway."

"Kill or cure!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "That's what I was thinking. Come along to his study, and let's have him out."

"Hear, hear!" said Nugent, laughing. And he slipped off the window-seat. "It will be funny, at all events."

"Come on!" said Bob Cherry.

The chums of the Remove grinned as they went along the passage to Lord Mauleverer's study. Lord Mauleverer, the schoolboy millionaire, was very popular in the Remove—the Lower Fourth Form at Greyfriars. But that he was a slacker there was no possible doubt. He meekly submitted to the visits of Mr. Quelch's wrath in the Form-room, and was content with almost the bottom place in the class. He would look on at any game with friendly interest, but he would politely decline to join in it. He found even tennis too exhausting. Indeed, he had been heard to remark that chess was a fearful fag. As for football, the very name of the game seemed likely to upset his delicate nervous system. If Bob Cherry intended to make a footballer of him, he had all his work cut out.

Micky Desmond came out of his study with a footer under his arm.

"Comin' down to the practice?" he asked.

"We're going to fetch Mauly," explained Bob Cherry.

Micky stared.

"Faith, and what are ye fetchin' him for?" he asked. "He won't take the trouble to walk down to the ground to watch!"

"We're going to make him play!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You can come and lend a hand if you like. We may have to carry him."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The four juniors arrived at Lord Mauleverer's study. Bob Cherry knocked at the door, but there was no reply from within.

"Faith, and he's gone to sleep," grinned Micky Desmond.

Crash!

Bob Cherry jammed his foot against the door, and it sprang open. There was an exclamation in the study.

"Begad!"

"He's at home, anyway!" grinned Nugent.

"Come in, my dear fellows," said a drawling, lazy voice.

"Don't make a beastly row; it affects my nerves."

The chums of the Remove entered the study. It was a very handsome study, furnished in a way that was very remarkable for a junior room. Lord Mauleverer had an allowance that, as somebody described it, was beyond the dreams of avarice. He spent it lavishly, and his study was magnificent. He had cushions that cost three guineas apiece, and Japanese jars of which the value was fabulous. The only matters he found energy enough to take interest in were the decoration of his study and the adornment of his person. He was the dandy of the Remove, and certainly he had an excellent taste.

He was reclining on a sofa under the window, with a silken cushion under his head, and another under his feet. He was wearing a pair of Turkish slippers, and he had changed his jacket for a gorgeous dressing-gown. He moved his head slightly as the juniors came in, and gave a languid nod.

"Didn't you hear me knock first time?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"Yaas."

"Why didn't you answer?"

"Tired."

"What's made you tired?"

Lord Mauleverer reflected.

"Well, I've been lying down a long time," he said, at last.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"So that's fagged you out, has it?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"Yaas."

"Good! We're going to help you to get over it. One good turn deserves another, Mauly——"

"And a stitch in time saves nine," said Nugent.

"Cheese it, Nugent, you ass! You're a good sort of an ass, Mauly!" said Bob Cherry. "We're your friends, and we're going to stand by you."

"Yaas! Thanks!"

"Not at all. One good turn——"

"A stitch in time——"

"Shut up!" roared Bob Cherry. "One good turn deserves another. You gave us a good excursion in the vac., and we're going to teach you to play footer in return!"

Lord Mauleverer started.

"What?"

"Footer! You know what footer is, I suppose?"

"Yaas. It's a game."

"Yes, it's a game," said Bob Cherry, nodding. "Right so far. We're going to teach you to play it. Come on!"

"My dear fellow——"

"We're just going down to practise."

"All serene! Good-bye!"

"And you're coming with us!"

"Eh?"

"You're going to play."

"My dear fellow——"

"If you improve very much, Wharton will give you a chance of playing for the Form," said Bob Cherry temptingly. "You'd like to play in a Form match, wouldn't you?"

"Well, I'd rather look on, if you don't mind."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Where are your footer boots?" asked Bob Cherry, looking round the study.

"I—I haven't any."

"Then I'll lend you some of mine."

"My dear fellow——"

"Get out of that dressing-gown!"

"Begad!"

"Jump up!"

"Can't!"

"Why not?"

"Tired."

"I'll give you something to cure all that," said Bob Cherry cheerfully. And he rushed at the dandy of the Remove, grasped him round the body, and rolled him off the sofa upon the floor.

Bump!

"Ow! Begad! Yow!"

"Feel better?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"Yow! No! Worse!"

"Then I'll give you some more!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Begad! Leggo! I—I'm all right now!" yelled Lord Mauleverer.

"Feel as if you can get up, without my dragging you up by the ears?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Ow! Yaas."

"Buck up, then!"

Lord Mauleverer stood upon his feet, and gasped. He did not resist as Bob Cherry jerked off his flowery dressing-gown. Johnny Bull, of the Remove, looked into the study, and chuckled.

"What's the row?" he asked.

"We're taking Mauly out to play footer."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Get a pair of footer boots for him," said Bob Cherry. "Yours will do."

"Right-o!"

Bob jerked off Lord Mauleverer's slippers, his lordship hopping as he did so. Johnny Bull returned with the boots. They were several sizes large for the dandy of the Remove, but they were jammed upon his feet and fastened there. Lord Mauleverer submitted helplessly.

"Now you're ready?" said Bob Cherry.

"My dear fellow——"

"March!"

"Can't! Fagged!"

"All right! Line up behind him, you fellows," said Bob Cherry. "If he can't walk down to the footer ground, we shall have to dribble him there!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now, when I say 'Kick,' all kick together," said Bob Cherry.

"One, two, three——"

Lord Mauleverer did not wait for the word "Kick." He was outside the study in a twinkling, and the juniors followed him, roaring with laughter.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Well Run!

"GREAT Scott!"

"Mauly!"

"He's going to play footer!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Nearly all the Remove were on the junior football ground.

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14. Out on Wednesday.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

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243

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THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 243.

"THE WRONG TEAM!"



"Look here, Inky," said Billy Bunter. "If I state what I saw last night it will get you into trouble. I happened to be awake, and saw you as plainly as anything. You've got eight quid, and you ought to be willing to hand over four of them." The expression of Hurree Singh's face slowly changed from surprise to fury as Bunter's meaning dawned upon his mind. "My only and honourable hat!" he gasped. "You esteemed rascal! The thrashfulness of your disgusting self will be terrific!" and he made a rush for the fat Removite. (See Chap 9.)

It was Wednesday, a half-holiday at Greyfriars, and a clear, sharp October afternoon. There were two matches going on in different parts of the playing-fields. The Upper Fourth were playing the Shell, and the Fifth were playing the Sixth. The Removites were at practice; but the news that Lord Mauleverer had come down to play quite took their attention away from shooting and passing. Lord Mauleverer looked very unhappy as he came down in the midst of the chums of the Remove. He was too good-natured to say "No" to anybody, and the famous Four would not have taken "No" for an answer on this occasion. Bob Cherry meant to be kind, and his chums meant to back him up, and there was no escape for the unfortunate dandy of the Remove.

"My hat!" said Bolsover major, "where did he get those boots?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"One of them would be enough for you, Mauly!" said Vernon-Smith.

"Oh, rats!" said Johnny Bull wammy. The boots belonged to Johnny Bull; and they certainly were a good size. Lord Mauleverer's feet seemed to be floating about in them as he walked.

"Now, then: on the ball, Mauly darling!" exclaimed Micky Desmond.

"Go it, Mauly!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 243.

A Grand, Long, Complete School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co, next Monday:

"My hat, this will be worth watching!" exclaimed Tom Brown. "Give him the ball!"

Lord Mauleverer was propelled upon the field. Micky Desmond dribbled the ball towards his lordship.

"Now, stop it when I kick!" he exclaimed.

"Yaas!"

Biff!

The footer flew, and Lord Mauleverer stopped it—with his face. He uttered a startled exclamation, and sat down violently upon the footer ground. There was a yell from the Removites.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Begad!"

"Faith, and ye're a howlin' ass!" exclaimed Micky, in astonishment. "Why didn't ye stop the ball intirely?"

"He did!" chuckled Bolsover major. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry rushed to Lord Mauleverer and picked him up. The schoolboy earl rubbed his nose ruefully.

"Begad!" he murmured.

"Here's the ball," said Bob Cherry. "Now, I'm going to give you a lesson in shooting——"

"Begad, I haven't a gun, you know! And surely we're not allowed to shoot here, with so many fellows about?" murmured his lordship.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Shooting for goal, you ass! You place the ball—so!"

"Yaas!"

"And then you kick it."

THE SCHOOLBOY POLICEMAN!

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"Do you really?"

"Yes, you ass!" roared Bob Cherry. "You do, really! You've got to get it between those posts—see—in the net?"

"Yaas."

"Well, kick!"

"Yaas."

Lord Mauleverer seemed to gather all his strength for a supreme effort. He kicked the football, and it rolled away from his toe a couple of yards. Lord Mauleverer looked rather pleased with himself.

"Begad, you know, this isn't a difficult game," he remarked. "I can do that."

The juniors shrieked.

"That isn't all!" said Bob Cherry witheringly. "That isn't the total that's required for winning League matches. You're not quite up to playing Blackburn Rovers or Manchester United yet."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Put some beef into it, you ass! Look here, like this!"

Bob Cherry sent the footer spinning into the net. Hazeldene threw it out, and Lord Mauleverer essayed to do the same. The ball dropped half way, and the schoolboy earl turned to walk off the field.

"Where are you going?" roared Bob Cherry.

"In."

"What for?"

"Finished."

Bob Cherry made a sign to Nugent, and they caught the slacker by either arm.

"You're not finished yet," grinned Bob Cherry. "You are going to learn to run now. Come round the field at top speed."

"I—I can't!"

"Why can't you?"

"Tired."

"Well, we'll see," said Bob Cherry. "The top half of you is coming, anyway, and if the lower half doesn't follow, I fancy you will have a pain. Gee-up!"

Bob Cherry and Frank Nugent broke into a run. As they were holding Lord Mauleverer's arms in a grip of iron, the top half of him, as Bob expressed it, had to accompany them. The lower half was set into unaccustomed motion, and Lord Mauleverer ran as he had never run before.

"Hurray!" shouted Wharton. "Go it!"

"Ow!"

"What's the matter?"

"Tired."

"Oh, you'll run off that tired feeling!" said Bob Cherry encouragingly. "Hurry up! Get a move on! Run, you boulder, run!"

"Oh, dear!"

"Buck up!"

Bob and Nugent were going at top speed now. Lord Mauleverer's legs went like clockwork, and he ran, and ran, till he felt as if his legs were dropping off. When he ceased to run, the two juniors did not stop, and Lord Mauleverer was dragged along the field till his legs began to run again of their own accord.

The juniors roared with laughter as they watched the peculiar sight. Twice round the field Lord Mauleverer and his self-appointed trainers went, till the exhausted slacker begged for mercy.

Bob Cherry panted as he halted at last.

"There, that's not so bad!" he exclaimed. "Don't say you can't run again! You can run all right! Now we'll do some kicking!"

"I—I'm tired! I think I shall be ill!"

"Oh, you'll get over that! Now see if you can kick this footer into goal. If you don't, I'll kick you in!"

"Oh, dear!"

"Go it, Mauly!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lord Mauleverer stood gasping for breath. His face was crimson with exertion, and his breathing was hard and fast. Bob Cherry dropped the footer before him, and the unhappy slacker kicked it. The ball swerved off his foot, and, instead of shooting towards the goal, caught Bob Cherry under the chin. Bob gave a surprised roar, and sat down on the football field.

"Oh, you ass! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lord Mauleverer broke into a run. Bob Cherry jumped up and roared after him.

"Stop! Where are you going?"

"In!" gasped Mauleverer, without stopping.

"You're not! Come back!"

"I'm done."

"You're not; you've hardly started yet. Stop him!"

Lord Mauleverer dashed on. He had discovered that he could run, and he was running now for all he was worth.

"After him!" roared Bob Cherry.

Five or six juniors dashed in pursuit. Fear lent Lord Mauleverer wings. He raced on at an amazing speed, considering his previous efforts, and dashed into the School House. His heavy footer boots went clump-clump up the stairs, and he ran breathlessly into the Remove passage. A fat junior stepped out of his study to see what the terrific clumping was about, and met the flying junior in full career. There was a wild roar from Billy Bunter as he was rolled over like a ninepin. Lord Mauleverer rolled over him.

"Oh, dear! Begad!"

"Yowp!" roared Bunter. "Oh, you ass! I'm hurt! Yah!"

"Sorry, my dear fellow. Oh, here they come!"

Bob Cherry & Co. were thundering up the stairs. Lord Mauleverer leaped to his feet and dashed on as they came stroaking along the Remove passage. Bob Cherry, in his wild haste, did not observe Bunter, who was just getting up. He rolled over him, and there was a fresh yell from Bunter as Bob Cherry descended upon him. Three of four fellows added themselves to the heap, unable to stop in time.

Lord Mauleverer, saved from capture by that timely respite, fled into his study and slammed the door, and locked it on the inside.

Bob Cherry struggled under the mass of struggling juniors.

"Gerroff!" he roared.

"Ow!" groaned Bunter. "I'm injured! I'm dying! I—I'm dead! Ow!"

"Gerroff!"

"Yow! Keep your elbow out of my eye, fathead!" said Johnny Bull sulphurously.

"Yah! Keep your silly eye off my elbow!"

"Grooh! Gerroff!"

Bob Cherry disentangled himself from the heap, and ran on, gasping. He reached Lord Mauleverer's door, but it was locked against him; and there was a confused sound within of the schoolboy millionaire piling furniture against the door. Bob Cherry kicked hard.

Crash!

"Go away!" came a faint voice from within.

"Come and play footer!"

"Go away! I'm tired."

"Come out!"

"Rats!"

Crash!

A table, a sofa, two chairs, and a bookcase were crammed against the door from within. Bob Cherry burst into a laugh.

"He's barricaded himself in!" he remarked. "Never mind, we'll give him some more footer to-morrow. This is a case of kill or cure."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And Bob Cherry & Co. retired, laughing breathlessly. Lord Mauleverer remained barricaded in his study till dark, when he felt himself safe from compulsory football. When he came down in the evening he looked more weary than ever, and he cast glances of pathetic reproach at the chums of the Remove—which only made them chuckle.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Rather Hasty.

TEMPLE, Dabney & Co., of the Upper Fourth, came into the common-room after tea with an air of being very well satisfied with themselves. Indeed, Bob Cherry's description of their manner as "swank" was not altogether unjust. Temple, Dabney & Co. were very pleased with themselves. They had beaten the Shell in the Form match that afternoon. Beating the Shell was not a very difficult task, for the Shell at Greyfriars did not number many great footballers in its ranks. But, as Johnny Bull said, it was something for Temple, Dabney & Co. to beat anything. They walked in with their noses very high in the air, and bestowed oftentimes of condescension upon the Remove fellows.

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THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 243.

"THE WRONG TEAM!"

"Lemme see," Temple remarked, "I believe we're playing you Remove kids next Wednesday, ain't we, Wharton?"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Yes: what you call playing," he assented.

Temple frowned.

"We've beaten the Shell this afternoon," he remarked.

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"You Remove kids won't have an earthly," said Fry. "The fact is, we've been thinking that you'd better scratch us, and play the Third instead. Paget, and Tubb, and Bolsover minor are about your mark. I've put it to Temple that it's a bit below our dignity to waste time playing kids—after we've beaten the Shell."

There was a growl of wrath from the Removites. The Fourth Formers' "swank" was really unjustifiable. At cricket and at football the Remove had beaten them time and again, and a single victory over the Shell was really not ground enough for this lofty attitude.

"You fearful ass!" said Bob Cherry, with a withering look. "I'd undertake to lick the Upper Fourth, playing a team of the biggest duffers there are in the Remove!"

"What-ho!" said Harry Wharton, with equal emphasis.

Temple, Dabney & Co. laughed good-humouredly.

"Cheeky kids!" said Temple.

"Oh, rather!"

"You'd better scratch," said Fry. "We're willing to let you off. We would be pleased to make you look asses, but it's a waste of time, as we've beaten the——"

"Oh, blow the Shell! The Shell can't play for toffee!" said Harry Wharton. "I'd undertake to lick your team hollow, with Mauleverer in goal!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Temple grinned.

"Would you?" he exclaimed quickly. "All right, I'll take you at your word! We'll play you—your side with Mauleverer in goal!"

"Well—ahem——"

"You're not going to back out?" said Temple. "If you're only gassing——"

"Rats! We'll play you—Mauly in goal!" said Harry Wharton at once.

"Done!"

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney. "We should lick you, anyway. But this will make it interesting—a case of fifty goals to nil!"

"Sixty or seventy!" grinned Fry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"That's all arranged, then," said Temple. "You play us with Mauleverer in goal! Ha, ha, ha!"

And the Fourth Formers strolled away, chuckling.

Harry Wharton stood silent, and his chums looked at him with very expressive looks. As soon as the Fourth Formers were gone, they proceeded to express their opinions verbally:

"Ass!"

"Fathead!"

"Chump!"

"Duffer!"

"Burbler!"

"Yah!"

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Wharton, colouring. "I—I suppose I spoke rather hastily. But who'd have thought that Temple would jump at it like that?"

"Anybody would!" growled Johnny Bull. "They know they can't lick us with all their gas; and this gives 'em the chance of their lives."

"Mauly in goal!" groaned Nugent. "Mauly in goal! Why didn't you say Bunter?"

"Mauly—in goal!" said Bob Cherry. "Oh my hat!"

"Well, it's done now!" said Wharton.

"And we're done, too!"

"Done brown!"

"Clean as a whistle!"

"Spoofoed!"

"Licked!"

"We shall have to take care that they don't get anywhere near the goal, that's all!" said Harry desperately.

"If you'd said anywhere but goal!" said Tom Brown, with a snort. "Anywhere else! We could have put him anywhere in the field, and played a man short. But in goal!"

"At one goal a minute, that will be ninety goals to nil," said Hazeldene, with the air of a fellow making a careful calculation.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Faith, and it's a silly omadhaun ye are, Wharton darling!" said Micky Desmond.

"May as well chuck up the match," said Bolsover major. "It will only be a walk-over for the Fourth! Yah!"

"Rot!" said Harry Wharton. "Even with a duffer in goal we shall give them a tussle. And I dare say Mauly will stop some of the shots."

"Suppose he stops half of them, that will leave forty-five to nil!" said Hazeldene.

"Oh, don't be an ass! We shall have to try hard."

"So will Mauly!" said Bob Cherry determinedly. "We're in for it now, and Mauly is going to lead the strenuous life for a bit. Lucky I've taken his football education in hand already."

"Promising pupil, I must say!" jeered Bolsover.

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THE SCHOOLBOY POLICEMAN!

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ONE
PENNY.

"Oh, you can teach even a mug a lot in a week," said Bulstrode. "We'll have Mauly at it early and late. He will simply have to buck up, and get on his mettle."

"We'll put it to him," said Bob Cherry. "Where is he? Mauly! Mauly!"

Lord Mauleverer looked round feebly. He was seated in an armchair by the common-room fire, in an attitude of mental and physical exhaustion.

"Hallo, my dear fellows!" he said, in a faint voice.

The juniors surrounded him. Lord Mauleverer looked a little alarmed; but he was too tired to move.

"How do you like footer?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"I don't like it at all," said Lord Mauleverer. "It's too much like work!"

"Would you like to play in a Form match next Wednesday?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Thanks, no!"

"Sorry for that; for you're going to play!"

Lord Mauleverer shook his head in alarm.

"My dear fellow, it's impossible. I was ill once through exerting myself. I've never done it since. I simply can't do it."

"We know you can't do it," said Bob Cherry; "but you've got to. Our champion ass has undertaken to play the Upper Fourth with you in goal."

"Oh, dear!"

"You've got to learn to be a goalkeeper by next Wednesday," said Tom Brown, with a grin. "You shall have all the training you want."

"Thanks. I don't want any."

"All you need, then," grinned Nugent.

"Oh, dear!"

"It's settled now, Mauly," said Harry Wharton seriously. "I've undertaken to play you in goal, and if you let them score you'll be letting the Remove down. You don't want to do that. You must back up, for the sake of the Form!"

Lord Mauleverer groaned.

"Well, if you put it like that, Wharton, I'll do my best!" he said. "I don't want to let the Form down. But I don't know whether I can keep goal. I've never tried."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You want to go through a course of physical exercises," Bob Cherry explained. "You can soon learn to stop a ball. We can begin now. Nugent, old man, buzz off and fetch a footer, and we'll put Mauly through his first paces now."

"I—I—begad——"

"Right-o!" grinned Nugent; and he ran out of the common-room. The schoolboy millionaire cast an imploring glance at Bob Cherry.

"Not now!" he pleaded. "I'm tired, you know. I've exerted myself frightfully to-day. I can't even get up from this chair."

"Really?" asked Bob Cherry, taking a grip with both hands on the back of the armchair.

"Yaas, really!"

"Then I'll help you!"

"I say! Ow—ow—oh! Yah!"

Bob Cherry tilted up the armchair, and Lord Mauleverer slid out in a heap upon the hearthrug. He did not get up, apparently he was too tired. He sat where he fell.

"Gerrup!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Can't!"

"Why can't you?"

"Tired!"

"Now, all together!" said Bob Cherry. "When I say three, jump on him!"

"Good!"

"One!" counted Bob Cherry. "Two——"

Lord Mauleverer got up.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

In Training.

FRANK NUGENT came into the junior common-room with a footer under his arm. The juniors were all gathering round now, to look on at Lord Mauleverer's training. His lordship had a hopeless look. He felt that he was in for it, and he cast a wild glance at the door. But the way of escape was barred.

"This way!" said Bob Cherry, taking his lordship by the arm, and backing him up against the wall. "Stand there!"

"Yaas."

"We're going to kick this ball at you——"

"Begad!"

"And you've got to stop it!"

"Oh, dear!"

"If you don't stop it, it will biff you, and very likely make your aristocratic boko another shape."

"Oh!"

"Ready?" demanded Bob Cherry, placing the ball in position.

"No!"

"When will you be ready?"

"Not at all, I'm afraid, my dear fellow. You see——"

Bob Cherry snorted.

"On guard!" he called out.

"My dear fellow—— Ow!"

Bob Cherry kicked the ball with a deadly aim. Lord Mauleverer put up a feeble hand—too late. The footer biffed upon his nose, and the back of his head smote the wall with a sounding crack. There was a yell from the juniors.

"Goal!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Begad! Oh, dear!"

"Throw that ball out, goalie!" shouted Bob Cherry.

"Can't! Tired!"

Nugent tossed the ball back, and Lord Mauleverer made a rush for the door. Micky Desmond and Johnny Bull caught him, and backed him to the wall again, as if they were backing a horse into the shafts of a cart.

"Take your place, goalie!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ready!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Oh, dear!"

Whiz! The ball flew directly at Lord Mauleverer's head. But the instinct of self-preservation had awakened in his lordship now, and he caught the ball and stopped it. The chums of the Remove gave him a cheer.

"Well saved! Hurrah!"

"That's all right!" said Bob Cherry encouragingly. "You'll be fit to keep goal for Tottenham Hotspur soon. Chuck that ball back."

Lord Mauleverer tossed the ball back. Bob Cherry plied him with shots, and as each of them was aimed directly for Lord Mauleverer's noble features, he had no choice about exerting himself. When he failed to stop the ball it alighted upon his face, and he was surprised himself at the nimbleness he soon showed. The juniors stood round in an interested crowd, cheering the amateur goalkeeper.

"Good egg!" said Bob Cherry, at last. "You pay for training, I must say that. I'll have you between the sticks to-morrow morning before school, and you'll be surprised at the improvement. You're going in for strict training between now and next Wednesday."

"Oh, begad!"

"You're getting on famously, Mauly!" said Harry Wharton encouragingly.

"Yaas."

"Now for a little physical exercise," said Bob Cherry. "Run round the room at top speed, and jump over all the obstacles I put in the way."

"Can't!"

"Tired?" asked Bob sympathetically.

"Yaas."

"I'll soon cure that. Two or three of you chaps run after him, and kick him as hard as you can whenever you get in reach. It's surprising how he'll be able to run. That tired feeling will soon pass off, Mauly."

"Oh, dear!"

"We're doing this for your good, you know. Now then, start!"

Lord Mauleverer groaned and started. Micky Desmond and Nugent and Tom Brown followed him, with their boots all ready to help him on in his wild career. Chairs were overturned for him to jump over them, and juniors stood ready to stop him from going round them. Lord Mauleverer had not known before that he could jump; but with the pursuers behind him he found that he was able both to run and to jump quite well.

The Removites roared as he tore round the common-room at a breakneck speed, gasping for breath the while. Wingate, of the Sixth, looked in at the doorway to discover what the uproar was about, and he stared at the careering Mauleverer in amazement.

"What on earth are you kids up to?" he exclaimed.

"Only training Mauly for footer!" said Bob Cherry. "He's keeping goal for us next Wednesday. He's got a tired feeling, and we're showing him how to work it off."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the captain of Greyfriars retired, laughing. Lord Mauleverer rushed on. He had paused for a moment, hopefully, as Wingate looked in; but Micky Desmond's boot had reminded him of his danger, and he tore on again. Round and round the room he went at frantic speed, leaping the obstacles in fine style.

"Well, run, Mauly!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, allowing the panting nobleman to halt at last. "You are getting on famously."

"Oh dear!"

"Now a few more exercises, and you can have a rest. Have you ever stood on your head?"

"Great Scott!" gasped Mauleverer. "No!"

"Then it's time you learned. Stand on it!"

"My dear fellow——"

"Take hold of his ankles and help him!" said Bob Cherry.

"Begad! Leggo! I—I'll try!" gasped his lordship.

"Buck up, then!"

Lord Mauleverer stooped down gingerly and placed his hands on the floor, carefully spreading his handkerchief first to make sure of not soiling his delicate palms. Then he dragged his feet into the air, about a foot from the ground.

"Higher!" roared Bob Cherry. "You're not to make a letter V! Shove your feet right up into the air!"

"Oh dear!"

Lord Mauleverer made a great effort, and his legs shot up, and he turned completely over—so suddenly that his heels crashed upon the chest of his instructor, and Bob Cherry was sent spinning.

"Yow!" gasped Bob as he sat down.

Lord Mauleverer rolled over him.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Removites.

"Groo! Draggimoff!"

The juniors dragged Lord Mauleverer to his feet. Bob Cherry sat up. There was a clinking sound as two or three sovereigns rolled off him and ran along the floor.

"Oh, you ass!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Groo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I believe I've dropped some money!" gasped Lord Mauleverer.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Wharton. "I believe you have. About ten pounds, I think."

Bob Cherry staggered up and rubbed his chest. Two or three of the juniors groped on the floor for the money that had rolled out of Lord Mauleverer's pockets. The schoolboy millionaire was always well provided with money. He never knew how much he had, but he always had a great deal.

"Ow!" groaned Bob Cherry. "It's not so easy training a silly ass, after all! I think we'll chuck it for this evening."

"Oh, good!" groaned Lord Mauleverer. "I—I'm quite exhausted, really, you know."

"Nine pounds," said Wharton, counting the money that had been gathered up. "Is that all you dropped, Mauly?"

"How should I know?" asked Lord Mauleverer innocently.

"Oh, you ass! Don't you know how much you had in your pockets?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, you'd better look and see if there's any more on the floor, ass!" said Nugent.

Lord Mauleverer shook his head.

"No fear. I dare say that's all."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lord Mauleverer slipped the nine sovereigns into his pocket, and collapsed into the armchair. He sat there pumping in breath.

"Fagged?" asked Bob Cherry, with a grin.

"Yaas."

"All right. You can get a good rest to-night, and I'll have you up at half-past six for a run before rising-bell."

"Oh dear!"

"I'm your trainer now, you know. I'm not going to neglect you. If you're not in form next Wednesday it won't be my fault," said Bob Cherry.

Lord Mauleverer did not reply. He groaned.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

A Mystery of the Night.

LORD MAULEVERER did not move from the armchair until Courtney, the prefect, came to drive the Remove off to bed. Perhaps he was too tired; perhaps he was lost in awful contemplation of the prospect of getting up at half-past six in the morning for a run before rising-bell. When the prefect came in, Bob Cherry shook the schoolboy earl by the shoulder, and Lord Mauleverer looked up pathetically.

"Bedtime!" said Bob cheerily. "Up you go!"

"Can't!"

"Eh?"

"Tired."

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"Oh, we'll help you up to bed if you like!" he said. "You take one ankle, Nugent, and I'll take the other. The rest of him will follow, I expect, unless he comes to pieces."

Lord Mauleverer jumped up.

"I—I can walk up all right," he said.

"Ha, ha, ha! Come on, then!"

Lord Mauleverer trotted away. The Remove went up to their dormitory, Bob Cherry stopping at Mark Linley's study to borrow Linley's alarm clock. Linley sometimes rose very early to study, and he had an alarm clock, which had the unusual gift of going off at the time it was set for. Bob Cherry

ANSWERS

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"THE WRONG TEAM!"

In the "Gem" Library.
Id. Out on Wednesday.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.



"Mauly!" faltered Harry Wharton. There was no reply. Lord Mauleverer came on, and passed close by them. He was breathing regularly and steadily, and was evidently unaware of the presence of the juniors. Nugent raised his hand to stop him, but dropped it again, some instinct warning him. "Mauleverer!" he exclaimed, but the figure walked steadily on. (See Chapter 14.)

took it into the dormitory and placed it near the head of his bed.

"What's that for?" asked Lord Mauleverer feebly.

"Half-past six."

"I mean, what are you getting up early for?"

"To have you out for a run."

"Oh, dear!"

"You'll get used to it," said Bob Cherry kindly. "This is making a difference to you already. In a week's time you will be a giddy champion, and you will simply howl for football."

"Begad!"

Lord Mauleverer inserted himself into his silk pyjamas and turned in. He fell asleep almost at once. His unusual exertions had tired him out, but his sleep was troubled. Courtney turned out the lights and retired, and there was the usual buzz of conversation in the dormitory before the fellows went to sleep. They discussed the coming Form match with the Fourth, and the fellows passed free and uncomplimentary comments upon Harry Wharton's rash undertaking to play Temple, Dabney & Co. with Mauleverer in goal. Bob Cherry uttered a sudden exclamation.

"Hallo! hallo! hallo! Did you speak, Mauly?"

"He's asleep," said Nugent.

There came a mumbling voice from Lord Mauleverer's bed.

"Begad! I'm tired, you know. Groo!"

"Mauly, old man!"

No reply.

"He's talking in his sleep," grinned Bob Cherry. "Poor

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old Mauly! I said that this would be a case of kill or cure, and I think it will."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Shut up, Mauly, and go to sleep!"

"Groo!"

Lord Mauleverer relapsed into silence again. The Removites dropped off to sleep one by one, and there was silence in the dark dormitory.

Once or twice there came a troubled mutter from Lord Mauleverer's bed, but the ears of the Remove were deaf to it now.

Bob Cherry, as a rule, was a sound sleeper. But this night he did not sleep so soundly as usual. Perhaps it was the aggressive ticking of the alarm clock near to his head. He woke up about midnight, with a vague impression upon his mind that someone was moving about in the dormitory.

"Hallo! hallo! hallo!" murmured Bob Cherry sleepily. "Who's that?"

There was a creak of a bed, and silence.

Bob Cherry raised himself upon his elbow, and blinked round into the long, dark room. There was a glimmer of starlight at the high windows. He heard a quarter roll out from the clock-tower. It was a quarter-past twelve.

"Hallo! hallo! hallo!"

Silence!

Bob Cherry was settling down to sleep again, when it struck him that he could no longer hear the ticking of the alarm clock. He raised his head again and listened.

THE SCHOOLBOY POLICEMAN!

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His impression was correct, the ticking of the clock was silent. Bob Cherry gave a dissatisfied grunt.

"Groo! The blessed thing's stopped!"

He sat up in bed and groped on the washstand for the alarm clock to set it going again. But only vacant space met his groping fingers. The clock was no longer there. Bob Cherry gave a soft whistle.

He thought he understood now.

The alarm clock had been removed, and it was easy to guess who had removed it; at least, so Bob considered. He jumped at once to the conclusion that Lord Mauleverer had taken it away, so that he should not be awakened at half-past six in the morning. He concluded at once that it was Lord Mauleverer whom he had heard getting into bed.

Bob Cherry chuckled softly. He did not mean to allow the schoolboy millionaire to escape the early morning run so easily as all that.

"Mauly!" he shouted.

His powerful voice echoed through the sleeping dormitory. There came no reply from Lord Mauleverer, but two or three fellows woke up.

"What's the row?" came Harry Wharton's sleepy voice.

"Hallo! hallo! hallo! I'm calling Mauly!"

"What on earth for?"

"He's collared my alarm clock."

"Good!"

"Good, is it?" growled Bob Cherry. "I'm jolly well going to make him bring it back! Mauly! Mauly! MAULY!"

"Oh, shut up!" growled Bolsover major. "You'll wake up the whole giddy dorm."

"And the House, too!" yawned Newland. "Do be quiet!"

"Rats! Why don't you answer, Mauly?"

"He's asleep," said Ogilvy.

"Bosh! Mauly! Mauly! MAULY!"

"Shut up!" howled Bulstrode, and Tom Brown and Hazeldene, and three or four more juniors, awakened from slumber by Bob Cherry's stentorian tones.

"Mauly! Mauly! MAULY!"

"He's asleep, you ass!"

"Rats! He can't be asleep. Somebody's taken my alarm clock! It must be Mauly! He can't be asleep! Mauly! Mauly! MAULY!"

"Cheese it!"

"Shut up!"

"Blow your alarm clock! Go to sleep!"

Bob Cherry jumped out of bed. He sought for a candle-end, and lighted it, and approached the bedside of the schoolboy earl. If Lord Mauleverer was sleeping, he was sleeping very soundly, for the calling had not awakened him, though nearly everybody else in the Remove dormitory was awake by this time.

"Now, then, Mauly! You humbug!" growled Bob Cherry.

He approached the candle-light to the face of the schoolboy earl. Lord Mauleverer's eyes were closed, and he was breathing peacefully. He certainly looked as if he were asleep, and Bob Cherry was puzzled.

"He's asleep, right enough," said Elliott.

"Well, I'll soon see! Mauly, I've got a pin here. If you don't wake up, I'm going to stick it into you! See?"

Lord Mauleverer did not move.

One of his arms was thrown outside the coverlet, and Bob Cherry approached the point of the pin to the white skin, and touched it. Still Lord Mauleverer did not stir.

"My arm! He must be asleep!" said Bob Cherry, puzzled.

"Mauly! Mauly! Mauly!"

"Oh, do shut up!" grunted Bolsover.

Bob Cherry did not mean to be beaten. He jabbed the pin slightly into Lord Mauleverer's skin, and the schoolboy earl started and awoke. He blinked at Bob Cherry and the glimmering candle in amazement.

"Oh!" he ejaculated. "Wharrer marrer? 'Tain't rising-bell. Grooh!"

Bob Cherry frowned at him.

"Have you been asleep?" he demanded.

"Yaas!"

"You haven't been out of bed?"

"No, my dear fellow!"

"Honour bright?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Yaas!"

"Well, somebody's raided the alarm clock," said Bob Cherry.

"If it wasn't you, who was it?"

"Begad! I'm sure I don't know, my dear fellow. I haven't opened my eyes once."

"Honest Injun?"

"Yaas!"

"Oh, all right!" Bob Cherry knew that Lord Mauleverer was incapable of an untruth, even for the sake of avoiding early rising. "But if it wasn't you, what silly ass was it? Which of you rotters has got my alarm clock?"

"Oh, go to bed!" growled Bolsover major. "I hope he's smashed it, whoever it is. Shut up, and let a fellow get a wink of sleep!"

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"THE WRONG TEAM!"

"I want my alarm clock!"

"You want a thick ear, you mean!" roared Bolsover. "If you don't shut up, we'll turn out, and bump you up and down the dorm. Go to bed!"

"Faith, and Bolsover's right. Let us go to sleep, Cherry darling."

Bob Cherry growled, and looked round in the hope of finding the alarm clock. But he could not see it; it had evidently been carefully put out of sight. The candle-end was burning down to his fingers, and Bob Cherry blew it out and went back to bed.

The Remove dormitory was plunged into slumber again. Whoever had stopped the alarm clock had his way, if he wanted to avoid any stirring in the dormitory before rising-bell. It was not till the rising-bell was clanging out on the dusky morning that Bob Cherry opened his eyes.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

A Startling Discovery.

CLANG! Clang!

Bob Cherry opened his eyes, yawned portentously, and sat up in bed. The dim October morning was glimmering in at the high windows of the dormitory.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! That's rising-bell!"

"Yes, it sounds like it," yawned Frank Nugent. "Of course it might be a convent bell or a muffin bell——"

"Ass! Lord Mauleverer has lost his run this morning, owing to some dummy taking my alarm clock away! Somebody's going to have his silly head punched this morning!"

Bob Cherry turned out of bed.

"Mauly!" he roared.

"Yaw-aw-aw!"

"Mauly, you slacker!"

"Yaw-aw!"

"Turn out, or I shall come and help you!"

Lord Mauleverer yawned again and turned out. The clang of the rising-bell had ceased, and all the Removes were up with the exception of Billy Bunter. Bunter always stayed in bed till the last possible moment.

"Now, where's that alarm clock?" asked Bob Cherry. "The chap who took it away may as well own up now? Where is it?"

Nobody replied.

"I want to give it back to Marky," said Bob Cherry testily.

"Look here, the silly ass who has got it had better shell it out."

"Must be Mauly!" said Snoop.

"Begad, it isn't!" said Lord Mauleverer earnestly. "I never woke up in the night at all, excepting when Bob Cherry stuck a pin in me. Great Scott!"

"What's the matter with you?" asked Harry Wharton, as Lord Mauleverer uttered that sudden and startled exclamation.

"Somebody's been larking," said Lord Mauleverer. "Look here!"

He pointed to his trousers. He had left them carefully folded up on a chair overnight. They were lying crumpled on the floor now, and a sovereign lay upon the floor beside them. Lord Mauleverer picked the trousers up ruefully; he was very careful with his trousers, and he picked up the sovereign and slipped it into the pocket. Then he uttered another exclamation more startled than before.

"By Jove! Look here, the fellow who has been larking had better own up," he said. "It's no joke to play tricks with a chap's money."

"Money!" exclaimed Wharton.

"Somebody's taken my quids!"

"By George!"

"Are you sure?" exclaimed Nugent. "You know what a silly ass you are with money. You lost a banknote once, and found out afterwards that you used it for a bookmark."

"Somebody's taken eight quids out of my pocket!" said Lord Mauleverer quietly.

"Phew!"

The juniors, half-dressed and excited, surrounded the schoolboy earl at once. Lord Mauleverer had turned out the lining of his trousers pockets, and he was holding the solitary sovereign in his hand.

"Sure they were there?" asked Harry Wharton at last.

"You fellows saw me put the quids in my pocket last night," said Lord Mauleverer. "They're the quids I spilt when that ass Cherry was making me do rotten exercises in the common-room. You saw me slip them into my trousers pocket."

"Yes; I remember that."

"I remember it, too," said Lord Mauleverer. "You were jawing me about being more careful with my money, and that impressed it on my mind. There were nine quids in this pocket when I went to bed, and I remember hearing them jingle when I folded up my bags."

"So do I," said Banthorpe, who had the next bed to Lord Mauleverer. "I remember hearing them, and I told Mauleverer not to let 'em roll out on the floor."

"Yaas, that's so."

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By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

"I came up straight here from the common-room, and didn't even stop in my study. I was too tired to do anything but sit there till we came to bed," said Lord Mauleverer. "The money was here. I suppose it's been taken for a lark. I don't like larks played with money. It's unpleasant."

"I should jolly well think it is," said Bob Cherry emphatically. "It's liable to look a good bit like stealing. The chap who has scoffed Mauly's quids had better shell them out at once, and be sharp about it."

The Removites looked at one another dubiously.

No one came forward to "shell out" the missing sovereigns.

"Hang it all!" said Harry Wharton, breaking a painful silence at last. "If any chap here has got the money, he'd better hand it back at once. If there's any delay about it, the chap will get suspected of trying to steal it."

"I guess so," remarked Fisher T. Fish, the American junior. "I guess the fellow had better come up instanter. Yep!"

"Who was it?" demanded Bob Cherry looking round.

"Same chap who stopped the alarm clock, perhaps," suggested Morgan.

"By Jove, yes! Who was that?"

No reply.

"Look here," said Wharton, anxiously. "We must have this out before it gets further than this dormitory. We don't want the fellows saying that there's a thief in the Remove."

"Phew!"

"Begad, no!"

"Let every fellow answer in turn," said Harry Wharton, glancing round at the crowd of startled and anxious faces. "Now, then!"

Each of the Removites spoke up. And each declared that he had not touched the sovereigns in Lord Mauleverer's pocket. Harry Wharton looked very worried.

"That settles it, so far as the Remove is concerned," he said. "It must have been a fellow from another dormitory."

"Hold on! We haven't asked Bunter yet!"

"Have him out."

Billy Bunter was snoring. He ceased to snore, and roared loudly as two or three pairs of hands grasped him and bumped him out of bed upon the floor. The fat junior roared and blinked furiously at his assailants.

"Ow, ow, ow! Beasts! Lemme alone! Yow! Yah! Beasts!"

"Wake up, you fat idiot!" growled Bob Cherry. "Mauly's missed some money! Have you taken it?"

"Oh, really, Cherry! If you think I'm a thief——"

"I'm not saying you're a thief, you idiot!" roared Bob Cherry. "Somebody's taken eight quid out of Mauly's trucks for a silly joke. Did you do it?"

"Ow! No, I didn't! Ow!"

"If you did, Bunter, own up at once," said Harry Wharton. "If this gets outside the dormitory it will be serious."

"Yow! I don't know anything about it," growled Bunter peevishly. "I dare say Mauly's lost it. You know what a silly ass he is; he's always losing money."

"He couldn't have lost it in this case. He had it in his pocket when he came up to bed, and Banthorpe heard it jingling when he folded his bags last night. Somebody's moved his bags in the night, and taken the money."

"Gron! Well, I don't know anything about it. I didn't do it. Yah!"

And Billy Bunter began to dress himself sulkily.

"Of course it's a rotten joke," said Harry Wharton, though with failing confidence. "It can't be stolen! But it must have been a chap from another dorm.—perhaps one of those silly asses in the Fourth!"

"Perhaps!" said Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, in a very peculiar tone. Vernon-Smith and Snoop and Bolsover major had been whispering together for the last few minutes. Harry Wharton gave the Bounder of Greyfriars a sharp look.

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed. "If you know anything on the subject, you'd better say it out at once, before the matter becomes public."

"I don't know anything," said Vernon-Smith coolly. "But the money isn't the only thing missing. There's an alarm clock——"

"Pooh! Nobody would steal a bob alarm clock!" said Ogilvy.

"A three-and-sixpenny alarm clock!" said Mark Linley, with a smile.

"It was taken for a lark," said Bob Cherry uneasily.

"Lark be hanged!" said Vernon-Smith. "Money isn't taken for a lark, excepting by a lunatic. Whoever took that money doesn't mean to give it back; he's stolen it. It serves Mauly right for not taking proper care of it. But that's not the point. The thief has got to be bowled out; and it's no good talking rot about a fellow coming in from another dorm. and taking the quids. A fellow from another dorm. wouldn't know where to look for Mauleverer's bags in the dark, even if he knew the money was there."

Wharton drew a deep breath.

"If you mean anything," he said slowly, "you mean that some fellow here has stolen Lord Mauleverer's money?"

The Bounder nodded.

"Exactly!" he said coolly.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 243.

A Grand, Long, Complete School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. next Monday!

EVERY MONDAY,

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ONE PENNY.

"Impossible!"

"I don't see it," said the Bounder sarcastically. "This Form may be next door to perfect; but I suppose there are some fellows here who aren't exactly angels. There are some who are jolly hard up, too."

Mark Linley and Penfold both flushed. They were the two scholarship boys in the Remove, and it was well known that they were not well provided with money. Billy Bunter looked very uncomfortable, too. Bunter was always in a state of impecuniosity, and his methods for relieving his financial distress were not always very particular.

"Look here, it's no good throwing out rotten hints like that," said Harry Wharton sharply. "I still think it's a lark—a silly, rotten lark, but nothing worse than that. It stands to reason that a fellow who would steal eight quid wouldn't steal a cheap alarm clock at the same time. And it's simply absurd to suppose that two fellows were up in the night, one stealing money, and the other pinching an alarm clock. That's rot!"

The Bounder smiled.

"Oh, run on," said Harry angrily. "I can see you've got something more in your mind, and you may as well get it off your chest."

"I don't believe there were two fellows up in the night," said the Bounder deliberately. "That's absurd; they might have run into one another. And I don't believe that a fellow going out to steal money would bother himself with an alarm clock. But——"

"But what?"

"But a fellow might hide his own alarm clock, as an excuse for getting out of bed, and bagging somebody else's money," said the Bounder icily.

There was a gasp from the Removites. All eyes were turned upon Bob Cherry. Bob turned very red, and then pale. He did not seem to grasp the full meaning of the Bounder's words for a moment. But the unpleasant smile upon Vernon-Smith's cold, hard face quickly enlightened him as to the Bounder's meaning.

"Why—you—you——" Bob Cherry stammered. "You—you cad, do you mean to hint that I might have taken Mauly's quids?"

Vernon-Smith shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm only stating the facts as they are!" he said. "It's for you to explain!"

"Explain!" roared Bob Cherry, his face flushing crimson. "You low cad, I'll explain to you—in a way you can understand!"

He made a spring at the Bounder. Vernon-Smith put up his hands quickly; but he might as well have tried to stop the charge of a bull. In a second Bob Cherry had his head in chancery, and he was pounding away furiously at Vernon-Smith's features, while the Bounder struggled vainly and screamed for help.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Investigation.

"HELP! Ow! Help!"

"Hold on, Bob!"

"Chuck it!"

The dormitory door opened, and Wingate looked in. "Why aren't you kids down?" he demanded. "Why—what—stop that at once!"

The Greyfriars captain strode among the juniors and dragged Bob Cherry away from the Bounder. Vernon-Smith staggered away, gasping, with the red streaming from his nose.

Bob Cherry made an effort to get at him again, but Wingate's grasp closed upon him like iron, and he was held back by main force.

"Stop it!" said Wingate sharply. "What's all this about?"

"He's called me a thief!" yelled Bob Cherry. "Mauly's lost some quids, and that beast says I may have taken them. Lemme get at him!"

"Hold on!" said Wingate quietly. "This isn't a matter to be settled by punching noses. It will have to be inquired into. How did you lose your money, Mauleverer?"

Lord Mauleverer explained, looking very much distressed.

"Do you think Cherry's taken it?"

"Certainly not," said Lord Mauleverer promptly.

"Why do you think Cherry may have taken it, Vernon Smith?"

"He made an excuse for getting out and going to Lord Mauleverer's bed in the middle of the night," said Vernon-Smith savagely, dabbing his streaming nose with his handkerchief. "I didn't say he took it—I said he would have to explain—and then he jumped at me like a tiger."

"Yes, you rotter, and I'll give you some more, too, if you repeat what you said," howled Bob Cherry.

"I do repeat it!" said the Bounder, between his teeth.

"I believe you took the money."

Bob Cherry made an effort to wrench himself loose from Wingate's grasp.

"Let me go!" he said hoarsely.

Wingate tightened his grip upon the excited junior.

"Hold on!" he said, quietly. "You had better be careful what you say, Smith. This matter will come before the Head, if the money's not found, and you will have to stand by your accusation, and you'll suffer if you can't prove it. You can't bring accusations like that against a fellow without an atom of proof."

"All the fellows here know what happened last night," said the Bounder, sullenly.

"Well, what happened? You tell me, Wharton."

"Bob had set an alarm clock," Wharton explained. "In the middle of the night he woke up and found that it had been moved. He thought Mauleverer had taken it, because he was going to wake Mauleverer up specially early. Mauleverer was asleep; and Bob went to his bed to make sure of it. That's all. Mauly was really asleep; and it must have been somebody else who moved the alarm clock."

"There's no great harm in moving an alarm clock," said Wingate. "Who did it?"

"There was no reply."

"Don't you know who did it?" asked the captain of Greyfriars.

"No," said Harry, "nobody admits having moved the clock, and we don't know where it is. It doesn't appear to be in the dormitory at all."

Wingate looked puzzled.

"That's very queer," he said. "A chap might steal eight pounds, I suppose, if he was cad enough; but nobody would steal an alarm clock. He couldn't expect ever to make use of it without being detected; and it wouldn't fetch much to sell."

"That's what I say," snarled Vernon-Smith. "I believe Bob Cherry hid the alarm clock himself, as an excuse for getting to Mauleverer's bed. He planned it all last night, I believe."

"I suppose that isn't true, Cherry?"

"True!" yelled Bob Cherry. "Of course it isn't! I woke up and couldn't hear the clock ticking, and I knew somebody had taken it away. I thought Mauly was shamming sleep, and woke him up. I don't know any more about it."

"You didn't touch his clothes?"

"No!"

"Did you notice whether they were on the chair, or on the floor?" asked Nugent.

Bob Cherry shook his head.

"No. I only had a glimmer of light with a candle-end, and I was looking at Mauly. The chair where he put his clothes was on the other side of the bed, too."

"You could have got to it easily enough," said the Bounder, with a sneer.

Bob Cherry breathed fury.

"Hold your tongue, Smith," said Wingate, sharply. "You have no right to start a suspicion of this sort. It's possible that Cherry hid the clock as an excuse for getting near to Mauleverer's bed on a pretence; and it's equally possible that somebody else took the money, and hid Cherry's clock so as to throw suspicion on him."

"Yes, by starting this yarn about him," said Johnny Bull fiercely, with an accusing glare at the Bounder.

Vernon-Smith started. Apparently the matter had not struck him in that light before.

"Only a dishonest chap would be quick in accusing another chap of stealing," added Frank Nugent.

"Faith, and there's something in that," Micky Desmond remarked. "What have ye got to say to that, Smithy darling?"

Vernon-Smith flushed.

"I say that Cherry's trying to sneak out of it, and his friends are trying to throw suspicion on me, to shield him," he said hotly, "and you know jolly well, Wingate—"

"That's enough," interrupted the Greyfriars captain curtly. "I know nothing whatever about it; and you don't, either, unless you took the money yourself."

"You dare to say—"

"Well, you've dared to say it about Cherry; and Cherry has a better reputation in the school than you have," said Wingate caustically.

Vernon-Smith ground his teeth.

"I've got plenty of money," he said; "I've no need to steal. Everybody knows that Bob Cherry's father is a poor devil of a half-pay officer, and as poor as a church mouse. I've got lots of money."

"Perhaps this is how you get it?" suggested Nugent.

"Why, you—you—"

"Come, that's enough of slanging one another," said Wingate. "The money has got to be found before you leave the dormitory, any of you. It's lucky that Mauleverer found out his loss before any of you went down. Begin a search of the dormitory, all of you, and see if the money and the clock can be found."

The Removites obeyed.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 243.

"THE WRONG TEAM!"

The whole Form joined in the search, and the dormitory was ransacked from end to end. But neither the missing sovereigns nor the alarm clock could be discovered.

Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, came into the dormitory while the juniors were busily engaged. The bell had rung for breakfast by this time, and the Remove-master had been surprised and annoyed to find an empty table in the dining-room, where his Form should have been.

"What is the matter here, Wingate?" he exclaimed, looking at the captain of Greyfriars and the crowd of excited half-dressed juniors in amazement.

Wingate explained.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Quelch, frowning. "This is very annoying. This is not the first time that trouble has been caused by your carelessness with money, Mauleverer."

"I'm very sorry, sir," said the schoolboy millionaire, looking very distressed. "But we generally have some money in our pockets, sir. A fellow doesn't expect that anybody is going through his pockets in the night."

"Well, no. But such a large sum! However, it must be found. Wingate, will you send Gosling here? Before the boys leave the dormitory I will have every one of them searched, and their boxes as well."

"Yes, sir."

Wingate quitted the dormitory, and in a few minutes Gosling, the school porter, made his appearance. Mr. Quelch directed him to search the clothes of the Removites, and their boxes, and Gosling went through the search slowly and systematically. The juniors gave him all the assistance they could, eager enough to help in finding the money. Breakfast was forgotten; and it was past the time for morning lessons to commence when Gosling finished his search. It had been in vain! There was no sign in the Remove dormitory of the missing money; and, stranger still, no sign of the missing alarm clock.

Mr. Quelch looked very perplexed.

"The stolen articles cannot be in the dormitory," he said, at last.

"It must have been a fellow from another dormitory, sir," said Johnny Bull.

Mr. Quelch shook his head.

"I consider that very unlikely, Bull. The truth seems to be that whoever took the money and the alarm clock removed them from the dormitory during the night. Did any of you hear any sound of a door opening, or anything of that sort?"

There was no answer.

"The door was not open when you rose in the night, Cherry?"

"No, sir. Something woke me up, though—and it might have been a sound of that sort," said Bob Cherry. "But I didn't notice it. I am sure I heard somebody getting into bed, and I took it to be Mauleverer, as I thought he'd moved the clock away. But Mauleverer was fast asleep when I got up."

"It is very puzzling. I shall have the search extended to the Remove studies," said Mr. Quelch. "You had better go down to breakfast now. None of you may go to the studies—remember that—till they have been searched."

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Quelch left the dormitory. The Removites, puzzled, perplexed, and very much troubled by the mysterious affair, dressed themselves almost in silence, and went down to a very late breakfast.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Very Unpleasant.

A GLOOM hung over the Remove that morning.

Getting in to lessons an hour late would have caused rejoicing on any other occasion.

But the Remove were very far from rejoicing now.

So long as Lord Mauleverer's money was missing, a cloud was on the Form; and suspicion attached almost equally to every member of it.

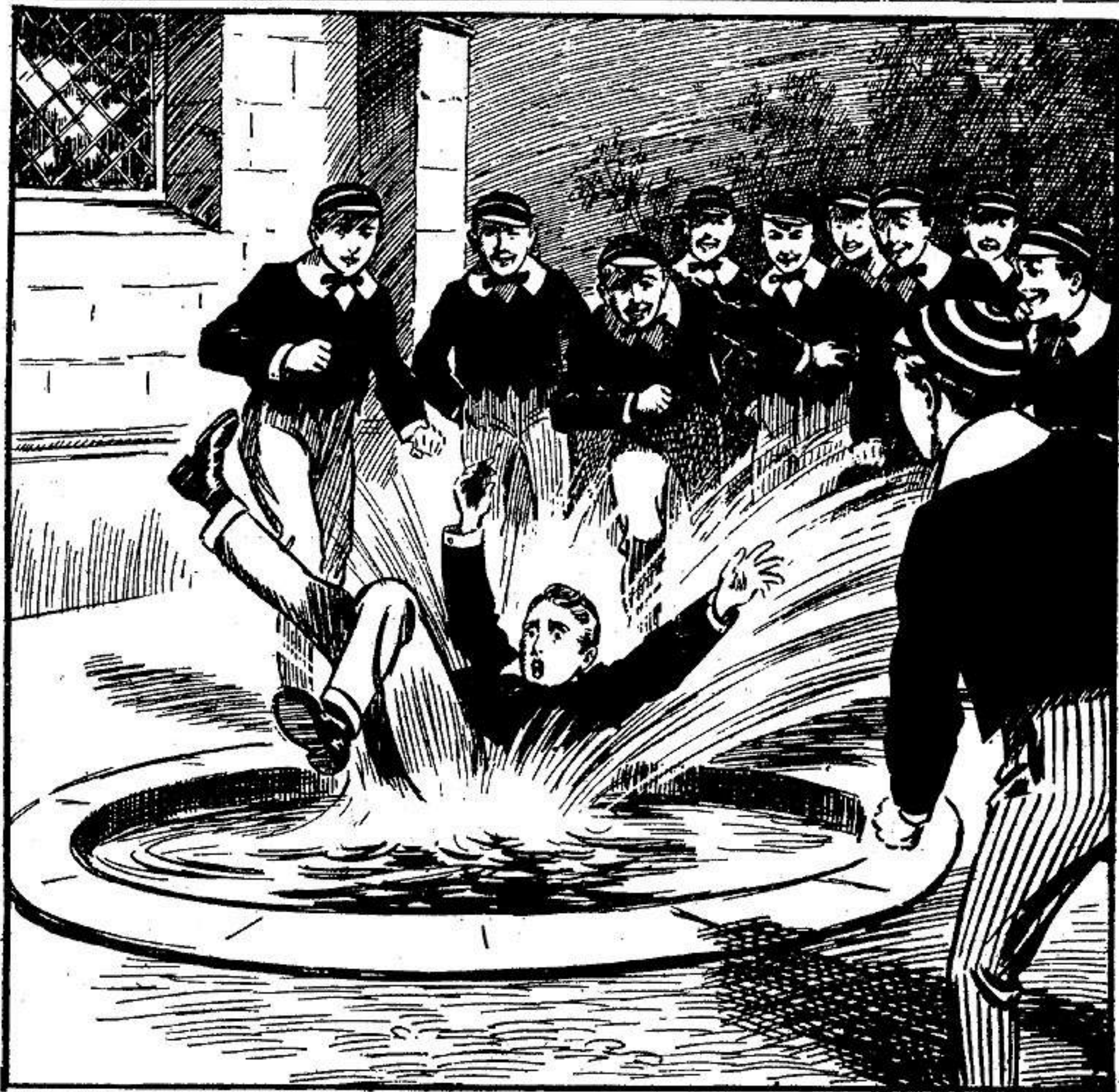
Bob Cherry, to a certain extent, was more under suspicion than the other fellows, owing to the insinuations of the Bounder! But Vernon-Smith, to his surprise and great mortification, found that suspicion was turned upon him also.

His theory that Bob Cherry had hidden the alarm clock, as a plausible excuse for approaching Lord Mauleverer's bed without exciting suspicion, was believed by some fellows. But the counter theory, that Vernon-Smith himself had robbed the schoolboy earl, and had hidden the clock, with the intention of casting suspicion on Bob Cherry, was equally plausible. That was not how the Bounder had intended the theory to work out; and if he had foreseen that development of it, he would undoubtedly have held his tongue. But it was too late to think of that now; and the Bounder, to his rage and annoyance, found that all Bob Cherry's friends—and their name was legion—looked upon him with suspicion.

Until morning lessons were over the rest of the school did not hear of the matter; but within ten minutes after classes had been dismissed all Greyfriars knew it.

In the "Gem" Library.
Id. Out on Wednesday.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.



The swarm of fags had reached the fountain with their helpless prisoner. Tom Merry was raised in innumerable hands, struggling wildly. Splash! "Groooooh!" Tom Merry's head came out of the marble basin of the fountain, and he gasped and snorted. "Now will you put one of us in the team?" demanded Wally D'Arcy. (For the above incident see the grand, long, complete tale of Tom Merry & Co. at St. Jim's, entitled: "THE WRONG TEAM," by Martin Clifford, which is contained in our popular companion paper, "The Gem" Library. Out on Wednesday. Price One Penny.)

Temple, Dabney & Co. assumed very superior airs upon the subject.

They approached a group of Removites who were discussing the matter in the Close, and Temple made an elaborate show of buttoning up his pockets. He had no buttons to his pockets, as a matter of fact, but he went through the dumb show very elaborately.

"I hear you've got burglars in the Remove," he remarked pleasantly.

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

The Removites glared at them.

"Oh, shut up!" said Bob Cherry savagely.

"Go and eat coke!"

"Buzz off!"

Temple, Dabney & Co. smiled serenely.

"This is what comes of allowing you kids to run wild," he said. "I always said that the Remove wanted keeping in order. Haven't I always said so, you chaps?"

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"Certainly," corroborated Fry, with a genial nod.

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"Look here," said Harry Wharton, setting his lips, "we're bothered enough over this rotten affair, without any chipping from silly asses on the subject. Anybody who tries to score off us over this will get dotted on the boko! Understand?"

"The dotfulness on the honourable bokoes will be terrific!" remarked Hurree Jamsot Ram Singh, the nabob of Bhanipur.

"Oh, we don't want to rub it in," said Temple blandly. "we know you ain't all thieves. Only a few of you, I suppose — Ooooh!"

Biff!

Temple dropped into a sitting posture in the quad, as Bob Cherry's knuckles crashed upon his nose. The exasperated Removites made a rush, and Fry and Scott and Dabney rolled over Temple. The Remove fellows wiped their boots on them, and walked away wrathfully, leaving the heroes of the Fourth to sort themselves out at their leisure.

Coker, Potter, and Greeno, of the Fifth, met Harry Wharton & Co. a little later. Horaco Coker wagged his forefinger at them in a very exasperating way.

"Which of you was it?" he demanded.

"THE SCHOOLBOY POLICEMAN!"

Please order your copy of "The Magnet" Library in advance.

"Yes, which was it?" said Potter. "It's a shocking thing. Seems to me that the Remove are a regular disgrace to the school. It's bad enough to cheek seniors, and that sort of thing; but really, I expected they'd draw a line at scoffing a chap's quids when he was asleep!"

"What is Greyfriars coming to?" said Greene, addressing space.

Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged a glance. Without a word, they charged the Fifth-Formers. Potter and Greene and Coker were bowled over like ninepins.

"Yaroorh!" roared Coker. "You young villains—— Ow!"

"Yowp!"

"Groo!"

"Roll 'em over!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker & Co. struggled desperately, but they were rolled over in a puddle left by recent rain, and left sitting in it as the indignant Removites departed.

After that the chipping fell off a little. But Loder of the Sixth, feeling secure in the fact that he was a senior and a prefect, ventured to touch the forbidden subject. Loder, the bully of the Sixth, was very glad of a chance of scoring off his old enemies of the Remove. But the Remove were not to be scored off cheaply.

Loder met them in the passage, and stopped them.

"What's this I hear?" he demanded.

The juniors glared at him. They knew what was coming, and they were ready. Even prefects were not allowed to badger them on the sore subject.

"What is it you hear?" repeated Nugent. "If you listen while you're jawing, you hear the braying of a silly ass."

Loder scowled.

"You precious gang of young thieves!" he began.

Crash!

Loder went over in a heap on the floor, and two or three of the Removites rolled over him. They left him gasping for breath and panting out threats.

"They'll learn to get off that subject in time!" Bob Cherry remarked, as the juniors went up to the Remove passage.

"Hallo! hallo! hallo! Gossy! Been searching for quids?"

"Yes, Master Cherry," said Gosling. "I ain't found anything."

"Have you been through all the Remove studies?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Yes, Master Wharton!" grunted Gosling. "Which wot I says is this 'ere—it's a lot of extra work for a man as is 'ard-worked already."

"Better ask Quelch for a tip!" suggested Tom Brown.

Gosling grunted. He was not likely to do that.

"Wot I says is this 'ere——" he began.

"Are you going to search any further?" asked Nugent.

"Yes. It seems that the 'Ead wants to 'ave the whole place searched," said Gosling discontentedly. "I've got to go through the Fourth Form dormitory, and then the studies. Wot I says is this 'ere——"

Gosling's grumbling voice died away on the stairs.

"Well, this is a pretty go!" said Harry Wharton ruefully.

"The whole school will bless us! I shall begin to wish that Mauly and his quids were at the bottom of the sea."

"Hallo! hallo! hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

"What's the matter?"

"Look here!" roared Bob.

He pointed to the door of his study.

A sheet of cardboard was pinned on the outside of the door, and it bore an inscription, in the well-known writing of Temple, of the Fourth.

"This is the Thieves' Kitchen! Watches and cash pinched while you wait!"

The Removites breathed wrath.

"There'll be no end to it until the rotten money's found!" groaned Harry Wharton. "I think we'd better go and bump Mauly for having so much money!"

Bob Cherry tore the placard down, and tore it into pieces, with a gloomy brow. Certainly it seemed as if there would be no end to it. As the Removites went into their Form-room in the afternoon there was a yell from a crowd of Fourth-Formers in the passage.

"Look out for your pockets!"

"You rotters!" roared Bob Cherry.

The Removites went gloomily enough into their Form-room. Lord Mauleverer was looking more distressed than anybody else. He had only one consolation: in the anxiety caused by the untoward happening in the Remove dormitory, his training was suspended. And even Bob Cherry had almost forgotten the Form-match, and the fact that Lord Mauleverer was to keep goal for the Remove.

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"THE WRONG TEAM!"

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Remembers!

BOB CHERRY frowned as he went into his study after lessons that day. He was, as he expressed it, getting fed up with the affair of the missing sovereigns. Temple, Dabney & Co., of the Fourth, did not mean to let the matter rest. There had been several fights on the subject, and there were probably more to come. Bob Cherry did not object to the fights very much, but he did to the incessant chipping. He slammed his study-door after him as he went in; and very nearly slammed it upon the spectacles of Billy Bunter, who was following him into the study.

"Oh!"

Bunter pushed the door open again, and blinked reproachfully at Bob Cherry.

"Hallo! hallo! hallo!" growled Bob. "I didn't see you. What do you want?"

Billy Bunter came into the study, blinked out into the passage, closed the door very carefully, and turned towards Bob Cherry with a most mysterious air.

The big Removite watched the fat junior in astonishment.

"Are you dotty?" he exclaimed. "What's the matter with you?"

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"What do you want?" roared Bob Cherry. "Look here, I don't want any of your nonsense. Buzz off, and let me alone!"

"Perhaps you'd rather I went and told Wingate," said Bunter, with a sniff.

"Told him what?"

"About what happened last night!"

Bob Cherry started.

"Do you know anything about it?" he demanded.

"The fact is, Cherry, that after thinking the matter over carefully, I remember that I woke up in the night," Bunter said deliberately.

Bob Cherry looked incredulous.

"Only just remembered that?" he asked.

"Yes. I don't want to be hard on you, Cherry——"

"Hard on me!" said Cherry, in amazement.

"Yes. I don't want to be hard on you, but I think I ought to have four of the quids. Of course, not to keep. I shall settle with Lord Mauleverer when I get a—a remittance. I'm expecting a large postal-order from a titled friend of mine. Now, let me have four quid out of the eight, and I'm mum!"

Bob Cherry stood transfixed.

"F-i-f-four quid!" he stammered.

"Yes. That's only half," said Bunter. "A chap's entitled to halves, you know. Otherwise, as I woke up in the night and saw you sneaking the cash, I shall feel bound to make a statement on the subject——"

"You—you what—which——"

"You heard what I said," said Bunter loftily. "Now, am I going to have halves?"

"You—you awful young rascal!" said Bob Cherry. "If I didn't think that you were too big an idiot to know what a rotter you are, I'd march you straight to Mr. Quelch, and tell him what you're trying to do! As it is, I'll only kick you out of the study!"

"Oh! Ah—ow!"

Billy Bunter made a wild spring for the door.

He had just succeeded in getting it open when Bob Cherry reached him. Bunter went through the doorway with Bob Cherry's heavy boot behind him, and he seemed to sail along the passage.

Bump!

"Yarooooop!"

"Now buzz off!" roared Bob Cherry, as Bunter rolled helplessly on the linoleum. "If you're not gone in one second, I'll——"

Bunter did not wait to learn what he would do in that case. He streaked down the Remove passage like lightning. Bob Cherry went back into his study again and slammed the door. Billy Bunter halted in the Close, panting for breath.

"Beast!" he murmured. "Oh, dear! I—I feel quite exhausted! Ow! I—I suppose it couldn't have been Bob Cherry, or he'd have shelled out. Ow! Ow!"

And Billy Bunter rolled away in search of the Bounder. He found Vernon-Smith talking to Bolsover major under the elms in the Close. Bunter twitched at the Bounder's sleeve, and Vernon-Smith looked down at him angrily.

"What do you want, porpoise?" he growled.

"A word in private with you," said Bunter importantly.

"Oh, rats! I've got no money to lend you!"

"I'm not trying to borrow money of you," said Billy Bunter, with dignity. "I've got something important to tell you, and you'd better listen to it. Otherwise, I shall feel bound to make a statement to Wingate."

The Bounder looked alarmed. There were many little matters in connection with the Bounder which he would not

have wished to come to the knowledge of the captain of Greyfriars. And it was quite possible that Bunter, who was the Peeping Tom of the school, had discovered some of them.

Vernon-Smith gave Bolsover major a look, and the latter strolled away, leaving the Bounder alone with Billy Bunter.

"Now, what is it?" asked Vernon-Smith sharply.

"About last night."

"About Mauleverer's money, do you mean?"

"Yes."

The Bounder had an eager look now.

"Do you mean to say you know anything about it?" he asked.

"Yes, I do. I have been thinking over the matter carefully, and I remember now that I woke up in the middle of the night, and saw you."

The Bounder gave a jump.

"Saw me!" he exclaimed.

Billy Bunter nodded.

"I don't want to be hard on you," he remarked. "If you like to hand over four of the quids, I will call it square. Of course, I sha'n't keep the money; I shall regard it as a debt due to Mauly, and shall settle up when I get a remittance. Halves, you know."

The Bounder looked at him blankly.

He was not slow-witted, as a rule, but it took him a full minute to realise what the Owl of the Remove was driving at.

When he did realise it, a thundercloud overspread his face.

"You young thief!" he said.

"What!"

"You didn't wake up—you didn't see—me—and you're trying to blackmail me," said the Bounder, between his teeth.

Bunter backed away.

"Oh, really, Smithy—"

"I'll jolly well show you whether you can frighten money out of me!" said the Bounder; and he made a rush at the fat junior.

"Oh!" roared Bunter. "Hands off! Help! Yow! Oh! I—I was only joking, you know. I—I didn't wake up—I don't remember—yow!—I don't want four quid! Yoooop!"

Vernon-Smith rolled him in the grass, and kicked him with great vigour, and left him panting for breath, and groping wildly for his spectacles, which had fallen off.

Billy Bunter sat up in the grass, and blinked after the retreating form of the Bounder.

"Oh!" he groaned. "Ow! Oh, dear! It couldn't have been Vernon-Smith, then, or he'd have shelled out! I wonder who it was! Yow! Oh! I'm hurt! Yow!"

"My esteemed friend Bunter seems to have suffered the terrific hurtfulness," said a soft voice. And Billy Bunter blinked round at Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the nabob of Bhanipur.

Bunter groaned.

"I've been brutally assaulted!" he groaned, as he staggered to his feet. "I—I say, Inky, when I come to think of it—"

Billy Bunter paused and blinked at the Indian junior. He had tried his "wheeze" on Bob Cherry and Vernon-Smith with conspicuous lack of success; but the junior from far-off Hindustan was mild and inoffensive, and Bunter wondered whether it was worth a third attempt. "I say, Inky—"

"Yes, my worthy chum," said Hurree Singh politely. "Is the painfulness in your honourable fat carcass still terrific?"

"Ow! Yes. Look here, Inky, I don't want to be hard on you—"

"Eh?"

"But now I've carefully thought over it, I remember that I woke up in the night, and saw you."

"What!"

"If you like to hand me four quid, I'll say nothing about it—otherwise, I shall feel bound to make a statement to Wingate on the subject."

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh gazed at the fat junior in blank amazement.

"The honourable mind of my worthy chum is wandering," he said.

"Look here, Inky, if I state what I saw last night, it will get you into trouble. I happened to wake up, and saw you as plainly as anything. You've got eight quid, and you ought to be willing to hand over four of them. That's halves. Of course, I shall return the money to Lord Mauleverer when I get my postal-order."

The expression upon Hurree Singh's dusky face slowly changed from surprise to fury as Bunter's meaning dawned upon his mind.

"My only and honourable hat!" gasped the Indian junior. "You—you—you esteemed rascal! The thrashfulness of your disgusting self will be terrific!"

He made a rush, but Bunter was on his guard this time, and he fled promptly. He dashed away at top speed, and the infuriated Indian dashed after him. They came streaking out from under the elms, and Bunter made a wild break for the School House, panting with terror. He ran right into Harry Wharton and Nugent outside the School House.

"Ow!" roared Bunter. "Don't stop me! Yow! He's after me! He's gone mad—he's running amuck! Yow! He's—he's a dangerous lunatic! Lemme go!"

"Hold him!" shrieked the nabob.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 243.

A Grand, Long, Complete School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. next Monday:

EVERY
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ONE
PENNY.

Harry Wharton held the Owl of the Remove, squirming by the collar. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh came panting up.

"Yow!" roared Bunter, dodging round behind Wharton.

"Keep him off! Oh!"

"What on earth's the matter?" demanded Nugent, pushing the furious Indian back. Hurree Singh, who was generally as mild as a cooing dove, looked at this moment as if he were really "running amuck."

"The esteemed rotter has accused me—"

"It—it was only a joke!" wailed Bunter. "Can't you take a joke, Inky? Ow!"

"It was not a jokeful jape. He accused me—me—he accused me of stealing the esteemed sovereigns, and asked for halves."

"My hat!" exclaimed Vernon-Smith, who had just come up, with a good many more fellows, to see what the trouble was about. "Why, he's just done the same to me."

"And to me!" yelled Bob Cherry, who had also arrived. "He said he woke up in the middle of the night and saw me."

"Me!" said Inky. "He said he saw me—"

"Me!" yelled Vernon-Smith. "He said he saw me, and wanted halves!"

Harry Wharton burst into a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha! Bunter's been on the make again. I dare say he was going round to all the Form in turn to say he woke up and saw them."

"Great snakes!" exclaimed Fisher T. Fish admiringly.

"That's real business. When he came to the right man, he would scare him into giving halves, I guess."

"Business, is it?" said Bob Cherry. "I call it thieving and blackmail! Now, Bunter—"

"It—it was only a j-j-joke!" groaned Bunter. "Leggo my collar! Yow! Can't you t-t-take a j-j-joke?"

"We can't t-t-take j-j-jokes of that sort," said Bob Cherry.

"Lend a hand, and we'll duck him in the fountain."

"Ow! Help! Yaroo!"

Bunter's cries were unheeded. The three juniors he had tried his "wheeze" upon seized him, and he was whirled over to the fountain in the Close and ducked. He came out of the water looking like a half-drowned rabbit, dripping and splashing.

"Groo! Oh! I shall catch cold—groo—"

"You'll catch something else if you don't buzz off!" said Bob Cherry, drawing back his right foot for a terrific drive.

Bunter did not wait for it. He streaked away for the School House, and disappeared into the Remove dormitory for a considerable time, and when he came down he carefully avoided the neighbourhood of Hurree Singh and Bob Cherry and the Bounder. And nothing more was heard of what he had seen—or, rather, what he had not seen—in the night.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Shifting the Suspicion!

"MY only uncle Theophilus!"

Bolsover major uttered that exclamation in tones of the greatest amazement. He had reason to be astonished. Gosling, the school porter, was coming downstairs, and in his hand he carried a well-known object. It was Mark Linley's alarm clock, the clock Bob Cherry had borrowed, and which had disappeared from the Remove dormitory under such mysterious circumstances the previous night.

"It's found, you fellows!" roared Bolsover.

There was a rush to the spot at once.

A chorus of questions assailed Gosling, and his progress towards the study of Mr. Quelch was impeded by an eager crowd of juniors.

"Where did you find it, Gossy?"

"Have you found the quids?"

"Where was it?"

"In whose pocket?"

"Wot I says is this 'ere," said Gosling. "I've found the clock, young gents, and I've found the money, too! Eight pund!"

He opened his horny hand, and showed eight shining sovereigns. There was a general exclamation.

"The eight quid!"

"Here's your money, Mauly."

"Where did you find it, Gossy?"

"Huray!"

Mr. Quelch came out of his study. The excited voices had reached him—indeed, they could be heard all over Greyfriars.

"What is this, Gosling?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, as the fellows made way for him. "Have you found the missing articles?"

"Yes, sir," said Gosling. "An alarm clock and eight pund, sir."

"Very good—very good indeed! Where did you find them?"

"In a Remove pocket, I should say," murmured Temple of the Fourth.

"Oh, rather!" grinned Dabney.

"Silence!" said Mr. Quelch, frowning. "There is no doubt that this is the missing property. Do you boys identify that clock?"

"Yes, sir," said Mark Linley. "It is mine."

"Did you find the money and the clock together, Gosling?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you find them?"

"In the box-room, sir," said Gosling.

"Which box-room?"

"The one at the end of the Fourth Form passage, sir."

"The Fourth Form-room!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "My hat! How did the cash get there, Temple?"

"You ought to know," growled Temple.

"Why, you—you—"

"Silence! In what part of the room did you find these things, Gosling?"

"In a trunk, sir."

"An empty trunk?"

"Not quite empty, sir—there was photographic materials in it," said Gosling. "It was one of Master Temple's boxes, sir—leastways, there was his name on it."

Temple of the Fourth turned white.

"My box!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, Master Temple."

"Impossible!"

"Wot I says is this 'ere—"

"Be careful what you say, Temple," said Mr. Quelch sharply. "Gosling found these articles where he has stated."

"Well, sir, it's very odd that the thief should have put them in my trunk," said Temple, recovering himself. "That trunk isn't an empty one. I keep my camera and plates in it, and I go to it nearly every day. It's jolly odd that the thief should have put the things there to hide, because—"

"Very odd!" said Vernon-Smith, in a peculiar tone. "I believe I saw you doing some photography this morning, Temple."

"Yes, I did!"

"Then you've been to the trunk to-day?"

"Yes," said Temple, turning pale again.

"Oh!" said the Bounder. "Yes, you're right; it's jolly odd that the thief should hide the things in a box you go to every day; and jolly odd you shouldn't have seen 'em when you went there to-day. Bob Cherry, I'm sorry for what I said in the dorm. this morning. It's jolly clear now that the thief came from outside the Remove dormitory."

Bob Cherry was silent.

Temple almost staggered.

"You—you—" he stammered. "I—I—do you mean that I took the money, you rotter? I don't know anything about it?"

"Were these things lying open in the trunk, Gosling?" asked Mr. Quelch.

"No, sir! There's a lot of things in the trunk, and these were under them. The sovereigns were hidden under the old newspaper that's spread in the bottom of the trunk, and the clock was inside a cardboard box wot's been used for something else."

"Begad!" ejaculated Lord Mauleverer.

Mr. Quelch looked at him, struck by his tone.

"Mauleverer, have you anything to say about this?"

"I—I'd rather not say, sir!"

"Nonsense! What do you know about it?" Mr. Quelch exclaimed, sharply. "If you can throw any light on the matter, speak up at once. This matter is very serious."

Lord Mauleverer looked at Temple in a helpless way.

"Go on," said Temple, "don't mind me. I've got nothing to be afraid of. I didn't take the money, and I don't know how it came there."

"Begad! I'm sure of that, my dear fellow!" said Lord Mauleverer. "But—"

"Speak out, Mauleverer!"

"Temple was showing me his camera, sir," said Lord Mauleverer, reluctantly.

"I—I went with him to the box-room yesterday, and he showed me the camera, sir, and he was going to show me his negatives, but some of them couldn't be found. The box was in rather a muddle, sir, and—and I was going to help him turn it out to-day and put it in order—"

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"Well?"

"That's all, sir," said Lord Mauleverer, hesitatingly. "I—I—"

"Please be more explicit, Mauleverer!"

All the fellows were hanging upon Lord Mauleverer's words now. The schoolboy earl was very red and very troubled. He evidently wished fervently that his incautious ejaculation had not drawn Mr. Quelch's gimlet eyes upon him.

"Well, sir, I—I offered Temple to help him, after dinner, to-day, sir," stammered Lord Mauleverer. "But he put it off. He said the box would be all right as it was, and he'd find the old negatives another time, and show them to me. He—he said he was too busy to see about it to-day. That's all, sir—it just came into my mind—but I'm jolly certain that Temple didn't know the money was there."

"Indeed! And what were you so busy about to-day, Temple, after dinner?" asked Mr. Quelch, fixing his eyes upon the captain of the Fourth Form.

"I—I was—was doing some writing, sir," stammered Temple.

"You had an imposition to do?"

"N-n-no, sir."

"You were writing exercises?"

"N-no, sir."

"What were you writing, then?"

"N-n-nothing of importance, sir," said Temple, turning red.

"Indeed! You were writing nothing of importance, and yet the writing made you too busy to do as you had arranged with Mauleverer," said Mr. Quelch, caustically. "That is very peculiar, is it not, Temple?"

"I—I—I—"

"You had intended to turn out the trunk with Lord Mauleverer to-day?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you put him off?"

"Yes, sir."

"Because you had some writing to do of no importance?"

"I—I—I—"

"Your object was not to keep him away from the trunk, because since yesterday stolen goods had been secreted there?" demanded the Remove-master.

Temple flushed crimson.

"Certainly not, sir."

"You had better explain what this writing was, which was not important, and yet was important enough to cause you to put off turning out the box—so very unfortunately."

Temple hesitated.

"Well, sir, it—it was a jape," he said, fumbling in his pockets.

"This is it, sir."

Temple drew a bundle of papers from his pocket. He handed them to Mr. Quelch. There were a dozen of them, and each of them bore the inscription, in large letters:

"BEWARE OF PICKPOCKETS!"

"What does that mean, Temple?"

"It—it was only a jape, sir. I was going to pin those papers up in the Remove studies, sir, one in each study, after bedtime to-night, so that the Remove chaps would find them to-morrow," said Temple. "It was a joke, sir, in—in allusion to the missing money. We all know that one of the Remove fellows took it."

"Do we know that?" exclaimed Harry Wharton, indignantly. "It looks a great deal more as if a Fourth Form chap took it, now."

"Faith, and ye're right!"

"The rightfulness is terrific."

"Yes, rather!"

Mr. Quelch handed the papers back to Temple quietly.

"You had better put those papers in the fire, Temple. I do not approve of jokes of that sort."

"Very well, sir."

"However, the fact that you were busy with that foolish joke accounts for your not turning out the trunk, as you had intended," said Mr. Quelch. "But you can see yourself, Temple, that that might be either a reason or a pretext."

"Oh, sir!"

"The fact remains that the money and the clock were found in your trunk. Can you account for it?"

"No, sir."

"You did not put them there?"

"I did not, sir."

"You did not know they were there?"

"I knew nothing about it. I think Gosling must have made a mistake, and found them somewhere else," said Temple, helplessly.

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**BOB CHERRY
FORCIBLY TRAINS THE
SCHOOLBOY EARL.**

Lord Mauleverer groaned and started. Bob Cherry and Nugent and Tom Brown followed him with their boots ready to help him on his wildcareer. Chairs were overturned for him to jump over, and the juniors stood ready to stop him dodging them. The Removites roared as he tore round the common-room at breakneck speed, gasping for breath the while. (See Chapter 4.)

"Wot I says is this 'ere——"

"Nonsense, Temple," said Mr. Quelch, sharply. "They have been found in your trunk—concealed there—and it is a most unfortunate circumstance that this very day you should have put off allowing another boy to see the interior of that trunk."

"I—I didn't know——"

"What's the good of all that, Temple?" said Vernon-Smith.

"Why don't you own up, now you're bowled out?"

"You cad!" yelled Temple. "If you call me a thief——"

"Silence, Vernon-Smith!" said Mr. Quelch, frowning. "You should have learned by this time the foolishness of making reckless accusations. It was only this morning that you were accusing Cherry, and you are already convinced that that accusation was unjust."

"But this is quite clear, sir," said the Bounder.

"You fancied it was clear about Cherry."

"Well, sir——"

"This is certainly clearer, but it is not quite clear. We must not lose sight of the possibility that another boy may have hidden these articles in Temple's trunk for safety while the search was going on."

"But it was known that Temple was turning out his trunk to-day, sir," said Vernon-Smith. "There was a lot of joking about Mauleverer exerting himself to help him, and somebody said he was going to borrow a pair of housemaid's gloves to save dirtying his hands. If the thief hid the money in Temple's trunk, he did it knowing that it was jolly likely to come to light—unless it was Temple himself; and he could put off turning the trunk out—as he did do."

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"Oh, pile it on!" said Temple, bitterly. "I don't know anything about the rotten money, and I don't know how it got into my trunk. I certainly didn't put it there, but I suppose all you asses will think I did?"

"Begad, I don't think so, Temple!" said Lord Mauleverer.

"You've been rather thick on us, and you can't grumble, Temple," said Bob Cherry. "You'd better stick up those pickpocket notices in your own study."

"Yes, rather!" said Nugent. "Button your pockets, you chaps!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Please let there be no persecution on this subject," said Mr. Quelch. "There will be a strict investigation, and more facts may come to light. I do not regard the evidence against Temple as conclusive."

"Thank you, sir!" said Temple gratefully. "I can't account for the money being in that old trunk. Perhaps the thief lost his nerve, and shoved it there, so that it would be put on me if it were found. That's the only thing I can think of."

"You'd better think of something better than that!" said Vernon-Smith, with a sneer. "That's rather too thin, you know."

Mr. Quelch returned into his study, having handed Lord Mauleverer his eight sovereigns, and Mark Linley his alarm clock. Temple, Dabney & Co. walked away together. Dabney and Fry and Scott were looking very dubious and dismayed, but they stuck to their chum. There was a howl from the crowd of juniors as the Fourth Formers went.

"Beware of pickpockets!"

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Under Training.

BOB CHERRY clapped his hand upon Lord Mauleverer's shoulder, as he met him in the Remove passage after tea. The schoolboy millionaire looked alarmed.

"My dear fellow, I—I'm just going to read some Latin with Linley," he said. "He's going to help me with my cotten classics."

"No, he isn't!" said Bob Cherry, cheerfully. "I'm going to help you with your rotten footer. Come on!"

"I—I was going through the regular verbs——"

"Never mind; you're going through a regular beano instead," said Bob. "This way!"

"Begad! You know——"

"Will you walk or be carried, old fellow?" asked Bob Cherry, affectionately.

"Look here," said Lord Mauleverer. "I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll begin training in earnest to-morrow."

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"You'll begin training in earnest to-day," he replied. "No time like the present, my boy. Never put off till to-morrow what you can shove in to-day. I'm going to make a footballer of you. One good turn deserves another."

"But, I say——"

"Ain't you keeping goal for us next Wednesday?" demanded Bob Cherry. "Wharton's undertaken to play the Fourth with you in goal. You've got to be in form."

"To-morrow——"

"Rats!"

Lord Mauleverer yielded the point. He had no choice about the matter, for Bob Cherry had hold of his arm, and the rest of the Co. were within call. Lord Mauleverer was marched down to the gym.

It was too dark after tea for footer practice, now that the autumn days were drawing in. But exercise was exercise, and Lord Mauleverer had plenty to do in the gym. Bob Cherry was a hard trainer. He had said that it was to be kill or cure, and really it looked as if he was as likely to kill Lord Mauleverer as to cure him. His lordship fagged on parallel-bars, and panted over a skipping-rope till he felt that life was not worth living. A crowd of Removites stood round and watched him skipping, and cheered him on.

"Go it!" said Bob Cherry, encouragingly. "When you've kept up to a hundred, you can chuck it! Forty—forty-two—forty-three!"

"Begad! Ow!"

"There, you ass! Now you'll have to start again!"

"Oh, dear!"

"One—two—three—four——" counted Bob Cherry. "Five—six—why, you ass, you've caught your silly foot!"

"Oh! Oh, dear! Begad!"

"One, two," counted Bob Cherry, inexorably.

"I can't go on."

"Rats!"

"Tired!"

"Bosh!"

"Oh, dear!"

"Four, five, six—seven, eight—only another ninety-two—nine—ten—you ass, you're stopping again!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Tired!"

"Start again!"

"Can't!"

"Then we'll give you the frog's march round the gym," said Bob Cherry. "This is going to be kill or cure; and if you prefer to be killed——"

"Oh, dear! I'll try again!"

"One, two, three, four, five—go it—six—seven—you ass!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Easy does it, Bob," said Harry Wharton laughing. "You don't want to make him stale at the start. Have him up for a run before brekker in the morning."

"I don't know whether I shall wake before rising-bell," growled Bob Cherry. "I'm not going to borrow any giddy alarm clocks. Temple might take a fancy to it again. You can crawl away now, Mauly; we're making a man of you, but it will take time."

"Oh, dear!" gasped Lord Mauleverer.

And he escaped from the gym while he had the chance.

Lord Mauleverer looked very fagged that night when the Remove went up to bed. But there was no doubt that he was improving under Bob Cherry's stern tuition. Bob Cherry grinned as the youthful nobleman sat on the edge of his bed, and looked down hopelessly at his boots.

"What's the matter, Mauly?" he demanded.

"Oh, nothing," said Lord Mauleverer, with a groan. "I suppose I can take them off."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lord Mauleverer stooped and slowly took his boots off.

"I've got an ache!" he exclaimed. "I was ill once through exerting myself. If anything happens, the responsibility will be on you, my dear fellow."

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"THE WRONG TEAM!"

"I'll take it," said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "You won't know yourself when you're keeping goal for the Remove next Wednesday."

"Oh, dear!"

"What have you done with your money, Mauleverer?" asked Harry Wharton. "Don't leave it lying about again; you mayn't get it back next time."

"Temple will put it in a safer place if he gets hold of it again," said Vernon-Smith.

"Begad! I don't believe Temple took it," said Lord Mauleverer.

"Who did, then?" demanded the Bounder.

"I really don't know, my dear fellow. But Temple wouldn't."

"Rot!"

"Well, I shouldn't have thought it of Temple myself," said Harry Wharton thoughtfully. "But he was quick enough to call us pickpockets, and to label Bob Cherry's study the 'Thieves' Kitchen,' and so on. So he can't complain if he's suspected."

"It's clear enough," growled the Bounder.

"Have you put your rotten money in a safe place, Mauly?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Yaas."

"Where is it, then—not in your bags?"

"No. I've put it in my waistcoat pocket," said Lord Mauleverer.

"Oh, you fathead!" said Bob Cherry. "Is your waistcoat any safer than your bags, when you've got both of 'em off?"

"Oh, it's all right."

"Take it out of your pocket, and put it under your pillow," said Harry Wharton. "It will be safe enough there."

"Really, my dear fellow——"

"Put it under your pillow!" roared Wharton.

"Oh, all right!"

Lord Mauleverer extracted his sovereigns from the waistcoat pocket. There were only seven of them now, one having been expended since the recovery of the money. He rolled them up in his handkerchief, and placed the handkerchief meekly under his pillow. All the Remove watched him do it, and were satisfied.

"It will be safe there," said Bob Cherry.

Wingate put the lights out in the Remove dormitory. There was a buzz of talk on the subject of Temple and the discovery Gosling had made in his box.

"You asleep, Mauly?" called out Bob Cherry presently.

"Grooh!"

"I'm going to call you at half-past six."

"Yaw-aw!"

And Bob Cherry chuckled and went off to sleep himself.

Bob Cherry fully intended to wake up at half-past six in the morning, but, as a matter of fact, he slept like a top until the rising-bell clanged out at seven. Harry Wharton was the first to wake, at the first clang of the rising-bell, and he glanced towards Bob Cherry's bed and laughed.

"Hallo, Bob!" he shouted.

Bob Cherry opened his eyes.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Is that the rising-bell?"

"Ha, ha! Yes."

"Oh, rotten!" growled Bob Cherry, turning out of bed.

"Mauly!"

Lord Mauleverer was still fast asleep. He was always a sound sleeper, and his unusual exertions of late seemed to make him sleepier than ever.

"Mauly!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Begad!" murmured Lord Mauleverer.

"Wake up, fathead!"

Lord Mauleverer opened his eyes and blinked. Bob Cherry jerked off his bedclothes, and the schoolboy earl shivered.

"Oh, dear!"

"Turn out!" said Bob Cherry. "You're coming for a run before brekker. Jump into your things and buck up!"

"Yaas!"

"See if your money's all right, Mauly," called out Harry Wharton, as Lord Mauleverer, after dressing hastily, was about to follow Bob Cherry from the dormitory. "Don't leave it under your pillow."

"Begad, I'd forgotten that."

"Fish it out," said Bob Cherry. "Buck up! You're slow."

Lord Mauleverer turned back his pillow. Then he felt under the bolster, and then under the end of the mattress. Then he groped in the bed. Bob Cherry came impatiently towards him.

"Why don't you buck up?" he demanded.

"Begad! I—I suppose this is a joke," stammered Lord Mauleverer.

Bob Cherry jumped.

"My hat! You don't mean to say there's anything wrong with the money?" he roared.

"It's gone!"

In the "Gem" Library,
Id. Out on Wednesday.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

"GONE!"

It was a shout from nearly all the Remove. The juniors rushed to the spot. Lord Mauleverer stood looking distressed and dismayed. Bob Cherry and Nugent and Vernon-Smith dragged off the sheets and pillows and bolster and mattress. Many hands lent their aid; and the bedclothes were shaken out. Nothing could have remained in them after that thorough shaking, and it was only too clear that the seven sovereigns wrapped in the handkerchief were gone.

"Well, I'm blowed!" said Bob Cherry, too amazed to be elegant. "I'm blowed! Gone!"

"Vamoosed!" said Fisher T. Fish. "I guess the giddy, burglar has been at work again. You've got left again, Mauleverer."

"Begad! It's amazing!"

"Faith, I can't understand it," said Micky Desmond. "We all saw Mauleverer put the money there! Didn't ye wake up when it was taken, Mauleverer?"

The schoolboy earl shook his head.

"I didn't wake up at all till Bob Cherry called me this morning," he said.

"He sleeps like a top!" growled Bob Cherry. "He wouldn't wake up if a giddy earthquake ambled in."

"Who on earth's taken it," said Harry Wharton. "This is getting altogether too thick. I'm getting fed up with your missing cash, Mauly."

"The fed-upfulness is terrific," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, with a serious shake of the head.

"It—it must be a joke," said Lord Mauleverer, with a hopeless glance round at the startled faces of the Removites. "It can't be anything else. One of the fellows has taken it to surprise us."

"Anybody taken it for a silly jape?" demanded Bob Cherry. No one replied.

"It's the thief again," said Harry Wharton, knitting his brows, "that's clear enough. It's no good searching this dormitory this time. We know where to look for it, I think."

"Somewhere in the Fourth!" said Frank Nugent.

"Yes, that's it."

"Jolly queer, though, that a chap from another dorm, should guess that Mauly had it under his pillow," said Bob Cherry looking puzzled.

"I don't know. He might go through the pockets first, and then guess that it was under the pillow," said Wharton. "A jolly cool chap, I should say, to have the nerve to bag it from under Mauly's head. Still, everybody knows that Mauly is a sound sleeper."

"It was Temple, of course," said Vernon-Smith.

"Begad! I don't think so," said Lord Mauleverer. "Temple wouldn't do such a thing."

"Who was it, then?"

"I—I don't know."

"We'd better tell Wingate at once, and have the matter looked into," said Harry Wharton. "Come on!"

Wingate was already down, and the chums of the Remove found him in the lower passage. The captain of Greyfriars heard what they had to say in angry astonishment.

"More stealing!" he exclaimed. "I think Mauleverer had better give up having money about him at all, if he can't take care of it."

"I'm awfully sorry," said Lord Mauleverer. "I tied it up in a handkerchief, and put it under my pillow; I couldn't do more than that, could I, my dear fellow?"

Wingate grunted.

"Come with me," he said.

The Greyfriars captain strode away at once to the Fourth Form dormitory. The Fourth Formers were finishing dressing, and Temple was about to leave the dormitory. Wingate stopped him.

"Hold on, Temple," he said. "I've got something to say to you. Have you been out of the dormitory during the night?"

"No," said Temple, in astonishment.

"Has anybody here left the dormitory?" asked Wingate, looking round at the surprised and alarmed Fourth Formers.

"Nobody," said Fry.

"What's happened, Wingate?"

"Another robbery?"

"Yes," growled the Greyfriars captain. "Somebody's taken seven quid, tied up in a handkerchief, from underneath Mauleverer's pillow in the night."

"Mauleverer again!" growled Temple. "I think it's all rot. How could the money be taken without waking him?"

"Oh, rather," said Dabney.

"That's not the point," said Wingate. "It was taken without waking him; that's the point. I want to know who's had it."

"Nobody here," growled Fry. "The thieves are all in the Remove."

"Oh, rather."

"Let's get along and look in Temple's boxes," said Vernon-Smith. "I dare say we shall find it somewhere."

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A Grand, Long, Complete School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. next Monday:

EVERY MONDAY,

The "Magnet" LIBRARY.

ONE PENNY.

"You'll find it there if you put it there, not otherwise," exclaimed Temple fiercely.

"Turn out your box here, Temple," said Wingate curtly. Temple, with a savage look, turned his box out. Every article was turned out, and scattered separately, and other fellows shook out the articles of clothing. But there was no trace of the money.

"It's not there," said Fry. "I think it's rotten to search Temple's box. Better look in Vernon-Smith's."

"Come down to your study, Temple," said Wingate.

"Are you going to search my study?" demanded Temple, between his teeth.

"Yes."

"It's a rotten shame! I don't know anything about the money," said Temple fiercely. "I believe it's a rotten plot of some of those cads in the Remove to disgrace me."

"Oh, draw it mild," said Harry Wharton warmly. "You know there's no fellow in the Remove who would do anything of that sort, Temple."

"I don't know it," growled Temple.

"Come!" said Wingate shortly.

Temple, Dabney & Co. followed the captain of Greyfriars down the the Fourth Form passage. The Removites followed. They were in a state of great mental perplexity. In spite of the evidence of the day before, they could scarcely believe that Temple had taken the missing money. Temple's chief fault was "swank": he had plenty of that, but no one had ever thought of questioning his personal honour.

Under Wingate's eyes, Temple's study in the Fourth Form passage was ransacked. He shared the study with Dabney and Fry, and they were as uneasy about the matter as he was. But nothing was discovered. There was no trace of the missing sovereigns in the study.

Temple drew a deep breath of relief.

"Are you satisfied now?" he demanded.

"Well, I suppose we shall have to chuck it," said Wingate. "It was better for you to have this search made at once, Temple. It clears you to some extent."

"You haven't looked in my old trunk in the box-room yet," said Temple, with a sneer. "I might have shoved it in there, you know. You think I did yesterday."

"Not much good looking there," said Bob Cherry. "Only an idiot would hide stolen money in the same place twice."

"I don't know," exclaimed the Bounder quickly. "Let's be thorough about it. Temple might have counted on our taking just that view of it."

"Oh, nonsense," said Wingate brusquely. "It's no good looking there."

"Oh, don't leave a stone unturned," said Temple sarcastically. "Have a look among my plates and films, and see if you can find the quids."

"Well, we'll look," said Wingate. "May as well go through with the bizney, perhaps."

And the party of searchers made their way along the passage to the box-room. Bob Cherry threw open the lid of Temple's trunk, which was used by the amateur photographer as a store-cupboard for his photographic materials. Inside there were a camera and several packets of plates, some rolls of films, bottles of chemicals, and other paraphernalia of the youthful photographer. Under the various articles a thick newspaper was spread in the bottom of the trunk to protect it against spilt pyro or any damage of that kind.

"Can't see anything here," said Nugent.

"The quids were under the paper in the bottom last time," persisted Vernon-Smith. "My belief is that Temple is bluffing us."

"Oh, look under the paper by all means," said Temple. "Don't mind me! I dare say you'll find heaps of quids, and a marble clock or two, and an umbrella stand, if you look long enough."

The juniors grinned. But Vernon-Smith was in deadly earnest. He leaned into the trunk, and jerked back a corner of the newspaper in a corner. There was a yell from the on-lookers as the paper was turned back. For there, on the bottom of the trunk, revealed by the turning back of the paper, lay seven sovereigns in a little heap!

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Look there!"

"The quids!"

"Mauly's sovs.!"

"Temple had them!"

"Yah! Thief!"

Temple staggered. Wingate caught him by the shoulder; he looked as if he would have fallen. His face went white.

"Buck up, Temple," said Wingate, kindly enough. "The money's there, sure enough. But—"

"I—I didn't know it was there," said Temple, in a husky, choked voice. "I swear I didn't! Should I have been idiot enough to propose searching the trunk if I'd known it was there?"

"That was bluff!" said Vernon-Smith. "You knew we

should search it, and you were simply taking the bull by the horns."

"Nonsense!" said Wingate sharply. "You are too quick in suspecting fellows, Vernon-Smith. You say Temple knew we should search it, and so he suggested it himself to bluff us. In that case, if he was so sure beforehand that this trunk would be searched, he wouldn't be idiot enough to hide stolen money here. After what happened yesterday, he must have known he would be suspected if he stole the money; and if he put it here, he must have done it knowing that it would be found. I don't regard this as proof at all. It looks to me as if somebody has done this to get Temple into trouble, or else for an idiotic joke."

"I must say it looks like that to me," said Harry Wharton.

"Yass, begad!"

Temple panted.

"I don't know anything about it. Somebody put it there, I know that. That's all I know. Vernon-Smith, most likely. He's been very keen all the time to fasten it on somebody."

"Oh, rather," said Dabney. "And Smith is just the chap who'd do a thing like that, too."

Vernon-Smith turned crimson. His hurry to accuse seemed likely to throw suspicion upon himself once more.

"You'd better all ring off," said Wingate, looking worried. "Goodness knows who did this; but I don't believe it was Temple. If we'd found it in his study it would have been a different thing, but here—"

"If somebody was trying to plant it on him, he'd have planted it in his study," said Vernon-Smith. "It would have been as easy as bringing it here."

"My hat!" said Temple, struck by this remark. "That's true, though it's Smith that says it. But the money was put here. It must be some horrible jape, I should think—unless there's a blessed lunatic in the school."

"Take your money, Mauleverer, and I should recommend you to lock it up somewhere," said Wingate. "I must report this matter to Mr. Quelch. I should recommend you juniors to leave off ragging one another until something certain is found out about this."

And the captain of Greyfriars strode away.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Harry Wharton's Idea!

GREYFRIARS was in a buzz of excitement over the second robbery of Lord Mauleverer's money. All kinds of surmises were formed to account for the mysterious happening; but no theory seemed quite to suit the facts of the case. Temple's friends, of course, declined to believe that Temple had anything to do with it; and, indeed, it seemed almost impossible that a lad of average intelligence, even if rascal enough, could be stupid enough to place stolen money in exactly the same spot where it had been placed before. Yet that there was a fellow in the school base enough to "plant" such a thing upon Temple, for no particular reason, was hard to believe. Temple had no enemy that he knew of; he had rows at times with Coker of the Fifth and Hobson of the Shell, and he had had hard words with the Bounder of the Remove. But there was no such enmity as sufficed to make it plausible to suspect any of them of such a base plot. Many of the fellows surmised that the whole thing was the work of some "japer" with a decidedly perverted sense of humour; some foolish practical joker who was delighted to plunge the whole school into doubt and perplexity; and this indeed seemed the most likely theory.

Harry Wharton & Co. inclined to that belief. And yet when they discussed the matter in No. 1 Study after morning lessons, and turned over all the possibilities in their minds, they had to confess that they simply could not think of a fellow in the school who was foolish enough and reckless enough to play such an ill-natured and wicked jape.

"There's Snoop," said Bob Cherry thoughtfully. "He's mean enough. But he certainly wouldn't have the nerve."

"There's Bunter!" said Frank Nugent. "He's a fool enough—but he wouldn't have brains enough to think of such a jape."

"Bolsover—Vernon-Smith—no!" said Harry Wharton. "They're pretty mean; but they wouldn't jape like that. Fisher T. Fish is ass enough; but he's too good-natured to worry a chap by planting another fellow's money in his box. It jolly well isn't anybody in the Remove."

"Might be one of the fags," said Johnny Bull doubtfully.

"I can't think of one of them that would do it."

"What about Loder?" suggested Tom Brown, the New Zealand junior, in a very thoughtful way. "He's mean enough if he had a spite against Temple."

"But he hasn't, so far as we know," said Nugent. "Besides, if Loder of the Sixth got his paws on seven pounds, he wouldn't let 'em go again. No fear!"

Harry Wharton nodded.

"It wasn't Loder," he said. "I simply can't think who it might be. All the same, I think it must be some fatheaded japer; there's no other theory possible."

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"THE WRONG TEAM!"

"Yass, begad!"

"I suppose it wasn't you, Mauly, you ass?" grunted Bob Cherry.

"Begad, my dear fellow——"

"Well, you could have got at it without waking yourself, you know," said Bob Cherry.

"Really, you know——"

"Look here," said Harry Wharton, sinking his voice. "It's a japer, I feel sure of that; and the silly ass is most likely chuckling at this minute over puzzling the whole school. As he's been so jolly successful so far, I shouldn't wonder if he tries the same game on again to-night. I'll stay awake for him."

"Good egg!" said Bob Cherry heartily. "I didn't think of that. Of course, he may be too cute to try it a third time; but if he does——"

"If he does we'll nail him."

"Two of us had better stay awake, in case one goes to sleep," said Frank Nugent sagely. "You and I, Harry."

"Right-o!"

"My dear fellows, I'll keep watch, if you like," said Lord Mauleverer.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"You'd be a lot of good, when you don't even wake up when a fellow collars things from under your pillow," he said. "No, Frank and I can do it."

"Yass, it's a good idea."

"Mind, not a word outside this study," said Harry. "If it's a fellow in the Remove, after all, we don't want to put him on his guard."

"That's settled."

And the chums of the Remove kept the little scheme very dark.

Lord Mauleverer, indeed, soon had other matters to think of. His training was still in progress. Before afternoon lessons, Bob Cherry took him for a sprint, and as he kept hold of Mauleverer's arm, the youthful nobleman had no chance to lag behind. Lord Mauleverer was breathing very hard when he took his place with the Remove in the afternoon.

But there was no doubt that his training was doing him good. Bob Cherry was perhaps a little bit inclined to overdo it; but his view was that Mauleverer couldn't have too much of a good thing. Certainly Mauleverer was getting enough, if not too much.

Immediately classes were dismissed that afternoon, Bob Cherry rushed his pupil down to the footer ground. It was in vain that Lord Mauleverer pleaded that he wanted his tea.

"This is your giddy self-denial week," Bob Cherry explained. "It will be too dark for footer after tea, too."

"Yass."

"I suppose that's what you had in your mind, you slacker?"

"Yass."

"Well, toddle into that goal, and stop the shots I'm going to send you," said Bob Cherry. "Luckily to-morrow's Saturday, and I'm going to keep you at it all the afternoon."

Lord Mauleverer groaned.

"It's doing you good," said Bob Cherry. "Think of playing for your Form next Wednesday, and buck up! Ain't you fond of glory?"

"Yass, but——"

"Don't you want to help us beat the Fourth?"

"Yass, but——"

"Don't you yearn to become an athlete?"

"Yass, but——"

"My only aunt, you're all buts!" said Bob Cherry. "Toddle into that goal before I dribble you round the field."

"Yass."

Lord Mauleverer toddled into goal. Five or six old footers had been brought out for practice, and Lord Mauleverer was given the task of stopping them as they were rained upon him by the best shots in the Remove.

He had to be active. The footers came buzzing and whizzing in, and every one that he did not stop clumped him most unpleasantly in some part of his person.

Crowds of fellows stood round looking on, and they cheered Lord Mauleverer, and laughed heartily at his peculiar antics in the goal. As Micky Desmond remarked, a cat on hot bricks wasn't in it with Mauly.

He leaped, and jumped, and twisted, and rolled, and staggered, and kicked, and punched, and kept it up till he hadn't an ounce of breath left.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, as the rain of footers ceased at last. "You're getting on famously. You'll be able to keep goal in a practice match to-morrow afternoon, and if you let anything pass we'll scalp you bald-headed."

"Oh, dear!"

"Now come and have some tea, and a bit of a rest," said Bob Cherry. "We'll have another sprint before bedtime."

"Oh, by Jove!"

"You can feel for yourself that it's better for your system, can't you, already?"

"Ow! I don't believe I've got any system left," groaned Lord Mauleverer.

In the "Gem" Library.
1d. Out on Wednesday.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

"Ha, ha, ha! Come and have tea; I'm letting you off till the last sprint."

"Yass. Oh, dear!"

And before bedtime that night Lord Mauleverer went round and round the old Close in his running garb between two good runners who did not allow him to lag. When he went to bed his lordship was fast asleep as soon as he had put his head upon the pillow.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Weird Discovery.

THE buzz of voices died away in the Remove dormitory. Silence fell upon the great lofty room, and gradually upon all Greyfriars.

The last light had been extinguished, the last sound of a closing door had died away. The great school building was plunged into silence and slumber.

There was a faint glimmer of starlight at the high windows of the Remove dormitory, a light dim and faint, but clear enough to show up objects in the silent room.

Two juniors were still awake as the hour of midnight tolled out from the clock-tower. Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent were keeping watch.

They were very drowsy, but they struggled against the desire to sleep, and in spite of an occasional nod they remained awake, and more or less on the alert.

Midnight had passed, and there had been no alarm, no movement.

Frank Nugent laid his head upon the pillow to sleep at last. It was too difficult to keep awake in the drowsy silence of the dormitory. He meant to sleep with one eye open, but both of them were very soon tightly closed.

But Harry Wharton watched on grimly.

If the unknown raider came he was quite likely to come in the small hours of the morning, and if he came, Harry Wharton meant to discover him.

Lord Mauleverer had placed a purse containing five sovereigns under his pillow in the sight of all the Remove before going to bed. If the theft was the work of a practical joker, there was no reason why he should not repeat his performance that night. Harry Wharton rubbed his eyes occasionally to keep himself awake. One boomed out dully from the clock-tower.

Still silence, stillness!

But presently through the silence of the dormitory a faint sound came to the ears of the wakeful junior.

He started, and listened.

Creak!

Wharton's eyes gleamed in the darkness. He was not sleepy now. Someone was getting out of bed! There was no doubt about it. Whoever it was did not seem to be troubling himself to be quiet. Wharton heard the creaking of the bed, the soft sound of bedclothes thrown back, and a faint sound of a bare foot on the floor.

He raised his head cautiously from the pillow, and looked in the direction of the sound. The dimness of the dormitory baffled him, but after a few moments he made out a shadowy form standing by the head of Lord Mauleverer's bed.

There was no doubt now!

The door had not opened, and he had heard someone getting up. It was a Remove fellow beyond the shadow of a doubt. But which one? Wharton could see nothing but the dim outlines of a form in pyjamas.

He lay quite still. He did not intend to alarm the marauder by letting him know that he was on the watch. When he discovered the fellow there was to be no doubt about what he had risen for in the middle of the night.

The dim form moved away from Lord Mauleverer's bed. It crossed silently towards the door of the dormitory. There was a faint sound as the door opened, another as it closed, and the figure was gone.

Harry Wharton stepped quietly out of bed and tapped Frank Nugent on the shoulder. Nugent awoke at once.

"What is it?" he murmured.

"He's up, Frank!"

"The japer?"

"Yes."

Frank Nugent sat up.

"He was bending over Mauly's pillow, and now he's left the dorm," said Harry, in a whisper. "There's no doubt about it now. It's one of us!"

"Which chap?"

"I don't know. I'll turn the light on, and then we shall see who's gone; then we'll be after him, and see what he does with the money. I suppose he's going to put it in Temple's trunk in the box-room, same as before."

Nugent got out of bed. Wharton crossed to the electric light switch just inside the door and pressed it. The dormitory was flooded with light in a moment.

"My Aunt Matilda!" yelled Nugent. "Look!"

He pointed to the empty bed.

It was Lord Mauleverer's! The fellow who had left the dormitory was Lord Mauleverer himself.

Harry Wharton gazed at the bed, stupified.

"Mauleverer!" he gasped.

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A Grand, Long, Complete School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. next Monday:

EVERY
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ONE
PENNY.

Nugent rubbed his eyes.

"It—it seems impossible!" he stammered. "Mauleverer himself! Mauly is the giddy japer! Mauly himself! He must be dotty!"

The voice and the flare of light awoke the other fellows. They sat up in bed up and down the dormitory loudly inquiring what was the matter. Harry Wharton ran to Lord Mauleverer's bed and threw back the pillow. A faint hope was in his breast that perhaps Lord Mauleverer had not taken the purse away, that he might have had some other motive for his strange midnight excursion. But the purse was gone.

"It's gone?" asked Frank.

"Yes, he's taken it."

"My only hat! Who'd have believed it?"

"What's the matter?" demanded Vernon-Smith. "There'll be a row if anybody sees that light from the window. What's the trouble?"

"It's the japer again."

"Phew!"

"Where's Mauleverer gone?" asked Bob Cherry, staring at the empty bed belonging to the schoolboy earl.

"He's the chap!"

"What?"

"Rats!"

"Impossible!"

"It's true enough," said Harry Wharton, still utterly bewildered by the strange happening. "He's taken the purse out from under his own pillow, and gone out of the dorm."

"My hat!" ejaculated Micky Desmond. "I'd never have believed it of him."

"I'm going to see what he does with it," said Harry Wharton, opening the door of the Remove dormitory.

"Not much doubt what he'll do with it," said Vernon-Smith.

"It's Mauleverer trying to put it on Temple all the time. Who'd have thought it?"

"I can't believe it," gasped Bob Cherry. "He's not that sort."

"Must be potty!" said John Bull.

"The potfulness is terrific."

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent, without troubling to dress, ran along the dormitory passage and down the first flight of stairs. Their bare feet made no sound. They guessed in which direction to look for Lord Mauleverer, and they were right. They reached the box-room at the end of the Fourth Form passage, and found the door standing wide open.

Starlight fell in at the wide window and lighted up the room with a dim glimmer. The figure of Lord Mauleverer showed up plainly in the twilight there.

He was bending over the big trunk belonging to Temple of the Fourth in which Temple kept his photographic materials. He had raised the lid, and was raising the paper at the bottom of the box in a corner, and placing the purse under it.

Although they beheld it with their own eyes, the chums of the Remove could hardly believe what they saw.

Lord Mauleverer was a simple fellow in many ways. He had few faults. Among them no one had ever dreamed of numbering lying or deceit of any kind. That he was capable of planting a suspicion of theft upon a fellow, and a fellow who had never done him any harm, was incredible. Yet here he was, under the very eyes of the juniors, placing the purse in Temple's trunk in the very spot where the money had been found twice before. Was it villainy, or was it an extraordinary jape—a joke of which the ill-nature was only equalled by the stupidity?

The chums of the Remove watched him speechlessly. Lord Mauleverer rose from bending over the box, and closed down the lid. Then Harry Wharton found his voice.

"Mauleverer!" he exclaimed sharply.

The junior did not reply. He was coming back towards the open doorway, directly towards the two juniors standing there, but he did not seem to see them. Some strangeness in his manner struck the juniors with a chill. A fearful suspicion darted into their minds that they had to do with a madman.

"Mauly!" faltered Wharton.

Still no reply.

Lord Mauleverer came on, and passed close by them. He was breathing regularly and steadily, and was evidently unaware of their presence. Nugent raised his hand to touch him, but dropped it again, some instinct warning him.

"Mauleverer!" he exclaimed.

The figure walked steadily on.

Harry Wharton and Nugent stood transfixed. The schoolboy earl closed the door of the box-room after him as he left it, and they were shut in. Wharton reopened it immediately, and they hurried out into the passage after Lord Mauleverer. They knew that this could not be acting: Lord Mauleverer was unaware of their presence. But if he had passed so close as almost to touch them, how could he be unaware of them? What did it mean?

They shuddered with a strange fear as they ran after the junior. He was returning to the Remove dormitory. He

ascended the stairs with a steady step, and walked along the dormitory passage.

"Good heavens!" muttered Nugent, in horror. "What's the matter with him, Harry? Is he in a fit, or—or is he mad?"

"I—I think he's asleep!"

"Asleep!"

"I think so!" said Wharton, with a shudder.

"Great Scott!"

The doorway of the Remove dormitory was crowded with fellows looking out. There was a buzz of voices; and a door was heard to open below. Someone had been disturbed evidently. Harry Wharton ran on past Lord Mauleverer, who was walking slowly, and did not see him, or betray any knowledge that he was there.

"Here he is!" exclaimed Bolsover.

"Quiet!" breathed Harry.

"What—what's the matter?"

"There's something wrong with Mauleverer. Don't touch him—don't make a row! I think he's walking in his sleep."

"Phew!"

"Gammon!" said Vernon-Smith derisively. "Shamming, you mean, because he's found out!"

"Shut up!" said Wharton fiercely. "If he's asleep he mustn't be awakened—it's dangerous to wake up a somnambulist."

"Here he is!" breathed Bob Cherry.

Lord Mauleverer entered the dormitory, Nugent following him. In the glare of the electric light, Lord Mauleverer's face was clearly seen. The eyes were closed, the face calm, and the breathing was quite regular. He walked through the crowd of fellows, who made way for him with awe-stricken faces, and went straight towards his bed.

"Asleep, by George!" said Tom Brown.

Even Vernon-Smith was convinced. There was no room for doubt now: Lord Mauleverer was a somnambulist. There was a footstep at the door, and Mr. Quelch, in a dressing-gown, looked in with a frowning brow.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Lord Mauleverer is Surprised.

MR. QUELCH looked angry, as well he might. To find the Lower Fourth all out of bed at one o'clock in the morning, with the electric light on, was a surprise. Mr. Quelch was accustomed to some little vagaries in his Form; but he had hardly expected this kind of thing.

"What does this mean?" he demanded sternly.

"It's Mauleverer, sir," said Harry Wharton quickly. "He's walking in his sleep!"

"What?"

"Look at him, sir!"

Lord Mauleverer was getting back into bed, with strangely slow and deliberate movements.

Mr. Quelch strode quickly towards him.

"Mauleverer!" he exclaimed sharply.

The somnambulist did not answer or turn his head. He laid himself in bed, pulled the bedclothes over himself, and placed his head upon the pillow. His face was turned to Mr. Quelch as he lay, and it was calm and peaceful, undisturbed in repose.

"Good heavens!" muttered Mr. Quelch. Lord Mauleverer lay quietly asleep. The Remove-master, after a long look at him, turned away from the bedside.

"How did you discover this?" he asked.

Harry Wharton explained.

The Remove-master uttered an exclamation of astonishment as Wharton described the peculiar actions of the sleepwalker.

"Then—it was Mauleverer himself who secreted the missing money in Temple's trunk!" he exclaimed.

"Must have been, sir. He must have been walking in his sleep last night and the night before," said Harry Wharton. "It's jolly queer!"

"I am glad that the discovery has been made," said Mr. Quelch. "There is no doubt about it now. Do not wake Mauleverer, it may be harmful. Go back to bed now."

The Remove turned in; and Mr. Quelch put out the light, and retired.

But it was a long time before the Removites went to sleep. They were amazed, and as relieved as they were amazed, by the strange discovery of Lord Mauleverer's somnambulism. It relieved the whole school of the unpleasant suspicion that a theft had been committed. As Bob Cherry remarked, a sleepwalker couldn't be guilty of theft, especially of his own money.

"It's all your fault, Bob Cherry!" Vernon-Smith said, with a sniff. Vernon-Smith was very much annoyed at the proof of the groundlessness of all his suspicions. He had fixed them first upon Bob Cherry, and then upon Temple of the Fourth, and it was now clear that he was equally wrong in both cases.

"My fault!" exclaimed Bob Cherry warmly. "What do you mean, you ass?"

"It's the way you've been putting Mauleverer through it, that's upset him in this way. He hasn't sleepwalked before, that we know of."

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"THE WRONG TEAM!"

"My hat!" said Bob Cherry. "I shouldn't wonder if there's something in that, though Smithy says it! Might be unaccustomed to exercise that's upset his giddy nervous system."

"After next Wednesday he'll go sleepwalking down to the footer ground, and keeping goals in his sleep!" chuckled Tom Brown.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lord Mauleverer did not wake—all the talking had no effect upon his deep slumber; and, one by one, the Removites dropped off to sleep again.

When the rising-bell clanged out in the morning, Bob Cherry was the first to wake. He cast a glance towards Lord Mauleverer's bed. His lordship was yet fast asleep. Bob Cherry shook him as soon as he rose.

Lord Mauleverer opened his eyes and yawned.

"Hallo! Is that rising-bell?" he asked. "I'm sleepy!"

"Look for your giddy quids, Mauly!" said Johnny Bull.

"Yaas, begad!"

Lord Mauleverer unsuspectingly turned his pillow back. Then he uttered an exclamation.

"It's gone!"

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"What's gone?" demanded Nugent.

"The purse!"

"Go hon!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lord Mauleverer stared in amazement at the grinning juniors. "Is this a lark?" he asked. "Has one of your hidden the purse?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Begad, you know——"

"Somebody's hidden it," grinned Bob Cherry. "And the name of the silly ass is Mauleverer!"

"My dear fellow, I don't see the joke——"

"You ass!" roared Bob Cherry. "Did you know you were a giddy sleepwalker?"

"What?"

"Did you know that you were in the habit of making peregrinations round the house of a night in your pyjamas?"

"By Jove!"

"Have you ever sleepwalked before?" demanded Johnny Bull.

"You—you don't mean to say I sleepwalked last night?" exclaimed Lord Mauleverer, in astonishment.

"Yes, you did!"

"Begad!"

"Have you ever done it before?" asked Harry Wharton.

His lordship nodded.

"Yaas, once. I'd almost forgotten it. I over-exerted myself once, you know, and it upset my nervous system, and made me quite ill, you know. My uncle found me sleepwalking, and since I've never over-exerted myself, you know, I suppose that ass Cherry's silly training has brought it on again. But what has my sleepwalking got to do with the purse being missing?"

"You took it away, and hid it in Temple's trunk!"

"Impossible!"

"We saw you!" howled Nugent.

"You saw me shove the purse in Temple's trunk?"

"Yes. Wharton and I both saw you!"

"Well, if you saw me, my dear fellows, I'll take your word for it," said Lord Mauleverer gracefully. "But I certainly don't remember it."

"I don't suppose you do, as you were fast asleep at the time, you champion ass!" said Frank, with a snort. "But you did it right enough. And you must have done the same thing the two other nights—it's clear enough now."

"Yaas, begad. I knew Temple couldn't have done it," said his lordship complacently. "I knew he wasn't that kind of a chap. It was all the fault of you fellows, you know."

"How do you make that out?"

"Bob Cherry first, by upsetting my nervous system with his weird ideas of training. Then you worried me to be careful of my money when I spilt it in the common-room," said Lord Mauleverer. "That must have fixed it on my mind, you see, and made me dream about it. So when I started sleepwalking, I must have had some idea in my head about putting the money in a safe place. And I'd been going over Temple's trunk with him that day, so that's how I came to hide the giddy money there, I suppose. And as for the alarm clock, I know I was dreaming about that—it haunted me. When I went to sleep on Wednesday night, I felt as if it were going off every minute. It's all Bob Cherry's fault! I think he ought to be bumped for giving the school all this trouble."

"Well, I like that!" exclaimed Bob Cherry indignantly.

"How was I to know that you were a silly somnambulist?"

"We knew the adjective, but not the noun," grinned Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Better not do any more training," said Lord Mauleverer, getting out of bed. "You see, I may walk off somebody else's money next, or the Head's marble clock instead of Linley's."

alarm, and may shove 'em where they can't be found. Upon the whole, I won't go into training any more."

"Upon the whole, you'll go into training harder than ever!" said Bob Cherry, with emphasis. "This blessed somnambulism comes of slacking, and getting out of condition. I'll train you out of it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My dear fellow——" protested Lord Mauleverer feebly.

"What you want is exercise, and plenty of it," said Bob Cherry; "and that's what you're going to have. As for any future performances of this sort, you can tie your hoof to the bedpost when you go to bed, and you won't be able to get out. But I'll train you into such an athletic state that you will soon get cured of these things. You rely on me! Jump into your things; you're coming out for a sprint before brekker!"

"But I say, my dear fellow——"

"Buck up!" roared Bob Cherry.

And Lord Mauleverer groaned and bucked up.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Mauleverer's Mettle!

LORD MAULEVERER looked very thoughtful that morning.

The discovery of his somnambulist propensities had been somewhat of a shock to him, and it gave him something to think about. But he was thinking of other matters, too. He felt that his queer failing had caused the other fellows a great deal of trouble, and he apologised several times to Temple for the liberty he had unwittingly taken with his trunk. Temple only laughed. He was too deeply relieved by the discovery of the truth to feel exasperated with the unintentional offender.

"It's all right, my son," said Temple. "You couldn't help it, any more than you can help being a silly ass when you're awake. Blessed if I know when you're the bigger duffer of the two—when you're asleep, or when you're awake."

"My dear fellow, I'm awfully sorry——"

"Never mind," said Temple. "Keep your sorrow for Wednesday, when you'll be keeping goal against us. You'll need it for yourself then."

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

Lord Mauleverer smiled.

"Begad, you know," he remarked, "I think we shall beat you, you know!"

Temple roared.

"Especially with you in goal. Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm picking up wonderfully, you know; and the fact is, I feel that I owe the fellows something for bothering them like this, and I'm going to make it up to them by playing awfully hard on Wednesday."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yas, I assure you I shall be simply on my mettle," said Lord Mauleverer.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lord Mauleverer left the Fourth-Formers shrieking. On his mettle or off his mettle, they were not afraid of Lord Mauleverer in goal.

But Bob Cherry received Lord Mauleverer's confidence on that subject more seriously. He was glad to hear it.

"I feel that I owe you fellows something, you know," Lord Mauleverer explained. "I'm going to do my best for you on Wednesday to make up for the trouble I've caused."

"Hear, hear!" said Nugent.

Bob Cherry slapped the schoolboy earl upon the back with appreciation and vigour, and Lord Mauleverer gasped.

"Ow! Oh, dear!"

"That's right," said Bob Cherry encouragingly. "Buck up and play like a giddy International, and everything shall be forgotten and forgiven, as they say in the personal advertisements. We'll welcome you with open arms to a study feed when we've beaten the Fourth, and we'd kill the fat-headed calf for you, only Nugent isn't tired of life——"

"Why, you silly ass——" began Nugent.

"I'm going to buck up like anything," said Lord Mauleverer. "I was thinking of taking a rest this afternoon, and having quite a long walk to-morrow."

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"You're going to keep goal this afternoon, and have three long walks to-morrow," he said; "and I'm going to keep an eye on you all the time."

And Lord Mauleverer did. He kept goal that afternoon, and, as Bob Cherry expressed it, he put his beef into it, and he acquitted himself very well considering. And when he went to bed that night he took the precaution of tying a cord from his ankle to the bedpost, and in the middle of the night some of the Removers woke up, and heard a grunting and a creaking from Lord Mauleverer's bed.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" called out Bob Cherry. "Are you awake, Mauly?"

"Yas. I've just woke up. Some silly ass has been trying to pull me out of bed by my ankle, I think."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Begad! It's the cord, I suppose."

"I suppose it is, fathead! Go to sleep!"

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A Grand, Long, Complete School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. next Monday:

"THE SCHOOLBOY POLICEMAN!"

Please order your copy of "The Magnet" Library in advance.

EVERY
MONDAY.

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

"It's that beastly training, you know!" said Lord Mauleverer sleepily.

"Rats!"

And slumber settled upon the Remove dormitory again.

Perhaps the discovery of his somnambulist tendencies helped to put a stop to them; or perhaps the hard training, as Bob Cherry averred, ended by having the effect of curing the sleepwalker. At all events, that was the last night upon which the schoolboy earl showed any tendency to leave his bed while still asleep. As for the training, it went on as grimly as ever.

Every spare moment in Lord Mauleverer's days was occupied in practice at goal, and if sticking to it could make a good goalkeeper, certainly Lord Mauleverer ought to have developed into a custodian fit to defend a citadel for a League team.

Temple, Dabney & Co. took the whole affair as a howling joke. They did not really believe, perhaps, that they were up to Remove form in footer as a game, but a very weak team should have been able to beat a strong one when the latter played a dummy in goal. Every kick that was straight for the goal mouth was certain to materialise, Temple & Co. considered, and they were quite assured that Lord Mauleverer would not be able to save a single shot. The Fourth Formers fully expected to score at least ten or twelve goals, and it would not matter if the Remove took two or three, as they usually did in matches with the Fourth.

As the day of the Form match came round, Harry Wharton's brow wore several times a worried look. Even the late exciting mystery of the missing sovereigns was forgotten in the interest of the Form match. The Remove and the Upper Fourth played a series of fixtures through the season, and every match counted in the grand total; and Harry Wharton's rash undertaking to play Lord Mauleverer in goal, if it resulted in the loss of a match, would be long remembered in the Remove. If the match were won, of course, then Wharton would score doubly, by beating the Upper Fourth on such terms. But Harry could not help feeling anxious, and Temple had no intention whatever of letting him off the match he had rashly engaged to play. The only thing was, as Bob Cherry said, that Lord Mauleverer must buck up, and his lordship had promised that he would be on his mettle on the great day.

Mauleverer, indeed, showed signs of realising how important a trust was confided in him, and on Tuesday, the eve of the match, he no longer showed a desire to dodge practice; and he acquitted himself almost to Bob Cherry's satisfaction.

"We shall have to keep a strong defence, and not let them get near goal if we can help it," Harry Wharton remarked. "Then we must trust to luck."

"Anyway, Mauly won't let us down hopelessly," said Bob Cherry. "He pays for training, you must admit that."

"He does—he do!" agreed Johnny Bull. "He's even giving up slacking. As you haven't killed him, I suppose he may be regarded as cured."

The next morning Bob Cherry looked anxiously at Lord Mauleverer when they turned out at the sound of the rising-bell.

"How do you feel, Mauly?" he asked.

"Tired."

Bob Cherry glared.

"Well, you'd better get over that, or you'll get scalped after the match," he said. "Mind, if you let the ball pass you, you'll be ragged bald-headed!"

"My dear fellow, I'm tired, but I'm on my mettle," said Lord Mauleverer confidently. "I am going to do my best."

"Bravo, Mauly!"

And Lord Mauleverer looked quite confident when he went down to the football ground with the Remove team in the afternoon. Quite a crowd was gathering round the field. Fellows were giving up other occupations to see the dandy of the Remove keep goal. It was generally decided that it would be an exhibition worth seeing.

Temple, Dabney & Co. were smiling big smiles as they came down to the field. It was easy to see that they expected the easiest of easy victories.

"You fellows ready to be licked?" yawned Temple.

"Quite ready!" said Harry Wharton cheerfully—more cheerfully than he was feeling, as a matter of fact. "If you've finished gassing, we'll begin."

Temple grinned, and led his merry men on the field. Harry Wharton won the toss and kicked off. There was a shout from the fellows thronging round the ground.

"Buck up, Fourth! Let's see Mauly save!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Temple, Dabney & Co. tried rushing tactics. The Fourth Form front line came sweeping on for goal, and they burst the junior defence. There was a yell as the ball shot in from Temple's foot.

"Goal! My hat!"

Was it a goal? Lord Mauleverer, looking very easy and elegant in goal, was waiting for the shot, and as it sailed in his

(Continued on page 26.)

OUR THRILLING NEW SERIAL STORY. START THIS WEEK!

TWICE ROUND THE GLOBE!

THE STORY OF THE
GREAT MAN-HUNT
BY SIDNEY DREW



Ferrers Lord, millionaire, and owner of the Lord of the Deep.



Prince Ching-Lung, adventurer, conjurer, and ventriloquist.



Nathan Gore, jewel collector and multi-millionaire, Ferrers Lord's terrible rival.

THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

"BY FOUL MEANS OR FAIR, I'LL WIN."

Nathan Gore, millionaire and jewel-collector, clenched his hands furiously and raved like a madman on the deck of the liner Coronation. He had started specially from America in order to be present at the sale-room in London where the costly diamond, "The World's Wonder," was to be put up for auction. "A telegram for Mr. Gore," a voice rang out through the darkness. The American was told the message, and as he listened, his face came over deathly pale, and he gave vent to a terrible oath. The message was: "Ferrers Lord purchased 'The World's Wonder' privately. No bidders. Price unknown." "I'll win yet," shrieked the man. "By foul means or fair, I'll win!"

"THE WORLD'S WONDER."

In the magnificent drawing-room of Ferrers Lord's house in Park Lane was assembled a varied collection of individuals. First of all, there was the celebrated millionaire himself, and close to him sat Ching-Lung, a Chinaman, busily engaged in making paper butterflies. Hal Honour, the great engineer, was sipping tea, and Rupert Thurston yawned in a chair. "How much did you pay for that great diamond, presently asked the latter. The millionaire smiled. "Money and fair words, Rupert," he replied. "By the way, you have not seen it yet?" The priceless gem passed from hand to hand. A thousand fires burned in its crystal heart; a thousand colours, ever changing, leaped from every facet. "I guess it would have been more money and less fair words if old Gore had turned up," remarked Ching-Lung sagely.

"I'LL TAKE THE CHALLENGE!"

The millionaire's house was wrapped in silence. A faint light shone from the drawing-room. Ching-Lung pushed open the door, then a cry broke from him. A man lay face downwards on the floor. There was a ghastly crimson stain on his collar. The man was Ferrers Lord. "Ching—the diamond!" came in a hoarse voice. Ching opened the drawer which Lord indicated, but there was no diamond there. But a message had been left behind. "To Ferrers Lord,—Knowing that you would not sell 'The World's Wonder,' I have taken it. Do your worst. I defy you. The stone is mine.—Nathan Gore." The millionaire rose to his feet. "I take the challenge, Ching," he said. "I'll hunt him down and bring back my diamond." He begins the chase after the diamond thief, and for five months pursues Nathan Gore through Europe, New Zealand, Tenerife, and back to London, never once being able to catch him up. While in London, he hears that Nathan Gore has bought from the Dutch an island named Galpin. Lord immediately purchases an island four miles south of Gore's, christening it Ching-Lung. While Ferrers Lord is away making his plans for the future, the rest of the party stay at his house in London. There Ching-Lung receives a visit from a private detective named Diss, who states that he is employed by Lord to discover Nathan Gore's whereabouts, and asks the prince to accompany him that evening down to a low East End restaurant, where he hopes to identify the millionaire jewel thief. Ching-Lung agrees, and at the appointed time meets the detective, and they make their way into a squalid eating-house, which, as Mr. Diss admits, is frequented by criminals. The landlord only gets his licence by helping the police, the detective confides to the prince, as they survey the scene in the interior of the place.

(Now go on with the story.)

Trapped!

Ching-Lung looked at the grimy bill of fare and shuddered.

"Ghastly! I couldn't touch any of the stuff."

"Your Highness need not eat. The coffee and brandy are excellent. Let us have coffee, liquors, and cigarettes."

"As you like," said Ching-Lung.

Their table was in the shadow, and Diss sat in front of the prince. It was almost impossible for Ching-Lung to be recognised by Nathan Gore. Ching-Lung's hopes had vanished. He felt certain that Diss had mistaken his man. The millionaire would never visit a hole of this kind. It was preposterous. Presently the landlord came forward and bent over the table.

"Was he here last night?" whispered Diss.

"Ach, dot he vas," growled the German. "You cannot stay here. He haf engaged der dable vor do-night. Come

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indo der room und leaf der door oben. Haf you god dem outside?"

"Who?"

"Der bolice?"

"No," said Diss. "I promised not to arrest him here, didn't I? Well, I'll be straight over the job."

"Und gif me der vife bounds?"

"If he's the man—yes."

"Himmel!" grinned the German. "I hobe he is der man. Ach, I vish I hat vife tausandt do zell ad der zame brice. Come in mit me."

Diss beckoned to the prince, and they followed the scoundrel into a small room beyond. By leaving the door ajar they could obtain a view of all who entered. Presently the outer door swung back. Ching-Lung started eagerly, only to be disappointed. It was only a miserable beggar hawking laces and matches, who was immediately hustled out by the waiter.

"THE WRONG TEAM!"

In the "Gem" Library.
Id. Out on Wednesday.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

Heartily sick and disgusted with his surroundings, Ching-Lung tried to read the evening paper. The Jew took his departure, and, after consuming vast quantities of beer, the sailors lurched away. Ching-Lung looked impatiently at his watch.

"I'm pretty sure you're right off the scent," he said.
"I hope your Highness will wait a little longer."
"It will be a little, then," growled the disgusted prince.
"Might I humbly suggest another liqueur?"
"As I haven't any animal to poison, and I don't wish to poison myself—no, thanks."
"A cigarette, perhaps?"
"Bad hay is not in my line," said Ching-Lung politely.
"I prefer tobacco."

He went on reading the paper in a very bad temper. Then the noise of the opening door took his eyes that way.

"Well?"
A tall, lean figure in a macintosh crossed to the table they had left. He placed a walking-stick in the corner, and his slouch hat on a chair. Then he slowly turned. In spite of the black wig and the spectacles, Ching-Lung knew him. It was Nathan Gore.

"Well?" whispered the detective again.
"That's our man."
"You are certain?"
"Confident—positive! That's the man we want."
"Turn your head away—bend down—pretend you have dropped something. He's coming in for a paper."

Nathan Gore pushed the door open.

"Fritz!" yelled the landlord.
The next instant a fist blow hurled Ching-Lung from the chair. He was down, fighting for his life and shouting for help. The landlord's great hand closed round his throat and choked his cries. His wrists and legs were bound, and his eyes were bandaged. Then he was lifted and carried away. He felt the damp fog on his cheeks and in his nostrils. Then he heard the rattle of wheels and the clatter of hoofs. He was in some vehicle. It stopped, and he was lifted up again.

Ouch! ouch! ouch! ouch!
It was the scream of a steamer's siren, and it told him that he was close to the river.

"Drop him!" growled a gruff voice.
"He'll be a stiff 'un if we do!"
"What does it matter? He'd be out at sea in an hour. If you're so tender-hearted, catch this and lower away!"

A rope was tied round the prince's waist, and he dangled in the air. The bandage slipped. A lantern shone hazily on faces and the oozy, weed-grown stones of a riverside wharf. Strong hands seized him. His mouth was gagged. They dropped him into the bottom of a boat.

"Good-night!"
"Good-night! Stick to him fast!"
"You bet on that, old cock!" answered the gruff voice.
"I ain't goin' to let fifty pun' a week run away, am I? D'ye take me for a soft 'un? Get the sticks out, Jos, and shift! Yer never knows when them swabs of police-boats are going to turn up!"

The oars splashed and rowlocks creaked. The boat shot out on to the bosom of the great dark river and glided downstream. The red, white, and green lights of steamers flashed out of the mist and were swallowed up again, and sirens answered each other's hoarse-throated calls.

There was rage in Ching-Lung's heart, but no fear—rage that he had been so easily duped, tricked, and trapped.

He heard a clock strike from some steeple, and the rush of the outgoing tide. Though slightly dazed, he struggled with his bonds. Only one man had managed to tie him securely, and that was Joe. Given time, Ching-Lung knew he could free himself. His idea was to spring into the river. Silently, doggedly, cautiously, he began to work at the knots. They were giving little by little.

"Only ten minutes," he muttered—"I want no more! By Gad, if the hounds have left my barker, I'll make these brutes sing a different tune! Only ten— Oh, hang the luck!"

The boat struck something with a hollow sound, and a chain rattled.

"Are you there, Sam?"
"Ay, ay!" growled another voice.
"Then open the shutters, can't yer? We've got the stuff!"

A broad beam of yellow light poured out into the fog. A window was pushed back. Ching-Lung was dragged from the bottom of the boat, poised on the narrow sill, and pushed roughly forward. The two men scrambled in after him, and the window was closed and barred.

"He's pretty well snuffed, ain't he?" asked the man who had opened the window.

"Gosh, I hope not! He's worth fifty bright 'uns a week alive—sixteen pun, six and eight each profit and the rest for grub and booze! Give his tail a yank, Jos, and see if he kicks!"

Ching-Lung had closed his eyes. One of the evil-faced

scoundrels tugged at his pig-tail with such savage force that he could not keep back a cry of pain.

"He ain't no stiffer than a yard of elastic!" grinned Sam, who had a wooden leg. "Have yer bin over him?"

"What's the good? D'ye think Eckstein has left ever a button? The old German thief! We'll be getting back. It ain't safe for three on us to be about. We'll bring the grub and booze at tide-turn, and then go and work like honest men. Ho, ho, ho, ho! Watch him tight, Sam. He don't look it, but they say he's a terror. Don't forget it's fifty pun' a week!"

The wooden-legged man grinned.

"Don't you try and tell old Sam much, Jos," he answered.
"This 'ere old 'ulk's Sam's castle. He don't let much get out on it while it pays. It's the place for stiff 'uns, this is. Four on 'em in one week I found, and all on 'om with money and rings—suicides most. They don't come now, though. Sin' they started dredgin' they get washed down to sea. Drat 'em and their dredgers! What do they want to rob a poor man for?"

"Don't croak, you old body-snatcher! Get him out o' sight!"

Ching-Lung had learned something. He was a prisoner on some rotting old hulk stranded on the flats between Mill-wall and Leigh. They dragged him into some rotten hole, and the door was locked and barred. He listened intently to the muttered good-nights. He could hear the wooden leg stumping on the rotten floor.

"Only one of you!" muttered Ching-Lung, starting to work at his bonds afresh. "You're going to have a rough journey of it!"

Rats were squeaking and the water lapped sluggishly. Helping himself to rum, the hideous wooden-legged man spat at the stove and rubbed his hands.

"Fifty pun' a week," he croaked. "Ho, ho, ho! I'd put his light out for less!"

Ching-Lung was on his feet. He began to feel about him, and his fingers touched a mop that stood in one corner.

"Help!" he shouted.

The wooden-legged man leapt up with an oath.

"The gag must have slipped," he growled. "I'll choke him with it this time—strangle him! 'Ere, shut that row! Shut that, or I'll kill yer!"

"Help! help! help!"

The man hurried to the door, unbarred, and jerked it open.

Down came the handle of the mop across his skull, and he rolled over like a shot rabbit.

"H'm—yes," said Ching-Lung. "I thought somebody was looking for trouble, and he's got it!"

Ching-Lung Interviews the Prisoners—The Confession—A Pull in the Dark—Safe Home—Vengeance.

Ching-Lung had turned the tables in fine fashion. He looked at his fallen foe with a grin.

"One pin isn't so good as two," he laughed. "So here goes."

He unstrapped the man's wooden leg; then, unknotting the cord, he made a running noose and slipped it over the gaoler's foot. He ran it through a ring in the ceiling and fastened the end to the handle of a bucket of water. He placed the bucket on the very edge of the table and lifted Sam into a chair. He tied him there securely.

"Now, that's what I call genius," muttered the prince. "Come along!"

Lifting the chair and the prisoner, Ching-Lung carried them into the cupboard. The cord was now stretched almost to its fullest length. Any attempt to escape, any movement almost, would jerk the bucket off the table. The weight of the water would drag up the man's leg in a most uncomfortable and painful fashion, and keep it strained until Ching-Lung chose to be merciful.

Ching-Lung sat down, mixed himself a glass of spirits, pocketed Sam's revolver, and winked at the captive.

"This is a rum go!" he reflected; "but the whole thing is clearer than mud. All right, Mr. Gore and Mr. Diss. Wanted me for a hostage—eh? Wanted to get at Ferrers Lord through me—ch?—and make him sign to give up the hunt. You've got hold of the wrong stuff. Good old mop! You can use a mop for more things than swabbing floors and decks. What's that—bread and cheese? I'll pick a bit."

Ching-Lung was busy with his plain and wholesome supper promptly. He kept a sharp eye on the prisoner. The prince must have hit hard, for it was a long time before the man opened his eyes. And then his cruel jaw dropped and his face turned ashen-grey with fear.

"Hallo, Pegleg!" said Ching-Lung, as he dug some pickled cabbage out of the jar; "feeling better—eh?"

A gasp was the only answer.

"You'd better shut your big, ugly mouth, my gem," said the prince cheerfully, "or I may have to close it for you with a gag. Allow me to draw your attention to that bucket and that rope. There's water in that bucket. Water isn't your line, either for drinking or washing, but it's worth noticing on this occasion. I know you dislike ropes, but, as you're pretty certain to end your career hanging from the end of one, this particular rope is also worthy of close attention. If you don't sit still, down will go the bucket, and up will go your leg. The result will be painful. Does your great and brilliant brain grasp the idea?"

The man groaned and shuddered.

"Help!"

"Oh, that's your game, is it?" said Ching-Lung, springing up. "I'll jolly soon stop that!"

He gagged the man and then returned to his meal.

"You ain't got a bad taste in cheese," he grinned, "but your whisky is vile! What's in that gallon jar?" He pulled out the cork. "Beer, as I live! That's better. Pegleg, I drink your health. May you never die till you're hanged, and may your only exercise be taken on the treadmill! I've enjoyed myself, and now I'm going to view the sights and examine this floating hotel."

Ching-Lung had not yet decided what to do. He went up the few steps that led to the deck and pushed open the door. All around him was darkness. He felt along to try and find the hawser of a boat, but did not succeed in his search.

"I sha'n't swim for it," he thought—"at least not before daylight. This tub must be high and dry at low tide, and she's right out of the Channel, or else she'd carry a light. Wonder whether I'm on the Kent or Essex side? Pretty sure to be Essex. Somewhere near Canvey Island, I expect. Oh, blither!"

Ching-Lung put his foot into an unseen hole and knocked a double knock on the deck with the top of his spine. Not caring to risk another fall, he returned to the cabin on hands and knees and put more coal on the stove. It was evident that he could not escape before the dawn. Nor was he in a hurry. The puzzling question was the course of action he ought to pursue.

The police? Ferrers Lord would object to that, and Ching-Lung had no love of law-court proceedings. Still he could hardly let the scandalous outrage pass unpunished. It was maddening to think how easily and blindly he had fallen into Gore's trap; but it was some consolation to remember that he had promptly freed himself.

"If I'd only got Prout and one or two of the boys here!" he muttered. "The other brutes said they were coming back. Oh, if I only could!"

Ching-Lung's eyes sparkled at the very idea. It might be accomplished, after all. He ungagged the shivering captive, and then perched himself on the table and toyed with the revolver in a way that made the man's dull eyes bulge from his head.

"Pegleg," said Ching-Lung, "which would you prefer, to be shot first, and then chucked overboard, or to be merely chucked overboard, just as you are, without a puncture? Are you dumb?"

The man's lips moved, but he made no reply.

"Don't be sullen and stubborn," chuckled Ching-Lung. "What's your name?"

"Sam Blyers."

"A sweet and tuneful name, Pegleg. Now, Sam, keep your great donkey's ears open! I want a King's Evidence over this job, and you'll save yourself fourteen or twenty years' hard stretch by talking up straight. If you'll let out all you know, Pegleg, and answer my questions, I'll let you off. Now, then, wake up, and get your talking apparatus in working order. First question: Who started you on this kidnapping game?"

"You'll let me off—you swear it?" gasped the scoundrel.

"On my honour. I won't inform the police against you."

"Write it, then—write it! There's a pen and ink in there."

"H'm!" thought the prince. "This is breaking the law of the land and compounding a felony. What does it matter?"

He wrote rapidly:

"I, Prince Ching-Lung, of Kwai-Hal, pledge myself, for a certain consideration, to give no information against Samuel Blyers that will or would lead to his arrest, trial, and punishment for a certain breach of the British laws."

He signed the paper and held it up for the man to read.

"Give it to me first," said Blyers.

Ching-Lung thrust it into the prisoner's pocket. By doing so he was not committing himself in any way. If the information was not worth the price paid for it he had only to take back the paper.

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"THE WRONG TEAM!"

"Who started you on, Pegleg?"

"Jos Dawker," said the man. "Him and Sidson brought you 'ere. It's my boat, and I lives 'ere mostly. They come to me and telled me they'd got a lay wi' a lot o' red (gold) at the back o' it. Then they let out it was a body-snatching job, only there warn't no killin' to be done."

"How kind of them!" grinned Ching-Lung. "And who put them on the job, as you call it?"

"That was Diss. I hadn't seen him afore. Jos and Sidson took me along. It seemed, when Diss telled us, easy and safe, and he plunked down the shiners. It was all settled last night. Bein' a leg short, I didn't have nowt to do wi' the kidnappin'. All my part was to keep you 'ere till I was told to let you go."

"And how were you going to manage that?"

"That was Dawker's idea," said the prisoner. "He's got a barge. The barge was to come at night. Then we was to tie you and set you adrift with the out-tide. You was sure to be picked up, and long afore that we should have been tugged up stream."

Ching-Lung laughed.

"Well, Pegleg," he chuckled. "I'm glad the programme isn't coming off! Do you know where to find Diss?"

"A wire 'ud fetch him down 'ere fast enough any time."

"Good!" said Ching-Lung. "And when do you expect your friends?"

"Not afore the second tide. If you'll unrope me, sir, I'll pull you up to Tilbury."

"Then you've got a boat?"

"Anging astern, sir."

The prince threw back his head and chuckled. He had reckoned Blyers up in his unerring way. The man was an utter desperado, and an arrant coward. He would do anything to screen himself. Ching-Lung took away the bucket and undid the cords.

"You'll have to get on deck without your timber-toe," he said.

"I—I can't," said Blyers, in dismay.

"Crawl," said Ching-Lung, "and hurry up, or I'll bustle you along with a rope's-end! I've got a barker, too, don't forget that! You'll have to take me to Tilbury. I'll not go back on my word, but you'll get yourself disliked, Samuel, if you kick against me, and you may get hurt!"

Blyers whined and protested as he crept up the steps. Ching-Lung followed with the light, alert and watchful. Sure enough, a boat swung astern on the dark water.

"In you go," said Ching-Lung.

Blyers obeyed sullenly, and, dropping lightly after him, Ching-Lung hung the lamp in the bow and cast off.

"Pull for all you're worth," he said. "I've not forgotten your leg. When I've done with you, you shall have it back. Don't be afraid of tiring yourself, or of making yourself perspire. The tide is on the turn, and it will help you presently."

The boat ran under the steps of a dimly-lighted wharf at length.

"This is the place, sir," said the man. "It ain't twenty minutes to the station."

"Get out, then," said Ching-Lung.

"Ere," whined Blyers, "you said—"

"Get out! I said for a 'certain consideration.' I haven't had that yet. Get out, if you don't want me to throw you out!"

Whining and moaning, the man crawled on the wet steps. His jaw dropped again, as the boat drifted into the darkness.

"There's your leg. Put it on. Now, get up and march—to the railway station. Play any games, and the police have you!"

Ching-Lung seized him by the coat, and they hastened across a dark wharf. The threat of arrest was enough. Blyers went as quietly as a tame sheep. They caught a late train to the City and chartered a hansom.

"Ferrers Lord's, Park Lane."

"Well, blow me!" thought the cabby, peering at his queer-looking fares through the trap on the roof. "Mr. Lord he does get some cautions!"

The footman who let them in was equally astounded.

"Upstairs," said Ching-Lung to the wooden-legged man. "Please tell Mr. Prout and Mr. O'Rooney."

"They're in bed, your Highness."

"Then get them up, and Mr. Gan-Waga as well. I want them urgently."

"In the smoking-room, your Highness?"

"Yes."

Blyers sat on the edge of the chair, staring furtively at the luxurious room.

"There's a cigar, Samuel," said Ching-Lung, "and there's the whisky. Don't look so glum. I'm not going to hurt you at all. What I want is the address of Diss."

In the "Gem" Library.
Id. Out on Wednesday.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

With a shaking hand the man took out a piece of greasy paper.

"Thanks!" said Ching-Lung, penning a telegram. "Don't spare the whisky!"

Ten minutes passed, and then the door opened. Blyers uttered a shriek of fear as he saw Prout, O'Rooney, and Gan-Waga file into the room.

Vengeance.

The mist was still hanging over the river though it was eight o'clock in the morning. A pretty launch, towing a dinghy, puffed merrily down stream, and shot under the Tower Bridge. Prout was at the helm, enjoying his pipe, and Barry squatted near him. Gan-Waga was happy with a very large sausage and a very small loaf of bread. Ching-Lung and the woebegone man with the wooden leg were also in the boat. Barry began to warble:

"Sailin', sailin' over the ocean woide,

We spread our whoite wings to the mornin' braze,
And skim along wid the toide.

But blue oies ashure they are watchin' for me——"

"Some blue-eyed policeman, eh?" inquired Prout.

"Troth, yez wud take the romance out of a barrel of herrins!" growled Barry. "Placeman? No, sor; a swate colleen, wid golden hair and rosy cheeks. She luv's me!"

"By hokey, she's blind, then?" grinned Prout.

"Ho, ho, ho, hoo!" gurgled Gan-Waga. "She must be dats, Tommy. Fancy anybody lovin' Barry's ole faces! It just likes dis sausage when I bit'ses him—all squashy. Hero, what yo' grins at?"

"I—I weren't grinnin', sir," said Blyers humbly.

"Den what you not grins fo'?" roared Gan.

"Be quiet, Gan!" said Ching-Lung. "Let the man alone!"

"I nots let him alone if he do dats!" said Gan fiercely. "I make him swallows him wooden leg. Him touches my Chingy, hunk? G-r-r-r!"

"Let him alone, Gan!"

Gan hurled the remains of the sausage at a waterman who was pulling past, and smote that gentleman in the ear. The launch was, luckily, travelling swiftly, so they only caught a few of the remarks the man made. Then the wharves became more scattered, and the shipping less dense. Warehouses gave place to rubbish-heaps, rubbish-heaps to ragged fields and marshes. At last a brown object loomed up. It was an old boat, securely stranded in the ooze and mud.

"That's your ironclad, isn't it?" asked Ching-Lung.

Blyers nodded.

"You'd better steer, then," said Ching-Lung. "You said there was a cutting or something where we could hide the launch. If you put us aground, Pegleg, you'll be sorry for it all your life!"

The man sullenly took the tiller. He gave the hulk a wide berth, and kept downstream for several hundred yards. Then he brought the launch round, and ran her into a narrow cutting, where she could lie securely screened from view by the high banks.

"We'll leave her, and get aboard," said Ching-Lung. "I'll send Gan back for you and the tubs, Tom."

Gan-Waga, Barry O'Rooney, Ching-Lung, and Blyers pulled away in a dinghy. They boarded the hulk, and went below, leaving Gan-Waga to return for Prout.

"If you're going to save yourself, Blyers," said the prince, "you must be gagged and bound. They might kill you afterwards, if they thought you had blabbed. Tie him up loosely, Barry."

"O'll be as gintle as a cooin' baa-lamb!" chuckled the Irishman.

"I'll make up the fire, then," said Ching-Lung. "They won't arrive before twelve—at least, Diss won't, and the stuff will want warming."

He lighted a fire in the stove. Blyers was transferred to the cupboard, shaking in the only shoe he had. Two kegs were brought into the cabin. One contained tar, and the other train-oil. Still another keg had been left on the deck, and Prout poured its contents into three buckets.

The tar was in a liquid state, but they started to warm it, and to melt the thick grease. The mixture—a horrid, ghastly mixture—was then removed, and placed beside the buckets filled with flour.

"We're ready and waiting now!" laughed the prince.

"Yez'll let me punch 'em a bit, yer Hoighness?" asked Barry eagerly.

"You're quite at liberty to knock them down."

"Bliss!" said Barry. "Me toired heart bates wance more wid joy. Sartinly, O'll knock them down! 'Tis swate to be aloive sometoimes, livin' in this cowl'd wurld of gloom and sorer. Tom, faal that fist. D'yez think ut cud knock a man down?"

"It might if he were lame and blind," said Prout.

"Ho, ho, ho, hoo!" roared Gan.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 243.

A Grand, Long, Complete School Tale
of Harry Wharton & Co. next Monday:

EVERY
MONDAY,

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

Barry looked at the Eskimo gravely.

"That's a bad cough," he remarked. "Does ut hurt?"

"Dats was a laugh," said Gan indignantly.

"Oh, was ut? Oi forgive yez! Av Oi 'ad a laugh loike that O'd sharrpen me razors on ut, faith, Oi wud! Be ad-voised by me, Gan, and thry some coughdrops for ut."

Ching-Lung was on the watch. He lay on the deck gazing up-stream. Several boats raised his hopes but they all passed on, keeping well out from the shore.

He had sent three telegrams. They were cleverly worded. They said that something had happened to the prisoner, and asked the men to come at noon. It was perfectly accurate that something had happened to the prisoner. He had gained his freedom. The telegram to Diss had been despatched first. Ching-Lung felt convinced that when he received it he would go at once to his accomplices. Ching-Lung had one wild hope. They might, thinking the prisoner dead, or seriously ill, bring Nathan Gore with them.

"Here's another boat!" he muttered. "How is she steering?"

He examined her through a pair of field-glasses. Two men were pulling her, and another man sat in the stern.

"Oh, pip!" chuckled the prince. "That's Diss, Tom."

"Your 'Ighness!"

"They're coming!"

"Thin, at this oidentical moment," said Barry, "Oi purceed to remove me frock-coat. Lit them all come, for, be jabbers, Oi can feed them all, and have some over for breakfast nixt day! Gan, luk at me. Don't Oi remoid yez of a statoo of Fitzsimmons, the proize-fighter?"

"No," grinned Gan. "Yo' 'mindses me ob a litherin' blidiot!"

The boat was coming up rapidly. Ching-Lung stood back, revolver in hand; and Prout and Barry, their muscular arms bared, waited at the bottom of the steps. The boat bumped against the hulk's timbers.

"Sam!" called Jos Dawker.

Silence!

"Funny he's got the shutter closed!" said Sidson. "Curse the luck! If the boy has pegged out we lose the dibs. Where is the fool—asleep? Sam!"

Still silence. Barry's great chest heaved, and Prout was panting.

"He must be asleep," said the more refined voice of Diss. "Can't yer make her fast?"

"Sam!" yelled Dawker.

"Sam!" shouted Sidson.

Barry's arm went back, and so did Prout's. With his right foot firmly planted, Gan-Waga swung the mop in the air. There was a sound of footsteps on the rotten deck, and a growl of voices. A shadow darkened the hatch.

Thud!

It was Barry's fist that made the noise. The blow flung Dawker right into Prout's arms. Prout flung him back again with another blow that rolled him under the table.

Thud!

Barry's fist again. Sidson dropped with a crash. Diss saw what was happening, and turned to fly. Gan shot up the steps like an arrow, and the mop whirled round his head. The man's hard hat saved him, but he reeled.

"Yo' wanted down dere, yo' are!" bellowed Gan. "Yo' not gotes, not yo'! Swoosh! How yo' likes dats? Swish! Ho, ho, ho, ho! How yo' likes dat, and hims and hims and hims?"

Diss was dazed. Every time Gan spoke he prodded the wet and slimy mop into the sham detective's face or body, and drove him backwards. Then, having got him into the right position, Gan put some extra weight behind the last push that absolutely swept him down the steps.

"Hab de old torf arrives, Chingy?"

"I tink so, Gan!" laughed Ching-Lung.

"Was dat hims bumpin' just now, Chingy?"

"Yis," said Barry. "Didn't yez hear him stroike wan o'clock agin the table-leg with his whiskers? Ut was a swate and luvly note. Oi wish Oi cud sing it!"

Dawker and Sidson reeled to their feet. They had been roughly handled, and their faces showed it. Like all bullies and cowards they were easily beaten. They thought they were in the hands of the police.

"I give in," whined Dawker, holding out his wrists. "Put 'em on!"

Sidson began to sob and cry. He had visions of spending the next fourteen years of his life in a convict-prison. Barry reached out his long, strong arm, and dragged Diss up. Diss shivered like an aspen. It would go harder with him than with anyone. The kidnapper, in the eyes of the law, ranks next to the murderer.

"It was him as led us on, him as tempted us," moaned Sidson. "Oh, 'ave pity, gentlemen! I ain't strong. I've got a weak 'eart. Another year in goal 'ud kill me. Let me orf, and I'll spit on 'em all. I will, honest! I was dragged into it. It warn't my fault—"

"Shut up, you cur!" said Prout, shaking him.

"Now, Mr. Diss," said Ching-Lung, "you're going to see the other side of the picture. We want the man who bribed you. If we get him it may put you in a better light with the jury. Where's Nathan Gore?"

"He sailed this morning for America."

"Oh" said Ching-Lung. "Bring out the other rogue, O'Rooney."

Blyers was dragged from the cupboard.

"Drop him into the boat," said Ching-Lung.

They drove them on deck, and made them get into the oarless boat.

"Souse the villains!" shouted Ching-Lung.

The miserable rascals saw what was coming, and yelled for mercy. Prout, Barry, and Gan snatched up the buckets that hold the horrifying mixture of liquid tar and grease. Down went the grey-black torrents, sousing and drenching the men, and covering them with clammy, evil-smelling stickiness from head to heel.

"They look dirty!" laughed the prince. "Whiten 'em up a bit!"

"Mercy—mercy!"

"It ain't!" roared Prout. "It's flour!"

"Hooray! Ould Oireland is me counthry!" yelled Barry.

They poured the flour over their victims, and cast the boat free. Then, as the oarless boat drifted rapidly away, they held their sides and danced and howled until Gan-Waga suddenly dropped through the rotten boards, and disappeared. However, he was not injured.

Leaving the castaways to be rescued as best they might, they turned the nose of the launch towards London.

"I consider, boys," said Ching-Lung, passing round his cigarette-case, "that we got even there."

"And wid some on our soide, sor," answered Barry.

"They'll nade a small soap-factory to get rid of that lot. But, after all, we was koind. Oi didn't hit a bit harrd."

"I wish I hadn't, by honey I do!" said Prout, sucking his barked knuckles.

"Me tinks me mopped my chap up," said Gan. "What say, Chingy?"

"A treat."

"In fact," said Barry, getting ready to duck, in case a lump of coal should come his way, "the ould blubberboiler fairly diss-tinguished himself and extinguished Diss."

A Fresh Expedition.

"So you had an adventure, Ching?" said Ferrers Lord, "and an odd one?"

"He ended it pretty smartly," laughed Rupert. "You can rely upon Ching-Lung for that, nine times out of ten. And now, Lord, old chap, throw off the cloak of mystery, and tell us where you have been, and what you have been doing this last long month."

THE SCHOOLBOY SLEEPWALKER!

(Continued from page 21.)

head tilted a little, and the leather was neatly headed out. That was all the backs wanted. In a second it was cleared to midfield. There was a buzz of astonishment round the ground.

"Great Scott! Mauly's saved!"

"Well saved, Mauly!"

"Bravo!"

"By Jove!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, his face lighting up. "By Jove and Jingo! Mauly isn't going to muff the match, after all! Good egg!"

"Good old Mauly!" roared Bob Cherry. "Stick to it."

"Yaas, begad!"

And Lord Mauleverer did stick to it. The Fourth Formers declared afterwards that he was lucky. Lord Mauleverer declared that he was simply on his mettle, you know. Whatever it was, he saved and saved; and whenever Temple & Co. sent the leather in it always seemed to find a head or a hand or a foot to meet it and drive it out again. Bob Cherry crowed with delight at the performance of his pupil. He took credit to himself for all the brilliant saves of Lord Mauleverer. Hadn't he trained him, and brought him up in the way he should go?

In the first half, the Fourth succeeded in putting the ball in once, and once only. The Remove scored two. In the second half, Lord Mauleverer, who had confided to Bob Cherry in the

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 243.

"Many things Rupert. They would not interest you much. I have been in America."

"Oh!" said Ching-Lung.

The millionaire rested his chin on his hand, and glanced across the dinner-table at the prince.

"I was there six-and-thirty hours in all," he went on lazily, "but I made some queer discoveries. It was the newspaper cuttings I showed you that took me across the herring-pond. Even in America people are beginning to call Nathan Gore mad."

"About time, too," said Rupert.

"Perhaps. Some of his strange doings are coming to light. He has fitted out two armed cruisers."

"What?" cried Ching-Lung and Rupert in a breath.

"It is a fact. At first the Government winked and chuckled. They helped him in every way, imagining that the eccentric old man was going to present them to the nation. Gore even hinted that such was his intention. The ships went off on a trial trip a month ago, and have not been heard of since."

"Well I'm hanged!" said Ching-Lung.

"That is not all," continued the millionaire. "Several large consignments of arms and ammunition have left Germany. They were supposed to be for a central American state. That particular state denies the purchase."

"Then where have they got to?"

"I imagine," said Ferrers Lord quietly, "that they have gone to a certain island purchased by Nathan Gore. He has altered the name of the place, which is now called Loneland. American firms have despatched shiploads of cement, iron girders, electric lighting, and power plant, and traction-engines, to his sea-girt empire. At a rough estimation, Nathan Gore has spent something like twenty-five million dollars on his strange purchase."

"But what's his idea? What has he got in his head?"

"The best way to answer that question," said the millionaire, "is to go and see."

"How soon, old chap?"

"The moment we hear—"

A servant held a salver before his master. Ferrers Lord tore open the cablegram that lay on it. A smile curled his lips.

"We'll start to-morrow, boys," he said. "Gore has sailed for San Francisco. We shall start to-morrow."

"In the 'Lord of the Deep'?"

"In the Lord of the Deep, Ching. The vessel is quite ready for sea."

"Hurrah!" cried Ching-Lung. "I shall be glad to get inside the old tin pot after all this time. I'll go and tell the other rebels."

Prout, Maddock, Joe, and Gan-Waga danced and cheered when they heard the rousing news. They flew to pack their bags. Gan's travelling wardrobe was not a big one. He packed it all into an old tall-hat, from which he had cut the brim. It made a hat and a trunk combined when he put it on, and he was mightily proud of the idea. Two hours later the special train was steaming north.

(To be continued in next Monday's issue.)

interval that he was tired, did not behave as if he were tired. But he found unexpected resources of energy somewhere in his system. Perhaps, as Micky Desmond suggested, he had a lot of energy saved up through having slacked so long. At all events, he guarded his citadel well. True, the Remove defence did not give the Fourth Formers many chances for steady shots at goal. But they can e sometimes, and when they came Lord Mauleverer scomed all eyes and hands and feet, and he stopped them.

And the crowd yelled applause.

And when the referee blew his whistle at last, and the match ended with the Remove score at five goals, and the Fourth Form at one, there was a rush made for Lord Mauleverer, and he was carried in triumph out of the goal he had so ably defended. The victorious footballers crowded round him, thumping him on the back and cheering.

"Hurrah!"

"Bravo, Mauly!"

"You've done the trick, Mauly, old man!"

His lordship grinned breathlessly.

"Yaas," he assented. "Yaas, begad!"

"How do you feel about it, Mauly?"

"Tired."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And Lord Mauleverer was carried into the School house in triumph; and while Temple, Dabney & Co. hid their diminished heads, the Remove rejoiced; and the hero of the hour was Lord Mauleverer.

THE END.

(Another long story of Harry Wharton & Co. next Monday.)

In the "Gem" Library.
1d. Out on Wednesday.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

"THE WRONG TEAM!"

My Readers' Page.



**OUR GRAND NEW
WEEKLY FEATURE
ON PAGE 28 AND
PAGE IV. OF THE
COVER. SHOW YOUR
FRIENDS THIS COPY.**

"THE SCHOOLBOY POLICEMAN."

By Frank Richards.

Next week's long, complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co., entitled as above, gives the history of an ingenious and elaborate jape which the juniors of the Remove are audacious enough to practice upon the local representative of law and order in Friardale. P.C. Tozer, the majestic representative referred to, makes himself unusually obnoxious to the Removites, and through the agency of

"THE SCHOOLBOY POLICEMAN"

is taught a salutary lesson. Throughout the story the fun is fast and furious, and no reader should on any account miss it!

OUT NEXT WEEK.

Next week will be marked by the publication of the New Story Paper that everyone has been asking for—that is, of course,

"THE PENNY POPULAR."

The exact date upon which this notable and long-wished-for event will take place is

FRIDAY, OCTOBER THE 11th,

and I want all my readers to make a very careful note of this date, and to make a special point of telling their news-agents in advance to order them a copy of this wonderful new publication. The first number will contain three magnificent long complete stories of

**TOM MERRY & CO.,
JACK, SAM AND PETE, and
SEXTON BLAKE,**

without doubt the most popular characters in the whole world of fiction.

With such a list of contents,

"THE PENNY POP."

will be a worthy companion paper to the famous "Gem" and "Magnet" Libraries, and as such cannot fail to appeal to every one of my numerous reader-chums.

Don't forget, then,

"THE PENNY POPULAR"

—the paper that the readers of "The Gem" and "The Magnet" Libraries would have—will be

OUT ON FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11th.

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

Will Miss "Maths," of Finchley, please send her full address to me as I wish to send a personal reply to her letter by post.

A. Frubon, Manor Park.—The best way for you to increase your speed at shorthand, is, of course, to attend a school. If, however, you wish to practise by yourself, you can obtain a book called "The Third Primer" from Isaac Pitman, 1, Amen Corner, London, E.C., for 7d. post free.

A Message from some Special Friends.

I have received particularly interesting and most welcome letters and suggestions from readers who sign themselves as follows: H. L. (Northwich), J. Marjoribanks (Hornsey), Doris G. (Chester), Walter T. Smith (Glasgow), A. T. (Manchester), Frank Richards (Australia), G. Hall (Stratford), J. B. D. (Hastings), Mrs. L. Carlton (Ireland), "Some Irish Readers," C. J. (Isleworth), Doris B. R. (Stoke Newington), Miss Isabelle Browne (Australia), M. Davall and L. Smairl (Australia), Miss L. M. Watson (Australia), and C. Knight, (Brookvale, Sydney). All the above have my very best thanks, and I shall be delighted to hear from any or all of them again soon.

Will readers who would like to join a "Magnet" and "Gem" League please write to Miss Alice C., of 4, Laurel Villas, Inverness Road, Southall, Middlesex.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 243.

A Grand, Long, Complete School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. next Monday;

HINTS TO FOOTBALLERS.

The first thing to occupy the thoughts of the young footballer now that the season has started is his outfit. Things will want looking to, and perhaps mending, especially the jersey and knickers. With regard to the boots, as a general rule, it is wiser to commence the season in the last year's boots until the feet have again become accustomed to the different wear, as if the ground is at all hard, and new boots are worn at first, the feet are liable to suffer severely from blisters. The boots require the most attention during the season or the player himself will suffer, in pocket and play. They must be well greased, and one of the best things to use is perhaps dubbin, which can be bought very cheaply. Russian tallow is another good substance and is used by many footballers. Many young footballers spoil their boots by neglecting to clean them after a hard match, which has, perhaps, been played on very muddy ground. Thus the mud cakes on to the boots, which become stiff and very uncomfortable to wear, besides being more liable to crack. Directly football boots are taken off they should be thoroughly cleaned and greased, and put away until they are next wanted.

It is undoubtedly the ambition of every footballer to help his team gain the record of "undefeated" at the end of the season, and if this is to be obtained,

TRAINING

must be entered into whole-heartedly. If the secretary of the club is a hard-working fellow, with the success of his team at heart, he will arrange times, once or twice a week, for training, and, moreover, he will see that every member of the club turns up to these training evenings.

Training should consist of sprinting, skipping to loosen the muscles, and ball practice. Half an hour's skipping practice every morning does wonders with a fellow's muscles. With regard to ball practice shooting at goal is all very well, but it is not sufficient. If you happen to be in the forward line try running down the field with the ball at your toes and shooting and passing while it is on the move. It is quite worth while to play "scratch" matches if they can be possibly arranged, with the players on both sides matched fairly well in weight and skill.

DURING THE MATCH,

and before it, do not lose your self-confidence. Too much is a bad thing, but too little is worse still. Above all, when playing think only of the match, and do not waste time shouting across to your men. Only one person on the field is supposed to speak, and that is the captain, and then only when it is absolutely necessary. Nothing more confuses a player than having different pieces of advice coming to him from all over the field, besides that which comes from the spectators. If you are not captain obey the commands of the one who is, as you would expect to be obeyed were you in his place.

Another thing to be avoided is fouling. It's a sure fact that once a team resorts to illegal tactics the game is as good as lost. If you are fouled don't try to get your own back on the fellow by fouling him, rather do it by making rings round him, and helping your side to win. The first person on the field to be obeyed is the referee. If he should decide in a manner which you consider to be unfair, do not get nasty and lose your temper, as he is quite as liable to make a mistake as any other person.

At the close of the game get to the dressing-room as quickly as possible, and avoid a chill by having a good rub down and changing at once.

If you wish your team to be unbeaten during the season bear these few points in mind. Don't slack, but train thoroughly; don't play a foul game; obey those in authority; and knock off smoking. Then your team stands a chance of getting a good record, which, if not exactly "undefeated," will be one to be proud of at the end of the season.

THE EDITOR.

"THE SCHOOLBOY POLICEMAN!" Please order your copy of "The Magnet" Library in advance,

OUR SPLENDID NEW FEATURE!

SPECIAL COMIC SUPPLEMENT.

IKE SAVES ONE HALF OF THE BUNSEY BOYS FROM A WATERY TOMB THIS WEEK.



1. Dear Readers,—Do you know, Ike wood be a verry plucky person. only he ain't got enuff kurridge. Therefore, I sed to Georgie the uther day, "Georgie, we will teech Ike to be braiv."



2. When we had finisht wid them shaglios they lookt jest like the whackable half of we, and we took 'em out to Splosh Pond. "In wid 'em," sed me. "Peepel's got to think we're drowned."



3. So we hasten off to ma's drorin'-room, which was the next moov. Georgie he mixed the paint, while your umbel did a work of art. "Thare," sed me, wen the job was did.



4. Then we shimmozzled outside, and waited at the winder till ma kame. "Wah!" she shrieked, as she reld the notis. "Me boo-oy! They is no more! This is Happy Ike's doin'!"



5. Next minnit ma had rusht out hollerin' for the pleece force. Presently she kopt site of Happy, and as she lookt so feerse, Ike evidently thought he wood be better off in the distance.



6. All of a three-cornered sudden ma kopt him by the kote kollar, and yanked him offen his walkers. "Hahoo!" she gurgled. "Villain! You shall share thare watery toom!" "Ouch!" yelled Ike.



7. All of another sudden ma guy Iko a wrench, and slung him in. "You mite save them yet!" she shrieked.



8. Presently Ike had wun of our neet little moddels in eech hand. "Done!" he gasped. "Them retchid kids!" erid ma.



9. While we was under the flooence of a large laugh, thay swoopt down on us, and were kwite unceremonious wid us. —Yours tearfully, FERDY, The Bunsey Boy.

MORE COMIC PICTURES ON PAGE IV OF COVER.

The 1st POPULAR

No.
1
Vol. 1

A Great NEW Story Paper For Readers of All Ages.

Containing splendid complete tales of Sexton Blake (Detective), Jack, Sam, and Pete (the three famous comrades), and Tom Merry & Co. (the popular schoolboys). The "Penny Popular" will be one of the finest pennyworths ever published. With a splendid variety of stories every week, introducing some of the most popular characters in fiction, it will provide the reader with many an hour's thrilling and exciting reading.

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A splendid, complete tale of School Life.

By **MARTIN CLIFFORD.**

Do not miss this superb new paper! If you like good yarns well told you will find the "Penny Popular" a paper that you will appreciate to the full. Order your copy to-day and avoid disappointment.

No. 1
Friday,
Oct. 11th.



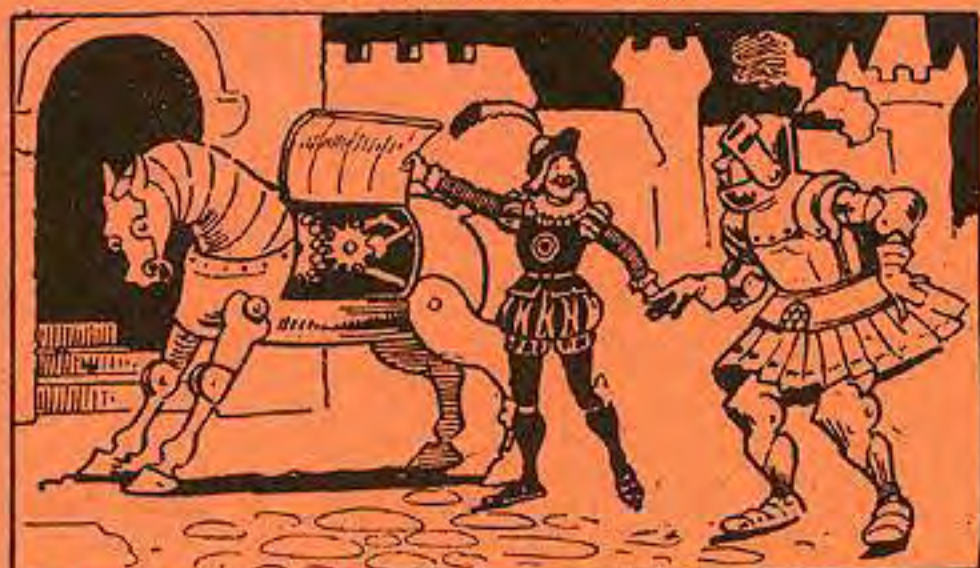
**Tom
Merry
&
Co.,**
The
Popular
Schoolboys.



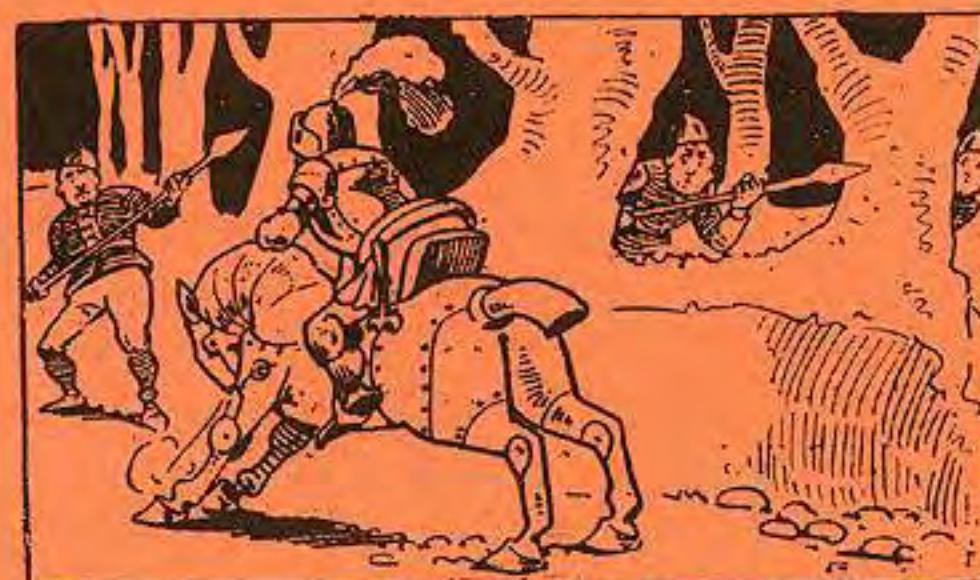
Sexton Blake, Detective.

**Jack,
Sam
&
Pete,**
The Three
Famous
Comrades.

IN THE SPRING TIME!



1. "Oh, I'faith, odfish and chips! 'Tis a nobby notion!" cried Sir Guy de Gasbagge, as he cast his eagle eye over the new clockwork warhorse the clever page had manufactured.



2. Well, ere nightfall Sir Guy found himself in a forest, all alone. And, lo! a number of naughty knaves and saucy varlets hopped out and demanded the knight's good gold and jewellery!



3. Then the clockwork horse showed its metal—we should say mettle—and fairly did in the eye the naughty knaves and saucy varlets in no time, forsooth!

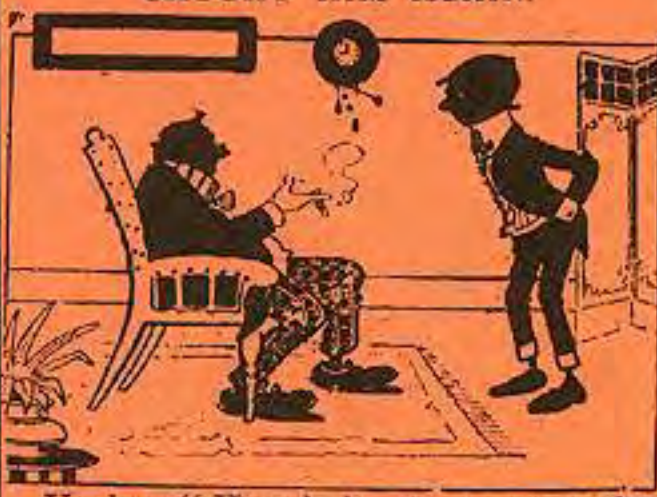
HE MEANT POLICEMEN.



Dusty Rhodes: "So you've been to London; did you find the streets paved with gold, eh?"

Sandy Sam: "Not exactly; but I found 'em paved with 'coppers.'"

CAUGHT HIM AGAIN.



Uncle: "How is it, young man, that you failed again in your examination?"

Nephew: "Why the wottahs asked me the vewy same question I could not ansah last year."

HIGH LIFE!



First Tramp: "I had two meals to-day."

Second Tramp: "That so?"

First Tramp: "Yes, cornmeal and oatmeal."

A THUMPING LEGACY!



Cholly: "When Funnybone died he left all he had to the orphan asylum."

Bertha: "What did he leave?"

Cholly: "His seven children."

NOT THE EDITOR OF THE "MAGNET" LIBRARY!

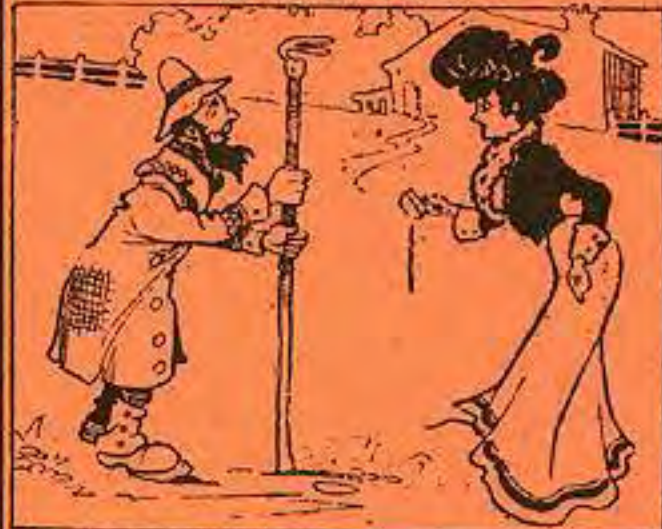


Editor's Wife: "I wish, John, you'd try not to be so absent-minded when we are dining out."

Editor: "Eh? What have I done now?"

Editor's Wife: "Why, when the hostess asked you if you'd have some more pudding you replied that, owing to pressure on your space, you were compelled to decline."

A STOP-GAP.



Lady: "John, our church wants repairing. There's a hole in the roof. Can I put you down for a little help?"

John: "Yes, miss, ef it rains next Sunday I'll come an' sit on the hole."