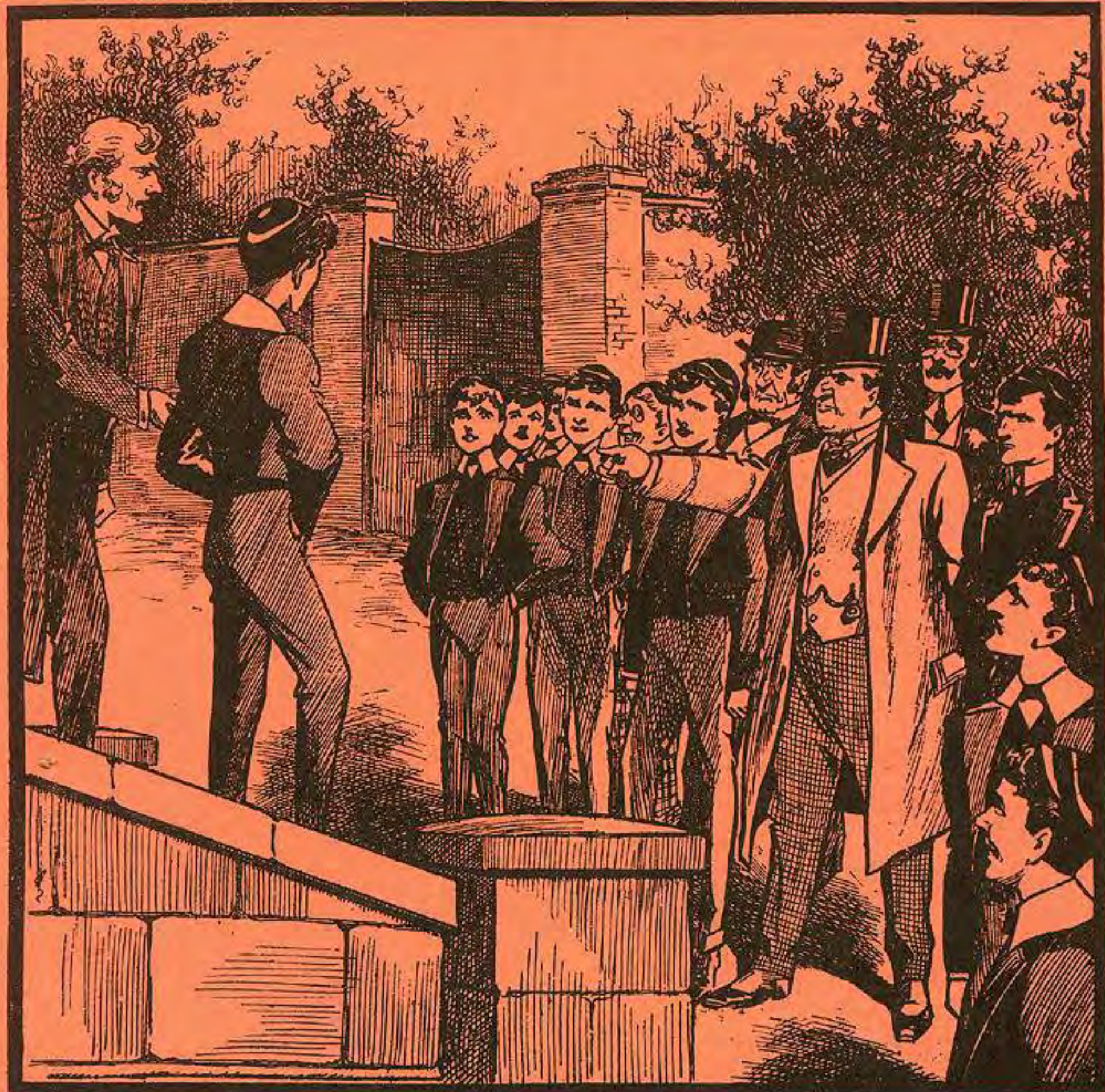


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THE FIRST CHAPTER.

A Surprise for the Remove.

MR. QUELCH, the master of the Remove Form at Greyfriars, coughed. Morning lessons were over, and the Remove had been expecting the ever-welcome word "Dismiss;" but Mr. Quelch's cough showed that there was something more to come.

Bob Cherry grunted inaudibly.

"Who's going to get it now?" he murmured.

"I don't think it's a row this time," said Harry Wharton judiciously. "Quelch's got something to say, and he doesn't seem quite to know how to say it, that's all."

Cough!

Mr. Quelch was evidently hesitating.

There was a movement of interest in the class.

It was plain that there was something unusual coming; and the Remove wondered what it was that their Form-master hesitated to say. Mr. Quelch was not, as a rule, given to

hesitating. It was his way to come straight to the point at once.

Cough!

"That's the third time of asking," grinned Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars. "What on earth has old Quelch got on his mind?"

"Silence!" said Mr. Quelch.

"Now we're going to get it!" muttered Bolsover major.

The Remove-master turned his sharp eyes upon Bolsover.

"Bolsover!" he rapped out.

"Ye-es, sir," stammered Bolsover. He had forgotten for a moment that Mr. Quelch's ears were exceedingly sharp.

"You were talking."

"Oh, no, sir!" said Bolsover.

"What! I distinctly heard you."

"Oh, no, sir!" said Bolsover. "I was only—only coughing, sir."

"What!"

"It's catching, sir," explained Bolsover; and there was a giggle from the back of the class.

"Take fifty lines, Bolsover," said Mr. Quelch, frowning.

"Oh, sir! Yes, sir."

Mr. Quelch coughed again.

This time the Remove heard him cough in dead silence. Nobody else wanted fifty lines. It was a half-holiday that afternoon, and there was a football-match on; and the juniors did not want to spend any part of the half-holiday in the Form-room, writing out lines.

"Boys!" said Mr. Quelch impressively, "I have something to tell you!"

Silence.

"There is a new boy coming to Greyfriars."

The Removites simply stared. New boys came to Greyfriars frequently enough, but hitherto such a happening had not been deemed of any particular importance by the masters or the boys. Why Mr. Quelch should announce the fact to them in this solemn manner was a mystery.

"Coming into the Remove, sir?" asked Harry Wharton, the captain of the Form.

"Yes," said Mr. Quelch. "Certainly! Otherwise I should not be referring to the matter at all. The new boy's name is Lynn."

The Remove waited. That there was a new boy coming was not a matter of especial interest to them; and they did not care whether his name was Smith, Jones, or Robinson. But Mr. Quelch evidently had something more to say.

"I am mentioning the matter to you," resumed Mr. Quelch, after quite a pause, "because the new boy, Lynn, is—is a little out of the run of new boys that come here. I am informed that he has been brought up in a workhouse."

"My hat!"

"Great Scott!"

"Oh, my word!"

"Begad!"

Those exclamations broke from the Removites in a kind of chorus.

"My only hat!" murmured Vernon-Smith. "A workhouse kid! Great Scott! We've got factory bounders here on scholarships, but a workhouse kid—oh, this is too thick!"

Mark Linley, the Lancashire junior, overheard the remark—as Vernon-Smith intended that he should—and his face flushed. Mark Linley was the "factory bounder" to whom Vernon-Smith alluded.

"Silence!" said Mr. Quelch, and the amazed ejaculations died away.

There was a short pause.

The juniors kept their eyes fastened upon their Form-master. They wondered what more Mr. Quelch had to say. He had certainly succeeded in surprising them.

"I am mentioning this matter specially to you, my boys," Mr. Quelch resumed, "because I think it possible that some boys in this Form might make a set against the new-comer because of his origin. I hope that such will not be the case, and I may add that in case of any ragging, or anything of that kind, the offenders will be severely punished. Lynn, I am informed, is a thoroughly respectable and estimable lad, and his early misfortunes are a matter only for sympathy."

"Hear, hear!" said Bob Cherry involuntarily.

Then he coloured crimson, fully expecting the vials of the Form-master's wrath to be poured out upon his head.

But Mr. Quelch did not take any notice of the interruption. Perhaps he was not displeased by it.

"This boy, Lynn, is being sent to Greyfriars by the Marquis of Ferndale," continued Mr. Quelch. "Lord Ferndale has befriended him in recognition of a very gallant deed. He risked his life to save the marquis's son, Lord Lovell, from drowning. In consequence, Lord Ferndale has taken charge of him, and is sending him to Greyfriars. He is a lad of whom any school might be proud; and I hope that the boys of my Form will give him a kindly reception."

There was a moment's silence.

Bob Cherry nudged Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove.

"It's up to you, Harry!" he murmured.

Wharton nodded.

"It will be all right, sir," said Harry Wharton. "I don't think there are many fellows in the Remove who would be down on a chap because he's been unlucky. There are a good many who will see that he has fair play, anyway."

"Yes, rather, sir," said Frank Nugent.

"The ratherfulness is terrific, honoured sahib," said Ilurred Janset Singh, the dusky Nabob of Bhanipur.

Bolsover major and Vernon-Smith, Snoop, and Stott and several others exchanged glances. It was pretty certain that, whatever treatment the workhouse boy received from the Famous Five, the cads of the Remove would not make things easy for him.

"Very well," said Mr. Quelch. "You understand why I have mentioned the matter to you, and I hope you will all respect my wishes—and the wishes of the Head, I may say. I am sure that this boy, Lynn, is one with whom you can associate, and I hope that you will make things as easy as possible for him. Coming here will be a great change in life for him, and he should be shown every consideration."

"Certainly, sir!" said Wharton.

"What-ho!" murmured Bolsover major, the bully of the Remove. "We'll see."

"Did you speak, Bolsover?"

"Yes, sir. I was saying to Vernon-Smith that we would all play up, sir, and give the workhouse kid a really ripping time."

"I hope you mean that, Bolsover. Dismiss!"

And the Removites filed out of the Form-room, still in a state of great astonishment.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Something for Bolsover!

"IT'S the limit!"

Thus Bolsover major, in the Form-room passage after the Lower Fourth were out. The Lower Fourth—the Remove, as they were called at Greyfriars—had not streamed out into the Close as usual; they were gathered in groups in the passage, discussing the surprising news they had received from Mr. Quelch.

It was easy to see that the feeling of the Form was, as a whole, against the new boy, who had not yet appeared at Greyfriars.

Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, took the lead, but he was well backed up by Bolsover major and Snoop and Stott and Billy Bunter and other fellows of the same sort. But even fellows who did not belong to the Bounder & Co. declared that it was the limit. As Bulstrode declared, Greyfriars was coming to something at last. Mark Linley, the factory lad, had come there on a scholarship, and Bulstrode considered that the Remove had done very well to swallow him whole, so to speak. Dick Penfold, the son of the cobbler in Friardale, had won a scholarship entitling him to enter the Remove, and most of the fellows had "swallowed" him. But a workhouse boy—that was really the outside limit!

"Regular Oliver Twist, of course," said Bolsover major. "Brought up on skilly and oakum, you know!"

"Well, that isn't the poor kid's fault, is it?" said Johnny Bull.

Bolsover snorted.

"It's somebody's fault, I suppose," he said. "If a chap had decent people, I suppose he wouldn't be brought up in the workhouse."

"His people may be dead, dear boy," remarked Lord Mauleverer, the dandy of the Remove. "People's people do die, you know."

"Well, then, where are his relations?" said Bolsover.

"Mayn't have any."

"Well, he ought to have some," said Bolsover. "It means that he's a chap out of the gutter, and we've got enough of them in the Remove."

"Too many," remarked Vernon-Smith, with a glance at Mark Linley.

"What will his manners be like?" growled Bolsover major. "I'll bet you he eats peas with a knife, and sausages with his fingers!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"As for washing his neck, of course he's never heard of such a thing!" said Bolsover. "My opinion is that the Remove ought to rise up against this. Dash it all, a Form ought to be kept respectable!"

"You willing to help?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Yes, of course!"

"Then try to get your remove into the Upper Fourth," said Bob cheerfully. "The Lower Fourth would be a big lot more respectable then!"

"Oh, rats! Look here, I'm not going to have anything to do with Oliver Twist, for one."

"Same here!" said Vernon-Smith.

"And here!" said Billy Bunter. "I say, you fellows, it's

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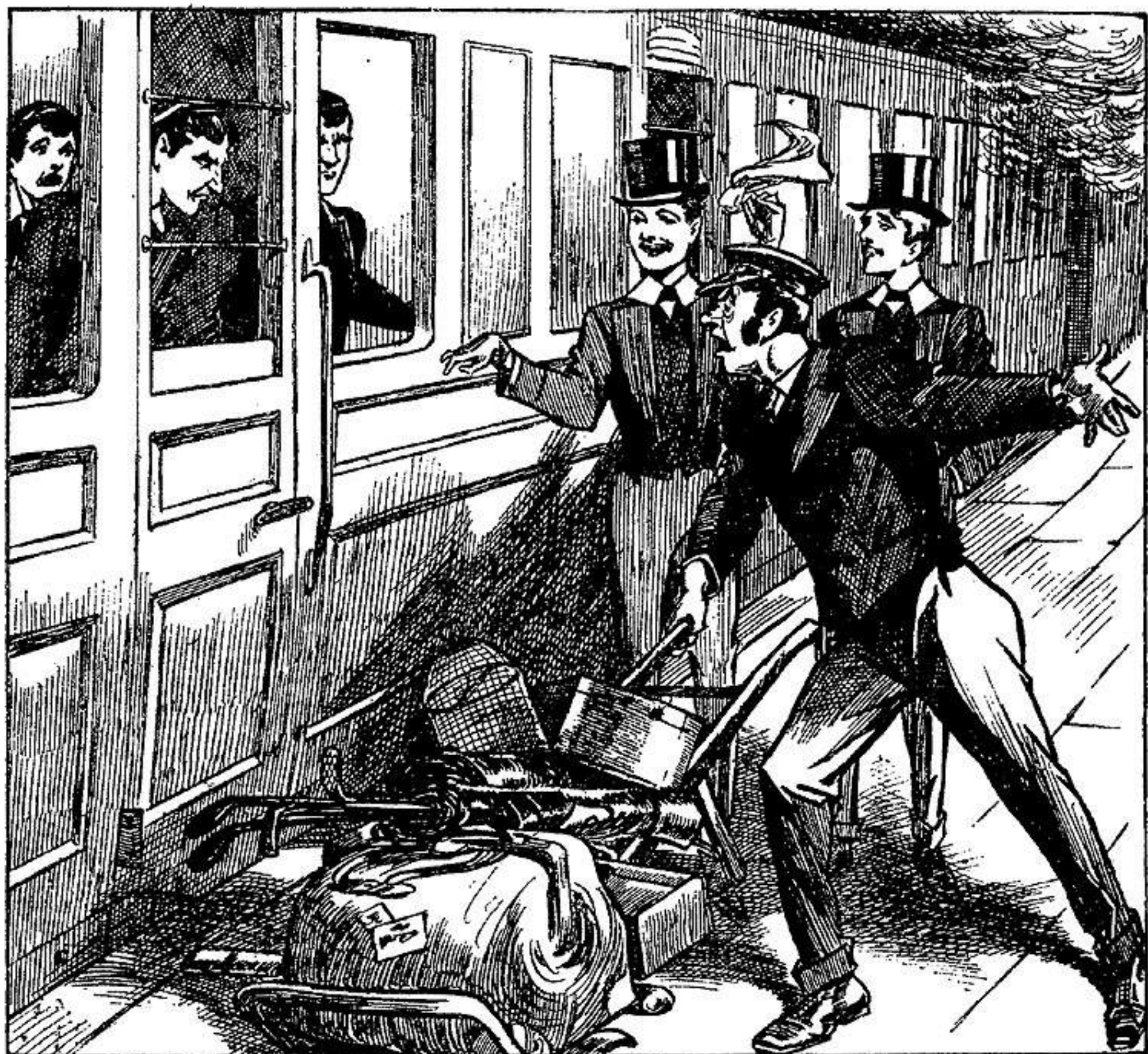
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"You'll be left behind!" roared Bolsover, as the train began to steam out of the station. "Exactly what I mean to be, thank you," the viscount smiled. "There are some new boys who are not so green as they look, my young friends! Good-bye!" Vernon-Smith & Co. glared out of the window. (See Chapter 4.)

really too thick, you know! I don't know what my people would say!"

"You mayn't have a chance to have anything to do with him," Frank Nugent suggested. "He may be rather particular whom he speaks to, you know!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My people wouldn't like this!" said Billy Bunter, with a shake of the head. "I really sha'n't be able to let them know! It's simply rotten, you know!"

"Oh, that's all right!" said Bob Cherry. "Your people must meet all kinds of fellows, you know, as they keep a public-house——"

"They don't!" roared Bunter furiously. "You know jolly well that they don't, Bob Cherry, you beast!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, a fried-fish shop, then?" conceded Bob Cherry. "I'm always forgetting which it is—a pub. or a fried-fish shop!"

"You—you—you——"

"We shall be clipped to death about this," said Vernon-Smith. "The Upper Fourth will make capital out of it. They'll nickname the Remove-room the Casual Ward!"

"That's what it's becoming, too!" said Bolsover major. "Now, look here, I suggest that we make a dead set against

this! Lord Ferndale oughtn't to send the chap here, and the Head oughtn't to take him in——"

"Why not go to the Head and explain that to him?" asked Frank Nugent.

Bolsover granted, but did not reply to the question.

"The Head oughtn't to take him in!" he repeated. "It's too rotten to have him planted on us like this! It's a disgrace to the Form! I suggest that we make the Remove too hot to hold him! If we all stand together, and send him to Coventry, and rag him in the dormitory, we can soon make him glad to clear out. Dash it all, we've got a Government to provide schools for his sort, and they needn't come to Greyfriars! What do you fellows think of my idea?"

"Rotten!" said Bob Cherry.

"Caddish!" said Harry Wharton.

"Mean!" said Nugent.

"Begad," said Lord Mauleverer. "I really think you are about the limit for sheer caddishness, Bolsover, my dear fellow!"

"So you fellows are going to back up the workhouse kid, the same as you do scholarship bounders!" yelled Bolsover, flushing with rage. "Well, I'm going to be down upon him, anyway! I'm going to make him sorry he came, and glad to go! I——"

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"You won't!" said Harry Wharton quietly.

"Do you mean that you're going to interfere?" yelled Bolsover.

"Yes, I do."

"So you are backing up the workhouse cad?"

"Well, not exactly that," said Wharton. "I don't know the chap, and I don't know that I shall have much to say to him; but I'm not going to see a new chap piled on because he's down on his luck, and that's flat! Besides, you heard what Mr. Quelch said. After that, it's up to us to give the new kid a chance, anyway."

"Yes, rather!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific, my worthy chums!"

"Blow what Quelch said!" retorted Bolsover major. "Who cares for old Quelch, anyway?"

To Bolsover's surprise, a frozen silence followed his speech. The fellows were looking past him, and Bolsover, surprised by their looks, swung round. He almost fell upon the floor as he saw Mr. Quelch standing within six paces of him.

The Remove-master had just come out of a Form-room in time to hear Bolsover's words; he could have heard them at the end of the passage, for that matter, for the bully of the Remove had raised his voice recklessly.

Mr. Quelch's face was a study, so was Bolsover's.

"Oh!" murmured Bolsover, and stood limply.

Mr. Quelch found his voice.

"Bolsover!"

Mr. Quelch's voice was not loud, but it was very penetrating. It seemed to cut the air like a knife. Bolsover was quite pale. He was fairly in for it now, and he knew it. He gasped.

"Bolsover!"

"Ye-e-es, sir?" murmured Bolsover.

"Were you referring to me?"

Bolsover panted.

"Oh, no, sir!"

"Then what do you mean by alluding to 'old Quelch'?"

"I—I—I—"

"Well?"

"You—you see, sir—"

"Yes, I see, Bolsover—I see that you are attempting to think of some falsehood to cover up your disrespectful speech!"

"Oh, sir!"

"You will follow me to my study, Bolsover!"

"Ye-e-es, sir!"

And Bolsover did, and a few moments later sounds of anguish were heard proceeding from the study. Mr. Quelch did not often use the cane, but when he did he knew how to lay it on in a very scientific manner, and all his skill was bestowed on Bolsover major. The bully of the Remove came out of the study looking, and feeling, as if life were not worth living.

Harry Wharton & Co. had gone out into the Close. There was a thoughtful shade upon Harry Wharton's face, and Bob Cherry and Nugent and Johnny Bull, and Hurree Singh were all looking thoughtful, too. Wharton felt himself to be in a somewhat difficult position, especially as he was captain of the Remove, and was expected to give the Form a lead in most matters.

"It's a queer bizney!" Frank Nugent remarked at last.

Wharton nodded.

"I don't know how Lynn will get on here," he said. "If the fellow's all right, I suppose he will shake down in time. But—"

"But he mayn't be all right," Johnny Bull remarked.

"Quite so. He hasn't had much of a chance to be all right, as far as that goes," said Harry. "Most of the fellows will be down on him, and they'll be looking for faults—and faults are easy enough to find in anybody, if you look for them."

"We shan't make ourselves popular by backing him up, that's a cert.," Johnny Bull remarked. "But I think we ought to see fair play."

"The oughtfulness is terrific!"

"I think so, too," said Wharton. "Whatever the chap is like, he ought to be given a chance. If I take his part, the fellows will say it is some more of my cussedness, as Fisher T. Fish calls it. Wharton's brow clouded for a moment. "But I'm not going to see the chap ragged simply because he's been brought up in a workhouse. That's bad enough for the kid, to begin with, without fellows piling on him on account of it. And he seems to be decent, if it's correct about his risking his life to save the marquis's son. Lots of fellows wouldn't have done that."

"Bolsover, for instance," grinned Bob Cherry.

"Yes, rather! Look here, we've got to make up our minds about this," said Harry. "I don't see that it's up to us to take the kid under our wing, and be brothers to him; but we're going to see fair play. That's agreed, isn't it?"

"Yes, rather!"

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"Hear, hear!" said Bob Cherry.

And Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh remarked that the hear-hearfulness was terrific. And with the Famous Five taking that line, it was pretty certain that the new boy would get fair play in the Remove, whatever else he might get.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

An Astounding Scheme.

"FEELING down?"

Lord Lovell asked the question with a smile.

The other boy started out of a brown study, and his face coloured.

They were alone in the carriage—a first-class carriage in a train speeding on its way to Courtfield Junction, where it was necessary to change into the "local" for Friardale and Greyfriars.

Lord Lovell, son and heir of the Marquis of Ferndale, a handsome lad of nearly fifteen, regarded his companion with a smile, but with some little anxiety also in his look. Tom Lynn, on the opposite seat, had been plunged in deep thought through almost the whole journey, which was nearing its end.

He was a good-looking, sturdy lad, Tom Lynn, the workhouse boy. He did not look much like a workhouse boy now, certainly. He was dressed in Etons, as was his companion, and his collar was equally white, his silk hat equally glossy. Lord Ferndale's protegee had been provided for generously enough to make his start in his new life. His clothes were of the best, he had money in his pocket, and for some time past he had lived on the fat of the land. His box was as well stored as any that came to Greyfriars. But Tom Lynn himself—

There was no doubt that the workhouse boy was uneasy—afraid! He had not shown much fear when he plunged into a racing mill-stream to save Lord Lovell, who had fallen from his punt, and was drifting to death when the workhouse lad pulled him out. But there was fear in Lynn's breast now.

His colour deepened as he met the glance of the viscount.

"Yes, I—I am feeling down," he said awkwardly. "I—I—"

"What's the matter, old chap?" asked Lovell kindly. "Don't you like the idea of going to Greyfriars?"

"I—I did at first, sir," said Tom slowly. "I thought it was the chance of my life when Lord Ferndale said I could go. And it is the chance of my life, I know that. I ain't ungrateful. But—but—"

"But what, kid? Is there anything that's been forgotten?"

Lynn shook his head.

"It ain't that," he said.

"You don't feel up to the school work?" asked Lovell.

"It ain't that. Your tutor taught me a lot in three months," said Lynn. "And I had learned all I could before that. I ain't afraid of the work."

"But you're afraid?"

"Yes," said Tom frankly.

Lord Lovell wrinkled his boyish brows a little. He felt a deep and sincere friendship for the lad who had risked his life to save him. It had been at his request that the marquis had taken up the workhouse boy; and for three months the lad had lived at Ferndale House, and had shared the life of the viscount—learning all he could from the young nobleman's tutor, and learning more essential things, perhaps, from the viscount himself. It seemed all like a dream to Tom Lynn, brought up in a workhouse, with his best prospect in life a hard and ill-paid job, fortune had suddenly smiled upon him in an uncomfortable way. Even in three months he had not quite got his bearings yet. And the thought of the big school terrified him. Lovell had been kindness itself; but Lynn had been brought up in a hard world. He knew that he could not expect the same kindness from others—others had not the same motives for it, and others were not so kind-hearted as Lovell. That he was a workhouse boy could not be kept a secret, and he did not even think of keeping it a secret if it had been possible. But how were the fellows in a big and expensive school likely to meet a fellow who had been trained among paupers, and had been a pauper himself? It was by no fault of his own, and he had nothing to be ashamed of. But he knew how fellows brought up in a better sphere were likely to look upon him.

"You didn't seem much afraid when you took that header into the river, kid," said Lord Lovell.

Lynn smiled.

"I wasn't afraid then," he said. "But—but this is different. I—I wish I wasn't going to Greyfriars."

"Why?"

"It ain't the place for me, now I've had time to think it out," said Lynn, with a shake of the head. "They'll be down on me. I can't expect anything else, you know. They won't want to take up with a chap who was brought up in a

workhouse. It ain't to be expected. I shall be cut by all the school—I know that."

"Not by the best fellows, Tom. When they find out what a brick you are, they'll take to you, same as I did," said Lovell cheerily.

Lynn smiled faintly.

"You think I'm a brick, sir," he said. "But I don't expect the Greyfriars fellows will. They'll think me a pauper, and they'll look on me as a pauper, and—and—"

His voice broke, and he was silent.

Lord Lovell looked deeply distressed.

In his friendship and kindness, he had brought this about for his new friend, and until now not a doubt had crossed his mind. It was difficult for the viscount to take the point of view of the workhouse lad. But now, as he looked at Tom Lynn's face, he began to understand more clearly, and a doubt crossed his mind whether he had been wise.

"I understand, Tom," he said quietly. "But I really don't think there's anything to be afraid of. And you can take your own part, too. You're as handy with your fists as you are at pulling a duffer out of a mill-stream."

"It ain't that, neither," said Tom. "I ain't afraid of a row. But—but if they won't speak to me—if they sneer and—and look on me as dirt—if they think of me as a fellow shoving hisself in where he's got no right, I—I couldn't stand that."

And the tears stood in the eyes of the little waif, and he tried hard to hold them back, but in vain.

"I—I say, old chap!" exclaimed Lovell, distressed. "Don't take it like that, you know. It won't be so bad as all that. I jolly well wish I were coming to Greyfriars, too, so that I could stand by you and back you up. And I'll tell you what—I've got a friend there, a chap named Mauleverer, and he'll stick to you. I've written to him about you, and he'll stand by you for my sake. Hang it all, Tom, don't look so cut up."

"I—I'm sorry," stammered Lynn. "If—if I knew how they was likely to treat me it would be different. But—but—"

Lovell was regarding Tom in dismay, as the train rushed on. He had not expected this. But he realised what an ordeal was before the workhouse boy, and he realised, too, that in all probability Lynn's misgivings were well founded. How were the Greyfriars fellows likely to greet him?

"Don't see how it can be helped now, Tom," said Lovell, at last.

Tom shook his head.

"The pater wouldn't understand if we told him," said Lovell, pursing his lips. "But—but if you like, Tom, we'll go back, and I'll explain. You sha'n't go to Greyfriars if you don't want to."

"I don't want to worry you, sir," said Tom. "But—but—but I'm afraid to go to Greyfriars, and that's the truth of it. If I only knew how they was likely to treat me—"

"I wish I could tell you, Tom. I wish—"

Lord Lovell paused.

A sudden, strange thought had darted into his mind, and it brought a smile to his lips, and a gleam of fun into his eyes.

"My hat!" he exclaimed.

Lynn looked at him.

"My only hat!" repeated the viscount. "Great Scott! Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you thinking of, sir?" asked Lynn.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The viscount lay back in his seat, and laughed loud and long.

"Oh, it's ripping!" he exclaimed. "Tommy, my son, I've thought of a scheme. You want to know how Greyfriars is likely to treat a chap hailing from the workhouse—you want to know what it will be like there?"

"Yes," said Tom, in wonder.

"Well, I can tell you."

"You can?"

"Not now; but next week," said Lovell.

"Next week," said Tom. "I—I don't understand."

"It's a wheeze," grinned Lovell—"a regular, ripping, top-hole wheeze! Look here, nobody at Greyfriars has seen you, so far. Nobody has seen me, excepting my old chum, Mauly, and I can rely on him."

"But—but what—"

"Well, I'll go and scout for you!" yelled Lovell.

"Scout for me!" repeated Tom, wondering for a moment whether his noble friend had taken leave of his senses.

"Yes, my son."

"But—but how—"

"Suppose," chuckled his lordship—"suppose you didn't go to Greyfriars to-day, but put it off for a week?"

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ONE
PENNY.

Tom Lynn's face brightened up wonderfully.

"You'd like that, kid?"

"Yes—oh, yes!" said Tom, with a deep breath. "I—I simply daren't go, sir."

"All serene. I'll go."

"What!"

"I'll go instead of you, and spy out the land," grinned Lovell. "Do you catch on?"

"I—I don't, quite," stammered Tom.

"Listen to your uncle, then," said Lovell. "Nobody there knows you, and nobody knows me but Mauly. Why shouldn't I go? The new kid, Lynn, is expected to turn up to-day. Well, he will turn up, only it will be me, and not you."

Tom stared at the viscount blankly.

During the three months he had associated with the son and heir of Lord Ferndale he had learned that the viscount had a peculiar gift of humour, and that he was always ready for the wildest lark.

But this scheme seemed wilder than any he had heard Lord Lovell propound hitherto.

"You!" said Tom dazedly. "You!"

"I!" said Lovell decidedly. "I'll go, as Tom Lynn! I'll take your box, and your name, and go as you—and see how they treat me. If I find it all right, we'll explain the little joke, and you can turn up there next week, safe and sound. If I don't like the place and the fellows, I'll give them my opinion of them before I leave, and you can go to another school. See?"

"My word!" said Tom Lynn. "But your father—"

"Oh, the governor won't mind," said Lord Lovell easily.

"He lets me do as I like. And he thinks as much of you as I do, Tom; and I'll write a letter for you to take back to him, explaining. He will take it as another of my little jokes. That will be all serene. What do you think of the wheeze?"

"It might be unpleasant for you—at the school, I mean," said Tom doubtfully.

Lovell laughed.

"Well, that don't matter. It will be a sell for the snobs when they find they've been chivvying a giddy viscount."

Tom laughed.

"It will be a giddy experience for me, too," chuckled his lordship. "Chaps who are born with a silver spoon in their mouth don't get much experience. By Jove, it will be the chance of a life-time for me! And it will be doing you a service, won't it?"

"Yes, indeed," said Tom. "But—"

"No buts," said Lord Lovell cheerily. "I going to do it. Mind, when we get out at Courtfield Junction, I'm Tom Lynn, and you're Lord Lovell, come to see me off."

"Oh, sir!"

"It's a ripping wheeze—a scheme I wouldn't part with for half a dozen ponies!" said Lovell. "You see, I shall have a chance of seeing how far I can go on my own merits. I've always been treated well wherever I go, but I wouldn't like to say that I've always deserved it. As plain Tom Lynn I shall go on my merits, and it will be interesting to see how it turns out."

"But—but I've heard that they rag fellows sometimes in public schools," said Tom, "especially fellows they're down on. If—"

"They won't rag me," said Lord Lovell—"not since you taught me that daisy upper-cut with the left, Tom!"

Tom Lynn smiled.

The viscount's scheme was a great relief to his mind, and all his concern was for his generous friend.

"It's settled, anyway," said Lovell. "Hallo, here we are at the junction! This is where we change trains. Might be some Greyfriars fellows there, so remember that my name's Tom—Tom Lynn."

"Yes; but—"

"No buts. Here we are!"

The train stopped in Courtfield Junction. Tom Lynn was still hesitating; but as he looked out upon the platform, he caught sight of three fellows in Etons and silk hats, and he guessed that they were Greyfriars fellows. And his heart beat hard, and his hesitation vanished. The ordeal was too much for him, and he was glad—only too glad—that a fellow who was better able to bear it was about to take the burden from his shoulders.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

A Change of Identity.

VERNON-SMITH, the Bounder of Greyfriars, stood on the platform of Courtfield Station, with Bolsover and Snoop, of the Remove. They were waiting for the train to come in, and they exchanged grins as they saw it. It had been the Bounder's idea to meet the train. He knew that Harry Wharton & Co. intended to stop any ragging at the school, and it was quite possible that some of the Co. might be in Friardale when the new boy arrived there. And so the Bounder had thought of cycling across to Courtfield, where trains were changed, and meeting the new boy at that spot.

"Here comes the train!" said Vernon-Smith.

Bolsover rubbed his hands, still sore and aching from the caning he had received from Mr. Quelch.

"I hope the rotter's in it," he said between his teeth. "I'll make him sit up for what I've got from old Quelch! It was all his fault!"

"Of course it was," agreed Snoop, the sneak of the Remove. "What business has the low cad coming to a respectable school at all?"

"If he's in the train we shall spot him," said Vernon-Smith, watching the train as it came to a stop in the station. "We'll rag him bald-headed! You see, his friends must have fitted him out decently to come to the school, and he will arrive in brand-new clothes as good as ours. My idea is to tear his clothes, and batter his hat, and smother him with mud, so that he'll get to the school looking like what he is—a workhouse brat."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Might be trouble about that afterwards," said Snoop, a little uneasily.

"All the better," said the Bounder coolly. "If the cad sneaks about us, we may catch a licking, but he will be done in for good. Even if the Remove could stand a workhouse brat, they wouldn't stand him if he sneaked."

"We've got him either way," grinned Bolsover. "Hallo! Can that be the chap?"

"Which of them?" said Snoop.

Two lads in Etons had descended from the train. They did not appear to notice the three Greyfriars fellows. Vernon-Smith made a sign to his companions, and they bore down upon the new arrivals.

"Either of you chaps named Lynn?" asked Vernon-Smith politely.

Lord Lovell looked at him.

"Yes," he replied.

"Oh, good!" said Vernon-Smith. "We're from Greyfriars."

"Yes!" said Lord Lovell calmly. "Then you're some of my new schoolfellows? It is very kind of you to come and meet me."

Vernon-Smith chuckled.

He was a little surprised as he looked at Lovell. He had not expected Lynn to turn out to be a fellow like this. Both the new arrivals were well dressed, but Lovell especially had a manner that was far from what Vernon-Smith expected to see in a lad trained amid the sordid surroundings of a workhouse. Tom Lynn stood quite silent. He was committed to the jape now, and he realised that the less he said the better.

"The fact is, we mean to be kind," said Bolsover major, grinning.

"Thank you so much!"

"Who's this other chap?" asked Vernon-Smith.

"My best friend," said Lovell. "Lord Lovell, these are fellows from Greyfriars, and you see that they are going to be very decent."

Tom Lynn nodded.

"Lord Lovell—eh?" said Snoop, somewhat impressed.

"Chap whose life the workhouse hero saved, of course!" said Vernon-Smith. "Very touching, I must say!"

"Pathetic!" said Bolsover major.

"Coming to Greyfriars with you?" asked Vernon-Smith.

"No. Only seeing me off to the junction."

"We're going to see you to Greyfriars," said Vernon-Smith blandly. "As soon as we heard that there was a workhouse kid coming to Greyfriars, we made up our minds that we ought to celebrate the occasion. It isn't a thing that happens every day, you know."

Tom Lynn flushed red.

The Bounder's mocking tone told him plainly enough that his misgivings had been well founded.

He knew that the three Removites from Greyfriars were there to chip the new boy, if for nothing worse than that.

But the viscount did not seem to notice it. He nodded cheerfully in reply to the Bounder's remark.

"Thank you very much!" he said simply. "I shall be very glad of your company to Greyfriars. Will you wait a minute here while I look after my box?"

"Oh, certainly!" said the Bounder.

The two boys went down the train, leaving the Bounder & Co. alone. Bolsover major and Snoop looked curiously at the Bounder.

"What are you so jolly civil to him for?" asked Bolsover. "I thought we came here to rag him."

"Plenty of time for that," said Vernon-Smith. "Wait till the other fellow's gone. That other fellow looks very hefty with his fists, and we may as well wait till he's gone. He's only here to see Lynn into the train for Friardale. We can get into the same carriage, and we shall have Oliver Twist all to ourselves."

Bolsover grunted.

"We're three to two, anyway," he said.

"Oh, Snoop isn't any good in a scrap," said Vernon-Smith, "and so we should be one to one. But we didn't come here for a scrap; we came here to rag young Workhouse, and to fix him up in Oliver Twist style to go to Greyfriars, and we shall be able to do it when we've got him to ourselves in the train."

"Oh, all right."

Tom Lynn touched his companion on the arm as the porter trundled the box away to change trains. Tom's face was anxious.

"Those chaps mean mischief," he said, in a low voice. "They've come 'ere to rag me, I believe, and if you go with them they'll rag you instead."

Lovell laughed.

"I know that as well as you do, kid," he replied. "But they won't get much change out of me. I shall be all right."

"But I don't like leaving you with them, and—"

"Can't be helped now," said the viscount cheerfully. "I tell you I shall be all right."

"But if you go in the same train with them, they—"

"I'm not going to."

"Oh!" said Tom.

The local train was waiting, and the new boy's box was put into it. Then the Bounder & Co. accompanied the viscount into a first-class carriage. Tom Lynn stood on the platform, an anxious cloud upon his brow. He was glad enough to escape going to Greyfriars, even if the ordeal was only postponed, but he did not like the idea of the viscount going off alone with the three intended raggers. But the gleam in the viscount's eye showed that some scheme was working in his mind.

"Better say good-bye to your friend, Lynn," said the Bounder. "We're going."

"Good!" said the viscount. "It's so kind of you fellows to come into my carriage and come with me to the school."

"The fact is, we mean to be kind," said Bolsover.

"Kindness itself," said Snoop, grinning.

"We want you to see how Greyfriars is going to treat you, you know," explained Vernon-Smith, with elaborate irony.

"Thank you so much!"

"Stand back, there!" called out the guard. Tom Lynn stepped back from the carriage window, and the guard ran up to shut the door.

"Just a moment!" said the viscount.

He stepped quickly from the carriage, as if to speak a last word to his companion. Then he closed the door from the outside.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Bolsover, in surprise. "Come in, you young ass! You'll be left behind!"

The viscount smiled.

He was holding the handle of the door on the outside, and it did not move as Bolsover tried to wrench it open.

"Exactly what I mean to be, thank you!" he replied.

"There are some new boys who are not quite so green as they look, my young friends. Good-bye!"

"Stand clear!" yelled the porter.

The viscount jumped back from the train, which was already moving.

Bolsover, Vernon-Smith, and Snoop glared from the window.

They could hardly realise at first how they had been done. Tom Lynn and Lord Lovell stood on the platform, smiling. The three cads of Greyfriars glared from the carriage-window at them, and the viscount waved his hand. It was too late for the Bounder & Co. to think of descending. The train was gathering speed, and in a few moments more it

ANSWERS

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Bolsover gritted his teeth and sprang at the new junior. There was a swish as the water came whirling from the jug and he was drenched from head to foot. He staggered back with a choking yell. "O-o-o-ch!"
(See Chapter 11.)

was rushing out of the station, and the platform and the new boy were left behind. Bolsover major sank back upon his seat, and glared at Vernon-Smith.

"Well, you ass!" he exclaimed.

"Done!" said Snoop.

The Bounder gritted his teeth.

"Done!" he repeated. "My only hat!"

"He saw through you all the time!" roared Bolsover. "He knew the game, and he's tricked us into getting off by train, while he's gone to the school another way."

"The rotter!" growled Vernon-Smith. "I never thought—"

"You ass!" growled Bolsover. "He'll tell 'em about this at Greyfriars, and we shall be chipped to death."

"I'll make him smart for it!"

"Br-r-r-r!"

On the platform of Courtfield Station, Lord Lovell grinned cheerfully at his companion.

Tom Lynn laughed.

"I think that was rather neat—what?" said the viscount. "If they're pining to rag somebody, they can rag one another. Now I'll get that letter written to my governor, and I dare say I can pick up a cab of some sort here to take me to Greyfriars."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The New Boy Arrives.

HARRY WHARTON came off the football field with a footer under his arm, and a thoughtful expression upon his face. The Remova had been playing the Upper Fourth, and had beaten them easily by 3 to 1. Bob Cherry and Frank Nugent, Tom Brown and Mark Linley, and the rest of the team were looking very cheerful. During the game Wharton had forgotten about the new boy, but he remembered him now.

"I wonder if that kid's come?" he remarked.

"What kid?" asked Nugent.

"Lynn!"

"Oh, Oliver Twist the Second!" said Russell. "I heard he was coming by the three-thirty. He must have got here long ago."

"Where's the Bounder?" asked Bob Cherry. "It would be like him to pile on the new kid while we were busy with the footer."

Wharton frowned.

"I say, you fellows—"

Bob Cherry seized Billy Bunter by the shoulder, as the fat junior rolled up. Billy Bunter was the Peeping Tom of Greyfriars, and nothing went on without his knowledge.

"A SPLIT IN THE SIXTH!"

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"Has the new chap come, Bunter?" Bob Cherry asked.
 "Oh, really, Cherry—"
 Bob Cherry shook him.
 "Have you seen the new chap—Lynn?" he demanded.
 "No, I haven't," growled Billy Bunter. "But I was going to speak to you fellows about him. I hear that you are going to back him up—"
 "We sha'n't let him be ragged, if that's what you mean," said Harry Wharton.

Billy Bunter nodded.
 "That's it," he said. "Now, that's what I was going to speak about. Of course, it's a shocking thing for a fellow like that to come to Greyfriars, and I really don't know what my people would say if they knew. But upon the whole, I think it's up to us to give him a bit of a welcome, to show that there's no ill-feeling."

The chums of the Remove stared blankly at Billy Bunter. That was the very last sentiment they had expected to hear from the Owl of the Remove.

"I suppose you haven't been drinking, Bunter?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"Not talking in your sleep, are you?" asked Nugent.

"Look here—"

"Or gone dotty?" asked Tom Brown.

"Oh, really, Brown—"

"Well, if you're not squiffy, or dreaming, or dotty, what do you mean by talking like a decent chap?" demanded Bob Cherry. "You shouldn't spring these things on people suddenly. Wherefore this sudden change?"

Bunter glared at the humorous Bob through his big spectacles.

"I think it's up to us to be decent to the chap, considering that he's a stranger within the gates, and that sort of thing," he said, with a great deal of dignity. "As a leading member of the Remove, I think it's up to me. And I'm going to expend the whole of my postal-order in standing the new chap a feed."

"My hat!"

"You don't mean to say that your postal-order has come at last?" exclaimed Johnny Bull, in great astonishment.

"Look here, you beast—"

"Is it the postal-order you were expecting last term, or the one you were expecting the term before?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, you might be serious about a serious matter," urged Billy Bunter. "The chap may arrive any minute, and he's bound to be hungry after a long journey. He's been delayed on the way here, or he'd be here before now. I want to have the feed all ready, just to show that we can be hospitable even to a workhouse rotter, you know. Now, my postal-order has been delayed in the post—"

"Go hon!"

"I was expecting it this morning, but somehow it hasn't arrived yet—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It will be in by the next post," said Bunter, glaring, "but that will be too late to look after the new kid. I thought you fellows might be willing to cash it in advance for me, so that I can do the proper thing."

"My hat!" said Bob Cherry. "You—you blessed cheeky young Raffles!"

"It won't hurt you to hand me ten bob in advance, and take my postal-order for it when it comes," said Bunter persuasively. "And the fellows say that you want to back up the workhouse kid, so you ought to stand by me in this."

"Ten bob! Why not say ten quid?" suggested Johnny Bull sarcastically.

"Well, make it five, then."

"Five rats!" said Bob Cherry. "You see, we know you, Bunter."

"Look here—"

"Oh, buzz off!"

"I say, you fellows," exclaimed Billy Bunter, trotting beside the footballers as they strode on, his fat little legs going like clockwork. "I really think you ought to play up on an occasion like this, you know. Half-a-crown isn't much—"

"Why, you said five bob."

"Ahem! I meant half-a-crown. You see, I want to do the right thing by the new kid, though he does come from a workhouse—"

"Wait till the postal-order comes," suggested Johnny Bull. "Of course, you will be an old, old man by that time, but you can stand the new kid a feed on his sixtieth or seventieth birthday, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you rotters!" yelled Bunter. "Look here! Are you going to lend me a few bob, or are you not?"

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"Not!" said the chums of the Remove together, in a sort of chorus.

"Then you can look after your workhouse friend yourselves," howled Bunter. "I decline to have anything to do with him."

"Won't you even ask him to cash a postal-order for you?" asked Bob Cherry.

"You—you—you—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beasts!" howled Bunter. "Look here! You can back up that workhouse waster if you like, but I'm going to be down on him. I'm going to show him that Greyfriars isn't the sort of place for a rotter of his kind to come to."

"What about being hospitable?" asked Bob.

"Blow being hospitable!" growled Bunter. "I'm going to show the cad his place. I'm going to back up Vernon-Smith. He is putting him where he belongs. I'll—"

"You'll dry up, you fat duffer!" growled Harry Wharton.

"I'll give him beans; you see!" howled Bunter. "I'll show your workhouse friend that he can't come here and mix with gentlemen like me. I'm going to stand up for the honour of the school. I'm going to stand up—"

"No, you're not. You're going to sit down," granted Bob Cherry. And, with a sweep of his powerful arm, he laid Billy Bunter in the Close.

Bump!

"Yaroo!"

The chums of the Remove walked on, chuckling. Billy Bunter sat on the ground, and set his spectacles straight upon his fat, little nose, and glared after them.

"Beasts!" he roared.

Harry Wharton & Co. disappeared into the House. Billy Bunter picked himself up slowly, and dusted himself down. There was a shout from the direction of the school gates, and the sound of a motor-horn.

"Here he is!"

"The new kid!"

"Young Workhouse!"

"And in a giddy motor-car! My hat!"

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Mr. Quelch is Surprised.

ZIP, zip, zip!

Toot, toot!

The car glided up the wide drive towards the School House of Greyfriars. A crowd of fellows followed it, with surprised looks and exclamations. Inside the car sat a lad in Etons, with a handsome and amiable face. He had given his name to Gosling, the porter, at the gate, and several fellows had heard it, and the news spread at once that Tom Lynn, the new boy, had arrived. He had arrived in state!

"Here he is!"

Harry Wharton & Co., and a crowd of other fellows, came out of the School House. The news that Tom Lynn, the waif of Ferndale Workhouse, was coming to Greyfriars had spread over the whole school, and it had excited mingled feelings among the boys. Whether they liked the idea or not, they were curious to see the new fellow, and to see what he was like.

They had expected, at least, that he would come to the school in a very modest and retiring way. There did not seem to be anything very modest or retiring, however, in the way he had arrived.

The whirr of the big motor-car could be heard all over Greyfriars. The Bounder & Co., who had been back at the school some time from their unsuccessful expedition, joined the crowd that gathered round the car as it stopped before the School House.

"My hat!" murmured Bolsover major. "That's how he's come, then! It must have cost him a pot of money to hire that car to bring him over from Courtfield!"

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"Like his cheek—a workhouse brat!" growled Vernon-Smith. "He wants putting in his place more badly than we thought!"

"Yes, rather!"

The new boy stepped from the car.

He did not look in the least abashed or confused by the stare of so many pairs of eyes.

He glanced round him with perfect self-possession.

Harry Wharton stepped forward.

"You the new boy?" he asked.

The new-comer nodded.

"Good! I'm Wharton, of the Remove," said Harry. "You're coming into the Remove, from what Mr. Quelch told us."

"Yes; I'm coming into the Remove," said Lynn—to give the new-comer the name by which he was to be known at Greyfriars.

"Well, I must say he looks decent enough," remarked Coker, of the Fifth, quite careless of the fact that the new boy heard his remark.

"Quite respectable!" said Potter.

The new boy raised his hat to the Fifth-Formers.

"Thank you so much!" he said.

Coker stared at him.

"Well, it's a surprise to see you looking decent, you know," he said, with a candour that was a characteristic of the great Coker.

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

"Not at all!" said Lynn. "I'm much obliged to Coker."

"Coker!" roared the Fifth-Former.

"Excuse me, I meant Croker—"

"Coker, you silly ass!"

"Oh, Coker, you silly ass, is it?" said Lynn. "All right, I've got it now! Well, I'm much obliged to you, Coker, you silly ass—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker turned crimson. He had meant to be kind to the new boy, in a lofty and patronising way, but all his kindness was gone now.

"You cheeky young sweep!" he exclaimed.

"Cheese it, Coker!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, stepping in the Fifth-Former's way as he advanced towards the new boy. "You started it!"

"Get out of the way, you young rotter!"

"Rats!"

"Look here—"

"Well, let him alone!"

"I'm going to wipe up the ground with him!" growled Coker. "Do you think I'm going to be cheeked by a blessed young oakum-picker?"

"Coker!"

Coker jumped.

It was Mr. Quelch's quiet, keen voice. The Remove-master came out upon the steps, and the crowd respectfully made way for him.

Coker turned a crimson face towards the Form-master.

"Oh!" he ejaculated.

Mr. Quelch gave him a stern glance.

"Coker, you have spoken most improperly to the new boy!" he said. "I must ask you to apologise to him at once!"

"What!"

"You hear me, Coker?"

"B-b-b-but—" stammered Coker.

"Otherwise," said Mr. Quelch severely, "I shall report your conduct to the Head, Coker!"

"B-b-but—"

"Kindly do as I tell you, Coker!"

"Oh!" gasped Coker. "I—I apologise, kid! You—you're not a cheeky young sweep or an oakum-picker! Oh, my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Quelch signed to the new boy.

"Follow me, Lynn!" he said.

"Yes, sir!" said the new boy cheerfully.

And he dismissed the car, and followed the Remove-master into the School House, and to his study.

The crowd was left in a buzz of excitement.

"Something rather new in workhouse kids!" said Bulstrode. "What an awful cheek, coming here in a motor-car!"

"Must be rolling in money, I guess!" said Fisher T. Fish, the American junior.

"Gets it from the duffer who's taken him up and sent him here, I suppose," said Vernon-Smith, with a curl of the lip.

"It's charity!"

"Rotten!" said Snoop.

"Oh, shut up, you wasters!" growled Bob Cherry. "If he'd walked from the station, you'd say it was disgusting to be too poor to pay for a cab! If he comes here in a car, you say it's like his cheek to be expensive! It's the wolf and the lamb over again! Go and eat coke!"

"Well, the chap is surprisingly decent," said Temple, of the Fourth. "But I expect that's only on the outside."

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A Grand, Long, Complete School Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars next Monday.

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ONE
PENNY.

They've been polishing him up before they sent him here, of course. We shall see him eating peas with his knife yet!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The new boy followed Mr. Quelch into his study. The Remove-master bade him be seated, and the new boy did not sit nervously on the edge of the chair, as might have been expected. He sat down quite comfortably. Mr. Quelch regarded him with considerable interest. He may have had some doubts himself about the advisability of admitting Tom Lynn to Greyfriars, but a careful survey of the new boy reassured him.

"I'm glad to see you, Lynn!" he said. "I am your future Form-master. I understand that you have been prepared for the Remove—the Lower Fourth Form here?"

"Yes, sir."

"I understand that your education was—ahem!—to a certain extent neglected until quite lately," said Mr. Quelch. "If you are not quite equal to the usual Form work, I shall be very easy with you at first."

"Thank you, sir!"

Mr. Quelch could not help being surprised. He could not help wondering where the workhouse boy had picked up that soft and cultivated voice. Associations for the last few months could hardly account for it.

"I will take you through some of the subjects presently," said Mr. Quelch. "At the present moment you are probably tired from your journey—"

"Not at all, sir; I'm pretty fit!"

"I suppose it was Lord Ferndale's car you came in?" asked Mr. Quelch.

"Oh, no, sir! I missed the connection at Courtfield, and hired the car to bring me over."

"Indeed! You could have come much more cheaply in the station cab," said Mr. Quelch drily.

The new boy smiled.

"I prefer a car," he said. "You see, I'm used to it."

Mr. Quelch stared.

"You can hardly have been used to it for very long, I imagine, Lynn," he said, with an increased dryness of manner.

The new boy started. He realised that he would have to be careful if he did not want to give himself away.

"Ye-es," he said. "I—I have been a good deal in Lord Ferndale's car lately, you see, sir. Surprising how soon you get used to these things. Of course, there weren't any motor-cars belonging to Ferndale Workhouse."

"I presume not," said Mr. Quelch. "It appears that Lord Ferndale has supplied you very liberally with money."

"Oh, yes; the pater—I mean, Lovell's pater is a good old sort, sir!"

The Remove-master frowned.

"That is hardly a respectful way to speak of your kind friend and guardian, Lynn," he said severely.

The new junior coloured.

"I—I certainly didn't mean to be disrespectful to Lord Ferndale, sir!" he said. "I—I suppose it was just the way I was brought up, sir."

Mr. Quelch melted at once.

"Very well, very well! Let it pass!" he said. "Considering your early disadvantages, Lynn, I must say that you have turned out remarkably well—most remarkably! I am sure that no one would guess from your appearance that you had been brought up in a—ahem—in a Union."

"Thank you so much, sir," said the new junior demurely. "I always try to look very respectable, sir, to do credit to my kind friends."

"I should recommend a little less extravagance in money matters," said Mr. Quelch. "Of course, it is entirely Lord Ferndale's affair what allowance he makes you; but, under the circumstances, I should not be too profuse with money. There are not very many boys here who can afford to hire motor-cars."

"I will be careful, sir."

"Ostentation is a fault of the newly rich," said Mr. Quelch. "It is liable to show only too plainly that you are unaccustomed to the possession of money. I am speaking as your friend, Lynn."

The new boy smiled.

"Thank you, sir. I will remember."

"And if you not tired, I will examine you now—"

"Fit as a fiddle, sir. I—I mean, I'm not tired!"

"Very well."

For the next half-hour Mr. Quelch was busy: and his surprise increased all the time. For, instead of finding the new junior in a state of dense ignorance—ignorance modified only by recent cramming, as he had expected—he found that Lynn was quite up to the work of the Lower Fourth—and, indeed, likely to become one of the bright particular stars of that form in a scholastic way.

"Dear me!" said the Form-master, at last. "You have made wonderful progress in a short time, Lynn."

"Do you think so, sir?"

"I am sure of it."

"I wish my tutor could hear you say so, sir; he isn't so satisfied."

"Your tutor? Do you mean Lord Lovell's tutor?"

The new boy coloured again.

"Ye-es, sir! I—I mean Lord Lovell's tutor. You see, sir, he did a double turn for the last few months, and taught both of us."

"You should not speak of Lord Lovell's tutor as being your tutor, Lynn. It is liable to seem like boastfulness."

"Very well, sir."

"The tutor must have been a very capable man, to improve your knowledge in this short space of time, to so great an extent," said Mr. Quelch. "You are fully qualified to take your place in the Remove—indeed, I do not think there will be more than four or five boys above you in the class. You may go, Lynn. You will share No. 8 Study, in the Remove passage. You will have only one companion there—Vernon-Smith. If you are at a loss in any way, speak to Wharton, who is captain of your Form, and I am sure will show you every kindness."

"Thank you, sir."

And the new junior quitted the Form-master's study.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Vernon-Smith is Put Out!

VERNON-SMITH, the Bounder of Greyfriars, was alone in his study. The Bounder had always had that study to himself, and he had come to regard it as his own. Once or twice other fellows had been put into it, but the Bounder had always succeeded in getting them to change out—either by making their quarters exceedingly unpleasant for them, or by making it worth their while to oblige him. As Vernon-Smith was the son of a millionaire, and had an unlimited allowance, it was in his power to be very obliging in some ways, when he liked. He had the study to himself at present—though he was not fond of solitude, and he generally had two or more guests in to tea. Vernon-Smith's feeds were on a far more gorgeous scale than any others in the Lower Fourth, and he was never at a loss for company when he was giving a "brew."

Bolsover and Snoop had had tea with the Bounder, and they were gone, and Vernon-Smith was smoking a cigarette. His brows were wrinkled as he watched the blue curl of smoke floating upwards. Smoking was one of the little manners and customs of the Bounder, which he was very careful to keep from the knowledge of prefects and masters.

The key was turned in his door at the present moment, as Vernon-Smith smoked, and thought over his defeat of the afternoon, and his plans for making the new junior, the rank outsider from Ferndale Workhouse, properly sorry for himself.

Tap!

Vernon-Smith started angrily, and threw his cigarette into the fire, as the knock came.

"Who's there?" he called out sharply.

"I am!"

The Bounder started again. He recognised the voice of the new boy.

"The new kid?" he exclaimed.

"Yes."

"What do you want?"

"I want to come in, dear boy."

"Well, you can't. Buzz off!"

And Vernon-Smith drew a second cigarette from his case, and took out a match.

Knock! Knock!

"Will you clear off?" shouted the Bounder.

"No."

"If I come out to you—"

"You needn't trouble to do that. I want to come in. It's my study, you see."

"What?"

"You're Vernon-Smith, I believe?"

"Yes, you cad!"

"Well, I'm to share Vernon-Smith's study."

"It's a lie!" yelled the Bounder.

"Mr. Quelch says so."

"Tell Mr. Quelch to go and eat coke."

There was a chuckle from outside the door.

"I'd prefer to let you take that message yourself, Smith," came the reply. "I'm not taking any. Will you open the door, please?"

"No, I won't!"

"I shall have to burst in the lock if you don't."

"You dare not, you cad!" said Vernon-Smith, between his teeth.

"My dear fellow, I dare—and I'll soon show you that that is so, if you don't open the giddy door."

"Buzz off!"

"Will you let me into my study?"

"This isn't your place," said Vernon-Smith bitterly. "This isn't a casual ward. There is no oakum for you to pick here. You can go and dig with the page in the boot-room, if you like. That's more your mark."

The new boy did not reply. Vernon-Smith heard his steps receding, and he grinned. He thought that he had finished with the obnoxious junior; but he was mistaken. The new boy's footsteps returned a few moments later.

Crash!

The door creaked and shook, and the lock groaned, under a terrific concussion.

Vernon-Smith jumped up.

He understood now that the new junior had simply gone away for a weapon, and had returned to carry out his threat of breaking in the lock.

"Stop that!" roared the Bounder.

Crash!

"Will you stop it?"

Crash!

Vernon-Smith ran to the door. The new junior evidently did not intend to stop it; and the Bounder did not want the lock smashed in. He turned the key back hastily, and dragged open the door. The new junior stood outside, with a heavy stool in his hands. He had raised it for another attack upon the lock, but he lowered it as the door opened, and grinned cheerfully at the Bounder.

"I'm afraid the wood is chipped a bit," he remarked. "Sorry to damage your door, but I was bound to come in, you know."

"You—you cheeky cad!" spluttered the infuriated Bounder.

"My study, you know," said Lynn, setting down the stool in the passage, and coming in, past the glaring Bounder.

"Couldn't stay out in the passage, you know—what?"

"You rotter! You're not going to stay here!"

"Must—my quarters, you know."

"Clear off!" roared the Bounder.

"Not this evening," said the new junior blandly. "Some other evening."

Vernon-Smith's features worked with rage. As a rule, the Bounder preferred to pay off his little scores in some under-hand manner, without the risk and trouble of personal conflict. But he felt himself obviously more than a match for this slim and elegant lad, who looked so little like the expected workhouse-boy. He felt that he could crush the new-comer without much danger to himself, and he determined to take the matter into his own hands, and at once. He advanced towards the cool and smiling new boy, his hands clenched, and his eyes gleaming under his bent brows.

"Are you going out?" he said, snapping his teeth.

Lynn, of the Remove, shook his head.

"Not when I've taken so much trouble to come in," he said, in a tone of gentle remonstrance. "It's asking too much, don't you think—what?"

"Then you'll jolly well go out on your neck," said the Bounder savagely. "I don't want any workhouse paupers in this study."

"Go hon!"

"If you had any decency," said Vernon-Smith, "you wouldn't shove yourself into a school like this, considering where you've come from."

The new junior laughed.

"You mean, I'm not good enough?" he asked.

"Yes, you rotten outsider!" said Vernon-Smith. "You can't expect any decent fellow here to speak to you; and I can assure you they won't. You'll be sent to Coventry, and ragged till you are glad to get out of the school. The best thing you can do is to write to Lord Ferndale and tell him he's made a mistake, and ask him to send you to an industrial school, or something instead."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at, you ass?" demanded the Bounder.

"You, my dear boy."

Vernon-Smith set his teeth.

"You're going out on your neck!" he exclaimed.

"Hold on!" said a voice in the passage. "Hold on, Smith!"

Vernon-Smith looked round furiously.

"Mind your own business, Wharton!" he shouted.

"Mr. Quelch has put Lynn in this study," said Harry Wharton quietly. "You can't turn him out in this way."

"Who's going to stop me?"

"I will, if necessary."

"Mind your own business, hang you! If you're going to fight the battles of that workhouse cad, you'll have enough to do."



Figgins, exasperated, was hitting out, and the keeper caught a smart tap on the nose. Then the viols of his wrath overflowed. He twisted Figgins over and began to slap him hard. The New House leader struggled and roared. "Rescue! rescue!" he yelled. (For this humorous incident see the grand, long, complete story of Tom Merry & Co., entitled "FIGGINS AND CO'S FEUD," by Martin Clifford, which is contained in this week's issue of our popular companion paper "The Gem" Library. Out on Wednesday. Price, One Penny.)

"Well, I don't know about fighting his battles," said Wharton; "but I'm not going to see a new chap turned out of his own study by a beastly bully."

"It's all right, thanks," said the new junior. "He won't turn me out."

"Won't I!" howled Vernon-Smith. "Wharton, you'd better clear out of the doorway, if you don't want to be knocked over. I'm going to pitch him out."

And the Bolder fairly flung himself upon the new boy.

There was a grapple, a struggle, and two reeling forms pitched against the table, and sent it crashing into the grate. Then they struggled again—and then they separated—and one of them went flying wildly through the doorway, Wharton springing back just in time to escape a collision.

Bump!

"Oh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Wharton.

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For it was the Bolder who had landed in the passage, and the new junior was standing in the study, fanning himself with his handkerchief after his exertions.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Lord Mauleverer is Astonished!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! Oh! Oh!"

"Hullo, hullo, hullo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, dashing along the passage. "What's the row?"

"Faith, and the Bolder's in trouble again!" exclaimed Micky Desmond.

Wharton laughed again.

"Smithy has been chucking the new chap out of his study," he explained, "only it's worked out the wrong way."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bolsover major came along and helped Vernon-Smith to

"A SPLIT IN THE SIXTH!"

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his feet. The Bouncer was looking dazed, and very dishevelled. He stood panting for breath, his eyes burning with rage.

"All right, Smithy," he said. "I'll heave him out, if you like."

"No, you won't," said Bob Cherry. "You're too big to tackle the new kid, Bolsover. If you want to do any heaving, you can start with me. I'm waiting to be heaved."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yes, let the kid alone," said Tom Brown, the New Zealander. "Dash it all, a fellow has a right to be in his own study, I suppose."

Vernon-Smith's face flamed with rage.

"I'm not having a workhouse brat in my study!" he yelled.

"Can't be expected," said Snoop. "If you're so blessed fond of paupers, Wharton, why don't you take him into your study?"

"Yes, there's a chance for you," grinned Hazeldene.

"Take him into your study, Wharton," said Trevor.

"Let's see you do it. You'll easily get permission from old Quelch."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton frowned.

"If Mr. Quelch had put Lynn in Study No. 1 I shouldn't have minded," he said. "But we're two in there now, and there isn't too much room for Nugent and me."

"You used to be four before the new studies were opened," grinned Bolsover major. "You had Bob Cherry and Bunter there once. You can make room for three."

Wharton looked at Nugent. Frank nodded.

"Well, we'll take him in, if he chooses to come!" exclaimed Wharton. "It's hard cheese for any chap to have to dig with the Bouncer, anyway."

"Faith, and ye're right there!" grinned Micky Desmond.

The captain of the Remove glanced at the new junior. Lynn had sat down in the study arm-chair, and seemed quite at his ease.

"What do you say, Lynn?" he asked. "Would you like to dig in No. 1 Study with Nugent and me? You're welcome."

"Quite welcome," said Frank Nugent.

"Thank you so much," said the new junior gracefully.

"But I couldn't think of putting you to inconvenience."

"Oh, you needn't mind that!"

"But I do, dear boy. I won't bother you; and there is plenty of room for me in this study. Smith isn't a pleasant fellow to be with, but I shall try to stand him."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm used to all sorts of company, you know," the new junior explained. "Fellow brought up in the workhouse meets all kinds, so Smith isn't a new experience for me."

The juniors chuckled.

"You rotter!" yelled Vernon-Smith. "You—you—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm sticking to this study," said Lynn. "If Smith doesn't like it, he can change out; somebody else may take him in, or he can dig in the boot-room, as he suggested to me."

"I jolly well sha'n't stay here with you," said Vernon-Smith, breathing hard. "I'm not going to be contaminated by a workhouse rotter."

"Right-ho!" said Lynn cheerfully. "Good-bye!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go for him, Smithy," said Stott. "Wipe up the study with him!"

"I'm not going to fight a pauper," said Vernon-Smith loftily.

"Too disgraceful," said Snoop.

"Soil one's hands, you know," remarked Bolsover.

"To say nothing of one's eye," remarked the new junior, with a glance at the Bouncer, whose left eye was adorned with a rim of blue-black. And there was another chuckle from the Removites.

Vernon-Smith strode away with his friends, and the new junior was left in sole possession of the study.

"Have you had any tea yet, Lynn?" asked Harry Wharton, with a curious glance at the new junior. Wharton was as surprised as anybody at the way the workhouse boy was turning out. Lynn was not in the least what he had expected to see. Exactly what he had expected Lynn to be likely he hardly knew; but certainly not like this.

Lynn shook his head.

"Not yet," he said. "I've been with Mr. Quelch. What time is tea?"

"Tea in hall is over now," said Harry. "You'd better come to my study; we've got a brew on, and we should be glad to have you."

"Thank you so much."

"Hear, hear!" said Bob Cherry. "I'll go along and call Mauleverer. He's forgotten by this time that he's coming to tea."

The new junior started.

"Mauleverer!" he exclaimed.

"Yes; Lord Mauleverer," said Bob. "I dare say you've heard of him. I believe he knows Lovell, the son of the giddy nobleman who sent you here."

Lynn nodded.

"I have heard of him," he said. "I—oh, yes!"

Wharton linked his arm in Lynn's.

"Come on," he said. "Tea's ready, and you must be ready, too, after your journey."

"Right-ho! I am."

And Wharton marched the new boy down the Remove passage. There was a murmur from a good many of the Removites at the sight of the captain of the Form linking his arm with that of the workhouse boy. Wharton had enemies in his Form; and one of their chief complaints against him was that he persisted in taking the unpopular side in most matters in dispute. It might be his duty as captain of the Remove to save the new boy from being bullied. But there was no reason why he should be chummy with him like this, most of the juniors thought, and the murmuring was far from approving as Wharton passed along the passage.

"What price skilly?" called out Billy Bunter from his study door.

There was a laugh.

"What price oakum?"

"Hallo, Oliver Twist!"

Wharton reddened; but the new junior only laughed. The taunts did not seem to disturb him in the least.

"Don't mind them, kid," said Harry Wharton. "There are only a few fellows who take it like that."

The new junior laughed.

"Bless you, I don't mind 'em," he said. "If it pleases them, let 'em amuse their little selves. It doesn't hurt me."

Wharton nodded. He could not quite understand Lynn's point of view. If he had come to the school from a workhouse, and had been greeted with taunts of that kind, they would have cut him very deeply. But if Lynn did not mind, that was certainly all the better for him; he was likely to get a great deal of it before he had been very long at Greyfriars.

Lynn was looking so cheerful as he entered No. 1 Study with Wharton, that it was quite clear that this was not affectation on his part. He simply did not mind the taunts of the cads of the Remove, and that was all.

Bob Cherry had gone along the Remove passage to Lord Mauleverer's study. Lord Mauleverer, the dandy of the Remove, and the champion slacker of the form, was extended upon his sofa when Bob Cherry looked in at the doorway. He nodded to Bob Cherry, but did not rise.

"Mauly, you ass, tea's ready!"

"Tea!" said Lord Mauleverer reflectively.

"Yes. What are you lying there for?"

"Tired."

Bob Cherry grunted.

"What have you done to make you tired?"

"Well, I walked round the Close."

"You must be simply exhausted," said Bob Cherry sympathetically. "What you really want is a little excitement to buck you up! Here you are!"

And Bob Cherry laid violent hands upon his lordship, and yanked him off the sofa before he knew what was happening.

Bump!

"Ow!" roared Mauleverer. "Yow! Don't, my dear fellow. You upset my nerves!"

"I'll upset your features if you don't get up and come along," said Bob Cherry. "We've got a special guest to meet you in No. 1—friend of your friend Lovell."

Lord Mauleverer took an ivory-backed brush from his table, and carefully brushed the dust off his trousers.

"Oh, I suppose it's the chap Lovell wrote to me about," he said. "Named Wynn, or Glyn, or something."

"Lynn, fathead!"

"Oh, yes, I knew it was something," said his lordship, with a nod. "I never could remember names. I shall be glad to see him, you know. Lovell asked me to keep an eye on him, you know, and I'm going to do it, begad! I would have gone down to the station to meet him, you know, only I forgot about his coming."

"Well, you are a reliable chap, I don't think!" remarked Bob Cherry. "Come along and have tea, before you forget that there's such a thing at tea-time."

"Yaas, my dear fellow."

And Lord Mauleverer accompanied Bob Cherry to No. 1 Study. Wharton, and Nugent, and Johnny Bull, Hurree Singh, and Mark Linley, and the new junior, were already seated round the table. Lord Mauleverer glanced over the cheerful faces round the table in search of the new boy. His eyes fell upon the new-comer, and he jumped. For a moment

his gentle and reposeful manner forsook him. He simply jumped, and stared at the new junior blankly.
 "Begad! What are you doing here, my dear fellow!" he exclaimed.

THE NINTH CHAPTER. A Little Mysterious.

LYNN jumped up.
 The colour came into his cheeks for a moment, but he was quite cool.

"Hallo!" he said. "I'm Lynn—Lynn, the new boy, you know. You've heard of me. Lord Lovell wrote to you about me, didn't he?"

"Eh!"

"My name's Lynn! Lynn, of Ferndale Workhouse," explained the new boy.

"What?"

"I'm the new fellow here."

"Begad!"

"And you're Mauleverer, of course?" said Lynn.

"Great Scott!"

"Glad to meet you, Mauleverer! Any friend of my chum Lovell is a friend of mine," said the new junior, holding out his hand.

Lord Mauleverer took his hand mechanically.

"Oh, begad!" he murmured. "I'm dreaming, of course!"

"No, you're not dreaming," said the new junior calmly. "I'm Lynn, the workhouse kid Lovell befriended, you know. I pulled him out of the mill-stream."

"Ya-a-a-as."

"And you're going to stand by me, and back me up, ain't you?" said Lynn.

"Oh, ya-a-as."

"Good!"

Harry Wharton & Co. looked on at that little scene in amazement. It was quite clear to them that Lord Mauleverer had met Lynn before, and that he knew him perfectly well, and was astonished to see him at Greyfriars.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" Bob Cherry exclaimed. "I didn't know that you had met Lynn, Mauly."

"I haven't," said Mauleverer.

"Eh! But you know him!"

"He knows me now, anyway," said Lynn. "Sit down, Mauly, and don't look so astonished. It isn't anything to be astonished at, you know."

"No-n-no," stammered Mauleverer. "Begad!"

The juniors made no further remark on the matter, but they were very much surprised. There was evidently some mystery afoot; but as their guests evidently did not want to explain it, courtesy forbade any inquiry. Lord Mauleverer sat down at the table, still plainly in a state of great amazement, and his glance turned continually upon the new junior in a puzzled and perplexed way.

Lynn was perfectly self-possessed, however.

"Lovell sends you his kind regards, Mauly," he said cheerfully.

"Oh, begad!" said Lord Mauleverer.

"He wants you to stand by me, you know, and back me up, because some of the fellows are bound to be down on a giddy workhouse kid."

"Begad!"

"You're going to do it—eh?"

"Oh, yaas."

"That's all right. I'll have some of that ham, Wharton, please, and you can pass the poached eggs. I'm hungry, by Jove!"

"Begad!" murmured Lord Mauleverer, again.

And in surprise and perplexity, Lord Mauleverer put salt in his tea, and bestowed several lumps of sugar upon his poached eggs.

There was a tap at the door, and it opened, to reveal a fat countenance adorned with a pair of large spectacles.

Bob Cherry picked up a loaf.

Billy Bunter eyed him warily, ready to dodge.

"I say, you fellows—" he began.

"Clear!" said Bob Cherry tersely.

"Oh, really, Cherry, I suppose I can come and speak to a friend if I like," said Billy Bunter warmly. "I want to do the friendly thing by young Lynn, to oblige my friend Lovell."

"What!"

The new junior stared at Bunter.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Bunter," said the Owl of the Remove promptly. "I daresay you've heard Lord Lovell and Lord Ferndale speak of me, Lynn."

"My hat!"

"Begad!" said Lord Mauleverer. "I didn't know that you knew Lovell, Bunter, my dear fellow."

Bunter snorted.

"I'm not in the habit of mentioning my extensive acquaintance among titled people," he said. "It sounds too much

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like swank, and you fellows know that swank is a thing I never was guilty of—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at. But as a matter of fact, I know Lord Ferndale very well. My father was at Oxford with him."

"Oh!"

"I've stayed at his place, you know," said Bunter; "and it was there I met young Lovell. We were more like brothers than anything else, young Lovell and I."

"Were you?" exclaimed the new junior, in astonishment.

"Yes, we were," said Bunter tartly.

"You've stayed at Ferndale House?"

"Lots of times."

"I've never seen you there."

"It was before Lovell picked you up, of course," said Bunter loftily. "You haven't known Lord Lovell long. You were in the workhouse three months ago, I understand."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Lovell and I were bosom chums," said Bunter. "For that reason I want to stand by his protege, you know, and see you through. You'll find it very convenient to make a friend of a very influential member of the Form."

"Oh, my hat!" said Bob Cherry. "You awful young Ananias, I don't believe you ever heard of either Lord Ferndale or his son till Lynn's coming here was talked about."

"Oh, really, Cherry!"

"I suppose you haven't heard Lovell speak of a fat boulder named Bunter, Lynn?" asked Johnny Bull.

The new junior grinned.

"Never," he said.

"Probably he wouldn't speak of his best friends to a workhouse kid," said Billy Bunter loftily. "We were the closest chums, and I'm willing to take you up and look after you. That's why I've come here to tea."

"Oh, you've come to tea, have you?" said Harry Wharton grimly.

Bunter blinked at him.

"Yes, I have," he said defiantly. "I suppose I can have tea with a chap I'm going to befriend, and take under my wing. Lovell will be very pleased when he hears that I have taken up young Lynn."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the new junior.

"Do you want to be taken up by the fattest, stupidest, rottenest outsider at Greyfriars, Lynn?" asked Frank Nugent.

"Oh, really, Nugent—"

"Thanks, no," said the new junior. "I won't bother Bunter to take me up."

"Lord Lovell would be pleased," urged Bunter.

"I'll risk that."

"Well, I'm going to stick to you, to oblige my friend Lovell," said Billy Bunter, insinuating himself into the study.

"I'll trouble you for some of that jam, Cherry."

Bob Cherry jumped up.

"You'll get it down the back of your neck if you don't clear out of this study," he exclaimed, seizing the jam-pot and a large spoon.

Bunter made a jump to the door.

"Look here, Cherry—"

"Collar him!"

"I say—"

"Don't let him get away!" roared Bob Cherry.

Billy Bunter whisked out into the passage and slammed the door. Bob Cherry laughed and sat down again at the tea-table. The door reopened, and Billy Bunter blinked in, his fat face red with rage.

"You can keep your measly tea!" he roared.

"Thanks! We're going to."

"I wouldn't have any now if you asked me on your bended knees!" yelled Bunter.

"Good! We sha'n't do that, I fancy."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And I'm not going to have anything to say to your workhouse pal."

"Hear, hear!" said the new junior.

"I think it's disgusting to have rotten paupers admitted to this school, and I'm going to use my influence in the Form to get him sent to Coventry!" shouted Bunter.

"Bravo!"

"You—you workhouse cad! Yar-o-o-oh!"

Squash!

A plump jam-tart, hurled with unerring aim, squashed upon Billy Bunter's big spectacles, and he staggered out into the passage, with a yell, and sat down. Bob Cherry kicked the door shut.

"That settles Bunter," he remarked cheerfully.

"Beasts!" yelled the fat junior through the keyhole.

Then he fled.

The tea in Harry Wharton's study proceeded cheerfully. The new junior did not eat ham with his knife, neither did he put his fingers in the jam. If the Famous Five had expected him to do so, they were agreeably disappointed. Indeed, the new boy, in spite of the disadvantages of early training in Ferndale Union, had the most elegant manners—quite on a par with those of the elegant Lord Mauleverer. When tea was over, and the juniors rose, the Famous Five escorted Lynn back to his study. As Bob Cherry remarked, it was possible that the Bounder & Co. intended to give him a warm reception there, and it was just as well to go in force.

But the Bounder's study was empty. It was empty not only of the Bounder & Co., but of everything else. The furniture in the study all belonged to the Bounder, and it had been cleared out to the last article. There was a message chalked on the wall where the looking-glass had been over the mantelpiece:

"The workhouse cad can have this room to himself."
H. VERNON-SMITH."

Harry Wharton & Co. glanced at Lynn, wondering how he would take it. Lynn smiled cheerfully.

"That's particularly kind of our friend Smith," said the new junior. "I think I shall like having the room to myself."

"Begad!" said Lord Mauleverer.

"It's pretty empty now," Frank Nugent remarked.

"Oh, that's all right. I can get it refurnished. I understand that you fellows furnish your studies yourselves."

"Yes; that's so," said Harry Wharton. "We generally pool our funds to keep up the furniture, you know. One chap can't afford the lot, of course. But you—" He hesitated. "What are you going to do?"

"Oh, I can send an order to a firm in London, and get it done to-morrow," said the new boy.

"My hat! Well, that's one way of doing it, if you're rolling in quids!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, in astonishment.

"Oh, yes; I forgot," said the new junior, colouring. "Of course, a workhouse kid can't afford that sort of thing."

"If you're short of tin we'll all help," said Bob Cherry. "It was caddish of Smithy to clear all the things out like this; but of course he had the right to, as they're his. But we can find some things in the lumber-rooms, and we can make up some among ourselves if you're willing to take them."

"Thank you so much," said Lynn. "I shall be very much obliged. It's very kind of you fellows to stand up like this for a chap who comes from a workhouse."

"Blessed if I see that it matters where a chap comes from, so long as he's decent," said Johnny Bull. "Poverty ain't a crime."

"Lots of people seem to think it is," said Lynn.

"Oh, snobs!" said Johnny Bull. "Come on, you chaps! Let's gather up what we can from our studies, and begin the giddy furnishing."

"What-ho!"

And the chums of the Remove set to work at once. The new junior and Lord Mauleverer were left alone in the empty study. Lord Mauleverer stared at Lynn, and laid a hand upon his shoulder.

"What does this mean?" he asked.

Lynn chuckled.

"Only a little game," he replied.

"You'll be bowled out!"

"Not if you keep your head shut, Mauly."

"But—but—I say—"

"That's all right. Don't say anything," said the new junior calmly.

Lord Mauleverer stared at his friend, and ejaculated "Begad!" and was silent. Harry Wharton & Co. returned, carrying the articles they had contributed from their own somewhat slender store to the furnishing of the new boy's study. And in a very short time the quarters of the workhouse boy began to assume a more comfortable appearance.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

A Warm Reception.

D R. LOCKE, the reverend Head of Greyfriars, passed his hand over his brow. There was a cloud of thoughtfulness upon his face, and he seemed uneasy. A tap at his study door, and Mr. Quelch entered, and the Head fixed an anxious look upon him.

"Well?" he said.

Mr. Quelch smiled.

"I have come to make my report, sir," he said.

"I am very anxious to hear it," said the Head. "I know it was a very peculiar experiment, allowing this boy Lynn to come here. I think probably I should have declined to take the risk, but for my regard for Lord Ferndale, and my faith in his judgment. He has assured me that the boy is an excellent character in every way, and I have taken his word for it. Of course, it would be very far from me to be hard upon a lad because he has been unfortunate, but I cannot help seeing that early surroundings may have had a bad effect upon him, and—and it is my duty to see that the boys under my charge are protected from a possible influence. I am eager to hear what is your opinion of Thomas Lynn, now that you have had an opportunity of judging."

Mr. Quelch nodded.

"My opinion is favourable in every way, sir," he said.

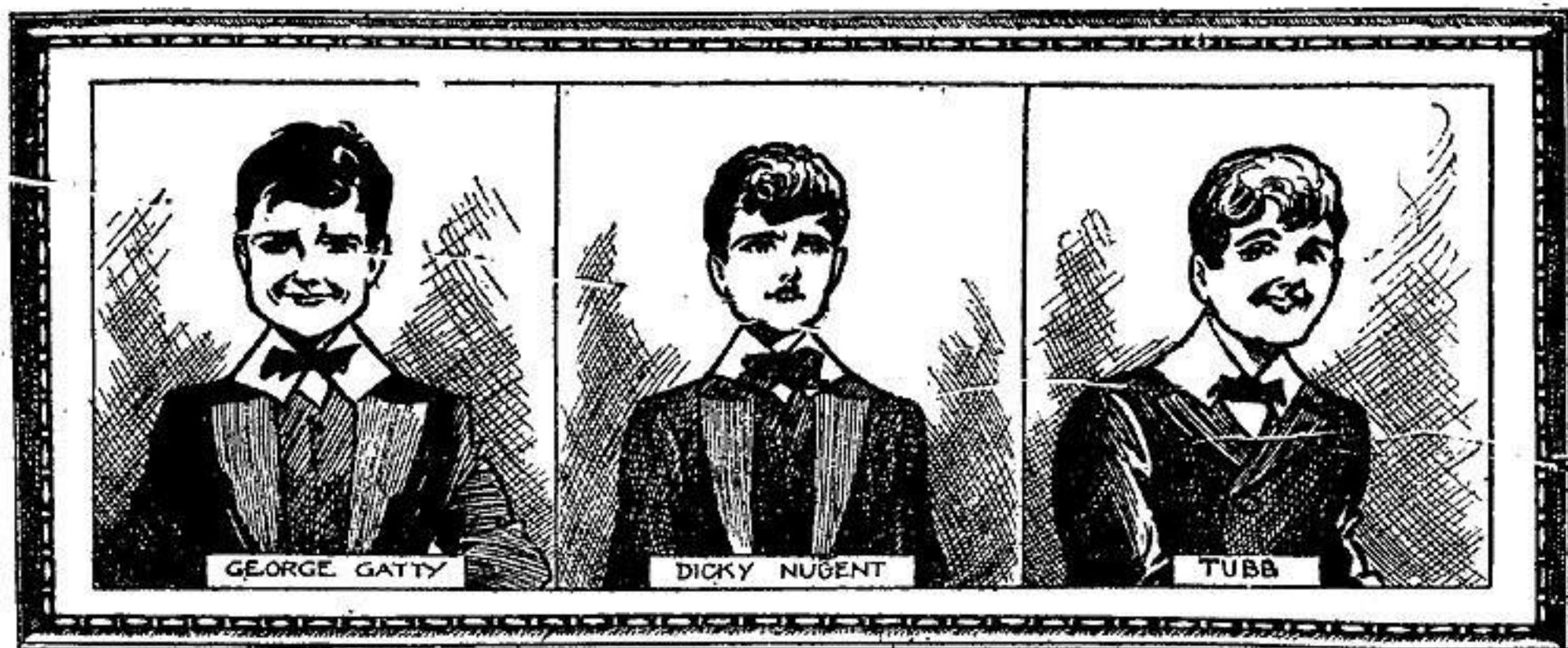
The Head breathed more freely.

"I am glad to hear you say so, Mr. Quelch," he said.

"Further than that, I may say that I think the boy will be a credit to his Form, and to the school, sir."

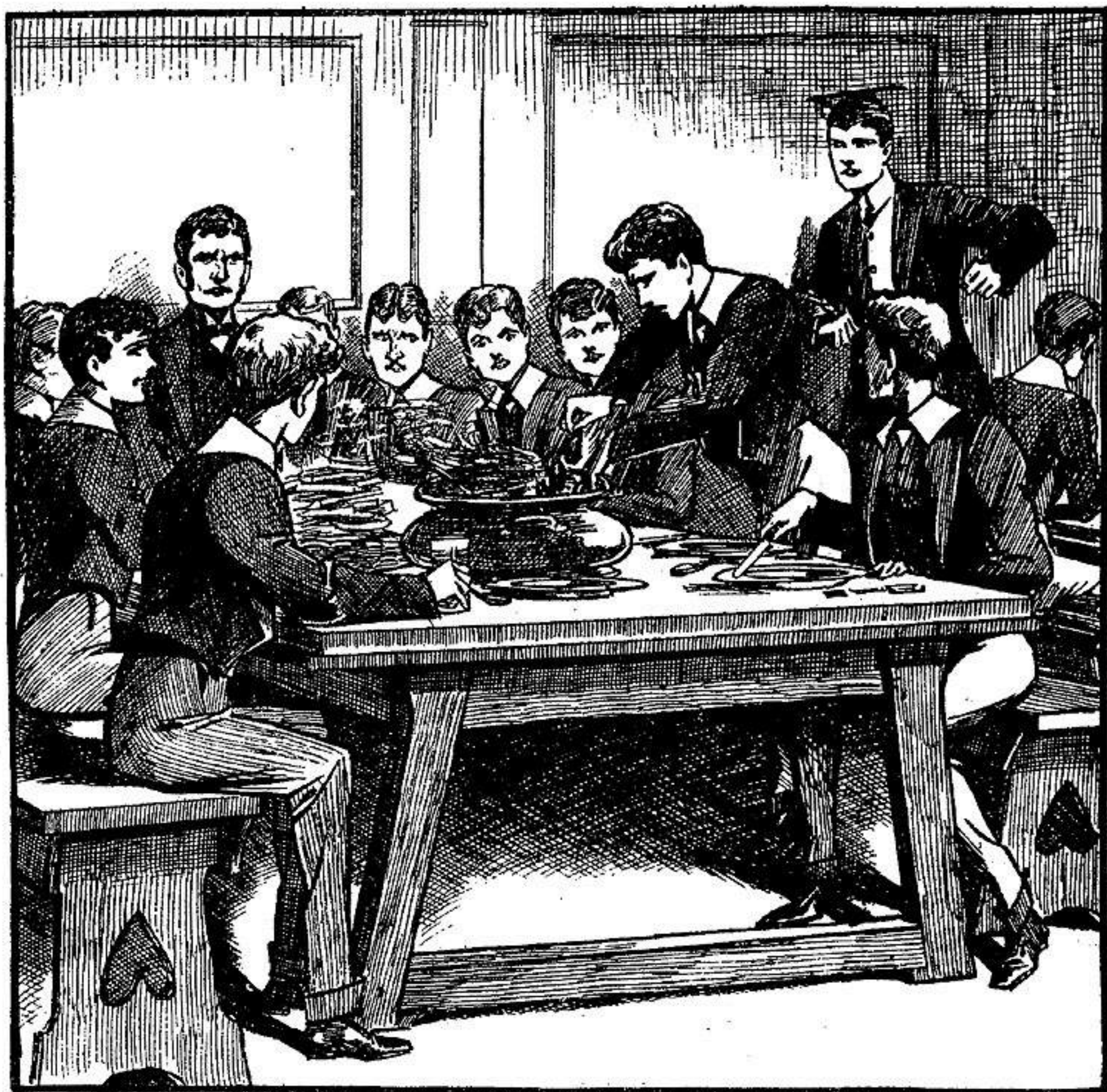
"Good—very good!"

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No. 16.—LAZARUS: Dr. SHORT: The Rev. LAMB.

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Lynn, the bogus workhouse boy, with perfect gravity proceeded to insert his fingers into his plate and fish out portions of meat and potatoes. "Oh, my hat!" muttered Russell, "Look at him, the awful pig."

—(See Chapter 13.)

"His knowledge is surprising, considering his circumstances, and his manners and appearance leave nothing whatever to be desired, sir. Indeed, it is hard to believe that he has not been trained in a home surrounded by every comfort and good influence."

"Then Lord Ferndale was right?"

"If anything, he has understated the case, sir. The only fault I have observed in the boy so far is a tendency to extravagance in money matters; but that will doubtless pass when he becomes more accustomed to the possession of money. He has already made friends with the best boys in the Remove—Wharton, Nugent, Cherry, and others."

"You relieve me very much, Mr. Quelch," said the Head. "But the rest of the boys—I hardly like to think how they are likely to receive him—"

Mr. Quelch frowned a little.

"I must admit, sir, that some of the boys have shown a disposition to be 'down' upon him, as they call it; and certainly he will not have an easy time here. But he looks like a youngster with plenty of pluck and determination."

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"He will need it all, Mr. Quelch."

"I agree with you, sir."

Tap!

"Come in!" called out the Head.

The door of the Head's study opened.

But no one entered immediately. There was a sound of shuffling feet and whispering voices in the passage, and the Head and Mr. Quelch looked astonished. Detached words and sentences floated into the study from the passage.

"You first, Smithy!"

"Go ahead!"

"You're leader."

"Let Bolsover pitch it to him!"

"We've got to put it plainly!"

"Now, then, buck up!"

"Dear me!" said the Head, in astonishment. "Whatever is all that? Who is there?"

Another sound of shuffling and whispering, and then Vernon-Smith, of the Remove, looking rather flushed, came into the study—evidently pushed in by the fellows behind

him. Bolsover major followed him in, but the others remained discreetly outside.

Dr. Locke and Mr. Quelch fixed their eyes upon the Bounder of Greyfriars in a somewhat disconcerting manner.

"Ah, Vernon-Smith!" said the Head. "What do you want?"

Vernon-Smith hesitated. An encouraging voice came from the passage:

"Go it, Smithy!"

"What does this mean?" demanded the Head.

"Well, you see, sir—" stammered the Bounder.

"I do not see, and I should be greatly obliged if you would explain, and immediately!" said the Head testily.

"We're a deputation, sir."

"What!"

"A—a—a—a deputation!"

"Indeed?"

"Yes, sir," said Vernon-Smith, gaining confidence a little, as there came another encouraging murmur from his friends outside. "The fellows have chosen me as spokesman, sir, to speak up for the Form."

"Go it, Smithy!"

"Pitch it to him!"

"Pile in!"

"What ever is the matter?" exclaimed the Head, amazed.

Vernon-Smith coughed.

"We're—we're here to complain about a great grievance, sir," he said. "We—we've all got a great regard for the honour of the school—"

"I hope you have, Smith!" said the Head coldly. "Your conduct since you have been at Greyfriars has not shown it, certainly!"

"Ahem! I—I—"

"You may go on!"

"It's about the disgrace to the Remove, sir—"

"The what?"

"The disgrace, sir," said the Bounder. "I'm speaking for all the fellows—all the Remove, in fact. They've asked me to. We object to having a low-class, disgraceful pauper in the Form, sir!"

"Hear, hear!" came from the passage.

Dr. Locke's brow grew very stern.

"Smith! Are you speaking in that disgraceful manner of the new boy, Lynn?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir," said the Bounder. "We all think it's hard on the Remove to have a workhouse fellow put in among us. Most likely he's a thief, sir, and our money and watches won't be safe; and I'm pretty certain that he doesn't wash himself, and he may communicate all sorts of diseases to the other fellows. We all think, sir, that Greyfriars isn't the proper place for a fellow of that kind. I'm only speaking for the Form, sir, not for myself personally—"

Vernon-Smith broke off then; the look of the doctor had grown quite terrific.

Dr. Locke rose to his feet.

"Vernon-Smith," he said, in a voice that made the Bounder jump, "I do not believe you!"

"Oh, sir!"

"I believe that you have been the organiser of this deputation, as you call it, and that you are actuated, Smith, by base motives!"

"Oh!"

"Come in, all of you!" exclaimed the Head.

There was a sound of scuffling feet as the deputation took to flight. The deputies did not want their identity to become known to the Head, after discovering how he was receiving the remonstrance of the Remove.

Bolsover major looked as if he would like to scuttle off, too, but he was fairly inside the study, and he could not. He gave Vernon-Smith a furious look. The deputation was the work of the Bounder, and he had assured his followers that the Head would be reasonable. But the Head did not seem to be very reasonable now, from the point of view of the deputation.

Dr. Locke picked up his cane.

"You have spoken in an utterly disgraceful manner of a good, well-behaved, and worthy lad, Smith!" he said. "I have received the most favourable report of him from your Form-master, Mr. Quelch, whose judgment I rely upon entirely. You have always been the worst boy in your Form, and twice I have come very near to expelling you. If this protest had been made by boys of good character in the Remove—boys like Wharton or Nugent, for example—I might have listened to it. On the contrary, Wharton and Nugent do not seem to find fault with Lynn. If they are satisfied with him, I can only attribute your objection, Smith, to bad motives—among them snobbishness and intolerance! Hold out your hand!"

"Oh, sir!" stammered the Bounder.

"Hold out your hand!" thundered the Head.

Vernon-Smith obeyed. He received a cut that made him

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fairly wriggle. Then the Head turned to Bolsover major.

"Your hand!" he said curtly.

"If—if you please, sir," stammered Bolsover major, "I—I don't really object very much to the new kid, sir! I—I believe in giving any chap a chance, and—and—"

"Then why did you come here with Smith?"

"I—I—"

"That will do, Bolsover! Hold out your hand!"

Swish!

"Ow!" groaned Bolsover, tucking his hand under his arm.

"Now you may go!" said the Head, laying down his cane.

"Mr. Quelch, I request you to keep these two boys under observation, and to see that severe punishment is inflicted if they molest the new boy in any way!"

"Certainly, sir!" said the Remove-master.

Vernon-Smith and Bolsover quitted the study, gasping. In the passage, the bully of the Remove glared furiously at the Bounder.

"You ass!" he muttered. "You fathead! You frabjous duffer! You told me it would be all right if we went to the Head—"

"Well, I thought it would!" groaned the Bounder. "How was I to know the old donkey would cut up rusty like this? Ow!"

"You champion chump—"

"I'll get even with that workhouse cad!" grunted Vernon-Smith. "I'll make Greyfriars too hot to hold him, anyway! Ow!"

And the leaders of the deputation went their way, sadder if not wiser. But if Dr. Locke supposed that the salutary punishment would have the effect of putting down the opposition to the workhouse boy, he was very much mistaken. Vernon-Smith's dislike of the new junior was turned to bitter hatred; and from that moment he thought only of one thing—of making the Remove too hot to hold Tom Lynn! And the Bounder of Greyfriars was a very dangerous enemy: There were rocks ahead for the new boy.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

No Rags.

WINGATE, the captain of Greyfriars, saw lights out in the Remove dormitory that night. Wingate gave the juniors a very keen look. Probably Mr. Quelch had spoken to him on the subject, or perhaps he knew the Bounder & Co. well enough to guess that they had planned a ragging for the night. The hardest ordeal for the new junior was when he found himself alone in the dormitory with the fellows who were set against him, and far from the interference of masters or prefects.

Vernon-Smith and his friends were in bed, and apparently dozing already. They looked so extremely innocent that Wingate smiled grimly.

"Smithy!" he rapped out.

No reply.

"Vernon-Smith!"

The Bounder yawned.

"Hallo! Anybody call me?" he said drowsily.

"Asleep, were you?" said the Greyfriars captain sarcastically.

"Yes; I believe I did drop off!" said the Bounder.

"Well, I don't believe it!" said Wingate; and there was a chuckle from the Removes. Wingate always spoke straight to the point. "I believe you were spoofing, Smith, as you generally are!"

Vernon-Smith flushed.

"Well, what do you want, anyway?" he growled.

"I want to give you a word of advice—you and the others. There is not going to be any ragging in this dormitory to-night!"

The Bounder looked surprised.

"Ragging?" he repeated.

"Yes, ragging! You understand me?"

"But who's thinking of a rag?" asked the Bounder. "Nobody's going to rag me, I hope? This is the first I've heard of it, Wingate!"

"It isn't the last you'll hear of it if there's any trouble in this dormitory to-night!" said the Greyfriars captain, frowning. "Mind, the new kid is not to be bothered! If he is ragged, the raggers will get it in the neck!"

The Bounder smiled sneeringly.

"Have you taken the workhouse rotter under your wing?" he asked.

Wingate strode towards the bed, and gripped the Bounder by the shoulders, and whisked him out. The Bounder gave a yell as the heavy hand of the Greyfriars captain descended upon his unprotected person.

"That isn't the way to speak to the head of the Sixth," Wingate remarked.

Smack, smack, smack, smack!

"Yow! Ow, ow! Yaro-o-op!"

"Mind," said Wingate, looking round at the juniors as the Bounder scrambled furiously back into bed—"mind, if there's any ragging, you'll hear from me! I'm going to keep my eyes and ears open!"

And Wingate put out the light, and left the Lower Fourth dormitory.

There was a buzz of voices as soon as he was gone. The intended raggers knew that the captain of the school was not to be trifled with. The ragging was "off"—very much off. But they were disappointed and discontented.

"What a rotten shame!"

"What does he want to interfere for?"

"Have to let young Oliver Twist alone now."

"Rotten!"

"Shame!"

"Yah!"

"Oh, rats!" said Bob Cherry. "As a matter of fact, if you rotters had started ragging him you'd have run up against me; and somebody would have been hurt as well as Lynn. Shut your silly heads and go to sleep."

"Go and eat coke!" growled the Bounder.

"Let's have the ragging all the same," suggested Bolsover major. "Hang Wingate! Who cares for him, anyway?"

"Piffle!" said Stott. "He's got his silly ears open, and we don't want two or three prefects marching in here with canes. No ragging for me."

"Blow the prefects!" growled Bolsover.

"You can blow them as much as you like," said Snoop, with a chuckle. "But I'm not taking any, either. After all, there's plenty of time."

"We'll make the workhouse cad sit up to-morrow," said Vernon-Smith, between his teeth. "Do you hear that, Oliver Twist?"

"Thank you so much," said the new junior calmly.

"Begad, you know," remarked Lord Mauleverer, "you're a rotten cad, you know, Smithy! If I wasn't too tired I should get up and punch your head, you know."

"Lucky for you you're too tired, then," growled the Bounder.

The Remove settled down to sleep. The new junior slept soundly and cheerfully enough; after Wingate's warning, he was not likely to be disturbed. He did not wake till the rising-bell was clanging out in the misty winter morning.

He sat up in bed, and looked about him.

"There goes the bell," growled Bob Cherry, yawning and rubbing his eyes. "Earlier than ever, I believe. Groooh! It's cold. Hallo, hallo, hallo, Bolsover! What's the matter with you?"

Bolsover major had stepped out of bed first of the Removes, a most unusual proceeding on his part. He was rather given to staying in bed till the last possible moment. He did not reply to Bob Cherry's question, but stepped to his washstand, and plunged his sponge into the jug of icy water.

Then he turned towards the bed occupied by the new boy.

"Look out, Lynn!" shouted Frank Nugent.

Lynn smiled.

"Right-ho!"

His grasp closed upon his pillow. Just as Bolsover major was about to hurl the sponge soaking with water, the pillow flew through the air with unerring aim.

Whiz! Biff!

Bump!

The burly Removite went flying. He crashed upon the floor, fairly bowled over by the whizzing pillow.

"Ow!" roared Bolsover.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Bob Cherry. "Good shot! Well bowled!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bolsover major jumped up in a fury. He made a wild rush at Lynn's bed, and Lynn promptly rolled out on the other side. Bolsover's heavy fists descended upon the empty bed. Lynn caught up the jug from his washstand, as the bully of the Remove rushed round the bed towards him. Bolsover halted suddenly.

"Put that jug down!" he roared.

Lynn grinned at him over the jug.

"Come on," he said invitingly. "It will save you the trouble of washing, you know; and a cold shower-bath is good for the health."

"Put that down!"

"Rats!"

"I—I'll smash you!"

"Well, come on, then! I'm waiting to be smashed!"

"Go for him, Bolsover!" called out Snoop. "Have him down, and pour the water over him. Bump him!"

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"A SPLIT IN THE SIXTH!"

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ONE PENNY.

"Go it, Bolsover!"

"Give him beans!"

Bolsover gritted his teeth, and sprang at the new junior. He did not exactly like the task he had undertaken, but he would not retreat now. There was a swish as the water came whirling from the jug, and it caught the bully of the Remove full in the face, and he was flooded from head to foot. He staggered back with a choking yell.

"Ooooooooooch!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Is it wet, Bolsover?"

The bully of the Remove gasped, and gouged the water furiously out of his eyes. The door of the Remove dormitory opened, and Mr. Quelch looked in. His eyes fell at once upon the drenched bully.

"Bolsover!" he rapped out.

Bolsover swung round savagely.

"You are soaked with water," said Mr. Quelch severely.

"How did that happen, Bolsover?"

"That workhouse rotter chucked it over me!" roared Bolsover.

"Indeed! And what were you doing?"

"I—I—I—"

"Well, answer me."

"I—I—I—"

"Bullying, as usual, I suppose," said Mr. Quelch acidly. "I fancied that something of the sort would be going on, and I was right, it seems. Bolsover, I am afraid that you are incorrigible. I shall cane you; you will come to my study immediately you are dressed. If I observe any further misconduct on your part, especially towards the new boy, I shall report you to the Head, and you will be flogged!"

"Oh!"

Mr. Quelch left the dormitory.

Bolsover began to towel himself down, growling with rage, but he did not offer to interfere with the new junior again. He knew that the Remove-master would keep his word. Lynn turned cheerfully to his washstand. There was a growl from a good many of the Removeites.

"The masters are taking the pauper under their wing, of course," said Vernon-Smith. "But we'll make him sit up, all the same. If we mustn't rag him, there are other ways."

"Why not mind your own business?" suggested Harry Wharton.

"Oh, go to the dickens!"

And when the Remove went down, Bolsover major unwillingly paid his visit

to Mr. Quelch's study, and he came out with his hands tucked under his arms, apparently trying to fold himself up like a pocket-knife.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Gives The Game Away!

"BEGAD!"

"Great Scott!"

"Who's done that?"

The Remove were entering their Form-room for morning lessons. But it was evident that some member, or members, of the Form had been in earlier. The blackboard had been placed on the easel, facing the Form-room door; and upon the blackboard was an inscription in chalk in large letters:

"NO PAUPERS WANTED HERE!"

Harry Wharton flushed with anger as he saw it, and he glanced quickly at Lynn.

He fully expected to see anger, shame, humiliation in the face of the new junior.

But nothing of the kind was to be read there.

Lynn laughed.

"I suppose that's meant for me, by Jove!" he remarked.

"Smithy, of course," said Bob Cherry.

"Oh, Smithy will have his little joke," said Lynn easily.

"Let him rip! It will take more than that to hurt my feelings."

Mr. Quelch entered the Form-room.

The Remove were taking their places at their desks. Mr. Quelch halted abruptly at the sight of the blackboard, and a dark frown came upon his face.

"Who has done this?" he exclaimed.

Silence.

"Who has written this upon the blackboard?" demanded

Mr. Quelch, his sharp eyes scanning the class. "I demand to know the name of the boy who has been guilty of this wicked insult to a harmless lad!"

"There was no reply."

Mr. Quelch compressed his lips.

"I spoke to you on this subject yesterday, my boys," he said calmly. "I asked you to treat the new boy, Lynn, with decency. I hoped that my Form would not disgrace itself by bad treatment of a lad whose only fault is that he has been unfortunate. I am disappointed. Whoever has done this is unmanly and cowardly. I shall punish him severely. I think I can guess his name. Was it you, Bolsover?"

"No, sir!" said Bolsover.

"Was it you, Smith?"

"Certainly not, sir," said Vernon-Smith.

"I hope you are telling the truth. I shall question the whole class in turn, and I shall severely punish any boy who is found to have spoken falsely."

"If you please, sir—" said Lynn.

Mr. Quelch glanced at him.

"Well, Lynn?"

"If you please, sir, I don't mind that at all. It's nothing. So far as I'm concerned, sir, it doesn't worry me, and I don't want anybody punished."

"I cannot allow such conduct to pass unpunished," said Mr. Quelch. "You may sit down, Lynn."

"Very well, sir."

"I shall now question the class. Bunter!"

"No, sir."

"What!"

"Certainly not, sir," said Bunter, in a great hurry. "I shouldn't have thought of such a thing, sir. I hope you don't think I did it, sir? I don't even know who did it, as I wasn't looking in at the door at the time."

"Did you do it, Bunter?"

"Oh, no, sir. I—I shouldn't have thought of it. I—I mean that I wouldn't have done it if I had thought of it, sir. Of course, it's rotten to have workhouse fellows in the class, but my method, sir, would be to treat them with lofty contempt. I—"

"Do you know who did it, Bunter?"

"Certainly not, sir. I wasn't in the passage at the time."

"Shut up, you silly ass!" murmured Vernon-Smith.

"Oh, really, Smith—"

Mr. Quelch fixed his keen eyes upon the Bounder.

"Did you speak to Bunter, Smith?"

"Ye-e-es, sir," stammered Vernon-Smith.

"What did you say to him?"

"I—I said—said—I—I—"

"I am waiting, Smith," said the Form-master grimly, as the Bounder stammered.

"I—I said—'Better speak up and tell the truth,' sir," stammered Vernon-Smith.

"Is that what Smith said to you, Bunter?"

"No, sir—yes—yes—Yow!" Billy Bunter broke off with a wail of agony, and there was an irrepressible giggle from the Remove.

"What are you making that absurd noise for, Bunter?" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"Oh! N-n-nothing, sir. I— Somebody stamped on my foot, sir."

"Was it you, Smith?"

"An accident, sir," said Vernon-Smith. "I happened to move my foot, sir, and Bunter's foot was in the way, so—"

"That will do! Come out before the class, Bunter!"

"If you please, sir—"

"Stand out here!"

"But—but I don't know anything about it, sir! I haven't the faintest suspicion of the chap who did it, as I was in the Cloisters at the time—"

"Stand out here immediately!"

Billy Bunter rolled out reluctantly before the class. Vernon-Smith sat with his teeth clenched, and a sullen scowl upon his face. Billy Bunter was the last fellow in the world to keep a secret. He was in a state of terror, between his fear of being supposed to be the culprit and his fear of the Bounder's vengeance afterwards if he gave him away. The "Peeping Tom" of Greyfriars fervently wished that he hadn't played the spy that morning.

"Now, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch, with a terrifying look. "I am convinced that you know who wrote that insulting inscription upon the blackboard."

"Oh, no, sir."

"You were probably a confederate?"

"No, sir. Smith never said a word to me before—"

"Smith! It was Smith, then?"

"I don't know, sir. You see, sir, I was in the gym. at the time, and so I couldn't possibly know whether it was Smith or not."

"You said a few moments ago that you were in the Cloisters at the time."

"I—I meant the Cloisters, sir."

"You were in the gymnasium or the Cloisters?"

"Yes, sir."

"Which?" almost shouted Mr. Quelch.

"The—the Cloisters, sir," stammered the Owl of the Remove, the perspiration breaking out on his fat face. "I—I was walking there, sir, thinking of—of irregular verbs, sir."

"You were in the Cloisters when this was being written here?"

"Yes, sir—exactly," said Bunter, in great relief. "You've got it just right, sir."

"Then you knew this was being written here on the blackboard?"

"No, sir."

"Then how do you know that you were in the Cloisters at the time?"

"Because—because I was there, sir, thinking of—of irregular verbs, sir."

"Do you not see, Bunter, that your statement is equivalent to saying that you knew that this was being written here while you were in the Cloisters?" demanded the Form-master.

"I didn't mean anything of the kind, sir," stammered Bunter. "I hadn't the faintest idea that Smithy—I mean—that is to say—"

"As a matter of fact, you were in the passage, here, Bunter, and you saw it being written!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

Bunter stared at the Form-master in blank amazement.

"I—I don't know how you guess these things, sir!" he gasped. "I—I—I didn't see you watching me, sir!"

"I was not watching you, you utterly stupid boy! You were in the passage, then?"

"No, sir," said Bunter promptly.

"Where were you, then?"

"In the Cloisters, sir."

There was a chuckle from the Remove. Billy Bunter was a prevaricator of the first water, and he could turn out untruths in astonishing number and variety; but he lacked the art of making his untruths agree with one another.

"Now, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch sternly, "I am assured that you were in the passage, and that you saw this inscription being chalked upon the blackboard."

"Oh, sir!" said Bunter feebly.

"If you utter any more falsehoods, I shall cane you."

"Oh, really, sir—"

"You saw this being written. I order you to give me the name of the boy who wrote it there!" said Mr. Quelch.

Bunter groaned.

"It's no good, Smithy!" he said. "You can see for yourself that he knows all about it. It's no good trying to keep it dark."

"So it was Smith?"

"No, sir," said Bunter.

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

"Take fifty lines, Cherry!" rapped out Mr. Quelch.

"Oh!" said Bob. And he did not laugh any more.

"You saw Smith chalking on the blackboard, Bunter?" asked Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir—I—I mean no, sir. Look here, Smithy! Why don't you own up?" groaned Bunter. "I—I've tried to keep it dark for you, and if you lick me after lessons I'll tell Wingate!"

"You have threatened to lick Bunter after lessons if he speaks about this, then, Smith?" demanded Mr. Quelch.

"No, sir," said Vernon-Smith. "Bunter only fancies these things, sir. As a matter of fact, I think Bunter himself wrote those words on the blackboard."

Billy Bunter almost fell down. He stared blankly, wide-eyed, at the Bounder, as if he could hardly believe his own ears.

"Oh, what a whopper!" he gasped.

"You saw Smith chalking these words on the board, Bunter?" asked the Remove-master.

"Yes, I did, sir," said Billy Bunter desperately. "And if you lick me, Smithy, I'll tell Mr. Quelch about your smoking cigarettes in your study!"

"Oh!" said Mr. Quelch grimly. "We appear to be making discoveries now. I will not encourage you to tell tales, Bunter. You may go back to your place."

"Thank you, sir!" stammered Bunter. And he retreated to his seat in a state of great relief, gasping for breath.

Mr. Quelch signed to the Bounder.

"Come out here, Vernon-Smith!"

The Bounder obeyed, gritting his teeth.

"I am quite satisfied, Smith, that you wrote this upon the

board, and that you have lied about it, and threatened Bunter," said Mr. Quelch. "Have you anything to say?"

The Bounder was sullenly silent.

"Very well. Hold out your hand!"

Swish—swish—swish!

The Bounder set his teeth hard, but uttered no cry. Mr. Quelch laid down the cane.

"Now rub out the words on the blackboard, Smith," he said, "and go back to your place."

The Bounder took the duster and rubbed the words out, and returned to his seat. He sat through morning lessons, surreptitiously rubbing his hands all the time, and with an expression upon his face which Bob Cherry likened to that of a demon in a pantomime.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Lynn Is Humorous.

BILLY BUNTER blinked in a very nervous way at the Bounder when the Remove were dismissed after morning lessons. He fully expected the Bounder to carry out his threat; but, much to his relief, Vernon-Smith took no notice of him. Billy Bunter was hardly worth the trouble of punishing, and the Bounder's thoughts were all given to getting even, as he regarded it, with the new junior. Lynn strolled out into the Close, and the Owl of the Remove followed him. Lynn glanced down at him as the fat junior tapped him on the arm.

"Hallo! What do you want, tubby?" he asked.

Bunter smiled feebly.

"Well, I thought I'd speak to you, you know," he said.

"I mean what I told you yesterday, about sticking to you—to oblige my friend Lovell, you know."

Lynn chuckled.

"I don't see anything to cackle at myself!" said Bunter crossly. "I think it's my duty to take notice of you, as I'm so chummy with Lovell. By the way, I wonder if you could do me a little favour?"

"I dare say I could," agreed Lynn. "The question is, whether I will. What do you want?"

Bunter coughed.

"The fact is, I'm expecting a postal-order," he explained.

"It should really have been here by the first post in the morning, but there's been some delay in the post, I suppose. I've been thinking of writing to the Postmaster-General about it. It's really too bad, you know! I dare say it will come along by the next post; but just now I'm hard up."

"Quite a new thing for you, of course?" suggested the new junior, with a sarcasm that was wholly lost upon the Owl of the Remove.

"Quite so," agreed Bunter cheerfully. "As a rule I'm rolling in money. I get postal-orders nearly every day from my rich relations, and my—my titled friends, you know. I suppose you wouldn't mind cashing my postal-order for me?"

"Not at all—when you hand it over!"

"Ahem! I mean, in advance! I'll hand you the postal-order immediately it comes, so it will really come to the same thing, won't it?"

Lynn smiled.

"Perhaps not—quite!" he said.

"It's only a couple of pounds!" murmured Bunter.

"Not a couple of hundred?" asked Lynn gravely.

And this time Billy Bunter could see that the remark was sarcastic.

"Well, if you could let me have ten bob, I could get on all right till it comes," said the Owl of the Remove hastily.

"Make it ten!"

"Good—when the postal-order comes!" said the new junior. "Not before!"

Bunter snorted. New boys were his game. His postal-order story, worn out among the fellows who knew him, was frequently successful with new boys. But there were some new boys who were not to be "spoofed," and Lynn was evidently one of them.

"Well, look here," said Bunter. "I'll tell you what. Lovell owes me some money—"

"Eh?"

"I lent him some tin the last time I saw him," said Bunter, with dignity. "I think I've mentioned to you that Lovell and I are regular pals."

"Yes, you've mentioned it," grinned the new junior.

"Well, you might settle up the ten bob Lovell owes me," said Billy Bunter, "and you can have it back from him. You can mention my name!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, you silly ass—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter glared at the new junior. Lynn seemed to be doubled up with merriment. The fat junior snorted and rolled away. He did not understand the cause of the new junior's extreme merriment, but he understood that he would not succeed in extracting any money from him.

The new junior walked down to the footer-ground. Some

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of the Remove had gone down to practise before dinner, and Lynn stood watching them. Hazeldene was in goal, and he was stopping the shots the fellows sent in to him in turn, till the ball passed him from the foot of Harry Wharton.

"By Jove, that was a good shot!" exclaimed Lynn, addressing a fellow standing near him.

It was Potter, of the Fifth, and Potter drew back with a stare.

"Did you speak to me?" he asked.

Lynn nodded.

"Well, don't, then!" said Potter loftily.

"Why not?"

"Because I don't want you to. I draw the line at—well, I don't want to rub it in," said the Fifth-Former condescendingly, "but you know jolly well that a fellow of your sort oughtn't to be at this school."

Lynn chuckled.

"Because of the giddy workhouse?" he asked.

"Yes. Why couldn't you go to a place suitable for you?"

"Well, why couldn't you, for that matter?" said Lynn.

"A dogs' home or a lunatic asylum, for instance!"

Potter stared at him. It hardly seemed credible to the lofty Fifth-Former that this Remove fag—from a workhouse, too—would venture to cheek him.

"You—you young sweep!" he gasped. "By George, I'll knock your cheeky head off!"

Lynn backed away.

Potter made a rush at him, and Lynn dodged, leaving a foot for Potter to stumble over. Potter stumbled over it, and measured his length upon the ground, with a yell. Lynn smiled down at him and walked away.

Potter sat up rather dazedly.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Coker, of the Fifth, coming along with Greene. "What are you doing down there, Potty? Ain't the ground rather damp for sitting on?"

"It's that workhouse cad!" yelled Potter, picking himself up. "He tripped me!"

"By gum!" said Coker. "I was going to be kind to that rotten young outsider, but he's too cheeky for anything! Let's bump him!"

And the three heroes of the Fifth looked round for Lynn, of the Remove. But the new junior had disappeared, and they did not see him again until they went in to dinner. Then they passed him at the Remove table, and Lynn gave Potter a sweet smile, that made the discomfited Fifth-Former clench his fists.

A good many eyes were upon Lynn at dinner. Although the workhouse boy had turned out very differently from all expectations, most of the fellows could hardly be persuaded that he would not eat with his knife or his fingers.

Lynn happened to glance up, and caught eyes bent upon him from all sides, and he looked surprised for a moment. Then he seemed to understand, and a gleam of fun came into his eyes.

An Irish-stew formed the principal dish at the juniors' dinner, and Lynn, with perfect gravity, proceeded to insert his fingers into his plate, and fish out portions of meat and potatoes.

"Oh, my hat!" muttered Russell. "Look at that!"

"My word!"

"Watch him!"

"Awful pig!"

"Eating with his fingers, by George!"

"Horrible!"

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at the new junior in amazement. They had had their doubts at first, but the new fellow had behaved himself so decently at tea in their study that they had been reassured. They were utterly astonished to see him now, and they could only stare. But Vernon-Smith & Co. were delighted. They had caught the outsider at last, and they rejoiced.

"What is all that talking about?" asked Mr. Quelch, who was at the head of the table, in his testiest manner.

"It's Lynn, sir!"

"He's a pig, sir!"

"Eating stew with his fingers, sir!"

"Makes us feel ill, sir!"

"Can't eat our dinner at the same table with him, sir!"

Mr. Quelch glanced along the table in surprise, as these explanations were rained upon him. He fixed a very severe glance upon the new boy.

"Lynn!" he rapped out.

"Yes, sir."

"Are you eating with your fingers?"

"No, sir."

"What! Why, we all saw him!" yelled Bolsover.

"He's lying, sir!"

"Silence! What were you eating with, Lynn?"

"My mouth, sir!"

There was a chuckle along the table. The new junior replied with perfect innocence and seriousness of manner.

But Mr. Quelch did not smile. He frowned.

"Were you using your fingers instead of your knife and fork, Lynn?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir."

"It's a giddy jape!" murmured Rake, of the Remove, to Harry Wharton. "He knows better. He's pulling the leg of those silly asses!"

Harry Wharton nodded.

He was of the same opinion, and some of the other fellows were beginning to see it, too, as well as Wharton and Dick Rake.

"Do you not know that that is a most improper and revolting act, Lynn?" asked Mr. Quelch, very severely.

"Yes, sir," said Lynn mildly.

"Indeed! Then why do you do it?"

"Out of kindness, sir!"

The Form-master stared

"Out of—what?"

"Kindness, sir!"

"What do you mean, Lynn?"

"The fellows all expect me to eat with my fingers, sir," explained Lynn, with perfect calmness. "I thought it a shame to disappoint them, when they were looking forward to it so much. It isn't very pleasant for me, but I didn't want to disappoint so many fellows, sir!"

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

"Silence, Cherry!"

"Yes, sir. Sorry, sir."

"You must not act in this way again, Lynn!"

"Very well, sir."

"I hope you understand how foolish you have been," said Mr. Quelch, addressing nobody in particular, but with his eyes upon Vernon-Smith and Bolsover major. "However, I do not approve of these jokes at table, and you will take fifty lines, Lynn!"

"Yes, sir."

And Lynn returned to his knife and fork. Vernon-Smith gritted his teeth. The Removites were all grinning now, but they were grinning at the Bounder & Co., not at the new junior. The workhouse boy had succeeded once more in pulling the Bounder's leg, and it began to dawn upon

Vernon-Smith that it would not be so easy as he had anticipated to get the better of the obnoxious Lynn.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

What Bunter Knew.

LYNN, of the Remove, was not troubled again by the Bounder & Co. for some time. He was a harder nut to crack than they had expected, and they let him alone for some time. The Bounder was doing his best to persuade the Remove to send him to Coventry, but he was having a very partial success. But for the influence of the Famous Five, he would probably have succeeded. But Harry Wharton & Co. set their faces steadily against anything of the sort. And so long as Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry and Nugent and Johnny Bull and Hurree Singh and Lord Mauleverer and Micky Desmond and Tom Brown and a good many more, were willing to be civil to the workhouse boy, it was not of much use for the rest to enforce the sentence of Coventry.

Lynn had, in fact, already made a good many friends in his own Form, and some of the fellows in other Forms were willing to tolerate him at all events. Wingate, of the Sixth, was kind to him, and the example of the captain of Greyfriars had much weight with the juniors. But even if he had been sent to Coventry, the new junior possessed so much sangfroid that it would probably not have affected him very much.

But although the best fellows in the Remove were decent enough to him, there was no doubt that most of the school resented his entrance into Greyfriars.

Without considering the matter much, they were against him. The new boy, on account of his origin, was scorned by the school.

And Lynn, knowing how the facts stood—a knowledge that was confined to himself and Lord Mauleverer—chuckled gleefully over their cold and averted looks.

He had a very shrewd idea that if they had known that he was Lord Lovell, son and heir of the Marquis of Ferndale, their manners towards him would have been very different.

He had come to Greyfriars to spy out the land, as he had expressed it, for his clum; but the adventure appealed to him very much, and he was enjoying the experience.

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But he admitted to himself that his chum had been right; life at Greyfriars would not have been comfortable for the real Tom Lynn.

The averted looks, the shrugs, the sneers and taunts which glided harmlessly from the viscount's shoulders would have cut the real Tom Lynn to the very heart.

Perhaps in the long run, Tom would have succeeded in making a place for himself, and in making his Form-fellows respect him. But the process would have been painful—very painful indeed to a sensitive lad.

In a couple of days Lynn had made his mark in the Remove, and he was moved up in the class, with only a few ahead of him.

That was an additional injury to his detractors, or so they considered it. What right had a new boy, a wretched workhouse bouncer, to pass them—even if they did not care to exert themselves in Form work.

That was how the Bounder & Co. looked at it.

And while Vernon-Smith and his friends gave the new junior a rest, they were not idle. Then shunned the new junior openly, and never spoke to him excepting with a taunt; and his imperviousness to their taunting enraged them.

"It's simply rotten!" Bolsover major remarked, in his study. "The fellow seems to have a hide as thick as a rhinoceros. If I were in his place, I should feel like bunking out of the school."

The Bounder curled his lip.

"Oh, those cads haven't any feelings!" he said. "The whole school looks down on him, and he doesn't turn a hair."

"Sheer cheek!" said Snoop.

"But we'll take it out of him," said Vernon-Smith.

Bolsover major shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't quite see how," he said. "The masters are looking after him, and those rotters in No. 1 study are standing up for him. And we can't get through his hide, whatever we say to him. And that giddy deputation to the Head was a rotten frost."

"I've got a wheeze," said the Bounder.

Bolsover grunted.

"I hope it's better than most of your wheezes," he said. "If it isn't, I promise you that I sha'n't have any hand in it."

"Well, let's hear it," said Snoop pacifically. "I think that something ought to be done to get rid of this disgrace from the school. Lots of the fellows think so."

"I think it will work," said the Bounder. "The Head won't take any notice of the opinion of the school. We've tried to make him understand how we look at it, and he—"

"Licked us!" growled Bolsover.

"But that isn't the finish," said the Bounder scowling. "Suppose some of our people came down and remonstrated with the Head."

"Oh!" said Bolsover.

"If we could get half a dozen of the fellows' fathers to come and object, the Head would have to listen to them," said Vernon-Smith. "I've written to my pater, and had his answer, and he's very indignant. He's coming."

Bolsover looked very doubtful.

"My pater wouldn't," he said. "He's a tender-hearted old johnnie. He's more likely to tell me that I ought to help the new kid, and be a giddy brother to him."

"My father will come," said Snoop. "In fact, I've written home about it already, and he's going to write to the Head. He'd come down instead, I think. It would be more effective."

"And Stott's pater is coming," said the Bounder. "Three paters arriving in a state of indignation, and threatening to complain to the Board of Governors, ought to have some effect even on the Head, I think. And it will start the ball rolling, you see. All the fellows will write to their people, and get them to object."

"Good egg!" said Bolsover. "Hear, hear!"

"That's the wheeze," said Vernon-Smith. "And I think it will work. They'll take the line that they can't have their sons contaminated by contact with a rotten low bouncer from a workhouse—that's only right and proper, too!"

"Never mind the right and proper, so long as we can squash that cheeky cad," said Bolsover major.

"Of course, we're acting in this matter from conscientious motives," said Vernon-Smith loftily. "We're thinking of the honour of the school."

"Ahem!"

"Look here, Bolsover—"

"Oh, come off!" said Bolsover. "What's the good of that spoof when there's nobody to hear us, Smithy?"

"Oh, go and eat coke!" growled the Bounder.

When he met the new junior a little later, the Bounder gave him a bitter look—a look in which there was an expression of anticipated triumph. Lynn only smiled. He knew that Vernon-Smith would make things as warm for him as he could, but he was fully convinced of his ability to look after himself.

Vernon-Smith was keeping his scheme very dark, intending

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that it should take the hero of Ferndale Workhouse by surprise. But it was very evident to the Famous Five that something was going on, and they wondered what it was.

"Smithy's up to something," Bob Cherry remarked in No 1 Study on Friday evening. "That chap is always working up some giddy plot or other, and I fancy it's up against the new kid. I wonder what it is this time."

"The new kid will have us fellows to stand by him, whatever it is," said Harry Wharton quietly. "It's all rot the talk about him. He's as decent as any chap at Greyfriars, and a good deal more decent than some. He plays a good game of footer, too."

"Some of the fellows won't practise with him," Nugent remarked.

"Silly asses!" said Wharton tersely. "If he were just a little better I should put him in the Form eleven, and so I shall, if he keeps on improving."

"Phew! That would make a row."

"Let it!" said Harry carelessly.

Nugent grinned.

"Oh, let it, by all means," he said. "We've had rows before, and survived them. I'd like to know what Smithy's little game is, though. I heard him muttering something to Stott to-day about Saturday afternoon. I fancy it's coming off to-morrow, whatever it is."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, as a fat face looked into the study. "You're the fellow we want to see, Bunter."

Billy Bunter came in.

"Having a feed?" he asked.

"Feed! No."

Bunter's face fell.

"Then what do you want to see me for?" he demanded.

"Because you're the Peeping Tom, Paul Pry, and Sherlock Holmes of Greyfriars," said Bob Cherry blandly. "What's going on in the Bounder's party? What little scheme are they planning for to-morrow?"

"How should I know?"

"You don't mean to say you don't know," said Bob Cherry, in astonishment. "I shouldn't imagine that anything went on in the studies in this passage without your knowing, so long as the studies have doors, and the doors keyholes."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry!"

"Tell us all about it," said Johnny Bull. "I've got a bag of tarts here."

"And I've got a bottle of fizz," said Bob Cherry. "Now then, out with the giddy secret."

Billy Bunter blinked at the chums of the Remove. Johnny Bull opened a paper bag that lay upon the table, and disclosed half a dozen luscious jam tarts. Bunter's eyes glistened, and he rolled up to the table. Johnny Bull interposed a strong hand between the Owl of the Remove and the bag of tarts.

"We want to know the giddy mystery first," he said.

"I'm too hungry to talk," said Bunter pathetically. "I went to the Bounder's to tea, and he kicked me out, the beast! He said I was at the keyhole, and I wasn't. I simply stooped down to tie my shoe-lace, and he opened the door suddenly. He's a suspicious beast!"

"But I suppose you heard something, quite by accident of course, while you were tying your shoe-lace?" suggested Nugent sarcastically.

"Oh, really, Nugent!"

"Out with it."

"Well, I don't mind telling you all I know, if I can have a few tarts to go on with," said Billy Bunter reflectively. "As the Bounder kicked me out, I don't see that I'm bound to keep his secrets, am I?"

"Of course not."

"Pile in!"

Bunter started on the tarts. There were six of them, and three vanished in one minute. Bunter was a quick worker where jam tarts were concerned.

"Here, hold on," exclaimed Bob Cherry, as Bunter's fat hand reached out for a fourth; "we haven't had the giddy information yet!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Tell us all you know! That's the compact."

"Wait till I've finished the tarts," said Bunter. "It's a bargain, you know; and all you fellows know that I'm a chap of my word."

"Oh, pile in, then!"

The tarts disappeared in record time. Billy Bunter looked round, like an Alexander in search of fresh worlds to conquer.

"Now, then!" said Bob Cherry.

"I haven't had the ginger-beer yet," said Billy Bunter in an injured tone. "None of your spoof, you know!"

"Give him the ginger-beer, the ghou!" said Nugent.

"Oh, really, Nugent—"

The ginger-beer gushed out into the glass. The chums of the Remove stood round, looking at Bunter as he consumed it slowly to the last drop. Bunter set down the glass, with a sigh of contentment.

"That's jolly good!" he remarked. "I suppose you haven't got another bottle here, have you?"

"No!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Any more jam tarts?"

"No, you porker! Now then!"

Bunter moved cautiously towards the door and opened it. The juniors, supposing that he was making sure that there were not eavesdroppers, did not interpose. Bunter held the door open in his hand, and blinked back at them.

"I said I'd tell you all I knew," he said.

"Well, go ahead, and keep your word!"

"That's all right. I know that Smithy is plotting something."

"We knew that already," grunted Johnny Bull.

"Then you needn't have asked me."

"But we want to know all you know."

"That's all I know," said Bunter cheerfully. "Smithy isn't likely to tell his secrets, you see, and I hope you don't think I'm capable of eavesdropping."

"What!"

"You—you fat fraud!"

"Oh, really, you fellows, I hope you don't want to encourage a chap to spy on another chap!" said Bunter loftily.

"I'm really surprised at you! I thought better of you than that. You shock me, you know."

The juniors stared blankly at Bunter for a moment, realising that the astute Owl of the Remove had spoofed them once more. Then they made a rush at him. Bunter darted out of the study, and slammed the door behind him. Before they could get it open, the fat Removite's footsteps had died away down the passage.

"The fraud!" gasped Bob Cherry.

Wharton burst into a laugh.

"Spoofed!" he exclaimed. "Bunter's got the tarts, and we've got nothing. He doesn't know any more about Smithy's little game than we do."

And Smithy's little game remained a secret—till the morrow.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER. A Surprise for the Snobs.

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"

Bob Cherry uttered that exclamation as the Remove fellows came out of the dining-room in the School House after dinner on Saturday. As the juniors streamed out into the Close, they caught sight of two vehicles halted before the house. One was the station cab, and from it two middle-aged gentlemen were descending. They were known by sight to the juniors. One was a fat gentleman, with a shiny face under his silk hat, and he was the "pater" of Stott, of the Remove; the other was a tall and thin man, with iron-grey whiskers and a severe cast of countenance, and he was recognised as Snoop major, as Bob Cherry disrespectfully expressed it.

The second vehicle was a magnificent motor-car, which could not have cost less than fifteen hundred guineas, and the Removites did not need telling that it belonged to Samuel Vernon-Smith, the millionaire, and the father of Vernon-Smith, of the Remove.

The millionaire himself, with a frowning expression upon his square-jawed face, descended from the car.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, it's raining paters!" said Bob Cherry.

"I wonder what that means? Have our beloved school-fellows got the push?"

"Time they did!" remarked Nugent.

"Yes, rather!"

Mr. Vernon-Smith and Mr. Snoop and Mr. Stott spoke together in low tones. It was evident to the curious juniors that their appearance there at the same moment had been concerted. They were all three looking extremely solemn.

Vernon-Smith passed the Famous Five, with a grin of triumph upon his face.

"Now we'll see what we'll see!" he said as he passed.

"No doubt about that," agreed Bob Cherry. "But what does it mean, Smithy? Is this what you've been scheming?"

"Yes!" said the Bounder coolly.

"And what's going to happen?"

"Our paters are going to protest against the presence of a workhouse cad in the school!" said Snoop, as Vernon-Smith walked on without replying.

"Well, you cad," said Harry Wharton, "so that's the little game?"

"Yes, that's the little game!" said Stott, with a sneer.

"Rotter!" said Nugent.

"Worm!" said Bob Cherry.

"We're jolly well going to get rid of the workhouse cad!" said Stott, as he went on to greet his father.

Harry Wharton glanced at Lynn, who was standing on the steps. The new junior met his glance with a nod and a smile.

"They're making things warm for me," he remarked calmly.

"Nothing to be afraid of, though," said Bob Cherry.

"The Head won't send you away because those bounders have come to jaw him."

"They're going to talk about taking their sons away. I suppose, unless I go," Lynn remarked in a thoughtful way.

"Yes, I suppose so."

"It's hard cheese, isn't it?" said Lynn, smiling.

"Yes," said Wharton, puzzled. "But you needn't mind them. The Head's a brick!"

"Hallo, they're pointing me out to their respected paters," said Lynn.

The three gentlemen stared hard at Lynn as he stood on the steps.

"Are you sure that is the boy?" asked Mr. Vernon-Smith.

"He is not what I expected from your description."

"That's the cad, father!" said Vernon-Smith. "He is got-up to look decent, but he is a frightful bounder—eat with his fingers, and that kind of thing!"

"Horrible!" said Mr. Snoop, in a snuffling voice. "I shall certainly refuse to allow my son to remain in a school where such persons are admitted!"

"My opinion exactly," said Mr. Stott. "I am surprised at Dr. Locke! I shall tell him I am surprised at him. I shall speak very plainly."

"I mean to talk straight, too!" said Mr. Vernon-Smith.

"I think it's disgraceful! It's preposterous! It is outrageous! This is what comes of modern Radicalism and Socialism! The lower classes are losing all respect for their betters!"

"Quite so!" snuffled Mr. Snoop. "We live in a revolutionary age, my dear sir. But this is past all tolerance!"

"It's the limit, pater," said Snoop.

"Indeed it is, my boy! You did very right to ask me to come down here and remonstrate with Dr. Locke. If he does not send that dreadful boy away, I shall certainly remove you to another school."

Mr. Vernon-Smith beckoned to Lynn.

The new junior approached.

"What do you want, my man?" he asked.

Mr. Vernon-Smith jumped.

"Your what?" he roared.

"Man!" said Lynn politely. "You are a man, I suppose, though I must say that appearances are against you."

Mr. Vernon-Smith seemed on the verge of an attack of apoplexy. There was a chuckle from the gathering crowd. The three visitors had made their remarks within hearing of Lynn, quite careless of his feelings in the matter; but it was plain that the new junior considered that he had a right to give as good as he received.

"Pray take no notice of the wretched boy, Mr. Vernon-Smith," said Mr. Snoop. "His manners are naturally those of the class among whom he was brought up."

"The boy is evidently of the most brutal and criminal class," said Mr. Stott. "His whole appearance shows that he has had a dreadful training, in spite of his clothes. Anybody should know him by sight as a member of the most depraved class in the kingdom."

"Begad!" said Lord Mauleverer. "My dear sir, I object to that statement. I—"

"Let him run on, Mauly," said Lynn, laughing.

"Silence, boy!" stuttered Mr. Vernon-Smith at last.

"How dare you! Wretched pauper, how dare you be insolent to your betters?"

"You should be more careful when you are addressing gentlemen, boy!" said Mr. Stott pompously.

"I always am, sir," said Lynn innocently.

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

"What!" gasped Mr. Stott. "You—you wretched young ruffian!"

"Oh, cheese it!" said Lynn.

"G—g—g—goodness gracious! I—I never—"

Mr. Vernon-Smith grasped his cane and strode towards Lynn.

"You insolent young ruffian!" he roared. "I will thrash you within an inch of your life! I will—"

"Pray calm yourself, Mr. Vernon-Smith," said a quiet voice.

Dr. Locke appeared in the doorway. There was a frown upon the Head's kind old face. The loud voices had drawn him from his study. Mr. Vernon-Smith lowered his cane. He pointed towards the new junior, his face dark with rage.

"Dr. Locke, I understand that you have admitted that

boy—that wretched, insolent, and unmannered workhouse ruffian to this school—”

“Sir! I—”

“I have come down here to protest against your action, sir, and if you do not listen to my protest, I shall carry it before the Board of Governors of Greyfriars,” said the millionaire, quite regardless of the gathering crowd. “Anybody, by looking at that boy, can see that he belongs to the lowest and most debased class of the population, and is not fit to associate with decent lads!”

“Nothing of the sort! I—”

“Look at him, sir!” roared the millionaire, pointing a fat and not specially clean forefinger at the new junior. “Look at his face—his hangdog expression, his shifty eyes—look at him! Do you mean to tell me that that wretched specimen, sir, of a debased and pampered lower class is fit to associate with my son?”

“What a giddy flow of language!” murmured Lynn. “Go it, sir!”

“Silence, Lynn!” said the worried Doctor.

“Yes, sir.”

“I demand the expulsion of that wretched pauper from the school,” said Mr. Vernon-Smith loudly. “Otherwise I shall remove my son from Greyfriars.”

“And I,” said Mr. Stott, with fat pomposity.

“And I, painful as the proceeding will be,” snuffed Mr. Snoop.

“I shall certainly not make any concession to such threats,” said Dr. Locke; “and I think this interview should take place in my study, not before the whole school!”

“The more witnesses the better, sir,” said Mr. Vernon-Smith. “That wretched boy—that budding criminal—that member of an insolent and degraded class—”

“Begad!” said Lord Mauleverer, in astonishment. “You’re getting it in the neck now, Lovell, old boy.”

“Lovell!” repeated Harry Wharton. “What are you calling him Lovell for, Mauly?”

The new junior grinned.

“It’s all right,” he said. “I don’t mind the secret coming out now. The little game has gone on long enough. Tell ‘em, Mauly.”

“What is that?” exclaimed the Head.

“Go it, Mauly!”

“This chap isn’t Lynn at all, sir,” explained Lord Mauleverer cheerfully. “He happens to be Viscount Lovell, the son of the Marquis of Ferndale. And I object to Mr. Vernon-Smith’s remarks about the class he belongs to, because, begad, I belong to the same class myself, and—”

“What do you mean?” exclaimed the astonished Head.

“It’s true, sir,” said the new junior.

“What?”

“I’m not Lynn, sir.”

“You are not Lynn!” exclaimed the Head, stupefied.

“Then where is Lynn?”

“He’s at Ferndale House, sir.”

“And you?”

“I’m Lovell!”

“You—you are Lord Lovell?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Oh, my hat!” ejaculated Bob Cherry. “Poor old Smithy! Smithy, who’d go a mile on his hands and knees to meet a real live lord! Smithy, you’ve put both feet in it this time.”

“Ha, ha, ha!”

Vernon-Smith’s face was a study. Not for a moment did he entertain a doubt. It was only too evident that the junior was speaking the truth. He understood now why it was that the new junior had been quite impervious to the taunts rained upon the workhouse boy, and why he had been quite unaffected by the fact that he was scorned by the school.

Lord Lovell smiled genially.

“I’m sorry I’ve mystified you in this way, sir,” he said, addressing Dr. Locke. “The fact is, my chum, Lynn—one of the best fellows breathing—was nervous about coming here. He thought there might be cads here who would be down on him because he had been brought up in a workhouse, and so I came first to see what it would be like. And I’m sorry to say that he was quite right—there are plenty of snobs at Greyfriars, and some of their paters don’t seem to

EVERY
MONDAY,

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ONE
PENNY.

be much better. I shall ask my father to keep Lynn at home, and go halves in my tutor.”

“Dear me!” exclaimed the Head.

As for Mr. Vernon-Smith, and Mr. Snoop, and Mr. Stott, they could not speak a word for some moments. The thought that they had so addressed a real viscount, and the heir of one of the richest marquises in Great Britain, was a great affliction to them. Mr. Snoop, as he began to recover himself, enclosed between his finger and thumb the ear of his hopeful son, and Snoop of the Remove squealed dismally.

“Oh, my hat!” said Stott. “I—I— Oh!”

He scuttled away as his father boxed his ears.

“Dear me!” said the Head. “You—you have done wrong, Lynn—I mean, Lovell—in—in deceiving us all in this way. But you, gentlemen, I suppose you are satisfied now that your son’s complaints against this boy are quite groundless. I suppose that the son of the Marquis of Ferndale is quite good enough to associate with Snoop, and Stott, and Vernon-Smith.”

And the crowd grinned.

Mr. Vernon-Smith was purple. Not for an extra ten thousand pounds added to his fat banking account would he have addressed a nobleman with contumely, if he had known it. He gave the Bounder a savage look, and the Bounder wisely made himself scarce. His little plot had fallen in ruins on his own head—as the Bounder’s little plots very frequently did, in the long run.

“I—I—I see that I have been—been deceived,” stammered Mr. Vernon-Smith. “I—I hope you will not take offence at a few hasty words uttered in—in the heat of the moment, my lord. I hope you will remain at Greyfriars, and that—that my son will learn the—the true worth of your character, and become your firmest friend.”

“Oh, my hat!” murmured Bob Cherry. “The wind’s changed, and no mistake.”

“Ha, ha, ha!”

“I—I have no further business here,” stammered Mr. Vernon-Smith, for once quite beaten. “Good afternoon, Dr. Locke!”

And he climbed into his car. Mr. Snoop and Mr. Stott were already in the station cab, and on their way to the gates. They were very red in the face, and their only desire at that moment was to escape from the crowd of laughing faces and mocking eyes. And Snoop and Stott both received letters the same evening from their respective paters, informing them that their pocket-money was stopped for the rest of the term.

Dr. Locke glanced at Lord Lovell, and then looked round on the buzzing crowd of Greyfriars fellows.

He held up his hand for silence.

“Boys,” he said gravely, “I trust this will be a lesson to you all, and especially to those who have been set against the new junior because, as it was supposed, he had had the misfortune to be brought up in a workhouse. There is none among you, I presume, who would consider the son of the Marquis of Ferndale unfit to be his associate—and yet he is the same boy whom you have condemned. There is no change in him. He is the same lad who was scorned and taunted. Let this be a lesson to you to judge persons upon their merits solely, and to rid yourselves of snobbish and contemptible prejudices.”

“Hear, hear!” shouted Bob Cherry.

And the Head disappeared into the house. Lord Lovell was instantly surrounded by a curious, inquiring crowd. He was the cynosure of all eyes while he remained at Greyfriars, but that was not for long. His part there was played, and he left the old school the same evening. And Harry Wharton & Co., who had the great satisfaction of feeling that they had been on the right side all along, gave him a magnificent send-off. They had grown to like him very much during the few days they had known him; and they would have been glad if he had stayed at Greyfriars. And if Lord Lovell had stayed, undoubtedly, after his true identity was known, he would not have been scorned by the school.

THE END.

NEXT MONDAY!

“A SPLIT IN THE SIXTH!”

is the title of the grand, long, complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars, by FRANK RICHARDS. Order your copy of the “Magnet Library in advance. Price, One Penny.

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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."

Whilst crossing the Atlantic on his way to England—where the costly diamond, "The World's Wonder," is to be put up for auction—Nathan Gore, the American millionaire and jewel-collector, receives a message from his agent in London to say that the diamond has been bought by his hated rival, Ferrers Lord, who is the owner and inventor of the wonderful submarine, the Lord of the Deep.

Nathan Gore swears he will obtain possession of the diamond, and on the night of his arrival in London he goes to his rival's house, and taking the stone, leaves in its place the message: "To Ferrers Lord,—Knowing 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 accepts the challenge, and a few hours after the robbery the chase is started. For five months, accompanied by his two friends, Ching-Lung, a Chinese prince, and Rupert Thurston, he pursues Nathan Gore, travelling once round the world, but never being able to overtake him. At last he hears that Gore has bought an island in the South Seas, and is fortifying it. Ferrers Lord follows the mad millionaire to the place in his submarine, and, on arrival, divides his forces into two parts, leaving Rupert Thurston with Prout and most of the crew on board the Lord of the Deep, and taking with him Ching-Lung and one or two men on the launch, which the Lord of the Deep carries stored away. This vessel is wrecked, and the crew are stranded on Goreland—Nathan Gore's island—and are eventually sighted by a cruiser belonging to the American millionaire. They are rescued by Rupert Thurston, in the Lord of the Deep, just in time to save them from being captured by Nathan Gore. Ferrers Lord learns, through tapping the cable, that the mad millionaire has complained to the Government of America, and that the United States are sending out two cruisers, while England is sending out a vessel to investigate matters. Ching-Lung hears, soon afterwards, that a princess of his own country has taken his province, Kwai Hai, for her own use, and he determines, as soon as the war with Gore is over, to return to China.

While the submarine is taking in stores from a store-ship in mid-ocean, Ching-Lung and Gan Waga climb into the rigging of the ship, and shoot orange-peel at Barry O'Rooney, Prout, and "Yard-o'-Tape," the French cook, who is at the moment plucking a duck. Feeling a stinging sensation in the ear, and thinking the culprit is Prout, the cook picks up the duck by the neck with the intention of smiting the steersman. However, the neck gives under the strain, and the carcass, instead of smiting Prout, flies backwards.

(Now go on with the story.)

Barry Leads a Mutiny!

Barry, who came round the wheelhouse on tiptoe, met it; or, to be more accurate, the carcass met Barry. It was travelling at a lively pace. Barry used his face as a buffer to the duck, and found himself lying on his back, surrounded by twinkling stars of various beautiful tints, while a snow-storm of feathers floated around.

Yard-of-Tape had rather overdone it. His foot found another strip of peel, and in the twentieth part of a second the Frenchman went through a whole course of physical drill in his effort to keep upright. He failed. Shooting into space in spread-eagle fashion, he descended upon Prout's back. Prout, borne down by Yard-of-Tape's weight, tried, foolishly enough, to bore a hole through the steel plate with his nose. Then he let out a mad and vengeful howl, and raised himself so suddenly that Yard-of-Tape was hurled away clean into the arms of Barry.

Clutching each other, screaming, yelling, kicking, the two rolled up the slope. They picked up Prout on the way like a snowball picks up the snow. Then they went down the slope on the other side—a nightmare vision of tossing arms, legs, fists, and boots—and were landed in the scuppers. Three languages came from the wrathful mass—English, French, and Irish. Men rushed aft, and with great difficulty dragged them apart.

"Slide along, you miserable Eskimo!" said Ching-Lung. "There's been a railway accident!"

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"THE GEM" LIBRARY,
Every Wednesday.

"I tinks dey haves hurts demselves," lisped Gan-Waga. "I hopes they have nots tickles hairs, Chingy."

There was such a clamour that for some time Ching-Lung could not make himself heard. He kicked a few of the more noisy sailors, and obtained silence. Prout, Barry, and Yard-of-Tape sat with their backs against the netting, gasping and bewildered. They bore traces of the recent battle.

"Now," said the prince sternly, "what is all this madness about? What is it, Joe?"

"I'll eat my tool-chest if I know, sir!" said the carpenter. "They was fightin' and screechin' like wild-cats when I come along! We had to fair pull 'em off each other!"

"Can't you speak, you unmannerly rascals? Prout, you're a disgrace to the ship! What have you been quarrelling and fighting about? Speak up, or I'll clap you all in irons!"

"Oi'm dead!" muttered Barry. "The swate, handsome face Oi wanco possessed has been flattened into poie-crust! Lave me in pace to doie, for Oi no longer wish to live. Loife has no charm for me. Lit me slape 'neath the dape blue say, rocked in the cradle of the dape; and put my little boots away, and lit me there all peaceful slape. Oh, put no tombstone o'er my head! Lit no wan mourn me but the haddock. Till all the last wurds that Oi said were 'Give my Sunday brecks to Maddock. Farewill, farewill! Me face is bust, and so am Oi! Oi only ax yez—let me doie!'"

"Quite dotty!" said Ching-Lung.

Our Companion Papers.

"THE PENNY POPULAR,"
Every Friday.

"Arrr! Arrr!" growled Yard-of-Tape, who had a lump on his head like a billiard-ball.

"What made you perform this act of lunacy, Prent?" said Ching-Lung.

"By hokey, sic, that's what I want to know!"

"'Tis swate to doic!" said Barry mournfully. "'Tis swate in pace for age to loic! Turn up your toes widout wan soigh, and softly brattle a last good-boic! Kiss me tenderly, plaze! Ochone, ochone! But whoy repoine? Oi have run my race! Oi—"

"Get up and go and wash yourself!" said Ching-Lung.

"Oh, heart of stone," sighed Barry, "wud yez dishurb a man whin he's thryin' to kick the pail?"

"I'll pail you!" said Ching-Lung. "Give me a bucket of salt water, Maddock."

Prent strode away to patch up his nose, and the dying Barry came quickly back to life at the sight of the bucket in Ching-Lung's hand. Yard-of-Tape was led away by Joseph, his friend, who rubbed the lump on his head with arnica.

"Yes, Ganus," grinned Ching-Lung, "the world is moved by trifles. Once upon a time a French king sent the English king a few tennis-balls for a present, and it caused a war. Oh, my young friend, my youthful seeker after knowledge, I have shown you to-day what a little thing will do—even a bit of orange-peel! May you take the lesson to heart! Keep your temper under control. Never, never be upset by a miserable bit of orange-peel!"

"I nots nevers!" chuckled Gan-Waga.

"Then, my heart's dearest, trot away to my cabin. Here is the key of my smoking-cabinet. You will find there some cigars that are not related to the common or garden cabbage. Being half a dozen of them forth, and let us smoke."

"I on cars lots," said Gan-Waga.

Gan was entering the wheelhouse, when there was a twanging sound, and he felt a stinging pain in the neck. It was only a little bit of orange-peel, and Gan had promised never to be upset by such a silly trifle. All the same, Gan snatched up a crowbar, and went after Ching-Lung like a Red Indian after fire-water. Finding himself cornered, the prince surrendered and apologised humbly. The whistle rang out sharply, and the Lord of the Deep sank, and turned southward again.

When dinner was over, and the men were smoking their pipes, Ching-Lung, with his faithful dog Gan-Waga at his heels, marched into the fore-castle. Gan carried a hamper. Chess, dominoes, draughts, and cards were being played. Ching-Lung said not a word. Draughtsmen, chessmen, and dominoes were seized from the astounded players and thrown into the hamper. Then the prince and his follower marched out again.

"Troth, lit me be shot!" gasped Barry O'Rooney. "What does this—"

Before he could get the words out of his mouth, the door shot open, and a whole flight of paper darkened the air. The men snatched at them, and groaned as they read the printed notice:

"Owing to the lamentable laxity of discipline which prevails aboard the vessel, and the disgraceful conduct of three members of the crew, NO GAMES will be permitted for ten days."

The order was like a bomb-shell.

"That's your fault, you wooden-faced Irishman!" yelled Joe. "You want hangin'!"

"Kill him!" shouted a whole score of voices.

"Howld on," said Barry—"howld on! Justice is my motto. Av Oi wants killin', so does Yard-of-Tape, and so does Prent. Fair is fair. But howld on—howld on! Give a man a chance to spake. Oi'm a Radical and a Socialist and a Democrat and a Tory. Is this justice? No, bedad, ut isn't! This is slave-droiving! Shind back, and let me address the mating. Fairplay is a better jool nor a diamond. Ordher—ordher! Chair, Oi tell yez—chair! Oi'll make a spache!"

"Murder him!" roared Joe.

"No! Order—order! Fair play! Give him a chance!" shouted the majority.

Barry gained the table amid an uproar, and stamped for silence. The table was only composed of planks laid on trestles. Barry forgot that fact in his excitement; but he found it out when two of the planks started apart, and deposited him on the floor among the ruins. They picked him up, but Barry was quite satisfied with a chair this time. It took him some time to regain breath. Then he smote his chest.

"Gentlemen of the Lord of the Deep," he said, "harrk to the wurrds Oi am about to spake. Kape both ears open, and dhrink in these same wurrds as av they was beer. We want

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A Grand, Long, Complete School Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars next Monday.

justice. Three min have a row, and all games is shopped. Bedad! Is that justice?"

"No, no!"

"By the same argument, av wan man commits murder," cried Barry, "we must all be hanged!"

"Hear, hear! Shame!"

"What are we? Who are we? Where are we? Oi maintain that we are min—Oi maintain that we are here!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Av yez say we ain't min, luk at our whiskers. This noight we are being threatet wuss than slaves. Down wid the rich! Down wid the great! Down wid tyrants! Down wid—wid—down wid ivry blithery thing!"

"Hurroo!" belleted the listeners.

"And whin yez git thim down," said Barry, "jump on their fynchers!"

"Bravo!"

"Woipe your boots on their whiskers! Niver be trodden on, but tread on ivrybody! Whoy shud a man have money, and me no money? Whoy? Oi don't know. What's the rintidy? Take his money; foind him in the dark, and hit him wid a chopper. That's fairness and justice. All min are brothers, all min are aqul. Av his smaller nor yez are, hit him wid your fist; av he's bigger, use a brick. That's sense."

The men chuckled, and began to think that there were other means of amusing themselves besides cards and games.

"Hear, hear, Barry!" they thundered.

"Down wid law, down wid landlords, down wid police, down wid kings, down wid everybody!" went on O'Rooney.

"Kill thim, tear thim to tape! Saze their houses, lands, ships, money, jools, horses, and oieglasses! We're not wurrums! Oi sthind here to-night and Oi ax yez to support me. We'll spake thim fair, and av they kick we'll mutny!"

"Hooray!" howled the crew.

"We'll be pirates!"

"Hoo-bally-ray!"

"We'll be book-and-ears—flibusters!" howled Barry. "A book-and-ear is a woidl pirit. We'll be woidl pirts!"

"Hoo-blithery-ray!"

"We'll hang thim, shoot thim, starrve thim, make thim walk the plank!" roared Barry.

"Hoo-rooty-ritey-roti-ray!" yelled the crew.

"And we'll hang, slaughter, shoot, starrve, and make one of thim walk the plank first of all!" shrieked Barry. "And that same wan is the Choicer. He's at the bottom of ut, and he'll soon be at the bottom of the say!"

"Hoo-ra-ri-ri-roo-ray!" howled the audience.

"Pace—silence!" said Barry. "Come nearer! Ut's loife or dith! Swear to sthind by me, on—on this beer-bottle! Swear—swear!"

"We swear!"

"Thin their doom is fixed."

Barry took a drink out of the bottle and got down.

"Bedad," he grinned, "we will prepare for the awful dade—the dade of vingence that'll make us free min! Joe,

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git thee gone! Grape loike a snook in the grass, and foind out where that throice-accursed Chinaman hoides— But sthay! Firrst we must curse him. Repate this dhreadful oath aafter me. Wilt swear?"

"We wilt!" chuckled Joe.

"Gather round, then—gather round!"

To make the scene more impressive, Barry turned out the lights—all but one. Then, in hideous accents, he declared the awful curse on Ching-Lung:

"May his whiskers turn blue,
And his olebrows red!
May he niver sphake aafter
The moment he's dead!
May he niver grow correns
On the ind of his nose,
Or git dhrissed in the mornin'
Widout wearin' clothes!
May food be his grub
And liquors his dhrink!
Av he dhrops overboard,
And can't swim, may he sink!
Whin he turns up his toes,
Lit us have the bells rung,
And bury the blayguard
Who's known as Ching-Lung!"

They repeated it after him hoarsely, and shuddered. Then the lights were turned on again. Some whispering took place. Men stole out of the fore-castle, and came back with various mysterious articles. Pieces of rope were served out as weapons. Black masks were manufactured, and on these were pinned or pasted skulls-and-crossbones cut from white paper.

"He's in the billiard-room," said Joe, who had been reconnoitring. "I spotted him through the key'ole."

"Alone, Joey?" asked Maddock.

"He's got the bloomin' Heskimo wi' him!" said the carpenter.

"Troth, yez want to be sartin Mither Rupert ain't there!" said Barry. "Have another squint!"

"I'll go," said Maddock. "If I cough, the coast is clear. Twig?"

The wild-looking, masked desperadoes listened keenly. Maddock seemed rather a long time.

"Did yez turn out the loights, Joey?" inquired O'Rooney.

The carpenter nodded. At last their ears caught the sound of a subdued cough.

"Forrard—forrard!" hissed Barry. "Fut ut—fut ut, me bould, bad mutineers! Dith, victory, and chape winkles for all!" is our grotto-motto. "Liberty and liquorice!" is our watchwurd. "Down wid the oppressor and up with the sale of whelks!" is our warcry. Give them no marcy! Give them beans! For liberty and froied fish! Advince to the attack, and take your tootsies wid yez! Rimimber your oath, and don't forgit the soize yez take in boots! Forrard, for England, home, and pickled porrk!"

Encouraged by these beautiful sentiments, the mutineers advanced in the darkness.

"Whist! He's comin'!" whispered Barry. "Sthroiike while the pudden is hot!"

The door of the billiard-room had opened. There, on the threshold, stood the figure of Ching-Lung. They could not see him very distinctly. He was looking over his shoulder and talking to someone within.

"If I had my way, Gan," he said—and all heard him—"I'd give some of them the cat!"

"Oh, wud yez!" growled Barry. "Swate, gintle, koind youth! Oh, yez wud! H'm—yes!"

"I understand a little fun as well as anybody," continued the prince, "but I won't have the ship turned into a disgusting bear-garden! Look at what happened to-day! Those three disorderly scamps need a good, stinging dose of the lash!"

"Thank yez noicely!" muttered Barry. "Oh, do we?"

"I likes to tickle dem!" chirped the gentle Gan-Waga. "Theys are idjits, Chingy!"

"They are ruffians, my dear Gan!" answered Ching-Lung.

"Oh, are they!" snarled O'Rooney. "Troth, walk up and see who howls!"

Ching-Lung took a few steps forward, and then turned back. He closed the door.

"Did yez hear ut—did yez hear ut?" growled the Irishman.

"Dratted if yer don't deserve it!" said Joe. "Never mind! Get 'old of yer bits of siring and make him squeak! Shall we rush him?"

"No. Entice him out," suggested one of the sailors, "and drub him in the dark."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 261.

"THE GEM" LIBRARY,
Every Wednesday.

Our Companion Papers.

"THE PENNY POPULAR,"
Every Friday.

The advice was excellent, but no one appeared to have any great desire to be the messenger. After more whispering, it was agreed to send Boeswax, the Malay boy, to tell his Highness that he was needed in the wheelhouse. The men retreated to the darkened fore-castle, and Joe, taking off his mask, made his way to the galley. He despatched the youth. To his utter astonishment, the lad returned with the news that the billiard-room was empty.

"Ut can't be!" said Barry. "The kid's daft-on the crumpet! Troth, didn't Oi hear the two of thim sphakin', wid my own ears, not three minutes back? Here, take my mask, and Oi'll say for meself!"

Barry was prepared with an excuse before he knocked. Receiving no answer, he went in. The room was certainly empty. Barry stood on the mat and scratched his head. He looked under the table, and even raised the lid of the ottoman. The ottoman appeared to be full of newspapers and rubbish.

Barry staggered as the heap of litter suddenly heaved up, revealing a human head—the head of Benjamin Maddock; and a silk handkerchief gagged the mighty Benjamin securely.

"Blizzards and pickled onions!" gasped the Irishman, banging down the lid. "O'd better be shiftin'!"

Barry felt that something was very much amiss. He knew that Maddock, whose Christian name was Ben, had neither got inside the ottoman of his own free will, nor gagged himself on his own account.

Barry was on dangerous ground. He thought it time to leave, without taking any notice of the appealing look in Benjamin's eyes.

Barry bolted round the billiard-table. When he was within a few feet of the door, something came from nowhere and hit him on the side of the head.

Another something, following hard on the heels of the first, bumped against the compass dangling from his watch-chain, and doubled Barry up. While he was doubled up, a third something arrived, hit him hard on his bony brow, exploded with a pop, and Barry was smothered in a black liquid that looked and smelled remarkably like a mixture of scot, treacle, and ink.

Before the Irishman had the slightest chance of recovering wind or eyesight, Ching-Lung and Gan-Waga sprang from behind the bookcase. Barry was gagged and bound in a trice. They dragged him across the room, bundled him into the ottoman, and shut him up.

"That's a brace! Let 'em all come!" grinned Ching-Lung.

"If deys donses, I shall be theers to tickle dem!" said Gan-Waga. "Can I shootis butterfuls, Chingy?"

"Gosh! Can you miss? Pick 'em up, old sureshot!"

The somethings that had so severely handled Mr. O'Rooney were three arrows. The heads of two of them were padded with rags, and the third had carried a small bladder containing a sticky, black, and oily substance, which was now mostly in Barry's hair.

Gan and his Highness sped behind the bookcase. They had removed a couple of boards from the back and pushed books aside, leaving room to shoot. They brandished their stout bows, and waited for the next victim.

The long absence of Barry caused great consternation. Joe boldly volunteered to attempt to fathom the mystery. Most of the men thought they were betrayed, and masks and ropes were put out of sight.

Bitter experience had taught them that Ching-Lung was not a foe they could conquer unless they took him by surprise. And where was Maddock?

Joe was cautious. Finding the door ajar, he peered through the cranny. He saw nothing to arouse suspicion. Growing bolder, Joe went in. He had never seen a more innocent-looking room.

Maddock's absence had passed quite unnoticed until Barry was missed. Joe fancied that Maddock had betrayed them, and that he had helped to lay a trap for Barry O'Rooney.

The carpenter did not mean to fall into any trap. He was as shy as a wild-geese.

"They ain't gone out; they can't ha' done that," he thought. "I'll bet they're in that there hottoman, the swabs, waitin' to pounce on me! If they ain't, where are they? Now, if I was to edge hup and make a jump, I could get on it and 'old 'em down. Sarve 'em right to rope 'em up and leave 'em. Gently does it, Joe—ge-ently, my boy!"

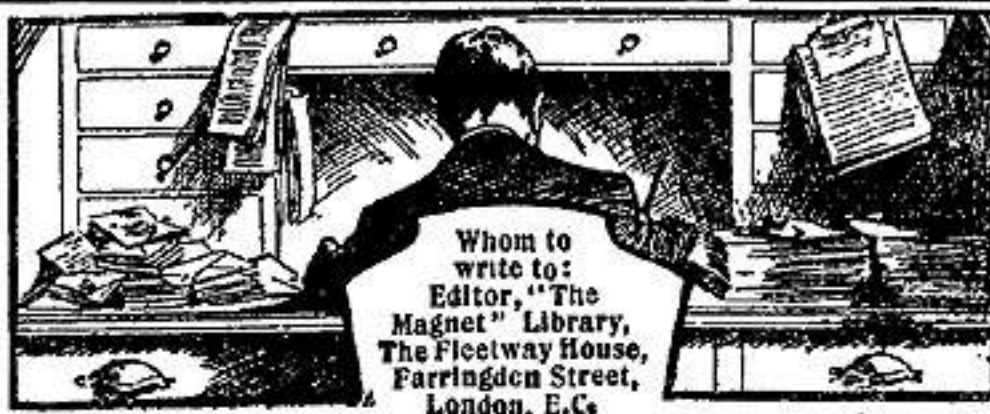
Joe crouched down beside the table, and moved along inch by inch.

"Butterful!" grinned Gan-Waga. "Clip him deads and blow him brainses out, Chingy!"

"Shoot when I tread on your toe!" whispered Ching-Lung.

(Another instalment of this amusing and exciting serial story next Monday.)

My Readers' Page.



OUR TWO
COMPANION PAPERS
"THE GEM" LIBRARY
EVERY WEDNESDAY
AND
"THE PENNY POPULAR"
EVERY FRIDAY.

FOR NEXT MONDAY:

"A SPLIT IN THE SIXTH!"

By Frank Richards.

Next week's long, complete tale of Greyfriars deals with the trouble that is caused in the old school by the revolt of a certain section of the Sixth-Formers—the black sheep among the prefects—against the stern but just rule of George Wingate, captain of Greyfriars.

The latter, of course, refuses to give way, and the situation becomes acute.

Incidentally, Loder and Carne—two of the principal malcontents—are dropped out of the First Eleven football team, and one of the vacant places actually falls to the lot of Harry Wharton.

The end of the trouble is that Wingate resigns the captaincy, and Greyfriars is thrown into the feverish excitement inseparable from the election of a school captain.

"A SPLIT IN THE SIXTH!"

is one of Frank Richards' best school stories, and every Magnetite should make sure of reading it.

A CHESHIRE GIRL'S RETORT.

Letters from girl readers in reply to the one published a few weeks ago under the initials H. F. continue to roll in, and this week I publish one from a Cheshire girl, whose spirited retort will no doubt be endorsed by many of her fellow-readers.

"Birkenhead, Cheshire.

"Dear Mr. Editor,—I have been trying for a considerable time to 'pluck up courage' to write and congratulate you on your excellent companion papers, the 'Gem,' 'Magnet,' and 'Penny Pop.' and at last I have succeeded.

"I have been a reader of the 'Gem' and 'Magnet' for a considerable time. I cannot quite remember how long, but it is more than four years.

"As regards the 'P. P.' I think it is 'ripping,' to say the least of it; and as you ask for opinions, I can only add that it would be still more ripping if we could have a Chat page in it. Of course, I know you have a lot to do; but this is just a suggestion.

"I really wrote to remark about that letter you had published in 'Bob Cherry's Barring-Out,' in which a Lancashire lad wrote rather plainly about girls buying only one paper and exchanging, so as to read all three.

"Please do not think I am taking it in the wrong spirit, but as a boy proposed a similar scheme to me a short time ago, I can only say that boys in Preston differ from those in Birkenhead.

"I am proud to be able to say that girl readers are keener here than the boys, as the following will prove.

"Several boys, going to the same school as I, would not buy the papers, but used to ask us girls, who had a little library among ourselves, for the copies.

"But we made it a rule not to lend to anyone who was too mean to buy a copy to add to our library, but to anyone who could not afford to buy a copy the papers were lent.

"By your remarks following the letter I spoke of, I know you will not mind my letter.

"Wishing you and the papers every success, I am, dear Editor,

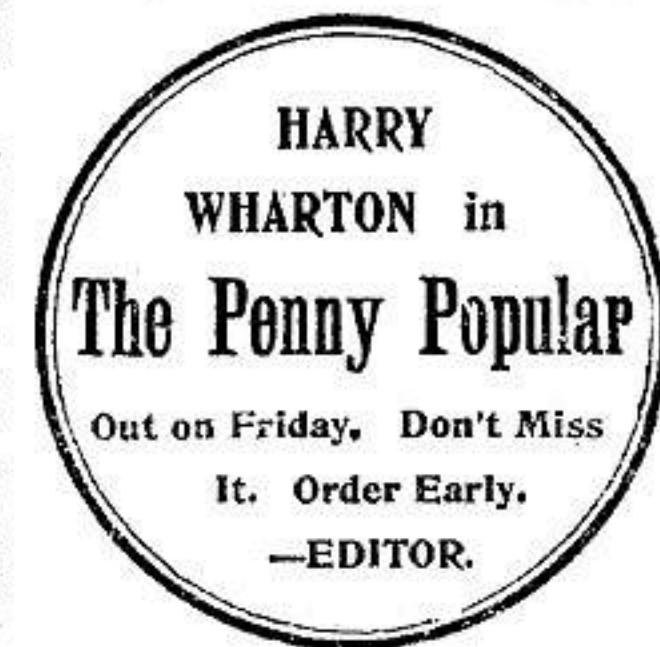
"A TRUE GIRL READER"
(who does buy the three papers every week).

"P.S.—Please excuse the length of the letter."

Good for you, "True Girl Reader!" I am afraid I have no room at present for a Chat page in the "Penny Popular," but I will not forget your suggestion. Your excellent letter needs no apology.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 261.

A Grand, Long, Complete School Tale of the
Chums of Greyfriars next Monday.



THE NAVY FOR BOYS.

Boys are very often recruited for training in the various branches of his Majesty's Navy. For instance, boys between the ages of fifteen and sixteen are sometimes taken on in H.M. Victualling Yards, on condition that they sign an agreement for twelve years' service in the Fleet, counting from the age of eighteen—altogether serving 14-15 years. Fuller particulars of this branch can be obtained from the Secretary to the Admiralty, or from one of the following yards: Royal Victoria Yard, Deptford; Royal Clarence Yard, Gosport; or Royal William Yard, Plymouth. Certain boys are also trained as

SHIPWRIGHTS,

if they have passed, when between the ages of fourteen and fifteen, the Civil Service Educational Examination for Dockyard apprentices. If, on being medically examined, they are found perfectly fit, they are each able to enter the Navy as boy shipwrights, in practically the same position as they held on the Examination-list. Before being accepted, boys have to agree to serve twelve years in the Navy, from the age of eighteen.

BOY WRITERS AND SHIP'S STEWARDS

are, as a rule, only recruited from the Royal Greenwich Hospital; but, in the event of more being needed, examinations are held at the Naval Depots at Chatham, Portsmouth, and Devonport, and also Queenstown. The dates of these examinations are usually announced in the public Press, and the subjects are as follows: English (including spelling, handwriting, and composition), commercial arithmetic (including circulating decimals). Extra marks are also given for general smartness, knowledge as tested in conversation, typewriting, and shorthand. Candidates are also expected to pass a medical examination before entering.

For such branches of the Navy as the

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY AND SIGNAL

boys are generally recruited from the Harbour Establishment, which boys usually enter with the idea of becoming ordinary seamen, as explained in last week's article. The rate of pay in these cases, on starting, is 4s. 1d. a week, rising gradually to 26s.—this varies according to position. With regard to promotion in the Signal Branch, men who pass the necessary qualifying exam. are likely to be selected for signal boatswain, chief-signal boatswain, and, in case of an extra long service with good conduct, to lieutenant, with wages of £237 to £273 per annum. Promotion is practically the same in the Wireless branch.

Boys who have a liking for such work as engine-fitting, boiler-making, and have a good character, can enter for training as engine-room artificers.

A limited number of boys are entered twice a year, in January and August. Full particulars can be obtained from the Secretary of the Admiralty, Whitehall, London.

SPECIAL NOTE.

I am reluctantly compelled to hold out the new Competition which I have been at work on for some time, and which I had hoped to be able to announce in this issue. At the first opportunity, however, a splendid new competition will be put before my readers of "The Magnet" Library, to make up for this disappointment.

THE EDITOR.

"A SPLIT IN THE SIXTH!"

Please order your copy of "THE MAGNET" Library in advance.

SPECIAL COMIC SUPPLEMENT.

Q. E. D.



Schwank: "I understand he painted cobwebs on the ceiling so perfectly that the maid wore herself out trying to sweep them down."

Hanki: "'Tisn't true. There may have been such an artist, but there was never such a housemaid."

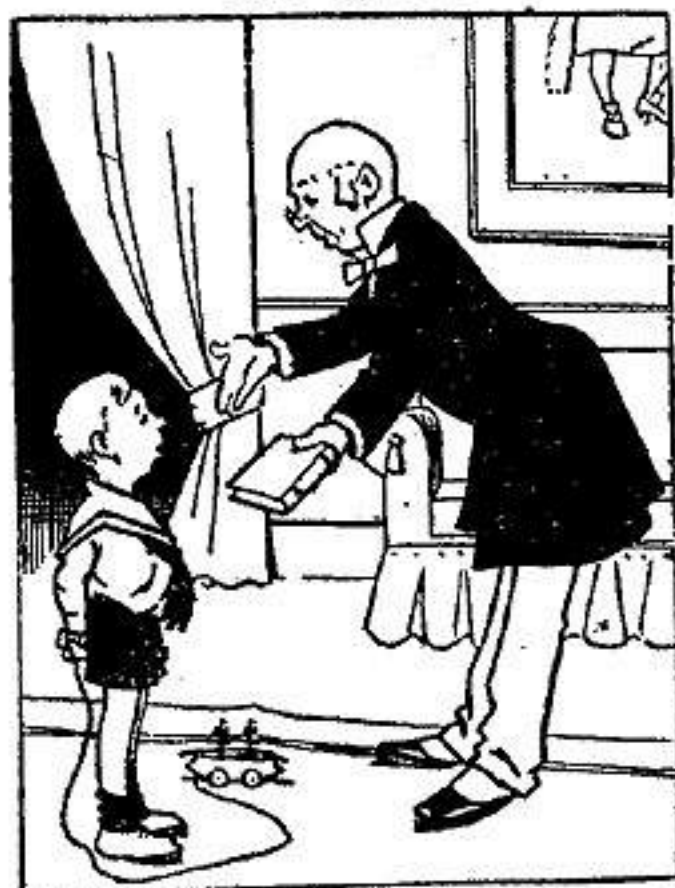
HUNGRY HAROLD, A HENPECKED HUSBAND.



Hungry Harold (a henpecked husband): "I say, Maurice, I wish I could persuade my ole woman to join 'em."

Mournful Maurice: "So do I, Harold. Wouldn't it be lovely!"

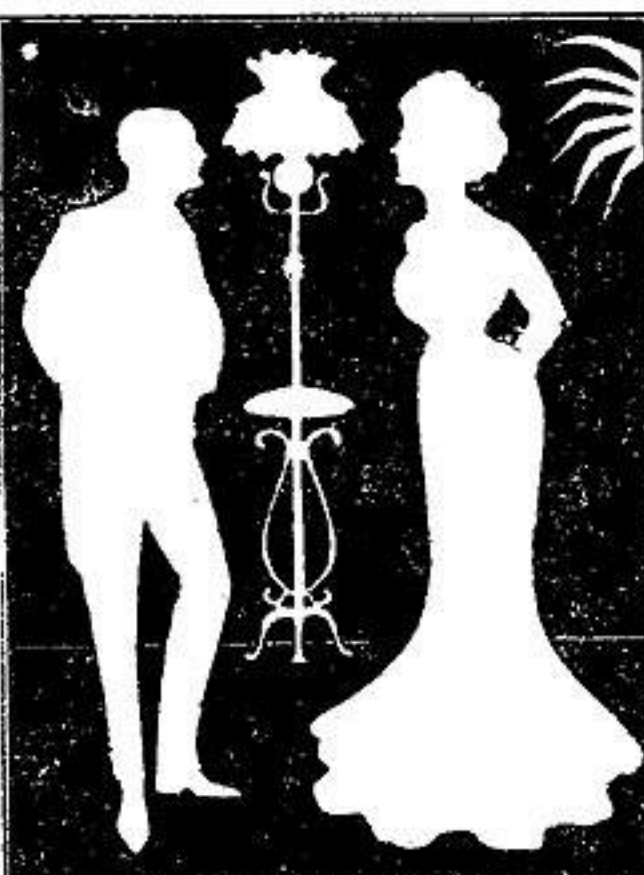
WAS SHE?



Uncle: "I've a book for you, Tommy. It's about a beautiful girl who slept and slept and slept, and no one could wake her."

Tommy: "Was she a servant, uncle?"

A HOMELY FELLOW.



She: "Why did you go to Africa?"

He: "Because I was sick of home."

She: "Why did you come home?"

He: "Because I was home-sick."

A DUSTY DUSKY.



Little Girl: "Is it true, mamma, we are made of dust?"

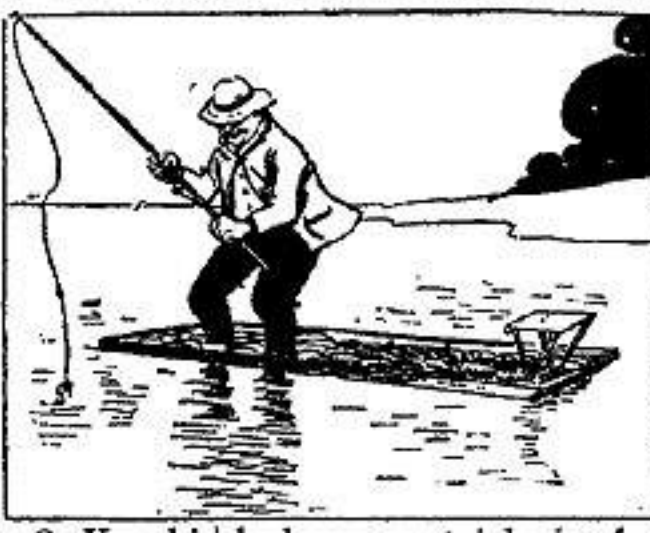
Mother: "Yes, dear."

Little Girl: "I suppose niggers are made of coal dust?"

AND HE MIGHT HAVE HAD A MEDAL!



"I shall have something to tell them at the club," quoth old Yarnitt, the angler, as he landed his thirty-seventh fish. "This'll be a record, this will."

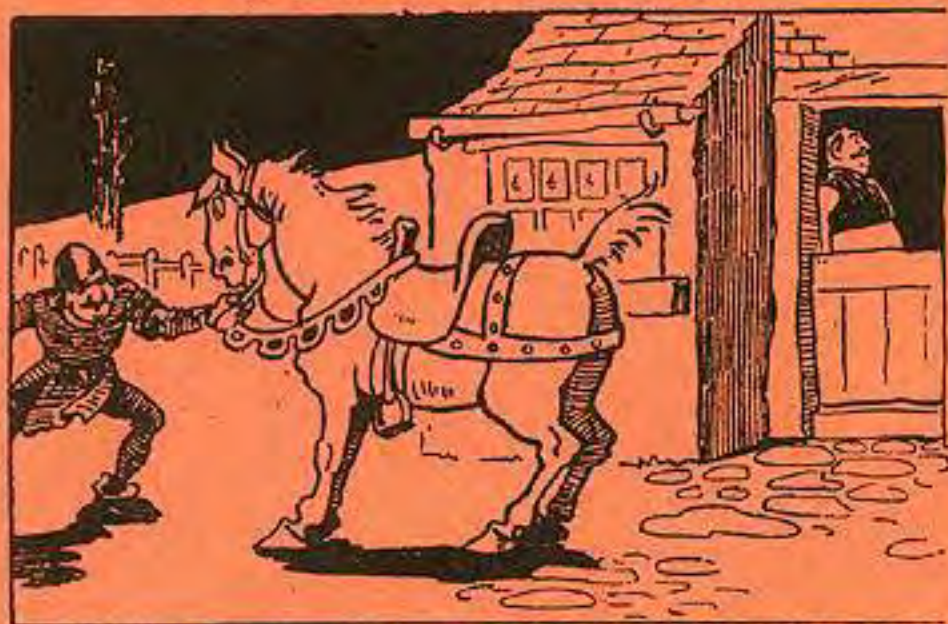


2. Yes, his luck was certainly in, for he kept pulling them out as fast as he could. "I shall certainly get the club medal for this," he chortled.

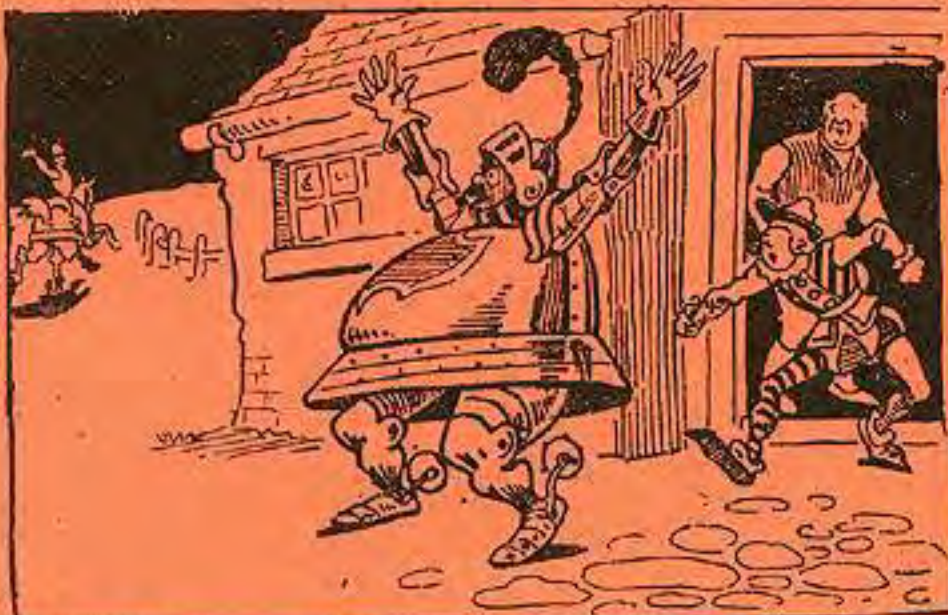


3. But he forgot that the boat was gradually filling with finiosities, and when he landed the eighty-fifth catch the merry little craft sank, and Yarnitt lost his fish and caught a cold.

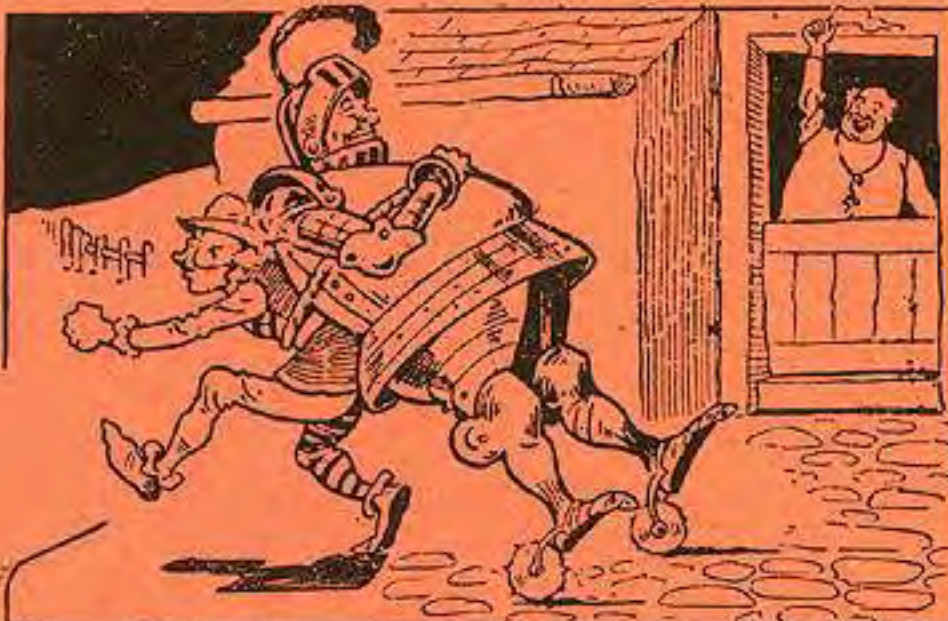
ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT.



1. "Marry come up!" quoth ye knave. "'Tis a right goodly steed, and methinks I will e'en sneak it." This did he, whilst Sir Oswald refreshed himself at the Cot and Crumpet.



2. "Beshrew me!" cried the knight, on coming forth. "Ods bodikins and pothooks! The saucy varlet hath pinched me fiery untamed nag! What'll I do? In good faith I am too corpulent to do the merry stroll home!"



3. Then Paul the Potboy had a bright notion, and in this fashion, with the help of the knight's spurs, they went off well, and got home in good time. And Sir Oswald gave the cheery potboy several groats, so he did.



? ? ?
P. O. Clerk: "Sign your name here."
Yokel: "Above the line or below it?"
P. O. Clerk: "Just above."
Yokel: "Me full name?"
P. O. Clerk: "Yes."
Yokel: "Oican't write."

ONLY OBEYING ORDERS.



"What ever are you doing, Bridget?" cried Mrs. Smith, when Bridget turned up like this on her second day at the job. "Shure, ma'am, ye towld me to put the cosy on whin Oi brought the tray in," said Bridget.

A HOWLING SUCCESS!



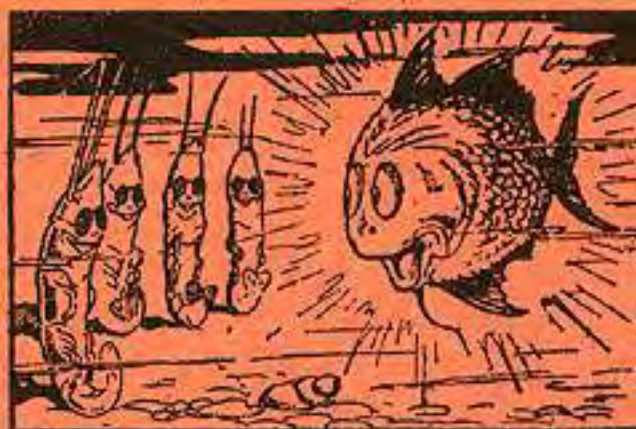
Enthusiast: "We shall hear more of this young man."
Sufferer: "Not to-night I hope."

NICELY CAUGHT!



"I've been reading an article on electricity, John, and it appears that before long we shall be able to get pretty well everything we want by just touching a button."
"It will never pay here. You'd never be able to get anything that way."
"Why not, John?"
"Because nothing on earth would ever make you touch a button. Look at my shirt!"

Sunfish: "What cheek! There's a row of boys staring at me! It's the first time anybody has been able to look me in the face."
Lobsters: "We've got smoked glasses, old chap. You can't have it all your own way with the girls now."



A SIMPLE REASON!



Tramp: "No, ma'am, I never drinks during working hours."

Lady: "I'm glad to hear it, my poor man."

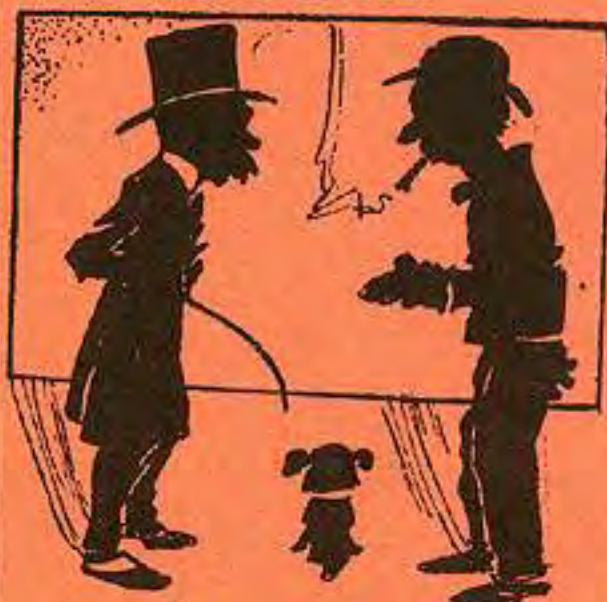
Tramp: "No, ma'am, I haven't any working hours."

BREAKING IT GENTLY!



Stout Old Lady (to dog): "Now, do jump down, Fido, or the seat will give way altogether."

NON-SUITED.



Brown: "Anything in the way of winter suiting for me around at your shop?"

Tailor: "Nothing but your last summer's bill, and that's in the way of your winter suit until it's settled."

A RISING MEMBER OF THE FORCE.



1. "Hi, you!" yelled P.-o. Potts to the chaps in the airship. "Pull up and give me your number!" And he lassoed the propeller.

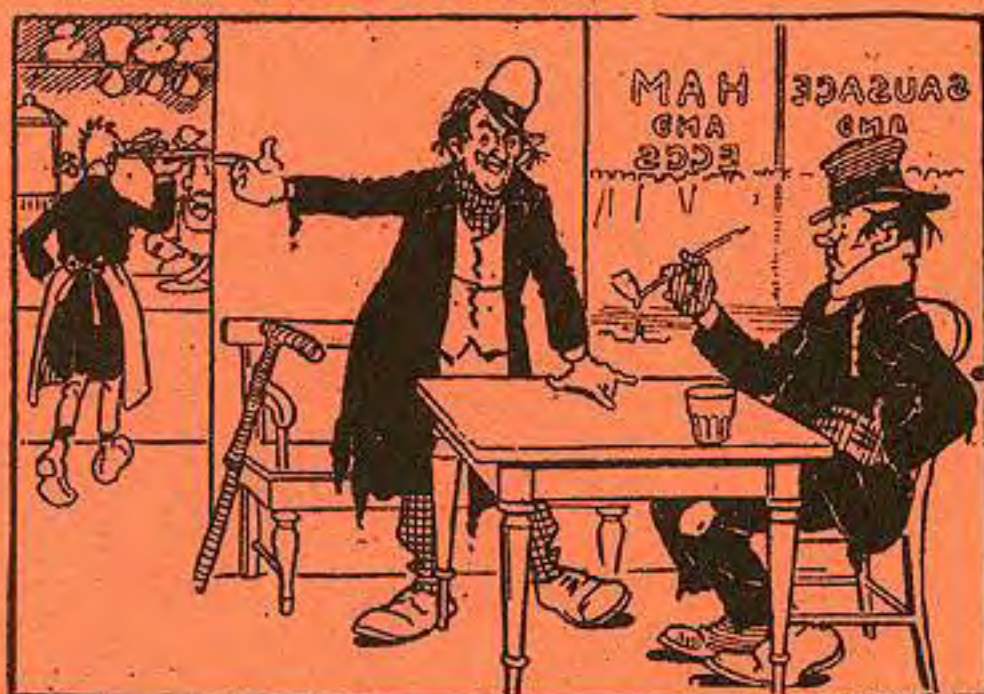


2. Well, this, of course, naturally wound him up to the airship. But was the gallant officer downhearted? No!



3. Not much! Out came his hand-book and half an inch of pencil. "Your number," said he—"and sharp! I can't hang about here all day!"

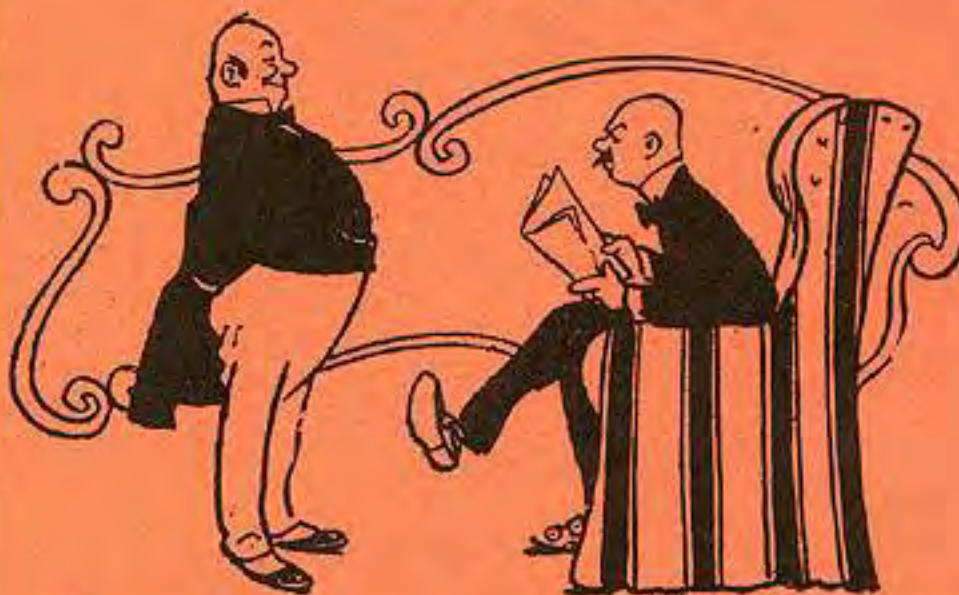
A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING!



Bill Bumpers: "Why, hello, old pal! How's things? Everything comin' your way, eh?"

Dusty Daniel: "Yes. I've just ordered up sausage and mashed."

MADE HIM FEEL SHEEPISH!



Portly: "When does a shepherd bend sheep without hurting them?"

Slimlett: "Give it up!"

Portly: "Why, when he folds them!"