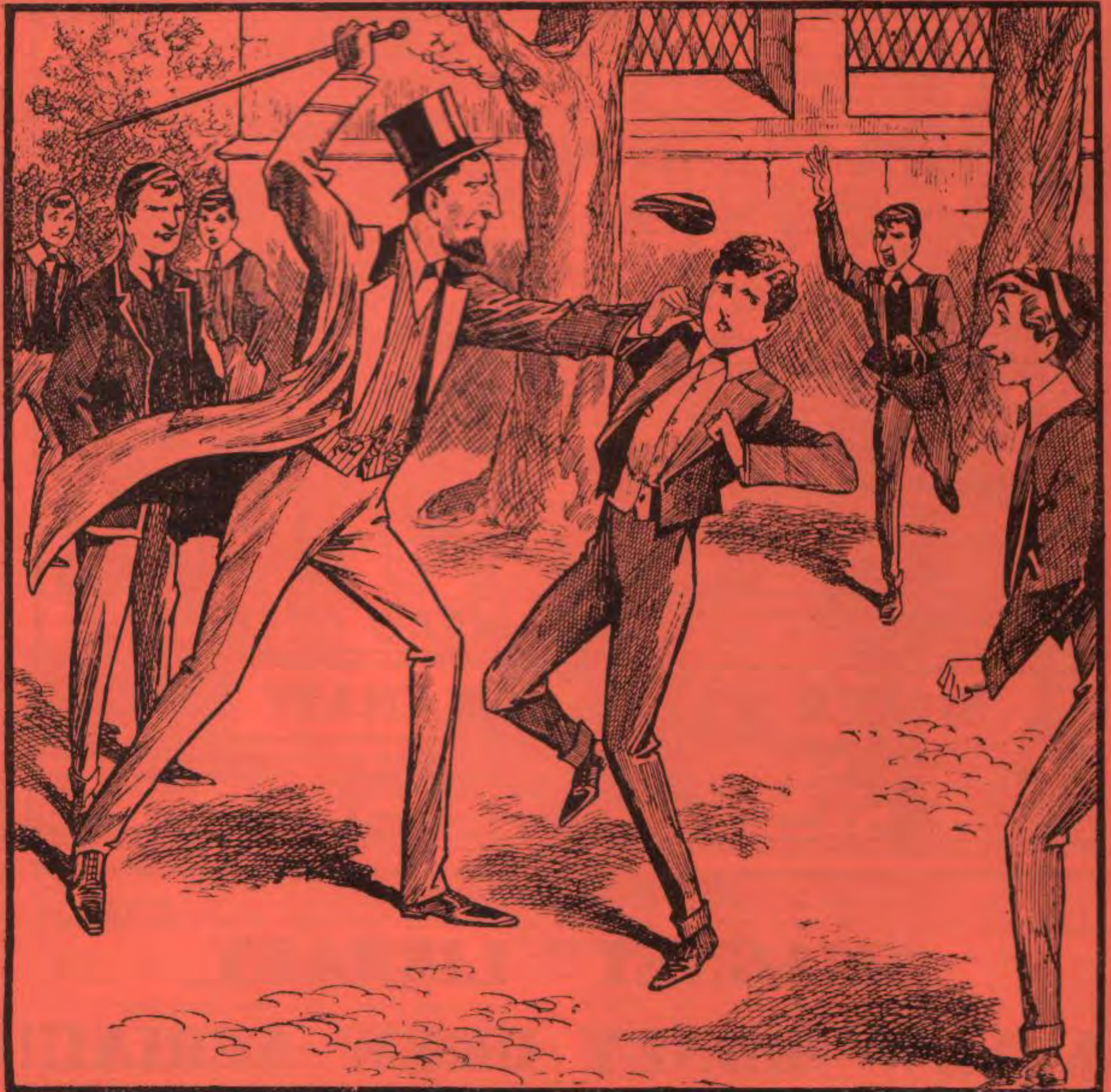


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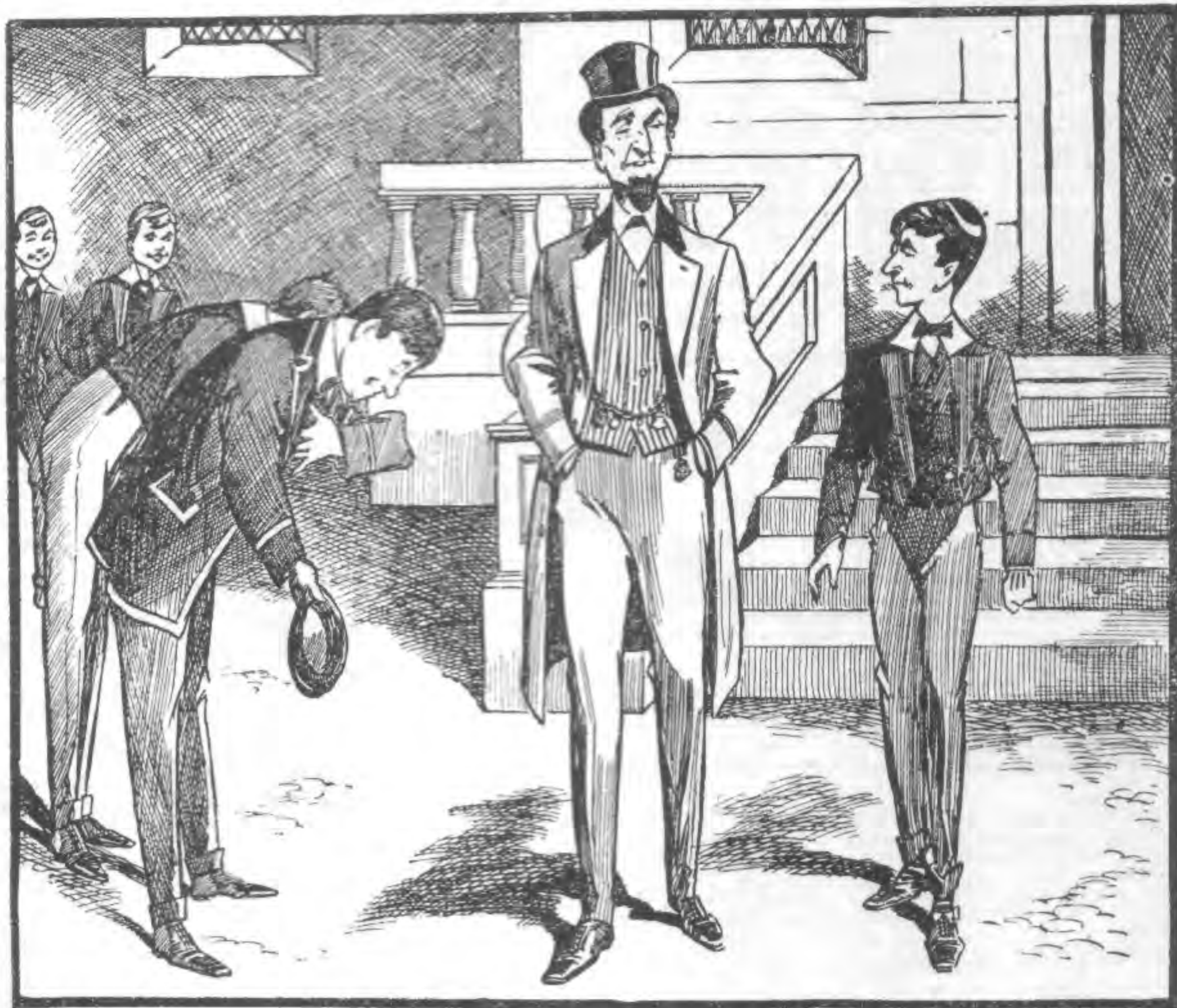
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MY LORD FISH!

An Amusing, Long, Complete Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars.
By FRANK RICHARDS.



"They seem to be treating me powerful respectful," said Mr. Fish to his son as he came out of the School-House. Skinner and Bolsover major took off their caps, and bowed till their noses nearly touched the ground.
(See Chapter 12.)

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Lord Mauleverer is Not Taking Any!

"I GUESS this is all right!"

The juniors, who were refreshing themselves with ginger-beer in the school shop at Greyfriars, looked at Fisher T. Fish, the Yankee member of the Remove, as he made that announcement.

Fisher T. Fish had just come into the tuckshop, with a letter in his hand. There was an expression of great satisfaction upon the thin, keen face of the American junior. He waved the letter at the other fellows.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" yawned Bob Cherry. "What's the news? Has your millionaire popper sent you ten cents?"

"I guess—"

"Don't say you've got another scheme on, and you want us to lend you the tin to carry it out!" said Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove, raising a warning hand. "We've agreed that the next time you scheme a scheme, you are to be ragged on the spot. We are fed up with your schemes."

"I guess this isn't a scheme, you jay!"

"Oh, good! If your pater—beg pardon, your popper—has sent you a remittance, you can stand a ginger-pop all round."

"Hear, hear!"
 "Roll up, Fishy!"
 "Ginger-pop all round, Mrs. Mumble, please. Fishy is paying!" chuckled Johnny Bull.
 "I guess I'm not!" exclaimed Fisher T. Fish indignantly.
 "Tain't a remittance—and if it was, I guess I know how to look after my dollars—just a few."

"Not a remittance," growled Bolsover major. "Considering that your popper is a giddy millionaire, you get mighty few remittances. I don't half believe that you've got a popper at all—and I jolly well know he ain't a millionaire!"

"I just guess my popper can lay over any of your bloated nobility in this old country, when it comes to solid dollars," snuffed Fisher T. Fish disdainfully. "My popper's been cornering potatoes in the Yewnited States, and he's made a heap over it—"

"A heap of potatoes?" asked Bob Cherry

"Nope, you jay—a heap of dollars! And now he's got a few days to spare, he's come over to look at this little island. He's coming to Greyfriars to-day!" concluded Fish triumphantly.

The juniors were interested at last. They had heard a great deal about Fish senior. Hiram K. Fish of New York was, according to his son, a millionaire simply rolling in dollars. Fish's popper was a mighty man of money in New York; and his "popper" was a leading light in the "Four Hundred"—whoever they might be. As Fish was never overburdened with money, and was remarkably careful with it, the Remove fellows did not quite believe in the millions. Anyway, they were interested to know what Fisher T. Fish's celebrated "popper" was like. According to Fish, he was always "cornering" something in the Yewnited States, and making heaps of dollars by the transaction. Indeed, he seemed to have a wonderful gift for raising prices and cornering articles, and squeezing money out of his fellow-citizens as a result. And the Remove fellows were of opinion that if Fish's accounts were correct, his "popper" deserved to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, regularly once a week or so.

"Is he bringing his millions with him?" asked Wharton, laughing.

"I guess there will be a tidy few greenbacks in his grip!"

"A tidy few which?"

"Greenbacks, you jay!"

"What are they?"

"You've been to school, and don't know what greenbacks are!" said Fisher T. Fish, with a pitying look. "And you're supposed to learn English!"

"Is that English?"

"I guess it's plain Yewnited States, anyway. Greenbacks are banknotes."

"Oh!" said Bob Cherry thoughtfully. "Do you know, you fellows, I think the curriculum here is really a bit out of date. They thought they were bringing Greyfriars abreast of modern times when they dropped Greek and instituted German. Now there's so much communication with the United States, they ought to drop German and institute American. Is it difficult to learn, Fishy?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"So he's going to have greenbacks in his grip," said Frank Nugent thoughtfully. "You don't mean to say that your popper carries his banknotes in his hand, Fishy? Won't the millions run to a purse?"

"Don't you know what a grip is?" hooped Fish. "A grip is a bag."

"My hat!"

Bob Cherry made a pencilled note on his cuff.

"That's two words I've learned," he remarked. "I'm setting on in American. I should say it was easier than German, so far."

"I guess you're too funny to live," growled Fisher T. Fish. "But I didn't come here to listen to you shooting off your mouth—"

"Wha-a-a-at!"

"What does that mean, Fishy?"

"Is it American?"

"I guess I came here to look for Lord Mauleverer. Where is he?"

"Asleep somewhere," said Bob Cherry, with a grin. "What do you want Lord Mauleverer for? You're not going to let your popper know that you know a lord, are you? Think what a shock it would be to a stern Republican. In the Yewnited States you despise little things like that."

"I guess we do!" said Fish. "In the Yewnited States, sir, Jack is as good as his master. Every man-Jack and woman-Jinny, sir, is as good as any other man-Jack or woman-Jinny. Your institutions in this sleepy hollow you call a country make us smile, I guess. We've no use for lords in our country. We've got past that—some."

The juniors grinned. Fisher T. Fish held those truly Republican views—but he held them along with an almost awful respect and admiration for titled people. Fish's efforts to become friendly with a baronet who had been in the Remove had been truly comical. Indeed, Skinner declared that if a lord had boxed Fish's ears, Fish would never have washed his ears afterwards, but would have striven to carry the sacred contact with him to his grave.

"Then what do you want Lord Mauleverer for?" inquired Wharton.

"Ahem! I guess I want to speak to him."

And Fisher T. Fish left the tuckshop rather hurriedly, leaving the Remove fellows chuckling. They could guess quite easily what he wanted Lord Mauleverer for, in spite of his lofty Republican and democratic principles.

Fisher T. Fish looked round the old Close of Greyfriars with a keen eye. But Lord Mauleverer, the dandy of the Remove, was not to be seen. Lord Mauleverer was a slacker of the first water, and he generally spent a half-holiday resting. What he wanted to rest for was a mystery, as he never by any chance exerted himself. But he seemed to require a great deal of rest.

"Now, where is that lazy mugwump?" murmured Fish crossly. "There ain't too much time to get to the station to meet popper. Where is that lazy jay? He can't be indoors on an afternoon like this, I guess. Where is the loafing galoot?"

But Lord Mauleverer was not to be discovered out of doors, so Fisher T. Fish walked into the School House, and ascended to the Remove passage, to look for him in his study. He thumped on the door of the schoolboy earl, and opened it.

"Oh, hyer you are!" exclaimed Fish.

Lord Mauleverer was there.

He was stretched upon a handsome sofa by the window, and the blind was half drawn to shade him from the sun. He had a book in his hand, but as he held it upside-down, it was probable that he was not reading. He did not move as Fisher T. Fish came in, but fixed a languid glance upon him.

"Hyer you are!" repeated Fish, coming in.

"Yaas!"

"What are you doing?"

"Slackin'."

"Wasting an afternoon like this indoors!" said Fish indignantly. "What you want is a good, sharp walk—say, as far as Friardale."

"Can't."

"Why not?"

"Tired."

"What makes you tired, then?"

"Silly asses coming and talking to me."

"Ahem! Look here, Mauly, you really need some exercise," said Fish. "I'll tell you what—come out for a walk with me."

"Thanks!"

"You'll come?"

"No."

"Why not?" howled Fish.

"Tired."

"Oh, you're too tired to live," growled Fish, in disgust. "If we had your sort over there, we'd make 'em skip, I can tell you."

"Begad!" said Lord Mauleverer. "I'm jolly glad you've not got me over there, then. I couldn't skip—I couldn't really."

"Now, look here, old chap," said Fish persuasively. "I want you to come for a little walk! Only as far as Friardale Station."

Lord Mauleverer did not trouble to reply. He shook his head.

"I'll tell you what," said Fish. "If you walk with me to Friardale, I'll stand a cab back."

That generous offer almost surprised Lord Mauleverer out of his languidness. He came very near to sitting bolt upright in his astonishment. For Fisher T. Fish to offer to stand anything for anybody was too wonderful.

"Begad!" ejaculated his lordship.

"I mean it," said Fish. "I'll stand a cab back. Now, come on."

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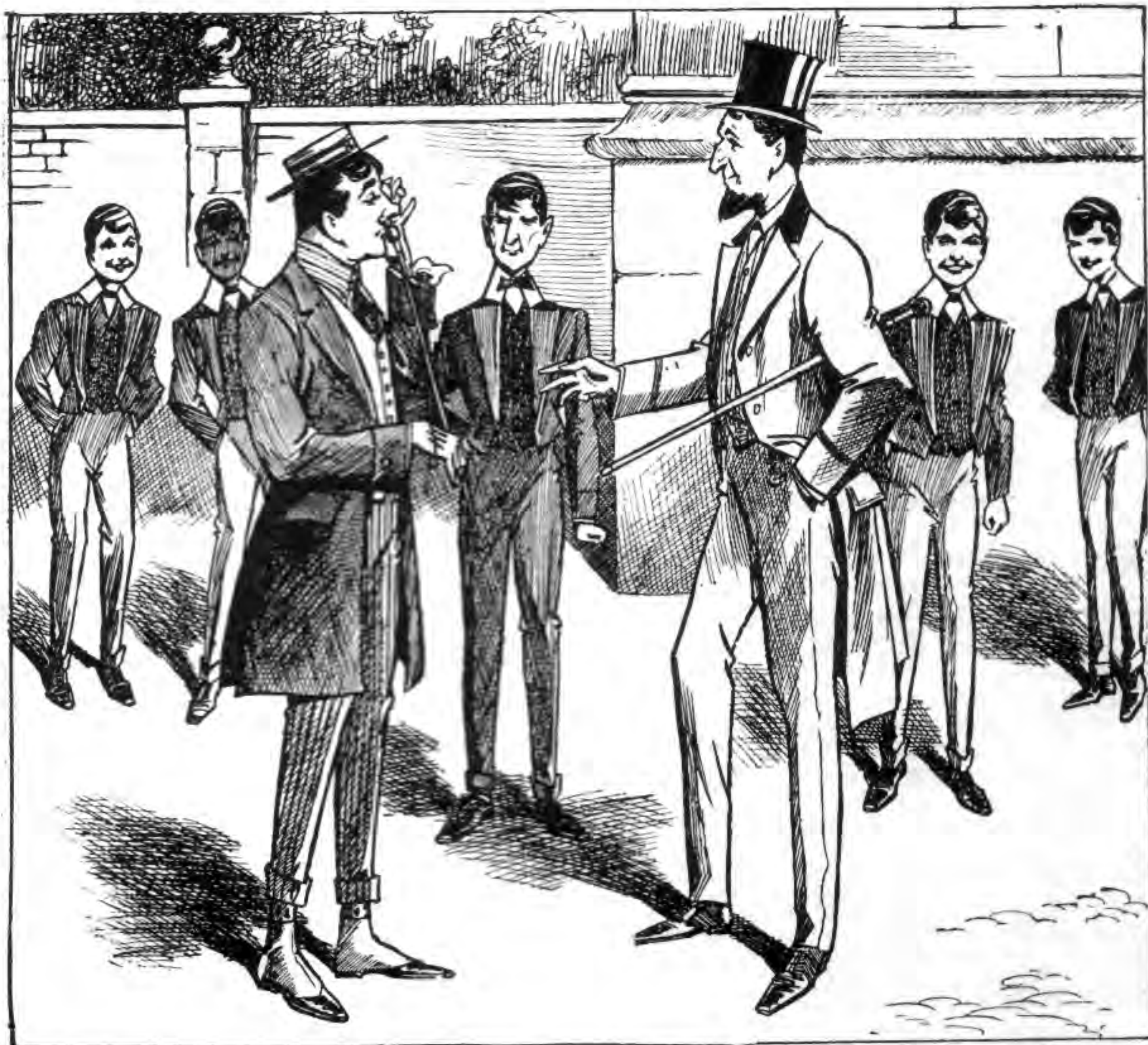
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Bob Cherry presented his friend. "Lord Percy de Vere! Mr. Jacob Z. Fish!" But Mr. Fish did not even notice Bob's mistake in his name, in his delight at being introduced to a lord, "Happy to meet your lordship!" he said affably. "How does your lordship do?" (See Chapter 3.)

"Can't!"

"Look here, if you mean you won't, say you won't."

"Righto! Won't!"

"I guess I've a jolly good mind to claw you off that sofa and make you hop," growled the disgusted Fish. "You want some exercise. And hyer I'm offering to stand you a drive at my own expense—and it would cost me sixty cents. Now, look here, Mauly, I really want you to come. My popper's coming down to Greyfriars to-day, and I want to meet him at the station. I want you to come with me."

"Is your popper anything like you?"

"Yep!"

"A regular—what do you call it—bustler——"

"Hustler," said Fish. "Yep, I should guess he is a hustler. A hustler from the word 'go,' sir! You bet your sweet life."

"Then I couldn't possibly stand him—thanks all the same," yawned Lord Mauleverer. "You make me tired. Fishy. I'm afraid your popper would exhaust me. Good afternoon."

"I tell you I want you to come," howled Fish.

"Take one of the other fellows."

"The other fellows ain't lords! I—I mean—I—I guess I want you to come, Mauly. Now be a good chap and come! Come on! What are you closing your eyes for? Great

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Christopher Columbus, carry me home to die if he hasn't gone to sleep!"

Fisher T. Fish stood glaring at his lordship, who had slid into a peaceful slumber. It was too much for the patience of the hustling American junior.

"Wake up, you snoozing jay!" he roared.

Lord Mauleverer's eyes opened. His noble face had an expression of patient suffering.

"Begad! Are you still here, Fish?" he murmured. "Do go away. I'm tired."

"I'll go," said Fish. "But before I go I'll tell you what I think of you, and all your sort!"

"Will it take you long?" asked Lord Mauleverer, with a look of alarm. "If it would, would you mind going out into the passage, and closing the door, first?"

"I guess you're a lazy, played-out, effete member of a rotten, benighted, dried-up aristocracy!" howled Fisher T. Fish. "I guess you wouldn't be considered suitable for an elevator-boy in the Yewnited States. I guess it's time your benighted British nobility was scrapped. We'd have scrapped you long ago in the Yewnited States. I guess you cumber the earth, you lazy, snoozing, sleepy, benighted, dried-up, forsaken specimen of a played-out aristocracy! You make a live American feel tired, sir! You make a real democrat feel sick, sir. Now you can go to sleep!"

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A Splendid Complete Tale of the
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And Fisher T. Fish, having thus delivered his opinion of the British nobility in general, and Lord Mauleverer in particular, retired from the study, closing the door with a slam that rang through the length of the Remove passage.

"Dear me!" murmured Lord Mauleverer, apparently quite unmoved. And he took Fisher T. Fish's advice, and went to sleep!

Fisher T. Fish came out of the School House with a ruffled brow. In the Close, several cheery voices hailed him:

"Got Mauly?"

"Captured the noble lord?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish snorted.

"I guess a lord doesn't cut any ice with me!" he declared emphatically. "They're good enough for a played-out old country like this; but we don't go a red cent on lords in the Yewnited States. A real democrat, sir, despises such rot. You can keep your blessed lords, and boil 'em!"

And Fisher T. Fish marched off—minus the lord whom he had hoped to present to his popper, and greatly disappointed; for in spite of the democratic beliefs of the Fishes, senior and junior, F. T. Fish knew very well that he would have been sure of a handsome tip from "popper" if he could have taken with him as a companion a "real live lord"—effete and played-out as such an institution as the nobility might be!

THE SECOND CHAPTER. Bolsover Major is Ennobled!

BOB CHERRY burst into a sudden chuckle. The Famous Five were standing by the ropes on Big Side, watching a senior cricket match. Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars, was batting in great style, to the bowling of Yorke, the skipper of Redclyffe. Fisher T. Fish was gone to Friardale Station to meet his popper. Bob Cherry had been thinking while he was watching the First Eleven; and his sudden chuckle made his chums look at him inquiringly.

"What's the joke?" asked Harry Wharton. "Wingate's batting splendidly."

"Wingate! So he is!" agreed Bob. "I wasn't thinking of Wingate. I was thinking— Ha, ha, ha!"

"Thinking of what, fathead?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Fish!"

"Oh, blow Fish!"

"I feel a certain amount of sympathy for Fishy!" said Bob reprovingly. "You know how a republican and a true democrat and a believer in equality and the rights of man, and things, worships titles. Fishy wanted to take a lord along with him to meet his father; and there's only one lord at Greyfriars, and he wasn't taking any. It's really rather inconsiderate of Mauly, to disappoint a democrat in that way. And I've just spotted him going out. I believe he's exerted himself to the extent of taking a walk, simply to keep out of the way of the Fishes."

"Ha, ha, ha! Poor old Mauly!"

"But why shouldn't they see a lord, when they're so fond of 'em?" said Bob, his eyes sparkling. "Don't you think it's up to us to find one?"

"Eh?"

"You see, old Fish has come across the Atlantic—I mean the herring-pond—Fishy calls it the herring-pond—chiefly to see lords and things, because they're a home-produced article and not obtainable in the United States. It's the only branch of manufacture where we can beat the Yankees. But it's quite easy to make a lord, really—you only have to add four letters to a chap's name—L-O-R-D. When it makes a chap happy to see a lord, and it's so easy to produce a lord, I think it's up to nice good boys like us to do it."

"You utter ass!" said Wharton, looking at his chum in astonishment. "Where are we to get a lord from? They don't grow on bushes."

"Make one!"

"Eh!"

"Have you ever heard of such an institution as the Remove Dramatic Society?" asked Bob, with a chuckle. "It will be an hour before Fishy is back with the popper. We can easily make a lord in that time. We're not playing cricket this afternoon, so we can devote the time to making Fish happy, and giving his popper a delightful experience. Think of the joy he will feel when he goes back to the Yewnited States, and tells all the galoots in Ten-Thousand-Five-Hundred-and-Fifty-Seventh Street that he met a lord!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I suggest Bolsover major for the part. He played a convict once very nicely, so I don't see why he shouldn't play a lord. Of course, it's not quite the same thing—I don't mean that. But he's such a bit of a chap we can easily make

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him look about nineteen, with plenty of make-up, and his usual swanking manner——"

"Hallo, what's that?" exclaimed Bolsover major.

"Ahem! I mean he could assume a swanking manner for the occasion. You know you are really cut out for a lord, Bolsover. The way you walk round as if the school belonged to you——"

"Look here——"

"And then you're being an ass—lords don't have much sense, you know——"

"You silly chump!" roared Bolsover major. "If you want a thick ear——"

"Besides, Fish senior will stand you anything you like to ask him for, if he takes you for a lord."

Bolsover grinned.

"By Jove! That's a jolly good wheeze," he exclaimed. "I'm on!"

"I say, isn't it rather rough on Fishy's pater, though?" objected Harry Wharton, "we've never seen him, you know, and he may be a good sort."

"Not according to Fishy's account. Fishy says he corners wheat and things in the Yewnited States, and makes the price go up. So on Fish's own showing he's a man who ought to be in prison."

"Well, that's so—but——"

"Besides, how can it be rough on him to introduce him to a lord?" said Bob. "It will make him happy. He will feel that he hasn't wasted his fare across the herring-pond. And one lord is as good as another. And they make 'em mighty quick in these days—I've read that Gladstone made eighty or ninety when he had time. He was a dab at it. We need only make one——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come on—and we'll be all ready for Fishy!" urged Bob. "Lord Percy de Vere, on a visit to the school—and very happy to meet a celebrated American swindler—I mean financier——"

No more was said. The Famous Five hurried off to No. 1 Study in the Remove passage, and Bolsover major accompanied them. The property-box of the Remove Dramatic Society was kept in Wharton's study. In a few minutes the juniors had it open, and were hard at work elevating Bolsover major to the peerage.

The property-box was well supplied, for Harry Wharton & Co. expended a good deal of cash on amateur theatricals. And the Famous Five were all adepts in the art of making-up.

Bolsover major had a new light-grey lounge suit of a decidedly "nutty" cut, which he had not yet worn, and which would therefore be new to the eyes of Fisher T. Fish. He put it on, and came into the study, already greatly changed from his usual aspect in Etons.

"Good, so far!" said Bob Cherry approvingly. "You've got to be a regular nut, of course. A lord ought to be nutty. We must make your complexion lighter, and part your hair in the middle. Eyebrows lighter, too. Shall we give him a moustache?"

"Nuts don't wear moustaches."

"But a lord can do as he likes," said Bob. "Lords are above common considerations. I don't see why a lord shouldn't have a moustache if he likes; and it will cover up some of Bolsover's mouth, it's rather too large for a lord——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You let my mouth alone!" said Bolsover major ferociously.

"Besides, as nobody wears a moustache nowadays, it will look distangee."

"Look what?"

"Distangee. That's French for distinguished. It means rejerkky."

"What?" shrieked Wharton.

"Rejerkky!"

"Oh, recherche!"

"Well, you know what I mean," said Bob, who was really not strong on French. "Yes, he'd better have a dinky little moustache. Lords call things 'dinky,' you know, where we should say 'ripping.' Remember that word, Bolsover."

"Is it a real word?" asked Bolsover doubtfully.

"Of course it is—as used in the House of Lords and the best clubs." Bob fastened a curly little moustache to Bolsover's upper lip. "There! Doesn't that look dinky?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Nice gloves—if we've got any large enough. The hands are really a size or two too large for a lord——"

"Let my hands alone!"

"We've got a big pair that will do—the right shade for a nut, too. Gold-headed cane. Tie with pink spots. Silk socks; and trousers turned up ten inches. Gold watch-bracelet—no nut is complete without that. Fish won't notice that it's rolled gold, and a stage prop—he will be too dazzled

by the lord to think of such things. Handkerchief in sleeve. That's right! You'd better practise sucking the knob of the cane, Bolsover. Lords always suck the knobs of their canes. And now the eyeglass."

"Hurrah!"

Bolsover major was complete at last.

He screwed the eyeglass into his eye, keeping it there with some difficulty. Bolsover major had tried an eyeglass before, and he rather fancied himself with one. The only drawback was that it impeded the sight, but that could be grown used to.

The juniors surveyed him with great satisfaction. With a lighter complexion than usual, and with a moustache and an eyeglass, and his hair parted in the middle, Bolsover major was so changed that his nearest relations would certainly not have known him. He looked quite nineteen or twenty years old, and he was quite big enough for that age. And certainly it could not be denied that he was unusually good-looking in his new rig.

Bolsover glanced at his reflection in the glass, and smiled with satisfaction. He was very pleased with himself.

"By Jove, that's ripping!" he said.

"Shush! You have to say, 'Baw Jawve, that's dinkay!'"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And remember, you are not Percy Bolsover now; you're Lord Percy de Vere, the son of the Marquis of Lombard Street; and you're here on a visit."

"And you say 'haw!' before you say anything when you speak," said Nugent.

"And you drop all your 'g's.'"

"But not your 'h's,'" grinned Bob. "Even the nuts haven't come to that yet."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Haw!" said Bolsover major, in a drawling voice. "Bah Jove!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And now we're all ready for Fish!" said Bob Cherry. "Come out into the Close. We're strolling round, showing you the sights of Greyfriars, when they arrive. It ain't every chap's Form-fellows who'd take all this trouble to make him and his popper happy. But as Boy Scouts, we're bound to do a good turn every day—and this is to-day's."

And the Famous Five chuckled and marched out into the Close with Bolsover major, alias Lord Percy de Vere.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Mr. Fish Meets a Nobleman!

"HERE'S Fishy!"

Several fellows were lounging about the school gates to see Fisher T. Fish arrive with his popper.

They were curious to see that celebrated popper, of whom, and of whose millions, they had heard so much. A millionaire might have been expected to arrive in a gilt-edged motor-car, as Skinner remarked; but probably Mr. Fish had left his millions in New York. At all events, he had come down by train, and was walking from the station with his son. When Vernon-Smith's father came to see him he always came in a tremendous motor-car, but he was undoubtedly a millionaire. There were doubts about Hiram K. Fish.

The Yankee junior piloted his popper in at the school gates. The fellows there raised their caps politely to Fish senior. They eyed him at the same time.

He was a tall, thin gentleman, with a long, thin face adorned with a little grey, pointed beard. His nose was long and thin and prominent, and looked like a knife-blade; and his jaws were square, and shut like a steel trap. Mr. Fish looked like a gentleman whom it would be very difficult to get the better of in any business transaction. As Fisher T. Fish would have expressed it, a galoot would have had to get up very early in the morning to get the pull over popper.

"So this hyer is Greyfriars?" said Mr. Fish, with a more pronounced nasal twang than his hopeful son's—which was pronounced enough.

"Yep."

"Looks pretty old and dusty. I must remark," said Mr. Fish, quite oblivious of the fact that a dozen Greyfriars fellows heard his disparaging observations. "We should scrap all this over there, Fisher."

"I should smile!" said Fisher T. Fish.

"And run up noo buildings on skyscraper lines. Pooh! I should calculate that house had been standing more than a hundred years," said Mr. Fish, with good-humoured contempt.

The fellows who heard that remark glared. The School House had been standing, as a matter of fact, for considerably more than six hundred years, and they were proud of it. But Mr. Fish came from a land where buildings were "scrapped" every fifteen years or so; and if he had owned Greyfriars he would probably have rebuilt it in a square block, with a corrugated-iron roof.

"Oh, I guess everything here is antiquated and moth-

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eaten, popper—like the institootions!" said Fisher T. Fish disparagingly. "They want waking up."

"I guess they do, Fisher."

Mr. Fish and his son walked on, leaving the fellows at the gate looking at one another with unutterable disgust.

"And these are your schoolfellows, Fisher?" said Mr. Fish, looking round at the juniors in the Close. "What's that game going on yonder? Do they play baseball here?"

Fisher T. Fish sniffed.

"Nope. They're playing cricket."

"You must introduce me to your young friends presently, Fisher. Where's the lord you mentioned in your letters to me?"

Fisher T. Fish coughed. As a matter of fact, he had mentioned Lord Mauleverer many times in his letters home, glorying in the fact that he knew a nobleman. But he had "piled it on" to imply that he was on the most intimate terms with that nobleman; and now that his father was at Greyfriars it would be a little difficult to keep it up.

"I guess he isn't around just now, popper."

"I've got something to tell you later, Fisher," said Mr. Fish, lowering his voice a little. "The business that brought me over hyer, you know."

"Something in railways?" asked Fish.

"Nope."

"Wheat?"

"Not business at all, in that way. I dare say you've sometimes heard me say, to home, some things about—ahem!—effete nobility, and—and the nonsensicality of titles, and—and so on—"

"Yep."

"And you've heard me say that an American democrat ought to despise such things—"

"You bet!"

"Waal," said Mr. Fish, "perhaps I was a bit too hard, Fisher. I guess I was a little too fresh. I've come to the conclusion, Fisher, that there is something in it, after all."

Fisher T. Fish stared at his father.

"Nope?" he asked.

"Yep!" asserted Mr. Fish. "The fact is, Fisher—to tell you the secret—it's come to my knowledge that we are descended from a very old family ourselves."

"Well, I swow!"

"Fact! I've heard about it from a galoot—one of those galoots connected with the Heralds' Office, you know—that it's a fact. A very old family, and"—Mr. Fish lowered his voice still more—"titled!"

"Phew!"

"And the title may be revived, Fisher."

"Great Scott!"

"According to what the galoot tells me, it's only a question of making investigations," said Mr. Fish impressively. "We are descended from the old family of Fyshe de Fyshe, who cavorted around in this very county hundreds of years ago. They had an old Manor-house within a few miles of this very school. The last Lord Fyshe was executed for high treason in the reign of Charles III."

"Go easy!" said Fisher T. Fish. "There wasn't any Charles III."

"Waal, perhaps I've got the number wrong, or the name wrong," said Mr. Fish. "The Heralds' Office galoot told me a lot I don't quite remember. But I tell you, it's no small beer to have had an ancestor executed for high treason! It gives a family a tone."

"I guess so, popper."

"And that's what I'm over hyer for this time, Fisher—to investigate. The galoot is going to investigate under my supervision. And if it all turns out right I shall assume the proper family name—spelt in the old way—and the coat of arms, and assume the title. Of course, I should sell out in Noo York then, and settle down in this country, with a seat in the House of Lords."

"Oh, popper!" gasped Fish.

"You bet!" said Mr. Fish. "And think how they'd squirm in Noo York, Fisher, when they knew! Your mopper would just love to be a grandy dame in the best English society. You would be Viscount Fish, I guess—though I ain't well up in titles yet. But I'm studying. I've got a big 'Debrett's Peerage' at my hotel, and I read it every evening, and I carry a pocket edition about with me. There's precious few of the titled families in this old island I don't know the history of. And I guess the Fyshe de Fysches can lay over most of them for antiquity!"

"Oh, jumpin' Jehoshaphat!" ejaculated Fisher T. Fish, his eyes dancing. "That's top-hole, popper! Viscount Fish! My word!"

"Of course, it ain't certain yet," said Mr. Fish. "I guess I'm keeping it dark till I'm sure. Meanwhile, Fisher, you go on cultivating the effete aristocrats—I mean, the members

of the British nobility you come in contact with. I allow I was too fresh on that subject—much too fresh! A man can have democratic principles, and still have a proper respect for well-established institutions, Fisher. By the way, who's that young swell with the monocle? Is that the lord?"

Fisher T. Fish looked.

"Nope; a stranger byer," he said. "A visitor, I guess. Those chaps are showing him round the school."

"Hush!" said Mr. Fish, as Bob Cherry made a remark that reached his ears.

The remark was: "Are you ready for tea, Lord Percy?"

"Haw!"

"Lord Percy!" murmured Mr. Fish, awe-stricken. "Isn't that the lord, Fisher?"

"Nope; he's not around. I dare say this is some connection of Wharton's—he's got some high-rolling connections," said Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I'll soon find out. Hallo, Wharton!"

"Hallo!"

"This is my popper! Wharton—Cherry—Nugent—Bull—Hurree Singh!" said Fisher T. Fish, presenting the chums of the Remove in turn to his father.

Mr. Fish started a little as it came to Hurree Jamset Ram Singh's turn. But Fish hurriedly whispered to him that the dusky junior was a prince in his own country, and Mr. Fish shook the dusky hand effusively—the fact that Inky was a prince enabling Mr. Fish to excuse his colour, for among his other democratic principles, Mr. Fish had a great scorn for the half of humanity who are darker in hue than the rest.

"Introduce your friend, Bob!" said Wharton.

And Bob Cherry presented his friend.

"Lord Percy de Vere! Mr. Jacob Z. Fish!"

But Mr. Fish did not even notice Bob's mistake in his name in his delight at being introduced to a lord.

"Happy to meet your lordship!" he said affably. "How does your lordship do?"

Lord Percy de Vere screwed in his monocle a little more tightly, and sucked the head of his cane, and said "Haw!"

"You belong to Greyfriars, my lord?"

"Haw!"

"Old boy, perhaps?" hazarded Mr. Fish.

"Haw!"

Lord Percy de Vere did not appear to be a brilliant conversationalist. But "Haw!" from a nobleman was more delightful to Mr. Fish's democratic ears than pearls of wisdom from commoner lips.

"The haw-fulness is terrific!" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh; and Bob Cherry stamped on his toe.

Lord Percy looked round him.

"Haw! I'm hungry, bah Jove! Haw! You were goin' to show me the—haw—tuckshop! I could do with a—haw—dinky little ginger-pop. Haw! I shall have to ask some of you fellows to stand treat—haw—as I forgot my dashed pocket-book—haw! The duke came in to speak to me just as I was comin' away, and I forgot the dashed thing—haw! Borin' old fellow the duke!"

Mr. Fish gazed almost ecstatically at the young man in the monocle. A lord, who knew a duke, and actually was so accustomed to dukes that he could allude to one as a boring old fellow!

"Perhaps your lordship would allow me to stand some slight refreshment?" almost gasped Mr. Fish. "I guess I should be happy."

Lord Percy turned his monocle upon him.

"You're—haw—very good, Mr.—haw—Squash—"

"Fish, my lord—Hiram K. Fish."

"Mr. Squash," continued his lordship calmly, and Mr. Fish did not venture to correct him again, "I accept your—haw—offah, Mr. Squash. You are very good—dashed good! Where is that dashed tuckshop—haw?"

"This way, Lord Percy," said Bob Cherry.

And Mr. Fish, feeling as if he were walking on air, walked with the juniors into the school shop—whither they were followed by a crowd of juniors, most of whom knew the real identity of Lord Percy de Vere, and enjoyed the joke exceedingly.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Something Like a Spread!

LORD PERCY DE VERE leaned negligently on the counter of the tuckshop by the side of the delighted Mr. Fish. He looked round him through his eyeglass in a languid way.

"Haw! Anythin' decent to eat heah?" he asked.

Mrs. Mumble looked at him very curiously. The looks of the juniors made her suspect that some "jape" was on, but she did not recognise Bolsover major.

"What would your lordship like?" said Mr. Fish hospitably.

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OUR COMPANION PAPERS: "THE GEM" LIBRARY, "THE PENNY POPULAR," "CHUCKLES," 1d. Every Wednesday. Every Friday. Every Saturday, 2

Mr. Fish was generally as careful with his money as his son Fisher; but this was a special occasion. How could a true democrat's dollars be better spent than in entertaining a lord?

"Haw! Did you say you were standin' treat, Mr. Bush?"

"Yep, my lord. Anything you like—a pleasure and an honour to me," said Mr. Fish. "I guess I'm a plain American citizen; but—"

"Haw! It's a bore to eat alone, but I'm dashed hungry. Does the treat include my friends?" asked his lordship.

"Yep, certainly," said Mr. Fish, with less enthusiasm.

"Haw! You're very good, Mr.—haw—what did you say your name was? I never remember names."

"Fish, my lord."

"Yaas, sorry. What a dinky name! Gentlemen, it's Mr. Squish's treat! Walk up and order anythin' you like! That right, Mr. Squoosh?"

"Ye-e-e-op!"

"I guess this is going to land the popper in a pretty bill!" murmured Fisher T. Fish, seeing in his mind's eye his own tip in jeopardy in consequence. "I guess this is rather slick of his lordship. I wonder what all the fellows are grinning at?"

The fellows certainly were grinning. They were accepting his lordship's generous invitation, too. They marched up to the counter as one man. Mrs. Mumble was kept very busy for the next ten minutes handing out all kinds of eatables and drinkables.

Billy Bunter of the Remove distinguished himself. He had secured a good place, with plenty of things within reach, and he helped himself to an unlimited extent. Some of the delight died out of Mr. Fish's face as he saw the probable extent of the little bill. But Lord Percy de Vere was talking to him most affably, and that was a compensation.

"Fish—haw?" said Lord Percy, with his mouth full of jam tart. "Did you say your name was Fish, my dear sir?"

"I guess so."

"Any connection of Sir Horatio Fish, my cousin?"

"Ahem! I think not."

"Haw! You belong to the Deepsea branch of the Fishes, perhaps?"

"I'm from Noo York!" explained Mr. Fish.

Lord Percy screwed in his monocle again.

"New York?" he repeated.

"Yep!"

"Is that a town?"

"Eh?"

"Or a country?"

"Wha-a-at!"

"I believe I've heard of the place," said Lord Percy, apparently making a polite endeavour to recall where he had heard it. "Haw! Ba Jove! I remember now! It's that little place up the rivah, isn't it?"

"My word!" murmured Mr. Fish to himself, almost overcome by the discovery that even a member of the played-out British aristocracy had never heard of New York.

"It isn't in England!" he said faintly.

"No? I'm sure I've heard the name before," said Lord Percy. "Don't wolf all those tarts, Skinner. Give a chap a chance! Haw!"

"It's a big city, sir, in a big State, in the Yewnited States," explained Mr. Fish.

"The United States?" said Lord Percy, looking perplexed. "Now, I'm quite sure I've heard of the United States—quite sure! A feller was sayin' the other day, at the Duke of Slopem's, somethin' or othah about the United States. It's in Canada, isn't it?"

"In—in Canada!" gasped Mr. Fish. "Oh, I swow!"

The ignorance of this hopeful scion of the British nobility almost appalled Mr. Fish.

"Pass the—haw—gingah-pop, you fellows," said Lord Percy. "Very kind of you to stand a feed like this, Mr. Sloosh. The youngstahs are quite enjoyin' themselves. Of course, you must allow me to return your hospitality. I trust I shall see you at my pater's place in—in Blankshire?"

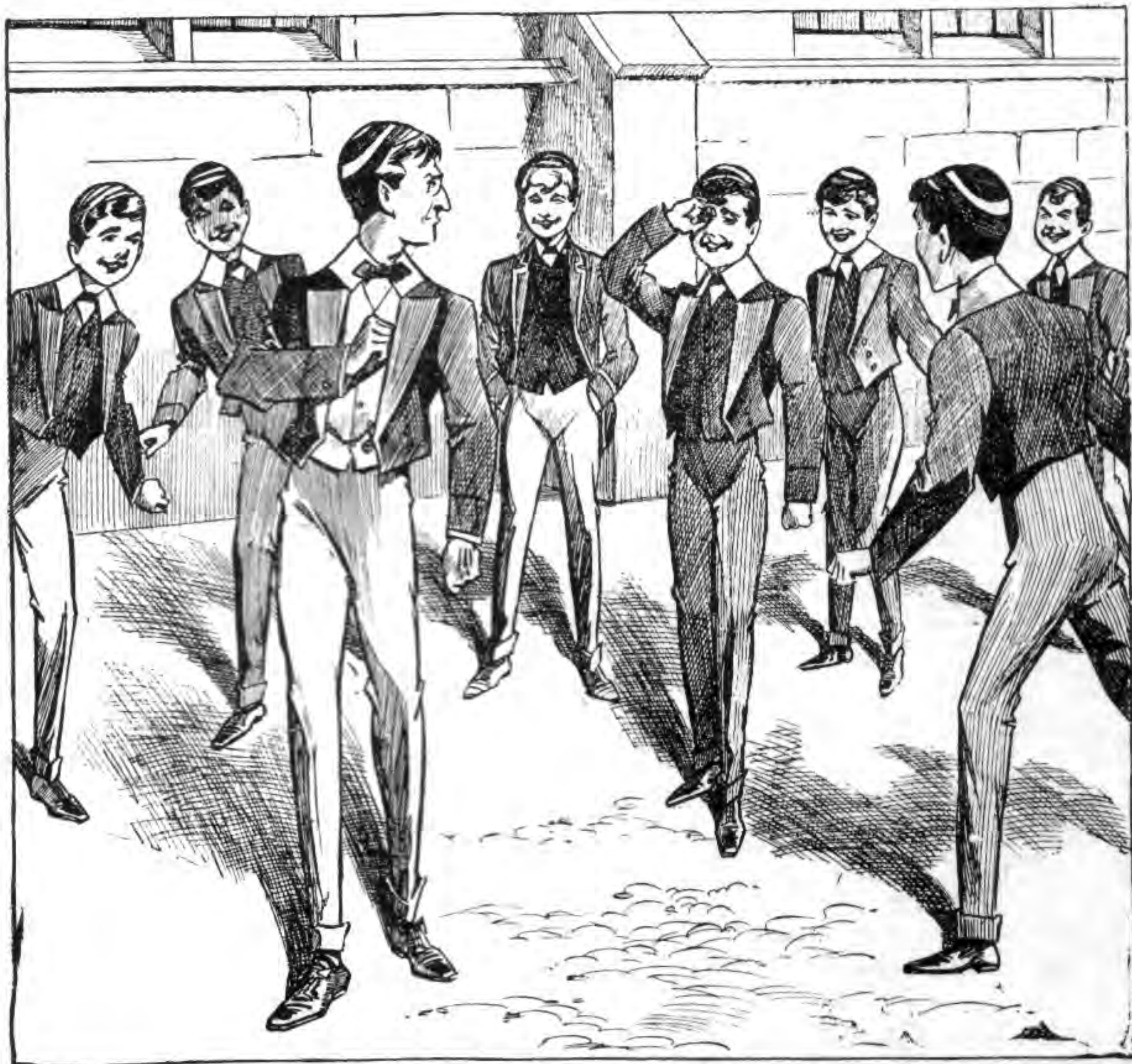
"I should be delighted, my lord."

"Happy to see you there," said Lord Percy affably. "Remind me of your name when you call—I nevah remembah names. Of course, you'll be frightfully bored if you come. We're quite a small partay there at present—not more than a hundred people. Don't take any notice of my uncle the duke; he bores everybody!"

"I should be delighted to meet your respected uncle, my lord."

"Better look out for him. He'll be taking you off to the House of Lords to listen to a debate if you're not dashed careful!" said Lord Percy, with a shake of the head.

Mr. Fish's eyes danced. To be taken by a duke to listen to a debate in the House of Lords would be a glorious crowning achievement in the great career.



"My hat!" ejaculated Tubb of the Third. "Here's Lord Fish in a giddy monocle!" And the fag extracted a penny from his pocket, and jammed it into his eye in the style of a monocle, and strutted after Fish across the Close. "You cheeky mugwump!" roared Fish. (See Chapter 5.)

"Of course, we can give you plenty of huntin' and shootin'," said Lord Percy. "I suppose you go in for huntin'? Frightful bore, I call it!"

"Ahem!"

"Shootin', too—awful bore—what?"

"H'm!"

"But we've got a golf course that's rather decent," said Lord Percy. "I s'pose you golf—what? If you're not jolly careful the duke will take you round the course, and bore you with his old story of how he played King Edward, at that time Prince of Wales. He bores everybody with that story."

"My lord!"

"But you'll meet some middling decent people—Asquith and Churchill will be there for the week-end. We have to make a fuss of these political johnnies, you know. Of course, we bar Lloyd George!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry, unable to contain himself any longer.

And a roar of laughter followed through the tuckshop.

Mr. Fish looked at the juniors in astonishment. It seemed very near sacrilege, to him, for common or garden human beings to interrupt a lord, the son of a marquis, and the nephew of a duke, with a burst of laughter.

"Haw! I think I'll be getting along now," said Lord Percy. "Don't you fellows leave off, though. The duke

will be dashed ratty if I'm home late. But you chaps stick it out—Mr. Snatch wants you to have as much as you like."

"Ye-e-ep."

"Is my cah at the gates?" asked Lord Percy.

"Not yet, my lord," said Bob Cherry. "Don't go yet. Mr. Fish hasn't paid the bill yet."

Mr. Fish paid the bill. The feed had been on a tremendous scale, and the gentleman from New York looked a little grave when Mrs. Mimble presented a bill for five pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence. That part of the little joke had not been intended by the Famous Five at all; but Bolsover major had taken the bit into his teeth, so to speak. He did not intend to take the trouble of playing a lord for nothing. And Bolsover was not finished yet.

He ran his hands through his pockets.

"Haw! Dashed stupid of me to forget my money!" he exclaimed. "I must tip the chauffeur a sovereign, too. Lend me a sovereign, Mr. Snootch. Remind me that I owe it to you when you call at De Vere Towers."

"With pleasure, my lord."

And Mr. Fish felt in his waistcoat pocket.

But the chums of the Remove did not intend to stand that. They were "out" for a joke, not for a swindle, and Bolsover major had to be kept within bounds.

NEXT
MONDAY—

"THE MATCH WITH ST. JIM'S!"

A Splendid Complete Tale of the
Chums of Greyfriars. Order Early!

"Time you went, my lord," said Bob Cherry, taking Lord Percy de Vere by the arm.

"Hold on a minute! Mr. Scratch is lendin' me a quid—haw!"

"He jolly well isn't!" said Harry Wharton, taking Bolsover's other arm. "Come on!"

"Haw! My deah boys——"

But Lord Percy was rushed out of the tuckshop at top speed, and the crowd of juniors swarmed after him, laughing loudly.

Mr. Fish looked considerably surprised.

"I guess that's a very free-and-easy way of treating a lord," he said to his son.

Fisher T. Fish did not reply. He knew the Greyfriars fellows better than his popper did, and he was beginning to smell a large-sized rat. Mr. Fish looked at his watch.

"Waal, I must be getting on to see the Head," he remarked. "I'll see you again afterwards, Fisher. I'm staying for a few days at the Courtfield Arms, while I'm looking after those investigations. What a delightful young gentleman Lord Percy de Vere is."

"Um!"

"So affable—such a true nobleman," said Mr. Fish. "So brilliant in talk—so intelligent!"

"Um!"

"Not at all swanking, though he is the nephew of a duke. You must try to know that young gentleman better, Fisher. Waal, I must get to the Head's house now if I'm to call on him while I'm here."

And Mr. Fish walked away to pay his call on the Head, and Fisher T. Fish, with a corrugated brow, stalked away to look for Harry Wharton & Co. He found them in No. 1 Study—with Lord Percy de Vere. Lord Percy was taking his moustache off.

Fisher T. Fish glared at the juniors. He had suspected something in the tuckshop, and he was sure now that he saw his lordship removing his moustache.

"You jays!" he exclaimed. "So it was a jape, was it?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bolsover major.

"You—you rotters——"

"Fishy, old man, we did it for your sake," said Bob Cherry solemnly. "Lord Mauleverer cleared off, and we wouldn't be so cruel as to leave you lordless on the day your popper was here!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I've a jolly good mind to wipe up the study with you!" roared Fish.

"Ha, ha! Come on!"

"I guess you'll sing pretty small, anyway, when you know what I know," said Fisher T. Fish. "I guess Lord Mauleverer will have to take a back seat when there's another lord in the Remove, with plenty of good American dollars to back him up!"

The Removites stared blankly at Fish.

"What are you driving at?" asked Wharton. "Is there another lord coming to Greyfriars?"

"Yep."

"My hat! Who is it?"

Fisher T. Fish felt that he would have been more wise to keep his popper's important communication secret until the matter was more certain. But the desire to impress the Remove fellows, and to show them that he—Fisher Tarleton Fish—was a much more considerable personage than they had ever dreamed, was too strong for him.

"I guess it's a galoot about my size!" he announced.

"What!"

"Which!"

"It's being hunted up by the Heralds' Office," said Fish loftily. "We are the representatives of the old family of Fyshe de Fyshe, who had a manor here hundreds of years ago, and whose names are on the mouldy old tombstones hereabouts. My father is entitled to the name of Lord Fish——"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"We shall shortly assume the arms of the Fish family——"

"A codfish rampant," asked Bob Cherry, "with three sprats gules——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You'll sing a different tune when I'm Viscount Fish, with my popper in the House of Lords!" snapped Fish.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Lord Fish!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

No. 1 Study rang with laughter, and Fisher T. Fish beat a retreat, wishing he had not been quite so hasty in making that impressive communication, which had somehow failed to impress the heroes of the Remove.

Loud yells of laughter followed him down the passage. Fisher T. Fish had often surprised the Remove with startling ideas and wonderful schemes. But Fish's latest—his claim to be a member of the effete and played-out British

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aristocracy for which he had always expressed a hearty democratic contempt—was too rich. The famous Five yelled over it, and within half an hour all the Remove was yelling, too. And the other fellows heard of it, and Coker of the Fifth roared himself hoarse in his study, and the Sixth-Formers chuckled over it, and the fags of the Lower Forms hailed the American junior in the Close with yells of "Lord Fish!"

And from that moment Fisher T. Fish was never addressed without his title.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Lord Fish!

JOHNNY BULL came into his study, No. 4 in the Remove passage, which he shared with Fisher T. Fish. It was the day after the visit of Mr. Fish to Greyfriars.

Johnny Bull paused in the study doorway, with a gasp of astonishment.

Fisher T. Fish was there.

He was standing before the looking-glass, screwing a monocle into his eye, and admiring the effect of it in the glass.

Fish of the Remove had always been somewhat careless in his dress. Indeed, Mr. Quelch, his Form-master, had sometimes called him to order for untidiness. But the discovery that he was a member of the British nobility had apparently made a great difference. Fish's appearance had smartened up considerably. His collar had become spotless, and his tie was quite straight. His clothes were well brushed, and his boots neatly laced. And he was trying on a monocle!

Fish's knowledge of the nobility was chiefly gained from novels, and the society columns of newspapers. In those columns, like so many Americans, he took a deep and tender interest. Perhaps he regarded an eyeglass as a necessary adjunct to a lord. His lordship was not yet proved; but it was easy enough to buy a monocle, so he had started with that. Johnny Bull gasped as he saw the American junior making efforts to keep the troublesome appendage lodged against the side of his long, thin nose.

"My only hat!"

Fisher T. Fish started and looked round, and slipped the monocle hastily into his waistcoat pocket.

"Anything wrong with your eye?" asked Bull.

"Nope."

"Can you see all right?"

"I guess so."

"Then what do you want a glass for?"

"I guess I'm going in for style," said Fisher T. Fish. He extracted the eyeglass from his pocket again, and jammed it into his eye. "How do you think I look with it?"

"You really want me to tell you?" asked Bull, regarding him.

"Yep."

"Well, I think you look a silty ass!"

"Look hyer——"

"And a frabjous duffer!"

"I guess——"

"And a howling idiot!" pursued Johnny Bull.

"I guess you wouldn't understand—a commoner like you!" said Fish disdainfully.

"Wha-a-at!"

"You wouldn't understand what was the right thing for a member of the nobility. The lower classes never do, I guess."

"Lower classes!" gasped Johnny Bull.

"Yep! That's what you are! That's what all the fellows hyer are, I guess," said Fish loftily. "The only fellow in the Remove I regard as an equal is Lord Mauleverer. Not quite an equal, either, I calculate. I guess the Fyshe de Fysches can knock spots off the Mauleverers in antiquity. We are one of the oldest families in the country."

"My hat!"

"I guess there ought to be some dodge hyer for distinguishing members of the nobility from common people, same as they have at Oxford," said Fish. "I used to think that was snobbishness. I guess I can see now it's the right thing. A feller ought to keep up his class. Why shouldn't a feller here wear a gold tassel on his cap, to show that he's a nobleman? I guess it's a slick idea!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Darn the thing!" ejaculated Fish, as the eyeglass slipped

ANSWERS

from his eye. "I guess these things want getting used to!" And he jammed the monocle in again.

"You're not going out in that thing!" exclaimed Johnny Bull, as Fisher T. Fish strutted towards the door.

"Why not?"

"Ha, ha! The fellows will laugh you to death!" howled Johnny Bull.

"I guess I don't mind the vulgar manners of the lower classes. It don't cut any ice with me. When a fellow belongs to a really old and noble family, I guess it's up to him to act accordingly."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fish snorted contemptuously, and walked out of the study. A new strut had come into Fish's walk since he had discovered that he was a nobleman. Johnny Bull collapsed into the study armchair, and roared. It seemed incredible that even a duffer like Fisher T. Fish should act the "giddy goat" in this manner. But Fish had evidently taken his nobility seriously, and was impervious to ridicule.

The sight of Fish coming down the Remove passage with a strutting walk, and a monocle in his eye, caused quite a sensation. Peter Todd looked out of his study and spotted him, and gave a yell, and in a moment a score of eyes were upon Fish. Fish looked at the grinning juniors loftily.

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Todd. "What's the matter with your eye, Fishy?"

"Nothing, I guess!"

"I thought you had a pane in it, old chap."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, don't be funny!" growled Fisher T. Fish. "And don't be quite so free with your old chap. I don't like familiarity."

"Wha-a-at!"

Fish walked on with his roar in the air. A yell of laughter followed him, but Fish did not mind. As he went downstairs, Coker & Co., who were in the Lower Hall, spotted him. Coker and Potter and Greene of the Fifth stared at Fish as if their eyes would come out of their heads.

"It's—it's Fish—Lord Fish!" gasped Coker. "Putting on style, by Jove!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Potter and Greene.

Fish looked them up and down through his monocle, and walked on haughtily. Horace Coker caught him by the shoulder and swung him back.

"Hold on, Fishy—"

"Leggo!" howled Fish. "How dare you lay hands on me, you—common ruffians!"

Coker almost fell down.

"He's mad!" he gasped.

Fisher T. Fish jerked himself away.

"You take care how you lay your hands on me," he said.

"I don't like it! I don't like familiarity of any sort, I guess. You keep your place, Coker!"

And he walked out of the School House, leaving Coker & Co. too dazed and dumbfounded to wipe up the floor with him.

"My hat! Here's Lord Fish in a giddy monocle!" ejaculated Tubb of the Third. "This beats everything!"

And the fag extracted a penny from his pocket, and jammed it into his eye in the style of a monocle, and strutted after Fish across the Close. Tubb's strut, and the expression of his face as he screwed it up to keep the coin in place, made the fellows shriek. Fisher T. Fish glanced round and glared at the Third-Former.

"You cheeky young mugwump!" he roared. "What are you up to?"

Tubb waved his hand loftily.

"Don't address me!" he replied. "You may not be aware that I am Lord Tubb, Marquis of the Third, and Duke of the Tuckshop! Get off the earth!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish did not get off the earth. He jumped at Tubb, and collared him, and boxed his ears, and Tubb roared and kicked.

"Ow, ow, ow! Yah! Leggo! Yaroo!"

"Stop that, Fish!" exclaimed Wingate of the Sixth coming out of the School House. "Stop it, do you hear?"

"I guess I'm not taking any orders from you," said Fish, turning his monocle upon the captain of Greyfriars. "You slide off!"

"What?" Wingate stared at him blankly. "What's that thing in your eye, Fish?"

"I guess that's my monocle."

"Take it off!"

"Hey?"

"Take it off!" roared Wingate.

"I guess—"

Wingate strode towards the American junior, and grasped him by the ear with his left hand, and with the right, jerked away the offending monocle. He pitched it on the ground and stamped upon it. The eyeglass crunched to fragments under the prefect's heavy boot.

"You jay!" roared Fisher T. Fish indignantly. "You blithering mugwump! What do you mean by smashing my THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 337.

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monocle? Leggo my ear! Yow! Keep your low hands off me!"

Wingate compressed his grip, and Fisher T. Fish fairly danced.

"Yow! Ow, ow, ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tubb. "How do you like it, my lord?"

"Yaroo! Leggo! I guess I'll scalp you if I get my mad up!" shrieked Fish. "Yaroo! Oh! Leggo my ear!"

"You've got to apologise for checking a prefect first," said Wingate calmly.

"I guess not! A nobleman don't apologise to a commonplace mugwump—Yaroo! ow, ow! I guess I apologise! Yow—ow! I apologise all you want!" wailed Fisher T. Fish.

"That's better," said Wingate, releasing him. "And remember, if I see you playing the fool with an eyeglass again, I'll give you a hiding."

"Yow—ow!"

Wingate walked away, and Fish rubbed his ear, which was fiery red, and glared at the grinning juniors.

"You call this a free country," he hooted, "where a galoot ain't allowed to wear a monocle according to his class—where a nobleman can't do as he blessed well likes? Yah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And Fisher T. Fish stalked indignantly away, minus his monocle.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Pride Goes Before a Fall!

FISHER T. FISH'S latest was a source of endless merriment to the Remove fellows. The only person at Greyfriars who took it seriously was F. T. Fish himself.

He had taken it with the most solemn seriousness. Fisher T. Fish had, in his time at Greyfriars, played many parts. He generally had some scheme on—and he had tried lending money among his Form-fellows, he had tried a private pawnbroking business; he had tried keeping a tuckshop, and always his little schemes had come to a disastrous ending. Some of the fellows had wondered what Fish's next wonderful wheeze would be. But that he would discover himself to be a member of the British nobility, and put on side to an unlimited extent in consequence, simply took their breath away. According to all the opinions he had loudly and constantly expressed, he should have despised such trifles as titles, and such absurd baubles as coronets. But all Fisher T. Fish's democratic opinions went by the board now. All that was snobbish came to the top. The mere idea of belonging to the nobility seemed to have turned his head on the spot. To the American mind, perhaps, the nobility seemed a more mysteriously sacred order than to the native mind; as the poet says: "Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." The Remove fellows had always considered Fisher T. Fish a duffer—but they had never dreamed that he could be so utterly howling a duffer as this.

The "side" assumed by Fish on the strength of his expectations was tremendous. The monocle was only one sign of it. He became decidedly uppish in his manners. There were two scholarship boys in the Remove—Mark Linley, who had worked in a Lancashire factory before he came to Greyfriars, and Dick Penfold, who was the son of the village cobbler.

Fish, with all his faults, had never joined the snobs of the school in affecting to look down upon them. But now he outdid the snobs at their own game. The scholarship boys were utterly beneath his noble notice now, and he strove to make that quite plain. And he was quite uppish to many other fellows. He began to assume a drawl in speaking, which mixed oddly with the nasal twang of his voice.

Mr. Fish had taken up his quarters at the Courtfield Arms, in the neighbouring town. Fish was at liberty to visit him, and he rode over on his bike several times, and each time the grinning juniors asked him for news when he came back. It came out that the inquiry agent, who claimed to be connected with the Heralds' Office in London, had arrived in Courtfield, and that he and Mr. Fish were working together at tracing out the Fish ancestral line, back to the ancient family of Fyshe de Fyshe. The juniors yelled with laughter at the bare idea of it. They had read of such things happening—it is not an uncommon thing for a self-made millionaire to employ such agents to trace out or to manufacture a pedigree for him. But that Fish should do it—Fish, the Yankee—Fish, the democrat—Fish, the despiser of such played-out old institutions as a nobility—that, as Bob Cherry remarked, took the biscuit.

"I always knew he was a silly ass!" said Bob. "Of course, we all knew that. But that he was such a silly ass as this—"

"And he's quite in earnest," grinned Nugent. "The

howling duffer really believes that he is a lord, descended from the Fyshe de Fyshes. By the way, were there ever any Fyshe de Fyshes?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't believe so. My idea is that Mr. Inquiry Agent is pulling Mr. Fish's Yankee leg, to screw inquiry fees out of him," said Bob. "Of course, he may make up an ancestral line for him. It's often done nowadays. But my belief is that the only ancestral line the Fishes ever had was the one they hung the family washing on."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Here he comes!" murmured Wharton. "Doesn't he take the biscuit?"

Fisher T. Fish strutted into the common-room, where the juniors were talking. He glanced at Harry Wharton & Co. in a supercilious manner. Mark Linley came towards him with a book in his hand.

"Oh, I say, Fishy——"

Fisher T. Fish stared at him coolly.

"Did you speak to me?" he asked.

"Yes," said Mark wonderingly.

"Then don't!"

"What!"

"I'll thank you not to talk to me," said Fish. "I don't want to be unpleasant, but a chap has to be rather particular whom he speaks to. I bar factory fellows. Excuse me."

Mark turned red.

"You silly chump!" he exclaimed. "I was going to lend you this book. I heard that you wanted it——"

Fisher T. Fish waved his hand loftily.

"I decline to accept any favour from you, my lad!" he said.

"You'll accept a thick ear from me if you're not a bit more civil," said Mark, with a blaze in his usually quiet eyes.

Fish turned away loftily. He did not want to enter into a fistie encounter with the Lancashire lad. Mark Linley was a dreadfully hard hitter when he was angry.

"Well, you utter chump, Fishy," said Dick Penfold, as Fish came over towards the window, where Penfold was reading. "How can you be such a pig?"

"Eh?"

"I called you a pig," said Pen. "A hog, if you like it better. If I were Linley I'd wipe up the floor with your silly carcase!"

"Don't speak to me!"

"Why not?" demanded Penfold warmly.

"I guess I draw the line at shoemakers," said Fish, with a curl of the lip.

Penfold jumped up.

"And I draw the line at cheek from a silly cuckoo!" he exclaimed. "And I hand out thick ears to silly asses who can't be civil."

Biff, biff!

"Yaroo!" roared Fisher T. Fish as Penfold's left and right came thudding upon his thin face. "Hold on! Stop it! Why, I'll smash you! I'll—— Yaroo!"

Biff, biff, biff!

Fisher T. Fish was not a fighting-man, but he could not take that quietly. He rushed at Penfold, and they fought in a wild and whirling manner for a couple of minutes, and then Fish went heavily to the floor, with the "claret" streaming from his aristocratic nose. He lay there and gasped, and mopped his nose with his handkerchief.

"Want some more?" asked Pen.

"Yow! Nope!"

"Then you'd better keep a civil tongue in your silly head, or you'll get some more, whether you want it or not," said Pen disdainfully. And he returned to his book and took no more notice of Fisher T. Fish.

The latter rose slowly and painfully to his feet, mopping his nose. He certainly did not want any more. He felt too thoroughly "used up" by that sharp encounter. A laugh and a hiss followed him from the common-room. Fisher T. Fish had never been popular. He had been regarded more or less as a harmless duffer: but he was on the way now to becoming extremely unpopular. His absurd "swank," up to a certain point, was funny, but past that point it became exceedingly exasperating. The Removites were already discussing a dormitory ragging as the best means of taking the nonsense out of Lord Fish.

"Low bounders!" murmured Fisher T. Fish, as he bathed his nose under a bath-room tap. "Low rascals! I guess there's hardly a single galoot at this school good enough to speak to. I calculate I ought to be at Eton, where there are plenty of lords—my own class. There's only Mauleverer hyer who's really of a proper station for me to chum with. I'll give him a look-in, I guess."

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And when he had finished bathing his nose Fisher T. Fish gave Lord Mauleverer a look-in. The schoolboy earl was in his study, writing lines, which Mr. Quelch had given him for leaving his preparation undone the previous evening. He looked up with a tired and extremely bored expression as Fish came in.

"Impot?" asked Fish sympathetically.

"Yaas," groaned Lord Mauleverer.

"I guess I'd help you, only Quelchy would spot my fist," said Fish. "We two fellows ought to help one another, you know. Chaps ought to stand by their own class."

"Begad!"

"I calculate you've heard about it?" went on Fisher T. Fish confidentially. "It comes out that the Fish who emigrated to America sixty years ago was the last representative of the old family of Fyshe de Fyshes, who had an old manor house in these parts, that old house called the Grange, near Pegg, you know. Mr. Sharp, the inquiry agent my popper is employing, is working it out for us. He's found an old tombstone with the name on it, and it turns out there are documents to be discovered, proving the whole business. There was a title in the family. It has been in abeyance since Lord Fyshe was executed in the reign of Edward the Third: but Mr. Sharp thinks it will be quite easy to get it revived by an appeal to the House of Lords."

"Begad!"

"There's not the slightest doubt that we're entitled to the title," explained Fish. "The Ebenezer Fish who worked his passage—I mean, who emigrated in the reign of Queen Victoria, was undoubtedly the lineal descendant of the old Baron de Fyshe. Of course, finding this out has made some difference to me."

"Yaas?"

"A fellow's bound to be a bit particular when he's the holder of an ancient and honoured title, don't you think so, Mauly?"

"My friends call me Mauly!" said Lord Mauleverer, looking deliberately at Fisher T. Fish.

"I guess I'm your friend, Mauly. Two lords ought to stand together, you know, against these beastly low, familiar commoners!" urged Fish. "I've put that factory bounder, Linley, in his place already, and—and Penfold"—Fish rubbed his nose—"Penfold had the holy nerve to get violent, like all the beastly lower classes when a nobleman puts them in their place."

"Ahem! I chastised the low rascal," said Fish. "But look here! Mauly, don't you see that we ought to stand shoulder to shoulder? And—and don't you think that noblemen ought to be distinguished from commoners by a tassel on the cap, in the University style. I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'll begin wearing a gold tassel I'll do the same."

"Begad!"

"What do you think, Mauly?"

"I think you the silliest, duffiest snob that ever snobbed," said Lord Mauleverer deliberately. "Mark Linley is my friend, and a splendid chap. I wouldn't own you as a friend if I were Robinson Crusoe, and you my last chance of a Man Friday. I couldn't stand you at any price. You are a cad!"

"What!"

"And a fellow who runs down my friend isn't welcome in my study. Get out!" said his lordship, rising to his feet.

Fisher T. Fish jumped up in wrath.

"Look hyer, you lackadaisical mugwump!" he roared. "If you want me to squash you on your study carpet I'm the antelope that can walk up and do it, and don't you forget it."

Lord Mauleverer seemed a safe person to take the upper hand with, as he was too much of a slacker to exert himself, as a rule. Lord Mauleverer had been known to listen to a chap slanging him for ten minutes with perfect calmness without making a reply, or appearing offended in the least, on the ground that taking offence was an unnecessary waste of energy. But Fisher T. Fish was destined to meet with a surprise this time. His lordship, for once, was angry, and forgot that he was a slacker.

"Come on, then!" said Lord Mauleverer unexpectedly.

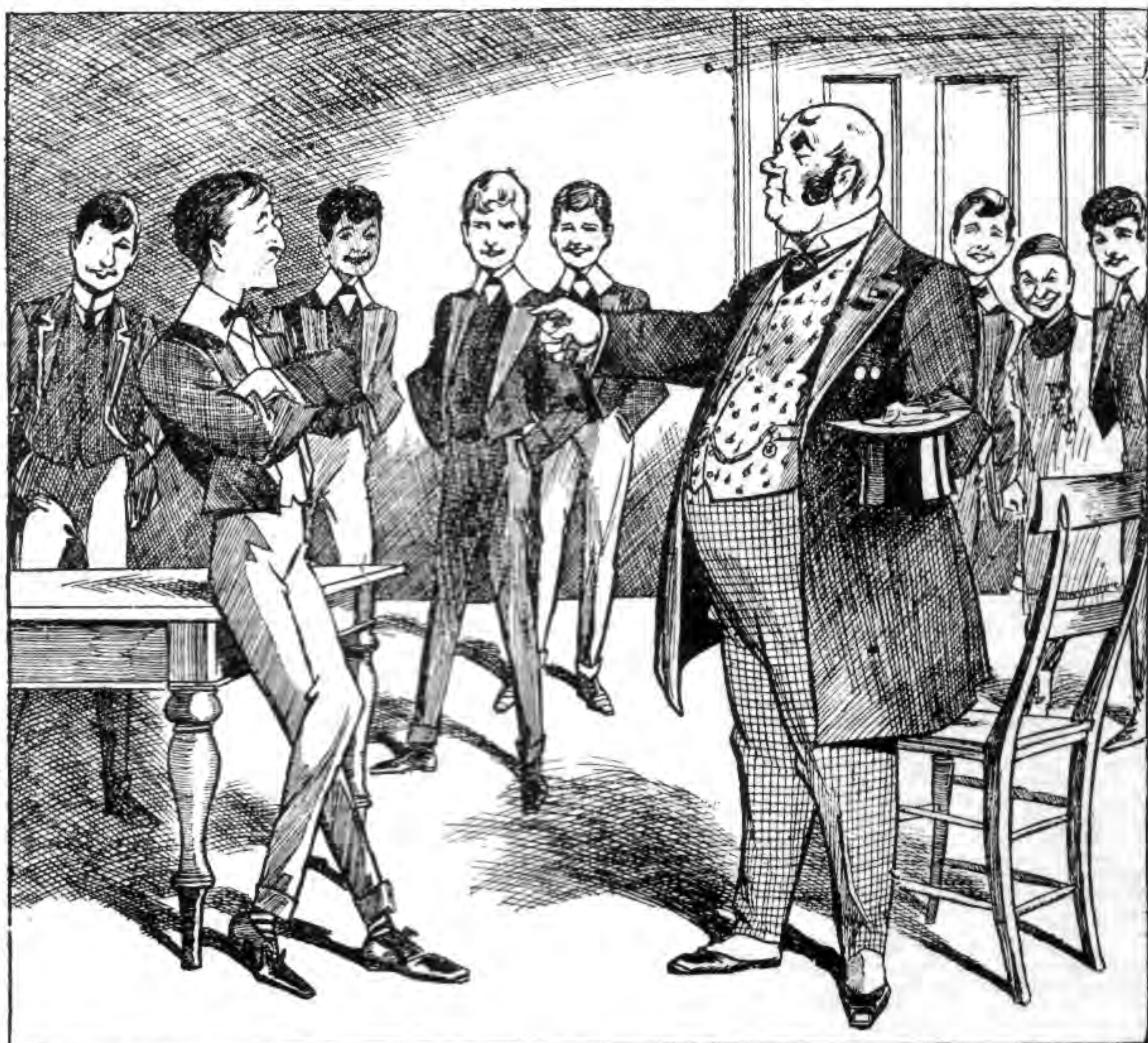
"What! I guess I'll make strips and shavings of you, you slacking mugwump. I guess—— Hyer, whatter you at? Leggo! Chuck it! Oh!"

Lord Mauleverer had grasped him. Fisher T. Fish found himself whirled off his feet, and swung through the study doorway.

"Waal, I swow! Oh, jumping Jehoshaphat! Ow!"

Stam!

Fisher T. Fish rose to his feet limply, and limped away. He did not open the study door again. His fellow-nobleman was too violent for his tastes. Evidently there never would be any friendship between Lord Mauleverer and Lord Fish.



"My name is General de Courcy," said the stranger. "I have a most important communication to make. The claim of Lord de Fyshe has been examined, and is fully admitted!" "Do you mean to tell me that Fish is a lord?" howled Bolsover. "Undoubtedly!" (See Chapter 13.)

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER. Not To Be Taken In!

"HERE comes the duke!" murmured Bob Cherry. It was Saturday afternoon, and the Remove fellows were going down to the cricket-field, when Mr. Fish was observed coming in at the school gates. The American gentleman was calling for his son to take him out for the afternoon. The juniors had already nicknamed him the Duke of New York. If Fishy was a lord, there was no reason why his father shouldn't be a duke. And, as Nugent said, Mr. Fish was the one as much as Fisher T. was the other.

Fisher T. Fish joined his father in the Close. The gentleman from New York was in high good-humour. He was accompanied by a little man with a large hooked nose, dressed in a rusty black frock-coat and a silk hat that, though very carefully brushed, showed signs of having seen better days, and seen the last of them. This was evidently Mr. Sharp, the inquiry agent, who had satisfied Mr. Fish that he had some official connection with the Herald's Office.

It was curious that a keen and knowing business man like Hiram K. Fish should have been imposed upon, as he doubtless was, by the cunning Mr. Sharp; but every character has its weakness, and Mr. Sharp had tackled Hiram K. Fish on his weak side. At the thought of proving his descent from a

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titled family, and assuming a title himself, all Mr. Fish's keen business acumen seemed to desert him, and he was in the hands of Mr. Sharp as clay in the hands of the potter.

"Lord Percy gone home, I suppose?" Mr. Fish asked, as his son joined him.

Fisher T. Fish snorted.

"I guess that was all bunkum," he said.

"What! You remember Lord Percy de Vere, whom I met here last Wednesday, and who asked me to visit him at De Vere Towers—"

"It was all spoof!" explained Fish. "It was Bolsover major, of our Form, got up to take us in, and not a lord at all."

"What!" Mr. Fish turned almost purple with wrath. "What! Then I guess I've been swindled! I stood five pounds seventeen and sixpence—"

"I calculate that's clean gone."

"Clean gone!" exclaimed Mr. Fish excitedly. "I guess not! I've been done—spoofed—dished! I guess I'm going to have my money back!"

"Can't be did, popper. You stood the treat of your own accord, thinking that that jay was Lord Percy de Vere—"

"You just show me the young rascal who spoofed me, that's all!" said Mr. Fish impressively. "I'll talk to him! I'll show him whether he can pull the leg of Hiram K. Fish, of Noo York! Just you point him out!"

NEXT
MONDAY—

"THE MATCH WITH ST. JIM'S!"

A Splendid Complete Tale of the
Chums of Greyfriars. Order Early!

"There he is!"

Bolsover major was sauntering under the elms, talking to Skinner and Lord Mauleverer, who had been induced to come out and watch the cricket. Mr. Fish bore down on them. Fisher T. Fish remained with Mr. Sharp. He did not want to enter into any altercation with Bolsover major, the biggest fellow in the Remove. Bolsover would have "walloped" him without the slightest regard for his noble blood.

Mr. Fish held up a long, bony forefinger at the three juniors under the elms. They stared at him.

"I guess you are the young rascal who took me in the other day," said Mr. Fish.

Bolsover major grinned.

"Haw! Howdido, Mr. Squash?" he asked. "I hope I shall be seein' you soon at De Vere Towahs? My uncle, the Duke——"

"You cheeky young rascal!"

"Oh, draw it mild, you know," said Lord Mauleverer gently. "Don't get into a wax, sir! It's doocid hot weather for gettin' into a wax, you know."

"You ring off," said Mr. Fish. "Who are you, anyway?"

"Lord Mauleverer," said Bolsover major, hoping to pour oil on the troubled waters by presenting a real lord to the irate visitor. "This is the Earl of Mauleverer, sir——"

Mr. Fish snorted. He had been taken in once. He was too cute to be taken in a second time. The nerve of this junior in attempting to pass off a schoolboy on him for an earl almost took his breath away. He grasped his walking-stick firmly, and fixed his eyes upon Lord Mauleverer, determined to deal with the impostor as he deserved.

"So you are a lord, hey?" he asked.

"Yaas."

"Lord Mauleverer?"

"Yaas."

"Connected with half the nobility, I guess?"

"Yaas."

"You cheeky young jay, I'll show you whether Hiram K. Fish is to be taken in a second time!" exclaimed Mr. Fish. And he suddenly grasped Lord Mauleverer by the collar, and laid his walking-stick lustily about the surprised and indignant junior. "Take that—and that—and that—and that!"

"Ow! Begad! Help!"

"And that—and that, my lord! I'll lord you, I guess! And that—and that, you cheeky impostor! And that! I'll Lord Mauleverer you!"

"Begad! Draggimmo! He's mad!"

Fisher T. Fish rushed up in alarm.

"Popper! What are you up to? That's Lord Mauleverer!"

"What?"

"It's the chap I told you about in my letters, Lord Mauleverer!" gasped Fisher T. Fish. "What are you larruping him for? You mustn't do that, you know!"

Mr. Fish released Lord Mauleverer as if he had suddenly become red-hot. He turned quite pale at the thought that he had been laying his walking-stick round the noble person of a member of the nobility.

"By gum!" he gasped. "I—I'm sorry, my lord! I—I thought it was another gum—game, my lord! I beg your lordship's pardon."

"Begad!" murmured Lord Mauleverer. "You silly ass!"

"I apologise!"

"You awful duffer! If you weren't an old johnny, I'd mop up the ground with you!" shouted Lord Mauleverer, greatly excited for once. "As you're too old to lick, sir, I can only tell you what I think of you. I think you're a silly ass, sir!"

"My lord——"

But Lord Mauleverer turned on his heel and stalked away, followed by Bolsover and Skinner, who were grinning. Mr. Fish looked dismayed and distressed.

"And I didn't know!" he murmured. "I—I've thrashed a lord, Fisher! Well, carry me home to die! You must manage to smooth him over somehow, Fisher."

And Mr. Fish walked away with his son, still in a state of considerable agitation at the enormity he had been guilty of. Father and son and Mr. Inquiry Agent walked out of the school gates together. Evidently they were bound upon some of Mr. Sharp's investigations into the antiquities of the Fyshe family in the neighbourhood. The grinning juniors watched them go, and Bob Cherry murmured: "If we weren't playing cricket this afternoon, you chaps——"

But the Remove fellows were playing the Upper Fourth that afternoon, and there was no time for thinking of japes upon Fisher T. Fish and his popper.

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THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Not a Success!

"BEAST!"

Billy Bunter was indignant. His fat face was very pink, and his little round eyes gleamed behind his big spectacles with wrath.

"Beast!" he repeated.

"What's the matter now, Tabby?" asked Peter Todd, with a yawn. "Somebody refused to cash a postal-order you're not expecting?"

"It's that Fish rotter!" said Bunter. "I always knew he was an idiot! But now he's started being a rotten snob, too! Fancy that awful outsider being a snob! Why, he ought to be proud if a fellow like me speaks to him! The awful cad! And I was willing to take his silly rot seriously—actually called him Lord Fish, and offered to go with him this afternoon. I suppose the old josser will be standing tea somewhere. I—I mean, I should have been willing to place my knowledge of the neighbourhood at his service, as he's a stranger in these parts. And that cheeky Fish beast said that he didn't care about associating with a publican's son! He knows jolly well that my father is a stockbroker. I'd a jolly good mind to lick him, only——"

"Only you had a better mind not to," grinned Todd.

"Look here, Toddy, you come with me, and——"

"I'm playing cricket, fatty!"

And Todd walked away towards the cricket-ground, where he was wanted to bat later against the Fourth-Formers. Billy Bunter blinked discontentedly. He felt that he was entitled to help and sympathy from his study-mates, but Todd apparently did not think so. Skinner and Bolsover major were lounging outside the tuckshop, and Bunter turned to them with an indignant blink.

"I say, you fellows, I've got a——"

"Not a postal-order!" grinned Skinner. "Don't say it's come! You've only been expecting it for three terms!"

"An idea!" growled Bunter. "Those silly dummies have gone to the ruined priory in the wood. They're nosing after traces of the Fyshe family. I don't believe there ever was any Fyshe family at all. The people who had the Grange were named Rushe—there are their names in Friardale Church now. I believe that johnny in the shabby coat is taking old Fish in."

"Most likely!" grinned Bolsover. "I should want a lot of convincing that Fishy is a lord—not that there's anything in it, if he is. But old Fish doesn't look the kind of man to be taken in easily, either."

"Oh, that swindler flatters him, and soft-soaps him!" growled Bunter. "I heard him addressing him—addressing that hatchet-faced old Yankee merchant—as 'My lord'!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You chaps know what a jolly good ventriloquist I am," went on Bunter. "I——"

"If you begin ventriloquising with me, you'll get a thick ear," said Bolsover. "I'm fed up with it!"

"Same here," said Skinner warningly. "Don't you start that on us!"

"I wasn't thinking of starting it on you, you ass!" howled Bunter. "I was thinking of springing it on those silly duffers at the priory. If you fellows like to come along, in case Fishy should spot me, and cut up rusty——"

"Good egg!" said Bolsover major approvingly. "Nothing doing this afternoon! They don't want us in the cricket, hang them! Come on!"

"We can find out what the silly jays are doing, anyway!" grinned Skinner, as they walked out of the school gates. "I've been thinking about that. If they're grubbing about for traces of the Fish ancestry, we might provide some for 'em to find. I could sneak some of the old parchment out of the school library without its being missed, and make up a first-class document——"

Bolsover major chuckled.

"What a ripping wheeze! It would be about as good as that Mr. Inquiry Agent will find for them, anyway. And I'd like to give old Fish one in the eye, for the pretty names he called me! He can't take a joke!"

The three juniors followed the footpath through the wood, Billy Bunter's little fat legs going like clockwork to keep up with Bolsover's long strides. They came in sight of the old priory, a mass of ruins embosomed in the thick woods. The sound of a clinking upon stone reached their ears as they approached. The investigators were evidently at work.

"They're going it!" murmured Skinner.

Bolsover & Co. crept cautiously towards the ruins, and in an opening of the shattered old priory wall, they ensconced themselves, to watch the scene within. The afternoon sun streamed down into the old ruins, overgrown with moss and creeping plants. Mr. Fish and Fisher T. and Mr. Inquiry Agent were very busy. They had evidently made a find. Mr. Sharp was scraping the moss from a stone set in the old

wall, and revealing some rude characters inscribed upon it. Fish and his popper were watching his progress eagerly. Bolsover & Co., keeping in cover, watched them with grins. Mr. Inquiry Agent had made a discovery, but whether he had prepared it in advance was another matter.

"Can you read it all now, Mr. Sharp?" Mr. Fish was inquiring.

"Not yet, sir; but the name is quite certain—'F—Y—S—' I am sure the rest of the name is here."

"I guess that will be a proof."

"No doubt at all about it, my lord," said Mr. Inquiry Agent respectfully. "This inscription will demonstrate the position held in the county by the Fyshe family, and therefore will be a substantial help to you in preferring your claim before the House of Lords for the revival of the old title."

Mr. Fish rubbed his long, thin hands. If the sharpest business man in New York had tried to sell Mr. Fish a pup, Mr. Fish would have smiled serenely, and declined the purchase. But the inquiry agent, by tackling him on the side of an absurd vanity, was turning the astute merchant round his finger as easily as a child. And Fisher T. Fish, who prided himself on being the widest-awake fellow at Greyfriars, was listening with wide-open eyes and ears to humbug that would not have taken in the densest fag in the Second Form.

The prospect of belonging to the nobility had dazzled both of them, and deprived them of their usual keenness, and made them an easy prey in the hands of the inquiry agent—not at all an uncommon happening, for Mr. Sharp was not the only one of his kind by many hundreds.

Mr. Fish and his son took in all he said open-mouthed, because it was what they wanted to hear, and it gratified their absurd conceit; but it was plain enough to Bolsover & Co., who were watching, that the inquiry agent was simply an adventurer, and plainly "on the make."

"The silly asses!" murmured Skinner. "Why, that fellow in black wouldn't take in a Giles from the country with the three-card trick, he's so palpable. And those duffers are swallowing his whoppers whole!"

"And it's all O.K. about the old title, what?" said Hiram K. Fish. "You see, I don't find any mention of it in the Peerage books, and I guess I've read them all from end to end by this time."

"The title being in abeyance, is not mentioned there," explained Mr. Sharp. "We have it, however, in our records at the Heralds' Office."

"Lot that swindler has to do with the Heralds' Office!" murmured Skinner. "More likely he's mentioned in the records at Wormwood Scrubs or Holloway." And the hidden juniors chuckled. They were getting quite interested in the scene.

Mr. Sharp went on scraping the stone. The moss came off it quite easily. The inscription, rudely cut in the stone, was revealed at last, and the two Fishes gazed at it eagerly. Mr. Fish read it out in almost trembling tones:

"Ye Priorie of Friardale founded by ye Baron de Fyshe, 1236."

"Twelve-eighty-six!" said Mr. Fish. "By gum! That was a good time ago!"

"Thirteenth century!" said Mr. Sharp. "The Fysches were very great people here at that time. We have it all down in our records at the Heralds' Office. The favourite family name in the Fyshe family was Ebenezer."

"My grandfather's name, popper!" said Fisher T. Fish.

"Yep!"

"They appear to have assumed the modern spelling of the name about the seventeenth century," said Mr. Sharp. "Upon your assumption of the title, I should recommend returning to the old style of spelling. Indeed, I think it will be necessary, in order to present the case in its proper light before the House of Lords. You are prepared to appear in the House of Lords in person on that occasion, my lord?"

"I guess so!"

"My colleagues at the Heralds' Office have been compiling a complete pedigree of the family, from the time of Edward the First to the Ebenezer Fish who was the last known member of the family in this county," said Mr. Sharp. "It is, of course, expensive."

"I calculate it can't be done for nothing," agreed Mr. Fish.

"The preliminary fees paid by you are fully accounted for in the statement I have already submitted to your lordship," said Mr. Sharp, "for the completion of the pedigree—very necessary to the case—the sum of five guineas must be paid. I am empowered to take it with me."

"I guess you'll find my cheque ready at the hotel, Mr. Sharp. I suppose it was in the Heralds' Office records you found out about this stone here?" asked Mr. Fish admiringly.

"Quite so, my lord. The sixth Baron de Fyshe is mentioned as having founded a priory, and it occurred to me that the statement might be borne out by some inscription here among the ruins," said Mr. Sharp modestly. "Of course, it is my business to think of these things. Inscriptions are in

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my special line. It was I who discovered the inscription on the corner-stone at Chamber Hall, which proved the right of the Earl of Swapston to the property. It had been claimed, as you may know, my Lord Snigston. But a few words in one of our records showed me that such an inscription was in existence, and I found it."

"I guess I should like to look over those records," said Mr. Fish. "Very interesting to read them through. No objection, I suppose?"

"None at all," said Mr. Sharp at once. "Only a special fee of twenty guineas is required for personal inspection of the records. Of course, you have a thorough knowledge of Latin?"

"Latin! I guess not!"

"The records are kept in Latin, of course!" said Mr. Sharp calmly. "It is a custom dating from the time of King Alfred."

"Then I guess I'll have to give the records a miss," said Mr. Fish. "Latin isn't in my line, and twenty guineas is a good sum, too."

"I shall provide you with a translation of the part of the records dealing with the Fyshe family," said the inquiry agent. "The fee of five guineas will cover that."

"What an awful swindler!" murmured Bolsover major. "That chap is a regular thief, and he has no more to do with the Heralds' Office than Bunter has. Blessed if I like seeing even that old chump swindled like this! He oughtn't to go out without a keeper. Can you imitate his squeak, Bunter?"

"Of course I can!" snapped the Greyfriars ventriloquist.

"Then pile in, and if you can work up a row between them, same as you did between old Prout and Mossoo, I'll stand you half a dozen tarts. We owe something to the old boy, after the splendid feed he stood us the other day!" chuckled Bolsover.

"I'm on!" murmured Bunter.

"May as well be getting back to the hotel now," said Mr. Fish. "I guess I'm glad we've found that stone. I had some doubts, but I'm pretty sure about it all now."

"You may be sure I shall stick to the five guineas, anyway!"

Mr. Fish jumped. The voice was so exactly like the somewhat squeaky tones of Mr. Inquiry Agent, that he did not doubt for a moment that Mr. Sharp had spoken. He stared blankly at the little man in black. That gentleman was looking round him, equally surprised, and wondering who had spoken.

"What's that?" exclaimed Mr. Fish. "I understood that all fees went to the Heralds' Office, not to you personally, Mr. Sharp!"

"Then you must be a silly ass!"

"What!"

"Oh, you're too silly to live! You're no more descended from the Fysches than you're descended from the clouds!"

"What!" yelled Mr. Fish.

"You're a Yankee bounder—that's what you are!"

"Great George Jones!" shouted Mr. Fish, grasping his stick menacingly. "Are you drunk, sir—drunk or mad?"

"G-g-g-goodness gracious!" gasped Mr. Sharp, utterly astounded at hearing his own secret thoughts uttered in that way, by a voice that was apparently his own. "I—I—I protest—I did not say, I—I—I—"

"You've been taking me in, what?" roared the angry gentleman from New York.

"Of course I have, you dummy!"

"Then I'll give you something instead of five guineas to remember me by!" howled Mr. Fish, rushing at the inquiry agent with uplifted walking-stick.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Bolsover major, forgetting himself. The sudden laugh rang through the old priory, and Mr. Fish paused in astonishment.

"It's a jape!" howled Fisher T. Fish, recovering himself, and rushing towards the gap in the wall. "Bolsover, you rotter—Skinner—Bunter! It's only a jape, popper! This fat beast Bunter is a ventriloquist!"

"Wha-a-af!"

"I—I assure you that I was not speaking!" gasped Mr. Inquiry Agent. "Your son has discovered what explains it. I did not say one word—"

"Bunter, you fat rotter—"

"Yow—ow—ow!" roared Bunter, as Fisher T. Fish dragged him out of the gap in the wall by his fat ears. "Leggo! I didn't—I wasn't—I— Yarrah!"

"A—a—a ventriloquist—hey?" roared Mr. Fish. "So it was you speaking, you fat mugwump! Pulling my leg—hey?"

"I didn't! Bolsover asked me to! I did it because—I mean I didn't do it—I'm not a ventriloquist! I never—wasn't—didn't—ow—ow—ow!"

NEXT
MONDAY—

"THE MATCH WITH ST. JIM'S!"

A Splendid Complete Tale of the
Chum of Greyfriars. Order Early!

Bunter roared and squirmed as Mr. Fish's stick came into play on his fat shoulders.

Bolsover major bravely rushed to the rescue, while Skinner scuttled away into the wood as fast as his legs could carry him. Skinner was a prudent youth, and he believed that discretion was the better part of valour; and certainly Mr. Hiram K. Fish looked very dangerous at that moment. Bolsover gave Mr. Fish a shove that made him stagger, and Bunter leaped up and fled. But Mr. Fish recovered himself in a moment, and rushed upon Bolsover. He had more than one score to pay off against that humorous youth. He colored the big Removeite, and his stick rose and fell like lightning.

"So it was a little joke of yours, hey?" he roared. "Another little joke, like the little joke with Lord Percy de Vere, hey? I'll Lord Percy de Vere you! I'll ventriloquist you! I'll break every bone in your body! I'll—"

Whack, whack, whack, whack, whack! Bolsover major roared and struggled, and broke away at last, and fled. Mr. Fish pursued him out of the old priory, still lashing out with the stick, and Bolsover yelled and hopped as he ran. He was feeling as if he had had a tussle

with a runaway motor-car by the time he escaped from the irate American gentleman, and ran panting into the wood.

The three practical jokers fled in different directions, and did not meet again till they were in the Close of Greyfriars. Bolsover major was in a savage temper. He had really intended to do Mr. Fish a good turn by causing trouble between him and the sharp Mr. Sharp. But it had decidedly not been a success, and Bolsover was aching all over from the terrific thrashing he had received. It would have been more prudent on Bunter's part to avoid the bully of the Remove just then. But Bunter was hungry, and he was too short-sighted to see the expression on Percy Bolsover's face. He bore down on him as he came in.

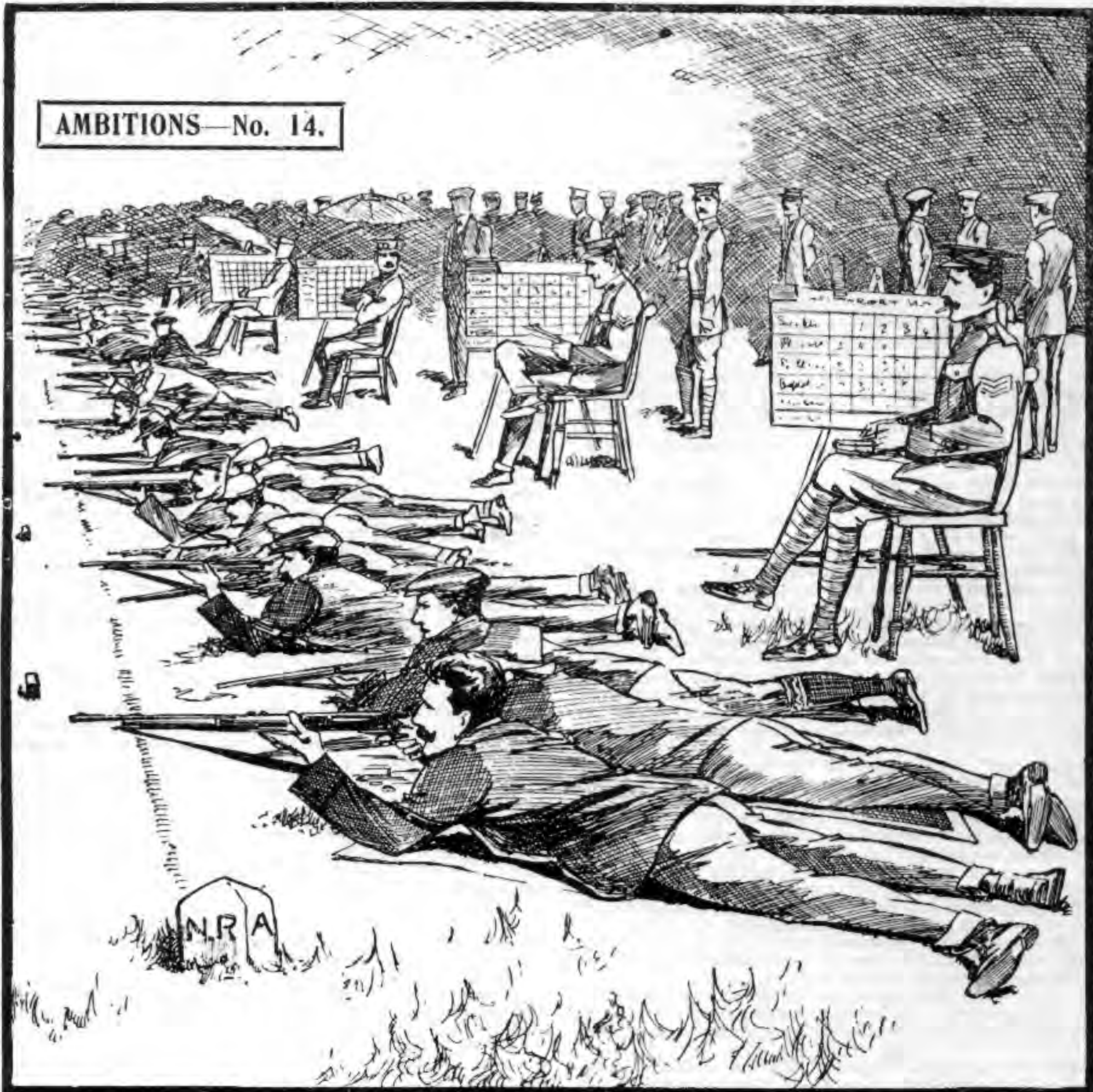
"What about those tarts, Bolsover?"

"What!"

"You remember you promised me half a dozen tarts if I—yaroooh! wharrer you doing!" howled Bunter, in amazement and indignation.

It was really a superfluous question. Bolsover major was cuffing him right and left, and as the alarmed Owl of the Remove turned to flee, Bolsover brought his boots into play, and dribbled Bunter across the Close as if he had been a

AMBITIONS—No. 14.



The art of marksmanship is one which every Britisher should cultivate assiduously, for one day it may stand him, and his country, in good stead. It is the ambition of every marksman to become a crack shot, and to shoot at the National Rifle Association's great meeting at Bisley, where some wonderful scores are put up every year.

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Bob Cherry halted behind the Friardale policeman, put his hands to his mouth, and gave a sudden roar: "Hallo!" "My heye!" gasped P.-c. Tozer, and the startled constable slipped from the stile, stumbled to the ground, and dropped on his hands and knees. (See Chapter 15.)

football. Bunter, utterly astounded, fled at top speed, roaring; and Bolsover major walked into the School House feeling a little consoled.

THE NINTH CHAPTER. Documentary Evidence!

"FISHY, old man——"
Fisher T. Fish looked suspiciously at Skinner. Skinner's manner was very friendly, but the American junior did not seem very amenable to Skinner's friendliness. He remembered Skinner among the party of practical jokers at the old priory; and, besides, in his new character as a member of the nobility, Fish did not like being addressed as "old man" by a commonplace person like Harold Skinner.

"Not so much of your 'old man,' please," said Fish loftily. "I don't like it, begad."

Skinner jumped. "Begad!" was a usual ejaculation of Lord Mauleverer, a little way of his. Fisher T. Fish

frequently ejaculated "by gum," or "by hokey," or "jumping Jehoshaphat!" But "begad" was a new expression for him. Apparently Lord Fish was modelling himself upon Lord Mauleverer. Not having access to the House of Peers, Fish was compelled to take the model nearest to hand, in order to cultivate manners and customs suitable to his new rank. Probably in the course of time he would drop "yep," for "yaas."

"Begad!" murmured Skinner faintly.

"Begad!" said Fisher T. Fish determinedly.

"The fact is," said Skinner, recovering himself. "I've got a suggestion to make to you, Fishy. Now, it's pretty clear that what you said is quite right——"

"Oh, you believe it now, do you?" sniffed Fish.

"Well, after what I saw this afternoon at the priory, a fellow can't very well doubt it any longer, can he?" said Skinner, with an appearance of great frankness. "I admit I had my doubts before—it came rather as a surprise to us to know that you belonged to a titled family. But evidence is evidence."

Fisher T. Fish thawed.

"Mr. Sharp thinks we've got a case quite good enough to take before the House of Lords," he said.

"I should say so!" agreed Skinner. "I've been waiting for you to come in, because I've got a suggestion to make. Your pater is spending money on this investigation, isn't he?"

"Yep!"

"I suppose he wouldn't grudge a few more dollars if he found some real good documentary evidence?"

"Nope!"

"Well, I think I know where documents might be found," said Skinner, lowering his voice. "I don't say I could put my finger on them, but I can give you a hint where to look. If you find anything, your pater will remember that I put you on the scent, and stand something rather decent, what?"

"I guess so," said Fisher T. Fish, with a nod. "Of course, we want to make out the strongest possible case. We've got to have our claim tried before a Committee of the House of Lords, I guess, and I bet you most of those jays—ahem, I mean those noblemen—will be up against a claim by a free American citizen to get into the House. We've got to prove it right up to the hilt."

"Well, I can give you a tip," said Skinner, lowering his voice cautiously. "The Fyshe were a very old family in these parts. It stands to reason that they had some connection with Greyfriars in the old days—this school being a jolly old foundation. Now, there are no end of old documents and things in the school library, and the fellows are allowed to look over them if they like. Suppose there were some documents in connection with the Fyshe family there? It's jolly likely, I think?"

"By gum!" said Fisher T. Fish, his eyes gleaming. "That's a really good tip, Skinny. I'm much obliged to you."

"Not at all," said Skinner. "I want to help you. Of course, I should expect your pater to stand something, if you found a document that helped on your claim to the Fyshe title—as I put you up to it."

"I guess that will be all O.K.," said Fish. "Blessed if I don't ask Quelch to give me the key, and have a look over those things this evening."

"Good idea," said Skinner.

Fisher T. Fish nodded, and went in to tea. During tea, he thought over Skinner's suggestion, and the more he thought over it the better he liked it. It was extremely probable that some of the old school documents mentioned the Fyshe—and such evidence would be very valuable—for a part of the Fish case was to prove the existence and the standing of the old Fyshe family in that vicinity. The Remove fellows persisted in an irritating belief that there never had been any Fyshe at all—and a document mentioning them would "shut up" the doubting Thomases in the Remove, whatever effect it might have later on the House of Lords.

After tea, Fisher T. Fish called on Mr. Quelch, and asked for permission to look over the old manuscripts in the school library. Studious youths like Mark Linley and Penfold and Coker minor often did so, and Mr. Quelch, who had charge of the library, was glad to encourage them. He was surprised by such a request from the American junior, who had never previously shown any interest in dog-Latin or black-letter; but he looked pleased as he handed Fish the key, and complimented him on his studious leanings. Fish grinned to himself; his studiousness was directed wholly towards the ancestral line of the ancient family of Fyshe, but he did not mention that to the Remove master.

Fish entered the library, turned on the electric light, and unlocked the drawer containing the manuscripts.

Two juniors watched him from the passage, as he went in. They were Skinner and Bolsover major. And they grinned.

"He's taken the giddy bait!" Skinner murmured.

Bolsover major chuckled.

"He doesn't know you had the key to-day, Skinny?"

"No fear!"

"And he's bound to find the valuable document?"

"What-ho! I shoved it where he can't miss it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the two practical jokers strolled away, smiling.

Meanwhile, Fisher T. Fish was at work.

Black-letter manuscripts, and old sheepskin, covered with almost indecipherable dog-Latin, had very little interest for Fish; but some of the documents had a more modern date. Such as he could read, Fish read eagerly, his keen eye on the watch for the magic word "Fyshe."

Suddenly he uttered an ejaculation.

"I swow!"

His fingers trembled with eagerness as he picked up a piece of parchment, upon which was distinguishable the name he sought.

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"Fyshe!"

There was no doubt about it. There it was, in black and white, under his eyes!

"By gum! I guess this will shut up those sniggering bounders!" muttered Fish.

He read the document carefully.

The diction and the orthography were queer enough, and seemed to smack of ancient times.

It ran:

"Ye recorde of ye gifts made to ye antient foundations of ye Greve Friars by Ebenezer, sixth Baron de Fyshe, of ye Fyshe manor in ye parish of Friar Dale.

"Four roodes of lande in ye meddowe by ye river Sarke

—"

That was all!

The rest of the document was missing.

The piece that Fisher T. Fish held in his hand was evidently a fragment of some extensive ancient roll of parchment, which had recorded gifts made to the Foundation of Greyfriars by that generous Baron de Fyshe, sixth of his title.

"Great Christopher Columbus!" murmured Fisher T. Fish, his eyes dancing. "If this hyer doesn't prove the case, I'd like to know what would. Jest think of it—this hyer school itself owes a lot of its property to my family—my ancestors, by gum. I wonder how many of the fellows could say that their ancestors helped to found Greyfriars!—I kinder guess this will knock them!"

Fish rose to his feet, the document still in his hand.

"I guess I'll let the popper see this—"

Then a sudden thought struck him.

That parchment belonged to the school collection, and was private property. He had no right to take it away!

But having once laid his hands upon such a valuable piece of evidence, Fisher T. Fish felt a natural disinclination to let it go.

He slipped it quickly into his pocket. It could be returned to the school collection later. He locked up the manuscripts again, and took the key back to Mr. Quelch, without mentioning that he had abstracted that valuable piece of evidence.

Then he strolled into the junior common-room, looking as if he were treading on air. The last doubt had vanished now. The position of the Fyshe in the county in olden times was fully established now. It was a complete answer to the doubting Thomases who declined to believe that the ancient family of Fyshe had ever had any existence at all.

Fish's manner drew all eyes upon him at once—especially those of the fellows who knew of Skinner's little joke.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "You look pleased, Fishy. Has your popper stood you ten cents this afternoon?"

"I guess it's better than that."

"House of Lords recognised your claim to the title?" asked Temple of the Fourth.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I reckon it won't be long before they do, with the evidence I've got."

"My hat!"

"What's the evidence, Fishy?"

"Let's see it!"

Fisher T. Fish held up the parchment.

"Look at that, you jays, and then take back all you've said about the Fyshe family," he said loftily.

The juniors gathered round to read the document. Some of them looked astonished. Some had keen enough eyes to see what Fish had overlooked in his eagerness; the slight circumstance that the ink on the parchment looked a great deal more modern than the parchment itself. But Fish was not "up" in that kind of thing, and that circumstance had quite escaped his notice.

"Phew!" ejaculated Johnny Bull. "That settles it, Fishy!"

"Complete case!" grinned Nugent.

"The settlefulness is terrific!" purred Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh. "The esteemed House of Lords will have to admit that august evidence."

"All hail, my lord!" sang out Tom Brown.

"Three cheers for Lord Fish!" shouted Bolsover major.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish looked round disdainfully. Even with that splendid documentary evidence, the juniors did not seem really convinced of his claims. It was a proof of their obstinacy, from Fish's point of view.

"I guess I've got it hyer, in black and white," he exclaimed. "And I guess I'm taking this over to my popper at once."

"I say, Fishy, you ain't allowed to take the documents out of the library!" said Billy Bunter.

"I guess this is a family document, and belongs to my people," said Fish. "You can cackle, you jays! Greyfriars

very likely wouldn't be in existence now but for the munificence of my ancestors."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We were among the founders of this school. We shall insist upon a seat upon the Board of Governors, when we've proved our claim," said Fish.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish snorted, and walked out. He left the common-room in a roar.

"But, I say, it's rather queer that should have been found, isn't it?" remarked Bulstrode.

"Why?" asked Skinner.

"Well, it shows there were Fysches in the county, if it's genuine—and I suppose it is."

"I don't know. Old parchment is easy enough to get, and anybody could write those words on it," said Skinner, with a chuckle. "I've got a strong suspicion that somebody planted that document on Fishy."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors yelled. But Fisher T. Fish, heedless of the roar of laughter from the common-room, went out for his bicycle, and in a few minutes was speeding away to Courtfield, to carry that precious piece of evidence to his popper.

THE TENTH CHAPTER. A Licking for Lord Fish!

FISH!" Mr. Quelch rapped out the name snappishly. The Remove master was taking call-over, and Fisher T. Fish did not respond to his name. The American junior was not to be seen in the ranks of the Remove.

"Fish!"

But no voice replied "Adsum," and the Form-master marked down Fish as absent.

The Removites grinned as they streamed out of Big Hall after calling-over. Fisher T. Fish had not come in yet. After the discovery of that documentary proof of the greatness of the old-time Fysches, the American junior had more important matters to think about than calling-over. The juniors could picture him in excited consultation with Hiram K. Fish over that valuable document, and they chuckled at the thought. They wondered, too, what Mr. Sharp would think of it. That Mr. Sharp was a mere swindler, and was taking in the egregious Mr. Fish, nobody doubted. After Skinner's story of the happenings at the old priory, two or three curious fellows had cycled there, to witness the newly-discovered inscription on the stone. And it was quite clear to a keen observer that the inscription was of quite recent date, and there was little doubt that Mr. Sharp himself had cut the words on the stone, all ready to be discovered in the presence of the credulous American gentleman. Hiram K. Fish was so dazzled by the possibility of proving his claim to a noble title, that he seemed to have left all his keenness behind him in New York.

It was a considerable time after locking-up when Fish returned to the school. He dismounted from his bicycle outside the gates, and rang the bell, and Gosling came out grunting to let him in.

"Which you're to report yourself to Mr. Quelch," growled Gosling. "And wot I says is this 'ere—"

Fish waved a lofty hand.

"None of your impertinence, my man!" he said.

Gosling stared.

"Wot?" he ejaculated.

"No impertinence. Just you remember your place!" said Fish severely. "I don't allow any impertinent remarks to be made to me, and don't you forget it."

"Well, my heye!" murmured Gosling.

"And touch your hat when you speak to me, too," said Fish. "Don't you know your manners, my man? Servants here are treated with far too much leniency. I'd keep 'em in their place, I guess! Not a word! Shut up!"

And Fish wheeled his bicycle in, leaving the school-porter positively dumbfounded. Fisher T. Fish's new sentiments were certainly a little out of place in a youth who came from that great country where Jack is as good as his master, and where every citizen is as good as every other citizen or a little better. But Fish's sentiments had changed marvellously since his discovery that he was of noble blood. Vicount Fish, son and heir of Lord de Fyshe, was quite a different person from Fisher T. Fish, son of Hiram K. Fish of Wall Street, New York. Fish was developing a snobbishness and insolence that entertained the Remove fellows immensely, and exasperated some of them.

Lord Fish put up his bicycle, and strolled into the School-House. He was even in some doubt as to whether he should take the trouble to report himself to Mr. Quelch at all. It was really absurd that a member of the old nobility should bother his head about a mere, commonplace Form-master. But Fish decided that he had better. His noble blood would not save him from a caning if he failed to obey orders; though his noble blood almost boiled at the thought of punishment from a commoner. According to Fish's new

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The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

views, there was something decidedly wrong in a school where a Lord de Fyshe could be caned by any commonplace Smith or Jones. If F. T. Fish had been born in the purple, he could not have been more tenacious of the rights and privileges of the aristocracy.

He sauntered to Mr. Quelch's study, tapped carelessly on the door, and opened it. Mr. Quelch's typewriter was clicking; the Form-master was engaged upon his famous literary work which occupied most of his spare time, and he looked round with a frown, not liking the interruption. And his frown deepened at the sight of Fish, and his careless bearing. There was a sort of suppressed impertinence in Fisher T. Fish's manner, as of a person of great consequence who was forced by circumstances to report himself to an inferior.

"Ah! It is you, Fish!" said Mr. Quelch.

"Yep!" Fisher T. Fish had not yet succeeded in changing "yep" into "yaas"; old habits were not so easily broken.

Mr. Quelch's eyes glittered.

"Yes what?" he said.

"Yes, sir," amended Fish, not quite liking the look in his Form-master's eyes.

"You were not present at calling-over, Fish."

"Nope."

"Where were you?"

"I guess I've been to Courtfield to see my popper—I mean, my pater, sir."

"Did you have permission to remain out after locking-up?"

"Nope."

"Then I shall cane you, Fish. Give me the cane from my table."

Mr. Quelch was seated at his typing-desk, and did not feel inclined to rise from it for the unimportant purpose of caning a junior.

"Ahem!" said Fish, hesitating. "The fact is, sir, I had rather important business with my popper, sir, so I hope you will excuse me."

"If that is the fact, that alters the case," said Mr. Quelch. "But you must explain why you were prevented from returning in time for calling-over."

"Important business, sir."

"That is not sufficient, Fish."

"Well, sir, I found an important document in the school-library, and I took it over for my popper to see," said Fish.

"What! Do you mean to tell me, Fish, that you have taken away a document from the library without permission?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch angrily.

"It was really a family document, sir—dealing with the connection between Greyfriars and Lord de Fyshe, an ancestor of mine."

"Wha-a-a-at!"

"It has come out, sir, that I am descended from the Fyshe de Fysches, a great family that lived hereabouts," explained Fish. "We've got an agent from the Herald's Office collecting evidence for us. I found a document in the library that let in some light on the subject, so I thought my popper ought to see it. It was part of a list of donations made to this school hundreds of years ago by the sixth Baron de Fyshe."

"How dare you tell me such nonsense, Fish? There was no such document in the school library at all!"

"I guess I found it there, sir."

"You have made some absurd mistake. I have read every paper in the library, and know the contents of them all perfectly well. I have never heard of a family named De Fyshe, and certainly no donations were ever made to Greyfriars by anyone of that name."

Fisher T. Fish was a little staggered. As Mr. Quelch's great literary work was a history of Greyfriars, and as he had the whole subject at his finger-tips, certainly he should have known about that document.

It was very peculiar indeed that he should have overlooked that parchment, written in plain English, when he had taken the trouble to read through so many old manuscripts in black-letter and monkish Latin.

"But I've seen it in black and white, sir," stammered Fish.

"Nonsense! You have made some ridiculous mistake! But, in any case, you have no right to take a document from the school library. It was an act of the most astounding impertinence. Have you brought it back with you?"

"Nope. It's really a family document, sir, and I've left it with my popper. He wants to show it to our inquiry agent."

"Absurd! It must be immediately restored. I will telephone to your father and explain to him that it must be sent back here immediately. You have acted in a most insolent manner, Fish. I shall cane you severely! Give me my cane!"

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NEXT
MONDAY—

"THE MATCH WITH ST. JIM'S!"

A Splendid Complete Tale of the
Chums of Greyfriars. Order Early!

"But, sir——"

"My cane, Fish!"

"But I guess——"

"Will you hand me my cane, Fish, or will you not?" said Mr. Quelch, his voice sounding like the rumble of distant thunder.

"Nope!" said Fish desperately. "You've no right to cane me, sir."

"WHAT!"

"I'm a nobleman, sir, and noblemen oughtn't to be caned," said Fish. "Noblemen are always treated with distinction in properly-managed schools. I don't believe in all this modern democratic rot. A nobleman's a noble, and——"

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Quelch. "I really believe that you are taking leave of your senses, Fish. However, I shall cane you. It may have the effect of bringing you back to your wits."

And Mr. Quelch jumped up, seized his cane, and caned Fisher T. Fish on the spot, with such energy that the howls of Lord Fish rang along the passage. Then he bundled him out of the study, and Fisher T. Fish went groaning down the passage, squeezing his hands and rubbing his shoulders, and feeling that life was not worth living for a nobleman who was thus placed at the mercy of inconsiderate members of the lower classes.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Noblemen Not Wanted!

"OW! Ow! Ow!"

Johnny Bull was at his work at prep in No. 14 Study when Fisher T. Fish came in, groaning and twisting his thin form into strange shapes.

"Hallo! What's the matter with you?" asked Bull, looking up.

"Ow! Ow! Ugh!"

"Licked?"

"Yep!" growled Fish.

"Well, what do you expect after missing call-over?" said Johnny Bull. "Quelch was ratty, of course."

"It's a rotten shame, I guess! I call it disgusting!" snarled Fish. "Call this a free country, when any common-place bounder can cane a nobleman just because he's a master in a rotten school! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Johnny Bull.

"What are you cackling at?" demanded Fish, glaring at him. "I don't want any of your cheek, Bull! I'm pretty well fed up with you, anyway, you dashed, impertinent, middle-class blighter!"

Johnny Bull rose to his feet.

"What did you call me?" he asked politely.

"A dashed impertinent, middle-class blighter!" said Fisher T. Fish defiantly. "It's rotten enough for a fellow like me to have to share a study with a fellow like you, without having any of your chin-wag. I ought to have a study to myself. A nobleman oughtn't to be shoved into the same study as a common-place bounder. There ought to be some distinction made. Fellows like you get on the nerves of a chap who has noble blood in his veins. What are you, anyway? What's your name? Bull! Call that a name?" Fisher T. Fish sniffed. "Why, your very name shows that your people have been middle-class ever since there was a middle-class."

Johnny Bull nodded.

"I shouldn't wonder," he agreed. "So you think I'm not quite good enough to share a study with?"

"I reckon not."

"And it's rather degrading, I suppose, for a fellow like you to have to dig along with a common-place, middle-class fellow like me?"

"Sure!"

"Then it ought to stop," said Johnny Bull decidedly.

"I guess so! You ought to get out and share somebody else's study. You can dig with Wharton and Nugent, if you like, or there's room for you in Todd's study, now his cousin is away. Your own sense of propriety ought to prevent you from shoving yourself in here with me," said Fish loftily.

"Right-ho!" agreed Johnny Bull. "Under the circumstances, I'm not going to share this study with you any more."

"Now you're talking!" said Fisher T. Fish heartily. "And I must say that you're showing a proper respect for your superiors that I never expected of you, Bull. That's right! You be contented with your own station in life, and don't put on airs of equality with your superiors in rank. Don't you be taken in with the silly modern chatter about equality and all that. It's all rot. When are you going?"

"Eh!"

"You're not sharing this study with me any longer?"

"No."

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"Then when are you going?"

"You haven't got it quite right," said Bull. "I'm not going."

"Eh? But you said——"

"I said I'm not sharing this study with you any longer," said Johnny Bull calmly. "But I'm not going. You're going."

"What!"

Johnny Bull pushed back his cuffs.

"And the sooner you go, the better it will be for your health," he said. "Get a move on! I've no time to waste."

Fisher T. Fish stared at him blankly. Johnny Bull's unusual reasonableness had surprised him a little; but he understood now.

"I guess I'm not going, you jay!" he howled. "This is my study."

"But you can't share it with a common-place, middle-class chap like me."

"I guess I shall have to if you won't go."

"I guess you're wrong. You see, I've got objections too. I don't like sharing a study with a Yankee bounder who happens to be an upstart, a snob, and a howling ass!" Johnny Bull explained. "So you're not staying here, sec?"

"I guess I am."

"There are two ways of going out of a study," said Bull—"on your feet, or on your neck. Which way do you prefer?"

"I guess I'm not going to be turned out of my own study!" yelled Fisher T. Fish. "You shut up, and be civil to your superiors!"

"So I am when I see 'em," said Johnny Bull. "Now, time's up! I've got my prep to do. Are you going out on your feet or your neck?"

"But I've got my prep to do!" howled Fish, dodging round the table as Johnny Bull started towards him. "I tell you, you jay——"

"You can do your prep in the Form-room, if you like, or you can find some other study," said Bull. "Anyway, you're not staying here. Get out!"

"I guess I won't!"

"Then you'll be put!"

"Hyer, you keep off!" yelled Fish, frantically scudding round the table with the sturdy Removite hot on his track. "Don't you lay your low hands on me! Don't you dare to—— Yow—ow—leggo—yaroooh! Oh, Jerusalem!"

Johnny Bull's powerful grasp closed upon the thin American, and Fisher T. Fish was whirled off his feet. He was little better than an infant in Johnny Bull's grasp. Bull swept him to the door, and Lord Fish hurtled through the doorway, and landed with a crash on the linoleum in the passage.

Bump!

"Yow! Ow! Oh! My hat! I guess I'll come in and make shavings of you!" howled Fish, as he sat up dazedly on the floor.

"Come on, then!"

"You—you jay—you mugwump—you slabsided galoot!"

Slam!

The study door closed on Fish, and Johnny Bull returned to his work. Several Removites looked out of their studies and grinned at the sight of Fisher T. Fish sitting on the linoleum.

"What's the trouble?" asked Bob Cherry, from the doorway on No. 13. "Johnny fed up with you, Fishy?"

"Grugh!" Fisher T. Fish staggered to his feet. "I guess I ain't going to be chucked out of my own study by a common-place mugwump like Bull! I guess I'll make ribbons of him, some!"

Fisher T. Fish tore open the door of the study and rushed in. His "mad" was up, as he would have expressed it, in his beautiful language. There was a sound of scuffling in the study, and Fish came hurtling forth again, and rolled into the passage. A roar of laughter greeted him.

"Ow!" groaned Fish, sitting up dazedly. "Ow—yow! I guess it's my own fault, for condescending to argue with the lower classes—ow! The proper thing for a nobleman to do is to treat such low bounders—ow!—with the contempt they deserve. Ow! Give me my books, Bull, you low beast! Ow!"

Fisher T. Fish's books hurtled out of the study, and fell in a shower round him. Then the door slammed, and Fish did not venture to open it again. Fish picked himself up, and gathered up his books dolefully.

"I guess I shall have to come into your study to do my prep, Cherry," he remarked.

"I guess you'll go out on your neck if you do," replied Bob Cherry promptly.

"The neckfulness will be terrific, my esteemed Fish!" chuckled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Fish limped along the passage to Lord Mauleverer's study, and opened the door. The schoolboy earl was grinding through his prep with a very tired look.

"I guess I can come in—what?" asked Fish. "I decline to stay in No. 14 any longer with that low bouncer Bull. I guess I'm going to dig with you, Mauly?"

"Begad!"

"Fellows of the same class ought to stand together among all these riffraff, don't you think?" said Fish.

Lord Mauleverer pointed to the passage.

"Clear!" he said tersely.

"But I guess——"

Lord Mauleverer sighed and picked up a ruler.

Fisher T. Fish stepped out hastily into the passage. He was feeling very forlorn. The company of a nobleman did not seem to be much sought after in the Remove somehow. He looked into Bulstrode's study. Bulstrode and Hazeldene and Tom Brown were there at work.

"Got room for a chap?" asked Fish.

"Not for a silly ass!" said Bulstrode. "Clear off!"

"I guess you ought to be jolly pleased to get a nobleman into your rotten study," snapped the exasperated Fish.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You're a set of low-mugwumps!" snarled Fish. "As for you, Brown, you New Zealand bouncer, if you cackle at me I'll——"

"Well, what will you do?" asked the New Zealand junior, rising.

"I guess I'll treat you with contempt!" said Fisher T. Fish hastily, and he retreated from the study and closed the door.

He looked in upon Peter Todd next. Todd and Bunter and Dutton were there. They stared at Fish in a far from welcoming manner.

"You've got room for another chap hyer, now your Cousin Alonzo's away, Toddy," said Fish. "I guess I'll come in hyer."

"Then you've guessed wrong," said Todd cheerfully. "No silly bouncers wanted in this study. I'd almost rather have Bunter than you!"

"Oh, really, Todd——"

"I'm bound to have Bunter; but I'm not bound to have you, Fishy, so clear off! Go back and tell Johnny Bull you're sorry you were a silly goat, and ask him to take you in again."

"I guess a nobleman never apologises."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You cackling jay——"

Peter Todd reached for a cricket-stump, and Fisher T. Fish hurriedly retired. He was growing desperate. He had to do his preparation—though it really was exasperating that a fellow of such noble descent should be bothered with such things as prep. But noble blood was at a discount in the Remove, apparently, and nobody wanted the lofty scion of the ancient line of De Fyshe.

The Yankee junior made a last attempt, and looked into Vernon-Smith's study, with his most agreeable smile.

"Hallo, Smithy!"

"Hallo!" said the Bouncer gruffly.

"I've refused to dig with Johnny Bull any longer," explained Fish. "He gets on my nerves. A low bouncer, you know. Would you like me in here?"

"No!"

"Ahem! I'd like to do my prep here——"

"I give you two seconds to get outside that door!" said Vernon-Smith, picking up the inkpot.

The two seconds were enough for Fisher T. Fish. He snorted and retired, and limped away down the passage disconsolately. There was no help for it, and he took his books downstairs and did his work in the deserted Form-room all by himself. While he was at work cheeky fags of the Third and Second looked in from time to time, to see Lord Fish sitting in solitary state in the Form-room and to chaff him. That evening Lord Fish was not happy—indeed, it contrasted very painfully with the time when he was plain Fisher T. Fish, of New York, and had not yet dreamed of entering the ranks of the hereditary nobility.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Spoof!

HIRAM K. FISH walked in at the gates of Greyfriars the next day. Morning lessons were just over, and the Close was crowded with fellows, who greeted the Duke of New York, as they called him, with smiles.

Temple, Dabney & Co. of the Fourth lined up, and took off their caps and bowed to the ground; and Tubb of the Third performed an imitation of the Chinese kow-tow with great success. Skinner bent a humble knee as Mr. Fish passed into the House, with a puzzled expression upon his face.

It was only right, of course, that a gentleman whose claims

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to noble distinction were recognised should be treated with great respect; but Hiram K. Fish could not help thinking that the Greyfriars fellows were overdoing it.

Mr. Fish was calling on the Remove-master, who had telephoned to him concerning the document his son had taken from the school library.

Fisher T. Fish joined his father, and piloted him to Mr. Quelch's study.

"I guess you're not going to part with that document, popper?" asked Fish anxiously. "It's too valuable a piece of evidence to lose, you know. And Sharp hasn't seen it yet."

Hiram K. Fish nodded.

"I guess I shall have to leave it here, Fisher," he said. "But I'm going to arrange for Mr. Sharp to come here and see it. After all, it will be safe here, I guess. Of course, I shall impress upon your master the importance of taking every care of it."

He knocked at Mr. Quelch's door and entered, followed in by Fisher T. Fish. The Yankee junior was very keen to see the effect produced upon Mr. Quelch by the sight of the famous document. He hoped to see the Remove-master completely crushed by that telling proof that the Fishes were, in point of fact, an old and honoured family, and entitled to put on as much side as they deemed fit.

Mr. Quelch bowed formally to the American gentleman.

"You have brought back the paper which your son took from the school library, Mr. Fish?" he asked.

"Yep," said Mr. Fish. "Hyer it is. But I guess that document is an important one, sir; and I hope every care will be taken of it. It may be needed in the case I am making out with the assistance of a Herald's Office expert, proving my descent from the Fyshe de Fyshe family, and my claim to their title."

Mr. Quelch coughed.

"I know nothing about that," he said.

"If reference is required to any of the documents here, the Head will always give permission. But your son did very wrong in taking the document away. It must be restored to its place."

"Yep! I guess that's all O.K.," agreed Mr. Fish, as he laid the valuable document on the table. "Hyer it is, safe and sound."

Mr. Quelch picked up the parchment and looked at it. A perplexed expression came over his face, and then the severe features broke into a smile.

"This is the document Fish took from the library?" he asked.

"Yep."

"Then there is no objection whatever to your retaining it," said Mr. Quelch drily. "As it happens, this does not belong to the school collection."

"Nope?" Mr. Fish was perplexed. "But my son found it with the others."

"Then it was placed there by some practical joker, I presume. It has no value whatever, excepting its price as a piece of parchment, which is not great."

"Waal! But ain't this one of the old historical documents of Greyfriars?" exclaimed Mr. Fish in astonishment.

"Nothing of the kind. I have never seen it before. If you had a closer acquaintance with such things, Mr. Fish, you would probably have observed that the writing upon it is quite modern."

"What?" gasped Fisher T. Fish.

"In fact, it has probably not been written more than a few days," said Mr. Quelch, trying not to smile. "It is some joke of the boys', I suppose. I am very well acquainted with the history of Greyfriars, and I have certainly never heard of any donations to the school by a family of the name of De Fyshe. I strongly doubt whether such a family has ever existed in this county."

"Waal, I swow!" ejaculated Mr. Fish, in dismay.

"Oh, come off!" exclaimed Fisher T. Fish indignantly. "We've got proof of the existence of the De Fysches in an inscription at the old priory."

"Indeed! Of that I know nothing. But I can assure you, Mr. Fish, that this document is of no value whatever. As it does not belong to Greyfriars, you are at liberty to take it away if you choose to do so."

"B-b-but how came it there, then?" stammered Fisher T. Fish. "I found it in the drawer with the other documents and manuscripts, sir."

"I suppose it was placed there for a joke," said Mr. Quelch drily. "Indeed, I seem to detect a resemblance between this writing and that of a member of my Form."

NEXT
MONDAY—

"THE MATCH WITH ST. JIM'S!"

A Splendid Complete Tale of the
Chums of Greyfriars. Order Early!

"Oh, crumbs! That villain Skinner!" groaned Fish. "That was why the mugwump gave me the tip to search in the school records. He was pulling my leg."

"Taken in!" growled Mr. Fish wrathfully. "You silly young jay, Fisher, you ought to have had more horse-sense! I hope, sir, that you will cane the young scoundrel who worked off this disrespectful practical joke!"

"It is not my custom to interfere with such things," said Mr. Quelch coldly. "Fish appears to have made himself ridiculous, and his Form-fellows have played a prank upon him in consequence. I shall take no notice of it."

"I guess——"

"You may take this document with you, sir, if you choose."

"I reckon I'll leave it hyer," said Mr. Fish discontentedly.

"If it ain't genuine it's no use to me. Good-morning, sir!"

"Good-morning!"

Mr. Fish left the study, followed by the dismayed Fisher T. The elder Fish's face was dark. The discovery that the document was "spoof" was a heavy blow to his golden dreams.

"I guess this is rotten, Fisher!" he growled. "And I've already told Sharp to come here to see the document. Still, we can do without it. There's plenty of other evidence, according to Sharp; and that pedigree from the Herald's Office ought to settle the matter. How do your friends here take it, now you've told them about your descent from the Fyshe de Fyshe? Thunderstruck—what?"

"Nope," said Fish moodily. "They don't take any stock in it."

"They seem to be treating me powerful respectful though," remarked Mr. Fish, as he came out of the School House, and Skinner and Bolsover major took off their caps and bowed till their noses nearly touched the ground.

Fisher T. Fish did not venture to tell his parent that the young rascals of the Remove were simply "pulling his leg."

Mr. Fish departed, his son seeing him off at the gates; and then Fisher T. Fish came back to speak to Skinner, breathing fury.

"How's the case getting on?" asked Skinner affably. "I suppose that documentary evidence will simply knock the House of Lords into a cocked hat—what?"

"You rotter!"

"Eh? Hasn't your popper handed out a tip for me for putting you up to finding that document?" asked Skinner, in astonishment.

"You jay!" howled Fish. "You spoofed me! Quelch's seen the document, and he says that it ain't genuine!"

"Oh, shush!" said Skinner. "What does Quelch know about it? More likely he's jealous of the Fyshe de Fyshe. Nobody's likely to discover that he's descended from the Quelch de Quelches!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you make out your case, Fisby, I'm going to have a try to prove my descent from the Skin de Skinners!" said the humorist of the Remove calmly.

"You—you mugwump! I guess I've a jolly good mind to wipe up the ground with you!" yelled Fish.

"Well, come on and do it," said Skinner.

"Yah! I despise you too much to lick you!" snorted Fish. "I decline to soil my hands on you! Yah!"

And Fisher T. Fish stalked away in great wrath. Later in the day the valuable document was rescued from Mr. Quelch's wastepaper-basket, and pinned up on the wall in the junior common-room.

There it caused howls of laughter, till Fisher T. Fish found it, and tore it down, and consigned it to the flames. And for the rest of that day, about every quarter of an hour, somebody was sure to ask the American junior if he had discovered any more De Fyshe documents—until Fisher T. Fish was almost in a homicidal frame of mind.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Signature Required!

"H A, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish snorted as he passed No. 1 Study on the following day. There was a sound of laughter in the study, and Fish had no doubt that he was the subject of it. Like the gentleman in the comedy, who was certain that people were talking about him because they "laughed consumedly," Fisher T. Fish never heard a ripple of laughter in those days without guessing that his title and noble blood were being discussed.

"Rotters!" murmured Fish; and in his indignation he bestowed a kick upon the door.

"Hallo—hallo—hallo!" came Bob Cherry's voice from within. "Clear off! Can't come in now!"

"I guess I don't want to come in, you jays! I guess a

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fellow of my family is rather particular whom he mixes with!" snorted Fish.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess you'll snigger on the other side of your silly mouths when my title is recognised by the House of Peers!" growled Fish.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fish grunted and passed on. The Famous Five were busy in the study, and several fellows who had passed the door had heard suppressed chuckles, and wondered what was on.

Whether it was a secret meeting of the cricket committee, or a council of the Junior Dramatic Society, or a plot against the Fourth—whatever it was, the Famous Five held their meeting on this occasion within locked doors, and declined to take anybody else in the Remove into their confidence. Wibley of the Remove was with them, and the fellows who knew that Wibley was there guessed that it was something to do with the Dramatic Society, Wibley being a leading light of that organisation.

Billy Bunter, in the intensity of his curiosity, had applied his fat ear to the keyhole, and he had distinctly heard Wibley's voice say, "Careful with the whiskers!" Then a squirt of ink had been discharged through the keyhole, and Bunter had retired in discomfiture.

Fisher T. Fish, however, gave little thought to No. 1 Study and the meeting there. He had plenty of other matters to think of. He had seen his father again, and learned that Mr. Sharp required an extra fee of six guineas for further investigations in the Herald's Office, and Mr. Fish was growing rather restive under the exactions. And the proofs of the Fish claim to the title of Fyshe de Fyshe had not arrived yet. Moreover, Johnny Bull still kept Fish out of his study, and Fish was exceedingly uncomfortable without a study.

He was bound for No. 14 now, to make a last effort to "get round" Johnny Bull, who was quite determined and obstinate upon the point. Johnny Bull's proceeding was certainly a little high-handed; but Fish had brought it on himself, and he had no sympathy from anybody else in the Remove.

Johnny Bull was in No. 1 Study now with his chums, and Fish found the door of No. 14 locked, and the key taken away. He kicked at the door savagely, but he could not kick it open, and he came back to No. 1 breathing fury. He thumped on the upper panels.

"Is that idiot Bull in there?" he shouted.

"I'm here!" called back Johnny Bull.

"Where's the key of my study?"

"You haven't a study."

"The key of No. 14, you mugwump!" roared Fish.

"Oh, that's in my pocket!"

"Give it out to me."

"Rats!"

Fish rattled the handle of the door savagely.

"Look hyer, I'm not going to be kept out of my study!" he howled.

"You can come back—on terms," said Johnny Bull calmly.

"What terms, you jay?"

"You've got to apologise——"

"Scat! A nobleman never apologises!"

"And admit that you've been telling lies about Fyshe de Fyshe!"

"It's all true, you galoot!"

"Until then, you keep out of the study!"

"Look hyer, if you don't let me into my own study, I'll go and complain to Mr. Quelch!" shouted Fish through the keyhole.

"Go, then; and I'll wipe up the ground with you afterwards," said Johnny Bull cheerfully. "I've a jolly good mind to come out and lick you, anyway!"

"Yah!"

Fisher T. Fish retired in hopeless wrath. He knew that Johnny Bull would be as good as his word if the Yankee junior carried a complaint to the Form-master. Fish was in what he would call a quandary. Until he came to Johnny Bull's terms, he had no chance of sharing a study with him again, and nobody else would take him in. But as for apologising and admitting that he was not a nobleman, that was not to be thought of. The noble blood of Fyshe de Fyshe boiled in his veins at the thought.

Fish went down discontentedly to the junior common-room. There he found some consolation in perusing the society column of a newspaper, which contained such valuable information as that Lord Bareacres had returned from the Continent, and that Lady Foozle had taken a house in Grosvenor Square for the season; and the Marquis of Doozle had gone to Scotland, and the Duke of Boozle had come away from Scotland; and Lord Snoozle was shortly expected to rejoin Lady Snoozle at Snoozle Park; and Sir Hoozle Goozle

had lately become engaged to the Honourable Miss Groozle. News of that kind was a great solace to Fisher T. Fish, as to every true democrat.

He was so intent upon the movements and the doings of those celebrated people that he hardly noticed a buzz in the passage outside the common-room. But he started, and laid down the paper as he heard his own name mentioned.

"Is Master Fish here?"

Fisher T. Fish rose to his feet. It was a deep voice that inquired for him, and he wondered whom it could belong to.

"He's here, sir," answered the voice of Bob Cherry. "I think he's in the common-room." Bob looked into the room. "Hallo—hallo—hallo! Fishy, here's somebody to see you!"

A fat, imposing-looking personage walked into the room. He had a round, red face, adorned with white whiskers, and he wore gold-rimmed glasses of a large size. He carried a shining silk hat in his hand, and his head was completely bald. There was a ribbon in his buttonhole, with a medal attached, and two or three more medals fastened upon his frock-coat.

Evidently he was a personage of considerable consequence, and Fish's heart beat as he came to meet him. It occurred to him at once that this was some bigwig, who had heard of the claims of Fyshe de Fyshe.

The fat gentleman blinked at him over his big glasses.

"Master Fish?" he asked.

"I guess so."

"Or, more correctly speakin', Viscount Fish, son and heir of Lord de Fyshe?" asked the stranger.

Fisher T. Fish drew a deep breath, and glanced round triumphantly at the juniors in the common-room. Nearly all the Remove and a great many of the Fourth were there, and they were looking on in wonder. The imposing-looking stranger had made a great impression upon the juniors.

"That's me," said Fish, eagerly and ungrammatically. "Glad to see you, sir."

"There is no doubt about your identity, I suppose?" said the fat gentleman, blinking at him. "If you are Fisher Tarleton Fish, the son of Lord de Fyshe, I have a most important communication to make to you."

"Any of these galoots will tell you that I'm Fish!" said the Yankee junior eagerly. "What's the news?"

"That's Fish right enough, sir," said Bolsover major.

"Very good! My name is De Courcy—General de Courcy, of the Herald's Office," said the fat gentleman. "I have a most important communication to make. The claim of Lord de Fyshe has come before us, and has been examined, and is fully admitted."

"Waal, I swow!"

"Admitted!" yelled Bolsover major. "Do you mean to tell us that that skinny boulder is really a lord?"

"Undoubtedly. He is Viscount Fyshe, as certainly as I am General de Courcy."

"I guess it's time for you mugwumps to climb down now," said Fisher T. Fish, with a sneer. "What do you say now—hey?"

"I don't believe it, for one," said Bolsover.

"If you can't be civil to General de Courcy, Bolsover, you'd better shut up!" snapped Fisher T. Fish. "I'm much obliged to you for coming down to tell me this, sir!"

"Not at all," said the general, waving a hand that glistened with rings, which must have been worth a fortune, if they were worth anything at all. "It is simply my duty as head of the—h'm—Herald's Office, in the Sealing-Wax and Lead-Pencil Department of His Majesty's Government. I have a little business to do with you, my lord."

The juniors caught their breath. When they heard that imposing gentleman, glistening with medals, address Fisher T. Fish as "my lord," it made them gasp. Even Bolsover major began to doubt. Harry Wharton & Co. looked excessively serious. They seemed to be more impressed than anyone else by the gentleman from the Sealing-Wax and Lead-Pencil Department of his Majesty's Government.

"The claim is now in order to go before a special committee of the House of Peers," went on the general. "But your signature is required to the statement of claim. I have brought the document with me. If you will sign it I will immediately take it to your honoured father for his signature also, and in a few days the matter will be completed."

"I guess I'm ready to sign."

The fat gentleman took out a fat pocket-book and opened it, breathlessly watched by the juniors. He selected a large document, which was folded so that the contents could not be seen. On the top of the document was written in large letters "THIS IS TO CERTIFY." Then there was a blank line.

"You write your name here," said the general, laying the document on the table. "You see, this document is to certify that you claim the title of De Fyshe, in conjunction with your father, Lord de Fyshe, previously known as Obadiah Z. Fish, of New Holland."

"Hiram K. Fish, of New York, sir."

"Ahem! Yaas. My mistake. Sign here."

Fisher T. Fish dipped a pen in the ink, and signed in the

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blank line with a flourish. There was no mistaking the sprawling signature of Fisher Tarleton Fish, and never had the Yankee junior written it with so much pleasure. If he had been signing a cheque to himself for a thousand dollars he could not have done it with more zest.

"I guess that's O.K.," he remarked.

"Quite so—quite so!" said the general. "Quite satisfactory. I am much obliged to you, my lord! My business is concluded now. May I wish your honoured lordship a very good-evening!"

And the fat gentleman retired from the common-room, leaving Fisher T. Fish surrounded by a buzzing crowd of juniors.

Fish surveyed them with lofty and contemptuous glances.

"I guess you'll own up now that it's all O.K.," he remarked disdainfully. "They don't send down the head of the Herald's Office to see a chap who can't prove his claim, I guess."

"Well, this beats the band!" ejaculated Temple of the Fourth.

"What do you say now, Skinner, you jay?"

But Skinner had nothing to say. He was dumbfounded.

"What do you say, Wharton? Ain't it all clear enough now?" demanded Fisher T. Fish.

"Clear as—as mud!" said Wharton solemnly. "All hail, my lord!"

"I guess you can be as funny as you like, but that don't alter the fact that I'm Viscount de Fyshe, recognised as such by the House of Lords!" sniffed the Yankee junior. "By gum—ahem!—begad! Won't we make the Four Hundred sit up in Noo York!"

"The—the what?"

"The Four Hundred," said Fish. "P'raps you don't know what the Four Hundred are? They're Society in Noo York, my boy. The high-rollers, the top-sawyers in Amurrica! And I guess the Fyshe de Fysches will take the shine out of them, some. The Vanderbilts and the Vander-squashes and the Gollops and the Hoppers will have to hide their diminished heads after this, just a few! There are old families in Noo York that can trace their descent back for eighty or ninety years, I guess; but what's that to the ancestral line of the Fyshe de Fysches!"

And Fisher T. Fish swaggered out of the common-room, seeming to walk on air, in his delight at the prospect of taking the shine out of those old families in New York whose descent could be traced back for eighty or ninety years. And he immediately obtained a pass out of gates, and sped off to Courtfield on his bicycle, to acquaint his popper with the great and glorious news.

Perhaps he would have been a little less delighted if he could have seen General de Courcy, of the Sealing-Wax and Lead-Pencil Department, at that moment. For the general had not quitted Greyfriars at all. He was in Study No. 1 just then, and the Famous Five were helping him off with his coat, his glasses, his whiskers, and the bald crown of his head. And when they had finished General de Courcy, of the Herald's Office, was revealed at Wibley of the Remove, amid yells of laughter.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Fully Certified!

WHILE Fisher T. Fish was absent a crowd gathered in the junior common-room.

Something of unusual and unprecedented interest seemed to be passing there.

The room was crammed with juniors and fags, and Coker & Co. of the Fifth came in, and a good many other seniors.

The crowd thronged round a paper that was pinned up on the wall, and every fellow, as he read it, burst into a howl of laughter.

The crowd was at its thickest before that mysterious document, when Fisher T. Fish came in.

Fish came in rather late, and he was looking disappointed and perplexed. He had conveyed the glorious news to his popper. But, somehow or other, General de Courcy had failed to visit Mr. Fish at the Courtfield Arms. Fish had waited there as late as he could, but he had had to leave at last, and he came back to Greyfriars in a puzzled frame of mind. The general had plainly declared that his popper's signature to the paper was required before it could be presented to the House of Lords; and yet he had not gone to Mr. Fish for his signature.

Fish stared at the throng in the common-room, and heard the howls of laughter with great surprise.

Something was evidently going on, but surely all this merriment could not be on account of his pretensions to nobility! Those pretensions had been proved to be well-

founded by the visit of the fat gentleman from the Sealing-Wax and Lead-Pencil Department. There was nothing more to laugh at. Yet Fish felt an uneasy inward qualm as he looked into the crowded room. There was a yell as he was seen in the doorway.

"Here he is!"

"Here's Fishy!"

"Let Fishy read it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What's the joke, you jays?" growled Fisher T. Fish.

"You are!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come and read it, Fishy! It's about you!"

"What's about me?"

"The notice!"

"Oh, I guess you're too stoopid to live!" growled Fisher T. Fish, "and I don't want any more of your rotten wheezes! If this school were well managed, low bounders would be compelled to show respect to members of the nobility."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Coker. "This is to certify—Ha, ha, ha!"

And there was another yell.

Two or three juniors caught hold of Fisher T. Fish, and forced him through the crowd towards the paper pinned on the wall. Fisher T. Fish looked at it, and gave a jump as he recognised his own signature.

"By gum!"

"Read it, Fishy!" howled the juniors.

"This is to certify—Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish read the paper, and his jaw dropped.

"THIS IS TO CERTIFY that I, Fisher Tarleton Fish, of Noo York, in the Yewnited States, am a silly ass and a howling bounder! Also, that I am a stupid owl, and don't know a Remove fellow with whiskers on from a general! As witness my signature above!"

Fisher T. Fish gazed at the document with starting eyes.

He could not deny his own signature.

The fact that he was a silly ass and a howling bounder was fully certified under his own hand!

He gazed round at the yelling juniors.

"Who—who's been forging my name?" he roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Shush!" said Bob Cherry. "A Fyshe de Fyshe shouldn't deny his own signature! You signed that paper yourself!"

"I didn't!" yelled Fish.

"You did—you did! We all saw you!" shouted Nugent.

"We're all witnesses!" chuckled Wharton.

Fish looked at the paper again. He recognised it as the truth dawned upon him. This was the paper he had signed at the request of General de Courcy, of the Heralds' Office and the Sealing-Wax and Lead-Pencil Department of his Majesty's Government. Then who, and what, was General de Courcy? Fisher T. Fish prided himself upon his keenness, upon his wonderful cuteness. But there was no doubt that he had been "spoofed." General de Courcy was a member of the Remove Form at Greyfriars. His failure to call upon Hiram K. Fish was fully explained now.

Fish's face became crimson with wrath. Certainly he could not deny his own signature; and there it was, in black and white, attesting the fact that he was a silly ass and a howling bounder.

"You—you jays! You rotters!" howled Fish. "This was a plant."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Where's the mugwump who pretended to be General de Courcy?" shrieked Fish. "I guess I'll make ribbons and shavings of him!"

"Look out, Wibley!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish made a wild rush at the grinning Wibley. But a dozen hands caught him and jerked him back.

"Lemme go!" yelled Fish. "I'll scalp him! I'll slaughter him! I'll—"

"Order!" said Wibley. "You mustn't lay hands on the head of the Heralds' Office and chief of the Sealing-Wax Department."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fish ran towards the paper on the wall, and made a clutch at it. But again he was dragged back.

"No fear!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "That's going to stay there! This is to certify—"

"That Fishy is a silly ass!"

"And a stupid owl!"

"And a howling bounder!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I—I guess—I—you rotters—you jays—you slab-sided galoots—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess—I calculate—I—I—I—" Fisher T. Fish stut-

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 337.

FRANK RICHARDS

Contributes a Splendid, Complete School Tale
in our New Saturday Companion Paper—

"CHUCKLES." 1st.

tered with wrath, amid the yells of laughter from the crowd of juniors. "You—you mugwumps—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"This is to certify—" howled Bob Cherry.

"That Fishy is a silly ass and a howling bounder!" chortled Johnny Bull.

"As witness the above signature!" yelled Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish rushed from the room. Even the self-satisfied Yankee junior was not quite impervious to ridicule. Yells of laughter followed him. Fish, crimson with wrath, took refuge in the Close, where he clenched his fists furiously. He could still hear the laughter of the juniors.

"The blessed mugwumps!" muttered Fish. "Never mind; let 'em wait till we've proved our claim, that's all—they'll sing a different tune then—when the House of Peers recognise popper as Lord de Fyshe. Let 'em wait!"

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Last of Lord Fish!

"TOZER, by Jove!"

It was Saturday afternoon, and the Famous Five of the Remove were sauntering down Friardale Lane, with their straw hats on the backs of their heads, when they suddenly came in sight of Police-constable Tozer. That fat and portly representative of law and order was seated on the stile, with his helmet pushed back from his perspiring brow, reading a newspaper. He was so interested in his paper that he did not observe the juniors in the lane. He was muttering to himself as he read, and Harry Wharton & Co. caught his words as he mumbled.

"'Eight about five feet five, pale complexion, light-coloured heyces. I wish I could lay my 'ands on 'im. Seen on Wednesday gettin' out of a train at Courtfield. Shouldn't wonder if he was in the neighbour'ood now. Wot a slice of luck for me if I could come across 'im!"

The juniors grinned. Mr. Tozer was evidently reading the description of some unfortunate individual who was "wanted" by the police, and who had been seen in the vicinity of Tozer's beat. Naturally enough, Mr. Tozer was keen on the chance of laying hands on a wanted criminal. Nothing ever happened in the quiet neighbourhood of Friardale, and Mr. Tozer's chances of distinguishing himself were limited to the occasional collaring of a village urchin for robbing an orchard.

"Good old Tozer!" murmured Bob Cherry. "Always looking out for a chance of doing his dooty. But reading newspapers on his beat isn't the dooty of a dootiful bobby! It's up to us to show Tozer that it won't do!"

Mr. Tozer had not seen them, and the juniors backed away quietly on the grass beside the road. Mr. Tozer went on studying the description and the photograph in the paper, unconscious that he was observed.

Bob Cherry put his finger to his lips, and slipped through a gap in the hedge, and came quietly behind Mr. Tozer from the wood.

The fat constable was still intent upon the paper, and did not hear Bob's soft footsteps behind him. The chums of the Remove watched Bob from the lane, suppressing their laughter. Bob approached the fat officer so closely that he could have touched him. The inclination to tilt Mr. Tozer off the stile was almost irresistible, but Bob Cherry manfully resisted it. It would not do to lay violent hands upon the majesty of the law. Bob halted behind the Friardale policeman, put his hands to his mouth, and gave a sudden roar.

"Hallo!"

The sudden roar just behind him made Mr. Tozer give a violent jump.

"My heye!" he gasped.

The startled constable slipped from the stile, stumbled on the ground, and dropped on his hands and knees. He turned his head dazedly, and found Bob Cherry looking at him over the stile with a cheerful grin.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Tozer!" said Bob, raising his cap politely.

"Ow!"

"Do you always get off a stile like that?" asked Bob, with interest.

"You young raskill!" howled Mr. Tozer, assuming a perpendicular attitude, and panting. "You—you disrespectful young villain—"

Bob Cherry looked mildly surprised.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's the matter, Mr. Tozer? I just called out in a friendly way, you know, because I was so pleased to see you."

Mr. Tozer dusted the knees of his trousers, and set his helmet straight.

"I'd 'ave 'em all drowned—drowned at birth!" he murmured, addressing space.

"Ripping, Tozer!" said Harry Wharton, as the four juniors came up smiling. "I watched you! Jolly active for a man of your age, Tozer."

"New thing in gymnastics?" asked Nugent.

"Let's see you do it again, Tozer!" urged Johnny Bull. "It really was a treat! Performing elephants are not in it!"

"The treatfulness was terrific, my esteemed and ludicrous Tozer!" murmured Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

Mr. Tozer snorted. He would have given half his pension to be able to "run in" those cheery youths, and give them a few days on bread and water. Nugent picked up the newspaper that had fluttered from the hand of the constable.

"Reading newspaper serials, at your age, Tozer?" he said reproachfully. "What an example to set to us young persons! I'm surprised at you!"

"Give me my paper, you young raskill!" roared Mr. Tozer. "Which I'll report you to your 'eadmaster!"

"Report me for picking up your paper for you," said Nugent, in surprise. "I call that ungrateful, Tozer!"

"Give it to me, you young rip!"

Nugent held out the paper, and Mr. Tozer grabbed at it. The cheerful junior jerked it back, and Mr. Tozer's fat hand swept the empty air. Mr. Tozer became perfectly purple with wrath. He made a rush at Nugent, who dodged promptly, still holding out the paper.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Johnny Bull suddenly, as his eyes fell on the paper as Nugent held it out. "My hat! I know that chivvy!"

"Great Scott, so do I!" exclaimed Nugent, glancing at the photograph in the paper. "Great Jonathan Wild! It's Sharp!"

"Mr. Inquiry Agent, by Jove!"

Mr. Tozer grabbed the paper, but he was no longer wrathful.

"Wot's that?" he exclaimed eagerly. "You young gents 'ave seen the man as is photographed 'ere? You mean it?"

"What-bo!"

"Then it's your dooty to tell me where he may be found," said Mr. Tozer. "And—and I'll take it as a favour. I don't mind a—a little joke, young gentlemen. You tell me where to lay 'ands on that scoundrel, and I'll be much obliged to you."

"Let's see it," said Wharton.

The Famous Five studied the photographed face in the paper. There was no doubt about it. They had seen that face, with its cunning features and shifty eyes, before. It was the face of Mr. Sharp. On two or three occasions of late they had seen the self-styled representative of the Heralds' Office in company with Mr. Fish, of New York. And the pictured face in the paper was exactly the face of Mr. Sharp, of the Heralds' Office. The juniors had not the slightest doubt from the first that the man was an impostor and a swindler. This was a startling confirmation of their opinion of him.

"You've seed him?" asked Mr. Tozer anxiously. "About 'ere?"

"Yes, rather?"

"The ratherfulness is terrific, my esteemed Tozer."

Mr. Tozer rubbed his fat hands with satisfaction. He had quite forgotten his tumble off the stile now, and he no longer felt any desire to give the chums of the Remove a few days on bread and water. In fact, he could have hugged them. For if he could have brought off the arrest of the rascal whose photograph was in the paper, it would have meant considerable distinction for Mr. Tozer, quite putting into the shade his previous exploits in seizing orchard-pilferers and unmuzzled dogs.

"Read the description," he said. "Does that fit?"

"Height about five feet, pale complexion, light eyes!" read out Harry Wharton. "It fits him to a hair."

"Who is it, Tozer?" asked Nugent.

"Which he's got a good many names," said Mr. Tozer. "He's Jem Smith, and Billy Cradock, and the Weasel, and Slippery Jim, and a good many other names. He's wanted for picking pockets, and forging a cheque, and swindling hotel-keepers, and for getting money out of a silly old gentleman under pretence of having influence in the 'Eralds' Office, and finding 'im a pedigree."

"My hat!"

"That settles it," said Wharton. "He's at the same game again, with Fish's pater, and his name this time is Sharp."

"There's been information received that he was seen in Courtfield," said Mr. Tozer. "That was some days ago."

"He was in Courtfield right enough," said Wharton, "and I fancy we can tell you just where to look for the rotter now."

Mr. Tozer rubbed his hands again.

"Now you're talking, Master Wharton," he said, with great satisfaction.

"If it's the same man, he's passing himself off on the father of the American chap at Greyfriars, as an inquiry agent belonging to the Heralds' Office," said Wharton.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 337.

EVERY
MONDAY.

The "Magnet"
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ONE
PENNY.

"Jest wot he would do!" chuckled Mr. Tozer. "The same old game!"

"He's going to prove that Fishy's pater is a Lord do Fyshe—"

"Haw, haw, haw!"

The juniors joined in the merriment of Mr. Tozer. This sudden light upon the true character of Mr. Inquiry Agent struck them as funny.

"And he's down here to-day," said Harry. "Fish has gone out with his pater and Mr. Sharp. I think they've gone looking for inscriptions or something, to prove the existence of the Fysh de Fysches in these parts. I suppose it's a dodge for screwing some more dollars out of Mr. Fish. They're coming back to the school for tea with Fish—"

"Sure?" asked Mr. Tozer.

"Dead cert!" grinned Johnny Bull. "Fish is in my study, and I've kicked him out; but he asked me this afternoon to let him have the study without a row, as he would have his father and Mr. Sharp to tea with him."

"Then all I've got to do is to walk in and nab 'im!" said Mr. Tozer, with a fat chuckle. "Werry good! You don't 'appen to know when they'll be coming in?"

"About tea-time, I suppose," said Wharton. "But if Sharp sees a policeman about you can bet he will sprint for all he's worth. You'll have to keep out of sight."

"He's a cute scoundrel!" admitted Mr. Tozer. "I don't want to run no risks with 'im. If I could get him inside the school gates—"

"Good egg! Suppose you take cover in Gosling's lodge, and wait for him to come in. Once he's inside, we'll see that he doesn't get out again."

"Thank you kindly, young gents! Of course, it's your dooty to 'elp in the hexecution of the law!"

"Quite so; and we'll be jolly glad to collar that rotter who's swindling Fishy's pater."

And Mr. Tozer walked to Greyfriars with the juniors in a state of chuckling satisfaction.

When they reached the school Mr. Tozer went into Gosling's lodge at once. Gosling was a friend of the village policeman, and he entered into the thing with great heartiness. Gosling had not forgotten Fisher T. Fish's insolence, and he looked forward with great pleasure to seeing Mr. Inquiry Agent



A thrilling melodrama of the South African War, telling how a lieutenant—a man who was coward and bully both—robbed his brother of hard-won honour and glory by a dastardly trick, and also attempted to steal away from him the love of a beautiful girl. The outcome of this wicked treachery is recorded in "STOLEN HONOURS," the story of the famous film of the same name produced by the Phoenix exclusives—which appears in this week's

PLUCK Out on **Friday** **1d.**

NEXT
MONDAY—

"THE MATCH WITH ST. JIM'S!"

A Splendid Complete Tale of the
Chums of Greyfriars. Order Early!

arrested, and all Fish's castles in the air dashed to the ground in consequence.

While Mr. Tozer was fanning himself and partaking of liquid refreshment in Gosling's lodge, Harry Wharton & Co. waited at the gates for the arrival of Fisher T. Fish and his popper and Mr. Inquiry Agent. They imparted the great secret to a number of other fellows, and it spread like wild-fire. In a short time half Greyfriars knew that Mr. Inquiry Agent had turned out to be a well-known swindler, and that Mr. Tozer was waiting in the porter's lodge to collar him when he put in an appearance. Quite an army gathered within easy view of the lodge to witness the scene. Fisher T. Fish had made himself so thoroughly unpopular by his insolence and absurdity that all the fellows looked forward with relish to the scene. After Mr. Sharp had been marched away like Eugene Aram, with gyves upon his wrists, Fisher T. Fish could hardly continue to boast of the noble blood of the Fyshe de Fyshes.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" murmured Bob Cherry. "Here they come! This is where the circus begins."

The tall, lanky form of Hiram K. Fish came in sight, with Fisher T. on one side, and the slim, dapper figure of Mr. Inquiry Agent on the other. Mr. Fish's countenance wore an expression of satisfaction. Doubtless, the inquiry agent had succeeded in making another discovery which was gratifying to the American gentleman. It was not difficult for Mr. Sharp to make discoveries of Fyshe de Fyshe antiquities, if he prepared them in advance.

The Famous Five raised their caps to Mr. Fish. Fisher T. Fish looked at them with a supercilious expression.

"I guess it's all pretty clear now, you jays!" he remarked, as his father and Mr. Sharp passed in at the gates.

"I guess you're right, Fishy!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Clearer than you think, in fact."

"Mr. Sharp's got the case down fine. He's got the whole pedigree from the first Baron de Fyshe down to Ebenezer Fish who emigrated to the Yewnted States, written out from the records of the Heralds' Office," said Fisher T. Fish impressively.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, you can cackle!" said Fish disdainfully. "You wait till—Hallo! Great jumping Jehosaphat! What's the row now?"

"Looks like trouble for the Heralds' Office!" grinned Wharton.

It did!

For the portly form of Police-constable Tozer had emerged from Gosling's lodge, and was bearing down upon the American gentleman and Mr. Sharp. And the fat hand of Mr. Tozer descended upon Mr. Sharp's shoulder, and the deep bass voice of Mr. Tozer announced:

"Which I arrest you in the name of the lor, Jem Smith, alias Slippery Jim! And I warns you that anything you may say will be took down to be used in hevidence agin yer!"

Mr. Sharp seemed petrified. His sallow face became sallow. He made one movement to spring away, but Tozer's grip was like iron. And before the rascal could recover from his astonishment Mr. Tozer had clicked the handcuffs on his wrists.

Hiram K. Fish stared at him in blank amazement.

"By gum!" he exclaimed. "What does this mean? Are you mad, man? How dare you touch Mr. Sharp!"

"Which his name ain't Sharp, sir, any more than mine's Robinson," said Mr. Tozer stolidly. "He's Slippery Jim, and he's been wanted by the police for months and months!"

"What!"

"Wanted for embezzlement, sir, and signing another man's name to a cheque, and swindling a hold gent wot was ass enough to employ him to find out a pedigree for 'im," said Mr. Tozer. "He ain't no more connected with the 'Eralds' Hoffice than I am!"

"Wha-a-at! Sharp, you hear what the man says? Speak up! Tell him who you are!" howled Mr. Fish, in a state that could only be described as flabbergasted.

Mr. Sharp smiled faintly. The game was up now, and he knew it.

"He knows who I am, sir," he replied. "It's all up! It's all right, bobby: I'll come quietly."

"Which you'd better," said Mr. Tozer.

"But—but—but—" Mr. Fish gasped. "You—you are a thief! A swindler! Then what you've been telling me about the Fyshe de Fyshes—"

"All bunkum!" said Mr. Sharp calmly. "There never were any Fyshe de Fyshes—not that I know of, at any rate."

"By gum!"

"Oh, I swow!" gasped Fisher T. Fish, in utter dismay.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But I will say this for you, Mr. Fish," said the rascal coolly. "You ought to be proud of your simple and con-

fiding disposition. It's a very rare thing in a business man of your age, sir. I have found it very entertaining. Good-bye!"

And Mr. Inquiry Agent was marched off, with the handcuffs clinking on his wrists, and Mr. Tozer's firm grip on his arm.

Mr. Fish stood rooted to the ground. Fisher T. Fish was petrified. All his castles in the air had tumbled to pieces now.

"Well, I swow! I—I— This beats me!" gasped Mr. Fish, at last. "Simple and confiding, me. Me simple and confiding! The scoundrel! They know me well on Wall Street as the sharpest business man in Noo York! Simple and confiding! Waal, carry me home to die! He's taken me in—me, Hiram K. Fish, of Noo York—taken in like a greenhorn from way-back! I guess I've had enough of this country! I guess I'm going back to Noo York by the next boat! Simple and confiding! Oh, gum!"

And Hiram K. Fish strode away, still muttering to himself those insulting words "simple and confiding."

Fisher T. Fish looked round at the Greyfriars fellows when his popper was gone. His face was a study.

"Well, what price Fyshe de Fyshes now?" grinned Bolsover major.

"Drug in the market, I should say?" grinned Skinner.

"How long before you get to the House of Lords, Fishy?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Your lordship looks a little bit down," chuckled Todd.

"What's wrong, Lord Fish?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fish seemed at a loss for words for a moment. The Yankee junior was famous for never admitting a defeat. Whatever happened to him, he always came up smiling, and generally had some excuse to make. But it puzzled the juniors to guess what he could say now. His lofty pretensions had been humbled in the dust. It had been proved past all possible denial that there never were any Fyshe de Fyshes, and under those circumstances Fish could certainly not claim any longer to be descended from them. Indeed, as Bob Cherry remarked, it really looked as if Fish was pinned down at last, beyond the possibility of a wriggle. But it took Fisher T. Fish only a minute or two to recover himself.

"I guess that guy was pretty cute," he remarked, in quite a casual way. "Pretty near as smart as an American, I guess. And I'm jolly glad he's been found out."

"Glad?"

"Yep! Rotten disgrace for a free American citizen and a real democrat to find that he was descended from a set of mouldy old lords!" said Fish calmly. "Jolly glad it was all a mistake! No, sir, no silly titles on my plate. None of your slabsided old nobility for me! I come from a country where Jack is as good as his master, and we laugh, sir, laugh at your mouldy old notions in this benighted country. As for the House of Lords, I guess I wouldn't be found dead in it! No, sir, not at any price!"

And Fisher T. Fish walked into the School House, leaving the juniors quite breathless. Fisher T. Fish had taken their breath away!

THE END.

NEXT WEEK!

Grand New Serial

will commence in "The Magnet"
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SIDNEY DREW

ORDER EARLY—AND TELL ALL
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BY SIDNEY DREW

A Wonderful Story dealing with the Thrilling Adventures of Ferrers Lord—Millionaire, and his comrades, Ching-Lung—Juggler and Ventriloquist; Rupert Thurston, and Gan-Waga, the Eskimo.

READ THIS FIRST.

Ferrers Lord, the famous multi-millionaire, is engaged on one of his adventurous expeditions in company with Ching-Lung (the Prince of China), Rupert Thurston, Gan-Waga (the Eskimo), also Prout, Maddock, Barry O'Roonney, and the rest of the famous band of stalwart seamen. Their quest is a field of blue orchids, which is said to exist somewhere up the great Amazon River, and their craft is a small steam launch named the Blue Orchid, which has been captured from Lord's enemy in this enterprise, a German millionaire named Hausmann, who is continually pursuing the millionaire in his magnificent yacht, the Medea. The adventurers stumble across a village which is reigned over by a beautiful woman, who is known as Althara the Merciless, and are captured and taken prisoners. Ching-Lung, however, tells her he is a wizard, and by simple, yet wonderful, conjuring, he earns a reward from the queen, and the whole party are eventually reunited. Hausmann attacks the village, and takes up a strongly-fortified position. For some time Ferrers Lord holds back the natives from attacking the Germans, whom he does not wish to see massacred. His influence fails at last, however, and the attack is made. Ferrers Lord and his party escape under the guidance of a friendly native, who leads them to where the blue orchids are growing in profusion. They are packing the plants into baskets, when Ferrers Lord hears from a passing native that some of the Germans have escaped from the massacre, and are making for Obidos. This news is received with cheers.

(Now go on with the story.)

Vasco Sights the Amazon and Ferrers Lord the Medea.

"I'm glad," said Thurston. "I've had nightmare all night, thinking there had been a wholesale massacre. I don't even hate the orchids now," he added, pinning a spray in his buttonhole. "Do you think we shall get ahead of him?"

"I think so. If what the scouts say is true, his men are quite demoralised, and a demoralised force is worse than useless. He will find it hard to get recruits at Obidos when they see how the others have fared."

"Then he'll have to throw up the sponge."

"Not in the least, Rupert," said Ferrers Lord. "He will only change his plans. If he can get the Medea out, he will patrol the river in wait for us; if not, he will hire another craft and do the same thing. He is sure to have spies everywhere."

"Bedad, he's a swate crayture intoirely!" said Barry. "But he's a beggar to go, Tommy."

"He are, by honey," agreed the steersman, "and I'd like to see him washed off the face of the earth wi' a gentle poleaxe. I'd like to comb his hair wi' a chopper, and help him to dance a polka on the end of a rope. I just love him, by honey."

"So it seems, souse me!" grinned the bo'sun. "Send him a velentine wi' a bomb and a pint of prussic acid in it."

"Send him yo' butterfuls photygraphs—dat kills him quicker—dat snintaneous deaths!" gurgled the Eskimo. "Ho, ho, hoo! Not much fond of hims mineselfs, but sorry fo poor chaps if yo' do dats, Ben. He, he, hoo!"

"You're gettin' better, souse me, blubberbiter—that fact's plain," said Maddock. "But you needn't give me none of your sass and cheek, for if you does, souse me, I'll drop my end of your silly canary cage when it's my turn to carry it, and knock some respect into your fat, woolly cad. If you don't want no lumps on your thinker, be civil."

They were heavily loaded when the start was made, for Ching-Lung had laid hands on anything he thought might

be useful before leaving the stronghold, and now they had the additional weight of the orchids. Targi estimated the distance to the river at six miles, but every mile through the sweating forest was as long and difficult as two. Three had passed before the Indian's spear had sliced down the last branch, and then they stood on the green margin of the broad river, opposite a densely wooded island.

"I will soon bring a canoe, master," said Targi, the guide. "It is yonder that they are hidden."

He plunged into the stream, and swam to the island like an otter, with Vasco behind him. Targi was in high spirits, for he had learned from Vasco that his old mother was still alive, and, more than that, he was on the threshold of liberty, and he had made his fortune.

"Did you say you thought the Queen could read, Ching?"

"I think so, old chap. I saw some queer old Spanish books up at the bungalow," said Ching-Lung, "and they looked pretty well thumbed. She's of Spanish descent, I'll wager."

"Undoubtedly. I sent her a note by the young native. If we ever get back, I shall present her with many things good for her and her people. That woman saved us all. I shall never forget her."

Propelled by the two Indians, a roomy canoe came round the nose of the island. It was roofed over astern with palm leaves, and carried a mast and sail.

"By honey," said Prout, examining the craft with a professional eye, "she'd stand salt water, Joe, if need be. She's a sight too narrer, but wi' a centre-board and plenty o' ballast, I'd weather a gale in her."

They quickly shipped and stowed away their goods. As the litter was no longer of service, they shipped off curtains, mattress, and cushions, and made Gan Waga comfortable under the shelter. The millionaire gave the word, and, pushing her afloat, Joe sprang aboard, and, with Prout, Maddock, O'Roonney, and Vasco wielding the paddles, the canoe started on her long journey to the Amazon, with the current to help them.

"Farewell, land of Althara, home of the blue orchids!"

NEXT
MONDAY—

"THE MATCH WITH ST. JIM'S!"

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said Ferrers Lord. "I would have wrested the secrets of your pillars and ruined shrines from you if Fate had willed it."

"Here, don't be melodramatic!" said Ching-Lung. "You must be hungry."

"I am more sorry than hungry, Ching," said the millionaire, with an odd smile on his lips. "I had hoped to explore those mysterious ruins, and find out something of the vanished race who built them."

"Him wot's wise and does a guy can come and have another thry," grunted the voice of Barry O'Rooney; and this sage and poetical remark caused a general laugh as the Irishman added: "But, bedad, av yez sthoph whin ut's toime to shift, ut sarves yez roight av yez gets biffed. Original poem made by me on the spot."

"And you wants biffin' on the spot for it wi' a crowbar, souse me!" said the bo'sun.

"I'd tickle the back of his face wi' a paddle if I was abaft him, by honey," said the steersman. "Squint into the caboose, Joe, and see if the Heskimo ain't dead. If that ain't murdered him, he'll live to be 'anged nice and 'appy. Are he dead?"

Joe stooped down, and was promptly led to understand, as a finger and thumb grasped his nose, that Gan-Waga was very much in the land of the living, and that his funeral would not take place until further orders.

"Leggo!" he yelled. "Ye lump of villainy! What d'ye mean by it?"

"I sees de redness and tinked de places on fire!" tittered Gan, "and want to chucks de fires overboards. Not so reds as Tommy's necks, anyhowses, Joe. Oh, paints dats red necks blue! Ho, ho, hoo! I gets hungrys, people. Gots any cangles or butterfuls butters, hunk? I gots awfulness empty in the insideness."

Butter and candles were unprocurable luxuries, so Joe lighted a fire in a charcoal brazier to make broth from a scraggy chicken. As the current was swift, and the millionaire thought more of sparing his men than of making haste, he left Prout and Vasco, only to take their spell at the paddles. Targi was positive that they would meet no obstacle for the first hundred miles, and he had proved himself of such ability that no one doubted his word.

And so the canoe glided along past forest and swamps, rocks, and marsh. They anchored at dusk, camped until moonrise, and then went on again. The moon, with a great band of primrose light around it, looked angry. Targi and Vasco shook their heads, and plied their paddles the faster.

"The rain is coming," said Ferrers Lord, "and if we do not reach the lowlands before it, we shall have an exciting voyage. Half a dozen hours of rain would turn this stream into a logladen millrace."

"Then we'd better work, old chap," said Ching-Lung, seizing a paddle, "for I'm dashed if I like the nasty look on the face of the moon. Wake up, Rupert, wake up, Joe! All together, now, and make her move!"

"Faith, don't bump her on a snag!" warned Barry, "for Oi'm wearin' the only suit Oi've got in the woide worl'd, and av Oi wet ut, ut'll shrink to the soize of a pair o' bathin' drawers and a doll's jacket. Ut's so toight now that av Oi wanted to take ut off, Oi'd have to use a knoife to skin meself wid."

Excepting the millionaire, they were a ragged-looking crowd, and in any civilised place they would have received prompt attention from the police. Still, they were merry enough, and as the canoe sped along, they sang rousing choruses that awakened the monkeys slumbering in the dark trees, and made many a jaguar lift his startled head from the scent of his nightly hunting.

At dawn came the terrible tropical rain in such tumultuous torrents that it was necessary to keep on bailing, and impossible, without exposing Gan-Waga, to light a fire.

It lasted for three days without a ray of sunshine. Everything depended on Targi now, for they had no compass.

The sluggish current, it is true, rolling through the tangled dripping forests, was a surer guide to the Amazon even than the Indian. In time, unless they got jammed in some impenetrable jungle, it would have carried them through, provided that the rain lasted. If it failed, and they missed the waterway, they would have been left to die in the muddy, fever-laden forest, from which no human hand could extricate them. No man ever born could fight his way through that terrible morass, taste the poisons it breathed out, and live.

Once they missed their way, and paddled to and fro for hours before regaining the channel. At last the sun came out to cheer them again. On the Eskimo the rains acted like a tonic. They would have killed an ordinary man, but Gan welcomed them like a duck. And, one morning, when the fire was burning once more, and the savoury aroma of fish was pouring from the pot, Vasco grasped the millionaire's arm.

"The Amazon, Excellency," he said, pointing through the trees.

The millionaire's voice ran out like a trumpet call:

"Quick! Pull under the bank! Get out of sight! There's the Medea!"

Hans Hausmann's beautiful yacht was gliding lazily over the yellow water, not a mile away, moving upstream.

It was evening at Satjaro. The village was built high on a hill, and looked over the forests to the Amazon. Fields, well tilled, surrounded the village. At the doors of the huts the women sat making hats of woven grass, with their children playing about them.

"Targi, Targi!"

There was a shout as the Indian, followed by a dozen of his tribesmen, were seen climbing the steep path. Ching-Lung, who had been romping with some of the native boys, advanced to meet him. At that moment Ferrers Lord emerged from a hut and signalled to the Indian.

"You are in excellent time, Targi," he said. "Is all well?"

"All is well, but we are weary," answered the guide, "for we have paddled night and day. Vasco sent the message from Para. We rested not, for we thought you would need us. Vasco remained, Excellency. It is well that they have not found you. One canoe we passed told us that the big vessel was near Obidos."

Ferrers Lord had quickly pressed the native's hand. Their voyage down the Amazon after they had caught a glimpse of the Medea had been without adventure. After a brief rest, Vasco, Targi, and a dozen stalwart canoeemen had started off again down the river to Para with a cablegram written in cipher. A watch had been kept night and day for the Medea, but the yacht had not put in an appearance. And now Targi had returned, after carrying out his mission. At Satjaro the orchid-seekers had been welcomed, and treated like kings.

"Prout's got a fat, reds necks,

Oh, paints dat red necks blue!"

warbled a voice.

To the delight of the children, who worshipped the corpulent Eskimo, the beaming face of Gan-Waga rose over the rim of a large tub that was kept filled with water for his special benefit. Gan was a good deal thinner as the result of his wound; but he was happy, and his wide grin set the children screaming with laughter. They had christened him the smiling frog, not at all an inappropriate name.

Natives carrying piles of faggots and dried fern came up the hill in the twilight and made their bundles into a heap.

"There's summat goin' to 'appen to-night, Filson," said Prout to the engineer; "but, by honey, I can't guess what!"

The next instant the steersman's prophecy was fulfilled.

"Get out the orchids, and be ready to march in an hour!" shouted Ching-Lung.

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The Lord of the Deep—Home!

This strange order made them stare. Tallow candles were lighted, and three large packing-cases sent up from Para by Vasco were broken open. Dark eyes sparkled, and voices uttered little shrieks of delight as the wonders were revealed. Silk skirts and petticoats, handsome hunting-knives, mirrors, toys, bracelets, and bangles—everything that could appeal and bring joy to the hearts of a half-civilised tribe appeared to be there. Vasco had ransacked the stores at Para in a manner that showed he knew exactly what would be most appreciated.

Ferrers Lord glanced at the time, and then placed the watch and chain in Targi's hand.

"You shall stay with your people, Targi," he said; "but forget not the pledge you have given to serve me and to answer my call when I need you. A torch, Ching!"

Ching-Lung whirled the torch above his head, and thrust it into the heap of brushwood. The fire blazed up furiously—a great beacon that was visible for miles.

The flames reached their highest point, and then began to die down.

"Make your farewell, lads," said the deep voice of Ferrers Lord. "Time is getting short."

In the glare of twenty torches they left Satarjo. A wide path, beaten hard by constant traffic, led through the forest to the river. A canoe was waiting there.

"Hausmann must have come to grief. Souse me, Tom," said Maddock, "if we're goin' to pull down to Para wi'out

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left bank. An hour later the Medea churned past, shadowed by a terrible foe.

The Medea coaled at Para, on her way to Rio. Hans Hausmann had given up the chase. What was the use of pursuing ghosts? The fools were dead. Some of them had been slaughtered by the natives, the others had perished from flood, fever, and starvation in the forests. These were the rumours he had heard, and he believed them.

Smoking his cigar, Hausmann leaned over the rail. The cigar dropped from his fingers, and his hand went to his head, as a grey monster leapt out of the sea not fifty fathoms from the yacht, and rushed towards her.

"Got in Himmel! Lost!" shrieked the German. "It is the Lord of the Deep!"

"Heave to," thundered a voice in German, "or I'll blow you out of the water!"

"Thank you, Herr Hausmann! The secret is safe, and I have your cheque for a million. Good-day!"

Ferrers Lord was wearing a blue orchid in his buttonhole. He took the cheque from the writhing fat man. As victor,

Starts Next Week!

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Huge Demand Certain.

so much as a popgun in the canoe! Gone and wrecked hisself, I reckon!"

"Easy all! Keep her drifting," said Ferrers Lord. "Show me the watch, Targi. Ah, we are too soon!"

Too soon, but only by a brief few minutes. From the bosom of the dark river sprang a great, shining beam of light, that swept down to the level of the water and dazzled their eyes.

"The Lord of the Deep! The Lord of the Deep!"

Prout, Barry, Joe, Maddock, Filson, Gan-Waga, and even the silent little stoker yelled out the name in one hysterical chorus, and then cheered, howled, and bellowed till their throats ached.

"Pull!"

The canoe shot forward to the low-lying outline of the peerless submarine. The dazzling light had gone, but the conning-tower was lighted dimly. A tall, athletic figure strode out, and stood at salute, erect and silent—Harold Honour, monarch of engineers.

"In time to the very second, Honour," said Ferrers Lord, grasping his hand, "as you always are!"

The canoe went back. In the darkness the submarine's screws began to revolve. Like a spectre she crept upstream. At last a man gently opened the door of the conning-tower.

"The lights of a steamer dead ahead, sir."

Hal Honour nodded, and turned the vessel more to the

Ferrers Lord was satisfied. Hausmann had bought his silence for the sum of one million sterling. It was a big price, but it was cheaper than a trial for piracy.

"Good-day to you, and bon voyage, Herr Hausmann!" said Ferrers Lord. "If ever you need blue orchids, I have them to sell!"

He bowed mockingly. Biting his lips, Hausmann went down the ladder.

"Now, Ching!"

Hal Honour cut the electric wire. Like an unslipped greyhound, the Medea dashed away, gathering speed at every fathom straight for the rocks of San Dolorosa. She struck with a thunderous crash, crumpled up, and sank amid the thunder of exploding boilers.

"Home!" said Ferrers Lord, as if addressing his coachman after a visit to a London theatre.

The Lord of the Deep sank under the sea, and the boat turned towards the distant coast of Brazil.

"M'yes!" said Ching-Lung, scratching his eyebrow. "People make mistakes, Wagtail; but when Hausmann boasted that he'd sell blue orchids for sixpence apiece he bumped. It's cost him a trifle of a couple of millions up to now, and he hasn't got a solitary one. Did he bump—eh?"

"Not bumps, Chingy; he just bangs and go busts!" grinned the joyous Eskimo. "Ho, ho, hoo-o-oo!"

THE END.



My Readers' Page

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EDITOR,
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FOR NEXT MONDAY:

"THE MATCH WITH ST. JIM'S!"

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In this splendid, complete story Harry Wharton & Co. arrange to meet their old friends and rivals—Tom Merry & Co. of St. Jim's—on the cricket-field. For days beforehand the great match is the one topic of conversation with the Greyfriars juniors; yet on the great occasion a hitch occurs—and a very serious hitch, too.

Harry Wharton & Co. dash off on a wild-goose chase, and everyone, especially Tom Merry & Co., is greatly mystified by their disappearance. Temple & Co. of the Fourth, however, are not by any means so surprised as they seem to be by the Removites' strange action. They step gallantly into the breach, and offer Tom Merry & Co. a match. Harry Wharton & Co., however, appear subsequently, and then there are ructions.

"THE MATCH WITH ST. JIM'S!"

which ensues is the real, genuine article, and it provides a hard-fought and exciting struggle.

A SCHOOL STORY OF SPECIAL INTEREST.

I wish particularly to draw the attention of all school-story lovers to the exceptionally fine specimen of a school tale which will appear in this Wednesday's issue of our companion paper, "The Gem" Library.

The story is from the inspired pen of Mr. Martin Clifford, of course, and deals with the thrilling climax which occurs in the affairs of Talbot of the Shell Form. Talbot is the chosen friend of Tom Merry & Co., and is perhaps the most popular fellow at St. Jim's; but this amazing schoolboy is haunted by his terrible secret. Before he came to St. Jim's he was known as the "Toff," the most famous boy-cracksman of his time, and far from abandoning his criminal career, he has made a number of good "hauls" since he has been a St. Jim's junior. In Wednesday's grand story,

"THE PARTING OF THE WAYS!"

the schoolboy cracksman has a terrible struggle with himself; his conscience, which has slumbered so long, at last awakes. He has to face a relentless accuser among his schoolfellows and bitter reproaches from his old comrades.

The dramatic interest of this splendid story is unsurpassable, and every Magnetite should ask his or her newsagent to reserve a copy of Wednesday's "Gem," the fine issue containing

"THE PARTING OF THE WAYS!"

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

R. A. D. (Dublin).—Very many thanks for your letter.

L. Perry (Chelsea).—The first issue of "The Magnet" Library appeared in February, 1908. The ages of Skinner, Snoop, and Stott are 14, 14½, and 14 respectively.

"Tom Merry."—Send your coin along to me, and I will endeavour to value it for you.

S. Smith (Barnsley).—Write to Messrs. Glaisher, of 32, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C., who will be able to supply you with a handbook dealing with chess at the outlay of about one shilling.

Frank Wren (Stepney).—The oldest boy in the Remove Form at Greyfriars is Bolsover.

C. Wathen (Padd.).—Thanks for your postcard. I cannot make any definite promise, but will most certainly do my best.

C. F. and W. M.—Tom Dutton is treated with special consideration during lessons on account of his deafness.

David Blair.—"Twice Round the Globe" will be published in "The Boys' Friend 3d. Library" at some future date.

SOME INTERESTING CRICKET FACTS.

Playing for Surrey at Fifteen.

Mead, the Hampshire left-hander, was a member of the ground-staff at the Oval when he was but fifteen. He did fairly well, but was allowed, two years later, to qualify for his present team; and as soon as he was eligible to play for them he commenced showing what good cricket there was in him. His second match was against Yorkshire, and he startled the Tykes by helping himself to 60 and 109 off their best bowlers.

Frank Pearson, one of the best bats in the Worcester eleven, might have been playing for the metropolitan county now—if he had received any encouragement to stay where he was with them. Apparently they did not particularly want him, and finding that there was room for him in "Fostershire," he threw in his lot with them, and that county has never regretted its bargain.

Another cricketer that made a start with Surrey is V. F. S. Crawford. He played some splendid innings for them, and became known as one of the most punishing hitters in the country. However, he was not quite consistent as expected, and eventually he transferred his allegiance to Leicester, the county of his birth. His brother, J. N. Crawford, one of the most brilliant all-round cricketers Surrey ever had, also severed his connection with that county and went to Australia. There had been some disagreement between him and the Surrey Committee over the choosing of a team he was to have captained against the Cornstalks.

Other men that might have turned out in the Oval colours are Dr. H. C. Pretty, Northampton's great hitter; F. H. B. Champain, of Gloucester; C. M. Wells, the Middlesex bat; and Buckenham, the famous Essex bowler, who have all birth qualifications for the Southern County.

Kent's Mistake.

Buckenham, however, was "missed" more by Kent than by Surrey; on deciding to become a cricket professional he joined the Kent club at Mote Park, Maidstone. This was before the days of the now famous nursery at Tonbridge, or he might have drifted there, and so have become identified with the county of the White Horse rampant. As it was, however, nobody seemed to trouble themselves to bring him before the notice of the county authorities. But Essex were keeping their eyes open for men of his class, and in the end he enlisted in their ranks, and with them he has remained ever since. As a fast bowler he has made history, and he has played his part in many notable victories.

Kent lost a good man, too, when J. H. Vincett was allowed to depart to Sussex. The hop county authorities gave him little encouragement, and he went to Hastings. There his abilities soon attracted attention, and a place in the Sussex team was offered him.

Another player "crowded out" of the Kent eleven was W. P. Harrison, who afterwards performed so well for Middlesex; while if they had only been far-sighted enough they might have still had T. M. Russell, the Essex wicket-keeper, on their staff.

(Another Grand
 Cricket Article
 next week.)

The Editor

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