



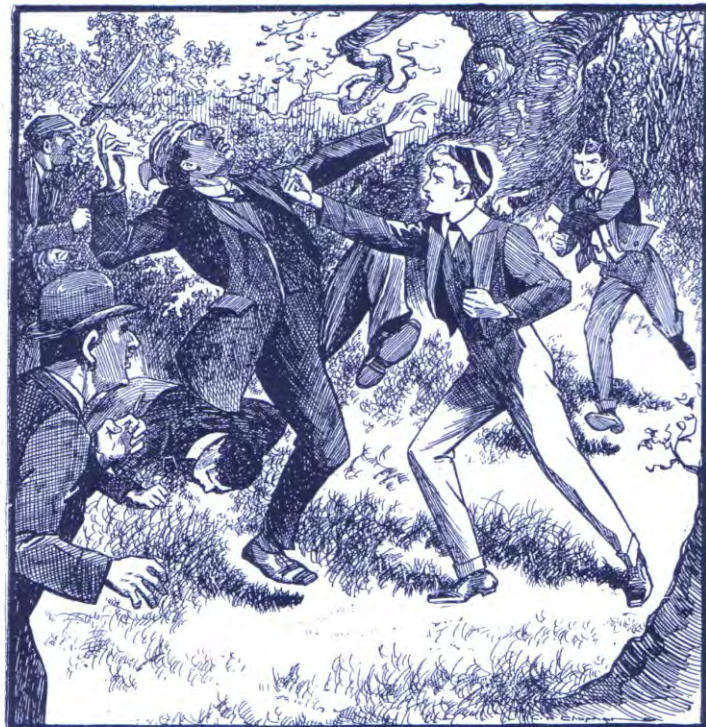
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THE GREYFRIARS DETECTIVES!



BOB CHERRY TO THE RESCUE!

(A Thrilling Scene in the Magnificent Long, Complete School Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars.) 11-10-19



The Greyfriars Detectives!

A Magnificent Long, Complete
School Story of HARRY
WHARTON & CO. at Greyfriars
School.

BY
FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Inky's Generosity!

"HAILO, hallo, hallo!" Bob Cherry, of the Remove Form at Greyfriars, poked his head into Study No. 1 in the Remove passage and uttered that cheery ejaculation.

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent were sitting at the table poring over their prep.

Harry Wharton looked up.

"Buzz off, Bob!" he said curtly.

Bob Cherry stared.

"What's biting you?" he demanded.

"Euclid!" growled Harry Wharton.

He flung down his pen with a gesture of disgust.

"Why didn't Euclid live long enough to hear what we think about him?" he said. "I'm sure I could tell him quite a lot of things!"

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"So says we!"

Nugent looked up, his brows puckered.

"Why don't you silly asses go outside if you want to chatter?" he said wrathfully. "How on earth can a chap grind Euclid with the row you're kicking up?"

Bob Cherry grinned.

"Sorry, my sonny boy!" he said.

"But I've left mine in disgust. I came round for a chat, to get into a better temper."

Wharton and Nugent grinned.

"You don't look very down, Bob," said Harry Wharton.

"What about Inky and Mark Linley?"

"Inky says that the assfulness of the esteemed Euclid is terrific," chuckled Bob Cherry. "And—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Mark's pegging away like Pinocchio," added Cherry. "I wish I could swat like Marky!"

Mark Linley, to whom Bob Cherry referred, was the scholarship boy who had come to Greyfriars and won his way to the hearts of the Famous Five.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the dusky Nabob of Bhanipur, was Bob Cherry's study-mate, and, needless to say, hailed from India.

It was nearly bed-time before Bob Cherry left Study No. 1, in a far more equable frame of mind than when he arrived.

He found Mark Linley and Wun Lung had gone for a stroll in the quadrangle before going to bed, but Hurree Singh was there.

He was sitting by the window, his chin resting in the palm of his hand, gazing thoughtfully out of the window.

Bob Cherry stared at him.

"Inky!"

Inky—the affectionate name by which the dusky junior was known to his friends—looked up with a start.

"Yes?"

"No other one got the bites!" growled Cherry. "What's the matter with you, my pippin?"

Inky shrugged his shoulders listlessly.

"My esteemed chum is mistaken," he said slowly. "I am not suffering from the bitefulness. I have had a letter from an esteemed countryman."

Bob Cherry jumped, and went quickly to his chum's side.

"Not bad news, Inky?" he asked softly.

Again the dusky junior shrugged his shoulders.

"I cannot tell," he said slowly. "If my worthy chum cares, he may read the letter."

Bob Cherry took the letter hesitatingly as Hurree Singh held it out to him. He did not want to pry into his chum's affairs.

"Read it," said Inky slowly.

Bob Cherry took out the single sheet of paper the envelope contained, and, holding it to the light at the window, read it slowly.

It was very brief, and ran:

"Illustrious Prince.—I am a countryman of yours, a faithful servant from

Bhanipur, and am in some distress. I would plead with your Highness to come to my assistance. I will wait in the lane after dark.

"RAM KUDI."

Bob Cherry handed the letter back when he had finished it.

"Looks like a jape to me," he said firmly. "I should ignore it."

Hurree Singh shook his head.

"The godfulness must be terrific!" he said, in his quaint English.

"Then I'll go with you. And if it's a jape, we'll make the japer gape!" said Bob Cherry. "Come on, old son!"

The nabob drew himself up to his full height, and Bob Cherry felt a new and sudden respect for the dusky prince.

"That would lead my worthy servants to think I am afraid to speak to them alone," said Hurree Singh. "The audfulness I shall lend will be the greatest I can."

Bob Cherry growled something incoherently, but Hurree Singh did not hear what he said.

Realising the uselessness of arguing, Bob Cherry stamped out of the study, and walked moodily towards Harry Wharton's.

There was a light in Study No. 1, and Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent were tackling Euclid again. They looked up as Bob Cherry flung open the door and bopped himself down in a chair.

"Euclid again?" asked Harry Wharton.

Bob Cherry frowned.

"No; Inky!" he said.

"What—quarrelled with him?"

"No, you ass! He's going out of gates soon, and the silly dummy won't let me go with him."

"Going out alone?"

"Yes, the fathead!"

Hurree Wharton looked thoughtful.

"Did he say what he was going out for?"

Bob Cherry nodded.

"Yes. Some blessed, black, inky lot."

head who comes from his home wants some assistance—sometimes written 'c-a-s-h.'

"Well, he's got plenty, and won't miss a fiver," said Frank Nugent. "I shouldn't worry about it, Bob."

Bob Cherry shrugged his shoulders. "I should say it was a jape!" he growled. "The fathead would walk into anything like that, if he thought he was getting a chance of doing somebody a good turn."

"He's a good-natured chump," said Harry Wharton. "At any rate, when he makes up his princely mind it's no good arguing."

At that moment the bell rang for bed, and the juniors went up to their dormitory. Bob Cherry, usually very quick in getting undressed, was the slowest on this particular occasion.

His eyes appeared fascinated by Icky's empty bed.

He turned in when Wingate came to switch off the lights.

Hurree Singh was waiting for the lights to go out. He stood by the gates, fearing to go out until he knew that his absence had not been discovered.

When Wingate turned off the lights he knew he was not missed, and promptly climbed over the gates and walked quickly down the lane.

He had not proceeded half a mile before a voice softly hailed him in Hindustani.

"Is that you, Highness?"

Hurree Singh stopped, and answered in the same language.

"Yes. Come forward, Ram Kudi!"

A figure detached itself from the shadows of the hedge that bordered the road and came softly forward.

It was full moon, and Hurree Singh could see the man's face quite distinctly. It was unmistakably Indian, and all wariness for possible japes left the Nabob.

"What do you want, Ram Kudi?" asked Hurree Singh, still speaking in his native language.

"I need help, Highness," whined the Indian. "I have hunger—no bread, no wine, no money with which to buy. Rupees are scarce in this country."

"Not for those who work," said Hurree Singh. "Have you tried work?"

The man's eyes glittered.

"Work! Is a man from the noble and illustrious house of Kudi to work for the white men?" he marveled. "Is it that one of thy servants is to be servant to the accursed British?"

Hurree Singh's face flushed as much as his dusky colour would allow him.

"You dog!" he said angrily. "Are not the British thy masters—even as the King Emperor is my master?"

The man muttered something under his breath.

"But—but I am getting old, Highness," he pleaded, and he whined as only an Indian beggar can whine. "I need nourishment for my poor bones. I will work when I can gain strength."

Hurree Singh hesitated. He had no sympathy for a lazy man, as such Ram Kudi appeared to be.

"How did you find out I was at Greyfriars?" he demanded.

"What servant of yours does not know that, illustrious prince?" asked Ram Kudi proudly.

After another moment's hesitation, Hurree Singh took a wallet from his pocket-book, and extracted half a dozen Treasury notes. Ram Kudi's eyes glittered as he saw the amount of money the wealthy nabob carried in his pocket, and his fingers twitched nervously.

"Here, take these," said Hurree Singh.

"But trouble me not again, or I shall hand you over to the white policemen, and you'll be made to work—in prison!"

I have no sympathy for any man who can't but will not work."

Ram Kudi took the proffered notes, gasping low before Hurree Singh as he poured out a torrent of thanks.

Hurree Singh stood haughtily silent until his countryman had finished, then turned on his heel and walked quickly away.

There was a rustle of paper as Ram Kudi thrust the notes in his pockets, and the Indian's eyes glimmered green with hatred as he looked after the nabob's fast retreating figure.

Suddenly he emitted a low whistle, and from out of the hedge there came two more figures, and they were as dusky as Ram Kudi himself. They were Hindus.

"He is rich even here!" whispered Kudi quickly. "We shall carry out our original plan."

The three men dashed after Hurree Singh, and, fleet of foot as they were, they soon caught him up.

Hurree Singh stood proudly defiant at the threatening attitude of the three men.

"More beggars?" he said icily.

For answer, Ram Kudi lashed out with his fist; but the dusky junior had learned something of the noble art of self-defence since he had made the acquaintance of Bob Cherry, and he flung up his arm and ward off the blow.

The next instant he was struggling fiercely with the three Hindus.

It is not the way of the Hindu to waste breath in calling for help. They fight silently and doggedly.

Thus Hurree Singh made no effort to attract the attention of anybody who might happen to be near. Greyfriars was only a few hundred yards away, and it was more than likely that one of the masters would be taking a stroll in the quadrangle.

Hurree Singh fought with all the cunning of his race, and all the knowledge of the fistic art that Bob Cherry had banged into him in the school gymnasium.

His blows landed heavily on the faces and bodies of his assailants, and one, who caught a full right swing on the point of the chin, collapsed to the ground, and took no further part in the fight.

Ram Kudi caught Hurree Singh a half left to the ear, and for a moment the nabob's senses reeled. But he recovered quickly, and fought on with undiminished strength.

But the unequal fight could not last much longer. Hurree Singh realised this, and with a sudden movement he tripped Ram Kudi up, and with a lightning-like right sent the other Hindu sprawling on top of Ram Kudi.

Another moment's hesitation, and Hurree Singh was speeding towards Greyfriars, distasteful though it was to run away.

Five minutes later he was bashing his cut and swollen ear in the dormitory, having reached that place without meeting any of the masters or prefects.

He lay in bed afterwards and wondered if an English beggar would have treated his generosity in the same manner as had Ram Kudi. With that question in his mind he at last dropped off to sleep.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Second Attack.

"OUT you get!" Bob Cherry was early astir the next morning, and, in his usual genial manner, started to turn out all the fellows who were not already getting dressed.

Billy Hunter, the fat youth of the Remove, was the unfortunate occupant of the next bed to Bob Cherry, and was,

therefore, the first to receive the cheery junior's attention.

Bob Cherry shook the fat junior, and it needed more than a little exertion to move Billy Hunter.

"Get up, you fat slackert!" panted Cherry, as he shook away at Hunter's reclining form.

"Wharrer marrer?" growled Billy Hunter. "Ow! Stoppt, young Linley! Ow!"

"Out you tumble!"

"Wharton—leave me alone—really, you beast!"

"Ha, ha, ha! There's quite a lot of chaps, shaking Billy this morning!" laughed Harry Wharton.

"He's got to come out!" said Bob Cherry determinedly. "I'll go without my usual run round this morning—I'm getting all the exercise I want here!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow! Stoppt! Cherry, you rotter! Ow! I knew it was you all the time! I'm waiting for you to stop, to let me get up!"

"Out of it, then!"

Billy Hunter sat up in his bed as Bob Cherry ceased to shake him, and blinked around.

"Where are my glasses, Bob Cherry?" he demanded, blinking in every direction.

Billy Hunter was very short-sighted, and was as blind as an owl in the daylight without them. Hence his name—the Owl of the Remove.

"I haven't got your glasses, fathead!" said Bob Cherry. "Why, bless me, Icky's not up yet!"

Bob Cherry ran to Hurree Singh's bed, and pulled back the sheets.

Almost immediately he started back, with a gasp of dismay.

"M-m-m-my hat!"

The juniors looked over, puzzled.

"What's the matter, Bob?" asked Harry Wharton, cheerfully. "Has the esteemed nabob turned white during the night?"

Bob Cherry looked round.

"Here—quick, Harry!"

Harry Wharton, alarmed at the extremely serious expression of his chum, hurried to Icky's bedside.

Then he, too, started back, and in an instant the Removees crowded round the dusky junior's bed.

The pillow was stained red where his head was resting.

"What on earth—"

"Inky! Wake up, old chap—"

Bob Cherry shook his study-mate gently, and Inky turned sleepily on his back and opened his eyes.

He stared at the crowd of Removees and sat up hastily.

"The curiosity of my esteemed chums is terrific!" he said. "What's the matterfulness?"

Bob Cherry, greatly relieved to find Hurree Singh as all right, sat down on the bed with a bump.

"Inky," he said slowly and emphatically, "you're a fathead!"

"Why?"

"What have you been doing?"

"My worthy chum is speaking in ridiculous riddles!"

"Look at your pillow, chump!"

Hurree Singh sat up, and looked at his pillow. He put his hand up to his ear as he saw the dark-red stain, and grinned. Bob Cherry eyed him craftily.

"Is that a thick ear you've got, Inky?"

"My worthy chum is correct."

"Then do you want another one to go with it?"

Hurree Singh grinned.

"My fighting chum had better wait until I can get into the rightfulness of the esteemed boxing outfit," he said. "I am—"

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"Will you explain, you dummy?" roared the exasperated Cherry.

"The explanation will afford me great pleasure," said Hurree Singh.

"Then get on with it! Where did you get to last night?"

"On the tiles!" sneered Skinner.

Bob Cherry turned quickly, and Skinner promptly hid himself behind the crowd of Removites. Harold Skinner had no wish to come up against the boxing champion of the Remove.

"I met Ram Kudi, an esteemed rotter from Bhanipur," explained Hurree Singh. "The desirefulness for cash was terrific, and I gave him some notes. I was steadily walking towards the esteemed school when the badfulness of my esteemed rotten countryman interfered again."

"And gave you a thick ear?"

"The correctnessfulness of my ludicrous chum is terrific! I was forcefully compelled to give Ram Kudi one for himself."

"Yes?"

"Then two rottenful chums of the esteemed Kudi attacked me. I escaped, and washfully bathed my ear. I did not know that the bleedfulness had not stopped."

Bob Cherry looked amazed.

"There were three of them! Why—oh, stars and stripes!—why didn't you let me go with you when I wanted to?"

"My noble and ridiculous chum was better in bed—"

"And you'd better get up, you fat-head, or you'll be in Quelch's bad books!"

"My esteemed chum is correctnessfully right."

And Hurree Singh joined the other juniors in a hurried scramble to wash and dress.

But the one topic of conversation in the dormitory during this process was the attack on Luky of the night before.

Bob Cherry and Wharton went down to breakfast in a very puzzled frame of mind.

"How did they find out that the Inky bounder was here?" said Bob Cherry.

"That's what puzzles me."

Harry Wharton shrugged his shoulders.

"I expect if they really came from Bhanipur they would know," he said sagely. "They would naturally wonder where their prince was."

Bob Cherry nodded.

"Is it just a case of wanting cash, or is it a plot?"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"My dear old Bob, they don't do things like that nowadays. Kidnapping, holding to ransom, and all that twaddle, you only read about. They don't happen in real life!"

Bob Cherry did not look very impressed, and he was unusually thoughtful as he consumed his breakfast that morning.

Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, wanted to know how Hurree Singh got to possess such a badly-wounded ear. Hurree Singh's answers, in the quaintest language, were such that the Form-master decided it would be better to drop the question.

It was a Wednesday, and a half-holiday at Greyfriars. Bob Cherry, longing for the playing-fields, always found that morning the most tiresome of the week.

But this one seemed to hang more than ever. Bob was really anxious about Hurree James Ram Singh.

The bell rang at last, and lessons were over for the day.

Bob Cherry was the first to leave the class-room, and he hurried straight up to his study. Mark Linley and Wan Lung, the Chinese junior, followed very soon afterwards.

"Where's the Inky?" asked Bob.

Mark Linley shook his head.

"Couldn't say, old chap," he said. "I came away pretty quickly, because I want to go down to the river this afternoon."

"To swim?"

"Yes."

Bob Cherry grinned.

"Marky, my infant, you're just about the funniest chap I ever knew! How you can swim under the trees by the river on a half-holiday beats me!"

Mark Linley laughed.

"I like it, old friend, and there's no match this afternoon."

Bob Cherry grunted, but made no verbal reply. He waited for about five minutes, then he stamped out of the study, and went along the Remove passage.

"Inky! Anybody seen the dusky chump?" he shouted.

A chorus of cat-calls greeted him, but the cheerful junior paid no heed.

In the Common-room he found Harry Wharton, with Frank Nugent and Johnny Bull. There was no sign of Hurree Singh.

"Seen anything of Inky?" asked Bob Cherry.

The juniors shook their heads.

"Not a bit of him!" said Wharton cheerfully. "Have you lost him?"

"Yes, the ass! I wonder where he's got to?"

"Search us!" grinned Johnny Bull.

Bob Cherry grunted again, and left the Common-room, with his hands thrust deep into his pockets.

He searched every study in the Remove passage, but could find no trace of Hurree Singh.

Bob Cherry began to grow angry. He was, with the possible exception of Frank Nugent, the best-tempered fellow in the Remove. But he was really getting angry.

He was so preoccupied with his thoughts that he failed to pay much attention to where he was going, with the result that he crashed into Vernon-Smith as he was passing out of the house into the quadrangle.

Vernon-Smith staggered back, and his eyes glinted angrily for a moment. There was a time when he would have turned, with a biting remark, but Vernon-Smith was no longer the "Bounder."

"Sorry, old top!" said Bob Cherry hastily. "My fault!"

"Exactly!" said Vernon-Smith, with a slight smile. "Whyfore the puckered brow, my bonnie?"

Bob Cherry grunted.

"I can't find that blessed Inky chap!"

he said. "Have you seen him?"

Vernon-Smith nodded.

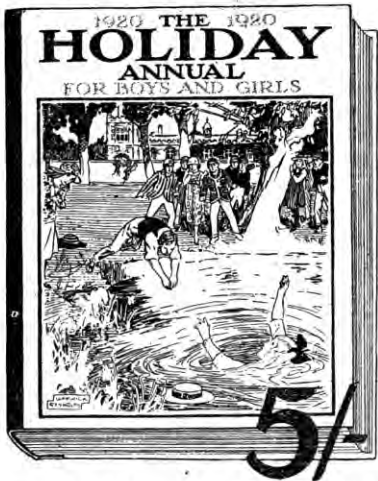
"Yes; he went out immediately after morning lessons."

"My hat! Doesn't he want any dinner?"

"No. He said that he suddenly thought of something during lessons, and has gone to send a telegram from Friar-dale."

"Oh, the chump! Why couldn't he say so? I've been chasing him the last half-hour. I'm going down to meet him, the ass!"

DON'T MISS THIS!



OUT WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15th!

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"What have you been doing?" asked Bob Cherry. "Look at your pillow, chump!" Hurree Singh sat up, and looked at his pillow. He put his hand up to his ear as he saw the dark-red stain, and grinned.

(See Chapter 2.)

"Good! I'll come with you, old son!" said Vernon-Smith.

And the two juniors walked quickly across the quad and out of the gates.

They chatted sport most of the time, but Bob's mind was more or less in a groove. He could only think of Hurree Singh's troubles of the previous night.

They were fast approaching Friardale, when Vernon-Smith uttered an ejaculation.

"My only topper! Look over there, Bob!"

Bob Cherry, following the direction of Vernon-Smith's outstretched finger, saw what appeared to be a man being carried across a field by three others.

"An accident!" said Cherry.

"Not it! Look at their faces!" said Vernon-Smith.

Bob Cherry looked, and the next instant had pushed his way through the hedge, and was rushing across the field, with Vernon-Smith at his heels.

The men were Hindus, and it needed only a fraction of a second for Bob to realise that the person they carried was Hurree Jamsel Ram Singh.

"After the beggars!" said Bob Cherry, between his teeth. "We'll give 'em pinching our Inky!"

Vernon-Smith made no reply, but he set his teeth grimly. The "Boulder" was a youth of sterling courage, but he

knew that there would be a fight before they rescued Hurree Singh.

One of the Hindus turned round as he heard Bob Cherry and Vernon-Smith rushing over the ground, and he uttered an exclamation in Hindustani to his comrades.

Hurree Singh was dropped to the ground as if he had been a sack, and the Hindus turned round to face the juniors.

One of them drew a knife, and Bob Cherry's teeth closed grimly. He was not going to be stopped by a knife when Inky, his chum, was in danger.

Without pausing for a second in his stride, he ran full tilt at the man with the knife, who was Ram Kudi, and lashed out with all the strength at his command with his right fist.

Bob Cherry had won many honours in the boxing-ring, but never a blow had he given like the one he gave Ram Kudi.

He caught the Hindu clean on the point of the chin, and the man collapsed like a poleaxed bullock, and lay still.

"Ripping!" panted Vernon-Smith, and his eyes shone with the light of battle.

The next moment the two juniors were sailing into the Hindus. But they had not much courage. The stinging blows of the Removites took the wind out of their sails, and in less than three minutes they had taken to their heels, leaving Ram Kudi to his fate.

Bob Cherry was for running after them, but Vernon-Smith, always cool and collected, pulled him back.

"Let them go!" he said sharply.

"Attend to Inky!"

Bob Cherry hesitated, his fighting blood roused.

Vernon-Smith dropped to his knees beside the fallen junior, and raised his head.

"Knocked out!" he said briefly.

"Take him back to Greyfriars!" asked Bob Cherry.

"Yes."

"And this rotter?"

"Let him stay. He'll wonder where he is when he wakes up. By Jove, Bob! That was a daisy you landed him!"

"Yes. Serves him jolly well right. Heave him up, Smithy!"

Lifting the still insensible Hurree Singh, Bob Cherry and Vernon-Smith started on the journey to Greyfriars.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Head Decides.

"WHAT—" Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, and Johnny Bull were standing at the gates of Greyfriars when Bob Cherry and Vernon-Smith came.

Smith turned the corner with Hurree Singh.

It was Wharton who spoke.

The other juniors followed the direction in which their captain was looking, and fairly gasped.

"Cherry and Smutty!" ejaculated Nugent. "There's been an accident, Harry!"

"Come on!"

Harry Wharton & Co. ran up the lane towards Cherry and Vernon-Smith, their hearts beating quickly with alarm.

Bob Cherry was perspiring as a result of the energy expended in carrying Hurree Singh, and Vernon-Smith was in no better plight.

"What's the matter, Bob?" exclaimed Wharton, before he had reached the juniors.

"Inky knocked out!" panted Bob Cherry. "Here, take him, you chaps! He's heavy!"

Harry Wharton and Johnny Bull took Hurree Singh, and bore him swiftly towards Greyfriars.

Nugent thrust his arm through Bob Cherry's and Vernon-Smith's, and helped them along after Harry Wharton. He forbore to ask questions, for both the others were panting for breath.

"Into my study," said Wharton briefly.

Hurree Singh was carried into Harry Wharton's study, and laid gently on the floor with a cushion under his head for a pillow.

George Bulstrode poked his head into the study.

"I say, Wharton—Why—what—" he began.

"Get some water, there's a good chap," interrupted Wharton.

Bulstrode hurried away, to return a few moments later with a jug of water and a towel.

Harry Wharton took them, and knelt down beside Hurree Singh. Bob Cherry bathed his hands, whilst Harry trickled some of the liquid between the nabob's teeth.

Slowly Hurree Singh came round. First his eyelids flickered, then he moved his hands, and finally he opened his eyes and stared dully about him.

"It's all right, old chap," said Bob Cherry soothingly. "All paln here."

Hurree Singh closed his eyes for a few minutes. He was rapidly coming round.

"He must have got a corker!" said Frank Nugent. "Who was it, Bob?"

"Some Hindu johnnies," said Bob Cherry. "Vernon-Smith and I sailed into them as they were carrying Inky across a field."

"My hat!"

"Same as last night, I suppose?"

"Better tell the Head, and he'll put the police on their track."

"Not much good. The rotters will take to their heels now!"

Vernon-Smith broke into the excited conversation with a chuckle.

"One of them won't feel like running for a day or two!" he said cheerfully.

"Bob gave him one of the best he ever put in!"

"Good old Bob!"

Bob Cherry flushed, and shot a warning glance at Vernon-Smith.

Hurree Singh put an end to further talk for the time by sitting up. He put his hand to his head, and rubbed it ruefully.

"The hifaluteness of the rotters was terrific!" he murmured. "I am surprised fully pleased to be here!"

The juniors chuckled in sheer relief as Hurree Singh spoke in his quaint English.

"Don't worry now, old chap," said Bob

Cherry. "Get up into one of the chairs and rest."

But Hurree Singh was made of tough material, and in a very few minutes he was able to tell his story.

"The man who calls himself Ram Kudi is an esteemed rotter!" he said. "The roguishness of the man is the knowledge of our ludicrous police in Bhanipur. They set upon me—"

He hesitated, and his eyes glittered fiercely.

"But the fightfulness of my worthy self was such to alarm them," he went on. "So one of them struck me heavily on the top of my honourable napper."

"And out you went!" said Bob Cherry curtly. "No wonder! But we happened to see you, Inky, and jolly well wiped up the ground with the rotters!"

"I should be esteemedly pleased if my worthy and ridiculous cham would explainfully acquaint me how you did it," said the Nabob of Bhanipur gracefully.

"Never mind now," said Bob Cherry hastily. "Can you come along to the Head?"

Hurree Singh staggered to his feet. He was still weak from the terrific blow he had received.

"The easefulness is terrific!" he said, with an effort.

Bob Cherry granted.

"Blessed if it doesn't look as if it was easy!" he growled. "Come on, old son!"

Bob Cherry took his cham's arm, and together they went down the Remove passage to Dr. Locke's study.

Bob Cherry tapped on the door, and, without waiting for a reply, opened the door and went in.

Dr. Locke was sitting at his desk, talking to Mr. Quelch, the Remove master, who was standing by his side. They looked up, startled and annoyed, as Bob Cherry thus unceremoniously entered the usually dreaded sanctum.

"Bless my soul, Cherry! What does this mean?" demanded the Head angrily. Bob Cherry pushed Hurree Singh into a chair before he turned resolutely to Dr. Locke. Mr. Quelch was gazing open-mouthed at the junior.

"Excuse me, sir," said Bob Cherry meekly, "but there's been some dirty work—"

"Cherry!"

"I mean, Inky—that is to say, Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh, sir, has been set up by three rotten Hindus—ahem!—I mean—"

Bob Cherry broke off confusedly.

"Dear me! Pray calm yourself, Cherry!" said Dr. Locke, looking at Hurree Singh in alarm.

The nabob grinned sheepishly at him, but wisely left the talking to Bob Cherry.

"You see, sir, Inky—Hurree Singh went out to the post-office sir, and the ass—ahem!—he went alone," said Bob Cherry, flushing. "But he was rescued, sir."

The Head looked amazed, and Mr. Quelch smiled slightly.

"Rescued, Cherry? I don't understand," said Dr. Locke.

"The three Hindu rotters kidnapped him, sir. But we—two chaps saw him in time, and went to the giddy rescue, sir. That's all I can say, sir."

"It would probably be imprudent to ask who the two juniors, would it not, Cherry?"

Bob Cherry flushed.

"Frightfully, sir," he said hastily.

Mr. Quelch smiled, but his eyes gleamed proudly for a moment. He was not surprised; he knew Bob Cherry.

"But why did they attack you, Hurree Singh?" asked the Head.

Hurree Singh respectfully rose to his feet, but, as he swayed, Dr. Locke promptly commanded him to resume his seat.

Hurree Singh sank, rather than sat, in the chair.

"One of the esteemed ruffians was Ram Kudi, sir," he said slowly. "Our police in Bhanipur are not friendly with him, sir. The rottenfulness of the ruffian is superbly terrific. I—"

"Bless my soul! I don't understand."

"He means the man is a down-and-out hoodigan, sir!" ventured Bob Cherry.

The Head smiled, and signed to Hurree Singh to continue.

"I was about to send a telegram to the esteemed and ridiculous officials at Scotland Yard, when the rotter and his esteemed comrades attacked me. I foughtfully engaged them, sir, and that is all I can tellfully inform you."

Mr. Quelch bent down and whispered in the Head's ear.

"Yes, yes, certainly!" said Dr. Locke. "You are quite right, Mr. Quelch. Cherry!"

"Yes, sir!"

"Please take Hurree Singh to his study, and look after him," said Dr. Locke quickly. "I don't want you to leave him for a moment. It seems to me the lad is in danger."

"You will be excused lessons, if necessary, Cherry," added Mr. Quelch.

"That is so, sir!"

"Certainly—assuredly," said Dr. Locke.

Bob Cherry obediently took the nabob's arm, and the two juniors left the Head's study.

As soon as the door had closed behind them, Mr. Quelch drew a chair towards the Head's desk and faced him.

"There is no doubt, sir," he said firmly, "that Bob Cherry and another junior have saved Hurree Singh from a very rough handling, to say the least of it."

"It appears so, Mr. Quelch. But, bless my soul, this is the twentieth century!"

"Yes; but you must remember, sir, that this century is quite as capable of holding rogues as big as those of the previous ones. Hurree Singh, too, is of a princely family, and would be worth holding as a hostage."

"But the police—"

"Are not always successful in tracing missing people, sir."

The Head hesitated. There was sound common-sense in the Remove master's words.

"Dear me, Mr. Quelch! I feel quite alarmed about the junior's safety!"

"There is cause to be, sir. Ruffians do not carry out their nefarious plots in broad daylight when there is little prize to be obtained from such actions."

"Then what do you advise, Mr. Quelch?"

Mr. Quelch hesitated, and thoughtfully tapped the desk with a pencil. He looked up suddenly.

"Is your cousin in England, sir—I mean, Ferrers Locke?" he asked.

"I believe so—yes, I am sure of it. But why?"

"Then why not send for him, sir? He would perhaps clear the country of the vagabonds."

"Really—dear me, Mr. Quelch, that is certainly an excellent suggestion. My cousin, as you know, is one of the most capable men in the profession."

"Indeed I do, sir."

Everybody knew Ferrers Locke, the world-famous detective. More than once he had been to Greystairs to help elucidate a mystery. He was, moreover, highly respected and esteemed by the Removites.

The Head gazed thoughtfully at the Remove-master.

"I shall do as you suggest, Mr. Quelch," he said slowly. "I am sure it is necessary, as you remark."

"Thank you, sir. It is my firm belief—"

"I will wire for him at once. He will come if he possibly can. We are on very good terms, Mr. Quelch."

"That is all right, then, sir. I will send a junior down to Friardale with the message. Perhaps one or two of them might go, as there appears to be ruffianly characters in the district."

"Thank you. I should be obliged if you would, Mr. Quelch. In the meantime, it would be as well to warn Hurree Singh not to leave Greystairs."

"Very good, sir."

Mr. Quelch rose from his chair, and left the Head's study, leaving that worthy gentleman perplexed and sorrowful. Affairs of this nature always distressed Dr. Locke.

Mr. Quelch sent for Harry Wharton, and asked, rather than told, the captain of the Remove to take the wire down to Friardale.

Harry Wharton accepted the commission brightly.

Johnny Bull and Frank Nugent went with him down to the village post-office. They kept a wary eye open for any sign of the Hindus, but they never showed themselves.

"What's it all about—private?" asked Johnny Bull.

Harry Wharton stared.

"How do I know, duffer? You don't think I've looked at Quelch's telegram, do you?" he said.

Frank Nugent grinned.

"You'll have to, old son," he said.

"I'm blessed if I will! I'll just push it under the barrier—"

"On an ordinary piece of paper?"

"My hat! I'd forgotten that! I shall have to read it!"

Harry Wharton, in the realisation of the fact that he would eventually have to read it before writing it on the official telegraph-form, opened out the note Mr. Quelch had given him, and hastily read it.

He started violently as the contents of the note dawned upon him.

"My only hat! Hurrah!" he shouted.

"What's the matter? Is it asking the governors to grant a few weeks' extra holiday on account of our being such good boys?" demanded Nugent.

"No; it's to Ferrers Locke—"

"Ferrers Locke!"

"The same! By jingo! I shall be glad to set eyes on that chap again! He's one of the best!"

"Rather!" assented the others.

And the juniors fell to discussing the occasions on which they had come in contact with the famous detective.

They despatched the wire, and were still discussing the coming of Ferrers Locke when they reached Greystairs.

"Better keep it dark, you chaps," said Wharton, as he opened his study door.

"After all, it isn't our bizney."

Johnny Bull nodded and passed on down the passage to his own study, leaving Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent to discuss the matter in the privacy of Study No. 1.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Billy Bunter's Offer.

"I SAY, you chaps—"

Billy Bunter, the fat junior of the Remove, poked his head into Study No. 1 immediately after breakfast the following morning.

Harry Wharton and Nugent looked up from their books.

"Nothing doing, tubby," said Frank Nugent.

"Oh, really, Nugent, you don't know what I've come for yet!" said Billy Bunter heatedly. "I was—"

"Oh, yes, we do, tubby! It's grub, as usual—"

"Oh, really, Nugent, anybody would think I was always cadging grub!"

"Well, aren't you?"

"No! You know jolly well I don't cadge grub! Besides, I've only just had my breakfast!"

Harry Wharton and Nugent stared.

"What derence does that make?" demanded Wharton.

"I've had my breakfast, and I really couldn't accept any more, even if you asked me to have some of the cake that's in the cupboard—"

"How do you know there's a cake in the cupboard?" demanded Nugent wrathfully.

Billy Bunter hesitated.

"Really, Nugent, I am surprised at you! How should I know?"

"You—you fat ass!"

SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO!

No. 1

THE GREYFRIARS HERALD

will be published on—

OCTOBER 28th.

See page 16 for further particulars.

"But, I say, you chaps, I didn't see you put it there when I looked in last night, really I didn't. If I did happen to be passing—"

"When your bootlace came undone—"

suggested Wharton sarcastically.

"As a matter of fact, that was what did happen," said Billy Bunter eagerly.

"How you know beasts me, Harry, old chap—"

"My hat! You call me 'Harry old chap' again, you fat toad, and I'll buff you!"

"Really, Har—Wharton, however, as I came to talk business, we'll pass the matter over!"

"Very kind of you, I'm sure! Any rate, I'm taking the precaution of locking the cupboard!"

And Frank Nugent went to the cupboard, locked it, and put the key in his waistcoat-pocket.

Billy Bunter watched him, with offence literally written all over his fat face.

"Really, I call that disgusting!"

"What! I'll—"

"N-nothing, Nugent! Look here, to get to business! I want some funds—"

Wharton and Nugent groaned, and looked at each other helplessly. Billy Bunter was far too short-sighted to notice little things like that.

"I'm starting an agency," he went on.

"A det—"

"A whatter?" demanded Nugent and Wharton in unison.

"An agency—detective agency—"

"My hat! Who's going to be a detective agency?"

Billy Bunter looked shocked.

"Really, Nugent, this is not a time to rot. With one of our respected Removemates—I mean, study-fellows—nunno—chuns facing death at every stride—nunno—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I wonder you've the heart to laugh while poor old Inky's at death's black door," went on Billy Bunter, drawing on his wonderful imagination, and nearly sending Wharton and Nugent into hysterics.

"Ha, ha, ha! Oh, go away, Billy, or I shall be the one to die—of laughter!"

"Perfectly heartless, I call it!" said Billy Bunter indignantly. "Here's poor old Inky practically dying—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He's not, you fat idiot! He's as right as rain this morning, save for a headache!"

"I know better!" said Bunter loftily.

"Inky is in terrible danger, and there's only one chap that can save him!"

"He's been sent for!" chuckled Harry Wharton.

"Eh? I suppose you're still rotting, Wharton?"

"Not at all! You see—"

"But he hasn't—not the one chap who could stop the death that's haunting Inky—I mean—"

"Go away!" shrieked Nugent. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Cos I'm still here!" roared Billy Bunter. "Yah! Rotters! Laugh at door's death—I mean, poor old Inky's detective agency—"

Nugent and Wharton collapsed at that, and the study rang with their laughter.

Billy Bunter panted with indignation as he watched them.

"Call yourself chums of Inky's!" he hooted. "Yah! You'll laugh the other way about when Inky's shadow is no more—all through your failing to supply the necessary funds to enable me to save him!"

"Go away—for goodness' sake go on the stage, porpoise! You'll be the death of me!" laughed Harry Wharton, tears of merriment rolling down his cheeks.

Billy Bunter stood irresolute for a moment, then he shook his fat fist savagely at the two juniors.

"Yah! Rotters!" he shouted angrily.

"Blessed if I won't write and tell the Blanipru newspapers of the heartless cruelty of Inky's chums at his last moment on earth! Yah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh dear! Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter went out, slamming the study door with a terrific bang, leaving Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent, almost helpless with laughter, to ponder over their lack of decency in not doing their best to save Inky.

But Billy Bunter was not done yet. When the fat junior got an idea into his head, wild horses wouldn't drag it out, as Bob Cherry would put it.

He had been far from successful in his attempt to get funds from Study No. 1; but there were many other studies who were, as yet, unacquainted with his immediate needs.

He passed at the door of Study No. 12, which was occupied by Mauleverer, Delacey, and Jimmy Vivian.

Mauleverer was a noble earl, and possessed of plenty of money.

Billy Bunter hesitated only a moment. Then he knocked—an unusual manner for Billy Bunter to adopt—and walked in.

Mauleverer was the only junior present, and he merely glanced at the fat junior before resuming his study of the book before him.

"Sorry, Billy—"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 509.

"Eh? What are you sorry about, Mauly?"

"There's no grub left, old top!"

"Oh, really, Mauly," said Billy Bunter indignantly. "I haven't come to ask for grub at all. I am starting an agency to save our chum Linley from a terrible—"

"My hat!" Begad! Did you say agency, Billy?"

"Domestic agency?"

"No! A detective agency!"

"Begad! Billy Bunter—detective!"

Billy Bunter poked his fat thumbs in his waistcoat pockets, and stood with his nose in the air.

"Yes; I'm rather a good detective, Mauly!" he said loftily. "I am not going to see Linley go down for want of a friend. I don't usually take up cases in connection with black beasts—"

"What's that?"

"Black beasts!" repeated Billy Bunter firmly. "Here Mauly, what's the matter—Ow!"

Mauleverer suddenly left his books, and approached Billy Bunter. His intentions appeared warlike, and the fat Removeite looked alarmed.

Mauleverer was the champion slacker of the Remove, but, when necessity demanded, the noble earl could come up to the scratch in a surprising manner.

Necessity demanded that he should not allow Billy Bunter to allude to Hurree Jamset Ram Singh as a "black beast," and Mauleverer went up to the fat junior and slapped his face.

"Ow! You silly dummy—" howled Billy Bunter.

"Slap!"

"You—wharrer you at, fathead?"

"Slap!"

Billy Bunter hastily retreated to the door; but Mauleverer followed him up, slapping his fat cheeks.

"Ow! Yow! Stop it!"

"Lucky it isn't a black beast, you rotter!" said Mauleverer, emphasising each word with a slap.

"Ow! Beast!"

Billy Bunter took to his heels, and ran as fast as his fat legs could take him. Mauleverer was evidently no more sympathetic than Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent.

Billy Bunter did not stop until he got to the Remove class-room. He went inside in the hope of finding somebody there who would listen to his offer to save Hurree Singh.

But Mark Linley was the only junior in the class-room, and Billy Bunter had faint hopes of raising funds from the scholarship boy, although Linley had recently come into a nice sum of money—kindly placed at his disposal by Mauleverer, who, however, kept that fact a secret.

"I say, Linley—"

"Hallo, tubby!"

Billy Bunter took heart as Mark Linley's greeting was in kindly tones, and went up to the desk at which Mark Linley sat, and seated himself beside him.

"Look here, old chap—"

Mark Linley sighed.

"There's no possible chance of my cashing your postal order in advance, Billy—"

Billy Bunter snorted.

"Oh, really, Marky! I'm not trying in cash a postal order, but—but if you like to save me the trouble of asking you later on—"

"No good, Billy!"

"But I want funds urgently, to save a fellow's life!" persisted Billy Bunter.

"What?"

"Linley is in terrible danger, and I must have money to buy disguises and beads, and—and things that all decent detectives

carry about with them. What are you laughing at, Linley?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Detectives don't carry their disguises about with them like pocket-handkerchiefs, you see!"

"Oh, really, I suppose I know best, Marky? I'm a horn detective, and my wealthy relatives are going to set me up in business as soon as I leave Oxford!"

Mark Linley laughed, and gave Billy Bunter a gentle push.

"Go away, Billy! It's not a bit of good—I can't help you raise funds, even for such a splendid object!" he said lightly.

Billy Bunter grunted.

"I didn't think it was much good asking a scholarship boy to understand the pressing needs of the moment," he said disparagingly. "Nunno, Marky—I mean, you—"

Mark Linley had jumped to his feet, and Billy Bunter hastily retreated. But the Lancashire lad laughed, and resumed his seat. Billy Bunter's words were offensive enough, but Mark Linley knew him too well to take any notice of them.

Billy Bunter would probably have got into still more trouble had not the bell rang for classes. His tongue was apt to run away with him at times.

The Removeites trooped into the class-room, and Billy Bunter reluctantly dropping the subject of starting a detective agency until a more opportune moment. He went to his place, muttering to himself.

Mr. Quelch came in early, which accounted for the Removeites entering the class-room silently and quickly.

Read

"TALBOT'S GIRL CHUM!"

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The Remove-master waited until all the juniors had taken their places before he rapped on the desk with his pointer.

"Silence, please! Wharton!"

Harry Wharton stood up.

"I want you to go down to Friarfield to meet Mr. Ferrers Locke," said Mr. Quelch. "You may go with Wharton, Nugent."

"Thank you, sir!" said Nugent heartily.

Billy Bunter jumped to his feet excitedly.

"Sir! I should—"

"Sit down, Bunter!"

"But look here, sir—"

"Silence!"

"Ferrers Locke is a personal friend of mine, sir—"

"Are you going to sit down, Bunter, or shall I come and make you?"

There was that in Mr. Quelch's tones that told Billy Bunter it would be far wiser to sit down.

He did so, whilst a buzz of conversation told that the juniors were excitedly discussing the news. Ferrers Locke coming to Greyfriars!

Mr. Quelch rapped on his desk.

"Silence—at once!" he snapped.

The whispering died away as if by magic.

"You may go, Wharton and Nugent!" said Mr. Quelch.

"Very good, sir!"

And, with eyes shining with pleasure—not only at the prospect of meeting the famous Ferrers Locke, but of getting off their morning lessons—Harry Wharton and Nugent left their places and hurried from the class-room.

Billy Bunter watched them angrily.

"The beast!" he muttered. "They know jolly well Ferrers Locke is a personal friend of mine!"

Billy Bunter looked up, and seeing that Mr. Quelch's eyes were fixed upon him, and noting the tight line about the Remove-master's lips, Billy Bunter paid attention to his books.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Ferrers Locke at Greyfriars!

"H E R E'S the train!"

Harry Wharton uttered that remark as he stood upon the platform at Friarfield Station.

with Frank Nugent.

The train from London was turning the bend in the line, and in that train would be Ferrers Locke, the Head's cousin, who had made himself famous all the world over.

The juniors' eyes were shining with excitement. It is not given to every schoolboy to meet such a famous man as Ferrers Locke.

The train drew into the station and pulled up.

Harry Wharton and Nugent scanned the faces of the passengers who alighted.

From out of a first-class compartment there came a man whom there was no mistaking. His clean-cut face, cold grey eyes, and grim jaw the juniors remembered as if it were but days instead of months since they had last seen him.

They ran forward, raising their caps as they reached the compartment.

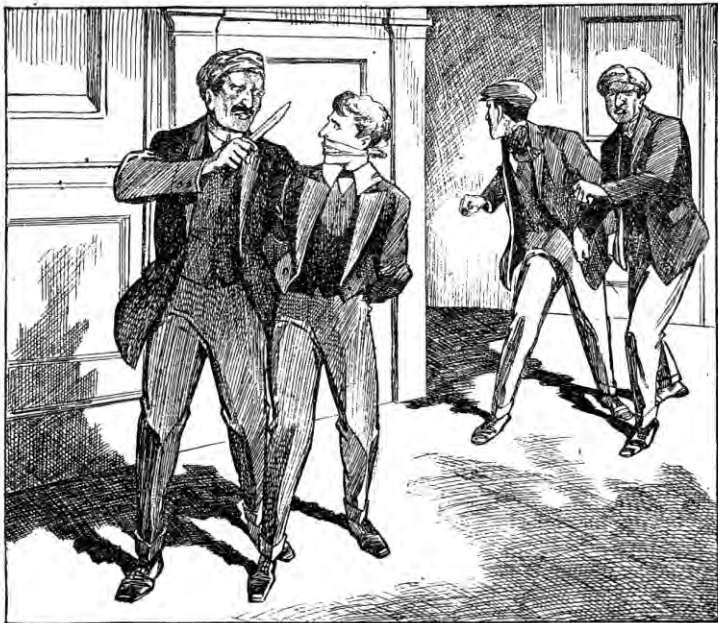
"Mr. Locke!"

Ferrers Locke turned round, and Harry Wharton felt a shiver run down his back as he found the steely eyes fixed on him.

"Ah! Master Wharton—and, yes—Master Nugent!" said the famous detective.

The juniors started. They were surprised that the detective had remembered their names.

"How do you do, my boys?" went on Ferrers Locke, holding out his hand.



Ram Kudi brandished a business-like knife before the face of the trembling Snoop. "Lead us to the Nabob of Bhanipur!" he said, in English. "Fall—and so! you go!" (See Chapter 6.)

The juniors gripped it heartily in turn, and shook it warmly.

"Jolly glad to see you again, sir!" said Harry Wharton enthusiastically.

"Rather, sir!" said Nugent fervently. Ferrers Locke laughed.

"Then you haven't forgotten me?" he asked quietly.

"Not us, sir!" said Wharton emphatically.

The detective laughed again, and Harry Wharton led the way to the station exit. He had previously arranged for a cab to await them.

But Ferrers Locke shook his head when Wharton opened the cab door.

"No, my boy, I'll sooner walk," he said quietly, and added quickly: "Of course, unless you want to get back to your lessons at once!"

The juniors chuckled.

"No hurry, sir—not at all!" said Harry Wharton. "Jolly glad of a walk, sir!"

The detective smiled, but made no reply.

The three walked slowly towards Greyfriars, the detective asking many questions concerning the sporting fixtures of the school.

It was not until they were well away from Friardale that Ferrers Locke broached the subject of his journey.

"Have you any idea what has happened?" he asked suddenly. "I mean, why Dr. Locke has sent for me."

Harry Wharton nodded.

"Yes, sir," he said. "One of our chaps, Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh—"

"The rememberfulness is terrific!" interrupted Ferrers Locke, with a chuckle.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Hurree Singh was another of the Greyfriars juniors whom Ferrers Locke evidently remembered!

"Well, he had a note, sir, from a man named Ram Kudi, and—"

"Ram Kudi!" ejaculated Ferrers Locke. "Go on, my boy!"

"This chap Kudi wanted Hurree Singh to give him some cash, and Inky did so. Then, when he was on his way home again, he was attacked by three Hindus, but he managed to get away with only a thick ear."

"Yes?"

"The next day he went off to send a telegram to Scotland Yard to warn them against Ram Kudi—"

"Ah! He knew him?"

"Not until after they had parted, sir. Inky says that Kudi is well known to the police in Bhanipur—that's where Inky comes from, you know, sir."

"Yes?"

"Well, he didn't send the telegram, for the simple reason that Ram Kudi and his cronies had another go at him on the way to Friardale. They knocked him out, but Bob Cherry—"

"The fighting man!" murmured Ferrers Locke.

The juniors stared at the famous detective in admiration.

"What a memory you've got, sir!" said Nugent admiringly.

"It is necessary in my profession, laddie," replied Ferrers Locke. "But please continue."

"But Bob Cherry and Vernon-Smith—he's not a bouncer now, sir—"

"Good!"

"That's what we say, sir. However, the two of them managed to upset Ram Kudi's calculations by rescuing Inky. We took him to the Head, and he sent for you. That's all I know, sir."

"Excellent, Wharton!" said Ferrers Locke.

Locke. "That may be helpful to me later on. I, too, happen to know something about this Ram Kudi."

"We're hoping we may be more useful to you, sir," said Harry Wharton. "So, if you get a chance, will you let us take a hand—even if we're only in at the death, so to speak?"

Ferrers Locke laughed. "Certainly, my boy. I may be very glad indeed of the assistance of a few sturdy youngsters!" he said.

The hearts of Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent warmed towards the detective—as genial as he was famous.

"Thank you, sir!" said Harry Wharton. "And here's Greyfriars!"

They turned in at the gates, and Gosling, the school porter, respectfully touched his cap.

"Good-mornin', sir!"

"Good-morning, Gosling!"

Gosling's eyes fairly beamed upon Harry Wharton and Nugent.

"Which he remembers me!" he whispered proudly.

Harry Wharton and Nugent strolled on, chuckling. Ferrers Locke had remembered many others beside Gosling.

"Better go straight up to the Head, sir," said Harry Wharton.

"I should like to, please!"

Harry Wharton led the way up the stairs to the Head's study and tapped on the door. Dr. Locke's voice bade them enter.

The meeting of the cousins—one a famous detective; the other almost equally famous as headmaster of Greyfriars—was of an affectionate nature, and Harry Wharton and Nugent slipped out of the study, and quietly closed the door behind them.

They went straight to Study No. 13, where they found that Inky and Bob Cherry had taken advantage of the Head's offer to miss morning lessons, and were sitting down, reading.

They looked up as Harry Wharton and Nugent entered the study.

"Ferrers Locke here!" asked Bob Cherry.

Harry Wharton nodded.

"Yes, and he knew both Nugent and I—called you the fighting-man when I mentioned your name—remembered Inky and his beautiful language, and last, but not least, Gosling!"

"Good old Gosling! But what a memory these chaps must have!" said Bob Cherry wonderingly.

"Rather!"

"What's going to happen now, I wonder?"

Hurree Singh rose to his feet.

"I thoughtfully consider I'd better meet the esteemed and ludicrous detective," he said quickly.

"Sit down, ass!" said Bob Cherry.

And he gave Hurree Singh a push that sent him back into his chair quicker than he had left it.

"Nice way to treat an invalid!" grinned Wharton.

"The silly ass!" growled Bob Cherry.

Hurree Singh stopped where he was, and did not try a second time to go and meet Ferrers Locke.

The bell rang very shortly afterwards, and the juniors trooped out of the classrooms.

Billy Bunter was the first to reach Study No. 13, and he poked his head in.

"Where's Locke?"—he demanded quickly.

"Eh? Which?"

"My pal Ferrers Locke!" said Billy Bunter warmly. "You know jolly well I mean old Ferrers!"

"Better let Dr. Locke hear you talking of his cousin like that!" chuckled Wharton. "Sorry, tubby, but we haven't got him here yet!"

Billy Bunter slammed the door, and scurried along the Remove passage.

He almost ran into Ferrers Locke at the top of the stairs, and he blinked short-sightedly at the famous detective.

"Ah! Bunter!" said Ferrers Locke, with a chuckle. "Still as fat as ever, I see!"

Billy Bunter reddened.

"Oh, really, Ferrers—"

"What!"

"Oh, come! Don't you know an old pal?"

Ferrers Locke did not waste time in words. He took hold of Billy Bunter's fat ear and pinched it hard.

"Owl! Yow!" roared Billy Bunter.

"Don't you be rude, little boy!" said Ferrers Locke severely. "Show me the way to Hurree Singh's study!"

"Yow! Jolly well find the way!" howled Billy Bunter.

It was an unfortunate remark to make, for Ferrers Locke still gripped Bunter's fat ear.

The detective nipped it again—harder than before.

"Yow!" roared Billy Bunter, fairly dancing with pain. "Yow! I meant to show you the way all the time! Groo! You're pulling my ear off—"

"Where is the study?"

"That's what I met you for—really, I did! This way, sir! Oh! Legge my ear!"

"When I get to Hurree Singh's study!" said Ferrers Locke coolly.

Billy Bunter hurried as he had never hurried in his life.

That grip on his ear was like a vice, and it hurt.

"This is it, sir," he moaned. "Oh, I'll sue you for a new ear—I mean, for damages for a lost ear—nunno—Ow—yow!"

With a final pinch Ferrers Locke released Billy Bunter, and the fat Removite immediately took to flight. At the top of the stairs, he paused to turn round and shake his fist.

"Yah! Call yourself a detective! Yah!" he roared.

Ferrers Locke took a step in his direction, and Billy Bunter fled.

Harry Wharton and his chums, hearing Bunter's wild shrieks, came hurriedly from the study. They were just in time to hear Bunter's parting ally.

The Removites blushed with shame.

"Mr. Locke, please don't think that—"

"began Harry Wharton hastily.

The detective passed it over with a wave of his hand.

"My dear Wharton, I remember Master Bunter of old!" he said cheerily.

"He's not too bad—only very, very silly!"

"You're right, sir—he's potty!" said Bob Cherry.

Ferrers Locke went into the study, and shook hands with Cherry and Hurree Singh.

"So you're the unfortunate one this time!" said Ferrers Locke.

"My highly esteemed friend is correctly right," said Hurree Singh. "The hidefulness of the rotten Ram Kudi was gratefully accomplished. I am quite fully all right now, sir."

Ferrers Locke smiled slightly at the quaint English of the nabob, but he took care that Hurree Singh should not see the smile.

"Then we've got to find Ram Kudi," said Ferrers Locke. "Tell me, where did you first make the acquaintance of Ram Kudi?"

The detective seated himself, and signed to the juniors to follow suit.

Harry Wharton and Nugent would have gone, but he asked them to stay.

"In Bhanipur, the esteemed and ridiculous spot from which I hailfully come," said Hurree Singh. "There was a sect known as called 'The Red Hearts'.

The rottenfulness of the ludicrous sect was terrific!"

"Yes!" said Ferrers Locke encouragingly.

I put the esteemed and ridiculous police of Bhanipur on their trackfulness, with the result that they were caughtfully imprisoned. The grudgefulness they bear me is terrific. But the dotfulness of my worthy self was obvious."

The detective was silent for a few moments.

"He's some friends with him, sir," ventured Bob Cherry.

"Yes, yes, indeed, yes!" said Ferrers Locke quickly. "I think that is all, my dear boys."

And Ferrers Locke nodded cordially to the juniors, and strode quickly from the study.

"By Jove! I pity the rotters now!" said Bob Cherry. "Did you see the way his eyes glinted when Inky mentioned the Red Hearts?"

"The glintfulness was terrific!" said Hurree Singh.

"Come on down to dinner!" said Harry Wharton, looking at his watch.

"That fat bouncer Bunter will gorge his lot if we don't hurry."

And the Removites hurried off to dinner.

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THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

In the Dead of Night!

"BED, kids!"

Wingate, head prefect and captain of Greyfriars, uttered that remark as he went into the dormitory allotted to the Remove.

The juniors had not seen anything of Ferrers Locke since he had left their study immediately before dinner that day.

They guessed, and quite correctly, that the famous detective had gone to have a look round the neighbourhood.

"Half-a-mo', Wingate!" said Billy Bunter hastily. "I'm not quite ready!"

"Back up," snapped Wingate.

He waited a moment, and turned out the lights, leaving Billy Bunter to find his way to bed as best he could.

"Beast!" growled Billy. "I might have dropped my glasses!"

"You should get into bed in the same time as you wash!" growled Bob Cherry. "Shut up, and get your head under the sheets!"

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"Brrrrrrr!"

And Billy Bunter turned in, and in a few minutes the dormitory was resounding with snores.

An hour passed before there came the rustling of sheets betokening that someone was pushing them to one side.

"Snoopy!"

"Snab!"

Another junior moved, slid out of bed, and quickly dressed.

"You ready, Skinner?"

"Yes."

"Creep out, then!" whispered Snoop.

Harold Skinner and Sidney James Snoop were probably the two most disreputable characters at Greyfriars. They were proven snobs, and their habits under the rose were well known.

They crept down the stairs, and scurried across the quad.

Five minutes later they were walking quickly down the road towards Friarale.

"Sure it's all right, Skinner!" asked Snoop nervously.

"Shucks! Of course, it is!" growled Skinner. "Do you— Oh, my hat! What's that?"

A figure suddenly ran from out of the shadows, and stepped in the Remove's path.

"Sahib!"

"The Hindus!" gasped Snoop.

His knees trembled with fright, and his teeth were chattering.

"What d-d do you want?" stammered Skinner, striving to pull himself together and put on a brave front.

The Hindu chuckled.

"I want quite a lot, sahib——"

"We've no money!" lied Skinner.

"It is useless to lie to Ram Kudi! He knows more than you think. But I would question you first, sahib!"

"G-g-go ahead!"

"Is it true that a famous English policeman has gone to Greyfriars?"

"A detective? Yes!"

"Who is it?"

"Ferrers Locke."

"Ah!"

Ram Kudi whistled between his teeth, and his evil eyes glinted.

"Then you will take us back to Greyfriars, sahib," he said, quickly. "The detective—he is gone!"

"Haven't seen him since dinner-time," replied Skinner. "But— but, look here, you can't go to Greyfriars! You'd be nabbed!"

Ram Kudi showed his white teeth with a grin.

"Ram Kudi wants some nabbing, as

you call it, sahib," he said. "Come— let us go!"

He gave a soft whistle, and was almost immediately joined by two other men. They were his Hindu friends.

"Lead the way!" said Ram Kudi shortly.

"Look here——"

Ram Kudi pulled an ugly-looking knife from out of his pocket, and waved it before Harold Skinner's eyes.

That decided Skinner. He set off at a smart pace for Greyfriars.

"Snoopy!" he whispered.

"Yes!"

"When we get there we'll raise the alarm—get all the kudos for once!" whispered Skinner. "We can say we thought we heard a noise, and came out, followed them, and gave the alarm. How's that?"

"Top-hole!" murmured Snoop. "Be a bit of a change to take some of the limelight off Harry Wharton and his mouldy crowd."

But Ram Kudi rather upset their calculations.

When they reached the gates of Greyfriars, Ram Kudi called softly to the juniors.

"Well?" said Skinner shortly.

Ram Kudi did not answer. Before he knew what happened, Skinner found himself seized from behind.

He struggled frantically, and opened his lips to shout. But a dirty hand was pushed over his mouth, and in a minute he was bound and gagged.

Snoop proved no difficult man for the third Hindu to settle.

In a trice he was served in the same manner as his chum Skinner, and Ram Kudi stood up and surveyed them calmly.

"I think we'd better leave them on the other side of the road," he said.

Skinner and Snoop were lifted and carried to the other side of the road, and unceremoniously dumped in a ditch.

And there they lay.

Ram Kudi and his friends lost no time after they had placed Skinner and Snoop in a safe spot.

They climbed the gates and ran noiselessly across to the main building, keeping to the shadows of the house.

There were many windows easily accessible from the quad, and Ram Kudi's knife slipped under the sash of one and whipped back the catch.

He uttered a sudden ejaculation of dismay.

"Hang! The boys will be sleeping all over the place!" he said in Hindustani.

"How are we going to find out where the nabob lies?"

The others pondered for a moment.

"Better get one of the young sahibs from the ditch, and force him to show us," said one.

Ram Kudi nodded.

"Excellent! Fetch the smaller one—he's more nervous and not so likely to make a row!" he said quickly.

"I'll put my knife where he can feel it—that will serve us, brothers!"

The two "brothers" slipped off, to return a few minutes later with the trembling Snoop. The junior's face showed white in the darkness of the night.

Ram Kudi brought into play his businesslike knife again.

"Lead us to the Nabob of Bhanpur!" he said in English. "Fail—and I'll go!"

Snoop nearly dropped in sheer fright.

"T-t-t this way!" he stammered.

"T-t-through t-t that w-w window!"

Ram Kudi climbed in, signed to Snoop to follow him, and the two Hindus came afterwards.

Ram Kudi caught Snoop by the shoulder, and flashed his

ngly knife before the already terrified junior.

"Remember!"

That was all he said, but it was sufficient to send a shiver of fear down Skinner's back. Most devoutly he wished he had not let Skinner tempt him out of his cosy bed to play billiards at the Cross Keys Inn at Friarale.

He led the way silently and unflinchingly to the Remove dormitory, and as he gently opened the door, he felt Ram Kudi's hot breath fan his cheek.

"Remember!" he repeated.

Panting with terror, Snoop pointed out Hurree Singh's bed, and with the stealth of a cat the two Hindus approached the unconscious nabob.

One of them drew something from his pocket, and, with a lightning-like movement, held it over Hurree Singh's face.

Snoop saw the dusky junior turn, kick out frantically with his foot, struggle for a moment, and then lie perfectly still.

"Excellent!" whispered Ram Kudi again. "Lead the way back, sahib!"

Snoop almost shouted with fear, but the touch of the flat side of the knife caused him to close his lips.

Ram Kudi was not a man to be trifled with.

Snoop did not see what happened in the dormitory after he turned his back to obey Ram Kudi. He led the way down the stairs to the window by which they had entered the school.

He turned when he got there, and looked anxiously behind him.

He saw the two Hindus, with the insensible Hurree Singh, just behind Ram Kudi. It was perfectly dark, and he could not make out the faces of the dusky ruffians.

There were stairs going below. Snoop thought of running down them, skipping up the corridor, and waking the whole school.

But thinking of that act was as far as Snoop got. He had not the pluck to carry it out.

"Come!" said Ram Kudi suddenly.

Snoop started, and clung behind the window into the quad in obedience to Ram Kudi's gesture.

What was going to happen now?

Snoop soon saw. He had to assist in getting Hurree Singh over the wall that enclosed Greyfriars, and once down on the road Ram Kudi's confederates lost no time in binding Snoop's arms and legs again.

He was pushed into the ditch beside Skinner, and a moment later heard Ram Kudi and his friends walk quickly down the road.

Harold Skinner had evidently been thinking matters out whilst he had been lying in the ditch, for he nudged Snoop almost before the footcops of the Hindus had died away down the road.

Snoop looked over, peering intently through the darkness.

Skinner signed to him to get on his back, and Snoop, although he failed to see what Skinner was going to do, obeyed.

Skinner also turned, kicking out his legs vigorously. Then his plan was obvious.

Snoop felt Skinner's hand feeling over his face and grip the gag which Ram Kudi had thrust in his mouth. Two sharp tugs, with the weight of Skinner's body behind them, and Snoop's mouth was free.

"Ow! The beastly rag!" he spluttered at once. "Skinner!"

Harold Skinner mumbled something behind his rag, and Snoop, realising his chum's helplessness, used his teeth to unfasten the gag.

"Good!" said Skinner, with a sharpness that almost staggered Snoop. "Now

turn round again, and I'll bite your hands free. Then you can loose me!"

It did not take long after that. The juniors were free in less than five minutes, and they stood up in the road.

"Now, the thing is—what are we going to do?" asked Harold Skinner.

"You know those Hindu rotters have taken Hurree Singh?" said Snoop quickly.

"What? Kidnapped him?" gasped Skinner.

"Yes! I couldn't help showing them the way—they held a knife to my throat!" whined Snoop, afraid of what he had done. "We shall have to wake up the school, and send out search-parties. They can't get very far with Hurree Singh. He's heavy, you know!"

Harold Skinner frowned.

"And give ourselves away?" he asked satirically.

"We shall have to. It means the sack!"

Skinner hesitated.

"I'm not going to risk that," he said slowly. "Hurree Singh will have to look after himself. And if your part comes out you'll be the laughing stock of Greyfriars, even if you don't have to go to prison."

"I couldn't help it!" whined Snoop.

He was in almost as great a funk now as he was when Sam Kudi had displayed his knife. Harold Skinner was no comforter.

"I'm going back to bed!" declared Skinner resolutely. "We shall have to act green!"

And he made for the gates, climbed over, and ran across the quad.

Ten minutes later he was fast asleep, but the dawn of another day had appeared before Sidney James Snoop found rest from his tormenting thoughts in slumber.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Ferrers Locke at Work.

"TURN out!"

Bob Cherry was up with his usual promptitude as soon as the bell rang. Billy Bunter was still fast asleep, and did not hear his stentorian call.

But Bob Cherry did not rely entirely on his voice to rouse the Remore.

He grasped Billy Bunter and shook him.

"Gerraway!" mumbled the fat Remore sleepily. "I didn't pinch your rotten cake, Inky!"

"Get up, you fat oozemant!" roared Bob Cherry. "Don't you hear the nightingales calling you?"

"Some nightingale!" chuckled Harry Wharton, already up and astir.

The captain of the Remore never wanted a shake in the mornings. He was up as soon as the bell rang.

"Out of it, Snoopy!" roared Bob Cherry. "I'm coming to you when this fat bouncer's out!"

He shook Billy Bunter until his teeth rattled.

"Ow! Gerraway, you beast!" howled Bunter.

With a final heave, Bob Cherry sent Billy Bunter to the floor with a bump.

"You! My backbone's broken!"

"So will your napper if you don't buck up and wash!" growled Bob Cherry darkly. "Are you going to get up, or shall I—"

"Ow! Of course I'm going to get up! Do you think I'm going to stop here all day?" howled Billy Bunter.

Bob Cherry chuckled and turned his attentions to Snoop. The sneak of the Remore was not a bit in a hurry to get up after his night's adventures.

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But the sturdy junior did not know anything about his adventures, and therefore did not have any sympathy for Snoop.

He was hauled out of bed and dumped on the floor. Other Removites, seeing how matters were going, decided to turn out.

Bob Cherry, coming to Hurree Singh's bed, started back in surprise.

"Inky! Where's the ducky ass got to?" he shouted. "Look at his blessed bed!"

Anybody would think he'd been fighting imaginary foes all night!

But nobody had seen Hurree Singh. It was not likely that Snoop and Skinner were going to acquaint Bob Cherry with the true facts of the case.

When breakfast was served there was still no sign of Hurree Singh, and Bob Cherry began to grow uneasy.

"Where has that dummy got to?" he said.

Harry Wharton looked puzzled.

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"Blessed if I know, old top!" he said. "Looks mighty funny, doesn't it?"

Bob Cherry nodded, and proceeded to consume the food before him. But for once he had no appetite, and he pushed his plate from him and rose to his feet.

"I'm jolly well going to see Ferrers Locke!" he said. "I can't stick this any longer."

"I'll come with you!" said Wharton quietly.

"No! finish your brekker!"

"I'm coming!"

The two juniors hurried away, Mr. Quelch, who was sitting at the top end of the table to ensure order, taking no notice of the fact that they had not finished their meal.

"Better go to the Head's private rooms," said Bob Cherry. "I expect Ferrers Locke will be there."

"Certain to be!" said Harry Wharton.

Bob Cherry knocked timidly at the door, and a none too cordial voice bade them enter. Dr. Locke did not like being disturbed at breakfast.

Ferrers Locke was there, with Mrs. Locke and the Head. He looked sharply at Bob Cherry as the two juniors entered the room.

"You want me?" he said firmly. "What is it?"

"Hurree Singh's gone, sir!"

"Gone!"

Bob Cherry hesitated.

"Well, we haven't seen him this morning yet, sir," he said slowly. "His bed had been slept in, but—but I thought I had better tell you at once, sir!"

Dr. Locke looked distressed.

"Dear me!" he muttered. "Can it be possible?"

Ferrers Locke dropped his serviette on to the table, and stepped quickly towards the door.

"Will you send out a search-party, Herbert?" he said to the Head. "I want only the inside of the school examined. Please do not let anybody go outside yet!"

"Certainly, Ferrers. Dear me, I'm quite distressed!" said the Head shakily.

"If that boy has gone—"

He left the sentence unfinished.

"Lead the way to your dormitory, Cherry!" said Ferrers Locke quickly, but coolly. "I will see where Hurree Singh slept."

Bob Cherry ran along the passage and up to the dormitory. Ferrers Locke caught his arm as he was rushing towards Hurree Singh's bed.

"Do not go near there, my boy!" he said sharply. "I want to see if there is anything there to interest me."

Bob Cherry and Harry Wharton stood looking at the detective.

Ferrers Locke moved about the bed, but did not actually touch it. His keen eyes were observing every inch of the floor round the bed and the bed itself.

"Does Hurree Singh kick about whilst sleeping, do you know?" he asked suddenly.

Bob Cherry shook his head.

"Not unless he has nightmares, sir," he said firmly. "The matron always says he is the least troublesome of the whole dormitory."

Ferrers Locke's eyes glinted momentarily.

"Ah! Then the disorderliness of the sheets would point to—Ahem! Let me see, I wonder how that search-party is getting on?"

He hurried from the dormitory, and Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry followed close behind.

They met Wingate at the top of the stairs, and he stopped as he saw the detective.

"Mr. Locke, I'm to tell you, from Mr. Quelch, that there is no trace of Hurree Singh in the building, sir," he said quickly, "but nobody has been sent to look outside."

"Thank you, Wingate! That is just what I want!" said Ferrers Locke. "I would rather do that myself."

He hurried down the stairs and out into the quad. He held up his hand as Bob Cherry and Harry Wharton made to follow him.

"Wait a bit, my boys!" he said. "I will call you if I want you."

He disappeared round one of the corners, and Wharton and Cherry looked anxiously at one another.

"He's gone!" said Bob Cherry. "I know jolly well Inky's gone!"

"Cheer up, old scout!" said Harry Wharton. "Ferrers Locke will find him all right, never fear!"

"Wharton!"

"Yes, sir!"

It was Ferrers Locke calling.

"Come this way—and Cherry, too, please."

The juniors hurried round, and found the detective was standing before an open window.

"Do not come too close," said Ferrers

Locke. "Tell me, where does this window lead to?"

"The back corridor, sir. They're only used in case of fire or for fire-drill, sir!" said Harry Wharton.

Ferrers Locke looked puzzled. "You have had a fire-drill lately?" "No, sir; not for—for, I should say, about six weeks now, sir."

"Ah!" Ferrers Locke stepped to the window and closely examined the sash and catch. He pulled a powerful magnifying-glass from his pocket, and examined them again.

"There are scratches here," he muttered. "Forced open with a knife! Couldn't have been the boys, as they would open it from the inside when leaving. H'm! Evidently—Ahem!"

He looked in through the open window, and signed to Bob Cherry and Harry Wharton almost at once.

To their surprise, he was smiling as he turned his face towards the steps.

"Look there!" he said. Bob Cherry and Harry Wharton looked.

There was an accumulation of dust on the steps, here and there broken by footprints, but they might have meant anything.

"The footprints, sir?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Yes." "Chaps might have made them, sir," said Harry Wharton quickly. "I mean, somebody might have broken gates after lights out. It has been done."

"It was done last night!" said Ferrers Locke coolly.

"Sir!"

"One of the boys went out last night, Wharton," said Ferrers Locke firmly.

"Look! Do you not see that in addition to the half-obiterated large prints there are several smaller ones?"

"My hat! Now you point it out, I do, sir!"

"That points to one of two things. One of the men who carried Hurree Singh away must have been of very small stature, or one of the boys went out."

"My hat! But the Hindus were all fairly big chaps, sir!" said Bob Cherry.

"I've seen them, so I know!"

Ferrers Locke nodded.

"That is where you save me quite a lot of trouble, Cherry. I should have had to assume that one of the kidnappers—presumably the unfortunate junior was kidnapped—was a small fellow. You save me a lot of trouble, indeed!"

"I'm very glad to assist, sir," said Bob Cherry heartily. "In fact, I'm proud, too!"

Ferrers Locke laughed, and clapped the enthusiastic Removite on the back.

"You'll do, my boy! Now, having ascertained how the men entered the building, it would be as well to find out how they entered the school grounds. Come along with me."

Ferrers Locke led the way towards the gates, and, signing the juniors to remain behind when they came to Gosling's cottage, the detective subjected the road to a thorough examination.

He looked into the ditch, and started back.

"By Jove, somebody's been lying there! Here, Wharton!"

The juniors hurried forward. There was nothing about the ditch which presented to them any particular information, but to the trained eyes of the detective the ground almost spoke.

"See, all that crushed grass was caused by someone rolling over and over. I should say there were two persons in the ditch. These rags might have been used for gags and means of binding persons. Then, again, they might mean

nothing. But to one of my profession everything is possible until proved impossible. Therefore, we will assume that someone left Greyfriars last night—perhaps two of them—they were met by Ram Kudi, forced to show the way to the Remove dormitory, and then bound again."

"My hat!"

"A Greyfriars fellow showing a lot of rotten ruffians into the school, sir! I can hardly believe we've got any bad enough for that!"

Ferrers Locke laughed.

"My dear Wharton," he said softly, "you forget there is such a thing as fright!"

"Oh!"

"And again, your two boys would have to choose between exposure, or perhaps even worse. Ram Kudi is not a man who would stop at using a knife!"

"Phew! Then one of our chaps—"

"Precisely! I am convinced that someone inside the school knows something about the missing Hurree Singh. The footprints certainly point that out. But there is something far more convincing than footprints!"

"And that is, sir?"

"How could Ram Kudi and his confederates have found Hurree Singh, had they not been led there?"

"My only aunt!" said Bob Cherry.

"Goodness! You must be right there, sir. Tackling Greyfriars is different to tackling a house, and the rotters must have had someone inside the school."

"Exactly! And I'm going to find out who it is," said Ferrers Locke firmly.

His eyes glinted with purpose as he spoke.

Bob Cherry laughed mirthlessly.

"I'm afraid you'll have a bad job, sir!" he said. "You couldn't expect a chap to own up to that."

"There is such a thing as force, my lad!" said Ferrers Locke calmly.

Bob Cherry and Harry Wharton shrugged their shoulders.

"Then that is all we can do at present," went on Ferrers Locke. "I will think about what we have discovered, and decide my next move later on."

And with a nod the famous detective left Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry, and made for the Head's private room.

The juniors watched him until he was out of sight.

"My hat!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "I'm jolly sorry for the chap who helped those Hindu rotters last night!"

"And so am I!" said Harry Wharton.

"Let's go. We shall be missing classes."

They were late when they arrived at the Form-room, and Mr. Quelch eyed them severely as they went in.

"Where have you been, Wharton?" he demanded sharply.

"We've been assisting Mr. Locke, sir," said Wharton meekly. "He showed us several things, sir, and he is already well on the track."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Quelch, whilst the Removites hung on to every word Harry uttered.

"Yes, sir. He's found out, sir, that someone inside the school was concerned with the disappearance of Hurree Singh," went on Wharton. "They—"

Mr. Locke says there were probably two of them, sir—were at one time in the ditch opposite the gates. One of them, as shown by footprints on the dusty stairs, led the Hindu rotters into the Remove dormitory."

"Good gracious me! What ever are you suggesting, Wharton?" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"Nothing, sir! I am merely speak-

ing of what Mr. Ferrers Locke has found, and the deductions he's made from what he's seen. Anyhow, he says he is going to find out who broke gates last night, sir, and jolly good luck to him!"

Skinner and Snoop exchanged glances, and the latter turned pale. But Skinner, with a shrug of the shoulders, passed the matter over.

How was Ferrers Locke, clever detective as he undoubtedly was, going to find out the two Greyfriars boys who were out after lights out the previous night?

It was impossible for him to do so!

So thought Harold Skinner, but Snoop dared not think that. His knees knocked together under the desk. He was in the bluest of blue funks.

"Very well, Wharton," said Mr. Quelch. "You may go to your places!"

And Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry went to their respective places and sat down to their lessons.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Called to Account!

"MR. QUELCH!" Billy Bunter was responsible for that remark, and it broke into the silence of the Remove

Form-room some time after the whispering following Harry Wharton's entry into the room had died away.

Mr. Quelch looked up from his desk with a frown.

"Well, Bunter?"

"If you please, sir, will you excuse me?"

Mr. Quelch looked surprised.

"Excuse you, Bunter; I don't understand."

"I mean, may I go now, sir?"

"Go? Certainly not, Bunter!"

"But—but I think it is your duty to let me go, sir!" persisted Billy Bunter.

Mr. Quelch fairly gasped.

"M-m-my duty?" he stammered.

"Certainly, sir!"

The Remove chuckled. Billy Bunter had got something new up his sleeve. But to tell a Form-master where his duty lay was coming it a little thick!

"Bless my soul! What on earth do you mean, Bunter?" demanded Mr. Quelch.

"Mr. Ferrers Locke could do with my help, sir, and if he is to find Inky—I mean Hurree Singh, I must help him, sir."

"Bless my soul!"

"You see, sir, Mr. Locke is an old friend of mine, and would be glad of my exceptional abilities as a detective to help him find Hurree Singh."

"Bunter!"

"I know there is a lot of petty jealousy in the Remove, sir, but I can afford to overlook it. You see—"

"Bunter!"

Mr. Quelch accompanied the ejaculation with a rap on the desk this time, and Bunter blinked nervously. The noise of the Form-master's pointer forcibly meeting the desk almost upset William George Bunter's nerves.

"Indeed, sir, I could have told Mr. Locke first thing this morning that a rotter in the school let the Hindu chaps in," he said quickly.

"Indeed, Bunter!" said Mr. Quelch sarcastically. "And how would you have done that?"

"Because Hurree Singh couldn't help let them in himself, sir, so somebody else must have done so!" said Billy Bunter proudly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence! Sit down, you perfectly stupid boy!"

Billy Bunter sat down hastily, and dipped his pen in the ink with such force that he ruined his nib. He looked at it, but pretended to write.

Mr. Quelch smiled slightly, and gave his attention to the books on his desk.

Before long there came another interruption. Trotter, the school page, came into the class-room, and handed a note to Mr. Quelch.

Mr. Quelch had read it before Trotter had closed the door.

He looked up at the class.

"Wharton!"

"Yes, sir!"

"Mr. Ferrers Locke desires to see you after morning lessons, and you are to take Cherry, Skinner, Vernon-Smith, and Snoop with you. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir."

"The other juniors whose names I mentioned will proceed with Wharton to the quadrangle immediately I dismiss the class," said Mr. Quelch.

Billy Bunter jumped to his feet excitedly.

"You didn't mention my name, sir!" he said warmly. "I'm sure it's there, sir! Mr. Ferrers Locke is sure to want me, sir, being an old pal!"

"You are showing disrespect to your elders, Bunter. I shall correct you in a minute!"

"Ow!"

And William George Bunter did not press the question. But he made up his mind he would be there, all the same.

Of the juniors whose names had been mentioned, two at least were not looking forward for the bell to announce that the time had come for morning lessons to cease.

They were Harold Skinner and Sidney James Snoop.

The bell rang at last, and Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, and Vernon-Smith jumped up with alacrity.

"Come on, Snoop!" said Harry Wharton grimly. "I think I can guess for what you are wanted!"

Snoop shuddered, and looked wildly at the door.

But there was no escape. Either of the three juniors with whom he was to go could have run him off his feet in a hundred yards.

Vernon-Smith thrust his arm through Snoop's, and as far as the sneak of the Remove was concerned the matter was ended.

Bob Cherry caught Skinner as he was about to slip out of the class-room.

"No, you don't, my pippin!" he said cheerfully. "You're wanted!"

And the five Removites made their way to the quad.

Billy Bunter waited until they had got well away from the class-room before he followed them.

Harry Wharton found the detective waiting for them.

"Ah, you're the boys I want to see!" said Ferrers Locke. "Now, I want you to answer a few questions, Skinner. It will be as well for you to answer them truthfully. If they are answered to my satisfaction I may forget your part in this business. Otherwise, I shall—"

He left the rest of that remark to imagination.

"In the first place, you were out last night!" asked Ferrers Locke.

Skinner nodded.

"Answer!" snapped the detective.

Skinner shuddered, and a cold shiver went down Snoop's back.

"Yes, sir."

"You saw the Hindus?"

"Yes, sir."

"They bound you, or was it Snoop?"

"Both of us, sir. They came back for Snoop."

"Ah!"

Ferrers Locke was silent for a moment. Skinner had made up his mind he would have to make a clean breast of the whole affair. The detective had already found out much that he had thought secret.

Snoop was too frightened to do anything else but hang his head.

"So it was Snoop that showed the Hindus the way to the Remove dormitory," said the detective suddenly. "I wondered which of you it was. I can see now."

He turned to Snoop.

"And after you had been up into the dormitory with Ram Kudi, did they come back to the ditch, the you up, and then leave?"

"Y-y-yes, sir," stammered Snoop.

"Which way did they go?"

"T-t-towards Friardale, sir."

"Ah! Now, just listen to me a minute, Snoop, and Skinner! While you have been at classes this morning I have been searching the dormitories for signs of someone who had gone out last night. There were mudstains on both your coats. There was also a tiny fragment of rag on one of your buttons, Skinner. It came off a piece of rag I found in the ditch this morning. Letters in your pockets gave me your names. In future, when you go out late at night, you must be careful not to leave traces. You're bound to be found out."

He paused a minute to let his words sink deep into the minds of the trembling sneaks.

"Now, for the present, I am not going to say anything to Dr. Locke."

"Oh, sir!"

"But I'm going to treat you like naughty little boys. You could have been decent last night and given the alarm when Ram Kudi got away with Hurree Singh. I cannot express the utter disgust I feel for you, leaving a schoolfellow to let after himself as you have done!"

"Oh!"

Ferrers Locke took a knife from his pocket, and cut a stout stick from a bush close to the shed. Skinner and Snoop eyed him in alarm.

"Wh-wh-what are you going to do with that?" asked Skinner thickly.

"I'm going to give you the option of taking a licking from me or the sack from Dr. Locke! Which is it to be?" said the detective calmly.

Skinner and Snoop turned pale. There was not very much to choose from. But expulsion—

"I'll t-t-take a licking, sir!" muttered Skinner.

"Come here, then!"

Bob Cherry released the sneak of the Remove, and Ferrers Locke gripped him by the shoulder.

With a sudden strong twist he cast Skinner over his raised knee, and started to use that stick in a manner that was distinctly painful.

"Ow! Yowowowow!" howled Skinner.

Thwack, thwack, thwack!

Ferrers Locke finished at last, and he put Skinner on his feet. Skinner made no effort to hide the tears that ran down his cheeks.

Bob Cherry, Harry Wharton, and Vernon-Smith looked on, and they had no sympathy for the cads of the Remove.

Snoop was given the licking of his life before Ferrers Locke released him.

"There! Had I not been a boy myself once—and a particularly silly sort of boy—I should have let Dr. Locke deal with you. As it is, you may go!"

And Skinner and Snoop, with tears running unheeded down their cheeks, went.

Ferrers Locke threw the stick away with a gesture of disgust as soon as the cads of the Remove were out of earshot.

"Now, look here, boys!" he said quickly. "We've work to do. I haven't been idle whilst you've been at lessons. I have ascertained by wires that no Hindus have boarded a train anywhere between here and London, or for miles the other way. So they're in the neighbourhood. Cherry?"

"Yes, sir?" said Bob Cherry briskly.

"Does the direction the Hindus were taking when you and Vernon-Smith spoiled their second attempt to kidnap Hurree Singh suggest any hiding-place to you?"

Bob Cherry looked thoughtful. It was Vernon-Smith who answered, however.

"Yes, sir," he said promptly. "The ruins by Cliff House school!"

"Ah! That is for what I sent for you, Vernon-Smith," said the detective. "Now, we're going to have a little game of hide-and-seek. We're going to hide from Ram Kudi & Co., but we're going to seek them at the same time. Are you ready?"

"Absolutely, sir!"

And the four set off, without the knowledge that Billy Bunter had heard and seen everything from the bushes by the bicycle-shed.

But whatever hopes Billy Bunter had of keeping up with Ferrers Locke and the Removites were dispelled in the first three minutes. His fat legs would not move quick enough to keep up with them!

"Beasts!" he muttered. "I'm surprised at Ferrers Locke treating an old pal like this!"

And he stopped, leaving the four to continue their way alone.

Ferrers Locke, Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, and Vernon-Smith were back in the school within an hour, and with them was Hurree Singh.

The nabob had been found in the ruins all right, and Ram Kudi was in the hands of the police. The revolver which Ferrers Locke had held before the Hindus had proved a persuasive argument, and Hurree Singh had been found.

Ferrers Locke elucidated the fact that had been the intention of Ram Kudi to inoculate Hurree Singh with drugs, and then take him out of the country as a chronic invalid, and to the vengeance of the Red Heart sect in Bhanipur!

"Quite the simplest case I've ever tackled!" declared Ferrers Locke that night, when the Remove were royally entertaining him in the Common-room.

"It was just a matter of keeping your eyes skinned, or, as Hurree Singh would put it, 'The skinkfulness of the esteemed and ludicrous eyes must be terrific!'"

But, though the Removites laughed, they thought otherwise!

THE END.

(Don't miss next Monday's Grand Long Complete Story of Greyfriars School, entitled "THE MYSTERY OF MR. QUELCH!")

By FRANK RICHARDS.)



Goggs, Marian Gram

By Richard Randolph

SYNOPSIS.

Johnny Goggs comes to Rylcombe Grammar School from Frankingham with his chums Trickett, Blount, and Waters.

Goggs is a jib-jab expert, and a clever impersonator, and the organiser of many brilliant japes. He leads an expedition of grammarians to St. Jim's, and accomplishes one of the most daring night raids ever perpetrated.

Gerald Cutts of St. Jim's falls foul of Bingo, the butcher, and after a scrap in which Cutts is worsted, Bingo picks a quarrel with Goggs.

Bingo is completely defeated, and Cutts loses a big bet. Goggs accepts Bingo's challenge to a return fight.

Snipe, Larking, and Cutts kidnap Goggs during the night before the day of the fight. Consequently, he fails to appear at the appointed place in the wood.

Blount is haunted a forged letter—purporting to come from Goggs—saying that he has gone away. The three chums and a party of St. Jim's decide to make a search for Goggs. Meanwhile, Goggs has been taken away in a cart and roughly dumped in an isolated spot away from civilisation. (Note read on.)

Goggs' Prison!

THE bump made Goggs' head sing for the moment, but he was himself again almost at once.

The bandage was dragged from his eyes and the gag from between his lips.

"Shout as 'ard as you likes," said the hoarse voice of the two. "No one ain't goin' to 'at you ere."

"Then—if your veracity is to be depended upon—I should only waste my breath by shouting. I should only waste my breath by shouting," said Goggs coolly.

The hoarse voice chuckled.

"No cold feet about him, anyway, Bill," said the other voice.

Black and Brown were poachers. They were also rather callous brutes. But they had some admiration of pluck.

"May I ask what you have done this for?" said Goggs politely.

"Cash down!" growled the hoarse voice.

"Ah! Cash down is the lever that moves most of the world, I believe. I take it that you have no personal animus against me?"

"He means, we ain't got our knives into him on our own account, Bill," said Brown.

"No," said Black reflectively. "E's right there. But business is business, ain't it?"

"That is true," replied Goggs. "Now, you may possibly expect that I am going to offer you cash down for my release. But if you do expect anything of the sort you are grossly mistaken."

"Tain't no good you offerin'," grunted Black. "We been paid, and we means to carry out the contract."

"I rejoice to find that you have some principle," Goggs returned.

He could see looming up before them in the gloom a building of sorts. What it was he could not see, but somehow he got the impression of dilapidation and of loneliness.

He did not know of any cottage on the far side of Wayland Moor, but it was on that side the brook which joined the Rye lower down, and he felt sure they were near that brook. If so, they were far from any road, and in a place seldom visited by anyone.

The two poachers carried him into the cottage.

It did not smell nice. It was murky, and

it suggested inhabitants who did not waste money on soap in these hard times.

And, when one of the men struck a match and lighted a candle, the look of the place proved much on a level with the smell of it. Dirt and untidiness were everywhere. A good housewife would have held up her hands in horror at it.

Two lurchers got up from a sack by the open hearth, came across with rather a hostile aspect, sniffed at Goggs, then wagged their stumpy tails in unison, and licked his hands.

"Tom up! Tim likes the scent of him," remarked Brown.

"That is curious," said Goggs, "for it must be quite different from anything they have been used to—at least, I sincerely hope it is."

"None of your 'ip, young feller!'" snapped Black.

But Brown only laughed.

"We'll take the ropes off him down here," he said. "If he kicks, so much the worse for him."

"I promise you that I will not kick," Goggs returned. "And I shall be relieved to have my bonds loosened. The one which confines my right wrist is extremely painful."

"Cursed if it ain't fairly cut through the kid's flesh!" said Brown, as he untied it.

"You needn't have tied it as tight as all that, Bill."

"What's the odds?" growled Black.

"It really does matter somewhat to me," remarked Goggs.

Three minutes later he found himself alone in a room upstairs, which was close and fuggy, but not quite so evil-smelling as the apartment below.

No light was given him; but as soon as his waders had left him, and locked the door behind them, he started to make as full an examination of the place as was possible by the sense of touch alone.

The window was boarded up. The door was stout. The floor was weak and creaky, and prudence suggested that to wander about it too much in the dark might result in a fall through it.

Goggs gave ear to the inner voice of prudence, and threw himself upon the bed, which was almost the only article of furniture in the room.

It was not a comfortable bed. The blankets were sacking, and there was no pillow.

But Goggs was tired, and there was nothing the matter with his nerves. He fell asleep almost at once, and did not wake till the thin pencils of sunbeams were finding their way in through the chinks of the boards over the window.

There was light enough to enable him to see the bands of his watch.

It was past eight, and the morning of the fight!

Snipe and Larking had made one essential miscalculation in their theories as to what Goggs' feelings would be.

That he should think of the fight was inevitable.

But he thought of it merely as a side-issue.

His pride was not of the kind that could so easily be hurt.

Would they think him a funk, any of them?

Then they were wrong, and how wrong they were would soon be made clear to them.

But he did not fancy that any of those for whose opinion he really cared would think him a funk.

Not his Frankingham chums, certainly. They knew him better.

Not Gordon Gay, or Frank Monk, or most of their crowd. Carboy might doubt; but Carboy did not matter much.

Not the St. Jim's fellows who were his friends. His faith in them was firm.

And not Bingo, he thought.

It did not look as though there were much chance of escape in time for the fight. Perhaps Grundy would take his place. Perhaps Gay would. Well, neither to Gay nor to Grundy would a licking do much harm.

But they would be worrying about him, those good friends of his. And it might well be that Dr. Monk and Mr. Adams would be brought into the circle of worry, and that the holiday arrangements of quite a number of people might be upset.

He did not like the notion of that.

He got up from the bed. At that moment heavy footsteps sounded on the narrow, creaking stairs.

"Hallo, there!" called Goggs.

"Allo yourself!" returned the hoarse voice of Black.

"You have come to release me, I presume?"

"Then you'd better do a bit more persuasin' for a tain't. I've brung you some grub. Ain't got no tea nor coffee nor none of them awpers. You can 'ave water or you can 'ave beer."

"I will have water, thank you!" answered Goggs. "May I ask that you will allow me enough to wash in?"

"Wodger want to wash for?"

"For what do people usually want to wash?"

"Blamed if I know!" growled Black.

He pushed the door open a little way, and thrust in a plate and a jar of water.

Goggs did his best to express debt. Even against a horry ruffian like Black his politeness might have given him a chance—if he could only have got at Black.

But he could not. The only result of his attempt was a nasty jar between door and jamb.

Black thrust him roughly inside, pulled the door to, and locked it in double-quick time.

Goggs only just avoided stepping into the plate and overturning the jar of water.

But sport and dancing had made him quick beyond the ordinary in his footwork, and he did avoid it.

He was glad of that. The cold stew of which his breakfast was composed owed its savouriness to poached meat, he was sure; but it really was savoury, and there was plenty of it.

He ate with appetite, drank gladly, and felt better.

Below, the footsteps of Black and Brown sounded for a while, and then ceased.

It seemed that those gentlemen had gone forth to their daily occupation, whatever that might be—probably not work of any kind.

The window was boarded on the inner side.

Goggs tried to break away the boards, but found he could not manage it. Through the chinks he got glimpses of what was outside.

But the revelation was not an extensive one. It only confirmed his guess of the night before—that the cottage was down in a hollow of the moorland near the brook. There were trees round it, and they and the rise of land made the view a short one.

Then he set to work on the floor.

It was pretty rotten in places, and he was not without hope of being able to make a hole big enough to drop through.

He started in on the task. But it was slow work at best. Two rotten boards did not seem to occur together, and nowhere would the removal of a single board afford a big enough space for the passage of his body.

(Continued on page 16.)

GOGGS, GRAMMARIAN.

(Continued from page 1)

Moreover, even the rifles were not so good as they were, but he had no time to think of that, and that did not help much.

But he stuck to it. After a bit Tom and Tim, the hunters, trotted in, looking rather as though they had been on a private poaching expedition. Goggs showed his face at one of the apertures he had made, and Tom and Tim growled. But when he spoke to them their growling ceased, and they sat on their haunches and looked up at him in the friendliest fashion.

The time drew on. He began to feel hungry again. He glanced at his watch, and saw that it was past ten o'clock.

It was annoying, but he had to content himself that he was really no nearer getting out.

Then the open door was darkened by two figures.

The Tanners.

"HOW do you do, Larking? How do you do, Snipe?" asked Goggs.

His grumpy face peered down at them through one of the holes he had made.

They started in surprise. "Don't miss you have come to release me?" Goggs went on. "Please understand, where you do so, that I know quite well that it was through your machinations I was brought here, and that I do not propose to treat you as friends!"

Larking stared, and laughed uneasily. Snipe's cunning, snipely face wore an ugly leer.

"You've made a mistake if you did," he said hastily. "Here, keep off, you brute!" This was to Tom, who showed a desire for a closer acquaintance with the legs of Snipe—a desire which Goggs considered showed a dire lack of good taste on the part of Tom.

"That's all right, old fellow!" said Larking. And he patted Tom's head.

Neither dog appeared to object to him. But both looked out of the corners of their eyes at Snipe.

"We haven't come to release you, either," said Larking.

"Indeed? Then for what purpose have you come?"

"Just to enjoy seeing you panned up here, you swanking hound!" replied Snipe, with an amount of venom. "Oh, we've got you cornered now! You may think you're scored all along the line over us, but we come out on top in this deal—eh, what?"

"Think me, Snipe?"

"Oh, you'll bluff, of course! Wait till you've gone a day or two without food or drink, and see if you feel so chippy then!"

"So it is your amiable intention to starve me into surrender? May I ask what you expect of me when I have surrendered? Not that I really think you will bring it off; but it would be interesting to penetrate further into a mind like yours."

(There will be another splendid installment of this grand school story in next Monday's issue of the MAGNET. Order your copy in advance.)

The Editor's Chat.

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EXTRA SPECIAL NEWS.

The next fortnight is going to be the most important one ever known to readers of the Companion Papers.

Why? Because it is going to witness the publication of the two finest productions for boys and girls that have ever appeared.

THE "HOLIDAY ANNUAL"

is the first. This will be on sale on October 15th.

I have already given a great deal of information about the contents of this wonderful volume, but I should just like to give all my readers another reminder.

In the first place, all lovers of the famous boys of Greyfriars, St. Jim's, and Rookwood schools—and that means every reader of the Companion Papers—will be delighted with the splendid fifty-page stories by the popular authors, Franks Richards, Martin Clifford, and Owen Conquest.

"Factions at Greyfriars" is the title of the splendid story of Greyfriars.

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Among the many splendid illustrations to these stories are four beautiful art photographs depicting striking incidents.

Redskin stories are always greatly enjoyed, so I have included one entitled, "Straight Pine's Sacrifice." This, I am sure, will delight all readers.

For those who like stories of olden days, "In Mowmouth's Cause" will make a great appeal.

Among the many other contributions is a splendid fifty-page supplement of the "Greyfriars Herald" and "Tom Merry's Weekly." This is full of screamingly funny contributions by many celebrated characters of Greyfriars and St. Jim's.

Another very important item is a grand play for amateur actors, which introduces Harry Wharton & Co. This will give unbounded amusement at winter parties to young and old.

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There are hundreds of pictures, among them being four beautiful coloured plates.

The price of this splendid book is five shillings, and it will be the cheapest five shillings' worth for boys and girls that has ever been produced.

There will be a great demand for the "HOLIDAY ANNUAL," so be sure to order your copy at once to avoid disappointment.

THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD"

is coming out again on October 25th. That is the other important item of news which I want every reader to take special note of.

To those who remember the old "Greyfriars Herald," I may say that this new edition will be far better than the old one ever was.

To those who do not remember the old "Greyfriars Herald," I would say that it will be the finest school journal for boys and girls that has ever been published.

Particulars of a grand competition will be announced in No. 3, the awards to the winners being TUCK HAMPER.

Our Tuck Hamper Competition in the old "Greyfriars Herald" was the most popular feature ever known, and from all that I have heard from my readers, it is going to be no again.

I have not the space to tell you more about all the splendid features in the grand journal, but order your copy of No. 1 at once, and you will not be disappointed.

GOOD THINGS TO GET.

"ALL SPORTS ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY"—the great new picture sports paper—is a publication which will appeal strongly to all lovers of sport among my readers.

This paper has already scored a great success. Every number has sold out almost immediately after being put up for sale. It appears on the bookstalls and at all newsagents every Friday.

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