

Meet Harry Wharton & Co. in "THE REBELS AT BAY!"
INSIDE.

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THE REBELS AT BAY!



THE FIRST CHAPTER.

No Surrender!

THE Head!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"The esteemed and venerable beak!"

Harry Wharton & Co. sat up and took notice at once.

The Famous Five of the Greyfriars Remove were chatting under the shady boughs at the landing-place on Popper's Island in the River Sark.

Scattered over the wooded island were the rest of the Remove, enjoying life that fine summer's morning. There were few, if any, of the Remove who did not enjoy camping on the island more than receiving instruction from Mr. Quelch in the Form-room at Greyfriars School.

Indeed, among more than thirty fellows only one was heard to raise his voice in complaint.

That one was Billy Bunter.

Not that Billy Bunter wanted to turn up in the Form-room and grind Latin with Quelch! Far from that! Lessons had no appeal for William George Bunter. Indeed, Bunter's ideal school would have been one where there were no masters and no lessons at all.

But provisions were running rather short on Popper's Island. The rebels of Greyfriars were on rations. Even the rations were growing rather thin. This was a serious matter, from Bunter's point of view. As he told the other fellows, if the grub was all right, everything was all right! But if the grub was not all right, obviously everything was all wrong.

The Famous Five were discussing that matter, which was, in fact, getting rather pressing for the rebels. But at the sight of their headmaster on the

towpath opposite the island, they dropped the subject, and gave their attention to Dr. Locke.

"Look out!" said Bob Cherry. "Line up, you men!"

Nobody was to be seen on the bank excepting the Head. But if this rather unexpected visit portended an attack, the rebels were ready for it. Indeed, they would have been rather glad of a scrap than otherwise.

The enemy had left them all alone for quite a long time, and a little excitement would not have come amiss. More than once they had beaten off the Sixth Form prefects; and they were ready to beat them off again.

But it did not seem to be an attack that was coming. No other master followed the Head, and there was no sign of a prefect.

"It's only a jaw!" said Johnny Bull.

"A royal and imperial jaw!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Well, we can stand that!"

"And survive it!" chuckled Frank Nugent.

"Give him a yell!" suggested Vernon-Smith.

"Shut up, Smithy!" said several voices at once. "Don't cheek the Head!"

"Oh, rats!" grunted the Bounder.

"The cheekfulness of the esteemed Head is not the proper caper, my esteemed Smithy!" declared Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "Let us give him the respectful and absurd greetfulness!"

"Cap him, you men!" said Harry Wharton. And the captain of the Remove set the example, taking off his straw hat very politely.

Dr. Locke did not return that respectful greeting. Perhaps he had no use for respectful salutes from juniors who were in rebellion against his majestic authority. His face, usually kindly in

expression, was clouded by a dark frown as he stopped on the bank, opposite the group of juniors, and looked across the channel.

"Good-morning, sir!" called out Bob Cherry.

"Nice morning, sir!" said Nugent.

"Pleasure to see you, sir!" said Johnny Bull.

"Yaas, begad!" said Lord Mauleverer. "Awf'ly kind of you to give us a look in, sir! Hope you're well!"

"I say, you fellows, is that the beak?" Billy Bunter rolled down to the landing-place, from the camp in the centre of the island, and blinked at the majestic figure on the bank through his big spectacles. "I say, what does the old donkey want?"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"Shan't!" hooted Bunter. "If he's come for me, I'm jolly well not going! I say, you fellows, you stand by me, you know. I say, chuck a tomato-can at him! Then he'll clear!"

Bunter was evidently uneasy. It was Bunter who was wanted, being under sentence of the sack! But for Bunter there would have been no rebellion at Greyfriars. The sight of his headmaster's stern face was terrifying to the fat Owl of the Remove.

"Shut up, Bunter!" said Harry Wharton. "We're not giving you up, fathead! And the Head isn't likely to swim across for you."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bunter!" It was the Head's deep voice. He had spotted the fat Owl among the juniors on the island. "Bunter!"

"Beast!" gasped Bunter.

"You can't have Bunter, sir!" said Bob Cherry. "We don't want him—nobody could possibly want him! But we're sticking to him!"

"The stickfulness is terrific, honoured sahib!"

"I say, you fellows, chuck something at him—"

Perhaps Bunter doubted the steadfastness of his champions under the stern eyes of the Head. He was anxious for the beak to go.

"I could get him on the napper with this can!" murmured the Bounder.

"You silly ass, if you buzz that can at the Head, I'll tip you into the water!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Wharton! I address you as head boy of your Form!" said the Head, unconscious of his narrow escape from the empty tomato-can in the Bounder's hand. "I am here to order you to return to the school at once!"

"We'll be jolly glad to, sir!" said the captain of the Remove respectfully.

"If Bunter is to be allowed to stay—"

"Bunter is expelled from Greyfriars, Wharton! Bunter will be sent home at once."

"I'll watch it!" gasped Bunter.

"This rebellion," went on Dr. Locke, "is far from causing me to take a more lenient view of Bunter's case. Neither could I possibly pardon a boy who had been guilty of an attack on a member of my staff. You are perfectly well aware of that, Wharton."

"Oh, yes, sir!" answered Harry. "But Bunter never did it, sir! It was some other silly ass who chucked the ink over Mr. Prout!"

"I decline to discuss that with you, Wharton! I desire to avoid other expulsions; that is why I am here," said the Head. "If you boys return to the school at once and give up Bunter, I shall certainly punish you all for your disregard of authority, but I shall expel no one."

"No takers, sir!" said the Bounder.

"You have a boat there," continued the Head. "I command you to cross to this bank immediately, and I will conduct you back to the school."

"Sorry, sir!" said the captain of the Remove. "We're standing by Bunter! We all believe that he never inked Prout! I'm sure that our Form-master, Mr. Quelch, believes the same as we do, sir."

The Head compressed his lips hard.

"I say, sir, I never did it!" squeaked Bunter. "I was going to, but I never did! Some other idiot—I mean, some idiot bunged that ink at old Prout! I say, sir, I'd be jolly glad to come back, if you'll let me off the sack, sir! I'm not getting enough to eat here—"

"You are expelled, Bunter, and you will be sent home immediately you fall into my hands!" said the Head grimly.

"Beast!" yelled Bunter.

"Unless you obey me immediately, Wharton, measures will be taken to put an end to this rebellion!" went on the Head.

"Go ahead with the measures!" said Smithy cheerfully. "We've whopped your jolly old prefects more than once! If they want another whopping, we've got one ready for them."

The Head gave Vernon-Smith a grim look. But he addressed the captain of the Remove as he went on.

"I shall be sorry to have to take severe measures. But you leave me no choice by persisting in this defiance of authority! I repeat, that if you surrender at once only Bunter shall be expelled! Otherwise—"

"Nothing doing, sir!" said Bob Cherry. "We're standing by Bunter."

"We're bound to stand by Bunter, sir!" said Wharton. "We can't let a Remove man down!"

"Hear, hear!"

Dr. Locke breathed hard. Perhaps he had supposed that his presence and

his accustomed authority would overawe the rebels of the Remove. If so, he was disappointed. The Famous Five were quite determined, and most of the Form backed them up heartily. A few weak-kneed members, like Skinner and Snoop, and Fisher T. Fish, might have doubts. If so, they kept them to themselves. The Greyfriars Remove were standing together as one man in defence of a Removeite they believed to have been unjustly expelled.

There was a pause. The Head's frown grew darker and grimmer.

"Very well," he said at last. "Force will be used. For what may happen you have only yourselves to blame."

He turned, to walk away down the towpath. Up went Vernon-Smith's hand, and the tomato-can flew.

But Bob Cherry had his eye on the Bounder. Smithy was the man for such deeds; but nobody else in the Remove would have dreamed of lifting a finger against their respected beak. And as the Bounder buzzed the tomato-can, Bob charged him over with a sudden rush.

"Ow!" howled Smithy. "Ooogh!"

Splash!

The Bounder's aim was spoiled, and the missile dropped in the Sark, half-way to the bank. The Head walked on regardless. And the Bounder, tipped off the island by Bob's charge, went headlong into the water. There

Billy Bunter, expelled from Greyfriars School, is still safe in the midst of the Remove rebels besieged on Popper's Island. The next move—awaited with cheery confidence by the rebels—is up to the headmaster, Dr. Locke!

was quite a waterspout as he struck the Sark.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Vernon-Smith came up, drenched and furious. He struggled out of the water, dripping, muddy, and boiling with rage, and hurled himself at Bob Cherry. For several minutes there was a terrific combat on the landing-place of Popper's Island; and then Bob was sitting on the Bounder's chest in the grass. And he sat there, amid laughter, till the Bounder made it "pax."

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Taken by Surprise!

A BARGE came rolling slowly up the river, in the wake of a horse that plodded up the towpath.

Harry Wharton, leaning on a tree on the island landing-place, watched it idly. Barges passed the island every day, coming up from Pegg to Courtfield, or going down from Courtfield to Pegg. This particular barge had nothing unusual in its aspect, except that it was going up without a load. Only a number of old sacks and pieces of sail-cloth were to be seen on board.

The bargees sat with one arm over the tiller, occasionally taking a black pipe from his mouth to tap it. He was looking at the island as the barge came slowly on, and grinning. But that was nothing new. The Greyfriars rebellion was the talk of the neighbourhood, and the bargees who passed Popper's Island generally grinned at the sight of the

schoolboy garrison there, and sometimes exchanged rough badinage with them. The captain of the Remove was watching the barge, chiefly because it was the only object in motion on the sunny river, but he gave it no particular attention.

He was thinking. That call from the Head in the morning had made him suspicious that some new move was on hand. But there was no sign of an attack. If Wingate and the other prefects had been assigned the task of attempting once more to round up the rebels, they did not seem to be in a hurry to get going. Not a sign of the enemy had been seen during the hours that had elapsed since Dr. Locke had departed.

Half a dozen fellows were at the landing-place. That spot was never left unguarded. The rest were scattered over the island—all ready, however, to hurry up if there was an alarm. The sight of a Greyfriars boat on the river, or a Sixth Form prefect on the bank would have been enough. But there was nothing to be seen on the Sark, but the lumbering barge.

"Feelin' anxious?" asked the Bounder, with a rather sarcastic glance at the captain of the Remove.

"Not exactly," answered Harry. "But I think the beak had something up his sleeve, all the same."

"They can't touch us. They've tried more than once." The Bounder shrugged his shoulders. "The beak came here to gas. Nothin' else left for him to do."

"Blessed if I see what they can do!" said Peter Todd. "We've got wire and stakes fixed up all round the jolly old island; they can't land anywhere but here. And if they try that on we're ready for them. We can hold the fort for donkey's years."

"We could hold it against all Greyfriars," said the Bounder. "Their only chance is to get our boat away, and cut off the grub. And we're not lettin' them do that."

Harry Wharton nodded. There was no doubt that the position of the rebels was a strong one. Every day on the island they had added to the strength of the fortifications.

Across the landing-place was a barricade built of stakes and logs and strong wire. The boat was kept inside it for safety.

On that boat depended the provisioning of the rebels' fortress.

The enemy, if they came, could land. But they could not get over the defences unless they took the garrison by surprise and off their guard.

And that was not an easy proposition. Constant watch and ward was kept, and the river and the bank could be watched for a quarter of a mile either way.

"The beak's only chance is to starve us out," went on Smithy, "and he can't do that, so long as we've got the boat. If the grub ran out—"

"We'd hold on somehow," said Harry.

"Nothin' to hold on for, if the grub ran out," chuckled the Bounder. "We're barrin' off the Head on Bunter's account to save him from the sack. But if the grub ran out, Bunter would run out."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bunter would rather be sacked than miss a meal, wouldn't you, Fatty?"

"Beast!" grunted Bunter.

The fat Owl of the Remove was reposing in the grass. He sat up and blinked at the juniors through his big spectacles.

"I say, you fellows, it's all clear now. There's nobody in sight. Why not get

off in the boat, and get in some more grub?"

"Fathead!"

"Oh, really, Wharton——"

"Never mind the grub, old fat bean," said Bob Cherry. "It's about time you went in for slimming."

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"If you lose a ton of flesh you'll have a couple of tons left, you know," Bob pointed out.

"I say, you fellows, I'm hungry!"

"We've heard that one," remarked Nugent.

"I haven't tasted jam for days."

"Awful!" said Peter Todd.

"I can rough it," said Bunter. "I could make marmalade do when there isn't jam. But there isn't any marmalade."

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now," said Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" exclaimed Bunter warmly. "I haven't had a decent meal for days."

"We're all going rather short," said Harry Wharton mildly.

Snort, from Bunter. Apparently he regarded that remark as irrelevant. From Billy Bunter's point of view the universe began and ended with W. G. Bunter.

"The shortfulness is terrific!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Oh, really, Inky! Look here! Something will have to be done," said Bunter. "You've got me here——"

"What?"

"You've got me here, and the least you can do is to see that I have enough to eat. That's the very least you can do."

"Kill him, somebody!" yawned Bob.

"Beast! Look here! What are you going to do about grub?" demanded Bunter. "That's what I want to know. We can't live on air. I know I can't, at any rate. You used to go up in the boat to Courtfield and fetch in grub. I think you jolly well ought to go now—see?"

Harry Wharton shook his head. In the first days of the Remove rebellion the rebels had not found that matter very difficult. But the enemy were more watchful now. Sir Hilton Popper's keepers haunted the bank of the Sark, watching for a chance to "bag" the boat if it left the island. Greyfriars masters and prefects were very often in Courtfield looking for stray rebels. Every day made the commissariat a more difficult problem.

"We've got to have grub!" hooted Bunter.

"That's all right, old fat man," said Harry soothingly. "We shall get enough to carry on. We can't get off in the daylight now; we should be spotted at once, and if we lost the boat we're up against it. But we're going down to Friardale after dark."

"The shops will be closed then," grunted Bunter.

"We can knock up Uncle Clegg in the village any time," said the captain of the Remove. "We'll try it on to-night if the coast's clear. If it isn't, we'll wait till to-morrow night——"

Bunter grunted discontentedly. With grub already running short the prospect of waiting till night, or till the morrow night, did not seem to please the fat Owl.

"That bargee will run into the island if he's not careful," remarked Johnny Bull. "What's the ass steering like that for?"

The juniors looked at the barge lumbering slowly up the river.

It was entering the channel now,

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between the island and the Popper Court bank. The barges generally kept to the middle of that channel, which was not very wide. But the bargee, leaning on the tiller, made the heavy craft swerve towards the island, and the tow-rope stretched out from the horse on the bank.

The bargee's boy, seated on the horse, slowed down his steed, and stared across at the island, grinning.

"I say, you fellows, don't bother about that silly barge when we're discussing an important subject!" exclaimed Billy Bunter irritably. "Look here, there's nobody on the river, and I think you might risk getting down to Uncle Clegg's, in Friardale, this afternoon, see? Don't be funky!"

"You blithering, blethering fat frump——"

"Is that silly ass on the barge blind?" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "He will be aground if he doesn't look out."

He stood up and shouted to the bargeman.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Want to be shipwrecked?"

The man steering the barge glanced at him and grinned.

The horse on the bank stopped as the tow-rope tautened. The barge, far out from the bank, looked like grounding against the landing place on the island. Instead of steering clear, the grinning bargee kept on. The tow-rope had ceased to pull; but its own momentum caused the barge to surge on, and it bumped suddenly on the island.

"Well, my hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Of all the clumsy asses—— Why—what—oh crikey! Look out!"

There was a startled yell from the juniors.

For as the barge bumped on the landing place, the sacks and sailcloth on her deck seemed suddenly to be imbued with life. They stirred—and shifted—and were thrown aside—and a dozen figures that had been hidden under them leaped into view.

Wingate, Gwynne, Loder, Carne, Walker, Sykes, and other prefects of the Sixth Form at Greyfriars, burst suddenly on the astounded sight of the Removites.

And even as Harry Wharton & Co. stared in utter amazement at the unexpected sight, the Sixth-Formers leaped from the barge to the shore, bounded at the barricade, and clambered over it. The garrison of Popper's Island had, after all, been taken by surprise.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Battle of Popper's Island!

"O H crumbs!"

"Look out!"

"Back up!"

"Yaroooooh!"

"Ow! Ow! Ow!"

Never had a surprise attack been more complete.

There were only six or seven fellows at the landing stage. Had they seen the enemy coming, as naturally they expected to do, if the enemy came, all would have been well. A call would have brought the other Removites rushing to the spot, to line up at the barricade. A minute would have been enough.

But there was hardly a second granted them. The attack came with the swiftness of lightning almost.

George Wingate, captain of Greyfriars School, had planned it well. More than once he had tried it on and

failed. Defeat, evidently, had taught him strategy. The rebels had never dreamed of suspecting such a dodge. Wharton had wondered whether the Head's visit portended a new move; but he had never suspected this.

Yet it was simple enough. Wingate had easily been able to hire a passage on a barge coming up the river past the island.

A tip to the bargee was enough, and made him enter into the spirit of the thing. Judging by the broad grin on his weather-beaten face, he was enjoying this affair as an excellent joke.

Old sacks and sailcloth had hidden the Greyfriars seniors, till they were ready to spring. The barge had run aground at the island, apparently from clumsy steering. And the sudden appearance of the enemy took the defenders entirely by surprise; and before Harry Wharton & Co. quite realised that they were there, the seniors were half-across the barricade.

"Come on!" roared Wingate.

He leaped down among the startled, amazed, dismayed juniors.

Caught napping as they were, the Removites backed up manfully. They yelled to their comrades scattered over the island, and tackled the invaders.

Billy Bunter dived into the trees and vanished. Cover was what Billy Bunter wanted, when scrapping was going on. The Famous Five and the Bounder and Peter Todd, standing up to the rush, were whirled and dashed aside and over.

Knocked right and left, panting and gasping and yelling, they were driven back before the rush of the hefty seniors.

The barricade was taken, almost before the defenders quite knew that it was attacked; and the breathless, dismayed juniors were retreating up the path through the trees, towards the glade in the centre of Popper's Island. The retreat was rather more like a flight. They resisted, but they had no chance at all.

Harry Wharton was grabbed by Loder of the Sixth and held; Bob Cherry, fighting valiantly, fell into the grasp of Sykes of the Sixth.

The other fellows got clear, but only by retreating fast. Leaving two of his men holding prisoners, Wingate rushed on with the rest.

"Haw, haw, haw!" came a roar of laughter from the bargee, who was evidently greatly entertained by these proceedings.

And he steered off the island, and the barge rolled on up the river in the wake of the towing horse. He had been tipped to land the Greyfriars prefects on his way up to Courtfield; he had done it, and now he went on his way, leaving them to it.

Wild shouts and yells rang all over Popper's Island now. The alarm was general.

"Look out——"

"The prefects——"

"Back up!"

"Line up, you men!"

"I guess we're cinched!" gasped Fisher T. Fish. "I'll say this has gummed it!"

"Go for 'em!" roared Bolsover major.

"Back up!" yelled the Bounder. "Pile in! They've got Wharton—they've got the boat! Back up, you men!"

There was a rush of the rebels from all sides. Few were missing. Skinner and Snoop were not to be seen. Fisher T. Fish was seen, for a moment, before he vanished into a tree. But every other man in the Remove came.

rushing into the fray. Napoleon Dupont, the French junior, was frying eggs for tea at the cooking-stove. He ceased to fry eggs, and dashed into the scrap, wielding a hot frying-pan that dripped with grease.

There were thirty Remove fellows, more than enough to have held the defences against any force that could be brought against them, had they been on their guard. Now it was hand-to-hand; but, even so, numbers gave the rebels a chance, if they stood up to it.

And they were standing up to it gallantly.

The rush of the prefects brought them right into the camp in the glade; but the rebels rallied there, and the fight was hard and fast.

Wingate's strategy; and there was no doubt that it was good strategy.

Loder of the Sixth, struggling with Harry Wharton, suddenly found his leg hooked and he came down in the grass with a heavy bump.

Wharton sprang clear, and leaped to Bob Cherry's aid. Sykes had Bob in a grasp of iron; but that grasp was relaxed as Wharton seized him by the collar behind, and dragged him over backwards.

Sykes hit the island hard, with a loud roar.

"Come on!" panted Wharton.

He rushed up the path after Wingate & Co., followed by Bob. After them flew Loder, Sykes, and Walker.

In the glade the battle was raging furiously.

For many wild and whirling minutes the combat raged. The seniors had the advantage of size and weight. The juniors had the advantage of numbers. It was numbers that told in the long run. And Wingate and his men at last were driven in retreat down the path to the landing-place.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Stranded!

"AFTER them!" roared Bob Cherry.

"They're licked!" yelled the Bounder. "After them!"

Keeping together, the Sixth Form men retreated down the path between the thick trees. They were unwilling



"Mr. Prout," said Mr. Quelch, his temper suddenly falling him, "you are an ass!" "What?" gasped the master of the Fifth. "What? What did you say, Quelch? What?" "An ass!" repeated Mr. Quelch firmly over his shoulder. And he walked on, leaving Prout rooted to the floor, breathless with indignation.

Meanwhile, Wharton and Bob Cherry were struggling frantically in the grasp of Loder and Sykes, on the path.

And Walker of the Sixth was busy. He had stayed behind the rush, and was dragging at the boat. Wingate hoped to carry the island and capture the rebels. But he was well aware that the conflict might end the other way. And he had given James Walker instructions. Whatever happened, the rebels' boat was to be made sure of.

While the combat raged wildly, Walker of the Sixth grasped the boat, dragged it over the barricade, and pushed it out into the water.

There he tied the painter to a drooping willow branch, and left it, and hurried back to rejoin his friends. If the battle went against the invaders, the boat was ready for their retreat, and they would take it away with them, leaving the rebels stranded. Such was

There were a dozen Sixth Form men, all hefty and muscular. And they had the advantage of a surprise on their side. At first it looked as if they would carry everything before them.

But the Removites rallied and resisted, and fought valiantly. The knowledge of what they had to expect at Greyfriars helped to buck them. Floggings all round, and the "sack" for some of them, did not make a pleasant or attractive prospect.

"Back up, Remove!" roared Wharton, as he plunged into the fray.

"Go for 'em!" bawled Bob Cherry.

"Give 'em socks!" yelled Squiff.

"Yarooop!" howled Wingate, as he caught Dupont's frying-pan with his head. "Ow! You mad young ass—wow!"

"Stick it, you fellows!"

"Give 'em jip!"

"Buck up, Remove!"

to go—some of them, at least. Loder and Carne and Walker went rather quickly, and were first in the boat. But the others retreated slowly and savagely, and disputed every foot of the way.

The rebels pressed on after them. Lumps of turf and empty cans whizzed through the air to hasten the retreat of the invaders.

They reached the landing-place, where they had to scramble over the barricade to get away. There Wingate halted.

"Look here, stand to it!" he rapped. "We—yarooooooh!" A heavy chunk of turf, hurled by the Bounder, caught the Greyfriars captain under the chin and sent him sprawling.

"Faith, and they're too many for us intirely!" gasped Gwynne of the Sixth. "Better get out of it."

"They've got the boat!" yelled Johnny

Bull. "Come on! We've got to get the boat, you men."

"Buck up!" gasped Wharton.

The Removites charged. Over the barricade the prefects went scrambling and tumbling. Wingate was the last, but he had to go. They crowded down to the boat.

Missiles from the island were crashing into the boat. Loder pushed off, without waiting for all the prefects to scramble in. In fact, there was hardly room for all of them.

"Hold on!" yelled Gwynne.

Six or seven seniors were in the boat. The rest were on the margin of the island.

A charge of the Removites sent them splashing into the water. Wingate and Gwynne stood their ground for a moment, but a dozen pairs of hands were on them, and they were pitched headlong into the Sark.

The juniors swarmed on the edge of Popper's Island. They had beaten off the attack. But the boat was out of their reach.

Five or six prefects, up to their shoulders in water, scrambled out and held on to the gunwale. Loder and Walker had the oars out, and were pulling. With half the enemy in the boat, and the other half hanging on to it, it slid away down the river.

"We've beaten them!" gasped Nugent.

"The beatfulness is terrific."

"But they've got the boat!" panted Wharton. "They've got it!"

"That's what they wanted!" growled Johnny Bull. "I'll bet Wingate never fancied he could beat us. It was the boat they were after."

"Well, we've given 'em a jolly good licking!" gasped Bob Cherry. "That's one comfort."

The rebels stared after the retreating enemy. They had won that terrific scrap. But the boat was gone beyond recovery. They watched it pull in to the bank, a hundred yards down the river. There most of the Sixth Formers landed. But two of them remained in the boat, and pulled on down the river, heading for the Greyfriars boathouse.

In a few minutes the boat vanished from sight.

"Going—going—gone!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"The gonefulness is terrific!"

"We're done for now!" remarked Skinner. Now that the combat was over, Skinner had emerged from parts unknown. "What did you fellows let them land for? Weren't you keeping watch?"

"They came up on a barge," answered Wharton. "They were hidden under a lot of sacks, and we never saw them till—"

"Rotten trick!" said Wibley.

"Fancy old Wingate bein' so jolly strategio!" said Lord Mauleverer. "Rather deep of the jolly old bean, what?"

"The deepfulness was preposterous."

"Well, you might have been on the look-out!" said Skinner. "Rather fat-headed to let them catch you napping like that! They knew they hadn't an earthly if they came in the open."

"You've done it now!" remarked Snoop. "You've let them get the boat, and, of course, that's what they wanted. They know we can't keep it up now the boat's gone."

"I guess this lets us out!" said Fisher T. Fish. Fishy also had reappeared from parts unknown when the scrap was over. "I'll say this gums it, you guys! It's sure the cat's whiskers!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here comes Wingate!"

Wingate of the Sixth, drenched, dishevelled, and not looking very good-tempered, came striding up the tow-path, and halted opposite the island landing place. He glared across at the swarm of juniors. Herbert Vernon-Smith sorted out a chunk of turf.

"You young rascals!" called out the Greyfriars captain.

"You old rascal!" called back Bob Cherry.

"We've taken away your boat—"

"We guessed that one!"

"You're stranded there!" went on Wingate. "You can be jolly certain that you won't get a chance of getting hold of another boat. I don't know how much grub you've got there, but you can't have a lot. You won't be getting any more. You'll have to chuck it up in a day or two. I advise you to chuck it up now and stop this foolery."

"Thank you for nothing!"

"You young asses, you'll have to give in when you run out of grub. If you choose to come back to Greyfriars now, I'll get you across—"

"Bow-wow!"

"Rats!"

"Go and eat coke!"

"Well, you can stay there till you get hungry!" said the Greyfriars captain. "When you make up your minds to give in, you can let us know! My advice to you is to—whooop! Yooop! Yaroooh!"

Smithy's chunk of turf flew and landed on Wingate's features. He went over backwards as if he had been shot.

He roared as he bumped on the tow-path.

"Man down!" howled Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wingate scrambled up, red with wrath. He dabbed mud from his face, shook an angry fist at the yelling Removites, and stalked away—rather hurriedly. And the rebels were left to themselves—stranded!

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

High Words!

CHOKER of the Fifth grinned.

"Here they come!" he said.

And his friends, Potter and Greene, grinned also.

So did a crowd of other Greyfriars fellows.

The Greyfriars quad was crowded. After class it had been observed that the Sixth Form prefects were absent. And the Greyfriars fellows did not need telling where they were. They could guess that the great men of the Sixth had gone on another expedition to deal with the rebels on Popper's Island. And they were rather keen to learn the result.

By the Head's strict orders the bank of the Sark was now out of bounds for the school. Communication with the rebels was strictly cut off. Otherwise there would certainly have been a crowd of fellows of all Forms staring at Popper's Island from the towpath.

"They look like winners, what?" grinned Hobson of the Shell.

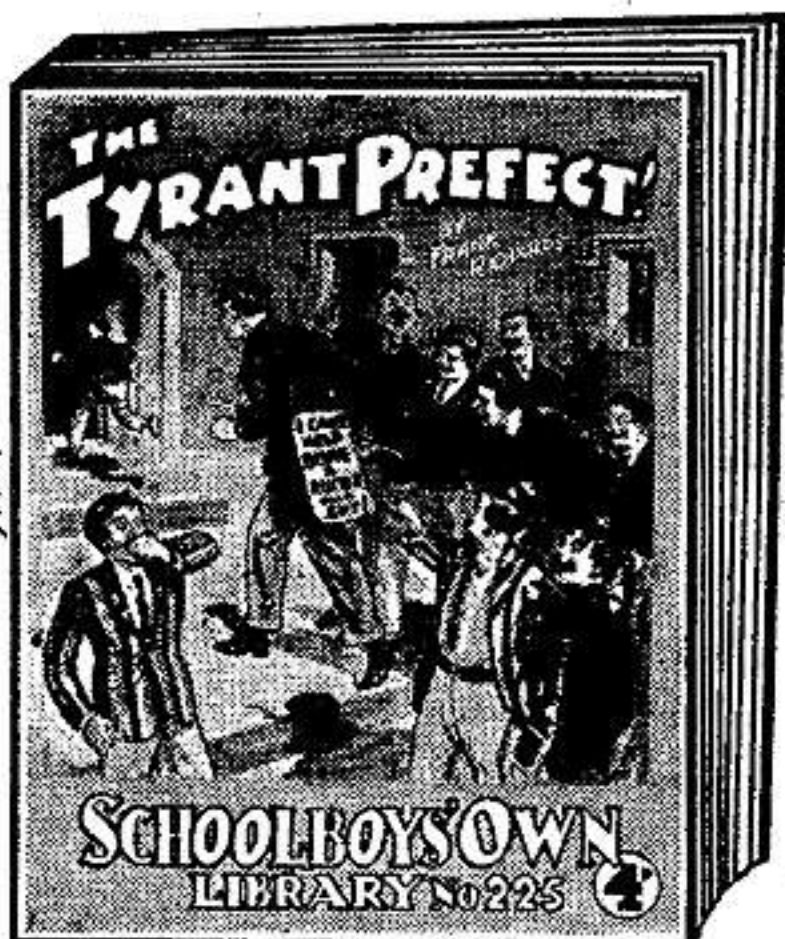
"They do—they does!" chuckled Temple of the Fourth.

"Oh, rather!" grinned Dabney.

A sea of eyes watched the prefects when they came in at the gates. They did not, as a matter of fact, look like winners.

They were all wet, and dusty and muddy, and untidy, and most of them bore very visible signs of hefty combat. "Claret" dripped from many noses.

And they brought no juniors with them. Evidently the rebels had not been rounded up.



GERALD LODER holds the distinction of being easily the most unpopular prefect at Greyfriars; and he's got a particular "down" on Harry Wharton & Co. of the Remove. By fair means or foul Loder is set upon disgracing these cheery Removites—but . . .

It's war to the knife between the tyrant prefect and the "Famous Five," but the end of the battle sees Harry Wharton & Co. triumphant and Loder humbled to his knees!

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"Foozled it again, what?" asked Coker of the Fifth genially, as the weary prefects tramped in.

They did not answer Horace Coker's question. But it seemed to annoy them. Gwynne and Loder grasped Coker and bumped him down in the quad with a bump that made him roar.

They walked on and left him roaring.

After which, nobody else asked the dusty and defeated prefects how they had got on with the expedition. But a ripple of laughter ran round the quad, and the weary men of the Sixth were glad to get into the House, out of public view.

A good many fellows in the quad-rangle noticed that the headmaster was standing at his study window, looking out.

On either side of him stood Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, and Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth.

The Head's brow darkened at the sight of the dusty seniors. He read failure in their dismal aspect.

Prout frowned also. Quelch's face was expressionless, but there was a glimmer in his gimlet eyes. Quelch, perhaps, was not wholly out of sympathy with his rebel Form. No doubt the Removites were young rascals. Still, they were Mr. Quelch's Form, and perhaps he saw some good in them which nobody else could see.

Dr. Locke turned from the study window. He was disappointed, and deeply annoyed. He had been acquainted with Wingate's plan, and he had hoped better things of it. At the sound of buzzing voices in the quad, he had looked out, in the hope of seeing a crowd of young rebels shepherded in by the victorious prefects. Instead of which, he saw tired and dusty fellows trailing wearily home—some of them with swollen noses.

"Wingate appears to have failed again!" said the Head.

"It appears so!" murmured Mr. Quelch, his face still expressionless.

Prout gave his colleague a suspicious look. Prout rather suspected Quelch of being glad that the forces of law and order had failed.

Certainly Quelch was very keen on discipline. But he seemed to find all sorts of excuses for his rebel Form.

It was weeks since Prout had been inked by Billy Bunter, or by some unknown outrageous person for whose sins Bunter had suffered. But the portly Prout had not forgotten it.

It was an insult, an injury to his dignity, and his dignity was Prout's most precious possession.

It seemed to Prout that Quelch made light of the matter. He had opposed, so far as he could, the sacking of the perpetrator. It might almost have been thought that Quelch did not consider that it mattered very much whether Prout was inked or not!

"It is scandalous, sir!" said Prout, addressing the Head, but with his eye on Mr. Quelch. "These rebellious young rascals seem to be lost to every sense of law and order and propriety."

Quelch's eyes glinted.

"Really, Mr. Prout!" he snapped.

"Really, Mr. Quelch!" said the Fifth Form master.

A tap at the door interrupted them. "Come in!" snapped Dr. Locke. The Head's temper had grown unusually and remarkably snappish since the Remove rebellion had started.

Wingate of the Sixth entered.

Dr. Locke greeted him with a grim look. He was not pleased with his head prefect. His look made that quite clear.

"You have failed again, Wingate!" he almost barked.

"We did our best, sir——"

"You have not secured Bunter?"

"No, sir, but——"

"Have you secured any of those rebellious boys?"

"N-no, but——"

"Really, Wingate, I expected better things of my prefects!" said the Head. "It is amazing to me that the whole body of Sixth Form prefects are unable to deal with a few rebellious junior boys."

Wingate reddened. He might have retorted that the majestic Head himself seemed incapable of dealing with those rebellious junior boys.

GREYFRIARS CARTOONS

By HAROLD SKINNER.

No. 10.—FISHER T. FISH.

(The American-born member of the Remove.)

When we asked our lightning artist for a cartoon of "Fishy," the cute guy from "Noo Yark," Skinner drew a deep breath, then drew his pen across paper. The result we pass on to you.—Ed.



Here's Fishy with his dollars!
An all-fired business man!
He's very cute, and collars
Whatever cash he can.

His transatlantic vigour
At "raking in the rocks,"
Has put a tidy figure
Into his money-box!

"There are thirty of the young rascals, sir——"

Grunt from the Head.

"And they're absolutely reckless now, sir——"

Grunt again!

"We've all got pretty well damaged——"

Grunt!

"But we've got the boat away from the island, sir!"

"Oh!" ejaculated the Head.

"I've locked it up in the boat-house, sir! They're stranded on the island now," said Wingate.

"Oh!" repeated the Head. "Very good! Very good indeed, Wingate!" And the Greyfriars captain left the study.

Dr. Locke stood with a very thoughtful expression on his face. Prout was nodding with satisfaction. Mr. Quelch looked very serious.

"This, sir, should bring matters to a speedy end!" said Mr. Prout.

"Quite!" said the Head.

"Hitherto," said Prout, "these young rascals have been able to obtain supplies of—of comestibles by means of the boat, but now, sir, that they are stranded on the island with no means of communication——"

"Exactly!" said the Head. "I have little doubt that this outrageous rebellion will speedily come to an end. Obviously the boys must surrender when they can obtain no further supplies of food."

Mr. Quelch breathed rather hard.

"It is your intention, sir——" he began.

"It is my intention, sir, to end this outrageous rebellion at the earliest possible moment!" said the Head coldly. "Careful watch must be kept, to ascertain that the boys do not obtain possession of another boat, and that no one communicates with them. Surrender must soon follow."

Mr. Quelch pursed his lips.

Perhaps the Remove master knew his boys rather better than the Head did. Certainly he was not at all sure that even a food shortage would compel them to surrender.

"It is a very serious matter, sir!" he ventured. "I fear for the health of the boys——"

"They are at liberty to leave the island whenever they choose!" said the Head icily. "At a signal that they are prepared to surrender they will be fetched back to the school."

"Quite so, sir, but——"

"There is nothing more to be said, Mr. Quelch!" said the Head in a very pointed manner, and he sat down at his desk.

The two Form-masters left the study. Mr. Quelch's face was rather set. Owing to the difference of opinion about Bunter, he was rather out of harmony with his respected chief these days. Prout, on the other hand, was full of satisfaction. Prout was not a harsh man by any means, but he could not forget how he had been inked. It was time—more than time—for the sentence of expulsion to be carried out on the inker, in Prout's opinion.

"This is excellent, my dear Quelch!" said Prout in the corridor.

"I fail to see it, sir!" snapped Quelch.

"There is no doubt that the young rascals will be compelled to surrender to authority now!" explained Prout.

"I decline to listen to such a description of the boys of my Form, Mr. Prout."

"You have not forgotten, I trust, that a boy of your Form hurled a large quantity of ink at me, Quelch!" exclaimed Prout warmly. "You have not forgotten that Bunter was expelled for that outrageous act——"

"I have not forgotten, sir, that you made a mistake in that matter," said Mr. Quelch. "I do not believe for a moment that it was Bunter."

"Nonsense, sir!" boomed Prout.

"If you, sir, had been a little more observant, if you had ascertained the facts instead of jumping to a conclusion——" said Mr. Quelch tartly.

"Nonsense, sir! I repeat, nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Prout hotly. "I am surprised, sir—I may say astounded—that you venture to question the justice of the Head's sentence. I am amazed

that you should venture to utter a word in defence of these disrespectful young rascals—"

"I repeat, sir, that I will listen to no such description—"

"And I repeat, sir," boomed Prout. "I repeat—"

Mr. Quelch's temper had been sorely tried the last few weeks. Now, for a moment it failed him.

"Mr. Prout," he said. "You are an ass!"

And he walked down the corridor.

"What?" gasped Prout. "What did you say? What?"

"An ass!" repeated Mr. Quelch firmly over his shoulder. And he walked on, leaving Prout rooted to the floor, breathless with indignation.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Short Commons!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

"For goodness' sake, shut up, Bunter!"

"Shan't!" roared Bunter.

There was a hint of trouble in the air on Popper's Island.

It was the following day. Many of the garrison had damages to repair after that strenuous scrap with the prefects. Many of them were still feeling the effects of that scrap.

But that did not worry the rebels of Greyfriars very much. That was all in the day's work.

Fellows could hardly expect to stand up against the headmaster and his prefects without collecting a few damages.

Much more serious than that was the question of "grub."

The prefects had failed to defeat the rebels, failed to round them up, failed to capture the schoolboys' island. But they had got away with the boat. That was a crushing blow.

Food was already short. It was growing shorter and shorter.

Thirty fellows, all with healthy appetites, required some feeding. So far as cash went, the rebels pooled their resources; and, like the Early Christians, they contributed what they had to the common stock, and shared and shared alike. Fellows who were stony like Bunter, or who were stingy like Fisher T. Fish, fared as well as wealthier and more generous fellows.

But it was not a question of cash now. Communications had been cut off. The rebels felt rather as if they had been shipwrecked on a desert island.

There was, happily, plenty of cash. Lord Mauleverer had an almost inexhaustible supply of that useful article. The Bounder had recently obtained a fresh supply. Monty Newland had lots. The Famous Five were fairly well supplied. Fisher T. Fish, as a matter of fact, had what he called his "wad" safely tucked away; but he kept it tucked away, not being a believer in spending money, especially on others. Most of the fellows, however, stood their "whack" cheerfully. That was not the difficulty.

Already it had been getting too risky to visit Courtfield for supplies. There had been many narrow escapes. But the rebels had planned to get in a cargo from the village of Friardale, and no doubt they would have been quite successful—but for the loss of the boat.

That knocked the whole thing on the head.

They were stranded on the island in the Sark like a party of Robinson Crusoes, and there was no means of getting off except by swimming.

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The rations had been thin already; now they were thinner. Before long they would thin down to vanishing point.

And then—

Billy Bunter, accustomed to packing away enough for two or three fellows, had for whole days packed away only enough for one.

Now he had less than enough for one.

The summer sun ceased to shine for William George Bunter. Life assumed the aspect of a weary, dreary desert.

Some of the fellows thought that the game was up. Only one said so. That was Skinner.

Skinner suggested that it was time to chuck up the whole thing. Having made that suggestion, Skinner found himself upended, with his head dipping into the mud on the margin of the island.

He dropped the subject at once. Nobody else took it up. Other fellows who fancied that the game was up kept their opinion to themselves.

But there were glum faces in the garrison.

Bunter's was the glumest.

Bunter certainly did not suggest surrender. Surrender meant that Billy Bunter's sentence of the "sack" would be carried out, and that he would have to push off for home, finished with Greyfriars School for good!

The Owl of the Remove did not want that. But he wanted a solid meal—in fact, several solid meals, one after another. He wanted them badly. He wanted them frightfully. His fat soul yearned for them.

At the beginning of the shortage Bunter had asked, with indignation, whether he was to eat bread-and-butter without jam. Later, he had inquired, with deeper indignation, whether he was to eat bread without butter. Now even bread was running short, and Bunter's indignation could scarcely have been expressed in words.

The other fellows were going short, too. But that, of course, did not worry Bunter. His fat thoughts, as usual, were concentrated on his fat self. And no doubt Bunter felt the food shortage more severely than the rest. It hit him, as Fishy would have described it, where he lived.

"I say, you fellows, what are we going to do?" groaned Bunter. "Look here, you're leader, Wharton—at least, you call yourself leader! It's up to you! Well, what are you going to do?"

"Tighten my belt!" answered the captain of the Remove, laughing.

"You silly ass!" hooted Bunter. That resource was of no use to the Owl of the Remove. "I say, Smithy, you're not such a silly fool as Wharton! I've said all along that you ought to be leader! I say, Smithy, can't you think of anything to do?"

"Yes, rather!" answered the Bounder at once.

Bunter's fat face brightened.

"Oh, good!" he exclaimed. "I knew you'd think of something! You're not a dummy like Wharton! What are you going to do, Smithy?"

"I'm going to bang your head on that oak—"

"Eh?"

"And see if it will shut you up!"

"I say— Leggo! Yaroooh!" roared Bunter, as the Bounder grasped him by the collar and proceeded to suit the action to the word. "I say— Whoop! Leggo! Beast! Yow-ow-ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Wow! Beast! Wow!" roared Bunter. "Oh crikey! Wow!"

After which Billy Bunter was busily occupied in rubbing his bullet head, and made no more remarks on the subject of the commissariat for a time.

The question was urgent. It was pressing. All the rebels on Popper's Island were giving it deep and anxious thought.

Something had to be done!

But what?

Every now and then one of Sir Hilton's keepers appeared on the tow-path and cast a grinning glance towards the island. Greyfriars prefects were occasionally spotted.

Close watch, evidently, was being kept to see that no secret sympathiser got in touch with the besieged rebels.

Another day came—and went.

The food shortage was getting more and more serious. Billy Bunter groaned over his thin meals in sheer anguish of spirit. Even surrender and the "sack" began to look less attractive to Bunter now.

What was going to be done? That, as Shakespeare has remarked, was the question. And it was a question to which the beleaguered rebels, so far, had found no answer.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Bee's Knee!

"I T'S the bee's knee!"

Thus Fisher T. Fish.

The junior from New York was addressing no one in particular. Apparently, he was answering his own unspoken thoughts.

He was leaning on a tree by the landing place, gazing thoughtfully out over the sunny river. But he was not heeding the scenery.

The sunny, rippling Sark, the wooded banks, the green downs in the distance, the grey old tower of Greyfriars rising over the tree-tops, had no appeal for the practical, hard-headed Fishy.

There was no money in scenery. So Fishy would have asked contemptuously what was the earthly good of it, if he had thought of it at all—which he never did! A thing that had no money in it cut no ice with Fisher T. Fish.

Fishy was thinking. No doubt he was, like the other fellows, thinking of the pressing food problem. But he was thinking on different lines. Fishy's thoughts seldom ran on the same lines as those of the other Removites. He had had the advantage of being "raised" in "Noo Yark." That made a difference—a tremendous difference.

There were other fellows in the Remove of whom their school had no reason to be proud. Billy Bunter was a ruthless grub-raider; Skinner and Snoop and Stott had smoky, dingy, shady ways; the Bounder had a kink of blackguardism in him. But there was no other fellow quite like Fishy. Fishy was the only man in the Form, for instance, who had ever thought of lending money at interest among the other fellows and establishing a Shylock business in the school.

To do Fishy justice, he did not see anything wrong in it. According to Fishy, a fellow's object in life was to get money off other fellows. The method was a secondary consideration.

Fishy was, indeed, kept in a constant state of surprise by the views the other Removites expressed of him and his methods. He could only put it down to the fact that they had been raised on the inferior side of the Atlantic, where guys were such boobs, such goobs, such ginks, and gecks, that they did not even know that money was the beginning and end of all things.



An eager crowd gathered round Fisher T. Fish as he opened the packing-case and disclosed all sorts and conditions of provender. "Say, you guys, don't crowd!" yapped the American junior. "Give a galoot room. Now, gentlemen, guys and galoots, sort out your spondulies! Sale now on!"

"It's the cat's whiskers!" said Fisher T. Fish, addressing space.

He nodded his bony head with satisfaction. Whatever the outcome of Fishy's long and deep meditations, evidently it pleased him.

"I'll say it's the grasshopper's pyjamas!" said Fisher T. Fish, with growing enthusiasm. "It's sure the elephant's side-whiskers, and then some!"

Bob Cherry glanced round at him. A group of juniors were at the landing-place, watching for a possible enemy, and keeping a very wary eye open now for any passing barge.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's biting you, Fishy?" asked Bob.

"Eh—I guess I been thinking!" said Fisher T. Fish.

"With what?" asked the Bounder.

Fishy answered that question only with a disdainful snort. Fisher T. Fish guessed, reckoned, and calculated that, when it came to brains, he could lay over anything in the Greyfriars Remove.

"Say, you guys," went on Fishy, "I guess you've got it gummed a few!"

"The gumfulness is terrific!" agreed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"I guess if any guy came along with grub to sell, you'd be willing to buy, what?" said Fisher T. Fish.

"Yes, rather!" said Harry Wharton, laughing.

"And I'll say you wouldn't be too pertickler about prices, what?"

"Probably not."

"Mean to say, if you got the offer of a cargo of grub, you'd pony up what was asked, without getting a grouch?"

"My dear man, if some enterprising

merchant comes up the river with grub to sell, he can ask what he likes!" said Frank Nugent. "But the Head will take jolly good care that nobody does."

"You guys mean that?" demanded Fisher T. Fish.

The juniors gave him their attention now. It was rather mystifying.

"Certainly!" said Harry Wharton. "If some jolly old blockade-runner brought us supplies, we'd pay anything he asked. Within reason, of course."

"Double?" asked Fisher T. Fish.

"Yes, rather! It would be jolly well worth it!"

"I say, you fellows, I'd pay treble, or—or anything!" squeaked Billy Bunter. "I say, Fishy, if you've got any idea—"

"I guess I was raised where they grow ideas," said Fisher T. Fish. "When you get it gummed, you can't do better than leave it to a galoot what was raised in Noo Yark! Yep!"

He strolled away up the path to the camp in the glade, his bony brows wrinkled in thought.

Out of sight of the other fellows, Fisher T. Fish sat down under a tree, and took out his pocket-book.

He proceeded to make a careful examination of the contents.

Fishy's contributions to the "pool" had been very meagre. As the other fellows, unlike Fishy, did not regard money as the beginning and end of all things, they had not bothered about it. Fishy was, however, quite well supplied. He saved assiduously all the profits he made on his moneylending among the fags. He never spent anything if he could help it. He bought things cheap from hard-up fellows, and sold them as

dear as he could. Sometimes, though, but rarely, he received a tip from Hiram K. Fish, in New York.

His greatest joy in life was counting his money. Now he carefully counted it once more. His accumulations amounted to quite a large sum for a Lower Fourth junior. He had a total of twelve pounds. From a strictly moral point of view, perhaps, most of it did not belong to Fishy. But a moral point of view never troubled the businessman of the Remove. Possession was nine points of the law!

Fishy ran risks in his business, and no doubt he considered that he was entitled to be paid for his risks.

His moneylending account-book was enough to get him a flogging, if not the sack, if the headmaster spotted it. Fishy still shivered when he remembered how that dangerous volume had fallen into the hands of Mr. Prout, and he had dreaded that Mr. Prout would take it to the Head.

"More'n enough!" said Fisher T. Fish, nodding with satisfaction over his plunder. "I guess ten quids will work the rifle! Yep!"

For some time Fisher T. Fish was busy with a fountain-pen. He wrote a letter, read it over, nodded over it, and then sealed it up, with ten pounds in paper money enclosed.

The envelope was addressed to "S. Lazarus, Esq., c/o Mr. Lazarus, High Street, Courtfield."

Harry Wharton & Co. knew Solly Lazarus well; he was a member of the Courtfield County School cricket team, with whom they had regular fixtures. Fisher T. Fish often dropped into Mr.

Lazarus' second-hand shop, in Courtfield, in search of bargains, which he afterwards disposed of at a higher price among Greyfriars fellows.

Solly, when he was home from school, often minded the shop for his father, so Fishy had had many dealings with him. He was a good-natured and friendly youth, and no doubt would have been more than willing to do anything he could to help his Greyfriars friends in their present sore strait, if he had known of it.

Fisher T. Fish slipped the letter into his pocket, and strolled back to the landing place.

Now that the letter was written it had to be posted.

Earlier in the afternoon he had seen old Benson, the Friardale boat-keeper, pull up to Courtfield past the island. Sooner or later, that ancient mariner would be returning. Fisher T. Fish leaned on a tree and watched for him.

The other fellows were discussing the food problem. Fisher T. Fish listened to them with a grin on his bony visage.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! That's old Benson in his boat!" exclaimed Bob Cherry suddenly, as a boat came in sight from the direction of Courtfield.

The Bounder's eyes gleamed.

"If he came near enough for a jump—" he breathed.

"Piracy on the jolly old high seas, what?" grinned Bob.

"He will give us a wide berth," said Harry Wharton. "He's got instructions from the Head to keep clear of us. He won't risk getting mixed up in a Greyfriars row."

The captain of the Remove was right. Old Benson, as he rowed into the channel between the island and the bank, grinned and nodded at the group of juniors, but was very careful to keep a wide berth.

"Will you lend us that boat, old bean?" called out Bob Cherry.

The ancient mariner chuckled.

"Sorry, sir; but your 'eadmaster's told me very special—"

"Say, bo!" called out Fisher T. Fish, taking the letter from his pocket. "Say, you'll post a letter for a guy, what?"

"Certainly, sir!" said old Benson.

"No harm in that!"

With a wary eye on the juniors, he steered near enough for Fisher T. Fish to toss the letter into the boat. Then he shot away down the Sark, and disappeared.

Fisher T. Fish grinned with satisfaction. Old Benson was a trustworthy man, and could be relied upon to post the letter safely. The next morning it would reach Solly Lazarus, and Fishy had no doubt that the good-natured Solly would carry out the request contained therein. Fishy chuckled, and the juniors glanced at him.

"Anything on?" asked Bob.

"Just a few!" answered Fisher T. Fish.

"Well, what?"

"I guess it's the bee's knee!"

And, with that inadequate explanation, Fisher T. Fish jerked away, still grinning, leaving Harry Wharton & Co. staring.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

The Goods!

"O H lor'!" groaned Billy Bunter. That, apparently, was Bunter's way of saying grace.

It was morning, and the fat Owl of the Remove blinked at his breakfast, with dismal little round eyes behind his big round spectacles.

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Meals on Popper's Island were growing smaller by degrees and beautifully less. Squiff suggested that they would soon want a microscope to see them with.

While meals grew smaller, appetites seemed to grow larger. That was, indeed, a natural result.

Skinner and Snoop grumbled. But most of the fellows took it as cheerfully as possible. Fisher T. Fish, who might have been expected to grouse as soon as anybody, did not grumble. Indeed, judging by the sly grin on Fishy's bony visage, and the cunning twinkle in his shifty eyes, he found something of a satisfactory nature in the food shortage.

Which was surprising, if true, for Fishy undoubtedly was hungry, like everybody else.

The Famous Five were still determined on holding out. The Bounder, Redwing, Squiff, Toddy, Tom Brown, Mauleverer, Mark Linley, and other resolute fellows backed them up, all along the line. Something was going to be done. It had not been done yet—but it was going to be!

But doubt was growing. After all, as Bunter often declared, a fellow could not live on air. And the garrison of Popper's Island were getting perilously near to that unsubstantial form of sustenance.

"Faith, and it's famished I am intirely!" Micky Desmond remarked, when he had finished his brekker—which did not take him long.

"What price one of Mrs. Mimble's pork pies now?" sighed William Wibley.

There was a deep groan from Bunter. The mere mention of a pork pie meant acute suffering to him.

"What price one of Coker's hampers?" grinned Ogilvy.

Groan again from Bunter.

"Look here! We can't stick this out much longer!" said Skinner sulkily.

"I'm not going to starve!"

"Same here!" growled Snoop.

"I say, you fellows, I'm wasting away!" moaned Bunter. "I'm being reduced to a shadow."

"Some shadow, I guess!" chuckled Fisher T. Fish.

"I'm fading away before your eyes, and a lot you fellows care!" said Bunter bitterly. "A fat lot!"

"Don't get alarmed till you've lost a ton, old man," said Bob Cherry comfortingly. "You'll have the other ton left."

"Beast!" groaned Bunter. "I say, you fellows, this can't go on, you know. I'd rather be sacked than starve. Oh lor'!"

"Bow-wow!"

After breakfast—which did not take long to dispose of—there were serious faces among the schoolboy rebels, though no other was quite so serious as Billy Bunter's. Matters were getting near a climax, and it was clear that something had to be done. But the question still remained—what?

During the morning Loder of the Sixth was spotted on the towpath, looking towards the island with a grin on his face.

He called across to the juniors.

"You fags getting hungry?"

"My dear man, we're enjoying life!" called back Bob Cherry cheerily.

"There's only one blot on the landscape—your face, old man."

"The Head's sent word that you're to be taken off the island—if you're ready to come back."

"Tell the Head to go and eat coke!" called back Vernon-Smith.

A lump of turf and an empty tomato-can whizzed across the water, and Loder dodged into the wood.

"They're keeping tabs on us, I guess," remarked Fisher T. Fish.

"They don't mean to give us much chance of getting off for grub," agreed Wharton. "But we're not giving in!"

"No fear!" said Bob Cherry emphatically.

That the island was being carefully watched was quite clear. Joyce, Sir Hilton Popper's head-keeper, was seen on the bank, and other keepers, from time to time. Once the lord of Popper Court himself was spotted, staring across at the island through his eyeglass, with a grim brow. The juniors gave him a yell, and he frowned and stalked away.

Brekker had been frugal. Lunch was still more frugal. It was accompanied by a series of groans from Billy Bunter.

"There's only one thing for it," said the Bounder. "Some fellow will have to take the risk of swimming off, and chance it!"

Harry Wharton nodded slowly.

"Looks like it!" he agreed. "But I—"

"I'll take the chance," said Vernon-Smith. "Easy enough to get through after dark."

"Ye-e-es. But—"

It seemed as if that desperate resource would have to be tried. But that was a very last resource.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's jolly old Prout!" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, was seen on the towpath. He stared across at the island.

"Give him a yell!" said the Bounder.

The juniors gave Mr. Prout a yell. Whereat the Fifth Form master frowned portentously.

Sir Hilton Popper appeared from a woodland path and joined Mr. Prout, and they stood in conversation—unfortunately out of range of missiles from the island.

At the landing place half a dozen fellows were keeping watch and ward. With them was Fisher T. Fish, who was eyeing the river in the direction of Courtfield rather anxiously. A barge came in sight, coming down the river, and the juniors were on the alert at once. They had not forgotten the surprise-party that had arrived on a barge a few days ago, and every barge that floated past Popper's Island was now watched with wary eyes.

"I guess it's the goods!" said Fisher T. Fish. His sharp eyes fixed on a large packing-case that lay on the barge's deck.

"Look out, you fellows!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Keep an eye on that barge till it's passed."

"Line up!" roared Bob Cherry.

And a crowd of fellows came swarming down to the landing place. The rebels were not likely to be caught napping a second time. The man steering the barge glanced at them and steered in towards the island as the horse on the bank pulled the heavy craft onward.

"My hat!" said Bob Cherry. "He's coming here!"

"If it's the prefects again—"

"Forget it!" said Fisher T. Fish.

Fishy was grinning.

"Well, he's steering in!" said Harry Wharton. And he shouted to the man on the barge. "Look out! Stand clear!"

The man stared at him as the barge floated closer. The tow-horse halted on the bank and the barge drifted slowly to the island landing place. It bumped on the rushes.

The juniors, manning the barricade, were ready, if it had been another attack. But it was not another attack.

(Continued on page 12.)



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THE REBELS AT BAY!

(Continued from page 10.)

The bargee made his craft fast, and then stepped to the big packing-case. The Greyfriars fellows watched him in wonder.

What his proceedings could possibly mean was a mystery to them.

"Gentleman here of the name of Fish?" called out the bargeman.

"You've said it, bo!" trilled Fisher T. Fish.

"This here's for you, sir."

"Yep!"

"What the thump—" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

"What the esteemed dickens—" exclaimed Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

Fisher T. Fish hurried forward to help the bargeman ashore with the packing-case. There was a roar from Sir Hilton Popper, on the bank. He waved his eyeglass in his excitement.

"Hi!" roared the lord of Popper Court. "Hi! Stop that, my man! You're not allowed to land anything on that island!"

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Prout. "Upon my word! Stop at once! Do you hear? Stop!"

The bargemen stared round at them for a moment. Then he got on with his job.

The packing-case, landed from the barge, was plumped on the shore of the island.

Sir Hilton Popper roared. Mr. Prout shouted. Both waved their hands excitedly. Under their very eyes a cargo was being landed on the school-boys' island. And they could not stop it. They had no means of stopping it. They could only roar and shout; and neither roaring nor shouting appeared to produce any effect whatsoever on the stolid bargeman.

Having landed the case, the bargee pushed off.

The horse plodded on again, and the barge rolled on down the Sark, leaving Sir Hilton still roaring, Mr. Prout gesticulating, and Fisher T. Fish sitting on the packing-case and grinning, and the rest of the Removites staring at Fisher T. Fish in utter wonder and amazement.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Fishy Astonishes the Natives!

"**W**HAT—" "How—" "Which—" Questions rained on Fisher T. Fish.

He sat on the packing-case and grinned. He was the centre of attraction, the cynosure of all eyes. On Fisher Tarleton Fish was concentrated the attention of every man on Popper's Island.

On the towpath Sir Hilton Popper was still brandishing his eyeglass and roaring. Mr. Prout was still spluttering. Loder and Walker had come out of the trees, and were staring. Joyce, the keeper, came up the towpath and stared, also. But nobody on the island gave them any regard. On the island all regards were fixed on Fishy.

"Is it grub?" gasped Billy Bunter, as he fastened his eyes—and his spectacles—on the big wooden case. "Is—is it grub?"

"Guess!" chuckled Fisher T. Fish.

"Oh, really, Fishy—"

"Begad, has Fishy pulled us through?" asked Lord Mauleverer.

"But what—" gasped Wharton.

"What's in that box, Fishy?" shouted a dozen fellows.

"Oh, jest a few things," said Fisher T. Fish. He still sat on the box, as if to keep off too-eager hands. "Keep off, Bunter, you fat guy!"

"I say, you fellows—"

Harry Wharton stared after the departing barge. He gave a smiling glance at the excited group on the towpath. Then his glance returned to Fisher T. Fish, sitting on the packing-case.

Amazing as it was, Fishy seemed to have worked the oracle!

Fishy's own opinion was that his brains were worth all the brains in the rest of the Remove lumped together. Nobody had ever agreed with Fishy on that point. He was, indeed, supposed to be as much fool as rogue—or nearly so. Yet it seemed to be Fishy that had solved the problem, worked the oracle, and done the trick! It was amazing!

"How did you work it, Fishy?" asked the captain of the Remove.

"I'll say it was a soft thing to a guy what cut his eye-teeth in Noo Yark!" answered Fisher T. Fish. "Didn't you spot me getting that letter posted yesterday, by old Benson?"

"Yes; but—"

"I guess it went to young Solly Lazarus, in Courtfield!" grinned Fisher T. Fish. "And I'll say I asked him to walk into Chunkley's Stores and buy up a list of goods, money enclosed."

"Yes; but—"

"Gettin' 'em here was where we was beat to a frazzle!" said Fisher T. Fish. "And I'll say that Wingate of the Sixth gave me the big idea."

"Wingate did!" yelled Bob Cherry.

"Yep!"

"How?" roared Johnny Bull.

"By comin' up in the barge the other day. I kinder guessed that if Wingate could tip a bargee to bring him up the river to the island, young Solly could tip a bargee at Courtfield to bring a packing-case down the river to the island, what?"

"Well, my hat!"

"Good man!"

"I guess I put it all in my letter to young Lazarus!" grinned Fisher T. Fish. "Sure! And he's sure played up like a little man!"

"He's a good sort!" said Harry Wharton. "My hat! Fancy Fishy thinking of this stunt, while we—"

"Fishy wins!" said the Bounder cordially.

"Bravo, Fishy!"

"Jolly old genius!" said Lord Mauleverer heartily.

"Good old Fishy!"

Fisher T. Fish grinned complacently. That "stunt" was, after all, quite a simple thing. But it was Fishy who had thought of it! The other fellows hadn't! Fishy had! Fishy had a right to be complacent.

"Brainy man!" said Peter Todd. "It won't work twice—they'll see to it that no barge brings us anything again. Look at old Popper doing a song and dance yonder."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"No—they'll put paid to it fast enough!" agreed Harry Wharton. "But this sees us through for a time, anyhow."

"I say, you fellows," squeaked Billy Bunter—"I say, you're wasting time jawing! I say, I'm fearfully hungry!"

"Yes, let's get that case open," said William Wibley. "I can do with a square meal."

"Same here intirely!" said Micky Desmond, with deep feeling.

"The sameness is terrific."

"Looks like a good cargo, judging by the size of the case," said Frank

Nugent. "You sent young Solly the money to pay for it all, Fishy?"

"I guess it wouldn't be here if I hadn't, bo!"

"Your own money?" asked the Bounder in amazement.

"Yep!"

"Well, my only hat!"

This was the climax! Fishy had not only worked out the scheme for getting in supplies. But he had paid for them out of his own pocket! His disinclination to spend money was well known—too well known! Yet, instead of leaving the paying part of the transaction to other fellows, as might naturally have been expected of Fisher T. Fish, he had paid—with his own money! It was incredible—unless there was a catch in it somewhere!

"Fishy, old bean, I take back a lot of things I've thought of you!" said Lord Mauleverer.

Fishy chuckled.

"Hear, hear!" said Bob Cherry.

"Well, let's get the stuff into camp," said Harry Wharton. "We can all do with something decent for tea."

"Yes, rather!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific."

Fisher T. Fish dislodged himself from the packing-case. Half a dozen fellows lifted it, and carried it up the path to the camp in the glade.

Fisher T. Fish followed them very closely. He seemed rather anxious about that packing-case. His sharp transatlantic eye was never off it for a second.

A joyous crowd collected in the glade under the big oak. Billy Bunter's eyes gleamed behind his spectacles. Other fellows, less keen on tuck than Billy Bunter, were keen enough to see that packing-case opened and the contents handed out. That unexpected consignment came like corn in Egypt after the lean years. For once there was going to be something like a spread.

The packing-case was dumped down. Fisher T. Fish took hammer and chisel to knock it open.

An eager crowd gathered round him.

The slats were knocked off, disclosing the closely packed contents of the case—ail sorts and conditions of provender.

"Say, you guys, don't crowd!" yapped Fisher T. Fish. "Give a galoot room! Now, gentlemen, guys, and galoots, sort out your spondulics—"

"Eh?"

"What?"

"Sale now on!" said Fisher T. Fish calmly.

"Wha-a-at?"

"Don't all speak at once! Don't barge! Lots of time—I guess I'm here to serve all customers in turn—"

"Kik-kik-customers!" stuttered Bob Cherry.

"Sure!"

"What the thump—"

"Prices," said Fisher T. Fish, as the Removites stared at him in blank wonder, "is high! Got to consider the risk—might have lost the money, you know, if them guys at Greyfriars had got hold of this caboodle! I guess I asked you, Wharton, if you'd be willing to pay double—"

"Dub-dub-double!" stuttered Wharton.

"Yep!"

"What the dickens—"

"Gone batty?"

"What the merry thump—"

"The sale," said Fisher T. Fish, with the utmost calmness, "is now on! Customers will come one at a time! Don't crush! Bully beef, condensed



"Deserters have to get it in the neck!" said Johnny Bull. "Give him the frog's march, chaps!" "I guess—ow! Leggo! I reckon—wow! I calculate—yaroooh!" shrieked Fisher T. Fish. "Will you leggo a galoot?" In the grasp of many hands, the American junior went round the glade in the frog's march.

milk, cakes, tarts, cream puffs, cheese, tomatoes, ham, eggs—any old thing. I guess I can offer you a variety. I'll say that you'll have to pay double Courtfield prices—that's where I come in! Walk up and buy!"

There was a general gasp.

The juniors had been amazed, especially by Fishy's remarkable and unaccountable generosity in spending his own money on supplies for the garrison.

That was explained now!

He hadn't!

This was one more of Fisher T. Fish's money-making schemes!

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Sale Now On!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. gazed at Fisher T. Fish. They gazed in silence.

They seemed unable to speak; as if the spry, smart, enterprising business man of Greyfriars had taken their breath away.

Lord Mauleverer regarded Fishy with a fixed, amazed stare, as if he was wondering whether the junior from New York was some new and surprising zoological specimen.

Billy Bunter gave a wail of anguish.

That prospect of a spread was gone—gone from his gaze like a beautiful dream!

For some moments there was silence—a silence that could be felt. Various expressions came over the staring faces of the Removites. Fisher T. Fish looked round at them. He seemed surprised.

"Say, I guess I've put you wise that the sale's now on!" he remarked. "Ain't you buying? Ain't anybody here hungry?"

"You—you—you awful rotter!" gasped Bob Cherry, finding his voice.

"You sneaking worm!" said Johnny Bull.

"You terrific reptile!" gasped Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"You toad!" roared Bolsover major.

"You polecat!" yelled Peter Todd.

"I say, you fellows, let's make him hand it over! Collar him! Rag him! Scrag him! I say, you fellows—" howled Billy Bunter.

"Hold on," said Harry Wharton quietly. "Let's have this clear. I suppose this isn't a joke, Fishy?"

"I'll say nope!" agreed Fisher T. Fish.

"You haven't got in that stuff for the whole camp?"

"Look in my eye!" urged Fisher T. Fish derisively. "If you see any green there, mention it. Jest mention it!"

"Then tell us exactly what you're up to!" said the captain of the Remove.

"Ain't you got it yet?" asked Fisher T. Fish. "I'll say you're a bunch of pesky dumb-bells! Sure! You want the goods! I've got 'em! They're for sale! Walk up and buy! Ain't that plain?"

"Nobody here wants you to stand him anything," said Wharton, with a curl of the lip. "Tell us what you've paid for that lot, and we'll hand you over the exact amount."

Fisher T. Fish laughed. This suggestion struck him as distinctly humorous.

"And where do I come in?" he inquired.

"Smash him!" roared Bolsover major.

"Rag him!" yelled Wibley.

"Jump on him!" shouted Russell.

"Hold on!" said Harry Wharton. "We want to get it clear. You've laid in this supply to sell, Fishy?"

"Yep!"

"And you want to make a profit on it?"

"You've said it. Why not?" demanded Fisher T. Fish warmly.

"You don't know why not?" asked Harry.

"Nunk."

"Oh gad!" said Lord Mauleverer, still gazing at Fisher T. Fish in a fascinated sort of way. "Oh, great gad!"

"You're on the make, as usual?" asked Frank Nugent.

Fisher T. Fish snorted. This was not the first time that the lack of business acumen in the Greyfriars Remove had made him tired.

"This here," said Fisher T. Fish, "is a business transaction. Didn't you say plain that you'd be willing to pay double prices for a cargo of grub? Yep or nope?"

"Certainly!" said Harry.

"Waal, then, walk up and do it!" said Fisher T. Fish. "This here case of goods is mine! I ain't giving it away! Nope! Not so's you'd notice it! I'm selling this stuff! I guess I'm selling it at a profit! I guess I ain't in the provision line jest for my health! No, sir! You got the dibs! I got the goods! Make it a trade! You got me?"

Evidently Fisher T. Fish could see nothing of a questionable nature in that business transaction.

Business, like charity, covered a multitude of sins, in Fishy's estimation.

The fact that supplies were sorely needed on Popper's Island was not, in

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(Continued from page 13.)

Fishy's opinion, a reason for whacking out what he had. It was a reason for charging double prices!

"I'll tell you what!" said Skinner. "We'll duck Fishy in the river and help ourselves."

"Yes, rather!" said Stott.

"I say, you fellows, mop him up and collar the lot!" squeaked Bunter.

"I guess this here is my property!" exclaimed Fisher T. Fish, in indignant alarm. "I guess you ain't robbing a guy, you galoots!"

The Bouncer laughed.

"We might have known there was a catch in it!" he said. "Fancy our thinking for a minute that Fishy was playing up like a decent fellow!"

"What's biting you?" demanded Fishy warmly. "I guess I risked a loss! I guess I got to be paid for the risk! You ain't got no kick coming, that I see."

"I say, you fellows, give the beast what he wants, then!" wailed Bunter. "I say, I'll pay for the lot if you like! Somebody lend me the money—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" howled Bunter. "Look here, I'm hungry! Famished!"

"Fishy, you rotter—"

"Fishy, you worm—"

"Fishy, you polecat—"

"Dear men," said Lord Mauleverer gently, "you're wastin' your breath on Fishy. Fishy will never see what a skunk he is. Will you, Fishy?"

"Aw, can it!" yapped Fisher T. Fish.

"Of all the mean rotters—" said Wibley.

"Of all the poisonous polecats—" said Hazeldene.

"I guess I've mentioned that the sale's now on," remarked Fisher T. Fish. "I'll say I'm here to do business."

"Rotter!" said Bob Cherry.

"Worm!" said Squiff.

"Cochon!" said Napoleon Dupont.

"Vrai cochon! Peeg!"

"The pigfulness is terrific!"

"Leave it to me, you men," said Lord Mauleverer gently. "How much did you give for that cargo, Fishy?"

"You're not—" began Harry Wharton.

"Leave it to me!" persisted his lordship. "I know what I'm talkin' about. Let Fishy speak."

"I guess I coughed up ten pounds," said Fisher T. Fish.

"Then you'll take twenty?"

"Sure!"

Lord Mauleverer took out his note-case. From that article he extracted four five-pound notes. Fivers with Mauly were more plentiful than currency notes—or even half-crowns with most fellows.

"Look here, Mauly—" roared Johnny Bull.

"Leave it to me, dear man."

"But, look here—" exclaimed Nugent.

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"Do leave it to me!" urged his lordship. "Can't a man stand his friends a spread if he likes—what?"

He tossed the four fivers to Fisher T. Fish. That bony youth grasped them in a bony paw and promptly tucked them away safely.

Fishy's eyes were dancing.

This, in Fishy's estimation, was one of the cutest and spryest of all his money-making schemes. He had got away with it! He had got fairly home with it. He had landed his profits and tucked them away in his pocket. He grinned with satisfaction. He bubbled with glee. He felt, like the classical gentleman of old, as if he would strike the stars with his sublime head. He only wished that his popper, Hiram K., in New York, could have witnessed this transaction. Hiram K. would have been proud of Fisher T. at that moment.

"And now," said Lord Mauleverer, in the same gentle tone, "the stuff's mine, Fishy—what?"

"Yep!" grinned Fishy. "Yourn, bo!"

"Gentlemen and sportsmen," said Lord Mauleverer, "may I have the honour of invitin' you to a little spread?"

Billy Bunter made a nose-dive for the packing-case.

Mauly did not have to repeat his invitation. The Remove rolled up as one man!

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Business is Business!

"U RRRRGGH!"

Bunter was in rather a hurry. "Gurrgh!"

A chunk of ham, followed rather too rapidly by a tomato, seemed to be causing Bunter trouble.

"Wurrgh!"

Billy Bunter choked and gurgled. But he was happy! Life was once more worth living to the fat Owl of the Remove.

Every face wore a cheerful look.

As there was no telling where the next supply was to come from, rations had still to be the order of the day on Popper's Island. But all the fellows agreed that just one spread, for once, would do no harm. And there was no doubt that they enjoyed it.

Fisher T. Fish, in his bubbling satisfaction, seemed to have forgotten that he was hungry. While the other fellows gathered to the feast Fisher T. Fish sat apart and made entries in his business-book. He had a clear profit of ten pounds to enter on the credit side. No wonder he grinned! No wonder he chuckled!

That, however, did not occupy Fishy long. He slipped his business-book into his pocket and came over to the feasters. He remembered that he was hungry—in fact, very hungry.

Lord Mauleverer was watching him, with a faintly amused smile on his aristocratic face. As Fisher T. Fish joined the throng his lordship rose to his feet.

"Hold on, Fishy!" he remarked.

"Hey?"

"Want anythin' here?" asked Mauleverer.

Fisher T. Fish stared.

"I guess I want some eats!" he answered.

"I don't remember invitin' you to this spread. Sorry, and all that, but you're not on the list!" said Lord Mauleverer gently. "I said gentlemen and sportsmen—and you're neither one nor the other, old bean."

"Say, what are you givin' me?" yapped Fisher T. Fish.

"Nothin'!"

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

"Mind keepin' your claws off the stuff?" asked Mauleverer. "You're dead in this act, Fishy."

"Look hyer—" roared Fisher T. Fish in dismay.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You fellows mind kickin' him if he doesn't trickle away?" asked Lord Mauleverer.

"Mind?" grinned Bob. "Pleasure, old chap!" He jumped up, and Fisher T. Fish promptly backed away.

"The kickfulness is the proper caper!" chuckled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Look hyer, you ain't leaving me out, Mauly!" yelled Fisher T. Fish.

"Your mistake, old bean," said Lord Mauleverer, gently but firmly. "I am!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish glared at his lordship! He glared at a crowd of laughing faces. Fishy had not expected this! Neither had the other fellows, as a matter of fact! Mauly had taken them all by surprise.

But while the other fellows found the situation amusing, Fisher T. Fish found it far from amusing. For Fisher T. Fish, it was the bee's knee, if not the elephant's side-whiskers!

"Say, I'm hungry!" he yapped.

"Dear me!" said Lord Mauleverer.

"I guess I want some eats!"

"You can go on wantin'!" suggested Lord Mauleverer. "It's a free country! No law against a fellow wantin' anythin'."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You pesky goob!" gasped Fisher T. Fish. "Mean to say that I'm left out?"

"Yaas."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Business," remarked Lord Mauleverer, "is business! You don't need tellin' that, Fishy! You know all about business. I'm not givin' you anythin'. I'm sellin' you some, if you like."

"Wha-a-at?" gasped Fisher T. Fish.

"They say that one rogue makes many!" explained Lord Mauleverer. "Well, then, why shouldn't one businessman make money? Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander—what?"

"Hear, hear!"

"The esteemed Mauly is painfully right!" declared Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "Whoever is saucy to the goose must be saucy to the gander!"

"You—you—you—you pie-faced gink!" gasped Fisher T. Fish. "You pesky mugwump! You all-fired clam! I guess you've got me! I guess I got to have some eats! I'll pay!"

"Not shop prices!" said Lord Mauleverer.

"Aw, can it! I'll pay double, same as you did!" grunted Fisher T. Fish.

It was a bitter pill! But Fishy was hungry—very hungry! And, after all, he could afford it out of his profits! He was not yet aware of what was coming!

"Double?" repeated Lord Mauleverer. "I don't remember havin' undertaken to sell you anythin' at double prices, Fishy."

"Great gophers! Look here, I'm having that ham!" yapped Fisher T. Fish, pointing with a bony finger. "What you want for it, you jay?"

"Twenty pounds!" said Lord Mauleverer softly.

"What!"

"Don't I speak plainly?"

"Say, you gone loco?" gasped Fisher T. Fish. "You askin' me twenty pounds for two bobs' worth of ham?"

"Yaas."

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the juniors.

The expression on Fisher T. Fish's bony face made them howl.

They realised now what had been in Mauly's mind when he handed Fisher T. Fish twenty pounds for his ten pounds' worth of supplies. Fisher T. Fish was fairly caught! As he would have expressed it in his own language, he was sure cinched.

"You—you—you gink!" gasped Fisher T. Fish. "Keep your old ham! I guess I don't care a heap for ham, anyway. I'll have that cake!"

"Same price——"
"What?" yelled Fisher T. Fish.
"Twenty pounds!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You see," explained Lord Mauleverer, in gentle parody of Fisher T. Fish's own words. "This is a business transaction! I'm not in the provision line just for my health!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Removites.
"Any article you see here," continued Lord Mauleverer, "is for sale, and you can walk up and buy. The price is twenty pounds."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Walk up and buy, Fishy!"
"Pay up and smile, Fishy!"

Fisher T. Fish did not pay up, and he did not smile. He stood glaring at Lord Mauleverer, as if he could have bitten him. Never had a cute, spry, smart business-man been so completely caught in his own trap.

"You—you—you boob!" gasped Fishy at last. "You pie-faced, pesky goob! You figure that you can put that across? No, sir! I'll say nope! Not in your lifetime! Not till the cows come home! Nunk! Keep your pesky spread! I guess there's some rations left."

Fisher T. Fish turned away, towards the big tin trunk that was used as the camp larder.

Once that big trunk had been filled to overflowing. Now there was plenty of room in it for the remnants that remained of the supplies.

Small as those remnants were, they were all that the garrison of Popper's Island had—till the arrival of the packing-case; and they had been doled out with a sparing hand. Now, in the midst of plenty, those remnants were disregarded and forgotten. They were Fisher T. Fish's last resource now.

But even that last resource was denied him.

"Stop him, you men!" exclaimed Lord Mauleverer.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Three or four fellows jumped up, collared Fisher T. Fish, and dragged him back from the trunk.

"Say, you leggo!" yelled Fishy. "I guess my rations is in that pesky trunk! You let a guy go, you mugwumps!"

"Not your rations, old bean," said Lord Mauleverer gently. "Business is business, and you can buy your own rations, if you want any."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"If you want anythin' out of that trunk——"

"I'll say I do!" gasped Fisher T. Fish.

"You can have it—for twenty pounds!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Nothin' less than that!" said Lord Mauleverer. "We're not in the provision line for our health, Fishy."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors.
"You—you—you jays!" gasped the hapless Fishy. "You pie-faced geeks! Oh, carry me home to die! Look hyer, I want some eats!"

"The catfulness will not be terrific!"

"Pay up and look pleasant, Fishy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry sat on the tin trunk to continue his tea. Fisher T. Fish looked at him. He looked at Mauleverer. Then he tramped away, followed by a roar of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Anyone passing along the towpath would have guessed that the rebel schoolboys on Popper's Island were enjoying life.

They were! But Fisher Tarleton Fish was not sharing the enjoyment.

With a glum, gloomy face, and an aching hollow in his bony inside, Fisher

COME INTO THE OFFICE, BOYS.

Always glad to hear from you, chums, so drop me a line to the following address: The Editor, The "Magnet" Library, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. A stamped, addressed envelope will ensure a reply.

"WE want more!"

"We want more!"
That seems to be the theme of almost every letter

I have received from my reader chums lately. They all want more! More of what? Why, of Frank Richards' marvellous yarns of Harry Wharton & Co. I believe that if I were to publish a new issue of the good old MAGNET every day some readers would not feel satisfied! However, if you want more, you've got to have it. This is your paper, and what you say goes!

Next Saturday, then, will see the first of our "cover to cover" yarns of Harry Wharton & Co. And, what's more, Frank Richards has promised me that they are going to be better as well as being longer yarns. So you are in for a treat when you get hold of next week's issue. The centre pages, of course, will still be devoted to the "Greyfriars Herald," which is more popular than ever.

The first of our extra-special long yarns is entitled:

"BUNTER, THE BILLIONAIRE!"

By Frank Richards,

and when you have read it I want you to drop me a line, telling me what you think of it. Now, if you want to do your chums a good turn, tell them about this forthcoming extra-long yarn. They'll want to read it, you can bet your boots! And don't forget that there is likely to be an overwhelming demand for next week's issue. Those of you who have placed a standing order with your newsagent will be all right. But if you haven't done so—well, take my tip and ask your newsagent now to reserve a copy for you. I don't want any of my regular readers to be told that the good old MAGNET is "sold out."

THERE appears to be quite AN OVERSEAS FLAVOUR

about my post-bag this week. For instance, a Hastings reader asks me: "Who invented the rickshaw?" Someone has told him that it was not a Chinese invention. Well, according to traveller pals of mine who have been out East, the rickshaw was invented by white men. Previous to that the principal mode of conveyance was by means of

T. Fish looked on the world with a jaundiced eye.

Not for the first time the cute business man of the Remove had overreached himself with his cuteness. His profits on that business transaction were safe in his pocket. But he could not eat his profits. And there was nothing else for him to eat! And he was fearfully hungry—and growing hungrier!

"I'll say it's fierce!" groaned Fisher T. Fish.

It was undoubtedly "fierce."

(Continued on next page.)

sedan chairs. These were not the elaborate affairs which were used many years ago in this country, but merely a chair slung up on two poles and carried by two men. There are still thousands of them in use in the big Chinese cities, and it is rather a precarious method of travel for those who are not used to it. The "victim" is constantly apprehensive of being hurtled sideways from them, and the jog-trot motion sometimes is like that of a ship in a heavy sea.

Here is an interesting thing about the rickshaw. Would you believe that a rickshaw "boy" can run faster with his rickshaw than he can do without it? It's a fact, the reason being that the vehicle is balanced by the passenger, and the "boy" is lifted up between strides by the balance of the rickshaw.

Another Eastern query. I have often mentioned the rope trick to you, but a Glasgow reader asks me this week to tell him how

THE INDIAN BASKET TRICK

is done. The trick consists of putting a boy into a basket, then passing a sword through the basket in all directions. After this the boy is apparently shown to have vanished. The conjurer stands in the basket to prove this, but a few moments later the boy returns.

The secret is in the basket, which is oval in shape, and much wider at the bottom than it appears to be. The boy is able to curve himself around the side of the basket at the bottom, and remains at one side while the sword is passed through the other. As the conjurer removes the sword, the boy slips over to the other side, and by wriggling round, avoids the sword.

When the conjurer stands in the basket, the boy is closely curled around the side at the bottom, and a casual look into the basket does not reveal him, because of the manner in which the basket is constructed. After the conjurer steps out, it is easy for the boy to "reappear."

Do you know that a man can sit in an office in London typewriting, and, in a very short space of time, the keys which he is pressing down will be working corresponding keys in America? The typewriter does not print ordinary letters, it cuts out the Morse signals for the letters from a long strip of paper. This passes into a wireless sender, and the message is sent out automatically in Morse. The receiver picks up the Morse signals, and punches them into another strip of paper which is fed into a mechanical typewriter. Here the punched paper works the keys, and the message is properly typed in plain English.

I must "pipe down" now, as they say in the Navy. I've already told you about our extra-long Greyfriars yarn, but don't imagine that I am going to squeeze myself out! Even though our new series of stories are going to take up a lot of room, I'll do my best to answer any queries you may care to send along!

YOUR EDITOR.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,382.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.**Catching Fish!**

MR. PROUT frowned. It was the following morning.

There was bright sunshine on the Sark, and bright faces on Popper's Island. Only one face there was glum. Fish's face was glum enough for a dozen. But nobody minded that—except, of course, Fishy.

The portly and pompous Prout came rolling along the towpath, and the juniors on the island took note of him at once. Lord Mauleverer, always nice-mannered, raised his straw hat. The Bounder, always cheeky, snapped his fingers. Billy Bunter put his fat fingers to his pudgy nose, and extended them in scornful derision. Several fellows hooted and cat-called.

And Prout frowned. Really, the Remove rebellion was no business of Prout's. It concerned Quelch, as the Remove master it concerned Dr. Locke, as headmaster. But it did not concern Prout! Prout, as usual, barged into what did not concern him. It was true that Prout, as the beak who had been so mysteriously inked, was keen on the expulsion of the inker!

He could not forget that ink! Though lost to sight it was, so to speak, to memory dear!

Prout had reported the affair of the packing-case on the barge. Dr. Locke had taken immediate steps to make sure that such an occurrence did not recur. Closer watch than ever was being kept on Popper's Island.

Sir Hilton's keepers haunted the banks. Greyfriars prefects turned up at all hours of the day and late in the evening. The Head himself had been seen once, at a distance. Prout had been seen several times.

Now he was seen again. Evidently he was taking a deep and personal interest in the remarkable proceedings of the Greyfriars Remove.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's old Pompous!" bawled Bob Cherry.

"Go home, Prout!"

"Mind your own bizney, Prout!"

"Roll away, old tub!"

"Buzz off, Don Pomposo!"

Prout crimsoned. This was not the sort of talk for a Form-master—a senior Form-master. Especially so important a gentleman as Mr. Prout. Prout had told the other beaks in Common-room that Quelch's boys were utterly wanting in respect for the members of Dr. Locke's staff. It really looked as if they hadn't a lot of respect to waste on that particular member.

"You impertinent young rascals!" hooted Prout, coming to a halt on the bank opposite the island. "If you were within my reach, I would chastise you."

"You might get the jolly old whopping, Prout," retorted the Bounder.

"The boot might be on the other esteemed leg," grinned the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Come across!" called out Vernon-Smith invitingly. "You can swim, Prout. Walruses can swim."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go home, Prout!" yelled Russell.

"Take your face with you!"

"Yes, take your face with you," chirruped Ogilvy. "It rather spoils the landscape, Prout."

"Is it a face?" asked Morgan. "Do you call it a face, Prout?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Prout almost choked. He clenched his plump hands. He would have given much to be within smacking distance of those cheeky heads.

"You—you—you impertinent young

rascals!" he gasped. "I am keeping an eye on you. I am keeping you under observation. I am taking care that you receive no further supplies. Measures have been taken to prevent anything being sent you again by a barge from Courtfield. I advise you to return to the school, and submit to the authority of your headmaster."

"You can't mind your own bizney, Prout?" asked the Bounder.

"Could he ever?" asked Nugent.

"Hardly ever," chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Have you found out yet who inked you, Mr. Prout?" inquired the captain of the Remove.

"What—what? It was Bunter, as you know very well!" boomed Prout. "Bunter is under sentence of expulsion. Probably Dr. Locke will deal with you leniently if you give him up. I advise you to do so."

"Yah!" hooted Bunter. The idea of being given up did not seem to appeal to Bunter. "You shut up, old Prout!"

"Boy!" gasped Prout.

"I say, you fellows, chuck something at him!"

Splash!

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry suddenly. "What the thump are—"

"Fishy!" yelled the Bounder.

There was a roar at once. All eyes were fixed on Fisher T. Fish.

While the cheeky rebels were slanging Mr. Prout, Fisher T. Fish had clambered, unnoticed, on a wide branch that extended over the water.

From that branch he suddenly dropped into the Sark, nearly half-way to the bank where Mr. Prout stood. He dipped under, came up, and swam.

And he swam as hard as he could directly for the bank where the Fifth Form-master stood staring.

"After him!" yelled Smithy. "He's deserting!"

"Bag him!"

"Get him!"

"Oh, my hat! Collar him!"

There was a rush to the water's edge. Vernon-Smith was the first to throw off hat and jacket and shoes, and plunge in. Three other fellows plunged in after him.

The rest watched in great excitement, shouting encouragement.

Fisher T. Fish was making strenuous efforts, and he had a start. Fishy was feeling desperate that morning.

His wonderful stroke of business had netted profits. He had the profits safe. Otherwise, it had turned out absolutely "fierce." There had been no supper for Fishy the previous night. There had been no breakfast for him that morning. There was going to be no dinner when dinner-time came. Not unless Fishy parted with his plunder. And that he could not make up his mind to do.

He was not merely hungry now; he was ravenous. He was wolfish. He was feeling like a shipwrecked mariner in an open boat at sea. He would have paid double, treble, quadruple for something to eat. But it was twenty pounds or nothing.

That was more than flesh and blood could stand—Fishy's flesh and blood, at all events. He could have borne the loss of his dearest friend, of his nearest relative. But the loss of money was quite another proposition. That hit Fishy where he lived. Fishy could not stand for that.

To live on air was impossible. To part with his loot was still more impossible. So Fishy's thoughts concentrated on getting off Popper's Island and deserting the rebel Form.

A whopping from the Head was not so bad as this. It was possible, too,

that the Head might go easy with a fellow who set the example of surrender. Anyhow, there were regular meals at Greyfriars School. The thought of a meal drew Fishy like a magnet.

This, he guessed, was his chance with a beak on the bank. Fishy gave the staring Prout a yell.

"Help! I'm coming back! I'm giving in, sir! Help!"

"Bless my soul! Certainly!" gasped Prout.

He came to the very margin of the water, and leaned over the steep bank to give Fisher T. Fish a helping hand as soon as he came within reach.

Prout was only too pleased to lend aid. He was delighted at the idea of taking one of the rebels back to the school with him. It would be the first success that had been scored against the rebel Remove.

"Certainly I will help you! I will protect you, Fish!" he boomed. "Come! Rely upon my aid!"

Fisher T. Fish did not answer; he needed all his breath for his exertions. He exerted himself strenuously.

The distance was not great, and he had started half-way by dropping from the branch. But four of the best swimmers in the Remove were on his track.

The Bounder led, then came Wharton, then Bob Cherry and Squiff. And they covered the distance much faster than Fisher T. Fish.

At money-making schemes, no doubt, they had nothing on Fishy, as he would have expressed it. But in the athletic line they could walk all over him. And cuteness and spryness and sharpness could not help Fishy now.

He swam desperately. But faster and faster came the pursuit, encouraged by a roar from Popper's Island.

"Get him!"

"You've got him!"

"Bag him!"

"Go it, Smithy!"

"Buck up, Wharton!"

With a rapid stroke the captain of the Remove passed the Bounder. He seemed to cleave the water like an arrow.

Fishy reached the steep bank. He threw up a hand. Mr. Prout grasped it, to drag him ashore.

In another second the deserter would have been landed like a fish. But in that second Harry Wharton reached him, and grasped his ankle. There was a yell from the island.

"Got him!"

"Hold him!"

"Hold on!"

"Let go!" boomed Prout, in towering wrath. "How dare you, Wharton! Release Fish at once! I command you to release him!"

"Aw! Leggo, you pesky gink! howled Fisher T. Fish.

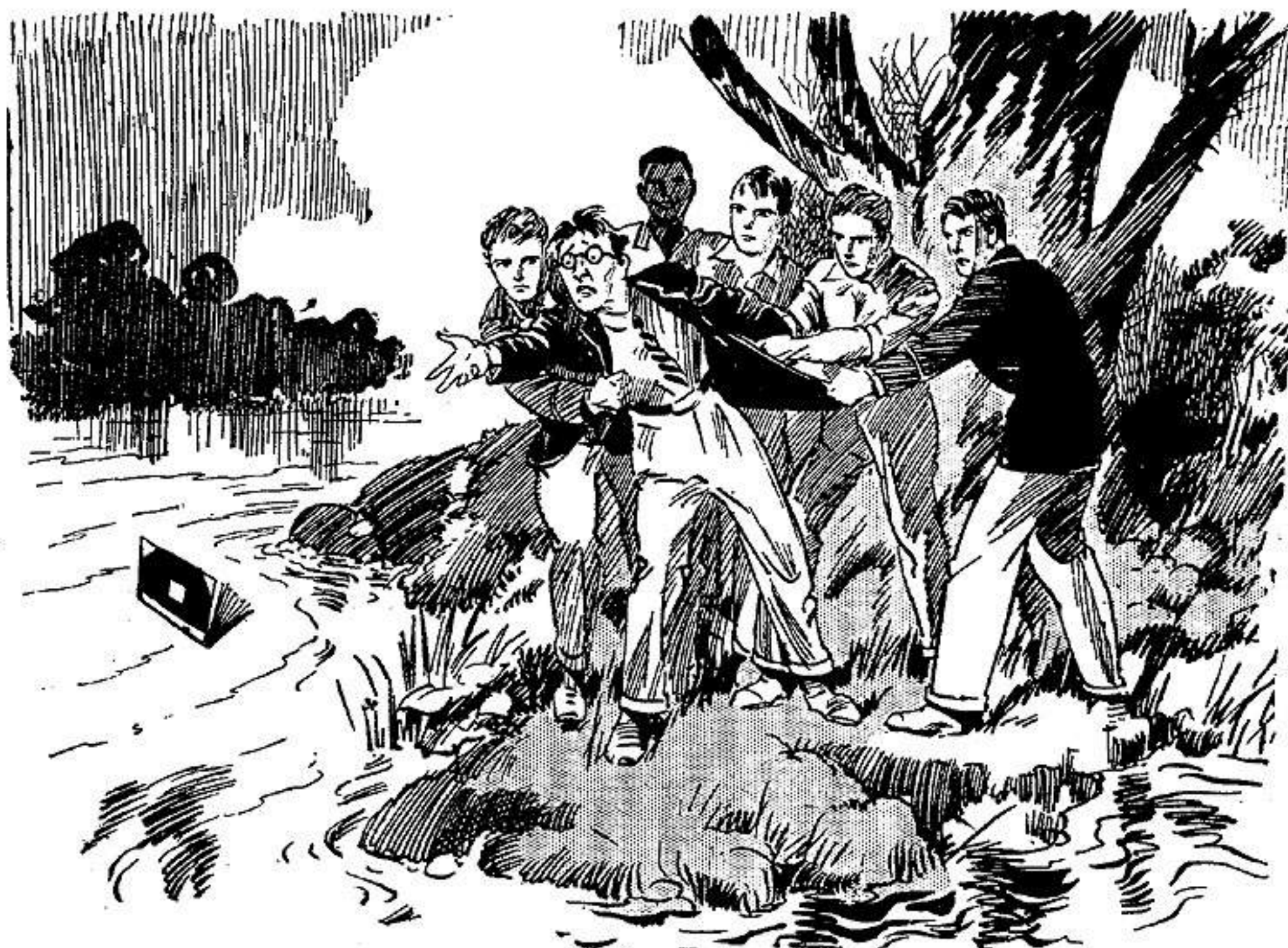
"Hold on, Wharton!" panted the Bounder.

Mr. Prout dragged at Fishy by his hands. Wharton dragged at him by the legs. Fisher T. Fish between the two felt as if he was going to be divided into sections.

The bank was steep. Prout had to lean over to drag at Fishy. He found himself toppling.

"Oooogh!" gasped Mr. Prout. He let go Fishy's hands quite suddenly. "I am falling! I—I— Let go! Oh, I—"

Mr. Prout had let go Fishy's hands; but Fishy had not let go Mr. Prout's hands. His wiry fingers were fastened on as if riveted there. It was futile for one to let go without the other letting go.



"So long as you keep that rotten book," said Wharton. "I'm going to bang your head on this tree——" "Oh, great snakes! Ow-wow! I—I—I guess I'll chuck it in the river!" howled Fisher T. Fish, as the Famous Five grasped him. Splash! The business-book dropped into the Sark.

Back went Fishy, irresistibly dragged down. Down went Prout, irresistibly dragged by Fishy's limpet-like grip on his plump hands. There was a terrific splash as Mr. Prout hit the river.

"Urrrggh!"

Prout gurgled, and went under. And from the island came a roar:

"Ha, ha, ha!"

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Shell Out!

"**H**A, ha, ha!" yelled the school-boy rebels.

"I say, you fellows, Prout's getting wet!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Harry Wharton.

"Aw, wake snakes!" gurgled Fisher T. Fish. "Urrggh! Groogh! Oooch!"

"Wurrrrgh!" came from Mr. Prout, as his head reappeared. "Yurrrrggh! Woocooooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish had let go Prout now! Prout in the water was no use to Fishy.

Prout, drenched and dizzy, struggled in water and mud. Bob Cherry kindly gave him a helping hand. Squiff kindly gave him a shove. The Fifth Form master lurched into the bank and grabbed hold of a bunch of rushes, and stood waist-deep in water, gurgling and gasping for breath. He was not thinking of Fisher T. Fish now. He was only thinking of getting out of the Sark.

"Aw, leggo, you pesky piecans!" spluttered Fisher T. Fish.

But they did not let go!

Harry Wharton and the Bounder had

hold of Fishy and they were propelling him back across the channel towards Popper's Island.

Fishy did not want to go! But he had to go! And he went! Bob Cherry and Squiff followed on behind.

The deserter had been recaptured! There was no escape for Fishy! Back he went, spluttering and gurgling.

"Urrgh! Bless my soul! Wurrggh!" gurgled Mr. Prout. He struggled up through the rushes and regained the towpath.

There he stood, drenched and dripping, clothed in mud as in a garment, puffing and blowing like a grampus.

"Urrggh! Young rascals—wurrrgh! I am wet—drenched—soaked! Urrgh! I shall catch cold! Grooogh!"

"Go home, Prout!" came a yell from the island.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Feeling damp, Prout?"

"Is the dampfulness terrific, my esteemed Prout?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Prout turned away. He tramped down the towpath, squelching mud and water as he went.

Possibly he was sorry that he had barged in. Anyhow he was anxious to get a towelling and a change!

Prout's motion was generally that of a slow and stately mastodon. Now he sprinted! Dripping water, puffing and blowing, Mr. Prout disappeared along the towpath at quite a creditable burst of speed considering his years and his weight. And the howl of laughter that followed him from the island might almost have been heard at Greyfriars School.

Meanwhile, Fisher T. Fish was propelled back to the landing place on

Popper's Island. There, many hands grasped him, and dragged him out of the water.

He collapsed in the grass, gasping.

"Got him!" grinned Bob Cherry, as he waded out.

"Aw, wake snakes!" groaned Fisher T. Fish. "Aw, you pesky piecans! I guess I'll make potato-scrappings of some of you! I'll say this is the bee's knee! Ow!"

"Rag him!" roared Bolsover major.

"Bump him!"

"I say, you fellows, make an example of him!" squeaked Billy Bunter.

"We're jolly well going to!" said Johnny Bull grimly. "Deserters have to get it in the neck! Give him the frog's march."

"Hear, hear!"

"I guess—ow! Leggo! I reckon—wow! I calculate—yaroooh! Will you leggo a galoot?" shrieked Fisher T. Fish, as the juniors grasped him.

"Scrag him!"

"Yaas, give him beans!" remarked Lord Mauleverer. "I hate touching him, but I'll lend a hand! Mind if I hold you by the ear, Fishy? All the rest of you seems to be appropriated."

"Yaroooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish, in the grasp of many hands, went up the path to the glade, in the frog's march. He went round and round the glade, howling and yelling, till he had no breath left for a howl or a yell.

When the Removites left him at last, Fisher T. Fish lay in a gasping heap, gasping, gurgling, and groaning; and for a long time he did nothing but gasp and gurgle and groan.

Indeed, it was not till the Removites gathered to dinner that Fishy picked himself up at last. The sight and scent of food seemed to revive him. He tottered into camp.

"Sheer off, Fishy!" said Harry Wharton.

"Buzz off, Fishy!"

"Nothing for you!"

"You pie-faced piecans!" gasped Fisher T. Fish. "Ain't you keeping me here, when a guy wants to vamoose the ranch? I got to have some eats!"

"Hungry?" asked Lord Mauleverer.

Fisher T. Fish gave a deep groan.

"The inside of a drum has got nothing on me!" he declared pathetically.

"Like some ham and eggs?"

"I'll say yep!"

"Twenty pounds' worth?" asked Mauly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, you piecan! Oh, you galoot! Oh, you pesky mugwump!" groaned Fisher T. Fish. "I'll say I could eat the hind leg off'n a mule! Oh, great Abraham Lincoln! I'll tell the world I want some eats!"

Lord Mauleverer regarded him thoughtfully.

"Well, look here, we'll let you off lightly!" he said. "You can have the stuff at half-price."

"Eh?"

"Ten pounds—"

"You pie-faced jay—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Make up your mind to it, Fishy!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Hand over the ten quids you've pinched from Mauly. Shell out, old bony bean!"

"Who's pinched ten quids?" howled Fisher T. Fish. "Don't I keep on telling you it was business?" He eyed the ham and eggs ravenously, and there was a struggle in his Transatlantic breast.

But there was no help for it!

He could not get off the island! And he had to eat!

Slowly, very slowly, Fisher T. Fish made up his mind to it.

He had made a profit of exactly ten pounds on that business transaction. He had to part with exactly that sum! The fact that it was going back to its rightful owner was no comfort to Fisher

T. Fish. Still, he realised that he was lucky to get through without a loss. At long, long last, he made up his mind. Parting with ten pounds was, to Fishy, like parting with ten teeth, only worse. Never had there been so sorrowful a parting! But he parted!

Then he was allowed to eat!

Even Billy Bunter had seldom displayed such an appetite as Fisher T. Fish displayed on this occasion.

But he groaned over his dinner.

His money-making scheme, like so many of Fishy's cute, spry schemes, had brought him only trouble and disaster. His profit was gone—gone from his gaze like a beautiful dream! And Fisher T. Fish, like Rachael of olden time, mourned for that which was lost, and could not be comforted!

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Quelch Puts It Plain!

DR. LOCKE was worried. Standing at his study window, looking out into the sunny quad, the Head's brow wore an extremely troubled frown.

In times of difficulty Dr. Locke had been wont to call on Mr. Quelch for help and advice, Quelch always having been his right-hand man.

Now, however, Quelch was hardly available.

There was a rift in the lute, owing to the fact that the Remove master firmly believed that his chief had made a mistake in sacking Billy Bunter.

The fact that Quelch's opinion was diametrically opposed to his own made it rather impracticable to call on Quelch for counsel.

But the Head was deeply worried.

Several days had passed since supplies of any kind had reached the schoolboy rebels on Popper's Island. Care had been taken that no friendly hand dispatched another cargo by a Court-field barge.

Short of provisions, the rebels ought to have surrendered. Dr. Locke had naturally expected them to surrender.

But they hadn't!

They were still holding the fort, ready and willing to tackle all comers and to tighten their belts against the food shortage.

Hence the Head's worried look. For disrespectful and defiant as these reckless young rascals were, the headmaster felt responsible for them, and deeply concerned for them.

If a shortage of food made them surrender, well and good. But if they held out in spite of it, what then? The matter was getting very serious. Dr. Locke could not think without a qualm of a crowd of hungry fellows, their health, perhaps, suffering from want of nourishment.

And there were other difficulties. The vacation was at hand. Greyfriars School was about to break up for the summer holidays. How could the school break up, leaving the Remove camped on Popper's Island?

It was really impossible!

The thing had to come to an end. But how? Never had a harassed headmaster been in need of such good advice and wise counsel. If only Quelch, his right-hand man, had not been so obstinately attached to his own absurd opinion—

Tap! Dr. Locke looked round from the window.

"Come in!" he said heavily.

It was Mr. Quelch who entered. The master without a Form looked very grave, and determined. Quelch, like the Head, felt that this state of affairs could not continue, and he felt that the time had come for some plain speaking. Dr. Locke, perhaps, read as much in his look, for he frowned.

"Your boys are still absent from the school, Mr. Quelch," said the Head acidly. "I am quite surprised, sir, that you have so little influence over your Form—"

"I am about to speak plainly," said Mr. Quelch, in his grimmest tone. "My position here is impossible. A master without a Form is in an absurd situation. The time has come, sir, for me to place my resignation in your hands."

Dr. Locke started. He was angry with Quelch—irritated with him. But he was not prepared to part with so old and valued a colleague.

"My dear Quelch, nothing of the kind!" he exclaimed.

"We do not see eye to eye, sir," said Mr. Quelch. "As a loyal member of your staff it is my duty to support your authority. Never, sir, did I dream that a time would come when I could not support it with my whole heart, and in accord with my conscience. But that time has come, sir. When the boy Bunter was expelled I doubted whether a mistake had not been made—"

"Really, sir—"

"Since then, sir, that doubt has become a certainty. I am convinced that a mistake was made. The boys of my Form are also convinced of it. And I am bound to say, sir, that, believing as they do, they have acted—recklessly, perhaps—but rightly."

"Mr. Quelch!"

"Such being my view, sir, I have no resource but to tender my resignation," said Mr. Quelch. "Far be it from me to uphold rebellious boys. Yet, believing, as I do, that they are right, how can I condemn them? My position, sir, is a most painful one—in disagreement, sir, with a chief whom I deeply respect, and who has honoured me with his friendship."

Mr. Quelch's firm voice trembled a little.

The Head was moved.

"I shall not accept your resignation, Mr. Quelch," he said. "Nothing would induce me to part with you. If I have

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sometimes expressed myself a little sharply you must attribute it to the distress caused by the conduct of the Lower Fourth Form. But be reasonable, sir! The proof of Bunter's action was absolutely conclusive—"

"Not to my mind, sir."

"The wretched boy admitted that he had made every preparation for throwing the ink over Mr. Prout—"

"Quite so, sir; but his courage failed him, and he did not carry out that foolish and disrespectful prank. A boy cannot be severely punished for having, in a reckless moment, thought of playing a stupid prank, which, after all, he never did."

"Certainly not!" said the Head warmly. "But there is no doubt—"

"A very great doubt, I think, sir."

"If you have any suggestion to make, Mr. Quelch—"

"I have, sir."

"Proceed!" said the Head.

"Bunter, in my belief, did not play that rascally prank on Mr. Prout," said the Remove master. "Mr. Prout did not see who threw the ink. Bunter was convicted on circumstantial evidence, strengthened, no doubt, by his habitual and reprehensible untruthfulness."

"But someone, sir—"

"Certainly!" said Mr. Quelch. "And the guilty person should certainly have owned up to his action, when punishment fell on the innocent. Obviously, it is the fear of expulsion that has kept him silent. If this fear were removed, sir, I have no doubt that he would speak out."

The Head pursed his lips.

"A boy who has attacked a Form-master, Mr. Quelch, can only be expelled from the school," he said.

"Quite so, sir! If he can be discovered," said the Remove master. "But no one, sir, would regret it more than yourself if an act of injustice should be done. It would be better to let the guilty escape than to punish the innocent."

"Undoubtedly. But—"

"As you permit me to make a suggestion, sir, I will do so. Let it be announced that no expulsion will take place if the boy who threw the ink over Mr. Prout will speak out. Any boy, I mean, other than Bunter, of course!"

Dr. Locke stood silent.

"An error has been made, sir," said Mr. Quelch. "You could only act on the evidence placed before you, and the evidence, I confess, appeared absolutely conclusive. It is my personal knowledge of the boy's character that causes the doubt in my mind—and surely, sir, some importance is to be attached to the general belief in Bunter's Form that he is not the guilty party. Can there be any doubt that if he was guilty the other boys in the Remove would be aware of the fact?"

The Head nodded slowly.

"But they are not defending the guilty, sir," said Mr. Quelch. "They are defending a boy whom they believe, at least, to be wronged."

"That is no doubt true," said the Head. "If it should prove that Bunter was innocent, I should certainly pardon the Remove for their rebellion—indeed, I should be thankful that their action had prevented an injustice from being done. But—"

"Let the guilty party be given a chance, sir, to admit the truth," said Mr. Quelch. "That he deserves to be expelled is a fact. But so long as this fear hangs over him he will be silent. A flogging, sir—"

"I will adopt your suggestion, sir," said the Head. "It can, at all events, do no harm. If any boy but Bunter committed the outrageous attack on

Mr. Prout it must surely lie heavily on his conscience that he had kept silent all this time, and no doubt he will be glad of a chance to speak out. I cannot believe that you are right, but, at least, the matter may be put to the test."

"That is all I ask, sir. That the offender was a Remove boy, I fear is only too assured. But I am convinced that it was not Bunter."

"We shall see!" said the Head. "At all events, the announcement shall be made that if the offender, other than Bunter, owns up to the act, he shall not be expelled."

"I have your leave, sir, to make that announcement to my Form?"

"Most certainly!" said the Head.

"Then I will do so without delay, sir."

Mr. Quelch left the Head's study. A few minutes later, he was whisking along the towpath by the Sark, heading for Popper's Island.

Dr. Locke was left in a very thoughtful mood. Quelch's advice had often been useful to him in times of difficulty, and he wondered whether it would turn out to be useful on this occasion. Quelch's opposition to his opinion had certainly annoyed him, but he found himself hoping that Quelch, after all, was in the right!

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Fierce!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

"Hungry?" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Famished!" groaned Bunter.

"We're all a bit peckish, old fat bean!"

"The peckfulness of my esteemed self is terrific!"

"I know I'm fed-up!" growled Skinner.

"Wish I was!" sighed Bob Cherry.

"I'm as empty as a jolly old drum!"

"I guess I could chew some!" mumbled Fisher T. Fish. "I'll say I could pack away some eats!"

"Oh lor!" groaned Bunter. "I say, you fellows, I—I think we'd better chuck it up! I'd rather be sacked than stick this!"

"The stickfulness is better than the sackfulness, my esteemed and idiotic Bunter!"

Bunter groaned.

Certainly Bunter did not want to be sacked. But even the sack was beginning to look, to Billy Bunter, rather more attractive than holding the fort on Popper's Island.

Matters were undoubtedly getting rather serious for the rebels of Greyfriars.

Everything comes to an end, and the contents of the packing-case had gone the way of all foodstuffs.

Most of the fellows were still determined. The Remove rebellion was going on till the Head rescinded Bunter's unjust sentence. But the Head so far had shown no sign of allowing the rebellious Remove to dictate to him.

They had hoped that, somehow or other, it might be discovered who really had inked Prout—in which case, of course, Dr. Locke would have cancelled Bunter's sentence of his own accord. But no such discovery had been made.

Who had done it was still a mystery—a mystery that Fisher T. Fish could have cleared up, if he had liked, but which that cute and spry youth had no intention of clearing up.

Fishy had a conscience of sorts, and it worried him a little for another fellow to be condemned in his place.

But it did not worry him enough to make him own up.

He would have been much, much more worried had he received the sentence of the sack that was his due, and had he been packed off from Greyfriars. Great and wonderful as his native city of New York was, Fisher T. Fish was not in a hurry to arrive there.

"I say, you fellows, what's going to be done?" moaned Billy Bunter.

"Looks as if we are!" answered Bob.

"I'm hungry!"

"Nobody else hungry, of course!" said Skinner.

"Beast! I say, Wharton—"

"Yes, old fat man?"

"I'm hungry!"

"You're beginnin' to repeat yourself, Bunter!" remarked Lord Mauleverer.

"Beast!" groaned Bunter.

"The fact is, we're up against it!" said the Bounder. "But we're not givin' in!"

"No fear!"

"The no-fearfulness is terrific!"

"I guess there's a limit!" said Fisher T. Fish. "I'll say they've got us by the short hairs! I guess—"

"Shut up, Fishy!"

"I'll say I sure want some eats!" hooted Fisher T. Fish.

"Kick him!"

"Yaroooooh!"

Fisher T. Fish jerked away, angry and indignant. Kicking, no doubt, he deserved, and it was good for him. But he did not like it, and it was of no use to him. What he wanted was what he described as "eats."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Give us a rest, Bunter!"

"I say, I'm hungry!"

"Listen to my tale of woe!" sang Bob Cherry.

"Beast!"

"We're pulling through all right," said the Bounder. "Keep a stiff upper lip! We've got to try it on after dark. Some of us can swim off and get down to Uncle Clegg's at Friardale, and take our chance of getting back with the grub—all we can carry."

"I suppose it will come to that," said Harry Wharton. "We haven't a shot left in the locker now, and we've got to do something—or surrender!"

"No surrender!" said Johnny Bull.

"Never!"

"The neverfulness is—"

"Terrific!" chuckled Bob.

"Stick it out a bit longer, and the Head will have to come round!" said Smithy. "It's break-up at Greyfriars in a few days now. He can't let it go on after that."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Oh, dry up, Bunter!"

"I'm hungry!"

"Put on a new record!" suggested Nugent.

Groan from Bunter. He seemed to have no new records. The fact that he was hungry, and that there was nothing to eat, filled the universe with woe for William George Bunter.

Harry Wharton & Co. left him to groan, and gathered at the landing place to keep watch on the river and discuss ways and means. Something had to be done, that was certain, and the Bounder's suggestion was the only one that seemed at all feasible. It was a rather desperate resource, but matters were getting desperate now for the Greyfriars rebels.

While the leaders of the Form discussed that pressing problem, Skinner and Snoop, in whispers, discussed the possibility of deserting. Fisher T. Fish would probably have been considering the same possibility, but he had had

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a rather severe lesson on that subject, and did not want another.

Fishy, however, had his resources. Sitting under a shady tree, with his business-book open on his bony knees, Fishy could find comfort in going over his accounts, and could almost forget that he was hungry in the happy contemplation of money.

But, even in that happy resource, there was a worry that brought a dark frown to Fishy's bony face.

His moneylending business was chiefly among the fags of the Third and Second. During the rebellion of the Remove he had been unable to collect any of the small sums due to him from his victims. Old debts, as Fishy well knew, were likely to prove bad debts. And if the schoolboy Shylock was still on Popper's Island when Greyfriars broke up for the holidays, those old debts would grow older, and, so to speak, badder! There would be a lot of difficulty collecting them next term. Fisher T. Fish was extremely anxious to get back to Greyfriars before the school scattered to the four corners of the kingdom.

"It's fierce!" muttered Fishy, poring over his precious ledger. "I'll sure say it's fierce! I'll sure say—Great snakes, gimme that book, you pie-faced gink!"

Fisher T. Fish leaped up, with a yell, as the account-book was suddenly snatched from his bony hand.

It was Sampson Quincy Iffley Field, otherwise Squiff, who had come on the schoolboy Shylock, and suddenly deprived him of that precious volume.

Squiff held it up, grinning.

"Gimme that book!" yelled Fisher T. Fish, almost dancing round the Australian junior in rage and apprehension.

"You worm!" said Squiff. "That's your rotten moneylending book! I chucked it out of the study window once, and old Prout got it on his napper! I thought it was done with when Prout got it! How did you get it back?"

"Gimme that book!" yelled Fishy.

"Prout ought to have taken it to the Head and got you bunked!" said Squiff. "Anyhow, you're done with it now."

Squiff walked away, with the book in his hand, down the path to the landing place. Fisher T. Fish rushed after him.

"I guess I'll make potato-scrappings of you, if you don't hand over that pesky book!" he shrieked.

"Go ahead!" grinned Squiff.

"I guess I'll soak you some!" yelled Fisher T. Fish. "Gimme that book, you piecan!"

Squiff walked on, unheeding. Enraged and apprehensive as he was, Fisher T. Fish hesitated to "soak" the sturdy Australian. He had a well-founded misgiving that it was his transatlantic self that might receive the "soaking."

That precious volume had had more than one narrow escape. Only by fearfully desperate measures had Fishy recovered it from Mr. Prout when it fell into the Fifth Form master's hands—only, in fact, by drenching Prout with the ink that the fat and fatuous Owl of the Remove had got all ready for him, and snatching up the book when Prout, inked and completely flabbergasted, dropped it. But it looked now as if the narrow escapes of Fisher T. Fish's business-book had come to an end. It was not going to escape this time—even narrowly!

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's the game?" inquired Bob Cherry, as Squiff arrived at the landing place, with the Greyfriars Shylock raging at his heels.

Squiff chuckled.

"Up to you, Wharton!" he said. "It's Fishy's jolly old moneylending book! You can decide what to do with it!"

He tossed the account-book to the captain of the Remove. Wharton caught it and stared at it. His face became grim.

"That won't take long," he remarked. He threw up his hand, with the book in it, to toss the precious volume into the Sark.

Fisher T. Fish gave a yell.

"Hold on, you galoot! Stop it! I guess that's mine, you jay! It's got all my accounts in it for the whole term! How'm I going to collect my doos if I lose it? I'll say you can't throw a guy's property away!"

Wharton paused.

"Right!" he said. "I won't throw it into the river—"

"Why not?" roared Johnny Bull.

"It's Fishy's! He can throw it into the river," answered Wharton. "Here you are, Fishy! Get on with it. We'll see you do it."

"Hear, hear!" chortled Bob.

Wharton handed the account-book to Fisher T. Fish. His bony fingers closed on it like the tentacles of an octopus. He made a jump to flee. At the same moment the Famous Five made a jump all together, and five pairs of hands closed on the bony person of Fisher Tarleton Fish.

"Aw! Leggo, you guys!" yelled Fishy.

"Are you chucking that rotten book into the river?" inquired Wharton.

"Nopel!" howled Fisher T. Fish. "Nix! Nunk! Not so's you'd notice it! Leggo!"

"Keep it as long as you like, then," said the captain of the Remove cheerily. "But so long as you keep it I'm going to bang your head on this tree—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Like that—"

Bang!

"Aw! Leggo, you piecan! Ow, my cabeza! I guess—"

"And like that—"

Bang!

"Whooooop!" yelled Fisher T. Fish frantically. Fishy's head was hard, but the tree-trunk was harder.

Bang!

"Yarooop! Whoop! Let up!" shrieked Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I'm keeping this doggoned book! I guess I—"

Bang!

"Oh, great snakes! Ow! Wow! I—I guess I'll chuck it in!" howled Fisher T. Fish. "Aw, you pesky piecan! Leave go my ears! Oh, great Abraham Lincoln!"

Splash!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The business-book dropped into the Sark. It splashed there, and the water closed over it. It was gone for good! Fisher T. Fish was released. He stood gasping, gazing at the ripples where the precious volume had vanished. He shook a bony fist at the grinning Co.

"Aw, carry me home to die!" groaned Fisher T. Fish. "I guess this is the bee's knee! I'll say this is the cat's whiskers! Oh, you pesky piecans! You all-fired gecks! I'll tell a man that this is sure fierce!"

"Now, all kick him together!" said Squiff.

Fisher T. Fish departed in haste.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Own Up!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"

"Quelch!"

"The esteemed and ludicrous Quelch!"

All eyes on the island landing place were turned on the rather angular figure that came up the towpath on the bank.

It was a long time since the Removites had seen their respected Form-master. They were quite pleased to see him again—though if he came to advise them to surrender, he had only his walk for his pains. They prepared to greet him with great politeness. Even the Bounder had no desire to "cheek" Quelch. It was quite well known in the Remove that Quelch shared their belief in the matter of Bunter, and had opposed the expulsion of that much-wronged youth. Indeed, it was largely because of Quelch's known opinion in the matter that the Remove had resolved to back up Bunter and prevent the sentence of the "sack" from being carried into effect.

So as Mr. Quelch came to a halt on the opposite bank the juniors capped him very respectfully—a greeting quite different from that which they had accorded to Prout.

Mr. Quelch acknowledged the salute rather stiffly. He could not help feeling some sympathy for the rebel cause. Nevertheless, he was a whale on discipline, and could hardly approve of the remarkable attitude taken up by his Form. However, he hoped that this deplorable state of affairs was now near its end.

"Good-morning, sir!" called out several cheery voices.

"Top of the mornin', sorr!" chirruped Micky Desmond.

"Glad to see you, sir!" said Lord Mauleverer.

"The gladfulness is terrific, esteemed sahib!" declared Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "It is a boonful blessing to behold once more fully your respectable and ridiculous countenance."

"My boys," called out Mr. Quelch, "I am here to inform you of the head-master's decision. I fear that you have been suffering from privations—"

"Oh, we're all right, sir!" answered Bob cheerfully.

"Right as rain!" said the Bounder.

"We're not!" howled Bunter. "We're hungry! I'm famshed! I'm getting fearfully ill, sir, for want of food. I haven't had enough to eat for days! I think I'm dying—"

"Shut up, Bunter!" roared a dozen voices.

"Shan't!" yelled Bunter. "I'm going to tell Quelch! He's our beak, ain't he? I'm not going to starve to please you fellows, I can jolly well tell you! You can't expect it!"

"You fat frump—"

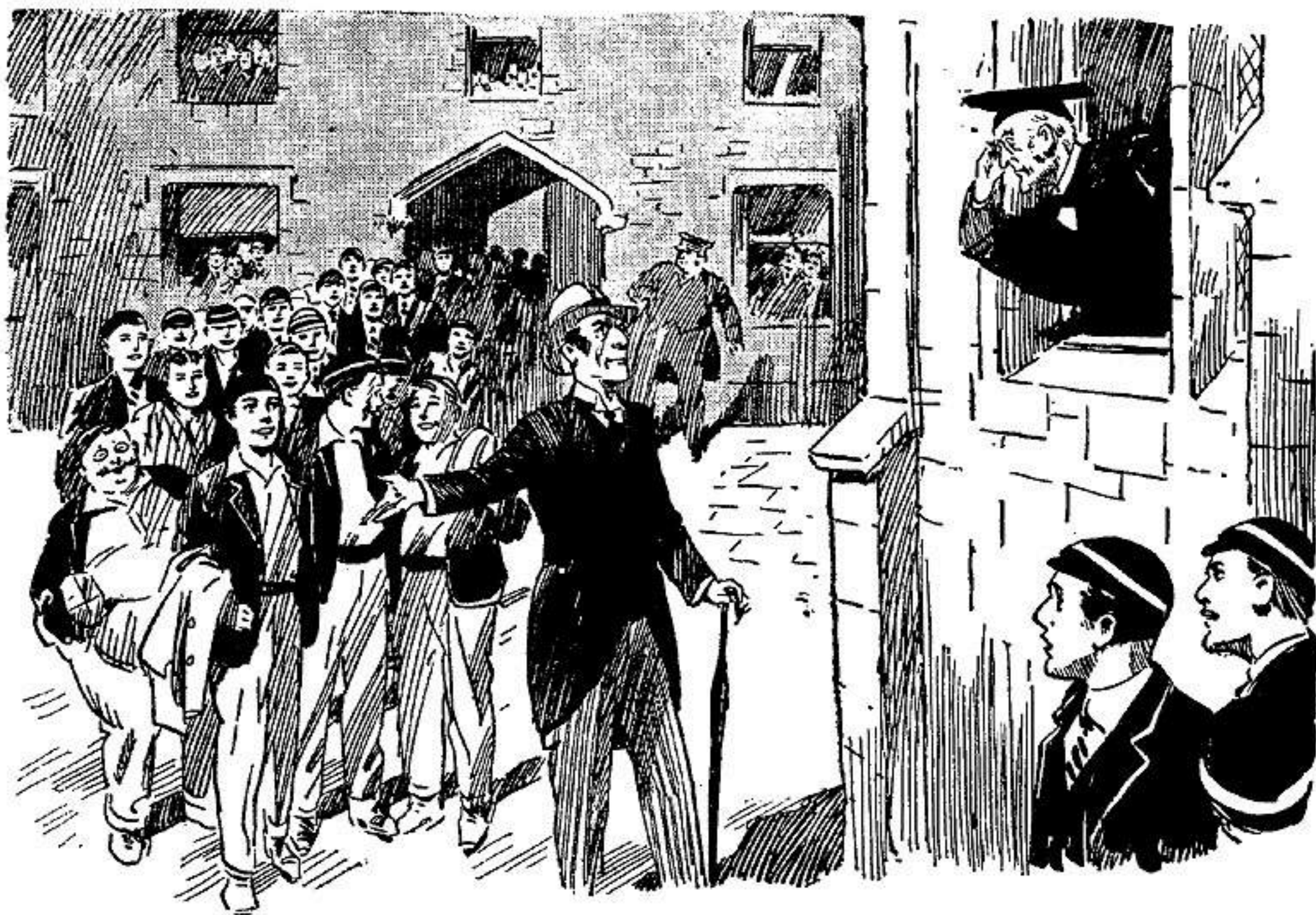
"Beast! I'm hungry! I say, sir, I'm fearfully hungry!" yelled Bunter. "I'd rather come back and be sacked if these beasts would let me! I never inked old Prout—blow him! But I'm not going to perish of hunger!"

"You still deny that you committed that outrageous attack on Mr. Prout, Bunter?" asked the Remove master.

"Yes, sir! Certainly! I never even thought of such a thing—"

"You utterly untruthful boy!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "It is perfectly well known that you not only thought of it, but that you prepared the ink for the purpose, and left the House in order to carry out your intention—"

"I—I—I mean I thought of it, but never did it, sir!" gasped Bunter.



"You—you—you have brought the boys back to the school, Mr. Quelch!" almost stuttered the Head. "As you see, sir!" said Mr. Quelch, with a wave of his hand towards his flock. "My Form have returned to their duty, sir! I had no doubt that such would be the case, sir, when you were kind enough to place the matter in my hands!"

"That's what I really meant to say! They can't sack a fellow for thinking of things he'd like to do, if he never did them. Why, sir, lots of the fellows have thought that they'd like to punch your head when you've been ragging them in class—"

"Wha-a-at?"

"But thinking of a thing isn't doing it. I dare say you've thought yourself, sir, of things you'd like to do, but never did—such as shutting up the Head when he's jawing you, and—"

"Upon my word!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "Bunter—"

"Shut up, you blithering idiot!" hissed Bob Cherry.

"Shan't! I'm going to speak to Quelch now he's here! He's my beak, ain't he? Blow you! Can't you tell the Head, sir, that he's made a mistake? Can't you point out to him, sir, that he's getting old and a bit of a fool? Can't you—Ow! Leggo my ear, Cherry, you beast!"

"Silence, Bunter!" roared Mr. Quelch. "Upon my word, you deserve to be expelled, you disrespectful young rascal!"

"I never did it, sir!" wailed Bunter. "I never touched the ink that day—I mean I got the ink ready, but I never did it! Some other silly idiot found it and bunged it over old Prout, sir! I think you might take a fellow's word, sir! I'm hungry!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! You'll cackle on the other side of your mouths when I perish of hunger at your feet!" said Billy Bunter bitterly. "I say, sir, I'm getting fearfully ill from want of food! Can't you see that I've grown thin, sir?"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The thinfulness is not terrific, my esteemed Bunter."

"Beast! I say, sir, if you happen to have a bit of chocolate in your pocket, you might chuck it across! Or some toffee."

Mr. Quelch gave the Owl of the Remove a glare. Really it was highly improbable that an elderly Form-master would have either chocolates or toffee in his pockets.

"Silence, Bunter! Wharton and the rest of you, listen to me!"

"Certainly, sir!"

"Go it, sir," said the Bounder. "You've got the floor."

Mr. Quelch bestowed a glare on Herbert Vernon-Smith and "went it."

"Whatever boy it was who threw the ink over Mr. Prout would naturally be expelled from Greyfriars," he said. "But the possibility exists that it was not Bunter, and that the real delinquent is keeping silent in fear of expulsion. In view of this possibility, Dr. Locke announces that if the guilty person will speak out and tell the truth he shall not be expelled."

"Oh!" said Harry Wharton, rather taken aback.

The juniors looked at one another. They realised that this was rather a big concession from their headmaster, and they had no doubt that it was due to the influence of their Form-master. They had wondered, many a time, who really had inked Prout, and agreed that the fellow, whoever he was, was a good deal of a worm not to have owned up when Bunter got it "in the neck." That it was dread of the "long jump" that kept him silent, was certain. Faces on Popper's Island brightened. Nobody was willing to surrender and give up the fat Owl to be sacked. But they

were very keen indeed for the real culprit to come to light. Billy Bunter gave an excited squeak.

"I say, you fellows, own up, whichever it was of you! I say, it's up to you, you know! I say, it's nearly dinner-time at the school now."

"If it was a Remove boy," said Mr. Quelch, "he can hear what I may say now. If it was not Bunter—"

"I keep on telling you it wasn't!" wailed Bunter. "I say, you fellows, do own up! Was it you, Cherry?"

"You howling ass!"

"Was it you, Wharton?"

"You blithering bandersnatch!"

"I say, was it you, Smithy? It was just one of your tricks. I say, Smithy, own up, old chap. You ain't going to be sacked for it. So own up. Be a sport!"

"You frabjous idiot!" yelled the Bounder. "How can I own up when I never did it, you benighted owl?"

"Well, it's nearly dinner-time, and if we get back to Greyfriars in time for dinner—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, don't cackle!" howled Bunter. "I'm hungry. I say, sir, do you know what they've got for dinner to-day? Is it steak and kidney?"

Mr. Quelch did not answer that question, perhaps not realising how important it was. He stood with his gimlet eyes glued on the crowd of Removites across the channel. He waited.

"I'm afraid there's nothing doing, sir," said Harry Wharton. "Not here, at any rate. I think it was most likely a Fifth Form man who inked Prout, or—"

"They're more fed-up with him than we are, sir," said the Bounder.

"I say, you fellows—"

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"For goodness' sake be quiet, Bunter!"

"Shan't! Was it you, Toddy? If it was you, own up!"

"You potty porpoise!"

"I have little doubt," came Mr. Quelch's voice again, "that it was a Remove boy. Now that he is no longer in danger of expulsion, I trust that he will speak out, and let this lamentable state of affairs come to an end."

Fisher T. Fish breathed hard. He realised that this was too good a chance to be lost.

He was more than fed-up with holding the fort on Popper's Island. It was the "sack" he had dreaded. He had been willing to risk a flogging when he attempted to desert. Fishy thought it over, and guessed, reckoned, and calculated that this was where he horned in.

Fishy's was not a trusting nature. But even Fisher T. Fish realised that this was "on the level," as he termed it.

All eyes were turned on Fisher T. Fish now. And there was suspicion in all of them.

"Putting it plain, sir," said Fisher T. Fish, "that guy that inked Prout ain't going to be fired if he squeals?"

"The boy who committed the outrageous assault on Mr. Prout will not be expelled if he admits the truth," said Mr. Quelch coldly.

"I guess that's good enough, sir. I'll sure take your word," said Fisher T. Fish. "I'll say I can trust you, sir. I guess I inked Prout."

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

Peace With Honour!

DR. LOCKE took off his glasses, rubbed them, and replaced them on his nose. The headmaster of Greyfriars seemed unable to believe what he beheld.

A roar of voices in the quadrangle, a sudden outbreak of excitement caused the Head to look from his study window.

He gazed, he stared; he fairly blinked.

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated.

Fellows of all Forms swarmed in the Greyfriars quad, staring at a procession that was coming in at the gates.

Every fellow from the Sixth to the Second stared. Old Gosling, standing outside his lodge, blinked. Mrs. Mumble was looking out of the tuckshop doorway. Mr. Mumble, the gardener, was gazing over the gate of the Head's garden. Prout and Hacker, Capper and Wiggins, stood in a group, all staring. And from his study window the Head stared blankly. Had the Loch Ness monster wriggled in at the gates of Greyfriars, it could scarcely have caused a greater sensation in the school.

First came Mr. Quelch—grave, calm, but with a lurking smile of satisfaction on his face. He had reason to be satisfied. He had worked the oracle. He had done the trick. He had brought that extraordinary rebellion to an end. Like Coriolanus of old, alone he had done it.

For the rebellion, evidently, was at an end. Behind the master of the Remove walked the Remove itself, in order.

Every member of the rebel Form was there—Harry Wharton & Co. looking cheerful, the Bounder looking cheeky as usual; Fisher T. Fish uneasy, Billy Bunter trembling with eagerness to get in to dinner; all the other fellows evidently glad that they were back at the old school.

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"My eye!" said Gosling, as the procession wound in at the gates. "Wot I says is this 'ere—my eye!"

"They've come back!" roared Coker of the Fifth. "The cheeky young sweeps have given in, after all!"

"Rats to you, Coker!" called out Bob Cherry. "Not in your lifetime, old Horace! The Remove never gives in."

"But you've come back!" exclaimed Hobson of the Shell.

"The come-backfulness is terrific, my esteemed Hobson. But it is peacefulness with ridiculous honour," explained Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Ain't you going to be sacked, Billy?" squeaked Sammy Bunter of the Second Form.

"No, fear!" answered Billy Bunter. "I say, Sammy, do you know what there is for dinner to-day? I can tell you I'm jolly hungry!"

"So these rebellious boys have surrendered, Mr. Quelch!" Prout rolled up, fussy and important as ever. "Bunter will now be sent home—"

"Nothing of the kind, sir!" snapped Mr. Quelch.

"What—what? I shall certainly insist upon Bunter's sentence being carried out, sir!" boomed Prout.

"You may insist upon anything you please, sir, but that sentence most certainly will not be carried out!" barked Henry Samuel Quelch.

Prout reddened with wrath.

"I fail to understand you, sir!" he boomed.

"I am not surprised, sir, at your failing to understand that, or anything else," said Mr. Quelch. "Follow me, my boys!"

The Remove master stalked on towards the House, his Form marching after him. Prout was left staring. They marched on through a lane left by the Greyfriars crowd, swarming and staring on either side. Never had the old quadrangle of Greyfriars buzzed with such excitement.

Dr. Locke leaned from his open study window. His eyes were fixed on that unexpected, but very welcome, procession. He had hoped, but he had hardly ventured to believe, that Mr. Quelch would succeed in "working the oracle." But he had to believe what he saw. Quelch had worked it. For here were the rebels of Greyfriars to the last man.

"Mr. Quelch!" gasped the Head.

The Remove master approached the Head's window. After him marched the Remove. Round the Remove swarmed all Greyfriars, eager to see and to hear.

"You—you—you have brought the boys back to the school, Mr. Quelch!" the Head almost stuttered.

"As you see, sir," said Mr. Quelch, with a wave of his hand towards his flock, "my Form have returned to their duty, sir. I had no doubt that such would be the case, sir, when you were kind enough to place the matter in my hands."

Dr. Locke coughed. Some of the spectators grinned. That, Temple of the Fourth whispered to Dabney, was a nasty one for the beak.

"And Bunter—" said the Head, his eyes fixing on the fat visage of the Owl of the Remove.

"I say, sir, I never did it!" squeaked Bunter.

"Silence, Bunter!"

"Yes, sir; but I never did it—"

"Will you be silent, Bunter?"

"Oh, yes, sir! But I never did it. Fishy did! Quelch knows, sir! Fishy's owned up, sir. I say, sir—"

"Silence!" almost roared the Head. "Mr. Quelch, has it transpired—"

"It has, sir," answered Mr. Quelch. "The announcement you authorised me to make, sir, produced the effect I confidently anticipated. The boy who threw the ink over Mr. Prout a few weeks ago has now admitted his offence, and made full confession, sir."

"And it was not Bunter?"

"It was not Bunter, sir!"

"I told you all along it wasn't me, sir!" said Bunter. "Perhaps you'll take my word another time, sir!"

"Your word certainly can never be taken, Bunter, while you remain so utterly and unscrupulously untruthful!" said the Head sternly.

"Oh, really, sir—"

"If it transpires, Bunter, that you were condemned in error, you have only to thank your own untruthfulness, which made it impossible for me to rely upon a single statement you made."

"Oh, lor'!"

"You tell me, Mr. Quelch, that the guilty boy has confessed. Let him stand forward!" said Dr. Locke.

"Fish!" rapped Mr. Quelch.

"Go it, Fishy!" grinned the Bounder. "You take the floor!"

Fisher T. Fish did not seem keen on coming forward. The Head's grim glare had a rather unnerving effect on him. He wriggled out of the ranks of the Remove, and stood before the Head, the cynosure of all eyes. There was a buzz of surprise in the watching crowd. Not a fellow had suspected Fisher T. Fish.

"Fish! You have confessed—" said the Head, in a deep rumbling voice.

"Yep!" gasped Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I'd have put you wise before, sir, only I'll say I never horned for the long jump! I was the guy, sir."

"You threw the ink over Mr. Prout?"

"Yep!"

"Upon my word!" gasped Mr. Prout, who had followed the procession to the Head's study window, and who heard this statement with great amazement and wrath. "Upon my word! Dr. Locke, I trust that this disrespectful boy will be immediately expelled from the school."

"Certainly he would be expelled, Mr. Prout, but for the fact that, in order to elicit the facts, I have pledged my word that the offender should not be expelled!" said the Head.

"Oh!" ejaculated Mr. Prout. "In that case, sir, a severe flogging—a very severe flogging—an extremely severe flogging—"

"Undoubtedly, Mr. Prout! Fish! For what reason did you commit this act? What was your motive, sir, for hurling ink over a member of my staff?"

Fisher T. Fish paused before he replied. Certainly he did not intend to mention that Prout had had a certain precious account-book in his hand at the time, and that his object had been to make Prout drop that invaluable volume.

"Answer me, Fish!" thundered the Head.

"I—I guess it was—was—a—a lark, sir!" stammered Fish.

"A lark!" repeated the Head.

"Yep!"

"I presume you mean, Fish, that it was a jest!" said the Head grimly. "I shall endeavour to impress upon you that such jests are out of place here. I shall not expel you. But you will be flogged—most severely. As for the other boys—"

The Head paused.

The Removites stood silent. They
(Continued on page 28.)

OLD BOYS, LIMITED!



By **GEORGE WINGATE**
(Captain of Greyfriars).

Buckingham and his villainous gang thought they were on a good thing when they kidnapped the young Maharajah of Burdapur—but they made the mistake of counting their chickens before they were hatched!

Dangerous Undertakings Only!

THREE Old Boys of Greyfriars sat together in an up-to-date office within a stone's-throw of Piccadilly Circus.

Facing them was Dr. Edgar Marne, headmaster of St. Cleve's School, situated in Norfolk.

Dr. Marne had called on the three Old Boys, whose fame for solving baffling problems had been brought to his notice.

The three were of diverse appearance, but they had one trait in common—nerve and plenty of it. On the office door was a notice:

"DANGEROUS UNDERTAKINGS ONLY."

"I am entirely in your hands, Mr. Randolph," said Dr. Marne, with a helpless gesture. "During the past month scarcely a day has passed without some fresh case of kidnapping. It began at Moorvale School with the disappearance of the son of a leading manufacturer. A day or two later a heavy ransom was demanded.

"Naturally, the boy's father refused to pay the extortionate figure demanded. Threats of bodily harm to the boy were immediately sent, and the lad's father, taking alarm, paid the ransom.

"Following this there was a series of these ghastly kidnappings at neighbouring schools. The son of a famous soldier, the son of a Cabinet Minister, and now the biggest coup of all—the young Maharajah of Burdapur!"

"The police have found no clue whatsoever, sir?" asked Jack Randolph, ex-captain of Greyfriars, and head of the firm of "Old Boys, Limited."

"Nothing," answered Dr. Marne, his face lined with worry. "The boy was entrusted to my care by his guardian in India. He is the heir to vast riches, which the kidnappers know well enough. They think the boy's guardian will pay a large sum rather than jeopardise the heir to a throne."

"I understand your colleagues at

the other schools have sought aid elsewhere?" asked Randolph.

"From various private detectives," said Dr. Marne.

"And the results?"

"None. That is why I have come to you."

Jack Randolph nodded.

"To add to my anxiety," continued Dr. Marne, "arrangements had been made, previous to the kidnapping, for the maharajah's cousin, the Nawab of Sundagore, to arrive at my school tomorrow. I am overcome at the thought that the kidnappers, having successfully carried off the maharajah, may attempt to lay hands on the nawab, his cousin."

"I should hardly think they would risk a second coup at the same school," said Randolph. "Though, of course, it's a tempting bait."

"That is my fear," agreed Dr. Marne. "The bait may prove too tempting. And if anything were to happen to the nawab, my school would suffer very seriously in reputation."

"Have you kept the arrival of the nawab a secret, sir?" asked Randolph, a sudden gleam in his eyes.

"Not a soul outside the school knows, other than you three boys and myself," answered Dr. Marne. "The kidnappers cannot possibly be aware of it."

"Then we must make the fact known," said Randolph. "I should like you to decorate the school gateway in honour of the arrival of the nawab."

"But—what—"

"Let everybody know the nawab is coming. Get a local big-wig or two to meet the nawab at the station."

"But the nawab is coming by car, not by train—"

"On the contrary, sir, the nawab will arrive by the afternoon train—and he will arrive in state," said Randolph, smiling. "Perhaps I had better explain my scheme."

"This is going to be tough," said George Briggs as soon as Dr. Marne had left.

"This firm flourishes on a tough diet," responded Randolph coolly.

The three members of the firm knitted their brows.

Randolph and Briggs were in complete contrast—Randolph tall, fair, and athletic in build; Briggs short, round, with a turned-up nose and freckles, as fat as Billy Bunter, and possessing the appearance of an amiable idiot. Briggs certainly looked very little like a detective; but with Briggs, appearances were deceptive. The third member, Don Fereker, was lean and dark, and keen as a razor, and had a somewhat cynical sense of humour.

Randolph broke the silence by slapping Briggs on the back.

"You're the man!" he said.

"Just what do you want me to do?" asked Briggs.

"Act," said Randolph. "You were a dab at theatricals, weren't you? Now you're going to play a useful role for a change."

"My dear fellow, we shan't trap a gang of dangerous criminals with a spot of amateur acting," objected Briggs.

"You never know what you can do until you try," said Randolph. "Remember, we have no inkling as to the identity of the kidnapping gang. We can't make a move until they do—and when they do we've got to catch them in the act. Having got the maharajah, the maharajah's cousin will be certain to attract them. They could ask a double ransom for the two."

"But they'll be too careful to come near the school again," objected Fereker. "They would expect St. Cleve's to be guarded night and day."

"Quite so," agreed Randolph. "But we're going to make it too easy for them to resist. The nawab is going to advertise himself. When he gets to St. Cleve's, he will go out of gates as much as possible—take lonely strolls—expose himself to every risk."

"Nice for the nawab," remarked George Briggs.

"Nice for you, old fellow," answered Randolph.

"You mean—I'm to impersonate the nawab?" demanded Briggs, grasping the situation.

"Don't get alarmed," smiled Randolph. "Fereker and I will be on hand if they attempt to kidnap you."

"But will I look the part?" asked Briggs. "The nawab is fifteen."

"You're short and plump," said Randolph. "A little brown stain on your face—Oriental robes—and your own mother wouldn't know you."

"What if there's trouble?" asked

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,382.

Briggs seriously. "I know I was wrestling champion of Greyfriars, but I can't handle more than six at a time."

"Don't worry; ex-boxing champion Randolph will be with you!" grinned Fereker. "Not to mention myself!"

The next afternoon a new boy arrived at Treecomb, the little station near St. Cleve's, in Norfolk.

If he did not actually arrive to the accompaniment of a fanfare of trumpets, he did the next best thing.

Early that morning the stationmaster at Treecomb had received a telegram to the effect that the Nawab of Sundagore would arrive by the four-thirty train. The police had not been notified, but several of the most notable local residents had received intimation that if they would care to meet the nawab they would be very welcome. Quite a number of these were hovering about the platform, while a crowd of curious sightseers clustered about the gate.

Dr. Marne himself arrived at the station in his car, and waited for the arrival of the four-thirty train, in company with the stationmaster.

The train came in at last, and there was an expectant hush among the crowd at the barrier as a short, rotund individual emerged from a first-class apartment. The individual in question was as brown as a berry, turbaned, and smiling. He was accompanied by a tutor, who remained in the background.

The Nawab of Sundagore greeted Dr. Marne effusively in good English, with only a trace of an accent. He greeted the stationmaster and the notable residents, and he waved his hand amiably to the crowd at the barrier, who instantly broke into a cheer.

That the real nawab had been put off at the last moment, and that this was George Briggs, of "Old Boys, Limited," in disguise, was known only to Dr. Marne and the three Old Boys themselves.

"I am glad your Highness has arrived safely," said Dr. Marne, as he conducted the "nawab" to his car.

"It is a pleasure to have such a magnificent greeting!" answered Briggs, smiling benignly for the benefit of the onlookers. "I am already very favourably impressed."

"Will your Highness please step in?" said Dr. Marne, somewhat embarrassed by the part he had to play, as Briggs paused before the car to let everybody see him.

Randolph, the "tutor," was just behind Briggs. Fereker had alighted from the train as an ordinary passenger, and he stood near at hand, prepared for what may happen.

As Briggs surveyed the crowd, beaming, Fereker gave a sudden shout:

"Look out!"

There was the zoom of a powerful engine, and a big car burst on the scene. It swerved across the narrow street, scattering the villagers right and left.

A masked man leaped from it, and then another. They sprang on to the pavement and grasped Briggs. Before the astounded eyes of Dr. Marne and the rest, Briggs was thrust into the big car, struggling fiercely. The door slammed as Randolph jumped on to the running-board, and the car shot forward. The next moment Randolph received a shove in the chest, which sent him rolling headlong in the road.

Zooooooooom!

The big car whizzed away, with Briggs, alias the nawab, a prisoner!

Randolph was on his feet again in a trice.

Dr. Marne's car stood at the kerb. Randolph leaped into it, bundling the Head's chauffeur out of his seat and taking the wheel. Fereker leaped in beside Randolph. The next moment the car shot away from the station, hard on the trail of the kidnappers.

Randolph had hoped to entice the kidnappers into the open. He had succeeded—before he had expected it! Now it looked as if the kidnappers had got clear as swiftly as they had come.

The road was narrow and winding, and at the speed the cars were going it called for skilful driving. There were three men in the car in front, and they were finding Briggs a handful. The ex-wrestling champion of Greyfriars was giving them some anxious moments, and the car swayed dangerously from side to side as they grappled with him.

"Good for Briggs!" gasped Randolph, getting every ounce out of Dr. Marne's car. "They've got a more powerful car, but Briggs is keeping them occupied. By Jove, we're gaining on them!"

A straight stretch of road gave Randolph the opportunity he wanted. Letting Dr. Marne's car all out, he steadily overtook the kidnappers' car, and leaped on to the running-board, clutching at the door handle.

One of the men had pulled out a revolver, and was poising the butt over Briggs' head as Randolph wrenched open the door and scrambled inside the car. Randolph's left caught the ruffian on the point of the jaw, and he toppled over—"out" to the world! Next moment Randolph was at grips with another of the ruffians, while Briggs, left with only one man to deal with, quickly locked his arm in a grip which precluded further argument!

Fereker had stopped Dr. Marne's car ahead of the kidnappers, and he leaped aboard as they drew level. The third of the kidnappers found himself pinioned between Randolph and Fereker—and the chase was over!

"Got 'em!" gasped Briggs. "Where would you fellows be without me?"

"Take it easy till you get your wind, old man," said Randolph. "You've done well!"

"Curse you, you're not a boy!" ground Briggs' prisoner, glaring at his captor.

"Right first time!" grinned Briggs, recovering his breath.

The prisoners were speedily bound and taken to St. Cleve's. Dr. Marne, seated in his study, stared apprehensively at the three ruffians.

"All right, after all, sir," said Randolph reassuringly. "We've got them!"

"I should have sent for the police immediately," said Dr. Marne distractedly, "but for your warning not to do so. I will do so now, however."

"Please wait a little, sir!" said Randolph firmly. "If you remember, you placed this case in our hands, and, with your permission, we'll see it through."

Dr. Marne hesitated, then nodded.

"Certainly!" he answered. "But what—"

Randolph surveyed the three prisoners closely.

They were men of a rough type, by no means master brains. The man who had driven the car was a little more ferocious than the others, but he was obviously not the man to handle a big kidnapping scheme such as they knew to be afoot.

"This one isn't the big shot," observed Randolph coolly. "He's acting

under orders. We've got to discover who is giving the orders."

The prisoner in question sneered. "That's goin' to be easy, ain't it?" he asked. "Well, go ahead and try! Why, what—"

He broke off suddenly as Randolph went swiftly through his pockets, bringing to light a collection of oddments, among which was a soiled wallet, stuffed with letters.

As Randolph opened this, the prisoner gave an exclamation:

"Ere, you leave that alone!"

Randolph smiled, and went systematically through the contents of the wallet. There were several letters, all typewritten. They gave various instructions to a man named Granger—the prisoner, presumably—and two associates, Bragg and Forbes. The typewritten signature in each case was "BUCKINGHAM." To the real identity or whereabouts of the man who called himself Buckingham there was no clue whatever.

The prisoner laughed as he noted Randolph's expression.

"You won't get nothin' out o' me—" he began.

He broke off again suddenly as Randolph came to the last letter—the only one in an envelope.

Quick as a flash, Randolph looked at the postmark. It had been franked in Jersey, in the Channel Islands. Briggs was swift to notice the prisoner's sudden alarm.

"You don't look so chirpy now, Granger!" said Briggs. "What is there about that envelope that you don't want us to see?"

Randolph passed it over.

"The postmark!" he answered, elated. "Our friend here was wise enough to destroy the envelopes to the other letters—but he forgot this one. Whoever this fellow Buckingham is, he rules his gang from Jersey. Good enough, I think? We'll run across to Jersey in the Firefly. There may be a clue to be picked up once we're on the spot!"

Captured!

GRANGER, Bragg, and Forbes, were left at St. Cleve's to be turned over to the police. At Randolph's suggestion Dr. Marne agreed to charge them with attempting to kidnap a Fourth Form boy, the Nawab of Sundagore, but to say nothing of the part the old boys had played in bringing about their capture.

Meanwhile, the Nawab of Sundagore, washed clean, left Treecomb with Randolph and Fereker by the early morning train.

Arriving in London just before eight, they went directly by car to a little place on the South Coast where Randolph kept the Firefly, the big speedboat presented to him by Sir Malcolm Cherrill, the famous speed king, for services rendered.

Betts, the old seaman who looked after it, was on the beach mending nets when Randolph & Co. arrived, but he had the speedboat ready for the sea within a few minutes.

It was a longish journey across the Channel to Jersey, but under Randolph's guiding hand the speedboat roared out across the blue water at a steady forty miles per hour on her mission of rescue.

"You're certain we shall find the kidnapped juniors when we find this man Buckingham?" asked Briggs, with some doubt.

"Work it out for yourself," answered Randolph, his eyes sweeping the sea. "The police have scoured the countryside round St. Cleve's and the other schools without success. Obviously there isn't an inch of ground which hasn't been combed. Besides, these fellows wouldn't be fools enough to remain where they might be discovered at any moment. They've taken a lot of trouble to kidnap their victims, and you can bet they've made sure of a safe place in which to lie low."

"Wouldn't it be difficult to take the boys across to Jersey without being spotted?" asked Fereker thoughtfully.

"Remember, the kidnappings have taken place at night," said Randolph. "With a fast car they could reach the coast before morning. A powerful motor-boat, such as this, would take them across—with practically no danger of discovery—providing they had good weather. And you have to bear in mind that these fellows are playing a reckless game for big money."

"But Jersey's a fairly large island," remarked Briggs.

"As a matter of fact, I doubt if they're on the island at all," said Randolph. "If you were kidnapping a number of schoolboys, and wanted to lie doggo, where would you go?"

"Certainly not Jersey itself," said Briggs. "I should pick on one of those little islands round about. The kidnappers could pick on one of those, with a good chance of safety."

"Then, what we've got to do is to cruise round all the Channel Islands, one by one, until we spot the kidnapper's camp!" said Fereker, with a wry grin.

Randolph handed the wheel over to Fereker, while he drew the letters signed Buckingham from his pocket and studied them again. He indicated one, and read aloud from it.

"Listen, you sleuths," he said. "I've been thinking this bit over. Next time, come from the west. Must I keep telling you? If you don't, you may be seen. Remember. Buckingham." Randolph tapped the letter. "From the west!" he repeated. "Do you see what that means?"

"This fellow Buckingham was telling his man Granger to come from the west in case he should be seen," said Briggs. "What do we get from that?"

"The letter was posted in St. Helier, Jersey. Jersey is a well-populated island, and a motor-boat approaching it would certainly be seen. Now, if the kidnappers were camping on an island near Jersey, but within sight of it—Buckingham might warn Granger to come up on the seaward side to avoid being seen from Jersey."

"I see," said Briggs keenly. "What was it—'come from the west'? If Granger was told to approach Buckingham's lair from the west, the island they are on must be to the west of Jersey."

"And at the same time, within sight of it," said Randolph. "I think that narrows our search a lot!"

"A fire!"

"A camp fire!" said Briggs, with conviction.

Jack Randolph's keen eyes had been first to pick out the smudge of red on the beach of a tiny islet to the west of Jersey.

They had reached Jersey in the afternoon and had spent the time till dusk cruising around, looking for an island which fitted in with Randolph's theory.

Dusk was deepening when the glimmer of a flame revealed itself, low on the beach.

Silently, Randolph swung the speed-boat round and headed her inshore.

The darkness lent them cover as they approached the beach. Randolph steered away to the left of the fire, towards a creek which his alert gaze had marked previously. If this was the end of their search, their quarry was before them—a fierce and desperate quarry who would not hesitate to shoot.

Randolph examined his revolvers and then slipped over the side of the boat into shallow water and waded ashore, giving his instructions in an undertone.

"Try and get close to the fire, and see who's about," he said. "Don't let them see you, till I give a signal. I'll clamber over the rocks and surprise them from the rear. Give me time to get ahead before you start."

Fereker nodded, and he and Briggs waited while Randolph stole away in the darkness.

After some minutes, Fereker gave the word.

"Come on, Briggs," he said grimly. "And hold your gun ready."

Fereker led the way along the beach, till they were within a few yards of the camp fire. He was about to give the

word to stop when Briggs trod on a loose stone and stumbled. Three dark forms leaped up from near the fire. A revolver spat.

No questions were asked by either side. It was obvious that the three investigators had found the kidnappers, and equally obvious that the latter were desperate men.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Fereker and Briggs flattened out on the beach, taking what cover they could behind heavy boulders. Bullets ricocheted off the boulders as the kidnappers blazed with their guns. Briggs gave a gasp as a bullet tore his arm.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Fereker snapped his teeth. It was wild firing, a waste of ammunition which they could not spare. He drew from his hip pocket a powerful electric torch, and shone it suddenly into the faces of the kidnappers. For a moment it blinded them. Briggs added the glare of his torch, and the kidnappers' fire wavered.

Crack! Crack!

Next second there was a sudden unexpected fusillade of bullets—coming from above and behind the kidnappers—biting into the sand around the camp fire. A yell of pain, followed by a

(Continued on next page.)

ROUND THE LIBRARIES!

The Month's Best Books.

WHEN a master or a prefect becomes a bully and takes advantage of his superior position to torment those beneath him, the underdogs, as a rule, have little chance of hitting back at him. But when the underdogs happen to be Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars—well, that's different, as you will see for yourselves if you get Mr. Frank Richards' latest masterpiece, "The Tyrant Prefect." What Harry Wharton and his pals do to the bullying prefect go to make this yarn a winner. It is in the "Schoolboys' Own Library" No. 225.

And here's another superb school yarn—Rookwood School, this time, featuring popular Jimmy Silver & Co. It is called, "The Fifth Form Rebellion," and is by Owen Conquest. For fun and thrills there has never been a better story written. Note the number—the "Schoolboys' Own Library," No. 226.

You can imagine, perhaps, the sensation it would cause if dozens of boys at a big public school were kidnapped and held to ransom. But can you imagine what those boys would do to their kidnappers? That is what makes Edwy Searles Brooks' latest story, "The Kidnapped Remove," a feast of thrills. This is a book to read and remember. It is "Boys' Friend Library," No. 441.

Mr. Charles Hamilton is famous for his stories of Ken King—King of the Islands. But he has written no more exciting yarn than "The Wild Man of the Island," which is just out. Ken King and his pal, Kit Hudson, are marooned on an island which is believed to be uninhabited. But someone else is there, and that is the cause of the mystery and the amazing adventures. This yarn will bring the wild Pacific to you vividly. Take a note of the number—"Boys' Friend Library," No. 442.

The "Boys' Friend Library" is famous for first-class stories, but this month's issues are even better than ever before. No. 443, "The School for Champions," by H. Wedgwood Belfield, is a gripping yarn of boxing and baffling mystery that cannot be bettered.

No. 444, "The Mystery Batsman," by Anthony Thomas, is a story of cricket and international intrigue that holds the interest to the last line.

If you revel in detective novels you cannot afford to miss this month's issues of the "Sexton Blake Library." No. 441, "The Mystery of Cell 13," by G. H. Teed, introduces that cunning and daring adventurer, George Marsden Plummer, whose schemes are frustrated by the genius of Sexton Blake.

"Murder by Mistake," by Paul Urquhart, which is No. 442 in this series, deals with as baffling a mystery as ever Blake has been called upon to solve. I doubt if any reader could arrive at the truth before Sexton Blake clears things up in the end.

There are two more novels in this series which maintain the high standard of the "Sexton Blake Library." No. 443, "The Sacred City," by Pierre Quiroule, features Granite Grant and Mlle Julie, of the Secret Service. No. 444 is by that popular writer, Allan Blair. It is called "The Crime at the Seaside Hotel." The mystery remains a mystery to the end, and no one but Sexton Blake could have solved it.

For those who like mystery-thrillers there is "Three Die at Midnight," by John Hunter. This book is No. 3 of the new and already established "Thriller Library." Three men were killed at places miles apart, and at the same moment. In each case a cloaked man with a limp had been seen at the time. The mystery of how it was done was wrapped up in the greater mystery of why it was done. This is one of the most gripping, and certainly the most entertaining and readable story of the kind you have ever come across.

"The Man from Dartmoor," by David Goodwin, is No. 4 of the "Thriller Library," different in style and plot from the last-mentioned book. The scene is Dartmoor, a convict escapes and finds refuge almost in the shadow of the prison walls. How Joyce Nesbit, the rich young owner of a near-by house, employs the convict as her butler, and how he rescues her from blackmailers and other troubles, makes this yarn one you will never forget.

(All the volumes mentioned here are NOW ON SALE, Price 4d. each.)

THE REBELS AT BAY!

(Continued from page 2A.)

tried to look as if butter would not melt in their mouths. Mr. Quelch took up the tale.

"Fish having confessed, sir, my boys acted on my advice to return at once to the school," he said. "I obtained a boat and they did immediately as I directed them. I held out some hope, sir, that you might take a lenient view of the whole matter, in view of their prompt and respectful submission."

"Mr. Quelch, I shall leave the question of dealing with your Form entirely in your hands!" said Dr. Locke. "You will act as you think fit! I shall deal personally with Fish, however. Wingate, will you kindly ask Gosling to step to my study! Fish, come in at once."

Fisher T. Fish crawled into the House and crawled to the Head's study. Gosling arrived promptly. Gosling was not always prompt, but when he was required to hoist a fellow for a flogging, Gosling was not the man to waste a moment!

A few minutes later, loud yells were heard proceeding from the Head's study, accompanied by the rhythmic whacking of a birch!

Fisher T. Fish was suffering for his sins!

Nobody had any sympathy to waste on him. Nobody was sorry for Fisher T. Fish. But, to judge by his fearful howls, he was sorry enough for himself. In fact, his sorrowfulness, as Hurree Janset Ram Singh remarked, was terrific. After the Head was done with him, Fisher T. Fish crawled away from the study a sadder if not a wiser Fish!

But if Fisher T. Fish was not pleased, Billy Bunter, on the other hand, was delighted! Bunter was no longer under sentence of the sack! Bunter, at long last, was cleared! Better still, he had got back to Greyfriars in time for dinner! Best of all, there was steak-and-kidney pie for dinner! Fisher T. Fish could groan as much as he liked, but Billy Bunter could not help thinking that everything was for the best in the best of all possible worlds! Bunter liked steak-and-kidney pie! And there was plenty of it! Bunter beamed! The grub was all right; so everything was all right!

The Head, very tactfully, had left it to Mr. Quelch to deal with his rebel Form.

Really, as it had turned out that there had been an error, and the Remove rebellion had prevented an act of injustice, Dr. Locke could hardly have felt it his duty to deal severely with them.

So, tactfully, he left it to Quelch. Equally tactfully, Quelch said no more about the matter.

The Remove rebellion was over, and that was that! The siege of Popper's Island was a thing of the past. For a few days, it was a topic in the studies, but as the school was about to break up for the summer holidays, the Greyfriars fellows soon had something else to think about.

THE END.

(Whatever you do, chums, don't miss the first cover-to-cover yarn in our grand new series commencing with "BUNTER, THE BILLIONAIRE!" You'll find it in next week's super issue of the MAGNET. Be sure and order your copy in good time!)

WANTED! FUNNYBONE TICKLERS! POCKET-KNIVES AWARDED FOR WINNING EFFORTS!

Raymond Smith, of "Meadowside," 11, Brookfield Crescent, Kenton, Middlesex, has scored a bulls-eye with the following joke:



Mr. Quelch (trying to impress upon Billy Bunter what an epidemic is): "You see, Bunter, an epidemic is something that spreads. Now give me an example."

Bunter: "Oh, yes, sir—j-jam!"

(Note: Address your limericks and jokes to: "Limericks and Jokes" Editor, c/o MAGNET, 5, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4. Comp.)

OLD BOYS, LIMITED!

(Continued from previous page.)

groan, showed that the unknown marksman was shooting straight.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Fereker and Briggs re-opened fire, and, taken before and behind, the kidnappers were demoralised. Leaping to their feet in the glare of the torches, they threw down their revolvers and held their arms above their heads. There were six of them all told. It was surrender—from all save one—a huge, pock-marked ruffian whose bloodshot eyes gleamed at the attackers like those of a wild boar.

Without warning, this fellow turned and leaped over the camp fire, plunging away towards the cliffs. He ran full tilt into the barrel of Jack Randolph's revolver, which was jammed firmly into his stomach.

Randolph smiled into the pock-marked features of the chief of the kidnappers.

"Our win, I think, Mr. Buckingham?"

It was a complete win for "Old Boys, Limited."

Three of Buckingham's men were wounded, and in no mood for further resistance. The other two were bound, together with Buckingham.

In a long cave at the back of the beach the three investigators found the young Maharajah of Burdapur—safe and sound, quietly awaiting ransom—or rescue! The other boys were with him—scared, but unharmed.

Leaving Fereker and Briggs in charge of Buckingham and his gang, Randolph took the kidnapped boys aboard the Firefly and ran them across to St. Helier, where the police could arrange for them to return by the regular steamer service. Randolph piloted the speedboat back alone to the island.

The prisoners were embarked, having no choice, and with Fereker and Briggs aboard, Randolph turned the Firefly's nose to the sea. With a full load, she zoomed out into the Channel. A few hours later, Randolph steered into Weymouth harbour to hand over Buckingham and his confederates to the police, who, it turned out, wanted the gang on several other charges as well.

The kidnapped schoolboys were all safely returned, and the substantial reward which the Maharajah of Burdapur's guardian had offered was paid promptly into the account of "Old Boys, Limited"—the firm which was bringing fresh lustre to the name of the famous old school from which its members were drawn!

THE END.



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THE NEW Greyfriars Herald



No. 97 (New Series).

EDITED BY HARRY WHARTON.

August 11th, 1934.

Expert Swimmers Required

Six expert swimmers, trained in life-saving and first-aid, required to follow us up when Coker takes us out in his hired speedboat next week. Write POTTER & GREENE, Box 789, GREYFRIARS HERALD.

GREYFRIARS 100 YEARS AGO

Scenes reminiscent of the old-time Spanish Main were enacted in the English Channel this week, when a pitched battle took place between a Flemish four-masted and a small English schooner.

The trouble arose, as related in a previous article, out of an incident at Folkestone, when Wharton and Torrence and Abbott, all of the Fourth Form at Greyfriars, were lured aboard the foreign ship by a trick and taken out to sea as impressed members of the crew. Wharton escaped, as the ship was leaving Folkestone, and his account of the brutal treatment meted out to himself and his Form-mates so infuriated his father that the last-mentioned promptly chartered a schooner and set off in pursuit.

Mr. Wharton had taken the precaution of engaging a number of pugilists and wrestlers to travel aboard the schooner with him, and his promise that they should be given a fight worthy of the long journey whetted their appetites for a glimpse of their quarry. The Flemish four-master, however, was not easily found, and nearly two days passed before they at last heard that she was anchored off the Norman coast.

At sunset on the second day they found her, and as they hove-to, Wharton was delighted to observe his Form-mates at work on the deck. Grappling hooks were used to draw the English schooner alongside the foreigner and, ere the Flemish crew had time to realise what was happening, a small army of muscular Englishmen was swarming up her side on to the deck.

We are assured, and we have no reason to doubt, that the hand-to-hand fight that ensued was one of the fiercest encounters ever seen off the deck of a man-o'-war. Numbers were about equally divided—and the same may be said about the enthusiasm. But eventually the English party's superior knowledge of fist-fu told and the foreigners fled in disorder below, leaving the invaders victorious.

Torrence and Abbott, who, we need hardly say, were overjoyed at the turn of events, were soon transferred to the schooner and their rescuers all returned in safety. The schooner then set sail again, to a lusty English cheer that must have been heard on the mainland.

So the missing Fourth-Formers will be duly seen in their customary places at Greyfriars next term and everything has ended happily, after all.

Wharton and Torrence and Abbott have but one regret.

Mr. Wharton did not allow them to join in the battle!

INKY'S BIRTHDAY GUIDE

Esteemed and ludicrous readers will unquestionably be glad to learn that I have agreeably consented to cast the horoscopes of some of the most honoured and absurd sabhis at Greyfriars. These forecasts, I obtain by gaze-ful observation telescopefully of the heavenly bodies, combined with a pryful look into the learned books of my native soothsayers of Bhanipur. This week, I will take Harry Wharton.

When the esteemed and preposterous Wharton was born, Mars held the mid-heaven and Jupiter and Saturn were in conjunctureful nearness. This may mean nothingfulness to most readers, but it means a muchful lot to a Bhanipur soothsayer. It means, to begin with startfully, that Wharton is born to be a warrior and will be one whether he wantfully wishes it or not. This may explain why thickful ears and blackful eyes have been the dayful order during the respected and ridiculous Harry's career at Greyfriars.

This year, according to my reading of the stars, Wharton must beware of disasters coming from above. It is clearly evident that the number of booby-traps in store for him is truly terrific! Many tragic losses are threatened, from which we may deduce that the esteemed and fatful Bunter will keep on purloining cakes pinchfully from Study No. 1.

I am gladly pleased to observe that unexpected good fortune in money matters will fall to Wharton's lot; but he must be careful not to get too excited whoopfully over it. This must mean that the esteemed and disgusting

Skinner is at last going to pay him back the two shillings he has owed him for the last six months.

There are many other things I could say speakfully



about Harry Wharton's horoscope, but space stopfully forbids. Look out, however, for my learned and absurd article in next week's number. Till then, my esteemed and idiotic readers, good-bye!

HOW TO RUN A SKOOL

Skoolmasters, guvners, and others wanting eggspert advice on this subject can get it by sending for my Free Pamflet: "The Ideal Skool." Present-day skandals fearlessly eggsposed. Don't miss it!—HORACE J. COKER, Box 123, "Greyfriars Herald."

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT

G. TUBB (Third).—"What is the best thing to do when a fellow is caught fishing in private waters?" Show a clean pair of "eels", kid!

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?



Harry Wharton shows considerable skill at high diving, and during a summer vac he surprised an exhibition diver at a holiday resort by diving off a thirty feet high platform!



Donald Ogilvy, the Scots junior, has brought his model railway system bang up to date by installing the latest colour-signalling device. Ogilvy plans to become a railway pioneer!

Large-Scale Holidays This Year

When we sent Diok Rake round to ask some of the leading lights what they were going to do during the vac, we didn't dream what amazing replies he'd bring back. Just cast your optics over this little lot:

P. P. PROUT, Esq.: I am going to charter a liner and take a party of schoolboys on an educational cruise.

G. WINGATE (Sixth): I shall invite a party of friends to accompany me on a trip round the world in an air-liner.

G. BLUNDELL (Fifth): I shall buy a dozen or so famous professional cricketers, train them intensively, hire Lord's, and then challenge the Australians to play Blundell's Eleven.

CLAUDE HOSKINS (Shell): I intend hiring the Albert Hall for a month and giving free piano-forte recitals and free meals to the deserving poor.

CECIL R. TEMPLE (Upper Fourth): Probably I shall purchase a Rolls-Royce and engage a chauffeur and footman and go touring in Europe.

W. G. BUNTER (Remove): I am going to buy the Palace Pier, Brighton, including the restaurants and slot-machines and ask my friends to join me in a jolly good time at my expense!

Naturally, your first thought is that they had all gone goofy. But they hadn't!

Diok Rake, like the fathead he is, had added a little bit of his own on to our original question.

We told him to ask them "What are you going to do during the vac?"

What he asked them was: "What are you going to do during the vac IF YOU COME INTO A MILLION POUNDS?"

THE SUPER-CRITIC

Have you ever noticed how frightfully critical Tom Brown is? The last time we invited him to tea, he even picked holes in our tea-strainer!

ALARM IN THE NIGHT

Island Mystery Solved!

An alarm came to the Remove camp on Popper's Island one night.

At first it sounded like the rumble of distant thunder.

Then, listening to it, we thought it sounded different. There was something unlike thunder about it—something reminiscent of the growling of some terrifying wild animal—some great, primeval beast from the depths of the jungle—some gigantic King Kong on the warpath.

What could it be? We heard it again—a deep rumbling sound that shook the earth. Was it a distant volcanic eruption—a mighty cataclysm that was shattering cities and making havoe of some distant land? Whatever it was, we had to find out, though we might take our lives in our hands in the finding!

With hearts beating a wild tattoo, we set out to explore—and soon the mystery was solved.

It was nothing to worry about, really. Just Bunter snoring—that was all!

Mr. Twigg consoled unsuccessful applicants for the post of Third Form Room monitor with gifts of crystallised fruits.

Candied dates for candidates!

SOARING MADE HIM SORE

Coker's Gliding Flop

Coker's first amateurish efforts at gliding were made in the quad. He got into a kind of box-kite on wheels, which he assured us was a genuine glider, took affectionate leave of his friends, and pedalled furiously across the quad. As a start, it was most impressive. There was only one drawback about it. HE DIDN'T RISE!

After riding round and round the quad for half-an-hour, to the accompaniment of deafening cheers from the fans, Coker paused for an interval to refresh himself with bottles of ginger-pop and cream puffs—fortified with which, he proceeded to pedal still more furiously round the quad for the rest of the afternoon. We regret to state that the results were negligible. The maximum height to which he rose was two feet—and even this was only the result of a collision with one of the empty ginger-pop bottles he had carelessly left lying on the grass.

Pondering afterwards on his failure to reach the higher strata of the atmosphere, Coker came to the conclusion that it was mainly due to the fact that he had had to start by going upwards. If only he could start by going downwards into the air, he argued, gliding would be simplicity itself.

So, with the help of Potter and Greene, he hauled his glider to the top of Black Pike and pedalled downwards. Success was instantaneous. He left the ground in less than two ticks and found himself, to his great delight, flying

through the air at a truly terrific speed.

Just as luck would have it, one of the ridges of the Pike got in his way and stopped him temporarily. But Coker was soon flying merrily again, undeterred by the fearful bumps which, for reasons he did not at first understand, he seemed to be receiving with increasing frequency.

It was only when he received a particularly violent bump and found himself spread out in a field at the foot of the Pike that he realised what had been happening.

Coker had fondly imagined that he had been flying in a line parallel with the earth's



surface. Instead of which he had been travelling in a direct line towards the centre of the earth!

Coker is said to be awfully sore about his lack of success. Really, we don't wonder at it!

In a recent hurdling competition, Dick Rake was disqualified for taking a short cut round the bend of the track to the winning post.

He "jumped to the conclusion" too quickly!

GREYFRIARS FACTS WHILE YOU WAIT!



Dick Russell has "adopted" dogs, rabbits, and stoats! Lots of Greyfriars juniors keep pets, but Russell holds the record for variety. A bit unusual in a champion boxer!



Harry Wharton is very keen to travel in all the adventurous countries of the world. He is a good shot with a rifle—and he will not flinch from animal or man!

DICK PENFOLD—AUTHOR-REALIST

Writes What He Sees

We came across Dick Penfold at a level-crossing near Friardale, the other day. He was gazing reflectively at the railway line.

"Penny for your thoughts, old bean!" we cried cheerily, and Dick started violently.

"I was concentrating," he explained, having greeted us. "You may have heard that I've recently taken up short-story writing? Well, my method of writing is not to sit in an armchair and imagine things. I go out and see the things I want to write about first. Then I can go back and write the story in a vividly realistic fashion, see?"

"Hem, yes! Your next is going to be a railway story, eh?"

"Just so," nodded Penfold. "It's called 'Fred of the Footplate,' and it's going to be a jolly good story, though I say it myself! But you don't catch me writing about trains without first going out and seeing one. That's why I'm waiting here. I want to see a train and get a mental image of it which I can pass on to my readers in a vivid pen-picture drawn from life. That's my method, see?"

"Look out, old chap; here's one coming now!" we warned him.

"Ah, this is the moment that enables me to breathe life into my story!" exclaimed Penfold.

He turned his eyes back to the track. A little local puffer came squeaking and snorting along the rails at about ten miles an hour, drawing behind it a couple of decrepit carriages that dated back to somewhere near Stephenson's time. Penfold watched it with a wrapt expression on his face.

After it had chugged its way painfully past the level-crossing, he rushed madly away to get his impressions transferred to paper before the inspiration left him.

Later in the day he showed us what he wrote. This is it:

"The glittering mass of steel hurtled through the dusk like some terrifying Colossus of Speed, cutting the screaming air like a meteorite, belching ruddy flame and a dead straight line of steam as it screamed onwards in its splendid fury."

We're thinking of giving a copy of the yarn to the stationmaster at Friardale. He'll be awfully surprised to know that this is supposed to be a lifelike pen-picture of his own pet local puffer!

HEAT-WAVE HINTS

Would you like to learn how to prevent your face overheating during a heat wave? Then ask Fisher T. Fish. He's got the "coolest cheek" of anyone we know!

ADVICE TO ARTISTS

If you find you're too slow in getting through your work, ask Bob Cherry for his frank opinion of it. What he says is bound to make you colour furiously!

THE WRONG KIND

Readers are asking us whether Stott's wild ride through Courtfield High Street on a motor-bike was in aid of charity.

He certainly collected a few coppers—but not the kind that any charity is likely to want!