

Read **'LONESOME LEN,'** by Henry T. Johnson, In **'THE BOYS' HERALD.'**

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issue—  
A  
splendid  
long  
School  
Tale,  
entitled—

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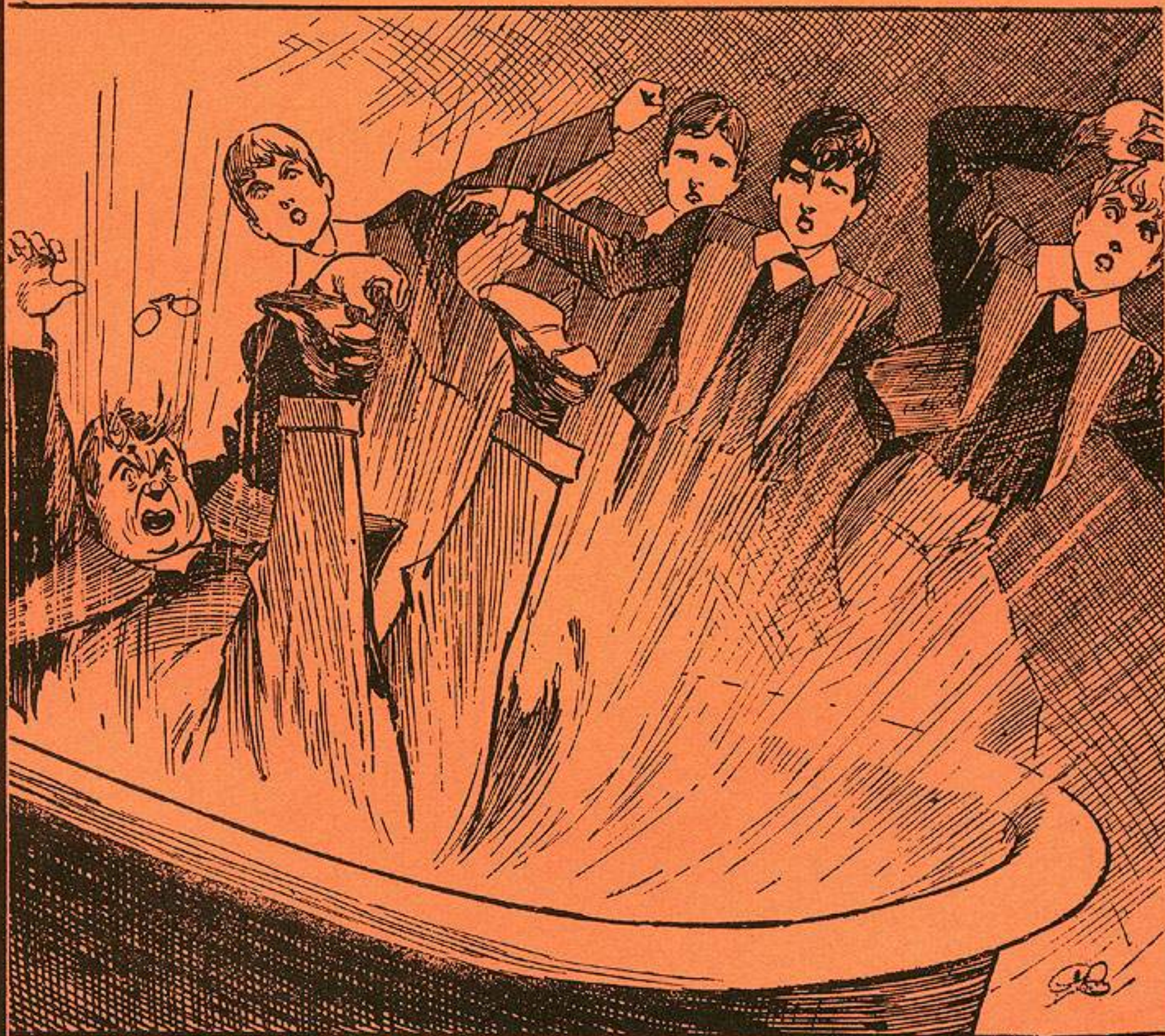
The  
Head of  
Study 14  
By  
Frank  
Richards.

No. 143

Grand, Complete School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co.

Vol. 5.

## S-SPLASH!



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# The Head of Study 14

A Splendid, Long, Complete  
School Tale of  
HARRY WHARTON & CO.  
and ALONZO TODD  
at Greyfriars.

— BY —

FRANK RICHARDS.



"I want  
one thing  
to be  
clearly  
under-  
stood in  
this  
study,"  
said Billy  
Bunter.

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Bunter Has to Speak Plainly.

"I WANT one thing to be clearly understood in this study," said Billy Bunter.

The fat junior stood upon the hearthrug in No. 14 Study in the Remove passage, his hands in his pockets, his back to the fire. That was Billy Bunter's favourite attitude when he was laying down the law.

Wun Lung was curled up in the depths of the armchair, and looked even smaller there than he really was. Alonzo Todd, the Duffer of Greyfriars, was sitting at the table at work, but he suspended his writing to look up as Bunter spoke, and sat with his pen in the air.

The three ill-assorted occupants of No. 14 Study were all at home, but peace was not reigning in the family circle.

Billy Bunter's expression showed that the wicked had not ceased from troubling in No. 14 Study, nor were the weary at rest. Bunter's fat face was red and angry, and he was speaking with great emphasis.

"My dear Bunter—" began Alonzo Todd.

Bunter interrupted him with a gesture.

"Shut up, Todd!"

"Really, Bunter—"

"No speakee while gleet man Bunter speakee," said Wun Lung, the little Chinese, from the depths of the big chair. Bunter nodded.



The Owl of the Greyfriars Remove was too obtuse to see that the little Chinese was pulling his leg.

"Quite right, Wun Lung!" he remarked. "I'm glad to see that you've got some idea of discipline. Don't you interrupt me again, Todd!"

"But—"

"Shut up!" said Bunter.

Todd blinked at him. He was a man of peace, but Billy Bunter would have provoked the temper of even a more patient fellow than Alonzo Todd.

"I want it clearly understood," went on Bunter victoriously, "that I am head of this study! You catch on?"

"No savvy," murmured Wun Lung.

"But—" said Todd.

"When this new study was opened I shook the dust of Wharton's study from my feet!" said Bunter, rather grandly.

Todd looked perplexed.

"I did not know that Wharton's study was very dusty," he said. "I understood that it was one of the tidiest in the Remove."

"Ass!"

"My dear Bunter—"

"I shook the dust of No. 1 Study from my feet, and consented to come here. I meant from the first to be head of the study. I decided to take you fellows under my protection."

"That was really very kind of you, Bunter," said the perplexed Duffer of Greyfriars. "But was there any need—"

"Buntree great man! Wun Lung velly thankful to Buntree!"

"So you ought to be, both of you!" agreed Bunter. "I decided to take you both under my protection—under my wing, as it were—and make a new firm of it, and in the long run to put those bounders in No. 1 in their place. First of all, though, it's got to be understood that I'm head of the firm here!"

"My dear Bunter, my Uncle Benjamin always said—"

"Shut up!"

"That one should keep oneself from pride and vain-glory—"

"Do you want a thick ear, Todd?" bawled Bunter.

The Duffer of Greyfriars gave quite a jump.

"Certainly not, my dear Bunter!" he exclaimed.

"Then ring off, you ass! I want you two fellows to clearly understand—"

"Excuse me, you are splitting the infinitive—"

"Shut up!" roared Bunter. "I want you fellows to understand that I'm the head of the firm. Savvy?"

"Me savvy."

"Certainly, Bunter!" said Todd. "As you like. I have no objection whatever to your calling yourself Commander-in-Chief of the Remove Passage, if you like!"

Bunter glared, and Wun Lung chuckled softly. Todd was not making fun; he only wanted to be obliging and conciliating. But Bunter did not take it in the spirit in which it was meant.

"You'll jolly well get a thick ear if you go on like this, Todd!" he said darkly. "I don't want the trouble of licking you, but it may come to that!"

"My dear Bunter—"

"That'll do!"

"Excuse me," said Todd, rising. "I am a very peaceable chap. My Uncle Benjamin always impressed upon me to keep the peace wherever and whenever possible. I trust I have always comported myself like a peaceful chap, and have tried to be obliging and useful. But—"

"Great Scott! How many dictionaries have you been swallowing?" demanded Bunter. "Can't you ring off?"

"Pray allow me to conclude! As a peaceable chap, I do not want to fight anybody—"

"You won't have any choice about it if you don't behave yourself!" said Bunter, in a threatening tone.

It was one of Bunter's pleasant little ways that he always became overbearing and bullying if anyone tried to conciliate him. He always mistook good nature and forbearance for fear.

"Allow me!" said Todd urbanely. "As a peaceable chap, I don't want to fight with anyone, and more especially not with a fellow in my own study, but—"

"Nuff said!"

"But," went on Todd warmly, "my Uncle Benjamin always impressed upon me never to shrink from an encounter for any base motive such as fear of getting hurt. Hence, Bunter, I am quite willing to go to the gym. with you, if you like, and have it out either with gloves or without them!"

Bunter did not seem to hear.

"It's you, more than Todd, that I'm talking to, Wun Lung!"

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Lung!" he exclaimed, with a truculent glare at the little Chinese. "You hear me—"

"You have not answered me, my dear Bunter!"

"Eh? I didn't listen to you, Todd! Please don't interrupt me when I'm talking to Wun Lung!" said Bunter irritably.

"But, really—"

"Now, Wun Lung," said Bunter loudly, "you understand what I've been saying—you know that I'm head of the firm in this study?"

"Me savvy!"

"You've got to obey my orders! You understand?"

"Me savvy!"

"Good! In the first place, it's got to be understood that the armchair belongs to me," said Bunter. "I'm of a delicate constitution, and require an easy-chair. As a matter of fact, I intend to pay for that chair, and you can consider the money you paid for it in the light of a temporary loan to me."

"No savvy!"

"I always used to have the armchair when I was with Wharton and Nugent," said Bunter. "I'm used to these comforts. I've no objection to your using the armchair when I'm not in the study, mind. I'm not a selfish chap. But when I come in, you should get out of it at once. Don't stick in it like a selfish beast, and pretend you don't know I want it. If there's anything I can't stand in a fellow, it's selfishness!"

"My dear Bunter—"

"Oh, do shut up, Todd! Now, if you fellows understand clearly that I'm head of this study, it's all right. You haven't done my lines, Todd!"

"I fear I cannot do them, Bunter. Would it not be deceiving Mr. Quelch to palm off my lines as yours?"

"Oh, cheese it! I'll talk to you about that later. Now then, Wun Lung, you're still sitting in that armchair!"

The little Chinese nodded blandly.

"Me sittee!" he assented.

"You heard what I said?"

"Me healee!"

"Then get out, you yellow toad!" roared Bunter.

"No savvy!"

"Get out of that armchair!"

"No savvy!"

"Do you want me to pitch you out?"

"No savvy!"

Bunter snorted with wrath. He had not accepted Alonzo Todd's invitation to the gym., but he felt that something must be done to maintain his authority as head of the firm.

He made a rush at the little Chinese, and seized him by the ankles to drag him out of the armchair.

Wun Lung clung to his place.

His arms, lithe and thin, had in them the strength of steel, and he simply tightened their grip on the arms of the chair, and he was as hard to drag off as a limpet from a rock.

Bunter gave a desperate tug.

He only succeeded in dragging the armchair along, as if Wun Lung's slim ankles were the handles of a barrow he was pulling. The armchair shrieked across the study upon its castors, and gained so much impetus from the heavy drag, that it rushed on of its own accord, right at Bunter. The fat junior backed up against the study wall, and the armchair pinned him there, and he fell forward on top of the little Chinese, with a loud gasp like air escaping from a punctured tyre.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### The Head of the Firm is Roughly Handled.

"Y AROOH!"

"Ow!"

"Yoop!"

"Buntree muchee heavee!" said a soft voice from the leathern depths of the chair. "Get off pletty quick!"

There was a heaving movement under Bunter, and he rolled over the side of the chair, and plumped on the floor.

Then Wun Lung, placing his feet against the wall, gave himself a push off that sent the armchair shrieking back to its place.

There he sat with perfect calmness, blinking sleepily at Billy Bunter.

Bunter rolled on the floor of the study, gasping and grunting like a grampus. He scrambled to his feet at last, breathless, and red with wrath.

"You—you heathen villain!" he roared.

"Allee light!"

"I'll—I'll squash you!"

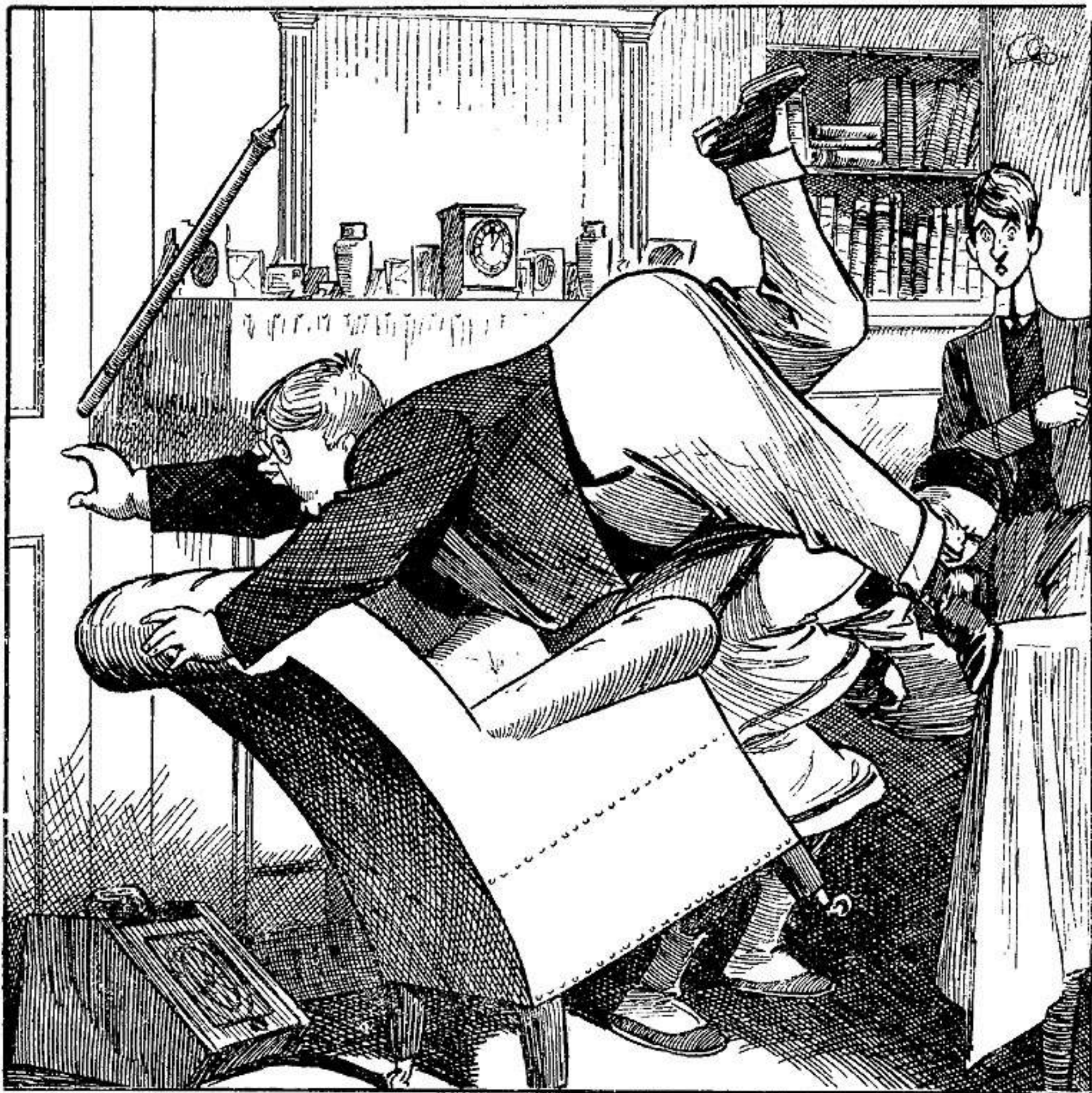
"No squashee!"

"Desist, my dear Bunter," said Todd, with a magisterial wave of the hand—"desist! You are in the wrong!"

"Shut up, you chump!"

"THE BOY'S HERALD" On Wednesday next, November 9th.





Wun Lung slipped from the chair, and curled under Bunter's upraised arm. The stump descended, whistling through the air, and the next moment the fat junior was lifted off his feet.

"My Uncle Benjamin would be shocked at your proceedings, my dear Bunter! I exhort and entreat you to pause and reflect!"

Bunter did not reply to Todd's entreaties or exhortations. He rushed to the attack again. He was twice the size of the little Chinese, and he felt that it was up to him to put the heathen in his place.

He grasped the armchair by the back, and tried to pitch it forward upon Wun Lung, to roll him out.

With a mighty heave he pitched the chair forward.

Then Wun Lung put his feet on the floor, and with a return heave sent the chair crashing back against Bunter.

There was a wild roar from the fat junior.

Wun Lung, with a silent chuckle, settled down into the depths of the chair again. It was some minutes before Bunter returned to the attack.

When at last the Owl of the Remove recovered his wind, he put his big spectacles straight on his fat little nose, and took a cricket-stump from the cupboard. Wun Lung eyed him warily out of his little almond eyes.

Bunter did not speak.

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He simply ran at the little Chinese, lashing with the stump. With a quickness that seemed miraculous to the ponderous Owl of the Remove, Wun Lung slipped from the chair, and curled under Bunter's upraised arm.

The stump descended, whistling, through empty air, and the next moment Bunter was lifted off his feet—he hardly knew how—and plumped on the hearthrug. The next thing he knew was that he was lying on his back, and Wun Lung was sitting on his chest.

"Ow!" gasped Bunter. "Yow! Gerrup, you heathen bounder! Oh!"

"No savvy," said Wun Lung cheerfully.

"My dear Bunter," said Alonzo Todd severely, "you have acted in a disgraceful manner. My Uncle Benjamin would be disgusted with you."

"Ow!"

"You might have injured Wun Lung with that cricket-stump. Under the circumstances, I consider that you ought to be ejected from the study."

"Yaroooh! Draggimoff!"

NEXT  
WEEK: "BILLY BUNTER'S MINOR."

A Splendid School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co.  
and Alonzo Todd. By FRANK RICHARDS.





"Dear me! He is speaking in Russian!" exclaimed Todd, in amazement. "I did not know you could speak Russian, Bunter."

"Yankimoff!" gasped Bunter.

"I hope that is not a Russian swear word," said Todd dubiously. "Wun Lung, I think we ought to eject Bunter from the study; not from any angry feelings towards him, but from a sense of duty. My Uncle Benjamin always said—"

"Allee light. Lendee hand."

"Yow!" roared Bunter. "Leggo!"

"I'm so sorry, Bunter, but it is necessary—"

"Leggo!"

"From a strict sense of duty, such as my Uncle Benjamin always inculcated."

"Yaroo!"

"Outee side!" grinned Wun Lung.

Todd opened the door. Between them they rolled the fat junior out, a great deal as if he had been a barrel.

Bunter rolled into the passage. A Shell fellow, who was coming down from the box-room, paused to look on, with a shout of laughter. It was Coker, a fellow very much given to ragging and to cuffing the juniors, and the sight of any rough usage was always amusing to him.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Coker. "Go it! Jump on him."

Todd ceased from rolling Bunter, and blinked at Coker of the Shell.

"My dear Coker, I trust you do not seriously advise us to act in such a brutal manner. It would be rotten and cowardly to jump on Bunter. We are turning him out of the study for reprehensible conduct, but—"

Coker gave the Duffer of Greyfriars a very unpleasant look. "I don't remember asking you to preach to me," he remarked.

"I am always willing to point out to anyone the error of his ways," said Todd, with a beaming smile. "My Uncle Benjamin always impressed upon me that I should do so. You see, it would be rotten—"

Todd was interrupted.

Coker took a sudden grip upon one of his ears, and twisted it.

"Ow!" roared Alonzo. "Leggo! You are hurting me."

"Go hon!" grinned Coker. "Does that hurt, too?"

And he twisted Alonzo round, and planted a boot behind him, and sent him whirling into his study.

Alonzo collided with the table, slipped from it, and rolled on the floor, in a state of great astonishment.

Then Coker passed on his way satisfied. Wun Lung came back into the study after Todd, grinning. Alonzo sat up.

"Oh!" he gasped. "Do you not consider that a very brutal action on the part of that Shell chap, Wun Lung?"

"Lats!"

"Do you think it was a very rough form of joke, or could I possibly have said anything to annoy Coker?" said Todd, rubbing his nose thoughtfully.

Wun Lung only grinned, leaving the Duffer of Greyfriars to work out the solution to that problem by himself. Billy Bunter looked in at the door.

"I say, you fellows—"

Wun Lung made a grasp at the inkpot, and Bunter slammed the door and fled. He did not stop till he was at the end of the passage, and there he nearly ran into Coker. He touched the Shell fellow on the sleeve.

"I say, Coker—"

"Well, what do you want, you fat rotter?" was his polite query.

"Look here —"

Coker took Billy Bunter by the shoulders, and sat him down with considerable force upon the floor of the passage.

At the same moment, Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent, of the Remove came out of No. 1 Study.

"Rescue, Remove!" shouted Bunter.

Wharton and Nugent ran up.

They did not like Bunter, and they had been very pleased when he was removed from their study to the new one at the other end of the Remove passage. But they were bound to stand by a member of the Remove against any other Form—whether Upper Fourth, Shell, or Fifth.

"What's the matter here?" demanded Wharton.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### A Bath for Bunter.

COKER of the Shell scowled. He did not like Wharton's tone, and he did not like his interference. Harry Wharton was captain of the Remove—the Lower Fourth—but in the Shell fellow's eyes he was little more than a fag. Coker was a big, well-grown fellow, and ought, as a matter of fact, to have been in the Fifth Form. Idleness and slacking had kept him back. But he was bigger than a good many Fifth-Form fellows, and that fact made him a bully in the Shell, and in the lower Forms he was greatly feared. Temple, the head boy of the Upper Fourth, did not care to tackle him, and Bulstrode, the biggest boy in the Remove, gave him a wide berth. It annoyed the bully of the Shell to be questioned by a junior as if he were a mere ordinary mortal. Coker was a slacker, and he was not over-gifted with intelligence, but he had a very great idea of his own importance.

He fixed a frowning glance upon the two juniors, which he considered ought to have struck them dumb with awe. As a matter of fact, it didn't.

"Mind your own business," he said loftily.

Wharton met his glance coolly.

"I rather think this is our bizney," he said. "We don't allow Shell bounders to come swanking in the Remove passage."

"What's that?"

"Getting deaf?" said Wharton pleasantly. "We don't allow Shell bounders to come swanking in the Remove passage."

Coker clenched his fists and stepped towards Wharton.

Both Wharton and Nugent pushed back their cuffs and prepared to receive him. Coker was so much bigger than either of them, as well as being almost a senior, that they felt justified in standing together to resist aggression.

Then Coker paused.

Bob Cherry and Mark Linley were running from the end of the passage, and Tom Brown and Hazeldene were looking out of the door of their study. Skinner and Bulstrode and Vernon-Smith had come out into the passage, too. Coker, of the Shell, realised that he was in danger of getting a Form ragging. Big fellow as he was, he would not amount for much if the whole Remove passage started on him.

He forced a laugh, inwardly resolving to give Wharton a licking later on in the safer open space of the Close.

"Oh, I don't want to argue with fags!" he exclaimed loftily.

And he turned and stalked away.

Harry Wharton laughed. Coker heard his laugh, but it did not make him turn. Wharton looked at the Owl of the Remove. Bunter had got into a sitting posture, with his back to the wall, and was groaning deeply.

"Hurt, Billy?"

"Ow! Yes. Ow!"

"Where are you hurt?"

"The hurtfulness should be terrific, to judge by the groanfulness of the esteemed and very rotten Bunter," remarked Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh, in his beautiful English. "In what special spot is the injurefulness situated, my worthy fat chum?"

"It—it's all over!" groaned Bunter.

"Good," said Bob Cherry. "If it's all over, there's nothing to groan about."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry! I—I don't mean that. I mean, the pain's all over me. I think Coker has broken a bone."

"Rats!"

"I'm suffering awful pain."

And Bunter gave a deeper groan than ever.

Harry Wharton looked at him anxiously. Billy was an incorrigible "spoofer." But it was possible that he was telling the truth; possible, but not probable, as Bob Cherry would have put it.

"Look here, Bunter, if you're hurt—" began Harry hesitatingly.

"I'm awfully hurt! Ow!"

"Spoofer!" said Bob Cherry.

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"THE BOY'S HERALD" On Wednesday next, November 9th.



"Oh, really, Cherry!"

"Well, if we can do anything for you—" said Nugent. Bunter groaned again.

"I—I—I'm feeling faint," he muttered. "If—if you could get me something to eat, I think it would be all right."

The chums of the Remove exchanged a grin. As soon as Bunter mentioned "something to eat," they knew that he was spoofing.

"You fat rotter!" ejaculated Tom Brown, in disgust.

"Oh, really, Brown!"

"I suppose you'd feel better if you could have some pork-pies," said Bob Cherry, with great sympathy, "and some ham patties?"

Bunter brightened up, and forgot to groan for a moment.

"Yes, that's just it, Cherry. They would buck me up like anything."

"And some cream puffs?"

"Yes, rather."

"And a dozen or so jam tarts?"

"Yes," moaned Bunter. "Twopenny ones."

"And some ginger pop?"

"Yes, yes."

"And a pound or two of toffee."

"Oh, yes."

"You think those things would do you good?" asked Bob Cherry, with a countenance as solemn as that of a judge. The other juniors were grinning, but Billy Bunter was too short-sighted to notice that.

"Yes, I'm sure they'd revive me," groaned Bunter.

"Anything else you can think of that you'd like?"

"Well, some cheese-cakes as well, perhaps."

"Anything else?"

"Say, a pot of strawberry jam."

"Nothing more?"

"And some sugary biscuits."

"You are sure these things would do you good?"

"Oh, yes! Yes!"

"Then I'm sure I hope you may get them," said Bob Cherry.

Bunter blinked at him. The expression upon his fat face made the Removites burst into a roar of laughter.

"You—you utter beast!" gasped Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter gave a deep, deep groan.

"Good heavens! What's that?" exclaimed a voice. Wingate of the Sixth Form, the captain of Greyfriars, had just come along the passage, and Bunter's groan struck upon his ears.

"It's all right," said Skinner. "It's only Bunter."

"Bunter! Is he hurt?"

"Dying, I think," said Skinner blandly. "He says so, anyway."

Wingate pushed through the juniors, and looked at Bunter. The fat Removite blinked at him through his big spectacles.

"Bunter, what's the matter with you?"

"I'm hurt."

"Where? How?"

"Ow! Bone broken!"

"Where is it?"

"In my—in my shoulder."

Wingate knelt beside him, and felt over his shoulder. Bunter thought he ought to groan at this, and he groaned. But he could not deceive the senior.

Wingate frowned darkly.

"You young humbug!" he exclaimed. "How dare you tell such untruths? Your shoulder is not hurt at all."

"Ow! I'm suffering fearful agony, anyway!"

"We'll soon cure that," said Wingate grimly. "Take him up, you youngsters."

The juniors willingly obeyed. The Owl of the Remove was lifted by his arms and legs, half a dozen juniors lending willing hands to the task. Bunter looked very uneasy. He did not like the grim smile on Wingate's face.

"Bring him to the bath-rooms," said Wingate.

Bunter gave a sort of gasp.

"The—the bath-rooms!" he stammered.

"Yes. Quick march!"

Bunter began to struggle. But that made no difference; the grasp of too many hands was upon him. In the midst of a laughing crowd of juniors, he was borne away to the nearest bath-room.

"Turn on the water," said Wingate. "All the taps!"

The taps were turned on. Billy Bunter eyed the rapidly filling bath in great apprehension. He felt what was coming. Wingate fixed his eyes sternly upon the fat junior.

"You are a spoofing young rascal!" he exclaimed. "You are not hurt, and you have been telling deliberate falsehoods to make believe that you were."

"Oh, really, Wingate—"

"A ducking will help to cure what is the matter with you," said the captain of Greyfriars grimly.

"Ow! Oh, really—"

"In with him!"

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NEXT WEEK: "BILLY BUNTER'S MINOR." A Splendid School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. and Alonzo Todd. By FRANK RICHARDS.

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TUESDAY,

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ONE  
PENNY.

"Hurrah! Chuck him in!"

Billy Bunter began to struggle and kick furiously.

"Ow!" he roared. "I won't be ducked! Help! Yow! I—it's all right! I'm not hurt! I—I was making a mistake. That's all! Yow! I'm sincerely sorry! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"In with him!" said the Greyfriars captain.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Splash!

Bunter descended into the water, sending a great wave of it over the side of the bath, and there were yells from others there, as their trousers were splashed.

"Oh!" gasped Nugent. "You duffers! I'm soaked!"

"Faith, and I'm drenched!" ejaculated Micky Desmond.

Bunter splashed furiously in the water, and sent waves of it over the side. The taps were still running.

Wingate, laughing, walked out of the bath-room. Bunter splashed and wallowed in the bath.

"Dear me!" said Nugent, in imitation of Alonzo Todd's ponderous manner. "Dear me! Our friend Bunter seems to be quite recovered, which I am sure will be a pleasure to all of us. How pleased Uncle Benjamin would be!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Splash! Splash! Splash!

"Ow! Help! Yow! Gerrooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors retreated from the bath-room, roaring with laughter. Wharton had turned off the taps. Billy Bunter scrambled out of the bath, splashing water on all sides, and dripping from head to foot.

"Ow! I'm soaked! Yow! I shall have to go and change! Yarrooh! Beasts! Ow! I shall catch cold!"

He squeaked out of the bath-room.

A yell of laughter greeted him as he appeared, and as he tramped off towards the Remove dormitory, leaving a trail of water behind him wherever he moved, Bob Cherry almost sobbed.

"Oh, this is too good!" he gasped. "Bunter, old man, you'll be the death of me."

"Beast!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter squeaked away to the dormitory, and for the next quarter of an hour he was towelling himself and changing his clothes. After that he descended to No. 14 Study. He opened the door quietly and looked in.

Alonzo Todd and Wun Lung were both there. Wun Lung was curled up in the armchair as usual. But Bunter did not say anything about the armchair. All the truculence was gone from Bunter's manner.

He quietly shut the door, and made his way along the passage.

To look at him, no one would have dreamed that this was the swanker of the Remove, the chief of the new study, and the head of the firm.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

### The Scheme.

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, greeting Bunter with a mighty slap on the shoulder, which made the fat junior reel. "Feeling bad?"

"Ow! Yow!" gasped Bunter.

"It must be awful," said Bob sympathetically. "It's not so much having got your clothes wet, as having a bath at all—it was hard on you."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"I know how much you must have suffered," said Bob, with a nod. "Luckily, there was no soap in the water, so you have survived."

Billy Bunter blinked angrily at the humorous Bob, and rolled away. Bob Cherry gave a roar of laughter. Bob's manifestations of merriment were always a little noisy. The Owl of the Remove rolled on his way, blinking with annoyance. He had had a long and troublesome task getting himself dry, and his wet clothes were hanging up in the dormitory. Billy Bunter was feeling very ill-used, but there was a gleam in the little round eyes behind his spectacles which hinted that he was plotting a plot of vengeance.

"I say, Bulstrode—"

Bulstrode turned round with a laugh. He had lent a hand in the ducking of Billy Bunter.

"Hallo! Got over it?" he asked.

"I want to speak to you, Bulstrode," said Bunter, with a meaning blink at Skinner and Stott, with whom the burly Removite was talking.

Bulstrode laughed.

"I've nothing to give away," he said.

"Oh, really, Bulstrode—"

"I don't want to cash any postal-orders in advance; I don't want any of your remittances that are certain to come



to-night, or to-morrow morning at the latest, and I'm not going to give you anything," said Bulstrode, in the most uncompromising way.

"I—I—"

"So buzz off, and don't bother!"

"Look here, Bulstrode, if you don't want a feed——"

"No, I don't; I know jolly well I should have to pay for it, and yours too."

"Oh, really——"

"Look here, you chaps, let's try which can kick Bunter the furthest along the passage," said Bulstrode, swinging up his foot.

"Good!"

Bunter scuttled off at top speed, leaving the three Removites laughing. He stopped at a safe distance, to blink back at them wrathfully. Bunter was in an unenviable frame of mind. He had been kicked out of his own study, and he seemed to be likely to find a similar fate wherever he went.

He caught sight of Vernon-Smith, the junior who was always called the Bounder of Greyfriars, in the Close, and hurried out to him. Vernon-Smith turned his back upon him in the most deliberate way. The Bounder found it convenient to be civil to some fellows, though he was not civil by nature; but Bunter was not one of them. He had nothing to get out of Bunter.

But the Owl of the Remove was not easily rebuffed. He hurried on and jerked Vernon-Smith by the elbow. The Bounder looked curiously down at him.

"What do you want?"

"Would you care to come to tea in my study, Smithy?"

"No, I wouldn't."

"I—I don't want you to lend me anything, you know."

The Bounder laughed harshly.

"You're asking me for the pleasure of my company, I suppose?" he said, with a sneer.

"Yes, of course. But——"

"Of course; there's a 'but.'"

"Well, this is how it is," said Bunter. "You see, I'm the head of the new study—the head of the firm, you know. Only the two chaps there don't see it, and they're—they're insubordinate."

"I hear they've kicked you out."

"Not exactly, but—but I retired from the scene, rather than have any vulgar row," said Bunter. "My idea is, that I might take a friend in to tea, and—and if he was a strong chap, who wouldn't stand any nonsense, he'd put those rotters in their place, you see. You come in with me, and we'll make Wun Lung stand a big tea, and cook it, and do just as we like, you know. You could easily lick those two chaps, I know; because I've seen you boxing. I shouldn't wonder if you could lick Wharton himself if you tried."

The Bounder paused. He was not like Bunter, impecunious; but the scheme proposed just suited his nature. To bully fellows into standing him a tea in their own study was a joke after his own heart.

He grinned a little at the idea.

"All right, I'll come," he said.

"If you'd ask Bulstrode to come too, it would be all right," suggested Bunter. "He'd come if you asked him. You see, then it would be safe enough, and—and we'd make those rotters sit up. Wun Lung has heaps of money, and could stand a ripping tea if he chose, and we'd make them cook it."

"Ha, ha, ha! Come on."

They entered the House, and Vernon-Smith sought out Bulstrode. The Remove bully listened to his explanation of the scheme, and gave a roar of laughter.

"Good!" he exclaimed.

"The fact is," said Bunter, "as head of the study, I have a right to invite whom I like to tea, and those chaps will have to get tea."

"Of course," said Bulstrode. "Come on."

And the three of them presented themselves at the door of Study No. 14.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### Bunter's Party.

"ME tinkee havee gleet tea, Toddee."

Wun Lung made the remark. He was stirring the fire in No. 14 Study, and jamming the kettle down upon the glowing coals. Alonzo Todd looked up from his imposition. It was a long French imposition he had to do, a gift from Monsieur Charpentier, the French master of Greyfriars. Todd was generally in the wars with someone or other, chiefly from the desire he had to be obliging. And having obligingly carried a big dictionary for Mossco, and having dropped it upon the toe where grew Mossco's favourite corn, Todd had the pleasure of writing out a whole scene from Moliere as a penalty—which he thought rather hard.

"I should be very glad to have a good tea, Wun Lung,"

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said Todd, "but unfortunately I have no money. I lent what I had to Bunter in advance on a postal-order which he is certain will come to-morrow morning at the latest."

"No mattee. Me payee."

Todd shook his head.

"I cannot borrow the money of you, Wun Lung. My Uncle Benjamin always impressed upon me never to get into debt."

"Lats!"

"My dear Wun Lung——"

"Me standee treat."

Todd wrinkled his brows thoughtfully. He was a conscientious youth—even painfully conscientious at times.

"You are very kind, Wun Lung. I suppose I could consent to your standing treat. Of course, you must allow me to stand treat in my turn another time."

"Allee light," said Wun Lung indifferently.

"Then I shall be very glad," said Todd, rising from the table. "I can now lend you any assistance you require, as I have finished my imposition. I regard it as exceedingly unreasonable in Monsieur Charpentier to impose those lines, as I was only trying to oblige him when the slight accident occurred. And my attempt to explain to him that his corns were probably the result of his foolish habit of wearing boots too small for him did not seem to improve matters at all."

Wun Lung grinned.

"Too much talkee-talkee," he remarked. "Layee cloth, layee table, makee tea. Me fetchee glub."

"Very good, Wun Lung."

The little Chinese took a cricket-bag, and went downstairs. Todd cleared the books and papers off the table, and laid the tablecloth. Then he began to get out the crockery. It was at that moment that Billy Bunter and his guests arrived.

Bunter came in, followed by Bulstrode and Vernon-Smith. Todd turned round and looked at them.

"Ah, it is you, Bunter! I trust you are going to be quiet and peaceable if we allow you to come into the study again!" he exclaimed.

Bunter blinked at him.

"I think I'm head of this study!" he exclaimed, in a truculent tone.

"My dear Bunter——"

"I've brought some friends in to tea."

"Dear me! That is rather awkward, as Wun Lung and I were just going to use the table for tea," said Todd, looking distressed. "Perhaps we could combine our supplies, and have tea together, Bunter?"

Bulstrode chuckled.

"Where's that heathen?" he asked.

"He has gone to get the things for tea."

"Good!" remarked Vernon-Smith. "It couldn't have happened better, as a matter of fact. Go on getting ready, Toddy—we're staying to tea."

"But——" began Alonzo, in dismay.

"No 'buts' in the case," said Billy Bunter, in a bullying tone. "You buck up and do as you're told, or you'll find yourself in Queer Street, that's all."

"My dear Bunter——"

"Shut up!" roared Bunter.

"My dear——"

"Do you want a thick ear, Todd?"

"Certainly not, but——"

"Well, you'll jolly well get one if you don't shut up," said Bunter threateningly. "I've had enough of your cheek."

"I request you to retire from the study, Bunter. Otherwise, I shall eject you in a violent manner," said Todd.

"Oh, come off!"

And Bunter gave Todd a tap on the nose with his knuckles as a hint of what he might expect. Todd staggered back in surprise. Then, all his pacific ways thrown to the winds, he rushed at the Owl of the Remove. Bunter backed away behind Bulstrode, and the Remove bully caught Todd by the shoulders and slung him away with so powerful a whirl that he crashed against the wall of the study, and sank thence to the floor, gasping.

"Ow!"

"Have some more?" asked Bulstrode blandly.

"N-n-n-no, thank you!" gasped Alonzo.

"Then behave yourself, or you'll get some more!" said Bulstrode. "Bunter's head of this study, and we're his guests. Behave yourself."

"Behave myself!" stuttered Todd, repeating Bulstrode's words in the curious parrot-like way he had when he was disturbed.

"Yes, you ass. Keep quiet."

"Quiet!"

"We're Bunter's guests."

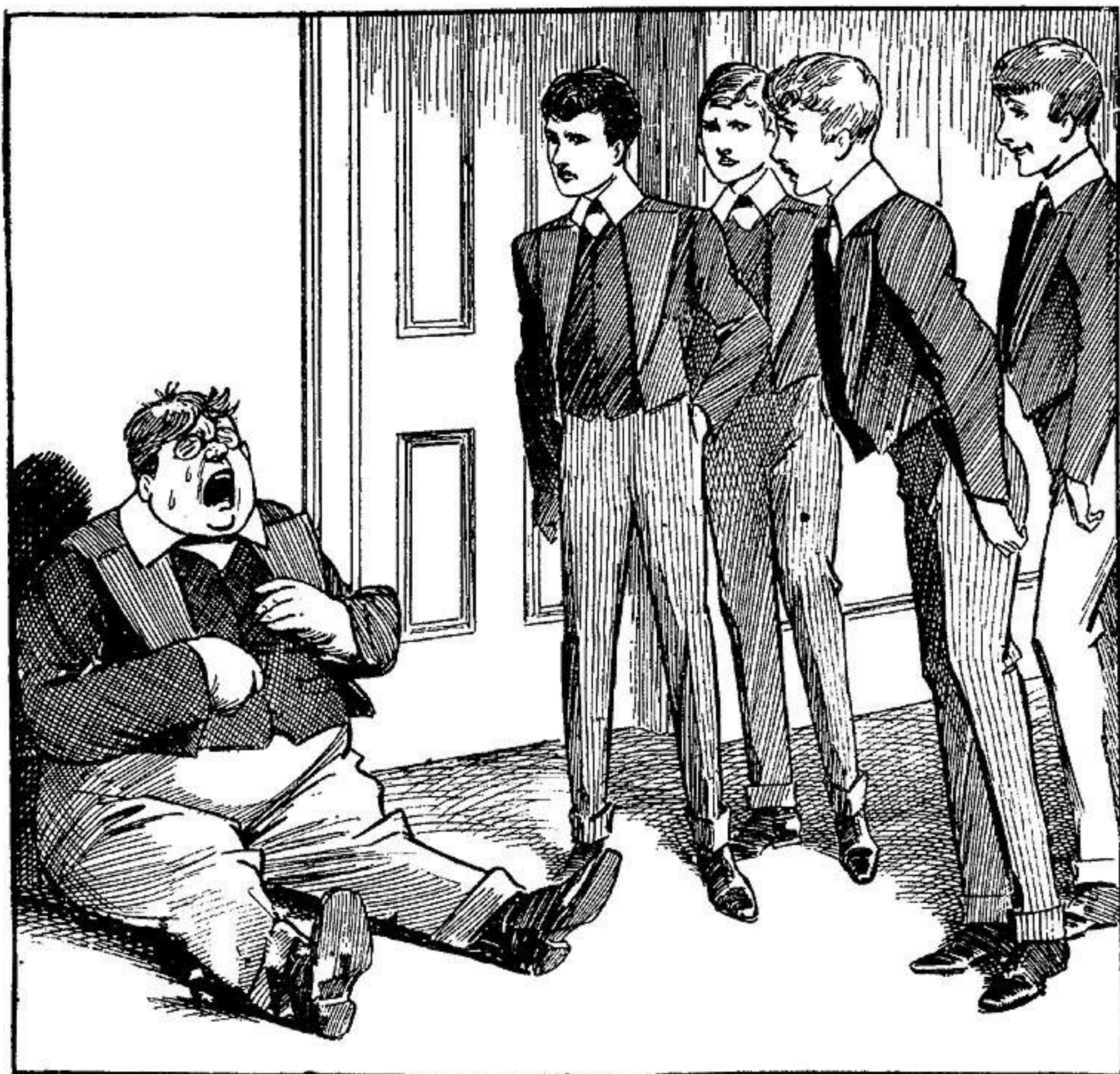
"Guests!"

"And we're going to have a jolly good feed, too, or we'll know the reason why," said Vernon-Smith emphatically.

"F-f-feed!"

"THE BOY'S HERALD" On Wednesday next, November 9th.





"I—I—I'm feeling faint!" cried Billy Bunter. "If—if you would get me something to eat, I think it would be all right." (See page 5.)

"Hang me if he isn't a blessed parrot!" exclaimed Bulstrode, exasperated.

"P-parrot!"

"Shut up!" roared Bulstrode.

"Look out, here's Wun Lung!" said the Bounder hastily.

The little Chinese, nothing suspicious, came into the study. He started back, and looked inclined to run as he saw the two bullies. But Vernon-Smith had quickly slipped between him and the doorway.

"No, you don't!" he remarked.

The little Celestial's almond eyes dilated.

"Me no savvy," he murmured.

Vernon-Smith closed the door.

"You'll savvy soon enough," he said. "We're Bunter's guests, and we've come to tea. You are going to stand a good tea and wait on us."

"That's it," said Billy Bunter. "I'm head of this study. Wun Lung, and these fellows are backing me up. I'll have no insubordination in this study, and you fellows had better make a point of remembering that."

Todd stared at Billy Bunter in a dazed sort of way, and

Wun Lung had a most peculiar expression upon his face. There was a great change in the fat junior's manner. This did not look like the fellow who had scuttled away down the passage after being kicked out of the study by Todd and the Chinese.

"That's how it is," agreed Vernon-Smith. "We're backing Bunter up, aren't we, Bulstrode?"

And Bulstrode chuckled.

"We are!"

Wun Lung assumed a soft and soapy smile. He always did that when he was most angry. In the far-off Flowery Land, he had learned the lesson of the subject races—to use cunning where force was of no avail.

"Wun Lung greatly pleasee," he murmured. "Gleat honoul to have Bulstrode and Smithee to tea."

"Good!" said Bulstrode. "Get ahead, then—I'm hungry."

"Me buckee up."

Bulstrode sat down, taking care to sit where he could intercept any attempt on the part of either Wun Lung or Todd to cut out of the study. Vernon-Smith sat down near him. Bunter did not sit down yet. He stood up to give directions.

**NEXT WEEK: "BILLY BUNTER'S MINOR."**

A Splendid School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. and Alorzo Todd. By FRANK RICHARDS.



Bunter was in his element now. He had always longed for a chance to command, as he called it—to bully, in plain English. Like most weak and uncourageous natures, Bunter was capable of becoming a bully as soon as he had power in his hands.

"Buck up, you fellows!" he exclaimed.

"My dear Bunter—"

"Shut up, Todd! Make that tea!"

Alonzo Todd obeyed, in a dazed frame of mind. It was of no use trying to resist Bulstrode or Vernon-Smith, either of whom could have licked Wun Lung and Todd together, singlehanded.

The tea was soon made, and the good things Wun Lung had brought in from the tuckshop were displayed upon the table. Billy Bunter eyed them hungrily, and at once started upon the cake, as a snack in advance. Wun Lung was a good eater, in spite of his small size, and he had brought in a good supply of the best things that Mrs. Mumble's shop could supply. Wun Lung had plenty of pocket-money, and he usually expended it in making himself comfortable.

It was destined to make the bullies of the Remove and the obnoxious Bunter comfortable on this occasion.

They began to eat with great relish, demolishing pork-pies and ham-patties at a great rate, and keeping Todd and Wun Lung busy pouring them out cups of tea.

"This is something like!" grinned Bulstrode.

"What-ho!" said Bunter. "Pile in, you fellows! You're quite welcome to everything. I like to see my guests comfortable round my table!"

"Thanks, awfully!" said Vernon-Smith sarcastically.

"Not at all," said Bunter obtusely. "I dare say you chaps will stand me a feed some time. Pile in, you know!"

"Dear me!" said Todd.

"Shut up, Todd!"

"But my dear Bunter—"

"Give Bulstrode another cup of tea."

"Oh, certainly! But—"

"Help Smithy to the jam!"

Todd obeyed in a dazed sort of way. He was quite off his balance. Wun Lung's eyes were glittering like a cat's, in spite of his suave manner. The feast was suddenly interrupted by a knock at the door.

Bulstrode started.

"Lock the door, Smithy!" he exclaimed.

But the warning was too late.

The door opened immediately after the knock, and Harry Wharton looked in with a smiling face, and behind him could be seen the cheery face of Nugent, and the dusky and good-humoured countenance of Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the amiable Nabob of Bhanipar.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER. A Change of Guests.

**H**ARRY WHARTON came into the study without, for the moment, seeing Bulstrode and Vernon-Smith. They started to their feet, and Billy Bunter looked dismayed. The chums of the Remove looked a little awkward. They were not on the best of terms with either Bulstrode or the Bounder of Greyfriars, but, then, neither were Wun Lung and Todd, and these two were really the last fellows Harry Wharton would have expected to see as guests in Study No. 14.

"Sorry!" exclaimed Harry, stepping back to the door.

"We didn't know you had visitors, kid!"

"Come in!" exclaimed Wun Lung eagerly.

"It's all right; another time will do!"

"No, no; come in!"

"Shut up!" roared Bulstrode, with a threatening look at the little Chinese.

Wharton stared at him.

"My hat! Is that the way you always speak to your entertainers, Bulstrode?" he exclaimed.

Bulstrode scowled.

"Mind your own business!" he cried. "Get out of this study! You're not wanted here!"

Wharton's lips set a little.

"That's for Wun Lung and Todd to say," he replied quietly. "I'll go at once, if they say so; but, as a matter of fact, I won't go otherwise, since you put it like that!"

"Look here, I'm head of this study!" said Billy Bunter. "You get out; I don't want you here! You treated me rottenly when I was in your study! I never had enough to eat! I don't want to have anything to do with you!"

"Still the same old Bunter!" murmured Nugent. "Still the same healthy appetite! Still the same polished manners!"

"Oh, really, Nugent—"

"No go, Wharton!" exclaimed Wun Lung eagerly. "Stoppee to tea! Me wantee!"

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"Oh, rats!" said Bulstrode roughly.

"Lats to you, Bulstrode!"

"What!"

"Lats!" said Wun Lung cheerfully.

Bulstrode made a threatening movement towards the little Celestial. The latter promptly scuttled behind Harry Wharton.

"What the dickens is going on here?" exclaimed Wharton, in surprise. "I'm blessed if I ever saw a tea-party on these terms before!"

"No tea-paltee! Bulstrode and Smithy come in, takee glub, makee Chinese waittee on 'em!" explained Wun Lung breathlessly.

"Oh, is that the game?" exclaimed Wharton.

"Beastlee bullee!" said Wun Lung volubly. "Me no wantee feedee Bulstrode! He takee; he awful lotte!"

"You young heathen sweep—" began Bulstrode.

"I say, you fellows, don't take any notice of Wun Lung!" said Bunter. "I'm standing this feed to Bulstrode and Vernon-Smith, as head of the study, and that Chinese heathen's got nothing to do with it!"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Yes; we know how much you are standing it, Bunter! Taking the lion's share of the grub is generally your little bit towards standing a feed!"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"As a matter of fact, we knew Wun Lung was standing a feed here, and we came to ask ourselves to tea, because we've run out of grub," said Harry. "We didn't know there were guests already."

"Well, now you know it, get out!" said Vernon-Smith.

"Not quite so fast! Wun Lung and Todd can take their choice of guests!" said Wharton coolly. "We're not going out to leave them to be bullied!"

"Mind your own business!"

Wharton did not reply to that remark. He turned to Alonzo Todd, who was standing and watching the scene with his mouth open.

"Todd, who's standing this feed?"

"Wun Lung," said Alonzo.

"Did you invite Bulstrode and Vernon-Smith, Wun Lung?"

"No askee!"

"Do you want them to stay?"

"No wantee!"

"Are they bullying you out of a feed?"

"Plentee beastlee bullee! No wantee them; no wantee feed them! S'pose you kickee out, you stayee tea!"

"That's plain enough, I think," said Harry Wharton, looking at Bulstrode. "You and Smith have forced yourselves upon Wun Lung, and he doesn't want you." The Remove captain threw open the door of the passage.

"There's your way out!"

Bulstrode gritted his teeth.

"I'm not going!" he exclaimed.

"You are!"

"Who'll make me?"

"I will, if you don't go!"

"Hear, hear!" said Nugent heartily.

And the nabob added in his soft voice that the "Hear-hearfulness was terrific!"

"I say, you fellows!" exclaimed Billy Bunter, blinking indignantly at the chums of the Remove. "I say, you know, this won't do! Bulstrode and Smithy are my guests, and I can't have them turned out of my study!"

"Rats!"

"Oh, really, you know—"

"Bunttee blingee them hele to bully!" said Wun Lung. "S'pose you kickee out, I kickee out Buntel, allee samee!"

Wharton pointed to the door.

"Are you going, Bulstrode?"

"No," roared the Remove bully; "I'm not! Stand by me, Smithy!"

Vernon-Smith looked uneasily at the chums of the Remove. They were advancing, and they evidently meant to join forces for the purpose of putting the intruders out of the study. Vernon-Smith was not of the stuff of which heroes are made.

"Oh, it's no good sticking here now!" he exclaimed.

"Let's cut!"

"Coward!" bellowed Bulstrode.

Vernon-Smith shrugged his shoulders, and quitted the study. Bulstrode squared up to resist the onset alone.

# ANSWERS

"THE BOY'S HERALD" On Wednesday next, November 9th.



"Better follow the other rotter!" advised Nugent.  
"Stand back!"  
"Rats!"

Three pairs of strong hands seized Bulstrode. He was whirled, struggling, to the door, and hurled forth into the passage. He went sliding and spinning along the linoleum for eight or nine yards before he could stop.

The chums of the Remove crowded in the doorway of the study, and watched him. Bob Cherry looked out of the next study.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he roared. "Fancy Bulstrode doing fancy skating on his back! Go it, old man! Let's see you do that again!"

But Bulstrode didn't. He had had enough. He scrambled up, and went along to his own study. Harry Wharton & Co. turned back into Wun Lung's room. Billy Bunter was eyeing the little Chinese uneasily. He felt that his turn was coming.

"I—I say, you fellows," he said nervously, "I—I'm awfully glad you came, you know! I—I was just hoping you would come in, and turn those bounders out! Sit down, and make yourselves comfortable, you know! I like to see chaps that make themselves at home!"

"You gettec out, Bunttee!"

"I—I— Of course, you're joking, old chap!" said Bunter, with a sickly smile. "I—I've not half done tea yet!"

Wun Lung picked up the poker. Bunter backed away round the table.

"Here, mind what you are doing with that, kid!" exclaimed Wharton, in alarm.

Wun Lung grinned.

"Allee light! Me killee Bunttee!"

"What!"

"Allee light; just killee Bunttee befole tea!"

And the little Chinese made a ferocious rush at Bunter. The fat junior skipped out of the study with surprising agility, and slammed the door behind him, and fled. Wun Lung flung the poker down with a clang, and doubled up in a paroxysm of merriment.

Billy Bunter did not stop till he reached Bulstrode's door at the other end of the passage. He opened it, and darted in. Bulstrode was dusting his clothes, and he looked at Bunter with a far from amiable expression.

"Get out of this!" he roared.

"I—I say, Bulstrode, that—that heathen's dangerous!" gasped Bunter. "He—he just came for me with a knife in each hand, and a poker in the other! I—I mean——"

"Get out, hang you!"

"I—I suppose you're going to stand me a bit of a feed, Bulstrode? It wasn't my fault those bounders came in and spoiled it all. Anyway, you might advance me a few bob off my postal-order. It's certain to be here by the last post to-night, and—— Ow!"

Bunter tried to dodge from the study as Bulstrode rushed at him. But he was not quite quick enough.

Bulstrode's foot caught him fairly behind as he ran out, and he went sprawling along the passage with a wild yell. Bulstrode slammed the door.

Meanwhile, a merry party had assembled round the tea-table in No. 14.

Wun Lung was beaming with hospitality now, and there were plenty of provisions left for his guests. Todd was very cheerful, too, at the change of company.

"I am so glad you came, Wharton!" he remarked. "My Uncle Benjamin has often told me that it is wrong to hate people, so I make it a point not to hate Bulstrode, but I feel a very great dislike for him. He is a very unpleasant person, and has not the faintest idea, I think, of the higher life."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Probably not," he said. "Pass the jam!"

"Eatee, dlinkee, makee melly!" said Wun Lung, with a grin. "Allee light! What you tinkee?"

And the chums of the Remove certainly thought it was all right.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Not a Remittance.

"THE postman!"

It was Ogilvy, of the Remove, who called out the announcement, and several juniors hurried up.

Among them was Billy Bunter. Bunter was in his perpetual state of expecting a postal-order. Whether the fat junior really believed that anybody was likely to send him a postal-order it is difficult to say. Perhaps he had repeated it so often that he had come to believe it. At all events, he showed great eagerness whenever the postman appeared.

He met the postman in the Close, on his way to the School House. He stopped him by jerking his sleeve.

"Letter for me?" he asked.

"Oh, rats!" exclaimed Ogilvy. "Don't bother, Bunter! You know jolly well there's no letter for you!"

"Oh, really, Ogilvy——"

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TUESDAY,

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ONE  
PENNY.

"And if you did get a remittance, you'd have to pay off that swindle of yours about the Translations Co.," said Russell.

"Oh, really——"

"One letter for Master Bunter," said the postman.

Bunter's eyes gleamed behind his spectacles.

"There! I told you so, you fellows!" he exclaimed.

"Perhaps you'll believe me next time. I expect it's my postal-order."

"Rats!"

"Hand it over, Wegg! Don't be all night about it!"

The postman snorted a little. It was really a favour on his part to hand out the letters in the Close. But that was Bunter's way of receiving favours. The fat junior's hand closed on his letter, and he ran into the hall with it, to open it in the light. Several juniors surrounded him as he did so.

Bunter blinked at them.

"I say, you fellows," he exclaimed, "you can sheer off, you know! I haven't had any tea to speak of, and I shall want a feed if this is my postal-order!"

"I suppose you haven't forgotten that you owe a bob each to nearly everybody in the Remove, over the spoof bizney of yours?" said Elliott.

"Oh, really, Elliott——"

"If there's a postal-order in the letter," said Ogilvy, who claimed to have some knowledge of law, "we shall seize it—it is liable to arrestment. What is called attachment, you know."

"Oh, really——"

"Open the letter."

Bunter, blinking dubiously at the juniors, opened the letter. There was a folded sheet inside.

He took it out and opened that.

But no postal-order met his gaze.

Instead of that, there was an inscription in big Roman type across the paper.

"LEND ME A BOB!"

Ogilvy burst into a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter's face was a study as he gazed at the letter.

"This is a j-j-joke—a rotten j-joke!" he gasped.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"One of you fellows sent this?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter blinked angrily through his spectacles. He could not see the joke himself. He wanted a postal-order, not a joke.

"Look here, you rotten bounders——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Dozens of eyes had caught sight of the paper in Billy Bunter's hand, and there was a roar of laughter as the inscription upon it was read, and repeated from mouth to mouth. Bunter crumpled the sheet in his hand too late.

"You—you rotters——"

"Ha, ha, ha! Lend me a bob! Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter rolled away, snorting with indignation. The Removites laughed loud and long. Bunter stopped in the Remove passage to examine the letter, but the Roman type gave him no clue to the practical joker. He looked at the writing on the envelope. It sloped backwards, as if for purposes of disguise, but Bunter thought he detected some familiar strokes.

"It's that rotter Hazeldene!" he exclaimed. "This is just one of the jokes he would play—and I remember asking him to lend me a bob to-day. I'll make him sit up for it!"

And Bunter tore up the letter and cast the fragments, far and wide, in the Remove passage. His little, round eyes were gleaming with wrath. The disappointment was great—a practical joke instead of a remittance. And Bunter, the ventriloquist of Greyfriars, had always one way of getting his own back, as he termed it, though even his ventriloquism had got him into trouble oftener than not of late. The whole school, as a matter of fact, seemed to be getting fed up with Billy Bunter, and every day the Owl of the Remove found the fellows less and less inclined to put up with his nonsense.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### Trouble in No. 2.

BULSTRODE, Hazeldene, and Tom Brown were at home in No. 2 Study. Bulstrode, the bully of the Remove; Hazeldene, the good-natured but weak and drifting slacker; and Tom Brown, the sturdy, athletic junior from New Zealand, were an oddly-assorted trio. They pulled together pretty well in No. 2 Study, for the simple reason that the study was too small to scrap in, as Tom Brown had put it. If they were on bad terms, they would lead an exceedingly uncomfortable existence. It was necessary to give



and take; and though Hazeldene and Brown did most of the giving, and Bulstrode most of the taking, still they managed to live in peace, as a rule. But when Bulstrode began to assume bullying airs within the walls of No 2 Study, then Tom Brown would quietly but effectively show that he was not to be put upon, and Bulstrode generally gave it up. If he didn't, there was a fight, in which the Colonial by no means had the worst of it. As for Hazeldene, he generally kept on good terms with Bulstrode for a reason that had nothing to do with themselves; it was simply the fact that he was the brother of Marjorie Hazeldene, of Cliff House, and that Bulstrode was desirous of standing well with Marjorie.

There had been a little sparring this evening already. Bulstrode had come in in a very bad temper after his ejection from Wun Lung's study. Tom Brown was not in the least inclined to put up with his growling, whatever the cause of it. When Bulstrode came to the table to do his prep., and pushed Tom's books rudely aside, the New Zealander's eyes gleamed.

"You can chuck that, Bulstrode!" he remarked.

"Oh, shut up!" growled Bulstrode.

"Rats!" said Tom Brown. "Look here! I'm sorry you were chucked out of No. 14 Study, but you won't make matters any better by getting chucked out of No. 2 Study as well, will you?"

Bulstrode glared.

"Who's going to chuck me out?" he demanded.

"Well, I might, if you don't behave yourself!"

Bulstrode gritted his teeth. But upon the whole he did not care to begin a row then. He was still aching from his encounter with Harry Wharton & Co. He sat down to his prep. with a growl.

"Give me a blessed pen, Hazel!" he exclaimed.

Hazeldene gave him one.

"Can't you shove the ink over here, Brown?"

"Here you are," said Tom, obligingly enough.

Bulstrode had nothing further to growl at, but he growled occasionally. He was still in an exceedingly bad temper, and he looked up with a scowl when the door opened, and the scowl intensified as he saw Billy Bunter.

The fat junior blinked at him in a deprecating manner, but that did not disarm Bulstrode. He started to his feet.

"What do you want?" he exclaimed. "I think I've kicked you out of this once this evening, you fat toad!"

"Oh, really, Bulstrode—"

Bulstrode reached for the inkpot. At the same moment a voice, which seemed to be Hazeldene's, but which really proceeded from the Greyfriars ventriloquist, rapped out:

"Stop that, you fool!"

Bulstrode, in his surprise, dropped the inkpot, and the contents splashed out over the table, spoiling several sheets of imposition that Tom Brown had written. The New Zealand junior gave a yell.

"You chump! Look what you've done!"

But Bulstrode did not look. He was glaring furiously at Hazeldene.

"Fool, eh?" he shouted. "Fool, am I?"

"What?" gasped Hazeldene.

"I'll jolly well show you whether I'm a fool or not!"

"I—I didn't—"

"You said I was a fool!"

"I—I didn't! I——" Hazeldene broke off, as a voice so like his own, that it was impossible to tell the difference, finished the sentence for him. "But you are a fool—a blithering idiot! And for two pins I'd chuck you neck and crop out of the study!"

That was enough for Bulstrode.

He ran right at Hazeldene, hitting out furiously, and Hazeldene caught one on his chin and another on his nose, and crashed down on the study carpet.

He lay there gasping for breath.

"You—you mad idiot! Ow! I——"

"Get up!" roared Bulstrode. "Get up, and have some more! My hat! You'll throw me out of the study, will you? Get up!"

"I didn't say——"

"Get up, you rat!"

"Look here, Bulstrode——" began Tom Brown.

"You shut up, young Frozen Mutton. Get up, Hazeldene, and chuck me out of the study! I'll lay the tongs round you if you stick there!"

Bulstrode grasped the fallen junior by the collar, and dragged him to his feet. He grasped the tongs with the other hand, and using them as if they were a birch, he laid them about Hazeldene.

The unfortunate junior roared and yelled.

Bunter chuckled softly, and stepped out of the study and softly closed the door. He had had his revenge upon Hazeldene. The latter was suffering at the hands of the bully of the Remove, and that was just as satisfactory to Bunter as if he had licked him himself—and a great deal safer and less trouble.

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"LONESOME LEN," By HENRY T. JOHNSON, starts in

Tom Brown looked at his spoiled imposition, which he would have to write out again, and then at the bully of the Remove, who was still thrashing Hazeldene with the tongs.

He ran forward to interfere.

"Stop that, Bulstrode!"

"Mind your own business!"

"Help!" yelled Hazeldene. "Rescue!"

Tom Brown ran straight at Bulstrode. The Remove bully was not interfering with him, it was true, but Tom could not stand by and see Hazeldene so used. He did not like Hazeldene much; but he would not have seen his worst enemy so used without interfering.

He grasped Bulstrode's arm, and wrenched the tongs away from him, and flung them with a ringing crash into the grate.

"Get back!" shouted Bulstrode furiously.

"Rats!"

Bulstrode released Hazeldene and turned upon the New Zealander. Hazeldene, who was whimpering with pain, staggered across the study, and fell into the window-seat. Tom Brown had no time to look at him. Bulstrode was coming for him, with his fists in the air, and a savage look upon his face.

"Now look out for yourself, Brown!" he muttered.

"I'm ready, you bully!"

They were at it hammer and tongs the next moment. Hammer, hammer, pommel, pommel! They gave and received punishment without a flinch.

The gasping of breath, the trampling of feet, filled the study with noise. Suddenly Bulstrode closed in, grasped Tom Brown and brought him to the floor with a crash. The New Zealander clung upon him, and brought Bulstrode down, too, but the Remove bully fell on top.

His face lighted with a cruel expression.

"Now I've got you!" he said, between his teeth.

Tom gasped.

"Don't hit a chap when he's down."

Bulstrode did not seem to hear, at all events to heed. He was too furious for that, and a love of fair play was not one of the attributes of his character. He was already raining blows on the New Zealander, who defended himself as well as he could. Hazeldene sprang up.

"I can't stand that, Bulstrode! Stop it!"

Bulstrode turned upon him, and dealt him a right-hander that sent him flying. He crashed against the door, and fell.

The door opened from outside.

"Would you fellows mind making a little less row?" said a cheery voice. "We're trying to do our prep. next door. Great Scott!"

It was Harry Wharton. As he saw Bulstrode on top of the New Zealander, raining blows upon him, Harry broke off, and dashed into the study. He grasped Bulstrode by the shoulders and tore him from his victim, and flung him on his back on the floor.

"You cad!" he cried. "You coward!"

He gave Tom Brown a hand to rise. The New Zealander was very much hurt, and he clung to the table for support.

Bulstrode sat up a little dazedly.

"Well, he shouldn't have interfered," he muttered. "Hazeldene cheeked me, and——"

"You fool!" gasped Hazeldene. "I tried to tell you, and you wouldn't listen. It was Bunter!"

"Bunter! What do you mean?"

"It was his rotten ventriloquism."

"Oh!"

Bulstrode looked decidedly sheepish now.

He rose to his feet and rubbed his face, which was considerably bruised by the blows the New Zealand junior had got home there.

"I—I didn't know that!" he stammered. "If it's so, I'm sorry."

"I'm jolly sure of it," said Hazeldene. "I know I never said those things, anyway."

An exceedingly ugly look came over Bulstrode's face.

"I'll speak to Bunter about it," he said. "The fat young scoundrel—to get up a row like this in my study! Look here, Brown, I don't want this to go any further if you don't."

"You're a cowardly brute!" said Tom. "But I don't feel fit to go on."

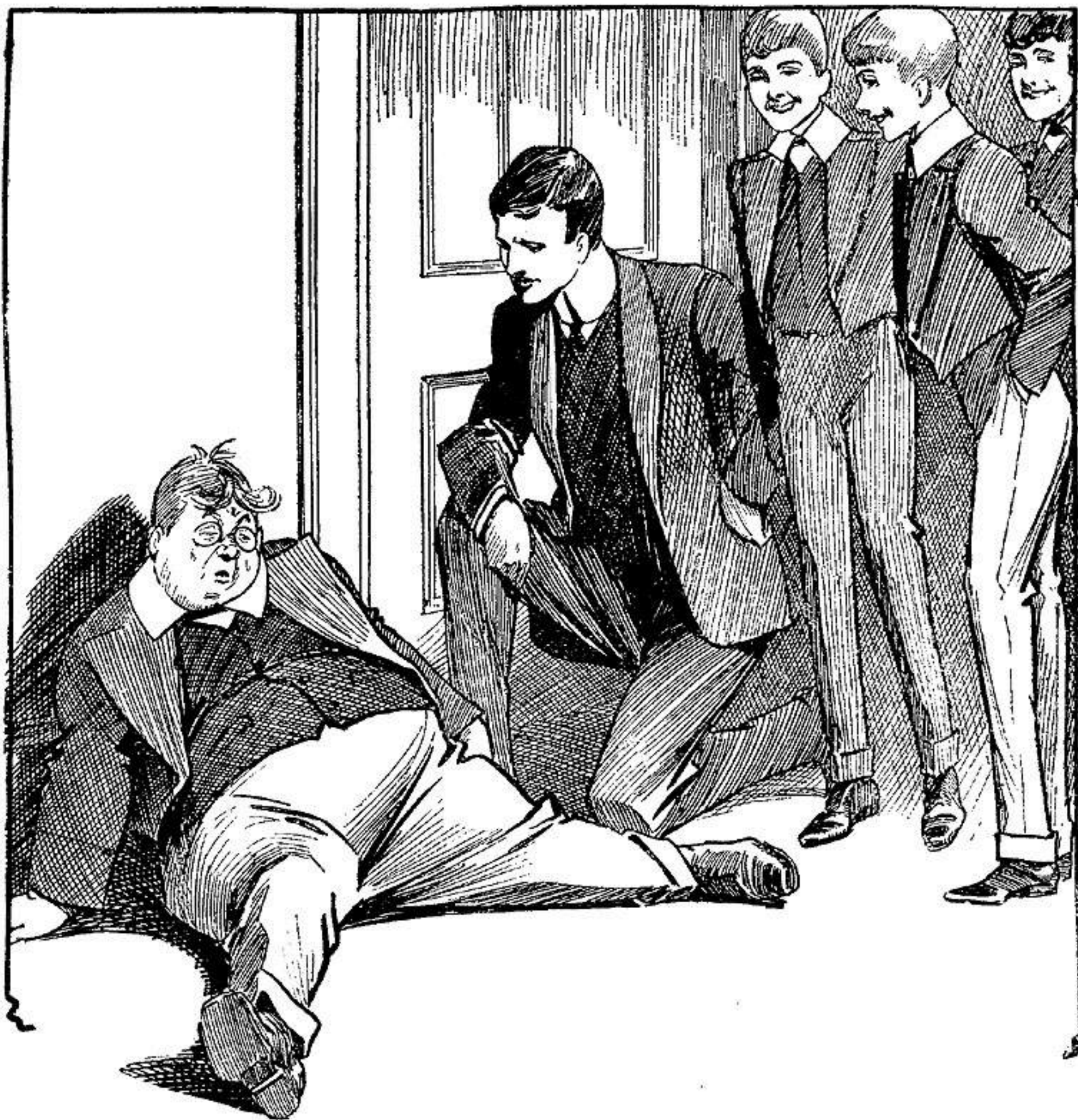
Bulstrode laughed

"Let it drop, then. I'm going to look for Bunter. Come on, Hazel!"

Hazeldene followed him from the study, leaving Tom Brown with Harry Wharton. Bulstrode had hardly looked at the captain of the Remove. He saw that Harry Wharton wanted only one word of provocation to start upon him, and he did not feel equal just then to an encounter with the finest athlete of the Lower School. He preferred to look for Bunter, to talk to the fat junior on the subject of his latest ventriloquial trick.

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"Bunter, what's the matter with you?" asked Wingate, kneeling down. "I'm hurt," groaned the fat junior.  
"Bone broken in my shoulder." (See page 3.)

### THE NINTH CHAPTER.

#### Not Nice for Bulstrode.

"WHERE'S Bunter?"

Billy Bunter heard Bulstrode ask that question, and he squeezed yet closer into the armchair, fervently hoping that his head did not show over the top. But there was no escape for the ventriloquist of the Lower Fourth.

There were a good many juniors in the Common-room, and one of them called out:

"Here's Bunter, in the armchair!"

Bulstrode stalked towards the armchair, followed by Hazeldene.

Bunter thought it judicious to snore.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! He's asleep!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

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Bulstrode snapped his teeth.

"I'll jolly soon wake him up, then!"

He grasped the chair by the back and twisted it over, and hurled the fat junior out upon the floor.

Billy Bunter gave a yell. "Ow! Yow! I'm hurt!"

"You're going to be hurt again, too!" said Bulstrode.

"Get up!"

"Ow! I'd rather stay here if you don't mind."

"What's the matter?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Mind your own business."

"Bunter has been playing tricks again," said Hazeldene hastily, as Bob Cherry's eyes flashed with anger, and he made a step forward. "He's been up to his rotten ventriloquism and started us all punching one another in our study."

"I—I didn't!" howled Bunter. "I—I mean, it was only a joke!"

A Splendid School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co.  
and Alonzo Todd. By FRANK RICHARDS.



"I'll joke you, you fat fraud!"

"Besides, it was all Hazeldene's fault. He sent me a rotten letter when I was expecting a postal-order!" roared Bunter.

Hazeldene looked astonished.

"Letter? I never sent you a letter!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, really—"

Bob Cherry burst into a roar of laughter.

"Was it the letter about lending a bob, Bunter?"

"Yes."

"Ha, ha, ha! I sent that!"

"You? Oh, really, Cherry— I—I thought it was Hazeldene. I—I—"

"You young sweep!" exclaimed Hazeldene indignantly. "And that's why you started trouble in our study. You want a jolly good licking!"

"And he's going to get it!" said Bulstrode grimly.

"Oh, really—"

Bulstrode dragged the fat junior to his feet. Billy Bunter wriggled out of his grasp, and made for the door.

"Stop him!" roared Bulstrode.

There were several juniors in the way who could have stopped Bunter, but no one did.

Whatever the Owl of the Remove had done, no one had any particular desire to see him ragged by the Remove bully.

Bunter scuttled out of the room.

"You dummy, Ogilvy! Why didn't you stop him?" Bulstrode shouted.

"Because I didn't choose," said the Scottish junior shortly.

Bulstrode gave him a furious look, but did not stop for more. He rushed on after Billy Bunter.

The fat junior looked back in the passage, and, seeing himself pursued, started off again with a yelp of terror. He ran to the stairs, with some vague idea of getting into a study and locking the door. Bulstrode gained on him, and overtook him at the foot of the staircase.

Bunter dropped on the floor at his feet, half in desperation and half with a hope of tripping Bulstrode up. He succeeded! Bulstrode, unable to stop himself in time, went sprawling over the fat junior and crashed upon the floor. Bunter scrambled up, and fled up the stairs at top speed.

Bulstrode rose to his feet, dazed and hurt. It was some moments before he renewed the chase, and then he was in a more towering rage than ever.

Bunter had laboured up to the top of the stairs, puffing and blowing wildly. The fat junior was not accustomed to exertion. He looked back from the top just in time to see Bulstrode dashing up after him.

He fled breathlessly.

He did not enter the Remove passage, but by a sudden inspiration dashed into the Shell quarters. He fancied that the Remove bully would not venture to follow him there. Bulstrode was considered, by the Shell, to put on more airs than were suitable for a fellow in the Lower Fourth, and they would not be likely to stand any nonsense from him in their passage. But Bulstrode was too furious to think of that. He dashed into the Shell passage after the Owl of the Remove.

The passage was deserted, but most of the studies were lighted up. Billy Bunter stopped at the first door that was dark and threw it open and darted in and closed the door behind him. He felt desperately for the key in the lock, but it was not there. Keys often weren't in their places in the Greyfriars studies—indeed, there were a good many doors that wouldn't even latch.

Bunter gave a gasp of affright.

He looked round for a hiding-place. The starlight glimmered in at the window and showed him an Indian screen standing across a corner. Bunter knew that screen. It had been sent to Coker, of the Shell, by his uncle in India—Colonel Coker, of the Shamblywallah Fusiliers. Coker was very proud of that screen, and by that screen Bunter knew he was in Coker's study. It would be a case of out of the frying-pan into the fire if Coker found him there; but for the present Billy Bunter thought only of Bulstrode.

He squirmed behind the screen, and sank down there in a corner, palpitating. He hadn't another effort left in him even if Bulstrode discovered him.

He listened.

The study door did not open. Had Bulstrode failed to see him enter? After all, the passage was ill-lighted.

Bunter breathed again.

As a matter of fact, his surmise that Bulstrode wouldn't be allowed to act as he liked in the Shell quarter had proved correct. As Bulstrode came pounding along, Coker and Hobson, of the Shell, came out of a study. From another study down the Shell passage proceeded the strains of a violin—played by Hoskins, the musical genius of the

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Shell—and Coker and Hobson were going to talk plain English to Hoskins, when they almost ran into Bulstrode.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Coker. "My only Uncle James! What's the place coming to, I wonder—with fags running races up and down the passage? Get out of this!"

"I'm looking for Bunter!" said Bulstrode savagely.

"Look for him somewhere else, then!"

"He's dodged into one of these studies."

"Rats! Get out!"

Bulstrode clenched his fists. Although only a Remove boy, he was almost as big as a Shell fellow, and he was in no humour to be ordered about by anyone.

"I'm not going without Bunter," he said.

Coker winked at Hobson.

"Lend a hand, old chap," he said.

"All serene," said Hobson.

They seized Bulstrode by the shoulders, to run him down the passage. Bulstrode hit fiercely, and Coker reeled back from an upper-cut that made his jaw ring, and Hobson dropped in a sitting posture from a drive on the chest.

Bulstrode stood glaring at them angrily.

"I'll take either of you on!" he exclaimed.

Coker gasped.

"My hat! Take me on, then!" he exclaimed. "Keep off, Hobby, old man. I'll look after this young cub."

And he ran at Bulstrode.

The Remove bully fought savagely. But he was hopelessly outclassed. Coker was bigger, stronger, and longer in the reach—as was natural enough, as he was a year and a half older than Bulstrode, and big for his age. He knew something of boxing, too—more than Bulstrode knew.

The discomfited bully of the Remove was driven back along the passage under a shower of blows.

His own drives were easily countered, and hardly one of them came home upon Coker's grinning face, while the Shell fellow's knuckles rang again and again upon his face and neck and chest.

Doors opened all along the Shell passage, and fellows looked out—even Hoskins putting away his violin to look out and see what the disturbance was.

"What's the row, Cokey?"

"What's the trouble about?"

"It's a Remove fag come here to look for trouble!" grinned Coker. "I'm giving it him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it, Cokey!"

Coker did not need encouragement; he was going it. He drove Bulstrode, under blow after blow, as far as the staircase, and there the Remove bully dropped his hands at last and ignominiously fled. Coker returned to the Shell passage, laughing.

## THE TENTH CHAPTER.

### No Takers!

THE Owl of the Remove, hidden behind the little screen in Coker's study, heard the sound of trampling feet and voices and laughter in the Shell passage, and guessed that Bulstrode had fallen foul of the Shell fellows. With a fervent hope that Bulstrode would be ragged by the Shell, Bunter waited and listened. When the noise died away he heard the door of the study open, and a fellow came in, laughing. Bunter guessed that it was Coker.

Coker struck a match and lighted the gas.

"Come in, Hobby!" he said.

"All serene," said Hobson.

Coker crossed to the cupboard. Bunter trembled. Coker had to come very close to the screen. But he did not suspect that the Owl of the Remove was hidden there.

He threw open the cupboard door, and gave a sniff of disgust.

"What have you got there?" asked Hobson.

"Half a loaf."

"Well, they say that's better than no bread," Hobson remarked, with a grin. "But, at the same time, I don't feel inclined to make a meal of it."

"It's rotten!" said Coker. "Sure you've got no tin, Hobby."

"Stony!" said Hobson tersely.

Coker ran his hands through his pockets.

"Same here!"

"And we've missed tea in Hall," said Hobson dolefully; "all through you insisting on staying out so long."

"No good jawing about that now," said Coker. "I suppose we can scare up some sort of a feed along the passage."

"I don't know—at this hour."

"Well, it's rotten!"

"LONESOME LEN," By HENRY T. JOHNSON, starts in

"THE BOY'S HERALD" On Wednesday next, November 9th.



"Hallo! What's that?" exclaimed Hobson suddenly, looking round the study.

"What's what?" said Coker testily. "What a fellow you are, Hobby!"

"I heard an animal, or something."

"I don't keep animals in the study—not since I sold my white mice to Jones Secundus."

"Sounded to me like a dog."

"I haven't a dog."

"Well, it doesn't matter—why, there it is—like a dog trying to breathe quietly," said Hobson. "I'll bet you there's a dog in this study."

There was an audible gasp.

"There!" exclaimed Hobson triumphantly.

Coker stared. He had heard it this time.

"It came from behind this screen," he exclaimed.

He strode to the corner, and dragged the screen away. Billy Bunter, in a sitting posture, was revealed.

Coker gave a shout.

"Bunter! That Remove rotter—in my study!"

"Cheeky young sweep!" said Hobson.

Bunter scrambled up, and stood blinking at the two Shell fellows. He wagged his fat hands in a deprecating manner.

"I—I'm sincerely sorry, Coker," he said. "I didn't know it was your study when I came in. I dodged in here to get away from Bulstrode, you know. He's a beastly bully, and he was after me."

"Well, get out!" said Coker, pointing to the door.

"I—I say, you fellows—"

"Oh, buzz off!"

"But I want to stand you a feed," said Bunter desperately.

The two Shell fellows became more attentive at once.

"Oh, that alters the case!" exclaimed Coker. "We're at a pretty low ebb in this study. If you mean that, Bunter, I don't know but that we could have a feed with you. Of course, we don't usually feed with Lower Fourth fags."

"Rather not," said Hobson.

"But just for once, Hobby—"

"Yes, just for once, Cokey—"

"You see, it's like this," said Bunter. "You know there's a new study been opened in the Remove passage—"

"How on earth should I know what happens in the Remove passage?" asked Coker, in lofty surprise.

Bunter knew that he knew perfectly well; it suited the high dignity of the Shell fellow to affect to be quite unaware of what went on in the fags' quarters. But Bunter replied with cheerful assent.

"Of course, you don't know, Coker. But, as a matter of fact, there is a new study, and I'm in it with Todd and Wun Lung, that rotten heathen Chinese. I'm the head of the study, but they are insubordinate sometimes, and I had an idea that a big, fine fellow like you might—"

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Coker.

"Might help me to maintain authority in my study," explained Bunter. "Wun Lung has heaps of money, and Todd can cook when he's told, and I've ordered them to keep the commissariat up to the mark. They don't obey me; but I thought that if you fellows cared to come and have tea with me every day, it would be all right. I'd stand you a really ripping feed, and in return you'd put down any mutiny of any sort in the study, you know."

Coker and Hobson stared blankly at Bunter.

"Well, my only hat!" said Coker, at last. "I'm blessed if I've ever heard of anything like that before!"

Hobson grinned.

"Oh, it's all serene!" he said. "We haven't any grub or any tin, Coker, old boy, and it would be a lesson to the Remove cads, too."

"So it would," said Bunter, "and—"

"What kind of a feed would there be?" asked Coker suspiciously.

"Oh, ripping!" said Bunter readily. "Pork-pies, ham, and beef, and a fowl, and poached eggs on toast, and—"

Hobson smacked his lips with appreciation.

"That sounds all right, Cokey."

"Well, it does," admitted Coker.

"I hope you'll come," said Bunter eagerly. "I—I particularly want you to come, you know. I shall feel very honoured indeed. I should awfully like you fellows to have tea in my study."

"Well—"

"Better go," said Hobson.

"Very well. I—"

Coker was interrupted by the door opening. Harrison, of the Shell, put his head in, and nodded to the two Shell fellows.

"I say, I've got a bit of a feed going in my study," he said. "Would you two care to come?"

"Right-ho!" said Coker promptly.

"All serene!" said Hobson, who seemed to be very limited in his expressions, and generally relied upon that one.

"Buck up, then!" said Harrison.

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NEXT WEEK: "BILLY BUNTER'S MINOR."

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ONE  
PENNY.

"I—I say, you fellows," stammered Bunter, "ain't you coming to—to have tea with me?"

Coker stared at him.

"Well, of all the cheek!" he exclaimed. "Do you hear that, Harrison? Here's a blessed Remove fag asking me to go to tea in his study!"

Harrison sniffed.

"Lam him for his cheek," he suggested.

Bunter backed away.

"But—but you were saying, Coker—"

"Saying! What was I saying?" demanded Coker, in such a threatening tone that Billy Bunter deemed it only prudent to forget what Coker had been saying.

"I—I mean—" he stammered. "I—I wish—"

"Oh, get out!"

"But I—I say—"

Coker made a step towards him. Bunter dashed for the door. Hobson kicked him as he passed, and he yelled; and Harrison obligingly gave him a lift with his foot as he ran through the doorway, and Bunter roared. Then he sped down the Shell passage, leaving the Shell fellows roaring with laughter.

Bunter scuttled off to the Remove dormitory. It was the only place where he was safe. There he remained, puffing and gasping, and saying things which were exceedingly uncomplimentary about Coker, and Hobson, and Bulstrode, and, indeed, everybody and everything generally.

## THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

### The Kow-Tow.

BULSTRODE had apparently forgotten the matter when the Remove went up to bed—or, perhaps, he did not want to provoke Wharton's interference again—or, possibly, he thought Bunter had been a witness to his ignominious flight from the Shell passage, and did not want him to relate it to the whole dormitory. At all events the Remove bully did not say anything to Bunter, and—what was of greater importance to the fat junior—did not lick him. Whereat, Billy Bunter grunted with relief, and curled himself up in his bed and went to sleep.

The next morning Bunter was the last up, as usual. But Hazeldene kindly swamped a jug of water over his head as he lay blinking, and the fat junior started up with a yell and rolled out of bed.

"You—you cad!" he roared. "What do you mean by that? What a rotten trick to play?"

Hazeldene laughed.

"Almost as rotten as your ventriloquial tricks—eh?" he said.

And Bunter grunted and towelled himself. It was a bigger wash than he was accustomed to in the morning.

"Letter for you, Bunter," Harry Wharton said, a little later, before breakfast.

Bunter went eagerly to the letter-rack.

There was a letter for him, certainly; and he took it eagerly. Several Removites came to see him open it.

Bunter tore it open, and a card fell out.

It bore an inscription he had seen before.

"Lend me a bob!"

There was a roar of laughter, and Billy Bunter turned red with rage.

"This is another of your rotten jokes, I suppose, Cherry," he exclaimed.

Bob Cherry laughed.

"No, it wasn't I did it this time," said Bob. "The idea seems to have caught on, that's all."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The catchfulness of the honourable idea is terrific."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter tore up the card, and rolled away growling. He was feeling very discontented. Since he had quitted No. 1 Study, the fellows there had made it very plain that they had washed their hands of him, and weren't responsible for him any longer. His attempts to extort loans had been mostly met by blunt refusals. And his striving to establish himself as head of No. 14 Study had not met with any brilliant success.

Todd and Wun Lung, the fellows one would naturally have supposed to be the easiest to impose upon in the whole Form, were determined to stand no nonsense from him. If he looked into another study, even with his most ingratiating smile and his most insinuating wriggle, the general result was that somebody started for him with a cricket stump or buzzed a book at his head. Altogether, William George Bunter was



beginning to find out that the way of the transgressor is hard. He could not realise it, but the fact was that he had reached the limit.

He strolled out into the quadrangle, with puckered discontented brows. Wun Lung was sunning himself in the Close, and at sight of Bunter he seemed inclined to beat a retreat. That inclination on his part was quite enough to buck up Bunter to the extent of a truculent manner.

He rolled towards the little Chinese with a threatening look.

"Stop where you are," he exclaimed.

Wun Lung looked at him slyly out of the corners of his eyes.

"Me stoppee," he remarked.

"Look here," said Bunter, "you were pretty cheeky to me yesterday. I don't know why I shouldn't give you a jolly good hiding."

"Lats!"

"What?" roared Bunter.

Wun Lung backed away.

"Me plenty solly," he murmured. "Allee light. Buntsee headee of filmee—Wun Lung kow-tow to Buntsee."

Bunter grinned at the idea. As head of the study, there was no reason why he shouldn't be kow-towed to, and it would show the fellows that he was somebody.

"Allee light," said Wun Lung, still watching Bunter in his sly way. "Me kow-tow to head of studee, what you tinkee?"

"Right," said Bunter. "You ought to kow-tow to me, of course, you heathen beast, and I'll jolly well lick you if you don't."

"My hat!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, pausing as he passed. "I think that's rather rich, even for you, Bunter. Chuck it!"

Bunter blinked at him loftily.

"I'll thank you not to interfere with me, Bob Cherry. I'm going to keep order in my own study in my own way."

"Well, you fat bounder—"

"Just you sheer off!" said Bunter. "Now, then, Wun Lung, if you don't want a jolly good licking, you'd better be quick with that kow-tow."

Wun Lung closed the eye that was towards Bob Cherry, for a moment, and Bob chuckled. He saw that the little Chinese was somehow pulling the leg of the obtuse Owl of the Remove.

Bunter waved a fat hand.

"You hear me, Wun Lung."

"Me healee."

"Then go ahead."

Bunter had a very vague idea of how that Chinese salutation was performed. He left details to Wun Lung. So long as he received the kow-tow, he was satisfied.

"Me obey gleet man Buntsee," said Wun Lung meekly.

He threw himself upon the ground at Bunter's feet, and touched the earth with his forehead. Bunter blinked with satisfaction. The next moment he yelled—as two hands, like steel in their grip, closed upon his fat ankles.

Before he could even attempt to save himself, his legs shot up from under him, and he came down with a terrific bump.

## THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

### Noble Bunter!

**B**UMP!

"Ow! Yaroo!" Billy Bunter rolled over, dazed and bewildered. There was a momentary vision of a fleeting form as Wun Lung scuttled away; then the little Chinese was out of sight. Bob Cherry burst into a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow, ow, ow!"

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Nugent, running up. "What the dickens—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "Wun Lung has been kow-towing to Bunter, and this is the finale."

"Ow! I'm injured!" groaned Bunter. "I'm dying! Help me up!"

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"I'll help you with my boot," suggested Bob Cherry.

He suited the action to the word. Bunter scrambled up and ran, leaving Bob Cherry yelling with laughter.

The breakfast bell rang, and Bunter came in with the rest of the Remove, limping a little. He sighted Wun Lung in the hall, but he only scowled at him. The little Chinese was too troublesome to be taken vengeance upon, just then at all events. But Billy Bunter neither forgot nor forgave.

He was still limping a little when the bell rang for classes, and the Remove went into their room. Wun Lung was close to Bunter in the doorway, and the fat junior made an attempt to hack his shins. But the little Celestial was as keen as the Owl of the Remove was short-sighted, and he glided out of the way while Bulstrode received the hack that was meant for Wun Lung.

He gave a yell of pain.

Mr. Quelch, who was at his desk, looked at the boys sharply.

"What is that?" he exclaimed.

"Ow! Ch! Ow!" howled Bulstrode.

"I—I say, I'm sincerely sorry!" stammered Bunter. "I—I meant—"

"Oh! Ow?"

"Bulstrode, what is the matter?"

"I've just had my shins hacked, sir."

"Bless my soul," exclaimed Mr. Quelch, "who did it?"

"If you please, sir—" began Bunter.

"Oh, it was you, Bunter?"

"It was an accident, sir."

"You hacked Bulstrode's shins by accident, Bunter?" demanded Mr. Quelch, his brows coming together in a frown.

"How could that be?"

"You—you see, sir, I—I—"

"Well?"

"I—I meant—"

"You meant it for somebody else, I suppose? Is that it?"

"Yes, sir. No, sir. Certainly not."

"For whom did you intend it?"

"Wun Lung, sir—I—I mean, I never intended it for anybody, sir. I certainly wouldn't do such a thing on purpose. I hope you wouldn't think that of me, sir."

"Come here, Bunter."

Mr. Quelch took up his cane. Billy Bunter approached him in a gingerly manner, blinking uneasily at the cane.

"I—I say, sir, it was a pure accident, and—"

"Hold out your hand, Bunter."

"But really, sir—"

"Obey me!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

Bunter jumped, and held out his hand, and simply squirmed at the cut he received. He tucked the hand under his fat arm, and doubled up, as if he were trying to fold himself up like a penknife.

"Ow! Ow!"

"Stop that absurd noise, Bunter. Go to your place, and take care that no more of these accidents happen. I shall deal with you more severely next time."

And Bunter went gasping to his place. Wun Lung grinned serenely, and the fat junior gave him a blink of fury. Wun Lung was likely to suffer that morning, if Billy Bunter could bring it about, and Bunter thought he knew of a way.

First lesson was nearly over when the Greyfriars ventriloquist thought he saw an opportunity. Mr. Quelch wanted to know the number of soldiers in a Roman legion, and there was a pause in the class.

In the midst of the pause a voice was heard.

"Me knowee, sil. Twentee, sil."

Mr. Quelch turned a frowning glance upon the little Chinese, who was staring in astonishment at hearing a voice so like his own.

"Nonsense, Wun Lung! You must know better than that."

"Nonsense yourself, Quelchee!"

Mr. Quelch jumped clear of the floor in his astonishment.

"What!" he almost stammered. "What!"

"Me no speakee!"

"Boy!"

"Allee lightee!"

"Come out here, Wun Lung!"

"Me no speakee!"

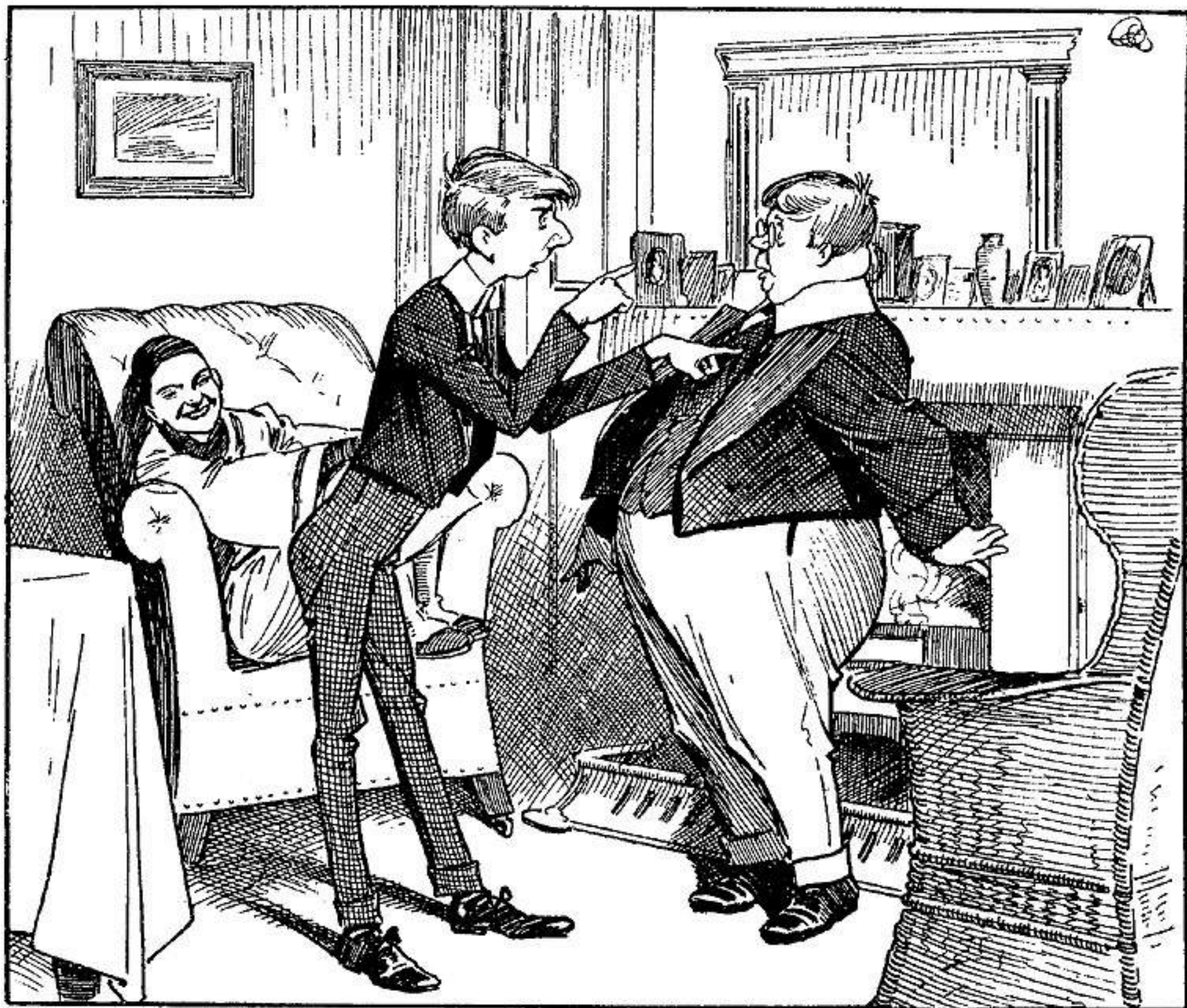
## NEXT WEEK!

# BILLY BUNTER'S MINOR.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

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"Desist, my dear Bunter," said Todd. "You are in the wrong. My Uncle Benjamin would be shocked at your proceedings. I exhort and entreat you to pause and reflect." (See page 3.)

"Come here!" roared Mr. Quelch.

Wun Lung reluctantly came out before the class. Harry Wharton laid his hand upon Bunter's shoulder. The Owl of the Remove had his eyes fixed upon his desk, as if he were unconscious of what was passing. Mr. Quelch had taken up his cane, and the expression of his face showed that the little Celestial was booked for a very warm time.

"Bunter!" whispered Wharton.

The fat junior appeared not to hear. Harry Wharton shook him, and Bunter blinked at him in an irritated way.

"What do you want, Wharton?" he muttered. "Lemme alone! I'm thinking out how many soldiers there were in a Roman legion. Do you know?"

"You've got to own up."

"But I don't know how many."

"You've been working off your rotten ventriloquism on Wun Lung, and you've got him in for a licking."

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Own up, you fat cad, before he's caned!"

"Oh, really—"

Wharton compressed his lips.

"Mind, if you don't own up, I'll stand up and give you away," he muttered. "You can take your choice."

"You—you wouldn't sneak!"

"I won't have Wun Lung caned for your rotten trick!"

Bunter wriggled. If he owned up, he would be caned instead of Wun Lung; but he might as well own up as be given away by the captain of the Remove. In fact, better, for he might impose upon Mr. Quelch that he did it from the best of motives.

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He rose in his place.

"Hold out your hand, Wun Lung," Mr. Quelch was saying.

"If you please, sir—" began Bunter.

"Silence, Bunter!"

"But, sir—"

"Silence!"

Bunter sat down again.

"You see, it's no use, Wharton," he whispered. "He won't listen, and—oh, shut up, you idiot!"

Harry Wharton did not shut up.

"Bunter wants to tell you that it wasn't Wun Lung who said that to you, sir!" he said.

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"Go it, Bunter."

The Owl of the Remove rose unwillingly to his feet again.

"If—if you please, sir, it—it wasn't Wun Lung," he exclaimed.

"What! Bunter?"

"It—it was I, sir."

"You!"

"Yes, sir. I—I—I'm a ventriloquist, sir."

Mr. Quelch looked hard at the fat junior. He made a gesture to Wun Lung to go back to his place, which the little Chinese gladly did. Billy Bunter squirmed under the steadfast gaze of the Form-master.

"So you were playing the ventriloquist again, Bunter?" asked the Remove master, in measured tones.

"Ye-e-es, sir. I—I'm sincerely sorry, sir."

"I think I have warned you before about playing these absurd tricks in the class-room, Bunter."



"Ye-es, sir."

"What is your object in owning up in this way, Bunter?"

"I—I didn't want you to cane Wun Lung, sir," said Bunter nobly. "I—I'd rather you caned me than—than committed an act of injustice, sir."

The Removites grinned. They knew how much that speech from Billy Bunter was worth.

But Alonzo Todd simply beamed. He felt that he had misjudged Bunter. Noble Bunter!

"Dear me," murmured Alonzo to Ogilvy, who sat next to him, "how pleased my Uncle Benjamin would be to hear that!"

And Ogilvy chuckled.

Mr. Quelch looked fixedly at Billy Bunter.

"Then your motive was a noble one, Bunter?"

"Yes, sir, I really think it was," said Bunter, regaining courage. "I—I am rather a noble chap, sir."

"My hat!" murmured Nugent.

"It is sad that a boy should be punished after acting with a noble motive," said Mr. Quelch sarcastically; "but that is what will happen in this case, Bunter—if your motive was noble, which I very much doubt. Come out before the class."

"Oh, sir."

"Lose no time, Bunter."

The fat junior rolled out, and yelped six times, one yelp for each cut he received, and he went back to his place completely cured of any desire to exercise his powers as a ventriloquist in the class-room again.

## THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

### A Little too Hasty.

**A**LONZO TODD came up to Bunter as the Remove left the Form-room after morning lessons. The Duffer of Greyfriars was beaming with good-nature. Billy Bunter was rubbing his hands, which still ached from the application of Mr. Quelch's cane.

"Bunter! My dear Bunter—"

"Oh, get away!" growled Bunter.

"But, my dear fellow—"

"Let me alone!" roared Bunter. "If my hands weren't hurt, I'd punch your silly head. Let me alone."

Alonzo looked greatly distressed.

"But you misunderstand," he exclaimed. "I want—"

"You want a thick ear," growled Bunter, "and you'll get one pretty soon, you chump, if you don't leave me alone!"

And Bunter rolled out into the Close. Alonzo Todd blinked at him, and followed him out, catching him up and laying a hand upon his shoulder.

"Bunter! I—"

"Gerrou!"

"My Uncle Benjamin told me—"

"Hang him!"

"In fact, he always carefully impressed upon me—"

"Blow your silly uncle!"

"My dear Bunter, that is a very inconsiderate and disrespectful way to speak of a most respectable and worthy gentleman!" exclaimed Todd, looking shocked.

"Oh, don't unwind your dictionary on me!" yelled Bunter. "Can't you let a fellow alone? Go and jaw to somebody else!"

"But, my dear Bunter, I only wanted to tell you—"

"Sheer off!"

"That my Uncle Benjamin—"

"Shut up!"

"Would have been delighted—"

"Rats!"

"If he had heard—"

Bunter stalked away before Todd could get any further.

"Dear me!" murmured Alonzo. "Bunter is very impatient; but doubtless that is owing to the pain caused in his digits by the violent impact of the instrument of punishment. I must be very patient with Bunter, especially after his truly noble conduct in the Form-room this morning. My Uncle Benjamin, too, always impressed upon me the virtue of patience."

And Alonzo Todd hurried after Bunter again.

The Owl of the Remove simply breathed fury as the Duffer came up. Bunter was still in pain, and in the vilest possible temper, and not in a mood to be approached by anyone; and his belief was that Todd wanted to triumph over him. That was what Bunter himself would have wanted to do.

"My dear Bunter, allow me a word—"

Bunter clenched his fists.

"Will you sheer off?" he roared.

"But I want to explain to you—"

"Leave me alone!"

"Oh, certainly, my dear Bunter, if you wish—"

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"Gerroff, you chump!"

"But I want to say—"

"Take that, then!" yelled Bunter.

And he hit out with his right.

Alonzo Todd caught the blow fairly upon the nose, and as he was utterly unprepared for it, it rolled him right off his feet. Backwards he went, and bumped heavily on the ground, and lay there gasping.

"Oh, dear! My dear Bunter! Oh, dear!"

Bunter pranced round him with clenched fists.

"Get up and have some more!" he roared. "There's lots more where that came from. Get up and have some more, you silly ass! Yah!"

"My dear Bunter—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's the trouble?" demanded Bob Cherry, coming up and jerking Bunter back as he was about to kick the fallen junior in the ribs, that being Bunter's way of treating a fallen opponent.

Alonzo sat up dazedly.

"I really do not know!" he gasped. "I have no quarrel with Bunter. I—"

"Get up and have some more!" roared Bunter.

"I—I will certainly fight you, if you wish, Bunter," gasped Alonzo. "But—"

Bunter unclenched his fists.

"Well, as far as that goes, I don't see why this affair shouldn't end here," he said. "I'm willing to let it drop if you are."

Bob Cherry grinned.

"But what's it all about?" he asked.

"I—I hardly know," gasped Todd. "I—I wanted to congratulate Bunter upon his noble conduct in the Form-room this morning, and to offer to stand him some slight refreshment in the tuckshop as a proof of my admiration, and—and he refused to listen to me, and struck me with considerable violence upon my nasal organ."

Bunter's face was a study.

"You—you wanted—what?" he gasped.

"To express my appreciation of your noble conduct—"

"Yes, yes; but about the feed—"

"I shall pursue the subject no further," said Alonzo, rising, and speaking with great dignity. "You have acted in a very rude and brutal manner, Bunter. I am sure my Uncle Benjamin would not wish me to continue this conversation."

And Todd turned to walk away. Bob Cherry roared.

"You've put your foot into it this time, Bunter!" he remarked.

"I—I say, Todd—"

Alonzo waved his hand in a very dignified way.

"Pray say no more, Bunter."

"But—but after my noble conduct, you know!" urged Bunter. "And—and I'm awfully hungry! I'm sincerely sorry I punched your nose. I didn't understand—"

"He didn't understand there was a feed, or he'd have embraced you instead, Todd!" grinned Bob Cherry. "You may be sure of that."

"Oh, really, Cherry! Look here, Todd, I sha'n't refuse that feed. I think you ought to stand it to me, after my noble conduct."

Todd relented.

"Well, perhaps so, Bunter," he said. "You were very ill-tempered and hasty just now, but, as you say, your conduct was very noble in the Form-room, in owning up to clear Wun Lung, and I know my Uncle Benjamin would have been delighted to hear you."

"You see, I'm a noble sort of fellow!" explained Bunter.

"My hat!" roared Bob Cherry. "He owned up because—"

Bunter looked alarmed.

"Shut up, Cherry!"

"He owned up because—"

"Come on, Todd, don't listen to Cherry; he's a jealous beast," said Billy Bunter hastily. "Let's get to Mrs. Mumble's before the shop's crowded."

"He owned up because Wharton told him he'd explain to Quelch if he didn't!" roared Bob Cherry. "Fancy Bunter doing anything noble! Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's not true!" exclaimed Bunter indignantly. "I'm a noble chap, and always was, and—"

"It's not what?" asked Bob Cherry sharply.

"I—I mean you're mistaken, Cherry. I owned up because—because—because I felt a sudden feeling come over me that was just what Todd's Uncle Benjamin would have expected of a really noble chap."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now, then Todd—"

Alonzo looked at Bunter more in sorrow than in anger.

"Bunter, I am afraid you are somewhat hypocritical, and willing to take credit that you do not deserve," he said.

"I was really surprised at your conduct, but now that I



am acquainted with your real motive, I am not surprised. You are a very untruthful and unpleasant person, Bunter. My Uncle Benjamin would be shocked at you."

And Todd wagged a bony forefinger at Bunter, in a very reproving manner, as he made this statement. Bunter blinked at him.

"Look here, are you going to stand that feed?" he demanded.

"Certainly not," said Alonzo. "I am shocked with you, Bunter. My Uncle Benjamin would be shocked—in fact, disgusted!"

"Then I'll jolly well punch your silly nose again!" said Bunter truculently.

Alonzo put himself on guard.

"I should be sorry to smite you, Bunter, but if you attempt to touch my nasal organ in a violent manner, I shall be obliged to do so. In fact, I will have it out with you in the gym, if you wish, either with or without gloves."

But Billy Bunter did not, apparently, hear that remark. He was walking away in quite a hurry.

## THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Resolute Creditors.

"LETTER for Bunter!"

"Where's Bunter?"

"Here's his blessed postal-order at last!"

"Bunter!"

Billy Bunter had not shown so much eagerness of late to see the postman, or to take possession of letters when they were delivered. But he rolled up now as he heard his name called. After all, it might be that famous remittance.

"I say, you fellows——"

"Here you are, Bunter!"

"Fat letter for you; heaps of postal-orders!" said Ogilvy.

Billy Bunter took the letter.

It was indeed a fat letter, the envelope quite filled out, and might have contained a long, long letter from some anxious aunt or affectionate uncle, or else a whole consignment of postal-orders—or both.

Billy Bunter's eyes glistened as he took the letter.

"Gather round!" grinned Bulstrode. "If there's any money in it, don't forget that he owes a bob to every fellow in the Remove!"

"Oh, really, Bulstrode——"

"Open the letter, Bunter!"

Billy Bunter looked greatly inclined to carry his letter off to a safer place before he opened it. But the juniors were in a circle round him. They had not forgotten the "spoof" advertisement Bunter had put into the local paper the previous week, by which he had roped in their shillings. The Removites meant that Bunter should repay those shillings, if he ever did have a remittance.

"My hat!" said Skinner. "That looks like business, too."

It certainly did. Billy Bunter turned out a huge letter, closely written and cross-written, in that exasperating way of old times which some ladies still keep up. Not that Billy Bunter was likely to read it if it were any trouble to him. Letters to him were of two kinds—those that contained postal-orders, and those that didn't. And the letters themselves he seldom read.

But he blinked at this one with interest.

"My word!" he said. "It's from my Aunt Peggy. I know the fist!"

"Any remittance?" asked Russell.

"I—I think not."

"Unfold it and see."

"Oh, really, Russell——"

"Let's see!" shouted half a dozen voices. "You owe us a bob each."

"The bobfulness is terrific," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh solemnly. "The payfulness is the proper caper for the honourable Bunter."

"You see, you fellows——"

"Let's see if there's any tin."

Bunter unwillingly unfolded the letter. There were two postal-orders in it, and the Remove simply gasped as they saw that one was for a pound, and the other for ten shillings.

"Thirty bob!" shouted Bulstrode.

"My hat!"

"A miracle!"

"Thirty shillings! Amazing!"

Billy Bunter sniffed in a superior way.

"I say, you fellows, I believe I mentioned that I was expecting some postal-orders," he remarked.

"Ha, ha! You did."

"This is from one of my titled friends——"

"Why, you said your Aunt Peggy just now!" exclaimed Elliott.

"I—I mean it's from my titled aunt—I mean my Aunt Peggy!" stammered Bunter. "She's simply rolling in money!"

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"So are you now," grinned Bulstrode, "and you can pay your debts."

"Oh, really, Bulstrode——"

"Dear me," said Alonzo Todd, "this is very fortunate! You will be able to return me that ten shillings of mine which you used by mistake, Bunter, and the five I lent you yesterday, and the eleven you owe me from the week before last, and——"

"Oh, cheese it!" said Bulstrode. "He owes us all money."

"Yes, rather!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific."

"And he's going to pay," grinned Stott. "I sent in a bob to that swindling advertisement of his. Where's my bob, Bunter?"

"Oh, really, Stott——"

"Where's my bob?" roared a dozen voices.

"You see, I—I——"

"You can't wriggle out of it, Bunter," said Bulstrode coolly. "You put a spoof ad. in the local paper. The fellows sent in postal-orders. You kept the postal-orders. You'd have been expelled from Greyfriars if it had been found out by the Head, and you know it. I think you might have been sent to prison, too; I know you deserved to be."

"Hear, hear!" said the juniors heartily.

"Oh, really——" murmured Bunter feebly.

"Wharton persuaded us to let you off, but it was only on the understanding that if you ever got any money, you were to pay back what you swindled us out of."

"That's it!" said Tom Brown emphatically.

"But—but it was only a joke, you know, and——"

"And now you've got to pay for the joke," grinned Hazeldene. "You blued our bobs in the tuckshop. We'll blue yours there."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bulstrode's hand closed on Bunter's shoulder.

"Come on!" he said.

The fat junior gasped.

"W-where?" he asked.

"To Mrs. Mumble's. She'll cash those postal-orders for you."

"B-b-b-but——"

"Then you can pay up all round, or as far as the thirty bob goes."

Bunter looked desperate.

He had never had such a remittance before in his life, and to be deprived of it in this way was simply awful. Of course, he owed the money—and a dozen times as much besides, as a matter of fact. But that made no difference to Bunter. As soon as he had owed money for a day or so it became what he called an old account, and an old account was a thing the fat junior never bothered his head about.

"I—I say, you fellows, I'm not going to be robbed like this!" he gasped.

"Robbed!" roared Bulstrode. "Would you rather we took the whole matter before the Head, and asked him to decide?"

"No!" stuttered Bunter, in a fright at the idea.

"Come on, then. You ought to be glad you've got a chance to pay."

"Yes, indeed," said Alonzo Todd. "You should congratulate yourself, Bunter, upon an opportunity transpiring in this fortunate manner for you to relieve yourself of the weight of responsibility in that connection. My Uncle Benjamin——"

"Oh, shut up!"

"My Uncle Benjamin says——"

"Cheese it, Todd! This way, Fatty!"

"Wharton!" howled Bunter, catching sight of the captain of the Remove, coming downstairs with Nugent and Mark Linley. "Wharton! Rescue!"

Wharton looked across at him.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"They—they're going to take my postal-orders away!"

"Rats, old man! You won't get me to believe that you've got any postal-orders," said Harry, laughing.

"But he has," said Ogilvy. "It's a miracle, of course, but he's got postal-orders for thirty bob!"

"Great Scott!"

"And now he's going to pay up what he robbed us of over that spoof advertisement affair," said Tom Brown. "You've got no objection, Wharton?"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Of course not. He ought to pay."

"You hear that, Bunter?"

"I—I say, Wharton. I—I think you might stand by me, a fellow who used to be in your own study, and——"

"You can't expect anybody to stand by you in swindling, Billy," said Wharton. "You spoofed the fellows out of their shillings, and now you've got some tin, you ought to pay up like a decent chap."



"Of course, it's jolly hard for Bunter to act like a decent chap," said Bulstrode. "But we're going to help him."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The helpfulness is terrific."

"It's not the rotten money, as far as that goes," said Bulstrode loftily. "I don't want a miserable bob—but it's the principle of the thing."

"How glad I am to hear you say that, Bulstrode!" ejaculated Alonzo Todd, with a beaming smile. "My Uncle Benjamin always impressed upon me to place principle before everything. My Uncle Benjamin would—"

"Bunter can stand each of us a bob'sworth at the tuckshop," said Bulstrode. "That would be a satisfactory way of settling it. I don't want to touch his money!"

"Good egg!" exclaimed Ogilvy.

"And we'll let him have a bob'sworth for himself out of the thirty," said Bulstrode, in a burst of generosity. "I can't say fairer than that."

"Too good for him!"

"I say, Wharton, I—I think you ought to stand by me—"

"Rats!" said Wharton curtly.

"We'll take it before Mr. Quelch or the Head, if you like," said Bulstrode, with a sneer.

"I—I say, you fellows—"

"Bring him to Quelch's study!" exclaimed Hazeldene. "Let Quelch have the whole story, and he'll say whether the fat cad is to pony up."

"Good!"

"Hold on!" gasped Bunter. "Hold on, you fellows! I—I say, you know, I—I want to stand treat all round! I really don't want anything for myself, you know! I—I was going to ask you all to come to the tuckshop, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The crowd of juniors poured out of the House with Bunter in their midst. And so affectionate had the Removites become towards Bunter—or else so alert were they lest he should give them the slip—that Bulstrode took one of his arms, and Hazeldene the other, and Skinner had hold of the tail of his jacket, and the rest encircled him and never took their eyes off him. Thus they arrived at the school shop in a sort of triumphal march; though Billy Bunter did not feel very triumphant.

## THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Bunter's Treat.

**M**RS. MIMBLE, who kept the little tuckshop within the walls of Greyfriars, came out of her parlour in a state of great astonishment as the crowd came in. It was seldom that her little shop had been so crammed. Everyone who had a claim upon Bunter had come in, and the shop swarmed with juniors. More than thirty fellows claimed "bobs" from Bunter, and, as a matter of fact, he owed money to nearly everybody in the Remove. As his debt was to be paid in eatables, all his creditors who could get there naturally thought themselves entitled to a share. The shop overflowed, and the fat junior was pinned against the counter by the crowd, and stood there gasping and perspiring.

Bulstrode shook him by the shoulder.

"Give Mrs. Mimble the postal-orders," he said.

"I—I—"

"Bunter wants to stand a treat, Mrs. Mimble," Bulstrode explained. "He's had a remittance of thirty bob, and as he owes us all money, he wants to treat us all round. You'll trot out all orders up to the tune of thirty bob. You understand?"

"Certainly!" said Mrs. Mimble. "But I should like to see Master Bunter's money first."

"She knows Bunter," grinned Ogilvy.

And the juniors laughed. Bunter was going through his pockets.

"Hand out the cash, Bunter!" Bulstrode exclaimed impatiently.

"I—I'm afraid I've dropped the postal-orders, Bulstrode!"

"Well, you ass!" exclaimed Hazeldene.

"I—I'm sincerely sorry, of course, but—but the feed will have to be postponed," said Bunter, blinking round in a deprecating way. "It's very unfortunate, but these things do happen, you know. I think I'd better go— Ow!"

Bunter stopped as Bulstrode fastened a finger and thumb upon his fat ear.

"Oh—yow!" he wailed. "Leggo! Ow!"

"Find those postal-orders!"

"Ow! I can't! They're in the Close somewhere, I suppose!"

Bulstrode compressed his grip.

"Ow!" roared Bunter. "Leggo!"

"I'll let go when you've found the postal-orders."

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"But—but—"

"My dear Bulstrode," remonstrated Alonzo Todd. "How can Bunter possibly find the postal-orders here, when he has lost them out of doors. It is unreasonable to expect such a thing. My Uncle Benjamin always impressed upon me never to make unreasonable demands, Bulstrode. I—"

"Ow! Yow!"

Bunter squirmed under Bulstrode's steadily-tightening grip upon his fat ear. His hands went groping into his pockets, and he produced the postal-orders.

"Ow! Yow! Here they are! Leggo! I—I suppose I just slipped them into my pocket and forgot."

Bulstrode grinned. He released Bunter's ear, which the fat junior proceeded to rub dolorously.

"Ow—ow! Yow! Beast!"

"You shouldn't be so careless with the postal-orders, Bunter," said the Remove bully blandly. "Bunter wants you to cash these orders, Mrs. Mimble."

Mrs. Mimble turned an inquiring glance upon Bunter.

"Yes, please, cash them," said the fat junior, with a gasp.

"My dear Bunter," said Todd, "I fear very much that you have been telling untruths. My Uncle Benjamin would be shocked—nay, disgusted, at you!"

"I should think so!" grinned Skinner. "Anybody's Uncle Ben would be shocked at Bunter, I should think."

"Ginger-beer, please!"

"Jam-tarts here, Mrs. Mimble!"

"I'll have doughnuts!"

"Buck up!"

Billy Bunter looked on, blinking through his big spectacles, as the Greyfriars' juniors raided the good things set out by Mrs. Mimble.

It was seldom that so extensive a treat was stood in the school shop, and Mrs. Mimble's face beamed as she handed out the things.

Billy Bunter thought he might as well wire in himself, and secure what he could, but Bulstrode had an eye on him.

A tap on the shoulder stopped the fat junior.

"Cheese it," said Bulstrode curtly.

"Oh, really, you know—"

"You've had more than your bob'sworth."

"Look here, Bulstrode—"

"As a matter of fact, you needn't stay," said Bulstrode, with a grin. "You've had your whack, and you may as well clear."

"I jolly well won't—"

"You jolly well will! Pass him out."

"Look here!" roared Bunter. "I—"

"Shove together!"

Billy Bunter was passed from one fellow to another, and pushed and shoved till he came to the doorway, and there he was finally shoved into the Close. He staggered away from the tuckshop door, into the arms of Harry Wharton & Co. They grasped him and set him straight on his feet.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! It's Bunter!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"I thought you were standing a big feed in the tuckshop!"

"Ow!" gasped Bunter. "I've been swindled!"

"Ha, ha, ha! That's a change! You usually do the swindling!" said Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, I've been robbed! I've handed out thirty bob, and I've only had one ginger-pop and a tart, and a pork pie, and a bit of cake!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, Wharton, you call yourself captain of the Remove. You ought to interfere, and prevent a chap being robbed like this."

"You've only got what you deserve," said Harry, with a shrug of the shoulders. "You swindled the fellows, and they're getting their own back."

"Oh, really—"

"And serve you jolly well right!" said Nugent.

"The rightfulness is terrific!"

And the Famous Four strolled on, leaving Billy Bunter alone with his wrongs. The fat junior was snorting with rage and indignation. That great remittance, that great surprise of his life, had been mercilessly raided, and Bunter felt bereft. He might have fed to the chin for days on that.

"Buntree not happy?" murmured a voice, and the fat junior blinked round at Wun Lung. "Me heap plenty sorry."

Bunter scowled.

"Yes, I know how sorry you are, you Chinese beast!" he said. "Take that!"

He delivered a tremendous kick at the little Celestial.

Wun Lung twisted out of the way as if he were made of indiarubber, and Bunter's foot missed him and flew into the air with such impetus that the fat junior completely lost his balance. Bump!

Billy Bunter sat on the ground with great force. Wun Lung seemed to double up for a moment in silent merriment, and then he glided on.

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"Ow!" gasped Bunter.

He sat gasping on the ground, unable to rise for a few minutes. A diminutive figure in Chinese garb glided towards him. It was a smaller edition of Wun Lung, no other than the Chinese junior's young brother, Hop Hi, generally called Wun Lung minor by the Greyfriars fellows.

"Mo helpee Bunter," murmured Hop Hi sympathetically.

Bunter's eyes gleamed behind his spectacles.

"Yes, help me," he gasped, affecting exhaustion. "Thank you!"

Little Hop Hi took the fat hand, and helped Bunter to his feet. Immediately the grasp of the Owl of the Remove closed upon him. Bunter wanted to avenge his wrongs upon someone, and Hop Hi seemed to be a safe and convenient object.

"Now, then, you heathen rotter, you're going to get it!" he snapped.

"No savvy—lettee Hop Hi alone."

"Take that—and that!"

Hop Hi gasped as Bunter thumped him. Then his legs seemed to curl like a serpent round Bunter's, and Billy felt his feet fly in the air, and for a second time he sat down with a heavy bump.

"Oh!" he roared.

Hop Hi, with a soft chuckle, darted away after his major. Billy Bunter sat gasping for a full two minutes, and then he picked himself up, and slowly and painfully limped away to the School House.

Meanwhile, Bulstrode & Co. were having quite a merry time in the tuckshop on Bunter's thirty shillings, and Bunter could hear their voices and laughter as he limped away. The Owl of the Remove was beginning to entertain doubts as to whether life was worth living.

## THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER. News for Bunter.

"GREAT Scott!"

It was Billy Bunter who uttered that exclamation, in a tone of great amazement.

He was sitting in the common-room, some time after the feed at the school shop. The junior common-room was pretty well crowded. Harry Wharton & Co. were there, having finished their prep., and most of the Remove, too. The Upper Fourth were well represented by Temple, Dabney & Co. and the rest. There were some fags of the Third and Second Forms, too, though these, as a rule, preferred to stick to their own Form-rooms, for they were not made much of in the junior-room. But, as it happened, Hop Hi of the Second Form was there, playing chess with his major, and Nugent minor, Frank's younger brother, was sitting and watching him, with Gatty of the Second. Both the Chinese boys were great on chess, and their play was well worth watching. Harry Wharton, who played chess well, had had to admit to himself that even little Hop Hi would have been too much for him at the game. The only fellow who could play Wun Lung with any chance of success was Hurree Singh, the Nabob of Bhanipur. Hurree Singh was watching the present game, and so were a good many other fellows, when Bunter's loud exclamation was heard.

"Great Scott! My only hat!"

"Shut up, Bunter!" said Nugent, without turning his head.

"By Jove!"

"The shut-upfulness should be terrific, my worthy Bunterful chum. We are laboriously engaged in the watchfulness of the esteemed chess."

"I say, you fellows——"

"Don't!" said Harry Wharton.

"Don't what?"

"Say."

"Look here, I've got news!"

Bunter had the large and closely-written letter in his hand. His fat face was very excited. Several glances turned upon him.

"You haven't found another postal-order in that letter, I suppose, Bunter?" asked Bulstrode, with some interest.

"Oh, really, Bulstrode——"

"Because if you have you still owe us some tin——"

"Indeed, yes," said Alonzo Todd. "There's that ten shillings of mine that you used by mistake, Bunter, and the five——"

"I say, you fellows, I've got news. My minor's coming to Greyfriars."

"What?"

"Another Bunter?"

"Blessed if I knew there were two of you!" said Bulstrode.

"Is your minor anything like you, Billy?"

"Yes, only younger, and not quite—well, not quite so good-looking, perhaps," said Billy Bunter modestly.

There was a roar of laughter.

Bunter's announcement of his minor's coming excited considerable interest. Bunter was really too much to stand, Bob Cherry observed, and if there were two of him life would not be worth living at Greyfriars. There was great curiosity to know what Bunter minor was like.

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ONE  
PENNY.

"Well, if he's plainer than you are, Bunter, he must be a regular coughdrop," said Temple of the Upper Fourth. "He ought to be barred here."

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"There'll be a blessed famine in the school if another Bunter gets here," remarked Fry.

"Oh, really, you fellows——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Is he like you, Bunter—tubby?" asked Skinner.

"He's plump," said Billy Bunter; "all the Bunters are plump. No skinny bounders like you in our family. The only fault about him is that he's rather greedy—I never could stand that in anybody. He wears glasses, too—he's much more short-sighted than I am. Blessed if I know what they want to send him here for."

"Well, I must say that's nice and kind and brotherly," said Harry Wharton.

Bunter grunted.

"Well, you see, these minors are a trouble. Look at Nugent's minor—always getting into some mischief, and bothering——"

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Dicky Nugent.

"Eh? I didn't see you, Nugent minor. What I meant was, look at young Hop Hi, a rotten, troublesome young heathen——"

"Mo punchee Bunter if Bunter talkee velly muchee."

"Oh, dear! I was really alluding to—to—— In fact, what I mean is, it's a rotten trouble to have a minor at the school. He'll go into the Second Form, and always be coming to me to borrow money," said Billy Bunter peevishly. "If there's anything I can't stand it's a chap who keeps on borrowing money."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at. I think it's most inconsiderate of my Aunt Peggy. Of course, I'm not going to read all this letter. She can't expect it, especially as my money has been taken away——"

"I'll read it for you," said Snoop, jerking the letter from Bunter. "Listen, you fellows! 'My dear William'——"

"Chuck that!" said Harry Wharton, frowning. "Do you want him to read the letter, Bunter?"

"Oh, I don't care! I expect the handwriting will soon stop him," said Bunter.

"Go ahead, Snoopey!" exclaimed a dozen voices.

"My dear William!" grinned Snoop. "Fancy anybody calling him dear William—fancy anybody considering him dear——"

"He's dear at any price," said Skinner. "But that's not in the letter. Stick to the letter, and don't be funny."

"All right! 'My dear William,'" recommenced Snoop, "'you will be delighted to hear that your younger brother Samuel'——"

"Oh, Sammy!" sang Skinner softly.

"Samuel is coming to Greyfriars. Hearing the splendid accounts you have given of the school and of your life there, and of the high position you hold in your Form, and the general admiration and regard your schoolfellows have for you——"

"Oh, leave that out!" said Bunter hastily.

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

"Gimme my letter, Snoop!"

Snoop grinned, and read on.

"I have persuaded your parents to send Sammy to join you at Greyfriars. I know you will be delighted to have him, and to make him follow in your own footsteps in winning the regard and esteem of the whole school as you have done——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"When your mother told me how the Head shook you by the hand before the whole college, and said you were a credit to Greyfriars, I was very much touched——"

"Must have been touched," said Bulstrode, tapping his forehead. "Must have been awfully touched to believe a word Bunter said."

"The touchfulness must have been terrific!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gimme my letter!" shrieked Bunter.

"I enclose a remittance, which you will expend in your young brother comfortable on his arrival at the——" went on Snoop. "My hat——"

"That's not there."

"No, that's me," said Snoop. "Fancy Bunter spending the money to make his minor comfortable! Why, he'd have blued every penny by this time on himself if we hadn't made him pay his debts."

"Yes, rather!"

"Gimme my letter!" yelled Bunter.

He snatched the letter from Snoop's hand, and crumpled it into his pocket. The Removites yelled with laughter.

General admiration and regard his schoolfellows have for



him!" Bulstrode said, in a dreamy tone. "Bunter ought to have been a poet, or a journalist, or a politician, or a professional fibber of some sort."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"His Aunt Peggy's a jolly sight too good for him, and I'm glad we've prevented him from wasting her money in riotous living."

"Good! Ha, ha, ha!"

"I shall want some tin when young Sammy comes," said Bunter. "He'll begin borrowing of me directly. I shall expect some back from you fellows."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If your minor's anything like you he'll have a warm time in the Second Form," said Dicky Nugent. "What?"

"Yes, rather!" said Gatty, with emphasis. "He'll have a jolly warm time if he's got the ghost of a likeness to his major, I promise him that."

"No standee Bunter in Second Form," said Hop Hi.

"In my opinion, Bunters ought to be barred here," said Bulstrode. "Billy is enough, without Sammy. Is it too late to wire to your people not to send him, Bunter?"

"Oh, really, Bulstrode—"

Wingate put his head in at the door.

"Bedtime, you youngsters."

And the Remove went up to bed. But Billy Bunter's face was not cheerful. He evidently had no anticipation of pleasure from the arrival of his minor at Greyfriars.

## THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Bunter Is Backed Up.

COKER, of the Shell, came along the Remove passage, looking about him. Hobson, of the Shell, was following him, a little more uncertain in his looks. It was two or three days since Billy Bunter's visit to Coker's study, and now, apparently, Coker, of the Shell, and his chum were returning the visit.

"Where does the fat young fraud hang out, I wonder?" muttered Coker. "Blessed if I know this part of the house at all."

"Along here somewhere, I suppose," said Hobson vaguely.

"Here, you youngster?" called out Coker, as he saw Bulstrode standing in his study doorway. "Where's Bunter's study?"

Bulstrode scowled at the Shell fellow. He still had some of the marks of Coker's hard knuckles about him.

"Find out!" he retorted.

"Oh, it's Bulstrode," said Coker, affecting to recognise him for the first time. "Fag I licked the other day. Do you want another licking, you whelp?"

"Go and eat coko!"

Coker advanced towards Bulstrode threateningly. Bulstrode had no desire to repeat his previous experience at Coker's hands. The Shell fellow was a terribly hard hitter. Bulstrode stepped back into his study and locked his door.

Coker stopped with an angry exclamation.

"Where the dickens is that fat young scoundrel?" he said.

Hobson shook his head.

"Blessed if I know."

"Well, I suppose we can ask."

Coker opened the door of the next study to Bulstrode's—No. 1, belonging to Harry Wharton. He did not trouble to knock. Harry Wharton & Co. were at home. Bob Cherry and Mark Linley and Tom Brown were in the study, discussing football matters. They all stared at the Shell fellows. Visits from the Shell were not common in the quarters of the Lower Fourth.

"Hallo!" said Wharton, none too politely. "Weren't you taught to knock at a door before coming in, in the slum where they brought you up?"

Coker reddened.

Had there been only two or three juniors in the study, Coker would have landed out; but six of them seemed a little too troublesome to tackle.

"I want to know where Bunter is," he said.

"I don't know."

"The don'tknowfulness is terrific."

"Where's his study? I suppose he's got a study?"

"No. 14—last in the passage," said Harry laconically.

Coker did not take the trouble to render thanks for the information. According to the ideas of the lordly Coker, fags only existed for the convenience of upper school fellows. A fellow in the Shell was almost a senior, and, in fact, quite as good as a senior, Coker thought. So he wasted no civility on the Removites. He went out of the study with Hobson, leaving the door open after him.

Bob Cherry put his head out after the Shell fellows.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" he called out. "You've forgotten something, Coker!"

Coker turned back.

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"What is it?" he asked.

"Manners."

"What!" roared Coker.

Bob Cherry retreated, laughing, into the study, and slammed the door. Coker, with a very red face, went on his way. Hobson was grinning softly.

The Shell fellows reached the end study, and Coker kicked open the door and looked in. Alonzo Todd was there, and he was mending the fire, with the kettle all ready to put on it. It was teatime in No. 14. Alonzo blinked round at the newcomers, and did not seem overjoyed to see them.

"Where's Bunter?" asked Coker.

"Oh, Bunter!" said Alonzo, relieved. "He is downstairs somewhere. I think in all probability a search in the common-room would not be unsuccessful."

Coker stared. As a Shell fellow, he was unaccustomed to Alonzo Todd's fine flow of language.

Before he could reply, Wun Lung came into the study. The Chinese junior had a paper bag in his hand, and a glance was enough to show what it contained. Wun Lung had been to the school shop for supplies for tea.

The little Chinese paused as he saw the Shell fellows. But he laid the bag on the table, and then eyed them doubtfully.

"Whattée wantee?" he asked.

"Where's Bunter?"

"Here I am," said the voice of the Remove Falstaff, as he blinked into the study.

Coker grinned. He might have guessed that Bunter would be there, on the track of the bag carried by Wun Lung.

Bunter blinked inquiringly at the Shell fellows. He had been rather nervous lately about entering his own study, but with Coker and Hobson there he felt that it would be all right.

"I say, you fellows—" he began.

"We've decided to accept your invitation," said Coker blandly.

Bunter's eyes gleamed.

"You're going to back me up?"

"All serene," said Hobson, with a nod.

"Good! I'm the head of this study, you know—head of the Firm here. Todd, get that kettle going, will you?"

"My dear Bunter—"

"And don't jaw," said Bunter, in his most bullying tone.

"My dear—"

"Get that kettle boiling, and shut up. What have you got in that bag, Wun Lung?"

The little Chinese hesitated.

"Glub," he said.

"Empty it out."

Wun Lung obeyed.

"Good," said Bunter, surveying the purchases the little Celestial had made at the school shop. "That's all right—enough for three. You two can wait on us."

"Good!" said Coker. "I believe in keeping up proper authority. We're going to back up Bunter, ain't we, Hobby?"

"All serene," said Hobson.

"We're staying to tea," said Coker. "In fact, we're thinking of coming here to tea every evening till we get some remittances—I mean for the present. Bunter has invited us."

"And Bunter's head of the study," added Hobson.

"Exactly. Have you any objection to make, you little pigtailed heathen?"

Wun Lung was wise in his generation, and he had a true Oriental disregard for the truth. So he bowed meekly before the Shell fellows, and signified his assent.

"Me gleatee pleasee, velly much pleasee," he murmured. "Cokee and Hobee do pool little Chinese gleat honoul."

"Well, that's a sensible way to take it," said Coker, with an approving nod. "Very sensible indeed for a silly heathen."

"All serene," said Hobson.

"What have you got to say, Todd?"

Todd looked indignantly at the Shell fellows.

"I object very strongly," he said.

"Oh!" said Coker, with an unpleasant look. "You object very strongly, do you, Todd?"

"Oh, certainly! This same rotten trick has been played upon us before by Bunter. He brought Bulstrode into the study to bully us into doing as he wished. However, Wharton soon put a stop to that."

"Oh, really, Todd—"

"We shall not be bullied in our own study," said Alonzo firmly. "I deprecate violence at all times, but I cannot submit to injustice. My Uncle Benjamin always impressed upon me that it is wrong to either inflict injustice upon others, or to submit to it from them."

"My hat!" said Coker.

"Therefore I request you to withdraw from this study," said Todd. "I refuse to have a hand in standing you anything."

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"Great Scott!"

"I trust that you will reflect upon your conduct and realise that it is only to be characterised as exceedingly reprehensible."

Coker gasped.

"Where on earth does he get those words from? Is he wound up, Bunter?"

"My dear Coker——"

"Oh, don't take any notice of him!" said Bunter. "He's a little bit off his rocker, you know, that's all."

"My dear Bunter——"

"Lay the cloth, Wun Lung," said Bunter, in a bullying tone.

The little Chinese meekly obeyed.

"Make the tea, Todd."

"I decline to do so until these intruding persons have vacated the room," said Alonzo Todd.

"I can see there's a lesson wanted here," observed Coker.

"And the sooner the quicker," said Hobson. "I'm hungry."

"Good! Get a cricket-stump, Bunter."

"Here you are, Coker."

"Thanks. Now, Hobby, lay Todd on the carpet, will you?"

"All serene."

Todd backed away towards the door.

"I object to this very much!" he exclaimed. "I shall strike you with violence if you lay hands upon me, Hobson."

"Go hon!"

"I warn you——"

Hobson seized the Duffer of Greyfriars. Todd had the spirit of a lion, but, unfortunately, it was confined within a very weedy body. He was like a baby in the grasp of the burly Shell fellow.

Hobson twisted him over with the greatest of ease, and bumped him down on the floor, and laid him there on his face. He sat on Todd's shoulders to keep him pinned down, and Todd's legs kicked up wildly into the air.

"Ow!" gasped Todd, as his nose ground into the carpet.

"Ow! Help!"

"Lay it on, Cokey!"

"Rather!"

Thwack!

The cricket stump whistled through the air, and descended upon Alonzo Todd. The Duffer of the Remove gave a fearful yell.

Thwack!

"Oh!"

"Will you make the tea now?"

"Certainly not."

Wun Lung made a movement as if to come to the rescue. But instead of that, he whipped out of the study. The Shell fellows hardly noticed him go.

Coker waved the stump in the air again.

"Are you going to obey orders, Todd?"

"No!"

"My hat! Never came across such an obstinate brute," said Coker. "Here you are!"

Thwack!

"Yaroo!"

"Going to give in?"

"I—I'm so sorry I cannot do so," gasped Alonzo. "But a principle is at stake, and my Uncle Benjamin would never approve of it—— Ow!"

Thwack!

"Yaroo!"

"Stop that!"

It was a ringing voice at the door, as it was thrown open, and Harry Wharton rushed into the study.

## THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Coker Stays.

COKER of the Shell turned a fierce glance upon Wharton. The junior's sudden appearance annoyed him, and he did not like his tone, either. It was too humiliating for the biggest fellow in the Shell to be ordered to "stop that" by a chap in the Lower Fourth. But he paused in the castigation of Todd.

"What do you mean?" he shouted.

"I mean what I say. Stop that, or it will be the worse for you!"

"What-ho!" said Frank Nugent, who had followed Wharton into the study, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh added that the "what-ho-fulness was terrific."

Behind Nugent and the nabob appeared Bob Cherry and Mark Linley and Tom Brown, and they all looked determined.

"Better go slow, old man," murmured Hobson. "There's a little army of them. Draw it mild, you know."

But Coker was too furious to think of "drawing it mild." He strode angrily towards Harry Wharton. Alonzo Todd jerked himself away from Hobson, who had risen, groaning painfully. He had been hurt.

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TUESDAY.

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ONE  
PENNY.

"Get out of this study, you fags!" said Coker.

"Rats!"

"What—what's that?"

"Rats!" repeated Harry Wharton calmly.

Coker clenched his hands.

"You can go out, or you can be put!" he shouted. "Take your choice!"

"I'll be put, then, please," said Harry. "You've no right in this study, or this passage at all, you Shell-fish."

"Bunter's invited us to tea——" began Hobson.

"Has he provided the tea?" asked Nugent sarcastically.

"Mind your own business!"

"Oh, I know the whole bag of tricks," said Wharton impatiently. "Bunter's trying to play the same game with you as with Bulstrode; but it won't work in this case more than in the other. You've got to cut."

"The cutfulness is terrific."

Coker gritted his teeth.

"We're staying here," he said. "I give you fags a minute to clear out in."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"We don't give you a minute," he said. "You'll go at once, or you'll be thrown out."

Coker receded a step.

"Hands off!" he shouted.

"Rats!"

Coker whirled up the stump. Wharton caught his arm as he did so, twisted it, and the cricket-stump crashed to the floor. Coker hit out at him savagely, and Wharton caught the blow on his chest, and fell to the floor. Nugent rushed on, with Tom Brown by his side, and Coker hit out with both fists, and they fell together on Wharton.

The Removites paused.

Singly they were nothing like a match for the Shell fellows. Coker and Hobson were standing shoulder to shoulder now, savagely angry. Billy Bunter had scuttled behind them for safety.

"Go it, you fellows!" he squeaked. "Kick those fags out! This is my study, and I can have you in it if I like. Get out, Wharton! I'm surprised at you coming and making a row in another fellow's study like this, I am really."

Wharton scrambled rather dazedly to his feet.

"Now come on, if you like," said Coker, towering over the juniors. "I'll give you all such a jolly licking as you've never had before."

Wharton's eyes blazed.

"You'd go out of this study, if you were as big as Wingate!" he exclaimed.

"Put me out, then!"

"Come on, chaps!"

"Hurrah!"

"All together!" shouted Wharton.

The juniors rushed to the attack, and threw themselves in a body upon the two big Shell fellows. Coker and Hobson struck out furiously, and Nugent and Bob Cherry and Tom Brown rolled at their feet.

But Wharton fastened on to Coker, and Mark Linley upon Hobson, and they were dragged heavily to the floor, the juniors falling with them.

"Got them!" panted Harry.

"Kick them out!"

"Back up!" gasped Coker.

But the odds were too great.

The two Shell fellows were rolled and dragged and hustled to the door, and in the doorway they made a last desperate resistance. The Removites were fully as angry as the Shell fellows now. To have the Shell come and lord it over them in their own quarters was a little too strong, and Bunter's second attempt to get the help of other fellows in bullying his study-mates had exasperated them. After Coker and Hobson had been dealt with, there was a reckoning in store for Billy Bunter.

"Out with them!" gasped Wharton, with a desperate shove, that almost tore Coker from his grasp on the door.

"Hurrah! They're going!"

"Kick them out!"

"The kickfulness is terrific!"

There was a crowd gathering in the passage, for the din of the conflict was ringing the length and breadth of the Remove quarters. As soon as they knew what was going on, the Removites piled in to help. Coker and Hobson seemed in danger of disappearing entirely under a horde of assailants. Grasped by a score or more of eager hands, they were torn from their hold, and dragged into the passage in a heap.

"What does this mean?"

There was a sudden pause in the proceedings as the voice of a prefect was heard. It was Loder of the Sixth who had come to see what was the disturbance in the Remove passage. Loder was the most unpopular prefect at Greyfriars, and he had a specially keen dislike for No. 1 Study and all its



works. His eyes gleamed as he saw Harry Wharton & Co., dishevelled and dusty and disreputable, in the midst of the struggling heap of combatants.

"Wharton! Nugent! Stop that! What does this row mean?"

Harry Wharton gasped for breath.

"We're only chucking out some Shell chaps," he said. "It's all right."

"Shell fellows! Ah! Hobson—Coker! What are you doing in the Remove studies, Hobson and Coker? If you caused this row—"

"We didn't!" gasped Coker, sitting up painfully, with his collar hanging down his back, and his necktie under his left ear. "We—we came here to pay a visit, Loder, when these young fiends set on us in a crowd—"

Loder nodded.

"I can quite believe that," he said. "Which study have you been in?"

"The end one—Bunter's."

"That is not your study, Wharton."

"No; but—"

"But you have been interfering in somebody else's study," said Loder harshly. "It is just like you, Wharton—always domineering or interfering in some way."

Wharton was already very pink from exertion; but he flushed scarlet now.

"Nothing of the sort!" he exclaimed hotly. "I—"

"Don't interrupt me," said the prefect sourly. "Stop that at once, all of you—you juniors, go back to your studies. I don't want a mob here. Now, Coker, it seems that you came here to visit Bunter."

"That's it," panted Coker.

"Bunter, did you ask Coker and Hobson to visit you?"

"Yes, I jolly well did," said Billy Bunter. "They're great friends of mine. I invited them to a little feed in my study, and—"

"Did you want Wharton to turn them out?"

"Certainly not."

"Wharton interfered with them against your wish?"

"Yes, rather! I asked Wharton to get out, myself, and told him that I was surprised at him," said Billy Bunter.

"I thought it was something like that—the usual meddling," said Loder.

"These fellows came here against Todd's will, and Wun Lung's!" exclaimed Wharton. "Todd and Wun Lung will tell you so."

"Allee lightee, just samee Wharton sayee."

"Oh, certainly!" said Todd. "I was treated in a really brutal manner by Coker—a manner that would have shocked, nay disgusted, my Uncle Benjamin, had he seen it. I was—"

"That is enough, Todd."

"I was proceeding to explain—"

"That will do. Bunter has a right to invite anybody to his study, I suppose, and if Todd and Wun Lung don't like it, they can keep out—or they can invite visitors Bunter doesn't like, to make things square. Wharton had no right to interfere, in any case," said the prefect.

"They were going to scoff Wun Lung's grub—"

"Don't interrupt me, Wharton—"

"They were licking Todd with a cricket-stump—"

"You will take a hundred lines for making this disturbance," said Loder, unheeding. "You are evidently the ring-leader, Wharton. All the other juniors who took part in it will take fifty lines."

Harry Wharton simply gasped. The utter injustice of it took his breath away. He knew that Loder was always glad to find an occasion against him, but he had never quite expected it to be so flagrant as this.

"Look here!" he exclaimed. "I—"

"If you're going to argue with a prefect, Wharton, you'll get caned, instead of lined," said Loder angrily.

"But I tell you—"

"That will do. You will all go back to your studies at once and write out your impositions," said Loder grimly. "Don't let me hear a disturbance here again, and you, Wharton, are not to enter that study again this evening on any pretext. If I hear a sound here again, I shall come back and bring a cane with me."

And Loder strode away.

Coker grinned at Hobson, and the two Shell fellows stepped back into No. 14 Study. They had expected the prefect to back them up to some extent, as they were Upper-Form fellows, but they had hardly expected so much good luck as this. They had won all along the line, and they had no further interference to fear from the Removites.

The latter, looking utterly disgusted, were dispersing. Wharton gave Wun Lung and Todd a somewhat rueful look.

"I'm afraid I can't help you any further, kids," he said.

"I promise you that we'll make those rotters sorry they came. But we can't turn them out now."

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**"LONESOME LEN,"** By HENRY T. JOHNSON, starts in

"Allee light," murmured Wun Lung softly.

"You are very good, Wharton," said Todd, "very kind indeed; and I assure you that I have the greatest appreciation of your benevolent intentions. However, it is impossible to eject these intrusive individuals. What my Uncle Benjamin would advise, under the circumstances, I hardly know, but—"

"Oh, give Uncle Benjamin a rest!" said Bob Cherry, rubbing a swollen nose. "We've got to go, but we'll make those rotters sorry for themselves yet."

"The sorryfulness shall be terrific."

Wun Lung looked into the study. He could not have the intruders turned out, but he had a faint hope of being able to carry away his bag of provisions. But that hope was soon knocked on the head. Billy Bunter was already in possession of the provisions. He had been taking sundry snacks during the melee, and a considerable quantity of the good things had vanished. Coker and Hobson put themselves as tidy as they could, and sat down at the tea-table, grinning.

"You can get out, you two," said Coker, with a wave of the hand. "We don't want you. Buzz along!"

"All serene," agreed Hobson.

And Todd and Wun Lung withdrew, leaving the feed in the hands of the spoilers, with feelings almost too deep for verbal expression.

Billy Bunter blinked over the well-spread table in great satisfaction.

"I say, you fellows, this is all right," he remarked.

"I'm feeling a bit dusty," said Hobson.

"And I've got two or three separate aches," grunted Coker.

"Still, it's a jolly good feed," urged Bunter. "And now that those bounders have had their lesson, they won't interfere again. You chaps will be able to come here and have a good feed whenever you like; and as long as you back me up in keeping order in this study, I'll take jolly good care that there's always a good feed for you."

And the Shell fellows looked quite pleased at the prospect.

## THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

### Something for the Shell!

"THE worm!"

"The rotter!"

"The fat bounder!"

"He's reached the limit this time!"

"And passed it!"

"We'll squash him!"

"We'll pulverise him!"

These and many more angry exclamations filled the room with din, as an angry crowd gathered in Harry Wharton's study.

The Removites were wrathful, and with reason.

Billy Bunter had always been irritating and exasperating, and several times he had approached the "limit," but it was unanimously agreed that he had passed it now.

Bunter had gone beyond the limit.

His greediness, his untruthfulness, his relentless borrowing and his systematic dodging of payment, his thousand-and-one mean traits of character, his endless little caddishnesses and meannesses, all these had been bad enough, but they were all transcended by his latest offence.

He had called in the aid of higher Form fellows in Form disputes.

The British King who called in the Saxons against the other Britons must have been a very unpopular person. The Italians who invited the French into mediaeval Italy have always been execrated. But these things were as nothing to the utter rottenness of bringing Shell fellows into the Remove passage to bully Removites; at least, such was the opinion of the Remove.

Fellows declared that they had expected anything of Bunter but that. They had never expected that even of William George.

"It's too utterly rotten!" said Ogilvy. "Anything else—Now, I shouldn't have been surprised at his robbing the doctor's safe. But to bring those Shell bullies into the Remove passage—"

"It's too rotten!"

"Beastly!"

"Caddish!"

"It's the limit!"

"The limitfulness is terrific!"

Harry Wharton held up his hand for silence.

"I think it's pretty well agreed that Bunter has reached the limit this time, and that we're not going to stand him any more?" he said.

"Yes, rather!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific!"

"Hear, hear!"

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"We've got to make an example of Bunter, and cure him of that sort of thing for good," went on Wharton.

"Hear, hear!"

"But before that, we've got to instruct Shell fellows that they can't come and swank in the Shell passage."

"There was a murmur of doubt.

"No good backing up against the prefects," said Russell dubiously. "We should get called up before the Head."

"That's it. No go?"

"Faith, and even if we proved that Loder favoured the Shell chaps—which we couldn't—still the Head would be down on us for disobeying orders from a prefect," said Micky Desmond.

"We can't turn them out, Wharton."

"I wasn't suggesting turning them out," said Harry. "I don't intend to declare war on the prefects. I've got some sense."

"What's the wheeze, then?"

"They won't stay in No. 14 Study all night," said Harry quietly. "When they come out, they can only get back to their own quarters by coming along the Remove passage."

"What about that?"

"That's where we come in. We'll put out the light in the passage and wait for them at this end—with this!"

"That—what on earth's that?"

"Bring it out, Wun Lung!"

The little Chinese, grinning, pulled forward into view a large bucket, which was more than half-filled with a curious-looking dark mixture.

The juniors stared at it.

"My word!" said Elliott. "What the dickens——"

"What is it?" asked Bulstrode. "Water?"

"Yes—and soot!"

"Soot!"

"Yes—and some ink and liquid-blackening!"

"My hat!"

"It's something for the Shell, you see," said Harry Wharton calmly. "They can't be allowed to swank in and swank out just as they like. When they come out of the end study, they'll find the passage dark—and we shall be waiting——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"They'll be darker than the passage when they get that over them," said Bob Cherry. "Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors roared.

To eject the Shell invaders from No. 14 Study, after the orders of the prefect, was not feasible. But to ambush them in the passage was easy enough, and it would be very difficult for Coker and Hobson to identify their assailants afterwards. And when the two Shell fellows had had that mixture of water and ink and soot and blackening deposited upon them, it was very probable indeed that they would cut Remove studies off their visiting list.

"My hat!" said Bob Cherry, wiping his eyes. "That takes the cake. After that, I don't think Coker and Hobby will happen in again."

"Rather not."

"The ratherfulness is terrific."

"Allee plenty good," chuckled Wun Lung, stirring up the villainous compound with a poker. "Velly good all samee."

Alonzo Todd rubbed his chin.

"It will be an extremely uncomfortable experience for the two persons," he said. "But under the circumstances, I regard our proceedings as being of a perfectly justifiable character."

"Quite justifiable and polysyllabic," said Nugent solemnly. "I am sure your Uncle Benjamin would approve of this, Todd."

"That's just what I was trying to think out," said Todd reflectively. "Would, or would not, my Uncle Benjamin approve of these proceedings?"

"I should think he would consider them quite sootable," said Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My dear Skinner——"

"Anyway, even if Uncle Ben wouldn't approve, we're going ahead all the same," Bob Cherry remarked. "Anybody got an eye on the passage?"

"I have," said Tom Brown, who was at the door. "The light's out."

"Better get along the passage," said Harry. "Keep inside Cherry's study, and watch for the bounders, and give that Maori yelp of yours when they come out. No, they'd know that. Better whistle."

"Right you are!" grinned the New Zealander.

And he slipped out of the study.

"They can't be very much longer in there," Wharton remarked. "We'd better have this ready for them. You fellows lie low, you know."

"You bet. We'll understudy Brer Fox," grinned Bob.

Wharton and Nugent carried the bucket out into the dark passage between them. The light was put out in the study. Many of the juniors had not done their prep. yet, but they forgot all about that now. They were too interested in the

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coming experience that was to fall upon the raiders from the Shell.

In darkness the juniors waited.

There was a faint whistle at last from the direction of Bob Cherry's study. The New Zealander had heard sounds of coming departure in No. 14 Study.

"Ready?" muttered Wharton.

"What-ho!" whispered Nugent.

"The readyfulness is terrific."

The door of No. 14 Study, at the other end of the passage, was thrown open, and a bar of light fell out into the gloom. In the lighted doorway the forms of the two Shell fellows became visible.

"See you again, Bunter," said Coker, very amiably.

"All serene," said Hobson. "It was a jolly good feed."

"I say, you fellows, I'm glad you liked it," said Billy Bunter, blinking at them. "I hope you'll come every evening, you know."

"So we will," said Coker. "Rely on us. Hallo! The light's out here! Never mind. We know the way to the stairs. Come on, Hobby!"

"All serene."

Hobson stepped out into the passage. The change from the lighted room was more trouble than he thought. He was simply groping his way. Billy Bunter saw it.

"You'd better have a light, Hobson," he said.

"Rats, Banty! We can manage. By-hy!"

"By-by!" said Bunter. "I shall always be pleased to see you."

"Will you!" murmured Harry Wharton.

And the two Shell fellows began to move away.

Harry Wharton & Co., used to the dark, could see them dimly. But it was enough.

"It is dark, though, Coker," said Hobson.

"Well, there's no hurry."

"Oh, all right! Come on!"

And the chums could see Hobson move forward dimly in the gloom.

"That's a chance for us, Harry," whispered Nugent.

"Good?" said Wharton concisely. "Go ahead!"

Nugent darted along the passage.

"This is where I start throwing the confetti," murmured Wharton.

"The confettiness is terrific."

Hobson and Coker were close at hand. Wharton saw it was time to begin. A very low whistle came from Nugent.

"Now, my sons!" he said. "We'll give them something to think about!"

Micky Desmond chuckled.

"Shut up, ass!" murmured Harry Wharton quickly.

Hobson and Coker came on. Harry Wharton moved up the passage. He meant to give them the full benefit of the bucketful.

"Well got on!" Hobson was saying.

"Hallo! I believe I can see somebody——"

"You're right, my son," said Harry Wharton.

And he sloshed the inky mixture at the Shell fellows.

"Ow! Gloo! Worooo! Yaroo!"

Hobson got it full in the face. Coker charged wildly down the passage. But Nugent was in waiting for him. He promptly cannoned into the Shell fellow.

"Ow! Yow!"

Nugent made no mistake, and promptly gave him as good as he had intended to give. Coker bolted down the passage in the opposite direction.

Swish!

"Groo! Sloosh! Yaroo! Ow!"

Harry Wharton pushed him over with his foot and emptied what was left over him.

In between the rise and fall of Hobson and Coker's cries chuckles could be heard. Harry Wharton & Co. were enjoying the jape to the full.

"Bunter," yelled Coker, "show a light!"

But Hurree Jamset Ram Singh was holding the door on the outside, and Bunter could not get out. In the dark, Coker and Hobson charged madly down the passage, and passed the yelling Removites, and reached the stairs. Down the stairs they went, with the laughter of the juniors ringing behind them.

"In the name of all that's idiotic, what's that row about?" shouted Wingate, coming out of his study. He caught sight of the two blackened figures in the light of the hall, and simply gasped for breath. "Who—what—who are you?"

"Yow! Yaroo!"

"Gerrooh!"

"Why—what—which—— Great Scott!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came in a roar from up the staircase.

"I—I—I'm Coker!" gasped the owner of that name. "Ow! Yaroo! I'm choked!"

Wingate laughed.

NEXT  
WEEK, "BILLY BUNTER'S MINOR."

A Splendid School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co.  
and Alonzo Todd. By FRANK RICHARDS.



"What have you been up to in the Remove passage?" he demanded. "Get along to a bath-room, and clean yourself. My hat! You look a precious pair of beauties! Get out of sight before a master sees you! That's my advice!"

And, followed by a roar of laughter, Coker and Hobson scuttled away. It was a long, long time before they set foot in the Remove passage again.

## THE TWENTIETH CHAPTER.

### Bunter Is Not Happy.

**B**ILLY BUNTER entered the Remove dormitory at bedtime that night in fear and trembling. After what had happened in the Remove passage, he knew that he had nothing more to expect from his protectors in the Shell. If Coker and Hobson ever came back, it would be to give him a licking for having got them into such a scrape. Indeed, it was quite possible that they might think him a party to it, and owe him a special grudge.

His little game of playing off the Shell fellows against his Form had been an utter failure. Protection from the Shell he could not hope for, and he knew what he deserved at the hands of his Form-fellows.

He fully expected a ragging in the dormitory.

But the Removites took no notice of him.

They might have been unaware of his existence, from the perfect indifference of their manner.

Bunter was simply being ignored.

He rather liked it at first, so great was his relief at not being ragged. He undressed, and went to bed, and Wingate put out the lights. The Greyfriars captain had a very peculiar expression upon his face.

All Greyfriars knew by this time how the Shell fellows had "swanked" in the Remove quarters, and the Removites had been forbidden by a prefect to throw them out.

The washing of Coker and Hobson in sooty water and ink had followed, and Wingate thought he knew who was at the bottom of it. But he only indulged in a quiet smile, and said not a word on the subject. In his heart he probably considered that the Removites had done no more than was to be expected.

When the Greyfriars captain was gone, and the dormitory in darkness, the juniors chatted as usual before going to sleep.

But not a word was addressed to Bunter.

He had expected abuse and recrimination, but he received none. He began to feel that he would rather be abused than ignored in this way.

"I say, you fellows——" he began.

There was no reply from anyone.

"I say, Wharton——"

Wharton did not speak.

"Look here, Todd——"

"Did you speak, Bun——"

Alonzo got no farther. His question ended in a smothered sound. A pillow had knocked him back on the sheets.

"I don't know why you should be so ruffianly, Nugent! But I bear no malice. You can have your pillow back!"

And the Duffer of Greyfriars got up, and carried the pillow back to Nugent's bed, amidst titters.

"Now, Bunter! What were you going to s——"

A boot hurled past Alonzo's head. Bunter was leaning out of bed towards him, and the missile narrowly missed the end of his nose.

"Look here, Todd, you'd better mind what you're doing! That boot would have killed me if it had hit me!"

"Me, Bunter! I didn't throw any boo——"

Alonzo's defence ended in a gurgling sound. There was the swish of water on the floor beyond his bed-head.

"Dear me!" he said, as he wiped the water from his face.

"There must be a leak in the roof. Uncle Benjamin said I was never to sleep in a room that let the water in!"

"It's someone throwing, you idiot!"

"Did you throw anything, Bun——"

Something big and white wrapped itself right round Alonzo's head.

"Why, this is a bolster!" he said surprisedly.

There was a suppressed chuckle from the other end of the dormitory.

"My pillow's quite wet!" went on Alonzo. "I don't know how I can sleep on it now——"

The Duffer of Greyfriars paused. It was filtering through his mind that every time he had addressed himself to Billy Bunter something had whizzed at him out of the darkness. He was testing the matter.

"It would be dangerous to sleep on a wet pillow, Bun——"

A boot-brush sang past him. There was no doubt.

"What am I to do?" he mused aloud. "My Uncle Benjamin——"

"You blessed idiot," came a voice from the other end of the dormitory, "shut up!"

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"Dear me! What a splendid suggestion! Whose was it?"

There was no answer. But Alonzo was importunate or nothing. He forgot, and turned again to the Owl of the Remove.

"Did you recognise the voice, Bunter? Ow!"

A tin of blacking caught Alonzo plump on the nose.

"This is extremely painful!" he gasped. "I think I had better go to sleep, Bun——"

Alonzo remembered just in time to get his head beneath the sheets as a tablet of soap whizzed hard against the bed-rail.

Billy Bunter knew well enough what it all meant. But he resolved to try again. He must talk to someone. Alonzo was the only thing.

"I say, Todd——"

No answer.

"Todd! I say, Alonzo Todd! Todd!"

Still nothing but snores.

"Oh, chuck that, Todd! Why can't you talk to a fellow——"

"I want to go to sleep, Bunter."

A dumb-bell crashed on the floor at the foot of Alonzo's bed. It had not been thrown to drop on the bed. It was an intimation, so to speak.

After that Billy Bunter gave it up. No one in the dormitory would speak to him. Alonzo was barred. Sleep was the only thing.

But sleep would not come to him. For once he was suffering for his sins. He tossed from side to side, but still he could not sleep.

Suddenly thinking that he had heard that it was a good thing to walk about when one can't sleep, he got up. For five minutes he might have been miles away for all the notice that was taken of him. But heads soon began to bob up as he paced round the beds. He did not see them, however.

"Who's that blessed idiot tramping about?" demanded a voice.

"Bunter, of course!" growled Tom Brown.

"Get into bed, you ass, Bunter!"

"I can't go to sleep, you chaps! You see, that was a lot of indigestible stuff Wun Lung laid in for tea. I say, you fellows——"

"Get into bed!" roared Bulstrode.

"I—I say, you know——"

"Go to sleep!"

A pillow whizzed past Bunter. It was followed by a boot. The Owl of the Remove thought he had better get into bed. Perhaps his walk had relieved the insomnia, for he fell asleep almost as soon as he was in bed.

But his slumber was not destined to last long.

Suddenly he awoke with a shout in his ears:

"Lend me a bob!"

Bunter started up in bed.

"W-what was that?" he gasped.

There was no reply.

Bunter blinked round in the darkness.

"Who spoke? What was it?"

No answer. Deep, regular breathing, and a sound of unmelodious snores, alone broke the silence of the Remove dormitory.

"Dear me! I—I suppose I must have dreamed it!" muttered Bunter. And he settled down to sleep again. "I suppose I was dreaming about those rotten letters they sent me. The beasts!"

And he closed his eyes, and was soon adding a most unmusical snore to the other sounds of slumber in the dormitory. And Bob Cherry chuckled, and went to sleep, too.

When the rising-bell clanged the next morning Bunter was still fast asleep, perhaps because he had remained awake so long the previous night. But there were kind fellows in the Remove to awaken him. Bob Cherry and Tom Brown bent over his bed, and yelled, one into each ear, with startling suddenness:

"Lend me a bob!"

Bunter jumped up out of slumber, so suddenly that his head collided with Bob Cherry's, and Bob started back with a wild yell.

"Ow, ow, ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tom Brown.

"Yow! You ass! Yarrah!"

"Wh-what was that?" gasped Bunter, rubbing his head.

"I—I think my head knocked against something!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter rolled out of bed. His head was too solid to be so easily hurt, but Bob Cherry had a headache that lasted him the rest of the morning.

"I say, you fellows," said Bunter, blinking round as he dabbed his face—his usual cheap substitute for a morning

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wash, "I suppose you're not keeping up that rot to-day, are you? You can speak to a fellow—"

"Oh, certainly, Bunter!" said Alonzo Todd. "I—"

"Shut up, Todd!"

"My dear fellows—"

"Look here, Bunter," said Harry Wharton, "we've had enough of you! We're fed up with you! You've reached the limit, and passed it!"

"The passfulness is terrific!"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"You're such a fat, unfit, cowardly bag of fat that you're not worth ragging!" said Wharton scornfully. "We're not going to thrash you, as you deserve, or make you run the gauntlet; but I, for one, don't want anything to say to you! Keep to yourself, and let me alone! That's all!"

"Same here!" said Nugent.

Bunter blinked at the chums of the Remove.

"I suppose you'll speak to a fellow, Bob Cherry?" he said.

"Yes; lend me a bob!" said Cherry.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Lend me a bob!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"We'll all speak!" chorused the Removites. "Lend us a bob!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, if you can't say anything but that rot—"

"Lend us a bob!" yelled the juniors.

Bunter snorted with wrath, and rolled out of the dormitory.

## THE TWENTY-FIRST CHAPTER.

### No More Bunter.

THERE was no doubt about it.

Billy Bunter realised it slowly and painfully; but he had to realise it at last. He had reached the limit!

The Remove were fed up with him.

The way of the transgressor is said to be hard; but Billy Bunter had always contrived somehow to make it soft enough for himself, but his sins had found him out at last. His last hope that the Shell fellows would stand by him was dissipated that morning.

He met Coker and Hobson in the Close, and they kicked him round the quad., to an accompaniment of yells from Bunter.

It was in vain that he explained that he had had no hand in the jape of the previous evening, and that he couldn't come to their rescue, and that he was really a much-injured party.

Coker and Hobson wanted to wreak their vengeance upon Bunter, and they more than half-suspected him of being a party to the jape.

Everybody at Greyfriars knew that his word couldn't be relied upon. And, as Hobson and Coker couldn't kick the whole Remove, they kicked Bunter, and found a great deal of solace in it.

Bunter yelled "Rescue!" till he was hoarse; the Removites simply looked on, and laughed.

Nobody had the slightest wish to rescue Bunter.

He had brought it all upon himself, and if his scheming to bring higher Form fellows into Remove affairs had turned out like this for him, there was not a junior in the Remove who was not glad of it.

Coker and Hobson kicked him till they were tired, and then strolled away, leaving him puffing and gasping in the Close.

"Ow!" groaned Bunter, dragging himself up at last. "I'm injured! You might lend me a hand back to the House, Wharton."

"Rats!" said Harry Wharton.

"Can't you speak a word to a chap, Brown?"

"Yes," said Brown; "lend me a bob."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And Billy Bunter rolled away groaning.

He was not so much hurt as he wanted to make out, but he certainly was hurt, and no one felt sorry for him.

Bunter was not likely to bring Shell fellows into the Remove quarters to bully his Form-fellows again; nor were they likely to come if asked.

But though Coker and Hobson had done with Bunter, the tribulations of the fat junior were by no means over yet.

The Form were sick of him, and his ways; and they made that so plain to him that even the Owl of the Remove could not fail to see it.

He was not exactly sent to Coventry. It would have been hard to send Bunter to Coventry. But he was generally ignored, and when he was spoken to, it was usually with a jeer of some sort.

He made his way to No. 1 Study.

"Can't you speak to a chap, Wharton?" he said.

"Keep yourself to yourself, Bunt," Harry Wharton advised him. "Lie low for a bit, and don't jaw, and don't be a cad, and don't be too much in evidence, and you may live it down. But the truth is, we're tired to death of you."

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

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NEXT WEEK: "BILLY BUNTER'S MINOR."

EVERY  
TUESDAY,

The "Magnet"  
LIBRARY.

ONE  
PENNY.

"Now, get out of my study!"

"But I say—"

Wharton reached towards a ruler, and Bunter got out of the study. Hazeldene met him in the passage.

"I say, Bunter—"

"Yes, Hazel?" said Bunter eagerly.

"Can you lend me a bob?"

"Oh, really—"

Bunter rolled down the passage, and Hazeldene pushed against him, and pinned a card to his back, without the action being perceived by the fat junior. Billy Bunter went downstairs, and out into the Close, with the placard looking very prominent on the back of his Eton jacket.

It was a square of cardboard, with the inscription in bold Roman type:

"LEND ME A BOB!"

A roar of laughter greeted the fat junior wherever he went.

"I say, you fellows," said Bunter, as Temple & Co. greeted him with a yell. "what's the matter? Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at?"

"Ha, ha, ha! I'm not going to lend you a bob."

"Oh, really, Temple—"

The bell rang for afternoon classes, and Bunter went into the Form-room with the rest. Wharton uttered an exclamation as he followed him in.

"My hat! Look at Bunter!"

Mr. Quelch looked at the juniors with a severe expression. They filed to their seats. For the moment the Form-master could not see Bunter's back.

"Silence!" he exclaimed. "It is most unseemly! I—"

Just then Bunter turned in getting to his place, and Mr. Quelch caught sight of the placard on his back.

"LEND ME A BOB!"

"Dear me!" exclaimed the Form-master. "Dear me! How—er—how absurd!"

He tried not to laugh, but he could not help it. The laugh would come; and the ripple of merriment from Mr. Quelch's lips was the signal for a fresh roar from the Remove.

Bunter blinked round in astonishment. He could see nothing to cause all that mirth.

"Bunter!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, subduing his laughter at last. "Silence, boys! Bunter!"

"Yes, sir?"

"Remove that absurd placard from your back."

"M-m-m-my back, sir!" stammered Bunter.

"Yes; there is a cardboard pinned there."

Bunter felt round his back, and jerked at the cardboard. It came off, and the fat junior read it.

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

"Oh, really, you fellows—"

"Silence!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "Bunter, you must not come into the Form-room like that again, or you will hear from me. Take your place."

"Oh, really, sir—"

"That will do! Sit down!"

Bunter sat down. He glowered during afternoon lessons. He was greatly minded to attempt some ventriloquism, and cause trouble to somebody in that way; but he did not venture. The general condemnation of the Form was having its effect upon even the Owl of the Remove. Unconsciously and involuntarily he was becoming more subdued, and behaving a little more carefully. When the class was dismissed after lessons, he rolled up to Todd, and slipped his arm through the Duffer's.

"I say, Todd, old man—" he began quite affectionately.

Todd jerked his arm away.

"My dear Bunter," he said, "I shall thank you very much if you do not address me. I have every desire to be kind to you—my Uncle Benjamin always impressed upon me to be kind even to the most unpleasant characters—but I really think that upon the whole I would rather not associate with you at all. I am afraid that your companionship will have a contaminating effect upon me. I am sure you will not mind my speaking with complete candour, Bunter."

"Oh, really, Todd—"

"Your conduct is reprehensible to the last degree," said Todd. "My Uncle Benjamin would be shocked, nay, disgusted, at your ways. I entreat you, therefore, to say nothing more to me. I have asked permission to change back into my old study, and so in future I shall not be in No. 14."

And Alonzo walked away. Billy Bunter was left blinking. He looked out for Wun Lung, and caught him by the sleeve of his loose garments.

"Wun Lung, old chap, I suppose you're having tea in the study—"

"No savvy."

"You'll have tea in the study, of course," said Bunter.



"I—I'd stand it, you know, like anything, only I've been disappointed about a postal-order. I—"

"Me no belongee to No. 14 now, Bunter."

"What?"

"Me changee back into old studee," said Wun Lung calmly. "Me no likee be with Bunter. Me changee—Todd changee. Bunter havee No. 14 allee to himself now."

"Oh, really, Wun Lung—"

"Nicee fol Bunter—nicee nicee fol Toddee—nicee nicee nicee fol me," said Wun Lung, with a smile that was child-like and bland.

"But, really, Wun Lung, old fellow—"

"Me in gleat hully—me go."

"But I say, old chap, stop a minute! Hang it! You Chinese beast! You beastly pigtailed heathen!"

But Wun Lung was gone. Bunter moved away despondently. There was a yell from a crowd of Second Form fags.

"I say, Bunter, lend us a bob!"

Billy Bunter went up to his study. It seemed the only place where he could find any peace; and indeed it was likely to be a little too peaceful, without either of his study-mates left. Some of the fellows would have given a great deal to have a study to themselves. But Bunter was not fond of solitude; and what was he to do for funds?

Bunter opened the study door disconsolately, and as he did so he paused, with a sudden exclamation.

The study did not present its usual aspect. Someone had been preparing it for his reception.

There was an inscription chalked across the looking-glass in huge letters:

"LEND ME A BOB!"

Stuck all over the walls were cards and strips of paper, bearing the same inscription or similar ones:

"LEND ME A BOB!"

"I'M EXPECTING A POSTAL-ORDER!"

"CAN YOU ADVANCE ME A BOB?"

"I CAN DO WITH SIXPENCE!"

"I SAY, YOU FELLOWS, CAN YOU LEND ME A BOB?"

They were all over the study, these and dozens more—stuck on the walls, chalked on the window-panes, pinned to the chairs, pasted on the door, gummed on the table.

Bunter simply gasped.

"Oh, really! Oh, dear!"

The fat junior sank down in the armchair, quite overcome. He sat in the armchair, staring and blinking blankly at the inscriptions that covered almost every available foot of space in the study.

There was a roar of laughter from the passage. A crowd of Removites looked in at the door. Bunter blinked at them, but for once he had nothing to say. He was feeling too miserable.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bulstrode. "Got a postal-order, Bunter?"

"Can you lend us a bob?" asked Skinner.

"Had any remittances from titled friends lately?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Lend us a sovereign, Bunter. If you haven't a sovereign, a bob will do; or I could get on with a penny, if you haven't a bob."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter grunted miserably.

"Oh, I say, you fellows—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors crowded away, still laughing. Their laughter rang through the Remove passage, and echoed in the study and in Bunter's ears.

The fat junior did not move.

"Oh!" he murmured, and there was a curious catch in his voice. "I—I think I've been a fool. I—I wish I hadn't made them all dislike me so! I—I wish I had my time here over again!"

And at that moment Bunter was more near than he had ever been before to seeing himself as others saw him, and to realising that he was not a pleasant object to contemplate.

Perhaps there was a chance for Billy Bunter after all!

THE END.

(Another splendid story again next Tuesday entitled, "BILLY BUNTER'S MINOR," by Frank Richards. Order your copy of the MAGNET Library in advance. Price One Penny.)



# STANLEY DARE

## The Boy Detective

### INTRODUCTION.

The mystery of a runaway motor-car, which is found to be driverless, attracts Stanley Dare, the Boy Detective, and his investigations lead him to an untenanted house on Barnes Common. He expects to find the owner of the missing car here, but he is himself seized by two men named Sherard Garth and Luigi Sebastian, who some months previous had kidnapped a boy named Treherne for the purpose of extracting certain information from him. Dare escapes, and later returns to the house in search of the missing boy, Treherne. Garth escapes with Treherne in a motor-car, and Stanley Dare gives chase on a motor-cycle. The motor-car is overturned and the boy is rescued. He explains matters to Dare. "I imagine they have got all the information they require! Is that so?" said Dare. (Now go on with the Story.)

#### Treherne's Story.

"It is probable," replied Cecil Treherne. "I could not hold out any longer, my sufferings were so great. I told them everything while we were on the road between Grey-mere and Richmond."

"You were lucky to have escaped with your life, then," said Dare. "But we will now hear your story from the beginning."

"It was at Cranbourne that they kidnapped me," Treherne went on, "and for months they kept me a prisoner in a house there, sometimes using persuasions, sometimes threats, and afterwards going to the length of keeping me without food as long as they dared, and thrashing me with a rope, to make me give up the secret which my dying father had confided to me."

"Have you any objection to letting us know what this secret is?" asked Dare. "I am not asking out of mere idle curiosity, but because the knowledge will be of assistance to me in tracking Garth and his associates down."

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"LONESOME LEN," By HENRY T. JOHNSON, starts in

"THE BOY'S HERALD" On Wednesday next, November 9th.



fifth from the main hatchway, counting towards the stern, of an old hulk named the Countess Ida, now anchored in Storlock Harbour, in the South of Cornwall."

"But someone is surely in charge of this vessel?" said Dare. "Was it your father's property?"

"Yes," replied Treherne. "It was the last ship he sailed in, and of which he was captain and owner. An old sailor named Pollard acts as shipkeeper."

"I will send him a wire and put him on his guard," said Dare. "At the earliest, Garth and his accomplices can't arrive at Storlock until four o'clock this afternoon. If I engage a special train, I shall be there very soon after them."

"Let them go," said Treherne, with a weary sigh. "I care nothing for the money now that my life is safe."

"For how long do you suppose that would be the case?" asked Dare. "These scoundrels would always regard you as a menace to them while you were alive. You have had plenty of experience of their methods. When Mr. Douglas Merivale came in search of you, and discovered in whose hands you were, they promptly moved you from Cranbourne to Greymere House, and then trapped your would-be rescuer, who, like you, has narrowly escaped with his life. They bound and gagged you last night, I suppose, before they carried you into the electric brougham?"

"Yes," replied Treherne. "Then Sebastian produced a knife, and pressed the point against my side, threatening to stab me if I did not reveal where the letter was hidden. I had no spirit to resist any longer, and when they removed the gag I told them. They had just replaced the gag when the carriage made a sudden swerve and turned over. I was partially stunned, and remembered but little until you came to my assistance. Let these men go now, Mr. Dare. If they get what they want, they are scarcely likely to trouble me

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His description of them was so vague and uncertain that it might have applied to half the average men in the kingdom, but Dare felt certain they were Garth, Sebastian, and Paul Vance. Their plan would be, no doubt, to engage a vehicle to convey them to some place near Storlock, and then walk the remaining distance, so as to cover up their trail as far as possible.

The night was fine, with a few stars showing amid the slowly-drifting clouds. The road was rough and uneven, which made progress slow, so that by the time the fly rattled over the cobblestones in the little village of Storlock it was past eight o'clock.

The Countess Ida was lying moored about a quarter of a mile from the shore in the quaint little harbour, which was guarded by two frowning headlands. The masts had been taken out of her when she had finished her voyaging, and she was now only a melancholy-looking hulk.

Stanley Dare did not find any difficulty in hiring a boat; but as the fishing fleet was out at sea, and most of the able-bodied men with it, he had to dispense with a boatman. This, however, did not trouble him in the least, for he was quite at home with a pair of sculls in his hands, so he rowed alone to the old craft. As he drew near, he noticed that there was a boat made fast alongside near the gangway in addition to the one made fast astern, and which evidently belonged to the vessel.

The hull was in complete darkness, not a glimmer of light showing anywhere.

Dare rowed under the bows as a measure of precaution,

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## "BILLY BUNTER'S MINOR."

*A School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co.*

*By FRANK RICHARDS.*

again, and I don't want anybody to run any further risks for my sake."

"You are a good fellow, Treherne," said Dare, "and I hope you and I will be staunch chums in the future. But in this case I must have my way. I mean to bring those scoundrels to justice. My professional honour is at stake. Good-bye for the present. When next we meet, I hope to be the bearer of good news for you."

He hurried from the room and out into the street. There was a telegraph-office at the railway-station, and he sent a wire off at once to the caretaker on board the Countess Ida, warning him to allow no strangers on board. Then he took the next train to Waterloo, crossed over to Paddington—having wired ahead to the Great Western people to have a special train ready—and exactly an hour and a quarter after he had quitted Cecil Treherne's bedside he was seated in a corner of a first-class compartment, with a lunch-basket on his knees, being whirled rapidly out of London towards the West.

He arrived at St. Austell at half-past six in the evening, and from there had to engage a fly to convey him to Storlock Harbour, which was nearly seven miles further on, the ordinary communication being by a ramshackle omnibus which made the journey twice a day.

From a stolid porter, who was by no means communicative, he learnt that three men had arrived by the 4.7 train, left a portmanteau in the cloak-room, and walked hurriedly into the town. Whether they went afterwards to Storlock he could not say: all that he knew was, that they didn't go in the bus.

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"BILLY BUNTER'S MINOR."

A Splendid School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co.  
and Alonso Todd. By FRANK RICHARDS.

and, making the boat's painter fast to the chain cable, he clambered to the deck.

All was silent. He was about to make his way aft, when a tarpaulin, which appeared to have been thrown carelessly on the deck close by the fore hatch, attracted his attention.

He pulled it to one side, and there, to his horror, saw the body of a man. One glance was sufficient to assure him that it was a seafaring man he was gazing upon, and, therefore, almost certainly the skipper.

At first he feared that the man was dead; but a faint odour of chloroform reached his nostrils, and he understood what had happened. He had been drugged.

The only thing to be done, under the circumstances, was to allow him to lie in the open air until he recovered consciousness. So, after propping his head up to enable him to breathe freely, the young detective proceeded swiftly and silently along the deck towards the cabin.

The main hatches were on, but there was no doubt a way of getting into the hold from the cabin. As he reached the after end of the deck, a light flashed up from the companion-way, revealing the figure of a man at the top of the ladder.

Dare recognised him at once. It was Garth! He had half turned to speak to Sebastian, who was following him up.

"I will make a copy of this letter as soon as I get on shore," he said, "and then destroy the original."

He had the letter in his hand, and held it up as he spoke. With one quick, dexterous movement, Stanley Dare had snatched it from his grasp.



"I am afraid you will have to make some alteration in your plans," said Dare coolly, as he slipped the letter into his pocket. "This document is a will, and to destroy it would be felony!"

### A Struggle under Water—On the Cliffs—Coastguards to the Rescue.

For one second Sherard Garth stared at Dare in utter amazement, and then, with a yell of fury, hurled himself upon him, gripping him by the throat, and swinging him from side to side in the ungovernable rage which possessed him.

It was the sudden burst of mad passion that lent him for the time the strength of two men, and Dare was almost helpless in his grasp; for he was half strangled, and could only tear at his opponent's fingers to endeavour to release his throat from the terrible grip.

But Garth's hands seemed to have closed with the power of steel springs, and the young detective realised that, unless he could free himself from his assailant by some other means, his life was not worth another minute's purchase.

Three times his left fist shot out in quick succession, and at the third blow, between the eyes, Garth relaxed his grip, and staggered back against the bulwarks, sobbing out a cry of pain and rage.

But Stanley Dare had two more antagonists to deal with, and ere he had time to do more than draw a deep breath, he found himself struggling with Paul Vance, who was endeavouring to throw him; while Sebastian hovered around them with his favourite weapon—a keen-bladed knife. He made several attempts to stab the young detective, but the two were writhing and twisting hither and thither so quickly that he had to desist for fear he should drive his knife into his associate.

Dare had, after a time, managed to force his antagonist to the gangway, intending to thrust him overboard by way of cooling his courage, when Luigi Sebastian, remembering that the young detective had put the letter in his pocket, suddenly gripped hold of his coat and fairly tore it from his back.

This naturally distracted Dare's attention for a moment, and Paul Vance was not slow to take advantage of this fact. He swung him round, but Dare still held him in a close embrace. They were on the edge of the gangway grating, and neither could recover his balance. The next instant they had fallen, with a resounding splash, into the water.

Down they sank into the dark and silent depths, each still holding the other fast. The struggle was continued beneath the surface.

Dare was a good swimmer; but Paul Vance, although the young detective did not know at the time, could not swim a stroke, and was now struggling and fighting with the desperation of a drowning man. The young detective shook him free after a time, and rose, panting and almost exhausted, to the surface. Paul Vance was never seen again.

A boat was pushing off from the side of the Countess Ida, with Garth and Sebastian in it. They had regained possession of the letter, and were now making for the shore. Dare kept himself afloat by treading water, and, to his delight, they did not observe him. Had they done so, a blow on the head with one of the heavy oars would have prematurely ended his career—for a person swimming would naturally have not a shadow of a chance against two men in a boat.

Sebastian was rowing, and Garth, who had evidently now quite recovered from the effects of the blows which the young detective had dealt him, was sitting in the stern.

As soon as they got a sufficient distance away to render it safe for him to do so, Dare swam to the boat which he had come off in, and which was still fast under the bows, cast off the painter, and started once again in pursuit.

He was, of course, seen by the pair of villains as soon as

his boat swung round the bows of the vessel, and as he turned his head now and then to glance over his shoulder, he saw that Garth was aiding his companion at the oars, while each appeared to be exerting himself to the utmost limit of his strength.

It was a long chase, for they made straight for the south headland at the mouth of the harbour, and they were widening the distance between them at every stroke.

"They can't be going to round the headland," thought Dare, "for there is a wide sweep of bay beyond. I shall have them yet. They don't know that trend of the coastline, and in making for a wild and lonely spot on which to land they have over-reached themselves."

Stanley Dare possessed the faculty, invaluable in a detective, of forming swift and accurate judgments, and acting on them with remarkable promptitude. He concluded that if he landed about a mile short of the extremity of the headland, he would be able to intercept them on their way—a way which they had no choice but to follow.

Turning the boat's head instantly, therefore, he pulled as hard as he could in shore. Ten minutes later the keel grated on the shingle, and he leaped out on to terra-firma.

A rocky cliff, rugged and precipitous, rose up for some two hundred feet right in front of him. To climb it would be no easy task, but he essayed it without hesitation, and in due course reached the summit.

By this time he was breathless and almost exhausted with his tremendous exertions, which for hours had been unceasing, and he was glad to lie down on the soft turf at the cliff-head to rest and recover his strength.

Scarcely a quarter of an hour had elapsed when he saw Garth and Sebastian approaching along the headland path. He rose to his feet prepared for the final struggle, and undaunted as ever at the odds against him.

When he stepped out and faced them, they stopped at once. Like him, they were almost exhausted with the hard pull, and the unaccustomed work of scaling an almost perpendicular cliff; but they knew what he did not—that they were close to their goal—that the hidden money which they had been striving for so long was within an hour's walk of where they stood.

This nerved them afresh for the last struggle—this, and the knowledge that they were two against one. Dare did not now possess any weapon. His antagonists did not mean to use theirs except as a last resort. The sound of shots would bring the coastguards on the scene in double-quick time.

Sebastian had, by an oversight, left his knife in the boat, so that silent and murderous weapon would play no part in the coming fight.

"You have almost as many lives as a cat is reputed to possess," observed Sherard Garth, fixing his eyes on the young detective. "But we have surely come to the last one now."

"You seem to think you will take it," replied Dare coolly.

"It is our intention," returned Garth.

Stanley Dare darted a swift, keen glance around him, and something that he saw brought a gleam of triumph to his eyes. With a loud shout for help, which he repeated as often as he was able, he met the attack of his assailants, hitting out right and left with every ounce of strength that he could put into the blows, but taking care not to let them close with him.

Dare had checked one attempt made by Sebastian to rush

him by a left-hander under that scoundrel's chin, which made his teeth rattle; but, on stepping back to avoid Garth, he slipped on some wet turf, and fell on his side on the ground.

With savage snarls of triumph, the two villains threw themselves upon him, believing now that their chance had come.

"Grip him by the throat to stop his noise!" hissed Sebastian. "Then over the cliff with him!"

"Not quite so fast, my hearties!" roared a voice behind them. "You will commit no murder while Tom Padstow is standing by, you gallow-birds!"

(To be continued next week.)

# For Next Week



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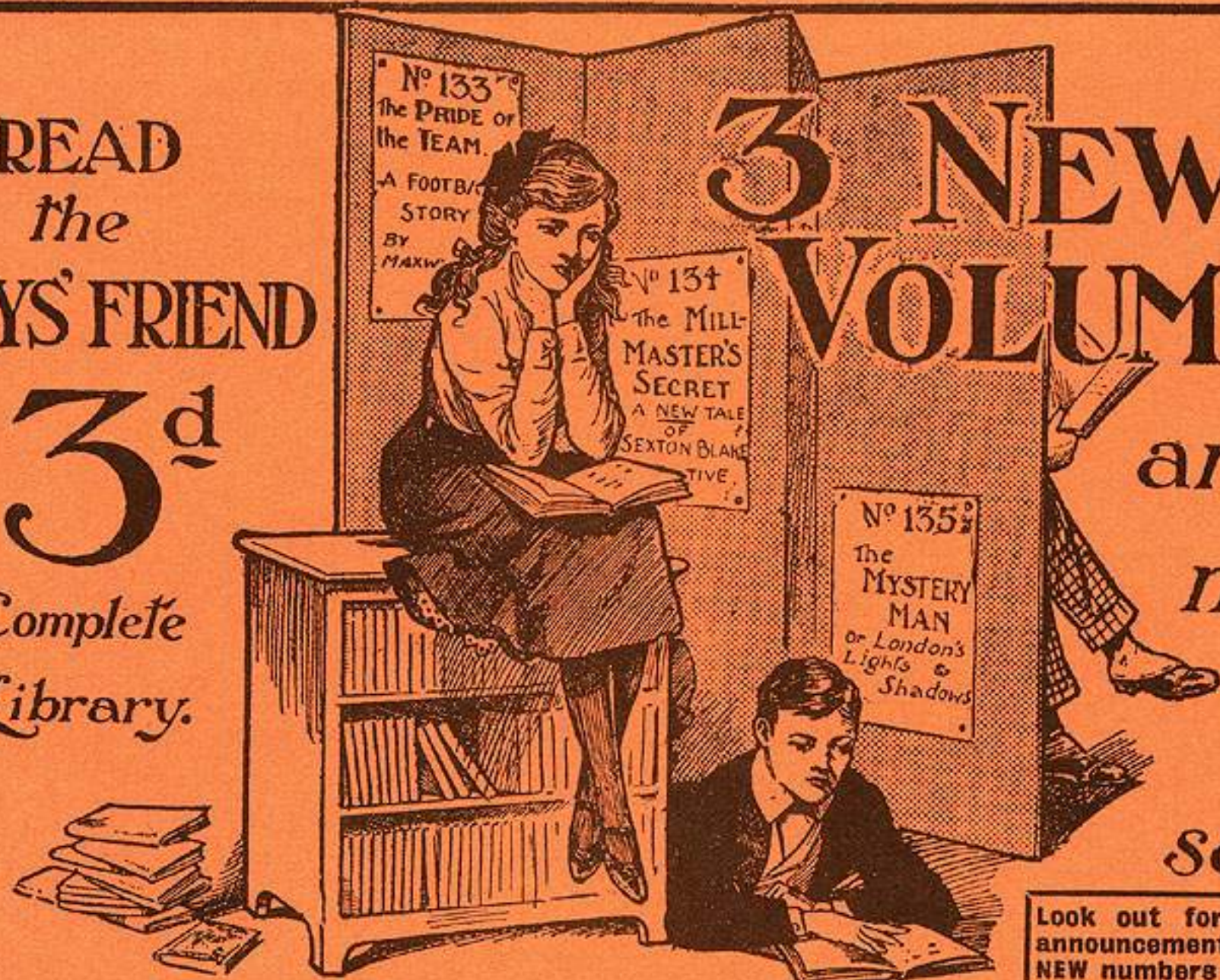
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