"THE SCHOOLBOY MONEY-MAKER!"

A Grand, Long, Complete Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. By Frank Richards.

"THROUGH TRACKLESS TIBET!"

The First Instalment of a Grand Serial Story. By Sidney Drew.

The Magnet Library 1d.

A Companion Paper to "THE GEM" LIBRARY. The Popular Thursday School-Story Book.

50 MONEY PRIZES.

No. 207. The Complete Story-Book for All. Vol. 6.

Fish, of Greyfriars School, opens a shop in the village!

1,000 STAMP MOUNTS FREE.

To every purchaser of our **ICELAND PACKET** we will present **ABSOLUTELY FREE, 1,000 STAMP MOUNTS**, best quality, usual price **4d.** The **ICELAND PACKET** contains **115 DIFFERENT** Colonial and Foreign stamps, including **SCARCE ICELAND** 1907, with portraits of Christian IX and Frederick VIII. Set **QUEENSLAND** with scarce obsolete 1882 issue; set **CANADA** including scarce 3c. 1870; set **VICTORIA, NEW SOUTH WALES** (arms); set **AUSTRIAN JUBILEE**; set **JAPAN**; scarce **TRANSVAAL**, **CAPE**, etc., etc., etc. This packet would be cheap at 1/6, but in order to bring before your notice our **SPECIAL STOCK REDUCING LIST**, in which we are practically **GIVING STAMPS AWAY**, we will send **ABOVE PACKET** with free gift of **1,000 MOUNTS** for **2d.**, post free (abroad, 4d. stamp). Collections Bought; Highest Prices Paid.

HORACE MILLER & CO., WHITSTABLE.

WAR!

The most thrilling and stirring war serial ever written, entitled

Author of "Britain Invaded," "Britain at Bay," and "Britain's Revenge" is

JUST STARTING IN THE

BOYS' FRIEND. 1d.

Also a GRAND AND EASY COMPETITION with valuable prizes.

GET A COPY TO-DAY!

If you want any of these—

Penknife, Fountain-Pen, Mouth Organ, Box of Chocolates, Brooch, Pencil Box, Magnetic Compass, Scout Billican, Scout Knife and Fork, Scout Semaphore Flags, Scout Haversack, Jar of Sweets, Cigarette-Card Album, Picture-Postcard Album, Cuff-Links, Telescope, Nail Scissors, Electric Torch, Stamp Album, Hatpins, Photographic Dark-room Lamp, Photograph Album, Dog Collar, Dog Whip, Clothes Brush, Hairbrush, Story-Book, Box of Paints, Kite, Steam Vertical Engine, Doll's Tea-Set, Harmless Pistol, Amusing Game (taken from a large assortment of novel table games), Box of Draughts, Set of Chessmen, Bicycle Bell, Bicycle Repair Outfit, Bicycle Oilcan, Bicycle Lamp, Fishing-Rod (three joints), Spirit Level, 2ft. Four-fold Boxwood Rule, Hatchet, Fretwork Saw, Cricket-Ball, Serviette Ring (with initial engraved).

—get "THE GEM" Library. Price 1d. Now on Sale.

A WONDERFUL BARGAIN.

Send **4/6** only for my world-famed "**ROBEYPHONE**," with beautifully decorated 17-inch horn, powerful steel motor, 10-inch turn-table, and wonderfully loud tone sound box, which I sell at **HALF** Shop Prices, *together with* **24** magnificent selections. If you already have an instrument then I will supply to you brand new **GRAMOPHONE, COLUMBIA-RENA, EDISON, PATHE, HOMOPHONE** or **BEKA** records either for cash or **on low monthly payments**. Stupendous reductions. Three days' free approval. 10,000 TESTIMONIALS.

Write for Lists.

Dept. No. 10.

CHAS. T. Robey LTD. The World's Provider. COVENTRY.

All ACCESSORIES FREE

To every purchaser of a

MEAD Coventry Flyer.

PACKED FREE. CARRIAGE PAID.

Warranted 15 Years. Puncture-Proof or Dunlop Tyres, Brooks' Saddles; Coasters; Speed Gears. *From* **£2. 15s.** Cash or Easy Payments. **500** Soiled and Second-hand Cycles, from **15/-**. Write for **Free Art Catalogue** and Special Offer on Sample Machine. Agents wanted.

Established 23 years.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. 233K 11, Paradise St., Liverpool.

6d. DEPOSIT.

This Handsome Phonograph, with large Flower Horn and Two Records, complete, will be sent to any address on receipt of 6d. **DEPOSIT** and upon payment of the last of 18 weekly instalments of 6d. Two 1/- Records are given free. Send for Price List of Latest Models.—

The British Mfg. Co., P 24, Great Yarmouth.

6/6 each

The "LORD ROBERTS" TARGET PISTOL

Beautifully plated and finished. May be carried in the pocket. Will kill birds and rabbits up to 50 yards. Noiseless Ball Cartridges, 9d. per 100. Shot, 1/6 per 100. 100 birds or rabbits may be killed at a cost of 9d. only. Send for list.

CROWN GUN WORKS, 6, Whittall Street, BIRMINGHAM.

BLUSHING.

FREE, to all sufferers, particulars of a proved home treatment that quickly removes all embarrassment and permanently cures blushing and flushing of the face and neck. Enclose stamp to pay postage to Mr. D. TEMPLE Specialist, 8, Blenheim Street, Bond Street, London, W.

IF YOU WANT Good Cheap Photographic Material or Cameras, send postcard for **Samples and Catalogue FREE.—Works: JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL.**

REMARKABLE GIFT!! TO ALL FRETWORKERS.

Send 2d. stamps for postage on our **Gift Parcel** to Fretworkers, which contains: (1) Our Book, "**Fretwork**"; (2) Large 6d. Design for Handsome Article of **Fretwork Furniture**; (3) Novel Design for **Fretwork Steeple-chase**; (4) Great Illustrated Catalogue of Penny Designs. ALL FREE. The 2d. is for the postage. Apply to-day to

NATIONAL FRETWORKERS' ASSOCIATION,
(Desk 35), **57, Farringdon Road, London.**

POPULAR BOOKS. (Written by Experts).—"**Boxing**" (illus.), "Conjuring," "**Tricks with Cards**," "**Handcuff and Gaol Breaking Mystery Exposed**," "**Ventriloquism**" (fully explained), "**Thought Reading Exposed**" only 4d. each; lot 1/4d. carr. paid.—**Porritt, Publishers**, Walmersley Rd., Bury, Lancs.

A SILVER WATCH FREE

For Postal Order 1s. (or 13 stamps) we will forward a massive 18-ct. Gold Simulation Chain, together with our generous offer of a Solid Silver Watch Free per return post (lady's or gent's). These Watches have solid silver cases, reliable movements, and are guaranteed time-keepers. We are simply giving them away to introduce our goods.—(Dept. C), LONDON SUPPLY STORES, Invicta House, Swanscombe, Greenhithe.

MOUSTACHE!

A Smart Manly Moustache grows very quickly at any age by using "Mousta," the guaranteed Moustache Forcer. Boys become Men. Acts like Magic! Box sent in plain cover for 7d. Send now to—

J. A. DIXON & CO., 42, Junction Road, London, N.

NEXT TUESDAY: "TEMPTED, BUT TRUE!" ORDER EARLY!

The Magnet 1d Library

A Complete School Story Book, attractive to All Readers.

The Editor will be obliged if you will hand this book, when finished with, to a friend.

The Schoolboy Money-maker.

A Splendid New, Long, Complete Tale of School Life, introducing the Famous Chums, Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.
The Remove Merchant.

"CHEAP!"

"Dirt cheap!"

"Yes, rather!"

"Now then, don't shove——"

"Rats!"

"Look here——"

"Make room, there! Let a chap pass——"

"Take your time, gents. I guess there's enough for all," said Fisher T. Fish, the American junior in the Greyfriars Remove. "Walk up! Now's your chance to score—chance of a lifetime, I guess! Walk up!"

The Greyfriars juniors were "walking up"; there was no doubt about that.

There was a most unusual and excited scene in the Remove passage at the old school. Juniors were crowding along the passage to the end study, pushing and shoving one another, evidently all in a state of great eagerness and excitement.

The end study presented an unusual appearance. The door was wide open, and the study table was planted across the doorway in the form of a shop counter. And the improvised counter was piled with all sorts and conditions of articles.

Behind the counter, in the study, stood Fisher T. Fish.

The thin, keen face of the American junior was unusually animated, and his eyes were gleaming with the excitement of a tradesman doing a roaring trade.

His thin, staccato voice sounded above the hubbub in the passage.

"Walk up, gentlemen! I guess this is the show where you get value for your money. Walk up! Any price you like, I guess! I'm really giving these things away! Walk up!"

Copyright in the United States of America.

Harry Wharton put his head out of the study at the other end of the passage, and shouted:

"Shut up that row, there! How's a fellow to do his prep. with that row going on? Shut up!"

To which the crowd in the passage replied, with one voice:

"Rats!"

Harry Wharton came out of his study, and Frank Nugent followed him. They did not know the cause of the excitement in the Remove quarters, and they were amazed. The crowd was too thick for them to get through to the end study, which was evidently the centre of attraction.

"What on earth's the matter?" exclaimed Wharton, addressing Bulstrode, the captain of the Remove. "What's going on?"

"I am!" said Bulstrode, with a grin. And he went on.

"Bob Cherry, what's the matter up there?"

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"It's Fish!" he exclaimed.

"Fish!"

"Yes. He's started bizney in the selling-of-articles' line," Bob Cherry explained. "He's got a counter rigged up in his study, and he's selling off things like wildfire!"

"My hat!"

"Cheap, too?" said Hazeldene.

"Pocket-knives at a tanner each!" chimed in Russell.

"Faith, and its chape they are!" said Micky Desmond. "I've bought wan of thim, and it's a rale bargain, darlings!"

"Does it cut?" grinned Nugent.

"Faith! I didn't think of that——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Let's go and see what's on," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Blessed if I like this idea of a chap setting up a shop in the Form. It's that blessed Yank, of course. Hallo, Bull! Are you a partner in the firm?"

Johnny Bull had just come upstairs, with a very red face. Bull was Fish's study mate in the end study, and there was sometimes war between the sturdy English junior and the keen, sharp American. From Bull's look, it appeared that war was on now.

"Partner in the firm!" snorted Bull. "Of course not! Fisher asked me to go in for it——"

"What did you say?" grinned Nugent.

"I said 'Rats!' And I told him I'd break his neck if he opened a blessed shop in my study!" growled John Bull. "Ha, ha, ha! Then it's time for the neck-breaking to begin. The shop's opened."

"It will jolly soon be closed again," said Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

John Bull pushed his way along the passage, but it was not easy to get through. The Remove passage was crammed with juniors eager to deal with the new merchant. Fisher T. Fish was certainly selling articles at wonderfully low prices, and how he could do it was a puzzle. The quality of the articles was a point the juniors had not yet fully considered. But to get a penknife for sixpence, which usually costs half-a-crown, was certainly a bargain. The Removites were quite excited about it. John Bull's attempt to push through the crowd and get to his study was met with vigorous resistance.

"Don't shove, there!"

"Stop it!"

"Get back, there, Bull!"

"Take your turn!"

"Yes: take your turn, you cheeky ass!"

John Bull snorted.

"Take my turn!" he roared. "Do you think I want to take my turn at playing the giddy ox? I want to get to my study."

"So do we all," said Snoop. "And you can take your turn with the rest, Bull."

"Yes, rather! Keep back!" exclaimed Hazeldene.

"Don't shove me, Bull!" growled Bulstrode.

"I'm going through."

"Rats! You're not!"

"Faith, and I think——"

"Let me pass!" roared Bull. "I'm going to bust up that blessed merchant in my study! I'm not going to have my study turned into a shop."

"Rats!"

"Yah!"

"Keep back!"

"I say, you fellows, chuck him out!" exclaimed Billy Bunter, blinking round through his big spectacles. "I don't like being shoved like this. Chuck him out!"

"Stand back, Bull!"

"Hang it all!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "A fellow's got a right to go to his own study if he wants to. Let Bull through."

"Bosh!" said Bolsover, the Bully of the Remove. "Bull can take his turn, like the rest. Don't shove, Bull, or you'll get shoved back."

But Johnny Bull, who was very much excited, continued to shove, and the juniors shoved back, and the crowd in the Remove passage swayed and struggled. Through the din of shuffling and trampling feet, and growling voices and grunts, the thin, keen voice of the Yankee schoolboy could be heard from the end study.

"Walk up, gents! Half-a-crown pocket-knives, with three blades, and a corkscrew, and a tin-opener, and a screwdriver, only a tanner! Special job lot, going cheap! Handsome alarm clocks, usually sold at three-and-six, going for ninepence! Walk up, gents! Now's the chance of a lifetime!"

"You blessed Yankee Shylock!" roared John Bull, in stentorian tones that sounded along the passage to the end study. "What do you mean by turning my study into a giddy shop—eh?"

Fisher T. Fish twisted his long neck round the doorway, and looked out over the counter.

"Hallo, Bull! I guess this isn't a shop. This is a store—a dry goods' store, you know. I guess I'm making money."

"You silly ass——"

"The customers are the silly asses, I think!" grinned Frank Nugent. "I wonder whether those clocks will keep time?"

"It will be a wonder if they do," said Wharton, laughing.

Bull made a herculean effort to get through the press of juniors. Bolsover and several other fellows turned upon him at last.

"Chuck him out!" roared Bolsover.

"Hurrah! Kick him out!"

John Bull was seized by half a dozen pairs of hands.

He struggled furiously, and as he was a decidedly strong and sturdy junior he gave his captors considerable trouble before they mastered him.

But numbers told. He was whirled off his feet, and the excited juniors rushed him back along the passage, with a terrific, breathless rush, and he was hurled into the open doorway of No. 1 Study.

"Look out!" gasped Nugent.

But it was too late.

John Bull came whirling blindly into the doorway where Wharton and Nugent and Bob Cherry were standing.

The heavy junior crashed right into the trio, and sent all three of them crashing back into the study in a wild heap, and he sprawled over them as they fell.

There was a roar from the Famous Four all at once.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Oh!"

"Ow!"

"Yah!"

Bolsover looked, grinning, into the study.

"Oh, good!" he ejaculated. He changed the key quickly to the outside of the lock. And he drew back and slammed the door.

John Bull leaped up and sprang to the door. As he did so, the key clicked in the lock on the outside. He dragged at the door in vain.

Frank Nugent sat up, gasping, and clasping his hand to his nose. It was streaming red, after violent contact with somebody's elbow.

"Ow!" he gasped. "Oh, Bull, you ass! You frabjous chump!"

"Rats!" growled Bull. "I couldn't help it, could I?"

"Groo!"

"Yow!"

Harry Wharton staggered to his feet. He rubbed the back of his head. It had knocked against the leg of the table. The table-leg had not suffered from the concussion, but the head had. Wharton rubbed it ruefully.

"Well, my hat!" he ejaculated.

"Open the door!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Can't!"

"Why not, ass?"

"We're locked in!"

"My only hat!"

The Famous Four dragged at the door all at once, but in vain. They raged inside the study; while outside, in the passage, the clamour of the eager bargainers continued; and through the din a thin, knife-like voice was heard from the end study:

"Walk up, gents—walk up! Bargains in knives and clocks and footers—prices you never heard of! I guess this store knocks Whiteley's and Harrod's and Selfridge's—some! Walk up and buy! Chance of a lifetime, I calculate!"

Read the grand new story of the Chums of St. Jim's, entitled: "THEIR DISHONOURABLE CHUM!" In this week's "GEM" Library. Now on Sale. Price One Penny.

Swish! Swash! Whack! Biff—biff! All sorts of weapons descended upon Fisher T. Fish as he ran the gauntlet. Every fellow was determined to have at least one blow at him, and some had two or three. (*See Chapter 6.*)

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Enterprising Yank.

FISHER T. FISH was doing a roaring trade.

Whether the goods he sold were of any use or not, the prices were remarkably low, and he sold them off like wildfire.

The novelty of the idea of a shop in a junior study rather took the fancy of the juniors, too. Fisher T. Fish was a youth with a continual flow of new ideas—generally unworkable ones. But this one certainly seemed to be working all right.

Fisher T. Fish prided himself upon being a keen American business chap. His father—or popper, as he called him—was a keen American business man. Fish had inherited his gifts. He had that quickness of mind which distinguishes the American business man—the rapid grasp of things, and the unceasing eye on the main chance. He had all that quickness of decision and thought which had conducted so many American business men by rapid, brilliant stages to the Bankruptcy-court. He had the keen, unscrupulous ability which had enriched one generation of Americans, and will probably impoverish all the rest, when the world has learned that quickness and cheapness are not everything.

For when people wake up to the fact that clocks, besides being cheap, ought to keep time; that bicycles, besides being smart, ought to support their rider instead of letting him down at unexpected moments; that typewriters, besides being slick, ought to last longer than a year or so, then probably people will let American manufactures severely alone.

But the Greyfriars juniors were not aware of all these things.

They joined in the rush at Fisher T. Fish's store, marvelling at the low price at which he was selling his goods—and eager to make hay while the sun shone.

Fisher T. Fish grinned beamingly over his improvised counter.

His stock was rapidly becoming exhausted, and the lower it went, the more Fisher T. Fish grinned with satisfaction.

Juniors, laden with cheap clocks, and footers at low prices, and knives that were sold for next to nothing, and would probably cut nothing at all, went down the passage in a very satisfied frame of mind.

But as fast as satisfied purchasers went, other fellows took their places.

The excitement was catching.

Third Form fags—Tubb, and Bolsover minor, and Paget, and a crowd more—came crowding in, and Nugent minor of the Second Form came along with Gatty and Bunter minor and a whole host of inky-fingered "kids."

They shoved the Removites, and were shoved by them, and the noise grew more and more, and Fisher T. Fish's stock grew less and less.

"Walk up, gents! Clock for you, Carlton? You know you never wake up in the morning. I guess you'd better

NEXT TUESDAY: **"TEMPTED, BUT TRUE!"** By FRANK RICHARDS. Order Early.

hop at this cheap alarm clock with both feet," said Fisher T. Fish, holding up a tin clock to Carlton of the Remove.

Carlton grinned.

"How much?"

"One bob!"

"Will it go?"

"Guaranteed for twenty years!" said Fisher T. Fish promptly.

"Phew!" said the junior.

"Twenty years' solid guarantee!" said Fisher T. Fish cheerfully. He did not mind giving that guarantee. He was not likely to remain at Greyfriars for twenty years, and after he was gone, Carlton would certainly not be able to recover his shilling. As a matter of fact, Fisher T. Fish was not in the least aware whether the clock would go at all. Like many American clocks, it was made to sell, and not for any other special purpose.

"I'll take it," said Carlton.

"Here you are! I guess that's a bargain," said Fish.

"Now, then, Bunter, what do you want?"

"Are you selling anything to eat, Fishy?"

Fish shook his head.

"Not at present, I guess, Bunter. I'm thinking of opening a refreshment branch in the establishment later. You can have anything else you like—clocks, watches, footers, cricket bats, marbles, string, matches—"

"I might take a watch," said Bunter. "Is that watch real silver?"

"Yep! Guaranteed 18-carat—ahem!—I mean, guaranteed genuine silver," corrected Fisher T. Fish. "Keeps splendid time—better than Greenwich, if anything."

"How much?"

"Ten bob."

"Too dear," said Bunter.

"Well, five bob, to clear."

"I'll have it," said Bunter. "Thanks!"

He put the silver watch into his pocket, and receded among the crowd. Fisher T. Fish shouted after him.

"Hold on, Bunter! You haven't paid!"

"Oh, really, ish——"

"Pay up! This is a cash store."

"The fact is, Fishy, I'm out of money just now, but I'm expecting a postal-order this evening, and I'll settle up then."

"You won't!" replied Fish. "You'll settle up now, you fat fraud, or you'll hand that watch back, I calculate."

"It's my watch," said Bunter. "I've bought it. I'll settle up when my postal-order comes. It can't be later than this evening. It's from a titled friend of mine, you know."

"Hand that watch back!"

But Billy Bunter had already retreated into the crowd. Fisher T. Fish looked as if he would jump over his counter in pursuit; but it was impossible. The crowd was too thick. The American junior fumed with rage. For once he had encountered a customer as keen as himself, or a little keener. His only consolation was the knowledge that the watch was not worth more than a shilling.

Nobody else tried to stop Bunter. It was Fisher T. Fish's boast that he could look after himself, and needed no help from anybody, and on this occasion nobody gave him any.

"Walk up, gents," said Fisher T. Fish, a little less cheerfully. "Are you going to take this footer off my hands, Trevor?"

Trevor, who was a keen Lancashire fellow, looked at the footer, and grinned.

"Much," he said.

"What do you want, then?".

"I don't want any of that lot," said Trevor, looking at the goods on the counter.

"Then make way for those who do," said Leigh, of the Remove. "How much for that footer, Fishy?"

"Four bob."

"Phew! That's cheap!"

"Surely all the goods in this store are cheap."

"I'll take it," said Leigh, laying down the four shillings.

"Good! Next gent."

"How much those dumb-bells, Fishy?" demanded Tubb, of the Third.

"Bob the pair."

"Great Scott! You must have paid more than that!"

"That's the price, I guess," said Fisher T. Fish serenely.

"I guess it's the chance of a lifetime for you, Tubby."

"I'll take 'em," said Tubb.

"Walk up, gents! What offers for a splendid spliced bat, generally sold at fifteen bob? Going for three shillings—practically a gift—to clear. The cricket season's coming on, and you'll be wanting a bat. Did you say you'd have it, Trevor?"

"No, I didn't," grinned Trevor.

"Is it any good?" asked Ogilvy of the Remove.

"First chop!"

"Busts at the first chop?" asked Trevor.

Read the grand new story of the Chums of St. Jim's, entitled: "THEIR DISHONOURABLE CHUM!" In this week's "GEM" Library. Now on Sale. Price One Penny.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"No, you ass! I guess that bat is the real thing. You can't do better than invest in that bat, Ogilvy. Yep!"

And Ogilvy invested in the bat. It was certainly a bargain, if it was any good. Fresh juniors pressed up to the counter, and Fisher T. Fish was kept very busy. There was a sudden roar in the passage, and a shoving and swaying.

"Hold on!"

"Keep back!"

"Stop it!"

"Yah!"

THE THIRD CHAPTER.
Chucked Out!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. had got out of the study at last.

Wharton had twisted the lock open, after many efforts, with the aid of the poker, and the door was dragged open, and the Famous Four, looking very red and excited, emerged into the Remove passage.

The crowd there seemed as thick as ever, and the excitement, if anything, had increased. Juniors of the Fourth, and the Remove and the Third and the Second crowded there, all eager to see, if not to purchase, the wonderful bargains offered by the Remove merchant in No. 14 Study.

"I'm going to get to my study," said John Bull, setting his teeth. "You fellows will help?"

"Yes, rather."

"What-ho!" said Bob Cherry emphatically.

"Line up, then."

The four juniors joined arms, and marched up the passage in line. They came on abreast, and acted like a battering-ram upon the surging crowd.

There were yells of protest, but the Famous Four took no notice of them. They marched on resistlessly, and fellows were pushed and shoved aside, and diminutive fags disappeared under their feet.

"Stop it!"

"Get out!"

"Rotters!"

"Yah!"

"Steady does it!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Now, then, all together!"

And with a final terrific rush the Famous Four burst through the crowd, and arrived outside the doorway of No. 14, the end study.

Fisher T. Fish greeted them with a grin.

"I guess you're in time for some of the bargains," he remarked. "Are you looking for a cheap clock, Bull?"

"No," said Bull grimly. "I'm looking for a silly ass."

"I guess——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And I've found him," said Bull. "Wade in, you fellows."

He grasped the edge of the study table, which served Fisher T. Fish as a counter. The American junior gave a yell of alarm.

"Here, look out! You'll upset my store, I guess."

John Bull chuckled.

"That's what I'm just going to do," he remarked.

"Oh! Hold on, you silly guy! Yow!"

Crash!

Over went the table, and the cheap stock of the Fish Store was hurled hurtling into the study. Fisher T. Fish staggered back, amid a shower of footers and marbles, and cheap alarm clocks, and watches that would not go, and tops that would not spin, and pens that would not write.

"Yow! Yarcop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Famous Four rushed into the study. Johnny Bull

SANDOW'S BOOK FREE!

Just published, a new book showing how Sandow won Health and Fame, beautifully illustrated, and explaining how every man and woman can obtain robust health and perfect development by exercise.

SPECIAL OFFER.

To every reader who writes at once a copy of this book will be sent free.

Address: No. 18, SANDOW HALL, BURY STREET, LONDON, W.C.

grasped the American junior in his sturdy arms. He rolled him over on the carpet, and bumped him hard.

"There!" he gasped. "That's for turning my study into a store!"

"Yow!"

Bump!

"That's for selling rotten boob to the Remove."

"Yooop!"

Bump!

"That's for playing the giddy ox —"

"Yarooop!"

Bump!

"And that's an extra one, for luck!"

"Yaroooooop!"

Fisher T. Fish rolled on the carpet, roaring. He rolled on cheap clocks, and they hurt him, and he roared again. Finally he sat up in the midst of his scattered goods, and glared.

"You howling guy!" he roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You frozen chump!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You burbling jabberwock!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish staggered up. He was very dusty and very breathless and very angry. He had ruined a great deal of his stock by rolling on it.

"You frabjous cuckoo!" he growled. "I've a jolly good mind to give you the licking of your life, I guess."

"Go it!" said John Bull, cheerfully.

"Nope! I guess I'll let you off," said Fish, rather hastily. "You've mucked up my show, and interrupted my trade."

"I'll interrupt it again, and bump you harder, if you try it on again!" growled John Bull wrathfully. "Do you think I'm going to have my study turned into a swindling store?"

"It ain't a swindle," said Fish heatedly. "I'm selling goods at low prices, most of 'em manufactured in America. I got a cheap lot from an American branch in London. I'm doing the Remove a good turn by letting 'em have the goods cheap."

"You'd better take a shop in the village, then," said John Bull drily. "You can't do it here."

"I guess—"

"If you guess that you can use my study for a store, you guess wrong," said Bull. "Now, gather up all that rot, and scoot."

"I guess—"

"I'll jolly well gather it up for you, then."

"Look here—"

"Rot!"

John Bull gathered up alarm clocks in both hands. They were not going, but they were about to go—through the doorway. Bolsover loomed in.

"Look here," he exclaimed, "you let Fish alone, Bull! He has a right to do as he likes, and we're not going to stand—"

"You're not going to stand in my doorway," said John Bull. "Get out!"

"I won't! I—"

"I'm just going to begin chucking Fish's rubbish out," said John Bull. "If you stand there, you'll get hurt."

"You'd better not!" growled Bolsover threateningly. "I—"

"Are you going?"

"No!" exclaimed the Remove bully. "And oh—"

Biff!

A footer caught Bolsover under the chin. He staggered back, and then rushed furiously into the study. He caught his foot in a heap of alarm clocks, and stumbled, and John Bull caught him just as he reached the floor, swung him round, and whirled him through the doorway again.

"Yarco-o-oh! Oh! Ow!"

Crash!

Bolsover landed on the opposite wall, and slid down to the floor of the passage. Then Bull began to throw out Fisher T. Fish's valuable stock, which he irreverently called rubbish. Footers and marbles rained upon Bolsover, and he jumped up, and fled, followed by alarm-clocks and balls of twine and cricket-bags and purses, and a special cheap line in cushions.

The chums of the Remove roared as he fled. The passage was soon littered with Fisher T. Fish's property. Fisher T. Fish roared, too, but in a different way. But he was not able to save his valuable goods.

John Bull soon made a very great clearance. He got rid of the goods faster than Fisher T. Fish had been getting rid of them over the counter. Fisher T. Fish looked on, raving, and waving his hands.

"All gone!" grinned Bob Cherry, as Johnny Bull looked round, after hurling the last of the alarm-clocks into the passage.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good!" said Bull. "The merchandise is gone, and now the merchant can follow it. Out you go, you blessed Yank!"

"Nope! I—"

"Outside!"

"Look here!"

"Out you go!" roared John Bull.

There was a momentary struggle, and Fisher T. Fish went flying out of the study. He rolled along the passage amid his scattered properties, and roared.

"Ow!"

"There!" gasped Johnny Bull. "There you are, and there you can stay! You don't come back into this study again!"

"Yep! I guess it's my study!" yelled Fisher T. Fish.

"You won't come back all the same, till you promise to stop that blessed bizney!" said John Bull.

"I guess—"

"Oh, rats!"

"Look here!"

But John Bull did not look. He slammed the door of the study, and so cut short the remarks of the enterprising American junior. Fisher T. Fish grunted, and limped away. His new venture could not, upon the whole, be pronounced a howling success.

But the schoolboy money-maker had by no means given up his idea.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Not Satisfied!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. returned to their study, laughing heartily over the storm in No. 14. They did not feel very much sympathy for Fisher T. Fish. The Yankee schoolboy was a little too keen for their taste, and although he was rather liked in the Remove no one was sorry to see him have a fall. And it was really a little too "thick" turning a fellow's study into a miniature emporium for cheap goods.

"I don't think Fish will do any further store business in No. 14," Nugent grinned. "I think Johnny has made his wishes plain on that point."

"Yes, rather," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "I fancy we've heard the end of Fish's latest wheeze. I don't suppose he'll keep it up after this."

But Wharton did not quite know Fisher T. Fish.

When the chums of the Remove went down into the common-room a little later the American junior was there.

Fisher had dusted himself after his rough experience at the hands of his excited study-mate, and was looking his usual thin, keen, natty self again. He nodded cheerfully to the Famous Four.

"Business over for the day?" asked Bob Cherry, grinning.

"You bet!" said the American, with a rather peculiar look at John Bull, who had come down with the others. "I guess the study wasn't commodious enough for my store, anyway."

John Bull chuckled.

"That's all right!" he said. "I'm sorry if I was rather rough, Fishy. But, you see, a fellow doesn't like his study being turned into a giddy shop."

The Yankee waved his hand airily.

"I guess it's all O.K.," he said. "Don't mench! The study was only for a start, to see how the idea panned out."

"Petered out, you mean!" grinned Nugent.

Fisher T. Fish shook his head.

"Nope!"

"You don't mean to say you're going on with it?"

"Yep."

"Not in my study!" said Johnny Bull, showing signs of excitement again.

Fisher T. Fisher grinned.

"Nope! I've got a bigger idea than that. I've sent a wire to my popper."

"What for?"

"About my idea," said Fish coolly. "You'll see. In a day or two I reckon I shall astonish this old school—some."

"You've astonished it already," said Harry Wharton. "By the way, where did you get all that rubbish you were selling?"

"I guess it wasn't rubbish. It was good stuff for the price. I got it from an American branch in London, cheap!"

"Cheap and nasty!" grinned Nugent.

"Do any of the clocks go?" asked Bob Cherry.

Fish shrugged his thin shoulders.

"How should I know?" he asked.

"My hat! They're supposed to go, aren't they?"

"Blessed if I know. They're made to sell, and I've sold 'em. That's all I know about it," said Fish.

"I think your customers are sold, too!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Don't you expect to get some complaints about the quality of the goods?" asked Harry Wharton.

NEXT TUESDAY: "TEMPTED, BUT TRUE!" By FRANK RICHARDS. Order Early.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 207.

"I shouldn't be surprised."

"And you'll refund the money?"

Fish stared.

"Refund what?"

"The cash."

"Refund your grandmother!" said Fish. "Catch me refunding money! That's not the American way of doing business. No, sir!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Here comes the first of the purchasers, I guess. Looks like a complaint!"

Alonzo Todd, the gentle youth who was distinguished by the title of the Duffer of Greyfriars, came into the common-room, blinking round him, evidently in search of Fisher T. Fish. He caught sight of the group of juniors, and ambled over towards them. He had a penknife in his hand, of which the blade was doubled up into a half-circle. He held it out for Fish's inspection. Fish inspected it with perfect calmness.

"Look at that, Fish!" said Alonzo, more in sorrow than in anger.

"Well?" said Fish.

"I gave you sixpence for that knife, Fish."

"Yep. I was selling off that line at a tanner each!" agreed Fish. "I hope you're satisfied with it, Todd."

Alonzo stared.

"But the blade curled up, Fish, when I tried to sharpen a pencil with it," he exclaimed.

"Oh! You've been using that knife to cut with?" Fish exclaimed.

"Yes, indeed."

"That accounts for it," said Fish, with a nod, as if everything was explained.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "You shouldn't use an American knife to cut with, Toddy. American knives are made to sell, not to cut!"

"My dear Cherry——"

"Look here, Fish!" exclaimed Billy Bunter, coming along with a watch in his hand. "I say, you fellows, look at this watch! It won't go, and it won't wind!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I think it's a swindle!" exclaimed Bunter, blinking at Fisher T. Fish through his big spectacles wrathfully. "Look here, Fish! What are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing, I guess!"

"Do you call it a watch?" roared Bunter.

"Yep. That's a watch of sorts. You didn't expect a perfect timekeeper at the price, did you? And I guess you didn't pay for it, either."

"That's nothing to do with it," growled Bunter. "I was going to pawn it when my postal-order came."

"In the sweet by-and-by," Bob Cherry sang softly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"I guess I'm willing to take that watch back," said Fisher T. Fish.

Bunter glared at him.

"Hand it over, sonny!"

Bunter put the watch in his pocket. A watch that wouldn't go was better than no watch at all, and he had a slight hope of being able to sell it to some innocent fag for sixpence or a shilling. Billy Bunter rolled away, grunting with dissatisfaction, and Fisher T. Fish chuckled softly.

"There's more to come!" said Bob Cherry.

"I guess I don't mind."

Ogilvy and Vane marched up to Fisher T. Fish. Ogilvy had a cricket-bat in his hand, and Vane was holding up a box of matches, evidently a sample box from a packet he had bought. Both of them looked wrathful.

"Look at that bat!" roared Ogilvy.

"Look at those matches!" yelled Vane.

Fish looked at them.

"Well?" he said.

"Look at it!" shrieked Ogilvy. "Can't you see it's busted? Can't you see it's gone to pot? I swiped a ball in the passage, and the bat went at once."

"Oh!" said Fish. "You've been hitting a cricket-ball with that bat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the chums of the Remove. Ogilvy stared at the American junior in blank astonishment.

"Hitting a cricket-ball with it?" he gasped. "Well, what the dickens was it made for?"

"Blessed if I know!" said Fish. "I guess I never told you to hit a cricket-ball with it. It was a very handsome bat, and you've spoiled it. The loss is yours, I calculate."

Ogilvy spluttered. He seemed to be unable to find words to express his feelings. Vane took advantage of the pause to bring his box of matches into prominent notice. He thrust them right under the nose of Fisher T. Fish.

"Look at those matches!"

"I guess I'm looking at them."

"That's one box out of twenty-four you sold me for sixpence. First-class wax-vestas!" yelled Vane.

"I guess that was a real cheap line, Vane."

"They won't strike."

"Eh?"

"I've struck a whole boxful, and they won't light."

"Oh!" said Fisher T. Fish, comprehending. "You've been trying to strike those matches?"

"Trying to strike them!" yelled Vane. "Do you think I was buying twenty-four boxes of wax-vestas to make a dado round my study, you ass?"

"How should I know?"

"You—you ass!" gasped Vane. "What did you think I was buying matches for if it wasn't to strike them?"

"I didn't think anything about it. It wasn't my bizney. I was there to sell the matches, not to guess what you were going to do with them. That's American business."

"M-m-my hat!"

"I want my three bob back on that bat!" yelled Ogilvy, recovering his voice at last.

"Impossible!"

"Why, you—you blessed swindler!"

"I guess you'd better go slow," said Fisher T. Fish. "There's a libel law, you know. I never told you to hit any old cricket balls with that bat."

"Do you think I want a cricket-bat for a parlour ornament, then?" roared Ogilvy.

"You ought to know best what you want it for."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Why, I—I——" gasped Ogilvy.

Fisher T. Fish waved his hand.

"No good complaining after a transaction is completed," he said. "You English people are frightfully slow. You don't understand business."

"Not American business," grinned Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Do you call that kind of business honest?" inquired Nugent.

"I don't call it anything," said Fisher T. Fish. "I have goods to sell—people come and buy them. It's their look-out if they don't get bargains! My dear chap, suppose that had been a wonderfully good cricket-bat worth thirty bob? Ogilvy wouldn't have insisted upon handing me over the extra money it was worth. Business is business—I do you, or you do me—and the Gentleman in Black takes the hindmost. That's the way we run things in New York. That's business."

"We don't run business like that in England," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "We keep prisons in England for people who run business like that."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess you're behind the times. I— Hallo!"

Bolsover came into the common-room. The bully of the Remove was crimson with anger, and he was looking round in search of somebody. He caught sight of Fisher T. Fish, and came towards the group of juniors. It was evidently that keen American business youth that he was in search of.

"Fish!" he roared.

"Yep!" said Fish.

Fish was looking a trifle uneasy now. The burly Removite was not the kind of fellow to listen patiently to his explanations that business was business.

Bolsover held up a kettle.

"Look at that!" he roared.

"It's a kettle, I guess."

"Then you've guessed wrong!" roared Bolsover. "It's not a kettle; it's a swindle! It leaks. The first time I put it on the fire, it put the fire out."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You've been doing something to that kettle, I guess," said Fisher T. Fish, with a shake of the head.

"I've been doing nothing to it, except putting water in it to boil."

"Oh, you've been trying to boil water in it!"

"Yes, you fathead! That's what I bought it for! You didn't think I wanted it to play footer with, did you?"

"I guess——"

"I want my fifteenpence back."

"I guess——"

"Hand over the cash! You can have your blessed kettle."

And Bolsover hurled the kettle to the floor, with a crash that finished its resemblance to a kettle in shape.

"Now, look here, Bolsover——"

"Are you going to hand over the fifteenpence?"

"Nope! I——"

"You swindler!"

"Look here!"

"Gimme my money back!"

"Nope! This firm never returns cash. You see——"

"Then I'll jolly well take it!" roared Bolsover.

He rushed at the American junior. Fisher T. Fish dodged

Read the grand new story of the Chums of St. Jim's, entitled: "THEIR DISHONOURABLE CHUM!" In this week's "GEM" Library. Now on Sale. Price One Penny.

round Harry Wharton & Co., and made a wild rush for the door.

"Stop him!" yelled Bolsover.

But the slim and agile American raced out into the passage, and Bolsover careered after him. There was a trampling of feet in the passage, and the footsteps died away. The chums of the Remove roared with laughter. Whether the Form bully caught Fish or not, there was certainly a warm time in store for the keen youth from the great transatlantic country, where the wooden nutmegs come from. The business methods of Fisher T. Fish might be eminently successful in New York, but they were evidently no use at all at Greyfriars.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.
Lights Out!

BULSTRODE, the captain of the Remove, came into the junior common-room a few minutes later, with a frown upon his face. Bulstrode had a large pocket-knife in his hand, and from the expression upon his face it really looked as if he might be going to do some deadly deed with it. But a second glance at the pocket-knife showed that no deadly deed could possibly be done with it. Both the blades were open, but both were twisted up, and the cork-screw was elongated and useless, and the screwdriver was bent, and the tin-opener was shapeless. It was one of the wonderful combination pocket-knives, of which Fisher T. Fish had sold a great many, and it had gone the way of all the others. Like the rest of Fisher T. Fish's cheap lines in American goods, the knife was made to sell, and not for any other known purpose. Bulstrode came stamping up to the grinning juniors, and held up the knife for inspection.

"What do you think of that?" he roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Where's Fish?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I want to see him," said Bulstrode.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "So do a good many other fellows, I think. Bolsover's just gone after him."

"He's sold Bolsover a pup," grinned John Bull. "He's sold you all pups, I think. Ha, ha, ha!"

Bulstrode grunted.

"I'll have the money back on that knife, or I'll smash him!" he said. "He can have his rotten knife back. What's the good of getting a knife at half-price, if it's no good?"

"No; better pay a good price for British goods," grinned Harry Wharton. "But the transaction's completed now, and Fish sis has never gives money back."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He'll give my money back, or I'll take it out of his hide!" said Bulstrode.

And he stamped away to help Bolsover look for Fisher T. Fish.

During the evening a good many fellows were looking for Fish. But the American contrived to keep out of sight. He did not turn up in the common-room or the Remove passage, and his enraged customers looked for him in vain.

"He must come up to bed at half-past nine, though," said Bolsover.

And the Removites contented themselves with that. Fisher T. Fish could not possibly escape bedtime, and then they would have him.

Bedtime, as a rule, was not looked forward to by the Greyfriars juniors. Half-past nine always seemed to come round much too quickly. But this evening they watched the clock, and it seemed to them that the hands crawled. Fisher T. Fish's company had never been sought after so eagerly before.

There was hardly a fellow in the Remove Form who was not anxious to see him; and the Yankee schoolboy was coyly keeping out of sight. Where he did his preparation that evening was a mystery; probably in a box-room. It was not till Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars, marched the Remove off to bed, that Fisher T. Fish joined the Form in the dormitory passage.

There was a kind of growl from the Removites, as their eyes fell upon the slim form of the American.

"Here he is!" said Bolsover.

"Here's the Yank!"

"Here's the giddy welsher!"

Wingate, of the Sixth, heard the murmurs, and he looked round at the juniors suspiciously.

"What's the matter with you kids?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Bulstrode.

"I guess——" began Fisher T. Fish.

Bulstrode interrupted him. He linked arms with the American junior, and marched him into the dormitory in quite an affectionate manner. But his affection did not reassure Fish. Fish was looking decidedly uneasy. His store in Study No. 14 had been smashed up by the indignant Johnny Bull, and it looked as if the storekeeper himself would be put through the same process as soon as the senior was gone.

The Remove undressed, and went to bed very quietly.

Fisher T. Fish debated in his mind whether he should appeal to Wingate for protection. But that would amount to sneaking, which would only make matters worse for him in the long run. And besides, if the Greyfriars captain knew the circumstances of the case, he was pretty certain to order Fish to return the money to every one of the purchasers who was disstatisfied. And Fisher T. Fish would have preferred to face any sort of a ragging in the Remove dormitory, before that alternative.

So he was silent. But he was feeling very uneasy as he went to bed, and his heart beat quite painfully as Wingate turned out the light, and bade the juniors good-night, and returned, leaving them to themselves.

The captain's footsteps had hardly died away down the passage, when Bolsover sat up in bed.

"No sleep yet, you fellows!" he exclaimed.

"No fear!" said Bulstrode.

"Not much!" said Ogilvy emphatically.

There was a chorus from the other beds. It was seldom that Bolsover, the bully of the Remove, had anything like a following in the Form. But on the present occasion the Remove were with him almost to a man.

Bolsover turned out of bed, and lighted a candle. The other fellows jumped up too. Harry Wharton & Co. remained in bed. They had nothing against the American junior themselves, and did not care to join in ragging him. There were enough to do that, without their aid. As a rule they set their faces against raggings of all sorts, but they did not intend to interfere on this occasion. If Fish was roughly handled, it was only his due after his sharp practice, and nobody had any sympathy to waste on him.

Fisher T. Fish sat up in bed looking decidedly alarmed, as the juniors surrounded him with grim looks.

"I guess I want to go to sleep," he remarked.

"I guess you won't get to sleep just yet," grinned Bolsover. "Up you get!"

"Nope! I——"

"Yank him out!"

"Look here, I—— Ow! Oh! Thunder!"

Bump!

Fisher T. Fish was dragged off the bed, bedclothes and all, and he landed on the dormitory floor with a terrific concussion.

"Oh!" he roared.

"Got him!"

"Now then!"

"Bump him!"

"Hurrah! Bump the cad!"

"Hold on!" exclaimed Bulstrode.

"Rats!" said Bolsover fiercely. "We're not going to hold on! We're going to bump him!"

"Ass! You'll bring the masters up here if you do!"

"Phew! I forgot that."

"Yow!" roared Fish. "Lemme go! I'll yell——"

"Get a cake of soap, Snoop!"

"Right-oh!"

"And jam it into his mouth if he yells."

"What-ho!" grinned Snoop.

"Now, shut up, Fishy!"

"Ow! Look here—— Groo-o-o-o-o! Oh!"

Snoop had done as he was bidden. A cake of soap was jammed right into the open mouth of Fisher T. Fish as he expostulated, and his expostulations were changed in a moment into a wild and frantic spluttering.

"Gr-r-r-r-rorrorrorrorroooooh!"

THE SIXTH CHAPTE
No Money Returned!

"HA, ha, ha!"

The Removites roared.

The raggers, and the fellows sitting up in bed looking on, yelled with laughter at the sight of Fisher T. Fish negotiating the soap. The Yankee schoolboy could not extract it from his mouth with his fingers, because the juniors were holding his hands. He spat, and spluttered, and spluttered, and gurgled and gasped, to get rid of the soap, and the Removites shrieked.

"By gum! Oh! Ow!"

"Groo—ooh!" gasped Fish.

"You ought to like that soap," said Bob Cherry. "You got it for nothing, you know—that's good business."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Groo—groo—groo!"

"You've swindled us, you Yankee bounder!" exclaimed Bolsover fiercely. "We're going to have our money back!"

"Yes, rather!"

"Hear, hear!"

EVERY TUESDAY. The "Magnet" LIBRARY. ONE PENNY.

NEXT TUESDAY: "TEMPTED, BUT TRUE!" By FRANK RICHARDS. Order Early.

"Shut up, Bolsover!" said Bulstrode. "I'm captain of the Remove, please, and I'm going to see to this."

"Look here, Bulstrode——"

"Oh, shut up!"

"Yes, shut up, Bolsover!" said Bob Cherry. "You talk too much, you know. It's quite a mistake of yours to suppose that chaps want to listen. They don't."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bolsover scowled, but he allowed Bulstrode to take the lead. The big, overbearing bully of the Remove frequently tried to get ahead of the Form captain, and Bulstrode was not always able to assert himself. But he did so now. Fisher T. Fish, held in the grasp of half a dozen juniors, and still sputtering over the soap, was forced to stand up before the captain of the Remove. Bulstrode eyed him sternly.

"You've done us, Fish!" he said.

"I guess it was business," sputtered Fish.

"Selling things that were no good for good money?"

"Yep."

"Well, that may be Yankee business, but it won't suit Greyfriars," said Bulstrode. "We want our money back."

"I guess you won't get it."

"Do you mean to say you won't hand it over?"

"Surely!" said Fisher T. Fish, who, as he spoke the wonderful American language, always said "surely" when he meant "certainly."

"Bump him!" roared Hazeldene.

"Hold on! We'll make him run the gauntlet, and duck him in cold water, if he doesn't pay up!" said Bulstrode. "That will be just as efficacious, and will make less noise."

"Hear, hear!"

"I guess——"

"You're going to hand the cash over, Fishy, and you can have all your rotten articles back," said Bulstrode.

"Faith, and that's fair play entirely!" said Micky Desmond.

"Now, then, do you agree, Fishy?"

"Nope."

"You refuse to hand over the money you've done us out of?"

"Yep."

"I'll 'nopes' and 'yep' you!" growled Bolsover, clenching his big fists. "I'll——"

"Hold on, Bolsover! You're dead in this act! Now, then, Fishy, we mean business. You've got to hand over the tin!"

"Nope."

"Let's take it!" suggested Snoop. "He's bound to have it in his pockets somewhere, or in his box, and we can take it."

Bulstrode hesitated. He considered that the dissatisfied purchasers were entitled to their money back, but he did not like the idea of taking it. But there was a yell of approval from a crowd of the juniors.

"Good! Let's take it!"

Fisher T. Fish grinned in a rather sickly way.

"I guess you can't!" he remarked.

"Why can't we?" demanded Russell.

"Because it ain't here."

"Not here!" echoed Bolsover.

"Nope. I reckoned you might get up to some little gum-game like this hyer, I said the American coolly, "and I posted off the money to a safe place."

The juniors gazed at him dumbfounded. Fisher T. Fish's methods might not meet with their approval, but there was no doubt that he was a very sharp business man, according to his own peculiar ideas. If the money had been sent away by post, there was certainly no means of recovering it, peaceably or otherwise.

"My only hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "I think that takes the cake!"

"Faith, and ye're right!"

"You swindling rotter!" said Bolsover. "You should have posted yourself off at the same time. It would have been wiser. You're going through it now!"

"I guess you ought to be business-like. The transaction's over now——"

"No fear! Not by long chalks!" said Bulstrode grimly. "If we can't have our money back, we'll take it out of your hide."

"Yes, rather!"

"My dear Fish," said Alonzo Todd, "I cannot approve of your conduct. I am sure that my Uncle Benjamin, too, would be shocked—nay, disgusted."

"Now, Fishy, it's your last chance. Are you going to hand the cash back?" exclaimed Bulstrode.

"Nope."

"You mean that?"

"Yep."

Read the grand new story of the Chums of St. Jim's, entitled: "THEIR DISHONOURABLE CHUM!" In this week's "GEM" Library. Now on Sale. Price One Penny.

"Then you're going through it!"

"Collar the cad!" roared Bolsover.

Fisher T. Fish struggled. But the juniors had hold of him, and he was dragged to a washstand, where Snoop had poured a jug of water into a basin. In spite of his struggles, the Yankee schoolboy was ducked in the basin, and he raised his head again, streaming with water, which ran trickling down his pyjamas.

"Grooh! Yaroop!" he gasped.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Going to hand the money back?"

"Nope."

"Make him run the gauntlet!" exclaimed Stott.

"Hurray!"

"Form up!" shouted Bulstrode.

The juniors formed up in a double row. They armed themselves with socks and stockings and pillows and bolsters. Fish was taken to the end of the line in the strong grasp of Bolsover.

"Run!" said the Remove bully.

Fish struggled violently.

"I guess not!" he panted.

"Run, you ass!"

"Nope."

"Then I'll start you!"

Bolsover began to kick. The unfortunate business man of the Remove had to run; Bolsover's foot was heavy, and he had put a boot on for the purpose. It was worse to remain where he was than to run the gauntlet, and Fish started desperately.

"Go it!" roared Bolsover.

Swish! Swash! Whack! Biff, biff!

All sorts of weapons descended upon Fisher T. Fish as he ran the gauntlet. Every fellow was determined to have at least one blow at him, and some had two or three, some of them swiping one another instead of Fish in their eagerness.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go for him!"

"Give him socks!"

"Hurray!"

Fish staggered out at the end of the line, gasping and panting, and reeled against the wall. The juniors closed up round him again.

"Going to hand the money back?" queried Bulstrode.

"Nope," panted Fish.

"Run him back again!"

"Hurray!"

"Cave!" shouted Bob Cherry, from his bed.

The dormitory door opened.

Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, strode in. The juniors had forgotten, in their excitement, that they were making enough noise to be heard from one end of Greyfriars to the other.

Bob Cherry's warning came too late. There was no time to back to bed. The crowd of juniors, in nightshirts and pyjamas, stood staring helplessly at the master of the Remove as he strode into the dormitory.

Mr. Quelch frowned darkly. He had frequent trouble with his Form, which had the reputation of being the most unruly at Greyfriars. But he had never seen quite such a riot as this in the Lower Fourth dormitory after lights out.

"Boys!" he thundered.

The Remove was silent. The noise had quite died away now. The only sound that broke the silence was the breathless gasping of Fisher T. Fish.

"Boys, what does this mean—this riot?"

No reply. The Remove had no explanation to give.

"Every boy who is out of bed will take two hundred lines!" said Mr. Quelch sternly. "If I hear another sound from this dormitory to-night, I shall return and cane the whole Form! Now, go back to bed at once!"

In one minute the Remove were quietly in bed. Mr. Quelch, still frowning, collected up the candle-ends, and retired from the dormitory.

There was silence in the great room for some minutes. Then a soft chuckle was heard proceeding from the bed occupied by Fisher T. Fish.

"I guess you're rocked now!" he remarked.

And the Remove had to admit it. They knew Mr. Quelch, and not even Bolsover ventured to get out of bed in reply to the American junior's remark. They were "rocked," as Fisher T. Fish put it in the expressive American language, and for the remainder of that night the schoolboy money-maker was not disturbed.

ANSWERS

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.
Very Mysterious.

DURING the following two or three days Fisher T. Fish kept very much to himself. The Remove were not nice to him. It was not to be wondered at; but Fish did not seem to mind very much. As a matter of fact, Fish was thinking out further developments of his wonderful business ideas, and the few hints that he dropped showed that he had by no means given up his wonderful schemes for money-making at the expense of the juniors of Greyfriars. To Harry Wharton & Co. he confided the fact that he was awaiting a cable from his father, to whom he had communicated his plans, and whose approval he confidently expected.

When the Removites had had time to think the matter over calmly they began to take the whole thing as a joke. One point was considered certain—that Fisher T. Fish would find it very difficult to get customers when he opened his store again.

When he was to open his store, too, was another question. John Bull had promised the Yankee schoolboy the licking of his life if he turned No. 14 Study into a shop again, and had added a promise that he would smash everything that was exposed for sale there. Under the circumstances, affairs did not look very promising for the business man of the Remove. But Fisher T. Fish went on his way serenely, making his plans.

Harry Wharton tried to explain to him that he had better give up the idea. Fish smiled superior. Greyfriars might not understand real modern business methods, but so much the worse for Greyfriars.

Alonzo Todd, in his good-natured way, attempted to reason with Fish on the immorality of the matter. He passed on to Fish a great deal of wisdom that he had imbibed at the feet of his Uncle Benjamin, so to speak. But Fisher T. Fish could not, or would not, see it. Business was business; that was his motto. If a fellow came out at the little end of the horn, as he expressed it in American, that was his own funeral. It was not Fish's affair to look after anybody but himself.

"My dear Fish," expostulated Todd, "I am sure that that is not the way to get on in life, you know. I am really alarmed, too, to think what will become of you afterwards. Pray allow me to point out to you, my dear Fish——"

"Cheap Fish, you mean!" interjected Bob Cherry.

"My dear Cherry——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess I know as much about business as the next man," said Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I can show you slow Britishers some things."

"My dear Fish—really, it is very rude of Fish to walk away while I am talking to him!" said Todd. "My dear Cherry——"

But Bob Cherry had walked away, too.

Much as the Remove might disapprove of Fish and his fishy ways, as Nugent put it, there was a great deal of curiosity in the Form when a cable arrived for the American junior. Quite a crowd surrounded Fish when he read it in the junior common-room.

Fish read it, and put it in his pocket.

"Aren't you going to read it out?" asked Bulstrode.

"Nope."

"Is it about your business wheeze?"

"Yep."

"Then we're entitled to read it, too."

"Rats!"

"Have it off him," said Trevor.

"Here, I say, oh—ow!"

Fish was collared, and Bolsover dragged the telegram away from him, and read it out.

"Guess it's a cute idea. Cable two hundred dollars for exes. Go ahead! Popper."

"What on earth does that mean?" exclaimed Bolsover.

"Oh, cheese it!" said Harry Wharton. "You've no right to read his telegrams, anyway."

"He'd no right to take our money for nothing, if you come to that," said Bulstrode.

There was no denying that. Fisher T. Fish was only being done by as he had done by others.

The American junior put the telegram in his pocket again.

"I guess I shall go ahead!" he remarked.

"What are you going to do?"

"You'll see."

"If you start a store in my study again——" began Johnny Bull.

"I guess that's off."

"Has your governor really sent you two hundred dollars?" asked Nugent.

"Yep."

"My hat! That's forty pounds in real money!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "What on earth are we going to do with it, Fishy?"

"You'll see if you live long enough."

And that was all the explanation the Yankee schoolboy would give.

The Removites were very curious, and Fisher T. Fish's movements, after that, excited a great deal of attention.

With the cable in his pocket, the American junior made his way to the Head's study.

He came out five minutes later, with a satisfied grin on his face.

He did not explain, but it came out a little later that Mr. Fish had communicated with the Head, and had asked permission for his son to have a few days' leave from school.

The Head acceded to the request naturally, and Fisher T. Fish was free from classes, if he chose, for the rest of the week.

The wonder in the Remove grew.

Fisher T. Fish made a journey to London, and was gone nearly the whole of the day. After that he spent an afternoon in the neighbouring village of Friardale.

Still he gave no explanation.

The curiosity and excitement in the Remove were approaching fever heat by this time. Fellows who had resolved never to speak to Fish again, broke their resolve, to make inquiries of him as to what on earth it was all about.

But Fisher T. Fish vouchsafed no explanation.

"We'll make the beggar explain!" growled Bolsover. "We'll collar him in his study this evening, and bump him till he gives the show away."

"Good egg!" said Ogilvy.

"Oh, let him alone!" said Bob Cherry. "He'll explain in time."

"Rats!"

And after lessons that day, when Fisher T. Fish retired to his study, a crowd of the Lower Fourth, headed by Bolsover, followed him there.

Bolsover kicked at the door, but it did not open. He tried the handle, but the study door was locked. Bolsover hammered on it angrily.

"Fish!" he roared. "Fishy! Fish!"

"Hallo!" came the Yankee schoolboy's voice from within the study.

"Let us in!"

"I guess not."

"Open the door, you fathead."

"Nope."

"We want to know what it's all about!" roared Bolsover.

"You'll know presently."

"Are you going to tell us?" demanded Ogilvy, through the keyhole.

"Yep!"

"When?" roared Bolsover.

"I'm drawing up a notice to put on the board."

"Phew!"

"It goes up at seven o'clock. You can wait till then," said Fish.

"Rats! We're not going to wait. Open the door!"

Fisher T. Fish did not trouble to reply.

Bolsover, having hammered on the door for some minutes in vain, retired, and Fisher T. Fish was left alone to his labours, whatever they were. Even John Bull, who came up to the study to fetch a book, was not admitted, and he retired growling.

A few minutes before seven, Fisher T. Fish came down.

He had a paper in his hand, and there was a rush of the excited Removites to surround him. The American junior pushed his way towards the notice-board in the hall, round which most of the lower school was thronged by this time.

Not only the lower school, but a good many of the seniors had been infected by the excitement. Coker & Co. of the Fifth were there, waiting to see the paper that Fish was going to pin up on the notice-board.

"Make room!" said Fish. "Give a fellow room, now. You can all read it in a minute, I guess."

And Fisher T. Fish pinned the paper upon the board, and retired gracefully, leaving the Removites to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.
Fish, Limited.

"DON'T move!"

"Make room, there!"

"Order!"

"Rats!"

"Take it calmly," said Bob Cherry. "There's room for all, you know."

"Oh, really, Cherry, that's all very well," grumbled Billy Bunter—"all very well for you long-legged bounders, but what about me? I can't see over you."

"Well, you watch me," said Bob Cherry, "and laugh when I do!"

"Oh, really——"

"I'll read it out," said Bulstrode.

"Go ahead!"

And the Remove looked and listened. The notice, which had been carefully drawn up by Fisher T. Fish, was surprising, to say the least. The Remove had not quite known what to expect; but they certainly had not expected this.

"NOTICE!

"The firm of Fish, Limited, are opening a branch establishment in Friardale, at No. 1, the High Street.

"All kinds of confectionary, cakes, tarts, tuck, etc., will be dealt in at extremely low prices.

"The firm of Fish, Limited, having connections with the greatest wholesale houses in the trade, can afford to supply articles of the very highest quality at extraordinary prices, fifty per cent. lower than those of Uncle Clegg in the village, or of Mrs. Mimble at the school shop.

"Everything of the highest quality, quite new and fresh and first-class. Special reduction on opening day to Greyfriars fellows. Ten per cent. off all prices.

"Walk up in your thousands!

"Opening day, Wednesday afternoon. Greyfriars fellows are invited to roll up in their thousands, and support home industries.

"Walk up! Walk up!

"Cheap! Good! Fresh! Cash only taken! Anybody asking for credit will be ejected.

"This is the offer of the season!

"Signed,

"FISHER TACKLETON FISH.

"Managing Director."

The Removites listened, and stared, and commented. Their comments were not all favourable to the firm of Fish, Ltd.

"My only hat!" said Bob Cherry. "The cheek!"

"The nerve!"

"After the last experience, too!"

"Oh, Fish has got cheek enough for anything," said Bolsover. "Of course, nobody will go to the blessed shop! Fancy a Greyfriars fellow opening a shop in the village!"

"The Head will come down on it," said Ogilvy.

"It will bust up before he hears of it, I expect," grinned Nugent.

"We'll bust it up," said Morgan.

"Good egg!"

"I don't know," said Billy Bunter. "If Fish is really going to sell tuck at half the prices of the tuckshop, it might be worth while."

"It wouldn't be fit to eat."

"Well, it might, and we could see for ourselves when we bought it," argued Bunter. "It's not like clocks, that have to be given a trial, and knives that you don't open till you've left the shop."

"Something in that," admitted Bob Cherry. "If the cakes are made of linoleum, or the doughnuts of clay, we can see for ourselves."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It could be done at a profit," Ogilvy remarked. "It isn't a new idea, either. Fellows have clubbed up to buy tuck before at schools to sell at cost price. But that won't be Fish's little game. He'll try to rake in big profits, and sell us rubbish."

"Fullish, and ye're right."

"Poison us, most likely," said Morgan.

"I shouldn't wonder," said Bob Cherry. "Well, I'm not going there for any poison, for one."

"I say, you fellows, we might try. Half price, you know."

"And a quarter quality," said Hazeldene.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ten per cent. off, too, on opening day," said Bunter. "That brings the price down, and we can taste for ourselves what the stuff's like. I'll tell you fellows what I'll do, if you like. If you want to give the shop a trial, I'll go with you, and eat some of all the stuff you buy, and tell you whether it's good or not."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "I've no doubt you would."

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"In fact, I dare say you'd eat the lot, wouldn't you, Bunter, just to oblige a fellow?" grinned Nugent.

"Oh, really, Nugent——"

"If anybody wants to stand Bunter a free feed, now's his chance," said Bulstrode. "He can be filled up to the neck at half-price, with ten per cent. off that. And the quality of the goods doesn't matter at all. I suppose we're all agreed that it doesn't matter much if Bunter's poisoned."

"Ha, ha, ha! Not at all."

"Not a bit!"

"In fact, it would be a jolly good thing for Greyfriars!"

"Oh, really, you fellows——"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 207.

Read the grand new story of the Chums of St. Jim's, entitled: "THEIR DISHONOURABLE CHUM!" In this week's "GEM" Library. Now on Sale. Price One Penny.

"Blessed if I don't treat Bunter, to see how it works," said Bulstrode.

"I say, Bulstrode, that's a jolly good idea, you know," said Bunter, blinking at the captain of the Remove. "I must say——"

"You can depend on me, Bunter!"

"Good! I think——"

"For a farthing's worth of toffee——"

"Eh!"

"When the shop opens," concluded Bulstrode.

"Oh, really!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll tell you what," said Tom Brown. "We might roll up when the shop opens, and if the stuff isn't good we'll wreck the place. How's that?"

"Ow!" said Bob Cherry. "It's a ripping wheeze. Perhaps we'd better wreck the place anyway, though."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"No, give him a chance," said Ogilvy. "Fair play's a jewel. If he really supplies good stuff at half price, with ten per cent. off on opening day, he ought to be allowed to have a run for his money. If he gives us rotten stuff we'll scrag him, and bust up the shop, and pitch his rubbish into the street, and him after it."

"Hear, hear!"

"I say, you fellows, I'm expecting a postal-order to-morrow evening, but it won't come in time for this," said Bunter. "I suppose you wouldn't mind advancing me ten bob off my postal-order, Bob Cherry?"

"Something wrong with your supposer, then?" said Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really! I say, Wharton, if you could let me have five bob——"

"Make it five pounds," said Harry Wharton genially. "You'd be just as likely to get it, you know, so why stint yourself."

"Beast! I say, Nugent, you are a decent chap——"

"Thanks!" said Nugent, laughing.

"I mean it, really. I suppose you could let me have half-a-crown off my postal-order. I will settle up by the evening's post to-morrow."

"Good! I'll let you have it——" began Nugent.

"Thanks!"

"To-morrow evening!"

"Eh!"

"After the postal-order's come."

"Beast! I say, Johnny Bull, could you let me have something—anything would do—just something to help me on, you know?"

John Bull grinned.

"I dare say I could," he said. "But do you really want it?"

"Oh, certainly! You see, my postal-order——"

"Anything will do, so long as it's something to help you on?" asked Bull.

"Yes. You see—— Ow!"

"There you are, then," said Johnny Bull, and he planted a helping boot behind Bunter, which did, indeed, help him on.

Bunter staggered with a wild yell, and fell upon his hands and knees. The juniors burst into a roar.

Billy Bunter, still on his hands and knees, blinked round over his shoulder at the sturdy junior who had helped him on, in a dazed way.

"Ow! Beast! What did you do that for?" he roared.

John Bull looked astonished.

"Why, you asked for it!" he exclaimed.

"Yow! I didn't! Yaroop! I——"

"You said you wanted something to help you on, and anything would do," said John Bull. "I appeal to the fellows."

"So he did!" roared Bolsover. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! Oh, really——"

"I don't mind giving you some more," said John Bull, running towards Bunter. "You're an ungrateful brute, Bunter; but I don't mind helping you on."

"Yah! Oh! Yarooooop! Groo! Chuck it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter squirmed wildly out of the way of John Bull's heavy boot. He didn't want to be helped on like that at all. Bull helped him as far as the end of the passage, and there Bunter picked himself up, and fled.

Johnny Bull returned to the group before the notice-board. Billy Bunter was not heard to ask for any more help.

For a long time there was a crowd before the board, reading and re-reading and discussing the notice put up by the Yankee junior.

In spite of themselves, the Removites could not help being impressed by the initiative and cool cheek of the American.

There was no doubt that Fisher T. Fish, in spite of his many little failings, was a businesslike and energetic youth, and the Remove began to veer round in opinion. Even those

who had been hardest hit by Fish's previous efforts to set up as a business man, determined, after all, that they would go round to the opening of the store of Fish, Limited, at No. 1, High Street, Friardale. The schoolboy moneymaker had judged them well, and Fisher T. Fish rubbed his hands, and looked forward to a harvest on the morrow.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Opening Day.

THE next day Fisher T. Fish disappeared immediately after dinner. It was a Wednesday, and a half-holiday, and the weather was very fine. But for once the Remove did not think of footer on a fine half-holiday. The whole Form had decided, by this time, to attend the opening of the new store in Friardale, and to give Fisher T. Fish a chance. The junior ground was deserted that afternoon. And not only the Remove, but most of the Upper Fourth and the Shell and a crowd of fags, prepared to walk down to Friardale to take advantage of the 10 per cent. reduction on all goods offered for opening day at Fish's, Limited. Quite a crowd left the gates of Greyfriars, en route for the village. Boys in twos and threes and half-dozens started off, continually, after dinner. Coker & Co., of the Fifth, had decided to go, as well as the juniors. But they walked out of the gates, looking as unconcerned as possible, and very lofty, as if nothing was further from their thoughts than a visit to the new store. It was miles beneath their dignity to take any notice of a Lower Fourth enterprise, and they meant to drop in, as it were, by accident.

No. 1, High Street, was a little, old-fashioned shop, the first after the Cross Keys. It had been a tuckshop before but had long been closed. When the Greyfriars juniors arrived in sight of it, they saw that the keen American had

FIFTY MONEY PRIZES for 'MAGNET' READERS!

Printed below is a miniature reproduction of pages 13 and 16 of No. 199 of "The Magnet." On the next page you will find miniature pages 14 and 15 of the same issue, and on pages iii. and iv. of cover will be found printed a specially-prepared four-page cover. During the last few weeks all the other pages have been given, and now that the whole of this miniature number has been reproduced, you are asked to cut out each set of midget pages, fold and bind them up, thus making a Real Miniature Issue of our Popular Story-Book. To the reader who sends in the neatest and cleanest effort, a money prize of 10s. will be awarded, and forty-nine other miniature copies purchased by the Editor at 1s. each—the neatest and cleanest efforts gaining the awards. Competitors will find that the best way to bind the book will be by *sewing* the pages together, as a neater fold is thus obtained than if wire pins are used. All entries must be sent to the Editor, "Miniature Magnet," 23, Bouverie Street, London, E.C., by the first post on Monday, February 5th, 1912. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and no correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition. On no account will competitors have their miniature copies returned to them. The Editor's published decision on all matters relating to the Competition is Final and legally binding, and competitors may only enter on this understanding. The following form must be filled in and sent with each effort.

I enter the "Miniature Magnet" Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page, and agree to accept the published decision as final and legally binding.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

THE BEST 3d LIBRARY ... THE "BOYS' FRIEND" 3d LIBRARY.

The Magnet Library.—No. 199.

The "Magnet"

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Coker is Willing.

The Magnet Library.—No. 199.

made a startling change in its appearance. Fish had American ideas, and he carried them out ruthlessly. The dingy paint on the old shop had been renewed, and the first thing that now caught one's eye, on entering the village, was the glare of the new shop. Bright red and green gleamed in the sunlight, and over the facia, in glaring letters of gold, was the legend, "Fish, Ltd." Opposite the shop was an aged elm-tree standing in the street, and upon the venerable trunk a large notice-board had been nailed, also done in the brightest possible colours.

"FISH'S, LIMITED!

"GOODS AT PREMIER QUALITY AND LOWEST PRICES!"

Outside the shop were boxes of eggs in imposing array. The window was stacked with comestibles, displayed to the best advantage. Inside, shelves and counter and boxes were crammed. It was evident that Fish had expended to the best advantage the two hundred dollars cabled by his "popper."

Bob Cherry shaded his eyes with his hand as he came in sight of the glaring new shop.

"Wonderful ideas of colour that chap has!" he murmured. "I wonder whether that's merely impressionist or post-impressionist?"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"It's hideous at all events," he remarked. "But it catches the eye, and that's Fish's wheeze. No chance of anybody passing that shop without seeing it."

"I say, you fellows——"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's Bunter! Has your postal-order come, after all, Bunter?"

"Well, no; it hasn't arrived yet," said Bunter. "I'm not really expecting it until the evening. I'm relying on you fellows to provide me with a little ready cash to give Fish a leg-up on opening day."

"Well, of all the cheek——"

"I hope you are not going to be mean about it," said Bunter loftily. "I suppose you haven't brought me all this way for nothing, have you?"

"We didn't bring you, you fat duffer!"

"Well, I came with you," said Bunter. "I could make five bob do."

"You'll have to make less than that do, if you are relying on us for it," said Frank Nugent. "I don't mind helping you the same way that Johnny did."

Bunter backed away hastily.

"Here, hold on! I say——"

The Famous Four laughed, and entered the shop. They were not the first. Temple, Dabney, & Co., of the Upper Fourth, were already there, and so were Tubb, Bolsover minor, and Paget, of the Third. The Third Form fags were already busily engaged in sampling doughnuts. Temple, Dabney, & Co., were looking over the shop with a lofty air. Behind the counter was Fisher T. Fish. He was in his shirt sleeves, and had a white apron on, and certainly looked very business-like. There was a pen stuck behind his ear, and his trousers' pockets bulged with small change ready for his customers.

He greeted the chums of the Remove with a genial grin.

"Walk up, gents!" he exclaimed. "This is the chance of a lifetime!"

"Oh, ring off!" said John Bull. "We've heard all that before, you know. You don't want to run a tuckshop on cheap-jack lines."

"Chance of a lifetime!" repeated Fisher T. Fish, unheeding. "I guess there isn't often a store opened in this hyer sleepy place on the lines of Fish, Limited. Prices are real rock-bottom, bare margin of profit to keep the firm alive."

"What price the tarts?" asked Temple of the Fourth, looking over a really tempting pile of jam-tarts arranged upon the counter.

"Penny each!" said Fisher T. Fish.

"They're twopenny ones, you know," Temple remarked to the other Fourth-Formers.

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"Ten per cent. off for opening day, too!" said Fish.

"Oh, good!"

"You get ten for ninepence," said Fisher T. Fish. "If that isn't a real bargain, you can carry me home to die. Some!"

"I'm taking ten," said Temple.

Fisher T. Fish whipped out a nice white bag, with the words, "Fish, Limited," printed across it in big black letters. He had the tarts in the bag in the twinkling of an eye, and

he screwed the bag, and handed it to Temple. Temple paid down his ninepence, and the cash rattled into the till.

Fellows were crowding into the shop now, and the capacity of the establishment was fully taxed. Customers came and went; but they did not go so fast as they came, for most of them stayed to consume their purchases on the spot, and then renewed them. Tubb & Co. were very busy, and their faces were growing decidedly jammy. Nugent minor came in with a crowd of Second-Form fags, and he nodded cheerily to his elder brother as he jostled a way through the Removites.

"Now's your chance, Franky," he said.

Nugent laughed.

"I'm buying apples," he said. "That's all I can be sure of in this show. I don't trust those highly-coloured tarts."

"Oh, they're all right!" said his minor. "But if you're not spending much cash, you can lend me half-a-crown. I'll spend it."

Frank Nugent good-naturedly tossed over the half-crown, and Nugent minor was not long in getting rid of it. It was quickly in Fish's till, and the faces of Nugent minor and Gatty and Myers and other Second-Formers began to look sticky.

Fisher T. Fish was kept very busy now.

He handed out goods at a great rate, and handed out change, and rattled shillings and half-crowns into the till, till it was evident that he was reaping a harvest which put his former enterprises very much into the shade.

Temple, who intended to stand a feed in his study that evening, laid in a large quantity of eggs and bacon and ham, and went out with a large bundle under his arm. Bob Cherry entered him to look inside the eggs before he paid for them. But it was not really possible for Temple to take that advice. Coker & Co., of the Fifth, looked into the doorway presently over the heads of the crowd of juniors in the shop, most of whom were busily satisfying the wants of the inner man.

"Hallo!" said Coker. "This your show, Fishy?"

"Yep!" said Fish.

"Selling things off cheap—eh?" said Potter.

"I guess so!"

"May as well give you a leg up," said Coker. "Of course, you don't mind if we run an account."

Fish shook his head promptly.

"Terms strictly cash," he replied. "I haven't gone into the store business for my health. Pay, or vamoose! That's the rule in this ranch."

"Now, look here, Fishy——"

"No time," said Fisher T. Fish. "I'm busy!"

Coker frowned. Coker was a mighty man of war. But he hesitated to jerk Fish over the counter and bump him just then. There were too many juniors present.

"The prices are really awfully low," said Potter. "It's a good idea to lay in the stuff while we've got the chance. Let's pool the funds, Cokey. The young ass will ruin himself selling at such prices, but that's his look out."

"The stuff may be spoof," said Greene.

"Well, we can judge for ourselves. It looks all right."

"Yes, go it," said Coker.

And the Fifth-Formers joined the ranks of the customers. Fisher T. Fish netted more than a sovereign from them, and was satisfied. Coker & Co. were satisfied, too, as they bore away goods that were worth at least two pounds, if they were worth anything at all.

"What are you buying, Wharton?" asked Fish, in a momentary pause, looking at Harry Wharton.

Wharton laughed.

"Not any of your green-and-pink pastry, thanks!" he said. "If you've got anything that couldn't possibly have been doctored I'll have it."

"All goods premier quality——"

"Rats!"

"I guess——"

"We might try some of the tea," said Johnny Bull. "He can't have made that out of sawdust or sand, I suppose?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Try my five-shilling blend of Indian and Ceylon," said Fisher T. Fish. "The best thing in the tea trade! I'm selling it at a shilling a pound—ten per cent. off."

"Well, we might take a pound," said Nugent. "If it's no good, we shall bump you, Fishy, so you've had fair warning."

Fish did not appear to hear.

"Sugar, too," said Wharton, eyeing the white square cubes doubtfully. "It looks all right, but what's it made of, Fishy?"

"Best cane sugar——"

"Ahem!"

"Three-halfpence a pound."

"Oh, good! We'll bag that!" said Bob Cherry.

"Try my splendid pound cakes at sixpence."

"Right you are!"

Harry Wharton & Co. had not intended to expend very much money in the shop. They did not trust the quality of

Fisher T. Fish's goods, though they had to admit that the stuff looked very well. But Fish was an expert salesman. By the time the chums had to pay for their purchases they found that fifteen shillings were due to the American junior. They paid up cheerfully, at the same time promising the Yankee schoolboy the bumping of his life if the things did not turn out to be as represented.

Fisher T. Fish did not mind. Very probably he was anticipating trouble afterwards.

His idea of business was truly American—to sell his goods, and to trust to luck for the future.

A plaintive voice was heard in the crowded doorway:

"I say, you fellows, you might give a chap room! I want to see Fishy very specially! It's most important!"

And Billy Bunter bumped and squeezed his way in.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Does His Best.

BUNTER arrived at the counter very flustered and breathless, from hard shoving. He held on to the counter with his fat hands, and gasped. Fisher T. Fish came up smiling, rubbing his hands together. He knew the limitless extent of Billy Bunter's appetite, and knew that he would be a good customer if he was in funds. If he wasn't, Fisher T. Fish had only one word for him—the expressive American word: "Git!"

"What can I do for you?"

"I think I'll begin with some jam-tarts, Fishy," said Billy Bunter.

"I guess you'll begin by planking down your money!" said Fisher T. Fish decisively. "I reckon I've got you weighed up, Bunter!"

"Oh, really, Fish——"

"Shell out or get out!" said Fish tersely.

"You see, it's like this," explained Bunter. "I've got a postal-order coming this evening——"

"Git!"

"Eh?"

"Git!" said Fish.

"That means bunk off, translated into English," said Bob Cherry, laughing. "You are do trop, Bunter—the thing's too much, you know. There is no room in modern business for the man without money, or the kid who is expecting a postal-order. Buzz!"

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"Begad, you know——"

It was a soft and drawling voice, as a very elegant junior came in. Billy Bunter turned quickly, to blink through his big spectacles at Lord Mauleverer, the dandy of the Remove.

"I say, Mauly——"

"Begad, you know——"

"Mauleverer, old man, I suppose you don't mind advancing me ten bob on my postal-order?"

Lord Mauleverer laughed. He was known to be a simple junior in some things, but he was not quite simple enough to believe in the famous postal-order of William George Bunter, which was always coming, but never came.

"My dear fellow, don't talk out of the back of your neck," he said. "There's a five-bob piece, if you like."

And he tossed one to Bunter. The fat junior caught it in his fat hands.

"Thanks, Mauleverer!" he said. "You shall have this back out of my postal-order to-night, or to-morrow morning at the latest."

"Rats!" said his lordship cheerfully.

"Oh, really, Mauleverer! Of course, I can only accept this on condition that it is regarded as a loan."

"All serene! Hand it back, then," said Lord Mauleverer.

Bunter coughed.

"I shall regard it as a loan, and pay it back to-morrow morning, or the next day at latest," he said. "I'll try those tarts, Fishy."

"Money first!" said Fish laconically. "I know you!"

"Oh, really——"

"Money talks," said Fish.

Bunter laid the five-shilling piece down, and was soon travelling at great speed through its value in pastry. It was quite unnecessary to see the speed that William George Bunter could put on on occasions like this. Five shillings' worth of pastry would certainly have been enough for most juniors. The most heroic fat in the Third would have hesitated to go further. But Billy Bunter seemed to have merely begun.

He blinked inquiringly at Fish when he had finished.

"I suppose, after that, you won't mind my running up a little account, Fishy?" he remarked, persuasively.

"I guess not!" said Fish.

"You see——"

"Oh, ring off!"

NEXT TUESDAY: "TEMPTED, BUT TRUE!" By FRANK RICHARDS. Order Early.

Bunter blinked at Mauleverer. The schoolboy earl had eaten nothing himself, and Bunter was quite willing to do anything in that line for him.

"I say, Mauleverer," he exclaimed, "look here! I remember you said the other day that you wondered just how much I could eat if they gave me my head."

Lord Mauleverer laughed.

"I don't mind letting you try the experiment," said Bunter eagerly. "And it's a jolly good chance now, you know, with everything at half-price, and ten per cent. off that."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at, Bob Cherry! Why shouldn't Mauleverer try an experiment if he likes? He's a millionaire, and he won't miss the money."

"But suppose there's something fishy about the grub?" said Nugent.

"Oh, the grub's all right. I've sampled it."

"Blessed if I like the look of that green jelly!" said John Bull. "And those tarts are too jolly highly coloured for me!"

"They taste all right."

"Go it, Bunter, my dear fellow!" said Lord Mauleverer, who was always careless with his money, and generally had more of it than he troubled to count. "Pile in! Feed him up to the neck, Fishy, and put it down to me."

"Done!" said Fish.

Bunter's eyes gleamed through his spectacles.

He had seldom or never had a chance like this before. He had waited for Fisher T. Fish to serve him. He started on the jam-tarts within reach, and the jellies, and the cakes.

Fisher T. Fish really had plenty to do jotting down the items he devoured.

The crowd in the store looked on laughing.

It would probably be an expensive experiment for Lord Mauleverer, but the Remove were really interested to know exactly what feats Billy Bunter could perform when he fairly set himself at the task.

Bunter exceeded all expectations. His appetite was famous, and he apparently had made up his mind to do it full justice.

Cakes, and tarts, and jellies, and meringues, and doughnuts, fruits and nuts of all sorts, vanished in record time.

Lord Mauleverer put down a sovereign, and then another.

He began to look at Bunter in alarm. The fat junior's face was shiny all over, and there were smears of jam and marmalade and cream upon his fat features.

He was blinking in rather a gorged and sleepy way through his spectacles, looking, as Bob Cherry expressed it, very like a boa-constrictor that had just gorged an antelope; but he was not finished yet.

"My dear fellow, surely that's the last!" said Lord Mauleverer, as Bunter's jaws—slacker now—started upon a pound-cake. "I don't mind the money, you know, but I'm afraid you'll make yourself ill."

"I know when I've had enough," said Bunter.

"Begad! Go on if you like!"

And Billy Bunter went on. The Removites, entering into the spirit of the thing, urged him on, pressing tempting-looking comestibles upon him.

"Try the jam-sponge, Bunter!"

"Have another dozen meringues!"

"Try the currant cake!"

"These raisins are ripping!"

"Just a few more jam-tarts!"

"Pile in! You've not eaten anything worth mentioning!"

"This green jelly is ripping! Warranted to kill at forty rods!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter accepted most of the offers. But they came a time at last when he had to give in—to "quit," as Fisher T. Fish called it.

"Another jam-tart, Bunter!"

"We-ell, only one," said Bunter.

"Another sponge-cake!"

"H'm! No, thanks!"

"Oh, come, you're not finished!" urged Ogilvy. "You haven't eaten more than enough for five or six chaps!"

"Oh, really, Ogilvy——"

"Just jam one more in," said Nugent. "These tarts are made for jam, you know, though I don't believe there's any jam in them. But if you jam them in——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"No, I—I think not," said Bunter, though his eye still lingered lovingly upon the jam-tarts. "No, thanks!"

"Have a dozen hard-boiled eggs?" suggested Hazeldene.

"Oh, really——"

"Or some nice fat bacon?" said Bolsover. "Some really nice, fat, greasy bacon——"

"Groo!"

"Or a little castor-oil?" suggested Morgan.

"Yap! I—I think I'll go now!" said Billy Bunter, looking quite pale. The last suggestions seemed to have a disturbing effect upon the gigantic meal he had made.

And Billy Bunter rolled slowly out of Fisher T. Fish's emporium.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Way of the Transgressor.

"WE'LL have a good feed in the study, at all events!" said Nugent, as the chums of the Remove walked back to Greyfriars. "The stuff we've bought can't be all bad!"

"Well, it looked all right," said Wharton, who still had his doubts. "But you can't judge cigars by the picture on the box, you know."

"Still, I suppose the tea's tea, and the sugar's sugar?" said Bob Cherry. "I'm pretty certain that the jam wasn't jam, and the marmalade wasn't marmalade!"

"I don't think I should care to be Bunter just now," grinned John Bull. "Even if all that grub was good, he's eaten enough to kill an ox!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The crowd were returning to Greyfriars. Fisher T. Fish remained at his shop. He expected a rush of custom later on, and he was kept busy, too, serving the village boys. The fame of the enterprising American's new venture had spread through Friardale, and many of the youngsters of the village were coming in to take advantage of the wonderfully low prices of the goods supplied by Fish, Limited.

Harry Wharton & Co. bore their new purchases into Study No. 1. Bob Cherry found Mark Linley, his own study-mate, and brought him in to tea. Bulstrode, the captain of the Remove, came in as well. The provisions had been laid in on quite a large scale, and there was plenty for quite a large party.

The juniors had sampled the goods in Fisher T. Fish's establishment, but the walk in the keen winter air had sharpened their appetites again, and they were quite ready to do justice to a good study brew.

Wharton made up the fire, and jammed the kettle upon it, and the other fellows laid the table, and borrowed crockery up and down the passage.

The kettle was nearly boiling, and Wharton was opening the packet of tea to pour it into a canister, when Hazeldene looked into the study.

"Something's wrong with Bunter," he said.

"No wonder," said Bob Cherry. "The wonder would be if there wasn't anything the matter with him, after his performances at Fish's, Limited."

"He's groaning in his study," Hazeldene remarked. "He really looks awfully white about the gills."

"Better go and have a look at him," said Mark Linley. "If the fathead's ill, he ought to see a doctor."

"Oh, blow Bunter!" said Wharton.

But he went all the same. The juniors hurried down the passage to Billy Bunter's study. Deep groans were proceeding from within. But they did not appear much notice of Bunter's groans. Bunter had a way of playing up for sympathy, which had long ago exhausted all the sympathy the Removites had to place at his disposal.

Wharton opened the door.

Billy Bunter was lying back in the armchair in an attitude of great suffering, and his fat face was certainly very sickly in appearance.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "How do the jam-tarts feel now?"

"Groo!"

"Feeling seedy, Bunter?"

"Ow!"

"Where have you got the pain?"

"Yow!"

NEXT TUESDAY:

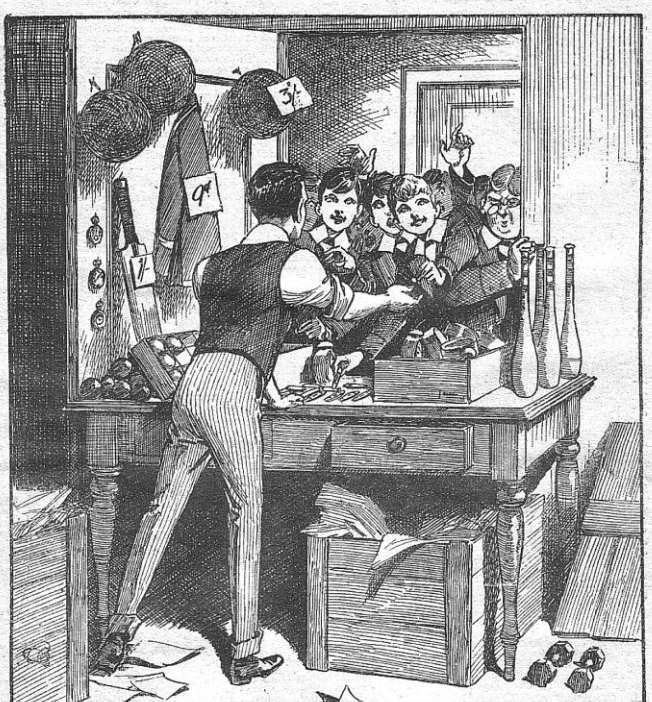
"TEMPTED, BUT TRUE!"

A Splendid New, Long, Complete School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. and Dick Penfold at Greyfriars.

By Frank Richards.

And the second long instalment of "THROUGH TRACKLESS TIBET," Sidney Drew's Great Serial Story.

Please order your copy of "The Magnet" Library early. Price 1d.



The Remove passage was crammed with juniors eager to deal with the new merchant. "Walk up, gents!" cried Fisher T. Fisher. "Clock for you, Carlton? You know you never wake up in the morning." *(See Chapter 2.)*

"Well, if you will eat like that, you know, you must expect to have a touch of indigestion," Harry Wharton remarked.

The Owl of the Remove groaned.

"It isn't indigestion," he said faintly.

"What is it, then?"

"Groo! Oh!"

"Never heard of that before," said Bob Cherry. "Is it a new disease?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—— Ow! I'm poisoned!"

"Poor chap! Where?"

"It was the green jelly, I think," moaned Bunter. "I feel sure that there was arsenic in it, now I come to think of it."

"Well, it wasn't all arsenic," said Nugent. "If it had been, you ate enough to kill a whole regiment of dragoons. And you're not dead yet, are you?"

"Ow! Oh, really——"

"The poor beast does look pretty sick," said Wharton. "But that may be only the result of over-eating. I suppose Fish wouldn't be ass enough to put anything dangerous into the grub, though it was certainly very highly-coloured."

"I suppose he bought it cheap, without asking what it was made of," grinned Nugent. "Buck up, Bunter! You'll be all right in a few hours."

"Ow! I'm poisoned!"

"Better get a stomach-pump, then," said Bob Cherry, with a wink at his companions. "That's the only thing in a case like this."

"Good egg!"

"Ow! I'm poisoned! I hope Fish will be hung," groaned Bunter.

"Well, that's a nice charitable wish, I must say!"

"I'm p-p-poisoned!"

"Like to make your will?" asked Bulstrode.

"Ow! Beast!"

"I don't mind drawing it up for you," said Bulstrode generously. "Of course, I can't be a witness, as a witness can't benefit under the will, and I want you to leave me your spectacles as a keepsake."

"Yow! Ow!"

Bulstrode took a sheet of paper and a pen, and began to draw up the will. Bunter watched him with blinking eyes through his glasses.

"Last will and testament of William George Bunter——"

"Oh, really, Bulstrode——"

"I hereby give and bequeath——"

"Grooo!"

"All the money I owe to fellows in Greyfriars——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And all my debts, whose name is legion, to whomsoever can pay them," continued Bulstrode.

"Groooooh!"

"Also a postal-order which I am expecting."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Groo! Don't be a beast, Bulstrode! I—I think I'm dying," said Bunter, faintly. "I know I've been poisoned."

"Then the tummy-pump is the only thing," said Bob Cherry. "I haven't a tummy-pump, but I have a bicycle-pump. Will that do?"

"Just as good," said Nugent. "I'll hold him by the back of the neck——"

"Groooooh!"

"And you can pump him."

"Gerrrrroooop!"

"What on earth's the matter here?" exclaimed Wingate, of the Sixth, looking into the open doorway of the study. "What are those groans about?"

"Ow! I've been poisoned!"

"What!" exclaimed the captain of Greyfriars.

"Ow! I'm dying!"

"He's been eating fishy jam-tarts and jellies," Bob Cherry explained. "I don't think he's quite dying, but we shall see."

"Ow! Beast! I don't believe you'd care a bit!" groaned Bunter.

"Well, I'd rather you lived till you'd paid me that half-crown you owe me," said Bob Cherry. "But if you're in a hurry, never mind the half-crown!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wingate came into the study. The senior looked very grave as he glanced at Bunter's sickly face.

"What has he been doing!" he asked.

"Eating too much," said Wharton.

"Ow! I didn't have too much—hardly enough," moaned Bunter. "But there was arsenic in it, I feel sure, and very likely strychnine and things. Ow!"

Wingate looked at him sternly.

"You're a fat, greedy bounder!" he said. "What you want is a jolly good hiding. You're barred from the tuck-shop for the rest of the week! Do you hear? If you go into the tuckshop again, you'll be caned."

Bunter sat bolt upright. For the moment he forgot that he was poisoned, and on the point of death.

"Ow! What's that?"

"No more tuckshop! I shall keep an eye on you. You'll make yourself really ill some day."

"Oh, I say, Wingate——"

Wingate quitted the study. Billy Bunter blinked round at the grinning Removites.

"I say, you fellows——"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "You've done it now, Bunter. No more tuck for a week."

"Oh, really——"

"It will do you good," said Mark Linley consolingly. "You'll be awfully hungry by Monday, and you can have another go then, and really enjoy it."

"But I—I say, you know, I—I'm beginning to get peckish already," gasped Bunter. "I——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

If Bunter was beginning to get peckish already, it was pretty clear that he was not seriously ill, and the chums of the Remove quitted the study, leaving him to himself. Deep and dismal groans from the Owl of the Remove followed them, but they turned deaf ears to the plaintive sounds from Bunter's study.

"He'll be in here for another feed inside ten minutes," grinned Bob Cherry.

And he was right.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 207.

Read the grand new story of the Chums of St. Jim's, entitled: "THEIR DISHONOURABLE CHUM!" In this week's "GEM" Library. Now on Sale. Price One Penny.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Not a Success.

THE kettle had boiled over, and nearly put the fire out. Wharton stirred it up again, and in ten minutes the kettle boiled once more, and he put the tea into the pot. He looked at the tea very closely as he put it in; it looked like tea, and it smelt like tea, but Wharton's doubts were not by any means gone. He felt a strong and lingering distrust of all the goods supplied by Fish's, Limited. But the proof of the pudding was in the eating, as the proverb has it, and Wharton proceeded to make the tea.

"Six spoonfuls, and one over," he remarked. "I'll shove in an extra one for luck, as it's from an American store. That ought to make good tea."

The study door opened, and a fat face and a pair of glimmering spectacles blinked in. Bunter was revived, apparently.

"I say, you fellows——"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! It's time you were dead!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, in astonishment. "You were dying when we left you."

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"Now, look here, Bunter! You've no right to disappoint people in this way, especially after they've taken the trouble to draw up your will for you!" Bulstrode exclaimed.

"Oh, really, Bulstrode——"

"Buzz off!" said Nugent. "I don't believe it's you at all. You're dead, and it's very likely your ghost. If you come in here, I shall buzz a loaf at you."

"I—I feel better now."

"Rot! Go back to your study and finish dying," said Bob Cherry. "You should never leave a thing half done. It shows bad workmanship."

"Look here——"

"Buzz off!"

"I'm hungry—I—I mean, I think perhaps you fellows would like me to do some cooking for you," stammered Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Spectres can't cook!"

"I'm not a spectre, you ass!"

"You must me, if you were dying ten minutes ago! You can't be alive now, that's a dead cert.," said Bob Cherry. "I'm either you were lying then, or you are lying now. If you are lying now, you're a spectre. Get out! This isn't a blessed graveyard, and besides, spectres ought to walk only by moonlight. There are right ways and wrong ways of doing these things, and it's rotten bad form for a ghost to come out by daylight."

"Look here——"

"They say that if you chuck anything at a spectre, it goes right through him," Bob Cherry remarked, picking up a loaf. "I'll try with Bunter's ghost."

He lifted the loaf in the air. Bunter's ghost did not wait. The door slammed, and the fat junior disappeared.

"Made the tea, Wharton?" asked Bob Cherry, chuckling, as he put down the loaf. "Never saw a spectre vanish so quickly, not even in a Christmas Number."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yes; I've made the tea," said Harry. "You haven't cooked those eggs yet."

"That won't take long."

"Pour out some of the tea, and let's see how it goes," said Mark Linley.

"Right-ho!"

Wharton began to pour out the tea. A colourless fluid streamed into the cup. The chums of the Remove looked at it in amazement. There was a faint yellowish tinge in it, and that was all.

"Sure you put the tea in?" demanded Nugent.

Wharton sniffed.

"Yes; eight teaspoonfuls."

"My hat!"

"Sure you ain't made soda-water or lemonade by mistake?" asked Bulstrode.

"It's tea—Fish, Limited tea," said Wharton savagely.

"Better chuck the whole blessed pound in, and see how that works!" said Bob Cherry. "Put some more in, and leave the draw while I cook the eggs."

"All right."

Harry Wharton streamed tea into the pot till there was nearly as much tea as water in it. Then he placed the teapot in the grate to draw. He had little hope of the concoction bearing anything more than a distant resemblance to tea at the finish, however.

Bob Cherry took the eggs out of the bag. Nugent had greased the frying-pan ready. Bob rather prided himself upon his skill in poaching eggs. But in this case, his skill was not given a chance.

He broke the first egg very neatly; and as he did so

Wharton and Nugent and Bull and Bulstrode and Linley all started.

"What the——"

"How the——"

"Oh, dear!"

"Great Scott!"

Bob Cherry turned quite pale. He was nearest the egg.

"Kill it!" murmured Nugent faintly.

Harry Wharton hastily opened the window. Bob Cherry dropped the egg out into the Close, and breathed more freely. Nugent waved a sheet of paper in the air.

"Perhaps they're not all like it," said Bob Cherry hopefully.

"I'll bet they are," said Bulstrode. "That's a job lot of eggs that have been preserved in something or other. I expect they came from Russia or somewhere, perhaps a year ago."

"Oh!"

"Well, try one more," said Wharton.

"Take it on the window-sill, then," said John Bull.

Bob Cherry cracked the second egg on the window-sill. He hurled it far as soon as it was open. It was worse than the first. He looked almost ill as he came back from the window.

The juniors gazed at one another.

"Eggs are off!" murmured Nugent.

"Very much off!" said Harry Wharton. "We'll let Fish have that little lot back."

"He won't return the money. You know his system."

"Never mind! We'll return the eggs—in his chivvy!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Good wheeze!"

"I suppose we can eat the bacon, though," said Nugent. "I'll cut it up, and we can fry the rashers instead of the eggs. Keep the eggs for Fish."

The eggs were put away, and Nugent sharpened the knife and started on the bacon. A puzzled look came over his face as he tried to cut the rashers. The knife was sharp enough, and his wrist was strong. But he did not succeed in making any impression on the bacon, save for a scratch or two on the surface.

"It's very queer!" he said.

"Won't it cut?"

"The knife won't go in," said Frank.

"Let me try."

Bob Cherry took the knife and essayed to carve the bacon. The edge of the knife was blunted, but the bacon did not carve. Bob Cherry breathed hard with his efforts.

"I don't believe it's bacon at all!" he panted. "It's some leathery stuff or other. We've been swindled!"

The juniors were looking exceedingly wrathful by this time. They had a cake as well; but after all their preparations that was not to make their meal only of cake. But it was evidently cake or nothing.

"Cut the cake, and I'll see if the tea's drawn," said Harry Wharton.

The cake cut easily enough. In fact, it cut too easily. It came apart in pieces that seemed like soft cheese, and when it was open a most peculiar smell came from the interior.

"Bunter can have my whack of that," said Bulstrode, sniffing.

Wharton poured out the tea. The addition of something like half a pound of tea to that already in the pot had had the effect of changing the fluid to a kind of saffron hue. Wharton filled up one cup—he did not trouble to fill another.

"Blessed if I know what it's made of!" he said. "It's a kind of tea, but it's adulterated so much that there's precious little tea left in it."

"That rotten Fish——"

"We'll Fish him!" said Bob Cherry. "Here's our tea mustard up. I——"

The door opened.

"I say, you fellows——"

But Cherry caught up the loaf. But he changed his mind, and grinned.

"Come in, Bunter! You can have this cake if you like."

"Oh, good!"

Billy Bunter came up to the table. He looked at the cake, and looked again, and sniffed. Then he snorted.

"You can keep it," he said.

"You're welcome to it, Bunter."

"Thank you for nothing!" said Bunter. "I'm jolly well not going to be poisoned to please you, Bob Cherry!"

And he went out of the study and slammed the door.

"No tea for us this afternoon!" said Harry Wharton grimly. "It serves us right for being such blessed asses as to buy any of Fish's stuff!"

"But he's a giddy swindler, all the same!"

"Let's take his stuff back!" said Bulstrode.

"What-ho!"

"He's still got the shop open," said Wharton. "He's not going to close, he says, till it's time to come back here for calling-over. We'll close it for him. We warned him what to expect if he swindled us."

"Yes, rather!"

And the juniors gathered up the purchases they had made

at the store of Fish, Limited, and packed them in a bag and quitted the study, with very grim looks.

There were troublous times in store for Fish, Limited!

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Cute Merchant in Trouble.

FISHER T. FISH was looking very pleased with himself. He had been doing a roaring trade that afternoon.

Not only the Greyfriars fellows, but crowds of the village lads had come into the new American store to buy.

Large and varied as Fisher T. Fish's stock had been, deep inroads had been made upon it, and the Yankee schoolboy had good reason to be satisfied.

After the rush of custom had passed off Fish sat down, with a pen and a ledger, and made up his accounts.

Certainly the margin of profit was a very handsome one. Fish was following the old maxim of buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest—a maxim which he had carried to excess, buying anything so long as it was cheap, and selling it for the most it would fetch, irrespective of the moral maxims which he might have learned from any copy-book.

Any fag at Greyfriars could have told him that honesty was the best policy; but Fisher T. Fish would have had no use for the information, as he imagined that what he was doing was honest.

To sell goods that were cheap without caring whether they were what he represented them to be was a rule of business upon which his father had built up a fortune under the peculiar conditions which govern trade in America, and Fisher T. Fish was merely following in his father's footsteps.

And, from his peculiar point of view, he did well to be satisfied.

"I guess popper will be pleased when he hears how I've raked in the shekels," the Yankee junior murmured, as he pored over his ledger. "Hallo, sonny! What do you want?"

A diminutive boy belonging to Friardale had just come in. He was holding a piece of cheese in his hand.

"Please, feyther says this cheese ain't good," he piped.

Fisher T. Fish grinned.

"Tell feyther that cheese is all O.K.," he replied.

"Feyther says you be going to change it."

"Hop it, young 'un!"

"Be you going to change the cheese?"

"This establishment doesn't change articles once disposed of over the counter," said Fisher T. Fish. "Hook it!"

"Feyther says——"

"Oh, blow feyther!"

The youth walked out of the shop. He returned five minutes later, accompanied by a stout, labouring man, who had a decidedly truculent expression on his face.

He stamped into the shop and stamped up to the counter. He glared at the startled Yankee junior, with a very red face.

"Where be the swindler who sells bad cheese?" he roared.

"My dear man——"

"Be you the scoundrel?"

"I am the proprietor of this establishment," said Fisher T. Fish, with a great deal of dignity. "What do you want?"

"I want sixpence back for a pound of cheese you sold to my boy."

"This establishment——"

"And it over!"

"Never returns money——"

"And over the money, you young swindler!" roared the irate inhabitant of Friardale. "I be not going to be swindled."

"But this is business," Fish laboured to explain. "You don't seem to understand business, my good man."

"I'll good man you! And over that tanner!"

"Impossible! This business——"

"You'll 'and over that tanner," said the red-faced man, "or I'll smash up the shop!"

Fisher T. Fish looked alarmed.

"I guess you'd better hook it!" he said. "I've got a telephone here, and I'll ring up the police-station if you don't vamoose!"

The red-faced man snorted.

"You won't ring 'em up in time to stop me," he said. "Take that, you young thief!"

"Ow!"

It was a huge cheese the man had grabbed from the counter, and Fisher T. Fish took it full upon the chest.

He rolled over behind the counter and disappeared, and the angry man seized all the loose articles within his reach,

NEXT TUESDAY: "TEMPTED, BUT TRUE!" By FRANK RICHARDS. Order Early.

and, leaning over the counter, pelted Fisher T. Fish with them.

"Ow!" roared Fish. "Oh! You mad ass, this ain't business! Stop it! I'll call the police! Ow! Stop it, I say! I'll give you your rotten tanner back, I guess!"

"And it over, then!" roared the labourer.

And Fish, picking himself up amid a shower of cheeses and tins of sardines and cakes, reluctantly handed the sixpence back to the man.

Justice having been done, the red-faced man retired, and Fisher T. Fish was left to gasp for breath.

"I guess I don't understand the British public. In the States we sell what we like, and if we are sharper than the other galoots they take it quietly. Pr'aps I've opened shop in the wrong country. My hat! Gee-whiz!"

A big lad belonging to the village came in. He had a bag of eggs in his hand; and Fisher T. Fish scented trouble at once. He also scented the eggs, one of them being broken. The scent of the eggs could, indeed, have been scented before the complainant came into the shop if Fisher T. Fish had not been busy about other matters.

"Hallo!" said the Yankee shopkeeper dismally. "What do you want? Can I supply you with any light confectionery?"

"You be going to change these eggs."

"This establishment never changes goods," said Fisher T. Fish.

"Then you be going to give me the money back."

"This establishment never returns the money."

The Friardale youth glared.

"You be a swindler!" he said.

Fisher T. Fish waved his hand towards the door.

"Git!" he commanded.

"What!"

"Vamoose the ranch, or I'll telephone for the police."

The stolid country youth stared at him.

He seemed working it out in his somewhat slow mind whether he should charge over the counter and regain his cash from Fisher T. Fish by main force.

Fisher T. Fish picked up the ham knife.

"You be a swindler!" he said. "Take your rotten eggs!"

He tore open the egg bag, and hurled the contents in a mass at the head of the enterprising merchant of the Greyfriars Remove.

"Oh!" gasped Fish.

He dodged quickly, but not quite in time. Three or four of the eggs struck him, and burst in his face. He gave a terrific war-whoop.

"Ow! Howl! Yow! Groo! Ugh! Oh!"

The Friardale youth grinned.

"Maybe you like the scent yourself," he remarked.

"Ow! Groo!"

"He, he, he!"

"Yaroooh!"

Fisher T. Fish caught up a mass of butter, and hurled it at his enemy. The youth dodged out of the shop, still roaring with laughter. The butter missed him and spattered upon the wall. Fisher T. Fish mopped his face with his handkerchief, which was soon soaked with broken eggs and terrifically scented. The odour of those cheap eggs pervaded the place, and was perceptible to passers-by in the old High Street of Friardale.

"Oh!" gasped Fish. "I got those eggs cheap, but—but perhaps they are a bit too thick. I wonder what Wharton and his lot will think of them! I—I wonder what Bolsover will think! I guess there's going to be trouble."

He stepped to the shop door and looked out into the street.

Then he gave a low whistle. That there was going to be trouble was pretty clear. Several Friardale youths were coming towards the shop from the village, and down the road towards Greyfriars could be seen a crowd of fellows in Eton jackets.

It looked as if Greyfriars were marching bodily upon the shop. High among the others was discernible the burly figure of Coker, of the Fifth.

Fisher T. Fish stepped back into the shop, quite pale, not wholly now from the effect of those highly-scented eggs.

"Great snakes!" he muttered. "There's going to be trouble, and that's a dead cert. These blessed Britishers don't know anything about business, I calculate."

If the invaders once set foot within the shop, Fisher T. Fish knew that the trouble would be serious for him. He closed the shop door. There was no time to put the shutters up; but he closed the door and locked and bolted it, and then piled up boxes inside. He dragged several packing-cases out of the back room, and piled them inside, making a large and heavy barricade.

Then he waited.

Read the grand new story of the Chums of St. Jim's, entitled: "THEIR DISHONOURABLE CHUM!" In this week's "GEM" Library. Now on Sale. Price One Penny.

A hand tried the shop door. It did not open, and the next moment it shook under the effect of a tremendous kick.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Shop shut!" roared the voice of Bob Cherry.

"Yep," called out Fisher T. Fish.

"Ain't you opening again to-day?"

"Nope."

"It's not closing time yet."

"I guess I'm closed for to-day."

"Open the door!"

"Can't be did!"

"The rotter!" growled another voice. "He knows what we're after."

There was a terrific showering of kicks upon the door. Fisher T. Fish grinned behind his barricade. He was not afraid that the door would give way.

"Are you going to open this door?" roared Bolsover.

"Nope."

"We want to come in."

"Rats!"

"You've swindled us!" yelled Nugent.

"We're going to slay you!"

"We're going to scalp you!"

"Open the door!"

"We're going to make you eat your own eggs!"

"Open, open, open! Do you hear?"

Crash, crash, crash!

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Besieged.

THE Greyfriars Remove were excited.

They had not expected to find the shop closed.

Nearly all the Remove were there, and most of the Shell and the Fourth and the Third and the Second and a good sprinkling of the Fifth.

In fact, everybody who had assisted with his presence at the opening of the emporium of Fish, Limited, had returned to lend a hand in the good work of ragging the unscrupulous merchant of the Remove.

Most of the fellows had brought their purchases back. They did not expect to get their money returned, but they intended to pelt Fisher T. Fish with the eggs and make him eat the tough bacon and unspeakable ham.

There was a decidedly warm time in store for Fisher T. Fish, if the excited Greyfriars fellows succeeded in getting hold of him.

Crash, crash, crash!

"The blessed door won't open!" said Bob Cherry. "The rotter was ready for us."

"I say, you fellows——"

"Here's Bunter. Let's use him as a battering-ram!" exclaimed Nugent.

Billy Bunter hastily retreated.

"We'll get the door open somehow!" growled Bolsover. "I'm going to jam these sardines down Fish's throat!"

They're simply shrieking."

"Look at these eggs!"

"Ow! Keep them away from me!"

Bang, bang, bang!

"Open this door!" shouted Harry Wharton.

There was no reply from within. Fisher T. Fish apparently did not mean to waste his breath in parleying with the invaders.

Crash, crash, crash! Bang!

The upper part of the shop door was of glass, and it went through into fragments, as an excited junior crashed a heavy stone upon it.

But inside, the packing-cases were firmly wedged, with heavy boxes behind them, and the barricade could not be shifted.

"The rotter was quite ready," growled Bulstrode. "He's bagged all our money, and he's going to stick to it, and we can't get at him."

"We'll get at him to-night at Greyfriars," said Hazeldene.

"But we want to wreck the shop and rag him in the middle of all his rubbish!" said Bob Cherry. "I want to see him swimming in rotten eggs."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Crash, crash!

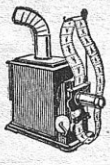
A stone smashed through the shop window. The glass fell in showers. The stone was thrown by a Friardale urchin. The youths of the village were gathering round in a crowd, only too eager to help in the raiding of the new store. Most of them had been "done" by the American junior.

Crash, crash!

Pane after pane in the shop window crashed into pieces.

(Continued on page 20.)

FREE! WATCHES, PHONOGRAPHS, CAMERAS, RIFLES, ACCORDEONS, CINEMAS, ETC. FREE! RINGS, CHAINS, AUTO HARPS, CUTLERY, BROOCHES, TOYS, ETC. FREE!



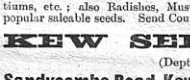
FREE GIFTS FOR YOU!

To further advertise our Famous Kew Seeds we give every reader of this paper a magnificent present ABSOLUTELY FREE simply for selling or using **12** or more large packets at 1d. each. You can choose your prize according to our up-to-date 1912 illustrated Prize List, which contains hundreds of different kinds of free gifts, **including Ladies' and Gents' Gold and Silver Watches, Phonographs, Chains, Rings, Tie-Pins, Accordeons, Cutlery, Fancy Goods, Air Rifles, etc., etc. REMEMBER, WE SEND THE GIFT DESCRIBED AND ILLUSTRATED.** *All you need do is to send your name and address on COUPON (or a postcard), and we will send you a selection of our world-famous Seeds to sell or use at 1d. per large packet.* When sold send us the money obtained and we will immediately forward gift chosen according to the grand list we send you. The Collection contains Sweet Peas in the latest varieties, Mignonette, Candytuft, Nasturtiums, etc.; also Radishes, Mustard, Cress, and numerous other popular saleable seeds. Send Coupon or a Postcard now to

KEW SEED CO., Ltd.

(Dept. 10),

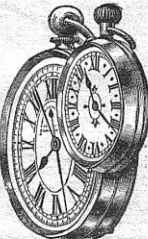
Sandycombe Road, Kew Gardens, London, S.W.



The Editress of HANDY STORIES says: "Those of my readers who intend having a good show of Sweet Peas should take particular care that the seed they obtain is good and reliable. A leading firm of Sweet Pea Specialists are the **KEW SEED CO., Ltd., Kew, Surrey.**"

FREE

WATCHES
AIR RIFLES
PHONOGRAPHS
AUTO HARPS
CINEMAS
CAMERAS
CUTLERY
RINGS
BROOCHES
TEAPOTS
CRUETS
SEWING MACHINES
TOYS
UMBRELLAS
BRACELETS
FIELD, MARINE, OR OPERA CLASSES
ETC., ETC.



LADIES' & GENTS', BOYS' & GIRLS' WATCHES OF ALL KINDS, GOLD & SILVER, SILVEROID & OXYDISED, FREE.

These are genuine Watches, not "Solar" Time Watches, which are Sundials in Watch Cases.

PRIZES THAT PLEASE. SEEDS THAT GROW.

Powerful Air Rifle FREE.

Thousands of testimonials similar to the following received.

Mr. S. W. Dobson, The Laurels, Egerton, writes: "Just a card thanking you for the Tie-Pin, a prize that is worth more than the money. The seeds are very good; I have had good results from them."

Mr. G. Herbert, Sharnford Fields, nr. Hinckley, Leicester, writes: "I received your watch with thanks. My friends were surprised. The Seeds were A 1, and I ho, e to have some more Seeds next year."

Mr. R. Rains, Carlbeck, Lunedale, writes: "Received the Melodeon all right, and I am very pleased with it. Wishing you every success."

Mr. V. Stainburn, 30, Milford Junction, nr. Monk Fryston, writes: "I received the Neck Chain all right, and am greatly satisfid with it as it is very good. I will recommend the Kew Seeds all I can. Our seeds are growing nicely."

Mr. W. J. Potter, 11, Stanley Road, Eastbourne, writes: "I thank you very much for the Watch you sent me. It keeps very good time, and I am very pleased with it."

LADIES' AND CENTS RINGS FREE.

The Largest Guaranteed 1d. Packets in the World.

Accordeons FREE.

Cameras FREE.

Send this Coupon or a Postcard to-day to the **KEW SEED CO., Ltd.** (Dept. 10), **Sandycombe Road, Kew Gardens, London, S.W.**

FREE GIFT COUPON.

Please send me a collection of Kew Seeds, together with your grand 1912 Prize List.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

PHONOGRAPHS AND DISC MACHINES FREE.

Besides the gifts illustrated in this paper our list also contains numerous other illustrations and FREE GIFTS for selling our Seeds, which you can choose from. WE GIVE YOU A FREE GIFT, even if you only sell 12 packets. We have received thousands of unsolicited testimonials and repeat orders. The best possible proof of the value of our Seeds and Presents.

THE SCHOOLBOY MONEY-MAKER.

(Continued from page 18.)

"My hat! Fishy will have a bill to pay for repairs!" grinned Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Crash, crash! Bang, bang!

Hardly a pane was left whole now. The goods in the window were toppling over into the shop, under the shower of stones.

A voice was heard from within, yelling.

"Clear off, you mob!"

"Come out, you sharper!" roared Bolsover.

"Rats!"

"Come out, you Yankee spoofer!"

"Clear off, or——"

Crash, crash!

A mountain of sardine tins, artistically arranged in the window, toppled over, with terrific crashing and bumping, into the shop. A yell of laughter rose from the crowd thickening in front of No. 1, High Street.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's Fish!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

The form of the Yankee merchant was seen at an upper window.

Fisher T. Fish meant to address the mob.

A yell greeted his appearance. Outside the shop were several large boxes in which eggs were exposed for sale, and there was a rush of the juniors to secure them for ammunition.

"There he is!"

"That's the spoofer!"

"Have him out!"

"Yah!"

"Give us our money back!"

"Yah!"

Fisher T. Fish surveyed the mob coolly. The Yankee schoolboy had a great gift of coolness, and it had not deserted him now. He was surprised and startled by the storm his transatlantic business methods had evoked, but he was prepared to face it coolly.

His lips were moving and he was evidently speaking, but in the uproar of the mob not a word could be distinguished.

Bob Cherry waved his hand.

"Silence!" he roared. "Give him a chance to speak!"

"Order!"

"Let's hear what he says!"

The shouting died away. If Fish was going to offer them their money back, the crowd were quite willing to hear what he had to say, though it is extremely doubtful if they would have let him off the ragging even on those terms. The Removites had their backs up. They were "fed up" with Fisher T. Fish and his little ways, and they meant to let him fully realise that fact.

"Gentlemen——"

Fisher T. Fish's thin, clear voice sounded out at last. It was not a pleasant voice, but it had a penetrating quality, and could be heard by all the crowd. Fisher T. Fish smiled good-temperedly down at the crowd as he spoke. It was evident that he regarded them as simple persons who had no knowledge or understanding of modern business methods, and that he regarded it as a kindness to enlighten them.

"Gentlemen, the shop is now closed——"

"Yah!"

"Bosh!"

"You fellows don't seem to understand business. What have you all come back for?"

"Money back!" roared Tubb, of the Third.

"Yes, rather!"

"Money back, you spoofer!"

"Yah!"

"Gentlemen——"

"Yah!"

"Gentlemen, this establishment never takes goods back, and, above all, never gives money back. You bought with your eyes open, at a low price. The best thing you can do is to go home quietly."

"Yah!"

"The firm of Fish, Limited, never takes goods back!"

"Not even bad eggs?" piped Bolsover minor, of the Third.

"I guess not."

"Your mistake. You'll take this one!" said the fag.

Whiz!

The egg, deftly thrown, flew like a stone from a catapult, with deadly aim. It caught Fisher T. Fish fairly upon the nose as he stood at the open window.

Smash!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 207.

Read the grand new story of the Chums of St. Jim's, entitled: "THEIR DISHONOURABLE CHUM!" In this week's "GEM" Library. Now on Sale. Price One Penny.

"Yowp!"

The crowd roared with laughter. Fish, smothered with the broken egg, disappeared very suddenly from the window, and the juniors heard a bump.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bolsover minor's egg was followed by many more. Eggs whizzed through the air in showers, and flew in at the window and plastered upon the walls round it.

A hand came into view, and the window was jammed down.

Crash!

A stone hurtled through the glass, and the pane fell inside the room in fragments.

"You'd better stop that!" roared Fish.

"Yah!"

Whiz, whiz, whiz!

Showers of eggs flew in at the open window. Fisher T. Fish's own stock, from the boxes outside the shop, supplied the ammunition. The fact that Fish had to pay for the ammunition gave an added zest to the bombardment.

Fish blinked out of the broken window.

"If you don't buzz off, I shall telephone for the police!" he roared.

Whiz, whiz!

He jumped back just in time to escape the whizzing eggs.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Last of the Emporium.

THE threat of the Remove merchant did not alarm the Greyfriars juniors. The police force in Friardale, excepting upon special occasions, consisted of P.-c. Tozer, and nobody else. P.-c. Tozer was a most gallant man at searching small boys for cigarettes, and he had been known to arrest a youth for stealing hens. But P.-c. Tozer would as soon have faced a herd of wild bulls as an excited mob of enemy Tozer for the sake of rolling him in the eggs. Fisher T. Fish might telephone to the little police-station; but it was extremely improbable that Mr. Tozer would appear upon the scene; at all events, until the crowd were gone. Then he might come and ask for particulars to enter into his notebook. The Greyfriars fellows were not alarmed.

"We're going into the shop, and we're going to roll Fish in his blessed, rotten eggs," said Coker of the Fifth. "As for Tozer, blow him!"

"Yes, rather!"

"The blessed place is barricaded!" said Bob Cherry.

"Well, smash it in, somehow!"

Coker strode up to the door. He kicked at it hard, but the door was strong enough to stand that. A stave from a broken egg-box demolished what was left of the glass, but it had no effect upon the woodwork.

"Climb in at the window," suggested Tubb of the Third.

"Good egg!" exclaimed Coker. "I'm too big, but a fag about your size could do it. Go it, Tubb, my boy; very plucky of you to offer!"

Tubb backed away. That was not what he had meant at all. It was no easy task to crawl in through the broken glass of the window, over the heaps of upset goods inside. Tubb did not yearn for the task.

"I—I don't think it could be done, after all!" he stammered.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker shook his head.

"You're too modest, Tubb!" he exclaimed. "It can be done, and you can do it. In you go!"

"I—I say, Coker——"

"I'll help you in!" said Coker.

"Look here——"

"This way!" said Coker genially.

He seized the reluctant fag in his powerful hands, and lifted him in at the shattered window. There was no help for it, and Tubb clambered through the shattered glass and overturned fish-tins in a very gingerly way. He gave a sudden howl.

"Hallo! What's the matter?" asked Coker.

"I've cut my finger!"

"Well, never mind a trifle like that! Get round to the door, and get it open," said Coker encouragingly.

"Yow!"

"Great Scott! What's the matter now?"

"I've cut my leg!"

"You clumsy young ass!" said Coker. "If you cut yourself again, I'll give you a jolly good licking, so look out!"

No more complaints were heard from Tubb. He disappeared among the upset goods belonging to Fish, Limited. There was a sudden crash inside the shop.

"Anything wrong?" roared Coker.

"No!" came Tubb's reply hastily. "It's all right. I've only fallen over some things, Coker!"

Coker grinned.

"Right-ho! Get the door open!"

"There's a lot of packing-cases in the way——"

"Shift 'em, then, you young ass!"

"I think the door's locked!"

"Unlock it, then!"

Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry. "Look out!" He darted suddenly back from the shop-front.

But Coker & Co. were slower in their movements. Before they could get back, before indeed they could see what was going to happen, a shower of cold water descended from above.

Splash, splash, splash!

"Yaroooh!" roared Coker. "Oh—yowp!"

"Gr-r-r-r-roop!" gasped Greene.

"Oo-oo-oh!" snorted Potter.

Fisher T. Fish was leaning out of the upper window, with a large pail in his hand. Its contents had just swooped down upon Coker & Co.

The crowd roared with laughter.

"Yow!" gasped Coker, staggering away. "Yaroooh! What's that? Oh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Whiz, whiz!

A couple of well-aimed eggs caught Fisher T. Fish as he retired from the window, and he was heard to yell.

Coker stood, wet, dazed, drenched and dripping, and saying things at the top of his voice. The laughter of the crowd seemed to exasperate him as much as the wetting.

"Ow!" he grunted at last. "I've had enough of this! I'm wet! I'm going home to change."

"Same here!" snorted Greene.

And the heroes of the Fifth tramped away. They had had enough of the siege of the emporium of Fish's, Limited.

But the crowd did not mind. There were enough of the Remove to deal with the matter; indeed, Harry Wharton & Co. had an idea that they would get on better without the Fifth.

"Tubby will have the door open soon!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Then we'll make a rush. Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's Fish again!"

"Yah!"

"Rotten Fish!"

Fish had the pail in his hands. He had refilled it with water. Eggs whizzed through the air, and several of them broke upon the American, but he did not back away. As a matter of fact, he was so strongly scented with eggs by this time, that matters could not become much worse with him.

He held the pail out of the window, and scattered the water with a wide sweep of his arms.

Swish!

The crowd trampled wildly to and fro to escape the shower; but there was no escaping it.

It fell upon them right and left, and drenched half of them, and splashed the rest with heavy drops.

Fisher T. Fish grinned an eggy grin from the window.

"I guess you'd better buzz off! he roared.

"Yah!"

"Rats!"

"Spoofer!"

There was a yell from the shop. Tubb of the Third had succeeded in getting the door open from inside. He stood in the doorway and waved his hand excitedly.

"Here you are!" he yelled.

"Hurrah!"

"Bravo!"

There was a rush of the crowd.

Remove and Fourth and Shell and Third and Second crammed themselves into the shop together, in tangled masses, and with them went village lads, equally excited, and equally vengeful against the schoolboy money-maker.

The packing-cases were pushed aside, and some of the juniors started the work of destruction in the shop, while others rushed upstairs in search of the enterprising Yankee.

Crash, crash, crash!

Shelves were pulled down bodily with their contents; cheeses and heaps of butter and jam-tarts and cakes and broken jars of pickles mingled on the floor.

It was wonderful the amount of destruction that a determined crowd could put in, in the space of a few seconds.

The shop was a wreck within two minutes, and there was hardly a thing left whole in Fisher T. Fish's extensive stock. Even the tins of sardines and salmon were stamped upon and battered out of shape.

There was a terrific uproar on the stairs, and a sound of bumping from step to step.

Five or six fellows had captured the American in the upper room. He had had a new pail of water ready to fling out—and they had drenched him with it, and now they were hauling him downstairs.

Fisher T. Fish was roaring with alarm and rage.

"Ow! Leggo! You silly asses—you don't understand business! Yaroooh! Leggo!"

"Down you come!" roared Bolsover.

"Yow! I won't! Nope—oh!"

Bump, bump!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Roll him down!"

"Yank out the Yank!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow!" yelled the unhappy merchant of the Remove.

"Help! Yow! I'll give you your money back! Ow! Yow! Yaroooh! Oh!"

He was whirled into the shop, in the midst of the excited crowd. His clothes were almost in tatters by this time, his hair was a towsled mass, and he was smothered with eggs and dust. The enterprising Yankee was beginning vigorously to repent of his enterprise.

"Here he is!"

"Here's the spoofer!"

"Duck him!"

"Yaroooh! Help! Chuck it!" howled Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I'll give you your money back. Ow! Yoop! Yah! Oh!"

"It's too late for that!" grinned Bulstrode. "You're going through it!"

"Yow! Yah! Oh!"

"Duck him!"

"Hurrah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was not in water that the juniors intended to duck the unfortunate schoolboy maker of money. He was dragged towards the largest box of eggs. The box was full of eggs; and what those eggs were like inside, Fisher T. Fish knew only too well. He struggled and yelled as he was dragged towards it.

"Ow, ow! Leggo! Oh!"

"Chuck him in!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Help—oh!—Yaroooh!"

Squelch!

Fisher T. Fish was lifted bodily and dropped into the big egg-box. He gave a gasp as he landed in it, and then, as the scent of the smashed eggs rose, the avengers gasped, too. There was a wild rush to escape from the shop.

"Oh, oh, oh! Let's gerrout!"

"Run for it!"

The crowd wedged in the doorway. They struggled out into the street and fled. In the distance in the village street the imposing form of P.-c. Tozer had appeared at last. The village policeman was making a tardy appearance. He looked at the number of excited youths in the street, and hesitated; then, as he saw the crowd streaming away in the direction of Greyfriars, he came boldly on. He marched up to the door of the American emporium.

He gave one look into the shop. He saw a wild figure struggling out of a box of smashed eggs. Then the smell smote him, and he staggered back.

"Oh!" gasped P.-c. Tozer. "Oh, crumbs!"

And he fled.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Unpleasant Fish!

"CALLING-OVER in a quarter of an hour!" gasped Bob Cherry, as the crowd streamed in at the gates of Greyfriars. "We're in good time. I wonder whether Fishy will be."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't envy Fishy now," said Frank Nugent. "I rather think the giddy emporium idea will be given up for good now."

"Faith, and ye're right!" grinned Micky Desmond. "I fancy it will be a long time before Fishy gets rid of the smell of those eggs."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors tramped into the School House, laughing. They had avenged their wrongs upon the Yankee merchant, and they felt satisfied. Even Fisher T. Fish's financial profits had mostly vanished, for the till had been kicked into the road when the shop was wrecked, and Fish was not likely to find the scattered cash again. No one, of course, had touched any of it, but it had rolled in all directions, and in the winter dusk its recovery was not likely to be easy. And it was not likely that Fish would linger in the village to look for it, for the village boys would certainly rag him if they had a chance to get at him. They had suffered like the Greyfriars fellows from Fish's peculiar ideas of business.

The Removites made themselves tidy after their exciting

experiences, and were down again in good time for calling-over in hall.

Fisher T. Fish had not yet come in.

"The ass will be late for calling-over!" said Harry Wharton. "I suppose he's trying to wash off the smell of his own eggs."

"It will take some time."

"He won't have time to change!" grinned Bulstrode. "My hat! If he comes in here without changing, though, it won't be nice."

"Phew!"

"Calling-over," said Wingate, as he passed the juniors. "Get into Hall."

"Right you are, Wingate!"

The Forms turned up for the calling-over of names. The Remove were all there, with one exception—that of the American junior. Fish, evidently, was still absent.

Mr. Quelch called over the names. When he came to the name of Fish there was no reply, and he called it out again. Still no answer, and Fisher T. Fish was marked down as absent.

Calling-over was just ended when there was a sound of a hurried patter of footsteps in the passage outside. The Removites exchanged glances.

"It's Fish, after all," said Wharton.

"He's turned up!"

The door was pushed open, and Fisher T. Fish came in.

He looked a strange figure. He was dusty and panting from running, and he had evidently not had time to change his clothes.

The eggs that had plastered upon him in the wrecked shop were clinging to him still, and the scent of them was like unto nothing that had ever scented Big Hall at Greyfriars before.

It was wafted into the hall as Fisher came breathlessly in, and a sound of sniffing rose on all sides.

Fish ran towards the Remove, in their place, to join the ranks of the juniors.

"Am I late?" he asked.

"You are," said Bulstrode, "and it's a pity you weren't later. Get out!"

"What's the matter?"

"Eggs!" snorted Bulstrode.

"Eggs-actly!" gasped Bob Cherry.

Mr. Quelch looked across at Fish.

"Ah, is that you, Fish?" he exclaimed. "I have marked you down as absent."

"I guess I was delayed, sir."

"Indeed!"

"I was looking for some money that was lost in the street at Friardale, sir," said Fish, with a glare at the Removites.

"Very well. I will erase the mark, Fish, but you must not let it occur again," said Mr. Quelch.

"Very well, sir, thank you; it won't," said Fish.

"Get further away, you smelly bounder," said Vernon-Smith of the Remove. "Get away! You're making me ill."

"I guess——"

"Go further off!" said Nugent, in a shrill whisper.

Fisher T. Fish grinned.

"I guess not," he said.

"Yow! Take that eggy scent away."

"Nope! You can stand it if I can, I reckon."

"Ow!"

"Oh!"

Mr. Quelch was about to give the word to dismiss, but he paused, and fixed a stern look upon the swaying and agitated Remove.

"Will you boys kindly keep order?" he exclaimed. "How dare you make a disturbance in Hall!"

"Oh!"

"Groo!"

"Take him away!"

"Kick him out!"

"It's horrid!"

Mr. Quelch's brows contracted. He strode towards the Remove.

"Boys," he thundered, "I am surprised! Ow—oh, dear! What is that—what is that most peculiar and most offensive odour! There must be something amiss with the drains in the school."

"It's awful, sir!" gasped Bulstrode.

"Frightful, sir."

"Horrid!"

"It is indeed most disagreeable!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, sniffing round in amazement, very much like a terrier on the scent of a rat. "I have never noticed it before. The drains must certainly want seeing to. Have you noticed this peculiar scent in Hall before, Bulstrode?"

"N-no, sir."

"I guess——"

"Pray step here, Mr. Prout," said the Remove-master. "Is it not most peculiar?"

Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth Form, sniffed suspiciously.

"Extraordinary!" he exclaimed.

"It is something like the smell of extremely bad eggs," said Mr. Quelch. "Of course, it cannot be that."

"Oh, of course not! Unless——" Mr. Prout paused, and looked at the Remove. He knew the reputation of that Form for practical jokes. "Unless it is some of the boys here playing a trick, Mr. Quelch."

"Oh!" ejaculated Mr. Quelch.

The frown returned to his brow. He scanned the Removites angrily. Mr. Prout put his handkerchief to his nose, and retired somewhat hastily.

"Bob," exclaimed Mr. Quelch, "is it possible that one of you has dared to bring eggs in a state of decay into the Hall?"

Silence.

"Dismiss!" said Mr. Quelch sternly. "Pass before me in single file, and I shall soon ascertain whether this is a practical joke."

"Poor old Fishy!" murmured Bob Cherry.

The Remove marched past.

When it came to the turn of Fisher T. Fish, the Form-master's eyes gleamed, and his voice rapped out.

"Fish, stop!"

"I guess, sir."

"It is you, Fish."

"Nope, sir, I——"

"You have bad eggs about your person, sir!" thundered the Remove-master. "How dare you, Fish; I repeat, how dare you!"

"I guess——"

"Come here, Fish!"

"Yep, sir; but——"

Fish approached nearer to Mr. Quelch. Mr. Quelch had not bargained for the powerful scent. When Fish was close he was quite intolerable. Mr. Quelch staggered back a pace, turning quite pale.

"Fish! You—you wretched boy!"

"I guess——"

"I was going to cane you, Fish; but—but upon the whole I shall give you an imposition instead. Take five hundred lines, Fish, and leave the Hall instantly—instantly!"

"Yep, sir; but——"

"Go!" shouted Mr. Quelch.

"Yep!"

And Fisher T. Fish went. The Remove crowded out of the Hall after him. Fisher T. Fish looked at his Form-fellows in dismay.

"Five hundred lines, you bounders!" he growled. "Nice mess you've got me into. I guess——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here——"

"Serve you jolly well right," said Bulstrode. "Are you going to open the emporium again?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish snorted contemptuously.

"Oh, you guys don't understand business," he said. "I shu'n't try to teach you any more. I'm fed up! You can go on in your slow old way."

"Honesty is the best policy, after all," grinned Bob Cherry.

"Oh, you don't understand business."

"Go and change your togs, for goodness' sake, Fishy!" exclaimed Wharton. "You're making the whole Hall buzz! You'd better turn that tot."

Fisher T. Fish grinned.

"I guess I'm not in a hurry!" he remarked coolly. "You chaps made me like this, and now I reckon you can stand it."

There was a roar of indignation from the Removites.

"Go and change!"

"We can't stand it!"

"Groo!"

"I guess——"

"Get out!" roared Bulstrode.

"I guess not."

"Then I'll shove you out!"

Bulstrode advanced upon the American junior. But the scent of those cheap eggs was too much for him. He backed away again, and Fisher T. Fish grinned.

"I—I can't stand it," said Bulstrode, faintly.

"I'm going up to my study," said John Bull, making for the stairs.

"I guess I'll give you a look in," said Fisher T. Fish, grinning.

"You won't!" roared Bull.

"I guess I will!"

The Removites crowded up to their own passage. The scent in the lower hall was becoming too terrible. Fisher T. Fish followed them up. As they passed the bath-rooms

Read the grand new story of the Chums of St. Jim's, entitled: "THEIR DISHONOURABLE CHUM!" In this week's "GEM" Library. Now on Sale. Price One Penny.

at the end of the passage, a sudden idea occurred to Harry Wharton.

"Collar him!" he muttered. "You turn on the water there, Bob."

"Ha, ha! Right-ho!"

Bob darted into the bath-room, and turned on both taps, and the room was soon filling with steam from the hot water. As Fisher T. Fish came into the passage, Wharton and Nugent seized him, rushed him into the bath-room before he had time to resist, and dropped him bodily into the bath.

Splash!

Fisher T. Fish disappeared under the water, clothes and all, and he came up gasping and snorting.

"Ow—— Groo! Oh! I guess——!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You want a wash," said Wharton, laughing. "You can take your time about it now. Come on, you chaps. This place is altogether too highly scented, with Fish in it."

And the Removites walked off, leaving Fisher T. Fish floundering in the bath.

Fisher T. Fish made his appearance in the junior common-room about an hour later. He was looking as cool as ever, but fortunately the smell of the eggs had departed. He nodded cheerfully to Harry Wharton & Co. The American junior never bore malice. That was not good business.

EVERY TUESDAY. The "Magnet" LIBRARY. ONE PENNY.

A roar of laughter greeted his appearance. "Done" as the Greyfriars fellows had been by the Yankee schoolboy, they had made matters more than even, and Fisher T. Fish had certainly "come out at the little end of the horn," as he would have described it in the picturesque American language. But Fisher T. Fish did not mind the laughter. He shrugged his shoulders, and grinned good-humouredly.

"Starting business again to-morrow?" asked Bob Cherry, laughing.

THE END.

Fisher T. Fish shook his head.

"I guess not," he replied. "Nope. You slow Britishers don't understand business. This country wants waking up, but it's not my job to wake it up. You can go on in your sleepy old ways. Rats!"

And Greyfriars heard nothing more of the wondrous business schemes of the schoolboy money-maker, and Greyfriars was satisfied.

THE END.

(Next week's grand, long complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars, by Frank Richards, is entitled "TEMPTED, BUT TRUE!" Also next week, the 2nd instalment of "THROUGH TRACKLESS TIBET!" by Sidney Drew. Order in advance. Price 1d.)

CHING-LUNG IN THE FORBIDDEN LAND.

A Wonderful Story of Ferrers Lord, Millionaire, Rupert Thurston, and Gan-Waga.

THE FIRST INSTALMENT

THROUGH TRACKLESS TIBET!

BY SIDNEY DREW.

The First Glimpse of the Mysterious Country—Argal-Dinjat Stalks a Yak—An Unexpected Shot—Storland Sahib and His Mountain Wolves—Attacked.

"Look! The Forbidden Land!"

It was dawn—such a dawn as only the mighty Himalayas can show. The sun had just pierced the mist like a glaring eye. The crimson light flashed from snow-capped peak to snow-capped peak. The sky was blue and cloudless, and it seemed to rest like a dome on the mountain summits.

Yes, the Forbidden Land! Far below them the strange country lay almost hidden by a veil of fog. Slowly the mist broke and scattered, as if reluctant to reveal the mysteries concealed beneath it. The peaks flashed like burning copper, and ravines, fed by everlasting snow, thundered down.

What lay behind the veil? The little band of men stood with their field-glasses pointed downwards, their attitudes showing their excited curiosity. Even the patient mules and sturdy mountain horses seemed to share their excitement. Argal-Dinjat, the tall Afghan guide, leaned on his eastern rifle, whose barrel touched his bearded chin, trying to pierce the mist with his glittering eyes.

At last! The curtain lifted, and there was a murmur of disappointment from the band of expectant watchers.

"Well, I must say the first glimpse of Tibet isn't very striking," said Ching-Lung.

"It reminds me of some parts of South Africa," added Rupert Thurston, "only it is better wooded and watered. What river is that down there?"

"The Sangro," replied Ferrers Lord, as he slipped his glasses into their case. "I rather thought you would be disappointed. First views are nearly always disappointing. As a rule they either make one expect too much or too little. In this case, it is too little. Well, lads, breakfast!"

Tom Prout took an axe and began to wield it among the brushwood. They had been ten days among the mountains, and the fresh air and rough life had given them muscles like steel, and appetites like ostriches. So far, they had met with disappointment. They had found little game and few adventures. Gan-Waga, the Eskimo, had worn almost to a shadow. He was all muscle now, and no fat. Joe, the carpenter, had also found mountain climbing a splendid weight reducer. In ten days he had lost a couple of stones.

On Ferrers Lord alone scorching suns, nights of frost, snowstorms, hailstorms, and wind appeared to have no effect.

His face was as pale as ever, and no amount of exertion could tire him. Ben Maddock, the boatswain, had suffered a good deal, for he had lost his horse in a snowdrift, and a stubborn, bad-tempered mule, with a razor-back, and an incurable habit of buck-jumping, is not a pleasant animal to ride. In addition, Ben had been appointed cook in general, and at every halt, while the others lay about smoking and passing jeering remarks, he had to prepare meals.

With the guide, Argal-Dinjat, the expedition numbered eleven men in all. As yet they had not encountered any of the fierce piratical hill tribes. They were armed to the teeth, and a string of six mules carried their ammunition. They wore leather riding-breeches and hunting-coats, and pith helmet with pugarees.

A pot hung over a tripod was speedily boiling their evening meal.

It was impossible to carry many provisions with them, for a train of baggage-mules would have hampered their speed and added difficulties to the expedition. Tibet abounds in game of every kind, and Ching-Lung and Ferrers Lord were both magnificent shots. If the people of the Forbidden Land proved hostile, and refused to barter with them, their rifles would have to provide their food. But they were full of grit. They had determined to cross Tibet into China, and reach Sui-Hai, the capital of Ching-Lung's principality, and nothing but the gravest disaster could turn them back.

"There's nothing like a cup of tea to make a fellow feel fit," said Ching-Lung, as he drained his tin mug. "Now, for a smoke, and then down hill we go like Jack and Gill, and I hope we sha'n't crack our crowns after it! Get out of it, Gan, you imp, you're sitting on my pigtail!"

Gan-Waga shifted his position and sighed. It was impossible to look at him without laughing. His leather coat had fitted him like a glove at the outset, but he had shrunk so much that there was room for another man inside it. Gan's head was almost came over his small nose and he was an abominable rider. To see him on a horse was like a little pantomime in itself.

"Doesn't he look happy?" grinned the prince. "And how fat he's getting! Why, the mountain air suits him better than tallow candles! Haw, Gan, dear boy, can you weeeo-mend a fellah to your tailah?"

Gan-Waga smiled feebly.

"Get your hair cut!" he remarked. "If I got a tailor, I not got a tail like you. Ho, ho, ho, ho!"

"You're getting so sharp, that you'll cut yourself," said

NEXT TUESDAY: "TEMPTED, BUT TRUE!" By FRANK RICHARDS. Order Early.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 207.

Ching-Lung. "Oh, Gan, I could weep for you! Once you wore a barrel of lard, and now you're a sack of bones. I don't wonder all the dogs run after you. Where did you get that hat? Is it a hat or an extinguisher? We wouldn't know you were under it at all if we didn't see your feet sticking out."

"Rats!" snapped Gan-Waga sulkily. "Get your hair cut! Give him a bit of meat and see him wag his tail. Ho, ho, ho!"

This was the way Ching-Lung and the Eskimo usually talked to one another, but the affection between the two was deep and sincere. On Gan-Waga's part it was almost worship. He would have followed his idol across the earth barefooted. Next to Ching-Lung his greatest friend was Joe, the carpenter. Gen-Waga was allowed more licence than anyone, for he was a favoured individual. Strangely enough, not one of the men ever thought of being jealous of him. Gan-Waga took his meals with them apart, or joined the officers at their fire, just as he pleased, worked when he pleased, and was lazy when he felt so inclined, which, in fact, pleased himself in everything like a gentleman at large.

Argal-Dinjat was a typical Afghan, tall, lean, silent, and sinewy. In some mysterious way, Ferrers Lord had discovered the man. He was a hunter, but it puzzled Ching-Lung and Thurston why an Afghan had been chosen for a guide. What could an Afghan know of a country so far away from his home? He only spoke a few words of English, but the millionaire seemed to have mastered every language. Afghans have a reputation for bravery only equalled by that of the fierce little Ghoorkas; but they have also a bad name for treachery.

As he stood now leaning on his rifle in the bright sunlight, it suddenly dawned upon Ching-Lung what a handsome fellow he was, with his sheep's eyes and muscular bare legs. Argal-Dinjat possessed the keen air of the mountains. He could leap from rock to rock like a goat.

Tom Prout had just bundled the last pannikin on the back of one of the mules. Some of the men were already in the saddle. Suddenly the silent Afghan bent forward as if listening. Then he shaded his eyes and scanned the mountain side.

"Sahib!" he said quickly.

Ferrers Lord stepped forward. He could see and hear nothing. Argal-Dinjat pointed upwards. A moment passed, and then high above them appeared a herd of yaks, those strange animals, half deer and half goat, which roam the lower slopes of the Himalayas.

"Yaks, by Jove!" said Ching-Lung. "They used to be old friends of mine, but I haven't seen one for years until this moment. I used to ride one of those brutes when I was a youngster. There's not much chance of getting near them, for they're shy game, but——"

They counted eight in the distant herd. The animals had not seen them. They descended at a leisurely pace, pausing now and then to graze, and Ching-Lung unslung his rifle. They had not tasted fresh meat for a week, with the exception of a miserable goat, whose flesh was as tough and tasteless as parchment.

"By hokey, Dan," said Prout. "Don't the sight of them make your mouth water?"

"I could eat the hind leg of one, my son," answered the bo'sun, "and never wink over it."

Again the Afghan interfered to Ferrers Lord. The prospect of fresh meat—even yak meat—had excited them all. What breeze there was luckily blew from their side, and the hill side offered little cover.

"Get the mules and drives out of sight, lads," said Ferrers Lord. "The guide is going to stalk the yaks. Keep under cover as well as possible and put out the fire."

He offered the Afghan his rifle, but Argal-Dinjat shook his head and smiled. He preferred his own old-fashioned weapon, with the stock, lock, barrel, Damascus barrel, and flint-lock. It fired a huge round bullet. He shook a little powder into the pan, untwisted his turban, and flung off his sheepskin. For a moment his dusky, almost naked, body appeared flat on the ground some twenty yards away, and then vanished mysteriously.

"That's pretty neat, Gan," said Ching-Lung. "I must get him to put me up to that trick!"

"Dropped into hole," said the Eskimo wonderingly. "Fall in, hunt."

"Looks like it, Bone-sack. Hallo, there's something there!"

The upper portion of a small dense bush quivered slightly. A cloud crept up and passed over the sun. Still there was no sign of the Afghan.

"Clever!" said Ching-Lung. "Do you see that?"

"See nuffin'," grunted the Eskimo; "got eyes shut."

"Then you need some spectacles. Can't you see that bush walking? This is a rummy country. All the bushes walk about here. Look at that one."

Read the grand new story of the Chums of St. Jim's, entitled: "THEIR DISHONOURABLE CHUM!" In this week's "GEM" Library. Now on Sale. Price One Penny.

"Golly!" gasped the Eskimo. "Where's its feet?"

Gan-Waga rubbed his eyes. The bush was certainly higher up the hillside, and it was certainly moving. Ferrers Lord laughed as he took a cigarette from Ching-Lung's case.

"You could not stalk better than that yourself, Ching," he drawled. "The Afghan means to show us his mettle. It's an old ruse to cut a bush, but he does it well. I fancy he'll get a shot."

They could see the yak clearly now with the naked eye. It was dangerous to use their glasses, for a flash of sunlight on the lenses might have alarmed the suspicious animals. Though clumsy enough to look at, the yak has an amazing turn for speed.

The herd had halted to browse on a patch of coarse mountain grass. The bush moving by almost imperceptible degrees was within six or seven hundred yards of the herd. Ferrers Lord or Ching-Lung, with their splendid weapons, might have dropped one of the animals at such a long range, but Argal-Dinjat's smooth bore would hardly have carried so far with force enough to kill.

Still, the yak evinced no signs of uneasiness. On the contrary, they moved lower down the slopes. At once the bush remained motionless. Then the herd halted, and the bush screening the hunter began to move forward.

"They'll be more work for you, Ben," said Prout, rubbing his hands. "Aren't you sorry?"

"Can't you twig the tears?" grinned the bo'sun. "What part will you have—a wing, or a bit of the breast?"

"Like the merry-thought'll do for me! Why don't he shoot?"

Eighty yards only separated hunter and quarry, and a fine young bull offered an easy shot. Still no shot came.

"He must have lost his flint," said Thurston. "He couldn't possibly miss that——"

Phut!

The echo of a gun ended the sentence. A yak sprang into the air and rolled over kicking. The rest came flying along the hillside in terror, and were speedily far out of range.

But the report had not come from Argal-Dinjat's rifle. A puff of white smoke hovered over a heap of boulders a good hundred yards beyond the bush. A man carrying a gun emerged from his hiding-place, and a penetrating cry rang through the air.

"Hala! Hal-la-a! Hala-al-al-a!"

Before its echoes had died away it was answered.

"Hala! Hal-a-a! Hal-al-a-a!"

"Don't stir!" said Ferrers Lord warningly. "Catch that mule quickly, Prout, and be ahem."

The Afghan had not shown himself, and the bush looked as if it had thrived and grown on that spot. It was Argal-Dinjat's conduct that had made Ferrers Lord give the order to the men not to show themselves.

Then thirty or forty horsemen galloped over the hills, and rode up to the hunter, who was squatting on the body of the yak.

They were sturdy mountaineers, dressed in sheepskin and mounted on tough ponies. Ponies are rare in the Himalayas, where the yak is generally the one beast of burden. All were armed with rifles.

"There's a white man among them," said Ferrers Lord quietly.

"Then it must be an explorer," said Thurston; "so it's all right."

He was going to rise, when the millionaire pressed him back.

"Gently, Rupert, gently! I am afraid it's all wrong. Yes; he's a white man, certainly."

The millionaire cautiously raised his glasses and scanned the fierce-looking troop.

The white man was well-dressed in a grey uniform, leggings, and a slouch hat. His horse carried a European saddle and bridle, while a mere sheepskin and hide stirrups served for the others.

It was a splendid glass, and the millionaire could see the fierce, wolfish face distinctly.

"Storland Sahib!" he muttered.

"What?" asked Ching-Lung. "It can't be. He's dead."

He had caught the name, and his face suddenly grew anxious as he looked at Ferrers Lord. The millionaire shook his head. He had seen the white man before, and he never forgot a face.

"Then you have heard of him?" he asked.

"Hundred times. But he is dead. He was shot years ago. I read about it in the papers."

"What are you whispering about?" inquired Rupert.

"What's amiss?"

"Load your rifles, lads," said Ching-Lung, "and I'll tell you. If it's true we are very likely going to have a fight time. There's a white man up there, and the chief thinks it's Storland Sahib. His name may not sound much to you,

but it's—or was—terror from the end of Hindoo Kush to Nepaul. The blackguard, I am sorry to say, is a Britisher, too. He sold plans to the Russians, and was in the pay of the Afghanistans last war. They tried him, but he killed two men and escaped. Since then he has commanded a band of mountain pirates, and lived by swooping down on villages. The niggers think he is a devil, and that he cannot die. If half the wild tales told about him are true, he must be the fiend himself. I know the Indian Government offered ten thousand rupees for him dead or alive."

Prout spat on his big hand and clenched his rifle.

"Is that reward still open, your 'Ighness?"

"I suppose so."

"Then hold my coat, Ben, while I go and nab him," said Prout. "I'll be back in no time."

"Yes, on a shutter," remarked Maddock. "Sit down just where you are, and be good. Didn't I promise your mother-in-law to keep you out of mischief? Sit down, or I'll smack you!"

"Silence, there!" said the millionaire quickly.

The rock screened them thoroughly, but it was running a grave risk of being discovered even to peer round it.

If the man was the notorious Storland Sahib little mercy was to be expected in the event of capture, either from him or from his mountain wolves. They were all outlaws—mercenaries who owned neither country nor religion. Storland Sahib had sworn to shoot every white man who fell into his clutches. More than once he had invaded Russian territory, returning laden with loot, and snapping his fingers at his pursuers. Then, almost before the news of his foray had crossed the mountains, his wild riders would be burning Indian villages, shooting down men, women, and children, and driving off cattle.

And now he was here on the frontier of the Forbidden Land, within rifle-shot, and Ferrers Lord's face was stern and hard.

"Ching," he whispered, "take the glasses and look at that man. Look well. You must not forget him."

Ching-Lung crept to his side. The man was short-necked and heavily built. He had a short, black beard, and sat his horse well. When he raised his head Ching-Lung saw a sallow face and bushy eyebrows. On the whole, Storland Sahib was not ugly, but there was something uncanny about him—something wanting.

"What's wrong with the fellow?" asked the prince. "He's got a ghastly expression."

"Look again."

Ching-Lung lowered the glasses and whistled.

"By Jove!" he said. "His ears!"

It true. Storland Sahib had escaped with life by a miracle from a band of infuriated Mongols, but without his ears, which had been slashed off with a knife. The prowess of the expedition was critical. Ching-Lung was convinced that the man he saw was the notorious criminal and free-booter himself.

"Do you remember, Ching," drawled Ferrers Lord, "when we were arranging the journey I told you I had more than one string to my bow?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, Storland Sahib is one of them. It would be a fine thing to capture him and rid the hills of such a blackguard. Half our little wars are made by him. He's always stirring up the natives on the other side of the mountains against the British—— Keep that mule quiet!"

His face grave. To retreat without being detected was impossible. The neigh of one of the ponies might bring the pirates upon them, or even the plunging of a mule.

"Hallo!" said Ching-Lung.

A dark form glided between him and Ferrers Lord. It was Afghan. His sudden appearance startled them. How he had succeeded in beating a successful retreat was a mystery to them. He had left the bush behind him. His eyes were glittering madly.

"Bad!" he muttered. "Storland Sahib, the devil of the mountains! He kills always, sahib!"

"Can't we get away, Argal-Dinjin?"

"No, sahib. He has the eye of a grey-eagle and the scent of a wolf. Wait, sahib; he may go. Thou hast surely heard of him and his great treasure? No man knows where the treasure is hidden, for they that help him to hide it die by his knife or his revolver, and the graves keep the secret. Hang him! He slew my mother and my father, my wife Katla, and my little Sarzit, who was the apple of my eye. But I do not forget, sahib. I look at the notches on the knife—one for each of my loved ones!"

His dark face was hideously distorted with bitter hate.

"Three times I have fired at him, sahib," he said hoarsely, "and three times I have never miss the mountain goat, have missed him. The devils guard him now, but the day will come when the devils will be sleeping, and my knife or bullet shall strike him down."

"This is pretty awkward," said Ching-Lung. "The beggars mean to have breakfast, and if they take it into their heads to come this way——Phew! How's that?"

A tiny stream of water trickled down the rocks close to them and formed a crystal pool in a hollow basin. Evidently the hill pirates were aware of its existence, for a man was coming towards them with a leather bottle in his hand.

All hope of concealment was gone now. Their discovery was only a matter of minutes. Revolvers were loosened and rifles sighted.

"Get the cattle into a square, lads," said the millionaire.

Ching-Lung stood ready with clubbed rifle. They could hear the man's footsteps. He passed the end of the rock, and the rifle fell. He dropped like a log, and was pulled out of sight.

Ferrers Lord watched the hill-side. The yak had been cut up. Portions of it hung from every saddle, and the butcher was wiping his bloodstained arms with his greasy sheepskin cap. A fire was throwing up volumes of white smoke.

"Hala! Hal-al-a!" came the impatient cry.

They were waiting for their comrade to return, and calling to him.

Then a pony, scenting one of these on the hill-side, uttered a shrill neigh. Prout seized its mouth, but not in time. Every wolfish face was turned towards the rock.

"Hala! Hal-al-a!"

"It's all up for good now," said Ching-Lung, "unless we can beat 'em off. Here, Thurston, Gan! Quickly come with me!"

There was a heap of boulders near the spring. Followed by Rupert and the Eskimo, he rushed towards them. They were seen. Yelling, the hill pirates sprang upon their horses, and brandishing their weapons galloped down the slope.

Ching-Lung's repeater emptied two saddles, and brought a horse to its knees. Thurston's rifle began to crack in earnest. The rock which sheltered their horses was not in their way. From the other side Ferrers Lord emptied a third saddle, and the horsemen spun round and dashed up the hill.

"The cowards!" said Thurston. "They're nearly four to one, and yet they've turned tail."

"They've had a shock and runs away, you know, old chap," said Ching-Lung, laughing, "will live to have another scrap later on. But I don't think they've chucked up the sponge, Bravo, Gan! That was neat. You'll hit a haystack in a passage some day."

Gan-Wagg's face beamed. His bullet had ploughed up the dirt under the heels of one of the retreating horsemen.

The hill pirates had vanished over the ridge on which a large round boulder stood black against the sky. Puffs of smoke darted from the ridge, and bullets pinged past.

"Keep your cover, lads!" said Ferrers Lord. "We can play this game as long as they can. You may as well save your powder and keep your rifles cool."

The firing died away, but when Ching-Lung cautiously raised his helmet on the muzzle of his gun he drew a shower of bullets. Then Ferrers Lord sprang to his feet with a cry.

"Drive out the horses! Quick, for your lives!"

The brutes had been tied head and tail. He hammered them madly with the rifle-butt. They plunged, kicked, and snorted in terror.

The great boulder rocked and swayed. Then it came bounding and leaping down the hill-side, a mass of granite weighing several tons. They slashed at the ropes with their knives to free the cattle.

"Scatter—scatter!"

The mass bounded nearer, straight for their hiding-place, and horses and mules galloped right and left, followed by the men. Black figures on the hill poured down bullets as they fled.

Crash!

The great boulder sprang clear over the rock, crushing one of the mules to pulp. A red flame blazed out, a deafening report filled the air, followed by the desultory cracking of cartridges, and bullets rained right and left of them.

The shock that had killed the mule had exploded the cartridges it had carried.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Race for Life—Ferrers Lord Performs a Noble Deed.

Ferrers Lord kept calm in the height of excitement. The real peril lay in the rifles of the assailants, and in the threatening stampeding of the frightened ponies and mules, rather than in the exploding of ammunition. He clutched a couple of ponies, and shouted to the men to do the same. Without their cattle and baggage they would be utterly at the mercy of Storland Sahib and his bandit crew.

"We must run the gauntlet!" he cried. "Mount! Each man lead a mule! Go!"

They forced their mounts forward, lashing and shouting at them wildly, and went at a full gallop down the steep path.

Phut, phut! came the bullets from the Lee-Metfords. Plink-plonk! sounded a few Mausers, which have a double report.

It was a race for life as they dashed along, bending low in the saddles, and clutching the headropes of the mules.

"This is what I call warmish!" panted Ching-Lung. "But the beggars can't shoot much. They're after us full-pelt. Another like that, and——"

Thud! Ching-Lung and his pony rolled over like a couple of shot rabbits. Ching-Lung sprang up, and, a cry of exultation rose from the pursuers.

"On, lads—on!" shouted the millionaire.

He caught Ching-Lung round the waist, and tried to lift him. Thud! A second bullet brought down the millionaire's pony. Ferrers Lord managed to gain his feet and free himself from the stirrups. With Ching-Lung in his arms, he started to run for his life. The pursuers swept down the hill, firing as they came.

"Let me down, old chap," said Ching-Lung faintly, "and get out of it yourself."

Ferrers Lord set his teeth. The path was narrowing between tall rocks. A hundred yards away it bent suddenly, and the last mule was just disappearing round the curve. If he could only gain that shelter in time.

He heard the bullets shrieking, and ran his best. His heart beat like a sledge-hammer, and all his veins were suffused with blood. But any of the pursuers dismounted to take aim, they could hardly have missed him; but they were eager to ride him down.

"Let me go!" said Ching-Lung almost fiercely.

Ferrers Lord held him tighter. He stumbled as if hit, but it was only a loose stone. He looked back. The nearest horseman was levelling a revolver at him. The millionaire saw a puff of smoke from it. Crack! The horseman was flung from his saddle, and Ferrers Lord turned the corner and sank exhausted on his knees.

For a time he did not understand what was happening. The mules and ponies were around him, and rifles cracked fiercely over his head.

"It's all right, sir!" cried Prout's cheery voice. "By hokey, sir, the whole French Army couldn't get us out of here. Hurrah! Bet that's another of them! Rub it in thick! Good! Hey, you, Gan! Hooray!"

Ferrers Lord shook himself, and looked about him. Providence had guided them to a wonderful natural fortress. The men were safely ambushed among the boulders above, while the pirates of Siorland Sahib had no cover.

He climbed up the rocks, but the fight was over, and the horsemen were flying back up the path. They had left six men behind them, and four riderless horses were quietly cropping grass beside their dead masters.

"Are you hit, sir?" asked Prout anxiously.

"No, Prout; but he was a near thing. Is anyone hurt?"

Joe, the carpenter, had had his cheek grazed by a bullet, and Ching-Lung had been unpleasantly shaken. That, and the loss of two ponies, was their entire casualty list. In return, they had obtained possession of four horses and several rifles. They sat down panting.

"Do you think they'll attack again?" said Thurston.

"Not for some time, at least, I think," answered the millionaire. "It is miraculous that we got off so lightly. They will certainly not attack us while we remain here. What I suspect is that they will ride round and ambush us, unless they have had enough of fighting. I think we had better stay where we are, and try to get away in the dark."

"A bit slow, that," said Ching-Lung.

"Perhaps it is; but it will be wise. Argal-Dinjat!"

"Salaab!" muttered the native.

"Will you follow them, and see which way they have gone?" said the millionaire, in the vernacular.

Argal-Dinjat bowed, and, shouldering his great rifle, strode away as calmly as if he had been told to track a deer. The mules were again unloaded, and Prout eat a little fodder for them.

"Tibet has given us a warm welcome," said Ching-Lung—"if we are in Tibet."

"We are! I noticed you embraced the country when your horse fell."

"So I did," grinned Ching-Lung; "and I found it wasn't stuffed with feathers, but a hard and bumpy thing to fall on. I'm sorry they plugged that pony, for all my tobacco was in the saddle-bags. Heigo! Look at those brutes. They soon scent out their beastly meal."

He pointed to three or four specks floating in the sky. They were vultures.

"See that those fellows are buried, Maddock," said Thurston.

"Yes, sir!" answered the bo'sun promptly.

They had no tools, so they were compelled to pile heaps of stones over the dead. More black specks appeared in the sky, and swept down upon the dead pony. Ching-Lung fired a shot at them, but the loathsome carrion-eaters only rose for an instant, and then descended again to gloat and fight over the carcass.

Gan-Waga patched up Joe's face with sticking-plaster most artistically, and then the officers of the expedition began to talk the situation over. It was impossible to decide on any plan of action until the Afghan returned with news.

"By the way," said Ching-Lung, "what if they capture him?"

"They won't do that, my boy. Argal-Dinjat is a wonderful hunter, and an old fighter. I have known him for many years, both in peace and war, and in the chase. He has all the peculiarities of his race. He is fearless and crafty, and true as steel to his friends, and like a ferocious wolf to his foes. Once you offend him look out for your life. He owes me a debt for rescuing him from a tiger. We have hunted together many times all through Northern India. As they say, to catch him asleep, one must get up very early."

Thurston shrugged his shoulders.

"Personally," he said, "I don't like his looks, though he is a magnificent specimen of a man. I saw him when you stopped him from killing that chap. His face wasn't pretty just then. What's your idea, Ching?"

"Oh, I never pass opinions, old chap! If Lord says he's O K, he's good enough for me. Look at that wretch of a blubber-biter drinking the oil we want for our rifles! Stop it, Gan! What does it taste like?"

Gan-Waga took another pull at the oil-bottle, winked, and patted himself.

"Butterful!" he gurgled. "It slip down lubly. You like a drink, hunk? Why not? Den you don't know good stuff. You put oil on your tail, and I drink it. Where's the difference?"

"I'll put my fist on your face if you're cheeky!"

"Den I tie kettle to your tail and chase you," said Gan-Waga, grinning. "Go and eat puppy. Yah!"

"Bah!" said Ching-Lung. And a clod of grass knocked the flask out of Gan-Waga's hand, and sent the oil flying backwards into Prout's arms.

Prout nearly swallowed his pipe, in his wrath. He pinned Gan-Waga down, and deluged his face and hair with the remainder of the oil.

"For two pins," he roared, "I set light to your top-knot, and serve you up as a baked sheep's head! You're only fit to sit on a hiceburg, chewing tallow. The roof of me mouth's knocked a hinch out of its place!"

"I'll soon knock it back again," replied the Eskimo, scrambling wildly.

"Will you—How d'you set about it?"

"With my fist. Oh, no! Don't hit me! Bad 'nough! Ow, ow, ow!"

The last of the yells were the result of a playful application of Prout's knuckles on the back of Gan-Waga's skull. Prout was never too gentle in his horseplay, and while the others giggled Joe interfered.

"Cheese it, Tom!" he said. "Be kind and gentle with the little thing. Remember, it's an orphan from a foreign land. Avast, my boy, and belay! Save your anger for your mother-in-law. Come, little dear, and let me wipe those oily tears away."

"I'll do that!" grinned Prout.

He seized the clod of grass, and rubbed Gan-Waga's head and face with it until he begged for mercy.

"I was apprenticed to the 'air-dressing trade," chuckled Prout, "and learned 'ow to shampoo!"

"You've got a wonderful light touch," said Ching-Lung.

"Yes, it's a gift," said Prout, rubbing harder in spite of Gan-Waga's kicks and yells. "It stimulates the growth of the 'air, and brings out the glossiness and silkiness better nor anything, at four-and-six a bottle. I've shampooed all the crowned heads of Europe, and a lot of bald 'uns. Ain't it refreshing, sir?"

"Ow, ow, ow!" yelled Gan-Waga.

"Yes, I know it was. Listen to him larfin' with pure joy. Will you have a little bay-rum, sir? Powder, did you say—violet powder? Certainly, sir—certainly! There you are, sir."

He scooped out a handful of sand, plastered it into Gan-Waga's face, jumped up, and fled. Gan-Waga jumped also, wild for vengeance, and started in pursuit, armed with a mule-whip. Prout darted in among the mules, dodging between their legs, and vaulting over their backs.

"I kill you!" panted Gan-Waga. "I paste you proper, you ole red whiskers!"

"Charlie can't catch me!" chirped Prout. "Peep-a-bo!"

"Go it, Gan!" laughed the men. "Chase him! Stick to him! Hide him! Ha, ha, ha!"

Gan-Waga dived over one of the patient mules, and Prout, holding his fingers to his nose, dived under another.

(Another splendid instalment of this grand new serial will appear next week in the "Magnet." Order your copy in advance.)

Read the grand new story of the Chums of St. Jim's, entitled: "THEIR DISHONOURABLE CHUM!" In this week's "GEM" Library. Now on Sale. Price One Penny.

Beyond the Eternal Ice!

The Concluding Chapters of an Amazing Adventure Story.

BY

SIDNEY DREW.

PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

When Professor Hugley, the renowned American scientist, startles the world by announcing that he is off to find the North Pole in his wonderful air-craft, the Cloud King, there is only one man who dares to enter the lists against him on behalf of Great Britain, and that man is Ferrers Lord, the famous millionaire and inventor. Lord pits his wonderful submarine, the Lord of the Deep, against the Cloud King in the most amazing race the world has ever seen; the goal is the North Pole, and the prize a million pounds!

The preliminaries are soon settled, a judge is appointed to accompany each of the competitors, and the great race commences.

With Ferrers Lord are Ching-Lung, Rupert Thurston, and Gan-Waga, an Eskimo, while Hugley is accompanied by Pereira, a Cuban, and Estebian Gaschio, a huge negro. These latter soon show themselves in their true colours, and the Cloud King no sooner reaches the region of ice than Hugley, and such of the crew as are loyal to him, are murdered, and Pereira and Gaschio are in control of the airship.

Ferrers Lord wins the race by 14hrs. 28mins., and finds at the Pole a beautiful city called Shazana, inhabited by a strange race of people, and governed by a king named Vathmoor.

When the airship arrives, the papers certifying that the race has been truly and fairly won are signed. Ferrers Lord boards and destroys the Cloud King, and takes back to the Lord of the Deep a batch of prisoners. At night the news comes that a tribe of cave dwarfs are preparing to attack Shazana. The crew of the submarine rush ashore, and Ching-Lung, followed by Gan-Waga, makes his way to the armoury of the place to obtain a suit of mail.

(Now go on with the story.)

The Mail-Clad Ghosts!

Ching-Lung selected a suit of beautifully-wrought armour of small size. Its lightness amazed him. It was made of the greyish metal they had seen in the caves—a metal the Shazanites valued much more highly than virgin gold—and lined with thick, soft cloth.

"How you keep 'em up!" asked Gan-Waga innocently. "No belt or braces."

"You chumphead! The trousers fasten on to the coat with these hooks. Don't they look nobby? Of course, there's not a crease down the middle, and you can't turn 'em up at the bottom, but they're in style. Now for the rest. Why, it fits like a glove on a door-knocker! Caitiff, gird on my sword, and lend me my helmet! What-ho!"

With the helmet on, the sword at his hip, the axe over his shoulder, and the pigtail dangling down his back, Ching-Lung was transformed. As a matter of fact, he looked more like a knight that attends a fancy dress ball than a knight of chivalry; but his appearance was striking, and Gan-Waga grinned with delight.

"Me, too!" he said eagerly. "Like it lovely, butterful! Look like sardine in a tin!"

"Out, base slanderer!" chuckled Ching-Lung. "Sardine, caitiff! Silence, and fall into line to the midriff!"

They had some difficulty in finding anything suitable for Gan-Waga. He was too short and fat, and the suits of mail had not been manufactured for gentlemen of his build. He nearly smothered himself in trying to make some of the likely suits meet over his capacious chest.

"You're a disgrace!" said Ching-Lung finally. "You'll have to manage with this fellow."

The suit in question belonged to Vathmoor, who was taller than any of his subjects. It was much too large for Gan-Waga, except in the waist. It was this or nothing. Ching-Lung roared when the suit was donned.

The sleeves fell over Gan-Waga's finger-tips, the skirts of the tunic dropped below his knees, and the mail fell in deep folds and wrinkles over his lower limbs. Gan-Waga looked exactly as if his lower limbs were clad in a couple of concertinas with metal bellows.

"How I look?" asked the Eskimo, very proud of himself.

"Like a house on fire, sonnie. How do you feel?"

"Bit stiff, Chingy. Hard 'nough walking. Want hat now."

But the search for a helmet anyway near approaching Gan's enormous head was unavailing. A sixpence stuck on the top of an egg was what they looked like. Gan-Waga was disconsolate.

"Don't grizzle!" said the prince. "I'll soon get you a tin hat when we get on board. We want a couple of shields now. You carry them on your left arm, you know. Here are a couple of plain ones. If we could find any paint we could have a device on them."

"What dat? Can you eat it? Hunk, Chingy?"

"Eat it!" gasped Ching-Lung. "No, cask barrel! All the chaps that used to fight in tin hats had something on their shields. Their ugly faces were covered up, but you could tell who a chap was by looking at his shield. If I couldn't see your beautiful features, and you had a bunch of candles on your shield, I should know that you were Gan-Waga, for no one else wolfs tallow-dips. Twiggest thou?"

"H'm!" murmured Gan-Waga. "Pigtail do fo' ye', den. Easy make paint. Know how."

"Show your grandpa, then."

Gan-Waga held a shield over one of the lamps until its surface was black with soot. By rubbing the stump of a candle over the smoked, heated surface, he quickly manufactured a kind of grease-paint. The surface of the shields were bright and polished. Dipping his finger in the mixture, Ching-Lung cleverly and swiftly executed the following device:

"Syr Chyng-Lung, knyghte,
Mynde he don'te byte.
Ihm is mayde."

Below he drew a couple of pigtails knotted together. Then he decorated Gan-Waga's shield with the picture of a pound of tallow-dips, and the words:

"Syr Chyng-Lung, hys squire,
Ye fatte Gan-Waga.
Please smyte him notte
Below ye belte.
Oyez!
There be hayre!"

Gan-Waga found it most difficult to walk, as the coat, being much too long, hampered his knees. He meant to go properly armed, and he girded himself to sword, battleaxe, bow and quiver, and three or four daggers. He wanted to take a great spiked mace in addition to these. But Ching-Lung remarked that if he wanted a coal-hammer he would find plenty on board ship.

The grave old man actually smiled when he saw the mail-clad Eskimo waddling after Ching-Lung.

"Where we go now? What we do?"

"That depends, squire mine, upon Fortune's wheel. If the fray hath commenced we will, like doughty knights, hurl ourselves into the battle. If it hath not commenced we will sit smoke a pipe, and quaff the foaming goblet together."

Ching-Lung chuckled as he looked over his shoulder. It was terribly hot inside the suits of mail, and Gan-Waga told him that he clanked down the dark steps.

"Look here!" said the prince. "Don't you get trying to swim with those things on if you want to cool yourself, or you'll go to Davy Jones like a ton of lead!"

"Me not forget, Chingy."

They clanked along the corridor, and out into the glowing light of the great fires. The Lord of the Deep lay close to the quay. The wheelhouse was empty.

"Put tiny trifles down gently," whispered Ching-Lung, "and don't wake the baby! Move along, and soft—like your head—is the word, my gentle squire. Now wait here!"

Ching-Lung glided down the companion into the empty corridor. By sheer luck he reached the cook's galley unperceived. He selected a steamer—one of those huge tin culinary vessels used for steaming potatoes over a saucepan. With a tin-opener, he cut eyeholes in it, and crept back.

"Thine helmet, squire!" he giggled. "Put it on with the handle behind!"

It fitted beautifully, covering Gan-Waga from crown to chin. His little eyes gleamed through the holes. It was fairly cool, too, for its top was perforated like a sieve, and Gan-Waga could breathe with comfort.

"Wait a bit longer!" said "Syr Chyng-Lung."

He vanished, and returned with three tins of paint and a bottle of quick-drying spirit and several brushes.

Gan-Waga seldom questioned any action of Ching-Lung's. The varnish was mixed liberally with the paint.

"Right leg first!" said Ching-Lung.

He painted Gan-Waga's mail-clad leg a gorgeous yellow, and its fellow a beautiful crimson. The "helmet" he coloured a pea-green, and the coat of mail was decorated with alternate stripes of the three vivid shades. The result was absolutely staggering, and the smell awful.

27

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 207.

"Get outside," said Ching-Lung, "and get dat shell off you!"

The obedient Eskimo clanked out of the wheelhouse, and leant over the rail in the fresh night air.

Ching-Lung tossed matches, spirit, and brushes overboard, and stuck a cigar between the bars of his helmet. Then he switched off the lights.

The watch fires filled the place with a strange, ghostly glare, and the tip of Ching-Lung's cigar shone like a fiery red eye. From below came a murmur of voices, and the soft waves gently kissed the vessel's hull. It was a glorious night, peaceful and beautiful. And yet its shadows hid the nearing war and strife, the clash of arms, and the misery and death that was so close at hand.

Ching-Lung was thoughtful as he smoked. He did not despise the dwarfs, though that seemed to be the feeling of Vathmoor, King of Shazana. He had good reasons to suspect them. Ching-Lung, to people who did not know him well, appeared to take life as one huge joke. He loved fun passionately, but he had a heart of gold, and he could think deeply, quickly, and accurately.

Fiends and barbarians though the dwarfs were, it was Fate that had made them so. He bore them no ill-will. If they attached in force, Shazana would be filled with widows and orphans on the morrow. How could he stop the battle? The dwarfs were utterly fearless. Like the dusky little Ghoorkas that fight under the Union Jack, they knew no such thing as fear. But they must be taught a lesson by great loss of life, unless he could devise some means of striking utter terror into their hearts without loss of blood.

But what means? There he was baffled.

"I must speak to dear old Ferrers Lord," he muttered, "and he will perhaps help me out!"

The drone of voices still rose from 'tween decks. There was a hoarse whisper.

"Gan!"

"Chingy!" answered a muffled voice.

"Sooner's coming! Stop where you are, and I'll give nim the first fright! Hist, varlet!"

A stop sounded upon the steel ladder, and the hatch slid back. In special dulcet accents, Joe, the carpenter, who could sing about as well as a dying parrot, was chanting a fragment of Thurston's rousing song:

"And hearts of oak and the Union Jack
Have won the Pole!"

"Heads of wood, he means!" muttered Ching-Lung. "And there's one of them."

In the midst of Joe's head, followed by the same gentleman's body, rise dimly into view. Ching-Lung hid his cigar by the simple method of putting the burning end into his mouth.

"By the great immortal gridiron," said Joe, "the blessed light has gone out! That's a coddy caution, that is. The bulbs have burst, I reckon, or got fused up! And hearts of oak and the Union Jack have won the——' Well, them lights are a caution!"

Ching-Lung crouched in the shadow.

"'Many have fought the fierce white ice,'" chanted Joe. "'Many have fought and faded. Many have——'"

"Avaunt, thou pestiferous varlet!" hissed an unearthly voice.

Joe staggered back so hard that he nearly broke all his left ribs against the wheel.

Joe breathed hard, and then patted his forehead.

"Joe," he muttered, "Joe! I can't believe it of you, Joe! For shame! And only three glasses! Did I hear a voice?"

"Caitiff! Recreant! Varlet!"

"What's that?" Joe quaked. "I—oh—ah—dear me, Joe, are you going balmy? Go into the fresh air, Joe! That wine was doctored! Oh, murder!"

He staggered out.

"Oy!"

His eyes began to roll. In the red glow of the watch-fires he saw an awful figure. He saw Gan-Waga.

Gan-Waga saw him, too, and he began to glide forward, slowly brandishing his shield and waving his battleaxe.

"Jee-roo-sal-um!" panted Joe. "What is it?"

"Gur-r-r-rh!" growled the spectre.

"Yest, caitiff, gore, GORE!" remarked a second voice behind.

Joe sprang round and confronted the glistening figure of a mail-clad knight. With a yell, he tried to pass it, and reach the wheelhouse. The figures turned sideways, and a naked sword barred his way. Something black circled out with the movement, and dropped again. Joe's fears fled. It was a pigtail. He dropped on his knees.

"Mercy, mercy!"

"Mercy for thee, base scoundrel?" hissed the second spectre. "There is none!"

(To be concluded.)

Next Tuesday.

"TEMPTED, BUT TRUE!"

This is the title for next Tuesday's grand, long, complete school tale of the chums of Greyfriars. Frank Richards excels himself in this, his latest, story, and I am convinced that there will be an extra large demand for next week's issue of THE MAGNET Library.

"THROUGH TRACKLESS TIBET."

By the time my readers glance down this column they will have read the opening instalment of Sidney Drew's wonderful serial story of Ching-Lung and Ferrers Lord, millionaire.

It is my sincere hope that all my chums have read this week's instalment with enjoyment, and will do their Editor a favour by getting a non-reader to start the story this week.

A West Country Reader's Tribute.

This is what a boy from Bristol has to say about his favourite paper in the course of an interesting letter:

"Bristol.

"Dear Editor,—I have been taking in THE MAGNET for the past two years. I find that it is the best and most interesting book I have ever taken in, 'The Gem' coming next in favour.

"My father, sister, and brother all read it, and often we stay up until nearly twelve o'clock at night reading about Billy Bunter.—I remain, yours sincerely, HECTOR B."

I am very glad to hear that our little paper gives so much enjoyment to the whole family, Master Hector. Cases are constantly being brought under my notice of fathers who, on showing signs of disapproval of THE MAGNET, have been persuaded by their sons to read it for themselves, with the result that they forthwith join the ranks of regular "Magnetites"—and very glad I am to welcome them amongst us, too. Many thanks for your letter, Master Hector.

A Letter from Malta.

I was pleased to find among my letters this week one from a chum in the distant island of Malta. It is quite short, so I will print it in full:

"Malta.

"Dear Editor,—I am sending you this letter to express to you my appreciation of 'THE MAGNET Library.' As a rule, my brother and I are not great readers, but we can read any amount of 'Magnets.' I am always attempting to circulate your splendid paper by handing it over to my chums. Wishing you every success, yours truly, WILLIAM H."

Much obliged for your help, my Malta chum. I shall expect to find the circulation of THE MAGNET in your island going up by leaps and bounds. Many thanks also for your good wishes, which I heartily reciprocate.

A Sensible Suggestion.

One of my readers, aged twenty, writing from Manchester, in the course of his very welcome letter, makes what I consider a very sensible suggestion. This is what he says:

"Manchester.

"Dear Editor,—I have intended to write to you for some time past, but have kept on putting it off.

"I have read THE MAGNET and 'The Gem' since the first numbers were issued, and in my opinion they are the best books that a young person can read; in fact, the oldest can obtain a good moral lesson from them. For my own part, I think either paper is a good tonic when you are down in the dumps, and you can rest assured that I will do all in my power to make the papers better known, and I suggest to your readers that they leave their old copies in public places, or send them to hospitals, etc., to cheer up the patients, who would in most cases become regular readers when they recovered.

"Wishing your papers continued success, I remain, yours sincerely, T. McE."

Many thanks to you, my Manchester reader, for your suggestion, help, and the good wishes you send. The request for a correspondent which you also insert will appear in due course in that portion of "The Gem" Chat page reserved for Readers' Correspondence Exchange. THE EDITOR.

Printed and published by the Proprietors at 23, Bouverie Street, London, Endeavour, E.C. Agents for Australia: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, Brisbane, and Wellington, N.Z.; for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd., Cape Town and Johannesburg; Canada: 371, Queen Street West, Toronto. Subscription, 7s. per annum. Saturday, January 27th, 1912.

NEW BOOKS FOR THE NEW YEAR!

Three New Additions to

"THE BOYS' FRIEND" 3D LIBRARY

Now on Sale!

No. 178: "PETE'S EMIGRANTS."
A Splendid, New, Long, Complete Tale dealing with the thrilling adventures of the famous comrades—Jack, Sam, and Pete. By S. CLARKE HOOK.

No. 179: "UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS."
A Grand, Complete Adventure Tale, introducing "The Three R's." By REGINALD WRAY.

No. 180: "PADDY LEARY'S SCHOOLDAYS."
A Splendid, Complete Tale of School Life. By T. C. BRIDGES.

Always ask for

"THE BOYS' FRIEND" 3D LIBRARY

Printed below is the specially prepared cover in which should be bound the Miniature Edition of "The Magnet" Library. See pages 11-12

—SPECIAL MINIATURE EDITION "THE MAGNET" LIBRARY—

WHICH ARE THE TWO MOST IMPORTANT DAYS EVERY WEEK TO OVER

ONE MILLION READERS

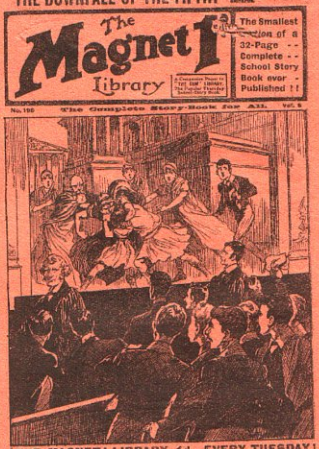
Tuesday —— & —— Thursday

MAKE A NOTE OF IT!

EVERY TUESDAY 'THE MAGNET' LIBRARY
PRICE ONE PENNY, IS PUBLISHED

EVERY THURSDAY 'THE GEM' LIBRARY
PRICE ONE PENNY, IS PUBLISHED,

"THE DOWNFALL OF THE FIFTH!" A Splendid, Long, Complete Tale of School Life, by Frank Richards.



'THE MAGNET' LIBRARY. 1d., EVERY TUESDAY!

A Grand NEW SERIES of

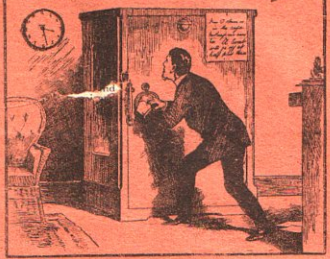
STARTLING DETECTIVE STORIES

in

"THE GEM" LIBRARY.

Now on Sale, 1d.

The Green Envelope!



Can Frank Kingston open the safe?

His lady-assistant is inside, with a bomb which will explode at 3.30. The lock is a word-lock, and the detective has no clue. Does he open it?

Read about

FRANK KINGSTON,

Detective,

and

DOLORES,

his pretty lady assistant,

in

"THE GEM" LIBRARY.

Now on Sale, 1d.

There is also a long, complete school tale of Tom Merry & Co., and—

—a long instalment of Sidney Drew's grand adventure tale in this special issue of "The Gem."

"THE GEM" LIBRARY.

Every Thursday. Price ONE PENNY

contains

A Grand, Long, Complete School Tale,

dealing with the Adventures of

TOM MERRY & CO.

AT ST. JIM'S,

By MARTIN CLIFFORD

"THE GEM" LIBRARY also contains

"WINGS OF GOLD!"

A Serial Story of Amazing Adventure,

By SIDNEY DREW.

A New Series of 3-page Complete

DETECTIVE TALES

Introducing Frank Kingston & his Lady Assistant, DOLORES

BUY A COPY OF 'THE GEM' LIBRARY TO-DAY

"THE MAGNET" LIBRARY

HOW EVERY BOY IN GREAT BRITAIN CAN HAVE HIS OWN LIBRARY!

—the finest long, complete novels ever published at such a small price.

3D. Each

'THE BOYS' FRIEND' 3d. COMPLETE LIBRARY.

3 New Numbers Published the first Friday in Every Month

The best Stories by the Best Authors. Covers beautifully printed in Colours.

BUY THE THREE NEW NUMBERS NOW ON SALE