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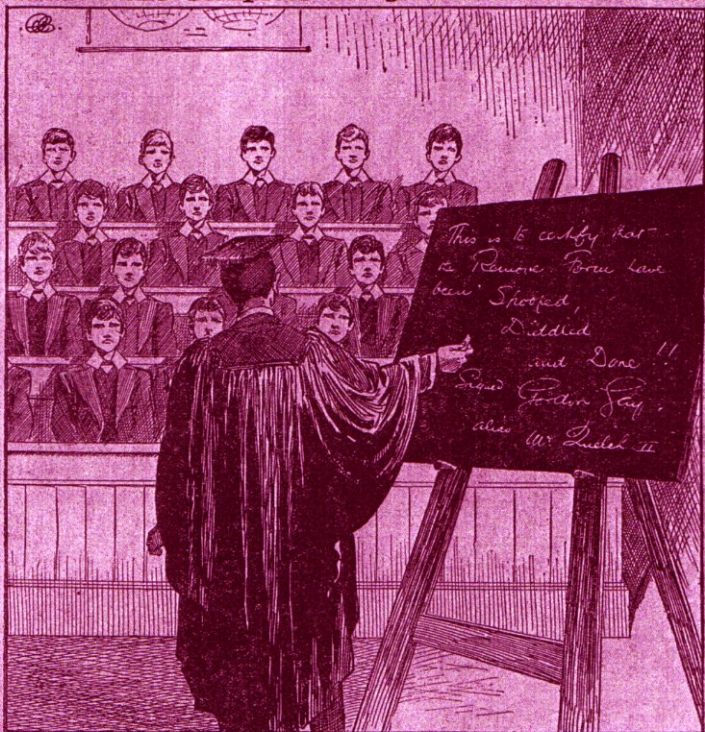
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By  
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No. 215.

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Vol. 6.



**SPOOFED! DIDDLED! AND DONE!**

The disguised Gordon Gay pulled the blackboard round and began to chalk upon it. He was finished in a few minutes. Then he looked frowningly at the rows of Removites in the desks. "Wharton!" he rapped out. "When I am gone you will turn this blackboard round for the class to read!" (See the grand complete story inside.)

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# The Rival Co's of Greyfriars.

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

By FRANK RICHARDS.



## THE FIRST CHAPTER. Making Room for Three.

"HALLO-hallo-hallo! What's on?" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

Frank Nugent chuckled.

"Looks like a moving job," he remarked.

"By Jove, it does!" said Harry Wharton. "What the dickens are the Fourth Form up to?"

The three chums of the Remove at Greyfriars had stopped in the Fourth Form passage, looking on in surprise at a somewhat excited scene. It was evening, and the time when the Fourth Form of Greyfriars, as a rule, were busy with their preparation. But the Fourth-Formers were busy with something else just now.

Most of the study doors were open, and several of the

Fourth were engaged in dragging furniture out into the passage. Temple, the captain of the Fourth, was hoisting a heavy bookcase along from one study to another, with the assistance of Dabney and Fry. The trio were in their shirt-sleeves, and were very red and hot, and panting with their exertions. Other fellows of the Fourth were carrying chairs and sofas and piles of books about. It looked, as Nugent said, decidedly like a "moving job."

"Careful, Fry, you ass!" growled Temple irritably, as the bookcase bumped on the wall, and a little shower of plaster rattled down.

Fry snorted.

"Careful yourself!" he said. "You did that!"

"Look here, Fry—"

"Br-r-r-r!"

"You ass!"

"Oh, rather," said Dabney.

The three Removes, looking on with their hands in their pockets, grinned serenely. It was evident that the labour of the moving job was having an exasperating effect upon the tempers of the Upper Fourth. Temple, Dabney, and Fry were generally inseparable chums; but they looked very near to punching one another's heads just now. And many others of the Fourth, who were busily moving things about, looked very cross.

Bump!

The heavy bookcase came down thudding on the linoleum, and the Fourth-Formers let it rest there for a few minutes while they took breath. The bookcase was full of books, and it would certainly have been wiser to remove the books before



attempting to carry the bookcase; but Temple & Co. were evidently trying to save trouble. They had lifted up the packed bookcase just as it was, and borne it out into the passage, but they were finding it a little bit above their weight. They stood round it, resting and breathing hard, and they bestowed a fierce glare upon the grinning chums of the Remove.

"What do you rotten fags want here?" demanded Temple crossly.

"We heard a row, and came to see what it was," Harry Wharton explained. "What the dickens are you chaps up to? Going to sell off your props by auction?"

"No!" growled Temple.

"Any of you sacked from the school, and packing up your things?"

"Fathers?"

"Well, then, what is the moving job about?" asked Frank Nugent.

Temple granted.

"Orders!" he growled. "We've got to clear out a study for three new chaps—the study next to mine—and three fellows have got to be distributed along the passage. One of 'em coming into our study, and we're putting in his props. Of course, we're not going to leave our property for three new bounders!"

Harry Wharton looked interested.

"Three new boys in the Fourth?" he asked. "I haven't heard anything about it."

"Neither had I till an hour ago!" growled Temple. "Capper called me into his study and told me. They're not genuine new boys, either—only three bounders who are coming here to stay a few weeks. There's an epidemic at their school, and the fellows are being shifted out till it's over, and Dr. Locke offered to take three here. All right for him, but it's pretty rotten for us! We haven't got any too much room in this passage now. Get a move on this bookcase, you chaps!"

"Oh, hold on a minute!" said Dabney. "Give a chap a chance!"

"Well, we don't want to be all night about it!"

"Where do the new chaps come from?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Place called Rylcombe."

The chums of the Remove started.

"Rylcombe! We played a school near Rylcombe at footer while ago. You don't mean to say they're three fellows from St. Jim's?"

"No; Rylcombe Grammar School."

"Oh! We know some chaps there," said Frank Nugent. "We met them when we were over at St. Jim's. What are the names of the three?"

"Blessed if I know, or care! One of them's called Gay, that's all I know."

"Gordon Gay?"

"Very likely. I'll make him gay, for upsetting our studies in this way!" growled Temple. "Why couldn't they put the asinine duffers into the Remove?"

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"Get a move on this thing! We're blocking up the passage!" said Temple.

"Better take the books out first," suggested Harry Wharton. "You'd find it much easier to move if you did."

"Oh, rats!"

And with that grateful reply for Harry Wharton's good advice, Temple dragged at the heavy bookcase again. It lurched, and the glass doors flew open, and a shower of books descended into the passage.

Crash—crash—crash!

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Fry.

"Yaro-oh!" roared Dabney.

A heavy volume had descended upon Dabney's toe, and it hurt him. He let go the bookcase, and danced on one foot, roaring. The chums of the Remove roared, too, but with laughter. Dabney was not laughing.

"Look out!" shrieked Temple.

Dabney had certainly been rather reckless in letting go the bookcase so suddenly. It was lurching violently, and Fry dodged out of the way, thinking that it was going to fall upon him. Temple clutched wildly at the bookcase, but he clutched in vain. It reeled over, crashing against the wall, and the glass doors were smashed to fragments in a second. There was a terrific crashing of broken glass, and the bookcase descended amid the fragments, with a thundering thud.

Crash—crash!

"Oh!"

"My hat!"

"You've done it now!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Removees.

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Temple, Dabney & Co. gazed in dismay at the smashed bookcase. Then, with one accord, they rushed at the laughing Remove fellows.

"Kick the cads out!" yelled Temple. "It's bad enough without them sniggering here! Kick them out of the passage!"

"Oh, rather!"

"Give 'em socks!"

"Temple!"

It was a sharp voice in the passage as the combat commenced.

"Oh, cove!" muttered Fry. "It's old Capper!"

The fight ceased as soon as it had begun. The Four-Formers looked round, and faced their Form-master, looking at him sheepishly across the ruins of the bookcase.

Mr. Capper, the master of the Fourth, gazed at them severely.

"What is all this disturbance about?" he exclaimed.

"It's fell over!" stammered Temple.

"Oh, rather, sir!"

"You should not have attempted to move the bookcase without clearing it out first," said Mr. Capper severely. "Do so at once, and please make less noise, or I shall return here and bring a cane with me!"

"Ye-es, sir!"

And Mr. Capper retired majestically, with rustling gown. The chums of the Remove indulged in a soft chuckle.

"Sorry, Temple! We'll punch your heads another time!" murmured Bob Cherry.

Temple granted.

"Oh, go and at coke! Lend a hand with this rotten bookcase, you chaps! I wish we'd left it in the study for those new beasts now!"

Harry Wharton & Co. walked away grinning. Temple and his comrades exerted themselves upon the damaged bookcase once more. It looked a miserable wreck of a bookcase by the time they got it into Temple's study. Temple stood in his shirt-sleeves, gasping for breath, his face pink with exertion and exasperation.

"We'll make those Grammar School bounders sit up for this, when they come here!" he exclaimed breathlessly.

And Dabney and Fry replied together, with one voice:

"Oh, rather!"

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### The Decent Thing.

HARRY WHARTON & CO. paused in the Remove passage, laughing. The flutter in the Fourth Form dovetails struck them as funny. They were very much interested, too, by the news they had received from Temple. They knew Gordon Gay and his chums, of Rylcombe Grammar School. They had met the Grammarian fellows more than once, when paying visits to St. Jim's for football matches. Indeed, the idea had been mooted of fixing up some cricket matches with the Grammar School for the coming season. It was very interesting to them to hear that Gordon Gay and two school-fellows were coming to Greyfriars for a time. Gay belonged to the Fourth Form at the Grammar School, and so naturally he went into the Fourth at Greyfriars. Wharton's Form, the Remove, was the Lower Fourth.

"I shall be glad to see those chaps," said Harry Wharton. "It's a long time since we've met, but I dare say they haven't forgotten us. I wish they were coming into the Remove."

Bob Cherry nodded.

"Yes. As we're up against the Fourth, and they're going into the Fourth, we shall very likely get at loggerheads with them."

"Most likely, I suppose," said Nugent, laughing. "Never mind; it will be fun. Tom Merry & Co., of St. Jim's, are always on the warpath with the Grammar School, and I believe they get as much as they give. The Grammarians are hot stuff!"

"All the same, we'll give them a welcome here," said Harry Wharton. "Let's find out when they're coming, and we might meet them at the station. It would be only civil."

"Good egg! We can ask Quelch!"

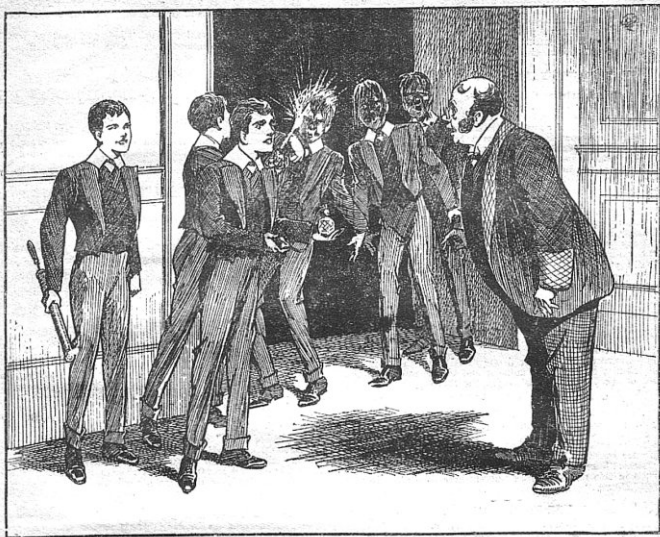
"Quelch"—otherwise, Mr. Quelch—was the Form-master of the Remove. The juniors made their way to his study, and Wharton tapped at the door. Mr. Quelch was there, and his deep voice bade the juniors enter.

"Ahem!" said Harry Wharton. "If you please, sir—"

"Well?" said the Remove-master.

"We hear that three new chaps are coming into the





As the Fourth Formers sprayed the disinfectant over the new-comers, a roar of laughter filled the hall, and Mr. Capper came out of his study to see what the disturbance was about. He stood transfixed at the sight of the empurpled visages, gasping in the doorway. "Keep back, sir!" shouted Temple. "They're not safe! They've just come from an epidemic!" (See Chapter 4)

Fourth here, sir—three fellows from Rylcombe Grammar School—

"Yes," said Mr. Quelch. "I was going to mention the matter to you, Wharton, as I understand you are acquainted with the boys in question. Their names are Gay, Monk, and Wootton. There is an epidemic at Rylcombe Grammar School, and most of the boys are being sent away for safety. Gay and his companions arrive here this evening."

"May we go to the station and meet them, sir?"

"H'm!" said Mr. Quelch.

"You see, sir, we know them," Wharton explained, "and it would be only decent to—to show them that they're welcome."

Mr. Quelch smiled.

"Well—well, you may go," he said. "You must come directly back, that is all. They are coming here by the half-past eight train."

"Thank you, sir!"

The three juniors left the study in high spirits. The prospect of a run out of gates, after locking up, was always pleasant to juniors.

"Lucky we've done our prep. early!" Harry Wharton remarked. "We may as well start at once. We haven't too much time for the walk."

"Right-ho!" said Bob Cherry. "I'll cut off and get my cap!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Buzz off, Bunter!" said Wharton crisply. "No time for jaw now! We're going out!"

"Oh, really, Wharton, I've got some news for you!"

"We've heard it!" grinned Nugent. "We know the Grammarians are coming, if that is what you mean."

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Bunter grunted in a disappointed way. He was the Peeping Tom of Greyfriars, and he always knew everything that was going on, and was better acquainted with other fellows' business than with his own. And he did not like having his information forestalled in this way.

"Oh!" he ejaculated. "You know—eh?"

"Yes. And we're going to meet them at the station, so we've no time to hear anything about a postal-order that you're expecting," said Bob Cherry, with a grin.

"Oh, really Cherry—"

Bob Cherry walked away for his cap. Billy Bunter planted his plump form in the way of the other two juniors.

"I say, you fellows, I want to speak to you about this. It's important. You know how the fellows liked me when I went over to St. Jim's with the footer team—"

"Ha, ha, ha! I never noticed it!"

Bunter blinked indignantly at the juniors through his big spectacles.

"Oh, really, you fellows! You must have noticed how popular I was!"

"Not a sign of it!" grinned Nugent.

"There's none so blind as those who won't see!" retorted Bunter. "Well, I met these Grammar School chaps there, and I was just as popular with them as with the St. Jim's fellows."

"Go hon!"

"I was, really!" said Bunter. "And now they're coming to Greyfriars, I think that I ought to do the decent thing by them!"

"Change for you to do a decent thing!" remarked Nugent.

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"You see," went on Bunter, unheeding, "I think I ought to stand them a bit of a feed, just to show them that they are quite welcome, and—and that sort of thing. I've decided to do it—something really decent, regardless of expense."

"Oh, really? I suppose?"

"Oh, really! Now, the unfortunate part of the matter is—"

"Now we're coming to the postal-order," murmured Nugent.

"The unfortunate part of the matter is that a postal-order I was expecting has been delayed in the post," Bunter explained. "It is bound to be here by to-morrow morning, at the latest, but, of course, I shall want the tin to-night to stand the Grammar School chaps a feed. I suppose you wouldn't mind advancing me the pound—"

"The what?" roared Wharton.

"The—er—the ten shillings," said Bunter, moderating his demand very judiciously. "The ten shillings I'm expecting to-morrow morning."

"I'm ready," said Bob Cherry, coming back with his cap on the back of his curly head.

"So are we," said Harry. "Come on."

Bunter blinked at them.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Good-bye!" said Nugent.

"But you haven't answered me," roared Bunter. "Are you going to advance me the ten shillings on my postal-order, or are you not?"

"Not!" said the three juniors together, with one voice.

"Oh, really—"

Harry Wharton & Co. walked away. Billy Bunter blinked after them through his big spectacles furiously.

"Beasts!" he roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The chums of the Remove disappeared down the staircase. Billy Bunter turned away angrily, and almost ran into John Bull, of the Remove. He caught the sturdy junior by the sleeve.

"I say, Bull, I want—"

"I dare say you do," said Bull, jerking his sleeve away.

"You generally want something. But you won't get it from me. Scat!"

And he walked on.

Bunter snorted.

"Beast!" he murmured. "They're all beasts! I'm wasted in this school—there's nobody here fit for me to mix with! Beasts!"

### THE THIRD CHAPTER. Gordon Gay & Co. Arrive.

THREE youths in coats and caps stepped from the train in Friardale Station. Three trunks were bumped down upon the platform, with three loud and distinct bumps, and the guard remounted the train with a grin, satisfied that if there were anything breakable in the boxes, it was broken.

The three youths looked up and down the dimly-lighted platform, as if taking stock of their new surroundings.

"Much the same as Rylcombe," grinned one of them.

"Sleepy Hollow!"

"Much the same, Gay. I wonder if there's anybody here to meet us?"

"Let's have a look, Monkey."

The sleepy porter of Friardale came trundling a trolley along the platform for the luggage, and Gordon Gay, of Rylcombe Grammar School, stopped him. "I say, William—is your name William or Peter?—I say, is there anybody here from Greyfriars to meet us?"

"Dunno, sir," said the porter.

"Let's go and see," suggested Harry Wootton.

"Come on, then, if Greyfriars is as sleepy as this, we shall have to wake it up!" said Gordon Gay.

"What-he!" said Monk and Wootton together.

The three Grammarians strolled arm-in-arm down the platform. They delivered up their tickets, and walked into the badly-lighted station vestibule, and almost ran into a trio of youths, in Greyfriars caps, who had just come in from the street.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Come to meet us?" asked Gordon Gay.

"Yes," said Harry Wharton, as he shook hands with the leader of the Grammarian juniors. "Jolly glad to see you, Gay."

"Same here," said the Cornstalk junior. "You can put that luggage on a truck and shove it along to Greyfriars, porter—we're going to walk."

"Yessir."

And the half-dozen juniors strolled out of the station together. Friardale was a very poorly-lighted village, and the Grammarians blinked to and fro in the dusk.

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"Blessed if it isn't like a giddy little township in the back-blocks in Australia!" Gordon Gay remarked. "Is there a road?"

"Yes," said Wharton, laughing. "This way to Greyfriars,"

"suppose you fellows can walk it?" Gordon Gay remarked.

"What?"

"Well, you've fagged, you know, and we—"

"Why, you ass—"

"We'll jolly well walk you off your legs, anyway," said Bob Cherry warmly.

Gordon Gay laughed cheerfully.

"My dear chap, you couldn't do it!" he said. "I'm a jolly good walker, and Wootton is a jolly good walker—we're trained, my son, in the bush in Australia, before we came to this little place."

"What little place?"

"England," said Gordon Gay innocently.

"Why, you frabjous ass—"

"Peace, my sons, peace!" said Gordon Gay pacifically. "I'm not rotting, you know, and I wouldn't think of ragging you after you've come to meet us. We'll walk back together, and we'll go slow and keep pace with you."

"Go slow!" roared Bob Cherry. "Why, you couldn't keep pace with us if you walked your fastest, you—you—your kangaroo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Wootton. "Go it!"

"You—you dingo!" said Bob Cherry, searching his memory for epithets. "You kangaroo! You blessed bunsgranger!"

Gordon Gay chuckled.

"Well, if you think you can walk—" he said.

"Think! I know we can walk you blind!"

"Come on, then; let's start, and we'll see," said Frank Monk.

"I can walk better than these chaps, and—"

"Rats!" said the two Cornstalks together.

"We'll jolly well put you to the test!" said Harry Wharton.

"Look here—let's start fair, and we'll walk you—Greyfriars against Rylcombe."

"But you've had a walk already," said Monk.

"Well, you've had a long train journey, so that makes it level."

"Right—ho, then!"

"Line up and start fair," said Nugent.

The juniors lined up across the lane, and started together.

They tramped off towards Greyfriars at a good speed, grinning the while. But their grins soon died away, for they found that the walking-match was serious business.

All of them were athletic, and all of them were very keen and hardy, and they were good walkers. Gordon Gay and Wootton, brought up in early youth in the spacious land under the southern cross, had limbs that seemed of iron, and they marched on with a machine-like steadiness. But the Greyfriars fellows walked well.

They had reached the cross-roads, half-way to Greyfriars, and they were still abreast. Monk and Nugent dropped behind a little after that, but they kept level with one another.

But now Gordon Gay drew ahead. Wharton put on a little spurt and drew level again. Bob Cherry and Wootton remained level some paces behind. The rivals were divided into three pairs now, keeping level.

Gordon Gay looked back, and grinned as he saw the rival walkers in the glimmer of the lamp in the lane.

"Looks like a set of dead heats," he remarked.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Looks like it," he agreed. "But we're not at Greyfriars yet."

"This road straight on?" asked Gay.

"Yes; but that's all right—you keep me in sight, and I'll show you the way," said the Removite, laughing.

"Case of looking backwards, to keep you in sight, I guess!"

"Rats!"

Gay drew ahead again. The old grey tower of the school was in sight now, glimmering in the starlight over the tops of the trees. Gay tramped on hard, and drew closer to the gates of Greyfriars. He did not look back at Wharton. The latter was straining every nerve to draw level, and he just succeeded as Gay reached the gates.

Gay put his hand on the iron bars of the gate, and looked back with a breathless grin.

"Done you!" he gasped. "Why— Oh!"

Wharton was at his elbow, and his hand also was on the gate. He burst into a laugh.

"Dead heat!" he exclaimed.

Gordon Gay gasped for breath.

"All serene!" he panted. "You haven't done me, anyway. Wootton and Monkey will dish the other two, I reckon."

"I fancy not."

Bob Cherry and Wootton came up in the dusk. Wootton was a couple of paces ahead when he put his hand on the gate, and the race was over.

"Grammar School wins!" chorried Gay.  
 "It's not finished yet," said Harry Wharton.  
 Nugent and Monk loomed up in the dusk. Nugent was half a dozen paces ahead, and he romped home, as the sporting gentlemen say, quite easily, while Frank Monk came panting on behind.  
 "Greyfriars wins!" grinned Bob Cherry.  
 Gordon Gay burst into a good-humoured laugh.  
 "Honours divided, all round," he said. "A dead heat, and a winner and a loser on each side. You fags can walk!"  
 "I'll fag you, you cheeky bounder!" said Bob Cherry indignantly. "We're in the Fourth, the same as you are—not much difference between Upper and Lower Fourth. Why, I—"

"Pax for the first evening," said Harry Wharton with a laugh. "We'll hammer them and put them into their proper place to-morrow, if they're cheeky."  
 "Lot of hammering will be required," grinned Gordon Gay.

Wharton rang a loud peal on the bell, and Gosling, the porter, opened the gates, grumbling. Gosling did not like being disturbed in the evening. As soon as he saw the new boys, however, his grumbles changed to sniffing, and he retreated quickly. Gordon Gay looked at him in astonishment.

"What's the matter with you, Gosling?" exclaimed Harry Wharton.  
 "Nothin', Master Wharton," growled Gosling. "Wot I says is this 'ere, though—them boys orter to be in a ospital, not sent 'ere—that's wot I say!"  
 Gordon Gay turned red.  
 "Why, you silly dunder," he exclaimed; "what do you mean?"

"Wot I says is this 'ere—"  
 "It's only an epidemic of influenza at Rylcombe," exclaimed Monk. "and we were sent away so that we shouldn't catch it, you old fathead!"  
 "It might be smallpox for all I know!" growled Gosling under his breath, but the Grammarians heard him. Gordon Gay jerked the porter's hat off, and, with a skilful kick, sent it whirling into the doorway of his lodge.  
 "Gosh!" shouted Bob Cherry.

"Ho! Wot do you mean? Wot I says is—"  
 "Go and eat coke, you old dunder!" said Gordon Gay.  
 And the juniors walked on into the quad, leaving Gosling grumbling more loudly than ever over his damaged hat.

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Disinfected!

TEMPLE, Dabney & Co. were standing in the doorway of the School House, with grins upon their faces. There were quite a crowd of Fourth-Formers about the hall and the wide flagged passage, and most of them were grinning. The Fourth seemed to have recovered from their annoyance at having to make room for three new fellows in their passage, and to judge by their looks there was some "jape" on, doubtless directed against the three unsuspicious new arrivals from Rylcombe Grammar School. A dozen or more of the juniors held little pneumatic sprays in their hands, for what purpose was not quite clear, but from them came a strong scent of a disinfectant.

Temple looked out into the dusky Close. The shadows were thick there, broken only by the glimmering of lights from the illuminated windows.

"They're coming!" said Temple.  
 "Ready?" murmured Fry.  
 "Oh, rather!"

There was a sound of footsteps in the Close. There was a buzz of excitement among the Fourth-Formers. John Bull and Mark Linley, of the Remove, came down the passage, and they looked at the crowd of Fourth-Formers in surprise.

"Hallo, what's the game?" demanded Johnny Bull.  
 "No game," said Temple; "serious bizney. We're going to save Greyfriars."

"Save what?"  
 "Greyfriars," said Temple seriously. And the Fourth-Formers chuckled.

"What from?" asked Mark Linley, in astonishment.  
 "Epidemic."

"You see," explained Fry, "three chaps are coming here because they're giddy epidemic at Rylcombe Grammar School, and they're coming into our Form. We've had to clear out a study for them."

"And we're not going to run any risk of infection," said Scott. "We're going to disinfect them as soon as they arrive."

"We've got Sanitas and Condy's Fluid, and other sorts of disinfectants in these sprays," Temple explained. "As soon as they get in, we're going to open fire. I don't know what it is they've had at the Grammar School, but we're not running risks."

"Ha, ha, ha! That's rather rough on the new kids, isn't it?" grinned Johnny Bull.

"Can't be helped. They can't expect us to catch all their diseases, can they?"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Here they come!" roared Scott, of the Fourth.  
 "Stand ready!" cried Temple. "Fire when I give the word."

"Oh, rather!"  
 The figures of the juniors loomed up in the lighted radius outside the open door of the School House.

"Here, hold on!" exclaimed John Bull. "You'll be giving it to Wharton as well as to the Grammarian chaps."

"Well, I dare say they need disinfecting after keeping bad company."

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "Chuck it! You're not going to—Oh, oh!" roared John Bull, as four or five of the juniors seized him and rushed him back towards the staircase, so that he should not give a warning to the new-comers.

Harry Wharton and his companions were on the steps of the School House now, and they were coming in unsuspiciously.

Temple raised his hand.  
 "Fire!" he called out.

Whiz! Whish! Splash!  
 Streams of disinfectant from a dozen or more sprays dashed upon the half-dozen juniors as they came in.

There was a wild yell from the new-comers.  
 Purple stains on Condy's Fluid marked their faces in streaks, and Sanitas and other odorous concoctions covered them with strong smells.

They staggered on the doorstep, gasping and yelling.  
 "What the—"  
 "My hat!"  
 "Who the—"  
 "You rotters!"

"Go it!" yelled Temple. "Disinfect them! Don't let them bring contagion here! Soak 'em!"

And the Fourth-Formers sprayed away merrily with the disinfectant.

A roar of laughter filled the hall. Mr. Capper came out of his study, in blank amazement, to see what the disturbance was about. He stood transfixed at the sight of the new-comers, with their empurpled visages, gasping in the doorway.

"Cave!" muttered Fry.  
 "Too late!" murmured Temple. "We've got to brazen it out. Spray them!"

"But—"  
 "Spray them, you asses! Keep at it!"  
 "Stop it!" roared Harry Wharton, gouging Sanitas from his eyes and mouth. "You dangerous asses, what are you up to?"

Temple ran towards Mr. Capper, his hand raised in warning.

"Keep back, sir!" he exclaimed.  
 "What—what does this mean, Temple?"

"Keep back! They're not safe!"  
 "What?" gasped the Fourth-Form-master. "Who are not safe, Temple?"

"These are the new kids, sir. They've just come from an epidemic, sir, and we're disinfecting them, sir, so that there won't be any danger of infection in Greyfriars."

"What, what! Temple—"

"It's all right, sir. I'm paying for the disinfectant, sir," said Temple generously. "It's all right, sir. We're doing this for the sake of the school."

"Oh, rather!"

"I'll disinfect you, you bounder!" roared Gordon Gay, rushing into the House with his fists up.

"Stop!" exclaimed Mr. Capper authoritatively.

"I'm drenched!" roared Gay. "I'm blue all over! I'm coloured like a giddy rainbow! Look at me! I'll disinfect the bounders!"

"Stop! Temple, you—you have acted very rashly," gasped Mr. Capper. "I am willing to believe that you have acted with good intentions, but this is ridiculous, and quite unnecessary. Gay, Monk, Wootton, I am sorry this has happened. My boys have evidently been under a mistaken impression as to the nature of the epidemic at your school."

"Groo!"  
 "Ugh!"  
 "Yar-r-roop!"

"Of course, if we've overdone it, we're awfully sorry, sir," said Temple seriously. "But as it was dangerous to let them come into the school without being disinfected, sir—"

"Oh, rather, sir!"

"It was an unpleasant duty, sir, but we thought we'd better do it, sir," said Fry.

Mr. Capper sniffed and sneezed.

"Dear me! There is quite a—a strong odour here!" he



gaped. "This is very—very unpleasant. Very unpleasant indeed."

"Unpleasant!" roared Gordon Gay. "It's horrible!"

"I'll smash that boulder!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Silence, my boys! I am not surprised that you are annoyed, but you must give Temple credit for his good intentions," said Mr. Capper mildly. "He was under a mistaken impression, I fear. You—you had better go and clean yourselves."

"Oh!"

"Groo!"

"U-g-g-g-g!"

"Please go and clean yourselves at once, my boys," said Mr. Capper. "When this extremely unpleasant smell of disinfectants may clear away. Please go at once."

And the emurped and smelly juniors, casting furious looks at Temple, Dabney & Co., tramped away to the bath-rooms. Mr. Capper, sneezing again, retreated to his study. Temple, Dabney & Co. did not dare to laugh. It was not until they were safe in the Fourth Form passage, safe from the hearing of Mr. Capper, that they ventured to give the rein to the merriment that was bubbling within them. Then they roared!

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### A Question of Quarters.

GORDON GAY and his comrades emerged from the bath-room with faces ruddy from scrubbing, and their hair damp, and a strong smell of various mingled disinfectants still clinging to them. They had done all that washing could do, but their boxes had not yet arrived at Greyfriars, and they had not been able to change their clothes. The odour that hung about them was not exactly unpleasant, but it was very peculiar, and it caused all the fellows who came near them first to sniff, and then to chuckle. The three Grammarians were quite restored to good humour, however. They were much given to japing on their own account, and they could take a joke against themselves, but they intended to let Temple, Dabney & Co. learn that they could not get away with impunity. That would be necessary if they were to "keep their end up" while they stayed at Greyfriars.

"I wonder where our study is?" Gordon Gay remarked. "It seems that those johnnies who disinfect us are in the Fourth, so we shall be with them here. We shall have to give them a look-in this evening, just to show them that there are two sides to every joke. Hallo, Fatty, where are the Fourth Form studies?"

Billy Bunter, thus disrespectfully addressed as Fatty, paused and blinked at the Grammarians through his big spectacles. As a matter of fact, Billy Bunter had just come to look for them. New boys at Greyfriars were like grist to Bunter's mill. Everybody at Greyfriars had heard of the postal-order which the fat junior was constantly expecting, and declined to advance money upon it. But the "whereas" sometimes worked with new boys.

"Hallo, you fellows!" said Bunter. "You're the chaps from the Grammar School, I suppose? Don't you remember me?"

"The Grammarians looked at him.

"Never seen you before that I know of," said Gordon Gay.

"Oh, really! I was at St. Jim's with the team from here for the last footer match," Bunter explained. "You chaps came over to St. Jim's."

"Oh! You weren't in the eleven, surely?"

"Well, no. I've been sent out of the Form games to a great extent by personal jealousy," Bunter explained. "The other fellows don't like to be put in the shade by a really first-class player."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at," said Bunter. "I've been looking for you fellows. It was too bad for Temple to treat you like this. I wanted to stand you a feed as soon as you arrived here, for the sake of old times."

"Well, that's jolly decent of you!" said Gay, thinking that he had misjudged Bunter on appearances.

"The fact is, I want to do the decent thing," said Bunter. "I'm going to entertain you fellows regardless of expense. I shall be glad if you will come along to my study. By the way, I'm expecting a postal-order to-night, but it hasn't arrived yet. I suppose you wouldn't mind advancing me a pound or so, and having it back when my letter comes."

"Oh!" said Gordon Gay.

"Ten bob would do," said Bunter, "and—"

"My dear chap, we're not giddy millionaires," said Gordon Gay politely, "and, on second thoughts, we'll wait for the feed till your postal-order comes. Will you show us the way to the Fourth Form quarters?"

"But I say, really—"

"Where are the Fourth Form studies?"

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"If you care to advance me five bob——"

"Oh, rats!" said Monk. "Show us the way to our study."

"Find it yourselves," said Bunter, all his politeness vanishing as soon as he saw that there was no prospect of raising a loan. "Blessed if I care to take you up, anyway—a set of rotten boulders with smallpox or measles, or something. Yah!"

"My hat!"

Billy Bunter rolled away, leaving the Grammarians in a state of considerable astonishment.

Gordon Gay laughed.

"I hope that isn't an average specimen of Greyfriars hospitality," he remarked. "Come on, we'll find the place ourselves."

At the end of the passage the Grammarians encountered Nugent minor, of the Second Form, and he willingly gave the desired information. He conducted them to the Fourth Form passage.

From the first study in the passage a sound of laughter was proceeding.

"That's Temple's study," said Dicky Nugent. "I fancy you're to have the next one; the chaps were clearing the things out of it this evening."

And Nugent minor nodded and left them. Gordon Gay opened the door of the second study, and looked in in the darkness. Woolton struck a match and lighted the gas. The study was furnished only with a carpet and a table and two chairs, but there were traces where the rest of the furniture had recently been removed.

"Well, I must say this looks cheerful!" said Monk. "This is welcoming the coming guest with a vengeance!"

Gordon Gay burst into a chuckle.

"The kid says that the next study is Temple's," he remarked. "Temple was the chap who met us with the disinfectants. One good turn deserves another. Why shouldn't we have his study instead of this?"

"Oh!"

"It's only fair play, you know—jape for jape. Come on!"

"But I say—"

"Oh, come on!"

Gordon Gay stepped out of the study and knocked at the door of Temple's room. The laughter in the study died away.

"Come in!" called out Temple.

Gordon Gay opened the door. Temple, Dabney, and Fry, who shared the study, were there, and they were grinning, evidently still very much amused by the disinfecting process they had inflicted upon the Grammarians. They burst into a roar at the sight of the trio.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Here they are!"

"Newly washed!" chuckled Temple. "Well, they needed it."

"Oh, rather!"

"Still rather smelly," said Fry, with a shake of the head. "Keep your distance, you chaps. We haven't got the measles here, and we don't want disinfecting."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We're looking for a study," Gordon Gay explained blandly as he came in with his comrades, and closed the study door.

Temple jerked his thumb towards the next room.

"That's your study," he said.

"But it's empty," said Gay.

"Well, you didn't expect us to furnish it for you, did you?" said Fry. "We've had to clear the things out. The three chaps it belonged to are put in other studies—Scott is coming in here, though there's no room for him. It's rotten enough to have to crowd up to make room for you without furnishing your quarters for you as well."

"You can get things on easy terms if you like from old Lazarus in Courtfield," said Temple cheerfully. "Bob down, and bob a week for thirty years, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Gordon Gay looked round the room. Temple's study was a pleasant room, with a window overlooking the Close, and it was very nicely furnished. Temple had plenty of money, and he had spent a great deal in the furnishing of his study.

"This is a nice room," Gay remarked. "If you fellows don't mind, we'll have this room, just as it stands."

"My hat!"

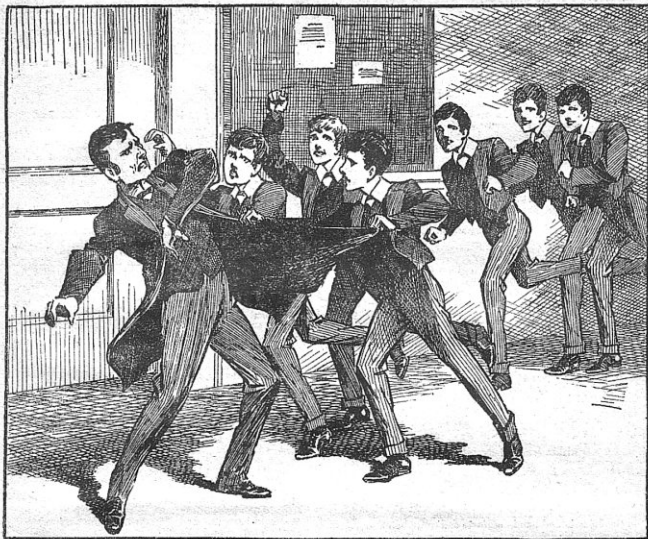
"You chaps can have the next room," went on the Corn stalk calmly.

"Well, carry me away to die!" ejaculated Temple. "For cool cheek I think that takes the whole giddy bakery."

"Looks to me as if they will have to be bumped as well as disinfecting," Fry remarked.

"Oh, rather!"

"You see," explained Gordon Gay, "one good turn deserves another. You've drenched us, and we're going to have your study."



The enraged Removites rushed straight at Mr. Quelch, and in a moment he was bumped over on to the floor. "How dare you!" he gasped. "Leave off, you young rascals!" (See Chapter 16.)

"You're welcome to it if you can get it," grinned Temple; "but how are you going to get it?"

"Take it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You fellows can travel! Are you going?"

Temple & Co. jumped up.

"This is all very well for a joke," said Temple, "but it's gone far enough. You fellows get outside, or we shall chuck you out!"

"Are you going?" repeated Gordon Gay.

"Why, you cheeky ass—"

"Lock the door, Monkey."

"Right-ho!" grinned Frank Monk.

The key turned in the lock. Temple, Dabney and Fry looked at the Grammarians in amazement. They realised that they had to deal with three very unusual youths in the trio from the Grammar School at Rylcombe.

"Now, we're going to argue this out, as Tadpole says at our coll.," said Gordon Gay. "Are you fellows going to hand over this study or not?"

"Not, you ass!" roared Temple.

"Then you'll be pitched out on your necks!"

"Oh, I'm fed up with this!" said Temple. "Go for them, you chaps, and give them socks! We'll show them that they can't talk like this at Greyfriars!"

And the three Fourth-Formers, without wasting more time, rushed right at the Grammarians. Temple hurled himself upon Gordon Gay, and Fry seized hold of Monk, while Dabney closed with Wootton, and in another moment there was a wild and whirling combat in progress in Temple's study.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER. Top Dogs.

"Go it!"  
"Chuck them out!"  
"Yah!"  
"Tako that!"

"Ow!"

Bump!

In the Fourth-Form passage there was a sound of hurried footsteps and many voices. There was a loud knocking at the study door, but the door was locked, and could not be opened from outside. And the Fourth-Formers were too busy to open it from inside. The Grammarians had a free field.

"What's the row, Temple?" roared Scott through the keyhole.

"Ow! We're licking those Grammar chaps!" gasped Temple.

This was hardly in accordance with the facts, for Temple was being whirled all over the study in the powerful arms of the Cornstalk. Fry was already on his back on the floor, and Frank Monk was sitting on his chest, keeping him there, while he cheered on his comrades.

"Open the door!" yelled Price from outside.

"Ow! It's locked—we can't!"

"Why can't you?"

"We're—we're licking it, Grammar chaps!"

"Sounds more as if they're licking you," said Scott.

Bump!

Temple went down heavily, and Gordon Gay fell upon

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"THE SCHOOLBOY OUTCAST!"

By FRANK RICHARDS.  
Order Early.

him. He did not rise again. Gay sat upon the chest of the captain of the Fourth, and Temple struggled and writhed and wriggled in vain.

"Gerroff, you beast!" he gasped.

Gordon Gay grinned.

"Not just now!" he said. "I'm quite comfy, thanks!"

"Ow! Groo! Gerroff! Gerroff!"

Gordon Gay looked round. Monk was still sitting upon Fry, but Wootton and Dabney were staggering round the study in desperate conflict. They crashed into the table, and the table went flying into the fender, and inkpots and books and papers shot off in a heap into the grate. Then they bumped upon a chair, and then upon the bookcase, and there was a crash. Outside, in the passage, the excitement was growing. It was evident to the Fourth Form that a battle royal was raging in the study, but they could not interfere.

Bump!

"Oh!"

Dabney was down at last. Wootton was breathless, but he scrambled upon his adversary, and pinned him down. The Grammarians were victorious.

"Hurrah!" shouted Gordon Gay.

"Yow! Lemme gerup!"

"What's that yelling about?" demanded Scott through the keyhole.

"Oh, we're being licked!" said Gordon Gay cheerfully.

"Ha, ha, ha!" What are you doing, Temple?"

"Rescue!" yelled Temple. "But the door is!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Price. "They're licked!"

"Yow! Rescue! Ow!"

"The chaps out there can't get in," said Gordon Gay calmly. "Now, we've licked you three bouncers. Are you going to take it quietly?"

"Yah! No! I'll—I'll smash you!"

"You don't look like smashing anything at present, excepting furniture," grinned Monk. "What shall we do with them, Gay?"

"They've got to agree to give up the study."

"I won't!" yelled Temple.

"Then you'll have to be persuaded. We will begin by tying them up. Anybody got a rope? The blind-cord will do. Yank it down. It doesn't matter if we do a little damage—it's going to be our own study."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wootton was within reach of the blind-cord. He dragged it down, tearing it away, and threw it to Gordon Gay. Temple struggled furiously, but he had no chance against the powerful Cornstalk. Gordon Gay drew his wrists together, and tied them with the end of the cord, and then Temple was helpless. It was easy then to tie his ankles with another piece of the cord. Gay rose to his feet, grinning breathlessly. Temple lay on the floor, bound hand and foot, and quite helpless.

"Look here, this joke has gone far enough!" gasped Fry, as Gay turned towards him. The Cornstalk chuckled.

"My dear chap, it isn't a joke. We're going to have this study in return for the little jape you played on us."

"You're not! You're not! You can't—you sha'n't!"

"We shall see, my son!"

With a fresh length of cord Gay tied up Fry's hands and feet. There was no more blind-cord, but he jerked out Dabney's handkerchief, and tied his wrists with it, and then used Temple's handkerchief to tie his ankles. The three heroes of the Fourth lay on the floor helpless, at the mercy of the victors.

Gordon Gay & Co. gasped, and laughed, and gasped again. From the noise it seemed that the whole of the Fourth Form had gathered in the passage outside the study. There was a babel of voices in the passage, and a great deal of laughter.

"Licked!" gasped Gordon Gay. "Now, you chaps, are you going to give up this study?"

"No!" yelled Temple.

"Oh, rather—I mean rather not!" gasped Dabney.

"We—we'll smash you!" roared Fry.

"Very well. This is where the persuasion begins," said Gordon Gay, setting his collar straight. "Yank some soot down the chimney, Monkey."

Frank Monk took the shovel and raked in the chimney. Soot came down in a heavy shower, almost extinguishing the fire. Clouds of it floated round the study. Gordon Gay began to sneeze.

"That's enough, you ass!" he exclaimed. "We don't want to be suffocated. Gimme a shovelful of it."

"Here you are."

Temple looked very apprehensive as the fire-shovel, loaded with soot, approached him. He tried to twist out of the way.

"Look here!" he shouted. "What are you going to do?"

"Soot you!"

"Lemme alone! I—I—"

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"You'll want disinfecting afterwards!" grinned Gordon Gay. "Ha, ha, ha!"

The soot descended upon Temple in a cloud. It covered his face, and mixed in his hair, and got into his nose and mouth. He coughed and sneezed, and writhed in horror. His complexion suddenly resembled that of a nigger minstrel.

"Give the others some of it," said Gordon Gay. "Don't make a fuss, you chaps. This isn't any worse than a dose of disinfectant."

"Ow! Yow!"

"Groo!"

"Ugh!"

"Now are we going to have the study?" asked Gay.

"Ow! No! Oh! Yah! No!"

"Ink next!" said the Cornstalk.

"Don't you dare to put ink on me!" shrieked Temple.

Gordon Gay looked in the study cupboard, and found a bottle of ink, and uncorked it. Temple writhed as it approached him.

"Hold on!" he gasped.

"Are we having the study?"

"Look here, you—you can't have our study!"

"Then you can have the ink."

"You can't!—What do you fellows say!" demanded Temple weakly.

Fry and Dabney granted. They did not say anything, but if their leader gave in, they had no desire to prolong their resistance. The three Grammarians were something quite new in their experience, and they had a horrid feeling that the ink would not be the last infliction if they were obstinate.

"Look here!" growled Temple. "This study is no better than the next!"

"Then you can be quite satisfied with the next."

"But—but our furniture—"

"It's only temporary," said Gordon Gay blandly. "We want the use of it while we're at Greyfriars, that's all. Merely that, and nothing more."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you rotters—"

"My dear chap, you started on the warpath, and we're only keeping it up," said Gordon Gay. "What did you expect? Now, are we having this study?"

"No!" yelled Temple. "You sha'n't! I— Oh! Yow-w-w-w-w-w! O-o-o-o-o-o-o!"

Splash, splash!

The ink descended.

"Yarrah! Yarrah! Yarrah! Oh! You can have the rotten study! Ow! Groo! You can have anything you like! Yah! Oh! Uggghh!"

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

"Groo—hoo—hoo!"

"We're to have the study!" asked Gordon Gay calmly.

"Ow! Yes! Yow! Yes!"

"Honour bright!"

"Yow! Yes! Oh!"

"Good!"

Gordon Gay laid down the ink bottle, and threw open the door. The Fourth-Formers crowded in, amazed, and they yelled with laughter at the sight of Temple, Dabney, and Fry.

"Gentlemen," said Gordon Gay blandly, "Temple & Co. have agreed to let us have this study, as it stands, while we are at Greyfriars, and we call you in as witnesses of the bargain. And now I think you'd better follow in our footsteps, my young friends, and pay a visit to the bath-room."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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

There did not seem to be any sympathy for Temple & Co. Yells of laughter followed them to the bath-room, and rang in their ears while they painfully and laboriously cleaned off, in their turn, the traces of humorous attentions. The Fourth Form had laughed over the jape on the Grammarians, but they yelled over the discomfiture of Temple & Co. By the time the heroes of the Fourth had finished cleaning operations, Gordon Gay & Co. were comfortably installed in their study, and were entertaining a select party of the Fourth to supper there. And nothing remained for Temple, Dabney, and Fry, but to hide their diminished heads.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### With the Gloves on.

GORDON GAY & CO. came in for a great deal of attention the next day at Greyfriars.

They had installed themselves in Temple's study in the Fourth Form passage, and Temple, Dabney, Fry, and Scott had taken the next room. After promising "honour bright," Temple & Co. could not recede from the compact. But they were feeling very sore about it, and still more sore at the prominence the Grammarians were assuming. Many of the Fourth fellows were openly saying that Gordon Gay



was just the chap to make the Remove "sit up," which was the chief ambition of the Fourth at Greyfriars. The Remove had generally had the best of it in their little disputes, but it was easy to see that nobody would very easily get the best of Gordon Gay. If the Cornstalk had stayed at Greyfriars, he would certainly have become captain of the Fourth before long, and Scott suggested making the best use of him while he lasted.

Temple would have been only too glad to see the Remove sitting up, as the juniors expressed it; and he had never been able to effect that himself. Even Coker & Co. of the Fifth had seldom succeeded in "downing" the Remove. But Temple was not willing to see Gordon Gay at the head of the Fourth, and he was still revolving in his mind schemes for putting the obnoxious Grammarians in their place. But in that he was not likely to have the support of the Fourth. They were gathering round Gordon Gay as round a born leader, and Temple's star was evidently on the decline.

"Cheeky boggars, those Grammar cads!" Temple remarked to his cronies, as the Fourth came out after lessons, the next day. "The fellows seem to have got to look upon that chap Gay as a little tin god. We shall have to down him somehow."

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney, but a little hesitatingly; and Fry did not speak. Temple looked at them sharply.

"Well, don't you agree with me?" he asked.  
"Well, you see," said Fry, "we japed them, and they japed us, and there's no sense in carrying malice. And I think Gay is just the chap to down the Remove."

"Oh, I can do that!" said Temple.  
"H'm!"

"What do you mean by 'h'm,' you ass?" demanded Temple wrathfully.

"Well, you haven't done it yet," said Fry.  
"Oh, rather!"

"I'll jolly well give the cad a licking, then!" exclaimed Temple. "I can see that that's the only way to put him down."

"H'm!"  
"Oh, stop your silly h'm-ing!" growled Temple. "I'll jolly well give you a licking, too, if you don't look out."

"Look here, old chap, be sensible," urged Fry. "You can't lick Gay!"

"Can't I?" roared Temple. "I'll show you!"

He strode over to where Gordon Gay was standing, chatting with a group of juniors. The Cornstalk greeted him with a smile and a nod.

"I want you to come into the gym," said Temple.

"I can't!"

"And put the gloves on with me."

"With pleasure," said Gordon Gay. "But hold on. I suppose you're not still rattly about our little scrimmage last evening. That's not cricket, you know."

"Don't bear malice, Temple, old man," said Price.

Temple snorted.

"I'm not rattly," he said, although, at that moment, he certainly looked very rattly indeed. "But I'm going to knock this new chap into a cocked hat, just to show him that he can't run things as he likes in the Fourth Form here."

Gordon Gay laughed.

"Well, I don't mind having a round or two with you," he said.

"Come on, then, you blessed Kangaroo."

And they adjourned to the gymnasium, nearly all the Fourth following them to see the fun. There was a general impression that if anybody was knocked into a cocked hat, it would be Temple himself, though the fellows did not like to say so.

Temple drew two pairs of boxing-gloves from a locker, and tossed a pair of them to the Grammarian.

"Now, mind your eyes!" he said grimly.

"I'm ready."

The Fourth-Formers made a ring round them. There was a cool grin upon Gordon Gay's face as he stood up to the captain of the Fourth. Temple was tall and slim, half a head taller than the Cornstalk. But Gordon Gay was stronger and more wiry, and he soon showed that he was "all there" so far as boxing was concerned.

Temple began with a terrific onslaught, which was intended to shatter the Grammarian off his feet, if not off the face of the earth.

Gordon Gay did not yield a step.

He met Temple's windmill attack with calm skill, knocking up all the heavy drives, and returning them with light taps on the face and chest.

The juniors began to grin joyously. It was quite clear to everybody but Temple that he was no match for the new fellow.

Temple's attack grew more furious, and his face very red and excited. He pressed Gordon Gay very hard, and suddenly Gay's right came out, and Temple sat down heavily on the floor of the gym.

"Oh!" he ejaculated.

"Bravo!" yelled the juniors.

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"I—I didn't see that coming!" gasped Temple.  
"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Frank Monk. "There will be a good many more like that, that you won't see coming, old son."

Temple jumped up again.

"By Jove, I'll smash you!" he exclaimed.

"Waiting!" said Gordon Gay sweetly.

Temple came on again furiously. Gay seemed to wake up, and instead of defending himself, he attacked in his turn.

Temple was driven round the ring, much to his astonishment, not one of his heavy drives reaching the cool, smiling face of the Cornstalk.

The laughter and cheers of the Fourth-Formers drew other fellows to the spot. A crowd of Removites came to watch, and Harry Wharton & Co. cheered the Grammarian cordially. It was a fine exhibition of boxing, and quite to their taste.

"That chap can punch," said Bob Cherry, with the air of a connoisseur. "Temple hasn't the ghost of a chance."

"No fear," said Wharton. "There he goes."

Bump!

Temple sat down again heavily. He looked rather sheepish as he sat there, crimson with exertion, and gasping for breath.

He realised by this time that he could not stand against the Cornstalk, and he knew that if Gay had chosen to hit him hard, he would have been very much damaged indeed.

Fry gave Temple a hand up.

"Going on?" he asked very dubiously.

"No!" growled Temple. "I—I'm not feeling very fit just now."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"By Jove, you can box, Gay," said Harry Wharton admiringly. Bolsover of the Remove gave a snort. Bolsover was a great fighting-man, and he did not like to see Gordon Gay gathering laurels in that line.

"Blessed if I see it," he said. "I could knock the cad out with one hand."

"Oh, shut up, Bolsover!"

"Bale!"

Gordon Gay turned quickly towards the bully of the Remove. Bolsover was a very big fellow, as big as most of the Fifth, and he towered over the Cornstalk. He was known to be a good boxer, too, and there were few fellows in the Lower School at Greyfriars who cared to tackle him if they could help it.

"What did you call me?" asked Gordon Gay quietly.

"Cad!" said Bolsover rudely. "I suppose I can call you what I like."

"Shut up, Bolsover; let the new chap alone," said Johnny Bull.

"Rot! If he doesn't like it, he can speak up for himself, I suppose," said Bolsover, with a sneer.

"Quite right, I can," said Gordon Gay. "I don't see why you should begin on me like this, but I can speak up for myself certainly. There's a beginning."

And he reached over towards Bolsover, and gave him a tap on the nose. It was a rather hard tap, and the Remove bully staggered back, gasping.

The next moment he rushed forward.

"By George! I'll smash you for that!" he roared.

"Put on the gloves!" exclaimed Wharton.

"Bosh! Hang the gloves!"

And Bolsover attacked the Grammarian savagely with his clenched fists. But his fists did not reach the cool face of the Cornstalk.

Gordon Gay's guard was perfect, and Bolsover's fierce blows were knocked to right and left. Then suddenly he lashed out, left and right, and Bolsover rolled over on the floor of the gym.

There was a roar.

"Bravo!"

"Bolsover's down!"

"Hurrah!"

Even Temple, sore as he was, joined in the shout. It was a delight to all, Removites and Fourth-Formers alike, to see the bully of the Lower School downed.

Bolsover lay for some moments gasping, Gordon Gay keeping a keen eye on him. The bully of the Remove seemed too astounded to realise at once what had happened. But he jumped up at last, and hurled himself upon Gordon Gay.

"Look out, Gay!"

It was a shout of warning from all sides. But it was unnecessary. Gordon Gay was looking out.

Biff, biff! Bump! Up went Bolsover's heavy fists help-

lessly, and Gordon Gay's blows came crashing into his face, and he went down as if he had been shot. The fall of the heavy Removeite seemed to shake the gym.

"Great Scott!"

"Hurrah!"

Bolsover sat up, his head reeling. His face was scarlet, and bruises were forming there. But for the gloves, he would have been badly hurt. As it was, he did not feel fit for any more.

"Done?" asked Dabney, with a grin.

"Ow!"

Bolsover rose slowly, and slouched away. He did not like to admit defeat, but he would not have gone on with the combat for any consideration that could be offered.

Gordon Gay tossed the gloves off.

The Fourth surrounded him, and cheered triumphantly as he marched out of the gym.

There was no fellow in the Fourth who could stand up to Bolsover until Gordon Gay came. Like Caesar of old, he came, and saw, and conquered.

"My hat!" said Bob Cherry softly. "That chap is a giddy terror with the gloves on! We shall have some trouble with him!"

Temple had followed the crowd of the Fourth out of the gym. He did not like having fallen before the Cornstalk, but he was consoled by the fall of Bolsover. It was no disgrace to be licked by a fellow who could lick the Remove badly.

Gordon Gay glanced towards the captain of the Fourth, and came over towards him, with a frank smile on his face, and held out his hand.

"Shake!" he said.

Temple hesitated.

"Look here!" said Gay cheerfully. "Let's be friends! We've japed one another, and we've had a good set-to, and there's nothing to quarrel about. You fellows are up against the Remove—well, I belong to the Fourth while I stay here, and I'm up against them, too. I'll back you up! That's fair and square!"

Temple melted. He grasped the outstretched hand of the Cornstalk, and shook it warily enough.

"It's a go!" he exclaimed. "We're up against the Remove, and we'll give them a jolly hot time! Done?"

"Good egg!" exclaimed Fry.

"Oh, rather!"

"And look here, you can have your study, if you like!" said Gordon Gay, laughing.

Temple shook his head.

"No; keep it—you're welcome to it as long as you stay at Greyfriars! And while you're here we'll give the Remove a high old time!"

"Hear, hear!" shouted the Fourth.

And so it was arranged.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### War Declared.

FOUR juniors were at tea in Harry Wharton's study, after lessons that day, when Gordon Gay tapped at the door. They were Wharton and Nugent, and Bob Cherry and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, from Study No. 13.

"Come in!" called out Wharton.

And the Cornstalk came in.

"Come to tea?" asked Nugent hospitably. "You're just in time; and Bob's made a mountain of toast. Here's a chair!"

"The pleasure of entertaining the honoured and esteemed Gay is terrific!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh courteously.

Gordon Gay smiled, whether at the hospitality of the nabob's greeting, or at his peculiar English, we are not able to state.

"Thanks!" he exclaimed. "But, really, I didn't come to tea. I've got something to say to you chaps."

"Had your tea?"

"Well, no."

"Then sit down and wire in!" said Nugent. "I can recommend this toast. Bob can't do many things, but he can make toast. And the jam is jolly good. Like the sardines."

"The goodness is terrific!"

Gordon Gay laughed.

"Well, you're jolly good!" he said. "But I'm here as a declaration of war, I think—"

"Never mind—feed first, and war afterwards!"

"Ha, ha, ha! All right!"

And Gordon Gay sat down. Toast and sardines were placed before him, and he began tea, with a good appetite. He had left the door open, and a fat face with a big pair of spectacles adorning it blinked in cautiously.

"I say, you fellows—"

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"A DISGRACE TO THE SCHOOL!" in this week's "GEM" Library. Now on Sale.

Whiz! Billy Bunter dodged out just in time as Bob Cherry hurled a loaf. The door slammed, and the loaf rolled on to the floor.

Bob Cherry went cheerfully on with his tea, as if such interruptions were matters of course, and Gordon Gay chuckled.

"Like the sardines?" asked Nugent.

"Yes, rather—prime!" said Gay. "Sorry I didn't bring Monk and Wootton now. They're having tea with Temple, though, so it's all right."

"You've made it up with Temple?" laughed Wharton.

"Yes," said Gay, laughing, too. "He's all right, and we're all serene now. We're going to back him up."

"Oh, good!"

"Against the Remove!" Gordon Gay explained.

"You're welcome! Is that what you've come here to tell us?"

"Just so!" Gordon Gay helped himself afresh to sardines. "Now, as we've met you fellows before, and as you treated us decently when we arrived here, I want to put it straight to you. It seems that you are up against the Fourth—"

"Well, we have to keep them in their place," Harry Wharton explained. "Temple, Dabney & Co. have a queer idea that as they're the Upper Fourth, and we're the Lower, they ought to be allowed to ride the high-horse. Of course, it's all—"

"Rot!" said Nugent.

"The trouble is, that we're in the Fourth," explained Gordon Gay. "If there are any rows, we shall have to stand by our Form, you know."

"Naturally."

"Well, that was what I wanted to explain to you fellows. You don't mind?"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Not in the least!" he replied. "As a matter of fact, the Fourth can't put up much of a show against us, and we shall be glad if you can help them; it will make things more lively, you know."

Gordon Gay looked relieved.

"All serene!" he said. "I thought I'd speak to you chaps about it first, that's all. Of course, we shall give you the kybosh!"

"I don't think so, but we'll see!" laughed Wharton.

"Pax now, till after tea, anyway. Try the jam—it's good; Mrs. Mimble makes it herself of real fruit—none of your giddy aniline dyes!"

"Good!" said Gordon Gay.

Johnny Bull and Bulstrode dropped into the study to tea a few minutes later. Bulstrode, the late captain of the Remove, was on very good terms now with Harry Wharton, the new Form captain. Both of them were very civil to the Cornstalk, and they laughed when Wharton explained the purport of Gordon Gay's visit to No. 1 Study.

"Go ahead, by all means!" said Bulstrode. "The more the merrier! If the Fourth get their ears up, we shall have to down them, that's all."

"Hear, hear!" said Johnny Bull.

"No other cup of tea, Gay?" asked Nugent.

"Yes, please!" said Gay cheerfully. "Then it's agreed—and no malice on either side—only we're going to see if we can dish the Remove while we're at Greyfriars!"

"Go it!" said Bob Cherry, grinning.

Tea was a cheerful meal in Harry Wharton's study, and the rivals were on the best of terms while it lasted. When Gordon Gay took his leave, it was with goodwill on both sides.

"I like that chap," Bob Cherry remarked, as Gay's foot-steps died away down the passage. "He is worth twenty of Temple, too. And we shall have to keep our eyes peeled!"

The door opened again. Billy Bunter peered into the study through his big spectacles.

"Looking for another loaf?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Tea's over," said Nugent, with a grin. "You can come in."

Billy Bunter rolled into the study.

"I say, you fellows, don't play the giddy goat!" he exclaimed. "I've got a jolly good idea. Now you're going for those Grammarian chaps—"

"How do you know we are?" demanded John Bull.

"I—I happened to hear as I was passing—"

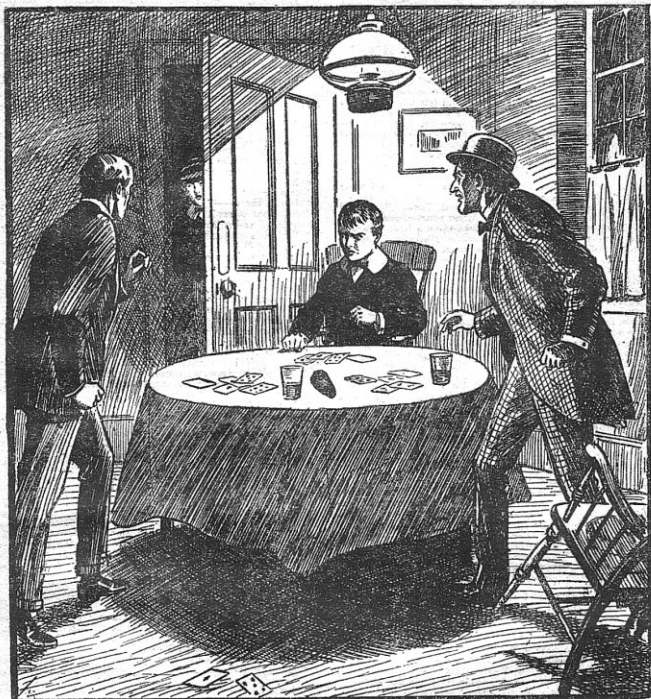
John Bull snorted scornfully.

"You mean you happened to be listening at the keyhole!" he growled.

"Oh, really, Bull! I hope you don't think I would do that! I say, you fellows, I've got an idea. You know what a jolly good ventriloquist I am—"

"I know we're fed-up with your rotten ventriloquism!" said Bob Cherry. "If you begin any of it here, you'll get a swollen nose!"

"I've got an idea. All the chaps at Greyfriars know about



The scene that met the fag's eyes in the back parlour of the "Green Man" almost stunned him. He had feared the worst for Langton, but his imagination had not painted anything as bad as the reality. "Frayne! exclaimed his fag-master harshly. "What are you doing here!" (For this dramatic incident see the grand, long, complete tale of Tom Merry & Co., at St. Jim's, by Martin Clifford, entitled: "A DISGRACE TO THE SCHOOL," which is contained in this week's issue of our splendid Companion Paper, the "Gem" Library. Out on Thursday. Price One Penny.)

it, and it's not much use trying to jape them," said Bunter; "but these Grammarian bounders aren't on to it, and I could take a rise out of them, you know."

Harry Wharton burst into a laugh.

"My hat! That's not a bad idea!"

Billy Bunter beamed through his big spectacles.

"It's a jolly good idea!" he said. "I don't mind taking the trouble, just to oblige you fellows. That rotter Gay refused to lend me any money on my postal-order, and I should like to make him sit up, too. But I'm hungry. I shall have to have tea first!"

"There's one sardine left," said Nugent, "and half a pot of jam, and a loaf! Wire in!"

Bunter surveyed the tea-table, and grinned. But he sat THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 215.

down, and started. The loaf, the sardine, and the jam disappeared in record time. The juniors watched him, grinning. The Owl of the Remove looked up, and wiped jam from his mouth with his sleeve.

"I'm done!" he said.

"Come on, then, and we'll give the Grammarians a little ventriloquism to start with!" said Harry Wharton, laughing.

And Billy Bunter rolled out of the study with the chums of the Remove, looking, and feeling, very important. Billy Bunter was a duffer in most things, but there was one thing he could do, and do well—he had the gift of ventriloquism. But it was a gift that was not fully appreciated in the Remove—and fellows who found unexpected dogs growling under their chairs, or cries for help proceeding from their chimneys, had the unpleasant habit of falling upon the

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Remove ventriloquist, and smiting him hip and thigh. And so Billy Bunter's gift had rather fallen into abeyance. As he frequently complained, he was not appreciated in his Form.

## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

### A Trunk Mystery.

GORDON GAY & CO. were in the Fourth Form dormitory. Their boxes had not been sent on from the station until that day, and they had left the unpacking until after lessons. Gay had his box open, but Monk and Wootton were sitting on a bed, watching him, and had not yet uncorded their trunks. The three Grammarians looked round as a little crowd of juniors came into the dormitory. Harry Wharton & Co. nodded cheerfully.

"Getting unpacked?" asked Wharton.  
"Well, I am," said Gay. "Those two lazy slackers are thinking about it. I suppose I shall have to uncord their boxes for them."

"Well, we've had a jolly good tea with Temple," rawned Wootton. "You can do it, Gay. Make yourself useful!"  
Billy Bunter rolled in, and sat down upon a bed. He was grunting to himself, an indispensable preliminary, as it seemed, before a ventriloquist exhibition.

Gay bent over Wootton's box. As he did so, he started back, with a sudden expression of alarm upon his face.

"My hat!" he ejaculated.  
"What's the matter?" asked Wootton.  
"There's something alive in this box!" said Gay, in amazement. "Surely you haven't been idiot enough to pack any pets in here!"

"Of course I haven't!" said Wootton, with a sniff. "Do you think I'd pack my white rabbits or my guinea-pig in a box with clothes and books, you ass?"

"Well, I heard something—" "Oh, you're dreaming!" "I suppose I was mistaken, but I'd almost swear that I heard something moan in the box," said Gordon Gay, with a very puzzled look.

"Oh, rats! Get it open and see!"  
Gay bent over the box again. As he did so, there came a sudden squeak that was audible to every fellow in the dormitory.

Quee-e-e-ek!  
Gay jumped up.  
"Did you hear that?" he shouted.  
"My hat—it must be the guinea-pig!" Wootton exclaimed, in alarm. "But I never put it in. I remember that ass Tadpole helped me to pack. He might have been feathed enough to do it. But it's a wonder it's not suffocated."

"Open the box, quick!" exclaimed Monk.  
Gay hastily cut the cord, and the lid of the box was dragged open. It was packed to the very brim, and there was certainly no sign of a guinea-pig or any other animal.

"It's not there," said Monk.  
"But I heard it."  
"Well, it isn't there—I can't understand it—"

Gordon Gay turned to the Remove fellows, who were looking in with almost preternaturally solemn faces.

"Did you hear it, Wharton?" the Cornstalk exclaimed.

"What a squeak!"  
"Yes. Did you hear it?"

"Certainly. Didn't you Bob?"  
"Quite plain," said Bob Cherry.

"Yes, rather!" exclaimed Bulstrode. "Plain as anything."  
"I knew I couldn't be mistaken," said Gay. "But how the beast's kept alive in this box, and how it's got breath to go on squeaking is a puzzle to me."

Wee-e-e-e-ek!  
"There it is again!" exclaimed Monk. "It sounds half suffocated, too. Have the things out, for goodness' sake, and let the poor brute loose!"

The Grammarians dragged out the contents of the box. The Removes lent them willing hands. Clothes and books were dragged out at a great rate.

"Here, hold on!" exclaimed Wootton warmly. "They're my things, you know! Don't chuck my bags about like that—I've got to wear 'em!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Mind that bandbox, you ass; it's got my Sunday topper in it."

Bob Cherry grinned, and set down the hatbox containing the Sunday topper. Wootton picked it up, and placed it on a bed out of danger. As he did so, he gave a jump.

Apparently from the bandbox there had come a plaintive squeak.

"M-m-my hat!" gasped Wootton, gazing at the bandbox. "Did you hear that?"

"It's in there—the guinea-pig!" said Gordon Gay. "That ass Tadpole! He must have packed it in there for you!"

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"The feathery!" exclaimed Wootton wrathfully. "I'll give him a whole set of thick ears when I get back to Rylcombe! The dangerous ass! Why, the little beast may have damaged my Sunday topper frightfully!"

"Better let him out—he seems to be quite alive."  
Wootton, with a red and angry face, cut the string of the bandbox, and drew the lid off. The juniors all gathered round to look in. The hat was there, but there was no sign of an animal of any kind.

"It—it's not there!" gasped Mark.

"Yes, your hat—that's there!" remarked Nugent.  
"Ja, ha, ha!"

The three Grammarians looked astounded, almost alarmed. They had never had any experience like this before. As they stood staring at the box there came a sudden plaintive squeak from the wooden trunk. They swung back towards the trunk.

Quee-e-e-ek!  
"It's in there—"

"But—but it can't be!" gasped Gordon Gay. "It would be squashed and suffocated if it were loose among the things."

"Well, it's queer, but—"  
Wee-e-e-e-ek!

"It's there, for a cert."

"Have the things out!"  
The Grammarians and the Removes pitched the remainder of the things out at top speed. But when the trunk was cleared nothing was to be seen save the lining of it. There was no trace of a guinea-pig.

"Well, my word," said Gordon Gay, "this is extraordinary! You fellows haven't seen the little beast skip out, have you?"

"I haven't!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Have you, Bunty!"

"Ha, ha!" roared Billy Bunter. "No!"

"Blessed if I see anything to laugh at!" said Wootton. "It's a giddy mystery. Surely it couldn't have slipped out of the trunk while we were unpacking it, without our noticing it!"

"Impossible—hark!"  
Wee-e-e-ek!

"There it is again!"  
"It's under the bed!"

"After it—it will get away!"  
Gordon Gay made a dive under the nearest bed in search of the supposed guinea-pig. Frank Monk stooped on the other side and looked under. The squeak was heard again.

"Catch hold of its tail!" roared Bob Cherry; and the Removes gave a yell of laughter at this little joke.

"He, ha, ha!"  
Wee-e-e-ek!

Monk plunged under the bed in search of the squeak, as it sounded close, and Gay plunged under on the other side.

There was a sudden sound of a loud crack, as their heads unfortunately came into contact.

"Crack!"  
"Ow!"

"Yow!"  
"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Removes.

"Yarook!" roared Gordon Gay, giving his head another knock, on the bedstead this time, as he withdrew it hurriedly.

"Yow! You ass!"  
"You feathery!" roared Monk.

"Ow! You dangerous chump!"  
"Oh, you frabjous ass!"

"Look here—"  
"Look here—"

In another second the two excited Grammarians were grasping one another, and waiting round the beds in deadly combat. The Removes yelled with merriment. Wootton tried to separate his two chums, and received some hard knocks from both of them—not an uncommon experience for a penman.

"Oh, come on!" roared Bob Cherry. "Ha, ha, ha! I shall burst buttons if I stay here! Ha, ha, ha!"

And the Removes, yelling with laughter, crowded out of the dormitory, Billy Bunter cackling away joyously. He was even now with Gordon Gay for declining to cash his famous postal-order in advance. As the Greyfriars juniors retreated down the passage, the sounds of conflict could still be heard from the Fourth-Form dormitory. But doubtless the squeaking of the guinea-pig was no longer heard there.

## THE TENTH CHAPTER.

### A Phantom Dog.

GORDON GAY was looking a little the worse for wear when he came down into the common-room later in the evening. So was Monk. And Wootton looked as if he had suffered some damage in trying to restore peace between his chums. Harry Wharton & Co. looked at them and grinned. The Grammarians had not the faintest idea so

far of the true explanation of the guinea-pig incident—the trunk mystery was as great a mystery to them as any trunk mystery in the newspapers. They looked rather grimly at the chums of the Remove, and joined Temple, Dabney & Co. near the fireplace.

"Hallo! Been in the wars?" asked Temple, looking at them.

Gordon Gay coloured.  
"Oh, a little argument!" he said. "Monkey was clumsy

"You were clumsy, you ass!" said Monk warmly.  
"Now, look here, Monkey—"

"Now, look here, larrikin—"

"Oh, shut up!" growled Wootton. "You make me tired!

The silly asses were looking under a bed for my guinea-pig, and they bumped their silly nappers together, that was all. The worst of it is that the guinea-pig's got away, and we can't find him."

"Did you bring a guinea-pig with you?" asked Fry.  
"Well, it must have been packed in my trunk; we heard it squeaking there," said Wootton. "I wonder it wasn't suffocated."

"Well, it's lost now, and there's an end of it," said Gordon Gay. "Here's a chess-table here, let's have a game. Who plays?"

"I'll give you a game!" said Bob Cherry.  
"Right-ho!"

Bob Cherry winked at Billy Banter. The fat junior sat down in an armchair near at hand, as Bob Cherry set out the pieces and pawns. Temple, Dabney & Co. walked away to do their preparation. Gordon Gay was a good chess player, but he was not quite prepared for the game that was to be played, with the aid of the Greyfriars ventriloquist.

Half a dozen moves had been made, and Gordon Gay had begun the Ruy Lopez, an opening in which he was greatly skilled, much to the irritation of opponents, when there came the low growl of a savage dog under the chess-table. The table was a small round one, standing upon a single central leg. It jolted as Gordon Gay gave a sudden start.

"What's the matter?" asked Bob Cherry innocently.  
"There's a dog here somewhere," said Gordon Gay, looking round with a puzzled expression. Unless it had slipped under the big table or the sofa it was not easy to see where the dog could have disappeared to—but certainly it was not in sight.

"Is there?" said Bob indifferently. "Well, dogs are harmless animals."

"Oh, all right!"

Harry Wharton & Co. looked on with smiles that rather puzzled the Grammarians. Monk and Wootton were standing to watch the play at quite a crowd of Removites seemed to be interested in it also.

G-r-r-r-r!

Gay gave quite a jump. It was a savage growl, under his very chair, and he felt, as it were, the sharp teeth of the savage animal meeting in his calf.

"Ow!" he ejaculated.  
"What's up?"

"That—that dog!"

"What dog?"

"Kick it out, some of you!" exclaimed Gordon Gay, looking round. "Blessed if I like having a dog under my chair—and the beast snouts savage, too!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at?" demanded Gordon Gay.  
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There isn't any dog here," said Wootton, with a very perplexed expression. "I'm sure I distinctly heard a growl, but there isn't any dog here, that I can see."

"He was under the chair—"

"Well, he's gone now," said Wootton, stooping down and looking quite carefully under the chair. "Not hide nor hair of him left."

"Well, kick the beast away if he comes back!" growled Gay.

"All serene!"

"Are we getting on with this game?" asked Bob Cherry politely.

"Well, I can't play while there's a savage brute growling under my chair," said Gordon Gay. "But there you are—rock to queen's third."

The game went on. Half a dozen more moves had been made, when suddenly there was a savage yapping close by Gordon Gay's legs.

G-r-r-r-r-yap, yap, yap—yow—"

The Cornstalk jumped up.

His knees came into contact with the chess-table, and knocked it over on Bob Cherry, and a shower of pieces and pawns came upon Bob. He gave a roar.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What are you up to?"

"Sorry!" gasped Gordon Gay. "But—but I thought he had me that time."

"What had you?" demanded Bob.  
"The dog."

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NEXT TUESDAY:

"THE SCHOOLBOY OUTCAST!"

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

"What dog?"

"That brute under my chair."

"Oh, you're dotty! There isn't any brute under your chair."

"I—I—I almost felt him bite!" gasped Gordon Gay. "I—I—I don't understand it!" He gazed blankly under the chair; there certainly was no dog there. "Look here, did any of you see that dog bunk?"

"I didn't," said Nugent.  
"Nor I!"

"Same here!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll jolly well smash the beast!" exclaimed Gordon Gay wrathfully. "If I hear him growl again, I'll go for him with a poker!"

G-r-r-r-r-r-r!

"There he is!" roared Monk.  
"Where?" Gordon Gay sprang to the fireplace, and grasped the long iron poker. "Where is he?"

"Under the big table."

G-r-r-r-r-r-r!

If one's ears were to be relied upon, the growling of that savage dog certainly did come from under the table. Gay dragged up the cover, and lashed wildly under the table with the poker. There was a fiendish yell from Hoskins, of the Shell, who was sitting at the table, and had his long legs stretched out underneath it.

"Ow, ow, ow! You ass! Oh!"

"Oh, did I whack you?" gasped Gordon Gay. "I'm sorry! I was after that beastly dog!"

"Ow, ow! You dangerous ass! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

G-r-r-r-r-r-r!

"It's under the sofa now!" yelled Wootton.  
Gay, by this time thoroughly excited, rushed furiously towards the sofa, and lunged under it madly with the poker.

G-r-r-r-r-r-r!

It was a furious yapping and barking, as of a savage animal hurt and resisting, yet as Gay thrust and thrust with the poker, he could feel nothing soft, nothing but the hard wall behind the sofa.

"Don't hurt him, Gay!" yelled Monk. "Don't be too rough on him!"

"I—I—I can't feel him at all!" gasped Gay.

"You can feel you, all, to judge by the row he's making!"

Wootton dragged the sofa out. There was a yell of astonishment from the three Grammarians, and a shriek of laughter from the Greyfriars fellows. Nothing was to be seen but the wall and the floor. The dog, if dog there had been, had vanished into thin air.

Gordon Gay dropped the poker and staggered back.  
"The place is haunted!" he gasped.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There—there's ghosts about, or something!" panted Monk. "What does it mean? You fellows heard the dog, didn't you?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Removites.  
G-r-r-r-r-yap-yap—groo—grr!

"There it is! It's got into the passage!" yelled Wootton.  
Gordon Gay snatched up the poker.

"Come on!" he panted.

He rushed into the passage. Wootton and Monk followed him, and after the Grammarians rushed the shrieking Removites. The deep and savage growling and snapping of the dog faded away up the passage, hotly pursued by the Grammarians, and then was heard on the staircase.

"Come on!" yelled Gordon Gay.

He rushed up the stairs, followed by his chums. But the Greyfriars juniors did not follow any further. They leaned against the walls of the passage and the banisters, and roared and shrieked with merriment.

They were still yelling when the three Grammarians came downstairs again, red and angry and disappointed, and greatly mystified.

"Did you catch him?" asked Bob Cherry.  
"No; he got away!" growled Frank Monk. "We seem to have lost him the minute we got to the landing. We searched the passages, too."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, I don't see where the cackles come in!" said Gordon Gay angrily. "I'm blessed if I understand this matter at all. There's something queer about that dog."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's a ghost," gurgled Nugent—"merely a ghost! There's nothing of it but the growl. We've had it at Greyfriars before. It's quite an institution. Ha, ha, ha!"

By FRANK RICHARDS.  
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The three Grammarians stared at Nugent dubiously, and then tramped away to their study, leaving the Removites still shrieking.

### THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER. Cave Canem!

TEMPLE looked up as Gordon Gay came into his study with the other two Grammarians. He noted the worried and flustered looks upon the faces of Gordon Gay & Co. "Anything wrong?" he asked.

"Yes," said Gay. "I suppose this giddy school isn't haunted, is it?"

Temple stared. "Yes, there's a ghost of Greyfriars—a giddy old monk," he said. "I've never seen him, but there's a legend to that effect. But he only appears at Christmas time. Have you seen any spook?"

"I've heard one," said Fry. "Some jape of the Remove, I suppose?"

"Oh, rather!" chimed in Dabney. "I'm blessed if I understand it," said Gordon Gay in perplexity. "The Remove chaps were killing themselves laughing, so I suppose it must be some sort of a trick; but I can't catch on to it. We heard a dog, and couldn't see it; we chased it all over the place, and the growling was as distinct as anything. But we never found the dog. I suppose it was a trick of some sort. Those asses downstairs are yelling over it now."

"Temple, Dabney & Co. began to yell too. "Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here," said Gay wrathfully, "don't you begin cackling. We're fed-up with cackling. What is the blessed joke?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Do you know anything about it?" demanded Wootton and Monk together.

"Ha, ha, ha! I think I can guess!" yelled Temple. "Was Bunter there?"

"Bunter! That fat bouncer? Yes."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What's Bunter got to do with it?" asked Gordon Gay.

"He's a ventriloquist, that's all."

"A ventriloquist?" yelled the three Grammarians together.

"Ha, ha! Yes. The Remove have been putting him up to this, I suppose. He's a silly ass, you know, but a good ventriloquist. Ha, ha, ha! You've been japed."

The Grammarians looked at one another with sickly smiles. They realised now the cause of the uproarious merriment of the Removites.

"My hat," ejaculated Gordon Gay, "we've been done, and no mistake! I suppose you're sure about this—it was really Bunter?"

"Of course it was. Ha, ha, ha!"

The Grammarians quitted the study, leaving the Fourth-Formers laughing. In the passage they looked at one another.

"Done brown," said Monk.

"Never mind; let's get down again," said Gay. "The fat bouncer will begin again, I expect, and we'll catch the dog this time."

"Caught the dog yet, Gay?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"No," said Gordon Gay cheerfully. "He seems to have vanished. I suppose we sha'n't see any more of him?"

Gr-r-r-r-r-r!

A sudden growl came behind Gordon Gay, and in spite of his knowledge of what it was now, he started round in alarm. There was a fresh roar of laughter.

"Go fer it, Gay!" shouted Bob Cherry.

"Catch him!"

"Get the poker again!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Gr-r-r-r-r-yowl-yap-yap!

"I think I can find the dog this time, though," said Gordon Gay. His eyes were upon Billy Bunter, and he distinctly saw the fat junior's lips moving. He was sure now.

"Look under the table," suggested Nugent.

"Chase him, Gay!"

Gr-r-r-r-r-r!

Gordon Gay made a sudden rush at Billy Bunter, and caught him by the collar, and the dog's growling stopped with startling suddenness.

"Ow!" roared Billy Bunter. "Yow! Leggo!"

"I've caught him."

"What?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I think I've got the dog now," said Gordon Gay, shaking the Owl of the Remove till his spectacles slid down his fat little nose. "Now, then—"

"I—I—ow!—leggo! Yow!"

Shake, shake, shake!

"Yaroo!" roared Billy Bunter. "Yow! Don't shake me like that, you ass, you'll make my glasses fall off, and if they get broken you'll have to pip-pip-pip-pay for them!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Get him!" said Monk laughing. "We've caught the giddy beast. Now lay into him with the poker."

"Ow!" roared Bunter. "Yow! Rescue!"

The Removites rushed to the rescue. Wharton and Bob Cherry caught hold of Gordon Gay, and jerked him away from the Greyfriars ventriloquist.

Billy Bunter set his spectacles straight, and blinked wrathfully. He had not expected to be found out.

"You ass!" he roared. "What do you mean? I'll—"

Gordon Gay shook himself free from the Removites.

"It's all right," he said. "I know it was a jape. You're a giddy ventriloquist, you silly ass! We're on to it now."

"Oh, really—"

"Well, you were done brown, all the same, and I don't think you guessed, either," said Harry Wharton, laughing.

"Somebody told you."

"Well, yes."

"Cave canem!" roared Johnny Bull. "Beware of the dog!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, good!"

Gordon Gay and his comrades strolled down to the common-room. It was full of laughing juniors. A yell of inquiry greeted the heroes of the Grammar School.

"Cave canem!"

The whole room was in a roar. The Grammarians had discovered the ventriloquist, and put a stop to his performances; but the laugh was against them. They retreated from the

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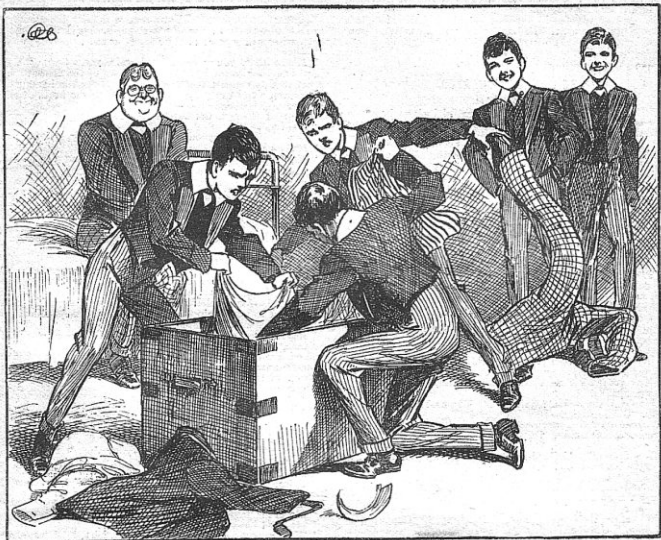
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Wee-e-ek! came the squeak from the box again, and the Grammarians began to pitch out the contents at top speed. "My hat! It sounds like my guinea-pig!" gasped Wootton. "It's a wonder the poor beast isn't suffocated!" Billy Bunter, the ventriloquist of the Remove, chuckled. (See Chapter 9.)

common-room, leaving the crowd still yelling. Fourth-Formers, as well as Removites, Shell fellows, and fags of the Third, were yelling over their discomfiture. The Grammarians retreated to their study in the Fourth Form passage, and Gordon Gay slammed the door.

"Well, we've been done in the eye this time," he remarked. "We shall have 'Cave canem!' yelled at us all the while we're at Greyfriars now."

Monk grinned. "Unless we turn the tables on those bounders somehow," he remarked.

"We've got to do that somehow," said Gay. "It's first blood to the Remove, but we'll get our own back on them somehow!"

The Grammarians settled down to their preparation. Their work was interrupted. The door of the study was opened, and Ogilvy, of the Remove, looked in.

"You fellows busy?" he asked.

"Yes. What do you want?"

"Like to come and help me look for a dog?"

A Latin dictionary whizzed through the air, and Ogilvy closed the door just in time. The Grammarians heard him laughing as he retreated down the passage. Gordon Gay turned back to his work, with a growl. Ten minutes later, there was a sharp rap at the door.

"Come in!" roared Gay crossly.

"Any dogs in there?"

"You ass—"

"Beware of the dog!"

Gordon Gay caught up a cricket-stump, and rushed to the door and threw it open. Footsteps died away down the passage.

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Gay slammed the door again. "This is getting rather thick," he growled.

"Yes, rather!" grinned Wootton. "The grin will be against us till we put those blessed fags in their place! We shall have to stand it!"

The Grammarians had finished their preparation, when there was another tap at the door. Gordon Gay made a sign to his comrades, and picked up a cushion, poising it over his head ready to hurl. The door opened, and the cushion whizzed through the air, and crashed upon the chest of the new-comer. He was swept out into the passage, and sat down with a terrific bump upon the floor.

"Ow!" he roared. "You ass! What the—"

"My hat! It's Temple!" gasped Gordon Gay.

Temple staggered to his feet, gasping for breath.

"You dangerous duffer!" he shouted. "What did you bung that cushion at me for?"

"Sorry—"

"You silly ass—"

"Sorry! I thought it was one of those Remove kids again!"

"Fathead!" said Temple, gasping. "I looked in to tell you chaps it was bedtime. Better come up to the dorm., or you'll have Loder on your track!"

"Oh, all right."

The Grammarians joined the Fourth-Formers as they went up to bed. The electric light was on in the dormitory, and the first object that caught the eyes of the juniors as they entered was a large placard pinned up on the wall over the head of Gordon Gay's bed. It bore an inscription in large, inky letters:

"CAVE CANEM!"

The Grammarians turned red, and the Fourth-Formers burst into a roar. Gordon Gay dragged down the placard and tore it into halves, and tossed them under the bed.

"Beware of the dog!" chuckled Temple. "Ha, ha, ha! It looks to me as if the Remove score this time, you chaps!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the Grammarians thought so, too.

## THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Mr. Quelch II.

GORDON GAY wore a very thoughtful look as he came out of the Fourth Form-room after morning lessons the next day. It was a half-holiday that afternoon, and the juniors were free until evening calling-over. The Remove had a football match on for the afternoon with Courtfield School, one of the last matches of the season. The Fourth had intended to get up a practice-match, and Temple spoke to the Grammarians on the subject as they came out from lessons.

"I suppose you chaps play footer?" he asked.

"Well, rather!" said Gordon Gay.

"We're playing this afternoon," Temple explained, "and you can come in if you like. We want to make up twenty-two. We haven't any fixture on."

"What are the Remove doing?"

"They're meeting Courtfield School. The Courtfielders are coming over here," said Temple. "Nothing to do with us."

Gordon Gay grinned.

"I think it will be a lot to do with us," he replied. "It would be something like a jape to take the game off their hands, and play Courtfield instead!"

Temple stared.

"Well, it would be a jape," he said; "but I don't see how you are going to manage it."

"I've got an idea! I come into my study, and bring the other chaps."

Temple, Dabney & Co. joined the Grammarians in their study. Gordon Gay's eyes were gloaming. It was evident that some plot was working in his mind. But the Fourth-Formers were looking very dubious. Wootton closed the study door.

"Look here," said Gordon Gay. "I suppose you chaps are going to back me up? I think we can take a first-class rise out of the Remove, if we play our cards well."

"We'll back you up, never fear!" said Temple. "But what's the game?"

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"I heard their Form-master speaking to Capper this morning," Gordon Gay explained—"Quelch, you know. He's going out for the afternoon—going to see a relation, and isn't coming back till the evening."

"Blessed if I see how that matters to us!" said Fry. "The Remove-master going out for the afternoon won't make any difference to the Remove, or to us!"

"Wait a bit till I explain. I've been studying Quelch," Gordon Gay stood up. "Look here, I'm nearly as tall as Quelch, I think?"

"I dare say you are. But what on earth—"

"And high-heeled boots would make up the difference."

The Fourth-Formers stared blankly at him.

"Are you gone doty?" demanded Temple. "I dare say you could make yourself as tall as old Quelch, but what on earth good would that do?"

The Grammarians chuckled together.

"That's the wheeze," Gordon Gay explained. "Those young bouncers sprung their giddy ventriloquism on us, because we didn't know about it. We've got something they don't know about, and we're going to spring it on them—see?"

"But what—"

"Do you ever do any amateur theatricals here?" asked Gay.

"Yes," said Temple—"sometimes. The Remove do a lot of it, and the Fifth, too; and we go in for it sometimes. But I don't see—"

"Of course you don't, till I tell you! We're great on it at the Grammar School," said Gordon Gay, "and I have had a lot of practice at making-up. I've been studying Quelch—from his thin hair to his whiskers and his voice—and I think I could make up as Quelch in a way that would take in his own granddaddy."

"Make up as Quelch!" repeated Temple, dazedly.

"Yes."

"Great Scott! You—you wouldn't have the nerve!" exclaimed Fry.

Gordon Gay laughed.

"My dear chap, I've got nerve enough, and lots over! I can do it, and I'm going to do it! Now, if Mr. Quelch

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unexpectedly returns after starting out this afternoon, you chaps will know that it is I—but the Remove won't!"

"My hat!"

"And if a hard-hearted Form-master detains the Remove for the afternoon in the Form-room, and sits there with them, what will become of their footer match?"

"Phew!"

"That's where you come in," grinned Gordon Gay. "You chaps can offer to meet Courtfield instead of the Remove, so as not to disappoint them, you know, and for the honour of Greyfriars. You can play the match under the noses of the Remove, and afterwards—"

Temple, Dabney & Co. burst into a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You think it's a good wheeze?" asked Gay, grinning

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, ripping!" said Temple. "But—but can you do it? I never heard of such a jape! They would spot you!"

Gay shook his head.

"They won't spot me!" he said. "I tell you I've been studying Quelch. He will be safe out of the way for the afternoon, and I can make up as Quelch, and slip into his study, do you see? They will simply think that he has come back, and they didn't notice him come into the House."

"By Jove!"

"But—but can you do it?" exclaimed Scott.

"I'll show you! I've got all the necessary props here. I brought all my things along with me, in case we got a chance of doing any amateur theatricals here," said Gordon Gay. "As for Quelch's voice, I've been practising that already. I can do it rippingly. I'll give you a specimen."

"Go it!" grinned Temple.

"Boys! You will—er—go into your class-room at once! At once, do you hear me?" said Gordon Gay, in so exact an imitation of the deep, somewhat metallic tones of the Remove-master, that the juniors stared at him in amazement.

Price, of the Fourth, looked into the study.

He looked round, as if in search of someone, and then stared blankly at the Fourth-Formers.

"Where is he?" he asked.

"Where's who?" grinned Monk.

"Quelch."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I heard his voice as I passed your door," said Price.

"What's the game? Is it a jape?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Price, you are—er—impertinent!" said the deep tones of Mr. Quelch.

Price stared round blankly.

"My hat! I—I— Was that you, Gay?"

"Ha, ha! Yes."

"Well, my only Aunt Maria!" ejaculated Price. "I never heard anything like it! Where did you pick it up? It's marvellous!"

"Do you think it will do, Temple?" grinned Gordon Gay. "Do! I should say so!" exclaimed Temple, enthusiastically. "Why, it's just Quelch to the life! If you make up as well as you get his voice, you will do!"

"Make up!" repeated Price, in surprise.

Gordon Gay explained. Price went off into a roar.

"Splendid!" he yelled. "If it works, of course!"

"It will work!" said Gordon Gay coolly. "I've done more difficult impersonations before. As soon as Quelch the First is safe off the premises, Quelch the Second will come on the scene, and then there will be some fun."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Not a word outside this study, though!" said Gordon Gay, cautiously. "We don't want to risk the thing getting out. We'll come up here immediately after dinner, and you chaps can help me make-up. Keep it dark."

"What-ho!"

Not a word was said, even in the Fourth; but the juniors chuckled very much over the prospect for the afternoon. To play the Remove match under the noses of the Remove would be a triumph for the Fourth, and there was no reason why it should not happen if Gordon Gay's great wheeze worked. And the Fourth-Formers were learning to have great faith in the Cornstalk junior.

The chuckles of the Fourth-Formers who were in the secret did not wholly escape the notice of the Removees. But Harry Wharton & Co. were thinking about the footer-match for the afternoon, and they had little attention to give the Fourth.

Harry Wharton, who was now captain of the Remove, had selected the team, and he was very satisfied with it. Bulstrode, the late captain of the Form, was to play, and Wharton was in doubt whether to play Vernon-Smith, who had been his rival in the late election for the Form captaincy. But he finally decided not. Vernon-Smith, the

(Continued on page 18.)



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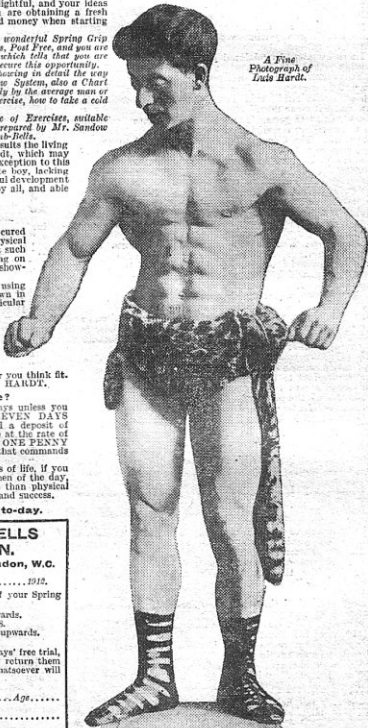
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## THE RIVAL CO'S AT GREYFRIARS.

(Continued from page 16.)

Bounder of Greyfriars, was very sore about his defeat, and he could not be depended upon to back up the new captain, though he was a first-class player when he chose. The list of players that was pinned up on the notice-board did not contain Vernon-Smith's name, and the Bounder, when he read it after dinner, walked out, and left Greyfriars, alone, on his bicycle. But he was the only one of the Remove who went out for the afternoon. The rest intended to see the footer-match.

After dinner, Gordon Gay & Co. repaired to Gay's study. The window commanded a view of the gates of Greyfriars, and Fry and Wootton remained at the window, to watch for the departure of Mr. Quelch. If the Remove-master should have changed his mind about spending the afternoon away, of course the great scheme could not be carried out; but that was not likely to happen. Mr. Quelch was a very methodical gentleman, and he was seldom, or never, known to change his plans. And all danger was soon at an end, on the watchers at the study window saw the Form-master walking down to the gates.

"There he goes!" exclaimed Fry.

Gordon Gay & Co. crowded to the window. The Remove-master, with his coat and hat on, was walking to the gateway, and he disappeared in another minute or so.

"That's all right!" said Temple, with much satisfaction. "The coast is clear now."

Mr. Quelch was gone. There was nothing now to interfere with the carrying out of Gordon Gay's scheme. The juniors set to work. The Courtfield team were booked to arrive at Greyfriars in time for the kick-off at three o'clock, and it was now a quarter-past two. The plotters had ample time.

Gordon Gay had unpacked his theatrical properties. The Fourth-Formers looked in surprise and admiration at the quantity of them. Amateur theatricals were Gay's hobby, and he had expended a great deal of money upon the "props." He selected clothes and whisksers and wigs from his stock, and began to try them on. High heels to his boots gave him the required height, and padding round his slim form extended him to the required dimensions of the Remove-master.

Wootton slipped into Mr. Quelch's study, and borrowed his cap and gown, which the Form-master had hung up there, as usual, without the slightest suspicion, of course, that they would be borrowed during his absence.

Gay made-up his face carefully before the glass.

He had a wonderful gift of facial expression, and extremely mobile features, and it was remarkable how little making-up he required in order to attain a resemblance to any character that he wished to impersonate.

His eyebrows were made a little bushy, and tinged with grey; a few artistic wrinkles were added to his forehead, and some crow's feet to his eyes, and the ruddy, healthy colour of his cheeks was toned down. Then a wig was carefully adjusted, and the whisksers were secured—and it was Mr. Quelch himself who stood before the admiring juniors.

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Temple. "It's—it's wonderful!"

"Ripping!" said Fry.

"Oh, rather!"

Gordon Gay grinned at his reflection in the glass. He had had more complete success than he had ventured to anticipate.

"I must say I think it's rather good!" he said complacently.

"Rather good! Why, it's ripping! First chop!" said Temple enthusiastically.

The addition of Mr. Quelch's cap and gown finished the picture. The juniors could hardly believe that it was not the Remove-master himself.

"Call in one of the chaps to see," said Gordon Gay. "Just tell him that Quelch is here, and see whether he smells a mouse."

"Good!"

Temple unlocked the study door, and called to a Fourth-Formers, who was passing:

"Murphy! Mr. Quelch wants to speak to you!"

Murphy, of the Fourth, came in. He seemed surprised at finding the Remove-master in Gordon Gay's study, but he evidently had no suspicion.

"You want me, sir?" he asked.

"Yes, Murphy," said Mr. Quelch II., in deep tones. "Pray go and tell Trotter to light the fire in my study!"

"Yes, sir," said Murphy.

And he departed, still unsuspecting, to deliver the

message to the Greyfriars page. The juniors burst into a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Gordon Gay grinned serenely.

"Well, if Murphy passes me, I don't see why the others shouldn't," he remarked. "I'll get into Quelch's study while Trotter is there, and see how Trotter takes it."

"Good egg!"

The Fourth-Formers scouted along the passage to make sure that no Removees were near, and then Mr. Quelch the Second walked down to the Remove-master's study.

Trotter had just entered it with a scuttle of coal and a bundle of wood. The House page looked at the gentleman in cap and gown as he came in.

"Master Murphy says I am to light your fire, sir," he said.

"Quite right, Trotter!"

"Which I thought you was out, sir."

"I shall be here this afternoon, after all, Trotter."

"Yes, sir."

Gordon Gay sat down at the Remove-master's table, and opened a volume of Homer, and appeared very busy with it, while Trotter dutifully set the fire going, and then retired.

As the door closed behind Trotter, the "spook" Form-master rose and executed a war-dance round the table, with rustling gown, in expression of his great satisfaction.

"Oh, ripping!" he murmured. "My hat! I think we shall make the Remove sing small this time! Ha, ha, ha!"

He posted himself at the window. The quarter to three chimed out from the clock-tower, and at the same time a crowd of fellows came in at the gates. Gordon Gay had never seen them before, but he guessed that they were the Courtfield team, who had walked over from Courtfield for the match. And he chuckled softly. The fun was about to begin.

## THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Detained.

BOB CHERRY was standing in the School House doorway, with a coat on over his football clothes, and a length of somewhat slim calf showing under the coat. He caught sight of the Courtfield fellows as they came in.

"Here they are!" he exclaimed.

"Harry Wharton & Co. greeted the Courtfielders cordially. Trumper and Graham and Solly Lazarus and the rest were first-rate footballers, and they always gave the Remove a good match. They had once met the Fourth Form of Greyfriars, and licked them; but they did not find it easy to beat the Remove.

"Here we are again!" said Trumper cheerfully. "We're going to give you a jolly good licking to wind up the season!"

"Yeth, rather!" remarked Solly Lazarus.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Well, we're ready for the licking!" he said. "The ground's perfect, and it will be a ripping match, whichever way it goes! Come on!"

Coker, of the Fifth, had been asked to referee the match, and he had graciously consented. The two teams had gone on the field, when Trotter, the page, was despatched coming down towards the football-ground with hasty steps.

"Master Wharton!"

Wharton looked round.

"Don't bother now, Trotty! Busy!"

"But, Master Wharton—"

"Oh, buzz off!" said Nugent.

"But Mr. Quelch wants to see Master Wharton at once!"

"What!"

"At once—in his study!" gasped Trotter.

"Oh, don't be funny!" exclaimed Bulstrode. "Mr. Quelch has gone out for the afternoon. I remember seeing him go just after dinner."

"He's come back, sir."

Wharton's face clouded.

"Do you mean to say that Mr. Quelch has really sent for me, Trotter?" he demanded.

"Yes, Master Harry."

"Well, it's rotten!" said Bob Cherry. "Quelch can see the footer-ground from his window, and he can see we're just going to play, if he takes the trouble to look out! I suppose you will have to go."

"You chaps mind waiting a few minutes?" asked Wharton.

"Not at all!" said Trumper cheerfully. "It can't be helped!"

"All the same, my thon!" said Solly Lazarus. "Better buff off, or your Form-master may be getting thravage!"

Wharton nodded, and hurried away towards the School

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House. He arrived rather breathless at the door of Mr. Quelch's study, and knocked.

"Come in!" called the well-known tones of the Form-master.

Wharton went into the study. The figure of the Form-master was sitting in the chair at the table, turned round a little, so that his back was towards the window.

"You sent for me, sir?" said Wharton.

"Yes, Wharton."

"What can I do, sir? We were just going to play a match with the Courtfield chaps, sir," said Wharton, thus conveying a hint that he was pressed for time.

"Indeed!" said the Form-master sternly.

"Ye-es, sir!" said Wharton, his voice faltering a little at the unexpected sternness of the master's voice.

He felt that there was trouble coming, though he did not know why.

"I fear that that match cannot be played, Wharton!"

"Not to be played, sir!"

"No. I am compelled to detain the Remove this afternoon!"

Wharton staggered.

"Detain the Remove, sir!" he said faintly.

"Yes."

"But—but what for, sir?" Wharton gasped.

"There have been many disturbances lately in the Remove, and I have resolved to make an example of the Form!"

"Oh, sir!"

"The whole Form will go into the Form-room at once!"

said Mr. Quelch, rising. "I am going there myself now."

"But—but, sir—"

"Enough!"

"But the Courtfield chaps are here, sir, and we were just going to play them!" gasped the captain of the Remove, in utter dismay.

"I am sorry, Wharton, but it cannot be helped. I have thought this out very carefully before deciding upon it. Perhaps you could ask some other Form to make up a team to play your visitors, in order not to disappoint them. Perhaps the Fourth Form would be willing to do so."

"Oh, they're no good, sir!" said Wharton. "They'd be beaten hollow!"

"There are some new boys in the Form, however—"

"Oh, the Grammarian chaps! I don't suppose they're any good, either!"

"Nonsense!" said the Form-master, quite sharply. "They could knock spots—I mean, they play very well. However, please yourself! Go at once, now, and tell the Remove to come into their Form-room immediately!"

"If you please, sir—"

"You may go!"

"But, sir—"

"Not a word more! Go at once!"

Harry Wharton, overwhelmed with dismay, quitted the study. He went down the passage with such a woe-begone expression upon his face that Wingate and Courtney, of the Sixth, who were chatting in the hall, stopped and called to him. The Removeite looked at them hopelessly.

"What on earth's the matter?" exclaimed Wingate.

"Got all the troubles in the world on your shoulders all of a sudden?"

"Oh, it's rotten!" said Wharton.

"What's rotten?" asked Courtney.

"Quelch has gone off his dot, I think!" grunted the junior angrily.

"What has he done?"

"He's just told me that the whole Remove are to be detained this afternoon!" said Harry Wharton, in utter exasperation. "I can't understand it. He was all right this morning, and we thought he had gone out for the afternoon; but he's come back. I suppose something's happened to spoil his half-holiday, and he's going to spoil ours, too. The Courtfield chaps have come over for a match, and they're waiting on the field now."

"That's rough!" said Wingate thoughtfully. "What have you young beggars been doing to deserve this?"

"That's the worst of it—we haven't done anything!"

"Oh, no; you never have!" grinned Courtney.

"Come, what have you done, Wharton?" said Wingate impatiently.

"Nothing, I tell you! He doesn't say we've done anything. He simply said there have been disturbances in the Remove lately, and he intends to make an example. I can't understand it—it's not like Quelch at all!" said Wharton savagely. "He's generally quite decent—quite a sportsman! But now—"

"It's very queer!" said Wingate.

"Perhaps you might be able to persuade him to let us off, Wingate!" Wharton exclaimed eagerly. "He thinks a lot of you, you know."

"I'll speak to him," said Wingate.

"Oh, good! I'll wait here!"

The captain of Greyfriars went down the passage to Mr. The MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 215.

NEXT  
TUESDAY:

"THE SCHOOLBOY OUTCAST!"

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

Quelch's study, and knocked at the door. He was surprised at the Remove-master's action—it was really not like Mr. Quelch.

"Come in!"

Mr. Quelch II. looked a little surprised at the sight of Wingate. But he was sitting with his back to the light, and his face could not be clearly seen. The Greyfriars captain came to the point at once.

"I hope you'll excuse my interfering in this matter, sir," he said, in his frank way, "but the Remove kids are just going to play a visiting team, and it's a little rough on them to have to stop. Could you possibly manage to let them play the match, sir, and detain them afterwards?"

"I fear not, Wingate."

"I thought, perhaps, you didn't understand exactly how matters were, sir," Wingate said rather awkwardly. "If they could be allowed to play the match, and then—"

The Form-master shook his head.

"Impossible, Wingate!"

"If you have finally decided, sir—"

"I have done so."

"Oh, very well, sir! Then there is nothing more to be said," said Wingate rather gruffly. And he turned away towards the door, very red in the face.

"Quite so, Wingate. Only please see that all the Remove go immediately into the Form-room," said the Form-master urbanely.

"Very well!"

Wingate looked quite angry as he quitted the study. Harry Wharton was waiting eagerly for his return, but Wingate's look was enough.

"He won't let us off!" asked the junior.

"No," Wingate shook his head. "I'm sorry, kid! I did my best, but it's no good. You are all to go into the Form-room."

"It's a rotten shame!" growled Wharton. "I've a good mind to—"

"None of that!" said the Greyfriars captain quietly. "It's rough, but your business is to do as you're told. Mr. Quelch has asked me to see that all the Remove go into the Form-room. Go and tell the fellows."

"Oh, hang—I mean, all right, Wingate!"

And Harry Wharton tramped angrily out into the Close and over to the football-field, where the Removeites were anxiously awaiting his return.

## THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER. A Substitute Eleven.

"WELL?"

"What did Quelch want?"

"What's the matter?"

All the footballers looked anxiously at Wharton. His clouded brow showed that there was trouble ahead. The Courtfielders looked sympathetic.

"Oh, it's rotten!" growled Wharton. "Quelch is off his chump! He sent for me to say that the whole Form is detained for the afternoon."

"What?"

"Impossible!"

"Just before a match!"

"My hat!"

"The hatfulness is terrific!"

"Oh, my word!"

The Remove players gathered round Harry Wharton, hardly able to believe their ears. But Wharton's gloomy face showed that he was serious enough. The exclamations of the juniors were angry and indignant.

"Well, it's jolly rough," said Trumper, the Courtfield captain, sympathetically. "I suppose the match is off now?"

"We won't go in!" roared Johnny Bull.

"We'll stay here, Wharton!"

"Let him come and fetch us!"

Wharton shook his head.

"No good," he said. "He's ordered Wingate to march us into the Form-room. If we don't go in the prefects will come and fetch us."

"Oh, it's rotten!"

"It's a beastly shame!"

"Hang it all! Never heard of such a thing!"

"The whole Form?" asked Russell, who was not in the team. "Do you mean the whole giddy crowd of us, players and all, Wharton?"

"Yes, the whole of the Remove."

"Then we can't make up a second team to play Courtfield," said Ogilvy.

"No, it's impossible."

"Oh, it's a beastly, rotten shame!"

"Hallo, you fellows!" exclaimed Temple of the Fourth, strolling up with Dabney and Fry and Wootton and Monk.

"Anything wrong?"

By FRANK RICHARDS.  
Order Early.

Wharton gave him a glum look.

"We're detained for the afternoon," he said. "The match is off, after these chaps have come all the way from Courtfield. It's rotten!"

"Well, it is hard cheese!" said Temple. "Look here! We'll make up a team to play Courtfield if you like. It's a shame that they should go away without a match."

"Oh, rather!"

Wharton hesitated.

"Thank you!" he said. "But it would only mean a licking for Greyfriars—"

"Why, you cheeky young ass—"

"Oh, we'd buck up the team," said Monk. "Gordon Gay is a regular terror at footer, and Wootton and I are pretty good. Temple would play us."

He had heard Gordon Gay spoken of by the St. Jim's fellows as a first-rate footballer, he remembered.

"Well, that's not a bad idea," he said. "Where is Gordon Gay?"

"He's in the house just now," said Temple blandly.

"I assure you he's first-rate," said Monk. "He will captain the team if you like. He always captain's the Grammar School junior team against St. Jim's, and we've beaten Tom Merry's eleven lots of times."

"I'm willing for Gay to skipper the team," said Temple modestly.

Wharton turned to the Courtfielders.

"What do you say, Trumper?" he asked. "You see how we've fixed it, can't play now our Form-master's got this bee in his bonnet. Will you meet another eleven?"

Trumper nodded cheerfully.

"Certainly; with pleasure!" he said. "I'm sorry you chaps can't play, but it will be rotten to go away without a match at all. Let's play the Fourth."

"Yeth, rather!" said Solly Lazarus.

"Good, then!"

"Agreed?" asked Temple.

"Yes; tell Gordon Gay. Good-bye, you chaps! I dare say we shall see you again before you go," said Harry Wharton.

"Good-bye! We're sorry for this."

The Removites tramped away gloomily towards the School House. They were all looking very grim. There was a strong feeling of revolt in the Form. Their Form-master, usually quite popular in the Remove, was now at the very lowest ebb of unpopularity. Yet the juniors were as much astonished as exasperated. It was quite unlike Mr. Quelch to act in this tyrannical way, and they could not understand it.

They tramped gloomily enough into the house. The footballers went up into the dormitory to change into their ordinary clothes, and then joined the rest in the Form-room. The Form-master was there.

"Take your seats, boys," he said sternly.

The Removites went sullenly to their places.

"Yes, sir."

"I cannot remain in the Form-room, but I expect order to be kept," said the Form-master sternly. "I place you in charge of the Remove, Wharton, as captain of the Form. If there is any neglect of work or any disorder I shall hold you responsible."

"Very well, sir."

"I shall return shortly. Meanwhile, you will take your Latin grammars and write out the full conjugation of the verb *amare*, in the active and passive voices."

"Yes, sir."

"When this is done you may rest until I return."

"Very well, sir."

"And, mind, no disorder of any kind," said the Form-master very sternly. "I shall hold you responsible, Wharton." And he quitted the Form-room.

"Well, if that isn't rotten!" said Bob Cherry, in deep disgust. "Making a blessed monitor of you, Harry, without so much as saying by your leave."

"The rottenfulness is terrific!"

"I'm jolly well not going to write out Latin verbs!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Nor I!"

"It's all rot! Blow the active and passive voices, and Quelch as well!"

"Let's play leapfrog," suggested Bolsover.

"Hear, hear!"

"Hold on," said Frank Nugent. "Quelch will hear it and come back, and it will only get Wharton into a row, and then he will send in some beastly prefect to take charge of us. We don't want to be at Loder's tender mercies for the afternoon."

"By Jove, no!"

"I say, we can see the footer match from the windows," said Ogilvy.

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"A DISGRACE TO THE SCHOOL!" In this week's "GEM" Library. Now on Sale.

The Remove were out-of their places at once. Latin verbs were not attractive, and the temptation to watch the football match was too strong. The next best thing to playing was watching. In a minute or less the Remove were standing on the forms and crowding at the windows to watch the distant footer-field.

"Row if Quelch comes in and finds us like this," grinned Nugent.

"Oh, blow Quelch!"

"They're not beginning yet," said Harry Wharton, scanning the distant field. "I can't see Gordon Gay there yet."

"He might have gone out," Nugent suggested.

"No; Temple said he was in the house."

"There he is!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

Half a dozen Fourth-Formers, with Gordon Gay in their midst, had emerged from the house, and were walking down to the football-field.

## THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

### The Football Match.

M R. QUELCH II. had hurried up to the Fourth-Form passage immediately after leaving the Remove Form-room. The Remove were safe there for the next hour or two, at least, and they were off Gordon Gay's mind. Temple, Dabney & Co. met him in the passage, and they drew him into the study, chuckling.

"Well!" said Gordon Gay, looking a great deal less like Mr. Quelch as he grinned at his confederates.

"It's all serene!" chuckled Temple. "The Remove have all gone in—"

"I know that," grinned Gordon Gay. "I've just set them writing out the first conjugation in Latin verbs, active and passive. That will keep them quiet for a bit."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What about playing Courtfield?" asked Gay.

"It's all arranged. We're playing them, and we've agreed for you to captain the team," said Temple, "so get those things off as quick as you can."

"Hurrah!"

Gordon Gay stripped off his disguise with great rapidity. In a remarkably short space of time he was in his football garb.

"Ready!" he announced.

And the juniors left the School House together. They glanced round towards the Remove-room windows as they went out. The windows were crammed with faces. Gordon Gay grinned, and waved his hand to the disgusted Removites.

Then he walked down to the footer-field. The eyes of the Removites crowded at the Form-room windows followed the Grammarians and the Fourth-Formers of Greyfriars.

"Well, I hope they'll beat the Trumper team," said Bob Cherry, with a sigh.

"I hope so," said Wharton. "It's rotten to be penned up here watching other chaps playing our own match!"

"Beastly!"

"We're not going to do the rotten Latin verbs, anyway!" growled Bulstrode.

"No fear!"

And the Removites continued crammed at the windows, watching the football-ground, as the match commenced between the Fourth-Form team and the visitors. The fact was not lost upon the Grammarians.

"The duffers have got an eye on us!" Frank Monk muttered, as the Greyfriars team lined up on the field.

Gordon Gay chuckled.

"Just what we wanted," he remarked. "I wonder what they will say when they find out who Mr. Quelch II. was?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Phip!

The whistle rang out, and the Courtfielders kicked off. And then the Remove were forgotten, as the two teams closed in strife.

Trumper & Co. had expected to walk over the Fourth-Formers of Greyfriars. Temple and his merry men could not be said, by their best friends, to be first-class footballers. But the three Grammarians made a wonderful difference to the team.

Gordon Gay was as fine a junior footballer as could have been found in any school, and he had a gift of holding a team together. Even the somewhat soft players of the Fourth put their best foot foremost, so to speak, under his leadership. And Frank Monk and Wootton backed him up splendidly. And centre-half, and Wootton was in the last line, and they ran like a streak of real strength through a soft team.

And the Courtfielders found that one or another of the three was always in the way.

The first goal came to Greyfriars, and it was put into the net by Gordon Gay. Loud were the cheers of the Fourth-

Formers crowded round the ground. The roar of "Goal!" reached as far as the prisoners of the Remove Form-room.

"Goal, goal! Hurrah!"  
Trumper panted as he walked back to the centre of the field.

"Those new chaps are hot stuff," he said. "We shall have to buck up."

"Yeth, rather, my thon!" said Bolly Lazarus emphatically.

The Courtfielders did buck up, with the result that they equalised just before the whistle went for half-time. From the windows of the Remove-room the Removites were still watching, and they had not lost an atom of the play. From the height of the windows, they saw easily over the heads of the spectators thronged round the football-field.

"That chap Gay can play!" commented Bob Cherry.  
"And the other two are jolly good. I shouldn't wonder if they beat the Courtfield lot after all!"

"Looks like it to me," said Wharton quietly.

"Old Quelch hasn't been in yet!" grinned Nugent. "He seems to have forgotten us."

"He will be in presently for those giddy verbs."

"Oh, blow the verbs!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! They're starting!"

And all eyes were turned upon the junior football-ground again. The second half of the match was beginning. Coker's whistle had sounded, and the Greyfriars team kicked off.

The second half was more exciting than the first. Gordon Gay & Co. were bucking up with great effect, and several times the Grammarians streaked through the Courtfield side. If they had been backed up by players of their own quality, they would have made hay of the visiting team; but as it was the Courtfielders soon began to look very blue. Another goal went up, amid yells of delight from the Greyfriars crowd.

"Bravo, Gay!"

"Go it!"

"Hurrah!"

Courtfield equalised again, but they were showing signs of the strain now. And in the last ten minutes of the game, when Gay was very visible in all other faces, Gordon Gay and Monk and Wootton seemed as fresh as paint. Then Gay pulled his team together for a last effort, and the leather went into the Courtfield goal for the third time.

"Bravo!" roared Bob Cherry. "Goal—and Trumper won't equalise again for toffee!"

The Courtfielders made a tremendous effort. But they were stopped, and broken, and once more Gordon Gay came through them. Almost unaided, he ran the leather up the field from the half-way line and kicked it in, beating the goal hollow. And the yells of the crowd announced that Greyfriars were four up.

It was the last goal of the match. The whistle rang out shrilly, and the game was over—with Greyfriars four to two!

The crowd roared, and closed round Gordon Gay as he came off the field, and lifted him shoulder-high.

"Hurrah, hurrah!"

"Beaten them, by jingo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Hurrah! Jolly good match, and no mistake! There's something in those Grammar chaps!"

The match was over. The Removites descended from their posts at the window. They saw the Courtfielders taking their leave, and they saw Gordon Gay go into the House with Temple, Dabney & Co., and then they bethought them of the Latin conjugations.

"We've been here a giddy hour and a half!" said Nugent, with a whistle. "We ought to have something done to show for it, or Quelch will get his hair off."

"Better get some done," said Wharton. "There's nothing more to watch, anyway, and we may as well scribble as sit doing nothing."

And the juniors' pens began to travel over the papers, and they were all looking very busy indeed when at last the Form-room door opened.

## THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER. Spooled!

**A**FTER the Courtfield eleven had departed, a triumphant procession of Fourth-Form juniors marched into the School House, bearing Gordon Gay in their midst.

Monk and Wootton came in for a great deal of attention; but Gordon Gay was the hero of the hour. Gordon Gay had won the match for the Fourth, there was no doubt about that—Gordon Gay had deprived the Remove of that match for the first place, and then won it for the Fourth—and the Fourth Form at Greyfriars could not make enough of him. They clapped him on the back, they shook hands with him, they cheered him to the echo, and they carried him into the House at last on their shoulders. Mr. Capper, the master of the Fourth, met them in the passage, and gazed at the procession in great astonishment.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed. "What ever does this mean?"

"Hurrah!"

"Temple—Dabney—what—"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY, No. 215.

NEXT TUESDAY:

"THE SCHOOLBOY OUTCAST!"

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"It's all right, sir," said Temple; "Gay has dished the Remove."

"What?"  
"I—I mean Gay has beaten Courtfield, sir. We're only celebrating, sir."

Mr. Capper smiled indulgently.

"Well, pray celebrate a little more quietly," he said, and walked on.

Temple, Dabney & Co. bore Gordon Gay up the stairs to the Fourth-Form passage, and deposited him in his study. Gay landed on his feet, gasping a little for breath. The whole of the Fourth by this time were in the secret of the real identity of the pseudo-master of the Remove. They waited in the passage with many chuckles for Gordon Gay to emerge from the study in his new character.

"Time for Quelch the Second to appear on the scene again!" chuckled Temple. "The Remove will have got through the conjugation by this time."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Gordon Gay changed out of his football garb, and once more assumed the disguise and the gown of Mr. Quelch. In a quarter of an hour he was the Remove-master again, and the Fourth-Formers chuckled joyously.

"I wonder what Wharton will say—when he knows!" said Fry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, rather!"

"He will say—things!" grinned Frank Monk. "But there's no doubt that we've done him brown, and I think this more than makes up for cave canem."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm ready," said Gordon Gay.

He emerged from the study. The juniors waiting there were prepared for the sight, but they gasped with astonishment as the pseudo Mr. Quelch came out. It was too realistic for anything, as Price remarked.

"Is that—is that really Gay?" gasped Scott.

"I fancy so!" grinned Gordon Gay; and then, assuming the deep tones of Mr. Quelch, he went on: "Dear me! What are all you boys standing about here for? You had better—go into your Form-room and conjugate a verb—ah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Quelch II. walked down the passage and went downstairs. Mr. Capper was standing in the doorway, looking out into the Close, where the sun was setting over the old elms. He glanced round, and nodded to the supposed Mr. Quelch.

"Ah, you are back again!" he said. "I understood you would not be in till later."

"Yes, I am—here!" said Mr. Quelch II. "I have unfortunately had to detain my Form this afternoon, sir; it was very unfortunate, but I really had to be severe. Pray excuse me, as I must go and see them in the Form-room!"

"Certainly!" said Mr. Capper.

The Remove-master walked along to the Lower-Fourth Form-room, and entered. The Removites were all at their desks, scribbling away as if their lives depended upon it. They looked up as the Form-master came in, and Mr. Quelch stopped and looked at them.

"You have—ah—conjugated the verb, I hope," said the Form-master, in a severe tone. "I trust you have not forgotten the passive voice."

"We have not forgotten, sir," said Wharton, rather diplomatically. "The Removites certainly had not forgotten, although they had not written out what had been ordered."

"Very—er—good!" said the Form-master. "I am glad to tell you that the football match has been played successfully by the Fourth-Form eleven, and the Courtfield team have been beaten."

"Yes, sir; we know—I—I mean, we're glad, sir."

But the Form-master caught at the injudicious admission.

"You know? How do you know?" he exclaimed.

"We—er—you see—ahem—"

"Ah!" exclaimed the Form-master, frowning portentously.

"You have been looking out of the windows, instead of attending to your task!"

"Ahem—"

"Pray answer me directly, Wharton!"

"Well, yes, sir!" said Wharton. "You—you see, sir, we—"

"We wanted to know how the match was going, sir."

"Then you have not finished your conjugations?"

"N—n—no, sir!"

"This is very—er—very reprehensible, Wharton. 'I shall have to—er—take very severe measures with you, I am afraid,' said Mr. Quelch, with a shake of the head.

"Bunter!"

"Ye—es, sir!" stammered Bunter, very much alarmed at being picked upon. As a matter of fact, Bunter had not been looking out of the windows, being very little interested

By FRANK RICHARDS.  
Order Early.



in football, but he had not done his task, either. "I-I

as," "Come out here at once!"

"Oh, really, sir! I-I haven't been looking out of the window, sir!"

"Come here!"

Billy Bunter rolled out before the class, blinking at the Form-master very nervously through his big spectacles.

"Go and fetch Temple here," said Mr. Quelch sternly—"Temple of the Fourth, and tell him to bring a dozen of the Fourth with him."

"Ye-es, sir," gasped Bunter.

He rolled out of the Form-room in amazement. The Removites were equally amazed. What Mr. Quelch could want a dozen Fourth-Formers in the room for was a puzzle to them.

There was silence in the Form-room till Bunter returned. He brought Temple, Dabney & Co. back with him.

"You sent for me, Mr. Quelch?" asked Temple gravely.

"Er—yes—Temple! It is necessary to—er—administer corporal punishment to these refractory boys, and I require your assistance."

"Certainly, sir."

"The Remove will all stand out here and form up in line," said the Form-master.

The Removites, amazed and dismayed, came out before the desks. They formed up, and the master handed a can to Temple.

"You will give each boy of the Remove two cuts," he said. "You other boys will look on, as I hope this will be an example to you all."

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney. "I mean yes, sir."

Temple took the cane and grinned. The Removites looked very restive.

"All of you hold out your right hands," commanded the Form-master.

Wharton flushed.

"If you please, sir, we'd rather be caned by our Form-master, than by a fellow in a junior Form," he exclaimed hotly.

"It is not a question of what you would rather, but of what I would rather, Wharton."

"But, sir—"

"Silence!"

"I protest, sir—"

"Do you wish to be sent in to the Head, Wharton?" thundered the Form-master.

"N-no, sir; but—"

"Then be silent, boy! Go on, Temple!"

"Certainly, sir," said Temple.

Very reluctantly, and inwardly raging, the Removites held out their hands. Temple walked along the line, flicking them with the cane. He took care not to hurt them; but the humiliation of being caned by a junior was too bad; the Removites would have preferred the severest caning from their master.

Dabney, and Monk, and the rest of the Fourth stood looking on with grinning faces. They could not help grinning, as they thought of the feelings of the Remove heroes when they discovered the truth.

Temple came to the end of the line, leaving the long row of Removites flushed and furious.

"I've finished these kids, sir," said Temple.

"Very good," said Mr. Quelch II, "you may go!"

"Yes, sir."

The Fourth-Formers filed out. There was a sound of chuckling and laughing in the passage after the door had closed. The Removites stood staring helplessly at their Form-master. Nothing would have surprised them, after what had happened. The only possible explanation was that Mr. Quelch was "off his rocker," as Bob Cherry elegantly expressed it.

"Take your places, boys!"

The Removites returned to their desks.

"I shall now set you a problem on the blackboard," said the Form-master. "When you have thoroughly learned and understood it, you may go."

The juniors sat silent. The Form-master pulled the blackboard round, and placed it so that it backed to the class. Then he began to chalk upon it. What he was writing there the Removites had no idea.

He was finished in a few minutes. Then he laid down the chalk, and looked frowningly at the grim rows of Removites in the desks.

"Wharton!" he rapped out.

"Yes, sir."

"When I am gone, you will turn this blackboard round for the class to read."

"Yes, sir."

"That is all. Then you may go!"

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The Form-master quitted the room, closing the door sharply behind him. There was a sound of renewed laughter in the passage, and retreating footsteps. Harry Wharton rose from his place in the Form, and came out to the blackboard, and slewed it round to face the Form. As the light fell upon it, he looked at it, and the whole Form looked at it, and there was a gasp. For this is what was written upon the blackboard in big chalk letters:

"This is to certify that the Remove have been spoofed, diddled, and done!—(Signed),

"Gordon Gay, alias Mr. Quelch II."

## THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER

### Paying the Piper.

"SPOOFED!"

"Diddled!"

"Dished!"

"Done!"

"Gordon Gay!"

"The villain!"

It was a Babel of voices. The Remove were all on their feet now, staring blankly at the chalked inscription on the blackboard.

They could hardly believe their eyes at first.

But there was no doubt about it.

Amazing as it seemed, at first sight, to suppose that Gordon Gay, of Rylcombe Grammar School, could have impersonated their Form-master, there could be no doubt upon the subject, for they had seen the supposed Form-master writing that on the board, and it could not be imagined that the real Mr. Quelch would have written such a message.

It was Gordon Gay!

It was amazing, incredible—but true!

The Removites stared at the board, and stared at one another, and gasped. They were dazzled by the discovery.

"Gordon Gay!" said Wharton faintly. "Gordon Gay! dressed up as our Form-master! It wasn't Mr. Quelch at all! Oh!"

"Gordon Gay—and he detained us. Quelch is away for the afternoon, just as we supposed," murmured Bob Cherry.

"And it was a dodge to play our footer match!"

"Detained by Gordon Gay!"

"Done!"

"Spoofed!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"It's—it's almost unbelievable," gasped Wharton. "I-I can hardly swallow it now. The boulder must be a born actor!"

"He was Quelch to the life!"

"No wonder he called in the Fourth to cane us—it was part of the jape!"

"The young villain!"

The Removites were simply raging. It was a jape such as had never been dreamt of in Greyfriars—astounding and daring. The Remove prided themselves upon being up to a thing or two, but they had never dreamt of anything of this sort. It was incredible!

"My hat! The Fourth will crow over this!" roared Bob Cherry. "It beats Cave Canem hollow. We shall be grinned out of Greyfriars!"

"The griffulness will be terrific."

"We'll squash that young villain!" shouted Wharton.

"Come on—we shall find him in the Fourth Form-room—we'll yank his disguise off, and bump him till he's got an ache in every inch of him."

"Yes, rather!"

Wharton threw open the door of the Form-room.

"Come on!" he shouted.

The Remove crowded out. They had often been on the warpath against the Fourth Form before, but never in such deadly earnest as now. They rushed down the passage in wild excitement, and as they reached the hall Bob Cherry gave a yell.

"Here he is!"

"There's the giddy impostor!"

It was the figure of Mr. Quelch. He seemed to have just come in, and he had put a hat and overcoat on the hall-stand. But the Removites were too excited to notice little details like that. They rushed right at him, and seized him, and in a moment he was bumped over on the floor, and the Removites were sprawling over him.

"Got him!"

"Got the boulder!"

"Have his whiskers off!"

"Bump him!"

"Gr-r-r-r-r-roo!" came from the unfortunate victim under the rolling, sprawling juniors. "How d-d-dare you! Get off! Leave me! Oh! You young rascals—"

It was undoubtedly Mr. Quelch's voice, to the very life. But the Remove were not to be taken in this time.

"Blessed if he isn't still keeping it up!" exclaimed Nugent, in astonishment. "Bump the cheeky bouncer!"

"Pull those giddy whiskers off the rotter!"

"They won't come off," gasped Ogilvy, tugging at the Form-master's whiskers. "They must be fixed on jolly tight."

"Ow! Ow! Oh!" yelled the victim. "Help! Murder! Have the boys gone mad? Help! Oh, help!"

Mr. Capper came dashing out of his study.

"Stop this!" he shrieked. "What does this mean? You—you are attacking your Form-master! Are you mad? Stop this at once!"

Wharton jumped up.

"It's all right, sir," he gasped. "It's not Mr. Quelch, sir."

"What?"

"It's only a chap in disguise, sir, for a joke," said Bob Cherry.

The victim staggered to his feet. He was crimson and furious.

"I—I will have the whole Form flogged!" he yelled.

"Oh, come off, Gay, you're bowled out!"

"Oh, my hat, look there!" panted Bob Cherry.

A crowd of Fourth-Formers had come out on the staircase, attracted by the disturbance. Among them was Gordon Gay, already out of his disguise, and clad in the everyday Etons.

"Gay's there!" muttered Bob Cherry. "This is——"

"My hat—Quelch!"

The juniors staggered away. They were overwhelmed, they realised, too late, that their own Form-master, the real and genuine Mr. Quelch, had returned—at a very unlucky moment for him—and they had fallen upon him in mistake for the impostor.

"Oh, sir," gasped Wharton, "we're sorry; we——"

Mr. Quelch panted breath.

"Silence! I will see into this outrageous matter later," he rapped out; "at present I do not feel fit for it. Silence!"

And the Remove-master strode away to his room. He turned on the stairs.

"Come to my study in ten minutes," he rapped out.

"Ye-es, sir! We——"

Mr. Quelch tramped furiously into his room. Removites and Fourth-Formers gazed at one another in dismayed silence. Gordon Gay was the first to break it.

"Well, you've done it now!" he exclaimed.

"You've done it, you mean," gasped Wharton. "Of course we took it for you, when we came out and found him here, and——"

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"I'll go in and own up to the joke," said Gordon Gay. "When he knows how I took you in, he will overlook it, I hope."

"You'll get it in the neck," said Bulstrode.

"Well, we've called the tune, and it's only fair to pay the piper," grinned the Cornstalk. "I'm going to own up."

And without waiting for any argument, the Cornstalk junior walked away to Mr. Quelch's study. Harry Wharton & Co., and Temple, and the rest, waited anxiously for him to emerge. They had some time to wait. There was a murmuring of voices in Mr. Quelch's study, and after that the sound of the swishing of a cane, and a gasping sound.

"Here he comes!"

The study door opened, and Gordon Gay appeared. He had his hands tucked away under his arm-pits, and seemed to be trying to fold himself up like a pocket-knife as he came out into the passage. But he grinned at the juniors.

"Well!" demanded a dozen voices.

"All serene!" said Gordon Gay. "I explained, and you bouncers are left off. I've had it rather hard for impersonating a Form-master, but Quelch seems to think that your afternoon's detention was thick enough for you."

"Oh, good!" said Temple.

"You Remove chaps will have to admit that you were beautifully spoofed, anyway," chuckled Gordon Gay.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Fourth. "Spoofed, diddled, dished, and done! Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton laughed, too.

"If Quelch hadn't roasted you, we'd bump you bald-headed!" he exclaimed. "As it is, we'll let you off, you blessed impostor!"

And Gordon Gay was marched off by the triumphant Fourth-Formers. It was a glorious victory for Temple, Dabney & Co., and they rejoiced in it all the more, because they knew that when Gordon Gay had departed from Greyfriars, matters would soon be on their old footing again, and the Remove would "down" them. But sufficient for the day, as Fry remarked, was the evil thereof, and the Fourth Form of Greyfriars rejoiced. And it was not long before Harry Wharton & Co. joined in the laughter over Gordon Gay's great joke.

THE END.

(Next week's grand, long, complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co. is entitled "The Schoolboy Outcast," by Frank Richards. Order your copy in advance. Price 1d.)

CHING-LUNG  
IN THE  
FORBIDDEN  
LAND.

A Wonderful Story  
of Ferraers Lord,  
Millionaire,  
Rupert Thurston,  
and Gan-Waga.

THE FIRST INSTALMENTS BRIEFLY RE-WITTEN.

THROUGH  
TRACKLESS  
TIBET!

BY  
SIDNEY  
DREW.

(READ THIS FIRST.)

Wishing to explore the practically unknown land of Tibet, Ferraers Lord, millionaire, makes up a party, including Prince Ching-Lung, Rupert Thurston, Gan-Waga, the Eskimo, and a number of the crew of the Lord of the Deep, to travel with him across Tibet to Kwai-Hai, the capital of Ching-Lung's province in China.

The party, conducted by an Afghan guide named Argal-Dinjat, have just crossed the Himalayas into The Forbidden Land, when they are attacked by the notorious pirate and outlaw, Storland Sahib, and a band of his ruffianly followers. These are beaten off, and the party, after a period of hard travelling, reach the first Tibetan village. Here they are surprised to find that the head man is an Irishman, Barry O'Roonoy by name. They stay at his house for a time, and while at dinner they are startled by the arrival of Argal-Dinjat, who bears the news that Storland Sahib and his followers are riding towards the village. Storland and his brigands attack them fiercely, and the party takes refuge in a couple of sheds, where they are hotly besieged.

They are rescued by Ferraers Lord's wonderful aeroplane, The Lord of the Skies, and after having successfully driven the attackers away, the party go on board the strange vessel for a trial spin. They are flying over the crater of an extinct volcano, when the engines suddenly stop working, and they are sent hurtling down through the crater into an underground lake. The damage caused is so great that Ferraers Lord gives up hope of ever getting the aeroplane out of the cavern. Hal Honour, the engineer, however, makes a strange promise, and that within two months he will rescue the whole crew. The millionaire then makes the discovery that their water tanks have been badly strained, and that their water has all drained away! With Ching-Lung, Joe the carpenter, and Maddock, he sets out to explore the cavern and succeeds in finding a lake of fresh water. The party also stumble upon the trail of a human being, and, following it up, come upon their missing Afghan guide, Argal-Dinjat, in the last stages of exhaustion. Ferraers Lord sends a message for help by means of a portable wireless apparatus, and Rupert Thurston arrives with a party of bearers, with whose assistance the unfortunate party is soon made comfortable.

(Now read on from here.)

Three old Friends plot against Ching-Lung, but forget that water and walls both have ears at times.

A great friendship had sprung up between Thomas Prout, Esq., and Barry O'Roonoy, Esq., and as Mr. Benjamin Maddock was Prout's bosom friend, it was only natural that there should be a kind of triple alliance.

O'Roonoy was a sly customer, and as deep as the Black

Sea. He had a splendid imagination, and he could control his features so well that it was quite impossible to tell whether he was jesting or in earnest. And Barry kept a watchful eye on Ching-Lung. He had not forgotten the carved chickens that flew, or the bacon that walked and talked.

More than that, his chosen chums began to tell stories about the practical jokes his Highness had played on them

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By FRANK RICHARDS.  
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at various times, and Mr. O'Rooney would wink his left eye in a very sly and knowing manner, and murmur:

"Be jabbers, the rogue! Did he, now? Oh, glory, the wicked rascal! Why don't yez get yer own back? Why don't yez turn the tables and jump on him? That's the question Oi axes, so ut is."

But Thomas and Benjamin had to confess with sorrow that up to the present Ching-Lung had had it all his own way, except on occasions few and far between.

"Bedad," said Mr. O'Rooney, "O'll do the thrick or grow whiskers on me pate! O'll do ut, bhoys, O'll do ut! Thrust to odd Barry to make Mистер Pigtail yelp."

"Don't we wish you could?" said Ben eagerly. "He's as good as pure gold, but he's a terror for makin' us sit up. D'ye think you can work it?"

"Wurrik ut, is ut? O'll make it wurrik on wheels. Troth, O'll think the matter over, and tell yez at tay. We'll build a little foire on our own away from the others, where we can talk."

All day Mr. O'Rooney was very pensive, and Prout and Maddock very excited. When teatime arrived, instead of joining the others round the big fire, they lighted a fire some thirty yards higher up the beach.

"Have you tumbled across anything, Barry?" asked Prout eagerly.

"Well," said the Irishman, "Oi was thinkin' that we might lock him in his cabin and let yerself sing to him outside the dure. Av coorse, av the shock kilt him—"

Maddock giggled, and a black thunder-cloud gathered on Prout's brow.

"It would be a horrible koinid o' dith to doie."

"Hold on!" growled Prout. "Just let my voice alone."

"Oi don't want to touch it," said Mr. O'Rooney hastily, "so kape yer fur down, Tommy. Not wishin' to kill Mистер Ching, we'll put off the singin'. Open your listhensers and listhen."

They put their heads together, and O'Rooney divulged the plot. They did not hear a faint splashing sound, or see two eyes glaring at them from the water.

The eyes were the property of Gan-Waga. He had found the fire too hot, and, feeling sleepy, had retired to the lake for a comfortable sleep. The three figures had attracted his attention, and he had swum silently towards them. He caught Ching-Lung's name.

"Now, what de fun here?" thought Gan-Waga. "Why odd Tom and Ben here wid Irish Johnny, and not ober dere? Irish chap too much sly. Goin' see about it."

Gan-Waga had not been able to forget his complete defeat in the seal hunt. There was something suspicious in the assembly of three, and he pricked up his ears at the name of his adored Ching-Lung.

Silently he crept out of the water and came closer and closer. Then, lying flat on the sand, he listened intently. Unseen and unheard, he disappeared again.

"Chingy!"

"Hallo, Gan!"

"Want you, Chingy," whispered the Eskimo, his oily face full of mystery. "Got lot tell you."

Ching-Lung followed Gan-Waga into the shelter of the furnace, whose walls threw a dense shadow. Then he began to gargle.

"Out with it, candle-features!" said Ching-Lung. "What's the news?"

"Yo-ho! Ho! You goin' be tarred!"

"Going to be what?"

"Tarred and fovevered! Ho, ho, ho! Yo' goin' to be—ho, ho, hoo-oo-oh!"

Gan-Waga threatened to explode, and Ching-Lung only saved his life by hammering his back until he echoed like a small drum.

And with oily tears travelling down his oily cheeks, the Eskimo related the dreadful plot.

### Gan-Waga Reveals O'Rooney's Plot to Ching-Lung—The Conspirators are "Hoist with their own Petard."

Though so dreadful, it was beautifully simple, and rank mutiny at that. Since Ching-Lung had been publishing the newspaper he had spent a good deal of time in his cabin on board what remained of the airship. He generally worked at the paper at night, and, instead of sleeping on shore, turned into his hammock there.

And this was the awful plot! To reach the cabin he had to cross various planks, for several plates had been removed from the corridor. Under the floor nearest the companion-ladder lay an empty water-tank, over which a plank had been laid.

The wily O'Rooney and his guilty confederates had secured a few bags of flour. The flour had been rendered unfit for food, but it would make very good paste. They intended to almost fill the tank at dead of night with this sticky substance, and turn off the electric light.

Higher up the corridor the conspirators determined to fasten a sheet filled with feathers. A tug from a string would upset the feathers over Ching-Lung as he emerged from his sticky bath, for, as the plank would not be there, he was bound to fall in. And he would fall in trying to escape from the burning ship. O'Rooney was going to make a bogus fire with a few chips and a little gunpowder, and so lure Ching to his sticky doom.

"Oh, nip!" grinned his Highness. "Gan, my glorious grease-eater, we'll be there!"

"You beg, hunk!" gurgled Gan-Waga. "We see about it!"

The conspirators watched their fancied victim go aboard, and chortled in their glee. Away in the darkness they mixed the paste and purloined buckets, and, using a door as a raft, rowed unseen round the battered hulk that had once proudly sailed the skies. They poured the paste gently into the tank, and mixed more and more. Listening intently they could hear the click-click-click of the Prince's busy typewriter, and they grinned and grinned again.

The sheet was hung in position and loaded with feathers. Click-click, click-click went the typewriter in the distant cabin, and they shook hands with each other.

"What toime is ut?"

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"Jest fen," answered Tom Prout, "or near it. I axed Mr. Honour about 'alf an hour back."

"Faith, we must let him go to slape first," whispered O'Rooney. "O'll pull the string, and then we must skeedaddle loiko mad. Ashore wid yez."

They paddled to the beach, and, wrapping themselves in their blankets, feet pointing to the huge fire, pretended to slumber. In fact, O'Rooney snored so loudly that several angry voices threatened him with various horrid dooms if he didn't "cock it up." Gan-Waga was so annoyed that he walked forty yards away and lay down out of earshot.

And Gan-Waga went even further. He crawled into the water and swam out. One light was always left burning; but the power of the current was weak, and the arc-lamp flickered fitfully. Gan-Waga lifted himself, one hand touching the smooth side of the airship.

"Chingy!"

A porthole creaked open.

"That you, Gan, old son? Swim round the other side. I'll be with you in no time."

"All right, Chingy!"

They met on the deck, and took refuge in the wheelhouse.

"Now, look here, Ganus," muttered Ching-Lung, "we've got 'em on toast. I've arranged the whole thing. I told Honour about it, and, like a good old sort, he's fixed us up. Here's the hose—that lever there sets a dynamo going which works a high pressure pump."

"Now watch me," Ching-Lung dragged a snake-like length of hose across the deck, and screwed a nozzle to it. A second length, with a nozzle also affixed, was coiled up on the wheelhouse.

"I'll wait here, Gan," whispered Ching-Lung, "and you collar the other hose. Those beggars will get round the companion-hatch and wait for me to drop into the paste. Don't move till you hear me yell 'Where's the fire?' and then pull that lever and turn on the water. Wash 'em into the hole."

Gan-Waga began to rumble and gurgle again like a boiler about to explode.

"Now what have you to do?"

"Ho, ho, ho! Keep eyes open and watch. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Not do nuffin till shout 'Where fire?' Den let—ho, ho, ho!—let drive. Wash 'em down plug-hole! Oh, butter-fal, butter-fal! Ho, ho, ho!"

"Pull the lever, hyena. Don't forget that."

"Not much, Chingy. I not forget."

"Hush! Get out of sight."

Ching-Lung's quick ear detected a splashing sound. Three figures scrambled into sight, and moved stealthily towards the companion. One disappeared, and smoke began to descend.

"Done it, Barry?"

"Bedad, Oi have!" chuckled O'Rooney's voice. "U'll be blazin' foiney in two jills. Oi'll give the yell and pull the string, and thin u'll be run back to bed. Faith, he'll never guess who did it in a million years. U's a foire of a joke entirely!"

The listeners distinctly heard the crackling of burning wood. Again O'Rooney disappeared, and a cry was heard:

"Foire! Foire! Foire!"

"Eh? What?"

With marvellous skill Ching-Lung pitched his voice until the alarmed question appeared to come from the cabin.

"Foire! Foire! Foire!"

"Where's the fire?" roared Ching-Lung.

The next instant two mighty streams of water roared across the deck. O'Rooney intercepted the first with the back of his neck, and dived, howling into the tank. The second stream of icy fluid lifted Prout after him, and then the unhappy Madcock was assailed by both at once and shot overboard like a cork out of a soda-water bottle.

And just as two strangled, wild-eyed wrecks were scrambling out of the horrid mess of stickiness, Ching-Lung pulled the string and set free the blinding shower of feathers.

### Gan-Waga Makes Rather an Idiot of Himself—The Two Spectres Appear, but Depart Again, and Feel Far from Happy—The End of the Plot which Failed.

There are a few people alive who cannot understand a joke; but Hal Honour, though he looked so stern and thoughtful, was not to be reckoned in their number. Ching-Lung had found this out, and that was why he had gone to the silent engineer to ask for aid in turning the tables on the plotters.

Honour did not even smile; but Ching-Lung fancied he detected a twinkle in his honest eyes as he briefly answered:

"I'll see."

Ching-Lung and Gan-Waga shook like jellies, and had to lean on the nozzles of their hoses for support; the splashing, moans, coughs, splutters, and choked yells floated out upon the evening air from below. The paste was as sticky as bird-lime, and the two unhappy plotters were wondering whether a waterspout had struck them or not.

But it is a very foolish thing to use a hosepipe to keep you on your feet when you are in a fit of laughter. Gan-Waga

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## "THE SCHOOLBOY OUTCAST!"

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had turned off the water; but somehow, in the throes of mirth, he turned it on again with his elbow. And before Ching-Lung or the Eskimo could say "There's 'air," two cold and chilly streams of liquid went dancing up to the roof of the cavern.

Things that go up have a way of coming down again.

That is what the water did. Describing a perfect curve in the air, it caught sight of the fire and the sleeping forms around it. It seemed to know its business was to put out fires, and it determined to show what it could do in that line. Unfortunately, it was a bit short-sighted, for it misjudged the distance, and both torrents descended upon the tired sleepers, and all was howls and hisses and steam.

Then the band played.

"You clumsy idiot!" yelled Ching-Lung. "Turn it off! Turn it off!"

Gan-Waga was utterly aghast at his handiwork, and quite incapable of thought.

"Eh? What dat?" he gasped feebly.

"Turn it off!" howled Ching-Lung. "Turn it off, can't you?"

Gan-Waga was lost. His eyes rolled horribly, and he still squirted water from the nozzle at full pressure. Ching-Lung dropped his own apparatus on the deck, and rushed to disarm the Eskimo. Gan-Waga thought he'd do the same; but he did it so clumsily that he fired about twenty gallons of salt water into Ching-Lung's chest, bowing his Highness over and over like a shot rabbit.

Then, more aghast than ever, Gan-Waga gave a wild squeak of woe and anguish, and leapt overboard.

The row on shore was awful. Some five-and-twenty drenched men were howling for somebody's blood. Both hoses were still in full play. So far, these hoses had had all the play, and scored all the goals. The hissing streams were squirting water over the companion hatch, and, with cannon to right of him, as it were, and cannon to left of him, Ching-Lung sat between the two streams, and swore to have Gan-Waga's life.

What a terrible failure the whole affair had turned out, after promising to be such a glorious success! Gan-Waga had ruined everything. Ching-Lung did not want anyone to see him. The men on shore—how they yelled!—would soon be coming in search of revenge. The one thing to do was to crawl below and hide.

Ching-Lung crawled towards the companion. Then something made him change his mind.

A weird-looking object raised itself above the level of the deck. It was like the head of an enormous owl, whose feathers had been stuck on in the dark, and combed with a garden-rake. "It tripped the edge of the deck with two monstrous feathered claws, and uttered a weary, sobbing cry:

"Ow, murther, murther, murther!" moaned the nightmare of a bird. "U's doicin' Oi am! Where are yez, Tom? Ow, murther, murther! Oi'm doicin'—doicin'—"

Swish!

Ching-Lung whipped up one of the nozzles and fired a deadly shot that made the feathers fly from the head of the O'Rooney bird. O'Rooney dropped back, with a yell and a splash, into the sticky compound he had prepared for Ching-Lung.

And then another uncanny head appeared.

"By hokey," groaned a second pitiful voice, "I'll have yer life for this O'Rooney! A mighty brilliant idea this is, juss' it! I'm all feathers and paste! Oh, I do feel happy! Ow, ow, ow! I'll have yer life, Barry!"

"I guess he's as happy as a bird!" grinned the prince.

"Have a drink, Thomas?"

Prout went back into the tank, washed there by the water so kindly presented to him by Ching-Lung. Barry O'Rooney was in the act of crawling out, when Prout came down with a rush. What happened in that tank during the next sixty seconds can be best imagined.

Ching-Lung did not stay to investigate. Infuriated men with wet clothes, torches, sticks, hard fists, and heavy boots were scouring over the side. Quick as thought, Ching-Lung turned the nozzle upon them to cover his own retreat, and then, gliding away like a snake, he took to the water.

Joe, who led the party, got the benefit of the deluge first. The two streams did great execution, and goaded the avengers to madness. Of course, they imagined that it was done on purpose to keep them back. Dividing their forces, they made three separate attacks, and boarded the O'Rooney vessel.

After a furious struggle in the tank, Barry O'Rooney discovered that Prout was his foe. Somehow they managed to roll out. Then they managed to roll themselves up in the feathers, which clung to them lovingly. Slowly, painfully, sadly, they climbed the ladder, half-blinded and deafened.

And as the two hideous objects stood side by side in the

dim light the boarders gained the deck. They didn't rush forward to carry out their threats. They stopped aghast, staring at the wild phantoms.

"W-wh-what are t-t-they?" stammered Joe.

And a gurgling, helpless, heart-broken voice wailed:

"Ut's—ut's only us!"

"Is it us, Barry? Are—are yer sure?" sobbed another

VOICE.

"At—at l-l-laste, ut was us, Tom."

"By h-hokey, I'd f-f-forgot!" moaned the second spectre.

"T-take me t-to b-bed!"

"Holy earthquakes," yelled Joe, "it's Prout and O'Rooney!"

A mighty roar of laughter filled the cavern. The men fell upon each other's breasts and screamed with mirth. Some of them even rolled on the wet deck, kicking and screaming.

"Good-bye, boys!" said Joe, bending double. "Bury me decently, for this is going to kill me! Ho, ho, ho, ho! The joy is too much! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Ask the birds to whistle to us! Ho, ho, ho! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"T-take me t-to b-bed!" murmured the second spectre. "T-take me h-home!"

When the mirth of the crew and the misery of O'Rooney and his feathered fellow-plotter had reached its height, Rupert clambered upon deck. Honour had told him what was going on, but he staggered against an upright when he saw the spectre. It was quite a minute before he could speak.

"In the name of everything, lads, what's this?"

Nobody could answer him. They needed all their breath to laugh. Rupert seized a torch-stick and prodded the first spectre in the ribs with it.

"Who is it? Who are you?" asked Rupert.

"Oi—Oi don't know, sor!" moaned the phantom. "Oi think ut's me. Oi was ut. I mean ut was Oi, but, be jabbers, Oi can't be sure! Ow, murder! What am Oi ut all?"

"O'Rooney, by Jove!"

"Oi think that's ut!" sighed the phantom, shaking its fearful head. "Oi'm inside somewhere!"

"And who's the other freak?" asked Rupert.

"Oi'm a bird," moaned Prout—"a beautiful bird; but I can't sing to ye, sir, 'cos I fell off the perch and broke me voice. I'm pretty Polly; and don't I wish I could moult!"

Prout's answer, uttered in dismal, dreary tones, added to the shrieks of laughter.

"Oh! I said Rupert." "But what is it all about? How the dickens did you both get into this plight? Pull yourselves together!"

"Back up! Pluck up!" put in Joe.

O'Rooney turned a fishy eye, just visible through the feathers, on the speaker.

"Sure, ut's a pluck up Oi want, isn't it?" Faith, Oi wish somehow would pluck me!"

"Give 'em a bit of chickweed!" suggested a voice from behind.

The suggestion was received with great delight, and at that moment a rich tenor voice was heard chanting:

"Oh, had I the wings of a dickybird,  
How soon would I fly, love, to thee."

The singer was Ching-Lung, and he was singing 'twelve decks. Then the ditty ceased, and Ching-Lung shouted:

"I say, what's this awful mess down here? Who has been playing the giddy goat? Here's a feather bed with a bad puncture, and enough flour to start a bakery!"

And then his voice rang out again:

"Only a little faded flour,  
But it will do to bake;  
Sugar, a raisin, a pinch of salt,  
And that's what we call cake."

"And if this doesn't take the cake I'll eat it all! What a mess!"

Ching-Lung had quietly slipped into his cabin through the porthole, and donned some silk pyjamas. He appeared on deck, yawning and rubbing his eyes as if he had just got out of his bunk.

"Jupiter!" he yelled. "What are they?"

"I give it up, old chap!" said Thurston, laughing.

"Faith, Oi've done that meself long ago!" groaned O'Rooney.

Ching-Lung took a torch from one of the men and examined the two monstrosities. They were both so absolutely subdued and helpless that they could hardly stir. Owing to some chemical in the water, the paste dried very quickly, and they could not bend their knees or arms. They had even forgotten to be angry with each other.

"What does it all mean, Rupert? What's it all about?"

"That's what I can't make out, old chap. Ask them."

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Read the grand new story of the Juniors of St. Jim's, entitled:

"What does it mean, Prout?"

"I don't know, sir!" groaned the monstrosity. "Ax the other bird."

"No, sir," sighed the other bird, "don't ax me! Oi've got croup, Oi think, and me mem'ry's gone. Get yer gun and shoot me, or else lave me to doze. Av there's a kind-hearted gentleman among yez, mought Oi ax him out o' charity to wring me neck?"

"You brace of villains!" laughed Ching-Lung. "Listen, boys, for I'm going to give the whole show away. They intended that little lot for me."

"Shame!" cried several of the men. "Serve 'em right, sir."

"They did, honour bright!" went on Ching-Lung mercilessly. "It was a fine idea, but it wouldn't wash. They mixed a lot of paste in the tank at the bottom of the ladder, and got the feathers ready to drop on me when I got out. The plan was to take away the plank, yell 'Fire!' and see me make a run for it and drop in. But I was there before. A little bird told me."

The listeners went into convulsions.

"Faith," murmured O'Rooney, "av Oi knowed that same bird, Oi'd stop his chirping for a bit!"

"And when I lay hold of Maddock," growled Prout, "I'll be good to him, the traitorous rogue!"

Maddock's absence made Prout certain that he was the betrayer.

"It was not Maddock," said Ching-Lung, whose quick ears had overheard the growl. "Now, boys, what shall we do with them?"

"Wash 'em, sir!" answered Joe.

"Good for you, Joseph! Fetch up the marble bath and scented soap."

"Like a little scent or toilet vinegar in the water, sir?" chuckled the carpenter.

As the saying goes, Joe again brought down the house. Two men seized the hoses, and, regulating the strength, began to play upon the spectres. They were not very gentle; but

Ferrera Lord's men, though they had tender hearts, never handled each other in a kid-gloved way. There were delighted shouts as the feathers began to peel from the legs of the monstrosities. The paste melted, and Tom and Barry felt that they could bend their knees.

They had been waiting for that. Now that they could move, it was high time to go, before the water began to splash round their heads. As a signal, Prout cautiously trod on O'Rooney's toe. The way behind was clear. The water in the lake would remove the feathers much more pleasantly than the hoses.

"Are yez ready, Tom?"

"I am!" whispered Prout.

"Then fly—floy!"

And they flew. Ching-Lung turned on the full strength of the water.

"Mark over!" he shouted, imitating a gamekeeper at a pheasant drive. "Mark brace!"

Joe and his comrades made two elegant shots, and helped the two fugitives overboard in glorious style.

"Gentlemen," went on Ching-Lung, "we will now adjourn. And, gentlemen, as the rain has been heavy, and your clothes are damp, may I invite you to be my guests on shore until you can manage to dry them? Here's the key of the store-room, Joe. Bring a keg of rum, some wine-biscuits, and a pound of tobacco."

Hal Honour and the millionaires were chatting together at their own fire. Ferrera Lord had been informed of the plot, and he was rather pleased than otherwise. Anything that would tend to keep up the spirits of the men was what was needed most.

"I like their rough horseplay, Honour," he said. "They seem enjoying themselves immensely."

Honour shook his head slightly.

"It's not good to let them play tricks upon an officer, sir."

"No, Honour; but, then, Ching-Lung is different in some way. In their hearts they worship him. He is always playing tricks on them. You see, my lads, there are not like others. It is my wish not to have such a gulf between officers and crew. You know the respect of them. And we are all comrades. They would not think of taking a liberty with anyone but Ching-Lung. If he had been the victim of the joke he would have joined in the laugh against himself; but he would not have made them pay dearly for it on another occasion. I hope you like him, Hal. He is very dear to me."

The engineer's eyes twinkled.

"Of course I like him, sir. Who could help it?"

"I'm glad of that. I wonder how it has ended?"

A ringing cheer that told its own story came from the wreck of the Lord of the Skies.

"A DISGRACE TO THE SCHOOL!" In this week's "GEM" Library. Now on Sale.



"Ching-Lung! Ching-Lung! Three cheers for his Highness! Hurrah, hurrah! Hip, hip, hurrah!"  
"On top again!" said the millionaire, smiling. "That is his usual place!"

### An Afternoon Among the Big-eyed Fishes—The Awful Peril of Rupert Thurston—A Moment of Agony.

Poor Argal-Dinjat recovered his senses for about an hour; but even Ferrers Lord could make nothing of the few disjointed sentences that fell from his parched lips. Fever followed, and the Afghan raved and tossed on his bed in wild delirium. Ching-Lung and Ferrers Lord watched him in turns. Their patience and gentleness were wonderful towards the helpless guide. It was necessary to send for water, and Ching-Lung had made every preparation for a huge capture of the big-eyed pike. On the previous night the invalid had been worse, and the millionaire had never left his side.

"Now, old chap," said Ching-Lung, in the morning, "off to bed. I'll look after him."

"No, Ching. You must join the fishing-party. Your heart is set on it."

"If I do, old chap, may I be shot!" answered Ching-Lung. "You're done up. To bed with you!"

"Then shot you will be, unless you go; or, rather, it would be absurd of you to stay here, for I would not let you come near Argal-Dinjat. I am not at all tired. You have my clearance."

It was clear that Ferrers Lord had made up his mind, and experience had taught Ching-Lung that once he did that no argument could influence him. Hal Honour had fitted wheels to one of the smaller water-tanks, and, in spite of the difficulties caused by jutting rocks, they felt confident of returning without accident.

As the airship was well fitted with every kind of appliance for sport, they had not far to look for fishing-tackle. Ching-Lung proudly perched himself on the top of the tank, Prout and Maddock gripped the ropes, and the party set off into the darkness.

The tank held everything, and the men had no weight to carry except the levers they had brought for the purpose of lifting the wheels over any impediment. O'Rooney led a song, and they bellowed out the chorus light-heartedly. Ching-Lung, sitting on the tank, with a lantern tied to his pigtail, piped his whistle, and made them scream by holding funny conversations with imaginary people inside the tank. Maddock, cats and dogs, fish and a hundred other things. He was in one of his brightest moods. He caught fish out of the air, and in some magical way extinguished O'Rooney's torch every five minutes, though O'Rooney was twenty yards ahead of him. He juggled with the torches until he seemed in the centre of a blazing display of fireworks, set his clothes alight, swallowed yards of flame, ate Gan-Waga's helmet, danced a jig on his hands, tied himself into knots, and kept them all in such fits of laughter that the journey seemed nothing.

A cheer greeted the flash of light on the dark water. There was a rush for tackle and bait.

"Now, boys," cried Ching-Lung, "all start fair! Anything I catch, or Mr. Thurston catches, does not count for the prize. In you go, and don't catch 'em all!"

Twenty baits splashed into the water. But where were the fish? A quarter of an hour passed by, but not a solitary nibble rewarded the anglers.

"Oh moight as well fish in a taypot!" growled O'Rooney disgustedly. "Go in and hook 'em on, Gan. A wash wouldn't hurt 'yer!"

"Oh, give 'em a chance!" grinned Prout. "We don't want the poor things pizened!"

"It 'yo' face frightened fishes 'way, Ugly-mug Prout!" said Gan-Waga sadly. "Couldn't stand 'yo' face!"

"Hear, hear!" cried Joe. "That's about the size of it!" Either the fish were not hungry, or they were not there. Not one rose to the surface.

"They've moved, to a certainty," said Ching-Lung, after another ten minutes. "We'll go a bit higher up, and try to find them. Pack your traps. We needn't bring the tank."

They watched the water carefully as they went along, but still without result.

"Gently, boys; there's a bit of a hole here."

It was a gully, some ten feet deep and twenty yards wide. Scattered pools of water appeared here and there, but the water was very shallow. Near the main channel a flat rock led out, and the channel made a wide circle just there, like an S, the gully fitting into its lower curve.

They crossed the gully, and found themselves on what would have been a narrow island had there been a little more water in the gully.

"Oi spoy!" said O'Rooney.

"What 'd'yo spy, Barry?"

"Oi spoy an oie," answered the Irishman, pointing down.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 215.

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

"So do Oi spoy an oie!" chirped Joe; and everyone laughed.

There were two eyes, in fact, staring glassily out of the water, and the two glaring objects were swiftly joined by others. They had found the fish at last.

"We don't want the brutes all in a heap," said Ching-Lung. "It's the light that attracts them, so spread out with your torches. Don't be frightened of catching too many. We'll salt them down sooner than waste any, and take them away with us. Those people in the village will be glad to have 'em, you bet on it!"

In went the baits again, and Maddock yelled as he hooked a beauty. Maddock was not a scientific angler, but he knew the great idea was to land the fish. He gave a wrench that would have pulled the top jaw out of a Greenland whale. The fish left the water with the speed of an arrow, struck Joe in the chest, and knocked him backwards, bounded sideways, and wrapped the line round O'Rooney's neck. And then the pike, feeling outraged and angry, gripped O'Rooney by the ear, and O'Rooney danced and yelled, and called Maddock names.

"How could I help it?" asked Maddock meekly.

"Help ut!" howled O'Rooney. "Help ut, is it? Can't you go fishin' widout half-hangin' a man, and gettin' him chewed to pieces wid sharks? Luk at me ear, yez walkin' loonatic!"

"Yes, it is a good-sized 'un!" said Maddock. "He must ha' took it for dried 'adwick!"

As a tug as O'Rooney's line put an end to matters, for O'Rooney had hooked something worth having. Thurston saw two enormous eyes lower down the channel. They kept rising and vanishing, and the owner of the eyes must have been a monster. The fish seemed more timid than the rest, for it kept away from the light.

Taking his sturdy salmon-rod, Rupert climbed down into the gully. Where the others angled for the "pot" with almost unbreakable lines, Rupert, like a good sportsman, fished with fine tackle, and relied on his skill to do the rest.

He mounted the rock with some difficulty, after wading through a deepish pool. The water was quite warm. The rock was higher than it appeared to be, and he saw that if he hooked the monster it would be a battle royal between them.

"I may want you to bring the raft, Ching!" he shouted.

"I might you 'ere, my boy! Yez've only got to yell out."

Thurston was almost in darkness, for the glow of the torches hardly penetrated so far. The nearest angler to him was Gan-Waga, the only member of the party who did not become excited when he had any luck. Fishing had always been a business with Gan-Waga, not a pastime. And his skill was so great that it had been agreed upon that he could not win the first prize unless he caught three times the weight of fish caught by the most successful of his comrades. By the pile of pike he had already accumulated, the Eskimo seemed sure of winning, and every few minutes added another to the heap.

Never did fish bite so freely. They were ravenous. Ching-Lung was doing something with a canister of gunpowder and a little electric battery. Peering over the rock, Rupert saw the ghostly eyes move upwards, glare feebly at the light, and slowly fade out of view.

He fancied it was growing more misty, but took little notice. He did not see that thin spirals of steam were rising from the little pools. Again the eye appeared. Without a splash the baited pike-hooks sank into the black water. Ching-Lung raised his head and listened. A trembling murmur seemed to fill the cavern.

"A fall of rock somewhere," he thought. "I suppose little landlairs are pretty common in this hole."

He went on with his work of pressing the gunpowder into the canister.

"Pouf!" said Tom Prout. "I've heard 'em call fishin' a cold game; but, by honey, it warms me up!"

O'Rooney wiped his damp forehead. "Bedad, that's thrue!" he answered. "O'm loike a bit o' wet rag. Warm is it? Why, it's bakin' hot! Look how the smoke hangs about!"

It was not the smoke of the torches, but a damp, warm mist. Rupert shouted, and out of the gloom came a mighty splashing and the br-r-r of a reel as the line ran out. He had hooked the monster, and the rod was bent like a bow. Rupert could hardly see the water. The perspiration streamed from him. And then, as if following some common impulse, the whole shoal of pike rushed away.

Again came the murmur. Ching-Lung sprang to his feet.

"What's that?"

The murmur was a roar of angry water, swelling louder and louder.

"Rupert," cried Ching-Lung, "come back! For your life, man, come back!"

NEXT TUESDAY

"THE SCHOOLBOY OUTCAST!"

By FRANK RICHARDS.  
Order Early.

A torrent was pouring down the gully, the air was thick with stifling mist—with steam. The line broke, and Rupert began to descend. His foot touched the pool, and then, with almost a scream, he drew it back. The water was hot—boiling!

And the next moment the torrent was seething round the rock, and hissing into the cool channel. It formed an impassable barrier. Great clouds of steam poured upwards, hiding all.

"Rupert! Rupert!"

"Yes, old chap?" answered Thurston hoarsely.

"Are you all right? Can you breathe?"

"Yes; but this rock is getting like an oven."

He could feel the heat through the thick soles of his boots, and it was increasing. He was becoming dizzy.

In horror the men on the bank gazed at each other. How long would the boiling torrent continue to pour down the gully? Some scalding spring must have burst in the heart of the cavern. It might run for hours, days, months!

"Can you do anything for me, lads? I'm about red-hot!"

His voice sounded weaker. Their own peril was great, but nothing compared with what they could do to the channel which at the present where the gully entered, for it would be a long time before it could grow too hot.

"Hurry up, lads!"

The voice was fainter and weaker still. Rupert was compelled to move from foot to foot.

"Strip off your clothes, and perch on them, old chap!" cried Ching-Lung cheerily. "That'll keep your trillies from scorching. Don't worry. We'll have you out in no time!"

But how? He rushed forward, with a shout, and snatched up the gunpowder.

"Bring the torches!" he shouted. "Come along!"

He started to run along the edge of the gully, the others panting after him. The S-shaped strip of land was quite five hundred yards long. When they caught him up he was hacking at the ground with his knife at a spot where only four yards of solid ground separated the boiling torrent from the cold channel.

There was no time to ask his plan. It was impossible to think that he intended to dig a channel between the two and let the cold water rush into the boiling stream. With spades and pickaxes they might have succeeded in two hours, but their only tools were knives.

"Dig! Dig! Dig!" cried the prince wildly.

Sick at heart, Ching-Lung urged them on to more desperate exertions. The sulphurous steam was strangling them, and stinging their eyes. Had it overpowered Thurston? Had he slipped into the boiling—

No; it was too dreadful, too hideous! The rock was wide and spacious, and its surface like that of a table. Even if Rupert had sunk down fainting, he could scarcely have fallen from the rock. They might save him yet.

"It's deep enough, lads!" he said, in a voice that sounded unlike his own. "Get some big stones."

Ching-Lung sprang into the hole, and with trembling fingers began to attach the wires of the electric battery to the sealed tin of gunpowder.

As they bent over him with white, anxious faces, some of them understood the scheme, and a few feeble cheers were raised. Taking care not to interfere with the wires, earth was thrown into the hole, and beaten down with stones. More earth was added and rammed hard.

"Get back, lads!" said Ching-Lung. "It's an awful risk, but it's life or death. It may fling some of the stones a hundred yards, or bring down tons of the roof. You must swim the creek, and get out of danger. Look after O'Rourke, Gan; and keep your torches going."

"And you, sir?" asked Prout hoarsely.

"I must stay and fire the charge. I've got about twenty yards of wire good. I'll slip into the water and dive to get out of the way. Hurry, lads—hurry! Don't waste an instant!"

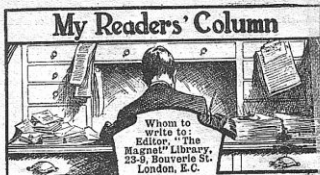
One by one the white-faced men lowered themselves neck-deep into the black water. Swimming with one hand, and holding their glowing torches with the other, they glided into the darkness like a fiery snake. The strain on all was terrible, for they loved Thurston. Ching-Lung was hidden in the hideous steam-fog, but his lamp twinkled faintly.

He paid out the wire to its utmost extent. Only a brief period could have elapsed since the current, heated to scalding-point by some mysterious subterranean fire, had rushed along the gully; but to him it was a lifetime of agony.

He knelt, pressed the little button of the instrument, and then, hurling himself sideways, dived into the water, and swam for his life, with a thought in his heart that almost stopped its beating.

Was he murdering his friend or saving him?

(Another splendid instalment of this grand new serial will appear next week in "The Magnet" Library. Order your copy in advance.)



FOR NEXT TUESDAY.

### "The Schoolboy Outcast,"

as our next week's splendid long, complete tale of Greyfriars is entitled, will prove one of Frank Richards' "extra-specials." The hero of the story is a Jewish lad, new to the great school, who proves his worth in the most conclusive manner by performing a very great service indeed for the revered Head of Greyfriars. The story of this, and of all that leads up to it, makes very interesting and exciting reading indeed; and, of course, Harry Wharton & Co. are not left out. So, to make sure of getting

### "The Schoolboy Outcast"

at the earliest possible moment, take your Editor's advice and

PLEASE ORDER IN ADVANCE!

### How a Chichester Chum Became a Reader.

Here is an interesting letter from E. Lionel H., a chum of mine in Chichester, relating the curious circumstances under which he first became acquainted with what have now become his favourite books.

"Chichester.

"Dear Sir,—I write to tell you how much I enjoy reading 'The Gem' and 'The Magnet'—two delightful books, and I consider them the best on the market.

"I have been a reader of both 'The Gem' and 'The Magnet' for nearly four years, and during that time I have tried my best to swell the number of readers, and I have, I think, been very successful.

"I will tell you how I came to be introduced to your books. At that time I was a pupil at the Grammar School, Portsmouth, and during the day I often had a stroll along the beach. One day I saw a brown-covered book floating on the water, which I pulled out. I dried it, and then started to read it, and became so much engrossed in its pages that, in consequence of having forgotten the time, I was late for school. Still, that troubled me not a little, for I remembered that, if I received detention, I should have 'The Magnet' to while away the time. Since then I have taken in 'The Magnet' regularly, and 'The Gem' also.

"I never tire of reading your books, and often peruse them several times. I had great difficulty in persuading my father and mother to allow them, but when they had read a copy of 'The Gem' they quickly gave their consent to both."

"I'm very pleased to hear it, E. L. H. Of the many stories my readers have sent me describing the manner of their first introduction to their favourite papers, yours is quite one of the most interesting and curious. I am very pleased to have heard from you.

### REPLIES IN BRIEF.

George O'Brien (Paddington).—There is no hard and fast rule by which one can be certain of putting on weight, as some persons are so constituted that no sort of treatment seems to be able to increase their flesh. As a rule, thorough fitness, which implies a certain amount of regular exercise, plenty of good food and a good digestion will do the trick. It is no use eating a great deal of food unless this is digested. Eat slowly, and chew every mouthful well before swallowing.

Nemo (Stoke Newington).—Thank you for your long letter. Your suggestion for a competition is one I have had in mind for some time, and I don't think you will have to wait long to see your excellent idea being carried out, either in 'THE MAGNET' or 'The Gem' Libraries.

"Oldest Reader" (London).—From what you say you must, I think, be certainly one of my oldest readers. The characters you mention are not intended to have any connection with those of the same name which you remember from your letter. I am

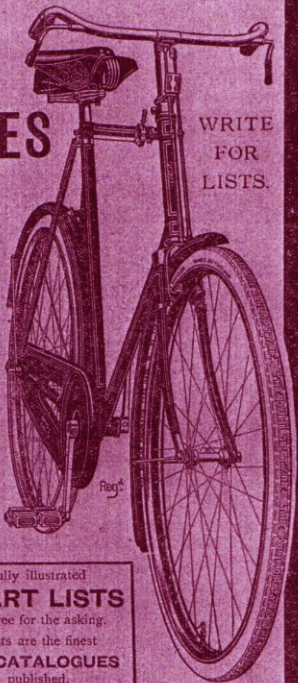
W. J. (West Hartlepool).—Thanks for your letter. I am afraid I cannot promise to introduce such a character as you suggest into the Harry Wharton stories.

THE EDITOR.



# Now's Your Chance, Boys!

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# "THE GEM" LIBRARY FREE CORRESPONDENCE EXCHANGE.

A Popular Feature of the Famous Companion Paper of "The Magnet" Library, by which fellow readers in England and all parts of the British Empire are brought into touch with one another. If you wish to have your name included in this Popular Free Correspondence Exchange, join the ranks of "Gemites," and obtain a chum to write to. Start to-day by giving your newsagent an order for this week's issue of "The Gem" Library. Price One Penny.

## CORRESPONDENTS WANTED.

Miss Ruby Quinn, of 202, Goulburra Street, Sydney, Australia, wants a boy or girl correspondent, age 13 or 14 years old, with whom she can also exchange stamps.

C. Martin, of 27, Huntsworth Terrace, Marylebone, London, W., wishes to correspond with another Gemite, of either sex, living in the country.

Miss H. Hodgson, of 161, Providence Road, Walkley, Sheffield, wishes to correspond with a boy reader of THE GEM who lives in Whitwood Mere, near Castleford, and whose age is 17.

Miss L. Churchill, of 1, Gordon Road, Centennial Park, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia, wishes to correspond with a boy or girl reader in England.

C. Myall, of 33, Laburnum Cottages, Grosvenor Road, Aldershot, wishes to correspond with a young lady reader, age 18, of THE GEM.

A. H. Roberts, of 55, Francis Street, Collingwood, Victoria, Australia, wishes to correspond with a boy or girl reader, age 14-16.

H. A. Webber, of 3, Canonbury Grove, Canonbury, London, N., would like to correspond with a girl reader, age 19, who lives in London.

Miss E. Thurland, 37, Gladstone Buildings, Willow Street, Finsbury, E.C., wishes to correspond with a British boy reader of THE GEM whose age is 15.

W. E. A. Sergeant, of 335, Whitehorse Road, West Croydon, Surrey, wishes to correspond with a boy reader, about 14 or 15 years of age, living in Newcastle-on-Tyne or West Ham.

P. Bradbury, jun., age 17, of 83, Harris Street, St. Helens, Lancs., wishes to correspond with a girl reader of THE GEM of about the same age.

D. R. Betts, of V. Princes Street, Queen Square, Bath, age 15, would like to correspond with Gemites of either sex in England.

F. Steffen, of 89, Mansford Buildings, Bethnal Green, London, wishes to correspond with a young lady reader, age 17-18.

E. Galliani, c/o H. S. Cropper & Co., Great Alfred Street, Nottingham, wishes to correspond with a girl reader of THE GEM and "The Magnet."

Miss C. David, of 43, Albert Road, Chatham, Kent, would like to correspond or exchange postcards with any other reader.

E. Brunsall, of 2, Lendon Terrace, Tenby, S. Wales, wishes to correspond with other Gemites.

R. Parson, 213, Elm Grove, Brighton, wishes to correspond with a girl reader, age about 18.

S. Ashton, of 22, New Street, Dodworth, near Barnsley, would like to correspond with a lady reader living either in Sheffield or Liverpool, age 29 years.

H. E. Hall, 9, Nelson Place, Ryde, Isle of Wight, would like to correspond with a girl Gemite, age 18.

W. Love, c/o W. & S. Fletcher, lace manufacturers, Asmaston Road, Derby, England, would like to correspond with a boy or girl reader in either Australia, Canada, or South Africa.

G. Stanley Townsend, of 18, Russell Terrace, Cross Park, Saltash, Cornwall, would like to correspond with a boy or girl reader, age about 15.

A. Taylor, age 15, of 107, Church Street, Eccles, Lancs., would like to correspond with a reader who is interested in cycling.

S. Sparling, of Mount Street, Diss, Norfolk, would like to correspond with a girl reader of THE GEM, age 17-19.

H. L. Rea, of 30, Alexandra Road, Edgbaston, would like to correspond with a boy or girl reader living in Birmingham district.

E. Wilkens, of 3, Crown Villas, St. Margaret's, near Ware, Herts., would like to exchange postcards or photographs with a girl reader between the age of 18 and 19.

F. C. Hanglin, of Four Locks, Stewpony, near Stourbridge, wishes to correspond with a girl or boy Gemite, age about 13.

W. Griffith, of 59, High Street, Aldgate, London, E., wishes to correspond with a girl reader whose age is not less than 17.

F. Edwards, of 186, Caledonian Road, Islington, N., wishes to correspond with a reader living in the district of High-bury, N.

J. F. Sawyer, age 15, P.O. Box No. 835, Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada, would like to correspond with a girl reader, age about 15-16.

G. Bensberg, of 7, Electric Parade, Seven Sisters Road, Holloway, N., London, wishes to exchange postcards with any boy or girl reader.

B. C. Pridie, age 17, of 145, Inverness Place, Rath Park, Cardiff, would be pleased to correspond with a girl reader in any part of the world.

S. H. Eason, of 3, Kensington Terrace, Mullis, Plymouth, wishes to correspond with a reader of THE GEM who lives outside the British Isles, and who can speak Esperanto, age between 14 and 15 years.

Would any girl reader of THE GEM or "The Magnet" Libraries, age about 15 or 17, care to correspond with E. E. Tuller? Please address letters to 133, Albion Hill, Brighton, Sussex.

Miss M. McCarthy, of 15, Grattan Street, Cork, wishes to correspond with a boy chum living in England.

Harry J. Jackson, of 4, Aggle, near Johannesburg, Transvaal, South Africa, would be glad if any girl or boy reader, age 18, would write to him.

B. Mortimer, of 325, Queen Street, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada, would like to correspond with a girl reader about 14 or 17 years old.

V. C. Hardacre, age 14, of Ashleigh House, Highbridge, Somerset, would like to correspond with boy readers of THE GEM and "The Magnet."

Miss R. Butt, age 16, of 11, Henrietta Villas, Bath, would like to correspond with a boy reader, age about 16 or 17, living in England.

H. E. Rodnie, of Coronation House, 4, Lloyd's Avenue, London, E.C., would like a girl reader of THE GEM or "The Magnet" to correspond with him.

J. C. Coats, of Brookmole Avenue, Alphonson, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, wishes to correspond with a reader living in England.

W. A. Lane, of No. 6, Block 5, Ebenezer Buildings, Rotherfield Street, Islington, London, N., would be very pleased to hear from any other readers of THE GEM.

H. M. O'Donoghue, age 17, of H.M. Prison, Derry, Ireland, would like to correspond with readers of either sex of THE GEM or "The Magnet" living in England or India.

W. Green, Normandy, near Guildford, Surrey, would like to correspond with a boy or girl reader of THE GEM, age between 14 and 15.

S. Miller, of Lenden Heath Post-office, near Colchester, Essex, would like to correspond with a girl reader, age 17.

## A FEW POINTS ABOUT THE CORRESPONDENCE EXCHANGE.

(1) This Exchange is FREE to all readers of "The Gem" Library. It is only necessary to send to the Editor of "The Gem" Library, 23-9, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C., your full name and address (this is important) together with particulars of correspondent required, and your request will be published in due course.

(2) Readers wishing to correspond with advertisers in "The Gem" are requested to write to them direct, as no correspondence on behalf of readers can be undertaken by this office.

(3) Readers writing to would-be correspondents and receiving no answer are requested to bear in mind the world-wide popularity of the Exchange, which is such that in some cases Advertisers have received so many (often from 100 to 600) replies that they were utterly unable to reply to all.

(4) Owing to the fact that we go to press some time in advance, and to the large number of readers who take advantage of the Exchange, no undertaking can be given that any request will be published in any particular number, each advertisement being dealt with in its proper turn.

(5) No requests for correspondents can be published in the Exchange that do not bear the actual signature of the applicant. Every reader must apply for himself and sign his own request.