

# "HARRY WHARTON'S WIN!"

A Splendid, New, Long, Complete School Tale.



**Miss Frank Nugent and Miss Bob Cherry**  
**Surprise Their Partners.** (An exciting incident in our long, complete tale inside.)

**'THE BOYS' FRIEND' 3<sup>d</sup>. Library**

**is still**

**THE BEST LIBRARY.**

*The December numbers are still obtainable at all newsagents'. Ask to see them. The complete stories ∴ appeal to readers of all ages ∴.*

*Covers beautifully printed in*

*∴ ∴ colours ∴ ∴*

6/6 each



**The "LORD ROBERTS" TARGET PISTOL.**

Beautifully plated and finished. May be carried in the pocket. Will kill birds and rabbits up to 50 yards. Noiseless Ball Cartridges, 9d. per 100. Shot, 1/6 per 100. 100 birds or rabbits may be killed at a cost of 9d. only. Send for list. CROWN GUN WORKS, 8, Whittall Street, BIRMINGHAM.

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



**TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL.**

Packed Free. Carriage Paid. No deposit required.

**MEAD Coventry Flyers.**

Warranted 15 Years. Puncture-Resisting or Dunlop Tyres, Brooks' Saddles, Coasters, Speed-Gears, &c.

**£2.15s. to £6.19s. 6d.**

Win Cycling's Century Competition Gold Medal.

Shop-soiled and Second-hand Cycles, from 15/-

Write for **Free Art Catalogue**, Motor Cycle List, and Special Offer. Rider Agents Wanted.

**MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. 44A**

11 Paradise St., Liverpool.

**64 CONJURING TRICKS** 57 Joke Tricks, 60 Puzzles, 60 Games, 12 Love Letters, 420 Jokes, 17 Complete Stories, 50 Money-making Secrets (worth £20), and 1,000 more stupendous attractions, 7d. lot.—J. HUGHES & CO., 105, MICHAEL'S, SHREWSBURY. 26 Screaming Comic Postcards, 6d.

The

EVERY  
FRIDAY.

**1<sup>d</sup> POPULAR**

**NOW ON SALE!**

Contains a Long, Complete Story of

**SEXTON BLAKE, DETECTIVE,**

A Splendid, Long, Complete School Tale of

**TOM MERRY & Co. AT ST. JIM'S,**

And a Thrilling, Complete Adventure Story of

**JACK, SAM, & PETE.**

**BUY A COPY TO-DAY.**

# The Magnet Library

A Companion Paper to  
"THE GEM" LIBRARY  
and  
"THE PENNY POPULAR."

NEXT MONDAY'S STORY:

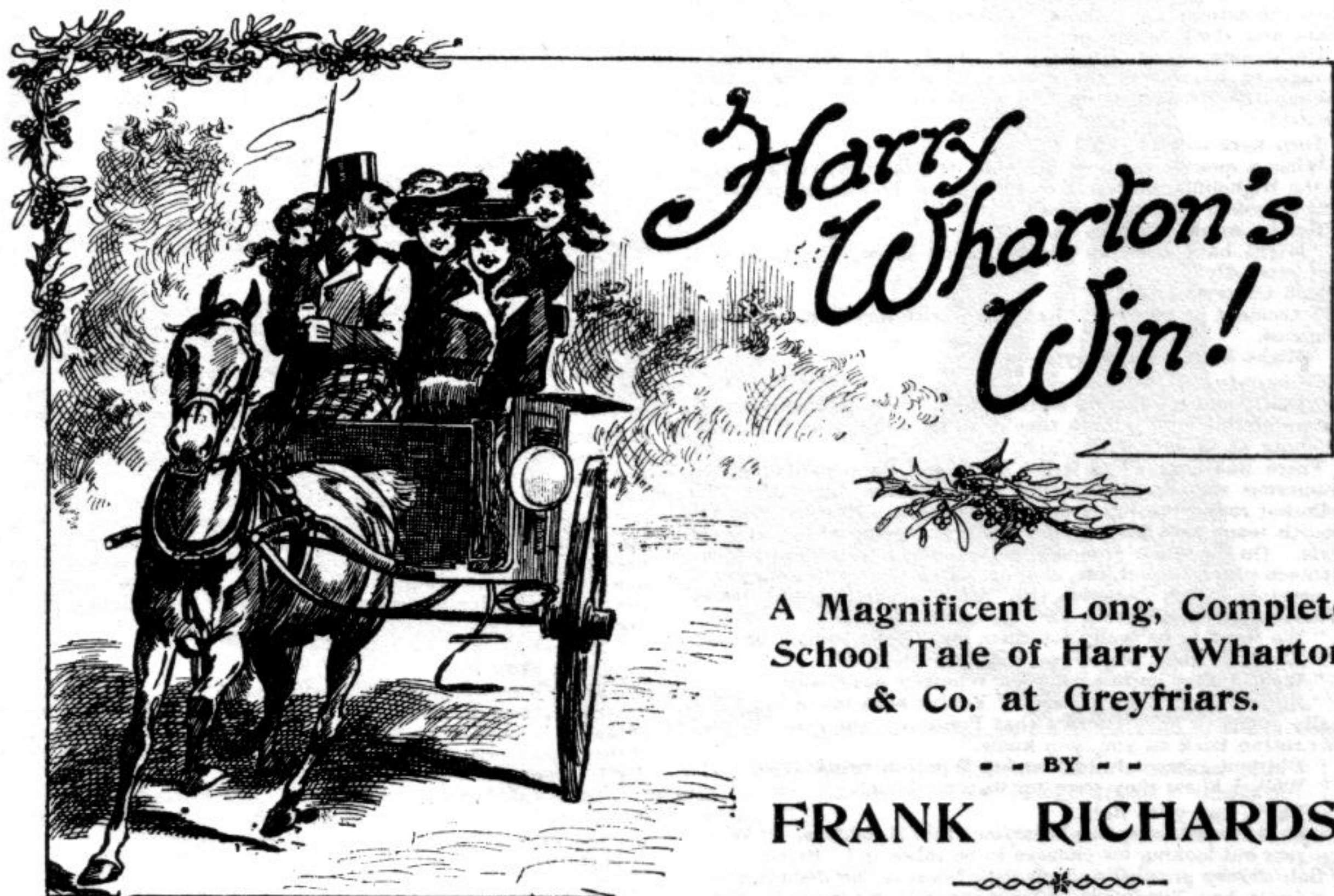
## THE GREYFRIARS PANTOMIME!

A Splendid New, Long, Complete School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co., by **FRANK RICHARDS.**

Order Your Copy Early.

A Complete School Story Book, attractive to All Readers.

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



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

- - BY - -

**FRANK RICHARDS.**

### THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Done!

"CHRISTMAS, you know——"

"Bosh!"

"But——"

"Oh, rats!"

"My dear Bob——"

"Br-r-r-r-r!" said Bob Cherry.

And that settled it.

Harry Wharton & Co. were in football garb on the junior footer ground at Greyfriars—waiting! The rest of the Remove eleven were there—waiting! Round the ground there was a considerable crowd of Greyfriars fellows—all waiting!

Half-past two had struck from the old clock-tower of Greyfriars! Kick-off had been timed for half-past two, for the days were drawing in very much, and it was necessary to begin early. But there was no sign yet of the opposing team. The eleven were looking worried and angry, and the crowd of fellows who had come to see the match were beginning to make remarks. Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove, looked most worried of all. For he had fixed up that match with the Highcliffe eleven, against the wishes of most of his comrades, and he was responsible. And Wharton, as well as the other fellows, was beginning to suspect that Highcliffe had been simply "pulling their leg," and did not mean to turn up for the match.

"You knew jolly well what a set of cads they are!" said Johnny Bull wrathfully. "We've played matches with them before. Once they mobbed us on their own ground. Once they kept away some of our men from the game. We chucked playing them because they wouldn't play the game. And now——"

"Well, you see——" said Wharton feebly.

"Oh, rot!"

"Faith, and that's what I think intirely," said Micky Desmond. "Rot! It's all Wharton's fault!"

"Yes, rather!"

"They may come yet," said Harry. "You know, they never are on time——"

"There goes a quarter to three!"

"Br-r-r-r!"

"Go down to the gates, some of you, and see if they're coming," said Harry Wharton desperately.

Two or three juniors ran off towards the school gates. The footballers, who were all ready to play, remained standing in a group, making remarks. And their remarks were very complimentary to their captain.

They had reason to be exasperated.

Relations had always been strained between the two schools, Greyfriars and Highcliffe.

The juniors of Highcliffe had always failed to "play the

game" in their various contests with the Greyfriars juniors. At one time the Greyfriars Remove—the Lower Fourth—had had regular fixtures with Highcliffe, but they had all been scratched now. And when Ponsonby, of Highcliffe Fourth, came over to fix up a match again, nearly everybody had been down on the idea.

But Ponsonby was eloquent. He said he was sorry there had been trouble, and that there had doubtless been faults on both sides. He said that Christmas-time was just coming, and that it was a time to bury the hatchet and establish general good feeling. And how could that be done better than by fixing up a football-match. He wanted to bring his team over and play Greyfriars, and make a fresh start, as it were.

Most of the fellows had been suspicious. They knew Ponsonby. They knew that there was something "on;" either Ponsonby had some specially good players for once in his team, or else he had some trick he intended playing on the Greyfriars fellows. But Harry Wharton, who was usually as keen as anybody, had allowed Ponsonby to talk him over, and the match was arranged.

That Ponsonby & Co. of Highcliffe had some "dodge" they intended to work off on the Greyfriars team nearly everybody felt certain.

But no one had suspected that even the Highcliffians would have the astounding "check" to arrange a match with Greyfriars and then decline to come.

Half-holidays, as Nugent remarked, were not common enough to be wasted for nothing. On this particular half-holiday the Remove team had prepared for the match—and waited!

They were still waiting!

When a quarter to three tolled out, and there was still no sign of the Highcliffians, even Harry Wharton had to acknowledge that it looked very much like a jape.

But he would not give in yet!

"Might have been an accident, you know," he suggested, half heartedly.

Bob Cherry snorted.

"Accident be blown!" he replied, with more emphasis than elegance.

"Might have been delayed——"

"Oh, rats!"

"Faith, and it's fooling us they are!" said Micky Desmond. "Sure at this very minute they're in their study at Highcliffe, laughing at us intirely."

There was a growl of wrath from the Remove footballers. Humorous remarks were being made by the fags who had collected round the ropes to see the match. Near at hand the Fourth team were playing the Shell, and going ahead in great style. On the senior ground there was also a match in progress. Remove players stood idle, chafing. Bob Cherry had suggested a practice match between two Remove elevens, but Harry Wharton shook his head.

"We want to be ready for them when they come," he said.

"Rot! If they come, you mean."

"Well, if they come!" agreed Wharton pacifically.

"Bosh!" said Tom Brown. "You've been taken in! You really ought to have guessed that Ponsonby was going to play this rotten trick on you, you know."

"Did you guess it?" demanded Wharton wrathfully.

"Well, I knew they were up to something."

"Faith, and ye're right."

"So did we all, excepting Wharton," said Hazeldene. "Wharton goes out looking for chances to be taken in! Br-r-r-r!"

Bob Cherry growled and glanced towards the distant gates.

"Sister Ann, Sister Ann, do you see anyone coming?" called out Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, laughing. Vernon-Smith was not in the team, so he did not mind.

Coker of the Fifth strolled down to the football ground, and bestowed curious glances upon the Remove players.

"Ain't you fellows afraid of catching cold, standing about and doing nothing?" asked Coker. "Why don't you play?"

"Team hasn't turned up," said Wharton, flushing.

"My hat! What's the team?"

"Highcliffe!"

Coker chuckled.

"Ha, ha, ha! They're pulling your leg!"

"Look here, don't you come cackling here like a wheezy old hen!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, exasperated. "Buzz off!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Coker. "They're making asses of you, you know! You really ought to have been up to that, you know. Ha, ha—yarooooooh!"

Coker left off laughing all of a sudden as three or four of the exasperated footballers rushed upon him and collared him.

"Bump him!" roared Bob Cherry. "It will pass the time, anyway!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bump!

"Yaroo!" roared Coker. "Ow! Oh! Chuck it! Yah!"

Bump!

Coker rolled over on the ground and sat up dazedly.

"Ow! You cheeky young sweeps! Groo! I'll—I'll——"

"Collar him!" yelled Bob Cherry.

Coker sprang up and fled. It was not exactly dignified for a Fifth Former to flee from Remove juniors; but Coker did not want any more bumping. He stood not upon the order of his going, but went at once, to borrow an expression from Shakespeare.

Bob Cherry, somewhat relieved in his feelings by the bumping of Horace Coker, glanced up at the clock-tower.

"Five minutes to three!" he growled. "I suppose you don't still think they are coming, do you, Wharton, you champion ass."

"Well, we'll give them till three o'clock," said Harry Wharton. "If they don't come by then, and we don't get word from them, we'll take it that they are fooling us!"

"We jolly well know that they're fooling us!" growled Frank Nugent. "The cheek of it! When I meet Ponsonby again——"

Harry Wharton's eyes gleamed.

"I know I'm to blame over this," he said. "You needn't rub it in. Ponsonby took me in with his gas about making it up because of Christmas-time, and that rot. But it was a rotten caddish thing to do, and I really don't feel ashamed of being taken in by a rotten dodge like that. But look here, it comes to this—they've challenged us to a match this afternoon, and we've accepted; and they haven't turned up——"

"And they're not going to turn up!" growled Frank Nugent.

"Well, if they don't turn up by three——"

"Well, what then?" asked half a dozen voices.

"Then we'll go over to Highcliffe, and make them play the match there," said Harry Wharton, setting his teeth. "They've fixed up the match, and made us look asses by not coming; but if we tackle them on their own ground, and make them play, the laugh will be on the other side, I think. What do you fellows say?"

"My hat!"

"Great Scott!"

"There'll be a row if we invade them!"

"Faith, and it's an illigant idea intirely!" yelled Micky Desmond; "and it's a broth of a boy ye are, Wharton darling. If they won't play we'll thrash them, and sure that will be better still! Hurray!"

"There may be a row and a tussle," said Harry Wharton. "I don't care! They're not going to play a trick like this on us without paying for it! Are you fellows game?"

There was a shout from the Remove footballers.

"Yes, rather!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Then if they don't come by three——"

One! two! three! The hour sounding from the old clock-tower interrupted Wharton. Penfold of the Remove came back from the gates.

"There's no sign of them on the road," he said.

"They're not coming!" said Bob Cherry.

Wharton's eyes flashed.

"Then we're going!" he said. "Follow me!"

"Hurray!"

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Unexpected Visitors!

"PASS the cigarettes!"

"Here you are, Pon!"

"I wonder how they're getting on at Greyfriars!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Ponsonby of the Fourth was standing a feed in his study at Highcliffe. Ponsonby's study was a large room, and it was crowded. Ponsonby was reclining elegantly in an armchair, and Vavasour was sitting on the table, and Gadsby stood leaning on the mantelpiece, lighting a cigarette. Ponsonby & Co. allowed themselves these little indulgences, which they imitated from their elders in the Sixth Form of Highcliffe. Ponsonby & Co.

## "THE GEM" LIBRARY FREE CORRESPONDENCE EXCHANGE COUPON.

M

255

To be enclosed, with coupon taken from page 2, GEM No. 255, with all requests for correspondents. This may only be used by readers in Australia, New Zealand, Africa, Canada, India, or other of our Colonies.

See Page 27. "The Gem" Library. Number 255.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 255.

"THE GEM" LIBRARY  
—Every Wednesday—

II

OUR COMPANION PAPERS

II

"THE PENNY POPULAR"  
—Every Friday—



"Wharton!" "Sorry sir," gasped Harry Wharton, "but I can't help it—ha, ha, ha—Loder's such a silly ass—ha, ha, ha!" "Who is this—this lady?" thundered Mr. Quelch. "N-N-N-Nugent, sir!" laughed Harry. (See chapter 12.)

prided themselves upon being "dogs"; and their doggishness was chiefly shown in smoking cigarettes in their studies, and even in the quad; and Ponsonby had even been known to have champagne on the table at his study feeds.

Ponsonby passed round his gold cigarette case, and the young rascals all lighted up, feeling very doggish indeed as they did so.

"Half-past three," said Merton, with a yawn. "I should imagine that the Greyfriars bounders have given us up by this time!"

"They must be getting chilly, if they're still waiting in their footer rig," remarked Gadsby.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Jolly good jape of ours, Pon," said Vavasour. "Rather a lesson to the cads, too! They had the cheek to scratch all their fixtures with us!"

"Cheeky cads!" said Monson.

"My hat!"

Gadsby uttered that exclamation suddenly. From where he stood leaning on the mantelpiece, he had a view through the window into the quadrangle. He started, and strode nearer to the window, staring out into the quad. with an expression of amazement on his face.

"What's the row?" asked Vavasour.

"Visitors!"

"Eh! Who are they?"

"Greyfriars!"

"What!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 255.

A Grand, Long Complete School Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars next Monday.

Ponsonby & Co. were upon their feet in a moment. The Highcliffians crowded round the study window.

"My only aunt!" exclaimed Ponsonby. "Harry Wharton & Co. They've come here!"

"Phew!"

"What cheek!"

The Highcliffians gazed down from the window. There was no doubt about it; there were eleven Removites of Greyfriars with overcoats on over their football garb, and there were several other fellows in Etons with them. The Remove eleven had come over to Highcliffe; and as the Highcliffe juniors gazed down in surprise from the window, the Greyfriars crowd passed out of sight into the porch below.

Ponsonby burst into a sudden laugh.

"Great Scott! They think it's a mistake—and they've come over to see us about it!" he exclaimed. "The innocent ducks!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Let 'em come!" grinned Gadsby. "We'll talk to 'em!"

"Absolutely!" grinned Vavasour.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a sound of many footsteps in the passage without. Harry Wharton knew the way to Ponsonby's study. He had been over to Highcliffe before, on visits of a more or less friendly nature.

Knock!

"Here they are!"

**"THE GREYFRIARS PANTOMIME!"** Please order your copy of "THE MAGNET" Library in advance.

"Leave the talking to me!" whispered Ponsonby. "I'll rot 'em! Come in!" he called out.

The door opened.

Harry Wharton & Co. appeared. Wharton entered the study, and behind him came Bob Cherry and Frank Nugent, and Johnny Bull, and Tom Brown, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, and the rest of the Greyfriars fellows crowded round the doorway.

Ponsonby bowed politely to his guests.

"Glad to see you, my dear fellows!" he drawled. "Had a nice walk over?"

"I really hope you enjoyed your walk over," said Gadsby.

"It's nice weather for walking, isn't it?"

"Absolutely!" smiled Vavasour.

"If you're tired, please sit down," went on Ponsonby.

"There aren't any more chairs to go round, but the floor is free to everybody. All who can't find room on the floor are welcome to sit down in the passage."

Harry Wharton coughed. There was a blue haze of cigarette smoke in the study. His cough made the doggish Highcliffians smile.

"Not accustomed to smoking?" asked Ponsonby airily.

"No good offering you a fag, I suppose?"

"No," said Wharton. "We haven't come over here to play the giddy ox, and we want to keep our wind to play footer."

"Playing footer to-day?" asked Ponsonby.

"Yes."

"Good. Where are you playing?"

"Here!"

Ponsonby looked surprised.

"Not playing our seniors, are you?" he inquired.

"No; the juniors."

"Us!"

"Yes, you!"

Ponsonby shook his head.

"A mistake somewhere," he said softly; "we're not playing to-day. I'm standing a little feed to a few friends. I'd ask you to join in it, only we're rather particular what company we keep."

And the Highcliffians chuckled.

The Greyfriars fellows looked very grim. But they controlled their tempers; they waited for Harry Wharton to give the word before they made hay of the Highcliffians.

"You challenged us to a footer match this afternoon," said Wharton, with ominous quietness. "You didn't turn up!"

Ponsonby affected to start.

"By jove! so I did, now I think of it!" he exclaimed.

"Quite forgot the matter, 'pon my word! So many engagements, you know."

"Don't tell lies," said Wharton grimly.

"Ponsonby started—in earnest this time—and his eyes gleamed.

"What's that?" he exclaimed.

"Plain English!" said Wharton. "You came over and talked me into giving you a match, with rotten lies about looking over old troubles because it was Christmas-time. You were pulling my leg all the time, and you never intended to come over and play."

Ponsonby yawned.

"Well, what have you got to say?" asked Wharton.

"Eh! Pass me the matches, Gaddy."

"Certainly," said Gadsby.

Ponsonby lighted a fresh cigarette.

"Well, have you got anything to say?" asked the captain of the Greyfriars Remove, still very quietly.

"Eh? I didn't notice what you were saying," said Ponsonby.

"Perhaps you won't mind saying it all over again from the beginning."

And the Highcliffians chuckled joyously. Ponsonby certainly had never been in a more richly humorous vein; and he was pulling the leg of the visitor in the most approved way. It did not occur to the Highcliffians that leg-pulling might turn out as dangerous a pastime as twisting the lion's tail.

"I haven't come here to listen to your funny remarks," said Wharton grimly. "You have no excuse to make. You have played a caddish trick on us."

"Quite eloquent, ain't he?" yawned Ponsonby. "Close the door after you when you go, will you, Wharton?"

"I'm not going yet. You challenged us to a footer match this afternoon; and as you haven't come over to Greyfriars to play, we've come over here."

"My dear chap," said Ponsonby patiently, "we're not going to play. We don't want to play with you. You're not good enough. Would you mind getting out of my study now? I'm tired of the pleasure of your conversation."

"You heard what I said," said Wharton calmly. "You're going to play that match—not because we want to play footer with a set of cads and duffers, but because we're not going to be done. Are you ready?"

"Ha, ha! No! We're not playing to-day."

"You refuse?"

"Yes, rather."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 255.

"THE GEM" LIBRARY  
—Every Wednesday—



OUR COMPANION PAPERS



"THE PENNY POPULAR"  
—Every Friday—

"Absolutely," said Vavasour.

"Very well." Harry Wharton turned to his followers "Come in, you chaps, and close the door!"

The Greyfriars fellows crowded into the study. Ponsonby jumped up.

"What do you mean?" he shouted. "What do you mean by forcing yourself into my quarters? Get out, or I'll call the school porter to chuck you out!"

"Your porter would have his hands full, chucking out fifteen chaps who know how to use their hands," said Frank Nugent, with a chuckle. "I should be sorry for your porter if he started."

"You—you hooligans!" roared Ponsonby. "Get out, I tell you! Have you come over here to make a row?"

Wharton nodded coolly.

"Exactly," he said. "You're going to play the footer match with us, or else we are going to give you a hiding all round, in your own quarters."

"Wha-a-at!" Ponsonby's jaw dropped.

"Get inside, you fellows, and lock the door!"

"Chuck them out!" shouted Gadsby, clenching his fists.

"Come on!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "We're waiting to be chucked out. Longing for it, in fact. Yearning for it! Pile in, Gaddy, old man!"

Gadsby did not pile in. The Highcliffe fellows, with all their smiles gone, stared blankly at the invaders as they crowded into the study. Ponsonby was pale with rage and terror. He did not know what to do; and as he stood in doubt and hesitation, the Greyfriars juniors crammed themselves into the study in warlike array.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Ponsonby Yields to Persuasion!

"INSIDE all!" said Harry Wharton.

"Yes, rather!"

"Pile in, you chaps!"

There was hardly room in Ponsonby's study for so many. But the juniors from Greyfriars made room. They shoved the Highcliffians out of the way with vigour and freedom, and gave the table a twist that sent it reeling into the firegrate. There was a crash of breaking crockery, and a fizz of flame as a heap of cigarettes fell into the glowing coals. The Highcliffe juniors crowded back towards the window, barred off from the door by the ranks of the invaders.

The Greyfriars Removites wedged themselves in, and the door was shut, and Bolsover turned the key in the lock.

Ponsonby clenched his hands furiously.

"Do you know that you're breaking the law, in shoving yourselves in here without permission?" he yelled.

"I shouldn't wonder," assented Wharton cheerfully. "Now, are you going to play that footer match?"

"No!" roared Ponsonby.

"Very well! Collar the cads!"

The Greyfriars juniors surged forward. Ponsonby and Gadsby and one or two more of the more warlike Highcliffians began to struggle, while Vavasour and Monson put their heads out of the window and yelled for help.

"Sit on 'em!" said Bob Cherry.

Bob Cherry grasped Vavasour by the ears and dragged him back from the window. Monson was jerked back by the collar and thrown upon the floor. There were six or seven of the Highcliffians, and they could not have held their own against an equal number of Removites from Greyfriars. With the odds against them, they were "downed" in a very short time. And a Greyfriars junior sat upon each of them, pinning him down.

"Got 'em!" said Nugent cheerily.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Lemme gerrup!" shrieked Ponsonby. "I—I'll complain to your headmaster about this! I'll have you flogged—I'll have you sacked! Ow!"

## SANDOW'S BOOK FREE!

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

### SPECIAL OFFER.

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

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

"Ow—absolutely—yow!" stuttered Vavasour.

"Are you going to play that footer match?"

"No!"

"Sure?" asked Wharton politely.

"Yes, hang you! Help!"

"Don't let them yelp," said Harry Wharton. "We don't want all Highcliffe buzzing round us like a swarm of wasps. Bang their nappers on the floor if they yelp."

"Right-ho!"

"Ow! Help! Grooooooooooh!"

Bump!

Ponsonby's head came into violent contact with the carpet. It was a nice soft Turkey carpet, for Ponsonby's tastes in furnishing were luxurious. But it did not soften the concussion very much. Ponsonby gave a yell of anguish.

"Yaroooooh!"

"Better shut up," suggested Bob Cherry.

"Yow! Ow! Help!"

Bump!

"Yah! Oh, leave off, you demon!"

"Better ring off, then."

Ponsonby rang off. So did the others. They began to understand that the Greyfriars fellows were in deadly earnest, and did not mean to take half measures.

"Going to play that match?" repeated Wharton.

"Ow! Hang you! No!"

"This is where we persuade you, then."

Harry Wharton picked up a dish of butter from the carpet, and took a spoon, and mixed an allowance of soot from the chimney into the butter. Then he bent over Ponsonby, who was lying helpless, with Bob Cherry sitting astride of his chest. Ponsonby watched him, with eyes wide open, in apprehension.

"All serene," said Wharton reassuringly. "I'm only going to anoint you."

"I—I—I— Groo!"

Wharton ladled the sooty butter upon Ponsonby's features. The captain of the Highcliffe Fourth writhed and struggled and squirmed frantically.

"Groo-ooo-ooo!"

"Better keep your mouth shut," suggested Wharton. "You may get some of this stuff in it."

"Ow! Ow! Help!" yelled Ponsonby. "Groo-oh-grug!"

"I told you so! Better have kept your mouth shut."

"Groo-groo-grug!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a knock at the study door, and the handle was tried. A voice called through the keyhole.

"What's the row, Pon?"

"It's all right," called out Harry Wharton. "Ponsonby is entertaining visitors. We're getting on nicely. Don't trouble."

"Groo-groo-grug!"

"Sounds as if you're choking," said the voice through the keyhole.

"It's all right. Ponsonby is very fond of the butter, and he's making a beast of himself. That's all."

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

"Help!" yelled Vavasour.

Bump!

"Yaroooooop!"

The footsteps of the inquirer outside were heard retreating. Bob Cherry whistled.

"We shall have a crowd of 'em here soon," he remarked.

"Never mind; the door's locked."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Are you going to play that footer match, Ponsonby?"

"Groo-hooh! No!"

"Have some more, then!"

Butter and soot had reduced Ponsonby's face to a really frightful appearance. Soot and butter were making his collar and tie and his hair and his ears fearfully sticky. The Highcliffe juniors' captain shuddered with horror.

"Groo! You beasts! Ow! Yah! Oh!"

"Are you going to play that footer match?" asked Wharton patiently.

"Groo! No! Oh!"

"Obstinate cad!" said Nugent. "Butter and soot are no good. You will have to lick him. Better give him beans before we have all Highcliffe here."

"Faith, and ye're right," grinned Micky Desmond. "We can't go away without giving the spalpeens a licking, Wharton, darling."

"Righto!" said Harry. "Let them get up. There are seven of them. Seven of you chaps can tackle them; the rest get back out of the way. We'll give the cads fair play, though they've never given it to us."

"Hear, hear!"

The Highcliffians were released. The Greyfriars juniors crowded back to the door and the window, leaving the middle of the room to Ponsonby and Co. Ponsonby staggered to his feet, gouging desperately at the sticky mass on his face.

Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, Frank Nugent, Tom Brown, Mark Linley, Hurree Singh, and Bolsover major stood forth to encounter the Highcliffe fellows man to man. But Ponsonby and Co. were not heroes. They would almost as soon have

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 255.

A Grand, Long Complete School Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars next Monday.

THE GREYFRIARS PANTOMIME I

EVERY MONDAY, The "Magnet" LIBRARY.

ONE PENNY.

tackled the whole Greyfriars crowd as the seven champions by themselves.

"Get out of my study!" shrieked Ponsonby.

"We're going to lick you."

"Get outside!"

"Are you ready?" asked Wharton grimly.

"We won't fight you!" shrieked Monson. "Fighting's low!"

"Absolutely!" gasped Vavasour.

"Not so low as telling lies," said Wharton; "and you don't seem to think it low when you get a chance of tackling us two to one. Anyway, you're going to fight, or be licked—or else play that footer match."

"We won't!"

"Get out!"

"Help!"

There was knocking on the door now and a buzz of voices in the passage. Quite a crowd of Highcliffe fellows were there now, and they were aware that something very unusual was going on in Ponsonby's study. The voices of the Greyfriars juniors gave them an inkling of what it was.

"Open this door!" shouted the voice of Monson major, the head prefect of Highcliffe.

"Go and eat coke!" replied Bob Cherry.

"Who are you?"

"Robert Cherry, Esquire."

"What are you doing here?"

"Licking your minor."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a thump at the door, and a series of kicks. The Highcliffe fellows outside were getting furious. Ponsonby and Co., inside the study, made a sudden rush towards the door to attempt to turn the key and get it open. Harry Wharton and Co. met them, and in a moment there was a wild and whirling conflict in progress.

Each of the Removites of Greyfriars selected his antagonist, and collared him, and hammered away merrily.

There was a terrific trampling of feet, roaring of voices, and shrieking of damaged juniors.

"Ow! Ow! Oh!"

"Help!"

"Go it, Greyfriars!"

"Help! Ow!"

"Give 'em socks!"

"Hurrah!"

Harry Wharton had closed with Ponsonby, and he had his head in chancery now. Every punch upon Ponsonby's features removed some of the soot and butter to Wharton's knuckles, but Ponsonby did not feel much relief. He roared and struggled furiously, and kicked too, and Wharton yelled in turn as Ponsonby's boot came on his shin.

"Ow! Oh! You awful cad!" he gasped.

"Groo! Leggo then! Ow!"

"Take that, and that, and that!"

Ponsonby took them; he could not help it.

"Now are you going to play that footer match?"

"Ow! Ow! Leggo!"

"Are you going to play that footer match?" demanded Wharton, still hammering away industriously.

"Groo! Yes!" panted Ponsonby. "Let go! I'll play. Yes, we'll play! Anything! Ow! Yes!"

"Honour bright?"

"Yes, honour bright. Ow!"

"Good enough," said Harry Wharton. "Hold on, you chaps; Ponsonby has agreed to play, honour bright. Let the bounders go."

"Hurrah!"

And the Highcliffians were released. And they staggered away from their doughty opponents, gasping and groaning.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

### Punic Faith.

PONSONBY and Co. looked wrecks. They felt worse than they looked. For some minutes they did nothing but groan and gasp for breath.

Meanwhile, the hammering on the outside of the door was growing, as Hurree Jamset Ram Singh remarked, terrific.

"Open this door, you young villains!" shouted Monson major through the keyhole.

"All serene," said Wharton. "We've made it pax now, and you're not wanted."

"Open the door!"

"You can open the door, Pon," said Wharton cheerfully. "Remember, you've given me your promise, honour bright."

Ponsonby nodded without speaking. It did not even occur to Harry Wharton that the Highcliffe fellow would break his word. Ponsonby staggered to the door.

He unlocked it, and threw it open.

The passage outside was crowded with Highcliffe fellows.

seniors and juniors. They glared into the study at the Greyfriars fellows.

"What does this mean?" roared Monson major. "What are you young rascals doing here?"

"They've been wrecking the study!" gasped Monson minor.

"Send for the police!"

"Telephone for the police!"

"Call the porter!"

"Kick 'em out!"

"Hold on!" exclaimed Harry Wharton hotly. "Haven't we made it pax? We're going to play that footer match now."

Ponsonby burst into a sneering laugh. He was out in the passage now among the rescuers, and he no longer feared the Greyfriars fellows.

"Footer match!" said Monson major. "What do you mean?"

"Ponsonby fixed up a footer match with us," Wharton explained. "He didn't turn up, so we came over to persuade him to play."

"Faith, and we've persuaded him!" grinned Micky Desmond.

"The persuadefulness is terrific!" said Hurree Singh.

Ponsonby gritted his teeth.

"You see what they've done?" he hissed. "Throw them out!"

"You're not going to break your word, honour bright?" exclaimed Wharton.

"I'm going to kick you out, you hound!"

"My hat! I——"

"Kick them out!"

"Outside with them!"

"Line up!" yelled Wharton. "Follow your leader!"

The Greyfriars fellows drew together in a close phalanx, and marched out of the study. Monson major barred their path in the passage, and crowds of Highcliffe fellows drew round them with threatening aspect. The Greyfriars fellows had kept their word. They had licked Ponsonby & Co. in their own quarters, and forced them to agree to play the match. But as the Highcliffians did not keep faith, the match was very much "off." Having punished their foes, it was now "up" to Harry Wharton & Co. to retreat; but it did not look as if their retreat would be easy. Ponsonby & Co. were simply wild, and they had overwhelming odds on their side now.

"Shoulder to shoulder!" said Bob Cherry.

"Righto!"

The Greyfriars fellows made a rush down the passage. Monson major went flying, and they tramped over him, and the other Highcliffe fellows lost their nerve, and opened a way, and the Removites of Greyfriars tramped downstairs. In the lower passage a master in cap and gown stared at them blankly.

"Wh-a-a-at!" he ejaculated.

"Exactly!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "Nice day before the rain, ain't it?"

And they marched on, leaving the man staring.

In a minute more they were in the open quadrangle. There was a wild rush of the Highcliffe fellows to pursue them. Monson major was on his feet again, with the "claret" streaming from his nose, and one of his eyes closed. And Ponsonby, Gadsby, Vavasour, Monson minor, and the rest, strong in numbers, had found courage somewhere, and were pressing on for the fray.

"To the gate!" said Harry Wharton, between his teeth. "But don't run! Those rotten cads are not going to see us run!"

"Righto!"

"Faith, and ye're right!"

It was courageous, but it was rash. With odds so great against them, there would have been no disgrace in running. But they did not run—they walked. And before they reached the gates of Highcliffe, the enemy were swarming round them. Highcliffe fellows were pouring up from all quarters at the news of the invasion, and more than a hundred fellows of all Forms were swarming round the Greyfriars fifteen.

Harry Wharton & Co., keeping steadily together, with their fists clenched and ready for action, marched on grimly to the gate.

It looked as if they would march out in safety; but just before they reached the gates, the Highcliffians made a sudden rush.

Seniors and juniors swarmed upon the devoted Removites in an irresistible flood, and the result was inevitable.

"Back up!" roared Wharton.

"Hurray!"

"Give 'em socks!"

The Greyfriars juniors faced their enemies, and put up a

really terrific fight. The Highcliffians rolled right and left under their doughty blows. But the numbers were too great, and the rush overwhelmed Harry Wharton & Co. They went down, and over each of the struggling Removites sprawled two or three Highcliffians, pinning him down.

Monson major staggered to his feet, clasping his nose, which had had another thump in the conflict.

"Chuck 'em out!" he gasped. "Pitch 'em into the road!"

"Yes, rather!"

"Out they go!"

Harry Wharton, struggling in the grasp of four or five enemies, was dragged to the gateway and hurled forth into the white high-road.

Bump!

"Oh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Highcliffe.

Harry Wharton sprawled in the road, damaged and bruised, and gasping for breath. His coat had been torn to shreds almost, and his cap was gone, and his footer jersey was rent down the back. As he lay panting, another figure whizzed out of the gateway, and Bob Cherry rolled in the dust beside him.

"Yaroooh! Oh!" gasped Bob Cherry.

Whiz! Bump!

Frank Nugent landed upon Bob, and rolled him over again, and they bumped into Wharton. As they rolled over together, Johnny Bull and Tom Brown came hurtling out of the gateway, and bumped into them. Then came Mark Linley, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, and Bolsover major, and Hazeldene, and Bulstrode and Russell and Newland. One by one the invaders were hurled farther by many hands, and they were soon sprawling in a heap in the dust in the road, gasping and trying to sort themselves out.

The Highcliffe fellows crammed the gateway, roaring with laughter. They could afford to laugh now.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"This is where we cackle!"

"Yah! Go home!"

"Come over for another match to-morrow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton staggered to his feet. The rest of the Greyfriars fellows followed his example. They looked wrecks—even worse wrecks than Ponsonby & Co. They glared in fury at the crowd of fellows cramming the gateway. The odds were too great; but they were too exasperated to think of that. Harry Wharton waved his fist.

"Charge!" he yelled.

"M-m-my hat!" gasped Ponsonby. "They're coming back!"

Clang!

The Highcliffians receded, and closed the metal gate with a sharp swing, and bolted it inside. The Greyfriars fellows paused outside the bars.

"Funks!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Yah! Cowards!"

"Oh, go home and wash" said Ponsonby, between the bars of the gate. "You need it!"

"Absolutely!" grinned Vavasour.

Bob Cherry gave a grim chuckle.

"That's not bad advice," he said. "I feel as if I want a wash and brush up."

"Faith, and ye're right!" gasped Micky Desmond.

Harry Wharton shook his fist at the crowded Highcliffians behind the gate, a gesture to which Ponsonby & Co. replied with howls of mocking laughter. Then the Greyfriars fellows turned away, and tramped slowly up the road.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### Not a Triumph.

"GOODNESS gracious!"

"Oh, dear!"

"W-w-w-what can they be?"

Marjorie Hazeldene and Clara Trevlyn halted in the road, looking in amazement at the woe-begone procession that was approaching them. The two girls of Cliff House School were old friends of Harry Wharton & Co., and knew them very well by sight; but just now they failed to recognise them. Certainly the Greyfriars fellows did not look their usual selves. Swollen noses and black eyes had been liberally distributed, and their clothes were in tatters, and smothered with dust. They looked like a set of specially desperate hooligans who had just escaped from a terrific combat with the police.

Bob Cherry groaned as he caught sight of the two Cliff House girls standing beside the road, regarding the procession with uneasiness and alarm.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Just our luck!"

"Marjorie!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, in dismay.

"And Clara! Oh, my hat! They will laugh us to death!" groaned Frank Nugent.

"My sister!" exclaimed Hazeldene. "My word, this will

# ANSWERS

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 255.

"THE GEM" LIBRARY  
—Every Wednesday—

II

OUR COMPANION PAPERS

II

"THE PENNY POPULAR"  
—Every Friday—

be all over Cliff House now! Better ask them not to mention it! "We look a pretty set of guys!"

"W-w-w-why, it's—it's the Greyfriars boys!" Marjorie Hazeldene exclaimed, in amazement, as the battered and wrecked juniors came up, and such of them as had caps left raised them. "Hazel, you are hurt?"

Hazeldene rubbed a nose that felt as if it had been increased to twice its usual size.

"Well, I feel pretty rocky, kid," he assented.

"What ever have you been doing?"

"Fighting!" said Hazeldene laconically.

"Getting licked!" groaned Bulstrode.

"The lickfulness was terrific!"

Marjorie and Clara smiled. They could not help it.

"This—this really wasn't our fault," said Harry Wharton.

"We've had a row with the Highcliffe chaps——"

"Not our fault! All your fault!" grunted Bolsover. "You took us over there——"

"Oh, rats!"

"Dear me! You do look a little—dusty!" said Marjorie.

"We've been chucked out," said Bob Cherry ruefully. "You see, the cads asked us to play a game of footer, and then didn't turn up; so we went over to make 'em play, and—and——"

"Hence this thushness!" growled Nugent.

"It was a shame!" said Marjorie, with glimmering eyes. "You want brushing down, all of you—and mending! And—and washing!"

"What-ho!" said Miss Clara, who had learned many boyish expressions from the juniors of Greyfriars. "You do look a set of k-nuts!"

The Removites grinned sheepishly.

"We—we're going to make 'em sit up for this, of course," said Johnny Bull.

"Oh, yes, rather!"

"The sit-upfulness will be terrific!"

"We were coming over to see you, Hazel," said Marjorie, smiling. "But you won't want to receive any visitors just now. Ahem——"

"Well, you can't trot along with such a set of blessed scarecrows," said Bob Cherry. "But you must come, all the same. We've got a splendid feed on!"

Bob Cherry's comrades looked at him in surprise. This was the first they had heard of it.

"Ripping spread!" said Bob Cherry persuasively. "Poached eggs on toast, and jam-tarts—three kinds of jam—and—and meringues, and—and strawberries with cream——"

Marjorie laughed. Bob Cherry was holding out inducements that would have appealed to any schoolboy; but Marjorie's tastes were not exactly the same as those of a Greyfriars junior.

"Oh, we'll come!" said Miss Clara. "We will give you time to brush yourselves first. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, Clara!"

"Well, they need brushing," said Miss Clara candidly. "What time is tea, Bob?"

"Five o'clock," said Bob Cherry promptly.

"Then we will come to tea."

"Hurrah!"

And the dilapidated juniors marched on their way, leaving Marjorie and Clara by the roadside, smiling after them.

"Oh!" groaned Wharton. "It was just our luck to meet them like this!"

"Well, it wasn't our fault!" said Frank Nugent. "We couldn't fight a whole giddy school. It was a bit reckless to go over at all, when you come to think of it."

"That only just occurred to you?" said Tom Brown sarcastically. "Never mind. We gave Ponsonby & Co. a good licking, that's one comfort."

"Nice set of scarecrows we shall look, going into Greyfriars like this!" growled Bolsover.

"Might hang round a bit till it's dark," suggested Johnny Bull. "It gets dark early now in this giddy November."

"Can't be done!" said Bob Cherry promptly.

"Why not?" demanded the New Zealand junior.

"Guests coming to tea at five."

"You ass!" growled Nugent. "I suppose you know that your giddy description of the tea will come down to two sardines and one egg—old—when Marjorie and Clara arrive? The cupboard's empty, and we're all stony-broke!"

Bob Cherry whistled.

"My hat! I forgot that!"

"Fathead!"

"Oh, we'll raise the wind somehow," said Bob Cherry. "Let's get in. I never felt so much in need of a wash in my life! Groo!"

The juniors tramped disconsolately on. They reached the gates of Greyfriars, and found quite a crowd gathered there to meet them. The desperate adventure of the Remove fellows had caused some excitement, and a great many Greyfriars fellows were anxious to know how they had got on. Temple, Dabney & Co., of the Upper Fourth, were outside the gates; Coker & Co. of the Fifth, were leaning on the school wall; Nugent minor and a crowd of fags of the Third and Second filled the gateway. The dusty and dishevelled Removites flushed under their dust as they beheld the waiting crowd, and heard the roar of laughter that went up as they were sighted.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 255.

A Grand, Long Complete School Tale  
of the Chums of Greyfriars next Monday.

**"THE GREYFRIARS PANTOMIME!"**

Please order your copy of "THE MAGNET"  
Library in advance

EVERY  
MONDAY,

The "Magnet"  
LIBRARY,

ONE  
PENNY.

"Here they are!" yelled Coker, of the Fifth. "Ha, ha, ha! They look ripping!"

"See the conquering heroes come!" chanted Temple, of the Fourth.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Have you chaps had a good time?"

"Rags and bones!" yelled Paget, of the Third. "Any offers?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, shut up!" growled Bob Cherry. "Gerrouit!"

The Removites pushed their way through the crowd, and marched across the Close. Crowds of fellows gathered from all sides to watch them. It was quite a triumphal march; only the heroes of the Remove did not feel very triumphant.

The grinning crowd marched with them up to the door of the School House, and they marched to hide their blushes. As luck would have it, Dr. Locke, the reverend Head of Greyfriars, was standing in the hall, talking to Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove. The Head looked round as Harry Wharton came in, and his glasses almost fell off in his astonishment.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed. "What—what does this mean? My dear boys, what has happened? Have you had an accident?"

"Ahem! Not exactly an accident, sir," stammered Wharton.

Dr. Locke frowned.

"I hope you have not been fighting with the Courtfield boys," he said severely.

"Oh, no, sir!"

"Or the lads at the factory?"

"Certainly not, sir!"

"Then what has caused you to return in this state?"

"We—we went over to Highcliffe to play footer, sir," said Harry.

"Bless my soul! Have you been playing Rugby?" exclaimed the Head.

"N-n-no, sir."

"I do not see why a football match should reduce you to this state," said the Head severely.

"Ahem, sir! We—we didn't play footer!"

"Indeed!"

"There was a slight misunderstanding, sir——"

"Which means, I suppose, that you have been fighting at Highcliffe," said the Head. "You know I do not approve of this, Wharton. I am ashamed of you! Go and put yourselves tidy at once!"

"Ye-e-es, sir," said the crestfallen Removites.

And they beat a hasty retreat.

"Oh, my hat!" said Bob Cherry, as he brushed dust out of his thick hair in the Remove dormitory. "We'll make those Highcliffe cads sit up for this! I never had such a day!"

"And I shouldn't wonder if the cads send over a complaint and get us into a row with the Head," grunted Nugent.

"Phew!"

"Never mind," said Harry Wharton, as cheerfully as he could. "We've had our fun, and now we've got to face the music. That's all!"

"Fun!" groaned Bolsover, who was rubbing an enormous bruise on his leg with embrocation. "If you call this fun, I've had enough of being funny! Ow!"

"Better luck next time!"

"Oh, rats!"

"Oh! My nose!"

"Ow! My eye!"

And with many dolorous exclamations, the Removites removed the traces of that unlucky expedition. They removed all they could, but when they came down there were still plenty of signs of combat left. And they seemed likely to stay for some time.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### Hard Up!

"BOB, you ass——"

"Bob, you fathead——"

"Bob, you burler——"

Bob Cherry snorted.

"It's no good going for me," he said. "We'd better put our heads together, and see what's to be done. Two heads are thicker than one!"

The chums of the Remove were gathered in No. 1 Study. It was a quarter to five, and there were no signs of tea in the study. Bob Cherry had recklessly invited two distinguished guests to a particularly lavish tea, and the funds of No. 1 Study were at the very lowest ebb. Frank Nugent had impressively placed two sardines and an egg on the table. They were the whole stock of No. 1 Study. The sardines had been left over from the previous day, on the suspicion of being "wanga." And the time that had passed since had not, of course, diminished their "wanginess." Quite otherwise. And the egg, too, was suspicious. But even if it had been first-class, it could not

be regarded by the most economical housekeeper as sufficient for a tea for half a dozen.

"We must raise all the cash we can, and cut over to the tuck-shop," said Bob Cherry, as cheerfully as he could. "How much have you got, Wharton?"

"Twopence!"

"Huh! And you, Franky?"

"One penny!" said Frank Nugent. "And that's French. It was palmed off on me by Bunter."

"How are you fixed, Johnny?"

John Bull turned out his pockets. He revealed all sorts of articles—everything, in fact, that the schoolboy heart could desire—excepting cash. Of cash there was no trace.

"Inky, old man—"

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh looked dolorous.

"The regretfulness is terrific, my esteemed chum!" he said.

"It is equal to the stony-brokefulness."

"I've got a tanner," said Bob thoughtfully. "Altogether, eightpence. You can keep your French penny, Nugent—along with the sardines. By the way, you'd better kill those sardines; they're scenting the study."

"Ten minutes to five!" said Harry Wharton.

Bob Cherry rose from his seat on the table.

"Come on," he said, "we shall have to raid the Remove passage, that's all. Let's go and see what we can borrow. We'll start with Mauleverer; he's always rolling in filthy lucre."

"I suppose that's all we can do," said Nugent. "Coker, of the Fifth, is standing a big feed in his study to-day, but—"

"Coker's no good!" said Bob Cherry. "Can't borrow of Coker! Besides, Mauly is certain to be crammed with money as usual."

"Well, we'll try Mauly!"

And the impecunious chums went along the Remove passage to Lord Mauleverer's study. Lord Mauleverer, the dandy of the Remove, had a study to himself, which he had furnished regardless of expense. Lord Mauleverer was a millionaire, and he had an allowance which would have taken any other fellow's breath away, and he was recklessly generous. There were some fellows in the Remove who looked upon Mauleverer as a horn of plenty, guaranteed never to run dry; but Harry Wharton & Co. were very scrupulous on that point. But there was no harm in a loan which could be repaid; and they were hard pressed just now. Bob Cherry kicked open the door of Lord Mauleverer's study, and marched in.

"Mauly, old man," he began, "we—Hullo, hallo, hallo! He's not here."

"My aunt!" ejaculated Johnny Bull. "I remember now. He told me he was going home this afternoon to see his uncle. He won't be back till bed-time."

"Oh, crumbs!"

"Dished!" said Nugent.

"Never mind," said Bob Cherry heroically. "One swallow doesn't make a summer. There's Temple; we'll try him next." The juniors hesitated.

"Needs must, you know, when the Old Gentleman drives," said Bob Cherry. "Can't stand on ceremony at a time like this. Come on."

And the chums of the Remove made their way to Temple, Dabney & Co.'s study. Temple was entertaining a little party to tea—Dabney and Fry, and Bolsover major. They all stared very fixedly at Harry Wharton & Co. when the door was opened. Their impression evidently was that the Co. had come to tea, and they did not look hospitable.

"You fellows want anything?" asked Temple politely.

"Yes," said Bob Cherry. "Can you lend us a quid?"

"Yes, quite easily."

"Chuck it over, then."

"More shrimps, Fry?" asked Temple, apparently not hearing Bob Cherry's remark.

"Yes, thanks," said Fry.

"Try the prawns, Bolsover," said Temple.

"They're prime," said Bolsover major.

"Did you hear me, Temple?" said Bob Cherry, his eyes beginning to glitter.

"Eh?"

"You said you could lend me a quid."

"Certainly."

"Well, hand it over, then."

Temple smiled.

"I said I could, not that I would," he remarked pleasantly.

"You can go and eat coke!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bolsover, Dabney, and Fry in chorus. Bob Cherry knitted his brows.

"You rotten cad!" he exclaimed. "I—"

"Shut the door after you," said Temple, with a yawn.

"You—you rotter—"

"Good-bye!"

"Go and cadge somewhere else, Cherry, old man," said Bolsover agreeably.

Bob Cherry flushed. He made a stride into the study, and seized Fry by the back of the neck. Fry roared.

"Ow! Yow! Leggo!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 255.

"THE GEM" LIBRARY  
—Every Wednesday—

II — OUR COMPANION PAPERS — II

"THE PENNY POPULAR"  
—Every Friday—

Bob Cherry jerked the Upper Fourth junior forward, and jammed his head down into the good things on the table. Fry had come there for those good things, but he was getting them now in a rather unpleasant way. Shrimps and prawns, and jam and cake and preserved fruits mixed up on his countenance. "Yaroooh! Ooooh—ooohh!" gurgled Fry. "Leggo, you beast! Ow—grooh!"

He kicked out wildly. Bolsover major roared as he received one of Fry's boots in his ribs. Bob Cherry gave a powerful twist, and sent Fry sprawling over the tea-table. There was a crash of crockery. Temple was on his feet now, red with rage.

He made a grasp at the poker, and rushed at Bob Cherry, lunging out at him. Bob swung round, holding Fry up as a defence in his muscular arms. Fry gave a terrific yell as the poker rattled on his legs.

"Ow! Ow! Murder! Yah! Help!"

Bob Cherry dropped the howling junior on the floor, and retreated from the study. Temple stumbled over Fry as he rushed in pursuit, and the door slammed, and the chums of the Remove retreated down the passage, laughing.

Temple's little party had been considerably upset, and the leader of the study was punished for his humorous remarks. But the question of raising cash was still unsolved.

"Two studies drawn blank," said Bob Cherry in disgust. "Whither next?"

"Take 'em in turn," said Wharton desperately. "Dash it all, somebody must have some money!"

And the cash-hunters visited half a dozen studies one after another. But cash seemed extraordinarily rare in the Remove that afternoon. They raised the noble sum of ninepence, and gave it up.

Five o'clock chimed out from the clock-tower.

"Five!" exclaimed Wharton.

"The fivefulness is terrific," murmured Hurree Singh.

Bob Cherry snorted.

"Look here, something's got to be done!" he exclaimed. "The girls may be here any minute now."

Wharton listened.

"Shush! I can hear Marjorie's voice downstairs now!" he muttered.

"You go and meet 'em," said Bob desperately. "Keep 'em in talk, and—and don't say a word about the tea. You and Frank—while we scout."

"All right!"

And Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent ran downstairs to greet the distinguished guests.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### The Only Way.

MARJORIE and Clara were shown into No. 1 Study with great and painful politeness by Harry and Nugent. The sardines were still on the table, and Miss Clara was glancing at them with a curious expression. Frank Nugent hurriedly caught up the plate, and tossed the sardines out of the window. Then he replaced the plate on the table, trying to look as if it was quite an ordinary action. Marjorie and Clara elaborately did not notice his blushes.

"N-n-nice weather, isn't it?" said Nugent.

"Very nice," said Marjorie.

"I—I hope you girls have got a good appetite, walking," said Harry Wharton blindly. "We—we want you to do full justice to the tea, you know."

"Yes; I am quite hungry," said Marjorie brightly.

"Oh, rather!" said Miss Clara cheerfully. "But don't let us hurry you. There's lots of time."

Nugent suppressed a groan.

"We—we're taking rather special trouble with the tea, because—because it's going to be something extra special," he explained. "That—that's why it isn't quite ready. Would you care to look at some photographs?"

"Yes, indeed," said Marjorie.

"Trot out your photographs, Harry, while I go and see how Bob's getting on," said Nugent, escaping from the study.

Harry Wharton glared after his chums. He hadn't any photographs in the study, so it was quite impossible to amuse his guests in that way.

"You take photographs, Harry?" asked Marjorie.

"No—yes—that is to say, sometimes," said Wharton lucidly.

"I should so like to see them."

"Yes, trot them out!" said Miss Clara.

"I—I haven't any just now," Wharton explained. "But—but I'll go and get—get some of Ogilvy's. Sha'n't be a tick."

And he ran out after Nugent.

Marjorie and Clara exchanged a smile, and amused themselves by looking out of the window. They had the additional amusement of seeing Tubb of the Third pick up the two discarded sardines, sniff at them, and hurl them away with an indignant expression.

At the end of the Remove passage the chums of the Remove met in a desperate council of war. Time was pressing now.



Harry Wharton was the first of the juniors to scramble out of the ditch which was half full of muddy water. Potter and Bull were still struggling, and Johnny Bull stumbled and fell. As Potter stood alone Harry Wharton charged at him, and rolled him backwards into the ditch, meeting Coker who was just climbing out. Splash! Splash! "Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the Captain of the Remove. (See Chapter 9.)

"It's utterly rotten!" growled Wharton. "Look here, couldn't we raid Coker's study somehow? He's been laying in half Mrs. Mimbles' stock for a feed."

"I saw it going in," said Johnny Bull. "He's rolling in jam and ham and cake, the bounder."

Bob Cherry gave a sudden whistle.

"Good egg! If we can get Coker out of his study, we can raid the supplies. He won't have tea till Potter and Greene come in, and I know they've gone to Friardale. I've got an idea. It's no good asking Coker for the stuff."

"My hat! Not much!"

"But I've got a wheeze. Let's ask him to tea!"

"Coker to tea!"

"That's it!" said Bob Cherry triumphantly. "He's always anxious to meet the Cliff House girls, you know, and when he knows that they're here he'll roll up like anything."

"But we haven't got any tea!" gasped Nugent.

"We can't ask Coker to come to tea, and bring enough grub for six or seven with him," said Harry Wharton.

"No; that's where the dodge comes in," said Bob Cherry eagerly. "One bit of grub is very like another. Coker won't know the difference till he gets back to his study; and a row then won't matter, after the girls are gone. You go and ask him to tea, and when he's out of his study I'll cut in and collar the provisions."

"Phew!"

"And bring 'em into No. 1. It's the only way. Buck up!"

"M-m-my hat! I—I say——"

"Oh, buck up, old chap, and don't jaw!"

Bob Cherry had his way. Besides, there was nothing else to

be done. Johnny Bull and Tom Brown were sent into No. 1 Study to amuse Marjorie and Clara with light and cheerful conversation, and Harry Wharton and Nugent repaired to Coker's study in the Fifth Form passage. Bob Cherry ambushed himself at the corner of the passage, in the deep recess of a window.

Coker was at home. He was looking out of the window when Wharton and Nugent presented themselves. He turned round as they came in.

"Ahem!" said Wharton. "Busy, Coker?"

"No!" said Coker. "I'm waiting for Potter and Greene to come in."

"Ahem!"

"The fact is, Coker——"

Coker grinned.

"I know what the fact is," he said. "You've heard that I've got a feed on, and you've invited yourselves to tea. Ha, ha, ha! You can travel."

The Removites looked indignant. They also looked at several bulky parcels of eatables that loaded up the table, not yet unpacked. Coker was evidently doing the thing in style, and the juniors' mouths watered at the sight of the packages.

"Really, Coker——" said Nugent.

"You can buzz, my sons," said Coker. "I'm not standing free feeds to fags, thank you."

"The fact is, we came to ask you to tea, Coker," said Harry Wharton, with a considerable amount of dignity.

Coker stared.

"Ask me to tea!" he repeated.

"Exactly."

A Grand, Long Complete School Tale  
of the Chums of Greyfriars next Monday.

**"THE GREYFRIARS PANTOMIME!"**

Please order your copy of "THE MAGNET"  
Library in advance.

"Well, you're very good," said Coker, a little mollified; "but I don't generally have tea with fags. Must think of the dignity of the Form, you know. Besides, Potter and Greene will be coming in soon. Thanks, though."

"It's not only tea," explained Nugent. "But we specially wanted your company."

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Coker.

"Not merely on our own account," added Wharton. "But when we've got ladies to entertain, Coker, we naturally think of you to help us."

Coker grinned.

"You're jolly well not going to plant your mothers and aunts on me!" he said emphatically. "No fear, my sons!"

"Oh, they're not relations!"

"Two of the Cliff House girls," Nugent explained, "Marjorie Hazeldene, and Clara Trevlyn. They've come over to tea, so we thought you might like to come."

Coker jumped.

"Marjorie and Clara! Why didn't you say so at first, you ass? I'll come, of course. This is really decent of you chaps."

"Not at all, Coker. We want you with us, to—give the party a tone, so to speak," Frank Nugent explained.

"Yes, it will give you a leg up to have a senior to tea," assented Coker. "But I'll come with pleasure. Got a good spread?"

"Well, we expect to have rather a good one," said Wharton, with a side glance at the packages on Coker's table.

"I'm not thinking of myself," said Coker. "Anything would do for me—ham and eggs, and cold beef and some rashers of bacon, Welsh rabbit, and some cake or tarts to finish up with—that would do me all right. I'm not particular. But the girls ought to have something rather decent."

"Just what we think," said Nugent. "Bob Cherry is going to bring in a first-class supply."

"That's all right," said Coker. "Potter and Greene can have their tea without me."

"Yes, for once," said Wharton. "It's really kind of you, Coker, to stand by us like this, when we've got special guests to entertain."

"Depend on me, dear boy," said Coker, with a noble wave of the hand. "Have they come?"

"Yes; they're in the study."

"Then let's get along," said Coker.

"Good! Come on!"

Coker left his study with the two Removites, walking between Wharton and Nugent in the most amicable way. They strolled off towards the Remove passage, and then Bob Cherry emerged from the window recess. In about two seconds he was in Coker's study, and a big cricket-bag he had brought with him was being crammed with the good things which had been laid in for the delectation of Coker, Potter, and Greene. Coker was going to get his share—at tea in No. 1 Study—and, as for Potter and Greene, Bob Cherry had no time to think of their troubles. He whipped the supplies into the cricket-bag, cramming it to the brim, and almost staggered away under his load.

Ten minutes later, Potter and Greene of the Fifth looked into the study. There was no sign of Coker, and no sign of the promised feed.

"Coker's not here," said Greene.

"In the tuck-shop, I expect, getting the grub," Potter suggested.

"We'll go and help him."

The two Fifth-Formers walked down to the school shop. There was no sign of Coker there, however, and they looked round the Close for him in vain. As for Study No. 1 in the Remove, they never even thought of that. Coker was generally on terms of warfare with Harry Wharton & Co., and the secret little schemes of the Removites were of course quite unknown to Potter and Greene. They came to the conclusion that Coker had forgotten all about the promised feed, and had gone out; and they made up their minds to say some very plain things to Horace Coker when he came in again.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### Tea in No. 1 Study.

COKER of the Fifth, in the meantime, was in No. 1 Study in the Remove passage. Coker was quite in his element. Coker prided himself upon his mastery of a great many things that he couldn't do. Among the accomplishments which he possessed, in the wide realms of his imagination, he was a ladies' man. He proceeded to make himself very agreeable to Marjorie and Clara by cheerful conversation about himself.

"Where's Bob?" asked Johnny Bull, as Wharton came in.

"Getting the tommy!" said Harry Wharton cheerfully.

"He won't be long. I hope you are hungry, Marjorie and Clara? We're going to have a ripping spread."

"I am—what-ho!" said Miss Clara.

"And I—a little," agreed Marjorie.

Hazeldene came into the study, and Hurree Jamset Ram

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 255.

"THE GEM" LIBRARY  
—Every Wednesday—

II

OUR COMPANION PAPERS

II

"THE PENNY POPULAR"  
—Every Friday—

Singh followed him in. The party was now complete with the exception of Bob Cherry. Hazeldene and Hurree Singh brought chairs in with them; they were needed. Marjorie and Clara and Coker had chairs already. And, as for the owners of the study, they were content to stand, and to look after their guests.

"Here's Bob!" exclaimed Tom Brown.

Bob Cherry came into the study weary and heavy-laden.

"My hat!" said Coker, glancing at the crammed cricket-bag. "You're doing this well!"

"Best to be on the right side," said Bob Cherry. "I took everything—I—I mean I—I thought it better to have enough, you know."

"The enoughfulness is terrific," remarked Hurree Singh.

"Trot it out, Bob!"

"I hope you got some of the veal pies," said Coker. "Mrs. Mimble had a fresh lot of veal pies to-day, and they are ripping. I've got some in my study."

"Yes, I think there are veal pies here," said Bob blandly. "In fact, I am sure there are."

"Don't you know?" exclaimed Coker, in surprise. "Don't you look at the things when you're buying them?"

"Yes; but—but I didn't do all the buying myself in this case. I—I had assistance," Bob Cherry explained. "Help me to get these things out, you chaps."

The cricket-bag was unpacked.

Two or three of the juniors interposed their persons so that Coker should not have too close a view of the contents of the bag. The packages were unfastened as soon as they were taken out, and the good things were placed in imposing array upon the table.

"Good egg!" said Coker. "Your tastes are very like mine, Cherry. I've got an almost identical lot of stuff in my study."

"Not really!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Yes," said Coker.

"I'll jolly well bet you haven't," murmured Bob Cherry, under his breath.

"Eh? What did you say, Cherry?"

"I—I hope you've brought a good appetite with you, Coker. You are one of our guests of honour, and we want you to have a really good time."

"Oh, rely on me for that!" said Coker, with a chuckle.

"Let me make the tea," said Marjorie, taking the teapot.

"Good!" said Coker. "Then it won't need any sugar."

This was a compliment, and very neat for Coker. Marjorie laughed, and made the tea. Frank Nugent boiled the eggs, and Johnny Bull made the toast. When all was ready, the tea-party sat down round the table, those who had chairs sitting upon them, and the rest sitting where and how they could.

It was rather a crowd for a junior study, but the guests did not mind that. Marjorie and Clara were very bright and cheerful, and enjoyed the study feed very much. Coker was in great form. He told a story of how he had nearly got a goal at footer, and stated his opinion that it was amazing that Blundell, the captain of the Fifth, was blind to his merits as a candidate for the Form eleven. Coker, indeed, contributed his share to the conversation, and the shares of several other fellows as well. But he allowed the girls to talk, which was a very great concession for Coker.

"What about that dance, Marjorie?" said Hazeldene, in a lull of the conversation, Coker being very busy with ham and eggs for the moment.

Marjorie's pretty brows came together in a little frown.

"We shall not go," she said.

"Not go to a dance!" said Frank Nugent. "I thought girls never missed a dance if they could help it."

"They prefer them to footer matches," said Johnny Bull, with a wise nod of the head.

"What-ho!" said Miss Clara, with emphasis.

"But we don't like this particular one," said Marjorie quietly. "Miss Primrose wishes us to go, but she does not know what the Higheliffe boys are like."

"Higheliffe!" exclaimed Wharton.

"Yes. The Higheliffe juniors are giving a dance to celebrate the breaking-up at the end of the term," said Marjorie. "Ponsonby and the others, you know. They have sent an invitation to all of us to go. I don't like them. They are so intolerably conceited, and they have asked us just as if they thought we should be glad to go."

"Of course we should be glad to go," Miss Clara remarked. "But they shouldn't show that they know it as well as we do. It's rotten bad form."

"Oh, Clara!"

"So it is—beastly!" said Miss Clara independently.

Marjorie laughed.

"Well, so it is," she agreed. "Ponsonby and Gadsby and the others are so dreadfully condescending, you know. Besides, they know that we should like our friends here to bring us if we went; and they don't mean to ask anybody from Greyfriars. And we have made up our minds not to go."

"Hear, hear!" said Bob Cherry. "It will be a surprise for

Ponsonby & Co. if you don't, too, and it will do them good. By Jove, I wish we could get up a dance here!"

"Oh, that would be delightful!" exclaimed Marjorie, with glistening eyes.

"Ripping!" declared Miss Clara.

"Good egg!" said Wharton. "Why shouldn't we have a Christmas dance to celebrate the break-up? It's a jolly good idea!"

"We could have it in the Rag," said Nugent. "The Rag is big enough for a dance, and we could have the floor put in order."

"Yes, rather!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific!"

"Jolly good!" said Coker. "I shouldn't mind being master of the ceremonies, and managing the whole affair for you, off my own bat."

The juniors looked at him.

"You are too good, Coker," said Nugent, with a heavy sarcasm that was quite lost upon Horace Coker. "You are too kind and generous."

"Not at all," said Coker. "I'll do it."

"We'll jolly well think that out!" said Harry Wharton. "It's a ripping wheeze! You can bring everybody from Cliff House, Marjorie, and make Miss Penelope come herself. Coker can look after Miss Primrose, as M.C."

"Ahem!" said Coker.

"Another cup of tea, Marjorie?" said Bob Cherry.

"No, thank you."

"Another egg?"

"Oh, no!"

"Try the jam-tarts, then?"

"I have tried them, thanks," said Marjorie, smiling.

"Then have a cream puff?"

"Thank you."

If Marjorie and Clara had eaten one-quarter of the good things their gallant cavaliers pressed upon them so hospitably, they would certainly have been ill before they left Greyfriars. But it was a very enjoyable tea, and when at last it had to end, Marjorie and Clara rose with a sigh to go home.

The whole company decided to see them as far as Cliff House School.

"You'll come, Coker?" said Harry Wharton, thinking of the discovery Horace Coker was to make when he returned to his study.

"Yes, rather," said Coker. "I'll just cut off to my study for my hat."

"Oh, your cap will do!" said Nugent hastily.

"But my cap's in my study."

"Here's one of mine. That will fit you down to the ground."

"What rot!" said Coker, staring. "I sha'n't be a minute going to my study. Besides, I'm going to put on a topper."

"I—I say, Coker——"

"I'll join you at the door," said Coker as he left the study.

"Righto!"

Marjorie and Clara went down to the hall with the juniors. The Removites did not like to hurry them, but they did not delay. They did not know what would happen after Coker's visit to the study, and they preferred the Cliff House girls to be off the scene when it happened.

"May as well start," said Bob Cherry hurriedly. "Coker can catch us up in the Close."

"Good!" said Harry Wharton.

And they started. They crossed the Close in the winter dusk, but by the time they reached the gates Coker had not overtaken them. Evidently he had been delayed in his study.

"He's found it out," murmured Bob Cherry in Wharton's ear. Wharton nodded.

"Look here," whispered Bob, "in case there's trouble, you see the girls home, and I'll hang behind with Johnny and Tommy Brown and Inky to cover retreat."

Harry Wharton chuckled.

"Good egg!" he said. "I—I say, Bob, I'll stay if you like, and—and you can walk with Marjorie."

"If—if you mean it, Harry——"

"I do," said Harry heroically. "Go it, old son!"

Bob Cherry pressed his hand and walked on with Marjorie. Harry Wharton and Johnny Bull, Tom Brown and the nabob, dropped a little behind, to cover the retreat in case of necessity. And it proved necessary!

## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

### A Rearguard Action.

POTTER and Greene of the Fifth were in the study when Coker ran in for his topper. Potter and Greene had had their tea—a very meagre tea in comparison with the one they had expected. But they consoled themselves with discussing the things they were going to say to Coker. The gentleman in Dickens, who was hard up, breakfasted lightly off a cigar, and took it out in sleep. Potter and Greene had had their tea lightly off bread-and-butter and radishes, and meant to take it out of Coker.

"Hallo!" said Potter grimly as Coker came in.

"So you've come back," said Greene.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 255.

A Grand, Long Complete School Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars next Monday.

EVERY  
MONDAY.

The "Magnet"  
LIBRARY.

ONE  
PENNY.

"Yes; in a hurry, too," said Coker, looking round for his hat box. "Where's my topper?"

"Blow your topper!"

"Oh, rats!" said Coker, looking round the study. "You needn't be ratty because I wasn't here to tea. Most important engagement. Two young ladies, you know, friends of mine. Besides, there was all the more for you."

"All the more what?" asked Potter.

"Grub, of course. You seem to have made a pretty good clearance of it, too," said Coker, with a glance at the table.

"You didn't leave much for us to clear!" growled Greene.

Coker stared at him.

"Don't you call it much?" he exclaimed. "I know there was enough for six fellows, at least. You can't have scoffed the lot."

"Scoffed it!" roared Potter. "You didn't leave anything for us to scoff! You asked us to tea, and then went out, and never left a crumb for us!"

"Not a giddy crumb!" growled Greene.

"Didn't you find the things on the table?" demanded Coker.

"What things?"

"The grub—veal pies, and ham patties, and ham and eggs, and cold beef, and cake, and jam, and tarts!" roared Coker.

Potter whistled in amazement.

"You don't mean to say that you left all those things here, Cokey?" he exclaimed.

"I jolly well did!" said Coker.

"Then somebody scoffed them before we came in. There wasn't anything when we got here," said Potter. "What did you go out for?"

"I haven't been out. I've been to tea with the Remove kids in No. 1 Study, and Marjorie and Clara," said Coker. "They're waiting for me to see them home now, so I must buzz off."

He opened his hat-box and took out a glossy topper, and gave it a polish with his sleeve.

"Feeding with the Remove kids!" sniffed Greene. "They couldn't have had much of a feed. I know they were stony this afternoon. I heard 'em trying to get something out of Mrs. Mimble on tick, and she wasn't having any."

"They had a jolly good spread, anyway," said Coker. "Bob Cherry brought in a cricket-bag full of first-class stuff—veal pies, and ham patties, and ham and eggs, and cold beef, and cake, and jam, and tarts——"

"Why, you're going over your own giddy list again!" exclaimed Potter.

Coker gave a start. A dreadful suspicion flashed into his mind.

"M-m-my hat!" he ejaculated. "I—I wondered why they asked me to tea. I—I was surprised at their wanting me so specially to meet Marjorie and Clara! M-m-my aunt!"

"You ass!" roared Greene. "They asked you to tea, and raided our grub! Oh, you duffer, to let those blessed fags take you in like that!"

"I—I—I——" stammered Coker.

"The whole Remove will be howling over it!" yelled Potter.

"My hat! You'll be the guy of the House! Oh, you ass, Cokey!"

"I—I hadn't a suspicion!" gasped Coker. "I remember remarking now that the things were just like what I'd laid in! I—I have been dished."

"Done!" said Greene.

"Spoofed!" growled Potter.

"My hat! I'll jolly well show them that they can't spoof me and cackle over it!" howled Coker. "Come along with me: they're down below."

And Coker, leaving the glossy topper on the table, rushed downstairs, with Potter and Greene at his heels. Potter and Greene were more eager for vengeance than Coker was. Coker had had his tea, at all events, even if it was out of his own supplies, but Potter and Greene had fared like Mother Hubbard's dog—they had had none, or next to none.

"Seen Wharton?" howled Coker, meeting Vernon-Smith in the passage, and seeing that the Famous Co. were gone.

"They're gone out," said the Bounder. "Gone to see the girls home, I think. What's the matter?"

Coker did not stop to reply to the question. He dashed out into the Close, followed by Potter and Greene.

It was dark now; but Coker dashed away at top speed, straight for the gates. A fat junior, coming from the direction of the tuck-shop, stepped in his way, and was bowled over like a ninepin. There was a howl of anguish from Billy Bunter, the Owl of the Remove, as his spectacles went flying in one direction, and himself in another.

"Ow! Help! Oh! I'm killed! Ow!"

Coker stumbled and fell; he fell upon Billy Bunter, and the fat junior broke his fall, and his fall very nearly broke Bunter. There was a fresh yell from the Owl of the Remove:

"Ow! Ow! Yowp!"

"You fat chump!" roared Coker. "What do you mean by getting in the way?"

"Ow! Oh, really, Coker—yow——"

"Br-r-r-r-r!"

Coker scrambled up and dashed on, leaving Billy Bunter groping wildly for his spectacles in the dark. Potter and Greene fortunately avoided the fat junior, and dashed after their leader. Billy Bunter blinked at the vanishing forms in the gloom.

"Ow!" he groaned. "Beasts! Yow!"

Unheeding Bunter and his injuries, Coker & Co. rushed on. They rushed out of the gates, which had not been closed yet. Gosling, the porter, was just coming out with his keys to close them.

"Ere, young gentlemen!" called out Gosling. "Wot I says is this 'ere——"

But Coker & Co. did not stay to listen to what Gosling had to say. They ran on, and four dim figures loomed up in the November dusk before them.

"Here they are!" roared Coker.

"Hallo!" came a voice from the gloom—the voice of Harry Wharton. "Is that you, Coker?"

"Yes, you young villain!" panted Coker.

"Why, what's the matter? That's not very grateful after we've stood you a ripping tea, Coker, old man!" said Wharton reproachfully.

"The ungratefulness of the esteemed Coker is terrific."

"I'll tea you!" gasped Coker. He rushed on, but paused suddenly. "Where are the girls?"

"Gone on!" grinned Johnny Bull.

"Good!" said Coker. "I don't want them to see the row; but I'm going to give you cheeky young sweeps the biggest licking you ever heard about!"

"Coker, old man——"

"My esteemed Cokerful chum——"

"Collar the young cads!" shouted Potter.

And the three Fifth Formers rushed on to the attack. Four Removites met them, and in a moment there was a wild and whirling fight in progress. Coker and Harry Wharton closed, and staggered across the lane, and lost their footing on the edge of the ditch.

"Splash!"

"Groooh!"

"Yaroooooooooch!"

They separated in the ditch, which was half-full of muddy water. Harry Wharton was the first to scramble nimbly out. Potter and Johnny Bull were struggling, and Johnny Bull stumbled and fell. As Potter stood alone, Wharton charged at him, and he rolled backwards into the ditch, meeting Coker, who was climbing out, and knocking him in again.

Splash! Splash!

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Johnny Bull, jumping up. "Chuck the other rotter in, too!"

Greene was wrestling furiously with Tom Brown and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. Wharton and Johnny Bull lent their aid, and Greene was raised bodily and tossed into the muddy ditch. There was a roar from the two Fifth Formers, who rolled over under his weight.

"Yow-ow-ow-ow-ow!"

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

"Let's get on," gasped Wharton. "We can catch the chaps up if we run. I don't think Coker & Co. will want any more after that!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The ha-ha-ha-fulness is terrific!"

The four juniors ran swiftly down the path towards Cliff House. Coker & Co. crawled out of the ditch. Wharton was right, they did not want any more. They crawled away disconsolately into the school, and sneaked into the house by the back way to escape observation. And as they cleaned off the mud and the slime they vowed lurid vows of what they would do to the chums of the Remove.

Meanwhile, the juniors dashed at full speed down the lane, and in sight of the lights of the village of Pegg they overtook Marjorie & Co., and walked on with them to the gates of Cliff House.

"Were you tired?" asked Miss Clara.

"Tired!" said Harry, in surprise. "No."

"You lagged so much behind," said Miss Clara. "I thought I heard a sound of shouting. Did you hear it?"

"Ahem! Now—now I come to think of it, I did hear a— a sort of shout," said Harry Wharton. "Did you notice it, Brown?"

Tom Brown nodded solemnly.

"Yes, a—a sort of—of shout," he agreed.

"Goodness gracious! How muddy your clothes are, Harry!" exclaimed Marjorie, as they came within the radius of the lights of Cliff House.

Wharton coloured.

"Yes. I—I fell in the ditch," he said.

"I am so sorry!" said Marjorie softly.

Wharton smiled.

"It's all right!" he said. "No damage at all—only mud."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 255.

THE GEM LIBRARY  
—Every Wednesday—

II — OUR COMPANION PAPERS — II

THE PENNY POPULAR  
—Every Friday—

I shall brush that off easily enough when it's dry. Quite all right!"

And the juniors and the Cliff House girls said good-night at the gates; and Marjorie and Clara tripped up to the house. Harry Wharton & Co. walked home to Greyfriars in a very satisfied mood. There might yet be reckonings in store with Coker; but they had scored, at all events, and they rejoiced accordingly.

## THE TENTH CHAPTER.

### Ponsonby Complains.

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"

"Ponsonby!"

"My hat!"

It was the following day, and the Greyfriars fellows had come out from morning lessons. Harry Wharton & Co. were in the Close, when they were astonished by the sight of Ponsonby, of the Fourth Form at Highcliffe, entering the gateway. They stared at him blankly. That Ponsonby should have the nerve to visit Greyfriars, after the happenings of the previous day, was a surprise.

"Collar him!" said Bolsover major. "We'll give him some of what they gave us yesterday!"

"Hold on!" said Bob Cherry. "He's not alone!"

A sallow-looking gentleman in a silk hat was following Ponsonby in. The Removites recognised him as Mr. Mobbs, the Master of the Fourth Form at Highcliffe. Then they understood. Wharton's lip curled contemptuously.

"They've come over to complain to the Head!" he said.

"Phew! That's serious!"

"Just like the Highcliffe cads!" said Nugent disdainfully. "They've handled us roughly enough at times, but we've never sneaked to Dr. Voysey."

"I guess there's going to be trouble," remarked Fisher T. Fish, the American junior. "Look at the grin on Pon's chivvy! He means mischief!"

"Give him a groan as he goes in," said Bulstrode.

Secure in the presence of his Form-master, Ponsonby walked coolly across to the School House. He gave the Greyfriars juniors a spiteful grin as he passed. The Removites gave him a deep groan in reply.

Mr. Mobbs glanced at them. Mr. Mobbs was a very tame gentleman, whose chief business was to make himself very agreeable to such members of his Form as had rich relations and influential connections. Ponsonby & Co. could do anything they liked with Mr. Mobbs.

"Are these the young ruffians who assaulted you, my dear Ponsonby?" asked Mr. Mobbs.

"Yes, sir," said Ponsonby. "They're the hooligans, sir."

"Take no notice of them, my dear boy. Your noble father would be displeased if you should speak to such persons!" said Mr. Mobbs.

"Oh, my aunt!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Are you going in to sneak to the Head, Ponsonby?"

"I am going to complain of you!" said Ponsonby loftily.

"Cad!"

"Sneak!"

"Rotter!"

"Worm!"

And with that complimentary chorus ringing in his ears Ponsonby walked into the house with Mr. Mobbs, and disappeared. Harry Wharton & Co. looked at one another rather uncomfortably.

In their excitement the day before they had certainly taken a somewhat unheard-of step in raiding the quarters of Ponsonby and Co. If the Highcliffians had raided them they would have put up a better fight; but they would never have dreamed of complaining to anybody afterwards, however the conflict had gone. But their rules of schoolboy honour evidently did not appeal to the Highcliffians.

"There's going to be trouble," said Johnny Bull glumly. "The Head will be ratty. They'll make it out worse than it was, too. It was only a raid."

Nugent rubbed his hands anticipatively.

"Look out for squalls!" he said.

"We'll make the cads sit up for it, some time, anyway!" growled Tom Brown.

The juniors waited for the expected summons to the Head's study. It was not long in coming. Trotter, the page, came out into the Close, looking round.

"Here we are!" said Bob Cherry, with desperate jocularly.

"I suppose we're wanted, Trotty, eh?"

Trotter grinned.

"Yes, Master Cherry. You and Master Wharton, and Master Nugent and Bull," he said.

"Only four of us?" said Harry Wharton. "Good! No good the others going through it as well."

"Oh, rot!" said Tom Brown. "I'm coming in with you, anyway!"

"Same here!" said Mark Linley.

"Same here!"  
"And here!"  
"And here!"

And quite a crowd of fellows walked in with the Famous Five. Harry Wharton tapped at the door of the Head's study.

"Come in!" called out Dr. Locke; and his voice was very stern.

The juniors filed in.

Dr. Locke glanced at them with an expression of surprise. He had not expected half the Remove to come in reply to his summons.

Mr. Mobbs glanced at the juniors with an expression of strong disfavour. Ponsonby did not trouble to suppress his grin of ill-natured satisfaction.

"Are these the boys?" said the Head.

"Can you identify the young ruffians, my dear Ponsonby?" asked Mr. Mobbs.

"Yes," said Ponsonby. "I've only named four of them; but all those fellows were present. They all took a hand in wrecking my study at Highcliffe!"

Dr. Locke fixed his eyes upon Wharton.

"Did you go to Highcliffe yesterday, Wharton, and act violently in Ponsonby's study?" he demanded.

"I licked him in his study, sir," said Harry.

Ponsonby flushed; he did not want it to be put like that.

"You and these others, Wharton?"

"They only followed my lead, sir, and backed me up."

"Rats!" said Bob Cherry. "We were all in it equally. Those cads treated us in a caddish way, sir, and we licked them."

"Indeed! Did you provoke this visit from my boys, Ponsonby?" asked Dr. Locke, with a cold glance at the Highcliffe fellow. It was not difficult to discern that the Head of Greyfriars despised the tale-bearer.

"Certainly not," said Ponsonby.

"What did they do, Wharton?"

"They challenged us to a footer match, sir, and didn't turn up," said Harry. "We went over to make them play. They refused to play, and we thrashed them. Then the whole crowd of rotters—ahem, I mean fellows—mobbed us, and we got the boot."

"The—the what?"

"I—I mean, we got pitched out, sir."

"Thrown out like the ruffians and hooligans you are," said Mr. Mobbs.

"Oh, rot!"

"What! What!"

"You must speak respectfully to Mr. Mobbs, Wharton," said the Head mildly.

"Yes, sir; but he won't let us respect him."

"Dr. Locke—do you allow—?"

"Indeed, Mr. Mobbs, Wharton is entitled to politeness," said the Head. "However, the boys do not deny that they visited Highcliffe with the intention of chastising Ponsonby and his friends, as the boy complains. I shall punish them for so doing. I should not dream of allowing such proceedings, whatever the provocation."

"Very good, sir," said Mr. Mobbs. "Dr. Voysey will be satisfied if they are punished. I trust that I may be allowed to witness the punishment."

"If you choose, Mr. Mobbs."

"Certainly, sir, as then I can report it to Dr. Voysey. Ponsonby, too, may feel some satisfaction in seeing the young hooligans treated as they deserve."

"The young what, Mr. Mobbs?"

"Hooligans, sir."

"Are you referring to my boys—the boys of Greyfriars—as hooligans?" asked the Head, with a note of rising anger in his voice.

"Yes, sir, I am."

"Very well." The Head touched a bell, and Trotter appeared at the door. "Trotter!"

"Yessir!"

"Show this gentleman out!"

"Yessir!"

"What—what!" exclaimed Mr. Mobbs. "I understood, sir, that I was to witness the punishment of these young ruffians! I protest—"

"You will kindly leave my study, Mr. Mobbs; and I trust you will not visit it again until you have learned some of the rules of courtesy," said the Head, severely. "Show Mr. Mobbs out, Trotter."

"Yessir! This way, Mr. Mobbs! Mind the step!" said Trotter disrespectfully, as he half showed and half hustled Mr. Mobbs down the passage.

Ponsonby followed, biting his lips. A crowd of fellows in the doorway greeted him with a deep groan. Ponsonby glared round at them with a defiant scowl, and crossed the Close with his master. Mr. Mobbs' sallow face was almost livid with anger. The Head had put down his impertinence with a heavy hand; and the under-master would have been defiant to Dr. Locke if he had dared. But he did not dare, and he went away with his greenish eyes glinting.

"Well, they'll be licked, anyway," said Ponsonby. "The

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 255.

A Grand, Long Complete School Tale  
of the Chums of Greyfriars next Monday.

**"THE GREYFRIARS PANTOMIME!"**

Please order your copy of "THE MAGNET"  
Library in advance.

old bird is a man of his word, you know, and those cads are going to catch it."

"Yes, that is some satisfaction," said Mr. Mobbs, his brow clearing.

It might be a satisfaction to Mr. Mobbs and Ponsonby; but it was not very satisfactory to the Greyfriars juniors in the Head's study. When Mr. Mobbs and Ponsonby were gone, the Head turned to Harry Wharton & Co., and read them a very severe lecture. He followed up the lecture with a severe caning, which the Removites bore with grim silence.

"Now you may go," said Dr. Locke, as he laid down the cane. "I am sorry to have to punish you, my boys, but you left me no alternative. You have acted in a very lawless and reckless way, and you must never repeat such conduct. Go!"

And the juniors went.

In the passage they rubbed their hands, and gasped. They were surrounded by a sympathetic crowd, burning with wrath against the tale-bearer.

"Begad! What an awful cad!" said Lord Mauleverer. "Fancy coming over here, with a master to protect him, to make complaints! Quite outside!"

"We'll make him sorry for himself, somehow!" groaned Bob Cherry, rubbing his hands. "Ow! I never knew the Head was such a wiry old bird before!"

And the unfortunate heroes of the Remove groaned in chorus.

## THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

### A Problem to Solve.

**H**AZELDENE of the Remove came into No. 1 Study the next day, with a letter in his hand. He had a serious expression upon his face. The Famous Five were there at tea, and they all glanced cordially at Hazeldene. Hazeldene was not particularly conspicuous for good qualities of his own; but he was Marjorie Hazeldene's brother, and that lent him a borrowed lustre. The juniors glanced at Hazeldene, and at the letter in his hand.

"Letter from Marjorie?" asked Bob Cherry.

Hazeldene nodded.

"Sit down and have tea, old son," said Bob, pulling a box up to the table. "We're in funds at last, and we're making up for the lean years."

"I didn't come to cadge a tea," said Hazeldene, sitting down all the same. "I'll try the ham, as you seem to be rolling in provisions."

"Johnny Bull's had a remittance from his aunt," Harry Wharton explained. "What's Johnny's is ours, so there you are! We're going to pay Coker for his grub we raided the other day. Try the eggs, they're good—I cooked them."

"I say, you fellows—"

Billy Bunter blinked in at the door, which Hazeldene had left open. Bob Cherry picked up the loaf to hurl.

"I—I say, you know," said Bunter, keeping a wary eye upon Bob Cherry. "Don't be a cad, you know. I say, you fellows, I've got a good idea—"

"Oh, rats! Buzz off!"

"I'm going to stand a big feed to celebrate breaking-up for Christmas," Bunter explained. "I want all you fellows to come. Will you?"

The Removites stared at Billy Bunter. It was an extremely uncommon thing for the Owl of the Remove to stand anything in the shape of a feed. He had an almost supernatural gift for scenting out a feed that anybody else was giving. But standing one himself was quite another matter.

"Come into a fortune?" asked Nugent, at last.

"No, it's a postal-order," said Billy Bunter, gently insinuating himself into the study. "I say, you fellows, you'll all come, won't you? I haven't been treated very well by this study. But I'm not the fellow to remember little things like that, especially now Christmas-time is coming. It's a time to make up all round, you know. I want all you fellows to come to my Christmas feed."

"Oh, we'll come," said Nugent.

"Yes, we'll come, Billy."

"Good! I don't mind if I have a shack with you, now," said Bunter, helping himself. "I say, Wharton, you might pour a fellow out a cup of tea."

"Oh, pile in," said Wharton sarcastically.

"When are you standing the feed, Billy?" asked Nugent, curiously.

"I'm expecting a rather big postal-order from a titled friend of mine," said Bunter. "As soon as it comes I shall stand the feed. Pass the eggs, please."

"Then you haven't got the tin?" roared Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, Cherry. I'm expecting it—a postal-order, you know—"

"You fat fraud!" said Johnny Bull.

"The fat-fraudfulness of the esteemed Bunter is terrific."

"Oh, really, Inky—"

But Billy Bunter was too busy to talk. He was seated at the table now, and he was travelling through the good things at express speed. The chums of the Remove burst into a laugh. Whether Billy Bunter himself believed or not in his famous postal-order it was difficult to tell; but certainly no one else believed in it. It was only from new boys—and very green new boys—that Billy Bunter ever succeeded in raising loans on the strength of his expected postal-order.

"News from Marjorie, Hazel?" asked Harry Wharton, giving Bunter his head, so to speak. The chums of the Remove were in funds again, owing to the liberality of Johnny Bull's aunt, and they were willing to let Bunter share.

"Yes," said Hazeldene. "Something's up!"  
The Remove chums looked very concerned.  
"Not ill, is she?" Bob Cherry exclaimed hastily.  
"Oh, no," said Hazeldene, "not so bad as that. Pass the sugar, will you?"

"Oh, blow the sugar! I—I mean, here you are," said Bob Cherry. "What's the matter at Cliff House, Hazeldene?"

"It's about that rotten dance at Highcliffe," said Hazeldene. "You remember Marjorie told you that the Highcliffe juniors had asked the Cliff House girls to a dance before breaking-up for the Christmas holidays."

"Yes; they're not going," said Harry Wharton.  
"It seems that they've got to go," said Hazel.  
"Got to go!" exclaimed all the chums together.

"Yes. Dr. Voysey, of Highcliffe, has written to Miss Penelope Primrose on the subject, and put it to her. You know what an old duffer Voysey is—he knows less of what goes on in Highcliffe than of what went on in Athens three thousand years ago. He thinks it a good idea to bring the boys and girls together, you know, and he's asked Miss Primrose as a favour to him to let the girls come—to bring 'em, in fact. And old Miss Penelope is an innocent old duck herself. She doesn't know that Marjorie and the rest don't get on with the Highcliffe cads, and they don't like to tell her. She's assumed that they'll be pleased to go to a dance—most girls are. Therefore, it seems that they'll have to go, whether they like it or not. Of course, Ponsonby & Co. will score over us—they know how wild we shall be if they have the girls over there, and we're not asked. Not that we want the cads to ask us, only——"

"The rotters!" said Harry Wharton.  
"Marjorie won't have much choice in the matter if Miss Primrose decides to take them," Bob Cherry remarked. "But, as a matter of fact, I don't like the idea of their going to Highcliffe without us to take care of them. You know what rowdies the Highcliffe chaps are, when they are given their heads."

Hazeldene nodded.  
"That's just it! Ponsonby & Co. are howling cads, and they have never heard of such a thing as honouring the guest within the walls."

"It's rotten!" said Harry, knitting his brows.  
"Marjorie thinks we might go, somehow," said Hazeldene.  
"But I don't see how it could be worked. We couldn't ask the Highcliffe cads for an invitation—in fact, I don't see how we could accept it, if they sent it, after what's happened."

"No fear!"

"We can't visit Highcliffe except on the warpath," said Johnny Bull.

"That's it. Looks as if we shall have to grin and bear it, and say nuffin."

Harry Wharton frowned angrily.

"I don't like it," he said. "I—I wonder whether we could raid them on the night of the dance!"

"My hat!"

"That would be rather thick," said Frank Nugent, with a whistle, "especially after the row we've just had with the Head."

"I don't think we ought to let the cads score over us like this, though. Besides, they know jolly well that Marjorie doesn't want to go, and Ponsonby has worked it for his headmaster to chip in, in this way."

"That's plain enough."

"We've got to put a spoke in the wheel somehow," said Harry Wharton, decidedly. "Marjorie will expect it of us. The question is, how?"

"A jolly big question," said Bob Cherry, with a shake of the head.

"The bigfulness of the esteemed question is terrific."

"I say, you fellows," said Billy Bunter, looking up from his tenth helping. The edge had been taken off his appetite now, and he was ready to talk. "I think I can make a really good suggestion."

Bob Cherry grunted.

"Suppose I go?" said Bunter.

"Eh?"

"You see, I'm not on fighting terms with the Highcliffe chaps, as you are," Billy Bunter explained. "And a good-looking chap and a good dancer is always welcome at a party."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't see anything to cackle at. Marjorie would naturally like to have me with her, and I'll look after her. She has only to stipulate that her friend Bunter shall come, and they'll send me a card."

"Go hon!"

"Well, I think it's a jolly good idea. I don't suppose Marjorie will like the dance much if I'm not there, either," said Billy Bunter, with a self-satisfied expression.

Bob Cherry glared at the fat junior.

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Well, a chap can't help being good-looking," said Billy Bunter, blinking at him. "Girls always did take to me. I don't encourage 'em—yow!"

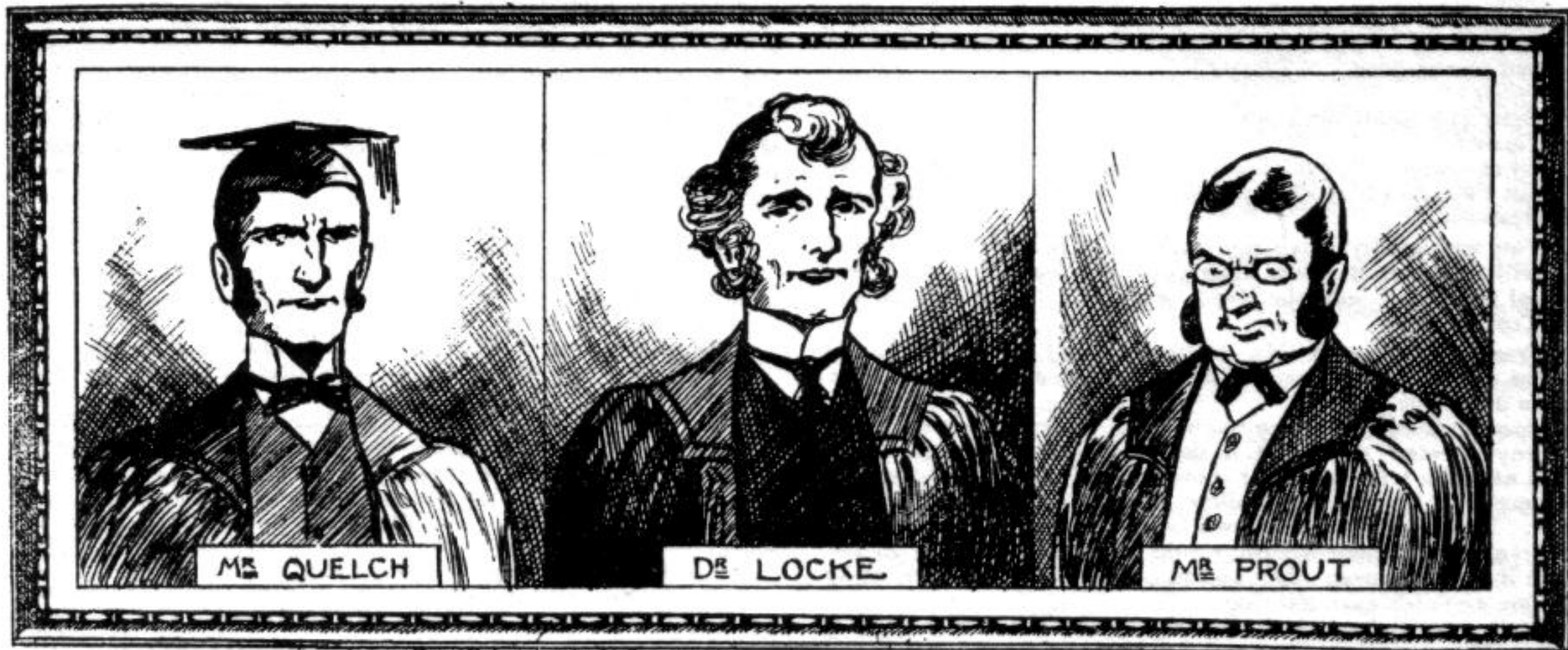
A chunk of butter, deftly hurled by Bob Cherry, spattered upon Billy Bunter's fat features, and interrupted his remarks. He jumped up with a roar.

"Ow! ow! Cherry, you beast—yow!"

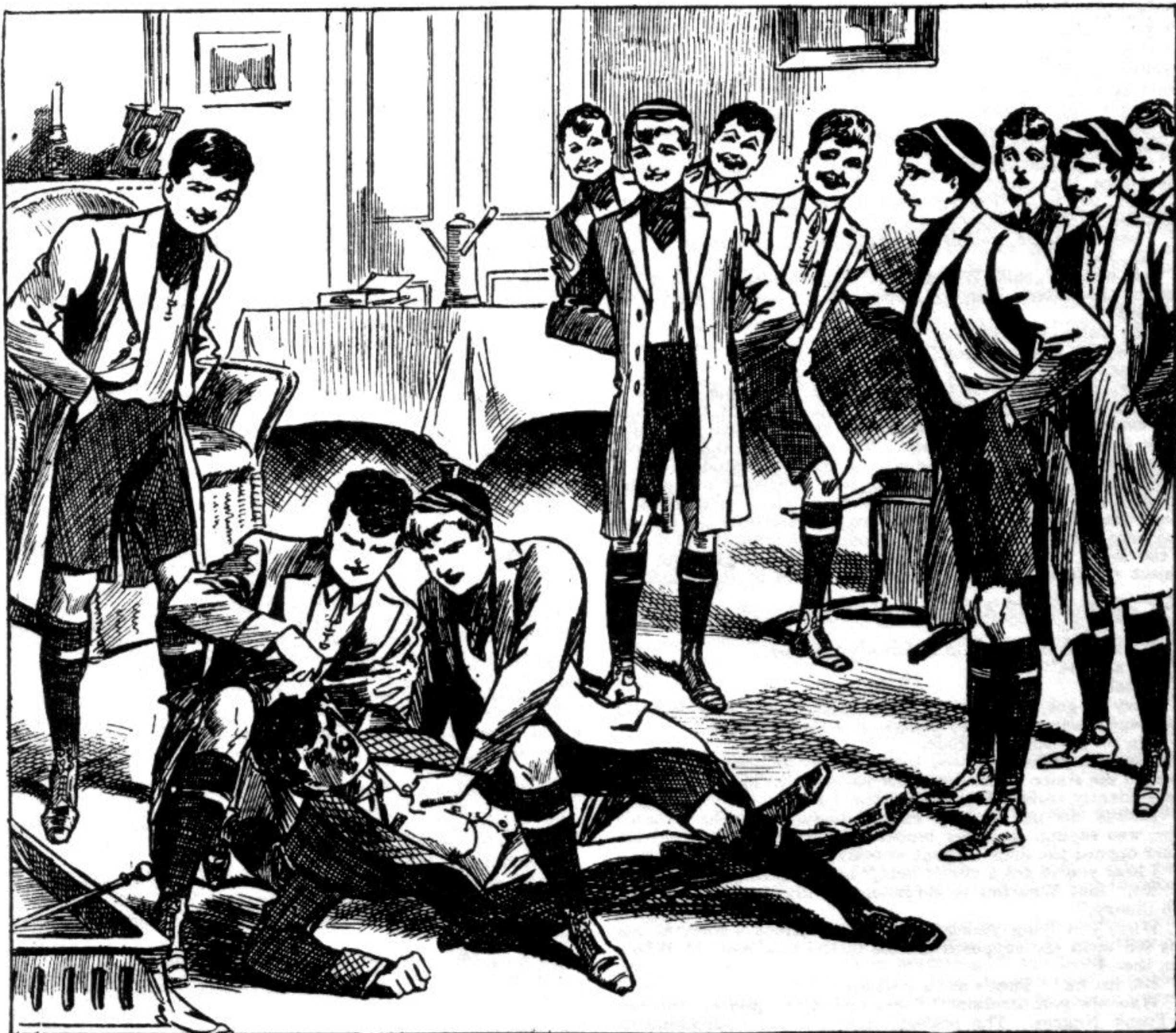
Bob Cherry jumped up at the same moment and caught Bunter by the collar. He opened the study door, and, with a mighty swing, sent the Owl of the Remove whirling into the passage. Billy Bunter sat down on the linoleum, and roared.

"Ow! ow! Beast! Ow!"

## "THE MAGNET" LIBRARY PORTRAIT GALLERY.—No. 9.



## No. 10.—TEMPLE: DABNEY: SNOOP.



Wharton ladled the sooty butter upon Ponsonby's features. The captain of the Highcliffe Fourth writhed and struggled and squirmed frantically. "Grooo-oooh!" "Better keep your mouth shut," said Wharton. (See chapter 3.)

The door slammed.

Billy Bunter picked himself up. He did not venture to enter No. 1 Study again. He went slowly down the passage, dabbing furiously at the butter with his handkerchief. In No. 1 Study, the chums of the Remove put their heads together, and discussed the problem—how they were to deal with that latest move of the obnoxious Highcliffians. But it was a very difficult problem to solve!

## THE TWELFTH CHAPTER. Quite a Mistake!

"I DISLIKE me not for my complexion!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"The shadowed livery of the burnished sun-fulness—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry looked in at the door of No. 1 Study some time after school the following day. He looked upon a curious sight. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the Nabob of Bhanipur, was there, dressed in a gorgeous robe, sparkling with stage gems. A young lady sat in the armchair—a young lady in stage costume of an Italian dame, with a face made up of red and white in liberal quantities, and false hair coiled upon her head. Bob Cherry stared at the young lady in amazement, forgetting his good manners in his surprise.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 255.

"Hallo! hallo! hallo!"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"You know our lady friend, Bob?" he said.

"Blessed if I do," said Bob Cherry. "I—I mean, I don't remember having had the pleasure of meeting you before, miss."

"Oh, rats!" said the young lady, in Frank Nugent's voice.

"My hat! Franky, you ass!"

"I'm Portia!" said Nugent.

"And I am the esteemed Prince of Morocco," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "We are rehearsing the honourable 'Merchant of Venice.'"

"Oh, I see," said Bob, comprehending. "You ass, Franky! Blessed if I knew you in that rig."

"Franky makes a nice young lady," said Harry Wharton, "and Inky does the Prince of Morocco beautiful. As he has the giddy complexion ready made, there's no need for him to make up. Only we shall have to keep his English in order."

"What is the faultfulness of my honourable and ludicrous English?" asked the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Well, it's better to stick to the words just as Shakespeare wrote them," said Harry Wharton, diplomatically. "Don't shove in extras."

"Go it, Inky!" said Bob Cherry.

"Pile in," said Johnny Bull, who was sitting on the corner of

the table, with a stage copy of "The Merchant of Venice" in his hand. "Mislike me not——"

"Mislike me not for my complexion," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"The esteemed livery of the august sun——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows——"

"Get out, Bunter!"

Billy Bunter blinked in at the door. He opened his little round eyes to their fullest extent behind his big spectacles, as he caught sight of the young lady in the chair. The Owl of the Remove was less likely to recognise Nugent in the guise of Portia than Bob Cherry.

"Oh!" ejaculated Bunter. "I didn't know you had a lady friend here, Wharton."

"Well, you know it now," grinned Wharton. "Buzz off!"

Bunter blinked curiously at Portia.

"I say, Wharton, you might introduce me, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"All serene," said Wharton. "Miss Portia, this is Billy Bunter, the fattest, greediest, sneakiest fat bouncer that ever bounded."

"Oh, really, Wharton——"

"Now kick him out, Bob."

"Hear, hear!"

Bunter dodged out of the study. He had come to No. 1 Study in the faint hope of raising a small loan, but that hope was evidently ill-founded. Bunter's eyes blinked spitefully as he rolled down the passage. The chums of the Remove sometimes had the Cliff House girls to tea in the study; but a painted lady, evidently an actress, was somewhat out of the common, and Bunter knew what trouble it would make for any Greyfriars fellow if such a visitor were discovered by the powers that were. And catching sight of Loder, the bully of the Sixth, in the lower passage, Billy Bunter made a remark upon the subject to Bulstrode, loud enough for Loder of the Sixth to hear.

"I say, Bulstrode, do you know what those chaps have got in No. 1 Study?"

"Well, what is it?" said Bulstrode carelessly.

"An actress."

"What!"

"They've got an actress visiting them," said Billy Bunter, in a stage whisper. "Nice goings on, I think. Eh?"

"Oh, rot!" said Bulstrode.

Loder, the prefect, glanced towards Billy Bunter, and strode towards the stairs. The fat junior chuckled to himself. There was evidently trouble brewing for No. 1 Study.

"Mislike me not for my complexionfulness," the nabob's voice was saying, as Loder reached the door of No. 1 Study. Loder opened the door without knocking.

"I hear you've got a visitor here," he said grimly.

"No," said Wharton, in surprise. "Only Johnny Bull and Bob Cherry."

"Why, you lying young rascal!" exclaimed Loder, as his eyes fell upon the supposed actress in the armchair. "Who's this, then?"

"Ha, ha, ha! That's not a visitor!"

"Who are you, madame?" demanded the prefect, turning to Frank Nugent. The prefect's manner was unpleasant in the extreme. Loder had many old scores against the Famous Five: some on account of their faults, and some on account of their good qualities. And Gerald Loder never lost an opportunity of paying off an old score. And introducing an actress into the school was certainly a flagrant breach of discipline. It was enough to make the Head's scanty locks rise upon his venerable head.

A gleam of fun came into Frank Nugent's eyes. He made a rapid sign to the other fellows, and calmly proceeded to "rot" the bullying prefect.

"I hope there is no harm in my being here with my young friends?" said Portia, in a high falsetto voice.

Loder smiled grimly.

"That is where you make a mistake," he said. "Who gave you permission to enter?"

"I did not ask permission."

"You came into the school without asking permission?"

"Certainly."

"You have no right here, madame."

"I have every right here, if Wharton wants me," said the gaily-attired female. "I am going to help the kids in a dramatic performance."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. Please do not be angry with me, and I will give you a kiss."

"What!"

"You are not very good-looking, but I will kiss you sweetly if you will be nice," said Portia.

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

"Madame! Will you have the kindness to follow me to Dr. Locke's study?"

"Thank you, no."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 255.

"THE GEM" LIBRARY  
—Every Wednesday—

II — OUR COMPANION PAPERS — II

"THE PENNY POPULAR"  
—Every Friday—

"Then I shall bring a master here, to see the kind of visitors these boys introduce into the school!"

Portia sprang to her feet.

"Sir! I am a most estimable female! You are a cad! I will scratch you!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Scratch him, old girl!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Let the scratchfulness be terrific."

The prefect dodged out of the study.

"I'll bring Mr. Quelch here!" he panted. "I'll show up your goings on, you young scoundrels. Just you wait a minute."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The chums of the Remove yelled. Loder's mistake was so ludicrous that they could not help it. The prefect lost no time. The Juniors were still yelling with laughter when he came back with the Remove-master. Mr. Quelch had an impatient expression upon his face. It was evident that he did not place the slightest belief in Loder's statement that the juniors had a rowdy lady visitor in the study. But he started at the sight of Portia.

"Bless my soul!" he said. "Who is this?"

"That—that is the female, sir," panted Loder. "She offered to kiss me, sir, and then threatened to scratch my face."

"Wharton, what does this mean?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Wharton!"

"Sorry, sir. But I can't help it. Ha, ha, ha! Loder's such a silly ass! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Who is this—this lady?" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"Nugent, sir!"

"What!"

"Frank Nugent, sir!"

"Nugent!" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir! He's made up for Portia. We're rehearsing the 'Merchant of Venice.' Nugent is Portia, sir, and Inky—I mean Hurree Singh, is the Prince of Morocco."

"The princefulness is terrific, most honoured sahib."

"Nugent! Is that really you, Nugent?"

"Yes, sir," said Frank, in his natural voice. "I think Loder couldn't have recognised me, sir. Of course I didn't really mean to kiss him, sir—it would have made me ill."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Quelch's stern face broke into a smile.

"This is utterly ridiculous!" he said. "Loder, I wish you would be more careful. When you came to me, I was sure you were talking nonsense. Now I suppose you can see it for yourself?"

Loder's face was crimson with mortification.

"Ye-e-es, sir!" he mumbled.

Mr. Quelch strode with rustling gown away, and the prefect followed him, gritting his teeth.

The chums of the Remove roared.

Loder looked for Billy Bunter. He had been made a fool of, and his impression was that Bunter had been pulling his leg. He found the fat junior in the common-room, and laid hold of his plump ear.

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

"You fat rotter!" said Loder. "So you are starting in the funny line, are you? I'll give you something funnier!"

And he twisted the Owl of the Remove across his knee, and his hand rose and fell. Billy Bunter roared.

Spank! spank! spank!

"Ow! Yow! Ow!"

"There!" panted Loder. "Next time you think of being funny, remember that I'm an awfully funny chap myself when I start!"

And he rolled the fat junior on the floor and left him. Billy Bunter sat up and yelled. And the other fellows in the common-room yelled too—but with laughter.

## THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Something Like a Wheeze.

HARRY WHARTON & CO. did not continue the rehearsal of "The Merchant of Venice." They felt too weak after they had finished laughing.

"Oh, dear!" said Bob Cherry, wiping his eyes. "It was too good! Loder was looking for vengeance because I biffed him with a pillow when we had the barring-out. He's got it now!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My hat!" Frank Nugent exclaimed suddenly. "I've got it!"

"Got what?"

"The wheeze!"

"What wheeze?"

"The wheeze we wanted, fathead—the way to dish High-cliffe!"

"Pile in!"

Frank Nugent's eyes were dancing.

"You saw the way Loder and Bunter were taken in?" he demanded.

"Yes, rather. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, why couldn't we take in Highcliffe in the same way?"

"I don't quite see——"

"You fellows can make up as well as I can; we're all giddy shining lights in the Remove Dramatic Society."

"But what——"

"Suppose half-a-dozen of us make up as girls——"

"Eh!"

"And go to the Christmas dance at Highcliffe——"

"What!"

"As friends of Marjorie and Clara——"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Great Scott!"

"Then if there's any trouble, we can give it to the rotters in the neck. And it will be the biggest jape of the season on the Highcliffe cads."

The juniors stared at Frank Nugent blankly for a moment. The wheeze took their breath away. Then they fell upon him and hugged him.

"Come to my arms!" sobbed Bob Cherry. "Let me fold you to my waistcoat, and weep!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Franky, you are a giddy genius!"

"Leggo!" roared Nugent. "Moderate your silly transports, you asses! Cheese it!"

"It's ripping——"

"My costume is!" roared Nugent. "Gerroff!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go and get Hazel!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "He can cycle over to Cliff House and ask Marjorie if she'll agree."

Bob Cherry rushed away in search of Hazeldene. He came back dragging the astonished junior by the arm.

"What's the row?" exclaimed Hazel. "Has Bob Cherry gone off his rocker?"

"Ha, ha! Not more than usual!"

"It's a wheeze!"

"Up against Highcliffe!"

"Oh, I see!" said Hazeldene. "Don't yank my arm off. What's the wheeze?"

"Dead secret, of course," said Wharton quickly.

"Oh, all serene!" said Hazeldene. "I sha'n't tell the Bounder, if that's what you mean. We're not pals now—no fear!"

"I don't think anybody's the Bounder's pal now, after what he did," said Harry Wharton drily. "Even Bolsover major can't stand him as he used. Look here, Hazel, we're standing together over this matter?"

"Certainly!" said Hazeldene, colouring a little. His friendship with No. 1 Study had been broken off quite recently, owing to the influence of Vernon-Smith; but since the Bounder's disgrace, it had been renewed. No. 1 Study were willing to accept the olive branch Hazel had held out, more on Marjorie's account, certainly, than because they thought much of Hazeldene himself.

"Righto!" said Harry. "Well, we've got the idea of going to the Highcliffe dance in costume——"

"It's not a costume dance," said Hazel.

"I mean, got up as girls."

"My hat!"

"We can make up all right. Nugent makes a very good-looking girl, and we others shall pass all right if we're careful. Inky will have to be left out, as his lovely complexion would give the show away."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But half-a-dozen of us can do it, and we can look after the girls at Highcliffe, and take a rise out of Ponsonby & Co. at the same time. What do you think of the idea?"

"Ripping! Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Hazeldene.

"Then cut over to Cliff House on your bike, and ask Marjorie if she'll consent."

"Righto!" said Hazel.

And he went chuckling down the passage. Harry Wharton & Co., waited anxiously for his return. Nugent's idea was a daring one, but it appealed very much to the juniors. All of them were good actors, and they had had a great deal of experience in the art of making up. And the joke on Highcliffe, if it came off, would be the best jape they had ever played.

Hazeldene came back an hour later, and came into No. 1 Study. The chums of the Remove were having tea, and Hazel dropped into a seat at the table.

"Well, what does Marjorie say?" asked Bob Cherry eagerly.

"She consents—only you are to be careful. Miss Primrose would be on the warpath if she knew."

"Oh, we'll be jolly careful!" said Harry Wharton. "If we were bowled out, we should go out of Highcliffe on our necks—and we don't want that."

"It's simply a ripping scheme!" said Johnny Bull. "The Highcliffe cads will be ready to kick themselves when they find it out!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Marjorie can take as many friends as she likes—girl friends," said Hazeldene. "Some more of the Cliff House girls are going to take friends. It's to be a pretty big dance. The Highcliffe cads are doing it in style."

"We'll help them with the style!" grinned Nugent.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 255.

A Grand, Long Complete School Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars next Monday.

"THE GREYFRIARS PANTOMIME I"

Please order your copy of "THE MAGNET" Library in advance.

EVERY MONDAY,

The "Magnet" LIBRARY.

ONE PENNY.

"The helpfulness will be terrific!"

"We shall want a lot of cash for the costumes," said Harry Wharton thoughtfully. "We'll get over to Courtfield tomorrow and buy the things. We shall have to pool our funds, and we can borrow a fiver of Mauleverer. It's worth while blowing a little cash for a jape like this!"

"Yes, rather!"

"And mind, not a word outside the study!" said Wharton.

"Not a whisper; not a giddy syllable!" said Bob Cherry.

And the secret was well kept.

The following day the juniors paid a visit to an emporium at Courtfield, where quite a considerable sum of money was "blued" in the necessary purchases.

The articles purchased were brought back to Greyfriars, and deposited in No. 1 Study; and that evening the juniors donned their new garb, with the door locked, and rehearsed their parts as schoolgirls, amid shrieks of suppressed laughter.

That there was something going on in No. 1 Study the other fellows knew, but they did not know what it was.

The fellows who were to play the parts of schoolgirls numbered five—Harry Wharton, Nugent, Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull, and Hazeldene. The Nabob of Bhanipur was reluctantly left out, on account, as Bob Cherry expressed it, of his high colour.

"It won't be an easy thing," Harry Wharton remarked. "The dancing will be different—we shall have to dance as girls. Of course we shall be asked to dance—especially such a charming girl as Miss Nugent."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We'll rehearse every evening until the giddy dance comes off," said Bob Cherry; "and we shall have to practice speaking in feminine voices——"

"And mincing our steps," said Hazeldene.

"And mind, you'll have to say 'good gracious!' instead of 'My hat!'" said Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And every evening, within the locked study, the chums of the Remove rehearsed their parts, and it was not long before they had mastered the difficulties, and turned themselves into a very creditable set of schoolgirls.

## THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

### The Highcliffe Dance.

"BY Jove!" said Ponsonby. "I think it will be ripping!"

"First-rate!" said Gadsby.

"Absolutely!" drawled Vavasour.

The Highcliffe fellows stood in the wide doorway of the big schoolroom of Highcliffe.

It was the night of the dance.

The Highcliffe fellows had certainly done well. The room was decorated with holly and mistletoe, and had a very Christmas like appearance.

Ponsonby & Co. looked very pleased with themselves.

The Highcliffe fellows were wealthy enough, and they had spent money quite lavishly in preparing for the dance.

A Pink Hungarian band had been engaged, and, ensconced behind a barricade of ferns, they were already tuning up with weird effects.

The floor, well polished, was as smooth as glass.

Ponsonby & Co. were already in evening clothes, and they flattered themselves that they looked decidedly elegant.

"Those Greyfriars cads will be rather sorry for their cheek now, I rather think—what?" said Monson.

"Yaas, absolutely," said Vavasour.

"Jolly glad we've not got any of that crew coming," said Merton. "I did think we might have sent a card to Marjorie Hazeldene's brother."

"Oh, he's as rotten as the rest," said Ponsonby. "Better to leave them all out."

"Yes, rather."

"Vernon-Smith's coming, though," said Gadsby.

"Yes, we can stand him," remarked Ponsonby. "He's more like one of us. Besides, his pater is a millionaire, though he made it in some shady way—business, or something. But millions are millions, however you make 'em, nowadays."

"Absolutely!" said Vavasour.

"Smithy's in hot water with the Greyfriars cads now," Ponsonby remarked. "They're all down on him for something—some scheme he had for getting Wharton sacked from the school, I think. Pity he didn't succeed."

"He did—but the rotter came back."

"Well, if we're chummy with Smithy, it will be one up against the rotters," said Gadsby. "Not that I think much of Smithy myself. Of all the cads——"

"Thank you!" said a familiar voice.

The Highcliffe fellows swung round. Vernon-Smith, with a light coat on over his evening clothes, and a big diamond blazing in his shirt-front, had come in. Gadsby coloured a little.

"Ahem!" he said.

Vernon-Smith laughed.

"Finish what you were saying," he said. "Don't mind me."

"Ahem!"

"Cliff House girls not arrived yet?" asked Vernon-Smith.

"Not yet," said Ponsonby.

"Wharton & Co. are wild enough about the girls coming here without them," said the Bounder of Greyfriars.

The Highcliffians chuckled in chorus.

"We meant them to be," said Gadsby.

"Yaas, absolutely."

"You're the only Greyfriars chap we sent a card to," said Monson. "As a matter of fact, Highcliffe is a cut above Greyfriars as a school, and we don't care to associate with those fellows."

"Very kind of you to make an exception in my favour!" said the Bounder.

"Yes, we meant to be kind," said Vavasour.

"Didn't you ask Lord Mauleverer?" said the Bounder calmly.

Ponsonby coughed.

"We—ahem—thought of it—but——"

"But he declined to come?"

"Not exactly—ahem——"

"I saw your card in his study," the Bounder explained calmly. "He had used it to light his gas with, but there was some of it left."

Ponsonby & Co. frowned.

They had intended to "sit upon" the Bounder, who had accepted their invitation. The law of courtesy to the stranger within the gates did not trouble the Highcliffe fellows very much. But the Bounder of Greyfriars was not an easy person to sit upon.

"How do you do, Master Vernon-Smith?" asked Mr. Mobbs, breaking a painful pause by arriving upon the scene.

"Fairly well, thank you, Mobbs," said the Bounder, without any inquiry as to the state of health Mr. Mobbs might find himself in.

Mr. Mobbs coughed. He did not exactly like being called Mobbs by a junior schoolboy; he was a Form-master, after all. But much was to be forgiven to the son of a millionaire.

"And your honoured father; I trust he is well?" said Mr. Mobbs.

"Oh, yes," said the Bounder carelessly.

"Mr. Mobbs is M.C.," said Ponsonby, frowning.

"They have been kind enough to say that I shall be of service," said Mr. Mobbs, with a simper. "When I was up at Cambridge——"

"You were a dashing fellow, weren't you?" said Vernon-Smith.

"We were all a little wild, I am afraid," said Mr. Mobbs, with a shake of the head. "You would hardly believe that I used to lead them in the Fifth of November rags?"

"No, hardly," agreed the Bounder.

Mr. Mobbs coughed. Mr. Mobbs was the most inoffensive of little men, and, like many inoffensive little men, he had a great desire to be supposed to have led a wild life in his earlier days. It was a favourite amusement of the Highcliffe fellows to draw him on to tell steep stories of his wild doings in his undergraduate days.

"You look such a wild beggar, you know, Mobbs," said Vernon-Smith.

"Oh, don't say that, Master Vernon-Smith," said Mr. Mobbs, with a gratified simper. "Of course, all that is long past, and I must not speak about it before you young fellows. But it is true they used to call me Wild Mobbs."

The Bounder looked at the colourless little man, who looked more shrivelled and colourless than ever in evening clothes, and grinned.

"You've still got a wild look in your eye," he said. "I wonder Dr. Voysey doesn't notice it, and feel alarmed, you know. You look the kind of man to have a roaring time, and come home and hammer the porter."

"I nearly killed a porter one night," said Mr. Mobbs, sinking his voice. "Ah! they were the days! Times are changed since then—changed indeed! The undergrads are tame now—very tame! But the old dogs still talk about Wild Mobbs and his doings. It became a kind of legend at the 'Varsity. I was nicknamed Mobbs Arbiter; freshmen used to beg, almost with tears in their eyes, for the name of my tailor."

"Yes, I can imagine it," said Gadsby.

"That's what Mobbs is doing," said the Bounder, with a nod.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The sound of wheels outside interrupted the gentle ragging of Mr. Mobbs.

"The gals!" said Vavasour.

"Hear, hear!"

The Cliff House party had arrived.

Ponsonby & Co. received their guests with much graciousity of manner. Ponsonby & Co. prided themselves upon doing a thing well.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 255.

"THE GEM" LIBRARY

—Every Wednesday—

II

OUR COMPANION PAPERS

II

"THE PENNY POPULAR"  
—Every Friday—

Very pretty and charming the bevy of Cliff House girls looked.

Ponsonby & Co. did not know all the Cliff House girls by sight, and they did not even notice that there were five of the party who were of a somewhat sturdier build than the rest.

But one of the five attracted particular attention from several of the Highcliffe fellows.

She was not slim, but she had a very graceful figure, and a fresh complexion, and brown, wavy hair, and very pleasant blue eyes.

Quite a number of the Highcliffe fellows were eager to secure dances with Miss Franke, as it appeared the young lady was named.

She seemed to be even more popular than Marjorie Hazeldene, but Marjorie, if she noticed it, did not seem to mind.

Indeed, Marjorie appeared to be on the best of terms with Miss Franke; and Ponsonby, who danced the first dance with Marjorie, asked her about her friend.

"New girl at Cliff House—Miss Franke?" he asked.

"No," said Marjorie.

"She belongs to your school?"

"Oh, no; an old friend."

"Vav. seems quite smitten," said Ponsonby.

"Indeed!" said Marjorie.

"Yes; I saw the beggar bag four on her programme."

"She is a good dancer," said Marjorie demurely, as Miss Franke passed them with Vavasour. "Don't you think so?"

"Yes, ripping!" said Ponsonby. "What do you think of the floor?"

"I wasn't thinking of it at all," said Marjorie. "But it is very nice."

"Best we could do," said Ponsonby off-handedly. "Can't do much with a schoolroom."

"It seems to me very good."

"Well, we did our best, in our little way," said Ponsonby, his tone implying that he really considered his little way a very big way indeed.

"You have a Greyfriars boy here, I see," Marjorie remarked.

"Yes; Vernon-Smith. We didn't care to have any of the others."

"Indeed!"

"Smithy's all right; quite one of us, you know," said Ponsonby, with an evident belief that that was a great distinction for any fellow. "Who's that young lady he's dancing with? Do you know her? My hat! What feet!"

"It is Miss Henry!" said Marjorie.

"And who's the girl with the broad shoulders?"

"That is Miss Bobb."

"Dances like a horse," said Ponsonby. "She'll do some damage if she doesn't put the brake on a bit."

Marjorie laughed. Miss Bobb, otherwise Bob Cherry, certainly did not trip the light fantastic toe in a very finished manner. Bob Cherry was more at home on the football field than in a ball-room.

## THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

### A Dotted Eye.

VAVASOUR was certainly very much "smitten" with Miss Franke, as his chum Ponsonby had elegantly expressed it. He had "bagged" four dances, and had confided his opinion to Gadsby that the little "gal" was a "doocid good stepper." Vavasour's attentions to Miss Franke were very marked, and it must be admitted that Miss Franke encouraged them. She gave Vavasour languishing looks from her blue eyes when they danced, and Vavasour began almost to purr, so pleased was he with his conquest. And when he suggested sitting out a dance, Miss Franke assented quite cheerfully, and allowed him to lead her to a secluded corner of the room that had been arranged as a conservatory. There, in a seat behind a mass of ferns and flowers, Vavasour's attentions became more marked than ever. He secured Miss Franke's hand, a very slim little hand indeed, and which no one who had not particularly noticed Frank Nugent's delicate hands would have supposed belonged to a junior schoolboy.

"Rather jolly—what?" said Vavasour.

"Very jolly!" said Miss Franke.

"Dancing's rather a bore, though," said Vavasour, with what he fancied was the finished air of a man of the world.

"Do you think so?"

"Absolutely."

"Thank you," said Miss Franke demurely.

"Oh, I wasn't alludin' to to-night, of course," said Vavasour.

"Most rippin' time to-night. Expected to be bored—always bored at these affairs, you know—but wasn't. Most pleasant surprise!"

"Pleasant surprises are very nice," said Miss Franke, "I haven't had one."

Vavasour glanced at her, wondering whether there was a hidden meaning in that remark. But she was smiling sweetly, and he concluded that there wasn't.



The stalwart, athletic figure of the School House master stepped in at the door, and looked on at the scene in dumb amazement. Then, with flashing eyes, he sprang forward. "Mr. Ratcliff," he cried, "release that boy!" (For the above incident see the splendid, long, complete story of Tom Merry & Co., entitled "THE RIVAL HOUSE-MASTERS," by Martin Clifford, which is contained in this week's issue of our grand companion paper, "The Gem" Library. Out on Wednesday. Price One Penny.

"Very jolly here, ain't it?" said Vavasour.  
"Yes, indeed. By the way," said Miss Franke cheerfully, "have you finished with my hand?"  
"Eh?" said Vavasour, taken somewhat aback.  
"Getting deaf?" asked Miss Franke.

Vavasour looked at her in amazement, and released the little hand. He felt that he wasn't getting on so well as he had expected.

Vavasour had taken Miss Franke to that secluded corner with the fixed intention of kissing her there, with the noble object of telling his friends about it afterwards.

Vernon-Smith came by with Miss Bobb on his arm. He glanced at Vavasour, and smiled. Vavasour frowned. He had bet the Bounder a half-crown that he would kiss Miss Franke, and he did not look like winning his bet.

"H'm!" said Vavasour, as the Bounder disappeared behind the ferns with his companion.

"Yes," said Miss Franke.  
"Now, what would you say if—"  
"Yes?"  
"If I were—"  
"Yes?"  
"If I were to—to—"  
"Well?" said Miss Franke, looking at him calmly.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 255.

A Grand, Long Complete School Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars next Monday. **"THE GREYFRIARS PANTOMIME!"** Please order your copy of "THE MAGNET" Library in advance.

Vavasour did not finish. Sweet strains of music came from the adjoining room, and Miss Franke glanced at her programme.

"I think I am engaged for the next dance," she remarked.

"Who's the man?" asked Vavasour.

"The man is Gadsby."

"Well, if he can't find you, let him rip," said Vavasour.

Miss Franke laughed.

"The fact is—" said Vavasour, who was determined to win the Bounder's half-crown, but was growing more and more doubtful about how Miss Franke would take it.

"Yes?"

"You know, you're an awfully jolly girl," said Vavasour.

"Thank you!"

"Yaas, you know, absolutely."

"Go hon!"

Vavasour stared again, he had not expected that reply.

Vernon-Smith grinned through the ferns. Vavasour grew desperate. He did not mind the loss of the half-crown, but he did not wish the Bounder of Greyfriars to triumph over him. And the Bounder's grin was most irritating.

"Do you know—" he began.

"No, I don't, as a matter of fact."

"Ahem!"



"Yes?"

"You're an awfully jolly girl," said Vavasour.

"Put on a new record," said Miss Franke.

"What?"

"I've had that one."

"Oh!" said Vavasour.

"Shall we go back?" suggested Miss Franke.

"Ahem!"

"I've had that one, too."

"My hat!" murmured Vavasour. "Blessed if I've heard a gal talk like that before. If that rotter Smith doesn't take his grinning chivvy away, I'll sling something at him, the beast!"

Miss Franke rose. Vavasour rose, too. He felt that he was not getting on.

"By Jove!" said Vavasour. "Look at those flowers. Ripping, ain't they?"

Miss Franke turned her head to look at the flowers. That was Vavasour's opportunity. He kissed her.

Vavasour had not known how Miss Franke would take it. But certainly he had never dreamed that she would take it as she did take it.

Her left came out with a terrific drive, which caught Vavasour in the right eye, and bowled him over as if a cannon-ball had struck him.

"Ow!" roared Vavasour.

Bump!

Crash!

Vavasour sprawled among the reeling ferns, looking bewildered.

"There!" said Miss Franke. "Now get up and have some more, you boulder!"

"Oh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Vernon-Smith; and his companion, Miss Bobb, roared, with a laugh that was extremely powerful for a schoolgirl.

"Ha, ha, ha! Give him another, Franky!"

"Shut up, you ass!" said Miss Franke.

Vernon-Smith looked bewildered now. Such a flow of language he had never expected to hear among the girls from Cliff House.

"Dear me, dear me! What is the matter?" exclaimed Mr. Mobbs, appearing through the upset ferns. "My dear Vavasour—"

"Ow!"

"What ever is the matter? What has gone wrong with your eye?"

"Grooh!"

"I've dotted him in it," said Miss Franke.

Mr. Mobbs almost fell down.

"Eh?" he said feebly. "What?"

"I've dotted him in the peeper," explained Miss Franke.

"He kissed me! I think he has soiled my cheek! The beast! Grooh!"

"Oh, dear!" said Mr. Mobbs.

"Ow!" groaned Vavasour. "I—oh—absolutely—yow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Miss Bobb.

Vavasour sat up, with his hand to his eye. His eye was rapidly assuming a purple colour. He gave Miss Franke a look that was not at all loving, and staggered away into the adjoining room. Mr. Mobbs, looking as if he wondered whether he was upon his head or his heels, followed him.

"My hat! Vav!" ejaculated Ponsonby, as he caught sight of his friend. "What's the matter with your eye?"

"Ow! Go and eat coke!"

"I say, you're not going—"

"Yes, I am," howled Vavasour. "Grooh!"

And he disappeared as fast as he could, and spent most of the remainder of that happy evening bathing his eye.

## THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Not Nice for the Bounder.

"GREAT SCOTT!" ejaculated Vernon-Smith.

His eyes were fixed upon Miss Franke.

An expression of the greatest astonishment dawned upon the Bounder's face.

"You cheeky beast!" he said, drawing a deep breath.

"Sir!"

"You awfully cheeky rotter!"

"How dare you!"

"Oh, don't come that with me!" chuckled the Bounder.

"I know you now, Frank Nugent."

"Shush!"

"Frank Nugent, by gum!" said the Bounder. "Of all the cheek! Well, my hat! You've had the cheek to come here—as a girl!"

Nugent grinned.

"Well, I think I'm a very nicely-behaved girl, anyway," he said. "I don't allow bounders to kiss me."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Miss Bobb.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 255.

"THE GEM" LIBRARY  
—Every Wednesday—

II

OUR COMPANION PAPERS

II

"THE PENNY POPULAR"  
—Every Friday—

"Oh, great Scott! Ponsonby will be glad to know this!" said the Bounder.

"Shush!"

"You'll go out on your neck!"

"Keep it dark!"

The Bounder laughed mockingly.

"No fear. I'm going to tell Pon at once."

"Don't be a cad," urged Nugent. "You're a Greyfriars chap yourself, you know. This is the jape of the season."

"You're jolly well going on your neck," said Vernon-Smith, grinning. "This is where you get it, Frank Nugent."

"If you give me away—"

"I'm jolly well going to."

"You'll spoil the jape."

"All the better."

"Now, don't be a rotten cad, Smithy!"

"Rats! Come on, Miss Bobb, let's get back."

"Not just yet, Smithy," said Miss Bobb, her grasp tightening upon the Bounder's arm.

Vernon-Smith gasped.

"Bob Cherry!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Let me go, you cad!" said Vernon-Smith, struggling to get his arm away. "I'll yell—"

"That you jolly well won't," said Frank Nugent.

In a moment the two juniors had grasped Vernon-Smith, and he was on the floor. The conservatory was deserted now, a merry waltz was ringing out from the dancing-room, and the juniors had the conservatory to themselves. Bob Cherry's strong hand was over Vernon-Smith's mouth, and the Bounder's intended yell was choked back.

"Grooooo!" he murmured painfully.

"Keep his jaws shut, Bob," said Nugent.

"What-ho!"

"He's got to be stopped talking. We sha'n't get away for nearly an hour yet, and we're not going out on our necks."

"No fear!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Grooh!" gasped the Bounder.

Frank Nugent knew that the situation was desperate. If Ponsonby & Co. discovered the truth, there would be trouble. He took out his handkerchief, and bound Vernon-Smith's wrists together. Then he calmly tore strips off the Bounder's waistcoat, reducing it to a rag, and tied his ankles together. Then he stuffed the Bounder's own handkerchief into his mouth. Another strip from the waistcoat fastened it there, and the Bounder was securely gagged.

Then the juniors rose, panting.

The Bounder lay at their feet, wriggling, but too securely bound to escape, and too safely gagged to be able to call for help.

"Got the cad!" said Frank.

"Hear, hear!"

"Shush!"

"All serene. I'm shushing," said Bob Cherry, with a chuckle. "We've shut him up, Franky; but what are we going to do with him? There'll be a swarm here as soon as the dancing's over."

"He's got to be hidden somewhere."

"There's another room at the back there."

"Good; yank him along."

There was a door almost concealed by ferns. Frank Nugent opened it, and found an unlighted room beyond. The Bounder was lifted through the doorway, and laid upon the floor in the room. His eyes were scintillating with rage, but he was quite helpless.

"Sorry, but we've got to leave you here," said Nugent cheerfully. "This is what comes of not playing the game, Smithy."

"Grooh!" murmured the Bounder faintly.

"If you had been decent enough to hold your tongue, and help us to get through with the jape, it would have been all right."

"Grooh!"

"Are you quite comfy?"

"Grooh!"

"Does that mean yes?"

"Grooh!"

"Well, I can't make head or tail of that; so I suppose it's all right. We're going to leave you here, anyway. The Highcliffe cads will find you after we're gone."

"Grooh!"

"If you're industrious you'll be able to gnaw that handkerchief away in a couple of hours, anyway, if you're not found before."

"Grooh!"

"It's your own handkerchief; you can gnaw it as much as you like."

"Grooh!"

"I've had enough of his grooving," said Bob Cherry. "Come on, Franky."

"Righto!"

"Grooh!"

The juniors closed the door, and pushed several large pots of

ferns close up to it. Then they helped one another arrange their hair, and returned to the ball-room.

"By Jove! I've been looking for you everywhere, Miss Franke," exclaimed Gadsby. "My dance."

And he led Miss Franke away.

Miss Bobb had to be contented with being a wallflower. But that position, usually so extremely disagreeable to a young lady, did not seem to displease Miss Bobb. She sat looking on at the dancers with a most pleased expression upon her homely face. Perhaps she was not thinking of the dance, but of a wriggling, exasperated fellow gnawing furiously at a handkerchief.

## THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

### After the Ball.

**H**ARRY WHARTON & Co enjoyed the Highcliffe dance. They would rather have danced with Marjorie and Clara and the Cliff House girls than with the Highcliffe fellows, certainly. But they could not have everything. They were there at the dance, keeping fatherly eyes on Marjorie & Co. and taking a rise out of the Highcliffians, and that was enough. Vavasour, bathing his eye upstairs, and Vernon-Smith, tied up in a little room, did not enjoy the dance. But the Greyfriars Co. did very much.

But the best of all things come to an end at last, and so did the Christmas dance at Highcliffe. Miss Henry, and Miss Bobb and Miss Franke, and Miss Johns, and Miss Hazel, put on their cloaks in the hall. Ponsonby & Co. saw them off at the door, into the big brake with Miss Penelope Primrose. Ponsonby & Co. had not all enjoyed themselves. Gadsby was limping, from the fact that Miss Bobb had come down with terrific force upon his foot.

Ponsonby had had his ears boxed for being too attentive to Miss Clara in the conservatory, though it was Miss Johns who had done the boxing. Ponson had also shown signs of impertinence towards Marjorie, and Miss Henry had charged into him in a waltz and sent him flying, and he had not danced again. In fact, quite a number of little misadventures had happened to Ponsonby & Co. But they kept up polite smiles as the Cliff House party mounted their brake for the return, and, as Ponsonby bowed besides the brake, Miss Franke called to him:

"Have you seen Vernon-Smith lately?"

"No," said Ponsonby. "I think he's gone."

"I don't think!" said Miss Franke.

"Eh!"

"There's a little room behind the conservatory," said Miss Franke.

"I know there is," said Ponsonby in surprise. "What——"

"Look in it."

"What for?"

"Vernon-Smith!"

"Eh! But—I say——"

"Good-bye!" said Miss Franke.

"Wrap yourselves up well, my dear children," said Miss Penelope Primrose. "Good-bye, my dear little boys. It has been an exceedingly pleasant evening."

And the big brake rolled away.

Chuckles proceeded from one corner of the brake, where the five additions to the party were congregated.

Half-way to Cliff House the brake halted. A trap was waiting there, and Marjorie Hazeldene's five friends descended from the brake, and mounted into the trap. They said good-bye most respectfully and kindly to Miss Primrose, into whose innocent mind never a suspicion had entered.

"Good-bye, Marjorie! Good-bye, Clara!"

"Good-bye!"

The brake rolled on.

The trap took the direction of Greyfriars, and the driver, when the brake was gone, looked round and revealed the dusky countenance of Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Did the joke work rightfully?" asked the nabob, grinning.

The five schoolgirls roared.

"Yes, rather!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's the joke of the season."

"The jokefulness was terrific," grinned the nabob.

"Drive on, my giddy prince," said Frank Nugent. "We've got to get in. Jolly good of the Head to give us passes out, to escort the Cliff House girls, wasn't it? I wonder if he'd given them if he'd known the whole bizney!"

"I wonder!" said Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors divested themselves of their feminine attire and donned their own clothes before they reached Greyfriars. When they presented themselves at the old school they presented their usual appearance. The other clothes were fastened up into bundles.

Gosling, the school porter, admitted them with a grumble. The juniors descended from the trap, and Gosling took charge of it. Wharton slipped a two-shilling piece into his hand, and Gosling's crusty face cleared.

"Vernon-Smith come in yet?" asked Harry.

"Not yet, Master Wharton."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 255.

A Grand, Long Complete School Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars next Monday.

**"THE GREYFRIARS PANTOMIME!"**

EVERY  
MONDAY,

The "Magnet"  
LIBRARY.

ONE  
PENNY.

"Tell him we're in when he comes," said Frank Nugent. "Tell him to wake us up and tell us how he enjoyed the dance."

"Suttingly, Master Nugent."

And the juniors went on to the School House, and a few minutes later they were in the Remove dormitory, and going to bed.

They had just turned in when the dormitory door opened again and the light was switched on.

Vernon-Smith came in.

The Bounder's face was black as thunder.

Six juniors sat up in bed and smiled at him. The other fellows had mostly awakened, too, and they all looked at the Bounder.

"Hullo!" said Bolsover major. "You don't look as if you've had a very giddy time, Smithy."

"Faith, and ye might be comin' home from a funeral instead of a dance, Smithy darling," said Micky Desmond.

"Oh, rats!" growled the Bounder.

"Had a good time, Smithy?" asked Bob Cherry.

"I trust the goodfulness of the esteemed time was terrific, my worthy chum," purred the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Did you dance every dance, Smithy?"

"Or did you take a rest?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Vernon-Smith gritted his teeth.

"You rotters! You'd get into trouble over this, only you know the Highcliffe fellows won't complain, because they don't want to be shown up as silly asses!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It wouldn't hurt them," said Johnny Bull. "Everybody knows that they are silly asses, you know."

"Sure, and what's the throuble?" asked Micky Desmond.

"What have you spalpeens been doing? Where have you been?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What's the giddy mystery?" demanded Bolsover major.

"Listen, and I will a tale unfold," said Frank Nugent dramatically.

And he unfolded the tale, and the Removites listened with shrieks of laughter—in which the Bounder did not join.

Vernon-Smith turned out the light and turned in, and lay scowling in the darkness, while the Remove chuckled and gasped with merriment.

"Oh, what a giddy sell for Ponsonby & Co!" said Mark Linley. "Ha, ha, ha! They will be ready to kick themselves, I should think."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And Vav's got a black eye for trying to kiss Nugent!" yelled Johnny Bull. "Ha, ha, ha!"

And the Removites shrieked again.

The story of the Christmas dance at Highcliffe, and the adventures of the Greyfriars juniors there, was soon known all over the school, and all Greyfriars laughed over it till they wept. The Highcliffe fellows said nothing, but vowed vengeance among themselves. And when Frank Nugent sent over a polite note the next day, inquiring how Vavasour's eye was getting on, he received no reply. Upon the subject of the Remove jape at the dance the Highcliffians preferred to preserve a stony silence. The Bounder was silent, too, as to what the Highcliffians had said when they found him and released him. But probably it was something very uncomplimentary, for there was a perceptible coolness after the dance between the Bounder of Greyfriars and Ponsonby & Co.

The Highcliffe fellows said nothing, outside Highcliffe at all events; but among themselves they had to confess that they had failed once more in tackling the Famous Five, and that it was Harry Wharton's Win!

THE END.

## NEXT MONDAY'S GRAND STORY

of the Chums of Greyfriars School, is entitled

## "THE GREYFRIARS PANTOMIME."

By FRANK RICHARDS.

Also in Next Week's Issue of "THE MAGNET"  
Library there will be another long instalment of

## "TWICE ROUND THE GLOBE."

By SIDNEY DREW.

Order a Copy in Advance.

Price One Penny.

OUR THRILLING NEW SERIAL STORY. START THIS WEEK!

# TWICE ROUND THE GLOBE!

THE STORY OF THE  
GREAT MAN-HUNT  
BY SIDNEY DREW



Ferrers Lord, millionaire, and owner of the Lord of the Deep.



Prince Ching-Lung, adventurer, conjurer, and ventriloquist.



Nathan Gore, jewel collector and multi-millionaire, Ferrers Lord's terrible rival.

## THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

"BY FOUL MEANS OR FAIR, I'LL WIN!"

Nathan Gore, millionaire and jewel-collector, clenched his hands furiously, and raved like a madman on the deck of the liner Coronation. He had started specially from America in order to be present at the sale-room in London where the costly diamond, "The World's Wonder," was to be put up for auction. "A telegram for Mr. Gore," a voice rang out through the darkness. The American was told the message, and as he listened, his face came over deadly pale, and he gave vent to a terrible oath. The message was: "Ferrers Lord purchased 'The World's Wonder' privately. No bidders. Price unknown." "I'll win yet!" shrieked the man. "By foul means or fair, I'll win!"

### "THE WORLD'S WONDER."

In the magnificent drawing-room of Ferrers Lord's house in Park Lane was assembled a varied collection of individuals. First of all there was the celebrated millionaire himself, and close to him sat Ching-Lung, a Chinaman, busily engaged in making paper butterflies. Hal Honour, the great engineer, was sipping tea, and Rupert Thurston yawned in a chair. "How much did you pay for that great diamond?" presently asked the latter. The millionaire smiled. "Money and fair words, Rupert," he replied. "By the way, you have not seen it yet?" The priceless gem passed from hand to hand. A thousand fires burned in its crystal heart; a thousand colours, ever changing, leaped from every facet. "I guess it would have been more money and less fair words if old Gore had turned up," remarked Ching-Lung sagely.

### "I'LL TAKE THE CHALLENGE!"

The millionaire's house was wrapped in silence. A faint light shone from the drawing-room. Ching-Lung pushed open the door, then a cry broke from him. A man lay face downwards on the floor. There was a ghastly crimson stain on his collar. The man was Ferrers Lord. "Ching—the diamond!" came a hoarse voice. Ching-Lung opened the drawer which Lord indicated, but there was no diamond there. But a message had been left behind: "To Ferrers Lord,—Knowing that you would not sell 'The World's Wonder,' I have taken it. Do your worst. I defy you. The stone is mine.—Nathan Gore." The millionaire rose to his feet. "I take the challenge, Ching," he said. "I'll hunt him down and bring back my diamond." He begins the chase after the diamond thief, and for five months pursues Nathan Gore through Europe, New Zealand, Teneriffe, and back to London, never once being able to catch him up. While in London, he hears that Nathan Gore has bought from the Dutch a remote island named Galpin. Lord immediately purchases an island four miles south of Gore's, christening it Ching-Lung. Learning that Gore is fortifying his island, and has actually fitted out warships for his own use, Ferrers Lord arranges a hurried expedition, and in a few hours the whole party are aboard the Lord of the Deep, bound for the island of Ching-Lung. When they arrive they visit Nathan Gore's island, and find that it is well protected by forts. Ferrers Lord, wishing to end the chase, sends his conditions of peace to the mad millionaire. They are, that he returns the stolen diamond and publishes in all the papers in the world an apology. Nathan Gore refuses, and war is declared.

Ferrers Lord plans to destroy the foundations of all the forts in Goretown, and so spoil Nathan Gore's preparations for defence. To this end he builds dummy destroyers, each of which is supplied with electric light and motive power. On pressing a button in the Lord of the Deep, each little ship is flooded with light, and Ferrers Lord declares them ready to attack.

(Now go on with the story.)

### The First Move.

"Right! Go!" said Rupert Thurston, who was standing at the head of the ladder. "Go gently, Tom, and give me my night-glasses! Thanks, my boy! Lift her again!"

They began to creep towards the island. The minutes sped away. To port shone the searchlights of the forts, as their rays crossed and recrossed. Rupert opened the door and went forward, trying to pierce the darkness. Where were the cruisers? Suddenly he sighted a circle of crimson, and then a circle of green. These lights marked the position of one of the vessels.

"Good biz!" he muttered. "She's moving, too. Hallo! You would, would you? Thanks! That's what I wanted you to tell me."

A light gleamed a mile to port, and vanished. It twinkled again and again. The cruiser was signalling to her consort.

"Do you see it, Prout?" called Thurston.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 255.

"THE GEM" LIBRARY  
—Every Wednesday—

II

OUR COMPANION PAPERS

II

"THE PENNY POPULAR"  
—Every Friday—

"Ay, ay, sir!" said the steersman gruffly. "By hokey, they're goin' to be busy! If they don't get them tramp-steamers and lighters in 'arbour, they'll lose the lot. We'd better lie low a bit, sir. They're getting frightened!"

A whole cluster of lights became visible. The tramp-steamers were beginning to realise their danger. A storm blowing dead on shore would certainly wash the lighters aground. Sirens brayed and tugs whistled.

"They're going to tow the lighters into the bay, I expect," said Rupert. "I believe our chance has come, Tom."

"Don't see it, sir," said Prout, more gruffly still.

"Why not? In the confusion—"

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," said Prout. "Confusion is good enough, by hokey, but not too much on it! We can't sink far, sir, and, wi' a sea full o' craft, it's like as not we'll go smashin' into one, and rippin' the wheelhouse out. By hokey, sir, beggin' pardon, my idea is to wait until they get fair on the move. Then we'll fire a shot or so, and the blarmed gunboats'll be arter us like mice arter cheese!"

Rupert always thought fifty times before he contradicted the old sea-dog once.

"You're right, as usual, Tom," he said. "We'll wait."

The floating lights began to follow each other northwards. It had grown darker still. There was not a breath of air, and the night had become unsufferably hot. Faint mutterings and growlings and rumblings were heard. Now and then a few large, warm drops of rain pattered down. All the phosphorescence had vanished from the sea. Gan-Waga, separated from his darling Ching-Lung, squatted in a corner, smoking silently.

"Confound it!" growled Rupert. "How time drags!"

"I've found it do that afore, sir," said Prout, "especially when I've been waitin' for pay-day to come!"

"Oh-mi, oh-mi, oh-mi!" sighed Gan-Waga.

"By hokey, Gan," said Prout, "you ought to see a doctor! Are you in great pain?"

"Yo' go and die!" snapped the Eskimo, who was far from happy. "I wants my Chingy!"

"Look-out!" cried Rupert.

A sudden flash of vivid lightning zigzagged across the sky. For an instant it was as bright as day. They saw a flotilla of steamers and tugs with strings of barges in tow. And they saw more—the two cruisers, not a third of a mile away, as clearly as if the sun had been shining.

"By hokey, we're spotted!" roared Prout.

But his voice was drowned in a crash of thunder.

Prout was right. Searchlights blazed from the cruisers, and Thurston defiantly showed his lights. A shell shrieked over them, and thumped into the water.

"They've swallowed the bait!" said Rupert. "It's time to go, Tom. Bring her round, and I'll give them a blank!"

Boom! roared the carronade on the aft dummy. The Lord of the Deep answered her helm, and swung round in a curve until her nose was pointing to the open sea. A tongue of flame leapt out of the darkness, and a second shell flew screaming above them.

"Good-bye, Dolly," grinned Prout; "we've got to leave you. Them things ain't nice to play wi'. Shut the door, sir. I reckon they can't steam twenty knots, so we'll make it one-and-twenty, and they can blaze away till they feel weary. Go up, my jewel!"

The dark water closed above the glazed dome, the dummy lurched into its position, and the two cruisers, their searchlights flashing and their funnels spitting smoke and sparks, raced in pursuit of their mysterious foe. Rupert tempted them on by showing a light or firing an occasional shot.

### A Clever Scheme.

"Can you see anything, Ching?"

"I want a gimlet to bore a hole to look through," said the prince. "It's as black as Davy Jones's locker in a fog!"

"Ut's loike sthickin' yer head in a bucket of tar!" growled Barry. "Troth, ut was just such a noight as this when me Uncle Dinnis saw the ghost of his mother-in-law floying round the weather-cock on a broomstick! Arrah! Gintly, Joe—gintly! Av Oi can't sae, Oi can faal! Whist, Oi tell yez!"

"What's he doing?" asked the prince.

"Well, sir," said Barry, "ut may be a mistake. Oi'll give him the binifit o' the doubt, for ut's pesky dar-rk! Oi found the spalpeen's hand in the pocket where Oi kape my money, that's all! A mere trifle, sir!"

"I thought it was my own pocket!" chuckled Joe.

"To be sure—to be sure!" said Barry, as he gently abstracted Joe's watch and chain. "Did Oi blame yez? Quoite a nateral mistake. Yez'll be blowin' my nose, thinkin' ut's yours, in a minute!"

"Silence, there!"

Ferrers Lord leaned forward and listened. It was impossible to see even a yard ahead. The storm centre might pass without breaking, or the real fury of the gale that threatened might expend itself in the vicinity of Loneland.

The millionaire was a good judge of the weather; but in this case he was puzzled. The heat had made them throw off their oilskins and have recourse of the water-keg more than once.

Captains of tramp steamers—those ocean wanderers that loaf from port to port ready and willing to pick up any cargo from pork to pig-iron—can read the signs of the skies as well as any men afloat. Ferrers Lord guessed that they would hoist anchor and make either for the harbour or for the open sea at the first real hint of danger. Their position was imminently perilous.

"Hallo! Hear that?"

The sound was the buzzing of a winch and the faint clank of a chain. It meant that some vessel was hoisting anchor. More noises came out of the darkness, and lights twinkled.

"They're clearin'," said Joe. "I wouldn't like to be in their shoes if they didn't."

"What's them rid and blue and grane things, me broth of a boy?" asked Barry innocently. "Oi can say wan, two, THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 255.

A Grand, Long Complete School Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars next Monday.

EVERY  
MONDAY.

The "Magnet"  
LIBRARY.

ONE  
PENNY.

thray, four, foive. Are they foirewurrks? My, what purty pets!"

"Gibbering idiot!" said Maddock. "Them's the lights on the cruisers."

"Troth!" grinned Barry. "Yez surprise me! Twinkle, twinkle, little sthar, loike some petrol in a car! Av that motor-car goes bust, faith, ut's bury yez we must. So mote-er ut be!"

The launch glided nearer to the triangle of lights. Then came the flash of lightning, the thunder-clap, the crash of a gun, and Thurston's answer.

Excited shouts followed.

"Well done, Rupert!" laughed the millionaire. "Catch him if you can!"

"They're on his track, anyhow, O chief!" said Ching-Lung. "I have found Ru a bit of a jay at times, but he's not the sort of dicky-bird to be caught with salt. They're going without even kissing us. How rude! For goodness' sake, Barry, look the other way! Though I can't see you, I know you're staring at me, because my wisdom-tooth has started to ache!"

"Ut wouldn't be a very big tooth to howld all the wisdom he's got, wud ut, Joseph?" grinned the Irishman.

Boom! thundered a heavy gun; and the dummies' carronades barked defiance.

"Oh, yez bullyin' blayguarrds," said Barry, "to chase thim two little toy boats! Go away wid yez!"

"Get your tools, lads!" said the millionaire. "Maddock, heave the lead."

Maddock scrambled forward to his task, and splashed the weight overboard, Ferrers Lord steering unerringly by the searchlights of the fort. In an audible whisper the leadsman called the soundings as he felt the tags on the line.

"Bottom, sir!" said Maddock. "Only a fathom, sir!"

The next instant the launch was on the sand.

Ferrers Lord took a dark lantern, and lowered himself into the water. Maddock was left in charge. They splashed ashore, Joe carrying the explosive, and Ching-Lung dragging the electric wire after him. A heap of sand was flung up to hide the light, and then they set to work in earnest.

Nathan Gore had built his seawall of sandbags, faggots, and wicker baskets filled with rubble. The coarse grass he had sown to bind the mass together was already sprouting.

They tunnelled away, finding the labour so easy that Ferrers Lord began to wish he had shown another explosive. Coarse, black blasting-powder would have been better, as it would expend its force upwards, while the tendency of dynamite and kindred explosives is to strike downwards, though no man can explain why.

In less than half an hour the tunnel was eight feet deep, and threatening to cave in. The charge was laid, and carefully packed with rubble. Then they began to fill in the hole. This took less time, for by stamping on the bank above with their feet they shook down masses of sand. All the time the storm was growling in the distance, and the Aurora Australis flashed to the south.

"Get aboard, lads," said the millionaire.

Maddock's whistle guided them. They easily shouldered the light craft afloat. Ching-Lung took charge of the reel and paid out the pliant wire.

"Be jabbers!" said Barry. "Oi wondher av that big squib will bang or only fizz?"

"I wish you was sittin' a-top of it!" growled Joe, who had wetted his tobacco and lost his pipe. "You wouldn't talk so much if you was."

"Like to fire it, Barry?" asked Ching-Lung.

"Thank yez koindly, sor, but Oi must decloine," said Barry. "Oi've made it a rule all me loife."

"You've made what a rule?"

"Not to work betwixt meals," said O'Rooney. "Ut's loikely to give wan chillblains and hearrt disease."

As the work in question consisted in pressing a button, Barry's statement evoked a chuckle.

"We're far enough, Ching," said the millionaire.

"Get your ear-drums insured!" cried Ching-Lung. "It's going to pop."

A column of vivid flame blazed through the velvet blackness and was gone. The thunderous explosion crashed and reverberated through the night and echoed and rolled amid the craggy cliffs of Loneland.

"Be jabbers! Who's punctured a tyre?" shouted Barry, sending Joe, Maddock, and Ching-Lung into convulsions of laughter.

But the millionaire's ringing voice put an end to their mirth.

"Quick! Into your lifebelts!" he cried. "The storm is upon us!"

The very suddenness of it made it more terrible. The sky was one blaze of forked lightning, and the blinding, hissing rain poured down. Then, with a wild howl, the winds awoke

and lashed the sea. The launch shot up on the crest of a mighty wave and raced down a glassy slope of water. Up she rose, and down into another valley.

"Hold fast! Hold fast, for your lives!"

The millionaire's voice, though he had shouted his loudest, only reached them as a whisper. Flash followed flash without a pause. They could see the tossing spars of the cruiser and the blown island. A lighter plunged behind them, a doomed craft, and there were wretched men upon her. Her tug had abandoned her, and she was drifting helplessly ashore.

Ferrers Lord set his teeth, and kept the launch's head to the storm. Unless she capsized he had no fear that she would not ride out of the gale. She was like a cork.

As if by magic the wind dropped, and the rain fell in straight lines. They rode over a mountainous wave. As she sank into the trough of the sea she swerved, and the next wave lifted her broadside on, half filling her with water.

They began to bale like maniacs.

"We must run round the island, lads," said Ferrers Lord quietly. "If we can get to the point yonder we'll find shelter of a kind."

#### The Wild Guardians of Loneland.

"Can you see? Can anyone see?"

The millionaire shouted the question.

A long, terrible hour of tossing, tumbling, baling, and buffeting had gone by. The gallant launch was still unbeaten.

"Not a thing!"

Ferrers Lord could hardly grasp the helm, so swollen and numbed were his hands. The velvet blackness was impenetrable. The little vessel bravely faced the roaring wind and lashing spray. There was a southerly drift. Ferrers Lord knew. But how far had it carried them? For twenty minutes there had been no lightning.

"We shall live through it," he thought, "if we can last out until dawn without going ashore. It was mad work to come out with such weather threatening. Good heavens!"

He had seen a glimmer of light on his right hand. At first he thought it must be a ship; but it was far too high, and stationary. It could not come from the fort. They had

drifted north, instead of south, along the coast of Loneland. He had been mistaken in the set of the current, or else the current changed under certain conditions of the weather. The point of light was blotted out, and the rain fell. The launch was whirled upon the summit of a watery mountain, it seemed, to the heaven itself.

There was a hoarse cry from all. Instead of rushing down the slope, and climbing the next surge, the launch whirled astern on the wave-crest at racehorse speed.

The screw had broken.

There was a sudden crash. The launch shivered, rose again, and dashed on. She spun upwards, sank, was lifted high into the air, heeled sickeningly, and righted. The next instant a jar ran through her plates, and she struck. The men were hurled against each other.

Once more she was afloat, but the end was near. She was half-full of water, and it was useless to bale now. She sped on through the darkness, her pace slackening, and grounded with hardly a quiver. Overhead the wind howled and yelled, but scarce a breath of air fanned their cheeks. They could hear the wild thunder of the surf, but not a wave was high enough to break over the launch's sides. The sudden change was like a miracle or a dream.

The millionaire plunged his hands into the locker, and felt about in the water for the electric lamp. He found it, and switched on the light.

All the men were safe, but their faces looked white and ghastly. The rays of the lamp were lost in the gloom as Ferrers Lord flashed the light around. The launch was almost on an even keel. She had grounded in about four feet of calm water.

"Where are we?" cried Ching-Lung.

"Goodness knows! In some creek, I should say. We never had such luck as this, Ching—never in our lives before!"

"Shall I swim out and try to find the shore?"

"No!" shouted the millionaire. "Stay where you are!"

He searched the locker again, and brought out some extract of meat. The taste was vile, but it did them good. They had lost the water-keg; and, although they were choking with thirst, Ferrers Lord refused to allow them to touch the rum.

## Geo. R. SIMS

(The Great London Author)

### Contributes a Long, Complete Story

to the Christmas Number of the "Dreadnought," which is a remarkable budget of seasonable reading for the usual price of one penny only. Special attractions include:

### Christmas Stories Sporting Yarns School Tales

Stories of War, Mystery, Boxing

SEXTON BLAKE  
v. PLUMMER

OLD-TIME  
ADVENTURES

Articles on Conjuring, Sport, etc.

and numerous other good things. If you enjoy stirring stories and interesting articles you must not miss the

Grand Xmas Number of

**The DREADNOUGHT**

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 255.

"THE GEM" LIBRARY  
—Every Wednesday—

II — OUR COMPANION PAPERS — II

"THE PENNY POPULAR"  
—Every Friday—

### A Companion Paper to "THE MAGNET" LIBRARY.

## "THE PENNY POPULAR"

NOW ON SALE

contains

### "TOM MERRY'S NEW SCHOOL"

A splendid 24,000-word long, complete tale by  
MARTIN OLIFFORD.

### "THE ORDER OF RELEASE"

A grand long, complete Christmas story of  
SEXTON BLAKE, DETECTIVE.

### "THE RANCH RAIDERS"

A thrilling long, complete adventure tale of  
JACK, SAM, and PETE. By S. CLARKE HOOK.

**BUY YOUR COPY TO-DAY**

The salt spray seemed to have eaten into the pores of their skin like a powerful acid. They were in utter misery. Poor Barry, who was not such a trained and hardened sea-dog as the others, suffered most. But Barry was game to the backbone.

"The wind is going down, I think, old fellow," said Ching-Lung at last.

"I hope so."

"I'm pretty sure of it," said the prince cheerfully. "And it's getting lighter. I can pretty nearly see my way to fall overboard. Jove, I was never so tired before! I could sleep on a board full of spikes and hobnails."

"The moon! The moon!" yelled Joe.

There was a grey patch in the dark sky. It became lighter and brighter.

Ching-Lung clutched the millionaire's arm, and uttered a cry of delight as he pointed to a patch of yellow sand not three fathoms from the stranded launch.

"Come, lads, come!" said Ferrers Lord.

He caught up the lamp and waded ashore.

They lay down on the sand, thoroughly dog-tired; and in five minutes all except their tireless leader were sound asleep. It had ceased to rain. The storm had almost blown itself out. At length the clouds began to scatter, and the moon shone bright and clear.

The launch seemed to have grounded in a landlocked bay—a pool surrounded by black, towering cliffs. After a time, Ferrers Lord discovered the narrow outlet. He was astonished that the little craft should have come through without striking, and being dashed to fragments. Ferrers Lord entered the water, and examined the place. The channel was arched over. The cliff, in fact, was tunnelled.

"A natural gun!" he muttered. "That huge wave was the charge, and the launch was the projectile. Poor little launch, you will never swim again!"

He walked quickly up and down, swinging his arms to warm himself. Ching-Lung yawned, opened his smarting eyes, and sat up. The millionaire paused.

"Do you feel better?" he asked.

"Well, I can't say that I feel much of it, old lad," groaned Ching-Lung. "I feel something akin to pickled pork. Been asleep?"

"No."

"You must be cast-iron," said the prince. "I never knew such a tough knot. You can't be cut or filed!"

"Someone must keep awake," smiled Ferrers Lord, "and someone must do the thinking."

"Here's someone who wants to do drinking, anyhow, old chap. There ought to be water about. I'll think later on, thanks."

Ching-Lung discovered a pool of fresh rain-water at the foot of the rocks, and drank feverishly. Then he declared that he was fit to fight a commando of Boers with no weapon more deadly than a peashooter.

"What about the thinking, Lord? I'm your man," he remarked.

"Do you know where we are?"

"Not quite, my boy," said Ching-Lung, looking round him; "but I'm not in love with our diggings."

"We are on Loneland."

"Oh!" said Ching-Lung.

"And the launch is a wreck."

"So am I, for that matter. Well, what's the programme?"

"An unpleasant one. Rupert will be looking for us on the other side of your island—the island I christened after you. We cannot go to him without a boat. We shall have to cross to the other side of Loneland, and lurk about until we can communicate with him. If Gore gets wind of us, we shall never communicate with Rupert."

"You fill me with joy," said Ching-Lung. "It's cheerful and joyous, isn't it? This is the last time I'll ever come blowing up sea-walls with you. To be serious, though, we ought to dodge old Nathan. Ru knows his business."

The millionaire shook his head.

"Of course, Rupert will never give us up, Ching," he answered; "but it may be a long time before he finds us. We have put Nathan Gore in a condition of panic. There is no anchorage on the other side of the island, but it would be easy enough to land a force of men by boats. We shall find the coast there well patrolled."

"All the worse for the patrols," said the prince grimly.

"Possibly. That, however, is not the point. If we are once scented, Gore will turn the tables. Instead of being the hunted, he will become the hunter. He can turn loose twelve or fifteen hundred men to scour the island. What would our chances amount to in that case? I can see only one thing for it. We must start at once, and try and find some cave or other hiding-place on the other shore. Do not wake the men just yet. We can get out the guns, and any food that is not spoiled. Let them rest, poor lads. They have had a terrible buffeting. Time is precious, Ching. We do not want to lose the moon, and go blundering along in the dark.

They examined the launch, and found her in a hopeless con-

EVERY  
MONDAY.

The "Magnet"  
LIBRARY.

ONE  
PENNY.

dition. The biscuits were ruined, but the tinned goods were, of course, unharmed. Ching-Lung divided them into equal portions, and deftly manufactured bags out of tarpaulin to carry them in. Then, not without difficulty, he roused the weary men.

"Tumble up! Tumble up!"

"Troth," sighed Barry O'Rooney, getting wearily upon his legs, "Oi cud tumble down much aiser. Ut's just as though somewan had been shovin' rocks at me for a wake."

"I might have dropped off Nelson's Column, I feel that sore!" groaned Joe.

"You'll feel sorer if you don't hustle, my bonnie growlers!" said Ching-Lung. "You've got a long way to go."

"Whistle me a cab?" said Barry. "Oi don't mind the ixpinse. Where are we at all, at all? Oh, for one squint at the little cabin in Ballybunion—"

"Hallo, it's got to a cabin now, has it?" put in Maddock. "It used to be a gilt-edged castle!"

"Silence, lads," said Ferrers Lord. "We are in a nasty fix. The launch is as full of holes as a grating, and we must abandon her, and cross the island to look for Mr. Thurston. This is not Ching-Lung Island, but Loneland. You can imagine that we are in a nasty plight, but we have been in many a worse one. Pick up your loads."

Barry scratched his head.

"Oi suppose, Joe," he remarked, "the hotels is all full up, and the nixt train has gone! Lade on, lade on, and I will foller."

"Shut up, you ass," said Joe, "and move!"

The millionaire was already climbing the winding path, down which the rain-water gushed in a little stream. They filled their pockets with cartridges, and shouldered their rifles and loads. Joe cast a sorrowful backward glance at the launch. He had helped to build it.

It was rather a perilous climb, but luckily the moon was very brilliant. The sea still lashed and seethed and beat against the cliff. They turned away from it.

"How's the travelling, old chap? You know the place, don't you?"

"Very little, Ching. We are pretty near the north end of the island, and that is the healthiest part. There are only a few swamps, and that means little fever. I shall steer as straight as I can. Look out for holes, lads!"

They walked through the scrub and heather for a couple of miles. The heather merged into palm-ferns, and a tangle of brambles and creeping plants that were like so many traps. Fireflies flitted about like living sparks as they stumbled and tripped on. The moon was sinking down the sky, and as it paled, the Southern Cross showed clear and bright. Then a line of trees rose black against the grey, and they plunged into a wood.

"Oi think Oi'll go birrd-nestin'," said Barry. "Whin Oi was a bhoi in our palace at Ballybunion—"

"It's got to a palace now!" said Maddock.

"Arrah, be aisy, thin," said Barry. "Ut's only yer invy and jealousy. Whin Oi—Oi— Murther! Sho! What is ut? Luk! Up yondher—up! Is ut a ghost?"

Barry pointed into a tree. Two blazing circles of crimson shone from the dark foliage. Some soft object smote the Irishman on the nose, and Barry yelled with terror.

"Only an owl, you jay!" grinned Ching-Lung. "There he goes!"

"Owl?" gasped Barry. "Bedad, till that to the marines! Did iver an owl haive a brick at a man loike that baste did?"

"P'raps it was one of yer relations, Irish—a monkey," said Joe.

Ching-Lung switched on the lamp, and discovered a dead parrot which the frightened bird had let fall. Maddock and Joe chuckled softly.

"It's a codder, Ben," said Joe. "I wouldn't have a face like that for a bit, and some extra. When even the poor, helpless dumb beasts see it, they can't help chucking things at it."

"Och!" remarked Barry, sniffing the air. "There's a scent about what informs me that somewan is axin' for an early grave. Oi'm the man to help him to ut!"

They emerged from the wood. The millionaire halted and looked forward. In little more than an hour the moon would fall. A veritable No Man's Land stretched out below them—a plain of sand and craggy boulders.

"Bad going," said Ching-Lung.

"Abominable. One could put up a good fight, though, among these stones, Ching. I am afraid we shall not get through to the sea to-night. There's an after gale coming up."

Clouds were rising behind them in shaggy ridges, and a breeze was swaying the trees.

"We'll have to doss out where we can, then," said the prince, "and lie low for a bit."

"Let us get as far as possible," said Ferrers Lord.

They filed in among the stones as the clouds chased across the sky. Bright light and utter darkness alternated. Suddenly Ching-Lung whistled. He was about ten yards ahead, and hidden by a mass of rock.

"What's wrong?" asked Ferrers Lord.

"Barbed wire!" came back the astounding answer.

The fence ran due north and south, as far as they could see in the moonlight. They looked in vain for any building, shed, or shanty. Each strand was double, heavily barbed, and strung so closely from ten-foot iron posts that a cat could not have crept through.

"This is a puzzle," said Ching-Lung. "What the deuce has the old maniac done this for? Has he turned down a lot of cattle?"

"Cattle would hardly require a fence like this," said the millionaire. "It's a regular entanglement at half-a-sovereign a yard."

"But what on earth— Oh, he's mad!"

Ferrers Lord did not answer. That Nathan Gore was mad he did not deny. But there was method in the old man's madness, for all that. Gore had not gone to such expense without a purpose.

"Don't touch the wire," he said.

"Why not?"

"Because you might receive a very unpleasant shock, Ching. No. I think we are safe. There are no insulators at the posts. Let me have an axe."

The axes had been forgotten, but Joe had a file in his huge knife, the knife being a complete carpenter's chest in a small way. He began to rasp at the lower strands, but the millionaire checked him.

"It will be wiser to dig our way under," said Ferrers Lord, "and fill the hole up afterwards. They may not find the launch, for it is well hidden; but they probably often examine this fence. Start just here, where the ground is soft."

Very soon they had squeezed under the wire. There was a drizzle in the air that would, if it lasted, obliterate all traces of the digging. Both Ching-Lung and the millionaire pondered over the mystery. Could it be intended to withstand an attack in Goreland from the east? If so, where were the necessary forts or blockhouses? Without these it was no defence at all. An axe or a few wire-cutters would cut an opening in a few seconds.

"Old chap," said Ching-Lung, "I give it up. He's mad, and that settles it, in my opinion."

"Admitted. After all, Ching, I can't persuade myself that this is only a lunatic's trick. His mania is hatred of me. I am well aware, my boy, that deep down in your heart of hearts you think I am mad also, and you need not trouble to deny it. I am obstinate, and nothing more. I have never been beaten yet, and it will not be my fault if I am ever beaten. I cannot tell you why he has built that fence, but I shall not leave the island until I have discovered why."

Barry shifted his load on to his left shoulder, and blew his numbed fingers.

"D'yez see the sign of a public-house yet, at all?" he inquired wearily.

"There's a temperance 'otel in front," said Maddock.

Maddock's hotel was a little stream that rippled among the stones. Rum-and-water was served round, and to the delight of Joe and Benjamin, Barry remembered that there was a pound tin of tobacco somewhere, which the salt water could not have damaged, as well as a tin of yacht matches. The tobacco was found in Ching-Lung's bundle, and they wiped out their pipes, and filled them.

"Oi faal a new man," said Barry, as he puffed out the smoke.

"I wish you'd get a new face," said Joe. "It's your dial that worries us, not you."

They had been compelled to halt, owing to the darkness, and were waiting for the clouds to pass. They smoked in silence, finding comfort and balm in their pipes. When the light came Ching-Lung clambered to the summit of a boulder.

"I say I see," he chuckled.

"What do you say you see, sir?" asked Joe.

"I say I see the sea, sir," laughed Ching-Lung. "And I would not say I see the sea, you see, if I did not see the sea, you see, sir."

"Troth, ut's yer tongue yez'll be afther gettin' twisted into a double clove-hitch," said Barry. "Come gintly down, and moind the sthairs. The remark is wan Oi don't belave. Oi say, he niver saw the say. How cud he whin that say is the Paycific Ocean?"

"Forward!" cried Ferrers Lord.

The bundles and rifles were becoming tremendously heavy, and their half-dry, salt-impregnated clothes were chafing the skin of their knees and armpits. Still, it was useless to grumble. The ground was more open, and the light lasted for quite twenty minutes. Once they saw, as they climbed

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 255.

a knoll, the flash of the waves. And at last they gained the very edge of the cliffs, and looked across the wide Pacific.

"No path here," said Ferrers Lord. "North or south—which way?"

"South, of course," said Ching-Lung. "That's where Rupert will be."

"To the south, then, till we can find a path down. There is no safety for us up here. Cheer up, lads, and stick to it! I suppose you put some value on your necks?"

"Troth, yer honour," said Barry. "Oi've had value on moine to the tune of a ninepenny starched collar and an eightpenny toie many a toime, to say nothin' of a silver horseshoe scarfpin. It was at a weddin'."

"Not so dusty, Irish," grinned the prince.

Every time a bank of clouds rolled overhead, cold rain fell. The moments of light became less frequent. The uplands were bare, and offered no hiding-place, but some refuge had to be found before dawn. The walk in itself was nothing. But they had been so buffeted and beaten that they were utterly exhausted, all but Ferrers Lord.

"Come—come," he said; "this will never do, my lads."

"Barry is finished, old chap," whispered Ching-Lung.

"Give me your load, Maddock," said Ferrers Lord.

"Axin' yer honour's pardon—"

"Give me that bag and rifle."

The millionaire took both, and strode on. Maddock was beginning to limp badly, and Joe was falling behind. Out shone the moon. Ferrers Lord stopped dead, and they saw him pointing downwards. He had found a path.

"Look—look!" gasped Ching-Lung.

Far down, lying on her side, was a ship—a mastless old three-decker of long ago—with the spray dashing over her.

"A vissile, or the ghost of wan!" said Barry hoarsely.

"Come, lads, come!" repeated the millionaire.

They lost sight of the extraordinary craft as they entered the narrow ravine, but it filled their thoughts. The descent was toilsome and slow; but it was over at last. They rounded a spur of rock, the surge licking their feet, and stood close beside the supposed castaway, only to find her no castaway at all.

They stared at the relic of the past wonderingly. It was evident that she had not been long in her present position. There were shining new patches of copper sheathing on her hull, new planks in her decks, and the stumps of her masts showed the recent marks of a saw. She was a vessel of about seven hundred tons, and had, the millionaire fancied, by her style, been built in some American port at least eighty years before. But she had been patched and re-patched until hardly an atom of the original remained. Four hawsers kept her in position.

"Dashed if I don't know her!" said Maddock. "Know her? I've seed her 'undreds of times. She was a trainin' ship once, and then a dynamite 'ulk in the Hudson River. But she didn't 'ave all them bars over her ports."

"I remember," said Ferrers Lord.

But what was she doing careened there? They had no heart to board her, for they had had enough wetting for one night. It was another mystery to solve when the opportunity came.

"Gore is getting worse," growled Ching-Lung. "Do you think he bought the sea-coffin full of explosives and towed her over from New York?"

"Rather an expensive method of conveying dynamite," answered the millionaire. "It may be so."

There were only a few fathoms of shingle between the sea and the cliffs. Telling the men to rest, Ching-Lung and the millionaire went on in search of a cave, scanning the face of the cliff. Masses of weed showed the high-water mark. At full tide there would be twenty feet of water on the shingle.

"Our luck seems out just now, old chap," said Ching-Lung.

"I haven't seen a hole yet big enough for a jack rabbit."

"We shall find what we want, never fear," said the millionaire. "Give me a hand!"

He scrambled over a rock, and helped the prince up. The sea ran into a wide arm, and the land sloped up steadily. The sight of a strip of smooth sandy shore, flanked by rocky pillars, raised their hopes.

"We can get above flood-mark here, anyhow," said Ching-Lung. "What's wrong with this?"

The millionaire let the light of the lamp flood the dark hollow. It was a cave, and a fairly spacious one.

"The very place," said Ferrers Lord. "There's plenty of driftwood about, too, for our fires, and fresh water close by. I'll go and bring up the lads."

"Hush!"

The millionaire gave a start, and listened intently.

"Did you hear—"

"Hush! Listen!" muttered Ferrers Lord.

A sound came rumbling between the cliffs.

"Oomph! Oo-oo-oomph! Oomph!"

(Another splendid long instalment of this serial story in next Monday's issue of THE MAGNET Library, price 1d.)

# My Readers' Page.



OUR TWO  
COMPANION PAPERS  
"THE GEM" LIBRARY  
EVERY WEDNESDAY  
AND  
"THE PENNY POPULAR"  
EVERY FRIDAY.

FOR NEXT MONDAY.

## "THE GREYFRIARS PANTOMIME!"

By Frank Richards.

In next week's splendid long, complete story of the chums of the Remove-Form, Lord Mauleverer—the schoolboy earl—creates great excitement by engaging a company of professionals to give a pantomime at the old school. The Removites are in high feather, but Coker & Co. of the Fifth are determined not to be "done," and hatch a dark plot, which comes very near to being successful. However, the chums of the Remove are not easy to score off, and

## "THE GREYFRIARS PANTOMIME!"

is pulled off all right in the end—and a great success it proves!

## WHERE "THE PENNY POPULAR" SCORES.

There is no doubt that the principal reason for the astonishing success of our new companion paper, "The Penny Popular," is the fact that it possesses an equal fascination for readers of all tastes. Tastes vary so much that very few story-papers can hope to appeal to more than a certain section of readers, but this is where "The Penny Pop." scores. For lovers of school tales, it provides every week a grand complete story of Tom Merry & Co., the most popular schoolboy characters of the present day; for those to whom adventure stories make the strongest appeal, the great doings, at once exciting and amusing, of the famous adventurers, Jack, Sam, and Pete, need no recommendation; while followers of the world-renowned detective, Sexton Blake, will find every week in the pages of "The Penny Pop." a magnificent long, complete story, dealing with some of the famous crime-detector's most thrilling cases. What story-paper could possibly offer a more comprehensive and entertaining budget of first-class reading-matter for the week-end? The wonderful way that our new companion paper has bounded ahead is sufficient evidence that my chums have been quick to recognise that "The Penny Popular" contains the cream of the best stories every Friday. In the words of an enthusiastic reader: "To recommend 'The Penny Popular' to your friends is to show evidence of your good taste, and incidentally to do your friends a good turn."

## FROM ANOTHER POETICAL READER.

The following pleasant and interesting letter from a girl reader living in Oldbury, together with the charming little poem which accompanies it, certainly merits a place in our "Chat," and I give letter and poem, in full, exactly as I received them.

"Oldbury, near Birmingham.

"Dear Editor,—Having derived, as I have done, so many hours of pleasure from the perusal of your popular 'Magnet' Library, I feel I would like to add a word of praise in its favour to the thousands that you have undoubtedly already received.

"I have read many kinds of fiction in my time, but where most of it has tired or bored, the 'Magnet' stories have always served to brighten and cheer, and I have grown so attached to them that I really don't care to read anything else.

"It is perhaps a little unusual for a girl to have a preference for such decidedly masculine literature.

"However, the fact remains, I do possess it, and to a very strong degree, and so long as there's a 'Magnet' on the market I certainly don't intend to lose sight of my beloved Harry Wharton & Co.

"They are much too interesting to be allowed to pass out of my somewhat dull and prosaic life.

"You can, therefore, rely upon me for faithful adherence to your dear old 'Magnet' Library, and also for sincere good wishes for its ever-increasing success and popularity.

"In conclusion, may I draw your attention to the enclosed  
THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 255.

A Grand, Long Complete School Tale  
of the Chums of Greyfriars next Monday.

"THE GREYFRIARS PANTOMIME!"

verses. I have composed them myself, and would like your opinion on them if you would have the kindness to give it.

"With every respect,

"Yours very truly,

"M. S."

Here is the poem:

### THE FAMOUS FIVE.

Some years ago I happened through  
A kind friend's mediation,  
To read a "Magnet" tale that drew  
My deepest admiration.  
Its title now I cannot quite  
Bring back to recollection;  
But to myself that very night,  
I made this exhortation:

Now, Marie dear, when troubles come,  
And all seems desolation,  
Don't stare before you in the gloom  
With eyes of desperation,  
But keep your fainting heart alive  
By cheerful meditation,  
Upon Frank Richards' Famous Five,  
And in their right rotation.

Consider first with due appraise,  
Their leader, Harry Wharton.  
His fine-edged courage, manly ways,  
And kind consideration.  
Picture his handsome, boyish face  
Dyed red with indignation,  
And listen, as, with ringing voice,  
He makes this declaration:

"Then it's war to the knife!" Ah, Harry, we  
Like your determination,  
To battle for your rights against  
The Bounder's opposition.  
And, while we wish you luck, we wait  
In eager expectation,  
For Nemesis, with speedy feet,  
To run and overtake him.

Now on Bob Cherry you must place  
Your friendly cogitations,  
And learn, like him, with cheery face,  
To meet life's complications.  
Frank Nugent next, and Johnny Bull,  
Lay claim to your attention;  
Staunch chums! these two will ever pull  
Together with their captain.

Then, last of all, on Hurree Singh,  
You turn your contemplation.  
The dusky nabob's princely ways  
Are well worth approbation.  
And now, with all the "Five" complete,  
I offer to their Author,  
My warmest congrat., and to you,  
The same, dear Editor.

Very good indeed, Miss Marie S.! I have had quite a number of poems sent me lately, so that I evidently have a good many budding poets among my readers. Your effort is distinctly one of the best I have received so far.

Owing to pressure of space, the continuation  
of the "Stamp Faking" article is unavoidably  
held over till next week.

THE EDITOR.

Please order your copy of "THE MAGNET"  
Library in advance.

OUR SPLENDID NEW FEATURE!

## SPECIAL COMIC SUPPLEMENT.

## A BEEF-STEAK MISTAKE!



1. "Fancy sending me a mass of blubber like that," grunted old Mrs. Grouser, to Ribs, the butcher's boy. "Take it back again."



2. Fortunately, Ribs was an artful boy, for when he got round the corner he found the pillar-box painter had gone for his dinner, so he borrowed his red paint and brush and touched up that joint in the above style.



3. Making it look so nice and lean, that when he took it back again Mrs. Grouser simply purred with delight. Oh, yes, he's artful, is Ribs.

## GOOD EXAMPLES THEMSELVES.



First Tramp: "This railway poster says there are many lovely tramps along its line."  
Second Tramp: "Lovely tramps! I reckon there is. I spent last winter there myself!"

## DO YOU TUMBLE?



She: "When I was shopping to-day I saw a goblet made of bone."  
He: "That's nothing! Why, I've seen a tumbler made of flesh and blood."  
She: "Where?"  
He: "At the circus."

## PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY!



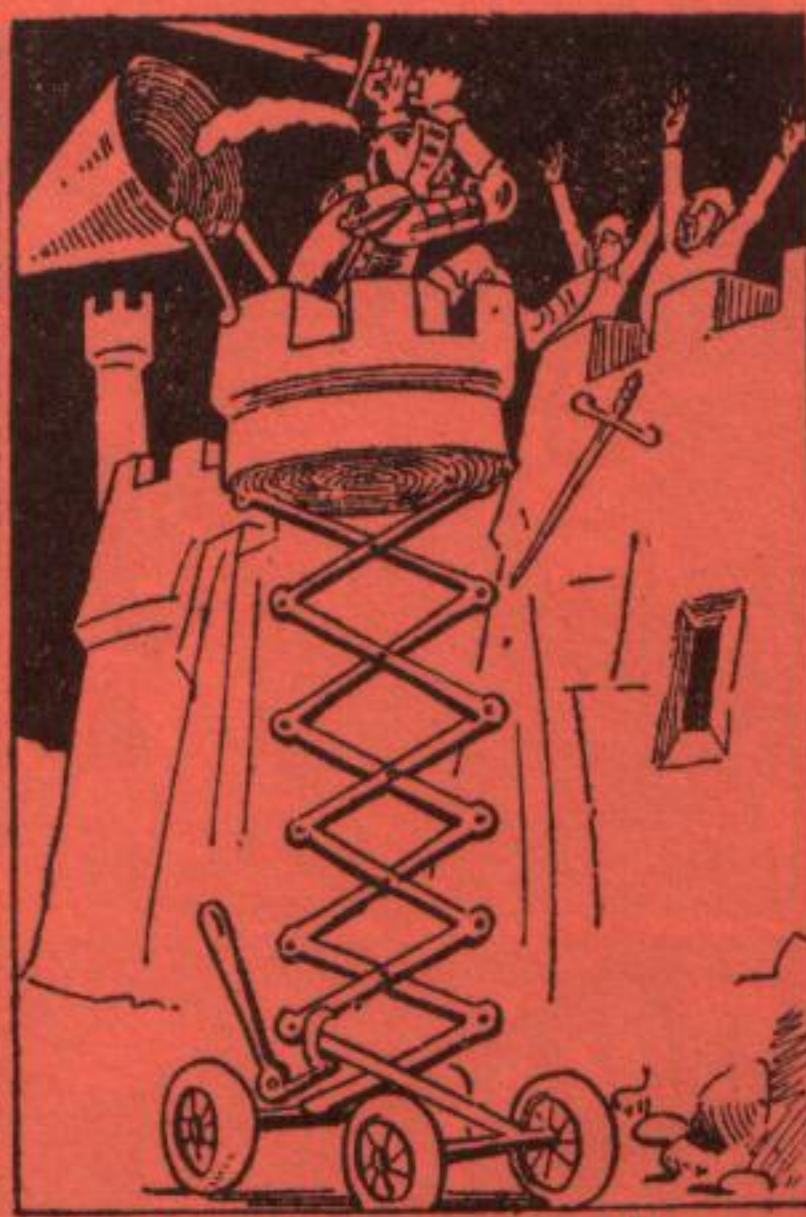
Scott: "Wherever does Eastly get his idea that his jokes are funny?"  
Mott: "Oh, he tells them to young ladies with pretty teeth!"

**"UP GUARDS AND AT 'EM!"**

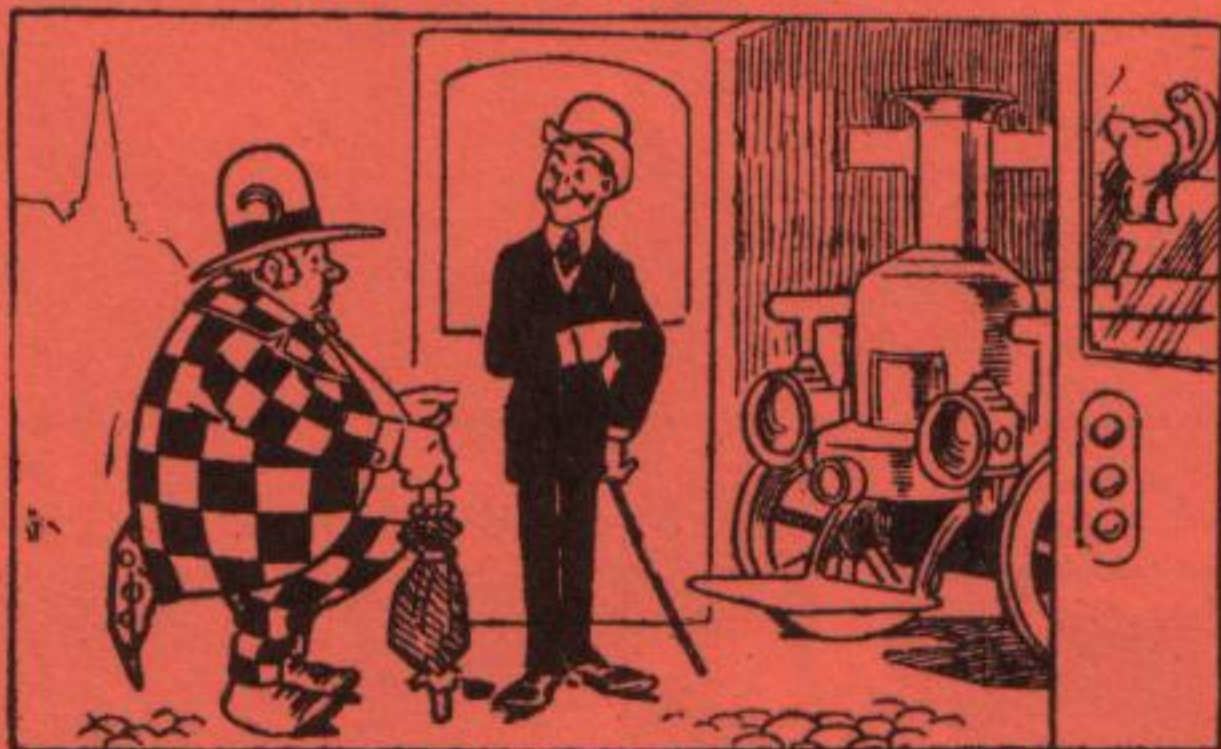
1. "Beshrew me!" cried the Baron de Bootey. "What a vastly ingenious idea! I' faith, the very thing!" And off he went and set his brain to work.



2. And the next morning you can depend on't that the foes were surprised to see the merry Baron drive up in his little motor—parp! parp!



3. But they were still more surprised when the hearty old baron popped up in this good old style, and got busy with them! And that's a fact.

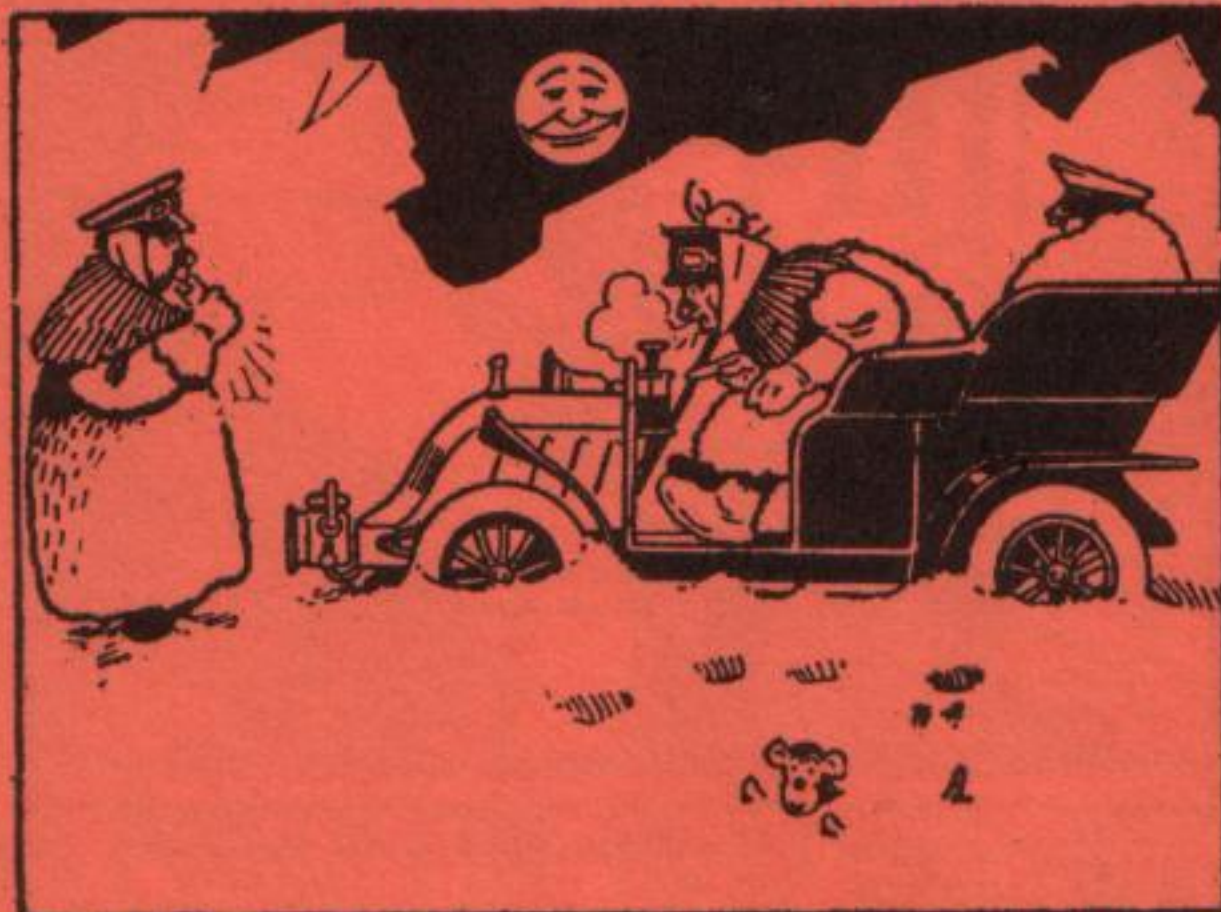
**ONLY HIS IGNORANCE!**

The Townsman: "Yes, that's a fire-engine—what they put out the fires with, you know."

Country Cousin: "Dearie me! Now I should never have thought a little bit of a thing like that could hold enough water."

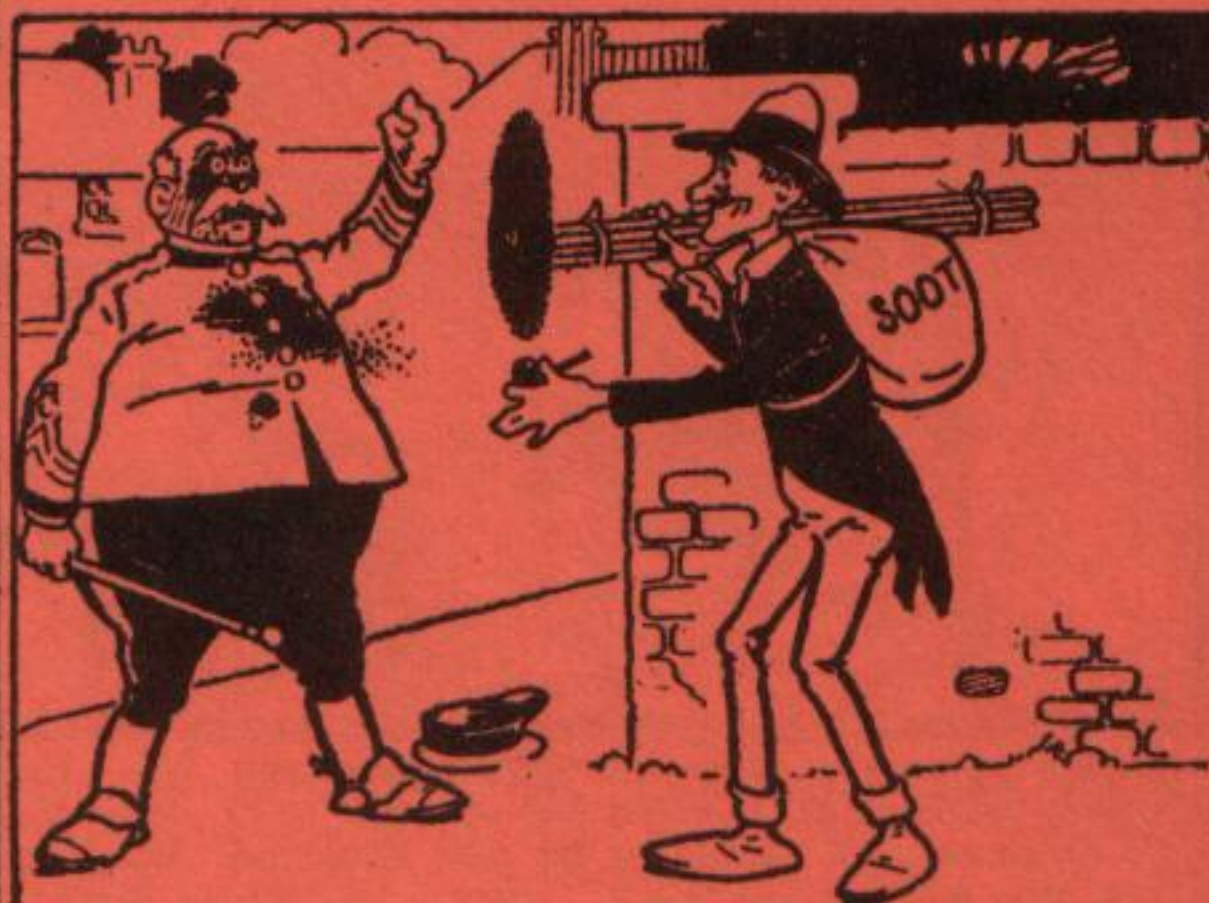
**BLACK AND WHITE JUSTICE.**

"The agreement must be in writing," said the judge.  
"We have it already in black and white," replied the counsel, pointing to the parties. "What more is necessary, your lordship?"

**A DASH TO THE POLE.**

1st Arctic Motorist: "What's wrong, old chap?"

2nd Arctic Motorist: "Why, the lubricating oil's frozen, and I've got to breathe on it till it thaws."

**IT MADE THE COLONEL LOOK BLACK!**

Sweep (who has collided with the colonel): "It's all right, kernel, it ain't broke me pipe!"

## SHOPLIFTING IN 1915!



1. "You young villain! I caught you after the poultry, did I!" yelled the night watchman, as he chivied the youth up the street.



2. "Aha, Mr. Policeman! Now we can have a quiet game of cards. I don't think that boy will come back in a hurry. The turkeys will be quite safe."



3. But it was a pity he hadn't observed Bill, the burglar, putting in a little bit of light airy overtime aloft—because, by the time he was observed, Bill, fly fellow, was well on the wing. "Merry Christmas, boys," he smiled. "I'm faring very well myself, thank you."

## LET HIM IN BADLY.



1. "You wait till I catch you!" said the bad boy with the stick, to little Freddy.

"All right, come along!" said Fred.



2. So the fierce-looking youth jumped on the ice, intending to smite Freddy severely. But the ice was thin, so he went in (poetry), and Freddy, who was walking on stilts, strolled away.

## ONLY IN HIS THIRD YEAR.



"There, that's the captain, dad, just going on; only in his third year, too."

"My word, boy, you don't say so! He's a mighty big lad for his age. What's his ma fed him on, I wonder?"