

"TRUE BLUE!"

A Magnificent Long, Complete Tale of School Life.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

"TWO OF THE BEST!"

The First Extra-Long Instalment of Our Grand New Serial Story.

By JACK LANCASTER.

The Dreadnought 1^d

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JAPING THE VILLAGE GROCER!

(An Amusing Incident in the Magnificent Long, Complete School Tale Contained in this Issue.)



Whom to write to:
Editor,

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FOR NEXT THURSDAY: "THE REMOVE-FORM'S RIOT!"

By Frank Richards.

In our next grand, extra-long, complete tale of the Greyfriars chums, the Remove Form is invaded by the aliens, of whom mention is made in this week's story. Naturally enough, a fierce feud springs up between the rival factions, the English, French, and German scholars meeting together in a terrific melee, to the physical discomfort of all who resent such mishaps as those caused by blows to the nose. Matters at length reach such a crisis that the Head persuades Herr Rosenblum, the German master, to return to his former school, taking his turbulent charges with him. During the few days preceding the departure of the aliens the hatchet is buried, and all unite in a bumper farewell feast. The whole of the Remove march to the station in force on the eventful day, regretting, perhaps, that the many rows and "rags" with the alien pupils cannot be enacted over again. Harmony takes the place of discord, and altogether there is a most satisfactory ending to

"THE REMOVE-FORM'S RIOT!"

A Lancashire Chum's Letter.

The most pleasant of my daily tasks is always, to me, the examination of my morning postbag, which brings to me day after day the most charming spontaneous letters of encouragement and appreciation from my staunch and true DREADNOUGHT chums in every part of the world. Sometimes that same postbag brings me letters of a different kind, it is true, which are not so pleasant to deal with; but this is, I suppose, only natural when one considers the vast number of boys and girls and grown-ups, young and old, who scan every issue of the DREADNOUGHT and its companion papers. In reading letters of the unpleasant kind, however, I am heartened by the fact that they are far, far outnumbered by the other sort—by the kindly messages of goodwill and hearty support sent by my numberless loyal friends. I am

printing below a typical letter from one of my Lancashire chums:

"Blackpool.

"Dear Editor,—I have taken in the DREADNOUGHT regularly since the commencement, and I must say it is a journal which does you every credit. My parents, who at first seemed disinclined to let me read the paper, thinking it was of the 'blood-and-thunder' type, have now completely veered round, and are both quite as enthusiastic as myself regarding the merits of the DREADNOUGHT.

"The inclusion of the splendid Harry Wharton stories each week has, I feel sure, sent the popularity of your journal up by leaps and bounds, and I hope you will stick to this feature for good, as Frank Richards is a 'star turn' in the school story-writing line.

"Wishing yourself and your staff the best of success throughout the present year, I am your loyal chum,

"BERNARD MASON."

I thank you most heartily, Master Bernard. It is to the generous help and good influence of fellows like you that the DREADNOUGHT owes a large share of its unparalleled success.

Do It Now!

We should not judge of the value of good resolutions by the ones we have broken in times past. Although good resolutions have been called the foundations of failure, yet they are often the first rough pyramid upon which the grand and permanent walls of character have been built. Of course, a good resolution is not much in itself; but great things may result from it. Never yet was there a good word spoken, or a wise deed done, or a brave sacrifice offered, but somewhere you will find a good resolution in it.

It is true that the little rill called a "resolution" sometimes dries up and is lost; but sometimes, too, it widens into the stream of endeavour, and then it deepens into the mighty river called accomplishment. So my chums should not be afraid to make a good resolution, because they have already

broken so many; rather, they should try this time to achieve some definite result.

A Dangerous Vice.

I have received from one of my Manchester readers a letter which is pathetic in its ring of genuine truth and regret. My reader has been betting. He thought the road to riches was open to him without having to work. A delightful idea this, but it never works in the long run. Occasionally, it is true, we hear of some individual who has had extraordinary luck, but the end is invariably disaster.

Now, I have no desire to utilise my Chat Page in the DREADNOUGHT as a medium for sermonising, but this is a subject concerning which a word in season should be found invaluable. After all, it only wants seeing in the proper light. And to gamble at a time like the present is something worse than mere folly. It smacks very much of the criminal.

It is not reasonable to expect that chance will ever be anything but chance. No sensible person ever trusts to luck. No sane man would ever dream of crossing the Atlantic Ocean in a washtub, and yet thousands of presumably sensible people will risk not only their money, but their own happiness, and that of those attached to them, on the bare chance of a horse they have never seen winning a certain race.

Some pull up, as my reader has done, before it is too late, but others—well, they go on, and drift lower and lower, bemoaning their cruel fate, blind to the fact that a man has it in his power to shape his own life.

Replies in Brief.

"A Whartonite" (Highgate). Very many thanks for your encouraging remarks. You will see that the Greyfriars stories have been duly lengthened.

J. C. Spear (Plymouth). I was very pleased to hear from you. Bob Cherry is the finest boxer in the Greyfriars Remove.

THE EDITOR.

IF YOU ARE WANTING ADVICE WRITE TO YOUR EDITOR. HE WILL DO HIS BEST TO HELP YOU!

When finished with,
please hand this book to
a friend, and oblige.

The Editor.

The Dreadnought 1^d

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

To ensure getting next
week's copy readers are
recommended to order
in advance.

"TRUE BLUE!"

A Splendid Long, Complete Tale dealing with the Early Adventures of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars School.

By FRANK RICHARDS

THE FIRST CHAPTER. The Gentle Stranger.

"He's not coming into this study!"

"Now, Bulstrode—"

"I tell you I won't stand it!" exclaimed Bulstrode, the bully of the Remove at Greyfriars, raising his voice. "It was bad enough to have that rotter Wharton pushed in here with us, Nugent—"

"Oh, shut up!" said Nugent.

Harry Wharton raised his eyes from his books, and looked at Bulstrode. The argument was waxing hot in the study, but Harry had hitherto taken no part in it. He was working—as well as he could—while Bulstrode was talking angrily at the top of his voice, and Frank Nugent was trying to make him listen to reason.

Bulstrode met Harry Wharton's glance with a sneer on his lips.

"Yes, I mean it!" he exclaimed. "I say it was bad enough to have a sulky rotter like you shoved into the study, without having a nigger to follow."

"He's not a nigger," said Nugent.

"I don't care whether he's a nigger or not. I won't have him in this study."

Harry Wharton's lip curled scornfully.

"You're talking out of your hat, Bulstrode, and you know it," he said quietly. "If this Indian boy is assigned to our study, you will have to have him here, whether you like it or not. And you know it."

Bulstrode scowled savagely.

"Right enough!" said Nugent. "You can't argue the matter with the Form-master, Bulstrode. I'd like to see you do it, at all events."

"I know I can't," said Bulstrode, setting his lips. "If Quelch says the nigger is to come in here, he will come in. But I can make him want to get out again in a hurry, and I will."

Harry Wharton knitted his brows.

"Do you mean that you are going to bully the new kid, simply because he's a foreigner and you don't want him in the study?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, that's about the size of it."

"Then you're a cad!"

"Thanks for your opinion. It won't make much difference to me. I've already given you a licking or two,



"Wot's all this 'ere?" demanded the constable of the tradesman, who bore traces of egg all over his person. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Greyfriars juniors

Wharton, and I'll give you another some time. I've no time now, if the Indian is really coming here."

"Oh, he's coming right enough," said Nugent. "Mr. Quelch told me in the passage five minutes ago that he had arrived with Herr Rosenblum, and would be coming up to the study. He wants us to treat him well, as he's an Indian, and ought to be made to feel at home here at Greyfriars."

"Rats! I'll make him feel like a fish out of water if he sticks himself in my study," growled Bulstrode. "Why, is there room for more than four? And a nigger!"

"It's the biggest study in the Remove—"

"I don't care! He can be put in some other."

"There are a lot of new fellows coming during the next few days, and there won't be any more room in the other studies than in this. We shall all be crowded until arrangements have been made—"

"Well, I'm not going to be crowded—by a nigger!"

The door quietly opened.

The four Removites looked towards it, and their gaze became fixed upon the individual who entered.

He was certainly a striking-looking lad.

His complexion, of the deepest, richest olive, showed him to be a native of an Oriental clime, and though he was clad in the ordinary garb of a schoolboy, there was a grace and suppleness about his figure that betrayed the Hindoo.

Slim and graceful as he was, however, there was strength in the slender form, and although the lips and the dark eyes were smiling, there was resolution in the chin, and a keen observer would have seen that the Indian was no mean antagonist if put upon his defence.

The four juniors stared at him, and he made a deprecating bow.

"Have I correctly found the study of which I was in search?" he

asked, his English perfect as far as accent went. "Is this Number First?"

Nugent grinned. "This is No. 1 Study in the Remove," he replied. "Are you the new kid—Hurree Singh?"

The Indian bowed again. "Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, my acquaintance," he replied politely.

"My only pyjama hat!" exclaimed Bulstrode. "What sort of a giddy lunatic have they sent us? I say, Day and Martin, you're in the wrong shop. You ought to have taken the other turning for the lunatic asylum."

"If I have made a mistake, the apologise is terrific," said the Indian lad, in his soft, purring voice. "But if this is not a lunatic asylum, what are you doing here, my esteemed friend?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Nugent. "There's a conundrum for you, Bulstrode."

"He, he, he!" cackled little Billy Bunter.

Harry Wharton smiled. In spite of his extremely soft appearance, it was possible that the youth from the Far East had all his wits about him.

Bulstrode turned red with rage. "You confounded nigger!" he roared.

"Shut up, Bulstrode!" said Harry Wharton sharply.

"Suppose you make me shut up," sneered Bulstrode.

Harry Wharton sprang to his feet. "And I will!"

"Come on, then, and take another licking."

"My worthy friends, do not fight on my behalf," exclaimed Hurree Jamset, looking greatly distressed. "It would cause me the extreme painfulness."

"I will cause you some extreme painfulness if you don't get out of this study!" roared Bulstrode.

The Indian looked surprised.

"But I have been sent here by the Form-master sahib," he exclaimed.

"Tell the Form-master sahib, from me, to go and eat coke."

"Certainly!" said Hurree Singh, turning to the door again.

It really seemed as if he were going with the message, and the bully of the Remove turned quite pale at the thought of its being delivered to Mr. Quelch.

"Come back, you idiot!" he shouted. Hurree Singh turned back again.

"Yes, what do you desire?" he asked.

"I desire you not to be a silly ass!"

"You do not wish me to take your message to the Form-master sahib?"

"No, you silly cuckoo."

"Then why did you give it to me?"

"Oh, you silly nigger!"

The dark eyes of Hurree Jamset Ram Singh had a flash in them now.

"Did you call me a nigger?" he asked quietly.

"Yes, I did call you a nigger!"

"I have a great respect for negroes, as much esteemfulness as I have for other persons," said Hurree Singh.

"But if the intention is to insult—"

"Oh, rats!"

"It is impossible for a Nabob of Bhanipur to allow anyone to treat him with the great disrespectfulness," said Hurree Singh. "The apologise is necessary."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you will express your regretfulness—"

"Catch me!"

"Otherwise I shall become angry with you—"

"That will be really terrible," sneered Bulstrode.

"And eject you roughly from the apartment."

"Ha, ha, ha! I'd like to see you do it!"

"Shut up, Bulstrode!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "You know he's no match for you, and I tell you I won't have you picking on him like this."

"Get out of my way, Wharton!"

"I will not!"

Harry had planted himself directly before the bully of the Remove, his fists clenched and his eyes flashing.

Bulstrode gritted his teeth.

"Are you going to stand aside and let me get at that nigger?"

"No!"

"Then I'll jolly soon shift you!"

And the bully of the Remove rushed furiously at Harry Wharton.

Harry faced the attack coolly; but he was not allowed to meet it. A hand on his shoulder from behind twisted him aside, and the Indian stood in his place and faced the bully.

Before Harry could interfere further Bulstrode was upon the Oriental.

Hurree Singh went backwards in the burly Removite's powerful grip, and it seemed as though he would be but an infant in the grasp of Bulstrode.

But that was only for a moment.

The Hindoo straightened up suddenly, and somehow Bulstrode's feet left the floor, and he was whirled round like a sack of coal, and the next instant he was flying headlong through the door. He dropped in the passage with what a novelist would describe as a dull, sickening thud.

Hurree Singh, breathing rather hard, but showing no other sign of undue exertion, turned to the staring juniors with a sweet smile.

"I hope you will forgive me for creating the disturbfulness in the sacred apartment of a study," he said in his soft, purring voice. "If I have exasperated you, the apologise is very great."

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Hurree Singh Makes Himself at Home.

The juniors of the Remove could not reply. They could only stare at the amazing Indian, and wonder where, in that slim, graceful form, the strength came from which he had just displayed.

Bulstrode picked himself up in the corridor. There was a dazed expression upon the face of the bully of the Remove, and he glared into the study in an uncertain way.

It was clear that for the moment he could not realise what had happened, and could scarcely believe that the slim youth from the Far East had really hurled him forth bodily from the study.

Hurree Singh turned to him with a deprecating smile.

"I am really hopeful that you are not hurt, my esteemed friend," he exclaimed. "I had great reluctance to throw you out of the sacred apartment, but it was your own blamefulness entirely. But if I have hurt you in any part of your esteemed and respectable carcase, the apologise is sincere."

"My word," murmured Nugent, "we've got a curious customer this time!"

Harry Wharton nodded, with a smile. The politeness of the Hindoo was

almost overpowering, but he had shown as plainly as possible that he was no milksop, and it occurred to the chums of the Remove that in Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the sleek and graceful youth from the Orient, they had a valuable addition to the study.

Bulstrode was still glaring at the Indian.

It was clear that he was inclined to rush upon Hurree Singh and try conclusions a second time; and equally clear that the bump on the hard floor in the passage had left him feeling very unfit for a renewal of the conflict.

Finally, with an expressive grunt, he strode away down the passage.

"Tea'll soon be ready," said Nugent cheerfully. "We have sent Bob Cherry an invitation and must wait for him. You haven't told us where you come from, Hurree Singh."

The Indian looked up.

"I shall be very pleased to give the sahibs correctful information," he replied pleasantly.

"Have you ever been to school in England before?"

The nabob grinned.

"What-ho!" he replied.

"Oh, you have!" said Nugent curiously. "And where do you spring from now, and who is the fat old German who came here with you?"

"I will explain. I was at Netherby School first," said the nabob. "There was an epidemic at the school, and it broke up, and has not been reopened yet. I was sent to Beechwood with my esteemed friends, Redfern and Lawrence, and have stayed there until to-day; but now—"

"Why have you left?"

"The school is closed now," said Hurree Singh, with a shake of the head. "It was a curious place. Herr Rosenblum, the nice fat gentleman who came here with me, was the headmaster—"

"A German headmaster?"

"Yes; and the second master was a Frenchman. It was a foreign academy at Beechwood; and the boys were mostly French and German, with only a few English. I have heard that it was started as an experiment for foreign boys to be sent there to learn to speak the beautiful English language, and the English boys to perfect themselves in the speechfulness of French and German, but it was not a financial successfulness. Herr Rosenblum has had to give it up, though I think he hopes to reopen it again one day. And in the meantime he is coming here—"

"Is he going to stay here?"

"Yes—as German master."

"And the boys?" asked Nugent curiously. "Any of them coming here besides yourself?"

The nabob nodded gleefully.

"Yes, rather! I came with Herr Rosenblum; but others are coming to-morrow with Monsieur Morny, the second master at Beechwood, who is to be French master here. The boys who are coming are French and German, and there will be five or six of each."

Nugent gave a whistle.

"My word!"

"There will be rowfulness, I expect," went on Hurree Singh, with a sweet smile. "At Beechwood there were frequently rows between French and Germans and English as to which should take the headfulness of the school."

"Naturally."

"The foreigners will not have so much chance here, being in a minority, but they will not be sat upon," said Hurree Singh.

"Are they all in your Form?"

"Yes, all of them."

"My hat! We shall have a queer mixture in the Remove at Greyfriars now!" said Nugent. "There's one thing, if the foreigners put on any side here they will get sat upon so heavily that they will be hurt."

"There will be rows," Harry Wharton remarked. "Still, we don't want to come down too heavy upon them at first."

"True. What party did you belong to, Hurree Singh?"

"To the English," said the nabob proudly. "My esteemed friend Redfern was the leader of that party. I wish he were coming to Greyfriars. He—"

The opening of the study door interrupted the nabob.

Bob Cherry of the Remove entered, with a cheerful grin upon his good-humoured face and various parcels under his arms and bulging out in his pockets.

Billy Bunter followed him, similarly laden.

It was evident that Bob Cherry had received the invitation to tea, and had come prepared.

Nugent gave him a welcoming grin. "Come in, Cherry! You're as welcome as the flowers in May. Put your parcels on the table; and you can open them, Bunter."

"Certainly, Nugent."

"Allow me to introduce you to our esteemed friend and study-mate, Hurree Jampot Cram Singh," went on Nugent, grinning.

"A thousand pardons!" interjected the Indian. "Hurree Jamset Ram Singh."

"Good! Take his word for it, Bob; I can't remember it all. He is the Rajah of Bhong in his own country—"

"The Nabob of Bhanipur," corrected the Indian.

"Oh, that's near enough, you know—it's all one! You'll be pleased to hear that Hurree Jampot has fired Bulstrode out of the study, so he's not such a kitten as he looks."

Bob Cherry grinned as he shook hands with the nabob.

"I'll make the tea," said Nugent. "You're a friend in need, Bob. Here's a seat for you, Hurree Singh—a place of honour, as the guest of the evening. There isn't much room, but you don't expect to find a palace in a Remove study at Greyfriars."

"That is quite correctful. I know what a public school is like," beamed the nabob. "This study is a palatial apartment compared with some I have seen, and my satisfaction is terrific."

"Ha, ha! Pour out the tea, will you, Harry?"

"Certainly!" said Harry Wharton.

"Ach! You seem very comfy here, mein poy!"

The juniors of the Remove looked up. A fat, good-natured-looking German was standing in the doorway, regarding them with a benevolent expression.

"Herr Rosenblum!" exclaimed Hurree Singh, jumping up. "Respected instructor sahib, it is full of kindness for you to come and see if I am happily bestowed in my novel quarters. The proof of the pudding, as the English say, is in the boiling—"

"The eating," grinned Nugent.

"No, the boiling. I think," said the nabob gently. "That is how it was written in my copy-book in the High Bengal school I attended before I came to these blissful shores. Companionable friends and fellow-Formers, this is Herr Rosenblum, the former Head of Beechwood Foreign Academy, and now the respectable German master at this never-to-be-sufficiently-esteemed establishment."

The juniors bowed politely to Herr Rosenblum.

"We are very happy to make your acquaintance, sir," said Nugent.

"Won't you come in to tea, sir?"

The German's fat face beamed with good-nature.

"Ach! Certainly! Mit pleasure, mein poy!"

"Make room, Wharton."

Harry Wharton gave up his chair to the German master.

A tea-cup was placed in front of him, and his plate was liberally filled.

Herr Rosenblum beamed round the little table. The tea in the study commenced, and it promised to be a very pleasant meal.

But it was destined to be interrupted.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Bulstrode Apologises.

"Another cup of tea, sir?"

"Certainly, mein poy!"

"Another cake?"

"Mit pleasure!"

The tea was progressing famously. The boys all felt at home with the German master, and Herr Rosenblum certainly had a knack of making the juniors feel quite free and comfortable in his presence.

Herr Rosenblum was raising his fourth cup of tea to his lips, when the door of the study was flung suddenly and violently open.

Bulstrode rushed in, with half a dozen of the wilder spirits of the Remove at his heels.

"Where's that nigger?" roared Bulstrode.

Hurree Singh jumped up.

"Come out, you black bounder. Oh, my hat!"

Bulstrode broke off as he caught sight of the German master.

His jaw dropped, and he retreated a few paces, staring open-mouthed at Herr Rosenblum.

His followers silently stepped back out of the study. None of them had expected to find a master there.

The frown on the German's fat face was awe-inspiring.

"Vat did you say mit yourself?" he inquired, in a calm voice, so calm as to be ominous.

"N-n-nothing, sir stammered Bulstrode.

"You vas call te Napop of Bhanipur vun nigger, ain't it?"

"I—I—I—"

"You vas going to bully te new poy, ain't it?"

"I—I—I—"

"Speak te troot, poy."

"I—I did not know you were here, sir."

Herr Rosenblum smiled grimly.

"I can quite believe tat, poy. Vat is your name?"

"Bulstrode, sir."

"Vell, Pulstrode, I tink you vas vun pully and a prute."

"Yes, sir."

"You vas tink to ill-use te new poy because he vas a foreigner und a dark person. You call him vun nigger."

"Only in fun, sir," stammered Bulstrode.

"Very vell. You vill abologise to him in fun also."

Bulstrode set his lips hard.

To apologise to the "nigger," with all his special friends and cronies looking in at the door to witness his humiliation, would be a "come-down" for the bully of the Remove, a blow his prestige would never recover from.

But the German master was in deadly earnest.

"You vas hear me, Pulstrode?"

"Ye-e-es, sir."

"You vill abologise for your conduct!"

"I—I am sorry, sir!"

"It is not to me tat you vill abologise, but to Hurree Singh."

Bulstrode was silent.

"Vill you do as I tell you, Pulstrode?"

Still the bully of the Remove did not speak.

His comrades waited in breathless silence to see if he would give in.

The German master waited a few moments. Then a hard expression came round his mouth.

"Ach! Very vell, Pulstrode, you refuse! You vill come mit me to te Head of Greyfriars, and we vill see vat he haf to say about it."

Bulstrode almost trembled.

He knew what it would mean to be marched before the Head of Greyfriars, by the German master, with a charge of direct disobedience to answer.

"I—I—if you please, sir, I vill apologise to Hurree Singh."

"Make quick, den!"

Bulstrode glared at the Indian youth. "I apologise, Hurree Singh," he said thickly.

The Nabob of Bhanipur waved his hand graciously.

"The apologise is accepted," he replied. "I have great regretfulness that the beastliness of your conduct rendered it necessful."

"Can I go now, sir?"

"Yes, you may go, and remember in ze future, Pulstrode, tat I sall haf an eye on you, as I opserve tat you are a pad poy."

Bulstrode gritted his teeth, and strode from the study. He slammed the door after him, and was met with a chuckle from the Removites in the passage.

"My word!" said Hazeldene. "I never saw a fellow eat dirt like that before. How do you like it, Bulstrode?"

The bully of the Remove made a dive at him, and Hazeldene dodged.

Bulstrode glared round him angrily, and then strode savagely away, followed by jeers and laughter.

Meanwhile, the German master finished his tea in the study.

"I tink you all fery much for your kind entertainment," he said, as he rose. "I dink dat va sall get on fery vell together, ain't it?"

"I hope so, sir," said Wharton.

The German looked round at the juniors with a keen glance.

"I tink you know, mein poy, dat more of my poy from Beechwood are coming here," he said. "Dere are Shermans and Frenchmans among dem."

"Hurree Singh has told us, sir."

"I vant to ask you to gif dem a welcome, and not do quarrel mit dem

too much, because dey are foreign—"

"Certainly, sir!"

"Dere may be disbutes, but tat cannot be helbed, but you vill do vat you can to make dem feel at home at first?"

"Rather!"

"I tank you! If I remember vat to Head has told me, dere is a half-holiday at dis school to-morrow, ain't it?"

"Yes, sir," said Harry. "We always have a half-holiday on Wednesday."

"Goot! To-morrow afternoon to rest of te poys arrive at Greyfriars. It would be an agt of kindness for some of you to co down to te station to meet dem, and bring dem to te school."

The juniors looked at one another.

"We shall be glad to, sir," said Harry Wharton, speaking for the rest.

"Goot! I am fery glad!"

And the German master took his leave.

A few minutes after he had left the study Bulstrode came in.

The bully of the Remove was looking very sulky.

"Has that fat old rotter gone?" he asked, looking round.

Harry Wharton shrugged his shoulders.

"You know very well that he has, or you wouldn't speak like that," he remarked.

"Oh, dry up! Now, then, you nigger—"

"Please use more respectfulness in your manner to me," purred Hurree Singh. "It is unpermitted to be insolent towards a Nabob of Bhanipur."

"Nabob of rats!"

Hurree Singh's eyes flashed.

"If you speak rudely to me—"

"Bosh! You have had t'o cheek to lay your dirty nigger hands on me. No, you can shut up, Nugent. I'm not going for him now. But he has got to apologise and keep his place, or else he has got to fight me on equal terms."

The juniors looked rather perplexed.

Although Hurree Singh, by an Indian wrestling trick, had got the better of Bulstrode, it seemed quite impossible that the slim, graceful Hindoo could hold his own in a stand-up fight with the bully of the Remove.

Yet it was impossible to stand between the nabob and a fair challenge.

Hurree Singh did not seem alarmed. He fixed his dark eyes upon the angry face of the bully, with a sweet smile upon his dusky countenance.

"I have no desire to meet my esteemed study-mate in a fistical encounter," he began.

Bulstrode sneered.

"But you've got no choice in the matter," he replied.

Hurree Singh bowed gracefully.

"Then I shall accept the challenge with pleasuredfulness."

"Good! To-morrow's a half-holiday, and we shall be able to get outside Greyfriars, and settle the matter without interruption," said Bulstrode, with an extremely ugly look, "and after I've thrashed the nigger, Wharton, I'll thrash you, if you care to come along—and dare to."

Harry Wharton's lip curled.

"I shall be there," he said. "I shall act as Hurree Singh's second, if he will allow me."

The Indian bowed again.

"It will afford me terrific pleasure!" he exclaimed.

"Then it's settled," said Bulstrode, with a grin. "I'll give you some terrific pleasure, and a terrific hiding, too!"

"My esteemed and worthy friend—"

"Oh, cheese it!" said Bulstrode.

"But—"

"I don't want to jaw to a nigger."

"Look here, Bulstrode," said Harry Wharton quietly. "There's been enough of this. You were always a pig, but there's a limit."

"Are you going to interfere with me?" sneered Bulstrode.

"Yes, I am. There are four of us here who are not afraid of you, and I tell you that if you insult Hurree Singh again we'll frog's-march you down the corridor, and pitch you downstairs!" exclaimed Wharton, with flashing eyes.

"Rather!" said Bob Cherry emphatically.

"Good!" exclaimed Nugent.

The Indian showed his white teeth in a smile.

"And it would afford me radiant pleasuredfulness to lend the hand," he exclaimed. "As your English proverb declares, 'every little helps to spoil the broth.'"

Bulstrode glared round at the four determined faces, and, like most bullies, finding himself in a difficulty, he gave in.

"Oh, you can keep your wool on!" he said. "I don't want to rag a chap I'm going to lick to-morrow. Let it go at that."

And the objectionable word nigger was not heard in Study No. 1 again.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. French and German.

"Now then," said Bob Cherry, as the Remove came out of the dining-hall after the midday dinner next day. "How many of us are going down to the station to meet the foreigners?"

"Four," said Nugent. "Wharton, Hurree Singh, yourself and I."

"Good! Hurree Singh can introduce us, and Wharton can speak to them in German, while I tackle them in French."

"Ha, ha, ha! Are you ready, Harry?"

"Quite."

"Where's Hurree Singh?"

"I am here, sahibs," said the purring voice of the nabob. "I am happy to accompany you on this pleasuredfulness walking."

"Come on, then."

And the four juniors walked down to the gates, and passed out into the long, winding lane. It was a beautiful spring afternoon, and the hedges were bursting into green. A keen but pleasant breeze blew from the Friar's Wood, with the scent of spring on it. The juniors, with cheerful looks, stepped out on the road to the village.

There was none too much time to meet the train, but, as Bob Cherry observed, there was no need to get there too early. So long as they found the foreigners at the station it was near enough.

And the juniors were curious as to the new arrivals, and asked Hurree Singh many questions on the subject of the boys of Beechwood, all of which the Indian politely answered.

The juniors soon left the lane behind, and came out into the quaint, old-fashioned High Street, and then they

quicken their pace towards the railway-station.

As they approached the little station, the sounds of a wild uproar from within came to their ears.

Voices were shouting, and there was a wild trampling of feet.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Something's going on there, kids."

"A row of some sort," said Harry Wharton. "We may as well go and look into it."

"What are they shouting?" said Nugent perplexed. "It sounds to me like a mixture of French and German."

Hurree Singh grinned gleefully.

"It is the Beechwood boys," he murmured.

"By Jove, is it?"

"Yes, sahib. The French and the Germans are coming down together, and they were certain to have the rowfulness. I suppose the master is not coming down with them, and so they have broken looseful."

"Come and have a look at them, anyway," grinned Bob Cherry.

The Greyfriars quartette hurried on into the station.

A terrific uproar was proceeding within.

About a dozen lads were engaged in a free fight, and a porter and a stout old stationmaster stood gazing at the scene helplessly.

It was easy to see that the boys were of different nationalities.

Six of them were German and as many French, and each was shouting in his own tongue as he scrambled and fought in the wild melee.

The leader of the Germans was a big, broad-shouldered, fair-haired fellow, whom Hurree Singh pointed out to his companions as Fritz Hoffman.

The French leader was a wiry, active lad, with a keen, determined face, and his name, the Greyfriars juniors learned, was Adolphe Meunier.

Meunier and Hoffman had just rushed at one another as the Greyfriars fellows arrived, and they closed in a deadly embrace, and reeled about, struggling violently.

"Hund!" gasped the German boy.

"Cochon!" spluttered Meunier in reply. "You was mad as te Kaiser!"

And they fought fiercely.

The other lads were scrambling and pommelling away for all they were worth. The stationmaster gasped out to the porter to go and fetch the police, and the old porter hurried out of the station.

"Here, this won't do!" exclaimed Harry Wharton decidedly. "The young asses may get run into the police-station if they go kicking up this row."

"Right-ho!" said Bob Cherry.

"But how are we to stop them?"

"Speak to them in French."

"Right-ho! I sayez, you chappies, shuttez vous up!" shouted Bob Cherry, in his excitement speaking a remarkable kind of French. "Droppez this silly rot, and behavez yourselves, or we'll jump on your necks and wipez the road with you."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Nugent.

"What are you cackling at, Nugent?"

"Your giddy French!"

"What's the matter with it?"

"Nothing. It's more original than the kind they speak in—"

"Stoppez vous!" shouted Bob Cherry. "Taisez-vous, vous idiots!"

You'll have the jongdarmes down on you in a tick! Stop it!"

But the boys from Beechwood took no notice.

The rivalry was evidently of old standing, and they were not to be stopped now that they had broken out.

"We'll have to stop them," said Harry Wharton.

"Speak to them in German——"

"Better punch their heads in English," said Nugent.

"Ha, ha! Come on, then!"

"Collar the leaders!" said Harry Wharton. "We'll drag them away, and duck their heads in the horse-trough yonder, that may cool them a bit."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good wheeze!"

"Come on, then!"

"It is the rippingful wheeze," purred Hurree Singh. "That is the only way to cool the heads of the excited and respectable foreigners."

And the Greyfriars four rushed to the attack.

Hoffman and Meunier were collared by four strong pairs of hands, and yanked out of the station in a twinkling.

"Ach!" roared Hoffman. "Vat is tat, ain't it?"

"Ciel! Vat is zat vat you do viz me?" shrieked Adolphe Meunier.

"Shuttez vous up," said Bob Cherry. "We're going to duckez vous, that's all, to cool your silly head—votre tete, you know."

"Himmel! Let——"

"That's all right, Dutchy. Come along!"

"I vill not——"

"Ciel! I insist——"

"Ach!"

"Mon Dieu!"

"Oh, stop your silly aching and mongderring," said Bob Cherry, "and come along like good little boys and have your topnots ducked."

The Beechwood boys left off struggling with one another, and struggled with the Greyfriars quartette, as the latter dragged them away.

But they were powerless in the grasp of the four.

They were yanked away breathlessly to the horse-trough, and their heads, which were certainly very hot and excited, were plumped into the water.

"Ach! Oooooo-Ooooo-Ooooo!"

"Mon bleu! Pofoooo!"

"Give them another!"

"Right-ho!"

Hoffman and Meunier were given another. Then they were plumped on the ground, looking utterly bewildered, with the water running down their faces.

"Feel any better?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Mein Gott!"

"Mon Dieu!"

"Would you like some more?"

"Ach! Nein, nein——"

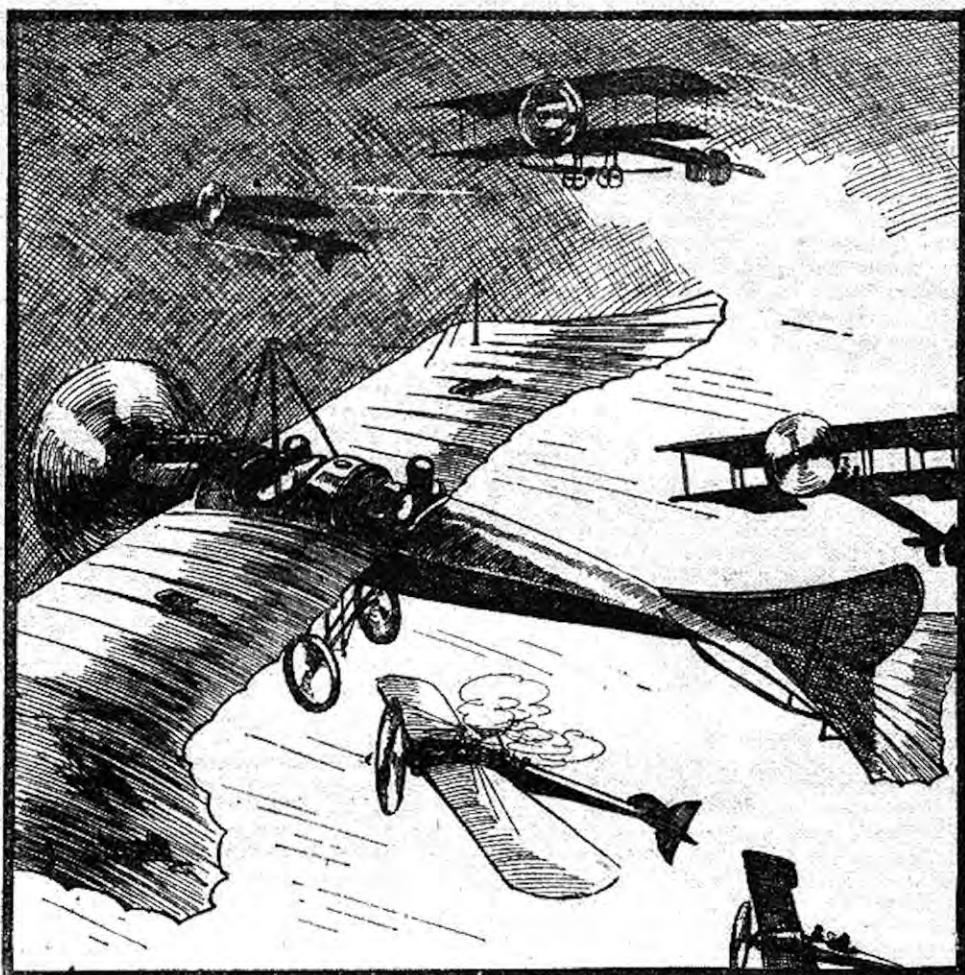
"Ciel! Non, non, non!"

"Better let them have another dip," said Bob Cherry. "You see it has cooled their warlike ardour already, and——"

"It may make increaseful the respectfulness of their manners," said Hurree Singh. "Their obstinatefulness is extreme. How many times shall we bestow upon them the esteemed duckfulness?"

"Nein-nein——"

"By Jove, he must be fond of it, if he wants to be ducked nine times!"



Prominent among British exploits in the great War is the Cuxhaven raid, in which several airmen of great repute took part. We have read of this daring manoeuvre in the newspapers; but here our artist gives a splendid impression of the scene. Bombs were showered relentlessly and repeatedly in the midst of German camps, causing fearful havoc, and thus avenging the inhuman slaughter of innocent women and children at Scarborough.

exclaimed Bob Cherry. "But come on; let him have his way!"

"Ha, ha! I think he is saying no, no, in his beautiful Dutchfulness."

"Never mind; in he goes!"

"I vill not go in—ow! Oh-oooooh!"

"Now the other idiot——"

"Ciel! I vill not—oooooh!"

Two dripping heads were dragged out of the trough again.

"Have you had enough?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Ach! Ja, ja!"

"Oui, oui, oui!"

"My hat!" said Bob Cherry. "I never heard such a yah-yahing and a wee-weeing in my life! What shall we do with these funny animals at Greyfriars?"

"Truly the talk of the foreignful youths will be replete with strangefulness——"

"Ha, ha, ha! Your own lingo is a bit strangeful, Hurree Singh——"

"I studied the English under the bestful masters in Bengal——"

"I wonder what the worstful were like then?"

Hoffman and Meunier struggled away. Most of the fight had been taken out of them, and they were looking drenched and subdued.

"Don't be ratty about that, you know," said Bob Cherry cordially.

"We did it all for your own good."

"Exactly," said Harry Wharton.

"It really shows our esteemfulness," said Hurree Singh.

"Ach! You Engleesh peasts——"

"You Engleesh cochous——"

"There's black ingratitude for you,"

exclaimed Nugent. "I wonder what more they will want us to do for them. We've been put to a lot of trouble on their account, and now they call us beasts and pigs!"

"Peasts!"

"Peegs! Cochons!"

"Oh, it's no good arguing with them," said Harry Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ach! I vill duck you also in the same manner, ain't it!" shouted Hoffman; and he ran towards the station, shouting to his friends.

"Ciel! And I vill ze same zing too viz myself do also," ejaculated Meunier; and he ran after Hoffman, shouting out in French.

The foreign lads poured out of the station at the call of their leaders.

Perhaps they had had enough of fighting, and certainly their countenances bore very visible traces of the hard knocks.

At all events, they ceased fighting at the call of their leaders, and came out of the station, and there was a babel of mixed voices at once.

The Greyfriars lads looked at one another in a rather dubious way.

They had interfered to stop the row between the French and the Germans, and they had succeeded.

But they had not foreseen that as soon as peace was made the foreigners would unite against them.

"I say, this looks stormy," said Nugent. "There are a dozen of them, and they look like meaning business."

"Looks like it," said Bob Cherry.

NEXT WEEK'S GRAND HARRY WHARTON STORY IS ENTITLED: "THE REMOVE-FORM'S RIOT!"

Hurree Singh grinned. "The prudentest course to follow is to retreat from the spot," he exclaimed. "The retreatfulness should be speedful, or it may be too late."

Harry Wharton hesitated. He did not like the idea of turning his back upon the enemy; but Hurree Singh was evidently right. There was nothing else to be done, for now that the aliens had joined hands over the matter, the odds were too great.

"Better come," said Bob Cherry, looking at his leader.

Harry Wharton nodded shortly.

"I suppose so." "Unless the speedfulness is extreme, we shall not be allowed to make the hurried departure, sahibs," Hurree Singh remarked.

"Come along, then."

And the Greyfriars juniors walked away up the village street.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Something Like a Row.

Fritz Hoffman gave a howl as he saw the Greyfriars juniors turn and walk away, and he pointed after them. He had been trying to wring the water out of his thick, curly, flaxen hair. Meunier was similarly engaged with his black locks, and a babel of tongues raged round them. But at Hoffman's pointing to the retreating figures of the Greyfriars lads, the contention ceased, and the aliens rushed at once in pursuit.

"Ach!" muttered Hoffman, to his chum, Karl Lutz. "Ve shall have to prove tat ve are to be te top of te school, te same as at Beechwood, and ve may as vell begin now."

"Ach! Tat is true, Fritz."

"Ve vill gif dem vun trashing, ain't it."

"And te march of te frog."

"Zat is right," exclaimed Meunier. "Ve vill give zem ze march of ze frog into ze school, and show ze Engleesh garçons zat ve care nozzing for zem."

"Goot!"

"Oui, oui," said Gaston Ariois.

"But zey are going—"

"Catch zem!"

"Goot! Run quicker, ain't it!"

The aliens quickened their pace. The Greyfriars lads looked back at the rapid pattering of feet, and saw a dozen excited faces behind.

Harry Wharton frowned.

"Come on!" exclaimed Nugent.

"We've got to run for it!"

Wharton shook his head.

"I'm not not going to run."

"They're a dozen to four."

"I don't care."

"Don't be an ass, Wharton!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Four can't do anything against twelve, and we don't want to start with a licking."

"The advice of the Cherry sahib, is wiseful," said Hurree Singh to Ram Singh. "What is the usefulness of waiting to be smited with the powerfulness of the right arm?"

"We don't want to start by running away like a lot of frightened rabbits," said Harry Wharton decidedly. "From what Hurree Singh has told us, it seems clear that the aliens will try to make themselves cocks of the walk in the Remove at Greyfriars."

"That's pretty certain."

"They'll quarrel among themselves, but they're pretty certain to unite for

the purpose of getting the upper hand of us."

"Yes, and so—"

"So we're not going to start the rivalry by running away from them."

"Better than starting it with a licking."

"That's not necessary, either."

"What are we going to do, then?"

"Lick them."

"Four against twelve?"

"Stop here," said Harry Wharton quietly. "It's a question of ammunition. So long as they don't get to close quarters, it's all right."

"But—"

"Here we are, help yourselves."

They were outside the village grocer's when Harry Wharton called a halt. Outside the shop were large boxes of eggs exposed for sale, as well as hams and bacon and other articles. Harry Wharton took an egg in each hand, and faced round at the pursuers. The chums at once caught on to the idea. In a moment every hand had an egg in it.

"But what will the esteemed grocerful person say to the proceedings?" said Hurree Singh doubtfully.

"Anything he likes."

"It will cause him angryful feelings."

"Let him rip!" said Bob Cherry.

"We shall pay for all damage done," said Harry Wharton quietly. "Keep your eye on those alien rotters!"

"They're stopping!"

"Ha, ha! They don't like the look of the eggs. I fancy some of them are a little bit whiffy."

"All the better for the purpose."

"Look out, my worthy friends; here comes the grocerful gentleman—"

The grocerful gentleman, as Hurree Singh called him, was indeed coming. From within his shop he had seen the juniors stop and supply themselves with ammunition from his egg-boxes, and he could hardly believe his eyes. He was gasping with rage and amazement as he came running out of his shop.

"You young rascals!" he roared.

"How dare you?"

"Eh?" said Bob Cherry.

"Put those eggs down—"

"Keep your wool on," said Nugent, with a pacifying wave of the hand. "Don't let your angry passions rise—"

"You scoundrels—"

"Pray do not apply the unpleasantfulness of the opprobriousness to us," purred Hurree Singh. "There will be payfulness for all damage done—"

"Get out of my—"

"Oh, shut up!" said Harry Wharton.

"Can't you see there's a row on?"

"I'll row you—I'll—"

"I tell you we'll pay for all the eggs we use—"

The grocer softened a little, and something like a grin came over his fat face.

"Of course, that alters the case, young gentleman," he remarked.

"Of course it does! Get out of the way!"

"I'd rather you pay in advance, please—"

"Get away! They'll be on us in a minute."

"I tell you—"

"I will perform the payfulness with pleasurable feelings," exclaimed Hurree Singh. "Take this goldful coin, my worthy person, and get out of the way."

And the nabob handed a half-sovereign to the grocer.

The amazed dealer in eggs and bacon examined it carefully to make assurance doubly sure that it was a good one, and then retired into his shop.

Meanwhile, the aliens had halted at a dozen paces distance.

They had seen the Greyfriars juniors' preparations to receive their charge, and the ammunition was not of a kind they cared to face if it could be helped. They stopped, and muttered to one another in French and German and broken English.

A crowd of villagers was fast gathering round, but neither the aliens nor the Greyfriars lads cared for that. As a matter of fact, the Greyfriars juniors were quite accustomed to rows in the village, and the gathering of a curious crowd was no new sight to them.

"Ve had petter rush-dem," said Fritz Hoffman.

"Oui, oui," said Meunier.

But they did not lead the way.

Four determined juniors, eggs in hand, with an unlimited supply of similar ammunition at their elbow, were not to be lightly charged.

The aliens muttered and muttered, but they did not come on.

Harry Wharton burst into a laugh.

"They've had enough of it before they start," he exclaimed. "I fancy we shall be able to keep our end up, kids."

"Looks like it," agreed Bob Cherry.

"Why not take a leaf from the volume of the Roman, and carry the war into Africa?" suggested Hurree Singh.

"Eh? What are you driving at?" Bob Cherry demanded.

"I am speaking in the metaphoricalness—"

"Blow the metaphoricalness! What do you mean?"

"I mean, let us attack the enemy, instead of waiting for the attackfulness to come from them."

"Good wheeze!"

"It's a good idea," said Harry Wharton. "Mind, don't advance too far from our base—we must keep pretty near the egg-boxes."

"Right-ho!"

"Now, then, fire when I give the word."

The Greyfriars juniors advanced, shoulder to shoulder, towards the group of angry and undecided aliens. The latter shifted uneasily on their feet. A dozen of them did not care to retreat before four English lads, and yet they certainly did not care to face the eggs. Before they could quite make up their minds what to do, the Greyfriars leader gave the word. His hand went up as a signal.

"Fire!"

And the eggs flew with deadly aim.

"Ach!"

"Ciel!"

"Mein Gott!"

"Ooooooooooh! Ach! Himmel!"

A variety of exclamations rose in a chorus, such as might have been heard on the celebrated tower of Babel.

The Greyfriars juniors quickly retreated to the egg-boxes again, to renew the supply of ammunition. The eggs had smashed all over the aliens, and they were furious. The attack ended their indecision. Hoffman gave a yell to his followers, and dashed madly forward. The Germans were quick after him, and the French lads, not to be outdone, followed fast.

"Stand to your guns!" shouted Harry Wharton.

And the Greyfriars juniors heartily responded, "What-ho!"

And they stood to their guns gallantly.

As fast as they could seize them they pelted the enemy with eggs, and the state of the aliens when a few seconds had passed was simply unspeakable. Eggs had smashed all over them, and their faces and their clothes were masses of yellow and white stickiness.

Some of them retreated, and some of them dodged; but the leaders and the more determined of their followers came gallantly on. They felt that they could not get much stickier than they were already, and so they came on to a finish.

The eggs flew thick and fast.

But Hoffman and Meunier, Lutz and Artois, came gallantly on, and the Greyfriars juniors had to retreat into the shop.

It was not fear of what the aliens could do with their fists that made the quartette retreat. But they had a natural desire not to come into close contact with the fearful mess which smothered the French and German boys.

But the retreat into the shop took them away from their ammunition, and left it in the hands of the foe. Hoffman and Meunier were not slow to take advantage of the capture. Eggs flew from their hands now, and came whizzing into the grocer's shop, and the fat grocer was scarlet with wrath. He waved his fat hands excitedly at the Greyfriars juniors.

"Get out!" he roared.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Are you jabbering again?" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Get out of my shop!"

"With that lot outside?"

"I can't help it! Get out!"

"Can't be did, old boss!"

"You must; they will wreck my shop!"

"Don't be an ass!"

The grocer seemed to be beside himself. He waved his arms in the air wildly. Eggs were whizzing into the shop from the excited and reckless aliens, and smashing everywhere. The Greyfriars juniors were getting some of them, and unfortunately there was no similar ammunition at hand for them to reply with.

Hoffman and Meunier led a rush into the shop. But they were met by whirling hams and driven out, and they retreated to the street again and resumed the pelting with eggs.

Harry Wharton laughed excitedly.

"They can't get at us in here!" he exclaimed. "The door's too narrow for a big rush, and as long as these hams hold out we can knock them out faster than they come."

"My hams! My finest quality English hams!" groaned the grocer. "Help! Police! Murder! They are throwing about my best fresh butter, and my finest English cheddar at ten-pence a pound!"

"Oh, keep your whiskers on!" said Bob Cherry. "We've got a million-aires among us, and he'll pay, won't you lanky?"

"I shall have extreme pleasurefulness in reimbursing the grocerful gentleman," said Hurree Singh.

"Good! And we'll have a whip round afterwards and stand our whack."

The nabob turned to the excited and exasperated grocer.

"Pray calm yourself, my worthy grocer!" he exclaimed. "I shall have extreme happiness in performing the

payfulness on this suspicious occasion."

Hurree Singh's English was a little mixed, but his meaning was clear, and the grocer took comfort.

"If I put the damage at five pounds," he said, "I should be under-estimating it."

"You must not do that, my esteemed friend. I should have too great regretfulness if you were put to any lossfulness in the matter."

"Rats!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Make it thirty bob, and that's too much."

"We will say two pounds ten."

"Very good; here are the cashes," said Hurree Singh.

The grocer beamed upon the juniors once more.

"I will drive those young rascals away, so that you can go out," he said, and he advanced to the door.

"My word!" murmured Bob Cherry. "I don't envy him the job. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go away!" shouted the grocer, waving his arms. Go a—ow!"

A dozen eggs smashed in his face. He staggered back into the shop and sat down with a bump.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Help! Police!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a sudden sound outside the shop, a sound of alarm. The heavy footsteps of the village constable were approaching. Foreigners as they were, the French and German lads had been long enough in England to learn a wholesome respect for the law. They scampered off instantly at the sight of the familiar uniform.

The grocer staggered to his feet.

"What's all this 'ere?" demanded the constable, coming up to the door of the shop.

The honest tradesman was too busy scraping eggs from his eyes to answer for the moment. The Greyfriars juniors strolled out of the shop.

"Better out of that," Harry Wharton muttered. "We've paid for the damage, so the grocer won't complain; but we don't want it to reach the doctor's ears. Come on!"

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The Arrival of the Aliens.

"That was very thoughtful of you, Herr Rosenblum."

Dr. Locke, the Head of Greyfriars, spoke in a satisfied tone, and there was a pleased expression upon his face.

Herr Rosenblum, late Headmaster of Beechwood Foreign Academy, now German master at Greyfriars College, nodded assent.

"Ja, ja, Herr Doctor! I tink to meinselt tat it a coot idea."

"It certainly was."

"Dere are certain to be some difficulties," went on the German. "At Beechwood, ven I did keep tat school, dere vas continual vat you call rows between te boys."

"I am not surprised at that, considering the different nationalities, especially the antipathy between the British and the Germans."

"Of course it vas natural tat te Germans should vish to be head of te school, as tey vas most fitted for it."

The doctor smiled. He knew that Herr Rosenblum, who was a just man, would have held the scales well balanced at Beechwood; but he had a natural leaning towards his own nationality, and felt that the desire of Hoff-

man's party to be at the top was a most natural and laudable one.

"I dare say the French lads had the same idea, Herr Rosenblum."

"Ja, ja, I know they had, Herr Doctor. But as I vas saying, there vas continual dispute as to te head of te school, and I tink to meinselt tat it fery likely be renew at Greyfriars."

"Of course, you note dat dere vas no real ill-feeling; it vas more in te vay of shoke tan anything else."

"I quite understand that."

"And dere vas no real harm in it, and I tink meinselt tat a few vat you call rows do not do poys any harm, and keep tem from becoming soft."

"I agree with you, to a great extent. I should not like to see my boys a set of milksops, though I do not approve, of course, of much fighting."

"Goot! But as dere vill be vat you call rows, I tink to meinselt tat it a coot idea to gif te new poys a welcome, aindt it, and have no rows for te first."

"It was, as I have said, very thoughtful of you."

"Te poys have gone to meet tem at te station," said Herr Rosenblum, with a satisfied smile upon his fat face.

"Four of tem, you see, Herr doctor. Tat vill put tem on a coot footing to start mit."

"Yes, and it will show the Beechwood boys that although there may be disputes after, there will be no ill-feeling."

"Tat vas my idea."

"And a very good idea, too."

"Dose boys in No. 1 Study are poys I like, mit one exeception," went on the German master. "I tink tey vill do deir best."

"I am sure of it. Of course, the meeting at the station may have other results. It is possible that a quarrel may arise."

The German master looked concerned.

"I vas hope not, Herr Doctor."

"I hope not also." The Head looked at his watch. "It is surely time tey were at the school, Herr Rosenblum, even if they have walked all the way and left their luggage to be sent on."

"Ja, ja. But it is possible tat te poys are showing dem te country a little," said Herr Rosenblum, who had a way of always looking at the best side of things. "Dey vas nice poys, and I am sure dey vould do deir best. And as I have told you, Monsieur Morny, who vas to have prought mein poys to Greyfriars, wired to me tat he vas kept pack till to-night to attend to some pusness at Beechwood."

"So the boys have come down without a master with them?" the Head remarked thoughtfully.

"Ja, Herr Doctor."

The Head looked a trifle worried for the moment.

"Well, I dare say they will soon arrive safe and sound," he said.

"Ach, I am sure of tat! Dere being no master mit dem, te Greyfriars poys are showing dem round a little, tat is all."

"Yes, I dare say that is the case. Dear me," went on Dr. Locke, rising from his seat, "what a dreadful noise there is in the Close."

"Ja, I have noticed it for some minutes. It vas sound as if some of te boys vas laff mit demselves after."

"It sounds really as if the whole school had turned out to laugh itself hoarse," the Head remarked, with a puzzled look.

"Ach, poys will be poys!"
"No doubt; but really—" The Head crossed to the window and looked out. Then a sharp exclamation fell from his lips. "Goodness gracious!"
"Vat is te matter, Herr Doctor?"
"Dear me! Bless my soul!"

Herr Rosenblum, his curiosity excited, joined the doctor at the window. Dr. Locke's study window afforded a good view of the Close and of the gates of Greyfriars. The Herr, too, uttered an exclamation of amazement as he beheld what the Head had already seen.

The Close, towards the gates, was crowded with boys, yelling themselves hoarse. They had cause for merriment. A dozen strange-looking figures had just entered the gates of Greyfriars—a dozen lads smothered with smashed eggs from head to foot, their faces yellow, and their clothes sticky, and their whole aspect woe-begone.

Herr Rosenblum stared out of the window as if he could hardly believe his eyes. The new-comers, their faces crimson under the coating of broken eggs, marched in at the gates and straight towards the house. As they came nearer the German uttered an exclamation:

"Mein Gott! It is dem!"

Dr. Locke frowned darkly.

"Dear me, who can these horrible-looking hooligans be, and what can possibly be their motive for entering the precincts of Greyfriars?"

"Herr Doctor—"

"They cannot be intending to rob the house in broad daylight!"

"Mein dear Herr Doctor—"

"Where can they possibly come from?"

"I tells you—"

"Did you ever see such a horrible-looking crowd of hopeless ruffians in such a shocking, filthy state, Herr Rosenblum?"

"Ach! I tells you, Herr Doctor—"

"Pray excuse me, Herr Rosenblum," said the doctor, crossing to the bell, "I must give orders at once that those hideous hooligans be ejected from the place."

"Herr doctor—"

The doctor rang the bell loudly.

"Herr Doctor, listen to me!" exclaimed the distressed German master.

"Certainly, Herr Rosenblum. What do you wish to say to me?" asked the Head of Greyfriars courteously.

"Dose poys, dey are—are—"

"A class of ruffians, my dear Herr Rosenblum, with which you, as a foreigner, have probably never come in contact," said the Head. "They infest the slums of our great cities, where they grow up in great numbers under the carelessness of the authorities—"

"I assure you tat dey—"

"How such a gang of these villainous rascals came into this part of the country, and why they should enter Greyfriars I cannot imagine. Perhaps—"

"My dear Herr Doctor!" cried the distressed Herr Rosenblum. "Dey was not hooligans—"

"Eh? How do you know, Herr Rosenblum?"

"Because I know dem."

"You know them?" cried Dr. Locke, in utter amazement. "You know those wretched-looking ruffians, Herr Rosenblum?"

"Dey was not ruffians, ain't it—dey was mein boys?"

"What?"

"Dey was mein poys from Beechwood."

The Doctor stared at the German master.

"Herr Rosenblum!"

"It was true, sir."

"But—but you amaze me! Surely you did not allow your pupils at Beechwood to go about in such a state as that, Herr Rosenblum?"

"Nein, nein—"

"I cannot understand this. Why—"

"Dere has been vat you call a row, I tink—"

The Head stared.

"Ah, you think—"

"I tink dey have been pelted, aindt it, mit eggs and putter and tings," said Herr Rosenblum. "I am afraid it was not so fery wise of me to send te poys to meet dem at te station after all, aindt it."

The Head looked very grave.

"I am sorry this has happened, Herr Rosenblum. I have not the slightest doubt that, as you say, the present condition of the boys is due to a quarrel between them and the Greyfriars lads."

"Ach! I am sure of tat."

"Ah, here is Gosling! Gosling, you will kindly show in here at once the lads who have just arrived at Greyfriars."

The porter was grinning broadly.

"Which they are in a rather dirty state," he hinted.

"Never mind. Show them in."

And a minute or two later the new arrivals at Greyfriars were shown into the Head's study.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

True Blue.

Hoffman and Meunier came in first, with the rest of the woe-begone aliens at their heels.

It was no wonder that the Head of Greyfriars had mistaken them for a crew of hooligans who had in some mysterious way found themselves in that remote rural quarter.

The dust of the road had clung lovingly to the stickiness of the broken eggs, and the Beechwood boys were dirty and unlovely from head to foot.

Dr. Locke stared at them through his gold-rimmed pince-nez.

"Boys! How came you in this state?"

Hoffman and Meunier exchanged a quick glance.

They were about as wild as they could be at the greeting which had been extended to them by the Greyfriars juniors, but the good old rule of never telling tales or making complaints was a maxim with them.

"How did you come into this state?"

"Ach! Vy you nod answer te Doctor?" exclaimed Herr Rosenblum.

"If you please, sir, we could not help it ourselves," said Fritz Hoffman.

"Ciel! It was quite accidental," said Meunier.

"You have been pelted with eggs?"

"Ja!"

"Oui?"

"Who pelted you?"

"Some—some boys, sir."

"Did they belong to Greyfriars?"

"I—I did not ask dem, sir."

"Ciel! Zat is true! We did not zink of asking zem, sir."

"You know perfectly well whether they were Greyfriars boys without having asked them," the Doctor exclaimed.

The aliens were silent.

"Now, then, answer my question. Were they boys belonging to this school?"

"I—I tink so, sir."

"Oui, I also zink so, sir."

"And you could identify them again?"

"Nein!"

"Non!"

"Do you mean that you would not know their faces if you could see them again?" demanded the Head.

Hoffman and Meunier were silent.

They knew perfectly well that they would know their adversaries again when they met them, especially Hurree Singh, their old acquaintance. But they had not the least intention of betraying the chums of the Remove.

The Doctor controlled his anger with an effort.

"I suppose the fact of the matter is that you would consider it unjustifiable to tell me who your assailants were!" he exclaimed.

"Oui, monsieur."

"Ja, mein Herr."

The two lads replied at once, with evident relief at finding themselves comprehended. Herr Rosenblum gave the Head an appealing look. He was proud of his boys for risking punishment rather than doing what they regarded as mean. Dr. Locke's severe features softened in their expression.

"Well, I will not press a point against your consciences," said the Doctor. "If that is your motive, I will not ask you to name the persons who treated you in this scandalous manner. I have other means of ascertaining. You may go, and, first of all, you will get yourselves into a cleaner state."

"Certainly, sir."

The boys filed out. Hoffman and Meunier lingered.

"Well, have you anything more to say to me?" asked Dr. Locke.

"Ja, ja, Herr Doctor!"

"Oui oui, Monsieur le Docteur!"

"Say it then, and be quick."

"If you please, mein Herr—"

"S'il vous plait, Monsieur—"

"Speak one at a time, please. You first," said the Doctor, pointing at Fritz Hoffman.

"Ach! If you please, sir, I tink tat te poys who trow te eggs at us act only in fun, and I tink tat ve not vish any bunishments—"

"I am the best judge of that. You may go."

"Ja, ja, but—"

"You may go."

Fritz Hoffman unwillingly left the study. Dr. Locke fixed his glance upon Adolphe Meunier.

"Well, have you anything to say?"

"Oui, monsieur. I zink zat ze garçons act only in fun, and ve pay zem out ourselves, and zink zat zey should not be cane—"

"That is my business. You may go."

And Meunier followed Hoffman from the room, and closed the door.

Dr. Locke looked at the German master with a smile, and Herr Rosenblum smiled, too.

"They are loyal lads," said the Head. "It was courageous of them to speak up for their adversaries, and I shall remember it. Of course, it is

pretty certain that the boys who pelted them with eggs are those who went to the station to meet them."

"Undoubtedly, Herr Doctor. I dare say tat dey had to best intentions, but poys vill be poys," said Herr Rosenblau, shaking his head.

"Yes, I have observed that myself." The Doctor looked out of the window.

"Wharton!" The Removites looked up. The cheering ceased, and the heroes of the Remove exchanged uneasy glances.

"Wharton, come into my study at once with your companions."

"Yes, sir," said Harry, as cheerfully as he could.

"By George, that means a row for them!" said Hazeldene, as the four juniors entered the school-house.

"Serve them right!" said Bulstrode.

Taking no notice of Bulstrode, the four delinquents entered the house, and in a few minutes were in the Doctor's study. They did not seem very much alarmed, though they knew that the matter might turn out seriously enough for them. Harry Wharton was calm and quiet as usual, Bob Cherry and Nugent looked stolid, and Hurree Jamsot Ram Singh wore the expression of elaborate politeness and cheerfulness that never departed from his dusky countenance.

"You were in the village, I think, when the foreign boys from Beechwood arrived at the railway-station?" said the Head severely.

"Yes, sir," said Harry Wharton.

"We had the pleasurefulness of welcoming them to Greyfriars, respected and venerable instructor sahib," said the nabob.

The Doctor smiled in spite of himself.

"And you greeted them, I understand, with a volley of eggs?"

"Oh, no, sir! That came afterwards," said Bob Cherry.

"Then you admit that it was yourselves who put the foreign boys into that horrible state!" exclaimed the Head.

"You see, sir—"

"I shall have the pleasurefulness to explain—"

"It was like this—"

"Under the regretful circumstances—"

Dr. Locke raised his hand for silence.

"One at a time, please. I suppose one of you is leader. Let him speak."

"With great pleasurefulness, sir. Although I am not yet the leader of the worthy youths who belong to my study, yet I have the anticipateness that in a shortful time I shall become so, from the superabundance of my superiority in the various abilities," said the nabob. "Therefore—"

"Therefore shut up," growled Bob Cherry, "and let Wharton speak!"

"But I must explain—"

"You're interrupting Wharton."

"I have great regretfulness, but—"

"Silence, Hurree Singh! You may speak, Wharton."

"Certainly, sir," said Harry. "We meant well by the foreigners, sir, but somehow they didn't like us ducking their heads into the horse-trough—"

"Ha, ha! I mean shocking! Do you seriously mean to tell me, Wharton, that you ducked their heads in the horse-trough with the idea of pleasing them?"

"Well, sir, they were quarrelling,

and we thought it would cool their heads—"

"The coolfulness was—"

"Silence, Hurree Singh. Go on, Wharton."

"Then there was a row, sir. They were not to blame, but—"

"But you were not to blame, either. Is that it?"

"Exactly, sir."

"The perspicacity of the instructor sahib is marvellous," said Hurree Singh.

"He jumps to the correctful conclusions, with extreme ludicrousness."

"The foreign boys," said the Head severely, "have asked me not to visit any punishment upon you for your treatment of them—"

"That was very decent of them, sir," said Bob Cherry.

"The decentfulness was only equalled by the—"

"Therefore I shall pass over this regrettable affair. But it must not occur again. I trust that you will use every endeavour to live on peaceful terms with the foreign members of your Form."

"Certainly, sir."

"Then you may go."

And the Removites filed out. They were glad to escape so cheaply.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Facing the Bully.

Bulstrode was waiting for the chums of the Remove, and he came towards them at once when they appeared in the Close. Hazeldene, Trevor, Santley, and others of the Remove were with him, evidently looking for fun.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry cheerily. "What do you want, Bulstrode? Is it a feed?"

"No, it isn't," said Bulstrode grimly. "I'm going to thrash that nigger."

"The thrashfulness will probably be a boot on the other feet, as your English proverb says," said Hurree Singh.

"Ha, ha! Are you ready, nigger?"

"The readiness is only equalled by the eagerfulness I feel for the opportunity of inflicting the severe castigation."

"Well, the opportunity's come. Follow me."

And Bulstrode led the way with a swagger towards the gates of Greyfriars. Most of the Remove had got wind of the coming fight, and were gathering round. Quite a crowd followed Bulstrode.

"Come on," said Harry Wharton, linking his arm in Hurree Singh's. "I suppose you feel up to it, Hurree?"

"Certainly."

"Mind, as soon as you have had enough, just call out, and we shall stop it," said Bob Cherry. "You know as well as we do that you are not a match for that big bully."

The nabob nodded.

"To adhere to the strictful truthfulness," he said, "I know that I cannot bestow the thrashfulness upon one so much more huge and ludicrous. But I shall fight like a nabob of Bhanipur—"

"I wish you'd leave it to me," said Harry Wharton abruptly.

Hurree Singh looked at him.

"Are you wishful to perform the thrashfulness yourself?" he asked.

"Yes, I have an old quarrel with Bulstrode."

"It would be a good idea," ex-

claimed Nugent. "Suppose you leave the matter in Wharton's hand, Inky?"

The nabob looked reflective.

"But I cannot have the respected youths of Greyfriars saying that I am afraid of the bully!" he exclaimed.

"That's all right. Nobody would expect a slim little chap like you to face a hulking rotter like Bulstrode."

"I suppose that is factful."

"Better leave it to me. I ask it as a personal favour."

Hurree Singh bowed politely.

"Oh, in that case I cannot refuse!" he exclaimed. "The refusefulness of a favour is impossible to a Nabob of Bhanipur."

"Good," grinned Bob Cherry.

The Removites arrived upon the battleground, a secluded spot sheltered by trees, where no interruption was likely to occur. It was a quiet spot, with turf as soft as velvet, and the sunlight filtering softly through the green branches overhead. Bulstrode stopped, and turned swaggeringly to the Indian.

"This is the place, nigger."

"Good," said Harry Wharton, stepping forward. "I think I remember your saying, Bulstrode, that after you were finished with Hurree Singh you were going to give me a licking?"

Bulstrode grinned.

"Yes. Would you like yours first?"

"Yes, I would. That's exactly what I was going to say."

"Oh, rot! I'm going to lick the nigger first—"

"You're not! You're going to lick me, or else be licked by me," said Harry Wharton, a hard, determined look settling round his mouth.

"Stand out of the way, Harry Wharton."

"I will not—"

"Get aside!" roared Bulstrode, turning red with anger. "I say I am going to settle with Hurree Singh now, and I'll fight you after—or to-morrow."

"No, you won't."

"If he's sheltering himself behind you—"

Snack! Harry's open hand caught Bulstrode across the mouth with a smack like a pistol-shot, and the bully of the Remove reeled back with a cry. The next moment he sprang forward, and the combat would have commenced there and then, but the Removites thronged between.

"Let me get at him!" roared Bulstrode.

"All in good time," said Bob Cherry, pushing the frantic bully of the Remove back. "All in good time, my son. Take your coat off first, and fight like a Christian—"

"Let me get at him!"

"Ass! Strip, and toe the line."

"Take it calmly, Bulstrode, old man," advised Nugent, "there's plenty of time for you to take your licking."

The bully of the Remove sullenly submitted. Hazeldene helped him off with his jacket and vest, and he tied his braces around his waist. Harry Wharton followed suit, and then the adversaries faced one another.

Bulstrode's face was red with rage, and his eyes were gleaming, too, but he was much cooler than his adversary.

"Come on," hissed Bulstrode, between his teeth. "Come on, and I'll smash you, and then I'll give the nigger his licking."

"I shall have great pleasurefulness—"

"Wait a minute," said Harry

Wharton quietly. "You have been a beastly bully to me, Bulstrode, and a cad, ever since I came to Greyfriars. I've had enough of your company in No. 1 Study—"

"Change out of it, then," sneered Bulstrode.

"If you lick me, I will do so," said Wharton. "But if I lick you, I shall expect you to do so. That's only fair."

"I shall do as I choose."

"You will do as I choose in this case. You have made yourself obnoxious to everyone in the study, and you have got to get out."

"Well, I won't."

"You will—if I lick you. You'll change with Bob Cherry, and go into No. 4, and let him come into No. 1 with us, his friends. If you don't, I'll lick you again, every time I see you in the study. That's the only way to deal with a fellow like you."

"You seem to be pretty certain that you're going to get the best of this scrap," sneered Bulstrode.

Harry Wharton nodded.

"I feel pretty certain about it," he said. "I have been training hard, while you have been rotting about and smoking cheap cigarettes. Training tells."

"Oh, shut up, and come on."

"Shake hands," exclaimed Bob Cherry, who had constituted himself referee, "and then get to business."

"I shan't shake hands with him," said Bulstrode savagely.

"Shame!" cried a dozen voices. "Oh, rats! Let's get to business."

"Come on, then," said Bob Cherry cheerfully.

And the great fight which was to mark an epoch in the history of the Remove at Greyfriars, commenced.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Fairly Licked.

Twice before had Harry Wharton faced the bully of the Remove, and on each occasion he had had the worst of the encounter.

Bulstrode had no doubt as to the result now.

But, during the past weeks Harry Wharton had not been idle. He had trained assiduously, and he had practised his boxing.

There was not a fellow in the Remove who could box better than Wharton at the present time, and his form was active and lithe, and though not so bulky as Bulstrode, he was probably harder, and sounder in the wind.

Bulstrode towered inches over his opponent as they faced one another, and he had inches to the good in his reach. But skill will work wonders in fistie encounters, as in everything else. Harry Wharton faced his bulky foe coolly, and Bulstrode, try as hard as he would, found that his savage drives would not pass the younger lad's guard.

Nugent, Bob Cherry, and Hurree Singh looked on with satisfied faces. They saw Harry Wharton holding his own from the start, in spite of the superior size and strength of his foe.

"Harry will pull it off!" Nugent muttered.

Bob Cherry nodded a full assent.

"He'll pull it off if he's careful."

"The victoriousness will remain with our friend," purred Hurree Singh. "Bulstrode will receive only the thrashfulness."

"Go it, Bulstrode," called out King.

Bulstrode endeavoured to "go it." The big bully was exasperated to find so great a change in the lad he had twice defeated. A feeling was borne in upon him that instead of an easy task, he had heavy work before him, which might prove too much for him. The thought made him furious. He pressed Harry savagely.

The younger lad was driven round the ring, but still

none of the heavy drives aimed at his face succeeded in touching him.

His friends looked on in delight. Wharton had practised boxing with Frank Nugent till he had excelled his instructor in the noble art, but Nugent had never expected him to shape like this in an encounter with the burly bully of the Remove.

No one else had expected it, either, and the crowd of juniors looked on with the keenest interest.

Although Harry Wharton was not exactly popular in the Remove, he was growing better liked as the time passed on, and it was certain, at all events, that Bulstrode was unpopular. Many feared him, few liked him. Even his own friends would not have been sorry to see him receive a lesson he badly needed.

"Time!" called out Bob Cherry.

The combatants ceased, and Nugent patted Harry Wharton on the shoulder.

"How do you feel, Harry?"

"Fresh as a daisy and fit as a fiddle."

"Good! I fancy Bulstrode is feeling anything but fresh!" grinned Nugent. "Look at him! He's got bellows to mend already!"

Harry Wharton glanced across at his old enemy.

Bulstrode was seated upon the knee Hazeldene made for him, and he was certainly puffing and blowing.

"Vaseline is seconding him," Bob Cherry remarked. "But he'd be as glad as anybody to see him licked. You've got to lick him, Wharton."

"I shall do it if I can, you may rely upon it."

"The lesson will be extremely instructful to him," said Hurree Singh. "He will be all the betterful for a good licking. I shall have pleasurefulness—"

"Time!"

Harry Wharton walked coolly forward again. Bulstrode came to time promptly enough, but most of his swagger was gone now. He realised very clearly that the task he had in hand was not an easy one.

The second round was more eventful than the first. Harry Wharton was the first to get a good drive home, and it came in on Bulstrode's chin, and made him stagger. But the bully of the Remove countered effectively, and Harry Wharton reeled back from a heavy drive upon the chest.

Before he could recover his guard, Bulstrode rushed in and gave him a fierce drive full on the mouth, which flung him upon his back.

The bully of the Remove gritted his teeth as he waited for Harry to rise.

Harry had been dazed by the fall, and he lay for some seconds before he could pull himself together. Like one in a dream he heard the counting.

"One, two, three, four, five, six—"

He sprang desperately to his feet, only to fall again before a savage blow. Up again, and down again, and then—

"Time!"

Bulstrode retreated with a savage snarl.

But for the call of time he would have knocked Harry Wharton clean out with the advantage he had gained.

Wharton was white and strained in his look as he sat on the knee Nugent

(The conclusion of this story will be found on page 28.)

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introduced her husband to Vivvy. It all took quite a long time.

Montague Beagle, puffing luxuriously at his cigarette, looked long and searchingly at Jim and Vivvy.

"You are," said he, "if you will forgive me, merely children. Ha, the stage is a hard life. Full of pitfalls, alas!—full of pitfalls! I have had some experiences, and so has my dear wife, have we not, Miranda? You do not know what it is like to play Romeo and Juliet, with real feeling, under a heavy fire of cuds' heads and cabbage stumps. Walk with us a little way, and you shall have the benefit of some of our dearly-bought experiences. Nay, tell me now—in what direction do your talents lie?"

"Miss Stevens can dance," said Jim, "and I've a sort of idea that I can sing a bit."

"Sing and dance!" exclaimed Montague Beagle. "Excellent! All the world loves to watch dancing and hear singing. Well, now, have I not a fiddle? And is not a lonely lane as good as any other spot for a rehearsal? Let me see what you can do. I have, I may say without undue boasting, an unerring eye for talent."

Jim chuckled. The idea struck him as novel and amusing.

"All right," he said. "You first, Vivvy."

Vivvy backed a step, looking rather shy.

"No, you first, Jim," she said.

Jim shrugged his shoulders.

"There's an old song I expect you can play, Mr. Beagle," he said. "If you don't mind I'll try my hand at it. It's appropriate, too, for Miss Stevens and I are seeking our fortunes. 'Off to Philadelphia,' it's called."

Montague Beagle smiled. His only other reply was to toss back his head, thrust the fiddle under his chin, and play the first bars. After a moment Jim joined in in a baritone voice of no mean quality.

Mrs. Beagle and Vivvy both applauded loudly when he had finished, and Montague Beagle tucked the fiddle under his arm and nodded.

"A very fair voice," said he, "and a very fair knowledge of how to use it. Caruso will never be jealous of you, but you ought one day to make a luxurious living. Don't you think so, Miranda?"

"Decidedly so," Mrs. Beagle responded.

"And now," said Mr. Beagle, "let us watch Miss Stevens dance."

Vivvy made a wry face at Jim and stepped forward.

"Can you play a Matichiche, Mr. Beagle?" she asked.

"My dear young lady, I can play anything from Chopin to 'Alexander's Ragtime Band.' A Matichiche you want. Very well, then."

He struck up, and Vivvy danced.

Now Jim was no judge of dancing, but a really wonderful dancer is something that no one can fail to recognise. He leaned forward, fascinated, scarcely able to believe that it was Vivvy. And he saw a rapt expression of admiration on Mrs. Beagle's face, and old Beagle's eyes goggling at her over the top of his fiddle in surprise and wonderment.

"Well played, Vivvy!" cried Jim. "You were simply fine. I wouldn't have believed it. It—it simply staggered me."

Vivvy relapsed, blushing, but not a

little pleased. Montague Beagle stepped forward.

"Join us," said he. "This is your opportunity. Join us, both of you, in the little entertainment we are going to give in Cambridge. It shall be your debuts. It shall be the foundation of your fortunes. We will treat you liberally; won't we, my dear?"

"Oh, decidedly so!" said Mrs. Beagle.

Jim looked at Vivvy. He liked the Beagles, and felt instinctively that they were honest.

"I'm game," he said. "What about you, Vivvy?"

"I'm willing," said Vivvy.

"Then 'tis a bargain!" cried Montague Beagle. "Would that we had here a stoup of the blushing Hippocrene, in which such a bargain as this might well be sealed. But that dance—that Matichiche—we must have it again, Miss Stevens."

Vivvy stepped forward, and once more the music struck up. Scarcely had she begun to dance than a light glowed upon her. It lit up the lane and the hedges and the four figures. Glancing to the left, Jim saw the headlights of an approaching car.

Vivvy hesitated in the middle of a posture, but Mrs. Beagle whispered, "Go on." And Vivvy went on, even although the car slowed down and stopped a few paces away.

There was only one occupant of the big, silent automobile, a man who sat leaning forward watching eagerly.

When the dance was ended he leaped out of the car, applauding with his hands. It was then that Jim recognised him, and drew breath with a little gasp of amazement.

"Splendid!" cried the stranger. "Marvellous! May I introduce myself. I am Lavington Crooks, theatrical agent. I have been charmed, young lady—enchanted. A strange chance brought me here, young lady, to watch your performance. I can make your fortune within a month. All London will flock to see you. London is forty miles away, and here is my car. Let me take you there now. There is no time like the present."

"Half a minute," Jim interposed. "There is a very good reason why Miss Stevens will have nothing to do with you."

"Mind your own business!" snapped Crooks. "Let her speak for herself."

"And that reason," Jim continued, "is that you are a friend of Jeremy Crarper. Until this morning we were both in his employ, and we know the kind of man he is, and what his friends are like. I've seen you about with him several times. That is another reason why Miss Stevens will have nothing to do with you. Isn't that so, Vivvy?"

Vivvy nodded her head.

"Yes," she said quietly.

Crooks swore beneath his breath.

"You little worm!" he cried. "I'll teach you to put a spoke in my wheel. I could make thousands in commission out of that girl. I'll teach you—"

He was advancing threateningly. He was bigger than Jim, and he carried himself with the air of one who knew how to use his fists.

Jim threw himself into an attitude of self-defence.

"Do you mean—this?" he asked.

"Yes!" said Crooks through his clenched teeth.

(Another instalment of this magnificent new serial next Thursday. Please commend this yarn to all your chums!)

THE SECRET PLOTTER!

(Continued from last week.)

Trapped!

And that something which Blake saw was a slip of paper pinned to the curtain, and on it was written, in a hastily blue-pencilled scrawl, the following legend:

"Sexton Blake.—Take notice that I've got Tinker a prisoner in my hands, and that I give you two days to leave New York and America. If you are still on American soil at that date, Tinker will be put to death. If you accept these terms, he will be released, safe and sound, twenty-four hours after you have set sail. I never threaten in vain.—CORNELIUS SANDO."

Blake continued to stare at the slip of paper, like a man whose senses have suddenly become paralysed, long after he had mastered its meaning; for he was face to face with one of those dreadful dilemmas which constitute the cruellest ordeal which a brave man can possibly have to encounter. In a word, he had to choose between his public duty and his private affections. One or other of them had to be sacrificed. He had to fail in his duty, stultify his career, break his word to the President, and throw up his quest, or he had to abandon Tinker in the sorest hour of his need—Tinker, the most faithful, the most loyal, the most devoted friend that ever man had.

"I don't know whether you'd like to be alone, sir," said the sergeant at last, in choking accents, when the silence had become intolerable, "but I expect you'll be glad to think this thing out by yourself. We could draw off to the basement rooms again, and —"

"No, don't go; don't move, any of you!" Blake said suddenly.

His eye had caught the master-lever. It was pulled forward. The hideous contrivances which guarded Sando's house were in full operation. Sando himself must have been in that room only a few seconds before they entered it. If the right-hand curtain had not happened to be drawn back when they rushed along the corridor, they would all have been destroyed by the double-edged blade. Probably he had not had time to arrange the curtain, or else he was depending for his vengeance upon the monstrous hammer at the staircase and the spears at the front door. In any event, it was proved beyond question that he had been in the sanctum only a few minutes ago. Blake's keen faculties, even in the moment of his great grief, had undoubtedly saved them all.

"Heavens above!" gasped the sergeant, as the terrible risk which he and the other men had run came home to him.

"Yes, it has been a pretty narrow shave," murmured Blake abstractedly.

"Better shut it off, sir, hadn't you?" said the sergeant, mopping his forehead, on which the sweat-drops glistened like spangles.

(The story concludes in Thursday next, when a magnificent new serial of Sexton Blake, entitled: "THE MERCHANT'S SECRET!" will commence. Order your copy of "The Dreadnought" now!)

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"TRUE BLUE!"

(Continued from page 12.)

made for him, and Bob Cherry fanned his face.

The chums were looking serious enough now, and there was an expression of deep concern upon the dusky countenance of the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Feel fit, Harry?"

"Yes," said Harry Wharton, between his teeth. "I hardly looked for anything of that sort. He won't be able to do it again."

"I thought you were a goner," murmured Bob Cherry, taking a deep breath. "Mind your eye this time. Remember his wind is failing, and don't let him hit you."

Harry Wharton smiled faintly.

"I'll remember!"

"Keep coolful in the head," said Hurree Singh, "and smite the boulder with the powerfulness of the right arm."

Harry Wharton rose to his feet.

"Time!"

Bulstrode was grinning as he toed the line again. His doubts were gone now. What he had done, he could do again. He came on to the attack with a rush, his fists thrashing savagely out.

Somehow—he never quite knew how—his heavy fists were knocked into the air, and knuckles that seemed as hard as iron came with a crash upon his cheek.

He staggered back. His arms went flying wildly, and his guard was gone; and Harry's left came home upon his other cheek like a hammer, and then his right came again, smashing upon the bully's jaw.

Bulstrode gave an inarticulate cry.

The last blow had finished him, and he dropped like a log, with a bump upon the ground that could have been heard at a distance; and there he lay, motionless, staring upward, while Bob Cherry, watch in hand, solemnly counted.

"Ten!"

Bob Cherry counted ten; but he might as well have counted fifty, for Bulstrode did not make a move. He was incapable of it. He was simply knocked out, and that was the end of it. It was two minutes at least before he sat up.

"You're done, Bulstrode!" Hazel-dene remarked.

Bulstrode snarled.

"I know I am! Shut up!"

"Shall I help you?"

"I can help myself!"

"Oh, all right!" said Hazeldene.

And he turned away, and left the fallen bully of the Remove to his own devices.

Bulstrode staggered to his feet. His head was swimming, and he reeled as soon as he was standing up. It was Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the Nabob of Bhanipur, who put out a helping hand to hold him erect.

"That is better," said the nabob. "The giddiness will soon pass off, and then you will feel chipperful again."

"Let me alone, you confounded nigger!"

"Shame!" said three or four voices.

Bulstrode glared round him. He slowly dragged on his jacket. Hurree Singh had stepped quietly away, and no one else offered to help the defeated

bully of the Remove. Harry Wharton stepped towards him.

"It's over now, Bulstrode," he said quietly. "I'm willing to shake hands if you are."

"I'm not," said Bulstrode, between his teeth.

Wharton shrugged his shoulders.

"You can please yourself about that, of course; but bear in mind what I told you. You are going to change with Bob Cherry, who is coming into our study."

Bulstrode was sullenly silent. He had realised clearly enough that this defeat was no fluke, that he was no match for Harry Wharton, and that if he tried his fortune a second time the result would be only the same. His fall was past retrieving. Harry Wharton had taken his place as cock of the walk in the Remove.

"You understand that, Bulstrode?"

"Yes!" snarled Bulstrode.

"Once more, if you are willing to shake hands—"

"No, hang you!"

And Bulstrode deliberately put his hands in his pockets and walked away. A hiss from the Remove followed him.

Harry Wharton donned his jacket. He had been hurt, but not nearly so much as he had expected. The four friends walked back to the school arm-in-arm.

"This will be jolly!" Bob Cherry remarked, with great satisfaction.

"As a matter of fact, Bulstrode will be glad to get out of the study now he knows that you can lick him. Anyway, he will have to. We shall all be together in No. 1, and—"

"And we shall make a strong quartette," said Nugent, "and we shall need to, with those French and German bouncers to keep in their places."

"That's what I was thinking," said Harry Wharton. "We shall have to stand together, shoulder to shoulder, and see that we rule the roost in the Greyfriars Remove."

"Hear, hear!"

"And I applaud the extremely noble sentiments of my ludicrous friend," said Hurree Singh solemnly. "And now let us hasten to the common-room and bestow the feedful treat upon our respected Form-fellows!"

"Good!" said Wharton. "We'll feed up the foreigners, and show there's no ill-feeling—at least, on our side."

"Nor on their side, either, my respectable chum!" exclaimed the nabob. "You will discover that they are extremely decent fellows, and know perfectly well the playfulness of the game."

"You're going to have all the foreign chaps?" asked Billy Bunter, with a very thoughtful expression upon his fat face.

"Certainly!"

"Decidefully, my faithful friend!"

"The more the merrier!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Yes, I know; but are you sure—"

"Sure they will come, my worthy chum? Certainly!"

"I don't mean that. Are you sure—"

"Sure they will like the feed? I think they will enjoy it gladly."

"No, no! Are you sure there will be enough grub to go round among so many?" said Billy Bunter anxiously.

"You know I don't eat much myself, but—"

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

"Trust the Owl to think of that! My

dear kid, don't be afraid. There will be enough, counting yourself as six!"

"Oh, that's all right, then," said Billy Bunter looking relieved. "But you can't be too careful in these matters, you know. It would be awful not to have enough after looking forward to it."

"My respectable and greedy chum, there will be plentiful!" exclaimed the nabob. "And if there were not sufficient grubfulness, there is the school shop near at hand, and the money in the purse is great."

"Good! That settles it!"

And Billy Bunter was all smiles again.

Hurree Singh was quite right as to the readiness of the foreign Removees to join in the feed in the common-room. They called upon Fritz Hoffman, and found him beaming with good humour at the mere suggestion of a feed.

"Tat is goot!" he exclaimed.

"Good—extremely good!" said the nabob. "And you will be refrainful from the quarrellousness with the Frenchmen during the feed?"

Hoffman nodded genially.

"Tat is all right, Inky! Ve vill lie town like te lion and te sheep, as te English say. Tere shall be no rows, only smiles at te feed."

And the chums of the Remove went in search of Adolphe Meunier.

They found the leader of the French faction in an equally agreeable temper. Meunier was, perhaps not quite so deeply moved at the prospect of a feed as the plump German, but it was sufficiently enticing to him. French or German, English or Hindu, boys are boys all the world over.

"Ve come!" he exclaimed. "Zat is settle. As for ze Shermans, ve keep ze peace vix dem viz our whole hearts. Ve lick zem to-morrow, and put zem in zeir place, same as ve do viz you— you see!"

"I hope we shall be there when you do it to us!" Bob Cherry remarked.

Adolphe Meunier grinned.

"You v'll see vat you v'll see!"

"No doubt on that point," Harry Wharton assented. "We shall certainly see as much as that; but I don't think it will work out exactly as you anticipate."

"Vell, ve shall see all zat! For ze present zere are peaces."

And the peace was kept, too, when the extremely varied company met in the junior common-room for Greyfriars for the feed.

With a Hindu prince presiding over the festive board, and French, German, and English guests, there was naturally a babel of tongues; but, as far as the noise was concerned, the more the merrier was the motto of the Greyfriars Remove.

The feed was a great one, and long remembered at Greyfriars. And if on the morrow rivalry was to commence between the three parties for the topfulness, as Hurree Singh called it, of the Remove, the prospect was not allowed to cast a cloud over the present convivial meeting.

The feed was enjoyable, and the Remove broke up at last in high good-humour, the English lads on the best of terms, for the present, with the Aliens of Greyfriars.

(Another magnificent complete tale of Harry Wharton and the others next Thursday entitled: "THE REMOVE FORMS RIOT!" OR "ER EARLY")