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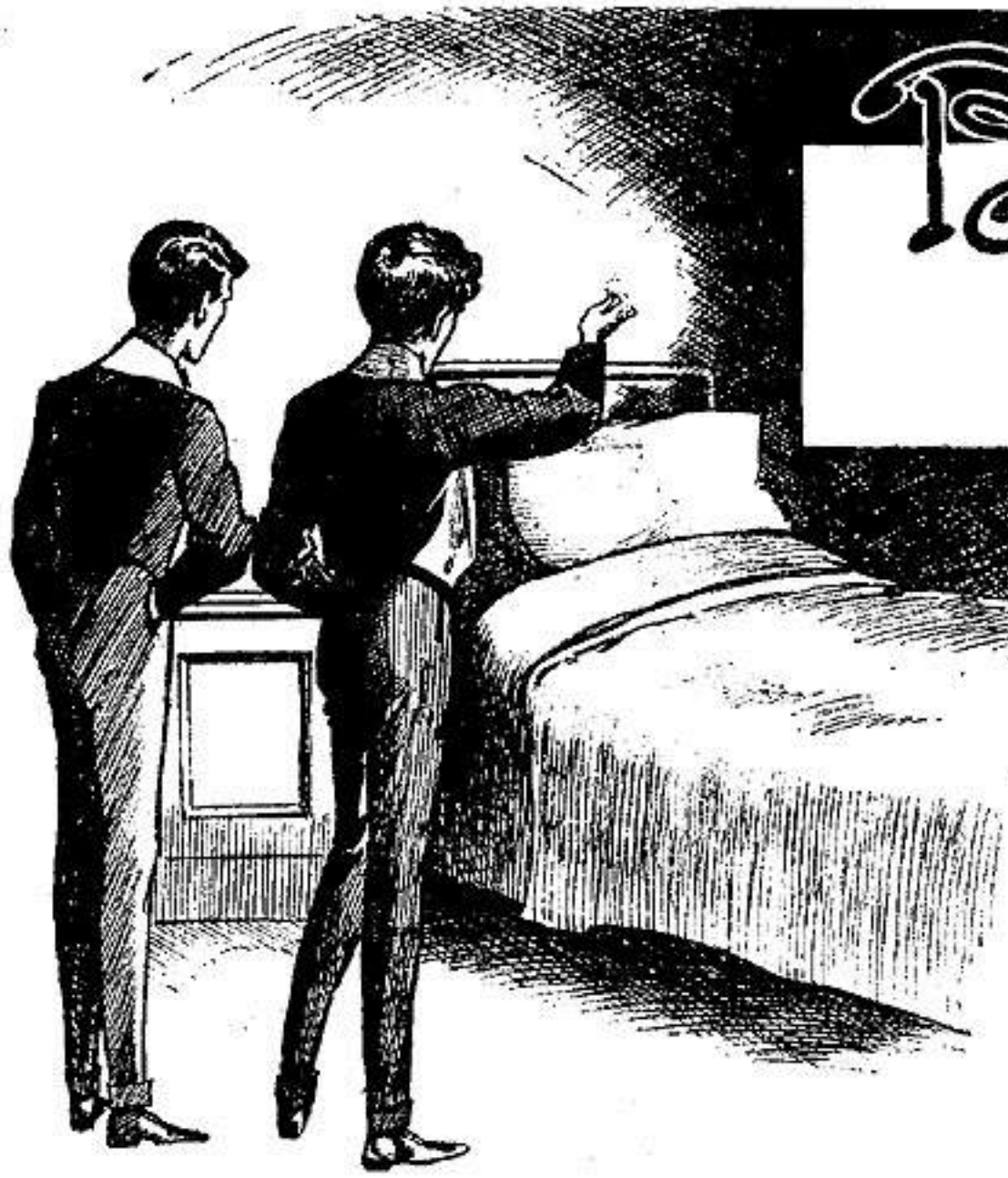


# Bob Cherry's Secret

**A Splendid, New, Long, Complete School Tale of HARRY WHARTON & Co. at Greyfriars.**

By

**Frank Richards.**

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.
### Bob Cherry Gets Bad News!

"THE rotter!"

Crash!

"Oh!"

Bob Cherry of the Remove had been reading a letter for the last five minutes, in his study at Greyfriars. Mark Linley, his study-mate, was hard at work at the table on a Greek exercise. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the dusky junior of the Remove, was watching Bob Cherry's face, as he read, with a curious and friendly interest. Bob Cherry's face had been growing darker and darker as he progressed through the letter; and as he reached the end, and the signature, he uttered an angry exclamation and crumpled the letter in his hand, and banged it down upon the table with a terrific bang.

"The cad!"

Mark Linley jumped.

Bob Cherry, in his excitement, had fairly made the table dance, and the ink had splashed out of the inkpot, and from Mark's pen. Mark Linley's Greek exercise looked more Greek than ever.

"Oh, Bob!"

"The beast!"

"Look here——"

"The rotten cad!"

"But I say——"

"The beastly outsider!"

Mark Linley looked at his study-mate in amazement. Bob Cherry sometimes got excited; but it was very unusual to see him angry. The letter had had a very disturbing effect upon the most sunny and good-tempered fellow in the Remove Form at Greyfriars.

"I say, Bob——" began Mark mildly.

Bang!

The table danced again.

"Bob, old man——"

"The awful cad!"

"Take it calmly, old man," said Mark soothingly. "What is it—a tailor's bill?"

"No, ass! The beast!"

"The beastfulness of the esteemed Bob's honourable correspondent must be terrific," murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"I—I—I——. Oh, the cad!"

"Hallo, anything the matter here?" asked Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove, looking into the study. "What are you getting your wool off about, Bob?"

"The rotter!"

"There was a letter for you, with a foreign postmark," said Harry Wharton. "I was going to bring it up——"

"It's all right; Johnny Ball brought it," said Mark. "I wish he'd left it downstairs. Bob has gone dotty since he's read it!"

"The outsider!"

"Who's the outsider, cad, rotter, beast, and the rest?" asked Harry Wharton. "Anybody at Greyfriars?"

"No, ass!"

"Oh, good! Anybody we know?"

"No, fathead!"

"Good again! Anybody you know?" asked Harry Wharton, with undiminished good-humour.

"Yes, chump!"

"Well, go into the box-room and say things about him," suggested Mark Linley. "I've got to do my exercise over again."

Bob Cherry looked at the spoiled exercise for the first time.

"I'm sorry, Marky, old man!" he said.

"Yes, I should think you were," said the Lancashire junior grimly. "There's a good hour's work spoiled."

"Oh, I'm sorry! But—if you knew——"

Bob Cherry crumpled the letter harder in his fist.

"Well, I don't know," said Mark. "But you can tell me if you like—if it's not secret. I'm ready to sympathise."

"Same here," said Harry Wharton cordially.

"The samefulness of my esteemed and ludicrous self is terrific," murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Bob Cherry glanced at the letter again. Then his brows knitted again, and he gave a stamp upon the floor.

"Oh, the rotter!"

"Hallo! He's beginning again."

Johnny Bull of the Remove came into the study, and Frank Nugent followed him in. Billy Bunter blinked in at the doorway through his big spectacles.

"Order!" said Johnny Bull. "I'll hold your jacket, Bob."

"And I'll hold the other party's," said Frank Nugent. "Let's have things in order."

Bob Cherry stared at them.

"What are jabbering about?" he asked politely.

"Isn't it a fight?" asked Johnny Bull.

"No, fathead!"

"Oh! I thought it must be—I could hear you half-way down the passage," said Johnny Bull. "We came in to see fair play."

"Ha, ha, ha!

"The esteemed Bob is somewhat excited over an esteemed letter from his august correspondent," said Hurree Singh.

"The beast!"

"Chorus, gentlemen!" said Johnny Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

But the laugh died away as the juniors saw the look of real distress that came over Bob Cherry's face, as his excitement died down.

"I say, is there anything really the matter, Bob?" asked Harry Wharton, in a tone of concern.

"Yes!" said Bob Cherry shortly.

"I'm sorry, old man! Can we help you?"

"No!"

"Don't mind us," said Nugent. "If it relieves you to ramp, Bob, then ramp away!"

"Fathead!"

"Not bad news from home, is it?" asked Mark Linley.

"Not from home," said Bob.

"Then it's bad news?"

"Yes, rotten!"

The chums of the Remove looked grave enough now. Bad news for any member of the famous Co. concerned all the rest.

"If it's a secret, don't tell us, Bob," said Wharton. "But if it isn't, you can confide in us, and we may be able to help somehow."

"Yes, rather!"

"I don't know that it's a secret," said Bob, after a pause. "Not among us, anyway. Kick Bunter out, and I'll tell you."

"Oh, I say, you fellows——"

Johnny Bull swooped down upon Billy Bunter, and propelled him into the passage. Then he came back into the study and closed the door.

"You see——" began Bob Cherry.

"Hold on a tick!" said Johnny Bull.

He opened the study door suddenly.

A fat figure almost fell into the room, with a gasp.

"Listening, you cad!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull!" gasped Billy Bunter. "I—I just stooped down to tie up my shoe-lace, and—and you startled me. Ow—ow——"

"I'm going to startle you some more," said Johnny Bull, beginning operations on Bunter with a very heavy boot. "Take that—and that—and that——"

"Ow, ow, yow!"

"And that—and that——"

Bunter fled down the passage.

Johnny Bull closed the door again, secure now from the spying of the Owl of the Remove. Bob Cherry crumpled the letter hard in his hand, looking as if he wished that he were crumpling the writer instead.

"Well, Bob?"

"It's from my cousin," said Bob.

The juniors looked surprised. Letters from relations might be a bore—generally were, in fact. But a letter from a cousin did not seem an adequate cause for Bob Cherry's anger and excitement.

"Wants to borrow money?" hazarded Johnny Bull.

"No, chump!"

"Oh! My mistake: go on!"

"It's from my cousin, Paul Tyrrell," said Bob.

"Relation of the cousin you've got in the Remove here?" asked Nugent.

"No; this chap is really a second cousin, and on the other side of the family," said Bob. "Vane doesn't know him. I don't know him very well myself. I haven't seen him since I've been at Greyfriars. He went to South Africa before I came here. This letter is from South Africa; but it's taken a long time coming, and Tyrrell is in England before this. The rotter!"

"Well?"

"The beastly cad!"

"Oh, it's your cousin who's the rotter, is it?" said Harry Wharton, in wonder.

"Yes. The rottenest, rankest outsider! You see, he left England in disgrace. He was in a bank, and he speculated with cash that wasn't his. And he would have been prosecuted if the family hadn't rallied round to save him. My poor old pater had to stump up with the rest, and you know the pater hasn't much money to spare. It hit him pretty hard; but he stood his whack with the others to keep that rotter out of chokey, where he ought to have gone, and save the family name. The condition was that Paul should bunk, and he bunked. Of course, nobody ever expected to see the waster in England again—that was understood. He's in danger if he comes back, and the family are in danger of disgrace. And now he's come back."

"Rotten!" said Wharton sympathetically. "What's he come back for?"

"Money, I suppose!" said Bob Cherry savagely. "He says he can't get on in the Colonies. They only want hard workers there, and he wasn't born for hard work. He's coming home—in fact, he's come, and he says he's going to see me."

"You!"

"So he says. He says I'm not to be surprised if I see him any day." Bob Cherry's hands clenched hard. "The cad! You'd think that common decency would make him keep away."

"But what does he want to see you for?" asked Wharton. "You can't stand much for him out of a junior's pocket-money."

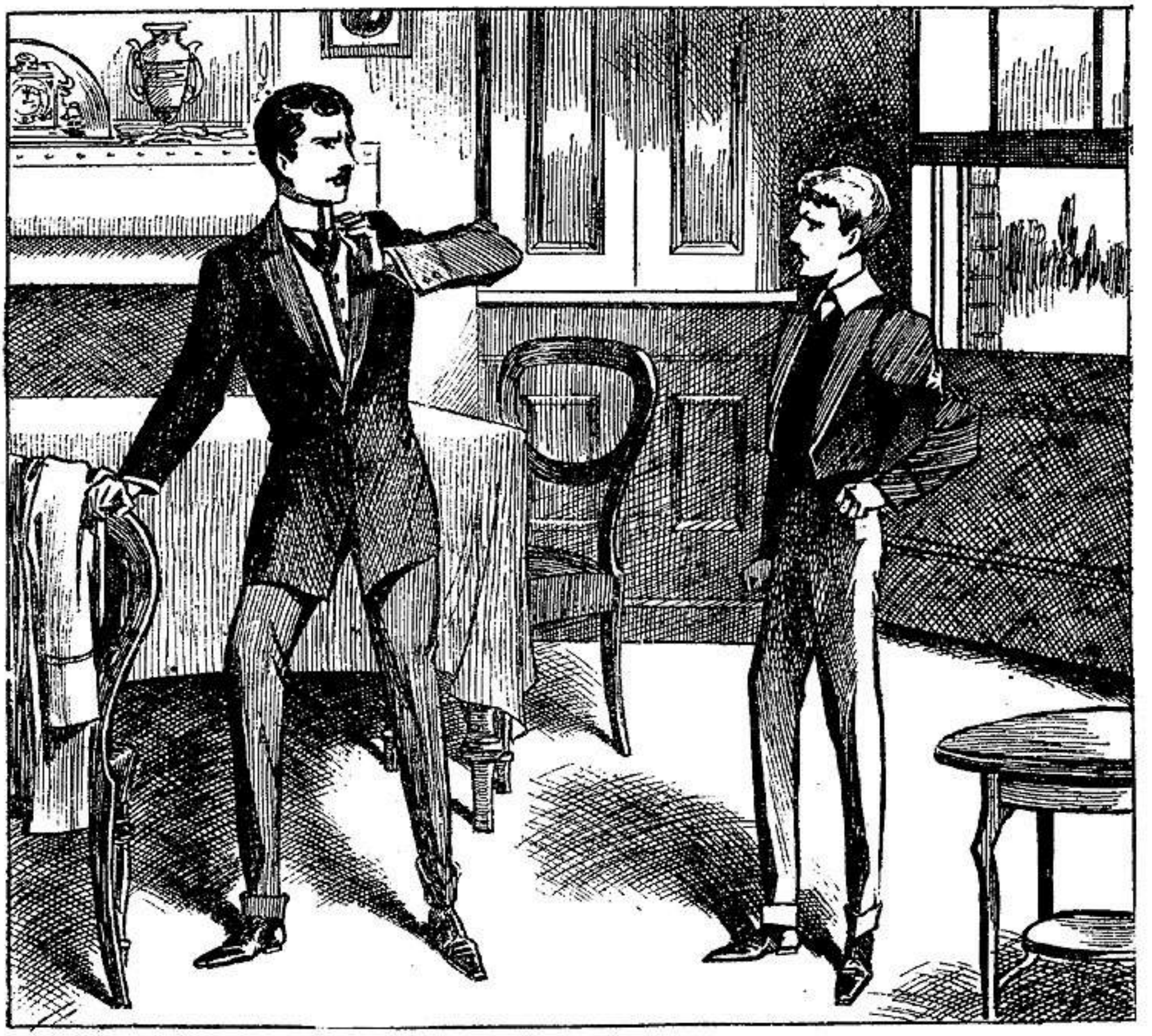
"Blessed if I know!" said Bob Cherry. "It can't be money he wants from me. I expect he will try to stick the pater for that. What he's going to see me for is a giddy mystery. I don't get on to it at all. But I know what I shall say to him. It won't be a pleasant jaw we shall have—not pleasant for him, I mean. My pater had an awful twist to find money for him once, and I shall tell him what I think of him, the rotter!"

"When is he coming?"

"He doesn't say; only that he'll be in England before I get this, and that I'm not to be surprised if I see him. He says he's turned over a new leaf—of course, that's all rot! He was born to go crooked. My hat, I'll talk to him when I see him!"

"Tell you what," said Johnny Bull, "if he comes down here to see you, we'll all meet him, and give him a ducking, if you like."

Bob Cherry grinned.



**Bob Cherry had carefully closed the door, and was looking at the new footer coach with burning eyes. "You rotter!" he said. Yorke did not speak. "You rotter!" repeated Bob Cherry hoarsely. "Paul Tyrrell, what are you doing here?" (*See Chapter 3.*)**

"Well, that's not a bad idea," he said. "I don't want him coming here. Of course, you fellows understand this is a secret. I don't want to let the chaps know I've got a relation who was jolly near going to chokey once, and might go again, if the firm knew that he was in this country. The agreement was that he was to keep away. Not a word outside this study, of course."

"Not a whisper," said Wharton.

Bob Cherry jammed the letter into the study fire, and stirred it into the coals. It was consumed in a moment.

"Now that's safe," he said, "and mum's the word."

"Mum's the word," agreed the juniors.

Wharton looked very thoughtful as he left the study with Nugent, and returned to No. 7, his own quarters. Frank gave him a queer look.

"Jolly queer business, Harry!" he remarked.

Wharton nodded.

"What can the black sheep of the family want with old Bob?"

"I can't make it out," said Wharton, with a puzzled look. "I should think it was blackmail, or something of that sort, only——"

"Only Bob's got no tin."

"Exactly."

"But he must have some object in coming. It can't be simply for the pleasure of a talk with Bob."

Harry Wharton laughed.

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"No; it won't be a pleasant talk, from what Bob says. There's more in it than we can see now. We shall have to look after Bob."

And the chums of the Remove looked forward with a great deal of curiosity, and some misgiving, to that visit from Bob Cherry's cousin.

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## THE SECOND CHAPTER.
### Billy Bunter Seeks Information.

BOB CHERRY wore a worried look at intervals during the next few days.

The letter from South Africa was a secret among the chums of the Remove. But it is an old saying that he who has a secret to hide, should not only hide it, but hide that he has it to hide. It was not long before Bob Cherry's worried looks were noticed, and the fellows wondered what was the matter with him.

But to inquiries Bob Cherry returned the shortest of monosyllabic answers. Bob was anxious to see his cousin, and get that interview over.

He had decided in his mind what he would say—an expression of his opinion of Paul Tyrrell in the plainest possible English, and an order to clear off at once.

Bob had letters from home during those days, and they made no mention of Paul Tyrrell, and Bob wondered.

It was evident that his people knew nothing of Tyrrell's return. The man had written to Bob; but apparently had written to no one else, announcing that he was in England again.

What did it mean?

It could not be from affectionate motives that he had written that he would see Bob. They were only second cousins; there was fifteen years of difference in their ages, and they had never liked one another.

What did the man want at Greyfriars, then? And when was he coming?

Bob Cherry, who was not accustomed to worrying over any matters more serious than a new footer, or re-plating a "jigger," felt the thought of it weigh heavily upon his mind.

His cousin's disgrace was a secret, and he naturally wanted to keep it a secret still from the Greyfriars' fellows generally.

If he had been a rich fellow like Lord Mauleverer, or Vernon-Smith, he could have understood his cousin's motive. He would have surmised that Tyrrell wanted money, under the implied threat of letting the school know about his disgrace.

But it could not be that. Bob Cherry had a small allowance of pocket-money—but it was very small. A whole term's money would hardly have paid Tyrrell's railway fare from London, as a matter of fact.

Then what did he want?

It was a puzzle. But whatever the man's motives might be, Bob was certain of one thing—he meant no good.

His cousin had, indeed, said in his letter that he had a chance of getting an opening in England, and that he intended to run straight. But Bob did not believe it.

He knew Tyrrell too well for that. The man might have run straight, perhaps, if he had liked; but it was pretty certain that he would not like.

There was another fellow in the Remove who was giving the matter a great deal of thought, besides Bob Cherry and his chums.

That other was Billy Bunter. Bunter was the Peeping Tom of the school. He prided himself upon always knowing what was going on; and he was not at all particular as to his methods of keeping himself supplied with information.

He had discovered that Bob Cherry had a secret; but owing to Johnny Bull's drastic methods, he had not succeeded in discovering what the secret was.

And he wanted to know.

It was not in the slightest degree Bunter's business; but that was an additional reason why he wanted to know.

After turning it over in his mind for a few days, and after much uselesss stooping to tie his shoe-laces near study key-holes, Billy Bunter came to the resolution to tackle Bob Cherry himself on the subject.

Bob Cherry was sitting alone in his study when the Owl of the Remove blinked in. Billy Bunter had selected that opportune moment. Bob was plunged into a deep reverie, and did not see the Owl of the Remove. Bunter coughed gently in the doorway, and Bob started and looked up. He frowned at the sight of Billy Bunter.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" he exclaimed.

Bunter insinuated himself into the study.

"I say, Cherry, I want to speak to you!"

"Well, the want is entirely on your side!" said Bob Cherry gruffly. "Clear out!"

"I want to speak to you as a friend, Bob."

Bob Cherry glared.

"If you call me Bob, you cheeky young rotter——" he began.

Bunter cautiously placed the table between himself and the sturdy junior.

"It's all right, Bob," he said confidentially. "I've got some news for you. The new footer coach arrives to-day."

"Blow the new footer coach!"

"Well, lots of fellows are interested in him," said Billy Bunter. "He's a Colonial, you know, and he's recommended by a friend of the Head who knew him."

"Is that all?"

"Well, you see——"

"If that's all, you can clear out!" said Bob Cherry uncompromisingly, and without showing the slightest gratitude for Billy Bunter's kind information concerning the new football coach.

"Oh, really, Cherry! The fact is——"

"Well?"

"I came to speak to you as a friend," urged Bunter.

"I don't see why you should. I'm not your friend," said Bob Cherry grimly. "And I've got no money to lend you."

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"And I know that you're expecting a postal-order, and I don't want to cash it for you in advance," said Bob Cherry.

"Look here, Bob——"

"If you call me Bob, I'll bump you!" shouted the exasperated junior.

"Ahem! Well, I think it's rotten to cut up rusty with a chap who's willing to be your friend, and help you!" said Bunter.

"I don't need any help, fathead, and, if I did, you couldn't help me, chump!"

"Oh, really——"

"Are you going?"

"It's about that secret!"

Bob Cherry started.

"What secret?"

"The one you were talking over with Wharton in this study the other day," said Billy Bunter boldly. "I know it's a fearful secret, and weighing on your mind, and I'm willing to help you out. Tell me all about it, as a chum."

Bob Cherry stared at him blankly.

"The fact is I know a good bit already," pursued Bunter. "I won't say that Wharton's told me anything, but——"

"Wharton!"

"Well, yes. Mind, I don't say he told me anything; but, naturally, he confides in me. I used to be his study-mate, you know, and we're jolly good chums, though we've had our little differences. He felt bound to confide in me, and ask my advice."

"So he's told you?"

"Well, in a way."

"Then what are you asking me for?"

Bunter coughed.

"Ahem! I'd rather have it straight from the horse's mouth. Now, about that letter from South Africa?"

"Wait a minute, Bunter," said Bob Cherry, with unexpected politeness.

He rose to his feet, and the fat junior started back a little; but Bob Cherry did not move towards him. He crossed to the door.

Bunter smiled a fat smile of satisfaction. He was evidently getting on very well. As soon as Bob Cherry had confided in him he would be in possession of the information desired, and all Greyfriars would be in possession of it ten minutes later. Bob Cherry put his head out of the doorway, and shouted:

"Wharton!"

"Oh, I say," exclaimed Billy Bunter, feeling vaguely uneasy, "what are you calling Wharton for?"

"Wharton!" bawled Bob Cherry.

"I say, Cherry——"

"Wharton!"

"Hallo!" came Harry Wharton's voice along the passage. "What's wanted?"

"You are; come here."

"Right-ho!"

Bunter made a movement towards the door. Bob Cherry lifted his right foot, without speaking; but his action was significant. Billy Bunter hurriedly retreated towards the fireplace.

"I—I say, you know, Cherry," he murmured feebly.

Harry Wharton came along the passage, looking surprised. Bob Cherry stepped back from the doorway, and the captain of the Remove came in. He glanced from Bob to the Owl of the Remove, and back again, in surprise.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Bunter's come here for information," Bob Cherry explained. "He thinks I've a secret, and he wants to know about it."

"As an old chum, you know——" murmured Bunter.

"He says you've told him already what we were talking about the other day," went on Bob Cherry grimly.

"Oh—oh, really, Cherry——"

Wharton's face flushed red.

"You don't believe him, Bob, surely?" he exclaimed.

"Of course I don't! That's why I called you."

"You lying cad!" said Wharton, fixing his eyes upon Bunter. "How dare you——"

"I—I—I——" stammered Bunter. "You see, Bob Cherry's making a mistake. I didn't exactly say that you told me—— Ow! leggo!"

Wharton's grasp had closed upon the fat junior, and he wriggled in it.

"You told me you'd had it from Wharton!" said Bob Cherry.

"I—I didn't!"

"Why, you—you——"

"What I—I meant was"—panted Bunter—"what I—I really meant was, that Wharton hadn't breathed a word about it. I'm sorry I didn't make myself quite clear—I'm sincerely sorry, but——"

"No; you didn't make that quite clear," said Bob Cherry. "You made the reverse of that quite clear, you lying worm."

"Oh, really! Ow—I—I say, Wharton, what I really meant was——"

"Never mind what you really meant," said Wharton. "What I really mean is to give you a licking."

"Oh! Ow! I—I say, you fellows——"

"Here's a cricket-stump," said Bob Cherry.

"Ow—ow—ow—ow!"

Whack! Whack! Whack!

Harry Wharton's left hand was upon Billy Bunter's collar; with his right, he made rapid play with the stump. Billy Bunter roared and wriggled.

"Ow—ow—ow! Leggo! Help! Murder! Fire! Ow!"

Whack! Whack! Whack!

"Yarooh! Oh! I—I don't want to know anything about it!" yelled Bunter. "I—I wouldn't listen now if you wanted to tell me. Yaroooh! Ow! I—I say, Wharton, I didn't mean—— Yow! I say—— Yoooop!"

Whack! Whack! Whack!

"Yow—ow—ow! Leave off! Yowp!"

"When you admit that you lied, I'll leave off," said Wharton, lashing away cheerfully with the cricket-stump upon Billy Bunter's fat figure.

"Yarooh! I didn't——"

Whack! Whack! Whack!

"Yow—ow—oh! I mean I did! Yarooh!"

"Are you sorry?"

Whack! Whack!

"Yow—yes—ow!"

"Will you do it again?"

"Yes—ow—I mean, no—yow!"

"Then you can buzz off!"

Wharton slung the Owl of the Remove towards the doorway, and Bunter staggered out into the passage. He glared back at the grinning juniors.

"Ow! Yow! Beasts!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow—oh! I'll—I'll—— Yaroooh! Oh! Beasts!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter shook his fist furiously into the study, and then, as Bob Cherry made a motion towards him, he fled. The laughter of the Remove chums followed him down the passage.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And it was answered by Billy Bunter's anguished voice:

"Ow—ow—ow!"

And the Owl of the Remove did not come to Bob Cherry's study again in search of information.

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## THE THIRD CHAPTER.
### Under False Colours.

"THE new coach is coming to-day!" Frank Nugent remarked, at the tea-table in No. 1 Study.

The juniors in the study were all interested, with the exception of Bob Cherry. Bob was thinking about something else. Johnny Bull and Hurree Singh and Tom Brown, the New Zealander, were having tea with the chums of No. 1; and Tom Brown was very much interested in the new footer coach. He was known to be a Colonial—hence Tom Brown's interest—though he came from a part of the Empire distant enough from New Zealand.

"A Colonial, isn't he?" said Tom Brown.

"Yes; not from your part of the world, though."

"Where does he come from?" asked Johnny Bull.

"South Africa."

Bob Cherry looked up.

"South Africa?" he repeated.

"Yes, so they say."

"What's his name?"

"Cecil Yorke."

"Good name," said Johnny Bull. "I like it. I wonder what the man's like. Is he just from the Colonies?"

"Oh, no. I think he's been in England some time; but he really got his appointment from abroad," said Nugent. "I heard it from Wingate minor—he heard his major and Courtney talking about it. They know, being in the Sixth; they have it from the Head. A friend of the Head's is out there, and he met this chap Yorke in some place with a fearful name that I can't remember, and Yorke chipped in to save him from being roughly handled by a gang of tipsy Kaffirs. Yorke was playing in a team there—whether a professional team or not I don't know; but it seems that he wanted to come home, and wanted an opening in England, and somehow or other it was arranged. It sounds like a giddy romantic story, doesn't it?"







"Chap must be plucky, anyway, if it's true," said Tom Brown. "I'm curious to see him. When is he coming?"

"To-day, Wingate minor said."

"I wonder how he plays footer," remarked Harry Wharton "that's the most important point about a coach—not where he comes from. But I'm curious to see him, too."

The study door opened, and Micky Desmond looked in.

"He's come," he said.

"Who's come?"

"Faith, the coach!"

The juniors rose to their feet at once. Bob Cherry went on sedately with his sardines.

"Shall we go and have a look at him?" said Tom Brown. "I'm finished tea."

"Where is he, Micky?"

"Gone in to see the Head."

"What's he like?"

"Sunburnt chap," said Micky Desmond. "Rather good-looking. Looks as if he can play footer, I should say. Nothing particular about him, though. He's going to have a room in the house next to Mr. Quelch's; it was got ready to-day. Billy Bunter nosed that out. Some of the fellows are waiting to see him when he comes out from seeing the Head. Wingate minor says he's killed lots of lions in South Africa, and Kaffirs, and——"

"I don't suppose he's killed many Kaffirs," grinned Wharton. "But we may as well come and see him. Come on, Bob!"

"All right."

The juniors went downstairs.

Quite a little crowd had gathered at the end of the passage to see Yorke as he came out after his interview with the Head.

A man from South Africa, with a reputation of having killed lions, and perhaps Kaffirs, was naturally an object of interest to the juniors—especially as he was going to be their football coach.

"Doesn't look up to much," said Bolsover major, of the Remove, disparagingly. "I've seen him. Quite commonplace."

"Looks like a bounder, to me," said Vernon-Smith, the junior who was known as the Bounder of Greyfriars.

"Well, if you two don't like him, that's a recommendation isn't it?" said Frank Nugent cheerfully.

"Oh, rats!"

"I say, you fellows," said Billy Bunter, joining the group. "I've seen the labels on his trunk, and——"

"And seen inside?" sneered the Bounder.

"Oh, really, Smithy——"

"What did he have in his bag?" asked Ogilvy.

"Well, I only just got a peep into it——"

"My hat! Do you mean to say you've had the cheek to look into the man's bag?" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"Well, I helped Gosling carry it upstairs, and it happened to come open——"

"You—you spying worm——"

"Oh, really, Wharton! It isn't my fault that I happened to see that there was a revolver in it——"

"A—a—a what?"

"A revolver, in a case," said Billy Bunter. "I suppose chaps in South Africa naturally carry revolvers. But——"

"Rats!"

"It's your sight, you know, Bunter," said Nugent sympathetically. "The revolver will turn out to be a hairbrush or a boot-tree."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Nugent, I know it was a revolver, and——"

"I should fancy he'd keep his bag locked, if it were," grinned Johnny Bull.

"Well, it was locked."

"How did you spy into it if it was locked, then?"

"It happened to bump on the stairs, and the lock burst. It's an old bag—not much class, really——"

"You awful rotter," said Wharton. "You've bumped his bag open on purpose to spy into it. You ought to be scragged."

"Of course it was an accident," said Billy Bunter, with dignity. "I hope I am incapable of spying into a man's bag. I couldn't help seeing the revolver——"

"The hairbrush, you mean."

"Or the boot-tree."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, you fellows——"

There was a cry:

"Here he is!"

The door of the Head's study had opened.

The eyes of all the juniors were fixed at once upon the man who came out.

He was a man of medium size, rather good-looking, with a sunburnt face, and somewhat cold and steely eyes. He looked about thirty years old. He looked a little surprised at seeing the crowd of juniors there, and then he smiled.

"You're the new coach?" asked Vernon-Smith.

"Yes, I have that honour," said the stranger.

"I'll show you to your room, if you like, Mr. Yorke," said Billy Bunter, in his officious way.

"Thank you."

And the man from South Africa, with his overcoat on his arm, followed the fat junior.

"Well, he looks all right," said Harry Wharton. "What do you think, Bob? Hallo! Where's Bob Cherry? He was here a minute ago."

"He cleared off just as Yorke came out," said Russell.

Bob Cherry had disappeared.

Billy Bunter came back in a few minutes, as the crowd dispersed. There was a curious expression upon his fat face.

"Blessed if I don't think it's a cheek!" he exclaimed.

"What is, fathead?" asked Nugent politely.

"Why, Bob Cherry——"

"Bob Cherry! What is he doing, ass?"

"Marching into the coach's room after him, and shoving me out of the way as if I—I was simply dirt!" said Bunter indignantly.

"Well, you are, you know!"

"Oh, really——"

"Bob Cherry's gone into the coach's room!" repeated Wharton. "What do you mean?"

"Well, he has," said Bunter. "I was telling him it was a cheek, and he slung me out, and went in and closed the door after him."

"My hat!"

The juniors could not help wondering. Bob Cherry was the least of all fellows afflicted with the vice of inquisitiveness; and it was certainly extraordinary that he should have followed the new footer coach into his room. The juniors would have been more surprised still if they had seen Bob Cherry at that moment. Mr. Yorke had gone into his room, and laid his overcoat on a chair, and as he turned round, he became aware of the fact that a junior had followed him in.

Yorke looked surprised as he eyes fell upon Bob Cherry.

"What——" he began.

Then he broke off.

Bob Cherry had closed the door carefully. He was looking at Yorke with gleaming eyes, and his face was white and set.

"You rotter!" he said.

Yorke did not speak. Bob Cherry clenched his hands, and came towards him, his eyes seeming to burn.

"You rotter!" he repeated hoarsely. "Paul Tyrrell, what are you doing here?"

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## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

### A Strange Situation.

BOB CHERRY'S face was white as chalk.

A deadly fear was in his heart, a fear he could scarcely have defined in words.

This man was his cousin—this man, who had come to Greyfriars under the name of Cecil Yorke, under the pretence of being a football coach, was his cousin, Paul Tyrrell.

Bob had recognised him the moment he stepped out of the Head's study.

For a moment the junior had been stricken dumb, and then he had hurried away, lest his friends should read in his face what was in his mind.

But, in his direct, straightforward way, Bob had gone at once to Yorke's room to "have it out," as he would have expressed it.

The defaulting bank cashier, who was not even safe in England if his former employers learned of his return—what was he doing at Greyfriars?

Yorke looked sharply at the boy.

His own face had grown a little pale, but he was perfectly cool.

"So that's you, Bob?"

"Yes."

"You had my letter?"

"Yes."

"Then you expected to see me?"

"Not like this," said Bob.

Tyrrell smiled.

"I told you I had turned over a new leaf," he said. "I have written a new name on the new leaf, that is all."

"Started afresh with a lie, you mean!" said Bob Cherry scornfully.

"My dear infant, would it have been of any use to start afresh in England under the name I was known by before?" said his cousin, in a tone of mild remonstrance.

"You oughtn't to have returned to England!" said Bob fiercely. "Why couldn't you keep away? You promised to."

"Since I've reformed——"

"Oh, rats!"

"You don't believe me?"

"No!" said Bob bluntly.

"You were always straight from the shoulder, Bob," said Tyrrell, though he bit his lip. "I know you always say what you think. But, dash it all, I'm your cousin, and you might be a little glad to see me. There's my fist."

He held out his hand.

Bob Cherry glared at it, but did not touch it.

"You won't shake hands with me?" said Tyrrell.

"No."

"Why not?"

"After what you've done——"

"Oh, that old affair of the bank!" said Tyrrell lightly.

"Spending money that didn't belong to you, and worrying all your relations to make it good afterwards, to keep you out of prison," said Bob.

"I hope to repay all that one of these days, Bob. Your father stood five hundred, and I'm going to make it all good."

"How?" asked Bob bitterly. "You'll never get another chance at a bank's funds."

Tyrrell laughed.

"Well hit!" he said. "But I've told you that I've learned my lesson. A year of roughing it in South Africa would teach a fellow a lot—you should try. I got a chance of getting back to England and starting again. Don't you think I should have been a fool not to take it?"

"You intended to come here when you wrote to me?"

"Yes. I wanted to prepare you for the meeting. It would hardly have done if you had called me by my old name before anybody."

"You didn't tell me you were going to take a post here."

"I couldn't very well, in case you had let anybody see the letter. One doesn't put those things into writing. The change of name, you see——"

"What have you come here for?"

"I'm football coach now. You know I was always keen on footer, in an amateur way; in fact, I gave more attention to League matches than to the bank's business——"

"To betting on them, you mean," said Bob scornfully.

"Yes, I used to turn an honest penny that way, sometimes," said his cousin, with a nod. "But that's all over, of course. Now I'm starting afresh. I'm turning to account my old knowledge of the game. I got some playing for money out there in South Africa. It helped to make both ends meet. Sometimes a professional match, and sometimes some coaching. I've worked in the mines, and I've hunted lions, and I longed every day for England, home, and beauty. You don't know what it is to be stuck out in a savage country, when every bone in your body aches for the light and glitter of London."

"You won't get much of the light and glitter of London here at Greyfriars."

"It's a beginning."

"And you want to make me believe that you mean business, that you're going to settle down here to work and coach?"

"Why not?"

"It wouldn't be like you."

"Not like I used to be; but I've learned my lesson, you see. Anything is better than exile—and besides, I shall have the advantage of the company of an affectionate cousin."

"Oh, rot!"

"I'm really glad to see you again, Bob."

"I don't believe it."

"Ahem——"

"You made up your mind to come here, and you weren't glad I was here," said Bob. "You'd rather I hadn't been here."

"My dear Bob——"

"Why did you come?"

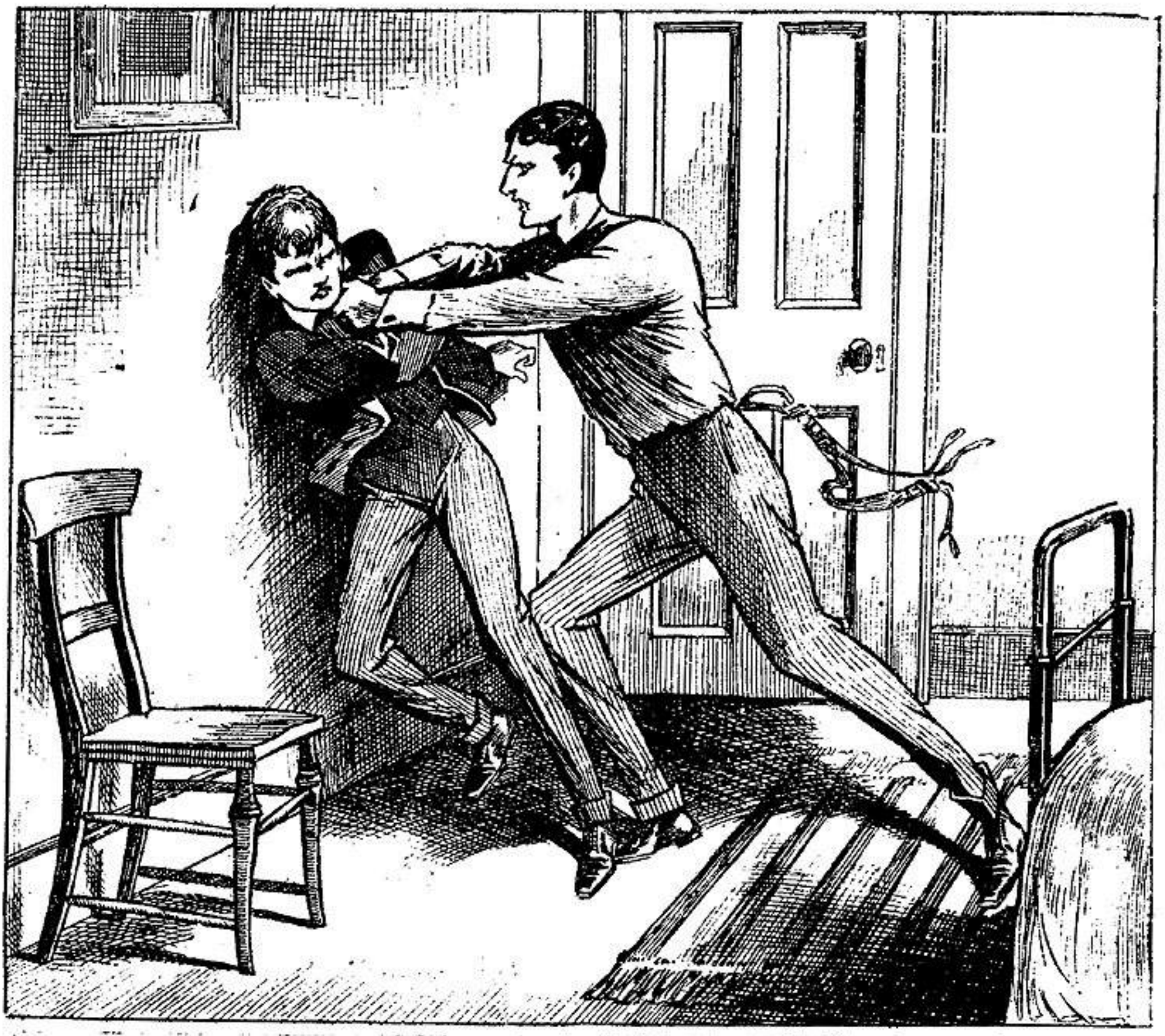
"I tell you it was my first chance. Old Professor Herrick was looking for geological specimens, and nearly got himself eaten by a lion. I chipped in and saved him. He was grateful, naturally. We camped together for several days and became very friendly. I was useful to him, and I meant to make him useful to me."

"I've no doubt you did."

"I knew he was a big man in some ways in England, and had influence. I wanted him to use it for me. Hang it all, hadn't I saved his life? He spoke of Dr. Locke and Greyfriars one evening, and I was interested, as I had an affectionate cousin here——"

"Oh, cheese that!"

"I hinted that I wanted to get home—that South Africa



Bob Cherry turned his back on Tyrrell and crossed to the door. As he did so he heard a movement and turned but it was too late. Tyrrell was upon him with a spring, and the two went to the floor with a crash.
(See Chapter 12.)

didn't suit my health—that all I wanted was a job with moderate pay and steady work."

"You!"

"Well, that would have been better than bossing a gang of Kaffirs in a mine," said Tyrrell. "The professor was in correspondence with Dr. Locke; they are old school chums, you know, and the professor is one of the governors of Greyfriars. He took the matter up, as I hoped he would, and wrote to Dr. Locke about it, asking him if he could do anything, giving a full list of my qualifications. As I had acted as football coach to a team out there, the professor put that in, and so came about this appointment. Naturally, the doctor thinks that a man like me, evidently well educated and connected, would make a better football coach than an old professional of the ordinary sort—quite right, too. He takes me on the professor's recommendation. I jumped at the chance—anything better than vegetating out there as I was doing. I'm going to lead a steady and honest life, and make up for the past."

"Rot!"

"Don't you believe me?"

"Not a word!" said Bob Cherry grimly.

Tyrrell bit his lip.

"Dash it all!" he exclaimed angrily. "What do you think I have come here for, then?"

Bob Cherry shook his head.

"That's what I can't quite make out," he said. "You haven't come here to do steady and honest work, because it isn't in you. You had a chance of doing that before, and you gambled and speculated with other people's money. The best I can think is, that you've taken this job to get your bread-and-butter until something else turns up."

"Put it at that, then," said Tyrrell. "Where's the harm?"

"You're under a false name——"

"What matters?"

"You're putting it on to me to help you deceive the Head?"

"Do you think the Head cares whether my name's Tyrrell or Yorke?"

"Well no."

"What difference does it make, then?"

"None, so long as you run straight."

"Do you think I've come here to pick the boys' pockets, and steal cricket-bats?" demanded Tyrrell impatiently.

"Well—no. I suppose you're like the lion in the story, wandering around seeking what you may devour."

"Well, I shall not devour footballs and cricket-bats and stamp-albums," said Tyrrell disdainfully. "It will be all right here."

"I—I suppose so," said Bob. "But——"

"But what?"

"I don't know how I can help you keep your secret, and take the Head in, in this way."

Tyrrell compressed his lips.

"You don't mean that you're going to give me away?" he exclaimed breathlessly.

"Why shouldn't I?" said Bob Cherry doggedly.

"Well, in the first place, you'd spoil my only chance of leading an honest life," said Tyrrell.

"If I could believe you meant it——"

"I do mean it. In the second place, it seems to me that you'd suffer pretty considerably yourself. It wouldn't benefit you to announce to all Greyfriars that you have a cousin who's defrauded the bank that employed him."

Bob Cherry's lip curled.

"You mean that if I don't stand by you you'll give the whole story away to all the school?" he demanded.

"What do you expect? If you ruin me, for no reason whatever, you can't expect me to hold my tongue, I suppose?"

Bob Cherry was silent.

"You scratch my back, and I'll scratch yours," said Tyrrell, smiling again. "Look here, Bob, I mean what I've said, every word. I've had bad luck, and it's taught me a lesson, and made a man of me. If I get a chance at a better job, I shall leave Greyfriars, and you won't see me again. While I'm here you needn't have anything to do with me, no more than the other junior boys have. I only ask you to hold your tongue and give me a chance. If you should see that I don't play the game, it will be time enough to talk."

"You won't play the game," said Bob; "it's not in you."

"Give me a chance. You can keep an eye on me, if you choose, and the first time you see me off the track, come down as heavy as you like."

Bob Cherry reflected. There was a chance that his cousin meant what he said. Bob Cherry did not want to be hard on him. But he had an incurable distrust for the light, cynical nature of the man; he could not believe that Paul Tyrrell meant to run straight. And yet to drive him out of Greyfriars might be to spoil a chance of his reformation, and drive him to inevitable crime for his daily bread. And the man was his cousin, after all. The junior thought the matter over, while Paul Tyrrell watched his face.

"Give me a chance, Bob," he repeated. "Keep an eye on me, but give me a chance until you see that I'm not playing the game."

Bob Cherry nodded at last.

"I'll keep your secret," he said.

"Good!"

"Until," Bob Cherry went on grimly, "until I have any reason to believe that you are playing your old game; but any gambling, and any rotten business of any kind—anything that's not above-board—and I go straight to the Head and tell him who you are, what your record is, and the rest, and you can disgrace me if you like after."

"It's a bargain," said Tyrrell.

"It's not a bargain," said Bob. "I'm going to hold my tongue so long as you run straight, and not a minute longer. And the less I have to do with you, and the sooner you get out of Greyfriars, the better I shall like it."

And Bob Cherry quitted the room without another word.

Tyrrell watched the door close behind him.

He clicked his teeth together, and his eyes gleamed under his knitted brows. But his expression cleared in a few moments, and he smiled. It was not a pleasant smile, and if Bob Cherry had seen it his doubts as to the genuineness of his cousin's reformation would certainly not have been diminished.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.
### Mysterious!

"HERE he is!"

"Well, Bob?"

Bob Cherry came into the Remove passage with a grim, frowning brow. He started as his chums surrounded him, asking questions all at once.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob.

"What's he like?" asked Harry Wharton. "Do you know him?"

"Know him?"

"Old friend—eh?" said Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars.

"Old friend?" stammered Bob.

"I guess you must know the guy, or you wouldn't go into his room for a jaw the first hour he's at Greyfriars," said Fisher T. Fish, the American junior.

Bob Cherry coloured.

"Well, what's the giddy mystery?" asked Bolsover major. "You know the man, I suppose?"

"Where have you seen him before, Bob Cherry?"

"What have you been jawing about?"

"I say, you fellows, they were talking away like anything," said Billy Bunter. "I happened to be in the passage——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And you happened to hear," said Vernon-Smith. "Of course you did."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry's colour died away.

At the thought that Billy Bunter, the Peeping Tom of the school, had listened to the talk in Yorke's room, a chill crept into his breast. If Bunter knew the secret, all Greyfriars would soon be in possession of it.

Bob Cherry grasped the Owl of the Remove by the shoulder.

"You fat cad," he shouted, "you've been listening!"

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"What did you hear, you spying beast?"

"Ow! Oh!"

"Tell me, you cad!"

"Yow! If you sh-sh-shake me like that my gl-gl-glasses will fall off, and if they get broken—ow!—you'll have to pay for them!"

"You rotter! You've been listening!" roared the infuriated junior.

"Ow! Yow! Yarooh! I haven't! I happened to hear voices, that was all. I wasn't near the door!" howled Bunter. "Yow! I didn't hear anything you were saying—ow!"

"Is that true, you cad?" exclaimed Bob Cherry, shaking the Owl of the Remove roughly.

"Ow! Yes! Yow!"

"It's all right, Bob," said Harry Wharton quietly. "If Bunter had heard anything he'd have told it to everybody in the Remove by now."

"Oh, really, Wharton——"

"Well, that's so," said Bob, releasing the fat junior.

"Groo! Oh! Ow!"

"Shut up, Bunter," growled Johnny Bull.

"Ow! I'm hurt! Yow!"

"But what's all the blessed fuss about?" demanded Vernon-Smith. "Suppose Bunter did hear what you were talking to Yorke about, Bob Cherry, where's the harm?"

"I suppose you haven't had any deadly secret to discuss, have you?" asked Snoop.

"What's the mystery, anyway?"

"Mind your own business," said Bob Cherry gruffly.

"But what have you been talking to Yorke about?" demanded Bolsover major.

"Find out."

"Well, that's what we're trying to do. Is it a secret?"

"Find out, again."

"Do you know the man?"

"Rats!"

"Of course he knows him," said the Bounder. "He wouldn't visit him in his room and jaw to him if he didn't know him."

"Then why can't he say so?"

"There's something shady in this," said the Bounder, with his sneering smile. "I don't see why Cherry can't explain."

"It's none of your business, for one thing," said Bob Cherry angrily. "Go and eat coke!"

"But look here——"

"Oh, rats!"

Bob Cherry strode on towards his own study, and went in and slammed the door. The juniors looked at one another in astonishment. A natural curiosity had led them to ask Bob Cherry the reason of his interview with the new football coach. His refusal to explain was very surprising.

"Blessed if I can make it out!" said Bolsover major. "What is Cherry cutting up rusty about? I suppose there's no harm in asking him if he knows the man?"

"I guess there's something queer about it."

"What do you think, Wharton?"

"I think we may as well mind our own business," said Harry. "It's no concern of ours, anyway."

"Oh, rot!"

"I guess——"

Harry Wharton went into his own study. Nugent and Johnny Bull and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh followed him in, and the door was shut.

Inside the study, the chums of the Remove looked at one another in silence. Wharton had said that it was no business of the Remove. But he could not help feeling astonished, and to some extent uneasy.

"What on earth does it mean?" Nugent exclaimed at last. "Looks to me as if old Bob's going off his rocker."

"He must know the man," said Johnny Bull.

"It's queer."

"The queerfulness is terrific," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "But probablefully our esteemed chum will explain."

"I hope he will," said Harry. "Blessed if I like these secrets and giddy mysteries. If he knows the man, I don't see why he can't say so."

"It's jolly queer, anyway."

"I dare say he'll explain," said Harry. "But I sha'n't ask him any questions, for one. After all, I suppose it's his own business. But if he doesn't explain the whole blessed Form will be making surmises about it."

The chums of the Remove did not mention the matter to Bob Cherry again. They awaited his explanation.

But the explanation did not come.

Bob Cherry met them later in the evening, but he did not refer to the matter of the football coach and his curious interview with him. Whatever it was he had in common with Cecil Yorke, evidently he did not want to talk about it.

It was a secret.

That much was clear, but why it should be a secret was a mystery the juniors simply could not guess.

It was so utterly unlike Bob Cherry to be secretive or mysterious that it astonished them the more.

But as he did not choose to explain, they did not ask him for information, and the subject seemed to be dropped for good among the Famous Five.

The other fellows were less reticent.

Bob Cherry was questioned on all sides by curious fellows thirsting for information, but his replies were so gruff that the eager seekers for knowledge were not encouraged to pursue the subject.

From Bob Cherry some of them transferred their attentions to Yorke.

But Yorke, though a talkative man, and ready to chat with anybody, did not afford any illumination on that subject.

The general impression was that Bob Cherry had known Yorke before the latter came to Greyfriars as football coach, and that for some reason best known to himself he did not choose to say so.

But that impression was damped by the fact that Bob Cherry and Yorke did not have anything to say to one another after that one interview.

Bob Cherry kept out of Yorke's way, and Yorke certainly did not make any effort to speak to him.

When that was observed the plot thickened, as Vernon-Smith put it; but, whatever the secret was, it was evident that no enlightenment was to come either from Yorke or from Bob Cherry.

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## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.
### Tea in No. 1 Study.

"JOLLY good coach, anyway," said Frank Nugent.

Yorke had been at Greyfriars several days now, and Nugent's remark was justified. The Remove fellows had been at practice that afternoon, and the footer coach had laboured long and well with them. The Remove footballers prided themselves on knowing a great deal about the grand old game. But the young man from South Africa knew a few more things about it than they did, and he imparted this information in a way that made it acceptable to them. The Colonial, as Yorke was supposed to be, became popular with the juniors, and the seniors regarded him as a pleasant and useful fellow. And Bob Cherry, keen as was the eye he kept upon his cousin, had to admit to himself that Paul Tyrrell had given no cause for suspicion so far. He seemed to have settled down to his duties in a cheerful and contented spirit.

"Jolly good coach," repeated Nugent. "What do you think, Bob?"

"Oh, he's all right," said Bob.

"You don't seem to like him."

"Why shouldn't I?"

Nugent laughed.

"I don't know why you shouldn't, but you don't," he said.

"Oh, rot!"

"Thanks. He seems to me a decent sort of chap," said Nugent. "He tells wonderful stories of lion shooting and things. He's had years of it in the South African forests."

"Years of it?" said Bob Cherry sharply.

"Yes; it seems that he went to South Africa when he was quite a young fellow, and has knocked about there from Cape Town to Bulawayo for years on end."

Bob Cherry snorted.

"Don't you believe him?" demanded Nugent.

"No, I don't."

"Why not?"

The question was difficult to answer, and Bob Cherry did not answer it. He shoved his hands into his pockets and walked away.

Nugent whistled.

"Queer how Bob doesn't seem to take to the chap," he remarked. "What happened on his first day here made lots of the fellows think he knew the man."

"I don't see why Bob should put down his yarns as lies, anyway," said Johnny Bull, rather crossly. "We know the man has been in South Africa, and comes from there, and we know that he killed a lion and saved Professor Herrick's life. Blessed if I know why he should be supposed to be a giddy Munchausen. I can't understand Bob lately."

"He seems to be more grumpy than usual," said Nugent carelessly. "I think Yorke is all right, anyway, and I like hearing his yarns about the forests and lions and things. He knows how to tell a yarn, too. He's promised to tell us a story about the siege of Mafeking—he was there."

"That's a jolly long time ago."

"Yes; he was quite a lad, he says, but he went through it. I'd like to hear the yarn; and I thought we might have him to tea in the study—he'd come."

"Good egg!" said Harry Wharton.

"Ask him, then," said Frank.

The footer coach had finished, and was about to return to the house, when Harry Wharton stopped him. Yorke gave him a nod and a smile.

"We're going to have tea in the study, Mr. Yorke," Wharton explained. "We should be pleased if you'd come."

"Thanks," said Yorke. "I'll be delighted."

"It will be an extra good tea," put in Nugent. "We're going to kill the fatted calf for the honoured guest, you know."

Yorke laughed.

"I feel duly honoured," he replied. "When shall I come?"

"Six exactly."

"Good; depend on me."

And Yorke nodded, and went in.

"Now we've got to get in some supplies," remarked Harry Wharton; "as all you fellows will be coming, you can stand your whack, and make it a really good spread. We don't have a hero of Mafeking to tea every day."

"Right-ho!" said Johnny Bull.

And the juniors proceeded to the tuckshop. Billy Bunter was there, engaged in a long and somewhat acid argument with Mrs. Mimble. Bunter was endeavouring to make Mrs. Mimble understand that credit was a system upon which the biggest businesses in the world had been built up; but Mrs. Mimble did not seem to comprehend that she would improve her business by allowing Bunter to have tarts and cakes on unlimited credit. And she promptly left Bunter to argue to the desert air when the little crowd of juniors came in to give extensive orders.

"I say, you fellows," said Billy Bunter, opening his little round eyes wide behind his spectacles, as the chums proceeded to give their orders, "I say, if you're standing a feed——"

"We can't stand you as well," said Nugent politely.

"Oh, really, Nugent——"

"And a veal-pie," said Wharton, "and a dozen jam-tarts—twopenny ones."

Bunter's eyes glistened.

"And two dozen eggs—new-laid, mind."

"I say, you fellows, you'd better let me come and do the cooking for you," said Billy Bunter. "You know how I can poach eggs——"

"I know how you can poach anything that's eatable," said Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't mind placing my services at your disposal," said Bunter. "Look here, I don't want to come to your rotten feed. I'll do the cooking for nothing. I should just take a snack——"

"We've only got enough for twelve, so there wouldn't be enough for a snack for you, Billy."

"Oh, really, you know——"

"And two pounds of biscuits, and a jar of strawberry jam, and a jar of raspberry," Harry Wharton went on.

Billy Bunter's mouth watered.

"I'll go and lay the table ready, if you like," he said hungrily.

"Don't trouble."

"No trouble at all to me——"

"I'm thinking of the trouble to us," said Nugent.

"Look here, Nugent——"

"And a plum-cake, and a currant-cake, and a seed-cake," said Wharton. "Can you fellows suggest anything else?"

"I'll go and light the fire ready," said Bunter.

"The fire's lighted."

"I—I'll go and see if it's burning all right."

"Oh, rats!"

Billy Bunter rolled out of the tuckshop. The juniors finished their purchases, and quitted Mrs. Mimble's little establishment loaded with packages. They met Tom Brown and Mark Linley on the way to the School House, and marched them along, and in the passage they found Micky Desmond and Hazeldene, who were added to the tea-party. Quite a little crowd of them swarmed into No. 1 Study. They found Billy Bunter there. The Owl of the Remove was in his shirt-sleeves, and he had the table laid, and the fire glowing, and the frying-pan greased all ready for use.

"What are you up to, here?" demanded Nugent.

"I'm the cook," said Bunter, with an ingratiating smile.

Nugent pointed to the door.

Billy Bunter was very short-sighted; but he could be more short-sighted still when he chose. He failed to see Nugent's expressive gesture.

"These the eggs?" he asked, calmly unfastening a paper bag. "Good! I'll have them poached in a jiffy—done to a turn, too."

"Get out!" roared Nugent.

"Yes, I'm getting them out," said Bunter. "Don't hurry me, or it may spoil the cooking. I say, you fellows, you can leave it all to me."

And he began breaking the eggs into the frying-pan.

"Look here, Bunter——"

"I can't look there and here, too," said Bunter, in a tone of patient remonstrance. "If I'm going to fry eggs for you, you must give me a chance."

"You're not."

"Now, you fellows, fill the kettle, while I fry the eggs," said Bunter. "Fried eggs are ripping, the way I do them."

Nugent gasped. The cool "cheek" of the Owl of the Remove was colossal. Billy Bunter proceeded to fry the eggs in the most self-possessed way. There was evidently no getting rid of the Owl of the Remove excepting by the summary process of "firing" him out. And that would have meant disaster to the eggs in his care. Harry Wharton burst into a laugh.

"Oh, let the fat bounder stay!" he said. "Cook away, Bunter, and don't jaw, and you can stay to the feed."

"Oh, really, Wharton—— Of course, I wasn't thinking of the feed——"

"Then get out."

"I shall want a little more butter," said Bunter, apparently not hearing. "I hope you fellows have laid in plenty of jam tarts, too. I'm fond of jam tarts."

"I don't care a brass farthing whether you're fond of them or not," growled Nugent.

"I don't think that's a polite way to speak to a fellow Wharton's asked to tea," said Billy Bunter. "But I excuse you, Nugent."

"Why you—you fat bounder——"

"I shall certainly not accept another invitation to this study unless Nugent behaves himself, Wharton," said Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at. There's such a thing as being polite to a guest, especially when he's doing the cooking for you," said the Owl of the Remove loftily. "You chaps had better make the toast; don't leave everything to me."

"We weren't going to have toast——"

"Oh, really, Wharton, I'm fond of toast! I hope you've got some greengage jam, too; I'm fond of that."

"Strawberry and raspberry," said Wharton.

"Well, Nugent could cut down to Mrs. Mimble's and get some greengage jam, while I'm frying the eggs——"

"Yes, I can see myself doing it," growled Nugent.

"Very well; I shall seriously consider the matter before I accept another invitation here," said Bunter haughtily. "I will stay now; but——"

"You won't stay now, if you don't shut up!" roared the exasperated Nugent.

"These eggs are done. Hand over the rest."

"That's all the eggs."

"Oh, come; Bull can run down and get some more! I could manage that lot by myself," said Billy Bunter remonstratingly.

"I dare say you could; but you jolly well won't."

"If your idea of hospitality is to keep a guest hungry——" began Bunter.

The juniors could stand no more. They were fed up. They fell upon Billy Bunter, and whirled him to the door, and ejected him into the passage. Bunter rolled on the cold linoleum and roared.

"Ow—ow—ow!"

"Now buzz off!" said Harry Wharton.

"Yow—ow!"

The door slammed.

It opened again in another minute or less, and Bunter put in a fat and smiling face—a somewhat tremulous smile.

"Well, what do you want?" asked Nugent grimly.

"Of course, I—I know you were only j-j-joking," murmured Bunter.

"Yes, and we'll j-j-joke in the same way again, if you come in here," said Nugent grimly.

"Oh, really, you know——"

"Give him a bag of tarts, and kick him out," said Harry Wharton. "There's your whack, Bunter—now buzz off!"

"But I say——"

"Buzz off!" roared all the juniors together.

And Bunter, taking the bag of tarts, and seeing Nugent pick up the poker, thought he had better do so. The door slammed upon him again.

"Hallo, it's six," said Harry Wharton. "Time our honoured guest was here. Bob hasn't come yet—run and tell him tea's ready, Inky."

"The runfulness will be terrific, my worthy chum."

And Hurree Jamset Ram Singh left the study. As he went down the passage, Yorke arrived, and was received into No. 1 Study with great empressement.

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## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.
### A Scene!

BOB CHERRY was in his study alone, when the Nabob of Bhanipur arrived to fetch him to the feed.

There was a gloomy frown upon Bob Cherry's brow. Since he had had the weight of a secret on his mind, he had not been quite like his old cheery self.

It was hard for him to keep a secret; hard for him to feel that he had one to keep.

And the danger of uttering some careless word which would give the situation away made him feel awkward and constrained, especially when Yorke was spoken of.

He had not seen so much of his chums lately, for that reason; and Bob Cherry was not a fellow to like solitude, it worried him.

He was trying to read when Inky came in, but without much success.

"The honourable tea is ready," announced Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Where are you having tea?" asked Bob.

"No. 1 Study."

"I don't think I'll come," said Bob glumly.

The nabob smiled, and took his friend by the arm.

"I thinkfully consider that you will, my esteemed chum," he said. "Come alongfully."

Bob Cherry yielded to constraint, and the Nabob of Bhanipur walked him down the Remove passage to Harry Wharton's study.

The study was pretty well crowded, but a seat had been kept for Bob Cherry, and Inky pushed him into it.

Bob was seated before he noticed that the football coach was in the study.

Yorke was seated at the table, an agreeable smile upon his face.

It was evident that the man from South Africa was glad to come and have tea in the junior study with the chums of the Lower Fourth.

As a matter of fact, as Bob Cherry guessed, Yorke was bored to death at Greyfriars, in spite of the cheerful appearance he kept up, and he was glad to do anything that would break what was, for him, monotony. Many men would not have considered it a bad way to live; but Paul Tyrrell only lived and breathed for the life of the whirling town, and away from the roar and glitter of London life seemed to him very nearly insupportable. Bob Cherry knew the man well, and he knew that. He knew that he was not satisfied at Greyfriars, and was perplexed to know why he remained. The only explanation was, that he had no opening of any kind anywhere else; or else, that he had some hidden and dishonourable purpose to serve in being at the school at all. And that was a haunting thought that Bob Cherry could never quite drive from his mind. But when he thought about it, he had to confess that if Yorke had any nefarious purpose to serve, it was beyond the power of divining.

The man's stories of South Africa got on Bob's nerves, as he put it to himself. Some of them were doubtless true, perhaps most of them; but Tyrrell had only been in that colony a year or two, and his reminiscences extended over many years. Bob Cherry knew his object to pass as a Colonial of many years' standing, in order to make the difference all the greater between Cecil Yorke and the Paul Tyrrell who had left England, and in disgrace, only a year or two ago. The man was playing a part, and he played it with utter unscrupulousness, lying with a facility that said little for his promise of reform.

Bob Cherry half rose to his feet as he saw Yorke.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" he exclaimed. "You here to tea?"

Yorke nodded.

"The young gentlemen have been kind enough to ask me to tea," he said. "Of cour-e, if my company is disagreeable to anybody——"

"What rot!" said Harry Wharton quickly. "We're jolly glad to have you, Mr. Yorke. A fellow who plays footer as you do is good enough company for a giddy emperor, I should think."

"Hear, hear!"

"The good-enough fulness is terrific."

**Amidst great excitement and thunderous cheers, Mr. Jaggers counted out twenty sovereigns from the purse, and like a fellow in a dream Tom Merry accepted them. Twenty pounds! He was saved!** *(For the above incident see the grand, long, complete tale of Tom Merry & Co., entitled "THE LAST HOPE," by Martin Clifford, which is contained in this week's issue of "The Gem" Library. Out on Wednesday. Price One Penny.*

Bob Cherry did not speak.

He was not glad to see Yorke there, and he would not pretend that he was. His chums gave him rather expressive looks. It was not like Bob Cherry to be rude.

"Mr. Yorke's going to tell us about the siege of Mafeking," said Nugent, to break a rather painful silence.

Bob Cherry grunted.

"What does Mr. Yorke know about that?" he asked.

"He was there."

Bob Cherry stared.

"Who was there?"

"Mr. Yorke was."

"What rot!"

"Cheese it, Bob!" said Johnny Bull, in a whisper, that was heard all over the study. "What's come over you? Don't be a pig!"

"Rot!"

"Look here, Bob——"

"He wasn't there," said Bob Cherry. "Why, it's more than ten years ago."

"Yes, he was quite a lad at the time," said Wharton.

"What bosh!"

"Ahem!" said Mr. Yorke. "Our young friend does not seem to be pleased with me, for some reason. With your permission, I will leave——"

"Stay where you are, sir," said Harry Wharton.

"But ——"

"Bob will apologise for his beastly rudeness," said Harry.

"Go it, Bob!" said Nugent.

Bob Cherry flushed crimson.

"I jolly well won't!" he exclaimed.

"Look here, Bob, I think you might be decent to a chap

who's a guest in this study," exclaimed Harry Wharton angrily. "Hang it all! You might be civil!"

"And sit here listening to him telling lies?" said Bob Cherry scornfully.

"Bob!"

"Lies—rotten lies, I tell you!" said Bob savagely. "He wasn't in Africa ten years ago, or had ever thought of going there."

"He says——"

"It's all lies!"

"Thank you!" said Yorke quietly.

Harry Wharton jumped up.

"Look here, Bob, if you can't be decent to a guest here, the sooner you get outside the study the better."

Bob Cherry rose too.

"I'll get outside fast enough," he said. "I'm not going to stay here and hear that fellow telling lies by the yard."

And Bob Cherry stamped out of the study, and closed the door behind him with a slam.

The slam rang through the study, and Bob Cherry's heavy footsteps rang away down the passage.

There was a deep and painful silence in No. 1 Study.

Yorke's face was pale.

The juniors all looked utterly dismayed and uncomfortable.

Such a scene had certainly never occurred in No. 1 Study before, and the conduct of Bob Cherry was utterly unaccountable.

What could be the matter with him was a mystery. But he had certainly spoiled that little tea-party in No. 1 Study, which had been intended to be so jolly. Harry Wharton turned a flushed face towards the guest of honour.

"I hope you'll accept our apologies for this, Mr. Yorke," he said. "I can't understand Bob acting in such a way. He's been a bit queer lately in several ways, but I never expected anything of this sort. Of course, we hadn't the faintest idea that anything of the sort was going to happen."

Mr. Yorke nodded.

"I quite understand that, of course," he said.

"We apologise, all round," said Nugent.

"Yes, rather, sir."

"The apologiecfulness is terrific, honoured sahib."

"Thank you very much," said Mr. Yorke, smiling genially, and rising to his feet as he spoke. "But upon the whole, I think I will ask you to excuse me. My position here does not really entitle me to be on familiar terms with the pupils of Greyfriars: though, as I have held a good position in earlier days, it is somewhat difficult for me to remember that. I have made a mistake, which I am sorry for."

"Don't go, sir."

"Don't mind that ass!"

"We're all sorry, sir."

"We'll speak jolly plainly to Bob Cherry, too, sir."

"Thank you very much," said Mr. Yorke. "I am sure you did not mean to let me be subjected to any unpleasantness, but I think I had better retire. I thank you very much for your hospitality and for your kindness."

And Mr. Yorke left the study.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.
### Billy Bunter Has Bad Luck.

THERE was a grim silence in No. 1 Study when Mr. Yorke was gone.

The handsome spread remained untasted on the table.

The juniors were all feeling, and looking, decidedly "rotten."

Nugent broke the silence.

"Well, who'd have thought it?" he said.

"Bob must be mad!" said Harry Wharton, in a low, angry voice. "I'd never have thought it of him. Insulting a fellow we've asked to tea, and making him think that we've got snobbish friends who don't want to have tea with a football coach."

"I suppose that's what he'll think."

"I suppose so."

"It's rotten!"

"It's caddish!" said Wharton angrily. "I suppose Bob has some reason or other for acting as he did. But there's no excuse for it."

"Blessed if I can see any!"

"Anyway, we ought to ask Bob for an explanation," said Johnny Bull. "He's our chum, and he ought to be willing to explain. If he doesn't——"

"He ought to be scragged!"

"Exactly."

"The question is——"

"Shure the question is—whether we're going to have tay?" said Micky Desmond.

Wharton laughed.

"Pile in, you fellows," he exclaimed. "Don't let this spoil your tea. It's spoiled Mr. Yorke's pretty thoroughly."

The juniors had not lost their appetites. They finished their tea; though the tea-party, as a party, was quite a failure.

It was not only the action of Bob Cherry that worried his chums, but the knowledge that something must be very wrong with Bob to cause him to act in such a way.

When tea was over, and the guests had departed, Harry Wharton and Nugent and Johnny Bull and Hurree Singh went to look for Bob.

He was not in his study; and the Common-room was drawn blank. Billy Bunter was encountered in the lower passage, and asked for information.

"Where's Bob Cherry?" demanded Wharton.

Bunter grunted.

"How should I know?"

"Oh, you know everything; you happened to see him, I'm sure. You happen to see and hear everything that goes on."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I suppose you've finished tea?" said Bunter.

"Yes, thanks."

"Nothing left for me?"

"You've had your whack!"

"Look here——"

"Where's Bob Cherry?"

"If you hurry you may catch him," said Billy Bunter. "But I expect he's half-way to Pegg by this time."

"Come on, you chaps!" said Harry.

The juniors ran across the Close. It was getting dark, and it was close upon locking-up time. What Bob Cherry had started for Pegg at such an hour for was a mystery. Rake of the Remove met the juniors in the Close, and called to them:

"Going out?"

"Yes; we want Bob Cherry!"

"Well, he's over yonder under the trees, in a grumpy temper," said Dick Rake. "What's the matter with him?"

"Hasn't he gone out?"

"Only out of temper," said Rake, with a grin. "I asked him whether he didn't think that Yorke was a ripping football coach, and he told me to go and eat coke. He seems to be up against Yorke for something."

The juniors turned back to the house, and found Billy Bunter blinking out of the doorway, with a grin of satisfaction upon his fat face. The Owl of the Remove had intended to send them on a wild-goose chase to Pegg, evidently in return for his ejection from No. 1 Study. The grin faded from Bunter's fat countenance as he saw the Famous Four come in. He made a step backwards; but before he could make a second one, the chums of the Remove had grasped him.

"You fat spoofer," roared Wharton, "you told us Bob Cherry was gone out!"

"Leggo!"

"You prevaricating worm!"

"Bump him!"

"Ow!" roared Bunter. "Leggo! I didn't say he was gone out! I—I——"

"You said you expected he was half-way to Pegg by this time!" said Harry Wharton wrathfully.

"Well, that isn't saying he's gone out, is it?" said Bunter. "What I meant was to say—— Yaroooh!"

Bump!

"Well, you've said it now, if that was what you meant to say!" grinned Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Give him another!"

"Ow! Help!"

Bump!

"Yowowoweop!"

Bunter sat on the floor, groping wildly for his spectacles, and gasping, as the chums of the Remove hurried out into the Close again.

"Ow!" gasped Bunter. "Beasts!"

Coker of the Fifth came down the passage with Greene and Potter of that Form. The lights were not yet on, and the passage was very dusky. Coker walked into Billy Bunter as he squirmed on the floor and yelled.

"Oh, what's that?"

"Ow!"

Coker stumbled over Billy Bunter, and caught wildly at Greene to save himself. Greene clutched at Potter, and the three Fourth-Formers rolled over Billy Bunter together. There was an anguished gasp from the fat junior.

"Grecoooooh!"

Coker struggled amidst a sea of arms and legs.

"Wh—what is it?"

"Some idiot sitting on the floor!"

"Collar the ass! It's a jape of those Remove kids!" roared

Coker. "I'll jape 'em! I'll teach 'em to jape the Fifth! Collar him!"

"Grooooh!"

The three Fifth-Formers sorted themselves out, and staggered to their feet. Billy Bunter simply gasped as he lay.

"Who is it?" asked Potter, peering down in the gloom.

"Ow!"

"It's Bunter!"

"I'll Bunter him!" said Coker.

"Ow! Ow! Ow! Hellup!"

Coker, Potter, and Greene kicked Bunter along the passage together. Up till that moment Billy Bunter had been under the impression that he could not move. But as three heavy boots began to make rapid play upon his fat figure, he found that he could move, and, in fact, quite quickly.

He rolled and scrambled and bounced along the passage, kicked along by Coker & Co. until he succeeded in getting upon his feet and fleeing. Coker halted, panting.

"I don't think he'll play that trick upon us a second time!" he exclaimed.

"I fancy not!" chuckled Potter.

And certainly William George Bunter was not likely to do so, if he could help it.

Billy Bunter rolled away feeling as if life were not worth living. He was in a very revengeful mood, and he rolled into Wingate's study. The captain of Greyfriars gave him an inquiring stare.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

"I've been bullied!"

"Oh, rot!"

"I've been bumped!"

"I dare say it serves you right!"

"I've been——"

"Oh, travel!"

Bunter blinked furiously at the Sixth-Former.

"Look here, Wingate——"

"That's not the way to speak to a prefect," said Wingate. "And I don't want fags coming here telling tales! Get out!"

"Look here, it's your duty as a prefect to keep juniors in order, and——"

"Well, I'll do it!" said Wingate, picking up a cane and striding towards Bunter. "It's my duty as a prefect to lick cheeky juniors, certainly; and——"

Whack! Whack! Whack!

"Ow! Ow! Ow!"

Whack! Whack!

Wingate was doing his duty manfully; but Bunter did not stay long enough for him to do it thoroughly. He whisked out of the study and slammed the door, and Wingate threw down the cane with a laugh. Billy Bunter went grunting down the passage, feeling that a more misunderstood and ill-used fellow never lived.

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## THE NINTH CHAPTER.
### A Strange Mystery.

BOB CHERRY was tramping to and fro under the old elms in the dusk that was gathering thickly on the old Close of Greyfriars.

His brow was lined and moody, and his hands were thrust deeply into his trousers pockets. The junior was sorely troubled in mind.

He was sorry for the outbreak in No. 1 Study—sorry that he had hurt and offended his friends, and he knew that his conduct must make them wonder. And yet how could he have done anything else?

To sit there quietly while Paul Tyrrell was telling lies would have been to make himself a party to a man's falseness, even if his patience would have held out, and certainly it would not.

It would have been wiser to retire from the tea-party without speaking, as soon as he found that Yorke was there. And Bob Cherry wished now that he had done so. But it was too late to think of that.

At all events, he had given Yorke a lesson. The man would be a little more careful now, perhaps, how he yarned to the fellows.

"Hallo, Bob!"

Bob Cherry paused, and peered through the gloom towards the four juniors as they came up under the shadowy old elms. He gave them a grim look.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" he exclaimed.

"We've been looking for you," said Wharton.

"Looking for a row, on account of what happened in the study?" asked Bob Cherry sharply.

"Not a row," said Harry. "But but we were very much surprised to see you act in such a way. I think you owe Mr. Yorke an apology."

Bob Cherry grunted.

"Well, he won't get it, then."

"You were frightfully rude to him."

"I know that," said Bob. "If I'd known he was there, I wouldn't have come."







"Why not?"

"I've got a reason."

"Because you don't like him?"

"I certainly don't like him," admitted Bob.

"Most of the fellows do," said Nugent.

"They don't know him."

"Do you know him?"

Bob was silent.

"You called him a liar to his face," said Harry Wharton. "After all, you can't know that he wasn't speaking the truth, Bob."

"I do know it," said Bob Cherry shortly.

"You know he wasn't in Mafeking?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure."

"How on earth do you know?" demanded Johnny Bull, rather testily. "I don't see how you can know anything about where he was, Bob."

"Our esteemed friend Cherry is talking out of his honourable hat," murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Well, I do know!" growled Bob Cherry. "I know that he was in England less than two years ago, if you must know."

"He might have been to South Africa before——"

"He hadn't!"

"How do you know?"

"Well, I do know!"

"You can only mean that you know the man, and knew him before he came to Greyfriars," said Wharton abruptly.

Bob Cherry did not reply.

"If that's the case, Bob, I can't see any reason at all why you can't say out plainly, and have done with it."

Still no reply.

"Haven't you got anything to say, Bob?"

"No!"

"You've insulted Mr. Yorke, and called him a liar," said Johnny Bull. "The least you can do now is to say how you know."

"I've got nothing to say!"

"Well, I think it's rotten, that's all!"

Bob Cherry flushed.

"You think I've acted rottenly, do you mean?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, I do!"

"Then you needn't trouble to speak to me again!" growled Bob.

"I won't!" said Johnny Bull.

And he walked away whistling, with his hands in his pockets. Bob Cherry glared at the other fellows.

"Do you agree with Bull?" he demanded.

"I must say I do," said Nugent.

"Then you'd better go with him!"

"I will!" said Frank quietly.

And he followed Johnny Bull towards the schoolhouse, and the two juniors disappeared in the dusk.

Harry Wharton and the Nabob lingered. Wharton looked very troubled, and there was an expression of deep distress upon Hurree Jamset Ram Singh's honest dusky face.

"Well, have you got anything more to say on the subject?" growled Bob Cherry.

"I think you ought to explain how you know that Mr. Yorke has lied, or else withdraw your accusation," said Harry Wharton.

"I'm not going to do either!"

"Why not?"

"I can't!"

"You can't explain?"

"Well, I won't, then, if you like that better!" said Bob Cherry angrily. "The fellow's a liar and a rotter, and that's all there is of it!"

"Fellows won't take your bare word about that, when you've got no proof."

"I don't want them to!"

"It will be all over Greyfriars to-morrow that you've insulted Mr. Yorke, and called him a liar! The matter may come to the Head, and if it does he'll call upon you to back it up or else apologise."

Bob Cherry started.

"Look here, Bob!" said Harry Wharton earnestly. "I know you've been a lot worried lately, and you're not quite yourself. I put it down to that."

"Oh, rot!"

Wharton smiled faintly.

"You're not going to quarrel with me, Bob?" he said.

"Nor with me, my esteemed chum!"

Bob Cherry grinned in a rueful way.

"Goodness knows I don't want to quarrel with anybody!" he said, "but—but I am worried, that's a fact, and I don't know what to do!"

"I think I can guess the reason," said Harry.

"I don't think so!"

"It's that blessed secret that's weighing on your mind," said Harry. "That letter from your cousin."

Bob Cherry smiled in a curious way.

"Have you seen him since he wrote?" asked Wharton.

Wharton waited for an answer, but it did not come.

"Look here, Bob. You told us about the letter from your Cousin Tyrrell of your own accord, so why can't you say if you've heard from or seen him again?"

"You—you don't understand!" Bob muttered.

"No, I don't! Well, there's nothing more to be said," said Wharton shortly. "I wish you hadn't acted as you did in my study, that's all!"

Bob flushed.

"I'm sorry for that!" he said.

"It's Mr. Yorke you ought to say that to!"

"Oh, rot!"

"Very well, please yourself; but you know my opinion!"

And Wharton walked away. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh lingered for a few moments, but Bob Cherry stood plunged in deep and gloomy thought, and did not seem to notice him. The nabob sighed, and walked away. Bob Cherry was left alone, tramping to and fro under the old elms; alone with his dark and troubled thoughts!

## THE TENTH CHAPTER.
### In the Dead of Night!

BOB CHERRY avoided his chums for the rest of that evening.

For once there were strained relations among the Famous Five.

It was impossible for Bob's chums to understand why he had acted as he did, unless he explained; and he did not explain. And under the circumstances they could hardly help resenting what he had done. A fellow who had come to tea in No. 1 study, had been insulted, apparently without any provocation on his part. An unreasonable dislike for a man who was supposed to be a stranger to him, did not excuse Bob's action. Bob felt that he could not put himself right with his friends, and he was silent and troubled. He went to bed without even saying good-night to the four.

But he did not sleep.

He felt that the situation was becoming impossible. His antagonism towards Cecil Yorke was becoming the talk of the Remove; and he was a bad hand at keeping a secret. Sooner or later something would come out, he was sure of that. What would Yorke's position be then. He could not remain at Greyfriars, when it was known that he had come there under false pretences, under a name that was not h own.

Why did he not go?

It was impossible that he should remain long: therefore why did he remain at all? What purpose had he in sticking to Greyfriars in this way?

Bob Cherry's uneasy suspicions strengthened; and yet he could not define in his mind what dishonourable object Yorke could have. What harm could the man do—how could he profit by keeping up this pretence? Bob Cherry could not answer the question; but it was sufficient to keep him awake and pondering.

Eleven o'clock rang out: and then there was a sound of someone moving in the Remove dormitory. Bob Cherry raised his head.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Who's that getting up?"

"It's I, Bob!"

"Marky!"

"Yes. I'm going down!"

Bob Cherry sat up in bed.

"What are you going down for, Marky?"

"I'm going to put in another hour with the Greek," said Mark Linley. "I can't sleep, and I may as well be working as lying here thinking about it. The exam.'s getting a bit on my nerves. It's coming off next week."

"Good! I'll come and keep you company," said Bob, stepping out of bed.

"Better go to sleep!"

"Can't!"

"Haven't you been to sleep yet?" asked Mark, who was quietly and quickly dressing himself in the dark.

"No!"

"Then you may as well come down."

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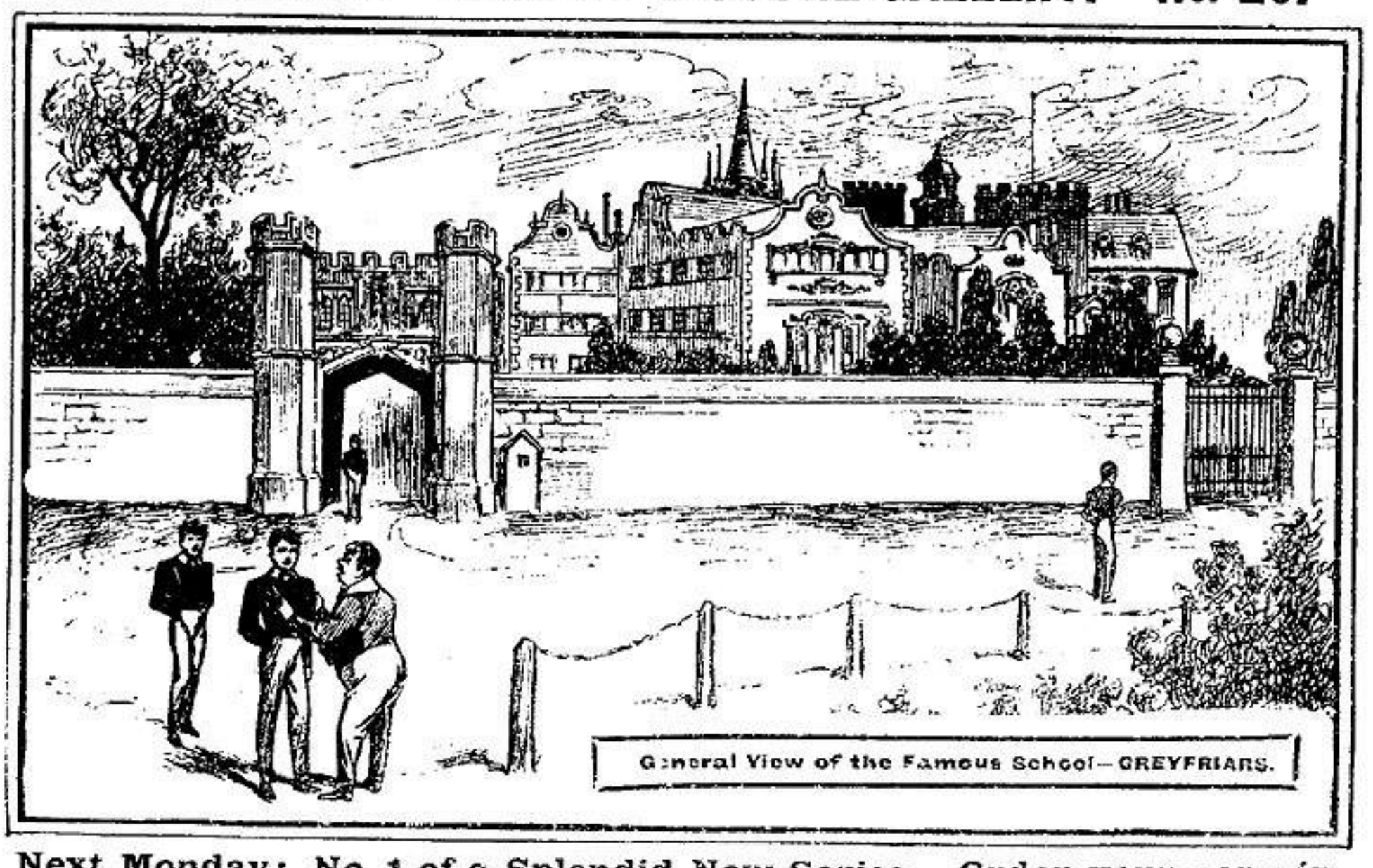

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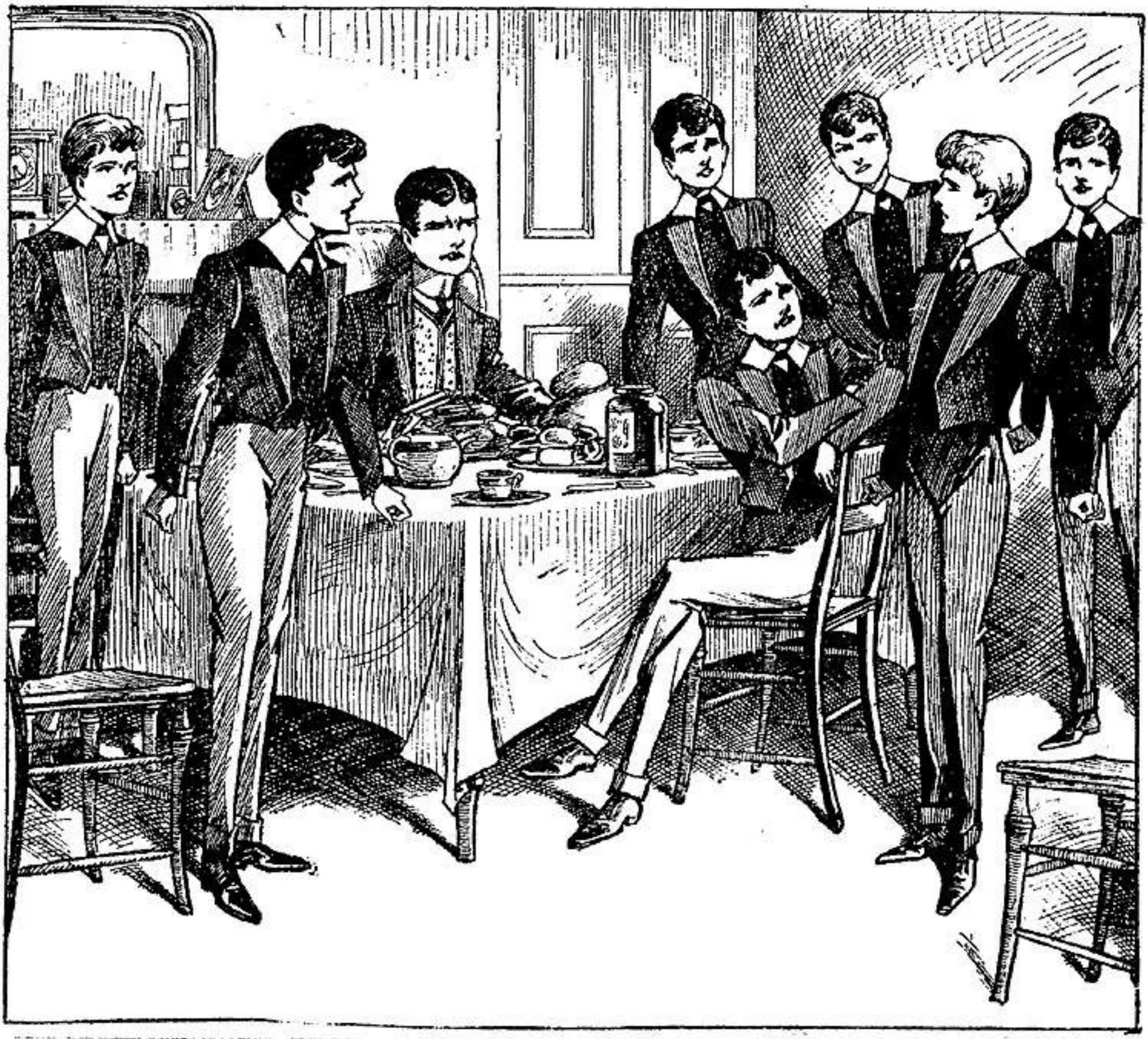

**"Look here, Bob!" said Harry Wharton, jumping up from the table; "if you can't be decent to a guest here, the sooner you get out of this study the better." Bob Cherry rose too. "I'll get out fast enough," he said; "I am not going to stay here and listen to that chap telling lies by the yard."** *(See Chapter 7.)*

"I won't disturb you, Marky?"

"That's all right!"

Bob Cherry dressed himself. He was worried and sleepless; he knew that he would not sleep, and he was glad of the break in the wretched monotony of a wakeful night. It was not a new thing for Mark Linley, the scholarship junior, to steal an hour from the night for his study. He was working for an examination, and, as he said, it was getting on his nerves a little, and interfering with his sleep. An hour's grind downstairs with his books would send him back to the dormitory tired enough to sleep. The two juniors left the dormitory quietly, and descended to the Remove passage. They entered No. 13 study, and Mark closed the door carefully before he lighted the gas, and laid a rug along it to keep the glimmer of light from escaping into the passage.

Then he got out his books.

Bob Cherry sat down in the armchair, with a corrugated brow.

"It will be a rotten thing for you, sitting there doing nothing, Bob," said Mark, with a glance at him.

"Oh, it's all right!"

"Why can't you sleep?"

"Worried!" said Bob briefly.

"About that affair in No. 1?"

"Yes; that and other things."

Bob Cherry's manner did not encourage inquiry, and the scholarship junior turned to his work.

Mark worked away steadily for an hour, and Bob Cherry sat in the arm-chair and watched him working.

The Lancashire lad hardly looked up from his books in that time, and Bob Cherry did not speak. He was not in a humour for talking, and he did not want to disturb Mark.

Mark closed his books at last with a sigh, as the hour of midnight tolled out from the clock-tower.

Greyfriars was very silent.

The last door had closed, the last light had been extinguished, save that in No. 13 Study, where the scholarship boy had been "swotting."

"Finished?" asked Bob.

Mark nodded.

"Yes; I feel tired enough to sleep now," said Mark.

"I suppose I'd better come, too," said Bob, rising and stretching himself. "I shan't be able to sleep. It's rotten to have a worry on your mind."

"I suppose so," said Mark, looking at him curiously. "Blessed if I can understand you at all lately, Bob. There's something the matter with you."

"There is."

"Can't you tell an old pal what it is?"

"I wish I could," said Bob, with a sigh.

"Then pile in."

Bob Cherry shook his head.

"Well, I won't press for any secrets," said Mark. "I wish I could help you, that's all. It seems to me jolly queer. Let's get back to the dorm."

He turned out the light and opened the door.

The juniors crept softly upstairs. To regain the Remove dormitory they had to pass the door of Mr. Quelch's bedroom. Mr. Quelch, the Form-master of the Remove, was known to be a light sleeper, and if he had heard them there would have been trouble. Mr. Quelch encouraged hard working among his boys, but he would have frowned very severely upon midnight swotting. To be discovered outside their dormitory at that hour would have meant heavy punishment to both the juniors.

They reached the upper passage, and as they drew near to Mr. Quelch's door Mark suddenly laid his hand on Bob's arm.

"Hold on!" he breathed.

"What is it?"

"Quelch is up."

"I didn't hear——"

"Quiet!"

They remained silent, crouching against the wall in the darkness, and listened intently. There was a faint sound in the darkness—the sound of a door being closed with infinite caution, and it was within a dozen paces of them.

They strained their ears.

There was a light footfall—so faint that they would not have heard it if they had not been listening with all their ears.

Another, and another—closer!

They crouched harder to the wall, their hearts thumping. Mr. Quelch had come out of his room for something, and he was coming towards them. Had he discovered them? But that was impossible. In the darkness he could not have seen them. Besides, he would have spoken to them, or turned on a light, at once. And why had Mr. Quelch closed his door in that cautious manner—why was he walking on tiptoe down the passage?

They felt the walker pass them; they heard his breathing as he passed, and he almost touched them, but not quite.

Then he was gone, in the direction of the stairs.

Every faint sound died away, but for many minutes the juniors remained quiet, motionless, with beating hearts.

Mark Linley broke the silence.

"That's queer!" he muttered.

"It was Quelch."

"I—I suppose so."

"Must have been," whispered Bob Cherry. "That's his door along there, and we heard it shut."

"I heard it open, too."

"Queer that he should tiptoe about like that," muttered Bob. "Perhaps he's on the track of something—looking for some chap who's broken bounds, perhaps. He may have found out something about Loder's little excursions."

"Perhaps."

"What are you thinking about, Marky?"

"I don't think it was Mr. Quelch's door, after all," said Mark in a low tone. "Feel along the wall here. We're only a yard from Quelch's door."

Bob Cherry caught his breath. In the thick darkness of the passage it was difficult for the juniors to "place" themselves. But Bob knew that Mr. Quelch's bed-room door was the first from the direction of the stairs. He groped along the wall, and felt the door, scarcely a yard further on than where they had been crouching. But the door that had opened and shut was certainly further along the passage. It had not been Mr. Quelch's door at all; it was the door of the next room.

"The door further on, Bob," whispered Mark. "It wasn't Quelch."

Bob Cherry was shivering.

"The next door belongs to Ty—to Yorke's room," he said.

"Yes."

"Then it was—was——"

"It must have been Yorke, and not Quelch at all, who came out and passed us."

"Yorke?" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Yes."

"Oh!"

---

## THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Face to Face!

BOB CHERRY stood still.

It seemed to him for a moment or two that his heart had ceased to beat.

Yorke—alias Paul Tyrrell!

It was his cousin who had left his room cautiously at midnight, and was creeping downstairs in silent shoes, on tiptoe.

Why?

All Bob's suspicions seemed to come suddenly to a head now.

What was his cousin creeping about the house for at midnight, when the rest of Greyfriars was fast asleep?

Bob trembled.

"Queer!" said Mark.

"Yes," said Bob thickly. "It's queer—very queer."

"I suppose it's no bizney of ours," said Mark, after a pause. "We'd better get back to the dorm."

"You get back, Marky."

"But you?"

"I'm going into his room."

"Into his room!" repeated Mark in amazement. "What on earth for?"

"To make sure."

"What does it matter to us?"

"It matters a lot to me."

"Hold on, Bob!" said Mark Linley, catching his chum's arm again as he was moving. "Don't be an ass, you know. We may be mistaken; it may have been Quelchy, after all. If the man Yorke is in bed——"

"Well, it won't hurt him to look at him."

"But—but what excuse——"

"I don't want any excuse."

"Bob, old man, chuck it. There will be a row about this. Yorke won't stand fellows poking into his room at midnight and disturbing him. He'll complain."

"He won't complain of me."

"How do you know?"

"Never mind how—I do know," said Bob. "You cut back to the dorm., Mark: I'm going into the rotter's room, to make sure about this."

"Better come back——"

"Rats!"

Bob Cherry groped along the dark passage. Mark Linley followed him, wondering.

"I'm coming with you, Bob," he said. "You're not going to do it alone, anyway. If there's going to be trouble, we're both in it."

"Better get back to the dorm."

"Rats!" said Mark Linley in his turn.

Bob Cherry made no rejoinder. He reached the door of Mr. Yorke's room, turned the handle, and opened it quietly. The two boys listened in the doorway for a sound of breathing. All was pitchy dark within, but if there had been a sleeper in the bed they must have heard some sound. But the silence was unbroken.

Bob Cherry stepped into the room, and fumbled in his pocket for a box of matches. There was a scratch, and a flare in the darkness.

Light glimmered in the room.

Both the juniors glanced instantly towards the bed. It was empty. The room was empty, save for themselves. There was no sign of Cecil Yorke.

The match burned down to Bob's fingers. He did not notice it, till he gave a sudden start of pain, and dropped the match.

The room was plunged into darkness again.

"He's not here," said Mark.

Bob Cherry clenched his teeth.

"I knew he wasn't," he said.

"And the bed hasn't been slept in."

"No."

"He hasn't been to bed at all," said Mark.

"No," said Bob again.

"What can it mean?"

"That's what I want to know."

"He went to bed before eleven," said Mark. "He was in the dark then. We passed this door going down, and there was no light under it. He must have been in the dark, but he wasn't in bed. But he must have been in his room. If he had come up to bed later we should have heard him, while we were in the study."

"Yes, he was in his room."

"Sitting up in the dark," said Mark in wonder. "Why?"

"To give the impression that he was gone to bed as usual, of course," said Bob Cherry grimly.

"But—but why?"

"He was waiting for the rest of the school to be asleep, so that he could sneak downstairs in the dark by himself."

"But why?" muttered Mark again, in utter wonder. "Why, Bob? You speak as if you knew."

"I don't know, but I'm going to know."

"How?"

"I'm going to ask him when he comes back."

"Bob!"

"I shall wait here for him," said Bob quietly. "You go back to the dormitory, Mark. I want to see him alone."

Mark Linley did not move.

"You suspect him of something, Bob?"

"Yes."

"Of what?"

"I hardly know, but I suspect him."

"It looks suspicious, but he may have an explanation."

"If he has he can give it to me."

"He's hardly likely to do that, Bob."

"He will have to," said Bob, between his teeth. "I'll make him."

"You can't, Bob, old man. Better come back to the dormitory. After all, it's no business of ours," urged Mark.

"It is my business."

Mark paused.

"You mean that it's true that you did know the man before he came here, as some of the fellows say," Mark said, at last.

"Yes, it's true."

"Do you know any harm of him?"

"Yes."

"You mean, he's a wrong 'un?"

"A dead wrong 'un."

Mark Linley whistled softly.

"Bob, old man, that alters the case. But if you knew that he was a wrong 'un, oughtn't you have told the Head?"

Bob Cherry groaned.

"Very likely, Mark; but—but it wasn't easy."

"Why not?"

"Because he's my cousin," said Bob, at last.

Mark started.

"Yorke—your cousin?"

"Yes," groaned Bob.

"Not the cousin who wrote to you from South Africa?"

"Yes; the one I told you about."

"But you said his name was Tyrrell—Paul Tyrrell?"

"So it is."

"But this man——"

"He's here under a false name."

There was a dead silence in the shadowy room. Mark Linley understood at last—understood the trouble that had been on Bob Cherry's mind for the past week. No further explanation was needed now.

"I—I'm sorry, Bob," he said, at last. "I—I didn't guess anything like this, of course."

"Of course you didn't," said Bob drearily; "and the others didn't. But you see now why I couldn't stand hearing that villain telling lies to the fellows—you understand now that he was lying."

"I understand now."

"Of course this is a secret between us, Mark. I don't want anybody else to know that Yorke is my cousin," said Bob hastily. "I've had to tell you, but——"

"Of course it sha'n't go any further, Bob," said Mark quietly. "You can trust me."

"I know I can, Marky," said Bob gratefully.

"And you want to stay here and see him?"

"Yes. I'd better see him alone—you understand that now."

"I understand now, Bob. I'll clear. I'm awfully sorry for this, old chap. I'll go back to the dorm.—and mum's the word."

"Thanks, Marky."

The Lancashire lad stepped quietly out of the room. He returned to the Remove dormitory, though not to sleep. He was tired, but he lay thinking of his chum—waiting down there in the dark for the mysterious football coach to return to his room?

Bob Cherry waited in silence.

Where was his cousin?

The man had been gone half an hour or more—it seemed like hours to the junior, waiting there alone in the darkness.

One!

The clock struck again.

Then the half-hour rang out.

Bob Cherry, chilled and troubled, stirred uneasily. He had groped to a chair, and was sitting down, and waiting, and wondering.

What was the man doing?

Where was Yorke?

Had he left the School House? Did this midnight excursion mean that he had left the school—that he had bolted? Why could he not have gone in the daylight?

But if he was still in the house, what did it mean?

There seemed to be only one explanation; and it was the suspicion that had been lurking at the back of Bob Cherry's mind ever since his cousin had come to Greyfriars under a false name.

Once before an attempt had been made to rob the school at night; to carry off the valuable Greyfriars plate, worth more than a thousand pounds.

The Greyfriars silver was well known; and it was a prize worth the efforts of a thief. But——

Could even Paul Tyrrell have descended to that?







Was he thinking of robbing Greyfriars—of biting the hand that fed him, like an ungrateful dog?

Bob Cherry was sick at the thought.

He had driven the suspicion from his mind again and again, but it would return. He knew that Tyrrell must have some undisclosed motive for remaining at Greyfriars. If it was not this, what was it? And where was he now?

Perhaps he had already effected the robbery, and fled!

Bob started as he thought of it.

Then he reassured himself.

The brief glimpse of the light by the match had shown him Tyrrell's bag and coat and hat, and other belongings still in the room.

The man would return to his room before he fled, even if he robbed the school.

Indeed, he was most likely to remain, and brazen the matter out in the morning. Excepting for Bob Cherry, there would be nothing to connect him with the theft, if it occurred. He would receive the news with surprise in the morning like the rest of the school—having already hidden the plunder in some secure place, to be removed later. Thus he would be able to leave Greyfriars unsuspected, after the lapse of a week or two to avert suspicion, and enjoy his ill-gotten gains in peace.

Bob Cherry clenched his hands.

Were his suspicions carrying him too far?

He wondered.

There was a sound in the passage, and his heart beat. He rose to his feet, and waited, his hands tightly clenched.

It was his cousin returning.

Bob Cherry heard him come into the room, and close the door softly, and then there was a sound of a faint chuckle.

Tyrrell groped towards the bed, and sat on the edge of it, and Bob heard him taking off his rubber shoes.

The man did not know he was there.

He had not the faintest suspicion that anybody beside himself was in the room. But Bob did not intend to leave him in ignorance.

His voice broke the silence.

"Paul!"

There was a bound from the man on the bed—a sharp oath—a glimmer of steel in the gloom. The voice had guided Tyrrell; and the next moment Bob Cherry, with a strange, peculiar feeling down his spine, found himself with the muzzle of a revolver pressed against his face.

## THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.
### In Desperate Hands.

"SILENCE!"

Paul Tyrrell muttered the word between his teeth.

Bob Cherry was silent.

He remembered Billy Bunter's story of the revolver in the bag. He had not thought about it; but Bunter, for once, had evidently not been exaggerating. Tyrrell had brought a deadly weapon to Greyfriars with him; proof enough that, from the first, he had had no intention of running straight. A man turning over a new leaf, intending to lead an honest life, would not provide himself with a revolver.

"Silence!" muttered Tyrrell again. "On your life."

Bob Cherry stood quite still, without speaking.

His voice, when he uttered his cousin's name, had been husky and low, and Yorke had evidently not recognised it. The man did not know that it was Bob Cherry who was in the room with him. The revolver had leaped into his hand, the hand of an habitual criminal, as Bob realised miserably, or he would not have been so ready with a weapon.

"Who are you?" murmured Tyrrell.

"Don't you know me?"

Tyrrell started; he recognised the voice now.

"Bob!"

"Yes."

"You are spying on me?"

Tyrrell's voice came out in a low hiss.

Bob Cherry flushed in the darkness. In spite of the revolver, he came very near at that moment to driving out his fist into the man's face.

"I'm not spying on you!" he said savagely.

"Then what are you doing here?"

"Put that fool pistol away," growled Bob Cherry. "Don't play the giddy goat. This isn't a melodrama."

Tyrrell hesitated a moment, and then put the revolver into his pocket. Then he crossed to the door and locked it. He turned on the gas, and lighted it, a dim glimmer sufficient to show them to one another.

Tyrrell's face was pale and set, but no paler than Bob Cherry's.

"Now," said the man. "I'm waiting. What are you doing in my bedroom?"

"What were you doing out of it?"

"How did you know, if you weren't spying——"

"If you call me a spy again, there will be trouble here!" said Bob Cherry. "You're a man and I'm a boy, but I think I could lick you."

Tyrrell tapped his pocket where the revolver reposed.

"Oh, don't be a fool!" said Bob Cherry contemptuously. "Do you think I believe you'd use that? You don't want to be hung."

"Don't be too sure," said Tyrrell menacingly. "You are not so safe here as you fancy. What are you doing here at all?"

"I came down with a chap who's doing late swotting," said Bob Cherry. "As we came up to the dorm. again, you passed us in the passage."

Tyrrell started violently.

"You were there—then?"

"Yes: nearly two hours ago."

"Oh!" said Tyrrell. "And the other boy—who is he?"

"Never mind who he is," said Bob Cherry. "He's going to keep his mouth shut, for the present, at any rate. You've been out of your room from midnight to nearly two in the morning. What for?"

"It would be easy enough to explain," said Tyrrell calmly. "What do you think I went out for? To commit a robbery or a murder?" He laughed.

"I don't know. I want to know."

"Why should I answer your questions?"

"Because you've got to," said Bob Cherry grimly.

"And if I don't——"

"If you don't, I shall go to Wingate's study, and wake him up, and ask him to see whether there's anything wrong in the house—any signs of a robbery."

"You suspect me——"

"Yes," said Bob bluntly.

Tyrrell's face had a strange look in the dim light. His eyes were burning, and his hand hovered over the pocket where the revolver lay. Bob Cherry's lip curled scornfully as he saw it.

"Don't be a fool," he said. "You had that revolver with you when you went downstairs. What did you want it for? But don't think you can scare me with it. You dare not use it, even if you are villain enough—and I don't believe you are. You are a rascal, and, I believe, a thief, but you're not of the stuff murderers are made of. You're not villain enough for that, and you haven't nerve enough. I know you, you see."

Tyrrell ground his teeth.

"Don't be too sure," he muttered.

"I'm waiting," said Bob coldly.

"Waiting for what?"

"Waiting for you to explain. I know you were asking Gosling questions about the school silver—Bunter heard you, and I heard him say so. I know the Head had money sent down from the bank to-day—it comes the same day every week, and you haven't been here a week without finding that out. Have you been laying hands on the school silver and the Head's money?"

Tyrrell laughed.

"Is that what you suspect?"

"Yes."

"You are complimentary. If you woke up the captain of Greyfriars, and he found that a robbery had been committed, and you accused your own cousin, it would not reflect credit on the family."

"I should risk that," said Bob calmly.

"You could hardly remain at this school, I should think, after such an exposure."

"I don't know; but that wouldn't make any difference. If you did anything dishonest here, I should denounce you at once, as I told you the day you came," said Bob steadily.

"Without considering the consequences to yourself?"

"Without considering them for a single moment."

"And suppose," said Tyrrell, in a low tone—"suppose that I declared that you were an accomplice, and had lost your nerve and turned on me?"

Bob Cherry started.

"I dare say you'd be villain enough for that," he said. "But nobody would believe you. And even if they would, I shouldn't care. I should denounce you all the same, and chance it."

"I believe you would," said Tyrrell, looking at him.

"I certainly should."

Tyrrell laughed again lightly.

"Then it's fortunate for me that I haven't been robbing the school, or stealing the boots out of the boot-room," he said banteringly.

"If you have been robbing the Head, I'll give you a chance to put it back and clear out," said Bob Cherry. "After what's happened, you can't stay here, anyway. You thought you'd make your position here safer by telling lies about your doings in South Africa. You forgot that I'm not a liar, too, and that I wouldn't hear your rotten yarns without giving them away. All the fellows are jawing about that scene in Wharton's study. Sooner or later something must come out. You can see for yourself that it can't go on much longer."

"I had already seen that," said Tyrrell, with a nod.

"It's time for you to clear," said Bob.

"Yes, that is so."

"And I suppose you've been making a haul to take with you?" said Bob. "Is that it?"

"If that were the case, Bob, I should be gone already," said his cousin. "I could have cleared out while I was down below."

"And so you would have, if you'd known that I was here," said Bob Cherry. "My belief is that you've robbed the Head's safe, and hidden the stuff somewhere outside. You'll leave here unsuspected, if you can, bag the stuff, and clear out to-morrow, or in a few days."

Tyrrell compressed his lips. There was an almost murderous look in his eyes as he stared at the junior. It needed little more than his expression to convince Bob Cherry that the surmise was correct.

"You ought to be a detective," said Tyrrell lightly; but with the same look of suppressed fury in his eyes. "Your talents are wasted in a junior form in a school, Bob."

"Have I put it right?"

"Not at all. I went down because I couldn't sleep. I've been for a stroll round the Close," said Tyrrell. "I put the revolver in my pocket, because that's a habit I contracted in South Africa. I've lived in places where a man always takes a shooter if he goes out for a stroll at night. That's all."

"Is that all?"

"Yes."

"You have not been to the Head's study?"

"No."

Bob Cherry drew a deep breath.

"I wish I could believe you," he said.

"You don't believe me?"

"I can't, without proof."

Tyrrell shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, you can do as you choose," he said. "I'm going to bed now. You can go back to your dormitory, or you can stay there and think it over—as you like. You don't mind my going to bed, do you?"

He took off his coat.

Bob Cherry stood hesitating.

Tyrrell's manner was calmness and coolness, and nothing else; but Bob's suspicions were by no means allayed. Tyrrell removed his waistcoat, and folded it up carefully. He was very neat and careful with his clothes. He put the revolver into a drawer of his table, and locked the drawer. Then he sat on the bed and removed his socks, and shook out his pyjamas, which were folded on the bed.

He cast a quizzical look at Bob Cherry.

"Are you going to stay here all night?" he asked.

"No," said Bob, at last, "I'm going to satisfy myself that you've told the truth. If you have, I'll be jolly glad, and I'll go back to the dorm."

"How are you going to do it?"

"I'm going down to look at the Head's safe, to see whether it's been tampered with."

"The Head keeps his study door locked at night."

"Very well! If you've been in the room, you've had to force the lock. I shall see whether it has been tampered with."

"You are wasting your time, Bob. You'd better go back to bed, and leave the matter alone. Don't be an ass."

"You are afraid of what I shall find."

Tyrrell yawned.

"Not in the slightest. Go down, if you like, and come in here when you've finished, and tell me what you have found."

"I will," said Bob Cherry.

Tyrrell unfastened the studs in his collar, with a manner of perfect indifference. But his eyes were gleaming. Bob Cherry crossed to the door, and turned back the key, and, as he did so, his back was to Tyrrell. He heard a movement, and turned, but it was too late. The man was upon him with a spring like a tiger. Bob Cherry went to the floor with a crash, and Paul Tyrrell was upon him, clutching at his throat.

Bob Cherry gave a wild glance up at the savage face above him: a face, white, savage, furious, merciless. He opened his mouth to shriek for help; but the grasp upon his throat held back the utterance. He struggled desperately, and, as he began to struggle, Tyrrell crashed his head down upon the floor.

Bob Cherry gave a low moan, and his limbs relaxed.

He was not stunned; but his senses were swimming, and for the time he was helpless. Tyrrell planted a heavy knee upon his chest, and dragged his hands together, and knotted a handkerchief round his wrists. Then he jerked out Bob's own handkerchief, and stuffed it into the boy's mouth. He tied it there, with a string passing round the back of the junior's head. Bob Cherry struggled again, faintly, hopelessly. Tyrrell dragged a sheet from the bed and wrenched it into strips, and tied Bob's ankles together. Helpless to move hand or foot, Bob Cherry lay, gagged and bound, looking up at the scoundrel, with dim, reeling eyes.

Tyrrell did not speak a word to him; hardly glanced at him, once he was secure. He hastily resumed the clothing he had discarded, put on his coat and his hat, picked up his bag, took the revolver from the drawer, and then turned out the light. In the darkness there was a sound of a door softly closing, a key clicked outside, then silence.

Bob Cherry, half-unconscious, silent, helpless, lay with reeling brain in the darkness of the room.

Paul Tyrrell was gone!

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## THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Mark Linley to the Rescue.

MARK LINLEY stirred uneasily.

The Lancashire lad had not slept since he had returned to the Remove dormitory. But he was not thinking of exams. or Greek irregular verbs now. He was thinking of his chum waiting down in the darkness in Yorke's room.

Why did not Bob return?

Two o'clock had sounded. It was more than an hour since he had left Bob, and there was no sign of him yet.

Mark was growing more and more uneasy. Bob Cherry had felt no fear in remaining alone to see the man whom he suspected of being a criminal. But Mark could not help fearing for him. Suppose Bob's worst suspicions turned out to be correct—suppose that the man was really a criminal—suppose—— Mark sat up in bed, shivering, as he continued his suppositions. The man was a scoundrel: and if he had been engaged in some nefarious work in the darkness of the night, was he likely to allow Bob Cherry to discover him and betray him? Bob was his cousin, certainly; but







that fact was not likely to weigh much with Tyrrell, if he found himself in danger of prison and punishment.

The junior's uneasiness grew too great for him at last. Bob Cherry was in danger, he knew that; if his suspicions were correct, he might be in deadly danger. Mark Linley stepped out of bed and dressed himself. After all, Bob Cherry had confided the whole matter to him now. He would not be surprising any secrets if he went down to see if all was right with Bob. And he was too anxious to wait for him in the dormitory any longer.

The Lancashire lad slipped quietly out of the dormitory, and tiptoed to Cecil Yorke's room. All was dark and silent there.

Bob must be still inside the room. If he had left it, he would have come back to the dormitory. Mark turned the handle of the door quietly, and pushed, but the door did not open. It was locked.

A thrill ran through the junior.

Bob Cherry could not have locked the door, as he was waiting there for Paul Tyrrell to come in. The locking of the door meant that Tyrrell had returned. And then, why was the door locked? What had happened to Bob?

Mark felt a creepy terror coming over him. How desperate the man might be he could not tell; but—but what had happened to Bob?

Mark knocked softly at the door.

"Bob!" he whispered, through the keyhole.

Silence!

"Bob—Bob Cherry!"

Still no answer. Mark thought he heard a sound in the room—a sound as of a body that dragged itself into motion with effort, but nothing more.

"Bob!"

In his anxiety the junior raised his voice. But still no reply came from within the room.

What had happened? If Tyrrell had returned and gone to bed, and Bob was gone, Tyrrell would have replied. The silence showed that he could not be there. The door was locked; the key could not be seen, but it was evident that it was locked on the outside. The room was untenanted—or else its tenant could not speak. What had happened?

Mark Linley felt his brain whirling.

To give an alarm in the depth of the night was a step he shrank from, but his terror of what might have happened to Bob Cherry overmastered every other feeling.

He had to get into the room—to see! He bent down to the keyhole again, and called in.

"Bob! Are you there, Bob?"

Again that sound of a dragging body. Mark, listening with strained ears, thought he could hear, too, a low, suppressed moan. That sound was enough to decide him. At the risk of waking Mr. Quelch in the next room, at the risk of waking the whole school, he had to get into the room. He remembered Bunter's story of the revolver he had seen. True, there had been no shot—he would have heard it in the dormitory. But—but—— A vision of a boy lying stunned, covered with blood, floated before Mark's eyes. At any cost he must get into the room. Someone was there, and that someone could not or would not speak. What did it mean?

Mark Linley thought rapidly.

The lock on the bed-room door was an ordinary one, easy enough to break, though not without noise. Mark hurried down to his study. He had a tool-chest there—and it was the only thing to do. In a minute or less he was back at the door with a hammer and a strong chisel. He drove the chisel between the door and the jamb, and wrenched at it, and there was a loud crack as the lock gave. The noise of the hammer, of the yielding lock, rang through the passage, with a sound that seemed like thunder to the junior's startled ears in the darkness and silence of the night.

But he did not care. The door was open now. He rushed in, and in the darkness he stumbled over something on the floor—something that moved and moaned faintly.

Mark's blood turned cold for a moment.

He knew that it was a human body.

But his nerve came back in a flash. He turned on the gas and struck a match and lighted it.

In the light, Bob Cherry lay at his feet, and Mark drew a sobbing breath of relief as he saw that he was bound and gagged, and not—what he had feared.

Bob Cherry's eyes met Mark's.

In a moment the Lancashire lad was upon his knees beside the bound junior, and was tearing the gag away.

Bob Cherry gasped painfully.

"Thanks, Marky, old man! Thanks! Get me loose—quick!"

"What's happened?" Mark's fingers were busy with the bonds as he was speaking. "Has Tyrrell done this?"

"Yes—quick!"

There was a step at the door. Mr. Quelch, in a dressing-gown and slippers, stood there, looking sternly in. He had been awakened by the noise in the adjoining room, and he had come out immediately to see what was the matter. The open door, the flare of light from Yorke's room, brought him there at once, and he almost staggered at what he beheld there. He could hardly believe his eyes for a moment.

"Cherry! Linley! What does this mean?"

He came into the room. Mark Linley looked up, but his fingers did not cease their rapid work for a moment.

Mr. Quelch gazed down upon the bound junior in stupefaction.

"Cherry! How did you come here—who tied you up like this? Where is Mr. Yorke?" At a glance the Remove master had seen that the bed was empty.

"He's gone, sir!" gasped Bob.

"Gone! Mr. Yorke gone!"

"His name isn't Yorke, sir—it's Tyrrell, and he's a thief!"

"What!"

"Quick, Marky—he'll get away!"

"How do you know this, Cherry?"

"He's my cousin, sir," said Bob bitterly.

Mr. Quelch started violently.

"Your cousin, Cherry?"

"Yes, sir."

"You—you said nothing of this before."

"I'll explain afterwards, sir. He's robbed the Head!"

"Wha-a-at!"

"He's robbed the Head's safe, sir, and fastened me up here so that I couldn't stop him getting away with the money."

"Good heavens!"

Bob Cherry dragged his sturdy limbs free from the last of the bonds. He sprang to his feet. His head was aching fearfully, but he was clear-witted enough now. He rushed to the door.

"Cherry!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "I—how——"

"He'll get away, sir!"

"But what——"

But Bob Cherry was gone.

Bob Cherry had only one thought now—to prevent the escape of the thief with his plunder.

The disgrace could no longer be avoided. There was no help for that. But Bob could at least atone for the harm his silence had done—he could at least prevent the robbery from being carried out. He hoped so, at least.

There might still be time for that. It was a quarter of an hour since Paul Tyrrell had left him, bound and gagged, in the bed-room. Had that time sufficed for the rascal to remove his plunder from the place where he had concealed it, and to escape from the precincts of Greyfriars? That was what Bob Cherry had to find out.

Mr. Quelch stood dazed for a moment.

"This is—is amazing!" he ejaculated.

"We'd better go after Bob, sir," said Mark.

"Yes, yes—come!"

And they hurried after Bob Cherry.

## THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.
### Caught!

BOB CHERRY was outside the School House already.

Hurried and excited as he was, his brain was clear enough, and he thought rapidly. He knew that Paul Tyrrell had robbed the Head's safe; he knew that he had concealed the plunder in a secure place, to be removed afterwards. The unexpected meeting with Bob Cherry in his room had changed Tyrrell's plans, and he had resolved upon the only course left open to him—immediate flight. Where had he concealed the plunder? Outside the house—Bob was sure of that. Inside the building there was no place secure from discovery; but outside, in the old Cloisters or the ruined tower, or some part of the rambling old buildings, there were places enough. And outside the house it would be easier to recover it when the time came. All this passed through Bob Cherry's mind like a flash, and he was outside the house a few moments after Mark Linley had released him from his bonds.

Where was Tyrrell?

Believing that Bob Cherry was safely secured, the man would probably not hurry himself, and he had only had a quarter of an hour so far. It was most likely that he was not yet outside the school walls. The plunder, if carefully concealed, would take some little time to recover—especially if Tyrrell had buried it, as was most likely.

But where?

Bob Cherry paused in the Close, the cool night air blowing upon his fevered face.

Where was Tyrrell?

He listened.

The wind was soughing in the branches of the old elms: faintly from afar came the sound of the sea breaking on the rocks of the bay. In the old Close of Greyfriars all seemed still.

But another sound came to Bob Cherry's ears as he strained them to listen. It was a faint clink from the distance.

His heart leaped.

He knew that it was the sound of a spade upon a stone.

Tyrrell had buried his loot, then, as he had suspected—and he was not yet finished disinterring it.

Bob Cherry hurried in the direction of the sound.

Clink!

It was the spade again.

A glimmer of starlight showed up the ghostly buildings, and the ruined tower of old Greyfriars—that old tower which had once been the scene of a barring-out. Bob Cherry knew every inch of the ground. He hurried to the open doorway of the old tower, and a glimmer of light struck upon his eyes.

He looked in, trying to still his panting breath.

Tyrrell was there!

A lantern upon the ground shed a glimmer of light in the old tower. One of the flat flagstones of the floor had been lifted and turned over. Tyrrell was digging in the earth below.

His bag lay open beside him, ready to receive the hidden loot when he had taken it from its hiding-place.

Bob Cherry smiled grimly.

He had made no sound; Tyrrell had no suspicion that eyes were upon him. He was working steadily and coolly, like a man who had ample time at his disposal.

He had turned up a large heap of earth, and was turning up more by the spadeful. He had buried his plunder in that safe place, and it was taking him some time to recover it. As Bob Cherry looked in Tyrrell uttered a low exclamation, and laid down the spade, and bent over the excavation he had made.

Bob held his breath as he watched.

The man bent into the excavation, and dragged up with both hands a heavy sack—a sack that sagged and clinked.

He dragged the sack from the excavation, and laid it upon the floor beside him, and opened it.

There was a glimmer of metal.

Tyrrell, with quick but steady fingers, removed the plunder, one article after another, from the sack, and placed them in the bag.

It was the school silver. The plate that was used at Greyfriars on state occasions, all of it was there. In metal alone it was worth more than a thousand pounds. The scoundrel had made a splendid haul; if he succeeded in getting away with it. And along with the massy silver was a bag that clinked as it was lifted, and which Bob Cherry knew contained money—the money the Head had received from the bank only that day.

Tyrrell had made a clean sweep.

With steady hands the thief packed the plunder into the travelling-bag, and then kicked the sack back into the excavation.

Bob Cherry clenched his hands, and drew back a little into the darkness.

Tyrrell was finished; he was about to go. If Bob Cherry had been six or seven minutes later, he would have been too late.

But now he was in time. And so long as Bob Cherry had breath in his body the thief should not escape with the plunder.

He waited.

He was no match for a full-grown man, he knew that. But it made no difference to him. And he would have the advantage of a surprise on his side. Tyrrell's manner showed that he was looking for anything but an attack at that moment.

The man chuckled softly, perhaps thinking of the junior whom he supposed to be still lying gagged and bound in the bed-room.

He blew out the lantern, and the scene was swallowed up in darkness.

Bob Cherry waited.

The light footsteps of the thief came towards the doorway of the old tower, and a dark shadow loomed up before Bob Cherry's eyes.

And as he saw it, he sprang.

There was a startled exclamation.

The attack was so sudden, so utterly unlooked-for, that Tyrrell had no chance of bracing himself to meet it.

He reeled back under Bob Cherry's spring, and crashed down upon his back, the bag dropping from his hand with a crash.

Bob Cherry was upon the fallen man, his knee upon his chest.

For an instant Tyrrell did not struggle. He was too astounded by the sudden attack and the shock of the fall.

But it was only for an instant that he lay quiescent under the weight of the junior. Then he struggled, and his right hand slid into his coat.

Bob Cherry felt rather than saw the movement, and he gripped the right wrist of Paul Tyrrell, with a tenacious grip.

"No you don't!" he muttered.

Tyrrell gasped hoarsely.

"You—Bob!"

"Yes, Bob!" said Bob Cherry, between his teeth.

"You! I thought——"

"You were wrong. I've got you, you scoundrel!"

"Let me up!" said Tyrrell huskily. "Are you mad? Think of the disgrace! You'll be turned out of the school!"

"You are not getting away with that loot, you villain!"

"I will leave it here! Let me go!"

"Liar!" said Bob Cherry. "You want to get a chance of getting at me—once bitten, twice shy, you rotter! Keep still!" Then he raised his voice. "Help! I've got him!"

"Bob——"

"Help!"

Tyrrell strove to wrench his right hand free.

There was little doubt that he would have used his revolver at that moment, if he could have got at it.

Bob Cherry realised it, and he clung desperately to the man's right hand, and held it fast by the wrist.

"Help!"

A voice called from the distance. It was Mark Linley's voice:

"Bob, where are you?"

"Here, in the old tower! Help!"

"We're coming!"

Tyrrell made a desperate effort. His hand was wrenched free, but the next moment Bob Cherry's clenched fist was dashed into his face, and his head crashed down on the hard ground.

"You would have it!" muttered Bob.

Paul Tyrrell, half stunned, lay still for a moment, and Bob gripped his wrist again, and held it like a vice.

"Help!"

There was a sound of hurrying feet. Mark Linley dashed up and stumbled over them, and the next moment his firm grasp was upon Tyrrell.

"Hold his hands!" gasped Bob. "He's trying to get at a revolver!"

"I've got him!"

Mr. Quelch hurried up.

"Have you got him?"

"Yes, sir."

"Hold him while I get a light."

"There's a lantern there, sir — if you've a match——"

Tyrrell was struggling again, but he had no chance against the two sturdy juniors. Mark Linley had grasped his wrists, and dragged his hands above his head, and Bob Cherry was kneeling upon his chest, pinning him down. There was the flare of a match, and then the lantern gleamed upon the scene. The bag had burst open in its fall, and several of the massy pieces of silver had rolled out upon the ground. They glimmered in the light of the lantern.

Mr. Quelch's brow grew dark.

"There is no doubt about it, then," he said. "Have you got the rascal safe?"

"Quite safe, sir," said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "If you'll lend a hand, sir, we'll tie him so that he can't bunk."

"Very good."

Tyrrell struggled again, but unavailingly. Mr. Quelch took Mark Linley's handkerchief, twisted it, and knotted it securely round the man's wrists, while Mark held them firmly together.

"He is safe now," said Mr. Quelch. "Let him up."

The rascal was allowed to rise, the two juniors keeping a grasp upon his arms. Paul Tyrrell's face was white with fury.

"Bring him into the house," said Mr. Quelch. "I will take these things, and call the Head at once."

"One moment!" said Tyrrell hoarsely. "That is my cousin——"

"He has already told me so," said Mr. Quelch coldly. "Whatever you have to say, you can say to Dr. Locke. Bring him in."

And the baffled and infuriated rascal was marched into the house, and into the Head's study, there to await the arrival of Dr. Locke.







## THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.
### The Last of the Secret.

"BLESS my soul!" said the Head.

Mr. Quelch had called him, and the Head came down to his study to find that his safe was open, and the contents of it reposing in the football coach's bag, which lay open upon the table where Mr. Quelch had placed it. The football coach himself was sitting sullenly in a chair, with his hands bound tightly together, and the two juniors standing on guard over him.

Dr. Locke, in dressing-gown and slippers, came into the study in a state of amazement. He gazed at the rifled safe and at the bag on the table, and then at the sullen and savage face of the prisoner.

"Bless my soul!" he repeated.

"The school silver has had a narrow escape, sir," said Mr. Quelch. "The money is here, too. Everything was taken from the safe; but everything appears to be intact. And we have the thief!"

"Good—very good!"

"And it is owing to these two juniors," said Mr. Quelch.

"It's owing to Bob Cherry, sir," said Mark. "I shouldn't have known anything about it but for Bob. I only lent him a hand."

"How did you know anything about this man, Cherry?"

Bob Cherry coloured painfully.

"He's my cousin, sir."

"What!"

Tyrrell broke into a bitter, scoffing laugh.

"Yes; I'm his cousin," he said, "and he can go to prison with me."

The Head looked at him.

"What do you mean by that?" he demanded.

"I mean that Bob Cherry knew it all along, and turned on me at the last minute!" said Tyrrell fiercely. "He recognised me the day I came here, and agreed to keep the secret, and share in what I could get. He was in the game all along, and he has turned on me at the last moment because he did not trust me to give him his share when I had turned the stuff into money."

Bob Cherry's face went white.

"You don't believe that, sir?" he gasped.

Dr. Locke shook his head.

"I should certainly require very strong proof before I believed anything of the kind," he said.

"He knew me all along. He knew that I was here under an assumed name. He knew that I was wanted for defrauding a bank!" hissed Tyrrell. "He dare not deny it!"

"You can explain, Cherry, I have no doubt."

Bob's face grew haggard.

"I can explain, sir, but I don't know whether you'll forgive me. I did recognise him the day he came to Greyfriars, and I had it out with him then; but he swore to me that he had reformed, and that he was only trying to get a chance of earning an honest living, and—and——"

"And you believed him?" said the Head gently. "I quite understand, Cherry."

"No, sir!" said Bob. "I've got to tell you the whole truth. I didn't believe him. I hoped he was telling the truth; but I didn't believe him. I know now I ought to have given him away at once; but—but he's my cousin, sir, and—and there was the disgrace, too, and—and there was a chance that he meant to be honest. I gave him the chance. But I told him that at the first sign of his playing the rascal, I'd be down on him. That was how we arranged it, sir. I know now that I ought to have come to you at once, and told you that you had a scoundrel here under a false name. But—but——"

"But it would have been very difficult for you to do that, Cherry—I understand. And you hoped that the man had reformed?"

"I did, sir! And—and I couldn't think that even he could be villain enough to rob you, when you had taken him in—though it was in my mind all the time. I meant to keep an eye on him—but that wasn't easy, either. It was by chance that I found him out to-night."

Tyrrell laughed his scoffing laugh again. In his fall,

it would be some consolation to him to drag Bob Cherry down also to ruin.

"Chance!" he repeated mockingly. "You came down to help me in cracking the safe, and you know you did."

"Do you declare that!" asked the Head sternly.

"Yes, I do!"

"Good!" said Mark Linley. "Then I can prove that he's lying, sir. Bob Cherry came down with me. I came down to my study to do some work for the exam., sir, as I couldn't sleep. Bob was awake, worrying over that rotter and what he might do, and he came down to keep me company. I was working in my study from eleven to twelve, and Bob was with me all the time. When we went up again, somebody passed us in the passage—we thought it was Mr. Quelch at first, and we lay low—but we found that whoever it was, had come out of Yorke's room, and so we knew it was Yorke. Then Bob told me Yorke was his cousin, and said he'd wait for him, and asked me to go back to the dorm. I came down again because I was alarmed about him—I knew this villain had a revolver, because Bunter had seen it—and I was afraid he'd done Bob some harm, as he didn't come back to the dormitory. I found Bob Cherry tied hand and foot, and gagged. I had to burst open the door to get to him, and Mr. Quelch heard me and came out."

"Quite true!" said Mr. Quelch.

Tyrrell ground his teeth.

"You utter rascal!" said the Head of Greyfriars, his eyes glinting as he turned them upon the thief. "This boy's evidence completely clears Cherry; even if I had doubted him, which I did not."

Tyrrell scowled.

"Well, telephone for the police!" he said savagely. "At all events, Bob Cherry's name will be dragged through the police-court with mine—everybody at this school will know that he's cousin to a burglar—his life won't be worth living here after that. That will be revenge enough for me!"

Dr. Locke gasped.

Bob Cherry compressed his lips. He did not look at his cousin; he fixed his eyes upon the Head.

"I shall have to leave Greyfriars, sir," he said. "I can't stay here when it comes out—I couldn't face it! But I'm glad I saved the school silver, all the same, and I'm glad that villain is going to prison!"

"Stay!" said the Head. "At present, it appears, no one outside this room knows that this man Yorke, as he calls himself, is in reality your cousin."

"No, sir."

"The stolen articles have been recovered," said the Head musingly. "No harm has been done, thanks to you, Cherry! I owe you much—very much!" He paused, and exchanged a glance with Mr. Quelch.

The same thought was in the minds of both masters. Was it fair that Bob Cherry should suffer disgrace and humiliation for having done his duty?

"Linley," said Dr. Locke quietly, "you may return to your dormitory. I can trust you to say nothing of what you have learned here."

"Certainly, sir!" said Mark.

The Lancashire lad quitted the study at once. Dr. Locke turned to the bound man in the chair. There was a glimmer of hope in Tyrrell's face now.

"I am afraid that what is in my mind is not in accordance with the law," the Head said slowly. "But I cannot bear that this brave and honourable lad should suffer because he has done what was right. He might have held his tongue, and allowed me to be robbed, and no one would have known anything to blame him for. Tyrrell, you know that penal servitude is the punishment for what you have done. I shall send for the police—that is my duty! If you are captured by them, you go to your punishment. But you have the remainder of the night. If you leave England at once, you are free, and you have a chance to profit by this lesson and become a better man. Release him!"

Mr. Quelch silently untied the rascal's hands. Tyrrell rose to his feet, no hand being put out to detain him now.

"Understand," said the Head, "I do not choose to take the part of a policeman, and arrest you—but to-morrow the police will be looking for Cecil Yorke."

Tyrrell grinned.

"That is more than enough time for me," he said.

The next moment—without a word or a look to his cousin—he was gone. Dr. Locke laid his hand kindly upon Bob Cherry's shoulder.

"Go back to bed, Cherry," he said. "You have done me a great service, and I have done my best to prevent you from suffering for it."

There were tears in Bob Cherry's eyes.

"Thank you, sir!" he said huskily.

And the junior returned to the Remove dormitory. The Removites were fast asleep, with the exception of Mark Linley.

"Is it all right, Bob?" asked the Lancashire lad softly.

"Yes, Marky!"

"Good!"

And as the early rays of dawn crept in at the high windows of the dormitory, the chums fell asleep.

Greyfriars learned the next day what had happened—but not all of it. The Head's safe had been robbed; Cecil Yorke, the football coach, had fled, but the plunder had been left behind. The police looked for Cecil Yorke; but they did not find him. The Greyfriars fellows discussed the matter excitedly, and with undying interest, for several days; but with the exception of Bob Cherry's closest chums, the facts were not known. Bob Cherry told the whole story in No. 1 study, to Harry Wharton and Co., and they understood at last what had puzzled them before.

"Poor old Bob!" said Harry Wharton. "So that's why you were up against Yorke—I mean Tyrrell. But, of course, we couldn't see it—then!"

"Well, it's all right now!" said Bob Cherry. "The rotter won't come back to England again after this; I've seen the last of him. And I'm jolly glad that I haven't got a secret to keep any longer! Let's go down to the footer!"

The clouds had vanished from Bob Cherry's brow now. And in No. 1 study, the matter was dropped for good, and none of the chums again made any reference to Bob Cherry's secret.

***(Next Monday "CHUMS AFLOAT," by Frank Richards. Order your copy of "The Magnet" Library in advance. Price One Penny.)***

# TALES TO TELL.

## FORGIVE HIM, DEAR READERS!

The millionaire was discussing with the landscape gardeners the plans for his new grounds.

"On these terraces," he said, brushing aside his tie because it hid a diamond stud, "we'll have five thousand weeping willows."

"Have you any preference as to how they shall be arranged?" asked the head gardener.

"There is only one way in which to plant weeping willows," said the merry plutocrat, "and that is in tiers."

Three gardeners fainted away, a chestnut tree burst into tears, and a little dog hid its head in a drain.

## A TRUE PROPHECY.

Judging by the hoots, catcalls, and whistles with which the small theatre resounded, the play was certainly not a success. But the actors, undeterred by adverse criticism, determined to see the thing through, even if it came to blows. When in Act II. the villain cried, "Hist!" and beckoned to his companion—a thorough stage scoundrel of the deepest dye—the house rose and cheered.

"Are we alone?" whispered the villain.

"No, guv'nor!" cried a voice from the gallery. "But you jolly well will be to-morrow night!"

And when the next night came the Thespians found that it was even so.

## APPLYING THE CLOSURE.

The railway-carriage was already packed with passengers, when, just as the train was moving off, a stout, conceited-looking man climbed in, carrying a bag and holdall, and squeezed himself unceremoniously into a seat.

He had evidently been on a foreign tour, and seemed to wish everybody to be aware of that fact.

"See that stick?" he said, suddenly producing one. "You wouldn't think it had been in the waters of Jordan, but it has. I dipped it in myself."

A little later he pulled out his watch, ostensibly to see the time.

"Good timekeeper," he said. "Bought it in Rome. What? That pendant? Oh, got that in Cairo!" And so on and so on.

At last a working man, who had been wriggling about impatiently in his seat for some time, said suddenly, addressing nobody in particular:

"See these 'ere trousis? Got 'em when I was in the Militia!"

The traveller gazed upon the interrupter with silent scorn, but his foreign reminiscences ceased from that moment.

# HOW TO BE STRONG.

## A Homely Chat with the Younger Generation, and a Wonderful Offer to every Boy Reader.

## By Mr. Eugen Sandow.

Boys, do you want to be strong?

Do you want to possess that splendid strength of muscle and brain that makes men of you—real men—men that matter in the world, men that can be relied upon to do the right thing at the right time, and do it well?

You have doubtless often heard of a man of this latter type referred to as being made of the "right stuff." That means he is reliable and self-reliant, energetic and forceful.

He is a fine specimen of manhood. The first essential, if you boys want to be made of the "right stuff," is that you *must* be healthy and strong.

No matter how weak you may be at the present moment, you can very quickly gain that splendid strength that sets you apart from other boys.

Picture to yourself how pleasing it is to a boy shortly to become a man, to be able to bend his arm and see the rounded muscles swelling under the clear, healthy skin. This is only one of the signs that tell him that he is made of the "right stuff," and if his mind is set upon it, he can very soon become the real ideal of all that a British boy should be.

Now I will tell you how to be strong. The first thing to do is to take exercise once a day with my special Grip Dumb-Bells.

By using them you will find that your brain is quite concentrated—that is, fixed—upon each exercise you do, and you will also find that after a very short time your mind will be as vigorous and active as your muscles are healthy and strong.

I always like to remind you boys that I was once myself a weak child, and the strength I now possess is due to the fact that I thought out and followed, day by day, a system of exercises, and so that I can be a particular help to you, I have mapped out a course of easy but valuable exercises which every boy can follow, and what is more, I have arranged with the makers of my Spring Grip Dumb-Bells to send to those of my readers who wish to be strong and healthy, a pair exactly similar to those I once used myself.

Another piece of valuable advice that I can give every boy now is this. Pay particular attention to your diet, to the strength-giving food you take daily. There is nothing more important than this, and my advice to you, if you wish to keep strong and healthy, is to take a cup of Sandow's Health and Strength Cocoa night and morning; this, combined with the special exercise I will send to you, will practically make new boys of you, and help you wonderfully to become strong men who will gain the respect and confidence of others.

It will interest you to know that men like Cody and Beaumont, the famous aviators, all regularly take Sandow's Cocoa to keep them fit and strong.

Many famous footballers, and whole teams when training, take this famous drink food, and I am sure that if you will follow their example you will find a splendid difference in your health and strength.

One of my greatest desires is to see the British nation become a nation of strong, healthy men. I fully realise that the boy of to-day is the father of to-morrow, and that it is only by helping you boys to become stronger and more healthy that this can be done.

If everybody took the proper amount of exercise, and drank Health and Strength Cocoa twice a day at least, there is no doubt that a very few years would see the British nation really and truly a nation of strong men.

I am going to give you boys, here and now, a splendid opportunity of getting strong, healthy and fit. I will not only have sent to each of you a special pair of my Spring Grip Dumb-Bells and the chart of exercises I have mentioned, but also a supply of Health and Strength Cocoa sufficient to last you for one full week's experiment, quite free of charge.

You can have these Dumb-Bells quite free for a whole week on trial by simply filling in the special form below and posting it to me. The special course of exercises which I have mapped out for you boys is quite complete in every way, but it is, of course, too long to give here, so I have had prepared a special large chart in which all the exercises are given in pictures, and you are told exactly how and when to perform each exercise, and also how and when to take hot or cold baths—the times to exercise, etc.

Of course, you will all realise that this is a matter of tremendous expense, but nevertheless I am willing to extend this special offer to the first 10,000 boys who write for it.

You are not asked to purchase the Dumb-Bells unless you feel that they are really helping you to gain greater strength.

You may try them and use them by following out the special exercises on the chart without a penny of cost throughout the whole week, and if by this time you do not wish to keep them, you may return them, and you will be placed under no promise to purchase or obligation whatever.

*For Seven Days* you can put the Spring Grip Dumb-Bells and Health Course to a rigid test, and then, if you decide to continue your health progress, you need only remit a postal order for 2s. 6d., and promise to pay the balance in monthly instalments of 2s. 6d. each, and so obtain *Sound Health and a Splendid Physique for a Penny a Day.*

To secure a pair of Sandow's Spring Grip Dumb-Bells, a special Chart of Exercises, a packet of Health and Strength Cocoa sufficient to last for seven days, all you need do is to fill in and forward the special form below and send it to-day.

Eugen Sandow

### Mr. SANDOW'S WONDERFUL OFFER FREE-BY-POST COUPON.

**Room 79, Sandow Hall, Bury Street, London, W.C.** Date.....1913.

Gentlemen,—Please send me by return one pair of your Spring Grip Dumb-Bells.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **Gentlemen's** .. .. | **12/6** | Suitable for age 18 and upwards. |
| **Youths'** .. .. .. | **10/6** | Suitable for age 14 to 18. |
| **Ladies'** .. .. .. | **10/6** | Suitable for age 15 and upwards. |

*Please cross out sizes not required.*

This order is given on conditions that after seven days' free trial, should I decide not to keep the Dumb-Bells, I may return them immediately direct to Sandow Hall, and no charge whatsoever will be made.

**FREE TRIAL.**

(Signed) ..... Age.....

Address .....

**OUR THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIAL. START THIS WEEK!**

# TWICE·ROUND·THE·GLOBE!

## THE STORY·OF·THE GREAT MAN-HUNT BY SIDNEY DREW

Ferrers Lord, millionaire, and owner of the Lord of the Deep.

Prince Ching-Lung, adventurer, conjurer, and ventriloquist.

Nathan Gore, jewel collector and multi-millionaire. Ferrers Lord's terrible rival.

## THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

### "BY FOUL MEANS OR FAIR, I'LL WIN!"

Whilst crossing the Atlantic on his way to England—where the costly diamond, "The World's Wonder," is to be put up for auction—Nathan Gore, the American millionaire and jewel-collector, receives a message from his agent in London to say that the diamond has been bought by his hated rival, Ferrers Lord, who is the owner and inventor of the wonderful submarine, the Lord of the Deep.

Nathan Gore swears he will obtain possession of the diamond, and on the night of his arrival in London he goes to his rival's house, and, taking the stone, leaves in its place the message: "To Ferrers Lord,—Knowing you would not sell 'The World's Wonder,' I have taken it. Do your worst! I defy you! The stone is mine!—Nathan Gore." The millionaire accepts the challenge, and a few hours after the robbery the chase is started. For five months, accompanied by his two friends, Ching-Lung, a Chinese prince, and Rupert Thurston, he pursues Nathan Gore, travelling once round the world, but never being able to overtake him. At last he hears that Gore has bought an island in the South Seas, and is fortifying it. Ferrers Lord follows the mad millionaire to the place in his submarine, and, on arrival, divides his forces into two parts, leaving Rupert Thurston with Prout and most of the crew on board the Lord of the Deep, and taking with him Ching-Lung and one or two men on the launch which the Lord of the Deep carries stored away. This vessel is wrecked, and the crew are stranded in Goreland—Nathan Gore's island—and are eventually sighted by a cruiser belonging to the American millionaire. They are rescued by Rupert Thurston, in the Lord of the Deep, just in time to save them from being captured by Nathan Gore. Ferrers Lord learns, through tapping the cable, that the mad millionaire has complained to the Government of America, and that the United States are sending out two cruisers, while England is sending out a vessel to investigate matters. Ferrers Lord makes preparations for a sham attack on his own storeship, which is flying the Goreland colours, in full view of five warships, "to give them something to talk about," as the millionaire grimly remarks. After an apparently terrific battle has taken place in the full glare of the warships' searchlights, Ferrers Lord wearies of the game, and the Lord of the Deep slips off into the darkness. Then the Lord of the Deep's bows are turned towards England once more. Landing on the Yorkshire coast, after a record trip, Ferrers Lord and Thurston proceed to London by a special train, while the rest of the party find quarters on a model farm belonging to the millionaire. Here Gan-Waga's eyes are dazzled by the sight of the large quantity of butter and cheese in the dairy, and one morning he secretly makes his way to the door of this place, and puts his eye to the keyhole; on seeing such a quantity of his favourite delicacy, he gives a sigh: "Oh, mi! Oh, mi!"

(Now go on with the story.)

### Gan-Waga is Generous.

The sight was too ravishing—too tempting. Two or three barrel-churns, worked by a gas-engine, were swaying away on their own account. One great marble slab was piled with cheeses of varying size, and other cheeses—white, succulent cream-cheeses—lay in little round baskets, dainties fit for the gods. Gan's eye dilated until it was too big for the keyhole.

"Oh, mi, how buttersful!" he said breathlessly. "Oh, mi, how 'liciousness!"

Gan wanted a taste. He tried the door, and, to his utter joy, it opened. Gan scooped up a pail of butter-milk, and was blissfully happy. He was becoming happier, for he had just taken a huge, semi-circular bite out of a cream-cheese, when the noise of heavy footsteps startled him. There was no suggestion of wrongdoing in Gan's mind. He was not stealing, for he was in the amazingly lucky position of doing what he chose and looting what he liked so long as he confined himself to the millionaire's property.

But a feeling came over Gan that he did not want to be discovered. He felt mean all at once. For the mere asking he could have had oceans of milk and cream and pecks of butter. Gan let fall what he was eating. There was only one hiding-place, and that was behind the pile of cheeses. They formed a barricade four feet high. On this lay a thin strip of marble, and on the strip forty or fifty rolls of butter lay side by side.

Gan-Waga crouched down, holding his breath, and in strode Mr. Bunne, Ferrers Lord's farm-manager.

"Oo-er!" groaned Gan inwardly. "Nots knows him, and not likes him!"

Mr. Bunne's eyes resembled pickled onions outwardly, but they were very quick in reality. It was not their fault that they could not penetrate a two-foot-thick wall of English Cheddar. Mr. Bunne was without his "gunne--er—gunne," but he had a hunting-crop in his hand. He glanced round and turned on his heel.

"He goings," thought Gan, much relieved.

Mr. Bunne was going. It was his full intention to depart, until his gaze lighted on something that made him halt.

That something was white, and it lay on the floor close beside the gurgling water. That something was a portion of a cream-cheese. Mr. Bunne bent down and glared at it. He was not a detective, but he saw the teethmarks, and he knew they were human teethmarks. Mr. Bunne lifted the relic on a wooden butter-knife, peered at it narrowly, and said:

"Wull, may Aw be dinged!"

"Oo-er!" shuddered Gan, peeping over his fortress. "He foundses my cheeses!"

"Wull," repeated Mr. Bunne, slowly and emphatically, "may Aw be double-dinged! They heats the chaas, does they? Wull, Aw'll be shot wi' a forty-ton gunne! Boites 'un and chucks 'un on t' floor! May Aw be double-dinged!"

Mr. Bunne had turned crusty—more like an over-baked loaf than a bun. He had never dreamed that such an outrage could be committed in what was acknowledged to be the finest dairy in England. Mr. Bunne was slow of thought, and it was some time before his brain grasped the maddening reality. But his temper was not at all slow. Once he did realise that the servants were in the habit of pilfering, Mr. Bunne began to dance like a toy nigger on a top.

"Aw'll sack 'em all!" he roared, making his eyes twinkle. "Aw'll sack 'em all, bag and baggage, or may Aw be double-dinged! Aw'll pitch un on t' floor! Chuck un on t' floor! Aw'll tache 'em to steal ma chaas! Aw'll tache 'em to if 'un was rotten French chaas; Aw'll—Aw'll——"

At this point Mr. Bunne trod on the abused and outraged cheese, and his tyres, so to speak, skidded badly. Mr. Bunne skidded with the tyres, and, losing his centre of gravity, he shot along for several yards, and dumped down in the stream at full length.

"Haw, haw! Hoo-o-oo!" laughed Gan. "Oh, haves yo' tickles haires?"

Gan had betrayed himself, but for the life of him he could not help it. Mr. Bunne sat up in the channel, blinked, and stared. Then he punched his billycock hat into shape, and regarded the Eskimo silently.

"Oh, do tell me if yo' haves tickles haires, kinds gentleman!" said Gan-Waga.

"Wull, Aw'll be double-dinged!" said Mr. Bunne, rising and seizing the riding-whip. "Aw be a-goin' to talk to thee, ma lod. Coom out on it! Dost 'ear, ma lod? Coom out on it when Aw tell thee!"

"But you' wills promises nots to tickles haire wid dats tickleaire?" grinned Gan.

"Coom out!" roared Mr. Bunne. "Coom out on it, Aw tell thee, ma bonnie mon!"

He took Gan for some half-witted tramp, having never seen the Eskimo before. The wetting had not cooled Mr. Bunne in the least. He was like a hot-cross bun, and getting hotter and crosser every second.

"Well, coom out!" he bellowed. "Or must Aw fetch thee out by t' tabs?"

Mr. Bunne advanced threateningly. It suddenly struck Gan-Waga that there was trouble ahead.

"What fo' I comes outses?" he asked. "I stopses if I likes. Yo' gets outses, yo' pinky-eyed idgits!"

"Pin-ki-digits!" murmured Mr. Bunne, his face purple. "So Aw'm a pin-ki-digits, am Aw?"

"Yo' wusserer," said Gan. "Yo' a—a bloomin' cod-derers!"

Mr. Bunne could not translate that last expression, nor could Gan himself. Mr. Bunne resented being called a "codderers," all the same. He went for Gan with all his bristles up.

Gan was there, and Gan saw him coming. He knew that some damage would be done if Mr. Bunne got too near. Gan gripped one of the forty rolls of butter, and fired it over the rampart at his foe.

In the twinkling of an eye Mr. Bunne was changed from an ordinary hot-cross bun into a buttered hot-cross bun. Gan had a knack of hitting the mark when he threw things. The roll buckled up against the farmer's features, and spread itself round his ears. It completely blindfolded him.

"Ow! Aw'm double-dinged!" yelled Mr. Bunne. "Aw——"

Gan was in a generous mood. He handed Mr. Bunne another pound of butter, rendering the gentleman speechless as well as sightless. Mr. Bunne skated round on his heels, clawing wildly at his face, while Gan fired off the rest of the rolls like a human machine-gun. Mr. Bunne was a shapeless mass of yellowness. Every shot told. But the magazine was empty.

Two blood-thirsty eyes glared out of the mass, two arms tossed, a roar shook the building, and Mr. Bunne charged.

There was only one thing for it. Gan charged, too, and pushed with all his might. Down went the wall of cheeses, with a succession of thuds.

Mr. Bunne was underneath.

Gan sprang over the writhing ruins, and got away from that portion of the crust of the earth as fast as he could move. He jumped a wall, got over a six-foot fence, left half his coat on a piece of barbed wire, and never paused until he was safe in a bath, with the bath-room door locked and both taps turned on.

Gan had had enough butter in five minutes to last him a month.

"Oo-er!" sighed Gan. "I b'lieves I gones and busts de dairies up! T'ink I goes to sleeps. Oh, mi! I wonders if I smuvvers hims?"

Prout, Barry, O'Rooney, and the carpenter, had been watching the milking. But that had become monotonous. Joe had suggested a return to the servants'-hall for a slight refresher in the shape of pork-pie and ale. The suggestion was received with unanimous approval.

"Joe's brains same to wurrk splindid now and thin," said Barry. "Av he's said chase, or cowld mate, or avin beef-stheak, now, I couldn't have touched a bit. But porrk-poie—and sich porrk-poie as that is—troth, there's only wun place Oi iver tasted foiner, and that was at Ballybunion Castle."

"By hokey!" remarked Prout. "Since Joe mentioned it, I've got as 'ungry as a ferret!"

They turned round into the farmyard, and swung themselves over the gate.

"Whisht!" cried Barry.

A figure sailed clean over the wall of the kitchen-garden and vanished.

"It was Gan!" said Joe.

"By hokey! He must have summat behind him to make him shift along like that!" said Prout. "Where did he bolt from, Barry?"

"Oi don't know. He whizzed round that three and hopped it. Has the rascal murthered somewan, or what? Oi'm goin' to luk. Oi've got us. The little glutton has been in the dairy—that place wid the rid roof and thim concertina bloinds. He heard us, and his avil conscience pricked him."

"Ten to one that's the right ticket!" put in Joe. "You can no more keep him off butter than you could keep rain off a fifty-acre field wi' a five-shillin' umbrella. Move, lads—move! Forrad to the pie!"

"Oi'm as keen on poie as a policeman!" said Berry.

"Steady! What's that?"

It was a voice—a muffled, wailing, doleful voice—and it wailed:

"'Elp, 'elp! Ow, 'elp! Aw'm—Aw'm d-double-dinged, Aw am!"

The three men exchanged anxious glances.

"By hokey!" said Prout. "I believe he's mauled somebody!"

"'Elp, 'elp, 'elp!"

They ran, and reached the door. Barry was first. He looked in, and then, with a gasp, he staggered back into the arms of Joe.

"W-w-what is it?" gasped Prout.

That was a question rather difficult to answer. It was an object covered with yellow lumps. A closer investigation proved it to be a human being. It sat on a cheese surrounded by cheeses. It wore a cheese round its left ankle, and its eyes and chin-whiskers were visible. Prout, Barry, and Joe walked in and surveyed it.

"What is us at all, at all?" asked Barry, scratching his head.

"I give it hup!" said Joe. "I never was no good at riddles."

"'Ere," said Prout, "who are you?"

"Aw'm—Aw'm double-dinged—Aw'm double-dinged!" replied the object faintly. "Aw'm double-dinged. Aw am! D-d-d-double-dinged, ma lods! Aw tell thee Aw'm double-dinged!"

"Double-dinged! Hooly powkers! What does us mane by that?"

"P'r'aps that's its name," said Joe. "What's your name, chappie?"

The object took off its butter-spattered billycock, and allowed it to float down the stream like a boat. Then it fixed a buttery eye on Joe, and said:

"Aw—Aw'm a double-dinged Bunne."

"Dotty!" said Joe. "Double-dinged bun be blowed! Look 'ere, you—you bin-sack, what have you been doing? How did you get into that awful mess—eh?"

"Aw was double-dinged!" sighed Mr. Bunne. "Aw coned in, and Aw found ten tramps a-robbin' t' place, and they set on me, and—and they double-dinged me wi' life-preservers and 'atchets. Aw be double-dinged, thee knows—double-dinged!"

Again the three men exchanged glances, and then they exchanged winks.

"Yez mane 'assaulted,' Oi expect, by 'double-dinged'?" said Barry.

"Naw, lod, naw! There wasn't no salt about 'un. It wor all fresh butter. That be Cheddar chaas," he added, pointing to his ankles. "Aw make the best chaas in England, Aw do. Aw get proizes for 'un."

"But what's your name?"

"Bunne."

"Bunne be dashed!" said Joe impatiently. "Talk sense, mun!"

"This 'ere butter costs one-and-foive a pound in t' market," said Mr. Bunne, scooping a handful of it out of his watch-pocket. "Ain't 'un valler?"

"Av Oi was meself," advised Barry, "Oi'd sit agen the

foire and milt down a throifle. Oi'll bust, bhoys, av Oi don't git outsoide quick," he added. "Oi'm bound to bust!"

"Me, too!" spluttered Joe, who was exploding. "Let's send somebody to him."

They hurried out, and shrieked with laughter. As they sat on the garden wall, they saw Mr. Bunne being carried off to his house in a wheelbarrow.

"By hokey!" said Prout. "Gan never did all that hisself!"

"Ching in it, eh?"

"Troth, for a gallond of sovereigns Oi'll wager Ching was in ut!"

But Barry would have lost the wager had anyone accepted it.

---

### Ching-Lung, Gan-Waga, and an Artist!

"Is it not beautiful, my dear Gan?" murmured Ching-Lung.

"She is sublimes, Chingy," said Gan-Waga.

Ching-Lung was referring to the view, as they sat perched on a rustic gate. It was certainly very pretty—sweeping fields of green corn, wooded hills, a murmuring stream, and a few quaint, thatched cottages here and there. The landscape was further adorned by a large green umbrella, beneath which shade an artist was conveying his impressions of the scenery on to canvas.

"Shall we forth further, Gan?"

"Let us furths forther, Chingy!" said the Eskimo.

They jumped down, and turned in the direction of the green umbrella, walking noiselessly over the yielding turf.

"What he doin' unders dats cabbage-coloured tent, Chingy?" inquired Gan.

"He is an artist. He paints pictures."

"We looks at dems, den."

The artist was thin of form and sallow of feature. He was very busy plastering paint on a five-foot canvas.

"Ah!" said Ching-Lung rapturously. "Ah-h-h!"

"Ah-h-h-h!" gasped Gan-Waga, gazing at the picture.

"Perfect," said Ching-Lung.

"Joyfulness," said Gan-Waga. "I likes to buy dats."

It was really a wretched daub.

The artist jerked round his lean neck.

"Two foreigners," he thought, "with plenty of oof. Here's a chunk of luck!" He coughed again, and added aloud: "I regret, sir, that this poor picture has already been purchased by the Duke of Pushpenny. My name is Minchmick. Perhaps the name has already been wafted to your ears."

"It is a famous name," said Ching-Lung unblushingly.

"Allow me to introduce you to my friend, Count Waga!"

"I am charms to see you, Misters Pinchmucks!"

Mr. Minchmicks had never sold a picture in his life for more than three half-crowns. Ah, but here were two wealthy and ignorant foreigners with no brains! Mr. Minchmick chuckled and felt happy.

***(Another instalment of this amusing and exciting serial story next Monday.)***

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Be sure and mention this paper when communicating with advertisers.

# My Readers' Page

WHOM TO WRITE TO: EDITOR, "THE MAGNET" LIBRARY, THE FLEETWAY HOUSE, FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

OUR TWO COMPANION PAPERS "THE GEM" LIBRARY, EVERY WEDNESDAY AND "THE PENNY POPULAR" EVERY FRIDAY.

The Editor is always pleased to hear from his Chums, at home or abroad.

## FOR NEXT MONDAY:

### "CHUMS AFLOAT."

### By Frank Richards.

Next week's long, complete school story, entitled as above, tells of a rousing sea adventure which befalls the Greyfriars juniors. Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry of the Remove are rash enough to undertake to row out to the dreaded Shoulder Rock after dark, but are swept out of their course, and are eventually picked up by a strange ship. And a very queer craft this latter proves to be! The two juniors are in for a rough time, but one person, at least—their new skipper—has no cause to regret having picked them up.

### "CHUMS AFLOAT."

's a fascinating sea-story, without a dull line in it from first to last, and all my Magnetite chums—and their chums—should make a point of reading it.

---

### OUR NEW PICTURE GALLERY.

So much appreciated was our Portrait Gallery, a feature which is concluded this week, that I have been persuaded to introduce another splendid

### NEW PICTORIAL FEATURE

on somewhat similar lines, representing scenes from a school boy's life one hundred years ago, contrasted with those with which the modern schoolboy is familiar. This series of splendid pictures has been specially drawn by the "Magnet" artist, and will, without doubt, prove of peculiar interest to all my readers alike. The first pair of pictures will be entitled "Going to School—Then and Now," and will appear in next Monday's issue of the "Magnet" Library.

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### THE NEW "GEM" SCHOOL SERIAL.

Next Wednesday's issue of our popular companion paper, the "Gem" Library, contains the second instalment of the grand new school serial that everybody is talking about, as well as reading,

### "SIR BILLY, OF GREYHOUSE,"

### By R. S. Warren Bell.

And a splendid instalment it is, too! There is something irresistibly attractive about Warren Bell's schoolboy characters, something so essentially true to life about them, that one cannot help being fascinated by the tale of their adventures at the great public school. This, at least, has always been my experience when reading this talented author's public school stories, and I have lately had ample proof that my thousands of readers feel the same way about them. I cannot remember any first instalment of a new school serial creating a greater sensation, or being hailed with more general and enthusiastic appreciation, than has been accorded to the first instalment of

### "SIR BILLY, OF GREYHOUSE,"

While thanking all my chums for their hearty reception of this grand new story, I can only enjoin them not on any account to miss

### Instalment Two

in next Wednesday's "Gem" Library.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 266.

NEXT MONDAY: **"CHUMS AFLOAT!"**

## REPLIES IN BRIEF.

B. Wolfendale (South Wales).—I do not know of such a place.

B. J. Gray (Cardiff).—I am sorry to say that there is not a complete one published yet.

L. Macdonald (Australia).—Very many thanks for your letter. I am very grateful for your suggestions.

C. Pett (London).—The only way you can become a detective without joining the Force is to apply to an investigator of private cases. See the advertisements in the "Daily Telegraph" every morning.

E. E. Johnson (South Africa).—Very many thanks for your interesting letter.

The East Fremantle League.—Very many thanks, "Magnetites," for your long and interesting letter. I wish the League every success.

R. Conrad.—I am sorry I cannot accept your proposal, but why not try it yourself?

J. A. (Kent).—Thank you for your letter. I am glad to hear of your League.

A Catford Reader.—I am afraid I cannot advise you on the subject you refer to. The only way I can suggest is that you write to any advertiser you think suitable.

H. Dickinson (Leeds).—Thanks for your letter and suggestions. I will bear them in mind.

E. Sinton (Scotland) and S. Booth (Oldham).—Thank you for your letter. Owing to so much pressure on my space already I am unable to publish your verses.

"Enniskillen Dragoon."—You ask how to develop your chest. Well, considering your age, I advise you to obtain a set of developers, and go through regularly each day a course of exercises.

G. Jose (South Africa).—Much as I should like to do as you ask me, I am afraid it is impossible to repeat this feature.

W. L. (Canada).—I am glad you liked the Gallery, and will consider the possibilities of your proposal.

---

## ACTING FOR THE CINEMATOGRAPH.

Upon the day appointed for the play to be filmed, the artistes come to the studio, from whence they proceed to the place where the first scene is laid. The actors and actresses then have their final instructions from the stage-manager, and at a given signal the acting starts, whilst the operator takes the "scenario," as the separate scenes are called. Should the scenes be very far from one another, the artistes are conveyed there by brake, train, etc., according to the distance. It may happen that all of the play is taken in the studio, in which case the whole thing might be finished in one day. Sometimes a piece may extend over several days, or even months, the reason for this being that it may be necessary to wait for particular weather—for example, one scene might represent a sunny day on the border of a green wood, while the next might require a number of people skating on a stretch of frozen water. Here the first scene requires a fine summer's day, and the latter a mid-winter's day. After this has been enacted and taken, the artistes are handed their salary, and are at liberty to go. Next, the operator takes his camera to the dark-room, where he takes the celluloid film out and develops it, in a similar way to an ordinary spool of films from a "Kodak." As soon as this is finished it is taken to a special room, where it is suspended from the ceiling and allowed to dry. As soon as it is dry is passes into

### The Hands of the "Toucher-Up,"

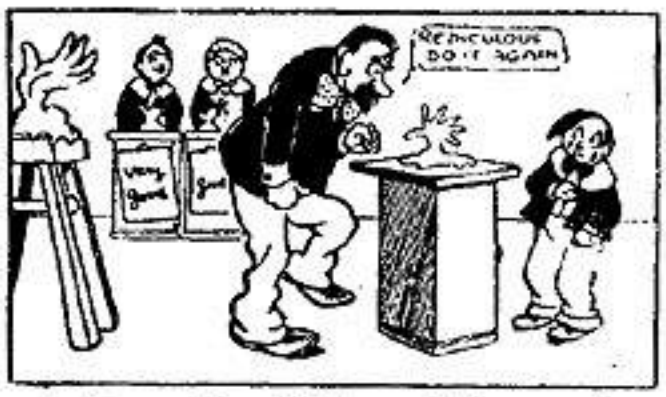
who goes carefully through the film, examining it in every detail, on the chance of discovering something that has not been properly taken. Should he find anything, he touches it up with special instruments, so skilfully as to leave hardly a trace of the "faking." The film is then forwarded to film agents, who lend it out on hire to the numerous picture palaces throughout the country, the usual charge being 2½d. to 3d. per foot.

THE EDITOR.

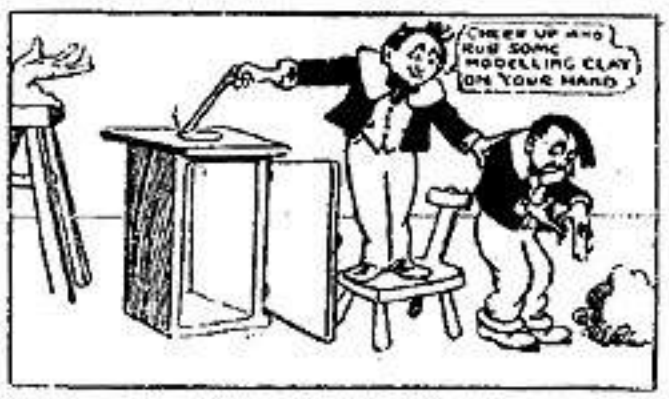
# "THE MAGNET" LIBRARY

# SPECIAL COMIC SUPPLEMENT.

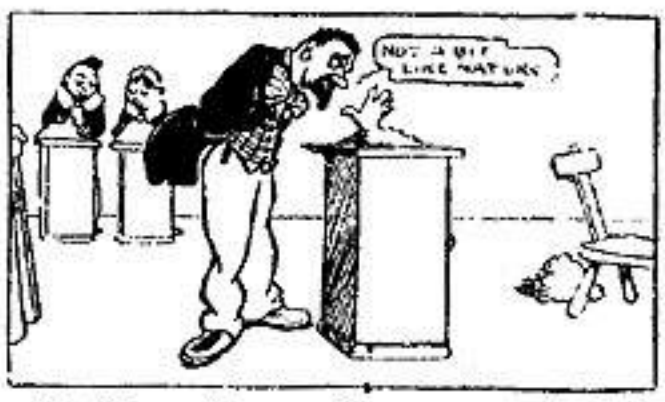
## A HAND-SOME WHEEZE.



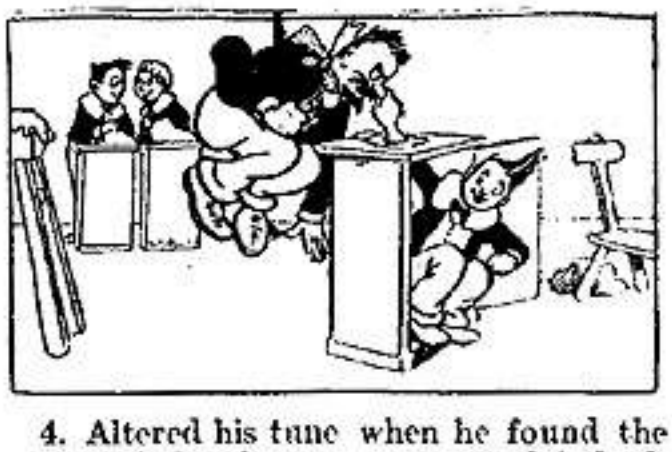

1. Dear Mr. Editor,—We've got a modelling class at the school now. The other day we had to model a hand, and the professor abused the new boy's attempt.




2. I felt sorry for the new boy, so during the lunch hour, when the old professor wasn't there, I made some alterations in the new boy's modelling stand.




3. Then the professor came back, sneering at the new boy's work. He said it wasn't natural; but he soon—



4. Altered his tune when he found the new boy's hand was very natural indeed. Always your own try-to-be-helpful,

CHARLIE GEMPOP.

## THEN HE CALLED IT MANY NAMES!

The Pedestrian: "What kind of a machine do you call that?"

The Motorist: "Oh, I don't bother my head about calling it anything until it refuses to go."

## HE'D SEEN ENOUGH.


Man at the pay-box (to Sandy, who had tendered a sixpence): "This is the shilling entrance to the 'Forty Thieves.'"

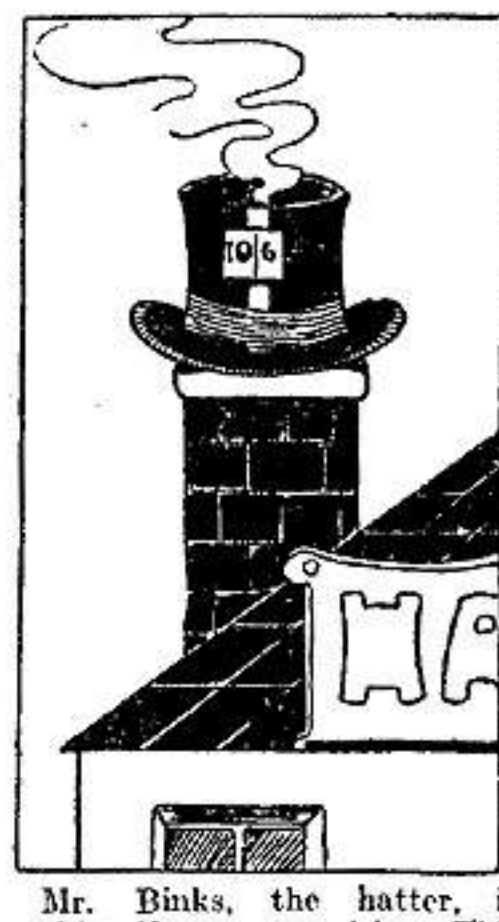
Sandy (indignantly): "Gie me my saxpence back, I'll no see the other thirty-nine!"

## BOOT-IFUL SIMPLICITY.


Cobbler: "What does your pa want the boots stretched for? Do they pinch him?"

Little Girl: "No, he pinched them."

## A TOPPING IDEA!




Mr. Binks, the hatter, is nothing if not enterprising. This is indeed a novel advertisement of his.

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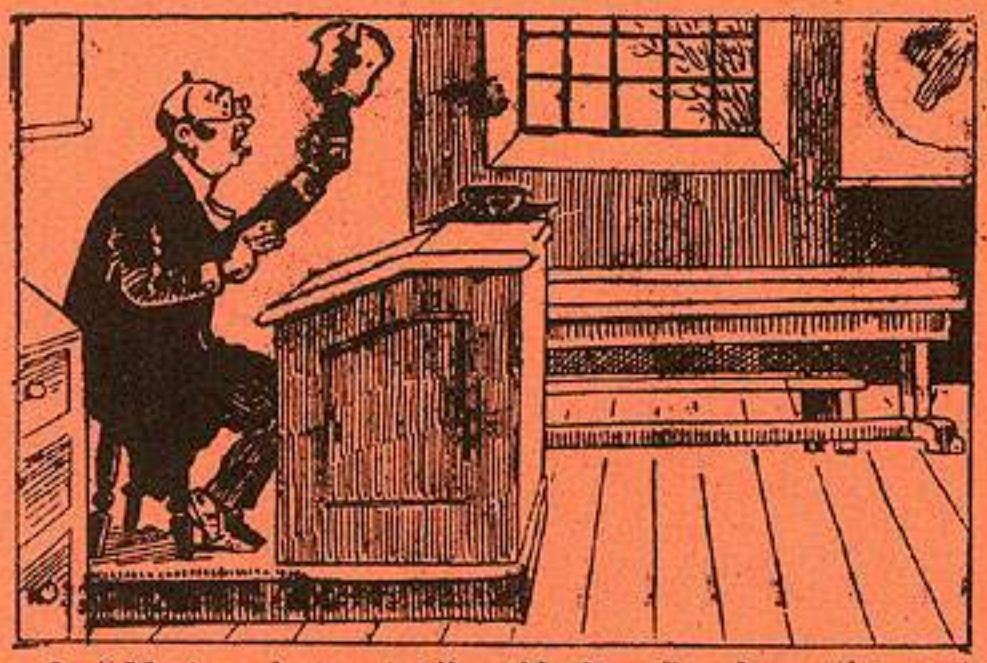
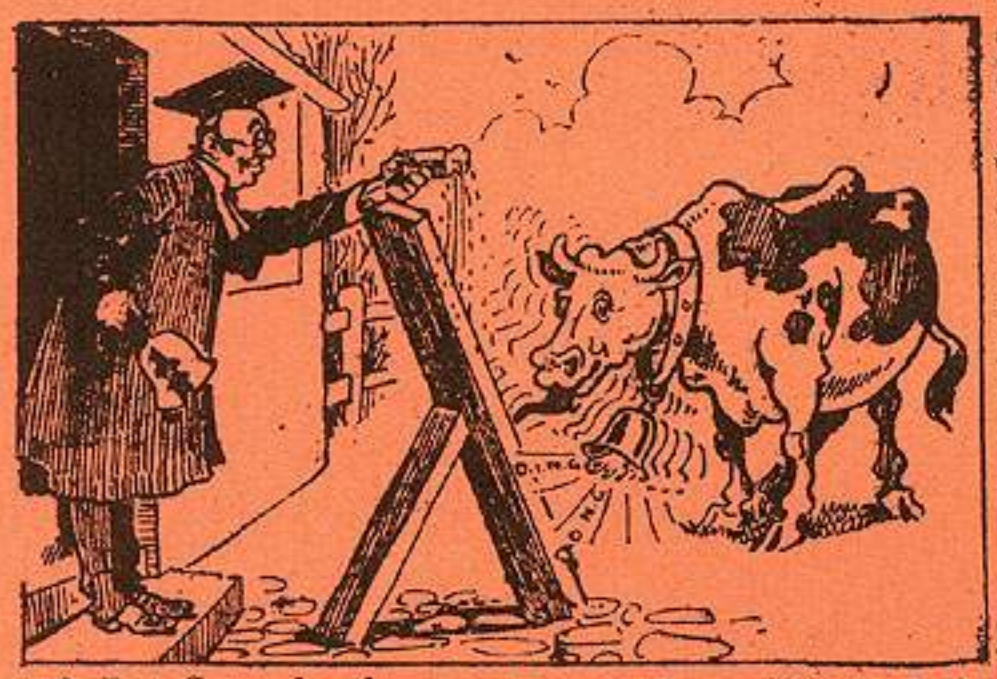
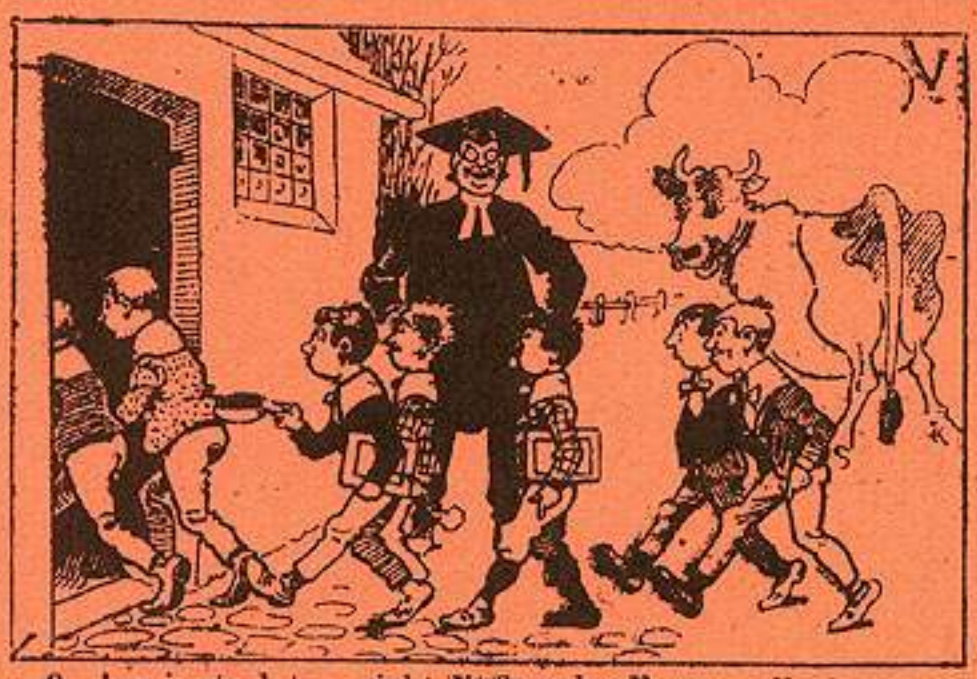
# A NEW USE FOR THE CATTLE.



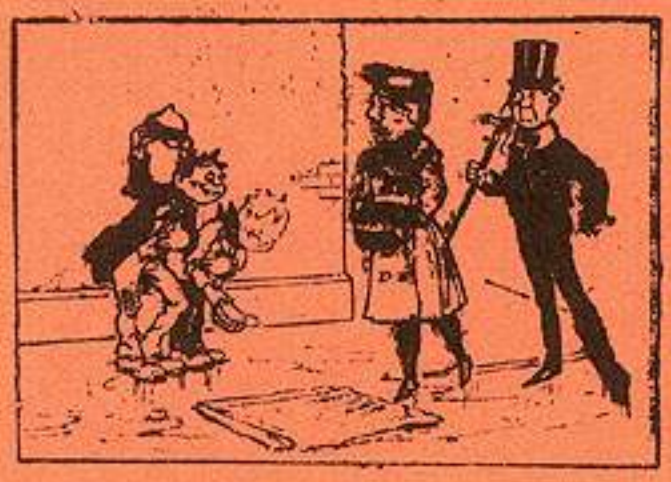
1. "Most unfortunate!" said Dr. Spankem, the rusty schoolmaster. "Someone has cracked my bell. Something must be done. I must give that lecture on the international earwig."



2. But Gertrude, the cow, came to the assistance of the master, for as she licked the salt that Dr. Spankem put on the board, so she rang her bell.

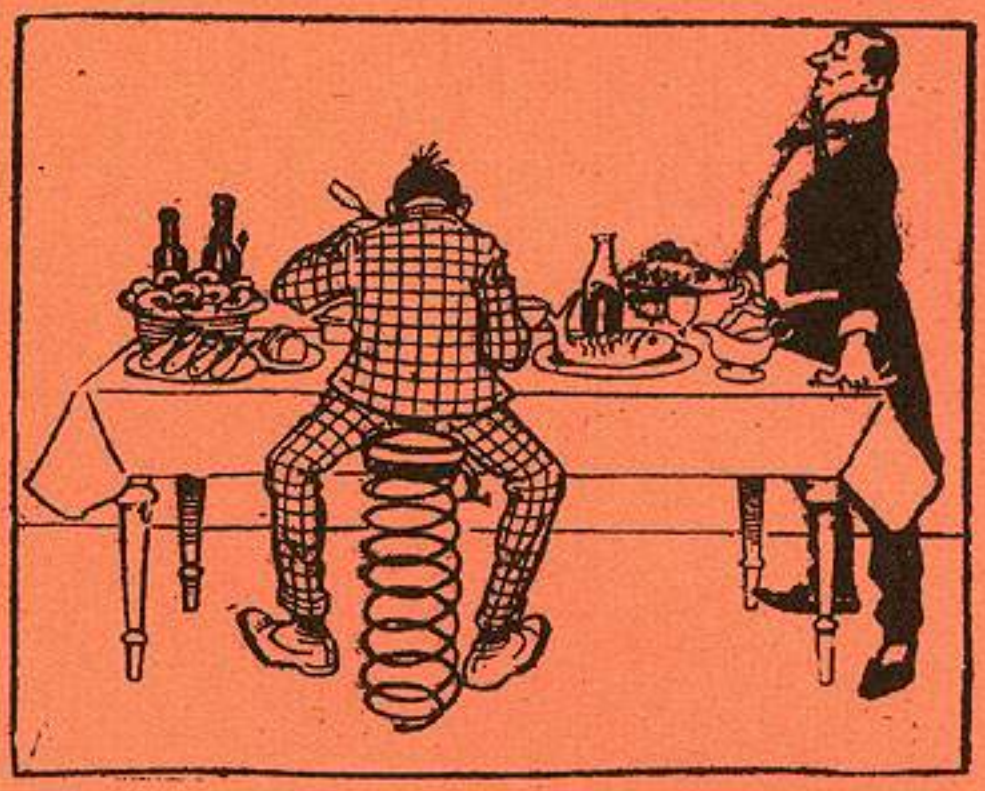


3. A minute later, eight little schoolboys walked into the classroom. Fact!

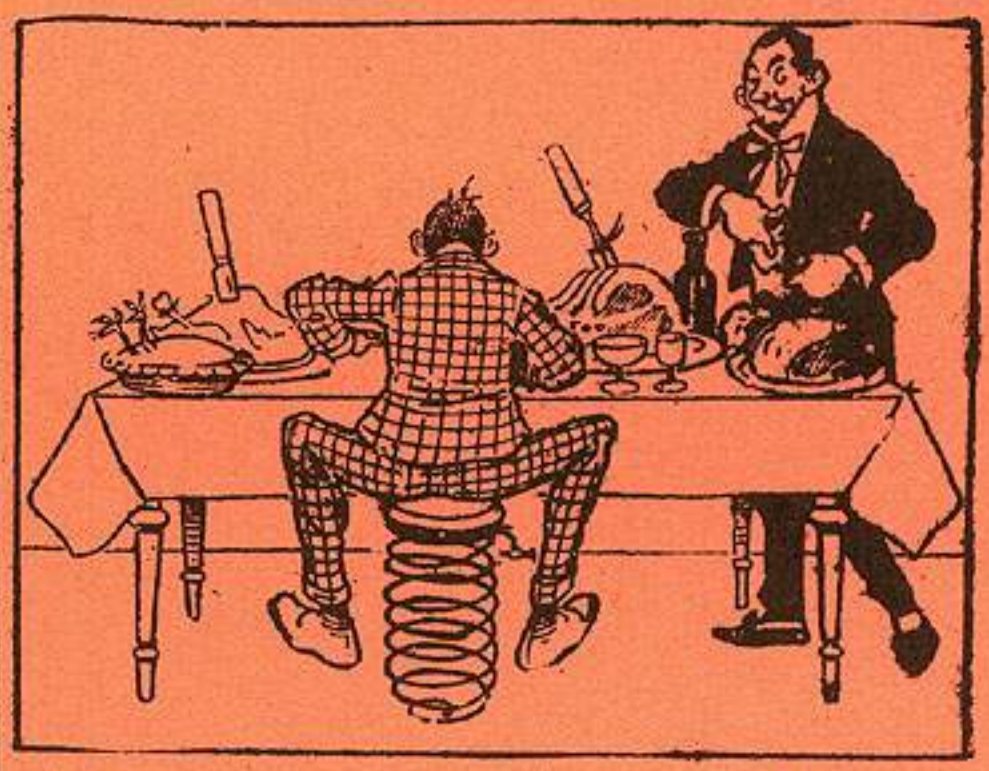


Willy and Alfred (daying two old newspapers over a big puddle as young damsel approaches): "Tis only tattered papers, lydy, but would it were a cloak of gold and hermine!" They had been reading a romantic novel.

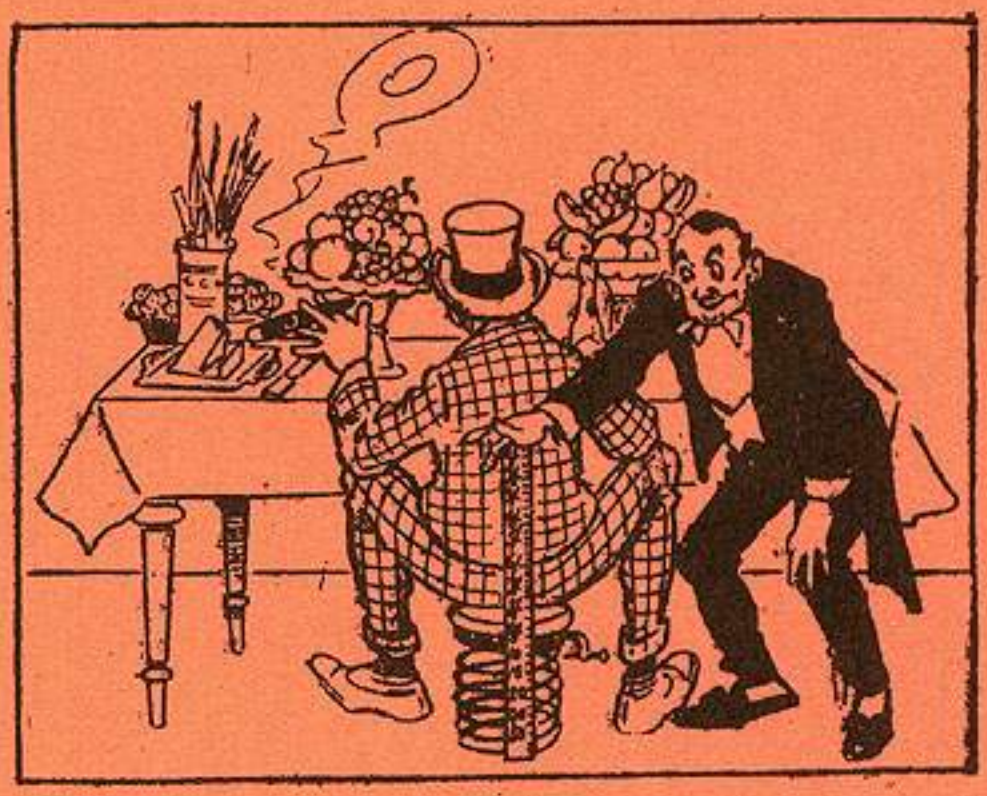
# YOU GET THE COST SPRUNG ON YOU.



1. Have you heard of the new spring seat they're introducing into restaurants? You enter, feeling lean and hungry, and plump down on the patent seat, and commence operations on the soup—

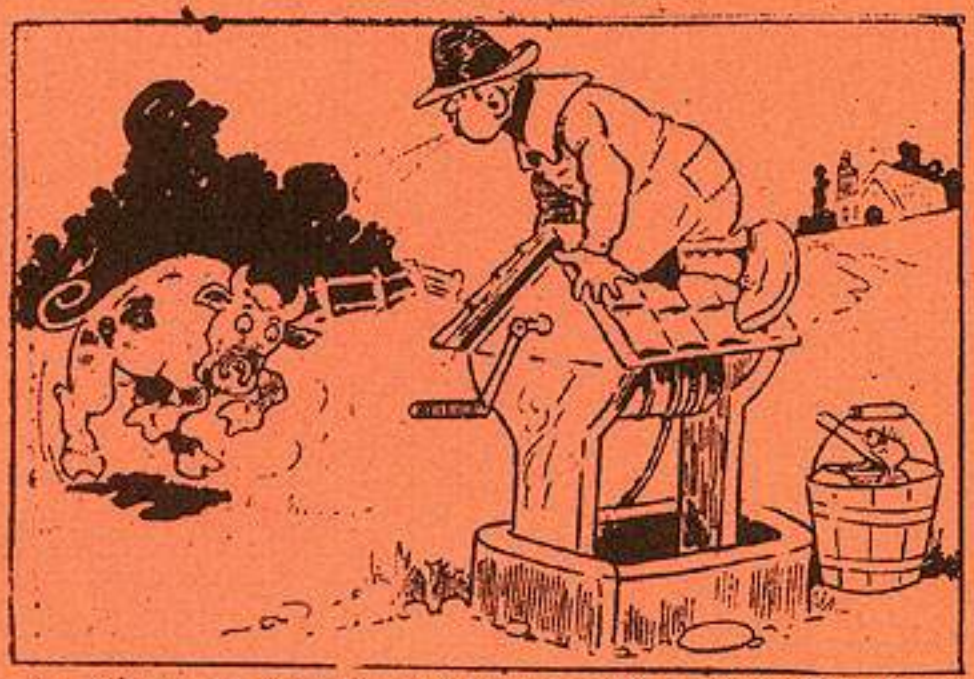


2. And as you get on with the merry roast and boiled, your weight increases, and the seat is pressed down, lower and lower, until, by the time you have got to the cigar stage—

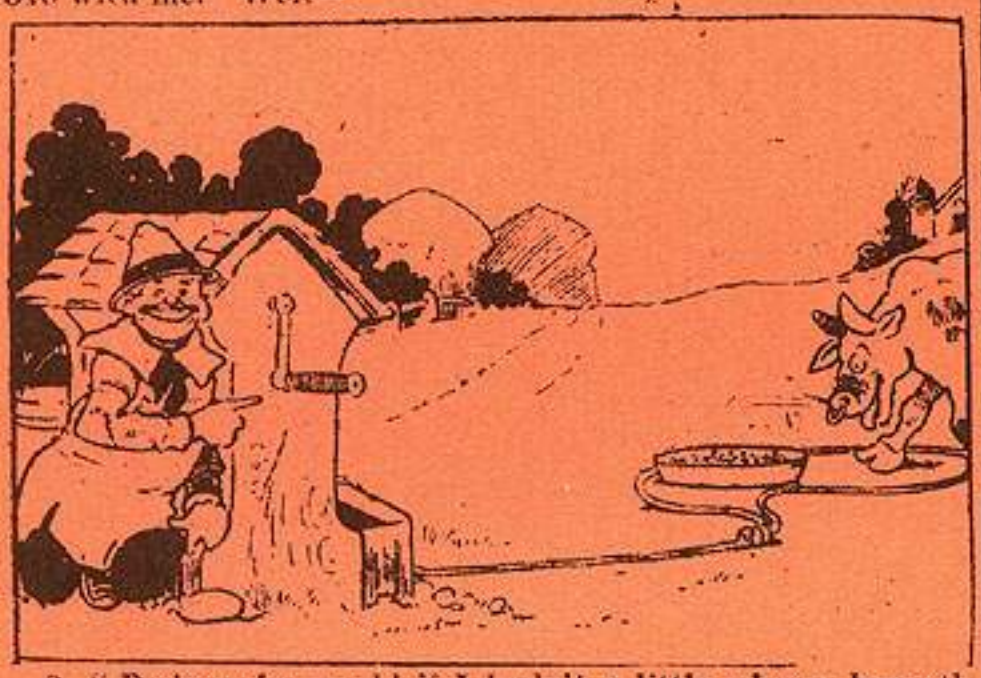


3. The waiter is able to tell to a farthing how much your dinner has cost you.

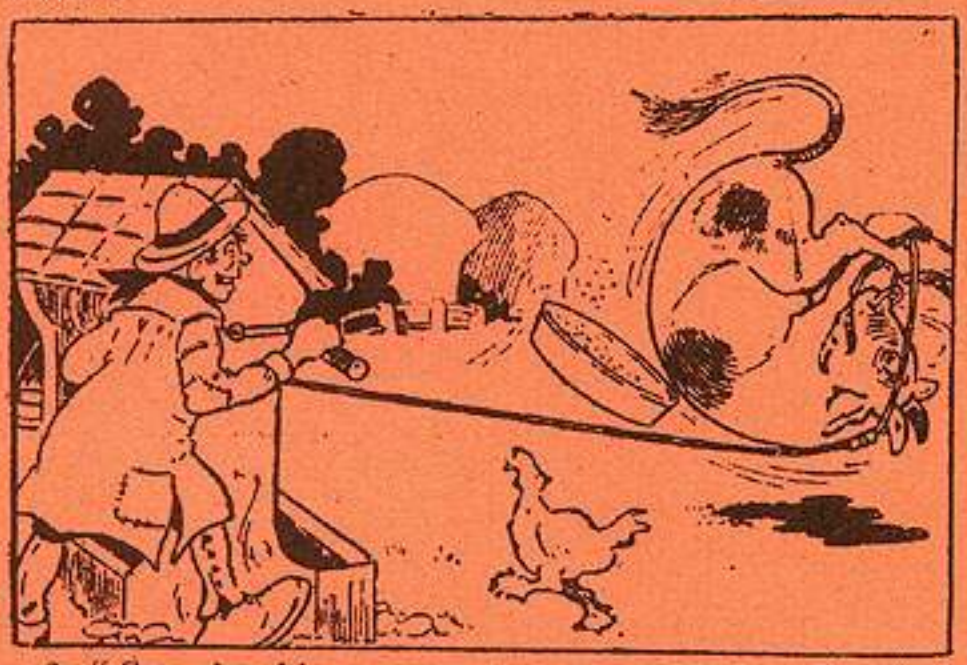
## NOT ALTOGETHER A COW-ARD.



1. "I shan't be able to get home till morning," said the farmer's boy, "because that bull looks like playing the giddy oxo with me. Well—

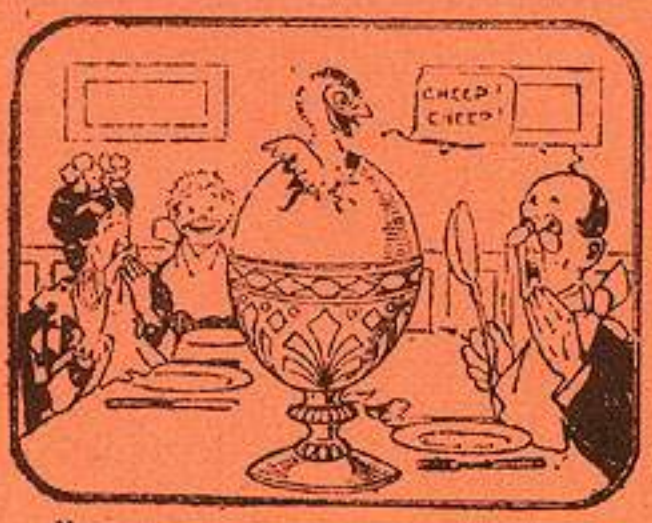


2. "Perhaps he would if I hadn't a little wheeze beneath my soft hat, and by inviting that bully one to a little turty mash. I—



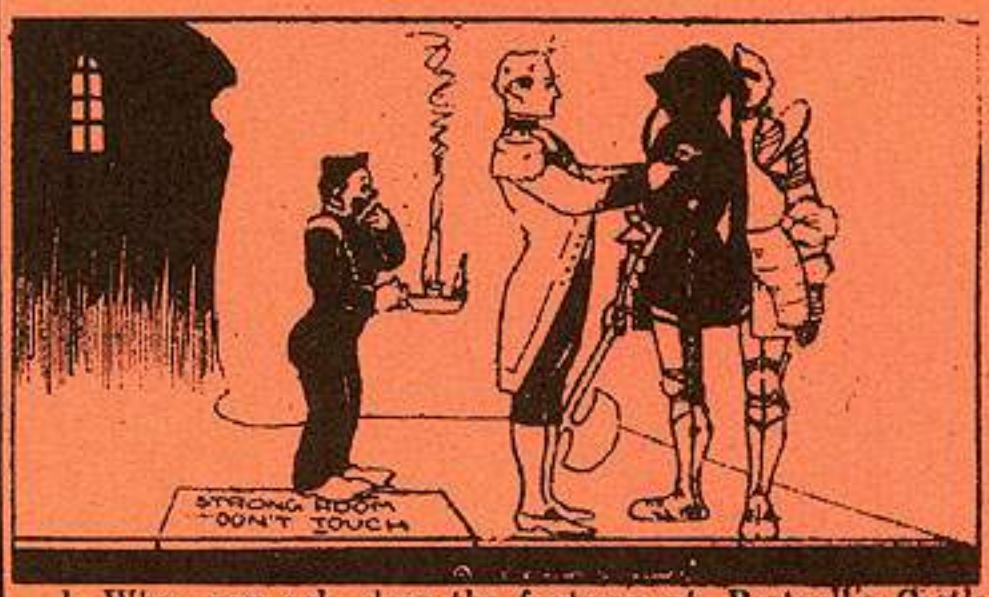
3. "Can give him a severe turn, as per above. That's not bad for a varmer's boy, is it, people?"

## THIS YEAR'S EASTER EGG.

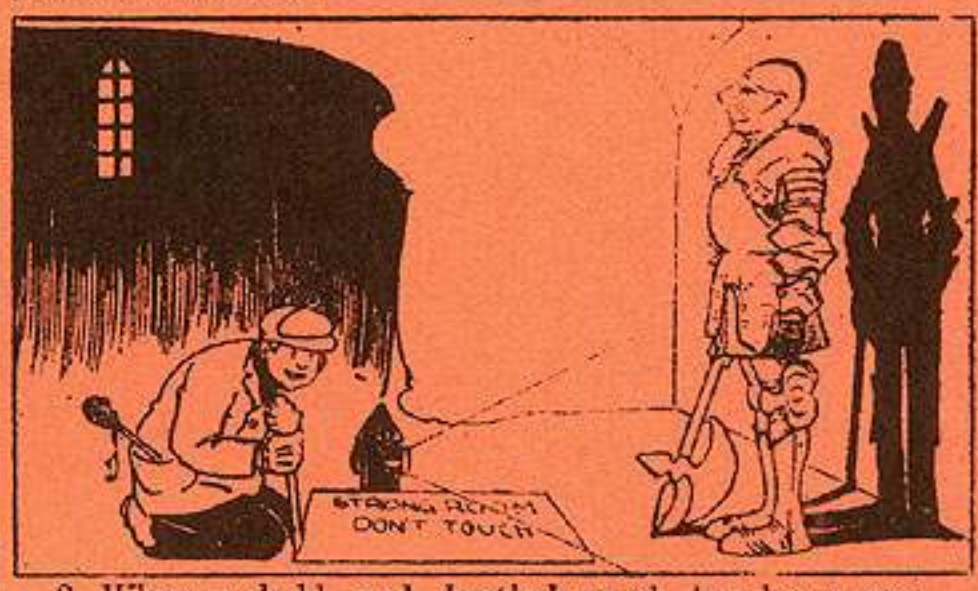



A shop egg at Winkle-on-Sea caused surprise at a boarding-house tea when the chicken inside popped its head out and cried: "They may have you on toast, but not me!"

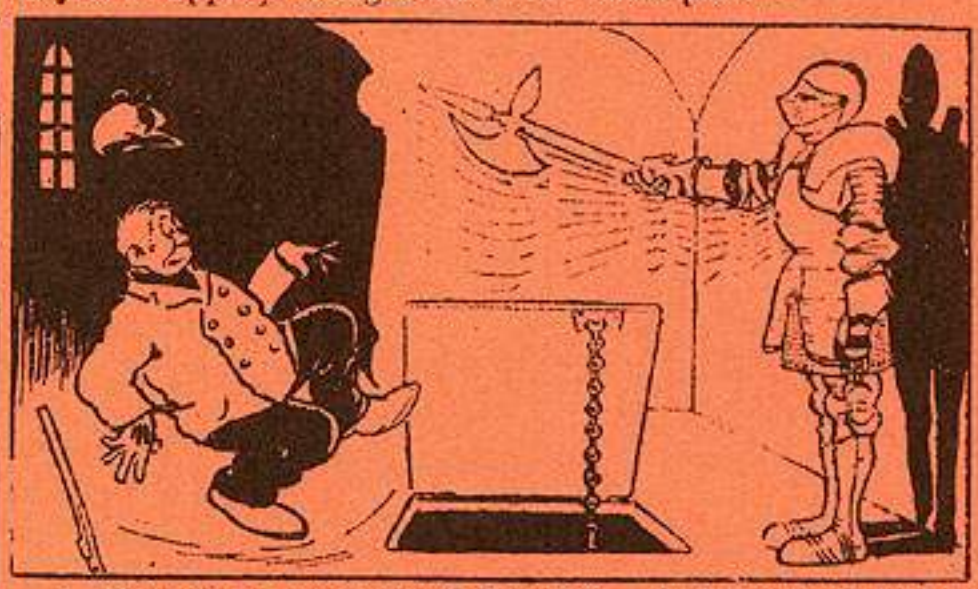
## THE LATEST BURGLAR SCARE.




1. Why, you ask, does the footman at Portcullis Castle fasten the suit of armour to the strong-room door? Well, you see, it's like this—




2. When a bold and beetle-browed burglar comes dead o' night and tries to force the strong-room door with the object of appropriating some of the ducal plate—



3. He gets a severe shock like this. Awfully good idea of the duke's—what? Brainy old chap, dontcherknow, rathah.

## THE LAST LOCK.

"I suppose you carry a memento of some sort in that locket of yours?"

"Yes; it is a lock of my husband's hair."

"But your husband is still alive."

"Yes, but his hair is all gone."