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By FRANK RICHARDS.

### THE FIRST CHAPTER. Merely a Mistake.

"ANYTHING for me?" Billy Bunter, of the Remove at Greyfriars, asked the question as he blinked up at the letter-rack. Billy Bunter had the misfortune of being extremely short-sighted, and his big spectacles did not seem to help him much. Harry Wharton was looking over the letters, in the hope of finding one from his uncle. Colonel Wharton generally sent a little avuncular advice every week to his dutiful nephew, and there was generally a remittance enclosed to make it more acceptable—like jam with a pill.

Funds were low, as it happened, in Study No. 1, and all the members of the Famous Five of the Remove were looking forward to that letter from Wharton's uncle.

But the letter had not come.

"Anything for me, Wharton?" repeated Billy Bunter, as the captain of the Remove turned away from the letter-rack.

"No."

"That looks like a letter for me," said Bunter, pointing with a podgy forefinger to a letter a couple of feet above his

head in the rack. "Reach it down, will you? I can see that the name begins with a B."

"That's for Johnny Bull."

"I'd rather see for myself," said Bunter. "Reach it down."

"Rats!"

"I—I'll take it to Johnny Bull if you'll reach it down," said Bunter.

"Bull's gone out."

"I—I'll find him. Reach it down."

"Bosh!"

And Harry Wharton walked away. Billy Bunter blinked after him through his big spectacles, and frowned. Billy Bunter always took an intense interest in other fellows' correspondence, and it was not safe to trust letters into his hands. They had a way of coming open by accident in such cases. Harry Wharton went out into the Close, and Billy Bunter turned his attention to the letter-rack again. Vernon-Smith, of the Remove, came by and looked up at the rack.

"You might reach down my letter, Smithy," said Bunter. "There isn't one for you, tubby."

"Yes. There it is—"

"That's for Bull."

"Oh, really, Smithy! The writing isn't very plain, and it looks like Bull, that's all. I'm expecting a postal order from a titled friend—"

Vernon-Smith grinned and walked away. Bunter snorted.

He blinked round, and then dragged a chair under the letter-rack, and captured the coveted letter. He blinked at it very carefully. It was addressed to Johnny Bull, of the Remove, in a feminine hand. Bunter could see very well at close range, and he could see that the handwriting was feminine. His curiosity was excited at once.

He descended from the chair, and rolled out into the Close, with the letter in his hand.

Skinner, of the Remove, was sunning himself on the steps of the School House, and he glanced at Bunter and grinned.

"Got the postal-order at last?" he asked.

"Yes, I think so, Skinner."

"Is it the one you were expecting last Christmas, or the one you were expecting the Christmas before?" asked Skinner humorously.

Bunter grunted.

"I say, Skinny, suppose you saw a letter you thought was for you, and the—the handwriting wasn't very clear, what would you do? Open it and see?" he asked.

"Yes, rather!" said Skinner.

Bunter nodded, and opened the letter. He gave a grunt of disappointment as he saw that there was no remittance in it. If there had been a postal-order inside, Billy Bunter would probably have decided, by some peculiar process of reasoning, that it was for him. But there was no postal-order, only a letter, in a large and somewhat sprawling, feminine hand.

Bunter read the letter, as a matter of course. Then he whistled.

"Dear Johnny," the letter ran, "I'm coming down to see you this afternoon. I shall get to Friardale by the three-thirty.—Always yours,  
FLUFFY."

"Well, my hat!" ejaculated Billy Bunter. "Fluffy, by Jove! I never did!"

"What are you babbling about?" asked Skinner politely.

"This letter can't be for me," said Bunter. "I've made a mistake after all, and it's for Johnny Bull!"

Skinner chuckled.

"Then I expect Johnny Bull will have something to say to you about opening it," he remarked.

"Chap can't help making a mistake," said Bunter. "You know I'm short-sighted, too. That looks like Bunter, doesn't it?"

He held up the envelope. Skinner looked at it.

"Looks to me like Bull," said Skinner.

"Well, it looked to me like Bunter, and as I was expecting a postal-order, naturally I thought the letter was for me. I say, Skinny, this is a jolly queer letter! Did you know that Johnny Bull was a girly chap?"

"Last thing I should ever have suspected that chump of," said Skinner. "Do you mean to say that letter is from a girl?"

"Yes, rather!"

"Oh, from Cliff House, I suppose?"

"No fear! It's signed 'Fluffy.' Sounds like an actress," said Billy Bunter thoughtfully. "I'm shocked at Bull! I should never have suspected Bull of knowing actresses. Shows how you can be mistaken in a chap."

"Let's have a look," said Skinner.

Skinner read the letter. He was untroubled by scruples on these points, quite as much as William George Bunter was. Skinner whistled.

"Fluffy! My hat! And coming down by the three-thirty! That's put in for Bull to meet the train, I suppose. Great Scott! Fancy old Bull taking to the giddy Lothario bizney in his old age!"

"I'm shocked!" said Bunter.

"So am I!" grinned Skinner. "It would be a lark for some fellows to go along and meet Fluffy instead of Bull."

"He, he, he!" chuckled Bunter.

"You'd better not let Bull know you've opened his letter," added Skinner. "He would hammer you bald-headed! Shove it down that grating and say nothing about it."

"Then Bull won't know she's coming—"

"Exactly. But we shall, and we'll have a little party at the station to meet Fluffy!" chuckled Skinner. "I'll get Smithy, and Snoop, and Stott, and some fellows."

And Skinner walked away grinning.

Billy Bunter was left with the letter in his hand. Now that it was opened, the Owl of the Remove seemed to realise the seriousness of what he had done. Skinner & Co. were going to the station to rag Fluffy, whoever Fluffy was, and when Johnny Bull discovered that they had obtained their information from Bunter— It seemed to the fat junior that he could already feel Johnny Bull's heavy knuckles hammering upon his plump countenance.

"I—I—I wish I hadn't made a mistake about the name now!" murmured Bunter. "Of course, these things can't be helped. Any chap might make a mistake like that. But Bull wouldn't understand. He's an obstinate ass. He'd think very likely that I opened the letter on purpose. As if I'd do such a thing!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

Bunter jumped as Bob Cherry's voice fell upon his ears. He blinked up, and saw the Famous Five bearing down on him. Harry Wharton had found Johnny Bull in the lane, and had brought him in to get his letter. Johnny Bull had a rich and affectionate aunt, who frequently sent him remittances that made the other fellows' mouths water. And so Wharton, and Nugent, and Bob Cherry, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the famous Co., were coming with Johnny to help him open his letter.

Billy Bunter was fairly caught in the act, with the letter in his hand. Fortunately—or otherwise—he remembered Skinner's advice. There was a grating in the ground close by the steps. Bunter made a step towards the chums of the Remove, stumbled, and fell, and the letter dropped out of his hand and fell through the bars of the grating.

"Well, of all the clumsy asses!" said Harry Wharton. "What on earth did you fall over for, you fathead?"

"Ow!"

"Hurt?" asked Bob Cherry, sympathetically.

"Ow! Yow! I—I think I've broken my leg!"

"Poor old Bunter! You can always tell if a leg is broken by stamping on it," said Bob, raising his boot. "If it's really broken, the owner won't leave you in any doubt about it, if you stamp on it. Which leg is it, Bunter?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter scrambled to his feet. He did not intend to have his injuries tested in that manner.

"Ow! Beast! Gerroff!"

"Ha, ha! He's recovered already!" said Bob. "Leg can't be broken, Bunter, if it supports your weight on it."

"I—I'm hurt!" said Bunter pathetically. "Not that I mind that so very much, only, you see, Johnny Bull's letter is lost!"

Johnny Bull gave a roar like distant thunder.

"What's that? My letter?"

"Yes, you see, I—I—I—"

Billy Bunter broke off as Johnny Bull's hand descended upon his collar. The sturdy junior shook him as a terrier might shake a particularly fat rat.

"You boned my letter, did you?" said Johnny. "Hand it out, then! Produce it! Where's my letter? Disgorge it!"

"Ow—ow—ow—ow!"

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### A Ducking for Two!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. surrounded the Owl of the Remove.

They were all angry.

The famous Co. were in low water financially, and if Johnny Bull's letter had contained a remittance from his affectionate aunt, it would have set them upon their feet again till remittances arrived from other quarters.

"Where's that letter?" demanded Johnny Bull.

"Hand it out!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Produce it, you fat fraud!" exclaimed Nugent.

"The fatfulness of the esteemed fraud is terrific," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "If he does not produce the esteemed letter, I suggest the bumpfulness of the estimable and ludicrous Bunter."

"Ow!" roared Bunter. "Leggo! Don't I keep on telling you that I've lost it! This is the last—yow—time that I'll try

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283

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 283.

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"What is your name?" asked Miss Bull, regarding the fat junior with a glance of great disfavour. "I'm sure Johnny must have mentioned me to you," said Billy. "Haven't you ever heard him speak of Bunter?" "Oh yes, I remember Johnny telling me of a fat bounder named Bunter, who was no good at games or anything, but could eat like a rhinoceros!" (See Chapter 6.)

to oblige you—yow—by bringing you your rotten—yow—letters, Bull, you—yow—beast!"

Shake, shake, shake!

"Where's my letter?"

"It fell down the grating."

"Oh, crumbs!" said Bob Cherry. "I saw the silly ass drop a letter down the grating when he tumbled over!"

Johnny Bull released the Owl of the Remove, and fell upon his knees beside the grating, and tried to peer between the iron bars.

But he could not see any sign of the letter.

"I—I'm sincerely sorry!" said Bunter, blinking at him. "I was going to oblige you, Bull, by bringing you the letter."

Johnny Bull rose to his feet, and gave the fat junior a glare that was not at all grateful.

"You fat dummy—"

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"If you meddle with my letters again, I'll scalp you."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 283.

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

**"UNCLE FISH!"**

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And I don't believe you were bringing it to me, either. Did you open it?"

"I decline to reply to a question reflecting upon my personal honour," said Billy Bunter, with a great deal of dignity.

"Your personal rats!" growled Johnny Bull. "Well, you fellows, the letter's gone, and there won't be a feed, after all."

"Oh, that's all right," said Bunter. "There wasn't any money in it."

"How do you know, if you didn't open it?" demanded Wharton.

"Ahem! You see—"

"I see that you opened my letter," said Johnny Bull grimly, "and I see that you're going to have a lesson about opening people's letters. Lend me a hand to duck the fat beast in the fountain, you fellows."

"Hear, hear!"

"Hold on!" roared Bunter, as the Famous Five closed upon him.

"We're going to!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yank him along!"

"Yaroooh! Help! Yah! Oh! Rescue! Yowp!"

Billy Bunter was rushed across the Close to the fountain. He was going to a ducking, but he might have been going to execution by the noise he made. Two youths, remarkably alike in appearance, were coming from the direction of the gates, and they paused to look at the Owl of the Remove in the hands of the avengers. They were Peter and Alonzo Todd, Bunter's study-mates in No. 7 Study in the Remove.

"Dear me!" said Alonzo, who was as meek and mild as his cousin Peter was warlike. "My dear Peter, they are going to duck Bunter. Shall we remonstrate with them?"

"You bet!" grinned Peter Todd.

And Peter rushed to "remonstrate."

His idea of remonstrance was not so pacific as Alonzo's. He rushed into the crowd of juniors, smiting right and left. There was a roar from the Famous Five. Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry rolled over, dragging down Bunter with them. Frank Nugent sat down, and Johnny Bull sat on him. Hurree Janset Ram Singh dodged back.

"Sorry to interrupt!" said Peter, calmly surveying the astounded and enraged juniors; "but you know it's a rule that No. 7 Study mustn't be touched."

"Groogh! Rescue!" spluttered Bunter. "Go for 'em, Toddy!"

Bob Cherry sat up, and put his hand to his nose.

"You dangerous maniac!" he roared. "What are you up to?"

"Slaughter him!" howled Nugent.

"Jump off him!"

"Duck him, too!"

The Famous Five scrambled up, and advanced upon Peter Todd. Peter waved his hand in a friendly way.

"Don't get your wool off!" he exclaimed. "What has Bunter done? You know I don't allow No. 7 Study to be ragged."

"He's opened my letter!" howled Johnny Bull.

"Ah, that alters the case," said Peter Todd genially. "If Bunter has been playing his rotten tricks again, ducking is too good for him. I'll lend you a hand!"

"I say, Todd!" yelled Bunter.

"Don't say anything," said Peter, yanking the fat junior to his feet. "I've told you a hundred times, at least, that I'm going to make a man of you, Bunter. I'm going to cure you of being inquisitive."

"You've got all your work cut out, then!" growled Bob Cherry.

"Shove him in!"

Splash!

Billy Bunter descended into the wide granite basin of the fountain.

"Groooogh!"

Then the Famous Five closed round Peter Todd.

"You don't allow No. 7 to be touched, hey?" said Johnny Bull.

"No fear!"

"You punched my nose?"

"Yes, I think I did."

"You don't think you're putting on too much side for a new kid?"

"Not at all!"

"Then you want educating on that point!" growled Johnny Bull. "Collar him, you chaps, and send him in after Bunter."

"Hear, hear!"

"My dear fellows," began Alonzo Todd. "Pray do not duck my cousin Peter! My Uncle Benjamin would consider—"

Tramp, tramp, tramp!

Peter Todd was putting up a most terrific fight. Alonzo rushed to aid him. Alonzo had heaps of pluck, though he knew no more about fighting than he did about Chinese. Nugent gave him a gentle tap on the chest which made him sit down on the ground, and he sat there gasping. Peter Todd was whirled off his feet, and there was another splash in the fountain.

Splash!

"Yarooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Dear me!" gasped Alonzo. "My Uncle Benjamin would be shocked at this rough play; he would, indeed—nay, disgusted."

The Famous Five walked away, even Johnny Bull feeling somewhat consoled for the loss of his letter.

Peter Todd scrambled out of the fountain, drenching and dripping. Billy Bunter rolled out after him, puffing and blowing.

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"Grooh! Hoo—hoo! Grooh! I'm going to Mr. Quelch! I'm going to complain to the Head! Ow—ow! I'm going to—"

"You're going to shut up!" growled Peter Todd. "It's all in the day's work, and No. 7 Study never sneaks."

"Do you think I'm going to be ducked?" roared Bunter. "I'll jolly well show you. Do you think—"

"I think you'd better come in and change your clothes!" grinned Peter.

Bunter growled furiously as he followed Peter Todd into the School House. It was a half-holiday at Greyfriars, and the house was deserted. But, as luck would have it, the two drenched and dripping Removites met Mr. Quelch, their Form-master, as they entered the house.

Mr. Quelch stopped, and stared at them in surprise.

"Goodness gracious!" he exclaimed. "You are wet—drenched!"

"Yes, sir," said Peter Todd. "Sorry, sir! We—we didn't mean to get wet, sir."

"We've been ducked!" roared Bunter furiously. "Ow!"

The "ow" was a yell of anguish as Peter Todd jammed his foot down on Bunter's toe, as a warning to be silent.

"Have you had an accident?" asked Mr. Quelch, eyeing them.

"In a way, sir," said Peter Todd, glaring at Bunter with the eye that was furthest from Mr. Quelch. "We're going to change, sir—"

"You had better do so at once, or you will catch cold," said the Remove master. "You should be more careful when you are by the river, Todd."

"Yes, sir."

"It wasn't the river—" Bunter was beginning, but Peter Todd gripped him by the arm and rushed him towards the stairs.

"Come on, Bunty; you'll catch cold!" he exclaimed.

"Look here, Todd—"

"This way!"

"I'm going to tell—"

"I'll help you upstairs, Bunter."

And Peter Todd helped the Owl of the Remove upstairs, with a grip of iron on the back of his collar. He rushed Billy Bunter into the Remove dormitory, and hurled him upon a bed. Bunter lay there and gasped.

"Now, you fat rotter!" said Peter Todd, regarding him sternly. "You were going to sneak to Mr. Quelch. You would have got those fellows caned."

"I want 'em to be caned!" yelled Bunter. "Grooh! I want 'em to be flogged! Yow-ow!"

"Don't you know that No. 7 Study never sneaks?"

"Grooh! Rats! Groogh!"

"I see I shall have to give you a lesson," sighed Peter, picking up a slipper. "Now, Bunter, tell me when you've made up your mind not to be a sneak."

"Oh!" roared Bunter, as Peter pinned him down on the bed with one hand, and started with the slipper in the other. "Grooh! Ow! Oh! Yah! Stoppit! Chuckit! Yowp!"

"Are you going to sneak?"

"Yow—yes—ow!"

Smack, smack, smack, smack!

"Yaroooh! Ow! Help! Murder! Fire! Police! Yah!"

"Are you going to sneak?"

"Ow! No! Never! Yah!"

"Sure?"

"Yaroooh! Yes! Oh! Yes!"

"Good!" said Peter, throwing down the slipper. "That's right! Never sneak, Bunter! It's mean! You'll be glad some day, perhaps."

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### A Somewhat Unusual Young Lady!

"FLUFFY, by gum!"

"He, he, he!"

A fresh-faced, healthy-looking young lady descended from the train in Friardale Station.

She had her hair "done" in two plaits, resembling pig-tails, and she wore a sailor-hat. She was not exactly pretty. But her face was so healthy and rosy that it was pleasant to look upon.

She stepped from the train, and stood glancing about the platform as if in search of someone she expected to meet.

Skinner & Co. exchanged glances and grinned. Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, had come with Skinner, and Snoop, and Stott, and Wylie, dressed immaculately in Etons and top-hats. The news that Johnny Bull was receiving a visit from a young lady had interested the outsiders of the Remove very keenly, and they regarded it as a topping joke to be at the station to meet her instead of Johnny.

"Must be Fluffy!" said Skinner, with a chuckle.

"Fluffy right enough!" grinned Snoop. "She doesn't look very fluffy, with her hair done in pigtails, though. But, as Shakespeare says, 'What's in a name?'"

"My hat," said Vernon-Smith, "she's coming to speak to us!"

The young lady was marching down on them. Vernon-Smith & Co. had been considering how to open the attack themselves. But evidently there would be no need for that. The young lady had scanned the platform without finding the person of whom she was in search, and she bore down on the group of Greyfriars juniors in quest of information.

"Excuse me," she said calmly, "you belong to Greyfriars, I think?"

"Yes, miss," said Vernon-Smith, raising his top-hat.

The other fellows followed his example.

"Do you know Johnny Bull, of the Remove?"

"I think I've heard the name," said Vernon-Smith thoughtfully. "Lemme see, rather a stout chap, looks something like a young butcher—eh?"

"Face something like a kite?" suggested Stott.

"Very flat-footed, isn't he?" asked Skinner.

"Manner a bit like a prizefighter—is that the chap?" asked Wylie.

The young lady looked surprised.

"No, that isn't like him at all," she said. "I thought you might know him, as you belong to Greyfriars. I expected to meet him here this afternoon, but I suppose he hasn't had my letter. Is it far to Greyfriars?"

"Only about half a mile," said Vernon-Smith.

"Thank you."

The young lady turned away.

"Hold on," said Vernon-Smith, in surprise. "You're not really going up to the school, are you, Miss Fluffy?"

The young girl turned back.

"How do you know my name?" she exclaimed.

"Ahem! I—I think I must have heard Johnny Bull mention it," said Vernon-Smith, rather taken aback.

"the school if he were not my cousin?" exclaimed Miss Fluffy, eyeing the Bounder suspiciously. "Well, I am going to Greyfriars. I suppose Johnny is there?"

"But fellows at school ain't allowed to receive visits from young ladies, you know," said Skinner. "That sort of thing is generally done on the sly."

Miss Fluffy looked directly at Skinner, the red coming into her cheeks.

Then she raised her hand.

Smack!

Skinner gave a yell, and staggered back, clapping his hand to his ear. It had been a very hard smack, and Skinner felt as if a hammer had struck him.

"Ow! Oh! Wharrer yer mean? Ow!"

Miss Fluffy looked at him sternly.

"You are a rude, bad boy to suggest that I should do anything on the sly, as you call it!" she exclaimed. "That is why I have boxed your ear!"

"Ow!"

"My hat, a giddy female prize-fighter!" ejaculated Snoop.

Smack!

"Yaroo!" roared Snoop.

He retreated hastily from the athletic young lady, rubbing his ear in rage and dismay.

"Great Scott!" said Vernon-Smith in amazement. "Johnny Bull is welcome to this little lot, and I wish him joy of it!"

Smack!

"Here, what are you up to?" roared the Bounder furiously.

"Boxing your ears!" said Miss Fluffy severely. "How dare you speak like that?"

"Why, I'll—I'll— Oh, if you weren't a blessed girl," growled the Bounder, "I'd wipe up the platform with you!"

Miss Fluffy laughed.

"You wouldn't find that so jolly easy," she remarked.

"You're welcome to try, if you like. I think I could handle you."

The Bounder backed away.

He was enraged and exasperated, but a struggle with a girl would have been too ridiculous. But he had never been so strongly tempted to box feminine ears before.

"It's a giddy Sandow girl!" grinned Stott. "Better give her a wide berth, Smithy. She's as muscular as that fathhead Bull himself."

Smack!

Stott jumped away with a yell.

"How dare you speak of my cousin like that?" demanded Miss Fluffy.

"Your cousin!" exclaimed Vernon-Smith. "Is Johnny Bull your cousin?"

"Yes, indeed. Do you think I should be visiting him at the school if he were not my cousin?" exclaimed Miss Fluffy.

"Blessed if I believe a word of it!" growled Skinner, whose ear was aching sorely. "That yarn will do for the Head!"

"But not for us!" snorted Snoop.

Miss Fluffy gave them one look, and came towards them. They backed away in hot haste. They did not want that

athletic young lady at close quarters. But there was no escape for them. Miss Fluffy grasped Snoop and Skinner by their collars, and, exerting a force they would never have deemed her capable of, brought their heads together with a sounding concussion.

Crack!

"Oh!"

"Yah!"

Crack, crack!

Miss Fluffy knocked their heads together with perfect calmness, the two juniors struggling vainly in her powerful grasp.

Then she pushed them away, and they sat down on the platform.

Miss Fluffy turned her back upon them, and walked out of the station.

She left Skinner and Snoop sitting on the platform, gasping for breath, and rubbing their aching heads dolefully.

"Ow!" groaned Skinner. "What a strong beast! I think she must be a Suffragette! Ow!"

"Grooh!" murmured Snoop. "What did you bring us here to meet that wild prizefighter for, Smithy, you fathhead? Ow!"

"We've woke up the wrong passenger this time, and no mistake," said Vernon-Smith. "I wasn't expecting a female Sandow."

"Ow! My head!"

"Ow! My napper!"

"Grooh!"

"Oh!"

And the unfortunate japers drifted disconsolately out of the station, feeling that their intended jape on Johnny Bull and his visitor had not been much of a success. They had had their trouble for their pains—and a considerable amount of pain for their trouble—which was not at all what they had wanted.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

### A Surprise for Jem Gadd!

"HERE's a chance for you, Jem, my boy!"

A man was leaning upon the stile in Friardale Lane—a man in a shabby velveteen coat, with muddy gaiters, and a filthy fur cap aslant on his head. His face was grimy, and showed plain traces of the habitual use of strong drink, and his eyes were bleared. He was blinking down the leafy lane in the sunshine.

He had been going slowly and methodically through the pockets of his velveteen coat, and his grimy cord breeches, turning out one pocket after another, evidently engaged in a hopeless search for a coin.

The search had been in vain. The last, the very last, coin had been expended at the Cross Keys for the vile spirit which was even yet making Jem Gadd's brain reel and his limbs tremble. He had given up the search with a grunt, when he caught sight of a feminine form coming down the lane.

It was Miss Fluffy.

The athletic cousin of Johnny Bull was proceeding down the lane with a strong, rapid stride, in the direction of Greyfriars.

The lane was lonely, shaded here by big leafy trees. Jem Gadd, the poacher and tramp, looked to right and left, like Moses of old, and saw that no man was nigh. Then he lurched out into the road in the path of the girl.

Miss Fluffy halted.

She had no choice in the matter, as the ruffian was directly in her path. She looked at him with her clear, steady blue eyes, questioningly, without a sign of fear.

"What do you want?" she demanded.

Jem Gadd grinned.

"Can you 'elp a poor cove on his way?" he asked.

"I have nothing to give you," said Miss Fluffy shortly.

"I'm a poor cove—"

"Please let me pass."

"I ain't particular; I'll 'ave anything you've got in the bag," said Jem Gadd, with a nod towards the purse suspended from the girl's wrist. "Likewise your watch. Likewise your brooch, my dear. I'm 'ard up, and can't afford to be partickler!"

"Oh," said Miss Fluffy, "so you are a footpad, and not a beggar!"

"Anything that comes in my way, my dear," said Mr. Gadd blandly. "I don't want to 'urt yer. But I want you to 'elp me on my way!"

"I'll help you in a way you won't like, if you don't stand aside and let me pass, you brute," said Miss Fluffy contemptuously.

"Are you going to 'and over that there purse?" demanded Mr. Gadd.

"Certainly not!"

The ruffian did not waste any more words. He made a grasp at the purse, and the next moment staggered back with a roar of pain and surprise.

A fist, which might have belonged to Jem Mace, seemingly with ten-horse power behind it, had smitten him upon his stubby chin.

Gadd staggered away, and sat down in the dusty road.

"M-m-my word!" he stuttered. "Wot—wot—"

Miss Fluffy walked on.

Gadd sat in the dust, and looked after her for some moments, then, his face black with rage, he scrambled to his feet, and dashed in pursuit.

Miss Fluffy did not run.

If Jem Gadd had expected her to be terrified by the sight of a half-drunken, ruffianly tramp, he had made a great mistake. The girl faced round, and watched him coming on calmly.

The enraged ruffian grasped at her savagely.

"Now, then—" he muttered. "Oh—oh, scissors!"

Miss Fluffy returned grip for grip. Her hands closed like steel vices on the wrists of the ruffian.

Jem Gadd struggled furiously.

But he struggled in vain. He could not release his wrists from that iron grasp. His jaw dropped, and he stared at the girl with something very like terror in his stubby, brutal face.

"Good 'eavens!" he gasped. "You—you—lemme go!"

Miss Fluffy smiled.

"Well, what are you going to do?" she demanded.

"Good 'eavens!" stuttered Jem Gadd. "It's a bloomin' Sandow—that's wot it is. You lemme go—you 'ear me? I'll pulverise yer! Ow! Leggo!"

The grip on his wrists was forcing him to his knees. He resisted furiously, but he could not help it. If he had not yielded to the strain, he felt that his wrists would crack like twigs in that iron grip.

His knees came into the dust, and the girl looked down upon him calmly.

"Now beg my pardon!" said Miss Fluffy.

"Oh, crumbs!"

"Instantly, or I will roll you into the ditch!"

Jem Gadd gave a glance at the ditch. It was nearly full of water, and Jem Gadd hated water in any shape or form, taken inside or outside, or in any manner.

"Ow!" he mumbled. "You lemme go! Ow!"

"In you go!"

And a powerful wrench dragged the poacher to the side of the lane, to the very verge of the flowing ditch.

"Leggo!" he roared. "I—I beg your pardon! I'm sorry! Ow! Don't you chuck me into that there water! Ow! I beg your pardon! Yow!"

"Good!"

Jem Gadd went whirling into the middle of the road, and fell his full length in the dust. He lay there gasping for breath, and Miss Fluffy, without another glance at him, turned and walked in the direction of the school. Jem Gadd sat up in the dust, and blinked after her dazedly. He did not attempt to follow her. He would rather have followed a wildcat or a tiger than that athletic young lady.

"Well, my eye!" he groaned. "Wot a bit of luck for me! Ow!"

"Hallo! What's that?"

Five Greyfriars juniors stopped to stare at the ruffian sitting dazedly in the road. They were Skinner & Co. returning from the village. Skinner uttered a sudden exclamation as the ruffian looked round at them.

"Jem Gadd!"

"My hat!"

"Collar him!" exclaimed Vernon-Smith.

The juniors knew the ruffian well. Only the week before he had caught Skinner out of bounds at night, and had attempted to blackmail him, and the outcome had been a flogging for Skinner from the Head. Skinner's eyes were gleaming now. He had his chance of getting quite even with the ruffian at last.

Jem Gadd was staggering to his feet when the juniors fell upon him. Even Snoop was brave enough now, as they were five to one.

"You lemme alone!" yelled Gadd, struggling in the grasp of the Removites.

"You blackmailing hound!" said Skinner, between his teeth. "Do you know that you got me a flogging? You're going to pay for it now!"

"I ain't done you no 'arm!" said Jem Gadd. "It was Master Wharton wot I reported to your 'eadmaster. You give me his name when I collared you, you young villain—"

"But I got the licking," said Skinner, "and now you're

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going to have yours. Shove him across the stile, you chaps, while I get a stick!"

"Ow! You lemme alone—ow!"

Jem Gadd struggled fiercely. But the juniors were too many for him. He was dragged to the stile, and jammed down upon it, face downwards, his head hanging over one side, his legs over the other. In that uncomfortable position Vernon-Smith & Co. held him fast, while Skinner opened his pocket-knife and cut a stick in the hedge. Skinner grasped the stick—a very knobby one—and measured the distance with his eye, and smote with all his force. The dust rose in a cloud from the cord trousers of Mr. Gadd, and his voice rose in a terrific yell.

"Oh! Yah! Lemme alone!"

Thwack, thwack, thwack!

Jem Gadd kicked out furiously, and Vernon-Smith roared as the ruffian's boot jammed upon his waistcoat.

"Hold the beast!" he gasped.

They tightened their grip upon the poacher, and held him fast, and Skinner lashed and lashed with the stick till his arm ached.

Jem Gadd struggled and roared and shrieked. But Skinner did not desist until he was too tired to go on.

"There! I think that will do!" he gasped. "Now chuck him into the ditch!"

"'Ere, 'old on—you lemme go—ow!"

Splash!

Jem Gadd went bodily into the ditch, and Skinner & Co. walked on grinning, and left him there. Jem Gadd looked a pitiable object when he crawled out of the ditch, smothered with mud, drenched to the skin, with festoons of ooze and green slime clinging to him.

"Ow!" he groaned. "Ow! The young villains! I'd go to the perlice about it, only—only they'd nab me if I did. I shall 'ave to clear out of 'ere—ow!"

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### Not Deaf!

"Do you know Johnny Bull?"

Alonzo Todd blinked at the questioner. Miss Fluffy had arrived at Greyfriars. Most of the fellows were on the playing-fields or out on the river, but Miss Fluffy had spotted Alonzo sitting on one of the old oaken benches in the Close. Alonzo was not given to playing cricket. He preferred spending his half-holiday quietly perusing the pages of a precious volume presented to him by his Uncle Benjamin, in which were graphically described all the adventures of a potato from the seed to the saucepan.

Alonzo placed his book on the seat beside him, and rose to his feet, and raised his cap.

Alonzo was very polite.

"Yes, indeed, miss," he said. "I am very well acquainted with Johnny Bull!"

"Know where he is?"

"I am not at the present moment acquainted with his precise whereabouts," said Alonzo, who had a flow of language quite his own. "If you desire to see him, I shall be very happy to look for him, and acquaint him with the circumstance!"

"Dotty!" murmured Miss Fluffy.

"Eh? Did you speak?"

"I want to see my cousin, Johnny Bull," Miss Fluffy explained. "I've come here to see him."

"I quite comprehend," said Alonzo politely. "Perhaps you would like to rest in my study, and I will look for Bull and acquaint him with the fact that you are here. I surmise that he is gone on the river."

"Thanks!" said Miss Fluffy.

"Not at all; come with me!" said Alonzo politely.

Miss Fluffy accepted the invitation. Alonzo led the way into the School House, and into his study. Study No. 7 belonged to the two Todds and Billy Bunter and Tom Dutton. It was unoccupied now.

Miss Fluffy sat down in the armchair, and Alonzo, assuring her that he would lose no time in acquainting Johnny Bull with the circumstance that she had arrived, left her there.

Miss Fluffy yawned, and looked curiously round the study.

She had waited about five minutes when the door opened, and a junior came in. It was Tom Dutton, of the Remove, one of the owners of that apartment. Dutton stared at the young lady in the chair, and Miss Fluffy nodded calmly.

Dutton continued to stare; it was the first time he had found a strange young lady installed in his study, and he was naturally surprised.

"Hallo!" he said.

"Good-afternoon!" said Miss Fluffy.

"Eh?"

"Good-afternoon!"





Billy spun round, and Miss Bull twisted his hands behind him and held him in that vice-like grip. "Ow!" said Bunter. "Look here, I don't want to use force, you know—" "You may if you like!" retorted Fluffy. "Try to get away!" (See Chapter 6.)

"Would you mind speaking distinctly?" asked Dutton. "I'm a trifle hard of hearing—not deaf, you know; but I like people to speak plainly!"

"I said good-afternoon!" shouted Miss Fluffy.

"After you—eh?" said Dutton, in surprise. "Who's after you?"

"My hat!" murmured Miss Fluffy. "If he isn't deaf, I'm blessed if ever I saw anybody who was! If all the Greyfriars boys are like the specimens I've seen so far, I don't think much of them!"

"Is that why you've come into my study—because somebody's after you?" asked Tom Dutton. "All right! I'll take care of you!"

Miss Fluffy sniffed.

"I can take care of myself!" she said.

Dutton laughed.

"Oh, that's impossible!" he said.

"Rats!" said Miss Fluffy.

"But it wouldn't bear your weight," said Dutton.

"What?"

"You would come a cropper, if you tried to hide on the shelf," said Tom Dutton. "Besides, there's no need; I'll protect you."

"Oh, my hat! I didn't say I'd hide on the shelf! I said I could take care of myself!" shrieked Miss Fluffy. "You want an ear-trumpet!"

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**"UNCLE FISH!"**

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"I don't know about crumpets, but we've got muffins," said Tom Dutton. "Do you mean that you'd like some tea?"

"Oh dear! Oh dear!"

"But there's nothing at all to fear," said Dutton. "You rely on me. But you haven't told me yet who's after you. Who is it?"

"Nobody. I didn't say anything of the sort!"

"Caught! If anybody comes here to bother you, I'll jolly soon stop him!" said the deaf junior. "You rely on me. What's his name?"

"I didn't say anybody was after me, and I don't want to be protected!" shrieked Miss Fluffy. "I came here to see Johnny Bull."

"Johnny Bull!" said Dutton, in surprise, catching only the name. "Well, my hat! I shouldn't have thought Johnny Bull was the kind of chap to frighten a girl. But if you say so—"

"I didn't say so! I said—"

"It's all right; I'll protect you!" assured Dutton. "Johnny Bull is rather a tough customer to tackle, but I'm not afraid of him. If he comes here, I'll simply smash him!"

Miss Fluffy groaned. She had dealt readily and emphatically with the japers at the station, and with the tramp in



the lanc. But Tom Dutton seemed really a little too much for her.

"I don't want you to tackle Johnny Bull!" she shrieked. "Don't you understand?"

"Yes, yes," said Dutton soothingly; "I understand! You don't want a fight here—you'd be frightened at seeing fellows fight. It's all right; rely on me. I'm a bit deaf, but I know how to use my fists! I'll see that Johnny Bull doesn't come here—the awful cad! I'll go out and look for him, and give him a hiding—"

"You mustn't! You—"

"You stay here!" said Tom encouragingly. "You'll be all right here; and after I've finished with Johnny Bull he won't want to go after you again. I must say I'm surprised—I never thought Bull was that kind of a fellow! But you never know! But I'll give him a lesson!"

"I tell you—"

"That's all right! You stay here; you're quite safe here."

And Tom Dutton hurried out of the study, closing the door behind him. Miss Fluffy sat as if transfixed for a moment. Then, as she realised that Tom Dutton had gone in search of her cousin with deadly intentions, she jumped up, and ran to the door, and opened it. She looked out into the passage for Tom Dutton; but he had vanished.

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" said Miss Fluffy, in dismay.

She did not know in what direction Tom Dutton had gone. She hesitated some moments, and then returned to her chair, and sat down to wait, hoping that Johnny Bull would come in, so that she could explain before he encountered the deaf junior.

She looked round a few minutes later as the study door opened. But it was not Johnny Bull who entered. It was another of the owners of No. 7 Study—no other than William George Bunter!

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## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### Taken in Hand.

**B**ILLY BUNTER blinked in surprise at Miss Fluffy, as she sat in the armchair beside the open window.

Miss Fluffy nodded calmly.

"Ahem!" said Bunter.

"Good-afternoon!" said Miss Fluffy.

"Good-afternoon!" said Bunter.

"Do you know where Johnny Bull is?"

"Oho!" said Billy Bunter, remembering the letter which had been so unfortunately lost in the grating. "Oho! You are Fluffy?"

"So you know my name?"

"Ahem! Yes. You see, Johnny Bull is a great chum of mine," explained Bunter. "I took him up, you see, and protected him when he was a new fellow here!"

"Did you?" said Miss Fluffy, running her eye over the fat junior, and perhaps wondering how he could possibly have protected anybody.

"Yes, really," said Billy Bunter. "Of course, he's told me all about you. Johnny hasn't any secrets from me—not old Johnny, you know."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, indeed!" Billy Bunter posed his fat fingers on his fat chin, and regarded Miss Fluffy with great interest. "I know about it—all about it, you know. Ripping of you to visit my study, you know!"

"Is this your study?"

"He, he, he!" said Billy Bunter. "As if you didn't know!"

Miss Fluffy stared at him.

"How should I know?" she asked. "I was brought here by a nice boy who promised to go and look for my cousin while I waited here."

"Your—your what?"

"My cousin!"

"Is Johnny Bull your cousin?" exclaimed Bunter, in astonishment.

"Of course he is! You ought to know, if he has told you all about me, as you said!" replied Miss Fluffy.

"Ahem! Yes; of course! Now I come to think of it. I—I remember that he did mention it," said Bunter. "So glad to meet you, Fluffy!"

"My name is not Fluffy, as a matter of fact!" said the young lady. "I am called Fluffy by my friends!"

"Yes; I shall call you Fluffy!" said Bunter cheerfully.

"You will call me Miss Bull!"

"Oh, nonsense!" said Bunter. "Any friend of my pal Johnny Bull is a friend of mine! I shall call you Fluffy, you know!"

"What is your name?" asked Miss Bull, regarding the Owl of the Remove with a glance of great disfavour.

"I'm sure Johnny must have mentioned me to you," said Bunter. "I'm such an old pal of his. Haven't you heard Johnny speak of Bunter?"

"Oh, yes!" said Miss Bull. "Not as a friend, though! I remember his telling me that there was a fat bouncer—"

"Eh?"

"That was what Johnny said—a fat bouncer named Bunter, who was no good at games or anything, but could eat like a rhinoceros!" said Miss Bull calmly.

Billy Bunter turned pink.

"Ahem! That—that was only Johnny's little joke," he said. "Of course, he didn't mean that. We're great pals, owing to the way I took him up and protected him when he first came to Greyfriars. I used to fight all his battles, you know, and lick any chap who wanted to bully him."

"I should have liked to see you doing that!" said Miss Fluffy.

"Yes; it would have been worth seeing!" said Bunter. "Of course, you know all about me, and that's why you've come to my study, isn't it?"

"I've told you why I came to this study!" said Miss Fluffy coldly.

Coldness was quite wasted upon William George Bunter. He winked at Miss Fluffy, and the girl looked at him in amazement.

"Now," said Bunter archly, "confess."

"Confess what?"

"He, he, he! You were curious to see me—you'd heard about a good-looking chap in the Remove, and, naturally, you wanted to see him."

"I might," said Miss Fluffy; "but why should I want to see you?"

Bunter coughed.

"Ahem! Very funny—he, he, he! I say, Miss Fluffy, you know—"

"Miss Bull, please," said Fluffy, with a dangerous gleam coming into her eyes.

"Miss Fluffy," repeated Bunter deliberately, coming a little nearer, "I'm an old pal of Johnny's, you know, and I'm going to be a pal of yours, Fluffy. Now, confess that you wanted to see me. Bless you, you needn't mind—I'm used to it. You should see how the girls at Cliff House chum up with me—no party or picnic is a success unless I'm there. I'm sure it's not my fault that Marjorie Hazeldene and Clara Trevlyn are jealous of one another about me—"

"About you!" exclaimed Miss Fluffy, in such evident astonishment that even Billy Bunter was disconcerted for a moment.

"Ahem! Facts speak for themselves," he said. "Some chaps are like that, you know—they seem to have a sort of attraction for girls—ahem!"

"Oh, dear!" said Miss Fluffy.

Conceited boys are not scarce, perhaps. But that a fat, unwieldy "bouncer" like Billy Bunter should imagine himself a lady-killer seemed to Miss Fluffy excruciatingly funny. She burst into a sudden peal of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter blinked at her.

"What are you laughing at?" he demanded, somewhat taken aback.

"You!" said Miss Fluffy, with startling frankness.

"Eh? What for?"

"You are so funny!"

"Ahem!" Bunter reflected for a moment, and decided that this was simply coyness. What else could it be? For it was beyond doubt that Miss Fluffy must be a victim to his uncommon fascinations. "I say, Fluffy—"

"If you call me Fluffy again I shall box your ears," said Miss Bull.

"He, he, he!" cackled Bunter. "Then I shall give you a kiss for a blow, you know. He, he, he!"

"I think I will go and look for my cousin," said Miss Bull disdainfully.

Bunter rolled into the way.

"Don't go yet," he said. "We're getting on very nicely, Fluffy."

"Do you remember what I told you?"

"Yes, Fluffy!"

"Then I shall box your ears!"

"He, he, he! Yaroo!"

Billy Bunter's giggle changed suddenly into a roar. Miss Bull had boxed his ears, and with no gentle hand. Billy Bunter staggered back, blinking at Miss Bull in amazement and anger through his big spectacles, and rubbing his ear.

"Ow! Ow! Grooh!"

# ANSWERS

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"I warned you," said Miss Bull.  
 "Ow! You—you—ahem! Now, I told you I should kiss you for that," said Bunter. "Of course, you want me to kiss you. I know girls, you know. I'm going to—"  
 "I think you are a fat duffer," said Miss Bull, with refreshing frankness.  
 "He, he, he! Now I'm going to— Hallo! Leggo!"  
 Miss Bull had caught hold of Billy Bunter's hands as he extended them, and she held them in a grip that seemed to Bunter like an iron vice.

"Well," said Miss Bull calmly, "what are you going to do?"

Billy Bunter made a terrific effort to get away. He spun round, and Miss Bull twisted his hands behind him, and held them in that vice-like grip, which Bunter had no chance of breaking.

"Ow!" said Bunter. "Look here, I don't want to use force, you know—"

"You may, if you like!" she said. "Try to get away!"  
 Billy Bunter tried—but it was no use. He was helpless in the grasp of that particularly athletic young lady.

"I—I can't exert my strength against a girl," said Bunter, panting for breath. "Let me go, Fluffy—"

"You are an impudent bounder!" said Miss Bull.  
 "Ow, really— Ow! Lemme go!"

Bunter made another terrific wrench, and yelled as the grasp tightened on his wrists. Miss Bull smiled. It did not cost her an effort to hold the fat junior.

"Ow!" roared Bunter. "Lemme go—you're hurting my wrists! I won't kiss you now; not if you ask me with tears in your eyes! Yow!"

The study door opened, and two juniors came in. They were Peter Todd and Mark Linley, of the Remove. Todd belonged to the study, and Linley was coming to tea with him, when they heard Bunter's roar. The two Removites stared at the scene in blank surprise.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Peter Todd. "What on earth—"

"Ow! Leggo!"

"Bunter has been rude," said Miss Fluffy. "I'm Johnny Bull's cousin. I'm waiting here for him. You told me to, you remember."

"I did?" exclaimed Peter Todd, in astonishment.  
 "Yes, you brought me here."

"Oh! It must have been Alonzo!" grinned Todd. "All serene. Alonzo's just like me, only he's not good-looking. Bunter, you fat villain, have you been rude to a young lady who is a guest within these giddy walls?"

"Ow!" roared Bunter. "Make her leggo! I didn't know she was a beastly Sandow! Yow! I was only j-j-joking!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Miss Johnny Bull seems to be able to take care of herself," grinned Peter Todd. "You've woke up the wrong passenger, Bunter."

"Ow! Leggo! I'll apologise!" yelled Bunter. "Grooh!"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Make her leggo, Todd!"  
 "No fear; I'm not interfering."

"Yow! Make her leggo, Linley!"  
 "Not I!" said Mark Linley, laughing. "Besides, I don't know that I could. Miss Bull seems to be an athletic young lady."

"Ow! I apologise, Fluffy—I mean, Miss Bull!" roared Bunter. "I won't call you Fluffy again. I won't call you anything—yow! I'm sincerely—yow!—sorry—ow!"

"Very well," said Miss Bull. "You are sure you will mend your manners?"

"Ow! Yes! Ow! Certainly!"  
 "Then you may go!"

Miss Bull released Bunter, just as he was making another effort to tear himself away. The fat junior rolled forward and fell on the carpet.

Before he could rise, Peter Todd jammed his boot on him, and rolled him bodily out into the passage.

"You cut!" he said. "No. 7 Study has to be polite to ladies. Buzz off!"

"I'm not going to be turned out of my own study!" roared Bunter.

"Your mistake; you are!" said Todd cheerfully. "Come in again, and you go out on your neck—savvy?"

And he closed the door. Billy Bunter picked himself up disconsolately. He shook his fist at the door, but he did not venture to open it. He knew Peter Todd, and he did not wish to leave the study again "on his neck." He drifted away muttering vengeance.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### A Manly Heart to Guard the Fair!

**J**OLLY good pull!" said Harry Wharton, as the chums of the Remove stepped upon the landing-raft.

"The jollyfulness was terrific," said Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"And my readyfulness for tea is also terrific," grinned Bob Cherry.

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"You'll come to tea in No. 1 Study," said Frank Nugent.  
 "We've got a tin of sardines and a loaf, at all events."  
 "And I've got a tin of condensed milk," remarked Johnny Bull. "I'll bring it."  
 "Hurray!"

The Famous Five had had a four-oar out for a couple of hours on the shining Sark, and they had returned with keen appetites for tea. It was unfortunate that just then the funds of the famous Co. were at a low ebb. Johnny Bull's remittance not having arrived, he had been unable to relieve the general distress. Half a loaf, the proverb says, is better than no bread; but certainly half a loaf, and a tin of sardines, and another of condensed milk, did not make a particularly attractive meal for five hungry juniors.

The five juniors put away the boat, and turned towards the school. Tom Dutton came round the corner of the boat-house, and met them face to face.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Dutton, as he sighted Johnny Bull. "I was looking for you."

"Looking for a coon like me?" asked Johnny Bull humbly. "Well, here I am. If you've come to ask me to tea, I'll come, if I can bring four friends."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I want to know what you mean by it," said Dutton, planting himself in Johnny Bull's path, and fixing him with a hostile eye.

Bull stared at him in astonishment.  
 "Well, that depends upon what 'it' is," he remarked.

"Would you mind telling me what you're driving at?"

"I wasn't saying anything about shaving," said Dutton.  
 "I asked you what you meant by it. I think it's caddish."

"Eh?"  
 "I'm surprised at you. I never thought you were that kind of a fellow, either," said Dutton scornfully.

"Eh? What kind of a fellow?" asked Johnny Bull, in bewilderment.

"No need to bellow," said Dutton, "I'm not deaf. But I'll give you something to make you bellow, jolly soon!"

"What on earth is the duffer talking about?" demanded Bull. "Anybody know?"

"Blessed if I do!" said Harry Wharton. "What's the matter, Dutton? What have you got up against Johnny Bull?"

"Fool, am I?" said Tom Dutton. "All right; I'll give you a licking for that after I've licked this rotter!"

"Rotter!" roared Bull. "What do you mean?"

"Mean!" said Dutton. "If you talk about meanness, I think you would be hard to beat. But I'll give you something to stop it."

The Famous Five stared at Dutton, amazed. There had often been trouble with Studies No. 1 and No. 7 since Peter Todd came to Greyfriars. Peter Todd was afflicted with the ambition of making Study No. 7 top study in the Remove, and the Famous Five did not see it at all. But Tom Dutton's look showed that this was something more serious than a study row, and although the deaf junior was probably labouring under some misapprehension, it was difficult to get it explained, owing to his affliction. Dutton had a way of catching only a few words in a sentence, and taking offence at them.

"Here, go slow!" said Frank Nugent, as Johnny Bull doubled his fists. "You haven't any quarrel with Dutton, Johnny!"

"He's not going to call me a rotter!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Rotter!" said Dutton, catching the word. "Yes; you're a rotter, and a sneak! Chap who would frighten girls is a rotten cad!"

"Frighten girls!" said Bull.

"Bull can't help his face, Dutton," said Bob Cherry, in a tone of patient explanation. "Besides, it doesn't always have that effect—"

"You shut up, you ass!" said Johnny Bull. "Now, Dutton, look here! What are you jabbering about?"

"Lout—eh? You're a lout, and a rotten lout!" said Tom Dutton. "I told her I'd lick you for it, and I'm going to!"

"Her? Who?" bawled Johnny Bull.

"The girl you were after."

"I! Oh, he's dotty!"

"I don't know if you fellows know about it," said Tom Dutton, glancing round at the astonished Co. "I found her in my study, where she was hiding from him because he was after her."

"Who?" shrieked Johnny Bull.

"You know well enough."

"I don't know! I don't know what you're talking about! You're dotty, I think! I've not been bothering any girl, you silly crass idiot! Do you think I'm that kind of beast?" shrieked Bull.

"Beast—eh? I'll show you whether I'm a beast! Put your hands up!" roared Dutton.

"Look here—"

"Put 'em up!"

"I tell you—"

"Don't call me a dear fellow! Put your paws up!" said Dutton, prancing up to Johnny Bull and tapping him on the nose. "Take that! Now put your hands up!"

Johnny did not need telling any more.

He put his hands up at once, and with good effect. Tom Dutton staggered back as Johnny Bull's fist crashed on his chin.

"Ow—ow!"

"Now, you ass, explain—"

"I'll give you pain!" yelled Dutton.

And he rushed to the attack. Tom Dutton might be deaf, and he might make odd mistakes, but he had the pluck of a lion. And at present he was fighting—or fancied so—the cause of a defenceless person of the feminine gender. That thought spurred him on. He piled in with terrific vim.

Johnny Bull retaliated in kind, and they were soon going it hammer and tongs. Harry Wharton & Co. stood looking on helplessly.

What was the cause of the trouble they could not imagine, excepting that Dutton must have made some absurd mistake.

But it was too late for explanation.

The two juniors were fighting terrifically, as Hurree Jamset Ram Singh would have described it. Johnny Bull was angry at the accusation Dutton had made, and Dutton was angry at Bull's supposed heinous conduct. And they were hammering each other as if for a purse of two hundred guineas.

Tramp, tramp, tramp!

Biff, biff! Bump!

"Ow—ow!"

"Ah! Grooh!"

"You fathead!"

"You rotter!"

"Oh, my hat!" said Harry Wharton. "They'll slaughter each other if this goes on! Anybody got a megaphone to speak to Dutton with?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Here's Todd! He can talk to Dutton. Dutton belongs to him. Todd! Toddy! Todd! Which are you—Peter or Alonzo?"

"My dear Cherry—"

"Oh, you're Alonzo!" grinned Bob. "What's the matter with your study-mate? Has he gone dotty, or what?"

"Dear me!" said Alonzo. "I wonder what Dutton is fighting Bull for? I was looking for Bull. His cousin has arrived, and she is waiting in my study for him."

"Oh, crumbs! Is that the girl in Dutton's study—the one he thinks Johnny Bull has been bothering?" said Nugent, in amazement.

"She asked me to find Johnny Bull—"

"Hold on, you duffers!" roared Bob Cherry, pushing between the two combatants. "There's a mistake somewhere. Johnny, your cousin is here, in Dutton's study."

"Lemme gerrat him!"

"Hold on! Shut up, Dutton! It's a mistake!"

"Yes; he'll want a beefsteak—one for each eye, I fancy—when I've done with him!" said Dutton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you fighting Bull for?" shrieked Alonzo in the deaf junior's ear.

"He's been frightening a girl. I found her in our study, and she said Johnny Bull was after her," said Dutton.

"It's a mistake—"

"Eh?"

"She is Johnny Bull's cousin!" screamed Alonzo.

"All the worse for him, treating his own cousin like that," said Dutton.

"But he hasn't—"

"Eh?"

"She asked me to find him and take him to her," said Alonzo, at the top of his voice. "It's a mistake, my dear fellow—quite a mistake."

"Don't talk to me about steaks!" said Dutton. "I'm going to lick that rotter! I'll teach him to frighten girls! I'll— Where is he?"

Johnny Bull was gone. At the news that his cousin was at Greyfriars, he had hurried away towards the school. He was just disappearing in at the gates as Dutton turned round after speaking to Alonzo.

"Yah! Funk!" roared Dutton.

Johnny Bull heard him, and hesitated. But Bob Cherry and Harry Wharton caught him by the arms and rushed him in.

"Come on!" said Harry. "You don't want to get the other eye blacked as well as that one to show your cousin, do you?"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 283.

"THE GEM" LIBRARY,  
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Our Companion Papers.

"THE PENNY POPULAR,"  
Every Friday.

"He called me a funk!" spluttered Bull.

"Well, you can hammer him after your cousin's gone," said Bob.

"Well, that's so!" agreed Johnny Bull. "I say, you chaps, go and talk to my cousin while I bathe my face a bit. I'll join you."

"Right-ho!"

Johnny Bull rushed away to bathe his face, and his chums hurried to Todd's study to see Miss Bull. Johnny Bull wanted to wash away the signs of conflict, and make himself presentable, but it was not an easy task. He towelled down his face, leaving it quite crimson; but he could not towel away the swollen nose, and the closed eye, and the cut lip. He grunted as he surveyed his countenance in the glass.

"The silly ass!" he said wrathfully. "A precious sight he's made me look! Oh, my hat! The awful chump! I'll hammer him bald-headed after Fluffy's gone!"

And Johnny Bull hurried to his study.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### Shoulder to Shoulder!

"HULLO, Fluffy!"

Miss Bull turned round as Johnny came in. She was talking to Wharton and Nugent and Bob Cherry, who had already introduced themselves. She gave a little shriek at the sight of Johnny's battered countenance.

"Johnny! You've been fighting!"

Johnny Bull grinned sheepishly.

"Only a— a little scrap!" he said. "It—it was a mistake, too. Fellow piled on me for nothing—a deaf chap I couldn't explain to."

Miss Bull gave another shriek, but it was of laughter this time.

"Oh, dear—oh, dear! I'm so sorry! It must be the same deaf boy who came in here, and I couldn't make him understand—"

"Dutton, right enough," grinned Peter Todd. "Good old Dutton!"

"I'll good old Dutton him!" growled Johnny Bull.

"You must not fight with him again," said Miss Fluffy. "It was all a mistake. I tried to make him understand, but— Ha, ha, ha!"

The study door opened, and Tom Dutton, battered and bruised, strode in. He seemed surprised to find so many fellows in the study, and as his eyes fell upon Johnny Bull they gleamed with the light of battle.

"You've got the cheek to come in here!" he exclaimed. "At your tricks again—eh?"

"Look here—"

"Don't be frightened," said Dutton, reassuringly, to Fluffy; "I'll settle him!"

And he rushed at Johnny Bull, and grasped him by the shoulders.

"Out you go, you ruffian!"

Johnny Bull swung round towards the door, and then he returned grasp for grasp, and Dutton came whirling back to the table, and crashed into it.

Then they waltzed round the study.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Peter Todd. "Dutton, old man— Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Miss Fluffy. "Stop them!"

"Don't be afraid!" roared Dutton. "I'll settle him, miss!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Miss Fluffy rushed to interfere. She caught Dutton by the shoulders in her powerful hands, and wrenched him away from his adversary. Johnny Bull staggered back, and Tom Dutton turned round fiercely to see who had grasped him, and almost fell down when he discovered that that iron grasp belonged to Miss Fluffy.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "Oh!"

"It's all right!" Miss Fluffy shrieked in his ear. "Johnny Bull is my cousin. It was a mistake. I wanted you to find him for me."

"Bind him—tie him up, do you mean?" asked Dutton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Find him!" shrieked Miss Fluffy. "That's all!"

"Oh, I see!" said Tom Dutton. "Then, why did you say he was after you?"

"Oh dear—oh dear! It was a mistake—"

"By Jove, so it is!" said Dutton, dabbing his nose with his fingers. "I'd better go and bathe it, as you say."

And Dutton quitted the study, to bathe his streaming nose, leaving the juniors almost shrieking with laughter.

Johnny Bull was the only one who did not see how funny the misunderstanding had been. But Johnny Bull could not see anything very closely just now, as his other eye had followed the way of the first, and was nearly closed up.



**'Take the brute away!'** shouted Mr. Ratcliff, backing away in terror. **'Take him away—take him away! Ow! Ooch!'** A spout of water flew from Abdullah's trunk, and swamped all over the housemaster, while the juniors looking on roared with laughter. (For this exciting incident, you should get a copy of this week's number of **"THE GEM" LIBRARY**, and read the long, complete tale of Tom Merry and his chums at St. Jim's, entitled **"TAGGLES' BENEFIT!"** by Martin Clifford.)

Peter Todd wiped his eyes.

"I think Dutton will be the death of me," he moaned.

"I'm awfully sorry, Bull—but it was ripping of Tommy to stand up for your cousin, all the same!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Poor Johnny!" said Miss Fluffy sympathetically. "Are you very much hurt?"

"Ow! It's nothing!" groaned Johnny Bull. "Simply my eyes bunged up, and my nose twice its size, and my ears doubled—that's all. Nothing at all. If you'll excuse me, I'll go and bathe my nose."

And Johnny Bull followed Dutton from the study.

"It's too bad, Miss Bull," said Harry Wharton, laughing, "especially on the occasion when you have come to visit your cousin. If we had known you were coming, we'd have been at the station to meet you."

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

**"UNCLE FISH!"**

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"I wrote to Johnny, and he should have had the letter this morning," said Miss Fluffy.

Wharton whistled.

"Oh, I see! That must have been the letter that was lost, then. Billy Bunter was bringing Johnny a letter, and he dropped it down a grating, and Johnny never saw it. As Johnny is on the sick list for a bit, you must allow us to look after you, Miss Bull. We're all Johnny's pals!"

"The palfulness is terrific, most esteemed miss," said Hurree Singh.

"You'd like to come and see the cricket, while tea's being got ready, perhaps?" Nugent suggested.

"Cricket!" said Miss Fluffy. "You play cricket here?"

The Greyfriars juniors looked at the young lady in pained surprise. Did they play cricket?

"Yes—a little bit!" said Bob Cherry sarcastically. "We

know a bat from a ball, you know, and a googly from a grasshopper."

Miss Fluffy laughed.

"I play cricket, too!" she said. "We play at my school. Perhaps I could show you some bowling. I'd like to see you play!"

Wharton made a sign to Nugent to conduct Miss Fluffy from the study. While Miss Fluffy was seeing cricket, it was necessary for a committee of ways and means to meet. Wharton had recklessly suggested tea, but it was quite out of the question to ask the lady visitor to share half a loaf and a tin of sardines, even with the tin of condensed milk added. Miss Fluffy walked cheerfully out with Frank Nugent, and then Wharton turned to Peter Todd.

"Toddy, old man," he said, "you must stand by us now. Johnny Bull's cousin will have to have a good time, and we must have something special for tea. If you've got any tin, shell it out like a good chap, and we'll settle up on Saturday."

Peter Todd made a grimace.

"If I had any tin, I'd shell it out like a shot!" he said.

"Oh, crumbs! You don't mean to say you're stony, too?"

"Broke to the wide!" said Peter dismally. "Alonzo spent the last bob to-day for a contribution to the Society for Supplying South Sea Islanders with Pegtops and Trousers. We've got one rasher of bacon and some rolls."

"What about you, Marky?"

Mark Linley shook his head.

"Stony!" he said. "I'd come in here to share Peter's rasher of bacon and rolls."

"My hat! We must raise the wind somehow," said Harry desperately. "That young lady isn't the one to live on air and the scent of roses—ahem! I fancy she will be able to do with a square meal. It would look horribly mean to be stingy over entertaining her, the first time she's come to Greyfriars. We've got our reputation for hospitality to keep up."

"We'll manage it somehow," said Peter Todd. "Shoulder to shoulder at a time like this—you can rely on Study No. 7."

"Good man!" said Wharton. "But what can you do?"

"Blessed if I know as yet. Must borrow the money for a good feed—or else raid it from somewhere," said Peter Todd. "You chaps are awfully chummy with Lord Mauleverer, and he's rolling in money. Try him first. There's the Bounder—he's got heaps of tin, but you can't borrow from him. Try Mauly!"

"Good! Come on, you fellows!"

And Harry Wharton & Co. started to look for Lord Mauleverer, the dandy of the Remove.

They met Johnny Bull in the passage. He was looking very red and very battered, and not in a good temper.

"Where's Fluffy?" he asked.

"Nugent's taken her down to the cricket. We're trying to raise the wind for tea," said Harry. "Go and join her, and keep her talking, and don't say a word about our being hard up. We're going to keep up the reputation of the study somehow."

Johnny Bull grinned.

"Right-ho! You can have my tin of condensed milk, you know."

And Johnny Bull, still dabbing at his injured nose, went Todd. "You chaps are awfully chummy with Lord Mauleverer's study."

## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

### Ways and Means!

**L**ORD MAULEVERER, fortunately, was at home.

The schoolboy millionaire had been watching a senior cricket match, and the effort had apparently exhausted him, for he was taking a rest upon his sofa now, his slim legs stretched out, and his eyes closed. Lord Mauleverer was a champion slacker, and he had sometimes confided to his friends that it was really almost too much trouble to keep alive at all.

Bob Cherry grasped him by the shoulder and shook him, and the schoolboy earl opened his eyes lazily.

"Begad! What's the matter, my dear fellow?"

"Chance for you to be useful, for once in your life, Mauly," said Bob Cherry. "We want you to do something for us."

Lord Mauleverer looked at him dubiously.

"Can I do it without getting up?" he asked.

"Why can't you get up?"

"Tired!"

"What have you been doing?"

"Watching a cricket match."

"Must have fagged you to death," said Bob sympathetically.

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cally. "I suppose you feel now that you want to lie on the sofa without moving for hours?"

"Yaas."

"Good; I understand! I'll give you something to cure all that," said Bob cheerfully, and he yanked the slacker of the Remove off the sofa.

"Ow!" gasped Mauleverer, as he descended upon the floor with a bump. "Oh!"

"That's better!" said Bob. "Now get up and shell out."

Lord Mauleverer rose slowly to his feet, and yawned.

"We want tin!" explained Harry Wharton. "Young lady come to tea, and nothing in the larder—nothing but a tin of sardines, and they're not really up to the mark. We left 'em over from yesterday, because they weren't quite—quite— You know, we hoped something would turn up. Of course, they haven't improved in the last twenty-four hours. Lucky we've got a tame millionaire in the Form. We'll settle up with you on Saturday, Mauly. Hand out the filthy lucre!"

"Begad!" said Lord Mauleverer.

"You don't mean to say you're stony, too?" exclaimed Wharton, in dismay.

"No; I've had a remittance from my guardian to-day," said Lord Mauleverer. "Haven't anything besides that, I'm sorry to say."

"How much?"

"Twenty pounds!"

"Twenty pounds!" roared Wharton. "Ass! That's ten times as much as we want! Shell out!"

"But it's a cheque."

"Oh, crumbs!"

"Cheque on the Courtfield Bank," explained Lord Mauleverer. "I was going over this afternoon to cash it, but it was too much fag."

"You can buzz over now on your bike," said Bob.

Lord Mauleverer shook his head.

"Look here, Mauly, you ass, it's important. Pull yourself together, and buzz over to the bank on your bike!" said Bob indignantly.

"No good!"

"Why not?" demanded Bob.

"Bank closes at four."

"Oh, great Scott!"

The juniors were dismayed. There was a cheque for twenty pounds, quite at their disposal; but it was already turned four o'clock, and there was no getting the money until the following day.

"You—you ass!" said Wharton wrathfully. "You ought to have cashed it earlier."

"Yaas, but I didn't know you had a young lady to tea!" expostulated Lord Mauleverer. "I'm awfully sorry, begad!"

"What on earth's to be done now, you fellows?"

"Better bump Mauly for being a slacker!" growled Bob Cherry.

"Well, that's a good idea!"

"Begad! I say—ow—yah—oh—my dear fellows—yah!"

Bump!

The juniors left the study, leaving Lord Mauleverer sitting upon his expensive carpet, breathless, and in a state of great astonishment.

In the passage they paused for a consultation.

"Who else is there?" said Bob desperately. "Must raise the tin somehow. Might try Coker, of the Fifth—he's got plenty of tin!"

"He wouldn't lend it to juniors, though. Let's go and see Mrs. Mible," said Wharton. "We may be able to get the stuff on tick."

"H'm! You know what she said this afternoon."

"Yes; but this is a special case."

"Well, we can try."

Wharton and Bob and Hurree Singh made their way to the school shop in the corner of the Close. They were very doubtful. As a matter of fact, they had all run up accounts at the tuckshop in anticipation of Johnny Bull's expected remittance, and the remittance not having arrived, the accounts had not been liquidated. Mrs. Mible didn't like running accounts, and whenever the juniors came into the tuckshop she asked them if they had come to settle. To get any more credit, under the circumstances, was almost hopeless; but it seemed the only thing to be done.

The three juniors assumed their sweetest and most ingratiating smiles as they came into the little shop. Mrs. Mible knew what that meant, and her jaw set very squarely.

"Ahem! Good-afternoon, Mrs. Mible," said Harry pleasantly.

"Good-afternoon, Master Wharton. "It is fifteen-and-six."

"Eh!"

"You have come to pay your little account?"

"Ahem! Not exactly. The fact is, we've got a visitor—

a lady visitor—to tea, Mrs. Mimble, and we're out of funds till Saturday. If you wouldn't mind running the account a little longer, we're going to give you a good order."

"A jolly good order!" said Bob Cherry heartily.

"The jolly-goodfulness will be terrific, my worthy and ludicrous madam!" said the Nabob of Bhanipur.

Mrs. Mimble's jaw looked squarer than ever.

"You know my rules, young gentlemen," she said. "I have allowed you all to run accounts, because you undertook to settle them to-day at the latest."

"Ahem!"

"I am afraid I cannot let it go any further."

There was a tone of finality in Mrs. Mimble's voice, and the juniors knew that there was no chance.

They left the tuckshop.

"Well, we're dished!" said Bob Cherry. "We can't tell Miss Bull that we're stony. And she will think us mean if we give her a rotten tea."

"It's beastly!"

"Here's Coker," said Wharton. "Let's ask him. It's a chance, anyway."

Coker, of the Fifth, was crossing the Close with Potter and Greene, when the hapless hero of the Remove bore down on him.

Coker stared at them. Relations were somewhat strained between Coker, of the Fifth, and the Famous Five.

"I say, Caker, old man," said Wharton, with a gentle preliminary cough, "heard from your Aunt Judy lately?"

"What on earth do you want to know for?" demanded Coker.

"Ahem! As a matter of fact—"

"As a matter of fact—" murmured Bob Cherry.

"We want to raise a little loan," said Wharton. "It's a special case, and everybody is broke to the wide. We know you're not the kind of chap to bear malice because we've japed you sometimes, Coker, old man—"

"Quite sure of that," said Bob.

"So if you'd oblige us—"

Coker grinned.

"You're welcome to all I've got about me," he said.

The chums of the Remove breathed a deep, deep breath of relief. This was really very generous of Coker, of the Fifth. They had hardly expected him to respond to their appeal in this liberal way.

"That's jolly good of you, Coker," said Wharton gratefully.

"Not at all," said Coker, in an airy way.

"Well, I think it is—jolly decent. How much can you lend us? Of course, we'll settle up on Saturday."

"Any time you like," said Coker.

"Well, hand it out," said Bob.

Coker rummaged in his pockets, and produced a coin. It was a penny, or had once been a penny, but it was so battered and defaced that it was barely recognisable as a current coin of the realm. The juniors stared at it as Coker held it out.

"There you are," said Coker blandly.

"Wha-a-at's that?"

"It's a penny—all I've got about me," said Coker genially.

"Don't trouble to thank me; you're perfectly welcome."

Potter and Greene chuckled. The juniors stared at the bad penny, and they stared at the humorous Coker. Then they turned away, with feelings too deep for words.

"I say, won't you have it?" called out Coker, in a tone of pained surprise. "You're quite welcome, you know—perfectly welcome. This money is no good to me; they won't take it at the tuckshop, and it's been refused by an organ-man. You can have it, and keep the loan as long as you like."

But the juniors did not stay to listen to Coker's pleasant vein of humour. They marched away, and near the School House they encountered Peter Todd.

"What luck?" asked Peter.

"Rotten!"

Peter whistled.

"It's beastly," said Wharton. "We want to do the right thing by Johnny's cousin. Blessed if I can think of anything now, unless we burgle the tuckshop."

"Leave it to me!" said Peter Todd airily.

"Eh! What can you do?"

"No. 7 Study never says die!"

"Oh, blow No. 7 Study!" said Wharton crossly.

"You go and look after your guest," said Peter. "I tell you that you can rely on the top study in the Remove."

"Fathead!"

"Thanks!" said Peter cheerfully.

"Look here, have you got any dodge?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"Leave it to me. No. 7 Study always comes up to the scratch. If I fail, I'll admit that No. 7 isn't top study."

"Tain't, anyway!" growled Bob Cherry.

"Look here, Cherry—"

"Look here, Todd—"

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"Oh, ring off!" said Wharton. "If you can do it, Todd, we'll admit that you're top study. We're done, anyway."

"You go and look after your guest, and gain time, and leave it to me," said Peter Todd.

"Done!"

And the chums of the Remove walked away to the cricket-field, leaving the question of ways and means in the hands of Peter Todd, with very considerable doubts, however, as to the result. But Peter Todd was such a determined youth, with such a remarkable way of "getting there" that they were not quite without hope. Anyway, it was the last chance.

## THE TENTH CHAPTER. A Hard Hitter!

MISS FLUFFY was looking on at the Remove cricket practice. The expression of Miss Fluffy's face seemed to indicate that she didn't think much of it. Bulstrode was at the wicket, and Penfold was bowling to him, and really both the batting and the bowling were very good. But Miss Fluffy didn't seem to be impressed. Wharton and Bob and Hurrec Singh joined the group before the pavilion.

"Tea ready?" asked Nugent.

"Ahem! Not yet!" said Harry hastily. "We're getting rather a special feed in honour of Johnny Bull's cousin. I—I suppose you'll be rather hungry after your journey down, Miss Bull."

Miss Bull nodded.

"Yes; I've a good appetite," she said cheerfully. "I can beat Johnny any day—can't I, Johnny?"

Johnny Bull grinned—rather a slanting grin, owing to the pommel state of his features at that moment.

"You can, Fluffy," he said. "But I didn't know that you fellows had—"

Wharton trod on his foot in time.

"Todd's looking after the tea for us, while we show Miss Bull round the place," he explained. "You—you play cricket at your school, Miss Bull?"

"Yes, rather," said Miss Bull emphatically. "I'd like to bring a girls' team over some day and play you fellows. We would show you some cricket."

"Why not show us some now?" said Wharton, struck with a brilliant idea for gaining time. "That's a jolly good idea."

"Oh, I don't mind! I don't know whether you'd be able to play my bowling, though," said Miss Fluffy doubtfully.

The Removites exchanged glances. The idea of a girl playing cricket at all made them smile; and the idea of their not being able to play feminine bowling—

"Pen, old man," called out Wharton, "chuck the ball over here! Miss Bull is going to take Bulstrode's wicket."

Pen grinned and tossed over the ball. Miss Fluffy put up a hand and caught it in a very workmanlike way. Bulstrode chuckled at the idea of a schoolgirl taking his wicket.

"Oh, please come on, Miss Bull!" he said.

"Righto!" said Miss Bull.

She walked on to the pitch. Bulstrode stood at his wicket with a droll expression on his face. But that expression vanished as the ball came down. It came down with something like the force of a four-point-seven shell, and it whipped the middle stump out of the ground before Bulstrode knew what was happening.

"M-m-my hat!" ejaculated Bulstrode.

"Great Scott!" said Bob Cherry.

"How's that, umpire?" asked Miss Fluffy calmly.

"Out!" yelled Nugent. "Bulstrode, I'm surprised at you."

Bulstrode looked cross.

"Try again!" he said, tossing the ball back. "You won't do that a second time. I—I wasn't exactly looking out."

Miss Bull caught the ball. Johnny Bull grinned.

"Your cousin can bowl, Johnny, old man," said Wharton.

"She can knock all your giddy wickets sky-high," said Johnny Bull. "She can do everything. Mind you don't let her have the gloves on with you. She would knock you into a cocked hat. Fluffy is a terror! Look there!"

Miss Fluffy bowled again, and Bulstrode hit the ball this time. Miss Fluffy made a sudden run and a spring—and the ball was in her hand! She held it up!

"Caught!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Well caught, Fluffy!"

Bulstrode's face was a study.

"Well, my only uncle Sam!" he exclaimed. "You can take the bat for a bit, Wharton, if you like. I've had enough."

Wharton went to the wicket. He played very carefully

to Miss Fluffy's bowling. He did not want to be bowled out by a schoolgirl. Miss Fluffy bowed with a smile of calm confidence. Wharton was a good bat, but he had never faced such terrific bowling before. At the third ball his wicket was in ruins.

"I told you so!" said Johnny Bull.  
"Would you care to bat a little, Miss Fluffy?" asked Wharton very respectfully.

"Certainly!" said Fluffy.  
Her strong hands closed on the cane handle of the bat. Wharton tossed the ball to Penfold.

"Take the wicket," he murmured. "This isn't a time for giddy politeness, you know, Pen. We can't have a giddy schoolgirl walking over us."

"Righto!" grinned Pen.  
Pen sent down a ball that would have bothered most of the batsmen in the Remove. Miss Fluffy let fly at it with terrific vim.

Smack!  
Away went the ball—away, and away! The juniors tried in vain to follow its flight with their eyes. There was a yell from the direction of the senior ground. Loder, of the Sixth, was fielding, and Loder had caught the ball—with the back of his head!

Loder swung round in amazement and fury.  
"Who chucked that ball at me?" he roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Well caught, Loder!" yelled Nugent.  
"Would you mind giving us our ball?" asked Wharton, politely, coming up to the senior ground. "Sorry, Loder—we've got a very hard hitter at the wicket."

Loder picked up the ball and hurled it at Wharton. Wharton caught it in his hand, however, and returned to the junior ground with it.

It had been a most terrific drive. As a rule, a ball from the junior ground did not get anywhere near the senior pitch. But Miss Fluffy was a hitter of unusual powers.

Pen sent the ball down again.  
Crash!

It was the window of the pavilion this time. There was a yell of surprise from the Remove fellows. On a famous occasion Wharton had driven a ball through the pavilion window, but it was a record. Miss Fluffy had broken the record—and the window.

"I told you so!" grinned Johnny Bull.  
"Pile in!" said Miss Fluffy cheerfully.

"Take the blessed wicket, Pen," growled Wharton.  
"I'll try," said Pen, but he spoke very doubtfully.

Down came the ball again, and the juniors watched eagerly for the result. It was a difficult ball to play, but Miss Fluffy played it easily enough, and she sent the leather flying with a terrific drive. Away went the ball, far beyond the reach of the juniors who were running for it.

Monsieur Charpentier, the French master of Greyfriars, was crossing the Close, and the shouting from the cricket ground had made him turn his head in that direction. As he turned it, there was a sudden crash upon his silk hat, and the topper went flying from his head.

"Oh, mon Dieu!" ejaculated Monsieur Charpentier, "vat is zat! I am keel!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
Wharton came panting up for the ball.

"Sorry, sir—"

"Vat is it zat 'ave happen?" exclaimed the French master dazedly. "I zink zat it is ze stroke of lightning, n'est-ce pas? I am struck viz thundaire—"

"It was our ball, sir—sorry!"

Wharton picked up the ball, and Monsieur Charpentier picked up his battered topper. He looked at the topper, and he looked at Wharton. Monsieur Charpentier was a good-tempered little man, but his good temper was strained

to breaking-point now.  
"Wharton, you trow zat ball at my hat—"  
"It was hit in this direction, sir—so sorry—"  
"Ah, zat is not pozzible at zis distance—"  
"We've got a hard hitter at the wicket, sir—"  
"Vat!" growled Monsieur Charpentier, "I zink zat I have somezing to say to zat hard hittair, isn't it? I zink —"

"It's a lady, sir," said Wharton hurriedly. "A lady visitor."

"I'm so sorry, sir," said Miss Fluffy coming up and looking very penitent.

Monsieur Charpentier regarded her in astonishment.  
"Mon Dieu! Is it you zat have batted zat ball at mine chapeau, mees?" he asked.

"Yes, it was I!"  
"Ciel! I have heard say zat ze English meeses are—vat you call—it—dyspeptic—"

"Athletic, sir," grinned Wharton.  
"Oui, oui, zat is it—athletic—but zis is very remarkable."

Monsieur Charpentier, like a true Frenchman, was nothing if not polite where the gentle sex is concerned. He bowed to Miss Fluffy over his shattered topper. "It is nozzing, mees—nozzing at all—du tout! Pray do not mention him! It is simply nozzing; but I zink zat I elongate myself, isn't it?"

And Monsieur Charpentier promptly "elongated" himself from that dangerous vicinity.

"Like me to do some more batting?" asked Miss Fluffy cheerily.

The juniors coughed.  
"Ahem! Perhaps—ahem—"

"Never mind, I'm ready for tea!" said Miss Fluffy.  
Wharton coughed again. No doubt Miss Fluffy was ready for tea; but it was extremely doubtful whether tea was ready for Miss Fluffy.

"In fact, I'm quite hungry," said Miss Fluffy. "Johnny has told me about the stunning feeds you have in the study, and I've often wanted to come to one."

"R-r-r-righto!" said Wharton. "Suppose you have a walk round, and—and look at the school, and then we'll go in to tea!"

And Miss Fluffy was taken for a promenade round the school buildings, and treated to a very extensive view of Greyfriars from all possible quarters; while the juniors waited in vain for some signal from Peter Todd that the feed was ready.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.  
Mauleverer's Watch Goes.

PETER TODD & CO. were gathered in their study. Peter had called the Co. to council. Peter, and Alonzo, and Tom Dutton, and Billy Bunter—known in the Remove as the Four Freaks, and sometimes as the Funny Four—were certainly an odd collection. Peter Todd's ambition to make No. 7 the top study in the Remove was a very bold one, considering the material he had to work with.

Peter was sitting on the table, and laying down the law. Peter had undertaken to supply the long-felt want, so to speak—to provide the "feed" required in No. 1 Study for the lady guest. And Peter had no idea so far. Feeds could not, as a rule, be provided without money, and money was the one thing that was lacking. But when Peter Todd undertook a task, he never gave it up till he had accomplished it. Though where, in this case, the much-desired feast was to come from was a dark and impenetrable mystery.

"We've got to stand a feed! A really ripping, first-class gilt-edged feast—something quite out of the common, in

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Vernon-Smith had his back against the wall, and, as the gang closed on him, he hit out savagely. "Down 'im!" One of the rougs grasped the Bounder round the neck. "Rescue, Greyfriars!" yelled Vernon-Smith. (See Chapter 16.)

honour of Miss Fluffy!" said Peter. "That's settled. The only question is, how are we going to do it. You haven't any tin, Lonzy?"

"I have one halfpenny, my dear Peter," said Alonzo gently. "I fear that it will be of very little use under the circumstances, but you are quite welcome to it."

"Ass! Have you got any money, Bunter?"

"I'm expecting a postal order——"

"Have you got any cash?" roared Peter. "Not gas-cash!"

"At the present moment I'm hard up, as it happens," said Bunter, with a sniff. "But I'm expecting a remittance from a titled relation——"

"Dry up! Have you got any tin, Dutton?"

"Of course I have," said Dutton in surprise.

"You have! Oh, good! Give it to me."

"What?"

"Hand it over!"

"Rot!"

"What! What's yours is mine, I suppose?" roared Peter.

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"Do you mean to say that you're not going to back up the study in an emergency, Dutton?"

"If you're being funny——" said Dutton.

"Hand it over!"

"How can I hand you over my skin?" demanded Dutton.

"And if I could, what use would it be?"

"Skin—skin! Who's talking about skin?"

"You are. You asked me if I had any skin——"

"Oh, my Uncle Joe and Aunt Jemima!" groaned Peter. "I didn't say skin, fathead; I said tin, chump! T-I-N—tin! Got that?"

"Oh, tin!" said Dutton. "I see. Why don't you speak plainly?"

"Have you got any tin?"

"Oh, no, I haven't any tin."

Peter snorted.

"Well, we're all stony!" he said. "Anybody got any suggestions to make?"

"I might wire to one of my titled relations," said Bunter

thoughtfully. "Give me a bob for the wire, and I'll go down to Friardale—"

"And scoff a bob's worth of tarts!" growled Peter. "I know you."

"Oh, really, Todd—"

"Has nobody got any suggestions to make?" said Todd.

"Well, I'll do anything I can," said Bunter. "My titled friends would send me a remittance if I wired to them. Or I wouldn't mind taking your watch to Lazarus's in Courtfield, Todd. I'd do anything for a fellow I like."

"That's an idea!" said Todd, brightening up.

"I'll do it," said Bunter, brightening up, too; "and I'll stop in Courtfield and buy the things, if you like—you can get them cheaper there."

"Yes, I can see myself trusting you to do the shopping—I don't think," said Todd, with a grunt. "But my watch isn't any good—it keeps good time, and that's the only thing to be said for it. As it only cost ten shillings, it stands to reason that Lazarus would lend two or three quid on it."

"Well, I'll take all the blessed watches in the study, if you like!" said Bunter, in a burst of generosity.

"Cheap silver watches are no good for Lazarus."

"Oh, really, Todd! Mine isn't a cheap one; it was a present from a member of the nobility, and cost at least fifty pounds."

"We'll pawn it, then."

"Ahem! I think very likely Mr. Lazarus wouldn't realise its great value—"

"I think very likely he would—and would value it at two-pence-halfpenny!" growled Todd. "Do leave off jawing, Bunter. This isn't a time for gas. The only thing I can think of is to pawn Lord Mauleverer's watch."

"My dear Peter!" said Alonzo, in surprise. "Surely it would be asking a great deal of Lord Mauleverer—"

"Yes; but I think I could raise nerve enough," said Peter calmly. "The question is, who's to take it to Lazarus? Any chap seen going into a pawnshop would be flogged—so it really ought to be Bunter, in case he's seen—"

"Oh, really—"

"Only Bunter would scoff the tin. Dutton had better go; he can cut across there on his bike, and get back quick!"

Todd shouted into Dutton's ear what was wanted.

"Right-ho!" said Dutton. "Can't say I like going into a pawnbroker's, but I'll do it. It's up to this study!"

"Right-ho! I'll go and get Mauleverer's watch!"

Peter Todd made his way to the schoolboy millionaire's study. Lord Mauleverer was reclining on his sofa, with a book in his hand. But he was not reading. His eyes were fixed in a dreamy way on the blue sky outside the open study window. He did not look round as Peter came in.

"Mauly, old man—"

"Hallo, my dear fellow!" yawned Lord Mauleverer.

"Will you do me a favour?"

"Haven't any!" said his lordship.

"Any what?"

"Money."

Peter chuckled.

"I want you to lend me your watch."

"Oh, begad! Certainly! Won't yours go?"

"Yes, it will go—but they wouldn't lend enough on it!" grinned Peter. "Mauly, old man, now is the time for all true Britons to rally round the old flag. I want to take your watch to Uncle Lazarus's."

"Begad!"

"It's the only watch in the Form that's any use for Lazarus!" explained Peter. "I'll get it out on Saturday, honour bright. You know you can rely on me."

"Yaas!"

"Well, hand it over."

"Can't you take it?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Peter Todd stooped over the reclining earl and detached the watch from the chain. Lord Mauleverer's watch was a very valuable one, and it would have "raised" much more money than the impecunious juniors required.

"Sure you don't mind, Mauly?" asked Peter.

"Not at all, my dear fellow. Like the chain, too?"

"Ha, ha! No; I'm only going to raise two quid on this."

"My dear chap, you could get twenty at least!"

"But I couldn't raise twenty to get it out again," explained Peter.

"Pooh! that's all right. Raise all you can when you raise a loan—that's business!" said Lord Mauleverer, with a wise shake of the head.

"Two quid will be enough."

"Well, it seems to me a waste of money; but have your way."

"I'll bring it back on Saturday!" said Peter.

"Make 'em send it—fag walking over to Courtfield."

Peter Todd chuckled, and quitted the study. He returned

to No. 7 with the watch in his hand. Bunter eyed it with glistening eyes.

"I say, you fellows, you'd better let me take it. I'll get round old Lazarus and make him stand a really handsome loan—"

"We only want two quid!" said Peter. "Here you are, Dutton. Mind you don't lose it, and get back as quick as you can."

"Better carry it in my pocket, I should think," said Tom Dutton, in surprise. "What on earth's the good of putting it in a can?"

"Oh, buzz off!" groaned Peter.

"Eh?"

"Go!" roared Peter.

"Oh, all right!"

And Tom Dutton hurried round to the bike-shed for his machine, and in a few minutes was pedalling away at top speed for Courtfield and Mr. Lazarus's.

## THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

### Rotten Luck!

HARRY WHARTON hurried into the School House to look for Todd. He was getting anxious.

The chums of the Remove had a very natural delicacy about allowing their unfortunate state of impecuniosity to become known to their fair guest.

Miss Fluffy was very frankly looking forward to tea in the study; and there was no doubt whatever that that athletic young lady was gifted with a good appetite.

To ask her to sit down to a meal composed of half a loaf and a tin of condensed milk, and a dish of sardines that had lost their youthful beauty was impossible.

To let her leave Greyfriars unrefreshed was equally impossible. The feed had to come from somewhere. Wild thoughts of raiding Sixth-Form studies passed through Wharton's mind. If Peter Todd failed him, desperate measures would have to be devised.

He found Todd at the door, looking out into the Close, with one eye on his watch. He clapped the chief of No. 7 Study on the shoulder.

"What luck?"

"It's all right!" said Peter cheerfully.

"Feed ready?"

"Not quite; but it's all right. Dutton's gone to Courtfield, and he's going to bring the stuff back with him on his bike. It's half-past five now; he ought to be back by now—may be in any minute!"

"Oh, good! Then you've raised the wind."

"Dutton's taken Lord Mauleverer's gold ticker 'to Lazarus's!" said Peter calmly.

Wharton jumped.

"Watches were made to go!" explained Peter. "Mauly's has gone!"

"Ha, ha! It's jolly good of Mauly, and blessed if I should have thought of it!" said Wharton. "Good egg! I wish Dutton would come in, though. We're getting to the end of our reasons for tea not being ready."

"Come down to the gates—we may sight him on the road!" said Peter. "It's not a long run to Courtfield on a bike, and he ought to be back before now—and he knows there's a hurry. I can't quite understand it."

Wharton looked anxious again.

"I hope he hasn't had a rotten accident," he said. "Come on!"

They hurried down to the school gates. Miss Fluffy was still being shown round Greyfriars School by the rest of the Co. Frank Nugent was explaining to her the many points of historical interest in the school—perhaps not quite so interesting to Miss Fluffy as they would have been if it had not been past tea-time.

Wharton and Peter Todd scanned the road anxiously. There was no sign of Tom Dutton.

"I've got everything ready in your study," said Peter. "I've borrowed crocks all along the passage, and got a nice new tablecloth from Mrs. Keble. The study looks a perfect picture. Flowers in vases, too—got the flowers from the Head's garden—the gardener wasn't there—ahem! Really jolly good effect!"

"I wish I could see Dutton."

"Let's walk as far as the bend."

They hurried down to the corner of the road. Then Wharton uttered an exclamation. A dusty figure was in sight, wheeling a bicycle. It was Dutton, of the Remove. Peter Todd shouted to him and waved his hand.

"Buck up, Dutton! What on earth is he wheeling his bike for, when I told him to hurry, the ass?"

"Puncture, perhaps."

"He shouldn't get punctures when there's a hurry,"

growled Peter; "and—and I don't see any parcel on his bike. The ass has made some bungle!"

They hurried towards Tom Dutton. The junior was looking very dusty, and his collar was torn, and one of his eyes had a purple rim. He looked as if he had been in the wars.

"Did you go to Lazarus's?" asked Peter breathlessly.

Dutton nodded.

"Got the two quid?"

"Eh?"

"Got the two quid?" roared Peter.

"Oh, yes!"

"Then why didn't you get the tommy?"

"I did get it!" growled Dutton.

"Then where is it?"

"Blessed if I know. I've been set on," grunted Dutton. "I came back by the short cut through Courtfield Wood to save time, and a gang of roughs set on me. You remember that chap who came up to the school last week to get Wharton into a row?—Jem Gadd, I think his name was."

"Yes, yes," said Harry.

"Well I ran right into him and a gang of them. They collared me, and pitched me off my bike, and collared the grub, and went through my pockets," said Dutton dismally. "They've got my watch and the change out of the two quid—and all the grub."

"Oh, my hat!"

"They damaged the bike, too, and I've had to wheel it back," said Dutton. "I'm sorry, but I couldn't handle five or six of them."

"Well, of all the rotten luck!" said Peter Todd.

"What on earth are we going to do now?" said Wharton.

Dutton wheeled his bicycle on, and the two juniors followed him in at the school gates. Wharton would have given a great deal at that moment to have been within hitting distance of Jem Gadd; not that that would have helped in the matter at all. The pressing question was, where was the feed to come from?

"It's all right," said Peter Todd, though he was looking rather desperate now. "You can rely on No. 7 Study. No. 7 Study never backs down. I'll raise that feed, if I have to raid the Head's own larder for it."

"It isn't as if it were Marjorie or Clara," groaned Wharton. "You see, Miss Fluffy has a healthy appetite. And she has to go more than an hour's journey in the train when she leaves. We can't let her go without a really good tea."

"Of course you can't. I'll manage it——"

"And we can't let her suspect that we're all stony-broke, either. It would make us look such a set of asses."

"Well, you are, you know, to be stony when you've got a visitor——"

"We didn't know. Your precious Bunter lost the letter, or we might have been able to think of some dodge."

"I'll see you through," said Peter Todd. "You go and talk to her and gain time, and I'll raise the feed somehow. You can rely on your Uncle Peter. I've got a lot of ideas in my head. By Jove, I'd like to get hold of that fellow Gadd!"

Wharton quitted the chief of No. 7 Study in the Close, and rejoined Miss Fluffy and the Co. Nugent was explaining to Miss Fluffy the history of the old tower of Greyfriars, and pointing out the places where Cromwell's cannon had shattered the old walls. Miss Fluffy seemed a little absent-minded. It was not surprising, considering that it was now nearly six o'clock, and long past tea-time.

The Co. turned an anxious look upon Wharton as he rejoined them.

Wharton shook his head.

"I shall have to be thinking about my train," said Miss Fluffy at last. "If you're going to have tea——"

"I was just coming to say that tea's ready," said Harry.

"Oh, good!"

"Only there's been an accident. The stuff was collared by a tramp as Dutton was bringing it in."

Miss Fluffy's face fell.

"Oh, dear!" she said.

"But it's all right," Wharton hastened to assure her. "Peter Todd's getting a fresh lot, and tea will be ready soon."

"Getting a fresh lot from where?" murmured Bob Cherry, in Wharton's ear.

"Goodness knows!" murmured Wharton in response.

"Oh, my hat!"

"And this is where the monks were massacred, in the time of Henry the Eighth," said Frank Nugent. "Those marks you can see on the flags are the original bloodstains—perhaps!"

"Dear me! Why did they massacre the monks?" asked Miss Fluffy.

"Perhaps they had been up to some monkey-tricks," suggested Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You'd like to see the old crypt, too, wouldn't you?"

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ONE PENNY.

said Frank. "It's haunted, and there are a lot of spiders of a specially large size——"

Miss Fluffy shuddered.

"Groo! I don't think I'll see the crypt."

"You haven't seen the inside of the clock-tower yet," said Bob Cherry triumphantly. "Take Miss Fluffy to see the clock-tower, while I go and lend a hand getting the tea."

And Miss Fluffy was taken into the clock-tower, though there was not the slightest doubt that she would rather have been taken into the tuckshop.

## THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Peter's Plot.

PETER TODD paused in the Remove passage. The sound of cheerful voices came from Vernon-Smith's study. The Bounder of Greyfriars was entertaining a little party to tea.

Vernon-Smith had plenty of money always. He was never in danger of getting into the dreadful state described as "stony." And when he stood a "brew" in his study it was worth coming to. For that reason the Bounder never wanted for company, though he was far from being liked in his Form.

Vernon-Smith was "doing himself" particularly well this time.

He knew that the Famous Five had a special visitor, and that they were stony-broke, and it pleased the Bounder to be giving a particularly good entertainment at that particular time. It marked so well the distinction between the millionaire's son and the impecunious chums of the Remove.

Peter Todd tapped at the door and looked in.

Todd was not at all chummy with the Bounder; relations between them were, in fact, very strained. They did not pull together at all. Snoop and Stott and Skinner were in the study with its owner, and they looked joyful. The Bounder was just beginning tea, and he was not sorry to see Todd looking in. Todd was able to see now how extraordinarily well provided the Bounder's tea-table was.

It was, undoubtedly. There were cakes, and jams, and jellies, and biscuits, and preserved fruits, and sweets of various kinds. There were ham, and tongue, and sardines, and prawns, and cold beef. And on the shelf were further supplies, in bottles and jars, and tins and boxes. Peter Todd's mouth watered as he gazed on the gorgeous spread. There was more there than he could have purchased for the two quid, even if Dutton had succeeded in bringing it back from Courtfield.

The Bounder glanced at him with a sneering grin.

"Hallo! Asked yourself to tea?" he inquired.

And Snoop giggled his disagreeable giggle.

"No," said Peter. "I say, you're doing yourself very well this time, Smithy."

"I've blued a fiver on this feed," said Vernon-Smith, with his assumed carelessness, "and there would have been more if it had been wanted."

"What a thing it is to be the son of a prosperous pawnbroker!" said Peter Todd, with a sigh.

The company giggled, with the exception of Vernon-Smith. The Bounder turned red with anger.

"You rotter! My father's on the Stock Exchange, and you know it!" he shouted.

"They haven't booted him out yet?" asked Peter, with an air of friendly interest.

"I'll boot you out, if you don't travel jolly quick," said Vernon-Smith.

"Ye-es, I should like to see you booting me out," said Peter cheerfully.

Vernon-Smith jumped up.

"Lend me a hand, you chaps, to throw that cheeky cad out!" he exclaimed.

The company could not decline, and as there were three of them with the Bounder, the odds were great. They all rose, and piled on Peter Todd. The chief of No. 7 Study departed from the room in a great hurry, and descended in the passage with a bump. Then Vernon-Smith closed and locked the door.

Peter Todd jumped up in a fury.

"They—they've chucked me out—me!" he simply stuttered. "My hat! I'll wipe up the floor with them! I'll wreck the study! I——"

He wrenched at the door, but it did not open. Peter Todd kicked at it furiously.

"Oh, clear off!" called out the Bounder.

Peter Todd calmed down. He had no time to waste in avenging his injuries upon the Bounder & Co. Johnny Bull came up the passage.

"Hallo! How are you getting on?" he asked.  
Peter grunted.  
"I've been chucked out of Smithy's study," he said.  
"They're standing a feed—a real, regular, ripping feed! I know now where our supplies are coming from. Go and tell Wharton and your cousin that tea will be ready in ten minutes or so."

"But what—"  
"It's all right. Buzz off!"  
"But they'll kick up a row—"  
"I'll see that they don't!"  
"If they come along and claim their tommy—"  
"They won't!"  
"But—but I say—"  
"I tell you it's all right!" said Peter. "You can always rely on No. 7 Study. Go and tell Fluffy I'm getting tea, and it will be ready in ten minutes!"

"Well, I suppose it's the last chance," said Johnny Bull. "We can pay the Bounder for his stuff afterwards. But how—"

"Leave that to me! Buzz off!"  
Johnny Bull departed. Peter Todd hurried into No. 7. Billy Bunter and Tom Dutton and Alonzo were there. They were looking disconsolate. Billy Bunter especially seemed very downhearted. He was so accustomed to seeing Peter Todd successful in everything that he undertook to do that he had relied upon that feed as a dead certainty. And Dutton's bad news had plunged the fat junior into the depths of despair. He blinked reproachfully at Peter Todd as his leader came in.

"Doesn't look much like a feed, Todd!" he groaned. "I say, I'm hungry! I wish I'd had tea in Hall now, and it's too late. I relied on you—"

"Shut up!" said Peter Todd. "There's no time to waste talking! I've found the supplies!"

Bunter brightened up.  
"Good! Where are they?"  
"In Vernon-Smith's study."  
"How on earth did they get there?" demanded Bunter.  
"Smithy took them there, of course! He's standing a feed, and he's doing it in first-chop style. Heaps of everything—enough for twenty fellows!"

Bunter rolled towards the door.  
"I—I think I'll go and speak to Smithy," he remarked.  
"He's an old pal of mine, and—"  
Peter caught him by the shoulder, and jerked him back.  
"Stop here, you fat bounder! You're not going sponging on Smithy now!"

"I suppose there's no harm in my giving Smithy a look in—an old friend, too—"  
"Cheese it! We're going to bag that feed!"  
"Bag it!" ejaculated Bunter.  
"My dear Peter," said Alonzo, in surprise, "surely Vernon-Smith will not be agreeable to our bagging his feed!"


"He'll be jolly disagreeable, I think; but we're going to do it, all the same!" said Peter, with a chuckle. "And there's no time to lose. I've promised Wharton to have tea ready for Miss Fluffy in ten minutes!"

"I am not sure that Uncle Benjamin would approve—"  
"Never mind Uncle Benjamin now; give Benny a rest!" said Peter briskly. "It's your Uncle Peter who's running this show. Bunter, you fat, lazy, useless duffer, you're going to be useful for once in your life. Smithy's got his door locked; they had the cheek to chuck me out when I went in! I fancy he saw I had an eye on his feed. This is where your rotten ventriloquism comes in! You can imitate voices. It's about the only thing you can do, but you can do that!"

"Oh, really, Todd—"  
"You can do Quelch's croak best of all," said Peter. "I hope you're in form now. Give me a specimen of Quelch's toot, so that if he heard it he would think it was the ghost of his own voice!"

"Todd! How dare you suggest such a thing?"  
Peter Todd jumped for a moment, the voice was so exactly like that of Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove. Then he chuckled, and gave Billy Bunter a sounding slap on the back.

"Good egg!"  
"Oh!" roared Bunter. "What are you thumping me for, you ass?"  
"That's to show my admiration!" grinned Peter. "Now, you're to go to Smithy's study, and try the door. It's

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By SIDNEY DREW.

**NOW ON SALE!**

locked. You're to tap, and order Smithy in Quelch's voice to go to the Form-room at once!"

"What for?"

"There's nobody in the Form-room now, as it's a half-holiday," explained Peter. "Quelch has gone out, too. Dutton and I will be in the Form-room, waiting for Smithy. We shall have a rope with us—"

"M-m-my hat!"

"When Smithy is safe and sound, I'll whistle up the stairs, and you can do the same dodge on Skinner, and after that on Snoop, and then on Stott," said Peter coolly. "That will be the lot of them. Then we shall walk into the study and raid the supplies. It's as easy as rolling off a log—if you do your part properly. If you don't, I'll slaughter you! Understand?"

"My dear Peter," murmured Alonzo, "I really consider

"You go and get the kettle boiling in Wharton's study, 'Lozzy!" ordered Peter Todd.

"But really, my dear Peter—"

"Go!" roared Peter, so suddenly that Alonzo jumped almost clear of the floor. "Do you think this is a time for making speeches?"

"Dear me! If you insist, of course, my dear Peter—"

Peter Todd pushed the gentle Alonzo out of the study, and Alonzo sighed and departed to perform the task allotted to him. Then Uncle Peter explained to Dutton.

"Come to the Form-room with me!" he shouted.

"Oh, don't be funny!" said Dutton.

"Eh? I tell you you're to come to the Form-room!"

"And I say don't be funny! How are we going to get to the moon?" demanded Dutton.

"Oh, Christopher Columbus! The Form-room, ass! It's a jape!"

"If you call me an ape—" began Dutton indignantly.

"Here, you come with me, and I'll explain afterwards!" groaned Peter, taking his deaf chum by the arm. "Now then, Bunter, you know what you've got to do! If anything goes wrong, I'll scalp you and boil you in oil!"

"Oh, really, Todd—"

"Shut up, and go and do as your uncle tells you!" ordered Peter.

And Peter Todd dragged the amazed Dutton away to the Remove Form-room, and Billy Bunter—not without some inward qualms as to what would happen if Vernon-Smith found him out—prepared to carry out his part of the plot.

## THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

### One By One.

"**M**UST say you're doing this well, Smithy, old man!" said Skinner.

"Ripping!" said Snoop.

"I'll bet those bounders in No. 1 Study would like to be in on this scene!" grinned Stott. "Pass the tongue, Snoop!"

Vernon-Smith smiled. He expected flattery from his followers as his due, and he was receiving it in full measure. And the thought of the hard-up state of No. 1 Study gave an added enjoyment to Vernon-Smith's feed.

"Pile in, you fellows!" he said hospitably.

The fellows did not need to be told. They were piling in.

Tap!

The door-handle was tried. Vernon-Smith grinned.

"Todd again!" he remarked. "He won't be able to get in, though. Don't take any notice of him. Go away, you silly fathead!" called out Vernon-Smith.

"What—what! How dare you address me in that manner, Vernon-Smith!"

Vernon-Smith jumped at the sound of the voice. The well-known tones of Mr. Quelch seemed to freeze him.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Snoop. "You've done it now! It's Quelch!"

Knock, knock!

"Vernon-Smith! Go to the Form-room instantly! I shall attend to you there!"

And there was a sound of departing footsteps.

The Bouncer rose, scowling, to his feet. It was an untoward interruption to his feed.

He did not think, of course, of disregarding the Form-master's order. Mr. Quelch was not a master who could be disregarded with impunity.

"Rotten!" said Smithy sympathetically. "Sorry, Smithy, old man! Explain to him that you thought it was Todd at the door."

"Confound him!" murmured Vernon-Smith angrily. "Pile in, you chaps; don't wait for me!"

And he unlocked the door, and left the study. Skinner & Co. grinned at one another, and piled in. They were not likely to wait.

Vernon-Smith made his way downstairs to the Form-room. The door of the room was closed, and the passage deserted. In the bright summer weather there was plenty of light for cricket for more than an hour yet, and nearly all the fellows

were out of doors. And those who were not out of doors were upstairs in their studies at tea. Vernon-Smith pushed open the door of the Remove Form-room and entered.

Then a sudden surprise happened to him.

The door was jammed shut the moment he was in the Form-room, and Peter Todd put his back against it. The Bouncer stared round him in angry surprise. Mr. Quelch was not there, but Peter Todd and Dutton were.

"Where's Mr. Quelch?" demanded Vernon-Smith, not for a moment comprehending.

Peter smiled.

"I fancy he's at Courtfield!" he said. "I know he went over there about two hours ago, and I don't think he came in."

"But—but he was in the Remove passage. He told me—" began the Bouncer, in bewilderment. Then he understood, and scowled savagely. "So it was a rotten trick, was it?"

"A trick—not a rotten one!" corrected Peter.

"Get away from that door!"

"Not just yet!" said Peter calmly. "We haven't brought you here for nothing. I want you to do me a favour, Smithy."

"Well, I won't! Are you going to let me pass, or shall I shove you out of the way?" the Bouncer demanded fiercely.

"I fancy you will have to shove me out of the way!" smiled Peter. "But hold on a minute! I want you to lend me your feed!"

"Wha-a-at!"

"We'll settle up for it on Saturday. Honour bright!"

The Bouncer sneered.

"So you're after my feed, you poverty-stricken rotter? Well, you won't touch it—not a crumb—not a crust! So you can put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

"You won't lend it to me?"

"No, I won't, you silly ass! Now let me pass!"

And the Bouncer made a spring at Peter Todd, and strove to drag him away from the door.

But that was not easy. Peter Todd seemed to be made of iron, and his grasp was like a steel vice. His grip closed on the Bouncer, and Vernon-Smith struggled in vain against it. Peter Todd, with a smiling countenance, looking into the Bouncer's furious face, forced him back towards the forms, and sat him down there, in spite of his resistance.

"What are you up to?" roared the Bouncer.

"Snuff!" said Peter calmly. "I'm bound to borrow that feed. Got the cord, Dutton?"

"Eh?"

"The cord!" bawled Peter.

"Of course I haven't got a sword! What on earth—"

"The cord, you fathead!" yelled Peter.

"Oh, the cord!" said Tom Dutton. "Why can't you speak plainly? Yes, I've got the cord. Hold him while I tie him up."

"Buck up!"

The Bouncer struggled furiously, and yelled for help. It was not likely that anyone would hear him, among the deserted Form-rooms and passages. But Peter Todd did not leave anything to chance. As the Bouncer's mouth opened wide for a roar, he jammed a handkerchief into it, and the roar died away in a splutter.

"Gerrrorrorrrrooh!"

"That's better," said Peter. "If all the others give as much trouble as this, we shall be a jolly long time getting that feed. Tie him up!"

Held in Peter's iron grip, the Bouncer had no choice about the matter. Tom Dutton bound his arms and legs to the form and the desk, carefully and scientifically. In a few minutes the Bouncer was reduced to a state of complete helplessness.

Peter Todd wound a piece of twine round his head, and knotted it, to keep the handkerchief in place in his mouth. Then he smiled at his victim.

"It's all right," he said; "we're going to pay for the food, you know. But we're bound to borrow it."

"Groogh!"

That was all the Bouncer could say. The handkerchief stuffed into his mouth prevented any more explicit observations. Peter Todd and Tom Dutton, successful and triumphant, waited for the next victim to walk into the trap.

Meanwhile, the feed was going on in the Bouncer's study. Snoop and Stott and Skinner did not consider it necessary to make any difference because their host had departed, and had not returned. When Vernon-Smith had been gone five minutes, however, Snoop made a remark on the subject.

"Queer that Smithy doesn't come back!" he remarked. "Quelch can't have detained him, surely. Poor old Smithy! Always getting into trouble, ain't he?"

"Here he is!" said Skinner, as the door-handle turned.

But the door opened only a few inches, and whoever was there did not come in, and was not visible to the juniors in the study. But a voice they knew well rapped out in sharp, metallic tones:

"Skinner! You will join Vernon-Smith in the Form-room at once! Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir!" stammered Skinner, in dismay.

"At once! Go!"

"But, sir, what have I done? What?"

Footsteps moved away down the passage. Mr. Quelch—if it was Mr. Quelch—had not stayed to explain. Skinner cast a longing glance at the table, and jammed several tarts into his pockets before he left the study. If he was to be detained in the Form-room, there was no reason why he shouldn't finish his tarts there.

"Rotten luck, Skinny," said Stott. "Never mind! I'll finish your whack."

"He, he, he!" cackled Snoop.

Skinner left the study with a dark brow. He descended to the Form-room, and stamped into it angrily.

"I say, Smithy," he began. "I—oh—what—ah—yah!"

Peter Todd and Tom Dutton had grasped him, and he was whirled across to the forms, and plumped down there, and the cord was bound round him, almost before he knew what was happening. The dazed Skinner saw Vernon-Smith sitting there bound, and he understood; but he did not put up a struggle, as the Bouncer had done. He knew that he had no chance against Peter Todd, and he gave in at once.

"Well, my hat!" he said. "This is a go!"

"Sorry, but I've got to borrow your feed," said Peter Todd politely. "You don't mind my sticking this hanky into your mouth, do you?"

Without waiting to learn whether Skinner minded or not, Peter stuck it in, and tied it there with a length of twine.

Vernon-Smith and Skinner regarded one another blankly, unable to move or speak, and Peter Todd stepped out of the Form-room to give the signal whistle again to the Greyfriars ventriloquist above.

Billy Bunter, encouraged by success, returned to his task. He opened the door of the Bouncer's study a few inches, and called in, in Mr. Quelch's voice:

"Stott! Snoop!"

"Ye-e-es, sir!" stuttered Snoop.

"Both of you go to the Form-room immediately."

"But, sir—"

"Not a word! Go!"

And the door was slammed, to give emphasis to the order. Billy Bunter retreated into the next study to keep out of sight, and through the partly open door he watched Stott and Snoop come out of the study, looking angry and dismayed, and very much surprised. They simply could not understand how it was that their Form-master was so very much on the war-path that afternoon. But they did not dare to disobey. They descended the stairs sullenly, and disappeared. The moment they were out of sight, Billy Bunter whipped into the study. His work was done, and it would be some minutes before Peter Todd arrived, and in those few minutes Billy Bunter meant to reward himself for his trouble. He plumped

his fat person into a chair at the table, and commenced operations upon the feed, and the speed at which his jaws worked was simply marvellous.

Meanwhile, Stott and Snoop had arrived together in the Form-room, where Stott was grasped by Peter Todd, and Snoop by Tom Dutton. Neither of the two was a fighting-man, and the comrades of No. 7 handled them quite easily.

"I say, what does this mean?" exclaimed Snoop. "Mr. Quelch told us to come here—"

"What's the little game?" roared Stott.

"This is where you sit down!" explained Peter Todd, jamming Stott upon a form. "And this is where I tie you up!"

"But—but—b-b-but—"

"No time for buts! We've got to get tea ready for a visitor."

"Look here, I—"

"You don't mind if I shove your hanky into your mouth."

"Grrroooogh!"

"No, I see you don't. Thanks! There you are—all in a row, and nice and quiet like good little boys!" said Peter, with great satisfaction.

Tom Dutton had disposed in the same time of Snoop. All four of the Bouncer & Co. were now tied up on the forms, gagged and powerless to move or speak.

"You don't mind if I leave you here for an hour or so?" asked Peter.

There was no reply, for very good reasons.

"No, I see you don't—silence gives consent, doesn't it, Tom?"

"Eh?"

"Silence gives consent, eh?"

"What do you want scent for?"

"Oh, crumbs! Come on!" Peter Todd dragged his chum out of the Form-room, and locked the door on the outside, and put the key in his pocket. "This is where No. 7 Study smiles! Ha, ha, ha!"

And Peter Todd's smile rang the length of the Form-room passage.

## THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Something Like a Feed!

MISS FLUFFY sat down in No. 1 Study, and cast an appreciative eye upon the tea-table. It was nicely laid for tea, with a spotless cloth and gleaming crockeryware. Peter Todd had taken care of that during Tom Dutton's unlucky spin to Courtfield. All was ready for the tea—the only thing that was not ready was the tea.

Harry Wharton & Co. were there—feeling anxious. Johnny Bull had taken them the news from Peter; but they could not help feeling uncertain.

They looked round anxiously as Peter's face looked in at the study door.

"Some of you fellows coming to lend me a hand?" asked Peter affably. "I've got the grub, but there's rather a lot to carry."

"What-ho!"

"Ready for tea, Miss Fluffy?"

Miss Bull nodded.

"Yes, rather," she said emphatically. "My train goes in less than an hour, too."

"Only a few minutes now."

"Good egg!" said Miss Fluffy, who was very hungry. The Sandow girl was gifted with a good appetite, and she had long been ready for tea, and she was prepared to do it the fullest justice.

Johnny Bull remained talking to his cousin in the study, while Harry Wharton & Co. followed Uncle Peter.

"Is it really all right?" asked Harry, grasping Todd by the arm in the passage.

Peter nodded cheerfully.

"Right as rain!" he replied.

"You've really got the grub?"

"Heaps of it—five quid's worth."

"My hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

"We shall have to pay for it on Saturday," said Peter. "It will be a whip-round for all of us, that's all!"

"Oh, that's all right! We'll manage that easily enough," said Nugent. "Johnny will get a fiver himself before Saturday. But where is the grub?"

"In Smithy's study."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors hurried to Vernon-Smith's study. The voice of Billy Bunter could be heard as they approached it.

"Oh, really, Dutton! I—I was only taking a snack, you know! Look here, you beast, let go my collar. Do you hear?"

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"Holler!" said Dutton. "Yes, you can holler as much as you like, but you're not going to touch that grub again, you fat rotter!"

The juniors grinned as they crowded into the study. Billy Bunter was wriggling in the strong grasp of the deaf junior. There was jam upon his hands and his fat face, on his spectacles and his hair. Tom Dutton had evidently not handled the Owl of the Remove gently.

"Found him scoffing the grub," explained Dutton, "so I jammed the tarts over his chivvy."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! Lemme go! Look here, I'm going to have a snack—"

"You'll have a licking, if you don't shut up!" growled Peter Todd. "Now then, you chaps, get under way!"

"Hurray!"

The raiders loaded themselves with good things. The supply was almost unlimited, and they carried the "tuck" away in armfuls.

One by one they arrived in Study No. 1, and deposited the loot upon the table.

Miss Fluffy's face brightened at the sight of it.

More than one journey to and fro was necessary before the consignment was transferred from the Bounder's study to No. 1.

The table was piled; as a novelist would say, it groaned under the weight of the goodly viands.

Then the juniors crowded into the study to tea.

As both the rival "Co.'s" were there, it was a good-sized crowd for a junior study; but the Removites were accustomed to close quarters.

Room was made for Miss Fluffy, the guest of honour; and the rest of the company did the best they could.

Frank Nugent made the tea, and the other fellows opened tins and bottles and boxes and jars galore.

All of them helped Miss Fluffy, and no sooner was her plate cleared than it was replenished or replaced with another.

Miss Fluffy's face was very cheerful.

She had heard from her cousin, Johnny Bull, of the feeds in the studies of Greyfriars, and she had wanted to participate in one.

And she felt that this feed quite came up to her greatest expectations.

What she would have thought if she had known how the feed had been obtained the juniors could not guess.

Fortunately, she did not know.

The juniors were in great spirits, and they showed no sign of the stress and anxiety of mind they had been through during the last few hours.

All's well that ends well; and the quest of a stunning feed for Miss Fluffy had ended very well indeed.

Peter Todd burst into a chuckle every now and then as he thought of the Bounder & Co. sitting in the Form-room, tied up, with the pleasant knowledge that their feed was being "scoffed" by their old rivals.

But, under the circumstances, it was impossible for everybody concerned to be satisfied; and Peter felt that he could endure the dissatisfaction of the Bounder & Co. with great fortitude.

Tom Dutton and Johnny Bull had glared at each other a little as they sat down to tea. But, under the genial influence of the feed, and the pleasant company, their glares had disappeared. In fact, Tom, who had come fully to understand at last the mistake he had made in committing assault and battery on Miss Fluffy's cousin, had the grace to tell Johnny Bull that he was sorry for his mistake.

"You see, you ought to have explained, Bull," he remarked, as he passed Johnny Bull the jam tarts.

"Lot of chance of explaining to a giddy door-post!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Eh? Hurt the most? I'm sorry—but I'm afraid I did punch you rather hard!" agreed Tom Dutton.

"Rats! I didn't get as much as you did!" said Johnny Bull. "You won't get the colour out of that eye in a hurry."

"Quite so," said Dutton. "It's all over now, and no need to worry, as you say. Pass the tongue!"

"Another cup of tea, Miss Fluffy?"

"Yes, please."

"May I help you to the cake?"

"Yes, please."

"Another muffin?"

"Yes."

Miss Fluffy was equal to all demands. Billy Bunter regarded her with great admiration. As he confided to Peter Todd afterwards, he liked to see a girl who could eat. Miss Fluffy undoubtedly could eat.

She did almost as full justice to the feed as Billy Bunter did.

But everything comes to an end; and that happy feed in Study No. 1 was no exception to the rule.

Miss Fluffy looked at her watch.

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ONE PENNY.

"I shall have to go now!" she said. "I must thank you very much; I have had a very pleasant afternoon here. I shall come and see you again!"

"Do!" said all the juniors at once.

"We're coming to the station," said Johnny Bull. "The road isn't really safe; there have been footpads about lately—"

Miss Fluffy laughed.

"I don't think they could hurt me!" she said.

"No, I don't think they could!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "But we'll come to the station all the same. It will be a pleasure."

"Hear, hear!"

"The hear-hear-fulness is terrific, esteemed and ludicrous miss."

And the juniors and their guest crowded out of the study, leaving the remains of the feed on the table—and Billy Bunter. Billy Bunter was not likely to leave so long as there was a crumb left.

## THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

### The Bounder on the Track!

HARRY WHARTON paused as the party were leaving the schoolhouse, and tapped Peter Todd on the elbow.

"Time we let the Bounder out, don't you think?" he murmured.

Peter chuckled.

"Well, I don't want to be hard on him," he replied, in the same tone. "But we can't risk having him make a scene before Johnny Bull's cousin is gone."

"You fellows go on with her, and I'll follow you," said Harry. "It would be too bad to leave them there all the time we're gone to the station!"

"Right-ho!"

"I'll be after you in five minutes—I can catch you up in the lane."

"Good!" said Peter. "Here's the key!"

And Miss Fluffy and her numerous escort crossed the Close, and walked out of the school gates. Wharton remained behind. It would be an hour before the party got back from the station, and it would have been too bad to leave the Bounder & Co. confined in the Form-room all that time. Besides, if they were found there by a master or a prefect; awkward questions might be asked.

Wharton allowed five minutes to elapse, so that Miss Fluffy and her companions could get quite clear of the school, and there would be no danger of a "scene" when the Bounder was released. Vernon-Smith was not likely to be in a good temper, and it would never do for Miss Fluffy to be enlightened as to the ways and means her entertainers had adopted for raising that excellent feed.

Then the captain of the Remove proceeded to the Form-room, and unlocked the door.

It was dusky in the Form-room now.

In the dimness, Harry Wharton saw the four juniors, sitting in a row on the form, mumbling over the handkerchiefs tied in their mouths. He could not help grinning. The Bounder was a "japer" of the first water; and his japes often had unpleasant results for his victims. But just now the Bounder was been "done" as completely as he had ever done anybody.

The four hapless prisoners glared at Wharton as he came in.

"Groogh!" came from the Bounder.

"Gug-gug-gug!" said Snoop.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wharton untied the twine, and jerked the handkerchiefs from the mouths of the Bounder & Co.

Vernon-Smith ground his teeth.

"You're going to let us loose, are you?" he demanded, in a voice hoarse with suppressed fury.

"Yes—if you're good!"

"Untie me, you rotter!"

"I'm going to untie you, Smithy," said Wharton, calmly beginning on the knotted cord. "You've only got yourself to thank for this, you know. You knew the fix we were in, and if you'd been a decent fellow you'd have come to the rescue and offered to help us out!"

"Rats!"

"As for the feed, we're going to pay for it, every cent," said Harry. "You won't be put to any loss!"

"Hang the money! I'll make you pay for this!" said Vernon-Smith, between his teeth. "Is Bull's cousin gone?"

"Yes!"

The Bounder gritted his teeth again. The expression of his face showed that he had intended to make himself unpleasant to Miss Fluffy, in revenge for the raiding of his

feed. Wharton was glad that he had foreseen it, and seen Miss Fluffy safe out of the school before he released the cad of the Remove.

He finished untying Vernon-Smith, and the latter stood rubbing his limbs, which were stiff from sitting still so long.

It did not take Wharton many minutes to release Snoop and Stott and Skinner, and then he left the Form-room, and hurried after his friends.

"Ow!" groaned Snoop, as he rubbed his wrists. "They've done us right in the eye this time, Smithy. There won't be any of the feed left."

"The rotters!" said Skinner. "They've stood Miss Bull a feed—our feed. And she will be going away thinking how jolly hospitable they are. Grooh!"

"Might have told her, if we'd got loose in time!" snarled Snoop.

"I'm going to tell her!" snapped the Bounder.

Vernon-Smith had gone to the window, and was looking out across the Close.

"But she's gone!" said Stott.

"Wharton's just buzzed out of the gates," said Vernon-Smith. "I know what that means—they've gone to the station with her, and left Wharton to follow. They can't be very far ahead. I shall catch them up."

"Better not," said Skinner doubtfully. "They'll bump you, very likely."

"I don't care!"

"If there's a crowd of them——"

"I don't care how many there are. I'm going to spoil the effect of their entertainment, anyway," said the Bounder.

He hurried to the door.

"You fellows coming?" he asked.

Skinner & Co. exchanged glances. They did not feel inclined to tackle the whole crowd of the Remove Co., to please the Bounder. The feed had been lost, but there was no use in getting a bumping as well.

"Well, as Wharton has taken the trouble to let us loose, it wouldn't be quite the thing, would it?" murmured Stott.

"I—I really don't feel quite up to it now," said Snoop.

"Excuse me!" said Skinner.

"Stay there, then; I'm going."

And the Bounder ran out of the Form-room and slammed the door.

Skinner shrugged his shoulders.

"Some chaps are born to look for trouble," he remarked.

"Smithy can never let well alone. If he goes bothering them now, they'll scalp him. I don't see any sense in that, myself. Let's go and see if there's any of the feed left."

"Hear, hear!"

Skinner & Co. proceeded to No. 1 Study. They found the door locked, and Skinner knocked on it.

"Hallo! Who's that?" called out the voice of Billy Bunter from within.

"Open the door, Bunter, old man!" said Skinner.

Bunter chuckled.

"No fear!"

"Is there any of the feed left?"

"Not much, and I'm going to finish it."

"Look here, Bunter, let us in, there's a good chap!" urged Skinner.

"You can come in when Todd and Wharton come back," chuckled Bunter. "I know you, Skinner. You can go and eat coke."

And Billy Bunter, in spite of Skinner's expostulations, remained deaf to the voice of the charmer. The disappointed juniors kicked the door and retired.

In the meantime the Bounder had not lost a moment. He ran across the Close, and out of the school gates. Harry Wharton was long out of sight; he had not lost a moment, either. The Bounder ran down the road, and then paused and reflected.

"My hat! If I take the short cut, I can get into Friar-dale before them," he muttered. "It saves half the distance, and I may be able to do it."

And the Bounder left the road.

The "short cut" was over some fields where no right of way existed, and prominent boards announced that trespassers would be prosecuted. The Bounder was quite sure that Miss Fluffy and her escort would not have gone that way. He ran along the footpaths, and covered the ground at a great speed.

The short cut joined the main road again near the village, at a spot where an old disused cottage stood in ruins.

The Bounder, panting for breath, came out into the road again, and paused.

The long white road was deserted; no one was in sight. Had the party passed? The Bounder did not think so. He had covered the ground very quickly, and Miss Fluffy and

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her friends, having plenty of time to reach the station for the train, were not likely to have hurried themselves.

Vernon-Smith had only to wait where he was till they passed. He chuckled as he thought of the surprise of the Co. when they found him there.

His chuckle suddenly died away.

There was a sound of voices in the old cottage close to him, and as the Bounder looked round five or six rough figures came into view.

The Bounder set his teeth hard.

"'Ere we are again, my young gentleman!" said the unpleasant voice of Jem Gadd.

The Bounder backed against the wall. His retreat was cut off; the footpads were all round him.

And Jem Gadd was evidently looking for trouble. He had recognised Vernon-Smith as a member of the party that had ragged him in the lane, and given him the thrashing he so richly deserved.

And the other rascals, who had robbed Tom Dutton in the wood, were ready for another robbery—and the Bounder was evidently a victim worth "going through." His watch and chain alone were worth enough to provide the rascally gang with strong drink enough to land them all in prison.

The Bounder panted.

With all his faults, he was no coward; but the aspect of the ruffianly gang was threatening. Jem Gadd grinned at him. Vernon-Smith cast a desperate glance down the road. He had been waiting for the chums of the Remove to come, with Miss Fluffy, in order to make himself unpleasant to them and to their guest. Now he hoped that they would come in sight—in time to help him! The position had been very much changed by the unexpected appearance of Jem Gadd and his gang.

For the Bounder knew that Harry Wharton & Co., if they came, would stand by him—though they would guess that it was for a spiteful and revengeful reason that he was there at all. They would help him—if they came! But would they come? He had got so much ahead of them that it was a very doubtful chance. Once more the cunning of the Bounder had recoiled upon his own head.

Jem Gadd saw his anxious glance along the road, and chuckled grimly.

"No, there ain't anybody comin'," he said. "We've got you, my pippin. I'll trouble you to 'and over your watch."

"Look here, you'd better clear off!" said the Bounder desperately. "I'm expecting some friends along every minute; in fact, I was waiting for them——"

The ruffian chuckled again.

"Can't he roll 'em out?" he said. "Never met such a glib young liar in all my natural. You was kind enough to 'old me while the other nice young gentleman lammed me with a stick, wasn't you?"

"Oh, that—that was only a lark!" stammered the Bounder.

"He, he, he! Now, I'm going to play a little lark," grinned Jem Gadd. "I'm a werry larky cove, myself. I'm going to 'ave your watch and chain, and all the cash you've got about you, and your clothes, too, and then I'm going to chuck you into the ditch—I'm that larky! He, he, he!"

"Hands off, you scoundrel——"

"'Ark at him!" said Mr. Gadd. "He doesn't like larkiness—not when it's up agin him! Collar him, mates!"

The gang rushed upon the Bounder.

Vernon-Smith put up his hands.

He knew that he had no mercy to expect from the roughs—only robbery, and brutal violence. In spite of Gadd's assumed humour, his little piggy eyes were gleaming with revengeful malice. The poacher had not forgotten the thrashing he had received, and the chance had come unexpectedly of repaying it in kind. And Jem Gadd was not the kind of man to allow a chance like that to pass.

Vernon-Smith was strong and athletic. And he knew most of what was to be known about boxing.

With set teeth, and gleaming eyes, he faced the rush of the roughs.

As the gang closed on him, he hit out savagely.

Biff! Biff! Crash! Bump!

Jem Gadd rolled on the ground, lifted fairly off his feet by a terrific upper-cut, and another and another of his gang rolled after him.

The Bounder had his back to the wall, and was fighting with desperate courage.

"Down 'im!" shrieked Jem Gadd. "Down 'im! Out 'im!"

One of the roughs was grasping the Bounder round the neck now. The rest closed in on him savagely.

The junior still struggled fiercely.

But he knew that he had no chance against the odds. Jem



Gadd was on his feet again now, and he grasped the junior of Greyfriars in a savage grip.

"Now, I've got yer!" he muttered, between his teeth.

"Help!" shrieked the Bounder.

"I'll 'elp yer! I'll—"

"Help! Rescue, Greyfriars!" yelled the Bounder.

There was a shout from the distance in reply. Help was coming.

## THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Miss Bull to the Rescue.

**M**ISS FLUFFY and her escort, chatting cheerfully, came down the lane—and as they rounded the corner the sight of the struggling junior in the grasp of the ruffians burst upon their view, and the desperate cry of the Bounder fell upon their ears.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What—"

"Help!"

"Rescue!" shouted Wharton.

The juniors rushed forward. But Miss Fluffy was the first. The athletic young lady had not paused an instant.

Before Jem Gadd and his gang knew that help was coming Miss Bull had reached them.

Crash, crash, crash!

The Sandow girl was hitting out.

Jem Gadd had had a sample of Miss Fluffy's prowess earlier in the afternoon. But that had been simply nothing to what he experienced now.

A fist that seemed more like the hoof of a particularly-powerful mule than the hand of a young lady smote Mr. Gadd between the eyes.

He gave a gasp, and rolled over like a log.

Then bump, bump, bump, his followers rolled round him.

"Help!" panted the Bounder, who was on the ground now, struggling with two of the roughs, who were still grasping him.

"All serene!" said Miss Fluffy.

She grasped Vernon-Smith's assailants, a grimy collar in either hand, and dragged them off.

The Bounder lay gasping.

Miss Fluffy brought the heads of the two roughs together with a resounding crack.

"Ow!"

"Yow!"

The juniors were on the scene now. They piled on to the roughs in a twinkling, and Jem Gadd and his followers were given a most exciting time. They were hammered and punched and rolled over, till they did not know whether it was an earthquake or a cyclone that had so suddenly struck them.

They fled in all directions, panting, bruised, and beaten, and glad to escape at all.

Miss Fluffy stooped and helped Vernon-Smith to his feet. The Bounder was bruised and shaken and breathless.

"Hurt?" asked Miss Fluffy sympathetically.

"N-n-no!" gasped the Bounder.

"We came along just in time," said Harry Wharton, joining them. "Blessed if I expected to see you here, Smithy, when I left you at Greyfriars."

His eyes met the Bounder's and Vernon-Smith flushed.

Wharton understood.

The Bounder's motive in being there was only too clear. He had come to cause trouble—to spoil the effect of that happy afternoon Johnny Bull's cousin had passed at Greyfriars School.

Wharton clenched his hands involuntarily.

But a change had come over the Bounder. He had come there full of evil intent and with that and all uncharitableness in his breast. But Vernon-Smith was not all bad. The fellows he had wanted to injure had saved him from the footpads, and he knew how roughly he would have been handled if Miss Fluffy and the Co. had not come along.

His eyes dropped before Wharton's, and his flush deepened.

"What are you doing here?" said Bob Cherry curtly.

The Bounder forced a smile.

"I want to see Miss Bull to the station as well as you fellows, if she doesn't mind," he said.

"Oh!"

"Of course I don't mind!" said Miss Fluffy cheerfully.

"Come along by all means. Let me brush you down."

And Miss Fluffy brushed Vernon-Smith down; he needed it, after his tussle with the roughs.

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ONE  
PENNY.

Then the party resumed their way to the station. "Good for you, Smithy," murmured Wharton, in the Bounder's ear. "That jolly well wasn't what you came for, though!"

Vernon-Smith gave a shrug.

"It's what I'm here for now, anyway," he said, "and that's good enough!"

"Right-ho!"

And Vernon-Smith chatted cheerfully with Miss Fluffy as they walked into the village, and not a word concerning the looting of the feed escaped him.

Miss Fluffy & Co. reached the station, and the athletic young lady shook hands with all the juniors on the platform.

"I've had a really good time here," she said. "I thank you all. And I must say that study brews at Greyfriars quite come up to what Johnny told me about them."

"Of course, we did our best to entertain a distinguished guest," remarked Peter Todd sweetly. "Smithy helped like a Trojan—didn't you, Smithy?"

The Bounder grinned in a rather sickly way.

"Ye-es!" he said.

Miss Fluffy stepped into the train. She waved her hand from the carriage window as the train moved out of the station, and the juniors all stood with their caps off.

"Good-bye!"

"Jolly afternoon, and no mistake," said Bob Cherry, as they walked out of the station after the train was gone.

"Rather an anxious time at first—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But it turned out all right, owing to Vernon-Smith's standing such a ripping feed—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We'll settle up for it, Smithy," said Johnny Bull. "I shall get my fiver tomorrow at the latest, and I shall hand it over at once."

The Bounder shook his head.

"You won't!" he said.

"Eh—why not?" demanded Johnny Bull, in astonishment.

"Because I'm standing the feed, that's all!" said Vernon-Smith calmly. "Did you see the way your cousin yanked me out of the hands of those rotters? The way she knocked 'em right and left! Miss Fluffy is a ripping girl—and I'm standing that feed!"

"Oh, come; we can't let you—"

"You'll have to; I sha'n't take the money," said Vernon-Smith, with a grin. "I'm sorry I didn't back up, and help you out in the first place—chap can't say more than that. Miss Fluffy is a ripping girl, and no mistake!"

There was a pause. Bob Cherry broke it.

"Three cheers for Vernon-Smith, the Founder of the Feast!" he called.

"Hip, hip, hurrah!"

The Bounder grinned with unusual cordiality; and the juniors walked back to Greyfriars together, the Bounder for once on the best of terms with Harry Wharton & Co.

(Another splendid Long, Complete Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. next Monday. In the meantime, buy a copy of "The Gem" Library, and read how Tom Merry and his chums at St. Jim's, with the help of Billy Bunter, honoured Taggles, the School Porter, on his birthday. Out on Wednesday. Price One Penny.)

A benevolent old man invited a number of small boys from the slums to spend a day at his beautiful old-world country home; and among the many good things which he provided for them was a bountiful and wondrous feast of strawberries and cream.

As the day drew to a close, wishing to impress the lads with a lesson, their benefactor asked:

"Now, suppose, instead of having been invited here to eat my strawberries, you had come and helped yourselves when nobody was looking, would you have enjoyed the fruit so much?"

"No, sir."

"Ah! And why not?" asked the old gentleman, inspired with a new faith in young Britain's honesty.

"'Cause, sir," came the sad but prompt reply, "we wouldn't 'ave 'ad no cream with 'em!"

**YOU CAN START TO-DAY!**

# MYSTERIA



— By **SIDNEY DREW.** —

**READ THIS FIRST.**

Ferrers Lord, the famous multi-millionaire, is surrounded in his magnificent London residence by his friends Ching-Lung, Barry O'Rooney, Gan-Waga, the Eskimo, and Prout & Co.—the stalwarts of the millionaire's famous submarine the Lord of the Deep. After a period of inaction, there is a rumour afloat that Ferrers Lord is about to start upon one of his great expeditions again. Meantime, the millionaire himself is devoting all his attention to a curiously carved narwhal's tusk, which he has picked up in an East End curio-dealer's shop. The tusk proved to be hollow, and to contain some gold coins, and a small wad of parchment, which bears a strange message from the sea. This tells of a mysterious floating island inhabited by strange monsters, which Ferrers Lord determines to go in search of. Thurston immediately christens the phantom island "Mysteria" in advance. All hands board the Lord of the Deep, which slips out of its secret cave on its mysterious new-quest. After travelling under water for some weeks, Ferrers Lord informs the crew that they can have a day's holiday. As soon as the news spreads, the crew make up their minds to start a day of enjoyment by having a "high" breakfast. Maddock is just taking his food, which consists of mutton cutlets with plenty of gravy, when the head of a large conger-eel lands with a terrific smack right in the middle of the plate, sending the gravy flying in all directions. On a piece of paper attached to the head is a note—"A little bit off the top. With Gan-Waga's love to Tommy."

(Now go on with the story.)

**The Jellyfish—Prout Receives a Message—The Submarine Glade.**

Twenty-three wild-eyed men who had escaped the gravy, and seven others whose features were smeared with it, swore to have the life's blood of one poor Eskimo.

As Gan-Waga was no scholar, it was obvious that he had not written the inscription attached to the generous gift. That could only be the work of Ching-Lung.

"Av Oi'm pitched overboard wid a forty-pound shot toid to my ankles, Oi'll git some of my own back!" growled Barry. "Oi'm an O'Rooney, and, bedad, niver a landlorrd dared come widin tin moiles of Ballybunion. Frinds, Romans, and counthrymen, are we to take ut loicin' down? Are we reptoiles? Phwat?"

"No; yo' alls got a tile loose!" bellowed Gan. "Morer trains in dis dan yo' gotted. Ho, ho, ho-oo-oo!"

The head of the second conger took an aerial journey, and alighted on the butterdish. Disliking butter, it skated across the table, shedding dishes and plates right and left, pulled up short, and gazed at Barry with fishy eyes and a broad grin.

Then somebody shut the door. A council of war was held. So far, Ching-Lung had not shown his hand. He had kept remarkably quiet, but they well knew that he was behind the Eskimo.

In the end, Barry voted war to the knife, and the notion was carried unanimously.

Then they streamed on deck. Deep sea-fishing was out of the question, owing to the great depth of water. They lay about, smoking and basking in the sunshine. Chuckles of mirth came from Barry's corner, where that worthy was telling a yarn in his own matchless style.

Ferrers Lord took an observation, but he kept the result to himself. As he leaned over the stern-rail, gazing dreamily at the water, he was joined by Rupert Thurston.

"Can that eagle-eye of yours penetrate deep enough to find more treasure, old man?" laughed Rupert. "Can you see stores of pearls and rubies rare, and gold beyond all price down there? That's poetry, but I assure you it was not intentional. Are you looking for wealth?"

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"THE GEM" LIBRARY,  
Every Wednesday.

"No; I'm looking at a jelly-fish," said the millionaire. "Do you see that big fellow down there changing his colour every second?"

"By Jove, he's the size of an open umbrella!" cried Rupert. "I never saw one like that, and I'm keen on jelly-fish. I'd like to have him. Where's that Blubberbiter? Hi, Gan, come here!"

"What yo' wants?" asked the Eskimo, who was leisurely munching a candle. "I got bones in my legees."

"Oh, don't be so lazy! Get a net and catch this jellyfish for me."

Gan waddled aft, and inspected the creature. It floated about four feet below the water like a parasol of blue silk. Its numberless tendrils swayed beneath it, searching for food.

"Yo' nots wants dat silly tings," said Gan. "Him bad 'nough."

"But I do want it. Is there a net big enough to hold it?"

"Nets no uses. Me fetches him—like so!"

He drew his knife and dived, clasping the blade above his head. To the utter ruin of what had promised to prove a rare and beautiful specimen, the horror of Thurston, and the delight of the others, Gan dived through the flimsy creature. He rose with it dangling round his waist, a limp and flabby mass of watery tissue, as colourless and shapeless as frog's spawn.

"I gotted hims fo' yo' all rights, Ruperts!" he grinned.

"Why, you great ham-faced idiot," said Ching-Lung,

"You've bust the contract!"

"By hookey, he's busted the jellyfish!" roared Prout.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha! He, he, he, he!"

"Bedad, Oi belave yez, Tom!" said Barry. "For the firrst toime iver since yez were a bald-headed babe, chewin' at the rocker of your little cradle, yez have spoke the thruth. Ut slipped out by accident, so to spake. Accidents will happen on Froydays. Ah, me!"

Rupert was compelled to join in the laugh. Suddenly Gan yelled, and began to shake his left hand wildly.

"Hooroo! The fierce craytur has stung him!" shouted Barry gleefully. "Good luck to ut! Sting him again, Mистер Man. Rub ut in for all ye know. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ut's good for his liver!"

**Our Companion Papers.**

"THE PENNY POPULAR,"  
Every Friday.

"Ow, ow, ow! Him bitings bad 'nough orfulness!" shrieked Gan.

O'Rooney danced and capered with delight. In an ecstasy of mirth, his mouth opened to emit roars of joyous mirth, and his little eyes closed.

"Howld me, Tommy!" he spluttered. "The woild bliss of ut is ticklin' me to death. Ho, ho, ho, ho! Oi niver laughed so much since we shaved the landlord wid a chopper at Ballybunion. He, he, he, he, he! Sting on, purty darlint, and give him snuff! Bedad, av he hadn't knocked a hole through yez, Oi'd kape yez in a golden tank with diamond tararas on ut, and fade yez wid oysters at four bob a dozen. Ho, ho, ho, ho! Howld me toight, Tom, 'fore Oi laugh the boots off me fate. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Sting on, sting on, my little petsy,  
All so sthicky and so wetsy.  
Sting on and make him beller  
Till his whiskers turrn brought yellor.  
Hurroo! Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!"

The immortal Gan-Waga was not nearly so hurt as he pretended to be. Catching hold of a rope lowered by the prince, he clutched about a pound and a half of jellyfish. It passed swiftly from his hand to the prince's. Gan had plenty left for himself.

Both the unpleasant missiles were thrown together; both found the target, which was Barry's head. They struck the bullseye with a loud squelch, a note of purest music to all except the victim.

Barry ceased to laugh. A man who can laugh honestly and loudly with six or seven ounces of raw jellyfish in his mouth and considerably more in his hair, ears, beard, neck, and eyes, has yet to be discovered.

Barry was so astonished that he gulped down some of the present. It was the most abominable concoction to the palate he had ever tasted.

His face turned green. With an anguished sob he cleared his eyes. He heard the howls of laughter, and dimly saw the grinning faces.

"A stummick-pump and a doother!" he wailed. "Oi'm pizened! For the love of mercy, a stummick-pump!"

And then, with another groan of misery, he tottered below, feeling that nothing but a stiff glass of rum could save his life. He did not show up again for several hours.

The sight of Ching-Lung and Gan-Waga sporting like seals in the water was the signal for a general bathe. They could all swim like ducks.

Ferrers Lord, with a rifle on his shoulder, kept watch, for they were in shark-infested seas.

Only one of the brutes came near. A whistle recalled the men as the black dorsal-fin nicked the water.

Gan-Waga wanted to do battle with the shark in its native element, and it was a hundred to nothing that the Eskimo would have won the fight with ease, but an imperative command from the millionaire brought him reluctantly aboard.

A piece of meat dangling from a line tempted the monster to come fatally near.

Gan-Waga's harpoon, flung with almost the speed and deadly accuracy of a rifle-bullet, sank deep into the grey white belly as the shark rolled over to seize the bait.

"I runged the bells dat time, Chingy hunk!" lisped Gan-Waga, as the shark rounded in a swirl of crimson. "I tickles him, Chingy hunk! Ho, ho, hoo! I tickles him in de ribels. Mind yo' not burn yo' fingers."

Fifty fathoms of line whizzed from the drum at great speed. Then Gan began to grind in the handle, singing as he did so in a voice that strongly resembled the whole stock of a china-shop falling down a long flight of stairs into a cucumber-frame:

"Here we goeses gaddering sharkses in Mays,  
Sharkses in Mays, sharkses in Mays.  
Here we goeses gaddering sharkses in Mays,  
And Bill Bailey's coming homeses,  
Ho, ho, ho-o-oo-oo!"

Every human soul fled from the deck. Dynamite, lyddite, cordite, and every other "ite" were less deadly than Gan's attempts at melody. His voice seemed to have been run over in its youth, and it had never recovered from the injuries sustained in that accident. The shark was practically dead, though it still gnashed and lashed with its tail. Gan gave it a fender to chew, to keep it quiet. Had he only warbled another stave he would have slain it instantaneously.

The shark was hoisted on board, and, according to custom, after Gan-Waga had combed its hair with an axe, it was dissected, for queer things are often found in the stomachs of these voracious creatures.

"Anything there, Joseph?" inquired Ching-Lung. "Bank-notes, diamond rings, rows of houses, collar-studs, or what?"

"Not a hatom, sir," said Joe. "Hold on! What's this 'ere?"

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

"UNCLE FISH!"

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ONE  
PENNY.

"By hokey, it's a bottle!" cried Prout. "And a whisky bottle! He warn't no teetotaller!"

"What he—a teemtollar, hunk?" asked Gan. "Not knows tollteellumers!"

"Souse me," grunted the bo'sun, "we don't expect you to know nothin'. You ain't born yet. You can't speak Henglish for nuts. I can talk it better wi' my fists. A teetotaller, my ignorant youth, is a bloke who don't drink strong likkers. D'ye see? You don't, d'ye see, and so you're one of 'em. That's Henglish. You ain't. D'ye know what you are? You're a big-footed, pot-headed, pork-faced atrocity, that's you!"

Gan-Waga bit a piece of tallow candle, and pondered

"Am I all dats, hunk Ching?" he asked, after a pause.

"By hokey, you are!" said Prout. "And some over for weight!"

"Den yo' and Benjamin's my twin brudders," lisped the Eskimo. "Kisses yo' long-lost brudders, Tommy, my porks-heads, pots-face 'tossity! Ho, ho, hoo! Did I getted 'em dat times, Chingy? He, hee, hee!"

"My son, they're not in the same street with you!" laughed Ching-Lung. "You knock them over like skittles. Give that bottle a swab up, Joe, and let me have a look at it. It may be a terrible message of woe and shipwreck from the sea."

"I 'ope it ain't, sir. I 'ope it's full of whisky," said Joe, hiding a wink.

"And so say all of us, by hokey!" added the steersman.

Ching-Lung held up the bottle.

"By Jove, there's a paper inside it!" he cried excitedly. "Lend me a knife!"

They gathered round him eagerly. A blow from a heavy jack-knife neatly struck off the neck of the bottle, and a soiled paper fell into the prince's palm.

"My stars!" he gasped, putting his hand to his head, and recoiling. "This is awful!"

"Is it a vessel sunk, sir?" inquired Joe.

"It is a— My stars! It's diabolical, terrible, heart-rending! Oh, what a world of woe and misery! It's a mess—a mess—a message from the sea!" said Ching-Lung brokenly. "Read—read it, Joe! I can't! I—I— Oh, read it!"

There was a look of solemn expectancy on every face as Joe took the paper. He read in horrified and shuddering tones:

"If Thomas Prout will send the one-and-tuppence for his washin' like a honest man, the fact that he pinched the charwoman's beer and took sevenpence-farden out of the baby's money-box will be overlooked.

"(Signed) BEDELIA BUFFKINS,  
"Widder."

Prout did not take part in the howl of merriment that followed the reading of the message from the deep.

"By hokey, do you think that's funny?" he inquired.

"Souse me, it's the funniest thing I ever 'eard, Tom!" giggled Maddock.

"Folks 'as different ideas of fun," said Prout, shooting out his hand and grasping Ben Maddock by the nose. "He, he, he! That's what I think funny. By hokey, doin' that makes me grin for weeks. Do you see the joke, cocky?"

The bo'sun failed to see it completely. As the burly steersman strode away, he nursed the injured member dolefully, but he did not laugh at all. Some people have no sense of humour. Ben had lost his sense of humour, and also his sense of smell for the time.

Nothing of great moment happened. The smoke of a steamer showed like a black smudge on the horizon, and gradually climbed higher. It was evident that, if she kept her course, the vessel would ultimately pass close to the submarine. The order came to go below.

For some unknown cause the millionaire did not wish the Lord of the Deep to be seen. Again the engines hummed their tireless tune, and Hal Honour sat in his chair, watching the mighty masses of steel spin and flash with a look of pleasure on his handsome face. He was never lonely in the company of these mighty slaves of man.

And so the Lord of the Deep bored her way southward through realms hitherto unconquered except by the millionaire.

So accustomed had Rupert become to the hum of the engines, that the sudden cessation of the sound woke him as promptly as the reports of cannon have roused people in a quiet village. He switched on his electric light. The clock on the wall, regulated by electricity from the conning-tower chronometer, pointed to a few minutes after five. Thurston yawned and rolled over again.

"Wake up, lazybones!" cried Ching-Lung's voice. "Here's your roll and coffee!"

"What's the row?" asked Rupert lazily. "Are the engines wrong again?"

"Not a lot, old man. Joe just raked me out of my little cot. It's more treasure or something. We've got to go out under the deep blue sea, where the wily whelks do dwell. Roll clear of those sheets, or you'll sleep away all the little brain you ever had."

"Oh, run away and wash!" said Thurston, and a deep snore followed.

Ching-Lung winked, and Gan-Waga stepped into the cabin.

"Behold the buting sleepy. I mean the sleeping beauty, funnibus!" grinned his Highness. "Perhaps you've not heard about him?"

"I never did, Chings," said Gan. "Don't know him."

"My hat! You don't know the sleeping beauty? Why, you ain't born, as Maddock told you! It's a fairy-tale. The bouncer went to sleep for a hundred years. He would have slept for a billion, only a nice, handsome chap like—er—you—oh, Tommy, what an untruth I am!—came along and kissed him. That woke him up, see you?"

"Eated onions, hunk, Chingy?"

"Hush! Kiss him, Gan, and wake him. It would be awful if he slept a billion years."

Gan-Waga chuckled softly, and approached Rupert's bed. Ching-Lung's hand slipped beneath the clothes. As Gan bent to press a loving kiss on Rupert's brow, Ching gave the slumberer's ankle a pinch.

Thurston yelled and started. His artistically cut nose collided with Gan's snub one.

"Awake, oh, my beloved! The lark doth bark high in the morning sky," sang the prince. "See any comets and things?"

He departed nimbly, leaving the sleeping beauty and Gan-Waga to arrange their damaged features. Gan did not stay long, either, for Thurston was rather ruffled in temper. He met Ching-Lung in the saloon, where Herr Schwartz was hurriedly preparing the table for breakfast.

"Yo' no paises, Chingy," said Gan dolefully. "Yo' makes me smashes my smellers!"

"Rats! I told you to kiss him, not to try and score a goal with your head, using his topknot for a football," remarked his Highness. "Oh, Gan, you're a muff! Why do you perpetrate such absurdities?"

"Not knows 'bout surbitating purpertries, my Chingy," sighed Gan, "but I bust noses. Bad 'nough orfuls, Chingy. Gotted workfires jumping in fronts of me. Yo' bad pals, or yo' nots tell me kissing him!"

Ching-Lung clutched at his forehead with all the agony and anguish of a man who has placed a two-shilling piece in an automatic machine instead of a penny.

"Gan," he gasped, "did I—did-id-id-id I tell you to kiss him?"

"'Courses yo' dids, Chingy. Don'ts I wish yo' hadn't. Ooh! Norfus! Ooh, bads 'nough! Yo' did-id-id-id-id, Chingy."

"Then my memory's going, Gan. I meant kick him. Send for a full-sized lunatic asylum, and let 'em take me. Tell 'em to bring an ambulance, and a waste-straitcoat. I'm off it. Balminess stares me in the face."

"How big's dats balminesses, Chingy?" murmured Gan, as he tenderly rubbed the injured organ with butter. "How bigs, hunk?"

"If I said 'kiss' for 'kick,' it must be as big as a gasometer."

"Den I wishes he'd come and punch yo' on de noses," murmured Gan-Waga feelingly. "Tooral-oo, my Chingy."

Ching-Lung was still chuckling softly when he heard the millionaire's brisk step. Ferrers Lord gave him a cheery "Good-morning" and one of his rare smiles.

"Quick," he said, "or we shall miss the best part of the day."

"Oh, we're going upstairs, then, old man?"

"On the contrary, we're staying down here."

"Then what's the hurry? Joe suggested—what a mind that board-cutter has!—that we were after more loot. Koh-i-noors and other diamonds the size of steam-rollers, and pearls big enough for push-balls. Are those anything in our line?"

"Not to-day, I fancy. Joe seems to have a vivid imagination when helped out by you. Still, I shall not utterly disappoint you, I trust. I am going to give you a few hours' sport in my own preserves. Try one of these soles, for they are worth eating. What has become of Thurston?"

"He was repairing his nose the last time I saw him, sonny," said Ching-Lung. "He had been poking it into somebody else's business. Don't wait for him. You may if you like, but it's hardly safe for me. Who's going?"

"Yourself, Prout, and Rupert. You had better make a good meal, for it will be tiring work."

He leaned back, and reached over to the wall. The

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"THE GEM" LIBRARY,

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"THE PENNY POPULAR,"

Every Friday.

shutters rolled back from the glass, but it was so gloomy outside that nothing could be seen. Thurston, who made a point of shaving every morning, and dressing as scrupulously as he did when in London, was very late. Prout, Ching-Lung, and the millionaire waited for him.

"Come along, snail," said Ching-Lung, when at last he put in a belated appearance. "We thought you were dead."

"Dead and gone and laid to rest, wid a wreath of carrots on his chist," added Barry O'Rooney.

"Oh, look at his nose—look at his beautiful nose!" said a voice from the distance. "He's been playing golf with it."

"It ain't a nose, it's a red cabbage," squeaked another voice.

"Squirt some water on it before it sets its moustache alight," yelled a third voice. "It's red-hot."

"You're an egregious ass, Ching," said Rupert, whose nose was considerably flushed.

"Ho, ho, hoo! Dat's betters dan being a fog-signals, Chingy," tittered Gan. "Come, and me coverses him up, Chingy."

Presently they stood outside the ship in dense gloom. Then every light on the vessel was switched on. The Lord of the Deep lay in a submarine glade. Trees with gigantic trunks flung up gnarled and massive arms. Strange fungi grew upon them, and strange nests of stranger creatures nestled among the branches. It was a forest—a forest of the under-world, untrodden as yet by the foot of any mortal man, except by the feet of the millionaire, the real Neptune, Ferrers Lord, conqueror and monarch of these watery realms.

The light vanished. An instant later a shapeless mass of blue rushed out of the darkness and hung above them. Ferrers Lord placed a long, slender tube to his shoulder. There was a dim flash, and then Prout was bowled over like a skittle, his ears deafened by a blow in the helmet that shook every tooth in his head.

### Tells of a Tramp under the Sea—Ferrers Lord's Queer Garden—the Dragon!

The steersman's lead-soled boots quickly righted him again. Prout wondered rather vaguely whether a dynamite-cartridge had exploded in the vicinity, for he was considerably jarred. Again the lights of the submarine flashed out, lighting up the quiverless trees and the distorted figures of the divers. They were standing examining the huge fish of the shark species that Ferrers Lord had brought down from over the tree-tops, as a sportsman on land would have stopped a pheasant.

Ferrers Lord used no explosive in the long-barrelled gun with the circular stock. He killed with a stream of electric fluid—with a flash of lightning. Prout, Thurston, and Ching-Lung were quite familiar with these terrible and curious weapons, and each carried one.

The fluid had left no visible mark upon the victim, which was now stone dead. In the swift death-flurry, it had bowled Prout over; but, luckily for Tom, his helmet and the delicate arrangement of valves had suffered no damage.

Rupert, more interested in science than in sport, investigated the composition of the nearest tree. It was a chestnut, to his no little astonishment, so thickly coated over with lime that it was practically a solid mass of stone. Once those branches, now so rigid and motionless, had swayed their green leaves and scented blossoms to the fresh breezes. A tidal wave, or some sudden subsidence of the land, had sunk them beneath the ocean, and old Ocean, like a witch in a fairy-tale, had touched them with his magic wand and turned them into stone.

There was something creepy about it all. Thurston almost expected to see skeleton riders on skeleton horses, galloping at the heels of skeleton hounds, in pursuit of a skeleton stag. Had such a ghastly procession come in the darkness, he would hardly have been astonished. Anything seemed possible in that eerie forest of gloom and everlasting silence.

Ferrers Lord and Ching-Lung went on together, threading their way through the trunks up a steady incline. A faint green light began to creep through the branches as the water grew more shallow. The ocean bed was chalky, and rather soft. It harboured no marine creatures, and very little weed of any kind. What few weeds there were were sickly and colourless, but they became more luxuriant and brighter of hue as the divers went on.

It became possible to see without the lamps. The soft chalk clogged their heavy boots, and made travelling a labour. At last it gave place to firm sand, where plaice, skate, turbot, and ugly rays flapped slowly about in vast numbers. The trees were thinner.

"Well, I'm blest! There's little Willie!" said Ching-Lung.

Of course, no one could hear, but they all paused instinc-

tively. Balanced edgeway like an enormous dish, and gently rubbing itself against a tree—probably to rid itself of a parasite—was a monstrous skate, a colossus of his race.

A blue streak darted from the prince's gun. The millionaire made a movement to check him, but he was too late. He moved his lamp frantically, and went at full speed to the right.

Glancing swiftly back, Ching-Lung realised what he had done. The tree-trunk had split like glass, and the whole mass was falling amid a swirl of water, bringing another tree down with it. Heavy branches swayed and spun downwards sluggishly, owing to the buoyancy of the water.

"Well," grinned the prince, as he scrambled out of the danger area, "that's another yarn for me to tell. When I do tell it, I expect I shall be called names, and one of them won't be truth-teller, for a fact. I've made a record. Nobody else ever chopped down a stone tree with a gun, I'll wager sovereigns by the bushel. Lord makes his electricity too strong. My hat, what a skate that was! I hope he's not squashed any flatter."

He put his helmet close to Prout's, and when brass touched brass he could hear strange, tinny sounds of mirth, resembling the music of a gramophone when the record is put in backwards. Then he took a look at the steersman. Prout seemed happy, and winked.

"He'd win a prize for beauty," murmured Ching-Lung, "in a bulldog show. It's a marvel to me how he gets his whiskers inside that hat without strangling himself. 'Hallo! What's the chief going to do—hang himself?'"

The millionaire had taken Thurston's lamp. He attached a piece of insulated wire to it, and linked it on to Rupert's helmet. From that he attached it to his own helmet, and to his lamp.

"Now we can talk," he said. "You hear me, I suppose, old man?"

Thurston heard perfectly, to his delight, but not to his astonishment.

"This is lots better," he said. "I wonder you never fixed up this little telephonic arrangement before. It is a simple idea."

"Yes, but so clumsy and hampering. I have been trying to puzzle out a method without wires, but, so far, I have not been able to satisfy myself. For his sins, I'll link up Ching-Lung with Prout. It was folly of him to shoot direct at that tree. Try to keep the wire fairly slack, Ru, or our conversation will have a sudden death."

A few seconds later, Prout and Ching-Lung were also in telephonic communication.

"Hallo! Are you there, goat-whiskers?" asked his Imperial Highness politely.

"By hokey, I am, sir!" growled Prout.

"Then why the canal don't you send that poor woman the washing-money?" said Ching-Lung. "Why did you steal the kid's money-box? You're a sweet specimen to be walking about at the bottom of the sea, you hairy starfish! Ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

"Well, I ham a bit, by hokey!" sighed the steersman.

"But, then, there ain't nobody to see as I'm in your company, sir, which is a blessin'! Might I ax if you're goin' to take that tree 'ome for firewood?"

"Not much, Tommy! We've got all the wood we want on board when your lovely head is under hatches. Buck up, or we'll get left. Put your little feet down gently, and we'll keep step. Let me lean upon your manly arm. It's as wet as if it had been raining, didn't he?"

Arm in arm, they kept in the wake of Rupert and Ferrers Lord. Occasionally the millionaire consulted a little instrument that was strapped to his wrist. He seemed to know each turn and twist of the submarine forest. All the time they were ascending, and the light was much stronger. They were nearing the surface.

"I shall introduce you to my garden beneath the sea presently, Ru," said the millionaire, with his quiet laugh. "It is a charming spot."

"I don't doubt it, Lord. Nothing you do staggers me nowadays. I look upon you as a mighty magician. But where are we?"

"Ah, that is one of my little secrets," said Ferrers Lord. "If I had no secrets, you would no longer consider me a magician. Clever conjurers do not explain their tricks, my friends. A mystery explained is a poor thing. Mark over! There's a sporting shot for you."

A large fish skimmed overhead. Rupert fired and missed, but Prout, a magnificent shot with any weapon, brought it down.

"Oh, what a lovely fluke!" said Ching-Lung. "Did you fire with your eyes shut, Tommy?"

"No; with this 'ere gun, sir!" said Prout. "It's a bonito, ain't it, by hokey?"

It was a bonito, and a bonito is a surface-swimmer, and a hunter of flying-fish. Still, it gave Rupert no great clue to the latitude and longitude of the submarine forest, for bonitos roam over a vast area of ocean. Ferrers Lord consulted the little instrument again.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 283.

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

**"UNCLE FISH!"**

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MONDAY,

The "Magnet"  
LIBRARY.

ONE  
PENNY.

"Oh, Tommy, here's your twin brother!" said Ching-Lung, pointing to a huge hairy crab. "He's as like you as two peas. You ought to have your photographs taken together. By Jupiter, he recognises you, and wants to shake hands! What a pretty pet! Aren't you going to speak to him?"

Prout grumpily kicked the crab out of his way. He wanted to retaliate with some crushing remark, but the idea would not come. Judging by the light, the sun was shining strongly on the sea. Ferrers Lord seemed at a loss. He tapped the little instrument, and looked about him.

"Ah, I have it, Ru!" he said at last. "Straight ahead. There is a dip, and then a climb. You will need your lamp again."

The ground fell sharply, and the light faded. They crunched over beds of shell-fish. A mile an hour was good travelling in any case, but they had moved much more slowly than that. When the gloom was at its deepest, the lamps gleamed on a dull grey wall of rock, smooth and slimy.

"By hokey," said Prout, gazing at the obstacle, "if I was a fly I could walk up that! I reckon it'll take some climbing!"

"You ought to be on the top, and push yourself off, Tommy!" remarked Ching-Lung, with his usual sweetness.

Prout snorted indignantly. The millionaire had to detach the wires. He walked along under the cliff for about forty yards, halting before the mouth of a narrow ravine. He plunged into it.

"Follow your leader, Tommy, and mind the step!" said Ching-Lung. "This is a kind of 'Open, Sesame!' business. Come along, Bluebeard!"

The submarine crevasse wound deviously in and out, and there were many slippery rocks to negotiate. The slice of green overhead increased in width, and paled slowly into blue.

Thurston was tiring visibly. He was uncomfortably hot, and a little out of training. Presently, as the ravine widened, Ferrers Lord refixed the wires.

"You're tiring," he said.

"A little," answered Thurston. "It's abominably warm in this shell. I feel like a man in gaol. Have we much further to go?"

"To my enchanted garden? No, not much further. When I was last here it was inhabited by a hideous dragon. If he has not gone, we'll play Saint George, and overthrow him. See how bright it is growing. Close your eyes, and give me your hand. Do not open them till I give the word. Only a second more. Now!"

"Glorious! Wonderful!" cried Thurston.

It was, indeed, an enchanted garden under the sea. Myriads of gaudy anemones, like gorgeous blossoms, bloomed there. Weeds of every colour lifted their delicate twigs and branches in the crystal water. Fish, so bright of hue that they seemed made of fire, flashed and darted around and overhead. They stood still, drinking in the splendour of it all. Even Prout, who had no great artistic tastes, grunted, and remarked that he had "seed wuss, by hokey!"

"Oh, you've seed wuss, have you?" said the disgusted prince. "I don't think you've any ear for music, then. I've seen a few scenes, but this is the grandest scene I've ever seen, you old bewiskered grampus! It's just great, sir, is this waterscape. My stars! I could squat down here and look at it for a month!"

"I wouldn't mind stoppin' ten minutes, wi' some pepper and vinegar, to talk to them oysters!" said Prout.

"Sit down!" said Ching-Lung. "You have the soul of a cockroach, Tommy! Shall I pick you a nice flower to wear in your buttonhole? Here's a beautiful beetroot rose. Like it?"

The big scarlet anemone closed into a flabby ball as Ching-Lung touched it.

"Where's the dragon you were talking about, old man?" Rupert asked the millionaire. "All the denizens of your garden look fairly harmless."

"But the dragon is not," laughed Ferrers Lord. "He has taken possession of the dell, and he was an ugly customer. Be cautious, for if he gives you a hug you'll regret it for a long time. Let us see whether he is at home."

Gently parting the weeds, he peered down into a shallow hollow. Rupert followed the direction of his glance. Weeds grew in profusion. There was neither ripple nor current to shake them, but suddenly a mass of purple growth heaved and swayed.

"By Jove! He's still here!" said Ferrers Lord. "And fast asleep!"

(Another splendid long instalment of this grand new serial next Monday. In the meantime get a copy of this week's "Penny Popular" and try your hand at "Poplets.")



WHOM TO WRITE TO:  
EDITOR,  
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is always  
pleased to  
hear from  
his Chums,  
at home or  
abroad.

PLEASE—

Don't forget to take "The Magnet" away with you when you go for your summer holidays.

Don't forget that "The Gem" is published on Wednesdays, and "The Penny Popular" on Fridays.

Don't be miserable if it is wet; there is always the "Invincible Trio" to be had from any newsagent in the town.

Don't forget to introduce your favourite papers to your chums by the sea.

Don't forget that while you are enjoying yourself by the sea your Editor is working hard to give you some good stories, so do him a good turn and try to secure new readers for him.

**FOR NEXT MONDAY:**

**"UNCLE FISH."**

By Frank Richards.

In our next splendid, long and amusing complete story of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars, Fisher T. Fish, the American junior with a mania for sharp business practice, makes another venture. This time he sets up shop under the sign of the "Three Brass Balls," and for a time business is brisk, Billy Bunter specially proving a great patron of the new establishment. Ultimately, however, Bunter's little habit of taking everything he can lay his hands on, whether his own property or not, to the Greyfriars pawnbroker leads to trouble. The Remove Form take the matter in hand; there are some lively scenes, and

**LE FISH"**

is once more persuaded to desist from his sharp business methods.

**RAMBLING CLUB FOR LONDON  
"MAGNETITES."**

E. G. Willsheare, a "Magnetite," living at 3a, Peabody Buildings, Stamford Street, London, S.E., has formed a Rambling Club, and would welcome any readers who would like to join it, especially those living in the Elephant and Castle, Borough, Blackfriars, or Waterloo districts of London.

**REPLIES IN BRIEF.**

Will J. W. Bland (Yorks), A. Daly (Barnsbury), "A Ryde Reader," B. Henry (Coleraine), W. Smith (Romford), A. Butler (Blackpool), and C. Du Vane (Notts) accept my best thanks for their very interesting letters?

C. Lewis (Swansea).—The names of the prizewinners in "The Gem" Storeyette Competition each week are printed in small type underneath their winning story. A cure for chilblains: Rub the affected part with lemon-juice, then plunge first into warm water, then immediately into cold.

"In Doubt" (Manchester).—The best stroke to learn is the breast-stroke; the other strokes will come later on. The best way to learn is to get a friend to help you in the local baths.

F. Kent (Aintree) and J. Stockdale (Leeds).—A cure for knock-knees: Rise on to your toes, with hands on hips, and then slowly sink to the ground. Do this regularly every day.

Reg. H. (Canada).—"The Penny Popular" can be purchased from Mr. L. C. Wilson, 8th Avenue, Calgary, Alta.

"A South London Boy Reader."—You must have influence to become a King's Messenger, which is one of the posts of the Diplomatic Service.

Elsie (Govan).—I should advise you to consult the mistress or master of the school you are now attending.

A. Bourne (London, E.C.).—Very many thanks for idea and letter. I will bear what you write in mind.

"A Sincere Durham Reader."—Thanks for suggestion, which is quite an original one. I confess, however, that I am doubtful whether it would be appreciated by the majority of my readers.

"Two Girl Readers" (Leeds).—Very many thanks for your letter.

M. S. (New Zealand).—Very many thanks for your "chatty" letter. The exhibition stamp has no value.

**CAMPING OUT—No. 1.**

By An Old Camper.

Have you ever spent a week in the country camping out? Of all the splendid ways in which a party of boys may take their holidays, camping out is the most glorious.

I have spent, not a week, or a month, but years in the open. I commenced to like tent life when I was a boy. My Uncle Tom was an old soldier, and what he did not know about the proper way to pitch a tent, and the best way to enjoy a holiday, was not worth anyone's time to bother about. I learned many useful points from him, and I thought that the best use I could make of my knowledge would be to pass it along to my fellow-readers of the "Invincible Trio."

Let us suppose that there are four or six of you who like each other's company. If you take the ordinary sort of holiday, you can almost tell beforehand what is likely to happen. If you go camping out, you are as free as the birds you live with, and as happy as the lovely things you see all around you, from the time the lark wakes you up in the morning, until the nightingale sings you to sleep at night.

You get your heads together and talk matters over. It won't cost more than half as much as an ordinary holiday. First of all, come to a definite conclusion as to where you will spend your holiday. I am supposing now that you all have decided to go to a certain spot. Well, then, I will tell you what to do to make the thing a complete success.

You need not go very far into the country, for England is beautiful all over. You now appoint one of your chums as treasurer. With the money in hand, he goes to one of the firms who hire out tents. A bell tent, of the Army pattern, is all you want. You can hire one from five to seven shillings per week, with pole, pegs, and ropes complete. Then you send it along to the place you intend staying at. You arrive, and go to a farmer who owns the land you wish to camp on. If he does not let you have the pitch free, you can hire it for about half-a-crown for the week.

Now you take your tent, and lay it flat on the ground. Set the pole in its place, and one of you attend to the raising of it. Four others will take a "guy"-rope each. These are a bit different from the others, and are painted red, so that you cannot mistake them. Having driven the four pegs into the ground—with the tops leaning away from the tent—you will have the work nearly completed when you place the guy-ropes on them. Now drive in the remaining pegs, taking care to see that they are all at an equal distance from each other, and from the tent. You next peg down the wall. This is the name of the part of the tent that hangs straight down from the tent to the ground.

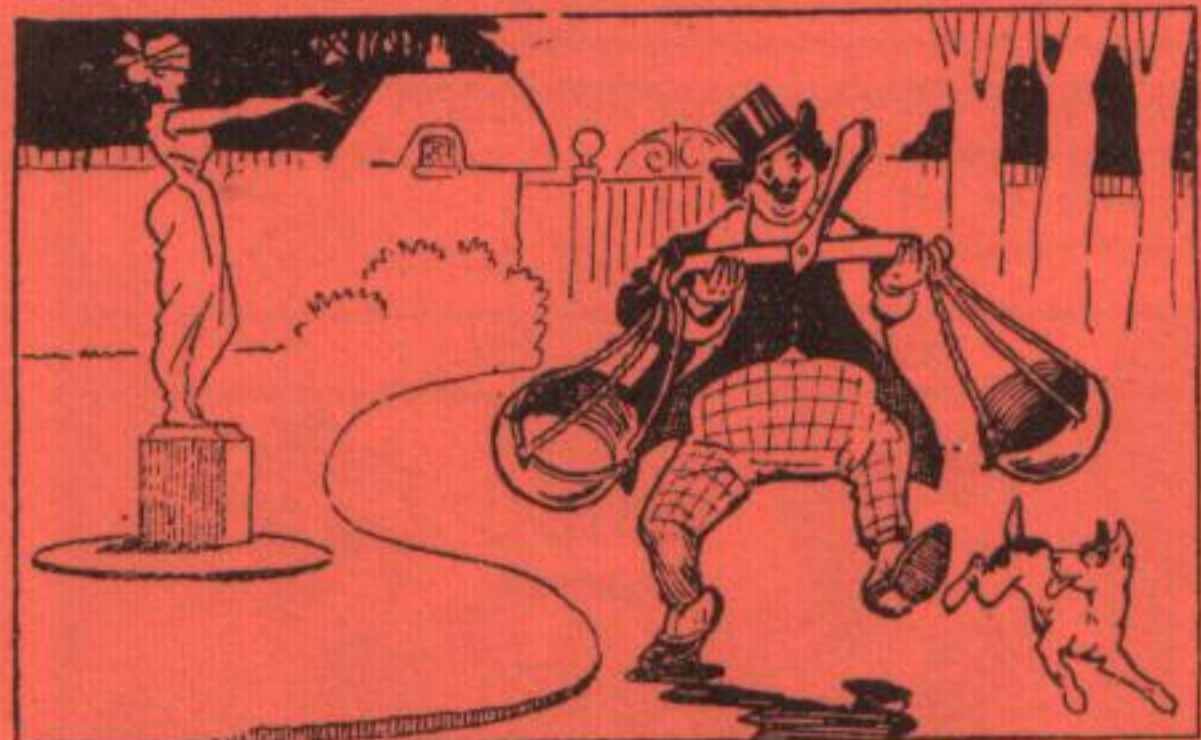
Be sure you pitch your tent on high ground—that is, on a piece of land higher than the ground surrounding. Then dig a little trench all round, and cut a channel in the lowest part away from the tent. This, in case of rain, will prevent the water getting into the tent floor.

(This Splendid "Camping Out" Article will be Continued on this Page next Monday.)

THE WEIGH TO MAKE MONEY.



1. "Things are bad," said the showman. "I don't look like making much at the fair!" For the landlord had collared his caravan, d'ye see.

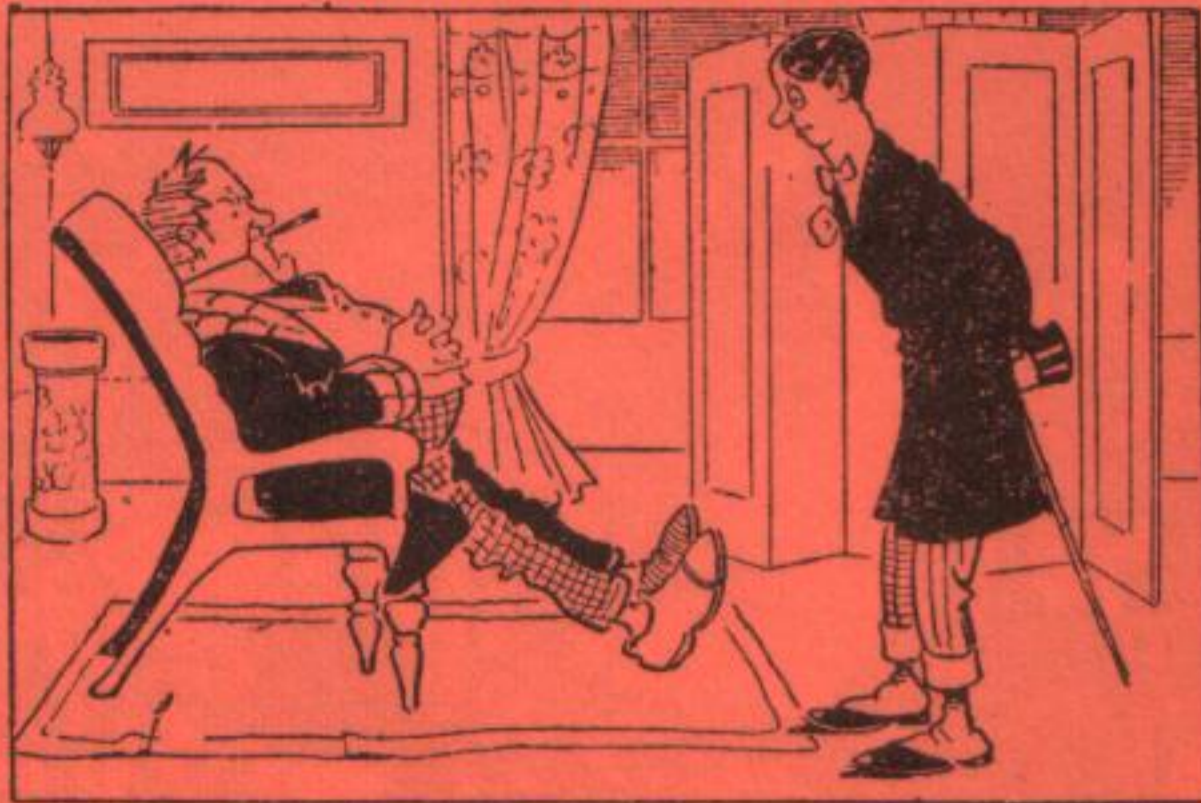


2. But suddenly a happy thought struck our old friend, and he borrowed the scales from that statue of Justice. "This will do it!" he chortled.



3. And he fitted up a nobby weighing-machine like this, and the schoolboys rolled up with their pennies, and all was well.

GIVING HER AWAY.



Reggie: "I'm looking forward very eagerly to the union with your daughter."

Father: "Yes, and you'll get there, too, if she's half as expensive as she's been with me."

A BIT OF A WAG-GLE.

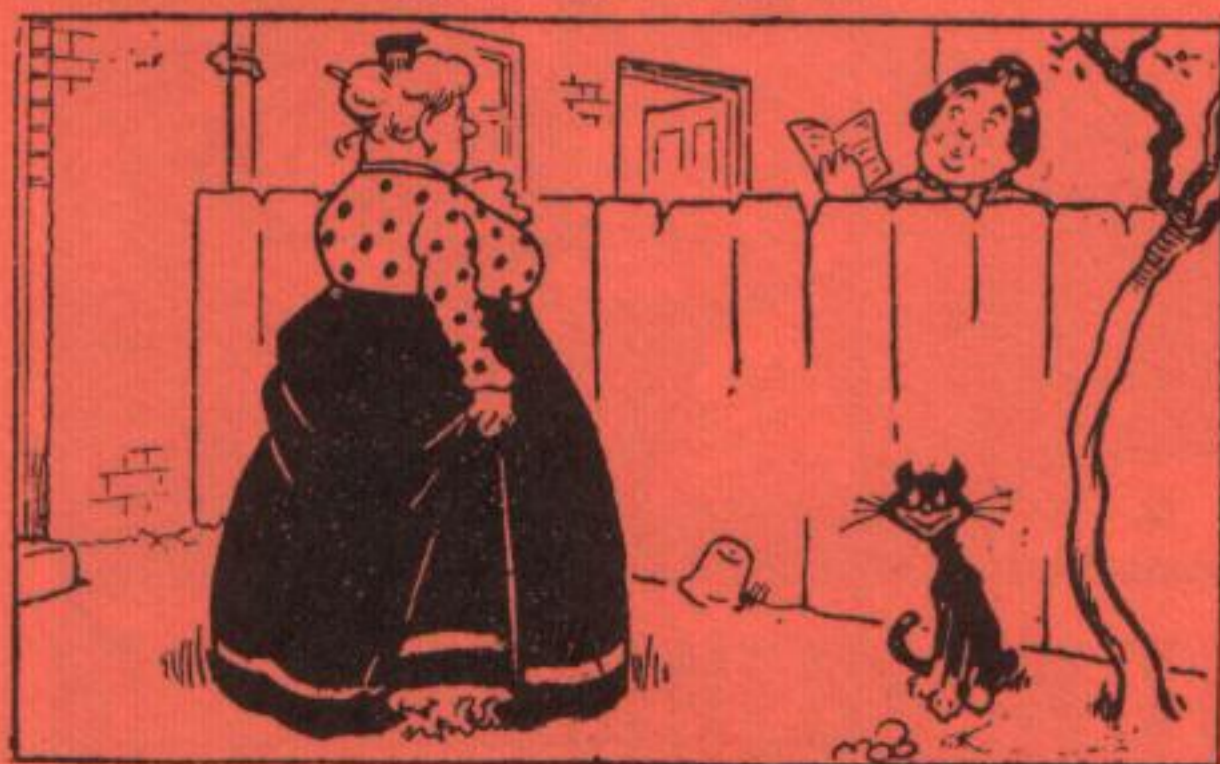


Old Lady: "What time does the next train go to Chatham, porter?"

Porter: "Why, I've told you three times before, mum! At five fifty-five!"

Old Lady: "Yes, I know; but my little boy does so like to see your whiskers waggle when you say 'five fifty-five.'"

MOTHER DIDN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT HE MEANT.



Mrs. Corn: "My boy John writes me that he is stopping at the best hotels."

"Is he a commercial traveller?"

"No; he is driving a railway omnibus."



In days to come we shall keep watch-dogs for protection against sky-burglars. At least, so our artist thinks, and says this is what the kennels will look like!

A GOOD ALL-ROUND IDEA.



"Trade's something shocking, and something will have to be did," said Dick, the donkey man.

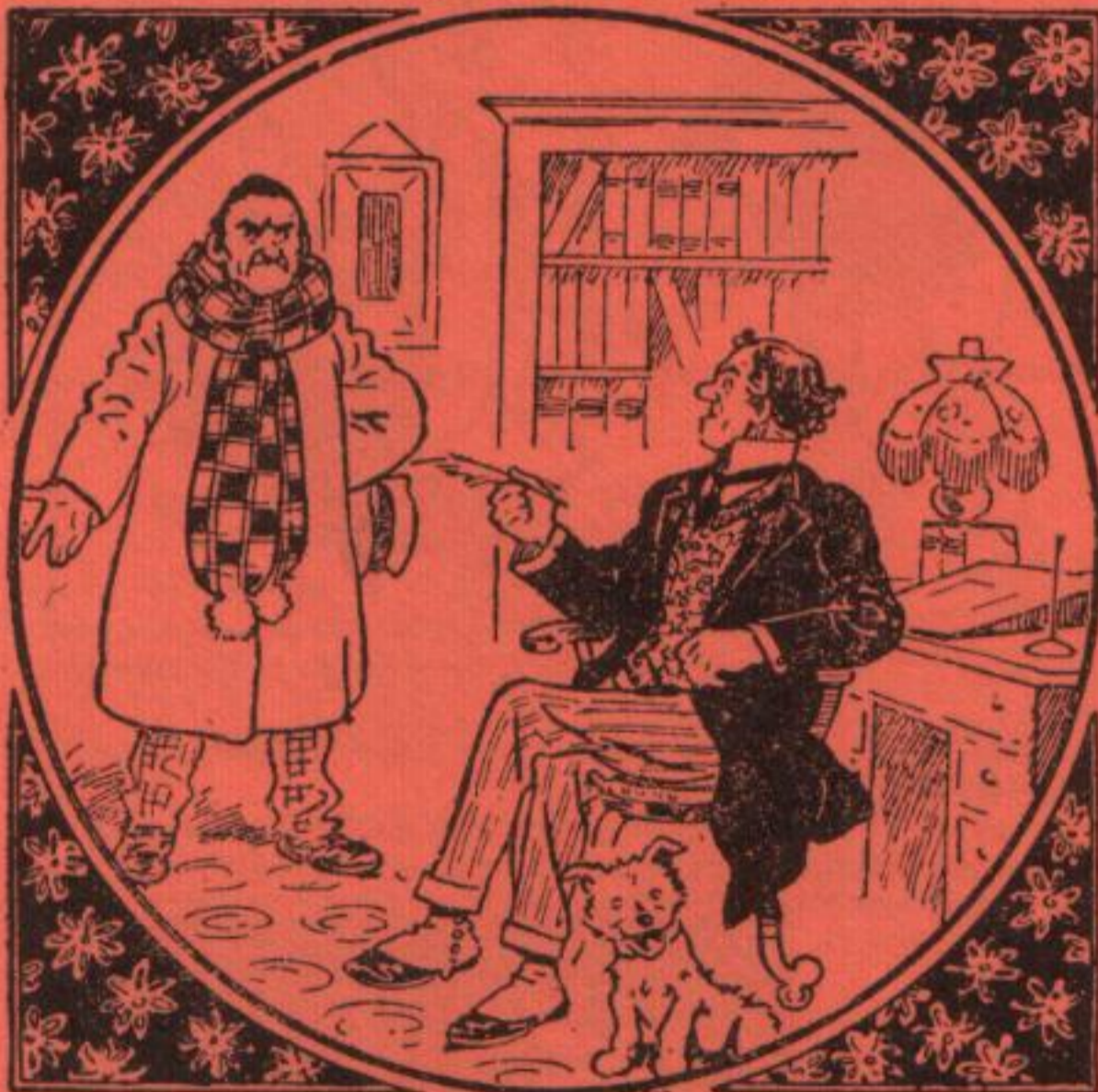


2. "Cheer up!" chirped Bob, the boatman. "We'll just fix this capstan up on this pier-head, and, with the aid of a few saddles, we'll have a one-donkey-power big wheel.



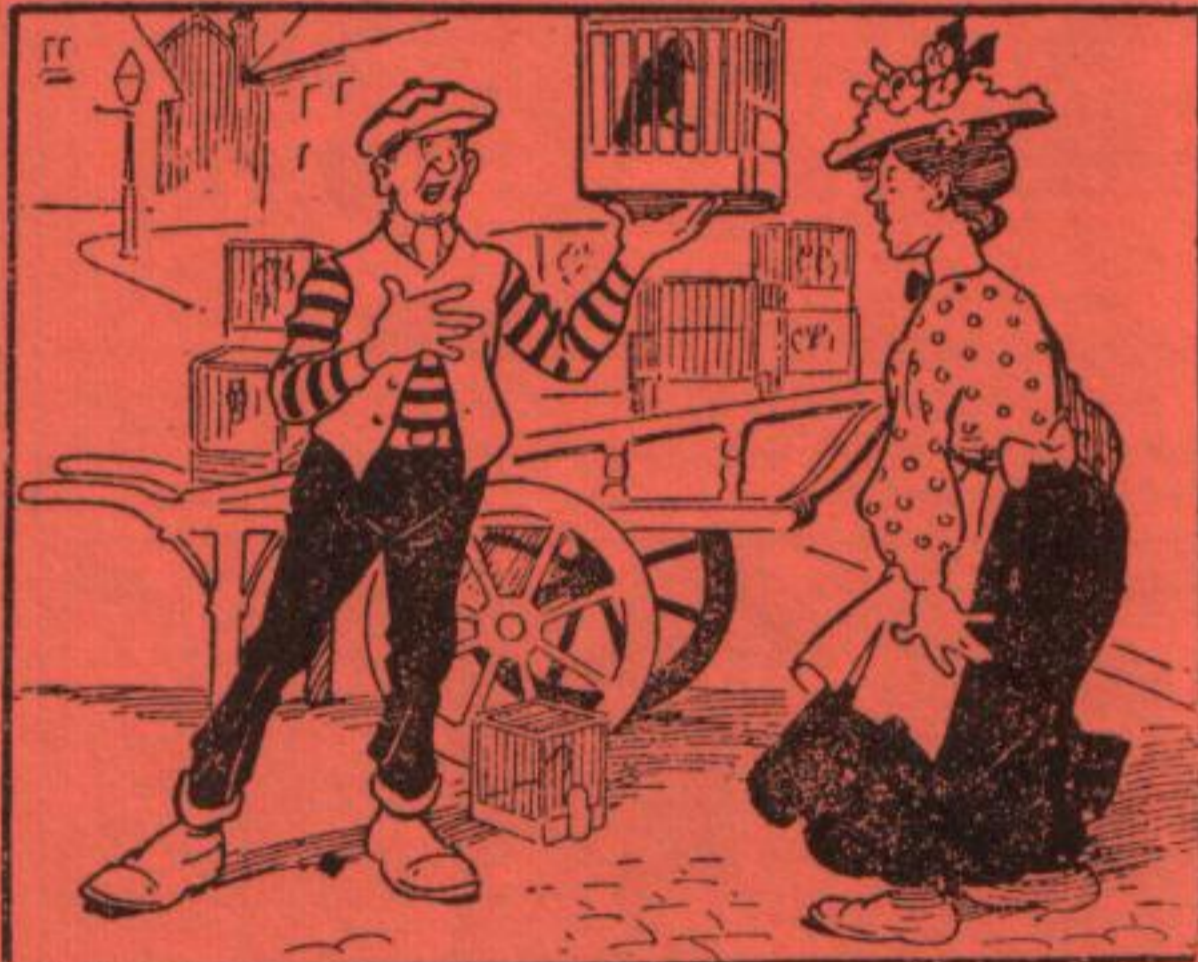
3. Were they busy? Rather! Why, in less than two twos they were rolling in wealth!

A VERY LONG DROP.



Doctor: "Did you follow my prescription?"  
Patient: "No fear. If I had I should have broken my neck, because I threw it out of the ninth-storey window."

OH, WHAT A SELL!



Jack Daw: "'Ere you are, miss! I guarantee that this raven will live for a hundred years, and if it dies, come back, and I'll change it for you."



\*\*\*  
**THEN HE GOT IT HOT.**  
"Now, Tommy, can you name something that will not freeze?"  
"Yes, sir. Hot water."

\*\*\*  
**OH, JOY!**

Jack: "Just think, Jill, in fifteen more years we can get married!"  
Jill (joyfully): "Oh, Jackie!"

