"CAST UP BY THE SEA!"

A Magnificent Long, Complete Tale of School Life.

The Magnet Library

No. 301. Vol. 8, November 15th, 1913.

THE HUMAN CHAIN! *(A Thrilling Incident in the Long, Complete School Tale in This Issue.)*

Published by Howard Baker Press Ltd, 27a Arterberry Road, Wimbledon, London, S.W. 20.

A Complete School-Story Book, attractive to all readers. . .

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

Cast Up by the Sea

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

By FRANK RICHARDS.

Wingate grasped the seaman by the collar and ran him down to the gates. The man struggled for a moment, but he was powerless in the grasp of the muscular captain of Greyfriars, and he was run out into the road in a few seconds. "I not go—niemals—niemals!" shouted Lasker. "I vill see him pefore tat I go! It is vun lie to say that my young master no vish to see me!" (*See Chapter* 9.)

THE FIRST CHAPTER.
From the Jaws of Death.

"IT'S all up with her!"

Harry Wharton, of the Remove Form at Greyfriars, muttered the words between his clenched teeth as he looked seaward from the rocks.

Crash! Crash!

The thunder rolled with a thousand deep echoes among the cliffs. With a roar almost as deep as that of the thunder-crash the surf broke upon the great rocks of the Shoulder. The crowd on the beach surged back from the waves as they raced up the shingle.

It was a wild night. From the blackness of the sea gleamed a light—like a faint and feeble appeal for help where no help was possible. The ship that was so close to the rocks was doomed beyond hope. On the shore the fishermen of Pegg were crowded, and a swarm of fellows from Greyfriars.

It was past bed-time at Greyfriars, but in such a storm no one could think of sleep, and at the news that a ship was driving ashore the whole school had turned out. The Head himself was there, with most of the masters; and the boys had been allowed to crowd down to the bay, on the bare chance that they might be of some service.

There had been an occasion when Harry Wharton and the chums of the Remove had saved lives from a shipwreck, but now there was no hope of aid being rendered. The half-seen, shadowy vessel was already disabled, and was among the rocks, where no boat could have lived in the raging surf.

The end was a matter of a very short time now—perhaps minutes!

"It's all up with her," Harry Wharton repeated, as the roll of thunder died away. "Oh, Bob, it's horrible to stand here—able to do nothing."

Bob Cherry nodded glumly.

"I know that, Harry. But we can't help them. They've tried to get a boat out, and it's been smashed on the rocks. Old Trumper has been hurt. We can't do anything. It's the worst storm I've seen since I've been at Greyfriars."

"Look!" exclaimed Frank Nugent. "The light's out!"

"That means the finish!"

The single light that flickered from the sea had suddenly vanished.

Blackness swallowed up the vessel.

The juniors listened for the crash when she struck; but the roar of the surf, and the deep roll of thunder, drowned all other sounds.

"Wait for the lightning again!" muttered Harry Wharton.

It came—a vivid gleam that blazed across the black expanse of the heavens. It showed the turbid, froth-flecked sea—the great looming rocks of the Shoulder—and the disabled steamer that was drifting to doom. In the bright blaze Wharton could see figures on the vessel—he even thought that he distinguished one of them as a boy's. Then blackness again swallowed up ship and sea and sky.

"It is terrible!" muttered Dr. Locke, the Head of Greyfriars. "And nothing can be done? Nothing?"

Old Dave Trumper shook his head. His right arm hung stiff at his side, hurt by a crash on the rocks in the attempt to launch a boat. The fragments of the boat were tossing about in the surf.

"Nothing, sir. It will be over soon."

"Is it an English ship—can you tell?"

Trumper shook his head.

"It's a Dutchy, sir. There's a lifebelt washed ashore, and the name of the ship is on it—the Adler. That's a German word, ain't it, sir?"

Dr. Locke started.

"The Adler! Yes, certainly—good heavens!" The doctor's face had grown paler. "Is it possible that this is the Adler, of the Indian Line?"

Trumper nodded.

"I 'ope you haven't friends on that craft, sir," he said.

"This is terrible. There is a boy—a new boy for Greyfriars—who is being sent home from India on board the Adler!" the Head exclaimed, greatly agitated. "The ship is due to arrive in the Thames to-morrow."

Trumper shook his head again.

"Then I'm afeared that boy won't see Greyfriars, sir."

"Heaven help him!"

The fellows who were standing near the Head had heard what was said. Their glances turned with renewed anxiety towards the black waters. A new boy for Greyfriars, on board that doomed craft—the thought of it gave them an icy thrill. Dr. Locke turned to Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, but his words were drowned in the roll of the thunder.

"Oh, it's rotten!" groaned Bob Cherry. "If we could only get to him——"

Wharton's face was very white.

"I saw a kid on the deck," he said. "I saw him in the lightning. A new kid for the school—it's horrible. I remember now hearing that a new kid was coming into the Remove—his name's Cholmondeley — Clive Cholmondeley. And he's on that craft!"

The juniors shivered. The knowledge that a Greyfriars fellow was there, in the shadow of death, brought the tragedy nearer home to them.

Crash, crash, crash!

Amid the roll of thunder, the raging of the surf, Wharton thought he heard another sound—the sound of a vessel grinding on iron-hard rocks.

The lightning blazed again.

"She's struck!"

Blackness swallowed up the tortured vessel, grinding to pieces on the sharp rocks. Still the fishermen, and the crowd of Greyfriars fellows watched the sea. There was a chance—a vague chance—that yet some survivor might be cast ashore in a lifebelt, and they were ready to risk anything to help him.

Only when the lightning blazed could anything be seen. By the vivid flashes, they watched with aching eyes.

Bob Cherry gave a sudden shout.

"Look! What's that?"

He dashed forward into the surf.

"Cherry! Stand back!" shouted Mr. Quelch.

But the thunder rolled again and drowned his voice. Bob Cherry was neck-deep in water, and the surf would have swept him away; but his chums were after him in a twinkling. Wharton's grasp was on his arm — Nugent was grasping Wharton—and Nugent was gripped by Johnny Bull and Mark Linley. Hurree Singh and Tom Brown dashed to their aid, and grasped them, and the whole body of juniors, clinging together, surged towards the shingle amid the tossing surf.

There was a rush of other fellows to aid them. Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars, was on the spot in a moment. Coker, of the Fifth, was as quick. They grasped the reeling juniors, and helped to drag them out. Clinging together, they staggered up the beach, hammered at and thundered on by the tearing surf. And in Bob Cherry's grasp there was a dragging form circled by a lifebelt.

Out of reach of the hungry surf at last!

"Got him!" panted Bob Cherry.

It was a boy Bob Cherry held in his grasp—a lad of about his own age. The lad was quite unconscious, but he still breathed. His white, stony face was handsome in outline, the lashes of the closed eyes long and dark. He was half-dressed, as if he had been in his bunk when the alarm of danger roused him out.

"He lives!" said Mr. Quelch, bending over the still form. "Thank Heaven one at least is saved. Take him to the Anchor—quick!"

The unconscious boy was carried quickly into the inn. The Greyfriars juniors followed—they were in need of dry clothes. All who had helped in the rescue were soaked to the skin.

On the beach many still watched but from the doomed vessel, grinding to pieces on the rocks of the Shoulder, there came no more alive. In a warm bed in the inn, the rescued lad lay—tucked up in blankets, with a doctor looking after him. Before a blazing fire, the rescuers sat wrapped in blankets, too, while their clothes were drying. Bob Cherry blushed very much as the Head laid a hand upon his shoulder, and gave him a word of praise for his prompt action.

"Only one life, I fear, has been saved," said the Head, "and that has been saved by a Greyfriars boy. You are a brave lad, Cherry, and I am proud of you."

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Bob, as the Head moved away.

"Hear, hear!" said Harry Wharton. "It was jolly plucky, Bob—if I hadn't caught hold of you, you'd have gone out to sea holding that chap; and I should gone after you, if somebody hadn't collared me."

"Jolly plucky!" said Johnny Bull. "Bob, old man, you're a giddy hero."

"Oh, rats!"

"He blusheth!" said Nugent. "That's right—true heroes are always modest."

"Shut up!" growled Bob.

"Jolly plucky of you, Cherry!" said Coker, of the Fifth. "I must say so."

"Look here," said Bob Cherry sulphurously, "I've got to stand it from the Head; but I won't stand it from you chaps. Shut up!"

And the chaps grinned and shut up.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Through the Valley of the Shadow!

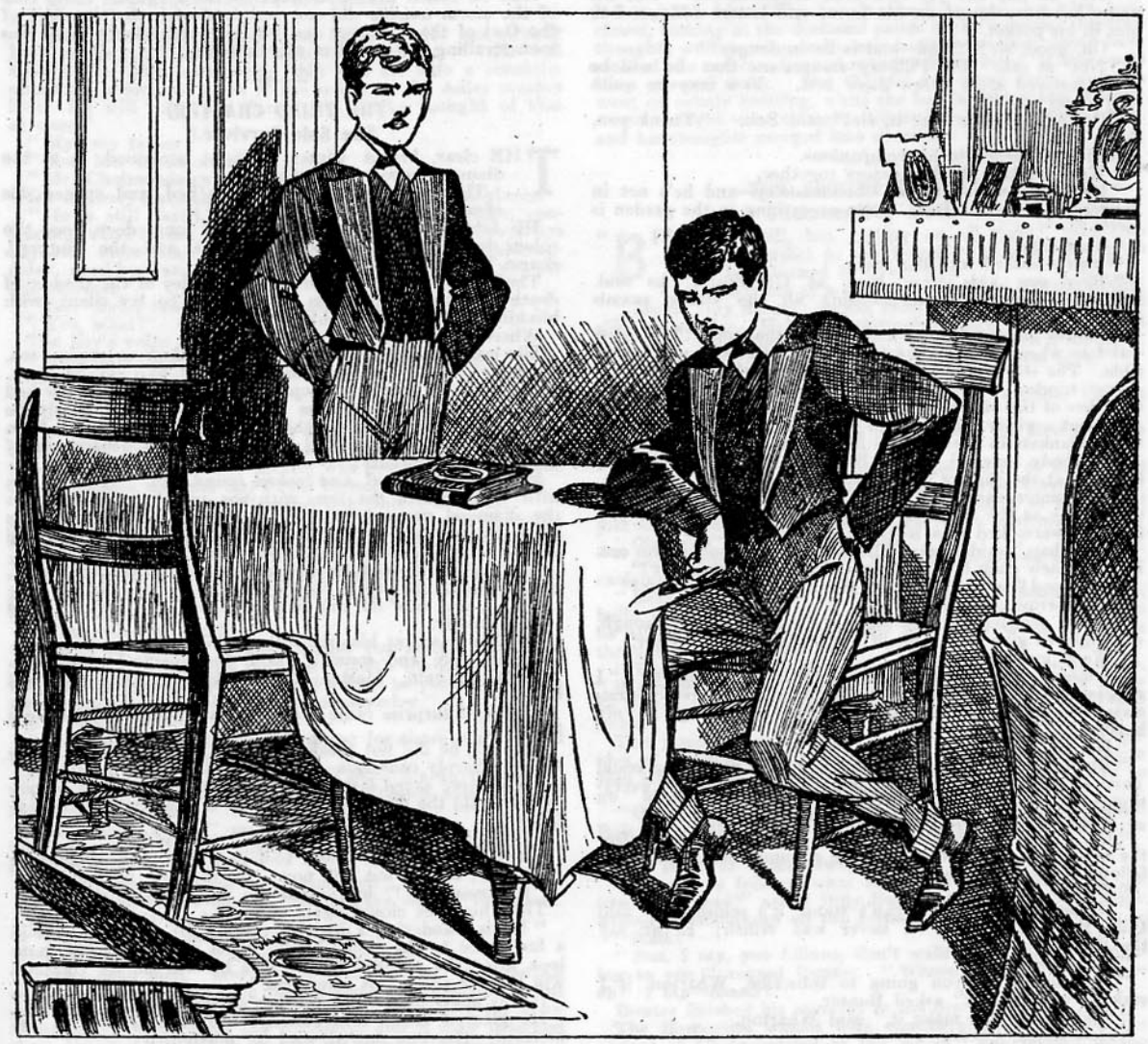
"I WONDER——" said Harry Wharton, after a pause.

"I was just thinking of the same thing," Frank Nugent remarked, with a nod. "I wonder if that chap is the new kid for Greyfriars?"

"The wonderfulness is terrific," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "I shall be very pleased if he shall turn out to be the newest kid from my own esteemed country!"

"It's very likely," said Bob. "He wasn't dressed like a ship's boy, anyway. He had only his bags on, with his pyjamas, and a coat. I suppose the poor kid was roused out of bed, and hadn't time to dress. But his bags ain't sailor bags. I shouldn't wonder if he's Cholmondeley—what a giddy name! Lucky it isn't pronounced as it's spelt; life's too short!"

"I suppose we shall know soon," said Wharton thought-



"Will you tell me what it all means, Chummy?" asked Bob Cherry huskily. Cholmondeley sank into a chair. "It means that I'm a liar and a rascal, and that I'm not fit to have you speak to me—that's what it means!" he replied, with a choke in his voice. (*See Chapter* 14.)

fully. "Queer thing if the Greyfriars chap is the only fellow saved from the wreck. Of course, others may be saved; they may have got a boat away. The boats were gone."

"Washed away, most likely."

"Yes, most likely; but it's possible some may have got off. I hope so, anyway. The Head's with the kid now. I wonder if a chap might ask whether he's Cholmondeley. He belongs to us, you know; Cholmondeley is coming into the Remove. He's been prepared for the Lower Fourth by a tutor in India, same as Inky was. Did you know any Cholmondeleys in India, Inky?"

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the Nabob of Bhanipur, looked thoughtful.

"There is a Sahib Cholmondeley who has a plantation in Bhanipur," he said. "I have seen him when I was at home."

"Might be the same family," said Bob. "Poor kid! He's a long way from home, and this is a rotten way to arrive at school—if he's Cholmondeley. I'd like to know!"

"Go in and see him," said Nugent. "As the heroic rescuer, you're entitled to ask how he is going on!"

"Oh, rot!"

"That's right," said Harry Wharton. "Our clothes are nearly dry now, and we shall have to be getting back to Greyfriars. We want to know whether Cholmondeley has been saved. You can ask, Bob, as the heroic——"

"Shurrup!"

"Well, go in and see if he's Cholmondeley."

Bob hesitated, then rose to his feet. The juniors were naturally curious to know whether the rescued boy was their new schoolmate. It was terrible to think of the boy who had come so far to Greyfriars having met his death so close to the school—in the surf raging on the rocks of the Shoulder. It would be a great relief to their minds if the rescued lad turned out to be the junior expected at the school.

The clothes were dry now, and Bob Cherry dressed himself and slipped through the open door into the adjoining room, where the rescued lad lay still unconscious in bed. Dr. Locke and Mr. Quelch were there, with the medical man, speaking in low voices. Bob coughed slightly, and Dr. Locke turned his head.

"If you please, sir," stammered Bob, "we—we should like to know whether that chap is the new Greyfriars chap, sir?"

Dr. Locke nodded kindly.

"I understand, Cherry," he said. "And I am glad to say that such is the case."

"Has he spoken yet, sir?"

"No; he has not yet recovered consciousness. But his name has been found on his linen, and letters addressed to him in his pocket."

"Oh, good, sir! And—and is he in danger?"

"Not at all. Dr. Pillbury assures me that he will be quite restored after a few days' rest. You may be quite easy about that."

"I'm jolly glad to hear it, sir!" said Bob. "Thank you, sir!"

And he returned to his companions.

"Well?" asked all the juniors together.

"He's Chummy—I mean, Cholmondeley—and he's not in danger!" announced Bob. "So everything in the garden is lovely!"

"Good egg!"

Wingate looked into the room.

"Time you kids were back at Greyfriars," he said. "Come along! I'm shepherding all the young rascals home!"

And the juniors dressed and quitted the inn. The hour was late when they reached Greyfriars; but sleep was impossible. The storm was still raging with fearful violence, and every window in the old school was rattling, and the branches of the old elms in the Close groaned and crashed.

"What a giddy night!" said Bob Cherry, as he rolled into warm blankets in the Remove dormitory.

"Anybody saved?" asked Billy Bunter, waking up and blinking at the juniors as they turned in.

Billy Bunter was one of the fellows who had not gone down to the bay at the alarm of a shipwreck. Billy Bunter preferred a warm bed to a storm-swept shore.

"One chap," said Harry Wharton. "Bob pulled him out. He's the new chap for Greyfriars—Clive Cholmondeley!"

"Oh, good!" said Bunter. "When is he coming here?"

"To-morrow, most likely."

"I say, you fellows, considering what he's been through, we ought to give him a bit of a welcome," said Bunter.

"We're going to, Tubby."

"I mean, we might stand him a feed," said Bunter. "I suggest raising a subscription all round for a really first-class, spanking spread, and placing the money in my hands——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at! You could leave all the arrangements to me. I'd take care of everything——"

"Especially the grub!" remarked Vernon-Smith.

"Oh, really, Smithy! I think it's up to us to look after the new chap a bit, considering the circumstances. But you fellows always were selfish!"

"What!"

"If there's one thing I can't stand, it's selfishness," said Billy Bunter loftily. "I never was selfish; I can say that!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"How much are you going to subscribe, Wharton, if I make a whip-round?" asked Bunter.

"Nothing—if you make it," said Wharton.

"How much, Cherry——"

"Nix!"

"What will you shell out, Johnny Bull, considering that the chap has been nearly drowned, you know?"

"I don't see that his being nearly drowned is a reason for feeding a fat, greedy porpoise!" growled Johnny Bull. "You won't get anything out of me! Precious little Cholmondeley would see of the feed!"

"How much, Bulstrode——"

"Rats!" said Bulstrode.

"I suppose you'll hand out something, Toddy——"

"I'll hand out a thick ear if you don't shut up!" grunted Peter Todd.

"Oh, really, Toddy! Look here, you fellows, in a case like this, you ought to rally round, you know. Make it a tanner each—— Yaroooooh!"

Two pillows whizzed through the air from different directions, and caught Billy Bunter on either side of the head.

Biff! Biff!

"Ow! Ow! Beasts!" roared Bunter. "Who threw those pillows? I'll smash him! Own up, you rotter, if you're not a funk! I'll——"

"I threw one," said Bob Cherry. "Come and begin the smashing!"

"I threw the other," said Tom Brown, the New Zealander. "I'll take my turn after Bob when the smashing begins!"

"Ahem! If it was only a joke, I'll—I'll let you off," said Bunter.

"But it wasn't a joke," said Bob.

"It wasn't a joke," said Tom Brown.

"Well, I—I'll let you off, anyway; it's too cold to get out of bed and lick you," said Bunter.

And he rolled over and went to sleep again. The roar of the storm outside did not interfere with the slumbers of the Owl of the Remove, and his deep and steady snore was soon rivalling the growl of the thunder.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.
The Sole Survivor!

THE clear, bright winter sunlight streamed in at the diamond-paned window.

The boy moved restlessly in bed, and opened his eyes.

His face was healthier now. In his long, deep sleep the colour had come back into his cheeks, and the haggard, drawn look was gone.

The boy who had been through the valley of the shadow of death had awakened again to life, and he lay silent, with blinking eyes in the sunshine, wondering.

Where was he?

His last recollection was of a reeling deck, a raging sea, cruel rocks looming up through the surf like savage teeth. Then darkness and the deep had engulfed him. He had gone to death, but now he awakened to life. Dimly he remembered fastening on the lifebelt ere he slipped from the shattered wreck. Had it brought him ashore, then? Was he alive and safe?

He moved his head, and looked round him. He was in a little bed-room of the inn, with the sunshine gleaming on the diamond panes in the old-fashioned window. He was alive—he was safe—and there was a sense of comfort and ease in all his tired limbs as he stretched in the warm bed.

A little, bald-headed man, in glasses and a black frock-coat, came towards the bed as the boy looked round him.

"Well, and how do you feel this morning?" Dr. Pillbury asked genially.

The boy gazed at him without speaking.

"Quite safe and sound!" said the medical gentleman. "Right as rain, Master Cholmondeley! Do you feel better?"

A look of surprise came over the boy's handsome, clear-cut face.

But still he did not speak. He was fully conscious now—keenly, sharply conscious—but he was too weak to talk.

"You were saved last night by one of your future schoolmates," said the doctor kindly—"one of the boys from Greyfriars!"

"Greyfriars?" the boy murmured, in wonder.

"Yes. You will go there to-day, if you are sufficiently recovered; but do not talk now. Go to sleep, my lad."

"Cholmondeley!" murmured the boy. "Greyfriars!"

Then his eyes closed again.

"He is wandering a little, I think," Dr. Pillbury said in a low voice to the stout, kindly dame who had come in to look after the rescued lad. "But he will be all right. I will look in again this afternoon."

It was hours later when the boy's eyes reopened.

He glanced round him dazedly, and then seemed to remember. His lips moved, and he murmured:

"Cholmondeley! Greyfriars!"

The red-faced dame turned towards him. She was a kindly fisher-wife, who had taken charge of the young invalid, nurses not being available in Pegg.

"Woke up, dearie?" she said. "Do you feel hungry?"

The boy nodded.

He was propped up on pillows to eat broth. He ate with a keen appetite, and he looked stronger and better when he had finished. Dr. Pillbury came in, and gave a nod of approval as he saw him.

"Good—very good," he said. "Another night's rest, and you will be able to go to Greyfriars, Master Cholmondeley."

"To go to Greyfriars?" repeated the boy.

"Yes." The doctor smiled pleasantly, wondering whether the terrible shock of the shipwreck had affected the boy's mind. "Don't you remember? You have come from India to go to school at Greyfriars."

"Oh!"

"Your schoolfellows are all ready to welcome you."

"Are they?"

"You were rescued by one of them last night—a lad named Cherry. He has come over to see you, and I think you are strong enough to see him, if you do not talk too much. Would you like him to come up?"

"Yes. But——"

"Well, my dear boy?"

"You—you have called me—me—Cholmondeley!"

"Yes, quite so," said the doctor soothingly. "Ah, perhaps you are surprised that we know your name? Is that it?"

The boy nodded.

"Your initials were on your linen, and your name on some things," the doctor explained, "and you had letters on you

in your coat pocket, addressed to you on board the ship, and which you must have received at some port of call. That is how we knew your identity."

"Oh, I see!"

"Quite clear now?" smiled the medico.

"Yes. But—but—I——"

"You are thinking about your father? He has already been cabled to," said the doctor reassuringly. "He will receive the cable announcing that you are safe a considerable time before the news of the wreck of the Adler reaches him. He will suffer no alarm. Dr. Locke thought of that at once."

"My—my father!"

"Yes, Mr. Cholmondeley!"

"Mr. Cholmondeley! My father!"

Dr. Pillbury gave the red-faced dame a significant glance.

"He is still dazed," he murmured. "No wonder, considering what he has been through. Don't let the Greyfriars boy stay more than ten minutes. Now, Master Cholmondeley, good-bye, and your friend is coming up to see you for ten minutes."

"But—but I must tell you—I must tell you——"

"Yes, what?"

The boy's voice died away. He did not reply.

"You have something to tell me?" asked the doctor, puzzled.

"No. Nothing."

"Then good-bye."

The doctor left, and a couple of minutes later Bob Cherry entered the room. Bob had ridden over on his bicycle from Greyfriars to see how the invalid was getting on. He came to the bedside, and the boy's eyes turned on his inquiringly.

"Feeling pretty fit—eh?" asked Bob Cherry cheerily.

"Yes. I am getting better. I have had a shock. I hardly know where I am, or who I am," said the boy, with a strange smile.

"No wonder," said Bob sympathetically. "You must have gone through a fearful time. Jolly glad we were there to pull you out."

"You pulled me out?"

"All of us did—the Remove chaps, you know," said Bob. "You're coming into the Remove. That's the Lower Fourth Form at Greyfriars, you know. We shall be jolly glad to see you there, Chummy—I mean, Cholmondeley."

The boy smiled.

"I suppose they call you something for short—eh?" asked Bob, with a smile, too.

"You can call me Chummy, if you like. I always—I mean, I should like it. I hope you will be friends with me if I come to Greyfriars."

"Of course I will," said Bob heartily; "and there's no 'if' about it. You're coming to Greyfriars right enough, kid. You belong to us."

The boy was silent for some moments.

"Has anybody else been saved from the wreck?" he asked.

Bob shook his head sadly.

"Nobody's been heard of," he said.

"But they have come ashore by this time?"

"Only dead men," said Bob in a low voice, "and not all of them. There must have been a good many on board, but only six bodies have been recovered so far. There are a lot of under-currents round the Shoulder, and a man drowned there hasn't much chance of floating ashore afterwards.

"Only men?"

"Yes, no women," said Bob, "or kids either."

"Then I am the only one saved?"

"The only one."

The boy closed his eyes for a moment. Bob Cherry watched him curiously. The fact that he was the only one saved did not seem to grieve the lad very keenly. He seemed to be thinking of something else.

"And Mr. Cholmondeley has already been cabled to that his son is safe!" the boy muttered at last, opening his eyes, and looking strangely at Bob Cherry.

"Yes, rather. The Head thought of that at once. If your father had heard of the shipwreck first, it would have made him feel pretty bad, I should think. Now he'll get the Head's cable first."

The boy smiled.

"Well, it was not my doing," he said.

"Of course it wasn't," said Bob in surprise. "You were fast asleep. But—but you wanted the cable to be sent, surely?"

"Yes, yes, of course. I—I am rather dazed now. I hardly know what I say," the boy muttered, the colour flushing into his cheeks.

Bob Cherry was remorseful at once.

"Of course, and here I am jawing to you like a silly ass, when I ought to be gone. Would you like me to come over and see you again?"

"Yes, very much."

"Then I'll bike over this evening. I can easily get leave. Give us your fin."

And Bob Cherry cordially squeezed the hand of the rescued lad and left him. The boy lay back in bed, his eyes half-closed, looking at the diamond panes in the window. Strange thoughts were passing in his mind—thoughts that would have amazed the red-faced, good-natured fisher-dame, if she could have guessed them. But she did not guess them, and she went on calmly knitting, while the boy lay there and thought—and thought—and thought, till at last he fell asleep again, and his thoughts merged into dreams.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Cholmondeley Arrives!

"BIT queer still, but getting on all right," was Bob Cherry's verdict to the fellows who asked for news when he returned to Greyfriars.

"What sort of a chap is he?" asked Vernon-Smith.

"Seems very decent; speaks nicely, too. He's a bit dazed still, no wonder. He's been through enough to turn a chap's hair grey," said Bob feelingly. "He'll get over it all right, though; and we'll go easy with him when he gets here."

Bolsover major grunted.

"I don't believe in coddling new kids, whether they've been shipwrecked or not," he said.

Bob Cherry turned towards the bully of the Remove with a gleam in his eyes.

"I don't care twopence what you believe in or don't!" he exclaimed. "But if you begin any rot with Cholmondeley you'll get into trouble. That kid isn't going to be bullied just after escaping from a shipwreck. You remember that!"

"Oh, rats!" said Bolsover major.

"And if you say rats to me again, I'll begin on you now!" exclaimed Bob angrily.

"Easy does it," said Harry Wharton. "Bolsover won't bully the new kid. We'll scalp him if he does. It's up to us all to make things easy for him after what he's been through. We all know that."

"Yaas," said Lord Mauleverer, the dandy of the Remove, "if you worry him, Bolsover, my dear fellow, I shall really be driven to takin' a hand and lickin' you myself, don't you know."

The juniors chuckled, and even Bolsover grinned at the idea of Lord Mauleverer licking the burly Bolsover. Even Bob Cherry, the great fighting-man of the Remove, had to go "all out" to accomplish that difficult feat.

"Oh, if you're going to lick me, Mauly, I'm done!" said Bolsover, with a grin. "All the same, I don't believe in coddling new kids."

And Bolsover walked away.

"I say, you fellows, what about the idea of standing the new kid a feed?" asked Billy Bunter anxiously. "I'm quite willing to undertake all the arrangements."

"Rats!"

"But, I say, you fellows, don't walk away while I'm talking to you!" roared Bunter. "Where are your manners—eh? I say—beasts!"

Bunter finished his remarks to the desert air.

The Removites waited with considerable interest for the arrival of Cholmondeley at the school. The fellows in the other Forms were interested in him, too. His arrival was dramatic, to say the least. The sole survivor of a big shipwreck was an interesting personage. And it had come out, too, that Cholmondeley was a rich fellow, his father being a very rich planter in Bhanipur, the native state of which Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, of the Remove, was Nabob. He was sent home to Europe for his education, after being prepared up to a certain point by a tutor in India.

He would probably be rolling in rupees, or in their English equivalent, and that idea made Snoop and Skinner and Bunter very keen to make his acquaintance. Indeed, the rupees had rather an attraction for seniors, too. Potter of the Fifth had mentioned that he was going to be kind to the shipwrecked junior, and Loder and Walker of the Sixth were considering whether to ask him to their studies for a little game of nap—strictly under the rose, of course.

On the following day, in the afternoon, Cholmondeley arrived.

It was a half-holiday at Greyfriars, being a Wednesday, and football was going on strong on the playing-fields. All traces of the late storm were gone, and the day was bright and sunny. Cholmondeley came over in a trap from the Anchor Inn at Pegg. He was dressed in Etons, sent over from Greyfriars for him, belonging to a lad his size.

All his property of every kind had gone down in the Adler, of course, and he required a new outfit for Greyfriars, and the Head ordered it for him. Meanwhile, he was arrayed in Frank Nugent's Sunday Etons, and looked very well in them. His face had lost its paleness now, and was bright, keen, and healthy, though there was a thoughtful cloud on his brow. But it was natural that a lad who had been through such

terrible peril should remain in a somewhat subdued mood afterwards.

Cholmondeley left the trap at the gates, and walked into the Close with an easy, springy gait. A shout from the direction of the football-field came to his ears.

"Goal!"

"Bravo, Bob!"

The boy's face lighted up, and he walked towards the football ground. The Remove were playing the Upper Fourth, and Temple, Dabney, & Co. of the Fourth were having all their work cut out to keep their end up. It was an inspiriting scene, the nimble figures in footer shirts and shorts flitting to and fro, and the crowd of fellows round the field shouting and clapping. Bob Cherry had just put the ball in, and the Remove fellows were cheering him loudly.

Clive Cholmondeley's face lighted as he looked at Bob Cherry. This was the boy who had saved his life, never pausing for a moment to think of the risk to himself. The new junior's look, as his eyes rested on Bob, showed that there was deep and sincere gratitude and regard in his breast. As Cholmondeley stood looking on at the restart of the game after Bob Cherry's goal, he felt a touch on his elbow, and glanced down at a fat junior, whose plump little nose was adorned by a big pair of spectacles. The fat junior nodded to him with great cordiality.

"You're Chumchum, ain't you?" he asked.

"Cholmondeley."

"Yes, that's it. Glad to see you," said Bunter affably. Not feeling any bad effects after your swim—eh?"

Cholmondeley smiled.

"Thanks. I'm feeling fit enough now," he said.

"I'm Bunter," went on the fat junior confidentially. "William George Bunter, of the Remove, a leading chap in the Form. I've been looking for you, Cholmondeley. I want to make you welcome to Greyfriars, in the name of the Form."

"You are very kind," said the new junior.

"Not at all," said Bunter graciously. "I should like to look after you a bit, and show you the ropes, you know. 'm always very kind to new chaps. New chap myself once, you know, though I soon got on to things. Force of character, you know."

"Yes," said Cholmondeley, eyeing the fat junior in surprise. From appearances, he would never have suspected Billy Bunter of possessing much character of any kind.

"I want to look after you a bit, considering what you've been through," said Bunter. "I suppose you're hungry—what?"

"Thank you, no."

"I was thinking of standing you a feed at the tuck-shop to begin," explained Bunter. "Mrs. Mimble has some new pies in to-day."

"You're very kind, but I'd rather watch the footer, thanks."

"Play footer?" asked Bunter.

"No; but I want to learn. I've always wanted to play, but never had a chance."

"S'pose you don't get many chances of footer in India, on plantations and things?" agreed Bunter.

The colour crept into Cholmondeley's face for some reason, but he nodded. But Billy Bunter was too short-sighted to notice the new boy's flushed face.

"I'll tell you what," said Bunter, "I'll take you up and teach you footer. I'm not a chap to brag, but I'm about the best footballer in the Remove. I'm not in the Form Eleven. Wharton's got all that into his hands, you know, and he plays only his own friends, and they keep out a player like me. Sheer jealousy, you know."

"Who's Wharton?"

"Captain of the Remove. Every Form has a captain here, you know. That chap running after the ball now. Fellow with dark hair."

Cholmondeley glanced towards Harry Wharton. The handsome, frank face of the Remove captain did not bear out Bunter's description of him; and Cholmondeley was already beginning to have his own ideas about Bunter's veracity.

"In fact, you can depend on me to see you through," said Billy Bunter kindly. "By the way, Cholmondeley, old fellow, I'm in a bit of a hole just now. I'm expecting a postal-order; but there's been some delay in the post, and it hasn't arrived yet. It will be for five shillings. I suppose you wouldn't mind handing me the five bob now, and taking the postal-order when it comes?"

"Sorry, but——"

"Of course, I shall hand you the postal-order immediately it arrives," said Bunter. "You may rely upon that."

"Yes, but——"

"Well, suppose you make it half-a-crown, and I'll settle up out of the postal-order this—this evening," said Bunter. "That won't hurt you, old chap."

"No, but——"

"Now, look here, Cholmondeley, I'm really in want of a little loan for a few hours. I'm not a borrowing chap, and this is, in fact, the first time I've ever asked any fellow to lend me money. If you can let me have half-a-crown till my postal-order comes——"

"I would with pleasure, but——"

"I suppose you can trust me," said Bunter, with a great deal of dignity.

"Oh, yes, but——"

"Then why can't you make me a little loan?" demanded Bunter.

"I haven't any money," Cholmondeley explained.

"Eh!"

"Everything I had went down in the steamer. I haven't a coin of any sort about me. Otherwise, I should be pleased——"

"Oh, rats!" growled Bunter.

And the fat junior rolled away. He had wasted a quarter of an hour on the new fellow, and without succeeding in extracting the smallest financial assistance from him. Bunter's feeling of disgust was too deep for words. He had no further time to waste upon a fellow who had come to Greyfriars without a coin in his pockets, and he rolled off grumbling. Cholmondeley grinned, and resumed watching the football, untroubled by any further kind attentions on the part of the Owl of the Remove.

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THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Mr. Quelch is Surprised!

"STRORDINARY thing!" said Temple of the Fourth,

The extraordinary thing that surprised Temple was the fact that the Remove had beaten the Fourth Form by three goals to one. But the Removites did not regard it as being in the least surprising; they would have been surprised if the match had turned out otherwise. Harry Wharton & Co. came off the football field feeling very satisfied with themselves and things generally. And as Wharton was coming away from the ground, with a coat and muffler over his scanty attire, he caught sight of the new junior.

"Hallo, here's Cholmondeley!" he exclaimed.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry in his hearty, powerful tones, as he ran up to the new fellow. "So you've arrived."

"Yes, here I am."

"Looking pretty fit, too," said Bob, scanning the face of the shipwrecked schoolboy. "Glad to see that. Quite pulled through—what?"

"I hope so," said Cholmondeley.

"These chaps have seen you before," said Bob, presenting his friends. "You haven't seen them, because you were in the arms of Murphy when we dragged you out!"

"Morpheus, you ass!" roared Nugent.

"Well, you had your peepers shut, and couldn't see anything," said Bob. "This ass is Harry Wharton, captain of the Remove; this duffer is Frank Nugent; the chump with the broad shoulders is Johnny Bull; and the individual with the beautiful rich complexion is Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, Nabob of Bhanipur, Great Panjandrum of Boggley-wollah, Lord High Rajah of the Black Hole of Calcutta, and First Cousin of the Sun and Moon. We call him Inky for short."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bob, you ass!"

Cholmondeley grinned as he shook hands with the chums of the Remove. Bob Cherry's breezy introduction placed them on a friendly footing at once.

"We're going to have tea in the study as soon as we've changed," said Harry Wharton. "Will you join us, Cholmondeley?"

"Thank you, I shall be glad," said Cholmondeley.

"You haven't reported yourself to Quelchy yet?" asked Nugent.

"Quelchy?" said Cholmondeley, puzzled.

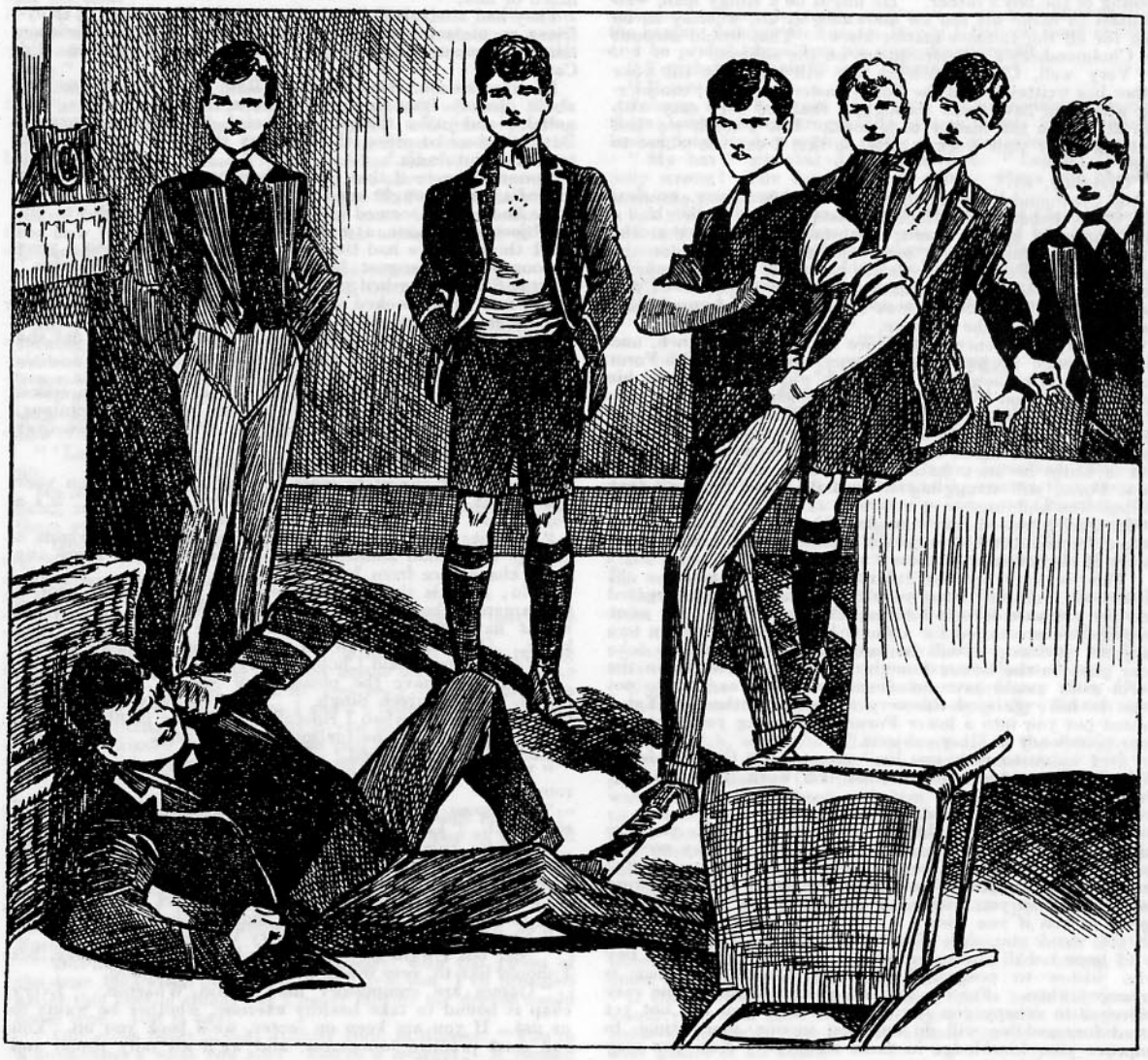
"Mr. Quelch, you know, the master of the Remove—our Quelchy. You'll have to jaw to him first thing. Trot along, and I'll show you his study!"

"Thanks!"

Cholmondeley accompanied the juniors into the School House. A good many other fellows came up to speak to him—to congratulate him on his escape, or to give him a word of welcome to Greyfriars, or both. The new junior's first impression of Greyfriars was decidedly a pleasant one. Most of the fellows seemed kindness itself—especially Harry Wharton & Co. Even Bolsover major, in spite of his stated objection to the "coddling" of new kids, did not make himself disagreeable just then.

And Mr. Quelch, when Cholmondeley entered his study to report his arrival, was very kind, too.

"I must assign you to a study in the Remove passage," he added, after a little talk with the new junior. "Let me see——"



The surprise of his life was waiting for Percy Bolsover. His lashing fists were knocked into the air, and Cholmondeley's right came crashing upon his nose—and his left followed it up, catching Bolsover on the point of his chin. The burly Removite went down upon his back with a crash that shook the study. *(See Chapter* **10.)**

He reflected.

"If you please, sir——" ventured Cholmondeley.

"Yes?"

"If there isn't any objection, sir, I should like to be put in the same study with Cherry; he is in the same Form, I think."

Mr. Quelch smiled.

"The lad who saved your life," he said. "I am glad to see that you have a regard for Cherry, my boy. He is a very manly and wholesome lad, and his friendship would be worth a great deal to you. I am sorry I cannot put you into his study, as there are four boys in No. 13 now—Cherry, Linley, Hurree Singh, and Wun Lung. I must put you into No. 14, with Bull and Fish. A boy has lately left who shared that study with them, and you will take his place. But if any boy in No. 13 is willing to change with you, there would be no objection."

"Very well, sir."

"Another matter. It appears that everything you possessed has gone down in the steamer. Nothing is likely to be recovered. The headmaster has ordered a new outfit for you, the bill for which will be sent in due course to your father. As you will require pocket-money, that will be advanced by the Head."

Cholmondeley started.

"Money, sir!"

"Yes. I understand you have none."

"None, sir."

"What amount of pocket-money did your father arrange for you to have?" asked Mr. Quelch.

"I—I—I don't know."

Mr. Quelch looked surprised.

"You do not know? It does not appear that your father arranged it with Dr. Locke, as the Head asked me to speak to you about it. Perhaps the matter was overlooked."

"Yes, sir, that is it."

"You will require something," said Mr. Quelch. "A half-crown a week is a sufficiently large allowance for a boy in the Lower Fourth. If your father wishes you to have more, or less, he will tell us so when he communicates with Dr. Locke. Meanwhile, I shall hand you a half-crown every Saturday."

"If you don't mind, sir, I—I'd rather not."

"What do you mean, Cholmondeley?"

"I—I'd rather leave it till—till my father sends me money, sir," stammered the new junior, flushing. "I don't want any, really. If my father wants me to have an allowance, he will say so, and—and then——"

Mr. Quelch nodded. Cholmondeley's agitation surprised him a little; but there might be many reasons to account for

his unwillingness to take the money. Mr. Quelch knew nothing of the boy's father. He might be a stingy man, who declined to make his son an allowance at all, wealthy as he was, for all the Remove-master knew. That would account for Cholmondeley's embarrassment on the subject.

"Very well, Cholmondeley; we will leave it till your father has written," said the Form-master. "Now, considering what you have gone through, I shall be very easy with you at first in the matter of lessons. But I think we had better go over your work a little, so that I can see where to place you."

"Certainly, sir."

And Cholmondeley went through a brief but keen examination at the hands of the Remove-master. Mr. Quelch was a little surprised by the result. It was understood that the Anglo-Indian junior had been specially prepared for the Lower Fourth Form at Greyfriars. But, if so, the preparation left a great deal to be desired in some respects. Upon some points Cholmondeley was much better informed than the best scholar in the Remove.

Of history and general literature he knew very much, and his knowledge of mathematics was up to a Fifth-Form standard. His knowledge of English was thorough, and his geography was on a level with Mr. Quelch's own knowledge of the subject. But of French and Latin—both compulsory subjects at Greyfriars—he hardly knew anything In French the fags of the Second Form could have beaten him easily, and of Latin he knew hardly as much as a "babe" in the First Form, still struggling with Balbus and the wall that Balbus was building.

Mr. Quelch looked very thoughtful indeed. Cholmondeley looked uncomfortable and self-conscious, evidently quite aware of his deficiencies.

"This is very peculiar," Mr. Quelch said at last. "I understood, certainly, that your tutor had specially prepared you for entrance into my Form, Cholmondeley. In some respects you are suited for a much higher Form; but in two subjects, at least, it will be very difficult for you to take your place in the Lower Fourth. In French and Latin the Form work would have no meaning to you, as you do not seem to have grasped the very elements of them. Yet I cannot put you into a lower Form, considering your age and your proficiency in other subjects."

"I—I mean to pick up, sir," stammered Cholmondeley. "If you'll give me a chance, sir, I'll work like anything. I'm a good worker!"

The Form-master smiled.

"Well, that is the right spirit," he said. "If you are willing to work very hard, Cholmondeley, you may recover lost ground. I should be willing to give you some extra coaching in Latin, and Monsieur Charpentier will be kind enough to help you with your French, I am sure. I will speak to him if you wish."

"Oh, thank you, sir! You are very kind."

"I hope I shall always be willing to take trouble for a boy who wishes to progress," said Mr. Quelch. "That is arranged, then. For the present, you shall have some easy exercises to occupy you during the lessons you are not yet fitted for, and we will do our best in our spare time to improve your knowledge in those subjects. Now you may go, Cholmondeley."

And Mr. Quelch shook hands with the new junior, and dismissed him.

Cholmondeley drew a deep, deep breath when he was outside the Form-master's study.

"Safe through that!" he murmured. "But how long—how long is it going to last? Is it worth while? Is it worth while?"

Unconsciously the boy had muttered the words aloud. He started as another voice broke in:

"Hallo—hallo—hallo! Talking to yourself, old son? Tea's ready!"

Cholmondeley flushed crimson as he faced Bob Cherry. Bob took his arm, and walked him away to No. 1 Study, where the festive board was spread. And during that merry meal the new boy recovered his spirits, and he was soon very lively and cheerful.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

A Tough Customer!

STUDY NO. 1 was crowded for that little tea-party.

The study belonged to Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent, but it was the headquarters of the Famous Five, and when the chums of the Remove stood a "brew," it generally took place in No. 1. Johnny Bull and Bob Cherry and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh and Mark Linley were present, as well as the owners of the study. Billy Bunter had dropped in; but Wharton had dropped him out again, and the Owl of the Remove was not now visible. Clive Cholmondeley was the guest of honour, and the juniors made much of him.

They had a natural kind desire to make his arrival at Greyfriars as pleasant as possible, after the terrible experience that had greeted his arrival on the shores of the Old Country.

For that reason, Hurree Jamset Ram Singh chatted to him about India, Bhanipur, plantations, rupees, ghauts and nullahs, and other things with weird and fearsome names. But, somehow or other, the new boy showed a disinclination to talk about India.

It was understood that Clive Cholmondeley had been born in India, and brought up there till his present age, and so India must have seemed like home to him. But it was not a subject to his taste, as soon became clear.

"I think I have had the esteemed pleasure of seeing your honourable and august father, my worthy Cholmondeley," Hurree Singh remarked pleasantly in his wonderful English.

The new junior looked at him.

"My father?" he repeated.

"Yes; the esteemed Sahib Cholmondeley. Is he not the owner of the Mahalja plantation in Bhanipur?"

Cholmondeley nodded.

"Then it is the sameful sahib. He has a concession granted by my esteemed father, the late Nabob of Bhanipur, many years ago," said Hurree Singh. "I have ridden over his honourable plantation."

"You have!" exclaimed Cholmondeley. "Oh!"

"You didn't expect to meet here a chap who'd seen your quarters at home, did you?" Bob Cherry grinned. "It's a giddy small world, you know, after all!"

"Yes, it seems so," said Cholmondeley, upon whom a strange depression seemed to have fallen. "Are there any other chaps here from India?"

"No; Inky is the solitary specimen. But we've got a Chinaman in the Remove," said Harry Wharton. "Why, it might have happened that you'd have known Inky, you know. Queer to meet an old acquaintance, wouldn't it be?"

"Very queer!" said Cholmondeley.

"I did not have the pleasure of seeing our esteemed friend," said Hurree Singh. "He was away at school in Calcutta, I think, when I ridefully beheld the plantation. It was a great misfortune for my esteemed self!"

Cholmondeley laughed.

"You can have the pleasure of seeing me now," he remarked.

"I suppose you get a good time out there?" Johnny Bull remarked. "Lots of sport—tiger-shooting, and things?"

"Not for kids like me," said Cholmondeley. "I don't like India. By the way, I was watching your match this afternoon——"

Cholmondeley's wish to change the subject was so evident that the juniors politely dropped India at once.

"You play footer?" asked Harry Wharton.

"No; but I want to. I've never had a chance to play, but I should like to, very much, if I have a chance here."

"Games are compulsory here," said Wharton. "Every chap is bound to take healthy exercise, whether he wants to or not. If you are keen on footer, we'll back you up. You can start practice to-morrow, and we'll all rally round and give you points."

"Thanks! I shall be jolly glad!"

"If you'd like to put down your name for the Remove footer-club, I'm sec.," said Frank Nugent, taking out a note-book.

"Yes, rather!"

"The subscription can stand over for a bit. You didn't bring any rupees ashore from the Adler, I suppose?"

"Nothing at all."

"Quelchy will fix up that for you if you ask him," said Wharton. "It will take some time to get letters to and fro from India. You can't go without pocket-money all the time."

Cholmondeley flushed.

"I—I'd rather leave it till I get money from—home," he said, pausing a little before the last word. "I don't like borrowing, or anything of that kind. Don't put my name down yet, after all."

"Oh, I'll put it down!" said Nugent. "So long as the subscription comes in before the end of the term, that will be all right. Lots of the fellows leave theirs over; in fact, I have to chase them sometimes for their subs. If you don't like to ask Quelchy for any tin, we'll raise a loan for you, if you like, in this study, to be repaid when you get your giddy rupees from India."

"Oh, no, no!" said Cholmondeley hastily.

"But you can't go round with nothing in your pocket, for weeks on end?" exclaimed Nugent, in surprise.

"I—I don't like borrowing, if you don't mind. Thanks all the same!"

"Well, that's all right—but you'll find that you'll want some tin," said Harry Wharton. "If you change your mind, the offer's still open—unless we happen to be stony at the time."

"Right-ho!" said Cholmondeley.

When tea was over, Johnny Bull walked off with Cholmondeley, to take him to his study, the new junior having informed him that Mr. Quelch had assigned him to No. 14. Johnny Bull and Fisher T. Fish had had that study to themselves since Rake left, but Johnny, at all events, was quite willing to take the stranger in. Fisher T. Fish, the American junior, was in the study when they came in. He looked at the new junior, and jerked his thumb towards a pile of new books on the table.

"I guess that's your property," he remarked.

"My new books, I suppose?" said Cholmondeley, crossing quickly to the table.

He picked up the brand-new volumes, opening them and turning them over with an almost affectionate touch. It was evident that the new junior was fond of books, and that even lesson-books had their charm for him.

"I guess you're a swot," said Fisher T. Fish, eyeing him with some disgust. "What the dickens are you reading now?"

"'Latin Principia,'" said Cholmondeley, without looking up.

He was standing by the table, with the open book in his hand, reading the not particularly thrilling information given there on the subject of the second declension.

"Gee-whiz! Do you like reading it?" ejaculated Fisher T. Fish.

"Dominorum!" said Cholmondeley.

"What!"

"Dominorum—of lords," said Cholmondeley; "that's the plural genitive."

"Plural rats!" howled Fisher T. Fish. "If you're pulling my leg, my son, I guess you had better let up. You hear me? Don't you tell me that you read Latin declensions because you like 'em, because I sha'n't believe you. I guess you are a funny merchant, and if you hadn't just been shipwrecked I kinder reckon I should pull your ear—some!"

Cholmondeley laughed, and laid down the book.

"Oh, this is ripping!" he said.

"What's ripping, you jay?"

"Fancy being at school, with nothing to do but to study!" said Cholmondeley. "Fancy being able to grind at Latin all day if you like—with men employed to teach you what you don't know. Ain't it like a dream?"

"Like a nightmare, if you like," growled Fish.

"Blessed if I see the dreamy beauty of it, either," said Johnny Bull. "I'd rather play footer than stick in the Form-room, myself."

"But think of it," said Cholmondeley, with the gleam of the true bookworm in his eyes. "I tell you, I've dreamed about this kind of thing, but I never fancied my dream would come true. But it has!"

"Oh, great Scott!" said Johnny Bull, in dismay. "You're a swot—that's what you are! You're a mugger! A blessed mugger! Oh, crumbs!"

"I guess he's trying to take a rise out of us," said Fisher T. Fish darkly. "I don't want to drop on a new kid, but I feel it's up to me to pull his ear, and teach him not to pull the leg of an old hand. I'm sorry for you, Chumchump, but I'm bound to do it."

"Oh, don't!" said Cholmondeley, smiling.

"I guess it's up to me—but I'll let you off if you'll shove that book into the fire, instanter," said Fisher T. Fish.

"No fear!"

"Then I guess I shall have to pull your ear," said the Yankee junior, and he started towards Cholmondeley, and reached out for that appendage.

Cholmondeley grinned, and caught hold of the American junior's wrists, and held them fast. Fisher T. Fish strove to release his hands, but he found that it was quite impossible. Cholmondeley's grip was like iron. The Yankee junior struggled and gasped, growing very red in the face—but his wrists were held as in a vice, and he had not the slightest chance of getting them away. Johnny Bull looked on, chuckling. Fisher T. Fish was always "biting off more than he could chew," to use one of his own expressive Americanisms. And certainly he had now succeeded in doing that once more.

"I—I guess I'll let your ear alone!" gasped Fish at last. "Leggo, you jay! I didn't know I was waking up a dashed boa-constrictor!"

Cholmondeley laughed, and let him go. Fish retreated, rubbing his wrists dolefully, and not at all inclined to tackle the new junior any more. Johnny Bull looked curiously at the lad who had been shipwrecked, but who seemed to have recovered all his strength—and a very unusual allowance of the same. Johnny Bull was a sturdy fellow, as hard as nails, and he prided himself on his muscular strength.

"Try that with me!" said Johnny.

"If you like!"

Johnny Bull held out his wrists. Cholmondeley grasped them; and Johnny struggled to release them. Cholmondeley looked into his face with a smile as he struggled in vain.

"My hat!" growled Johnny, at last. "Leggo! You're jolly strong! You don't look it, either. Have you been in training, you bounder?"

"My life's been all training, I think," said Cholmondeley, with a sigh, as he released the junior. "I've had to stick at it, and——" He paused, the colour flooding into his face.

"In India, do you mean?" said Johnny Bull.

"Ye-es," muttered Cholmondeley; "in—in India!"

He turned away to his books, and did not speak again.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Not Rolling in Money!

CHOLMONDELEY had started well in the Remove.

The fellows made many variations upon his imposing name, but Cholmondeley only laughed. He did not mind in the least. As Bob Cherry remarked, the world generally had found life too short to pronounce that name as it was spelt, and it was therefore pronounced Chumley; but the Removites were not content with Chumley—they varied it with Chump-chump, and Chew-chum, and Chin-chin, and Chew-gum, and many other fearsome varieties—all of which the new junior took in good part.

He was a good-natured fellow—and his chief drawback, from the point of view of most of the fellows, was a queer and inexplicable liking for study. Chew-gum, as Bob Cherry remarked, seemed to have the extraordinary idea in his head that school was a place where you came to learn things.

Under the influence of that extraordinary idea, Cholmondeley swotted over his work—especially French and Latin.

Mr. Quelch, who afforded him every aid in the classics, was delighted with his keenness, and more than satisfied with his progress. Monsieur Charpentier, who gave him extra French, was more than delighted with him. The new junior seemed to devour French, which Mossoo took as a great compliment to his language, and he was willing to render the new boy any amount of assistance. German was not a compulsory subject, and the new boy did not take German in class—but he had let fall a remark indicating that he would have been very glad to be numbered among the pupils of Herr Gans.

"A rotten swot!" said Bolsover major, in utter disgust. Bolsover major certainly was never accused of swotting, or of doing any work at all if he could help it.

If Cholmondeley had been nothing but a swot, the juniors would very soon have come to regard him with feelings like Bolsover major's. But he was almost equally keen on outdoor games of all kinds.

He tackled football, under the tuition of Harry Wharton & Co., with a keenness that was very surprising in a fellow who was also a "swot."

And not only footer, but at running, jumping, rowing, and swimming, the new junior was very keen, and remarkably proficient. He could pull a boat against the current on the Sark with perfect ease—and he could swim wonderfully well—and he did not shrink from a dive into the river in cold weather—when the hardiest of the Remove fellows considered it judicious to let swimming alone. He seemed as hard as iron all over, and able to stand almost anything—and so they understood how it was that he had been saved from the wreck. He had gone through experiences that terrible night which would have killed any other fellow at Greyfriars, probably—but they had left no lasting effect upon him.

"Blessed if I quite make the chap out," Frank Nugent confessed in No. 1 Study. "He's a blessed swot, but he's as keen on games as we are. He's coming on wonderfully with his footer. If he keeps on like this you'll have to find him a place in the Form eleven, Harry."

"Glad to!" said Wharton. "Just the fellow for a back."

"He's as strong as a horse. It's queer, very queer. I heard that the chap was sent home from India not only for his education, but because he was rather delicate. He couldn't stand the climate. Why, this chap could stand the climate of the North Pole and the Equator rolled together."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"He certainly is jolly tough," he remarked. "It must be a mistake about his having been delicate in India. That chap never was delicate."

"But Dr. Pillbury comes to see him regularly on account

of it," said Nugent. "And I heard old Pills saying that the sea voyage must have improved him marvellously if he had been delicate only a few months ago. I can't quite get on to it. He puzzles me."

Cholmondeley was indeed puzzling in several ways.

The fellows noticed that he did not like talking about India. He avoided the subject as much as he could, and he answered very shortly if he was questioned. He never gave any details of life on the plantation or the school in Calcutta, and he showed an utter ignorance of any Hindustani language. That was the greatest surprise of all. But it was an undoubted fact, for Hurree Jamset Ram Singh had tackled him on the subject.

Notwithstanding his own wonderful knowledge of English, the Nabob would have been very glad of an opportunity of speaking his native tongue. Naturally he would have been glad to chat to the Anglo-Indian in the language of India. But Cholmondeley knew not a single word, and he had to admit it. For a boy who had lived more than fourteen years in the country that was simply astounding. He must have spoken to the native servants. He must have come into constant contact with natives, and yet he had not picked up a word of any native language. If he had he had forgotten it in so short a time! The Nabob of Bhanipur was amazed, but he said little about it to the other fellows. But at times Hurree Jamset Ram Singh's dark eyes would rest upon Clive Cholmondeley with a peculiar expression in their depths, an expression that caused Cholmondeley to start when once he caught it by accident. It was not an expression of suspicion, but it was a perplexity that was very akin to suspicion.

Yet of what was there to be suspicious? It would have puzzled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh to answer that question. Yet he was not satisfied.

There was also the question of the pocket-money. For several days Cholmondeley had no money in his pockets, owing to his repugnance to accepting an advance from Mr. Quelch, and his steady determination not to borrow in the Form.

He found it somewhat awkward.

The juniors generally had their tea in their studies when they were in funds, and they pooled funds for the purpose. In No. 14 Johnny Bull, who had plenty of money, was quite willing to make Cholmondeley a loan, or to stand the "feeds" until the new fellow's money came. But Fisher T. Fish, who looked very carefully after his money, did not want to stand any "whack" but his own, believing only in money that he saw. Cholmondeley did not want to sponge on Johnny Bull, and in any case he had to have money sooner or later, to stand his share, the only alternative being to have tea in Hall, and avoid the study at meal times. That thought crossed his mind, but he knew the remarks that would have been passed if he had done it. It would have been taken as proof that he had no money, or any prospect of getting any, and the fellows would have wondered and surmised endlessly at such a circumstance, considering that Clive Cholmondeley was the only son of a rich planter.

After a couple of days Cholmondeley was driven to accepting Mr. Quelch's offer to advance him pocket-money, and all the fellows were surprised that he had refused it in the first place.

Billy Bunter was already sniffing emphatically on the subject. Bunter had looked forward to the arrival of the rich planter's son as a certain harvest for himself. The impecunious Owl of the Remove, who was a borrower of wonderful skill, did very well out of Lord Mauleverer and Hurree Singh, and some other fellows who had plenty of money. He had expected to do equally well out of Cholmondeley, but he was disappointed.

"That chap Chumchump has taken us in," Bunter confided to the fellows in the common-room. "He's not rich at all. Hasn't had a penny in his pockets for two days, and now he's only having half-a-crown a week from Quelchy. Half-a-crown! And he made out that he was rolling in money."

"He hasn't said a word about his money," said Harry Wharton.

Bunter snorted.

"Well, we all understood that he was a rich chap, so it amounts to the same thing. I regard him as having deceived us. He's nearly as poor as Linley and Penfold, and I don't believe his father's got a plantation in India at all. More likely some poverty-stricken Civil Servant with three hundred a year."

"Inky's seen his father's plantation," said Nugent.

"Well, if his father's got money, why doesn't he send Chew-gum some?" demanded Bunter.

"Better ask Chew-gum."

"Half-a-crown a week's not bad for a kid in the Lower Fourth," said Bulstrode. "Your pater doesn't send you so much as that, Bunter."

"But I get postal-orders from my titled relations."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Besides, my pater ain't a rich planter," said Bunter. "I don't believe the fellow's rich at all. He refused an invitation to Loder's study——"

"We advised him to do that," said Harry Wharton. "Loder would have got him into playing cards for money. We all know Loder."

"Loder won't ask him again. He knows now that he's as poor as a church mouse."

"All the better for him if Loder lets him alone. But what the deuce does it matter to you whether he's got money or not?" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Well, I don't like being imposed upon!" said Bunter virtuously.

"Oh, rats!"

But other fellows, as well as Bunter, regarded it as curious. They had expected the rich planter's son to have valuable possessions, and to cut a figure in the Form with his money. But Cholmondeley evidently had no more money than he needed, and had not the slightest desire to cut a figure in any way. His chief desire seemed to be to work hard at his lessons, and to play hard at footer, and that was enough to make him liked by both masters and boys. Although there were one or two points about Cholmondeley that puzzled them, Harry Wharton & Co. liked him well enough, and considered him a really decent fellow.

Cholmondeley was not at all effusive. He was friendly with everybody who cared to be friendly with him, and that was all. Only towards one fellow did he show any special regard, and that one fellow was Bob Cherry. And Bob was quite willing to meet him half-way, and pal with him, and in a few days the two were great friends.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

News for Cholmondeley!

BOB CHERRY burst into No. 14 Study on Saturday afternoon with an excited face.

Cholmondeley was there, sitting at the table with his books, with the keen interest of an arduous student in his face. The Remove were playing footer that afternoon, and Chew-gum was to act as a linesman, but he was filling in the time before the match with another grind at French. He looked up with a pleasant smile as Bob came in.

"Ready?" he asked.

"Oh, no; match isn't for half an hour yet!" said Bob. "Got to shake down our dinner first. I've got news for you."

"News for me?" repeated the new junior.

"Yes. You're not the giddy sole survivor, after all," said Bob. "There's a man saved from the steamer."

Cholmondeley rose from the table, gazing at Bob with wide-open eyes that were almost glazed.

His face went so white that Bob sprang towards him, thinking that he was ill.

"Chummy, old chap!" exclaimed Bob, in alarm.

Cholmondeley gasped for breath.

"You—you startled me," he muttered thickly. "Did you—did you say there was another saved from the wreck?"

"That's it. Jolly good news, ain't it?"

"Oh!"

"You're ill, Chummy," said Bob. Bob had dropped into the habit of calling Cholmondeley by that affectionate abbreviation of his name. "You look as white as chalk."

"Do I?" muttered the junior, passing a hand across his brow, and wiping away big beads of perspiration. "It—it was a shock."

"I don't quite see why," said Bob. "But I suppose you haven't really got over that night yet. Your nerves are out of order, kid. Anyway, it's a jolly good thing they weren't all drowned after all, isn't it?"

"Oh, ripping!" said Cholmondeley, with a strange, bitter smile. "I should be a scoundrel if I wished they were all drowned, certainly."

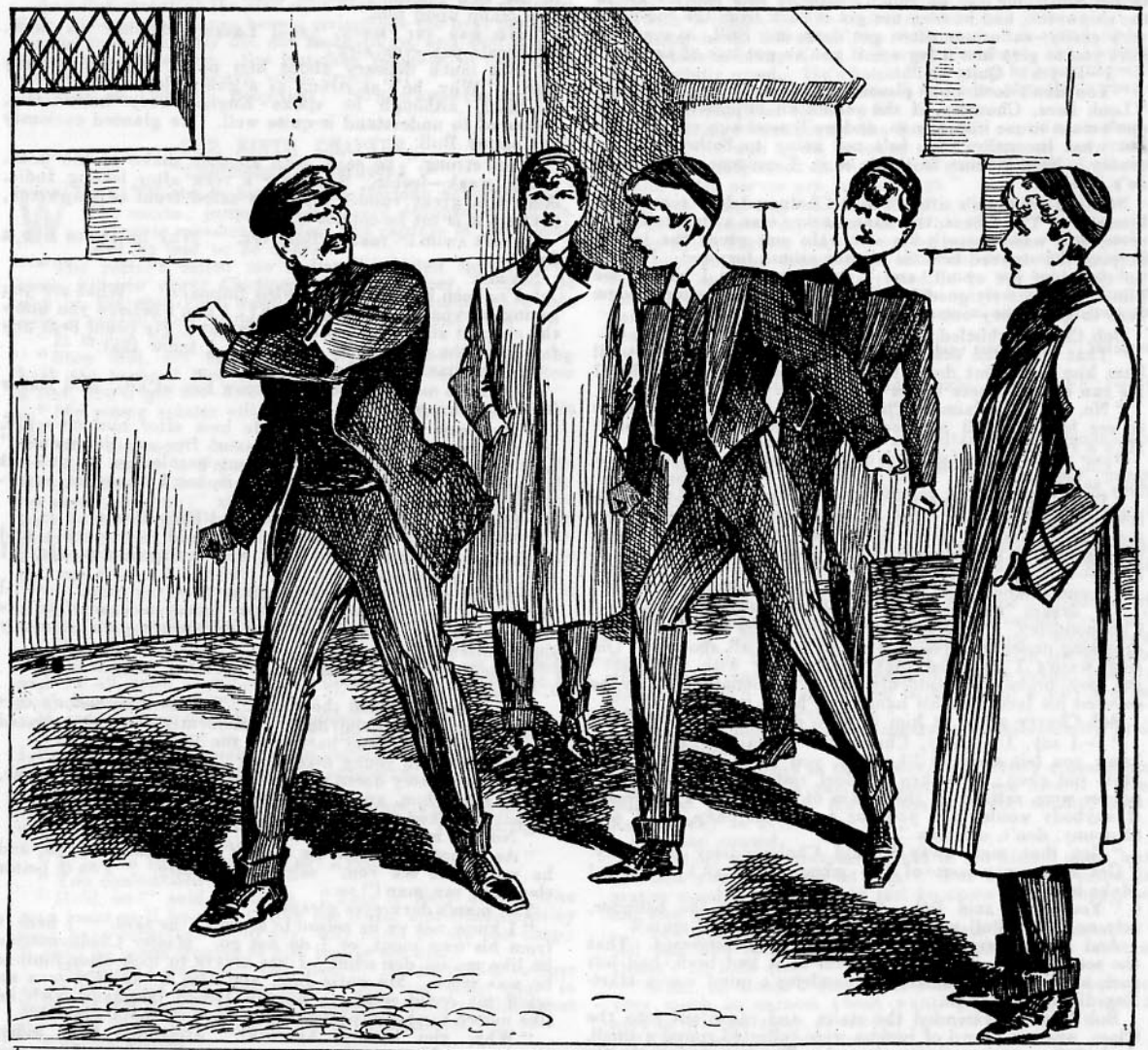
Bob was puzzled and vaguely distressd by the strange words.

"Who is it?" asked Cholmondeley, in a low voice. "A—a boy?"

"No, a sailorman."

"It's very strange nothing's been heard of it for nearly a week," said the junior. "Why didn't the man make it known before?"

"He was chucked ashore a long way down the coast hanging on to a spar," said Bob. "He was more than half dead when he crawled out of the sea, at a fishing village a good distance from here. He's a German, you see, and speaks only a little English, and so he wasn't able to explain, and he was ill, too, and he's lain several days in a fisherman's cottage. They looked after him, you know. Only yesterday it came out that he had been one of the crew of the Adler."



Bob strode at the man with flashing eyes and clenched fists. There would have been a scrimmage the next moment, for the man evidently did not mean to go. But just then Wingate of the Sixth strode up, and his sharp voice broke in. "Hold on, Cherry! Stop that! Now what's the row?" (*See Chapter* 8.)

"Yesterday!" said Cholmondeley. "How do you know about it? It's in the papers, I suppose?"

"I suppose it is," said Bob; "but I haven't seen it. I don't read the newspapers, of course."

"Then how do you know?"

Bob grinned.

"I've seen the man!" he explained.

Cholmondeley started violently.

"You've seen him!"

"Exactly!"

"You don't mean to say he's anywhere about here," said the new junior, his face going white again.

"Yes, I do; he's at Greyfriars now."

Cholmondeley sank into his chair.

"Here!"

"Yes."

"In heaven's name, what has he come here for?"

"To see you!"

"To see me!" said Cholmondeley, speaking in a strange, low voice—a voice so strained and weak that it seemed to proceed from some cunning mechanism, and not from a human throat at all.

Bob Cherry was more and more amazed. He had rushed to the study to tell his friend that good news—that all his ship-companions had not fallen victims to the hungry sea. He had expected Cholmondeley to be pleased. He must be pleased, surely? But what did the utter dismay in his face mean? More than dismay—fear! Bob Cherry felt that he could hardly trust his eyes; but it was fear, livid fear, that he saw in the white, strained face of Clive Cholmondeley.

"I—I say, Chummy, I don't quite catch on to this," said Bob. "Don't you want to see the man?"

"I—I—yes—no—of course!" stammered Cholmondeley. "You haven't told me what he wants to see me for? Why should he come here and trouble me?"

"You'll understand when you know who he is. His name's Fritz Lasker. He says that he was treated very kindly by you when you were a passenger on the Adler, and he waited on you, and looked after you when you were sick. He wants to see you. I suppose he's got some sort of liking for you, Chummy, and that's the reason."

"Fritz Lasker!"

"Yes; you remember him, I suppose, if he looked after you on the steamer—a little dark chap with a pointed nose. He's downstairs now," said Bob.

"I remember him," said Cholmondeley, in a strangled voice.

"Is it true about his looking after you when you were sick?" asked Bob, in wonder. "I must say the man's looks ain't very—well, very up to the mark. He may be piling it

on. I suppose he knows you're a rich chap, and may want to get something out of you. I suppose he's lost his kit in the shipwreck, and he may not get it back from the company very easily—sailormen often get done in. Still, it wouldn't hurt you to give him a leg up, if you've got lots of tin."

"I—I—yes! Quite so!"

"You don't look over pleased at his coming," said Bob. "Look here, Chummy, if the man's an impostor, and you don't want to see him, say so, and we'll send him off. If he's not what he makes out, he's not going to bother you for money. Now I come to think of it, I suppose that's what he's after."

"That's what he's after," said Cholmondeley, recovering himself. "The fact is, this man Lasker was a slacker in the crew, and wasn't worth his salt. He was given the job of helping the steward because he was no use forward. He has no claim on me at all, and I don't see why I should see him. He is utterly good-for-nothing, and he has simply come here to get money out of me."

Bob Cherry whistled.

"That alters the case," he said. "If he's a rotter, we'll buzz him out. But don't you think you'd better see him? He can come up here if you like."

"No, no!" exclaimed Cholmondeley hastily. "I refuse to see him! I will not see him! I don't like the man! He's a rascal!"

"Oh, ho!" said Bob. "If that's the tune, we'll fire him out, as Fishy says."

"Don't let him come up here," said Cholmondeley, with feverish nervousness. "Get him out of the school. I can't see him—I won't! It—it brings back all I went through that night. I haven't really got over it—my nerves, you know——"

"I understand," said Bob Cherry sympathetically.

"I dream about it at night sometimes," muttered Cholmondeley. "The storm—the ship going down—the men drowning under my eyes—I want to forget all about it! Oh, why wasn't I drowned that night along with the rest?" the boy broke out suddenly, in a passionate cry, as he covered his face with his hands and burst into tears.

Bob Cherry gazed at him in deep distress.

"I—I say, I'm sorry, Chummy!" he said. "I—I didn't know you felt about it like that, you know. I say, don't blub, old chap; it makes me feel rotten. I suppose your nerves were rattled by the strain of it, though I'm blessed if anybody would take you for a nervous chap. I—I say, Chummy, don't, old man."

"Get that man away!" said Cholmondeley miserably. "Get him away—out of the school. I can't see him! Make him go!"

"You bet!" said Bob. "You sha'n't see the bounder, rely on that. Pull yourself together, Chum, old man."

And Bob Cherry left the study, greatly distressed. That the scene of the shipwreck, fearful as it had been, had left such an impression upon Cholmondeley's mind was a startling discovery to Bob.

Bob Cherry descended the stairs and came out into the Close, where a crowd of juniors were collected round a small, dark, lithe man in sailorman's garb. The man was evidently a foreigner. The juniors were all talking to him at once. As a survivor of the shipwreck he was a very interesting object to them. His desire to visit Clive Cholmondeley, the only other survivor of the shipwreck, was natural enough. The fellows guessed that he was not wholly disinterested in wishing to see Chewgum; but, after all, there was no harm in a poor wrecked sailorman getting a little monetary help from the rich planter's son who had been a passenger in his ship.

Lasker had asked to see Master Cholmondeley, whom he had heard had been saved from the wreck, and was at the school. He was waiting for Bob Cherry to come back, and meanwhile he talked in broken English to the curious juniors, answering their questions as well as his imperfect command of the language would allow.

"So you looked after Chewgum when he was sick?" said Bolsover major.

"Dat is so, sir!"

Bolsover chuckled.

"Then what a liar the fellow is! He says he's never been seasick in his life. I heard him say so myself. Didn't you, Skinner?"

"That I jolly well did," said Skinner.

Harry Wharton listened with a clouded brow. He remembered that in some talk about sea-voyages and sickness Cholmondeley had mentioned that he had never been sick at sea. But he was not prepared to believe that Cholmondeley had lied upon so trivial a matter. He did not like Lasker's looks. The man had a cunning face, and little shifty eyes that never met a glance directly. It was far more likely that the man was "piling" on about his services to the rich planter's son in order to make out some kind of a claim upon him.

"He was ver' seeck," said Lasker, shaking his head. "Delicate poy—ver' sick!"

"Not much delicacy about him now," grinned Johnny Bull. "Why, he's as strong as a giddy elephant."

Lasker, although he spoke English very imperfectly, appeared to understand it quite well. He glanced curiously at Johnny Bull.

"Not strong," he said, with another shake of the head. "Ver' weak—feeble. Seeck for a week after leafing India. And it is great vunder tat he is safed from te shipwreck, pecause it is tat he cannot schwim!"

"Can't swim!" roared Bolsover. "Why he swims like a fish."

"Vat!"

"I've seen him swim!" howled Bolsover. "What are you giving us, you blessed Dutchman? I don't believe you know the chap at all! Can't swim! My hat! He could beat any fellow in the Remove at swimming, I know that."

The German sailor shook his head.

"Looks to me as if you don't know him at all," said Harry Wharton abruptly.

"Me know him ver' well. Me look after him on schiff. He give me sometimes tips. He ver' free mit der money," said Lasker. "Ver' generous young gentleman. I tink tat he help me on my vay now, ain't it, tat I have lose everyting in te shipwreck."

"Had lots of money, had he?" said Billy Bunter.

"Ver' mooch—ver' mooch; always gold in te pocket, and banknotes," said Lasker. "He was ver' generous, also. I tink he help me now."

"Bit of a change since he came to Greyfriars," sniffed Bunter. "He jolly well hasn't any money now, or if he has he keeps it jolly dark. You jolly well won't get any money out of Chewgum. I know!"

"Tried yourself, haven't you?" grinned Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry rejoined the group. The German sailor's eyes turned upon him inquiringly. Evidently he had expected Cholmondeley to come back with the junior.

"Vere is mein young master, sir?" he asked.

"Cholmondeley doesn't want to see you," said Bob shortly. "I've asked him, and he says he'd rather not see you."

Lasker looked astounded.

"Not see me! Vy not, sir?"

"As a matter of fact, he doesn't think much of you, and he refuses to see you," said Bob bluntly. "You'd better clear off, my man!"

The man's dark eyes gleamed.

"I know not vy he refuse to see me," he said. "I hear it from his own mout, or I do not go. Master Cholmondeley he like me on der schiff. I vas always to look after him, as he was seeck. Me nurse him, and also I vas only man on schiff tat could speak to him in Hindu language, vich he like mooch to speak, pecause tat I have in India worked."

"Why, you blessed Ananias!" exclaimed Bob indignantly. "That settles your case. You hear him, you fellows? He say he's talked to Chummy in Hindustani, and we all know that Chummy doesn't know a giddy word of it."

"Awful liar, I call him," said Johnny Bull. "He's an impostor! Clear out!"

"Buzz off!" said Harry Wharton. "You're a spoofer, and Chummy doesn't want to see you. You can travel."

The German seaman looked amazed and bewildered.

"I speak der troof!" he panted. "Master Cholmondeley not say tat I not speak to him in Indian language. Many time—many time on steamer. Der troof—der troof!"

"Rats! Chummy can't speak the lingo, I tell you."

"He speak him!" shrieked Lasker. "I tell you that, yes, yes! Ja, ja! Ja wohl! He speak him many time mit me in schiff. He like to speak him—he learn from his ayah when he is small knabe—little boy in India—so he like to speak him!"

"What an awful liar the man is!" said Bob. "Look here, Cholmondeley won't see you, and you'd better travel, or you'll get pushed out! Savvy?"

"Niemals!" shrieked Lasker. "I go not—I go not mit me! It is vun lie—you have not tell my young master tat I am here!"

Bob Cherry flushed crimson.

"You confounded rascal! Do you dare——"

"I go not—I vill not go! I vill see mein young master tat I have serve!" The man waved his fists excitedly in the air. "I vill not go! It is vun lie!"

"You'd better clear off!" said Bob.

"I vill not go! I say tat I vill go nicht—nicht——

Niemals!" shouted Lasker. "Mein young master he not say so—I know tat! It is vun lie!"

"Look here," shouted Bob, "I'm fed-up with you! Get out, or I'll put you out! Do you understand that? You're a liar and an impostor, and if you don't go, I'll make you!"

And Bob strode at the man with flashing eyes and clenched fists. There would have been a scrimmage the next moment, for the man evidently did not mean to go, and Bob Cherry was in deadly earnest. But just then Wingate, of the Sixth, strode up, and his sharp voice broke in:

"Hold on, Cherry! Stop that! Now, what's the row?"

THE NINTH CHAPTER.
Cholmondeley Refuses!

WINGATE strode between the German sailorman and the excited junior. Bob Cherry dropped his hands. Wingate was head prefect and captain of the school, and he had to be obeyed.

"The rotter's called me a liar!" snorted Bob. "He's come here to worry Cholmondeley for money, because he was on the ship that went down, and Chummy says he's only a cadger, and he doesn't want to see him."

"It is vun lie!"

"Stop that, my man!" said Wingate sharply, pushing back the enraged Bob as he spoke. "If you call a fellow a liar, you'll get hit—and hard!"

"My young master vill see me, ven he know I come mit me!"

"Who are you?" demanded Wingate.

"Mein name is Fritz Lasker. Tat young gentleman he no tell Master Cholmondeley tat it is Fritz Lasker, or he no send me avay!" shricked Lasker. "I tell you I have walk here, many mile, to see him. He help me. I am ruin in te shipwreck, and Master Cholmondeley is fery generous. I serve him on te schiff. I am his servant dere. He alvays call me Fritz. I say tat I vill see him!"

"I don't see why Cholmondeley shouldn't see him, if what he says is true," said Wingate.

"But it isn't true!" growled Bob.

"How do you know?"

"He says he talked Hindustani to Chummy on the ship, and we all know that Chummy doesn't know a word of it. Inky knows it—don't you, Inky?"

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh nodded assent.

"The knowfulness is terrific!" he said. "I have thinkfully reflected that perhaps the esteemed Chew-gum would speak to me in my own august language, but he does not know an honourable word."

"And he says he looked after Chummy when he was seasick," growled Bob, "and Chummy himself told us that he never was seasick in his life."

"It is vun lie; he not say so!" yelled Lasker.

"You confounded rotter——"

"Hold on!" said Wingate. "This is jolly queer. The man looks as if he were telling the truth, and Cholmondeley may have forgotten. Anyway, why can't he see the chap; it can't be much trouble to him just to see him?"

"He doesn't want to," said Bob. "It upsets him to hear anything about the shipwreck. He was jolly near in hysterics just now in his study, because I spoke to him about it. He's just a bundle of nerves on that subject."

Wingate stared.

"I've seen him about, and he never struck me as being much afflicted with nerves," he said. "That sounds to me like rot! Let Cholmondeley see this man—it can't do any harm. He can send him about his business fast enough."

"He won't," said Bob.

"He will," said Wingate. "Go and tell him he's to come here—that I've sent for him!"

"I tell you he's upset."

"Oh, rubbish! I'll see how upset he is—I'll go and tell him myself." Wingate turned to the German seaman. "Wait a minute or two, my man!"

"Ja, ja!" said Lasker. "You are ver' kind to a poor sailorman, mein Herr. All tat I ask is tat I see mein young master. If he send me avay mitout anyting, I go at vunce—I do not ask him twice. But I know him—I know him vell. He was very kind to me."

"Well, that's reasonable enough," said Wingate. "I don't see why Cholmondeley can't see him. We'll see about it."

The captain of Greyfriars strode into the School House. Bob Cherry hurried after him. The crowd round the sailorman was increasing now—the news of his arrival had spread, and the fellows had forgotten even football in the curious interest excited by the dispute.

The general opinion certainly was that Chew-gum should see the man—there could surely be no harm or trouble in a couple of minutes' interview. If the man was a worthless character, it would be easy enough to send him away—Chummy was not bound to give him anything. Why Cholmondeley should refuse even to see him was a puzzle, which only Bob Cherry understood, or thought he understood. Bob, who was very disturbed and distressed, caught up with Wingate on the stairs, and stopped him.

"Look here, Wingate," he exclaimed, "it won't do! I didn't like to bring it out before all the chaps, but Chummy is frightfully upset. He's haunted by what he went through, and he quite broke down when I told him about this chap—in fact, I left him blubbing!"

"Blubbing!" exclaimed the Greyfriars captain, staring.

"Yes; he was quite knocked over. He says he dreams about that shipwreck at night, and goes through it all over again. His nerves are just in rags."

"I don't see why he can't see this man for a minute, all the same. However, I'll speak to him."

The Sixth-Former went on to the end study. He knocked and entered, and found Clive Cholmondeley sitting at the table. The junior's elbows rested upon the table, and his face was buried in his hands. He started up as Wingate came in, and turned upon him a face so white and haggard that the senior started in alarm.

"Cholmondeley! What's the matter with you?" Wingate exclaimed.

"Nothing," muttered the boy thickly—"nothing! I—I'm upset, that's all."

"What are you upset about?"

"Oh, I suppose you can't understand! It haunts me—that terrible scene, and—and I can't bear to think of it!"

"Well, I don't wonder at that," said Wingate, gazing at the boy's haggard face. There was certainly no doubt that Cholmondeley was upset, his looks showed that plainly enough. "It must have been pretty bad. But——"

"I don't want to see that man—I suppose that's what you've come about? I don't want to think about it at all. I want to forget it."

"But now, surely you can see the man for a minute? He says he's tramped here to see you, and it's rather hard——"

"He's a rotten worthless rascal!" said Cholmondeley fiercely. "He hasn't any claim on me—not in the slightest. He was the worst man in the crew of the Adler, and was dishonest, too! He knew how to butter up a silly kid and get tips out of him——"

"Out of whom?" asked Wingate, as Cholmondeley broke off in confusion.

"Oh, I don't want to talk about him! He's a rascal, and I won't see him! I can't be forced to see him if I don't want to, I suppose? He's come here for money, and I haven't any to give him!"

Wingate paused.

"Well, if you're determined not to see him, I don't want to force you," he said at last. "But it would settle the matter much better if you'd just go down for a minute, and tell him to go about his business."

"You can tell him! Let the servants throw him out! I tell you he's a dishonest rascal! I can answer for that. Doesn't he look one?"

"Well, he doesn't look over-honest, I know; but he's very much in earnest about wanting to see you, and he says he will go away at once if you tell him to."

"Tell him I said so, then!"

"Very well; I think you ought to see him, but you can please yourself. And, for goodness' sake, try to pull yourself together, Cholmondeley! I know you went through a rotten experience; but you oughtn't to allow your nerves to run away with you like this."

"You don't understand," muttered Cholmondeley.

"No; I don't," said Wingate.

He left the study, and shut the door after him.

Cholmondeley sank back into his former attitude with a groan.

Wingate descended to the Close, and found half Greyfriars gathered round the shipwrecked seaman. Gosling, the porter, had arrived upon the spot, and was evidently ready to undertake the task of "firing" the German sailorman out. Lasker ran towards Wingate as he came out of the House.

"Vat does he say?" he exclaimed. "Mein young master—he vill see me?"

The Greyfriars captain shook his head.

"He won't see you, and he says he will give you nothing. You must go!"

Lasker gritted his teeth.

"It is vun lie! He not say tat—I know he not say tat!"

"What!" exclaimed Wingate. "Look here, I don't want to handle a shipwrecked man roughly; but, if you don't go this minute, I'll take you by the neck, and run you out!"

"Hear, hear!" said Bob Cherry.

"I not go—niemals—niemals!" shouted Lasker. "I vill see him pefore tat I go! It is vun lie to say tat my young master no vish see me!"

"Are you going?" demanded Wingate.

"Nein, nein, nein!"

"Then I shall shove you out!"

And without more ado, Wingate grasped the seaman by the collar, and ran him down to the gates. The man struggled for a moment, but he was powerless in the grasp of the muscular captain of Greyfriars, and he was run out into the road in a few seconds. There Wingate released him, and shook a warning finger at him.

"Now clear off!" he said. "You're not wanted here. Gosling, if that man tries to get inside the gates again, set the dog on him."

"Yessir," said Gosling.

Lasker gave Wingate a furious look, and seemed about to rush upon him. But he thought better of it, and turned away, and tramped down the road.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.
Quite a Surprise for Bolsover!

"WELL," said Bolsover major, "if that doesn't take the cake!"

"The whole giddy cake factory!" said Skinner.

"Begad!" Lord Mauleverer remarked. "I don't see why Cholmondeley couldn't have spoken a word to the poor beast—even if he is a cadger."

"After all, the poor brute's been through the shipwreck, same as Chew-gum," said Tom Brown. "Might have seen him, I think."

Most of the fellows thought so.

Cholmondeley's obstinate refusal to see the German sailorman excited surprise and comment on all sides. The fellows didn't understand it, and most of them disapproved of it. The man might be a cadger, he might be a bad character; but he was the only survivor of the shipwreck beside Cholmondeley, and that fact might have made the junior treat him with some slight consideration. Whatever he was, and whatever he wanted, it was not right to turn him from the door like a dog.

Even Harry Wharton & Co. found little to say in defence of Cholmondeley. Bob Cherry, even, was a little uneasy in his mind. Only he had seen Cholmondeley break down in his study, and burst into passionate tears. But why should the remembrance of the shipwreck, after all, affect the junior so strangely? It had been a terrible experience, but the boy had recovered his health—he was strong and well. It was amazing that mere mention of the wreck should overcome him in that way. Was there some other reason for his emotion, then?

Bob Cherry found himself asking that question almost unconsciously. Then he smiled at the thought. What could a fellow like Cholmondeley possibly have to conceal?

And yet—and yet——

Bob had looked on Lasker as a liar—and a foolish liar at that, for making statements that it only needed a word from Cholmondeley to disprove. And yet—when Bob came to think over it calmly, Lasker had certainly seemed to be telling the truth, from his manner, from his rage and excitement even. Besides, why should a man make statements he knew could be instantly disproved? It was idiotic. He had said that on board the Adler, on the voyage from India, he had talked in Hindustani to Cholmondeley. That was, in itself, a far more likely statement than Cholmondeley's declaration that he did not know a word of Hindustani. Yet if Cholmondeley knew anything of that language, why should he conceal the fact? He could have no possible motive.

Then Bob blamed himself for allowing a doubt to creep into his mind for a moment, of the fellow he had made friends with. Lasker was a rascal—and a fool—and a rogue—anything, in fact; but Cholmondeley was not deceiving him. Why should Cholmondeley deceive him? No possible motive could be assigned.

Yet, in spite of himself, a trace of uneasiness remained in Bob's mind.

After Lasker had been run out by the angry captain of Greyfriars, there was a rush of the Remove fellows to see Cholmondeley. They wanted to know what he meant by it, as Bolsover major remarked. But they found the door of the end study locked, and in reply to thumps upon it, Cholmondeley called through the keyhole that he was at work, and didn't want to be interrupted.

"Why didn't you see the Dutchman?" bawled Bolsover, in return.

"I didn't choose to."

"You cheeky rotter! If you talk to me like that I'll give you a thick ear!" shouted Bolsover angrily.

"Oh, rats!"

"Let us in!" howled Skinner.

"I won't! Clear off—I've got work to do!"

"You're going to be a linesman, and the match is just going to begin," Vernon-Smith called out.

"Wharton can find somebody else. I'm going to work instead."

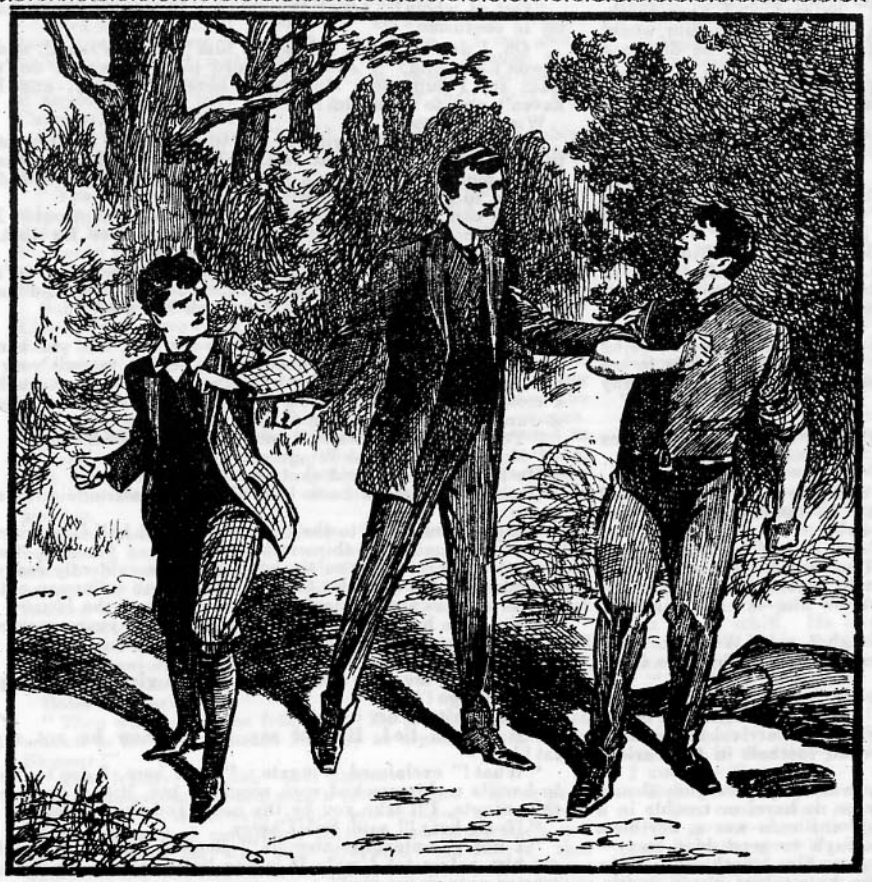
"Johnny Bull, this is your study as well as that rotter's. Call to him to open the door!" exclaimed Russell.

"Rats!" said Johnny Bull promptly. "Let him alone."

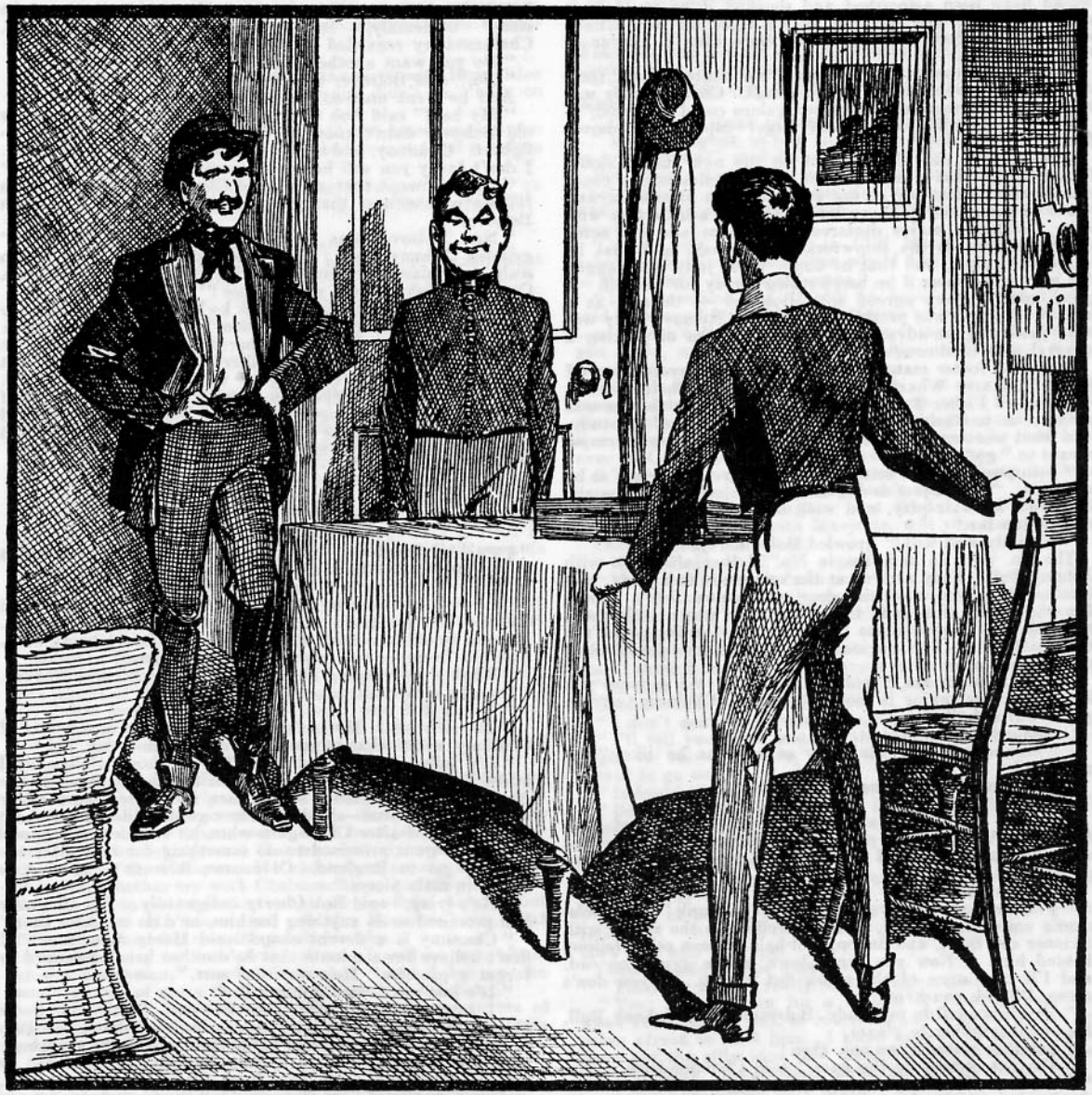
"Where's Fish—where's Fishy?"

"I guess I'm right hyer," drawled the Yankee junior.

GOOD TURNS—No. 18.



The big, sturdy schoolboy in the centre does a real good turn to the smaller youngster, who has just had a rough time of it at the hands of the village bully.



Cholmondeley stood as if rooted to the floor, his eyes fixed upon Fritz Lasker. Lasker, with a horrible grin overspreading his face, came into the room. "I haf come to see mein young master!" he said, still grinning. "It is so great a bleasure to see mein young master!" (*See Chapter* 12.)

"Let us into your study, Fishy."

"Yep!" Fisher T. Fish knocked sharply at the study door. Chum-jam, I guess you're going to let me in."

"Go and eat coke!"

"What!" yelled Fisher T. Fish, in a rage.

There was no reply. But a scratching of a pen could be heard, intimating that Chum-jam had gone on with his work. The juniors raged in the passage. They wanted to see Chewgum very particularly, and it was most exasperating to be locked out of the study in this way.

"Look here," roared Fish, "I guess this hyer is my shebang as well as yours. I kinder reckon you're going to open this door instanter."

No reply.

"Gee-whiz! Did you ever hear of such a nerve, locking a galoot out of his own shebang!" exclaimed Fisher T. Fish, greatly incensed. "Why, I'll wipe up the floor with him when I get in. I guess I'll strew the hungry churchyard with his bones—just a few!"

"Look here, Chum-jam, you cad, if you don't let us in, I'll lick you!" Bolsover major roared through the keyhole "I'll lick you the minute you come out. Savvy?"

"Rats!"

Whether the junior suffered from "nerves," or not, evidently he was not afraid of the burly Bolsover, the bully of the Remove. Bolsover turned crimson with wrath at that disrespectful reply, and the other fellows chuckled. They were not sorry to see the overbearing Bolsover taken down a peg.

"Well, wait till you come out, that's all!" said Bolsover, and, bestowing a final furious kick upon the study door, he departed.

And after that the new junior was left in peace—to work—if he felt so inclined. But after the juniors were gone, there was no sound of a pen from the study. Any fellow who had listened outside the door might have heard hurried, irregular footsteps, and that was all.

Cholmondeley was not working.

He was pacing the study—tirelessly, restlessly, with white

face and gleaming eyes, his hands clenched, his fingers working and twisting.

Fear, anger, despair, were in his drawn face. Bob Cherry would have been astonished and shocked if he could have seen him then; and, in spite of his trust, he would have realised that there was something more than a matter of "nerves" here.

Harry Wharton & Co. dismissed the matter from their minds as they went down to the football. Cholmondeley was not wanted particularly; linesmen galore could be found.

But the other fellows did not forget—especially Bolsover major.

The bully of the Remove had let the new junior alone, hitherto; but that was at an end now. Cholmondeley could not remain locked up in the study all the afternoon, and when he came out, Bolsover meant to have a little talk with him. Bolsover major declared that Chum-jam had acted caddishly towards the shipwrecked sailorman, and that he ought to explain, and that he ought to be jolly well fagged for his heartlessness if he had nothing to say for himself. A good many fellows agreed with Bolsover — though, as a matter of fact it was pretty clear that the Remove bully was only justifying in advance his fixed intention of picking a quarrel with Cholmondeley.

When the footer match was over, and the players came off the field, Harry Wharton & Co. remembered Cholmondeley. They heard Fisher T. Fish explaining the things that he was going to do to Cholmondeley for locking him out of his study, and what was more serious, they learned that Bolsover major meant to "go" for him.

"I suppose we can't interfere," said Harry Wharton, as he changed. "Chum-jam is big enough to look after himself. But we'll see fair play, and we'll see that Bolsover doesn't take it too far."

"We jolly well will!" growled Bob Cherry.

The Co. were to have tea in No. 14 that afternoon with Johnny Bull. They arrived at the end study in a body, and Cholmondeley unlocked the door at Johnny Bull's knock. He was calmer now—and though his face was a little pale, otherwise he seemed quite himself. The juniors could not help looking at him curiously, and Cholmondeley flushed under their gaze.

"Well, now for tea," said Johnny Bull. "I suppose you know Bolsover major is looking for you, Chummy, on the giddy warpath?"

Cholmondeley laughed.

"Well, he can find me now, as soon as he likes," he remarked.

"You don't feel nervous, eh?"

"Hardly."

"He's a big beast, and awfully strong," hinted Bob Cherry. "We'll see fair play, and stop him when you've had enough; but I'm afraid you're going to be licked, Chew-gum."

"We shall see!"

"Yes, we shall jolly well see, you rotten funk!" said Bolsover's voice at the door, and he strode into the study, with Skinner and Stott, and Snoop, and half a dozen other fellows behind him. "Now you come down to the gym, you cad, and I'll take some of the cheek out of you. If you don't come, I'll lick you here!"

"You'll be civil in my study, Bolsover," said Johnny Bull, his eyes beginning to gleam.

"Let that rotter come out, then!"

"I'm not coming to the gym," said Cholmondeley coolly. "It's not worth while going so far to lick you. If you fellows don't mind waiting for tea for a couple of minutes, I'll give Bolsover all he wants, and get done."

"Oh, my hat!"

"You hear him?" roared Bolsover. "He's asking for it. Now I'm going to give it to him."

The bully of the Remove rushed at Cholmondeley.

The other fellows cleared back. Cholmondeley had certainly "asked for it," and he could not complain if he got it.

All expected to see the Anglo-Indian crumple up under the furious rush of Bolsover major. But that did not happen. The surprise of his life was waiting for Percy Bolsover. His lashing fists were knocked into the air, and Cholmondeley's right came crashing upon his nose, and his left followed it up, catching Bolsover on the point of the chin. The burly Removite went down upon his back with a crash that shook the study.

"Oh!"

It was a gasp from all the juniors. They had observed before that Cholmondeley possessed uncommon strength. But they had never dreamed that he could hit like that. Fisher T. Fish backed out of the study hastily. He didn't want trouble with the new junior.

"Gee-whiz! What a sockdolager!" gasped Fish.

Bolsover lay dazed on the floor. His nose was streaming red, and every tooth in his head was aching. His chin felt as if it had been hammered off. It was a full minute before he sat up. Skinner helped him to his feet, and he stood unsteadily, leaning on Skinner's shoulder. Cholmondeley regarded him calmly.

"Do you want another round?" he asked.

"No," said Bolsover huskily; "that's enough!"

And he went unsteadily from the room.

"My hat!" said Bob Cherry, with a deep breath. "Poor old Bolsover didn't know he was waking up a giddy prize-fighter. Chummy, old man, you ought to be in the ring. I don't fancy you will have any more fights on your hands."

"I didn't want that one," said Cholmondeley. "All you fellows will witness that I wasn't looking for a row with Bolsover."

"No; Bolsover was looking for it, and he found it," grinned Johnny Bull. "By the way, Fishy is going to scalp you, slaughter you, and wipe up the floor with you. Come on, Fishy, now's your chance!"

But Fisher T. Fish guessed that he had business in another direction, and he proceeded about that business at once. The chums of the Remove gathered round the tea-table in No. 14, talking football and other indifferent matters, but as a matter of fact thinking of what had just happened. This junior, who knocked the mighty Bolsover about as if he had been a punching-ball, was the delicate boy who had been sent home because he was not strong enough to stand the Indian climate. What did it mean?

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.
Cholmondeley Stays In!

"THAT Dutchman isn't gone!" Tom Brown remarked, a few days later, as he came into the common-room.

"Isn't gone?" said Wharton. "Where is he?"

"He's staying at Pegg; I've just seen him," said the New Zealand junior. "I've been over there on my bike. He was smoking outside the Anchor. I knew him at once. And old Trumper told me he's a fixture there."

"What is he hanging about for, I wonder?" said Nugent. "Does he still want to see Chummy?"

"That's it!"

"The silly ass! He can't expect to get any money out of Chummy, after what happened here the other day."

"It's jolly queer," said Tom Brown thoughtfully. "I asked Trumper about him. It seems that he's put up at the Anchor, and he confides to the men in the tap-room every night a tale of woe—all about Chew-gum. Piles it on about how he looked after Chew-gum when he was sick at sea, and how Chew-gum promised to do something for him after the steamer got to England. Of course, it wasn't expected to arrive in little pieces."

"He's lying," said Bob Cherry indignantly. "If Chummy had promised to do anything for him, he'd do it like a shot."

"Chummy is a decent chap," said Harry Wharton. "I don't believe for a minute that he'd either break his word or forget a promise. He's not that sort."

"It's just gas!" said Johnny Bull.

"I suppose it is," said Tom Brown. "Only the queer thing is, he seems to have an idea in his head that Chew-gum is being kept somehow from seeing him. He tells everybody who will listen to him, in broken English, how devoted he was to Cham-jam, and how kind Cham-jam was to him, and swears that Cham-jam wouldn't have sent him away without a word. He thinks that Chew-gum is being prevented from seeing him somehow."

"What rot!"

"Well, we know that isn't the case," said Bob Cherry. "We all know that Chummy says he's a rascal, and won't have anything to do with him."

"What is he hanging on for?" asked Wharton.

"To see Chew-gum!" grinned Tom Brown.

"What!"

"When he's tipsy—the longshoremen and the fishermen stand him a lot of beer, you know, on the strength of the shipwreck—he weeps in the tap-room at the Anchor, and swears that he'll never, never go till he's seen Chummy."

"He ought to be cleared out," growled Bob.

"I don't see how he could be. He can stay at the Anchor as long as he likes, I suppose. And Trumper told me that he takes a walk round the school every now and then, looking for Chew-gum outside the gates, hoping to meet him walking out some day."

"It's rotten!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, knitting his brows. "The rogue hasn't any right to pester Chew-gum in this way. He ought to be stopped. If I catching him hanging round the school, I'll jolly well give him a dot on the boko."

"No danger of Chum-jam meeting him," said Bolsover major, with a sneer.

"How do you know?"

"Because Chum-jam takes jolly good care not to."

"Rot!"

"I know what I've noticed," sneered Bolsover. "Since that man was here, Chum-jam hasn't been once outside the school gates. He was booked to walk out with you fellows on Sunday—and did he go?"

"He didn't feel fit," said Bob.

"And he had arranged a pull on the river with Russell for Monday—and he made some excuse, and didn't go," went on Bolsover.

"That's so!" said Russell. "Said the weather was too cold for river bizney. So it is—but he never noticed it before Monday."

"And I heard you fellows asking him go for a spin on the bikes yesterday," grinned Bolsover, "and he refused."

"He hasn't a bike."

"Didn't you offer to lend him one?"

"I suppose he's not bound to go biking if he doesn't want to," grunted Bob Cherry.

"Oh, he wanted to, right enough. He's sticking inside gates because he's afraid of meeting the Dutchman."

"Afraid!"

"That's the word!" said Bolsover major. "He's afraid to meet him. Why should a fellow take the trouble to skulk about inside gates, to avoid a man unless he's afraid of him?"

"He doesn't want to be bothered with him!"

"So he's making himself a prisoner. Would any of you fellows stay inside gates for three days on end to save being bothered, as you call it? Why should he be bothered? The man would clear off if Chum-jam told him to go, and if he didn't, it would only need a word to a policeman. Lasker wouldn't be allowed to bother him, if he was made to stop it. It would be easy enough. But Chum-jam prefers to stick in the school; and I'll bet you that he doesn't go outside gates till Lasker has cleared out of the neighbourhood."

Bob Cherry sniffed.

"And why should Cholmondeley be afraid of that German seaman?" he demanded. "As you know so much, perhaps you'll explain that, too."

Bolsover shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't know that," he said. "I know the fact, though; he's afraid of the German. I'll answer for that!"

"Faith, and it looks like it entirely," said Micky Desmond. "All the same, Chum-jam is a broth of a boy."

"He isn't afraid of you, anyway, Bolsover," grinned Snoop.

Bolsover scowled. His easy defeat at the hands of the new junior rankled bitterly in his breast, and it had cost him much of his prestige in the Remove. Small boys whom he ragged and cuffed threatened to tell Chum-jam, and get Bolsover another licking, and that was bitterly exasperating to the bully of the Remove. He had talked among his friends of having another try with Cholmondeley; but they observed that he made no movement whatever towards carrying out that scheme. He knew, and all the Remove knew, that Clive Cholmondeley was too much for him.

"I didn't say he was afraid of me—I said he was afraid of the Dutchman," snarled Bolsover; "and I bet you he won't go out of gates to-day, though it's a half-holiday."

"Rats!" said Bob Cherry. "We're going over to tea at Cliff House, and we're going to take Chum-jam. Hazel's gone to ask him this minute."

"He'll say no!"

"Bosh!"

"See what Hazel says, then!" said Bolsover major.

The juniors waited rather curiously for Hazeldene. Hazeldene, whose sister Marjorie was a pupil at Cliff House, was taking the chums of the Remove over with him to tea, and most of the juniors would have been very glad to go. The juniors had agreed to ask Cholmondeley to accompany them, partly because they liked him, and partly because Marjorie and Clara wanted to see the lad who had survived the shipwreck. Hazel had gone to No. 14, where Cholmondeley was swotting over his books as usual, to ask him, and the juniors did not suppose for a moment that he would refuse.

But the grin on Bolsover's face showed that he was not in any doubt of the result. Hazel came into the Common-room.

"You fellows ready?" he asked.

"Quite ready," said Frank Nugent, "is Chum-jam coming?"

"No, he says he's got some exercises to finish for Mr. Quelch—extra toot, you know."

The Removites exchanged glances; Bolsover's grin became more pronounced. He had been right—Cholmondeley had declined the invitation. Was it for the sake of grinding at Latin, or because, for some mysterious reason, he did not dare go outside the school gates while Lasker was in the vicinity?

"Did you tell him Marjorie has asked him?" said Bob Cherry uncomfortably.

Hazel nodded.

"Yes; but he can't come. It doesn't matter, does it? What are you looking so jolly serious about? He can come another time, I suppose?"

"Yes; when the Dutchman's gone away!" chuckled Bolsover.

"I'll go and speak to him," said Bob Cherry.

"You can speak to him till you're black in the face, but he won't come!" said Bolsover sneeringly.

Bob Cherry quitted the room without replying. He found Cholmondeley busy with his Latin grammar. He was writing away at a great rate. Bob tapped him on the shoulder.

"Won't you come over to Cliff House, Chummy?" he asked. "Marjorie Hazeldene would like you to come—and so should we. You might come."

"I—I promised Mr. Quelch to have my lesson ready," said Cholmondeley. "He's giving me an extra hour to-night—and I can't disappoint him. He's doing it all for nothing, you know, and it's very kind of him to help me in this way."

"That's right enough," said Bob, "if you really can't come. Only Marjorie would like to see you. I've told her about your being saved from the wreck, you know. She is a ripping girl, and most of the fellows are jolly glad to go over to Cliff House. We shall have a jolly tea."

"Yes, I'm sorry," said Cholmondeley. "Don't think me an ungrateful beast, but I really can't come."

"We're going over again next Wednesday," said Bob. "If I can arrange it with Marjorie, will you come then?"

Cholmondeley hesitated.

"Next Wednesday!" he repeated.

"Yes; that's a week from now."

"I—I'd like to come, if you want me to; but—but I think I'd better not," said Cholmondeley, his face reddening. "You see, I'm really imposing on Mr. Quelch's kindness by—by being so behind in my Latin, and he's very patient with me. I think I ought to put in every spare hour at my Latin."

"Is that your real reason?" asked Bob Cherry bluntly.

Cholmondeley avoided his eyes.

"I don't quite understand you," he muttered.

"I'll tell you what some of the fellows are saying. You ought to know, anyway," said Bob. "They think you're afraid to go out."

"Indeed! Why?"

"Because that German chap is still hanging about the school."

"Is he?" said Cholmondeley.

"Didn't you know?"

"How should I know, as I haven't been out of gates since he was here?"

"Why, of course, you couldn't know," said Bob, greatly relieved. "We didn't know till Tom Brown just told us. He's seen him in Pegg."

Cholmondeley's lips quivered.

"Then the man is really staying about here?"

"Yes; and looking for a chance of meeting you, from what Tom heard. But, of course, it's all silly rot about your being afraid to meet him. I know that. But as the fellows have got the silly idea into their heads, you'd better come out, Chummy, just to show them that it's all piffle."

"I don't care what they think."

"N-no—no; but——"

"They can think what they like. I'm not going out while I've got swotting to do. On the whole, I won't come next Wednesday; thank you all the same."

"But look here, Chummy——"

"I've made up my mind about it," said Cholmondeley.

"Oh, if you put it like that, that's all right!" said Bob Cherry, and he left the study at once, considerably huffed.

His chums were waiting for him downstairs. Bolsover & Co. were waiting, too, curious to know whether Bob had succeeded in persuading Chum-jam to go out. Bob Cherry's clouded face brought a chuckle to Bolsover's lips.

"So he won't listen to the voice of the charmer?" said Bolsover, and the other fellows grinned.

"He's got work to do," said Bob curtly; "and he didn't know till I told him that the German man was staying in the neighbourhood at all. So that knocks your silly rot on the head, Bolsover."

"Not at all. He was staying in, in case the man was hanging about to see him," said Bolsover coolly.

"Oh, rats!"

Bob Cherry swung away. The chums of the Remove cycled over to Cliff House, and as they came up to the school they caught sight of Lasker. He was plodding along the

lane with unsteady steps, evidently under the influence of drink. He stopped as he saw the schoolboys, and scanned them with keen eyes, and they knew he was looking to see if Cholmondeley was with them. A disappointed look came over his face, and he tramped on towards Greyfriars.

"Looking for Chum-jam again!" grinned Nugent. "Why, in the name of the dickens, doesn't Chummy see him and tell him to clear off?"

But that was a question none of the juniors could answer.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.
Face to Face!

DR. LOCKE was in his study when Trotter, the page, presented himself, with a peculiar expression upon his round, chubby face.

"If you please, sir, that man has come!" said Trotter.

"What man?" asked the Head.

"The German, sir."

"Whom?"

"The German man wot was saved, arter all, from the shipwreck, sir," said Trotter. "He came 'ere last week to see Master Cholmondeley, sir, and Master Cholmondeley, 'e wouldn't see him. Now he's askin' to see you, sir."

"Indeed!" said the Head. "I was not aware that he had been here. Does the man state what his business is with me?"

"No, sir; only he wants to see you. Shall I tell Gosling to turn him out, sir? He says he won't go till you see him, but Gosling already——"

"Indeed, this is very importunate," said the Head. "But I should not like to have a shipwrecked sailor roughly used here. I will certainly see him. You may show him into my study, Trotter."

"Yessir!"

Trotter departed, and came back in a few minutes with Fritz Lasker. The man's flushed face showed that he had been drinking, but he was quite in control of himself. He had his cap in his hand, and his manner was very respectful, and indeed cringing. He crept rather than walked into the room, and stood fumbling with his cap.

"You wished to see me?" said Dr. Locke, eyeing the man. "What can I do for you?"

"I tank you to have seen me," said Lasker humbly. "I am ver' poor sailorman, dot have on te coast shipwreck been."

"If you are in want of assistance——"

"It is not tat, sir. I am not ein beggar. It is tat I vish to see mein young master. On der schiff I serve him—Master Cholmondeley—and he was ver' kind to me, and he promise tat he do someting for me after te voyage. Now I am shipwreck, and I am save, and he is save, and all te odders trown mit domselves. Vy is it tat I see him not? Mein young master vould see me—I know tat. Tey keep him from speak a vord to poor Fritz."

The Head was surprised.

"You wish to see Master Cholmondeley—is that it?" he asked.

"Ja, ja, mein Herr—tat is it! And it is tat he see me if he know. I come, but tey vill not let tat I see him."

"That is very curious," said the Head. "There can be no objection to your seeing Master Cholmondeley, that I am aware of. You say you served him on the steamer?"

"I look after for him ven he is sick, mein Herr, and he vas fery fond of Fritz, and he say he nefer forget. I know tat he see me if he know I come."

"Certainly you may see him," said the Head kindly. "Have you asked to see him before?"

"Ja, ja! But te poys say he von't see me—tat is vun lie! Dey like to play joke on a poor shipwreck sailorman who speak little English."

The Head frowned.

"I hope nothing of the sort has happened. Perhaps you did not rightly understand, as you speak so little English. But certainly you shall see Master Cholmondeley. I am sure he would not refuse to see you, under the circumstances. Wait one moment." Dr. Locke touched the bell, and Trotter came in.

"Trotter, do you know whether Master Cholmondeley of the Remove is indoors?"

"Yessir!" said Trotter. "In his study, sir."

"Take this man to his study, then."

Trotter looked dubiously at the sailorman.

"There appears to have been some misunderstanding, and the man was refused admittance to see Master Cholmondley," said the Head. "Did you know of this?"

"It was the young gentlemen kept him out, sir," stammered Trotter. "Master Cholmondeley said he wouldn't see him, sir."

"Indeed! Are you sure of that?"

"So the young gentlemen were saying, sir. Master Cholmondeley did not speak to me about it, sir."

"It was some mistake, I suppose," said the Head, frowning. "I am sure Master Cholmondeley would not be so hard-hearted. Take this man to his study."

"Yessir!"

"Follow the page, my man," said the Head kindly. "He will take you to Master Cholmondeley."

"Ich danke Ihnen—I tank you much, mein Herr!" said Lasker, his face lighting up. "I have know tat it vas a mistake. Mein young master neffer refuse to see poor Fritz."

And Lasker followed Trotter from the study. Several fellows came round to look at him in the passage. Harry Wharton & Co. were away—at tea at Cliff House. All the fellows were out of doors, as it was a half-holiday, but several had followed the German in.

"Going to chuck him out, Trotter?" asked Fisher T. Fish.

"No, Master Fish. The Head has ordered me to take him to Master Cholmondeley's study," said Trotter.

"Gee whiz! Then Chum-jam's going to see him, after all?"

"Yes, sir."

Lasker followed Trotter upstairs, and along the Remove passage. Trotter knocked at the door of the end study.

"Come in!" called out Cholmondeley.

Lasker gave a sudden start as he heard the voice.

He caught Trotter by the arm, and pulled him back as he was about to open the door. The page stared at him.

"Who is tat?" muttered Lasker. "Who is tat speak?"

"Master Cholmondeley, o' course," said Trotter. "Don't you know his woice, arter torkin' so much about your young master, and the rest of it?"

"Mein Gott!"

"What's biting you now?" said Trotter pleasantly.

"Ach! Mein Gott! You say tat tat is te voice of Master Cholmondeley?"

"Yes, I do. Don't you know it?"

"Mein Gott! Und is dere anoder Master Cholmondeley in dis school?"

"Course there ain't," said Trotter. "We don't grow Cholmondeleys on the bushes 'ere. There ain't but one, and that's 'im!"

"Mein Gott!"

"If you've done swearing, and if you'll leggo my arm I'll take you in!" suggested Trotter.

The German seaman stared at him dazedly. He seemed overcome with astonishment at the mere sound of Clive Cholmondeley's voice.

"Mein young master, den he is dead!"

Trotter stared at him.

"His voice don't sound as if he's dead, do it?" he demanded.

"Ach!"

"Look 'ere, you're squiffy!" said Trotter, "that's wot's the matter with you! Do you want to get into this 'ere blessed study, or don't you want to go into this 'ere blessed study? I can't stand 'ere all the arternoon."

"I vill go in, mein poy."

Trotter opened the door of the study. Cholmondeley was sitting at the table, with his back to the door, but he turned his head.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Gentleman to see you, sir!" said Trotter, with a grin.

"What!"

Cholmondeley sprang to his feet, as the German sailor appeared in the doorway.

Trotter stared at them blankly.

The new junior's face had gone as white as chalk, and the face of the German seaman was strange in its look—astonishment, admiration, envy, and a devilish cunning all seemed to be blended there, and triumph!

"Well, my honly 'at!" said Trotter. "If this don't beat it!"

Cholmondeley did not speak or move. He stood as if rooted to the floor, his eyes fixed upon Fritz Lasker. Lasker, with a horrible grin overspreading his face, came into the room, his eyes fixed in turn on Cholmondeley. Cholmondeley broke the tense silence at last with a painful gasp.

"Lasker! You!"

"I haf come to see mein young master!" said the seaman, still grinning. "It is so great a bleasure to see mein young master."

Cholmondeley started, and drew a deep breath. He looked as if he had feared some terrible blow, and the blow was averted. He turned quickly to Trotter.

"You can go!" he said.

Trotter was not willing to go. He would have liked to see

more of that curious scene. But Cholmondeley took him by the shoulder, and pushed him out of the study, and closed the door after him, and locked it. Trotter heard the key click in the lock. Curiosity was overmastering the page, and he might have succumbed to the temptation of applying his ear to the keyhole; but there were two or three juniors in the Remove passage, and that was impossible. So Trotter reluctantly went his way, with a marvellous tale to relate to the cook and the maids in the regions below.

In the locked study Cholmondeley turned again upon Lasker. He was still fearfully pale, but something like firmness had returned to him.

Lasker was grinning with malicious triumph.

"So you've found me!" said Cholmondeley.

Lasker nodded, and chuckled.

"Mein Gott! De vat you call cheek!" he said. "I know now vy it is tat mein young Master Cholmondeley refuse to see poor Fritz. I know vy he never come outside te school. I know. Ich weiss! Ich weiss! Ha, ha, ha!"

The man's laughter was not pleasant to hear.

"Quiet!" muttered Cholmondeley. "They may hear you from the passage."

"Vat do I care?" sneered the German seaman. "Mein Gott! It is you tat must fear, not Fritz Lasker."

"Silence!"

"Mein young master!" chuckled Lasker. "Oh, himmel! Tat it is you—you! Tat is vy it is tat I may not see mein young master. Ho, ho, ho!"

Cholmondeley bit his lip till the blood came. His glance wandered round the study, as if in search of some weapon with which to silence the mocking tongue of the rogue. Lasker chuckled and chuckled again.

"Vat a surprise for te young gentlemen!" he said. "Oh, mein Gott! I come to see mein young master—Master Cholmondeley—and I find—you! But fear noting. I am not a fool! Fritz Lasker knows his pizness. He knows vat a secret may fetch. He, he, he! Tom Handley, stewards' poy, ship's brat, tief, and liar, vat you pay me to keep tat secret, and keep you out of te prison, hein?"

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.
A Change of Front!

QUITE a crowd of fellows had gathered in the Remove passage. The news had spread that Fritz Lasker, the shipwrecked seaman, had succeeded in penetrating to the presence of the new junior, who had so long denied him. The determination Cholmondeley had shown to keep the seaman away from him had excited much remark, and now the juniors were very curious to know what would come of the interview. After what he had said of Lasker, Cholmondeley could only order him out, of course. He had excused his treatment of the shipwrecked German on the grounds that Lasker was a liar, a rascal, and a cadger without a claim on him. It followed, therefore, that he must order the man out at once, and if he would not go quietly, Gosling was quite prepared to run him out by force. The juniors would not have objected to lending a hand for that matter. And they expected every moment to hear the study door thrown open, and to see the German come forth, or, at least, to hear Cholmondeley call for aid in ejecting him.

As the interview lengthened, the surprise grew among the Removites. Fellows who went near No. 14 Study heard a murmur of low voices, but even those who were least scrupulous could not listen at the door with the other fellows looking on. Only Billy Bunter was sufficiently dead to a sense of shame as to be capable of playing the eavesdropper under the eyes of a crowd. Bunter rolled along the passage to the door of No. 14, and Tom Brown promptly collared him and rolled him away again.

"No, you don't!" said the New Zealand junior grimly.

Bunter wriggled in his powerful grip.

"Let me alone, you beast! I suppose a fellow can stoop to tie up his shoe-lace without you chipping in, can't he?"

"You can tie your shoe-laces at this end of the passage, you spying rotter!" said Tom Brown, dumping the fat junior down at the head of the stairs. "You're not going to spy on Chum-jam."

"I wasn't thinking of spying on him," said Bunter indignantly. "I was just going to—to—to hear what they said."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I consider this jolly suspicious," said Bunter. "Chum-jam has been telling whoppers. If what he said about Lasker is true, why doesn't he turn him out?"

"Some blessed lies somewhere," said Bolsover major; "but you're not going to listen at the door, all the same. That's a bit too rotten!"

"It's no business of ours, anyway," said Tom Brown.

"It's jolly queer, anyway," said Ogilvie. "I say, I suppose the man can't have done Chum-chum any harm, can he? He was a bit tipsy."

"They were talking," said Bunter. "I heard their voices when that New Zealand beast collared me. I think I'll go and——"

"The New Zealand beast will collar you again if you go along the passage, and he will bump you next time," said Tom Brown.

"I say, you fellows——"

"Shut up!" said Bulstrode. "You're not going to spy. But I say, chaps, I don't know if it's safe for that rough-looking customer to be all this time with Chum-jam. He may do the kid some harm. Suppose we look in."

"Might knock at the door and ask Chum-jam if he's all right," said Vernon-Smith. "It's a jolly queer bizzai altogether, and I don't trust that German chap's looks."

The juniors agreed upon that, and they went down the passage in a body, and Bolsover major thumped on the door, and turned the handle. But the door did not open. It was locked on the inside. The juniors were really alarmed now. If the German was the bad character Cholmondeley had represented it was quite possible that he was doing some harm, that he might have robbed or injured Cholmondeley, and locked the door to prevent interruption. Bulstrode knocked at the door.

"Are you all right, Chum-jam?" he called out.

Cholmondeley's voice came back.

"Yes. What's the matter?"

"Oh," said Bulstrode. "We thought that German chap might have cut up rusty, as the door was locked."

"I'm all right."

"Do you want him thrown out?"

"No, no!"

"Oh, all serene!" said Bulstrode. "We may as well clear off, you fellows. They seem to have made friends, after all."

The amazement of the Removites was at its height now. Cholmondeley was evidently getting on all right with the seaman, whom he had termed a rascal and an impostor, and whom he had denied admission so long as he could help it. What it meant, the juniors did not know, and could not guess; but the whole business was so strange that they could not help wondering and surmising.

"May as well clear off," said Tom Brown. "No need to hang about here."

"Clear off if you like!" sneered Bolsover. "I'm going to stay. Chumjam is waiting for us to clear off, to let the man out, I believe. He'd rather we didn't see him."

Tom Brown thought the same, as a matter of fact, and that was why he had suggested clearing off. He walked away without replying, and several of the fellows followed him; but a dozen or more remained to see the German sailorman when he came out. Lasker had been more than half an hour in the study when the door opened at last, and Cholmondeley looked out into the passage.

Bolsover major grinned as he saw him.

"Looking to see if the coast is clear!" he jeered.

"But it isn't!" chuckled Snoop.

Cholmondeley looked at the juniors, and bit his lip. Perhaps he guessed Bolsover major's intention, and saw that it was useless to wait. He turned back into the study, and the next moment Lasker came out. There was a grin of satisfaction upon the man's hard, bronzed face.

Evidently the interview with Cholmondeley, now that it had been brought about at last, had turned out quite satisfactorily from Lasker's point of view.

Cholmondeley came down the passage with the sailorman, and the wondering Removites made room for him to pass.

"So you've made friends—eh?" said Bolsover major.

Cholmondeley did not reply, but walked straight on. Bolsover tapped the German seaman on the shoulder.

"So you've found your young master—hey?" he asked. "Glad to see you, wasn't he?"

"Tank you; ja, ja, mein Herr!" said Lasker. "Mein young master is ver' kind to me. I did say tat he vould see me ven he know tat I come."

"He refused to see you before!" growled Bolsover.

"Tat vas a mistake," said Lasker calmly.

"Oh! So you're satisfied, are you?" said Bolsover, somewhat taken aback.

"Ja, ja! Tat is so."

And the German seaman followed Cholmondeley downstairs. Some of the juniors kept them in sight, and saw Cholmondeley conduct the man to the school gates, where they parted.

Lasker walked away towards Pegg, and Cholmondeley came back across the Close.

Wingate, of the Sixth, who was coming away from the football-ground with Courtney, stopped him in the Close, looking at him sharply.

"Was that the German sailor with you just now, Cholmondeley?" Wingate asked.

"Yes."

"Then you decided to see him?"

"Yes."

"Then why couldn't you see him before, and save all the bother?" the Greyfriars captain demanded, very much nettled.

"I didn't want to—I explained to you that I didn't want to see him because—because of the associations, and——"

"Yes; you said so," said Wingate grimly. "I don't quite understand you, Cholmondeley; but your conduct is jolly queer! I did not quite believe your explanation at the time, and I don't believe it at all now. It looks to me as if you've been pulling my leg. I warn you to be a bit more careful."

Wingate walked away with Courtney, leaving the juniors who had heard his remarks grinning at Cholmondeley. The Greyfriars captain had stated his opinion pretty plainly that he considered Cholmondeley a liar; and, indeed, after such a sudden change in his conduct towards Lasker, he could hardly consider him anything else.

"The fellow's an utter liar!" Bolsover confided to his friends. "He wouldn't see Lasker, I suppose, because he'd made the man some promises, and didn't want to keep them. Lasker must have some hold over him, to make him toe the line like this. It looks fishy to me. I think Chumjam's antecedents want inquiring into!"

Cholmondeley had gone into the School House. He knew that the attention of all the juniors was concentrated on him. He knew that they were making all sorts of surmises about his inexplicable conduct; but he knew, too, that they could never hit upon the true explanation of it. If nothing fresh occurred, the talk would die away in the long run, no doubt. But the new junior knew that he was walking in slippery places.

He knocked at Mr. Quelch's door, and the Remove-master bade him come in. Mr. Quelch was engaged upon the literary work that occupied most of his spare time, but he gave the new junior a kind nod and a smile as he entered. Cholmondeley had won golden opinions from the masters by his keen devotion to work. It was not only that he worked hard, but he loved his work—he pursued knowledge for knowledge's sake, and such a pupil was sufficiently rare at Greyfriars.

"Well, Cholmondeley, you have not finished your exercises yet?" the Remove-master said.

"No, sir," said Cholmondeley. "I have come to see you about another matter. If you can spare me a few minutes ——"

"Go on, my boy!"

"I have just had a visit from a seaman who was saved from the wreck of the Adler. He is in want, sir, and I want to help him."

Mr. Quelch looked rather sharply at him.

"I have heard of a bad character, a German seaman, coming here and trying to force himself upon you, Cholmondeley," he said. "Is that the man?"

Cholmondeley coloured.

"That is the man, sir. I'm afraid he is not a very good character; but he was of a lot of service to me on board the steamer, and I told him I would do something for him when we reached England. Now he is destitute—he has lost everything in the wreck, and it will be a long time before he can get any compensation from the Adler Company. I have promised to help him, sir, and I want some money. If you would be kind enough to make an advance to me, my father will repay it."

"H'm!"

"My father is very rich, sir, and he always lets me have as much money as I want," said Cholmondeley, the flush deepening in his cheeks. "If you sent him a cable, sir, he would pay for it, and he would authorise you to advance me money to any amount."

"How much do you wish to give this man, Cholmondeley?"

"I have promised him five pounds now, sir, and some more later."

Mr. Quelch looked very grave.

"That is a large sum for a schoolboy to give away, Cholmondeley."

"It is not much to me, sir. My father gave me a hundred pounds when I left India, but it was lost in the wreck."

"Indeed. Well, I will speak to the Head about it, Cholmondeley. I could not hand you such a sum on my own responsibility. A cable to India, too, would be very expensive, and the Head must decide. When do you want the money?"

"To-day, sir, if possible. The poor fellow has run up a bill at the Anchor, and the landlord is pressing him for the money."

"I will speak to the Head presently, Cholmondeley, and you may come to my study at six o'clock."

"Thank you, sir!"

"One word more," said the Remove-master, as Cholmondeley turned to go. "It is very right of you to be generous to a shipwrecked seaman, but you must not allow generous impulses to carry you too far. If you give the man five pounds, he should be satisfied with that, and should not ask for more. If he should pester you for money, you had better speak to me, and I will see him and send him about his business."

"Very well, sir."

And Cholmondeley left the study. His face was calm and steady as he went back to his own room—till the door was closed upon him. But when Fisher T. Fish came into No. 14 a little later, he found Cholmondeley striding to and fro, with clenched fists and haggard looks. The Yankee junior's stare of surprise recalled Cholmondeley to himself, and he sat down to work, and was too deeply occupied with Latin after that to reply to any of Fisher T. Fish's inquisitive questions.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Remorse!

BOB CHERRY came into No. 14 Study when the chums of the Remove returned from Cliff House. He expected to find Cholmondeley there; but he only found Fisher T. Fish, writing lines. Bob looked round the study.

"Where's Chumjam?" he asked.

"Absquatulated, I guess," said Fish.

"Gone out?" asked Bob.

"Yep!"

"Oh! Shows how much there was in your silly jaw about his being afraid to go out because of the Dutchman!" sniffed Bob.

Fisher T. Fish chuckled.

"He's seen the Dutchman," he said.

"Oh! He's seen him, has he? How do you know?"

Fisher T. Fish explained. Bob listened in astonishment. When Fish had finished, Bob made a stride towards him, grasped him by the collar, and dragged him out of the chair, and shook him like a terrier shaking a rat. The astounded Yankee junior roared and struggled in Bob's powerful grasp.

"I say, let up!" he yelled. "Wharrer yer up to? Gee-whiz! If you don't let up, I guess I'll about pulverise you—some! Great Christopher Columbus, have you gone potty?"

Bob shook him fiercely.

"That's for telling lies about Chumjam!" Shake! "And that's another for telling lies!" Shake! "You rotter!" Shake! "You worm!" Shake! "How dare you tell me that Chumjam received that rascal civilly, and walked out with him!" Shake, shake, shake!

"Yarooh!" roared the unfortunate Fish. "Yow-ow! Leggo! I guess it's the truth—the holy, frozen truth! I'm giving you straight goods! Yarooh! Leggo!"

Bob Cherry let go, and Fisher T. Fish crumpled up on the floor. Bob strode out of the study without another glance at him.

"Well, carry me home to die!" gasped Fish, as he staggered up, and smoothed out his rumpled clothes. "He's potty—clean, staring potty! Any of the fellows could have told him it was the truth—the silly jay! Ow!"

And Fisher T. Fish very nearly rushed after Bob to take summary vengeance upon him; but not quite. Bob Cherry was not in a humour just then to be trifled with. He strode into Study No. 1, where he found Wharton and Nugent, and his ruffled looks drew their attention at once. Billy Bunter was in the study, and he had just been giving them a graphic account of the visit of Fritz Lasker and its curious outcome.

"What's the row, Bob?" asked Wharton and Nugent together.

"I've just been hearing lies about Chumjam," growled Bob. "Fish had the cheek to tell me that he was friendly with that German rotter, and——"

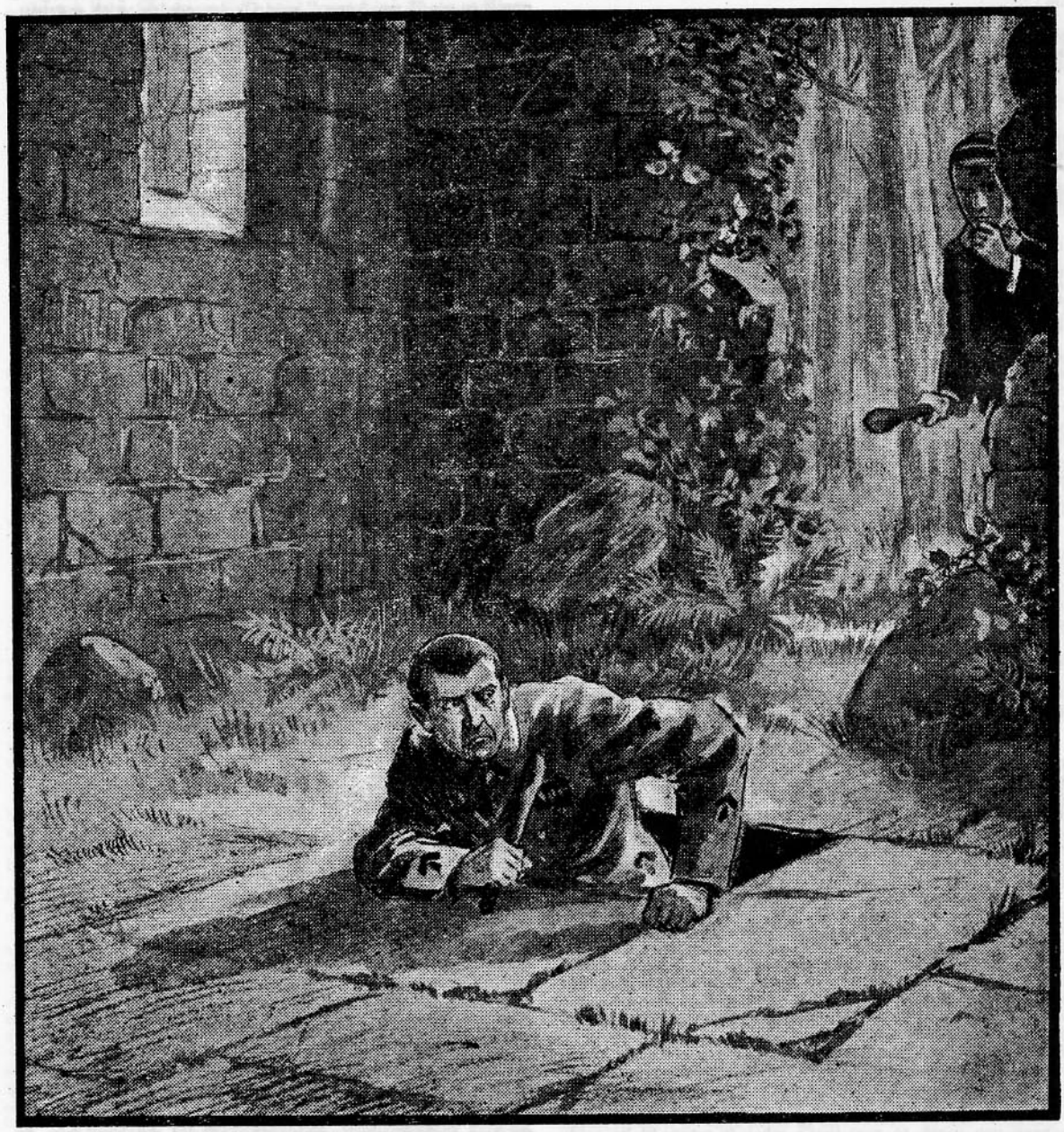
"Bunter's just been telling us the same!"

"Oh, he has, has he?" said Bob, with a glare at Bunter, which the Owl of the Remove was too short-sighted to see.

"Yes, rather," said Bunter. "Jolly queer, I call it. After saying that the man was a rogue and a cadger, and so on, to have him in his study for half an hour jawing to him, and then to walk down to the gates with him, as friendly as you please. And now he's gone out—first time since Lasker showed up here. Not afraid to go out any longer—he, he, he! I—I say, what are you doing, you idiot? Ow! Help! He's gone mad! Ow! ow! ow!"

Bump!

Billy Bunter descended into the passage outside with a



A MOMENT OF SUSPENSE! *(This picture will appear on the cover of our companion paper, "THE GEM" LIBRARY, next Wednesday. It illustrates a thrilling incident in "£100 Reward!" the grand, long, complete tale of Tom Merry & Co., by Martin Clifford. Order this week's "GEM" in advance. Price One Penny from all newsagents.*

loud concussion. As he sat up, blinking in wild alarm and surprise, he saw Bob Cherry's boot raised to help him along, and he picked himself up in frantic haste and ran for his life.

"You don't believe what that fat rotter has been saying, I suppose?" demanded Bob Cherry gruffly, as he swung back into the study.

Wharton and Nugent were silent. They did believe it, as a matter of fact, it was evidently quite true. Even Billy Bunter, Ananias as he was, would not have told untruths that could immediately be disproved, and with no object to serve. Bob looked quickly at his chums, and his face flushed redder.

"Can't you see what this means?" he exclaimed angrily. "If Cholmondeley had allowed that man to see him, and treated him in a friendly way, it shows that he's been lying—or jolly near it! He can't have done it!"

"I'm afraid he has, Bob!"

"So you take that fat beast's word against Chumjam, do you?"

"I wouldn't take Bunter's word against a cockroach, but it's true, Bob. You say Fish has told you the same thing. Besides, it's easy enough to prove. Ask any of the fellows. Bunter says there was a crowd of them round when Lasker came. Ask Tom Brown or Ogilvie—you'll get the truth from them!"

Tom Brown was in the passage, and Bob put his head out of the door and called to him.

The New Zealand junior came up.

"What's Bunter been doing this time?" he asked. "He's

yelling out downstairs that you've gone mad and jumped on him!"

"I'll jump on him again!" growled Bob. "He's been telling lies about Chumjam! He says that that German chap has been here, and Chumjam has seen him, and been friendly with him, and rot like that——"

"Well, that's true!" said Tom Brown.

"True!" yelled Bob.

"Quite true! I don't know how Bunter came to tell the truth, but he's done it this time! I saw it all—so did half the school for that matter!"

Bob stared at Tom Brown aghast. He knew that Brown would not lie—and he was not one of the fellows who followed Bolsover's lead—against Cholmondeley.

"You saw it?" said Bob.

"Yes."

"Then—then—then what about what Chumjam said about the man—about his being a rogue and an impostor——?"

"That's what all the fellows are asking," said Tom. "It's a queer business; but I suppose we needn't meddle in it. Chumjam can look after his affairs himself."

Bob Cherry did not reply. He went out of the study without another word, his rugged face quite pale. He had knocked Fish and Bunter about for saying what was the truth—he knew that now! His temper had risen at once at an imputation against his friend—but the imputation was quite true. It remained now to have an explanation with Cholmondeley. Bob walked about the Close by himself, with a moody brow, till he saw Cholmondeley come in, and then he followed him into the house, and up to his study. Fisher T. Fish was there, and he looked warlike at once at the sight of Bob Cherry.

"Look here, you vamoose out of my study!" he roared. "I guess I don't want you here! You light out instanter! You hear me?"

"I'm sorry I handled you, Fishy!" said Bob, miserably. "I was in the wrong, and I beg your pardon."

"Well, that's all right!" said Fish. "I guess I was going to pulverise you, but I'll let you off now. That's all right!"

"Only clear out a few minutes, will you? I want to jaw to Chumjam."

"I guess I'm not clearing out of my own study!" said Fish, whose inquisitiveness was aroused at once. "You can run on!"

"Clear out, there's a good chap!"

"I've got lines to do, I guess, and—gee-whiz—what are you up to? Leggo! Why, you cheeky villain, do you think you can turn a galoot out of his own study?" bellowed Fisher T. Fish, in frantic indignation, as Bob, losing all patience, whirled him to the door.

Bob apparently thought he could; and his thought seemed to be founded upon fact, for he did! Fisher T. Fish went flying into the passage, and Bob Cherry slammed the door after him. Then he turned to Cholmondeley.

"Will you tell me what this means, Chummy?" he asked huskily. "I've chummed with you, and I've pitched into two fellows for saying things about you—and it turns out that the things are true! You told me you wouldn't see the German fellow—that he was a liar and an impostor, and had no claim on you! Now you've received him in a friendly way, and had him in your study, and walked down to the gate with him, and so on! You seem to have changed your opinion of him all of a sudden!"

Cholmondeley's lips quivered.

"I suppose you think me a liar?" he said.

"Tell me what it means."

Cholmondeley sank into a chair.

"It means that I'm a liar and a rascal, and that I'm not fit to have you speak to me—that's what it means!" he said, with a choke in his voice. "It means that I'm a swindler, and—and I wish I'd gone down in the Adler! I wish you hadn't been there to save me—that's what it means! I can't lie to you somehow! Better let me alone—I'm not fit for you to talk to! Go and tell the whole school what I've said, if you like—I don't care!"

"I'm not likely to do that," said Bob, whose face had grown very pale. "I haven't known you long, Chummy; but I've been your friend, and I've stood up for you! If you've told lies, what have you told them for?"

"Oh, don't ask me! I should only have to tell you more lies, and I can't do it!" groaned Cholmondeley. "I thought I could, but I can't, I'm a liar and a thief and a rascal, if you want to know—go and tell the fellows."

"I won't do that. I don't believe you know what you're saying. Look here, has that man got any hold over you?" demanded Bob.

Cholmondeley nodded his head without speaking.

"Tell me what it is—I'll help you out. We'll all help you," said Bob eagerly. "I know you are a square fellow at heart, anyway."

"I can't tell you. You wouldn't touch me—you wouldn't speak to me if you knew," said Cholmondeley, with a groan "Don't speak to me any more—I can't stand it. If I'd been lucky I might have had a chap like you for a friend—but it wasn't to be. I've lied to you—that ends it. Now leave me alone."

The wretched boy covered his face with his hands. Bob stood looking at him. What did it all mean? He could not understand; but he knew that the boy before him was stricken with remorse and shame—for what? He could not guess. What could he have done to place himself in the power of Lasker?

"Chummy, old fellow," said Bob, at last, "I—I don't understand you, but—but I'm your friend all the same. I don't care what you've done—perhaps something silly—but I know you never meant any harm. I'd swear to that. And I'm sticking to you."

"You wouldn't if you knew."

"I would!"

Choknondeley shook his head.

"You wouldn't—you couldn't. You'd shrink away from me—so would all the rest—a liar, a thief, an impostor! Oh, I can't stand it!"

"Chummy! Do you know what you're saying?"

"Don't talk to me any more. I sha'n't speak to you again. Now get out—get out! Leave me alone!"

The boy was shaken by sobs. Bob Cherry stood looking at him for some moments, and then quietly left the study and closed the door.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.
The Stolen Name!

CHOLMONDELEY kept very much to himself during the following days. He avoided Bob Cherry.

More than once Bob sought him out, but Cholmondeley did not respond to his cordiality, and gradually Bob realised that the friendship was at an end.

His regard for Cholmondeley remained unchanged, and he knew that it was the same with Chumjam; but the new junior wished to break off. He had stated his reason—that he was not good enough to be Bob Cherry's pal, and that Bob would refuse to speak to him if he knew the truth.

What was the truth? Bob could not imagine—but he knew that Lasker knew, and he guessed that Chumjam was paying Lasker the price of silence. It came out, as things will come out, that Chumjam had visited Lasker more than once at the Anchor, and that the man was spending money at a rate that made the villagers open their eyes. A letter would come for Chumjam in a rough, foreign hand, with the Pegg postmark, and the same day Chumjam would go out—and somehow or other, probably through Billy Bunter, who was famous for his discoveries at keyholes—it became known that Cholmondeley was having a good deal of money from the Head, a cabled authorisation having been received from Mr. Cholmondeley in India.

Bob could not help putting two and two together, and he often wondered miserably what was Lasker's hold over Chumjam, and always he tried to think that it must have been some foolish escapade which Chumjam was taking too seriously—and yet he knew that it must be more than that.

Chumjam had very little to do with the Co. now. He avoided them, and even avoided football, the game he had taken up so keenly, to keep away from them. He devoted all his attention to his studies, but even into his work he did not put all the keenness of old. Mr. Quelch noticed the falling-off, though he did not remark upon it. He thought the boy looked pale and unwell, and did not urge him to work. Cholmondeley had fallen into the habit of walking alone in the old Cloisters when he was not at work, and after one or two attempts Bob Cherry gave up joining him there.

The boy was so subdued and troubled that even Bolsover major felt his rancour against him die away. Even Snoop at length ceased his jeering allusions to Lasker. All the new junior's brightness and high spirits seemed to have faded away since the day Lasker had succeeded in penetrating to his study.

What was the matter with him? What had he done? Bob Cherry has not said a word of the half-confession Cholmondeley had made to him even to his chums, but he thought about it incessantly.

It was about a week after Lasker's visit that Bob made one more attempt to break through the icy barrier that had grown up between himself and his friend. It was a dim November evening—an evening that was destined to be long remembered in the Greyfriars Remove. Bob had been watching a footer match—he was not playing himself—and when it was over he strolled away in the gathering dusk,

and caught sight of Cholmondeley crossing the Close towards the dim old Cloisters. He quickened his steps and joined him. Chumjam also quickened his steps to avoid Bob, but the latter refused to be avoided.

"Look here, Chumjam!" he said, overtaking Cholmondeley. "I'm not going to be shoved off like this. If you'll say out plainly that you don't want to pal with me, I'll leave you alone, but——"

"You know it isn't that," said Cholmondeley, in a low voice.

"Yes, I know. Then what is it?"

"I've told you."

"Silly rot about not being good enough to pal with me," said Bob impatiently. "Well, I don't believe it. I don't believe you've done anything wrong. I don't believe that scoundrel Lasker has any real hold over you. It's all rot! And I'm not going to have you moping about by yourself and getting all sorts of blue devils. Do you hear? I'm not going to stand it."

"It may all come out," said Cholmondeley huskily. "Don't you understand? Lasker was saved from the wreck after all. Suppose somebody else was saved? I shouldn't wonder. And then, if I'm disgraced, you don't want to be known as my pal. I don't want to disgrace you, too."

"Do you mean to say that everybody on the steamer knows this, whatever it is, as well as Lasker?"

"Yes."

"Then it can't be anything serious. Whether you tell me or not, I'm sticking to you, and I won't believe a word against you, even from yourself."

Cholmondeley shook his head.

"Goodness knows how I'd like to let you stick to me, Bob; but I can't. It may all come out; it's always possible. I thought I was safe for some years at least—till it was time to go back to India. But then Lasker turned up, and—and—— Let me alone, Bob! If you keep on, I shall end by telling you, and then I shall have to leave Greyfriars."

"Leave Greyfriars!" said Bob blankly.

"Yes."

"Good heavens, Chummy! Is it so serious as that? Do you mean to say that—that——"

"I've broken the law, and I could be sent to prison if they knew," whispered Cholmondeley. "Now do you understand?"

He walked away before Bob could reply, and disappeared into the dusk. Bob Cherry, feeling as if he had received a stunning blow, went into the House. He hardly noticed where he went in his confusion of mind. Cholmondeley's whispered confession had thrown him quite off his balance.

There was a buzz of voices in the common-room. Bolsover major had been down to Friardale, and he had come in brimming with news. He had a newspaper in his hand, and the fellows were crowding round him, reading it over his shoulders. There were exclamations of surprise and wonder on all sides. Bolsover major shouted to Bob Cherry as he caught sight of him:

"Hallo, Cherry! This way! Here's news for you—news of your friend, Chumjam. Chum-rats! Ha, ha, ha!"

"He, he, he!" cackled Bunter.

Bob Cherry turned upon them fiercely. He was in no humour to stand chaff of any sort, and especially upon the subject of Clive Cholmondeley.

"What do you mean, you rotten cads?" he demanded, with lowering brow.

"I mean that he's found out!" roared Bolsover. "Oh, the awful spoofer! Now we know why he didn't want Lasker to see him. Now we know what he's been handing that fellow money for. My hat! They'll both be arrested now."

"What!"

"Lasker is an accessory after the fact," said Ogilvie. "That's the law. He'll be arrested for helping Chumjam with the swindle."

"What are you talking about?" Bob demanded, furiously. "If you've got anything to say against my pal, Chumjam——"

"Your pal Carrots!" roared Bolsover. "His name's no more Cholmondeley than mine's Smith. His name's something else—but it's not Cholmondeley. Look at this paper—it's here in black and white. He's an impostor—a swindle! Clive Cholmondeley has been found!"

"What!"

"There was a boat got off from the Adler before she went ashore, and it was picked up by a Russian ship. Captain and six seamen and a passenger saved—and the passenger was a boy named Clive Cholmondeley, who was being sent to school in England. Here it all is in the paper! Couldn't make it known that they were saved till the Russian ship got to port—that's how they haven't been heard of yet. Now they've telegraphed from Odessa. They don't even know that a swindler has been passing himself off here as Clive Cholmondeley!"

"Oh!" gasped Bob.

"And look here; here's another paragraph!" chortled Snoop. "Look at this! 'We understand that a boy saved from the wreck of the Adler, and represented himself as being Clive Cholmondeley, and was received at Greyfriars School under that name. As there was only one English boy besides Master Cholmondeley on the ship, this person is undoubtedly a ship's boy named Handley, previously supposed to have been drowned in the wreck. We understand that Scotland Yard is taking this matter up.'"

"That means that the bobbies are coming to arrest him!" said Vernon-Smith. "My hat! Can't help feeling sorry for the poor beast! What a wonderful nerve to play a game like that on us."

Bob Cherry snatched the paper away from Bolsover. Even yet he had a faint hope that it was all some horrible joke—some fiendish rag planned by the enemies of Cholmondeley. But a glance at the paper banished that hope. There it was, as Bolsover had said, in black and white. Clive Cholmondeley was in Odessa, with the captain and other members of the crew of the Adler. And the boy who had called himself by that name at Greyfriars—he was in Cloisters now, unconscious of his impending doom—while in an express, probably at that very moment, was the detective charged to arrest him.

Bob Cherry flung the paper in Bolsover's grinning face, and dashed out of the room. He knew all now. Cholmondeley was an impostor, a swindler, a thief, for had he not taken money under his stolen name? But whatever he was, he should be saved. There might be time yet for the wretched boy to escape before the police arrived. Whether he was doing right or wrong, Bob Cherry hardly knew; he did not stop to think. Through the mist of the November evening, he ran breathlessly for the Cloisters.

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

Pals to the Last!

THE boy who had been known at Greyfriars as Clive Cholmondeley was in the Cloisters. He was pacing there with moody brow when Bob dashed in. Bob caught him by the arm, and Cholmondeley glanced quickly into his face.

"You've got to go!" panted Bob.

"What! What do you mean?"

"It's all come out."

Cholmondeley reeled against one of the stone pillars.

"It's in the papers!" Bob panted. "Some survivors of the Adler were picked up by a Russian ship, and taken to Odessa. Clive Cholmondeley was among them."

"Oh, heavens!"

"And you—you——"

The boy groaned.

"I'm Tom Handley! Heaven forgive me! But I'm glad he's saved. I'm glad it's all over—I don't care."

"What did you do it for?" said Bob miserably. "I could never have suspected it. What did you do it for, Chummy?"

"It was forced on me. You don't understand. I was a ship's boy—lucky to get a job on that German steamer," said the boy drearily. "I always had a longing for something better. I spent what little money I could get on books. And then, when young Cholmondeley came on the steamer, he took me up; and—and he was weak and a bit silly, but he was a good chap. He was sick and ill on the steamer, and I looked after him a lot, and we became friendly. He lent me books; he let me do lessons with him—and I was simply hungry for them. I couldn't help thinking, thinking, thinking, why shouldn't I have his chances? Why should he go to Greyfriars, with plenty of money in his pocket, and I remain a ship's drudge—I, who wanted to learn ten times more than he did? I envied him, but I liked him all the same. And when the wreck came—when the boat put off—and it seemed the only chance of life—I shoved him into it. He would never have got into it by himself. I saved his life, as it turns out, just as much as you saved mine."

"I'm glad of that!" said Bob.

"But—but when I woke up in the inn, they told me nobody else had been saved—and I knew it was a hundred chances to one against that boat having lived through the storm—they said I was the only survivor—and they called me Cholmondeley. You see, the real Cholmondeley had given me some of his clothes and things, so what I was wearing was marked with his name—and I had his coat on, with his letters in the pocket. I had got the coat to put round him in the boat, but it was dashed away from the ship, and I couldn't get it to him. He was a kind lad—he knew I had nothing, and he gave me clothes and things—and when they called me Cholmondeley in the inn, and said I was the sole survivor, it came into my head—Cholmondeley was dead, and his people were thousands of miles away in India—why shouldn't I be Cholmondeley, and let it go at that? It was wrong—wicked—I know—but then I wasn't very clear in my mind just then—I did it."

"I understand," said Bob.

"I tried to be honest," groaned the boy. "I tried. Goodness knows how I tried. As if I could be honest when I was an impostor and a liar! I wouldn't take any money—you remember I wouldn't take any money in Cholmondeley's name at first?"

"I remember," said Bob.

"But I had to. But then I accepted only a little, and I swore to myself that I would earn it later and pay it back. And then came that villain, Lasker. So long as he didn't see me he believed that I was Cholmondeley, and he couldn't hurt me; but as soon as he saw me, he knew me, of course——"

"And then——"

"Since then I've been paying him to keep quiet—stealing Cholmondeley's money to pay him," said the boy bitterly. "In for a penny, in for a pound, you know; that was how I had to look at it. I didn't foresee all that, of course. All I thought of when I took Cholmondeley's name was getting into school in his place and getting a good education. And even then I'd have stopped, I think, only I found Dr. Locke had cabled to Mr. Cholmondeley that his son was saved. Nobody had the slightest suspicion; nobody in England knew Cholmondeley by sight." He broke off.

"I think I understand," said Bob. "Anyway, I'm sorry for you, and——"

"Sorry for me—a swindler, liar, cheat?"

"Yes," said Bob steadily. "And I want to help you. You've done wrong—awful wrong, but I believe you're a decent chap at heart, all the same. I believe you'll go straight after this, if you have a chance."

"I will—I will, but I sha'n't have a chance. I shall be arrested for this, I shall be sent to prison—at least, to a reformatory."

"You've time to get clear," said Bob. "I don't think the Head knows yet. The detective will be here any minute, but he's not here yet. You've got to clear in time. Do you understand?"

The boy's eyes gleamed with new hope.

"You—you came here to warn me?" he muttered.

"Yes. You've got to get out while there's time," Bob said hurriedly. "Look here! Take all the cash I've got, take my watch, too—you'll need it all—and get over the wall and clear. Hark! That's the gate-bell now. It may be the detective. Don't lose a minute!"

"I—I can't take this——"

"Rats! Bosh!" Bob Cherry thrust the money and the watch into the boy's pockets. "You'll need every penny Now, give us your fin, and clear."

"You—you'll give me your hand, after——" The boy's voice broke.

"Here it is. Give me your fin. And—and when you're quite safe, old man, write to me and tell me how you're getting on, and that you're going straight, honour bright."

The boy who had been known as Cholmondeley grasped his hand.

"Heaven bless you, Bob Cherry—Heaven bless you! I'll keep my word, honour bright!"

One minute later he had dropped from the outside of the school wall and was running swiftly up the road in the dark; and at the same time a stout gentleman with a hawkish eye was inquiring in the School House for a young gentleman who had called himself Clive Cholmondeley, but whose real name was Tom Handley.

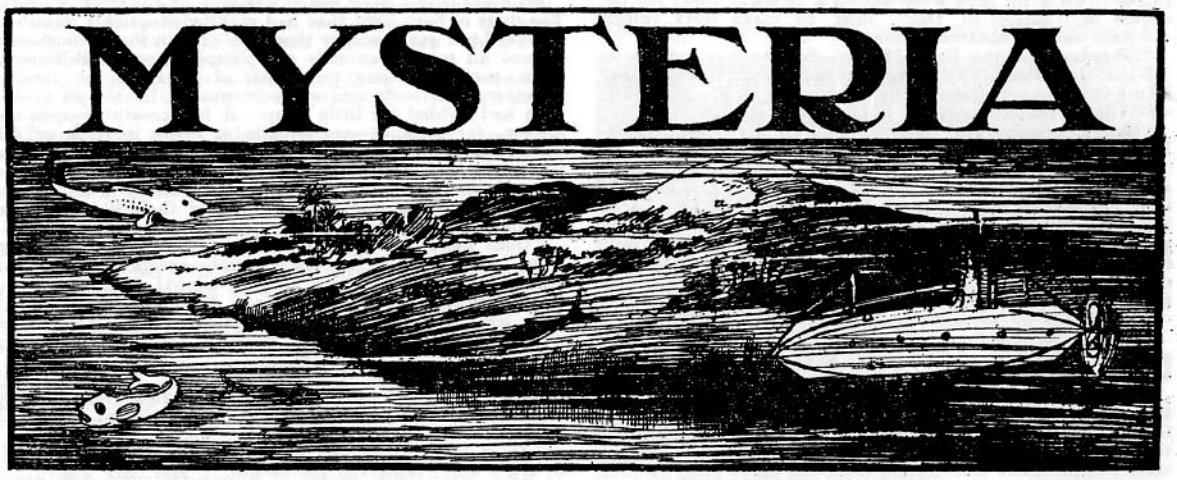
* * * * * * *

The gentleman from Scotland Yard inquired for Cholmondeley, but he inquired in vain. The Head, astonished and shocked, gave orders for the boy to be searched for, and Greyfriars was searched from end to end, Bob Cherry assisting in the search. But Chumjam was not found. He had vanished, and it became evident at last that he had taken the alarm and fled. The gentleman from Scotland Yard retired disappointed, and consoled himself by arresting Fritz Lasker at the Anchor Inn, in Pegg village.

It was a nine day' wonder at Greyfriars. Tom Handley was not seen again, and so far as he was concerned the matter had to be dropped. But as it was evident that Lasker was a party to the imposture, and that he had taken a share of the plunder in cash, Lasker went to prison for three months, which would have been nearer his deserts if it had been three years.

The real Clive Cholmondeley never came to Greyfriars His health had been so affected by the storm and its stress that he was sent to the South of France instead. In the Greyfriars Remove the fellows continued to talk of Chumjam for a long time, and to speculate as to whether he would get clear; and when it became certain at last that he had got clear, even Bolsover major was not sorry Bob Cherry did not forget his pal, "wrong 'un" as that pal had turned out to be, and he firmly believed that Chumjam would keep his word and that from that time forward he would "go straight." And in that Bob Cherry was right, and long afterwards he knew that he had done right in putting his faith in the boy who had come to Greyfriars under a stolen name.

Our Grand Serial Story!



By SIDNEY DREW, Prince of Adventure Story-tellers.

READ THIS FIRST.

Ferrers Lord, the famous multi-millionaire, is surrounded in his magnificent London residence by his friends Ching-Lung, Barry O'Rconey, 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, and the adventurers at last catch sight of "Mysteria." The mysterious island—bare and ghostly-looking—appears to be floating in the sky. It is a mirage, but, as Ferrers Lord points out, there can never be a mirage without a substance. The millionaire determines to start in pursuit of the floating island at once, but a terrific volcanic eruption occurs, in the course of which a blazing fireball falls on the Lord of the Deep, passing through her from deck to keel. The millionaire runs the submarine aground in the bay of the nearest island, and sends Ching Lung and Thurston with a party of men in the launch to cut some logs. On landing the party are confronted by a curious figure in a red tam-o'-shanter, who warns them that the island belongs to Germany. They ignore the warning, and Redcap—by name Julius Faber—returns with a party of ragged-looking ruffians, and forces them to leave the island by swimming, under cover of the fog. Subsequently, Ferrers Lord leads a night expedition on to the island, and succeeds in recapturing the launch. By dint of his unparalleled ingenuity and hard work, Hal Honour, the engineer, succeeds in repairing the Lord of the Deep sufficiently to allow her to leave her dangerous situation in the island harbour. As they are steaming along one day the bank of fog ahead suddenly parts, and there, not a league away, appears Mysteria—the weird island. A continuous booming, caused by the cracking of shrivelled weeds, comes from the floating island, which also gives forth a disagreeable odour. "You smell unpleasant, and you look unpleasant," remarks Ferrers Lord, addressing Mysteria; "but we hope to find you interesting, all the same."

(Now go on with the story.)

The Island of Fire!

A big, warm drop of rain fell upon the millionaire's hand.

"And that peculiar mist, Lord, that hangs about the place?" asked Thurston.

"Merely a reeking steam drawn out by the sun. Mysteria is a festering hot-bed of decay—at least, she will be presently—a floating graveyard, filled with millions of the rotting corpses of marine animals. Many, of course, will survive. Her jungles are so dense that many will find shade and shelter there until the island sinks again. What we must do we must do quickly. It will be a white man's coffin by-and-by—a pestilential death-trap, reeking with fever-germs and every pestilential poison that loathsome decay can breed!"

"Beautifully put, old man!" said the merry voice of Ching-Lung. "This is a new disease you've contracted, isn't it—going in for high-falutin speeches? 'Pestilential death-trap, pestilential poison, and loathsome decay' are more than great for a child of your age, but there's a little too much 'pestilential' about it. And don't talk about things dying in that tone of voice. If our slimy snig-snag pegged out, and couldn't gnash his molars at the midnight hour, or if the glutinous, snarly bing-bang turned up his forty-two toes, Gan and myself would shed the salty tear by the bucket. Fancy the bloated bog-snatch turning up his toelets and snuffing out his candle, Gan!"

Gan-Waga uttered a dismal sob at the thought of such a dreadful loss.

"I wish you'd let us have a moment's peace, you impossible pair of lunatics!" said Rupert Thurston.

"And that's his gratitude after we've been more than a father to him," said Ching-Lung "That's what we get for wheeling him about in a perambulator, and buying him toffee! What's that about sharper than the serpent's tooth Eskimoses? The thankless child business, you know, Wag tail? Spout it!"

"Can't spouts nothing, Chingy!" grunted Gan-Waga. "Nots easy spouts whens yo' smokings four cigars ats de sames times. Ho, ho, ho! Not likes 'Steria, Chingy, but likes cigars. Dey good 'nough butterfuls. Ho, ho, ho!"

A few more heavy raindrops pattered down on the deck.

"What a terrible thing it would be for the poor umbrella-makers and macintosh-dealers if rain wasn't wet!" said Ching-Lung gravely. "It's heartbreaking to think of it! And how dreadful it would be for shipbuilders and their wives and families if there wasn't any water in the sea! Dear, dear! How sad!"

"Utter and incurable idiot!" said Thurston.

"Yo' nots calls my Chingy bad 'nough nameses, Ruperts!" remarked Gan-Waga. "Yo' hurts him feelingses! Ho, ho, ho, hoo!"

A rattling shower made them seek the shelter of the conning-tower.

"The English climate is the cause of a good deal of ungentlemanly language," said Rupert Thurston; "but in its worst mood it cannot compare with this. For one thing, it doesn't rain dust."

"Doesn't it? You've never ridden a bike, then, on a country road in the lovely summer-time when a couple of sixty horse-power motors have whizzed past you," chuckled the prince. "Rain dust, did you remark? It doesn't rain it, it blizzards it! Everything you eat or drink for a month after tastes of dust and petrol mixed. Motor-cars are fine things when you're inside 'em, and they do stir up the scenery somewhat! Gan-Wagtail knows all about that. The dead, the dying, and the maimed strewed the road the last time I let him drive. And then he wanted to shoot the

policeman who took our number. I forget what it cost me to settle up that happy morning, but you can take it from me that there wasn't much change left out of a threepenny-bit—or a couple of fivers."

Gan-Waga giggled at the recollection of that early morning drive out of London, and its many disasters. Down in the fo'c's'le the men were having a pleasant time, for the chorus of "Hearts of Oak," sung by many lusty voices, suddenly swelled up from below.

"The Lord of the Deep Musical Society has put on its hill-climbing clutch," said Ching-Lung; "and I'll wager that Barry O'Rooney, Esquire, is up to the neck in it. The music will kill all the cockroaches, which is one comfort."

"And I presume," said Ferrers Lord quietly, "that Ching-Lung, Esquire, is responsible for this uproar."

"Fact, sonny! I told 'em they could do what they liked, and make as much row as they liked. Let 'em yell for once if it pleases 'em. Remember you were a child once, and, if I don't run the risk of being clapped in irons as a merry mutineer for saying it, I'll gamble you were a first-class, full-sized yeller of the best kind! My blessed boots, how it rains! Sit outside in it, Gan, and you won't have to wash yourself in the morning!"

A loud burst of mirth came from the forecastle.

"We're missing the fun, Wagtail-Eskimoses," said the prince. "Shall we go and see what they're sobbing so bitterly about?"

With a lighted cigar stuck behind each ample ear and two in his mouth, the immortal Gan-Waga followed his friend and champion to the regions below. A cloud of tobacco-smoke rolled out of the forecastle. They pushed their way in. The place was quite crowded. Barry sat in a chair placed on the table.

"Gintlemen," he said, "Oi have the plissure to announce that our esteemed frind Misther Schwartz has koindly consinted to amuse and iducate his intilligent awdjince by recoiting that beautiful but tear-provokin' ballad intoitled 'The Dith of Little Willie.' When he has finished, bedad, there oughtn't to be wan single dhry oie in the room! And, bein' mesilf a lover of pace and quiet from my youngest youth, I thrust there'll be no black oies, cythur."

The salvo of applause that greeted Barry's brief speech redoubled as the little German mounted the table. Herr Schwartz looked nervously about him, and felt moist and hot.

"Hooray! Three cheers for old polony and sour-krowt, by hokey!" bellowed the mighty voice of Thomas Prout.

"Hould sthidy, you wid the bald head," said Barry, "or, throth, Oi'll come down and play swate music on ut! How dare yez interrupt this mating, yez mahogany-faced apology for a dure-knocker!"

"Turn him out, souse me!" cried Maddock.

"Muzzle him!" suggested somebody else. "Go on, chef! Take no notice! It's only his silly ignorance!"

"By hokey," roared Prout, rising, "if any of you wants to get into a row wi' me——"

Strong hands jerked the steersman back into his seat, and threats of violence and summary vengeance were hurled at him from all sides. Prout grinned, and filled his pipe.

"Now, my Jarmin jujube," said Barry encouragingly, "git a move on!"

Herr Schwartz blushed deeply and fidgeted with his feet. He opened his mouth only to close it again, and stared hard at one of the electric bulbs.

"Stick a pin in it, and 'ear if it squeals, by hokey!" remarked Prout. "P'r'aps it's dozing!"

"Order, Tommy—order!" put in Ching-Lung. "Give Herr Schwartz a chance. Fair play's a jewel."

The chef pulled himself together, and waved his hand dramatically, and thundered:

"Loud howl der plast agross der moor
Dot dreat-vul night of vich I speak,
Und, oh, der snow he vas zo thick
You gould not hear your new boots squeak!
Zo thick und awful vas der snow
Dot—dot—dot——"

Herr Schwartz scratched his fluffy head in perplexity.

"Yez cudn't faal your whiskers grow!" said Barry, in all kindness, wishing to help the reciter out. "Go on, bedad!"

The chef was not grateful. He wheeled round, his face purple with rage.

"Vat you mean?" he yelled. "Aoh, yess, you vould sboil mine peautiful boem mit your silly nonsense! Dunder und blitzen! Vat you mean, viskers grow? Hog! I haf der mindt do sdop your viskers growing aldogethers, yes. Br-r-r-r! I vas inglined do knock der sheebsheadt off you alretty! Bah! Booh! Br-r-r-r!"

At that exhilarating moment Ching-Lung switched off the light, but still it was not dark. A ghastly, bluish glare came through the ports. The forecastle seemed to be peopled by a legion of corpses in that strange, eerie glow.

The prince dashed on deck. Mysteria was an island of fire!

— —

Ready to Explore Mysteria—Up in the Morning Early.

All night long a keen watch was kept on the strange island. The mass of fiery light that had mantled it quickly vanished. Ferrers Lord gave another theory to explain the phenomenon. Almost all marine animals are phosphorescent. Billions of them, nestling among the weeds of Mysteria for lack of moisture, had been revived momentarily by the rain, and each had lighted his little lamp. A few creatures—eels and salmon, for instance—are equally at home in fresh or salt water, but for the majority a change from one to the other means death. And so these untold myriads of organisms, spurred into brilliancy for a few minutes by what was to them a deadly poison, had thrown out their lights only to succumb and vanish for ever.

"Once more the mighty oracle talks," said Ching-Lung, "and we poor cripples stand dumb—except when we sit down. Very pretty—very pretty indeed! Somebody has turned off the switch, anyhow, and I think Gan and myself will send a nice cabbage wreath—I mean, cabbage-leaf wreath, with carrot blossoms on it, to put on the grave of the dead 'uns."

"Fancy thim all doicin' loike that, bedad, through dhrinkin' wather!" said Barry, amid a ripple of laughter. "Oi'll niver taste another dhrop of the wicked pizen. Oi daren't do ut!"

"We'd forgive you not drinkin' it if you'd only wash in it, souse me!" remarked the bo'sun. "Har, har, har!"

"Av Oi was a long-tailed tadpole, loike Misther Binjamin Maddock, Oi'd live in ut," retorted Barry.

"Butterfuls, my Chingy! Good 'nough grands!" gurgled the delighted Gan-Waga. "Well didses Barry! Long-tails tadpoles—dat butterfulness. Ho, ho, ho, hoo! Yo' gotteds him, Barry. I gives yo' a cangles fo' dats!"

"All but the watch turn in!" cried Ferrers Lord. "We have had enough nonsense."

He did not speak at all harshly, but he was instantly obeyed. He walked down with Ching-Lung, and lingered for a moment outside the cabin of the prince.

"We'll try that detestable hole before the sun gets up, Ching, and drag all the stenches of abomination out of it," he said.

"I shall be ready and waiting, old chap."

"Are you keen?"

His Highness of Kwai-hal shook his head.

"I'm jolly curious, but not keen. Good-night, old lion-heart!"

"Good-night, dear lad!"

They shook hands, and Ferrers Lord lighted another cigar.

"Mysteria to-morrow, Ching," he said. "Sleep well!"

"You bet!" cried Ching-Lung. "I generally do. Didn't you know I used to be a night policeman?"

Faithful Joe—no better or more industrious or more good-natured lad ever clambered aboard a ship—turned on Ching-Lung's electric light hours before the southern sun dreamed of rising. Joe was as punctual as the chronometer. He had brought the usual cup of coffee with him, and yet Ching-Lung was ungrateful.

"Joe," he said sleepily. "You're a blorr-eyed slamfoskula! You're an atrocious kinkeyslampag! Why don't you wake me up before I go to bed? I just managed to get my right eye shut, and was trying hard to push the other down, when I heard your great hoofs punching rabbit-holes in the steel plates. Is it about now, or what time is it?"

"Coffee-time, sir," said Joe.

"Coffin-time, you mean. I'm dead tired," said Ching-Lung, with a deep snore. "Has that island done a moon-light flit?"

"No, sir. She's away there to starboard, and smellin' like fifty tons of stale kippers," answered the carpenter. "If I'd knowed about it, I'd have laid in a stock of scent-bottles, and made enough to retire on. Shall I leave the coffee, sir, or drink it myself?"

"No, yo' nots, Joey," grunted Gan-Waga from the door way. "Ifs dere any coffees want drinkings, I drinks him quick 'nough. Now, Chingy, yo' ole lazyboneses, yo' get ups. We waitings fo' yo', Chingy."

Ching-Lung left his snug cot reluctantly, and yawned as he blinked sleepily at Gan-Waga.

"Where did you doss out, Eskimoses?"

"Under de billiard-tables, Chingy. Not likes him, neithers—likes swimming-baths morer. Floor bad 'nough hards."

Gan refreshed himself with a candle as he watched the prince wash and dress.

"Are you going on the motor-car island, Wagtail?" he asked.

"Whys motor-cars island, Chingy? Whats fo' you calls him dat?"

"Because it smells, and so do motor-cars," said Ching-Lung, busy with the soap. "It hums like the merry bee. I hate getting up before they turn the lamps out in the street. It's worse than work. Of course, you haven't seen me work yet. You just wait until you do, blubberbiter. You'll go stone blind in both legs!"

Having completed his toilet, Ching-Lung went to see how Rupert Thurston appreciated early rising. Rupert's cabin was empty.

"There seems to be a lot of energy knocking about this morning," said the prince. "They'll die of heart disease if they go on like this Ganny. Oh, my Uncle Toby's brown moke, look at 'em! They're actually grubbing at a quarter to nothing o'clock!"

Ferrers Lord and Thurston were quietly breakfasting, with the droswy Mr. Schwartz in attendance.

"You two seem in a desperate hurry to do something," said Ching-Lung, pulling up a chair. "We can't go grovelling about that island in the inky dark. What about the slimy bog-snatch? I don't want to meet him in the dark. Why so previous?"

"We have to find some suitable place to land," said the millionaire, "for there is still some rough water. The poisonous effluvia will not be so unpleasant if we go ashore promptly at dawn."

"You think we'll get used to it, old chap?"

"That's my idea. By commencing with small doses, a person soon gets accustomed to taking large doses, even of poison. I have mixed some eau-de-Cologne with a scentless disinfectant of my own. If Mysteria proves worth exploring I shall devise some kind of a mask."

The wall opened at his touch, and the great window of the saloon lay exposed to view. At that moment the Lord of the Deep began to move, and two searchlights sped their powerful rays towards the island.

"You had better put on your toughest boots and leggings," said Ferrers Lord, "and let the carpenter screw some substantial spikes into your boots. It will be treacherous going."

"Me goings, hunk?" asked the Eskimo.

"Not this time, Gan-Waga."

Gan-Waga did not look greatly disappointed. He was not enraptured with Mysteria. The lights flashed on the colourless shore as the submarine slid gently along. Acting on the millionaire's advice, Thurston and Ching-Lung made a hasty meal. Ting-ting sounded the telephone-bell, and in response to Ferrers Lord's "Yes, that will do," the vessel came to a stop.

The lights showed a narrow inlet, half choked up with floating weed. The launch was lowered, and axes gleamed with silvery flashes as the men in her hacked out a passage.

(Another exciting instalment of this splendid story next Monday, when more of the wonders and horrors of the mysterious island are revealed to the intrepid adventurers. Order your next "Magnet" in advance. Price One Penny.)

GRAND NEW FEATURE.—No. 4.

Our Winter Evening Problem Corner.

On the opposite column there is another little problem for my clever chums. What they have to do is to find out how many hidden faces there are in the picture. There are quite a lot of them most cleverly worked into the picture by our artist, and next Monday I will show you how many faces there really are. Meantime try and find them, and make a note of the number you pick out.

No. 5 PROBLEM NEXT MONDAY.

THIS WEEK'S PUZZLE-PICTURE.

HOW MANY FACES : CAN YOU FIND? :

My Readers' Page

WHOM TO WRITE TO: EDITOR, "THE MAGNET" LIBRARY, THE FLEETWAY HOUSE, FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

OUR TWO COMPANION PAPERS "THE GEM" LIBRARY. EVERY WEDNESDAY AND "THE PENNY POPULAR" EVERY FRIDAY.

The Editor is always pleased to hear from his Chums, at home or abroad.

FOR NEXT MONDAY:

"THE BITER BIT!"

By FRANK RICHARDS.

In our next long, complete tale of the chums of Greyfriars, Fisher T. Fish, the irrepressible Yankee member of the Remove Form, takes it upon himself to pry into the private affairs of Monsieur Charpentier, the little French-master, universally known as "Mossoo."

The love affairs of Mossoo excite Fish's keen interest, and the cute Yankee gets "on the track" at once, with a view to making some startling "discoveries." As has happened before, the principal discovery made by the great F. T. Fish is that of a mare's nest. The tale of

"THE BITER BIT!"

makes very amusing reading, which will be enjoyed equally by young and old.

A USEFUL TIP.

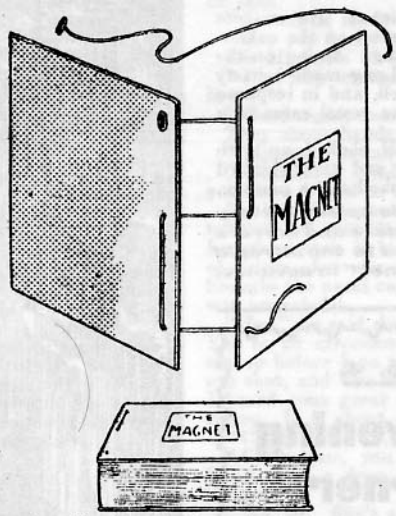
One of the keenest of my Australian chums, who is the secretary of the East Fremantle "Magnet" League, the pioneer league of Western Australia, sends me an interesting letter, which contains a useful tip for "Magnet" readers. Here is my chum's letter:

"East Fremantle,
"Western Australia.

"Dear Editor,—I have been a reader of your valuable papers for some time, and, seeing other boys and girls writing to you, I have plucked up courage to do so. I am secretary to the East Fremantle 'Magnet' League, from whom you received a letter some time ago. You are indeed a lucky man to be Editor of such famous books as our 'Invincible Trio.' They are indeed the finest boys' books printed, and I am daily speaking of them to my friends. We are doing our best, Editor, out here in far-off Australia to popularise our papers. According to your 'Readers' Page,' I see many of my fellow-readers are wanting bindings for their favourite papers. Well, Editor, a good way to cover our books is as follows: Take two pieces of extra stout cardboard, slightly bigger than the 'Magnet,' and at one side of each bore three holes, one at each corner and one in the middle. Through the top hole of the one you have decided to have at the back pass a stout piece of string, about three feet long, a button at the end of it. Then pass it through the neighbouring top hole and middle one of the same cover. Next pass it through the middle and bottom ones of the first side, and then through the other bottom one. You can then place the books in the cover, and tie the string conveniently. This does not hold the 'Magnets' fast, but allows you to take out any particular one and still keep the volume in good order. If cover is laid flat, the books will remain nicely in position. A suitable label can be affixed. Trusting this may help my chums over their difficulty, I remain, yours faithfully,

"JOHN W. O'BRIEN."

I have had the accompanying sketch made from the rough drawings sent by my chum, showing clearly the construction of this improvised binding, and how it looks when completed. I must thank my Australian correspondent very much for his tip, which many of his fellow-Magnetites are sure to find very useful. In answer to a question which Master O'Brien also asks me in the name of his League, I must tell him that no official registration is necessary for the League, particulars of which, however, will be duly noted in the little book I keep for the purpose.



An effective binding, of simple construction, described on this page.

LIFE AS A WIRELESS OPERATOR.

The training of a wireless operator extends over a rather longer period than that taken to fit a pupil for the ordinary cable service. It takes about a year's instruction to qualify an aspiring wireless operator for a position as such.

The training is of rather too technical a character to go fully into in this article. Briefly the pupil has to master first of all the general principles of ordinary telegraphy, and then learn how they are used in the various systems of wireless telegraphy. All the signs and codes used in ordinary telegraphy are also used in wireless telegraphy; but the manipulation of instruments used in wireless telegraphy is wholly different from those used in ordinary telegraphy, and are operated on altogether different principles.

The wireless instruments and the manner of operating them are more complicated than ordinary telegraphic machines, but the chief difficulty which assails the student of wireless is the fact that the wireless system is not yet so perfectly developed as the ordinary system of telegraphy, and a wireless operator after he has finished a prolonged course of instruction may and probably will find for some little time to come that some of the knowledge he has acquired is rendered useless by developments which have taken place in the wireless system.

However, this is a difficulty which everyone engaged in any new industry has to face and overcome.

To the trained wireless operator there is a wider field of employment open. He may secure a post on a Dreadnought, or on an Atlantic liner, or, if he prefers life ashore, there are few parts of the world now in which he will not find a demand for his services.

The Duties of the Novice.

When an operator first takes up duty, either on board ship or on a shore station, he works for about six months as a "learner." He is, of course, paid; but his salary is a small one. In this country it begins at about ten to twelve shillings a week. During the first six months he does not do much in the way of receiving or transmitting messages. His chief work is to make himself thoroughly familiar with the working of the instruments, to learn to be able to detect and remedy "flaws" that may occur in the receiver or transmitter, and to "tune" the instruments. For example, if a man-of-war desired to get into communication with a shore station, say, two hundred miles distant, the instruments at the shore station might not be in tune with those on the man-of-war, but a skilled operator would readily detect that someone was trying to call the station up from the "vibrations" that would occur on the receivers at the shore station, and he would then quickly get one of them into tune with the machine on board the man-of-war.

(Another Special Article dealing with this interesting subject next Monday.)

The Editor

Printed and Published by the Proprietors at The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, England. Agents for Australia: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, Brisbane, and Wellington, N.Z.; for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd., Cape Town and Johannesburg. Subscription, 7s. per annum. Saturday, November 15th, 1913.

(Continued from page iii.)

"Father, here I am!" cried little Waldo.

The big man snatched up the boy and embraced him.

"Son, you've given me and your mother a lot of worry," he declared, trying to hide his emotion. "Why did you do it? But who is this gentleman, Waldo?"

"This is Mr. Sexton Blake, father," replied the lad.

"Sir, I thank you!" exclaimed Mr. Longworth, as he seized the detective's hand and pumped it vigorously. "This beats creation, sure! Why, sir, it's only a few minutes ago that I had a message sent to your apartments in Baker Street, saying that my son had been kidnapped, and asking that you should come to the Cecil as soon as you returned. And here you are with the boy himself!"

"You do me too much credit," said Sexton Blake, with a smile. "I have not been to my lodgings, and I knew nothing of your message. It was by mere chance that I fell in with your son."

Amid a buzz of eager voices, and with people pressing around them—for the supposed kidnapping of the child had excited all the guests—the little group made their way into the hotel, ascended by a lift to the second floor, and entered a luxurious suite of apartments where sat a handsome middle-aged lady, sobbing with grief. A cry of rapture burst from her lips, and the next instant she had clasped the boy in her arms.

"I'm sorry, mummy!" he said. "I won't do it again!"

The parents withdrew with the child to an adjoining room, leaving the detective alone, and some minutes had elapsed when Mr. Longworth appeared.

"I am more greatly indebted to you than I supposed," he said. "My son has told me all, and it is certain that he would have been carried off by that scoundrel if you hadn't happened to be on the spot."

"Was it really so serious as that?" inquired Sexton Blake.

"Serious, sir, is not the word for it. Look here, Mr. Blake, are you open to a fair offer?"

"It depends on what the offer is, Mr. Longworth."

"I'll come to that presently. I must tell you first, in confidence, that Longworth is only an assumed name. My right name, sir, is Shelldrake—Jonathan Shelldrake, of Boston, U.S.A. There you have it."

A slight start of surprise escaped the detective, for he was well aware that the name which had just been mentioned was that of one of the wealthiest men in the United States—a man who was a millionaire ten times over. But why had he taken the name of Longworth?"

"Yes, that's me," continued the American. "I made my pile out West, in mines and railways, and when I reached the limit I had set myself—that was twenty-two years ago—I came back to my native city of Boston, and bought a big house, and married a woman who had been my sweetheart when I was a kid. When Waldo was born—there was a daughter ten years before—we felt that we had all the happiness we could wish for.

"Money can't buy happiness, sir," he went on, "and I think sometimes that rich men have more trouble than poor ones. In our country there is a breed of human reptiles, sprung up in the last few years, who ought to be exterminated. They batten on millionaires, and not long ago a couple of these vermin started to play their game with me. Benson and Garforth were the names of the men, and that's all anybody knows about them. They made two daring attempts to steal my boy for ransom, and if they had succeeded—well, I would not have minded having to part with a large sum of money, but I was afraid of little Waldo falling into such hands; so we cleared out for Europe."

"And the kidnappers followed you?" said the detective.

"They did, sir," declared Jonathan Shelldrake. "I believed I had got rid of them, but from what my son tells me the man who tried to seize him to-night was Benson, and no doubt the other reptile wasn't far off. Yes, sir, the two are in London, and I guess they mean to hang on to me, in the hope of getting a share of my dollars. And that brings me to the point, Mr. Blake. This is Monday, and on Wednesday we start for Rome with a party of Cook's tourists, by way of Paris and other cities. Will you come there and back with us, just to keep an eye on my son, and see that those scoundrels don't get a chance at him?"

(Does Sexton Blake accept the offer of the millionaire? Is he successful in protecting little Waldo from the hands of the kidnappers? You must find out by reading the conclusion of this great detective yarn, which is one of the three long, complete stories contained in our companion paper, "The Penny Popular," now on sale everywhere. Get a copy to-day.)

YOU WILL ENJOY READING—

The Kidnapped Heir!

A Magnificent Long, Complete Story, Dealing with the Further Amazing Adventures of

SEXTON BLAKE, DETECTIVE.

"If you attempt to make any noise, I shall at once rap you on the skull with the stock of this pistol. Do you understand that?" Tinker nodded. "And now I want to know where Sexton Blake is?" continued Lord Fitzalan.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The Kidnapper Foiled.

IT was a cloudy evening, with a thin mist in the air, and at this season of the year Mayfair was comparatively deserted, most of its inhabitants being out of town. A few windows showed lights, and here and there a taxi was speeding towards the theatre area. Sexton Blake, the famous detective, who was out for a constitutional, walked briskly by way of South Audley Street, until he had nearly reached Grosvenor Square; and then, round the corner ahead of him, there suddenly dashed a small boy, who was closely pursued by a tall, well-dressed man.

At sight of the detective the boy turned, hesitated for an instant, and dived nimbly between the legs of his pursuer, who flopped to one side and tumbled into the gutter. The lad ran on, and when the man had scrambled to his feet he at once sprang at Sexton Blake, who received a blow on the chest that felled him to the pavement. He quickly rose, but by then his assailant had leapt into a cab that had evidently been following him, and the vehicle was rattling away into the darkness and mist, the horse galloping to the crack of the whip. It had all occurred in the space of a few seconds, and the detective was left in a state of rage and perplexity.

"Who can that fellow have been?" he said to himself. "There was something familiar about his face."

The boy now appeared from the shadow of a doorway where he had taken refuge, and the light from a lamp-post revealed him clearly. He was an odd little fellow, expensively dressed, with grave and sallow features, and a high, protuberant forehead. He wore glasses, and carried a copy of one of Baedeker's guide-books.

"I guess I can't be mistaken in assuming that you are Mr. Sexton Blake," he said calmly, with a strong American accent, "since you bear so striking a resemblance to the photographs I have from time to time seen in the newspapers. Sir, I deeply appreciate the honour of addressing one who has attained such world-wide celebrity, whose name is dreaded by those who live by crime instead of by honest toil. Will you shake hands with me?"

Staggered by such a flow of language from this solemn-faced mite, the detective shook the tiny hand that was offered to him.

"I will briefly explain to you the circumstances that have led to this meeting," continued the boy. "My name is Waldo Emerson Browning Longworth, and I come from the city of Boston, which is the centre of learning of the United States. I am staying with my parents at the Hotel Cecil, and an hour ago, in a thoughtless moment, I committed an act of folly that might have had very serious consequences. I wandered away from the hotel, having a desire to behold some of the landmarks of your great and historical city under the chastened influence of night.

"I was so absorbed in sight-seeing that I wandered much farther than had been my intention, until at length I found myself in yonder vast and imposing square, surrounded by what are evidently the mansions of some of your blue-blooded nobility. And then, as I was about to retrace my steps, I received somewhat of a shock. I saw approaching me a man, known to my father and myself by the name of Benson, who had recently made two attempts to kidnap me from my home in Boston."

"A kidnapper?" exclaimed Sexton Blake, who was startled by this unexpected development. It now occurred to him that he had probably been the means of preventing a sensational crime.

"Kidnapping is, I believe, the man's profession," replied young Waldo Emerson; "and it was because of his wicked designs that my father brought me to Europe. I ran from him at once, and when I dashed round the corner and saw you, my first impression was that you were the accomplice of my pursuer, since he had one in Boston. It was for that reason I turned back, and slipped between the man's legs, fortunately overthrowing him. And then, as I was hiding in a doorway, I recognised your features and knew that I had nothing to fear."

Over-educated little prig though the child appeared to be, there was at the same time something manly about him, something in his sturdy spirit of independence, that appealed both to the detective's admiration and to his sense of humour.

"You have behaved very foolishly," he said. "Think how worried your parents must be."

"I am thinking of them," replied Waldo Emerson Browning Longworth, in a penitent tone. "I have no doubt that they are greatly alarmed for my safety."

"Then I will take you back to the hotel at once," said Sexton Blake.

And he hailed an empty taxi that was crawling up South Audley Street.

When the detective and his young charge got out of the cab, at the farther end of the spacious courtyard of the Hotel Cecil, it was evident at a glance that something unusual had occurred, for little groups of people were standing about, talking in low and excited tones. They were so absorbed that they did not observe the new arrivals, who turned towards the steps just as a tall and powerfully-built man came down. He was unmistakably an American, with shrewd and rugged features, sparse hair, a complexion the colour of brickdust, and a short beard that was confined to his chin, the rest of his face being clean-shaven.

"I guess I won't wait for Mr. Sexton Blake any longer," he was saying to the manager, who had followed him to the doorway. "I'll go right off to your Scotland Yard, and see if they can't——"

(Continued at foot of page iv.)