

# PETE'S ENEMY!

**THE  
IMPERSONATORS;**

Or, Jack, Sam & Pete's Rivals.

By S. CLARKE HOOK.

**THE  
MARVEL**

**1<sup>D</sup>**

**THE BOYS  
OF  
BEECHWOOD.**

A Splendid Complete School Tale.  
By MARTIN CLIFFORD.





The Second Long Story.

Complete in this issue

# THE BOYS OF BEECHWOOD.



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School Tale.  
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## CHAPTER I. Breaking-Up.

"**W**HAT do you think of it, kids?" said Owen Redfern, of the Third Form at Netherby, with the gloomiest expression that had ever been seen on his usually sunny countenance.

And Reggie Lawrence said, emphatically:  
"Rotten!"

And Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the Nabob of Bhanipur, known throughout the length and breadth of Netherby as "Inky," nodded his head in full assent.

"The contretemps is, indeed, full of rottenness," he said. "It is great annoyance for the crimson fever to break out in the school—"

"The scarlet fever, Inky."

"I fail to perceive any exaggerated difference between the two," said Hurree Singh. "But your beautiful language is full of the fine extinctions—"

"Distinctions, I suppose you mean," grinned Redfern. "Well, it is rotten, and no mistake, kiddies! The school's got to break up for a bit till it's all over; and I wonder where we shall go?"

"Home, I suppose," said Reggie Lawrence.

"Yes, duffer, home first; but if this lasts long, we shall be sent to some other school, and then—"

"We'll be sent together," said Reggie. "As your governor is my guardian, there won't be any difficulty about us two; but as for Inky, here—"

"I shall accompany you wherever you go," said the nabob. "I have the influential voice in the management of my affairs, although I have not yet attained the respectable age of great ripeness. Wherever we go, sahibs, we all go together."

"Good!" said Redfern, with great satisfaction. "It will be a bit of a wrench, leaving old Netherby, especially if it is for good. But so long as we're together, we can stick it. It's rough, though. We were expecting to get our remove, and when we were in the Fourth we should have had a study to ourselves, instead of hanging round in the Third Form-room, with a set of youngsters—"

"Which would have been very comfy," said Reggie Lawrence; "and we had already planned the inaugural feed, too."

"I wonder where we shall be sent!" said Redfern. "We're leaving Netherby to-day, as most of the fellows are. Hallo, Knowles!" Redfern added, looking up, as Knowles, the cad of the Third, came into the room. "Are you off to-day?"

"Yes, rather!" said Knowles. "You don't think I'm

going to stick in this beastly place, do you, and catch the beastly fever? My idea is that Dr. Lisle has been very much to blame for—"

"Oh, rats!" broke in Redfern testily. "How could the Head help it?"

"Well, he ought to have taken more care; and I wouldn't mind telling him so," said Knowles. "Not that I shall be sorry to leave Netherby. I can't say that I like the place."

The chums gave him a glance of the deepest disgust. "And you can't say the place likes you!" exclaimed Redfern. "It will be a comfort not to see your chivvy any more, at all events."

"Same to you, and many of 'em!" said Knowles carelessly. "I sha'n't be sorry to lose sight of you two bounders, and your inky friend. I suppose he will go back to the Zoo, won't he?"

The dusky cheeks of Hurree Jamset Ram Singh became red with anger.

"I am sorry to quarrel on the day of busting up," he exclaimed; "but I cannot overlook such an insult to a Nabob of Bhanipur. Knowles, you must express the contrition for that remark, or I shall visit you with the severe castigation."

"Oh, keep your wool on!" said Knowles. "No good rowing to-day. I don't suppose we shall meet again, so we may as well shake hands all round. I'm going straight from here to Herr Rosenblaum's Foreign Academy at Beechwood, in Sussex."

"Never heard of it," said Redfern. "It's not a public school."

Knowles grinned.

"Not much like one, either, Redfern. It's rather a curious place, from what I hear. It's run by a German gentleman, on the lines of a Continental boarding-school. My pater wants me to go strong on French and German, for commercial reasons, and that's why I'm going to Rosenblaum's Academy. More than half the fellows there are foreigners—French and German—and you get the language at first hand, so to speak, by talking to them. Funny sort of show, I imagine."

"I should think a chap could dig up a lot of fun in a place like that," Redfern remarked thoughtfully. "I rather wish we were going there, just for an experience."

"Well, they've got all sorts there," said Knowles; "but I don't know whether they bar niggers—"

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh jumped up. "Knowles, it is the second time you have made the insulting allusion to my person!" he exclaimed.

Knowles looked at him coolly.

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"Keep your wool on, Inky!"

"That remark is also derogatory, implying that my hair partakes of the nature of the African's," said Hurree Singh. "I am called upon to castigate you, Knowles."

"Oh, rats!" said Knowles, rather uneasily, for he did not exactly want to come to close quarters with the lad from the Orient. Since coming to Netherby, the nabob had learned to box from the chums of the Third, and he was by no means a slight opponent for any fellow in his own Form. "Keep your wool—I mean your whiskers—on, and—"

"Make the complete retraction in the immediate swiftness of time, and I will pardon the presumptive cheek of your utterance—"

"Doesn't he speak lovely English!" grinned Knowles. "If you'll untie that, Inky, and let me know what it means—"

"I studied English under the best native master in the University of Bengal," said the nabob.

"I wonder what the worst native master was like, then!" grinned Knowles. "Now, keep your wool—Ow!"

Hurree Singh's patience was exhausted, and at the fresh mention of the objectionable word he let out with his left.

Knowles received the dusky knuckles full upon his thin and rather prominent nose, and he sat down on the floor of the Third Form room, with a sudden jar.

Hurree Singh danced excitedly round him.

"Get up!" he exclaimed. "Arise, and take the complete castigation!"

"You black-faced monkey," roared Knowles, getting upon his feet, "I'll knock your nigger's head off!"

And he rushed at Hurree Singh.

But the nabob had not studied in vain under such an instructor as Owen Redfern of the Third Form. His guard was perfect, and he swept up Knowles' blows, and his left came out again like a hammer. Knowles got it on the chin this time, and he went over on his back with the sound of a falling sack of coal.

"I am sorry to cause you the pain in the countenance," said Hurree Singh, as Knowles sat up, looking rather dazed. "But it is impossible for me to pass over the insult to the blood of the Nabobs of Bhanipur."

"You rotten nigger!"

"Get up! Resume the perpendicularity of your posture, and I will castigate you!"

"I won't! I—you black beast—I—"

"Ahem!"

That expressive cough at the doorway of the Third Form-room drew the attention of all the juniors at once. The chums of the Third turned round quickly. A stout gentleman, with a pleasant face and a white moustache, was looking in.

Owen Redfern gave a shout.

"Pater!"

And he ran to the door. Mr. Redfern shook hands with his son, and then with his ward, Reggie Lawrence. Hurree Singh coloured a little, as the old gentleman's quizzical eye turned upon him. The nabob was the gentlest of youths, and he was the last fellow to resort to fisticuffs if he could help it; but now he had been caught in the act. But even his placable nature could not stand an insult to the blood of the Nabobs of Bhanipur.

"This is Hurree Singh, dad!" exclaimed Redfern. "He's our chum from India, you know, and he's black, but comely. This is my pater, Inky."

Mr. Redfern shook hands with the Indian.

"I am truly glad to acquaint myself with the esteemed progenitor of my worthy chum!" exclaimed Hurree Singh. "I trust the sahib will not consider me guilty of the hooliganic roughness in chastising the presumptiveness of Knowles."

"It was Knowles' fault," said Redfern; "and he got what he was asking for. Didn't you, Knowley?"

But Knowles only scowled, and swung out of the room. He was not sorry that the arrival of Mr. Redfern had put a termination to the combat in the Third Form-room. He had got decidedly the worst of it.

"I am the most peaceable person extant," said Hurree Singh; "but the provocation was like the scarlet flag to the insane bull, as you English say."

Mr. Redfern smiled.

"I suppose you've come to take us away, dad," said Redfern. "Are we going home?"

"No, you are going straight to your new quarters," said Mr. Redfern. "I have seen Dr. Lisle, and it seems certain that Netherby will have to be closed for a very considerable time, even if it reopens at all. I have found a new school for you which will, in some respects, suit you much better than Netherby."

"Couldn't be did," said Redfern, shaking his head. "This old school suited us down to the ground."

"Rather!" said Lawrence.

"You know, Owen, and you, Reggie, that you will both be placed in my business when you go out into the world," said Mr. Redfern; "for that purpose it is essential that you should have a thorough knowledge of French and German. You have studied those languages here, I know; but I think that in the new school I have found for you, you will study them under much more favourable conditions, and to better advantage. The academy I propose to place you at, at least, for the present, is a foreign boarding-school, situated in England."

"My hat!" said Redfern.

"The headmaster is an acquaintance of mine, and, as a matter of fact, he is here with me," said Mr. Redfern. "Several other lads from this school are going to him, and so you will not lose sight of all the familiar faces. Ah, here is my friend! I am sure you will be comfortable with him." A fat little German gentleman, in a white waistcoat, was coming along the corridor. "Herr Rosenblaum, this is my son!"

## CHAPTER 2.

### A Little Joke.

O WEN REDFERN gave a whistle. "My hat! Then we're going along with Knowles to that giddy academy of sorts!"

"That seems to be the truthfulness of the case, my friend," said Hurree Singh. "We shall not part with the esteemed Knowles after all! What a nice, kind, fat gentleman!"

Hurree Singh's eulogium was deserved.

Herr Rosenblaum was short, and fat, and rosy. His fat face beamed with good-nature and kindness, and his eyes beamed mildly through the pince-nez that were perched off his fat little nose. He had a scanty circle of flaxen curls surrounding a bald head, as smooth and shiny as a billiard-ball.

"Ach! I am bleased to meet to young gentlemen," he said, shaking hands twice over with Redfern and Lawrence. "I am sure I shall make dem happy at my excellent academy. Is te oder young gentleman coming also?"

"Yes, sir," said Redfern and Lawrence together.

"I certainly shall accompany my worthy chums to the halls of their new establishment," said Hurree Singh. "The ripeness of the friendship and the extremity of the mutual esteemfulness forbids our separation."

"Very good," said Mr. Redfern. "We are lunching with the doctor, Owen, and after lunch I wish you to be ready to start."

"Certainly, dad."

Mr. Redfern walked away with Herr Rosenblaum. Redfern grinned.

"Looks a jolly old boy," he remarked. "If all at the excellent academy are like the Head of it, it will be a curious sort of a Noah's Ark. But I say, Hurree Singh, can you get permission to come with us so quickly?"

"I shall speak to our worthy headmaster, and wire to my solicitor," said the nabob. "The arrangements of the matter will be satisfactorily easy. Then it would be advisable to pack the boxes."

"That's so."

By the time Mr. Redfern and the Herr had lunched with the doctor, the chums of the Third were ready to start. Knowles of the Third and Robinson of the Fourth were in the same party, going directly to the Rosenblaum Academy with the German gentleman. Others of the scattering Netherbyites were coming to the same place later.

"N-n-nice go this, ain't it?" said Robinson, who was afflicted with a stutter, as he met the chums of the Third at the station. "I wonder what the place will be like?"

"We shall see when we get there," said Redfern.

"Yes, I k-k-know that, b-b-b-but—"

"It's a funny show, I believe," said Knowles. "But we're rather a funny crowd going to it, too. A nigger, and a chap who talks on the instalment system."

"If you m-mean me, Knowles—"

"Good-bye, lads!" said Mr. Redfern, coming up. "I leave you here. Mind you do your best to get on well at Beechwood, and let me hear good reports of you. Good-bye!"

And Mr. Redfern's train bore him away, and a few minutes later Herr Rosenblaum marshalled his party to their carriage in a train going the opposite way.

"I have order to lunch-basket mit meinself," said the Herr, beaming, and rubbing his little fat hands. "It is te long journey, mein poys."

"That's very kind of you, sir," said Redfern.

"It's what I call very kik-kik-kik—" began Robinson.

Herr Rosenblaum looked at him through his glasses.

"Vat is tat you say, Robinson?"

"It's very k'k-kik-kik-kik—"



"What is kick? Who is kick? Do you mean tat somevun kikk you?"

"No, sir. It's very kik-kik-kik-kind of you, sir!" gasped Robinson.

"Ach! Tat poy vill not make his master happy mit himself," muttered Herr Rosenblau. "Take your seats, mein poy."

The juniors crowded into the train. They had a first-class carriage to themselves, and in the afternoon the lunch-basket was opened, and it was found that the Herr had made ample provision. The youngsters did it ample justice, too.

"This is fuf-fuf-fine!" said Robinson. "If they treat us as well as this at Beechwood, I shall be sat-sat-sat—"

"You will be sat upon?" asked Knowles. "Satisfied!" jerked out Robinson. "I shall be satisfied, for on— Hallo, the Herr is asleep!"

Herr Rosenblau had been reading a German newspaper in his corner seat, and now he had leaned back on the cushions, and his mouth was ajar, and a melodious snore was proceeding from him.

Knowles grinned, with a wicked gleam in his eye. "I say, here's a chance for a jape!" he muttered.

Redfern looked at him inquiringly. "What's the wheeze?"

"Why, I've got a box of coloured crayons in my pocket, that's all, and—"

Redfern shook his head. He caught on to the idea at once, and it made him smile, but he was not inclined to "jape" the kind-hearted Herr.

"Not good enough," he said decisively. "He's been good, and he's treated us well. We ought to keep our little jokes for somebody who treats on our toes."

"You are quite right, my respectable friend," exclaimed Hurreo Singh. "The gratitude due to the kindheartedness forbids the japey suggested by the esteemed Knowles."

Knowles sneered. "You can please yourselves, and your little lily consciences," he replied. "But I'm going to jape the German, and I suppose even you won't sneak."

And he drew the crayons from his pocket. Redfern coloured with anger.

The joke was a good one, perhaps, but he did not like its being played on a man who had treated them well. But schoolboy honour forbade his betraying Knowles. It was impossible to "sneak."

"Well, I think you're a cad," he said. "Think what you like," said Knowles, with a shrug of the shoulders.

He poured a little water into a cup from the lunch-basket, and moistened the crayons. Then he leaned towards the sleeping German, and with a light touch marked a red circle round each of his eyes. The effect was so ludicrous that the chums, in spite of their disapproval, could not help grinning.

Herr Rosenblau was a sound sleeper. He showed no sign of awakening, and Knowles, encouraged by his success, proceeded further.

A blue patch on the end of his little fat nose, and a green spot on either cheek, finished the beautifying of Herr Rosenblau.

Then Knowles pitched the crayons out of the window. He did not intend to retain any incriminating evidence about him.

The German slept on, unconscious of it all. The dust was thickening over the landscape. The lights of a station appeared down the line, and the train slackened in speed.

"Beechwood!" exclaimed Redfern, catching sight of the name on a lamp as the train rushed into the station.

"Beechwood!" shouted a porter's hoarse voice on the platform.

The train stopped with a jerk. Herr Rosenblau started, and awoke. "It's Beechwood, sir," said Knowles. "I think we get out here, don't we, sir?"

"Ja, ja!" exclaimed Herr Rosenblau. "I tink tat I close my eyes for one moment."

"Yes, sir. You haven't been asleep." "Oh, nein, I not sleep; I just nod for to moment," said the German. "Open to door, mein poy. Ve are arrived at to destination."

The boys swarmed out of the carriage, and the German followed. "Vere is te porter? Ach! Porter, take te— Mein Himmel, vat is te matter mit te man?"

The porter had stared at Herr Rosenblau blankly for a moment, and then he had burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"Vat is it? Te man is mad! He is drunk! I vill report him!"

"Haw, haw, haw!"

"Mein gootness! If you not instantly take te luggage—"

"Yessir! Haw, haw! At once, sir! Haw, haw!" And the convulsed porter hurried away.

The boys could hardly remain grave. Herr Rosenblau stared after the porter in amazed annoyance.

"Vat is te matter mit te man?" he exclaimed. "I have nefer met mit such impertinence. Come mit me, mein poy. Ve vill walk to Beechwood Academy, and leave te luggage to be sent on. Day know vere. It is but a short walk."

"Yes, sir!" And the German and his five charges left the platform. As Herr Rosenblau gave up his tickets the collector gave a gasp.

"My word, if you're not off!"

"Did you address yourself mit me, my man?"

"I, sir? Oh, no, sir! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Vy for you laugh?"

"Nothing, sir. It's a stitch in the side takes me like that sometimes. Ha, he, he!"

Herr Rosenblau marched on with a very red face.

"He, he, he!" giggled Knowles. "We shall make quite a sensation arriving at the excellent academy in this style."

"And get a record licking, I expect," said Reggie Lawrence.

"Who cares?" They emerged from the station into the street. The lamps were alight in the High Street of Beechwood village, and the German's appearance created quite a furore. People stared at him, and giggled and chuckled. Herr Rosenblau was beginning to wonder whether he was on his head or his heels.

"Vat is te matter?" he muttered. "Te beoples have all gone mad mit demselves, I tink. I cannot see meinself why for tey laugh. Come along."

They marched on through the village street, the German's curious countenance exciting attention from every passer-by, and turned into the lane leading up to the gates of Beechwood Academy.

A pair of ponderous iron gates gave admittance to the school ground, and through the bars the lads could catch a glimpse in the dusk of a huge, red-brick building, and rows of lighted windows.

The gates were opened by the school porter, with a lantern in his hand, and he flashed the light on the new-comers.

Crash! The lantern went to the ground, and was instantly extinguished.

"Mein gootness! Vat is te matter mit you, Stump?"

"N-nothing, sir. Your face, sir—"

"Mein face!" roared Herr Rosenblau. "Vat is te matter mit my face?"

"Your—your face, sir! It startled me—"

Stump, the porter, was more startled still the next moment, for Herr Rosenblau, whose patience had been quite exhausted, gave him a violent push that caused him to sit down upon the broken lantern.

"You vas drunk mit yourself," said Herr Rosenblau severely. "Get oop and lock te gates, Stump, or I vill discharge you mit yourself to-morrow. Come on, mein poy!"

The juniors, giggling among themselves, followed Herr Rosenblau across the playground, to the great entrance of the school buildings.

The door was opened, and they entered a wide, paved hall, upon which a passage, a staircase, and a good many doors opened.

A tall, thin gentleman, with a decidedly Gallic cast of countenance, came out of a study on the right, and started back as he saw the Herr.

"Who—vat—"

"I have come pack, you see, Monsieur Morny," said Herr Rosenblau. "Tese are te new poy from Notherby. Tere are more to come. Mein gootness, vat is te matter mit te man? Have he gone mad like all te rest?"

"Vat is ze mattair, monsieur?"

"Monsieur Morny—"

"Herr Rosenblau! Is it really ze Herr Rosenblau, or do I dream? Vat is ze mattair viz ze face?"

The German turned scarlet.

"Monsieur Morny, vat you say? Mein face—"

"Oui, vat is ze mattair—ze mattair—"

"Te matter? Dere is noting te matter."

"But ze red, and ze green, and ze blue—"

"Te man has been drinking. He is drunk mit himself—"

"Look!" screamed Monsieur Morny, pointing to a mirror in the hall. "Look at your own face viz your own eyes, zen."

The alarmed German rushed to the looking-glass.

"Mein gootness!"

He gave a terrific yell as he caught sight of his face in the glass, with the red circles about the eyes, the blue patch on the nose, and the green spots on the cheeks.



For some moments Herr Rosenblum remained quite still, staring at the amazing apparition.

"Is tat mein face?" he murmured. "It is vun frightful dream—vat tey call te nighthorse. Tat is not mein face."

"Zat is it," said Monsieur Morny. "It is ze choke of ze boys."

Herr Rosenblum turned to the juniors. Unable to restrain themselves any longer, they were yelling with laughter. The German turned as red as a turkey-cock.

"Ach! I gomprenend now. Tat is vy for te beoples laugh mit demselves. I see! And vun of you blay dis joke on your master, hein! I vill—no, I vill not now! Monsieur Morny, I leave tese boys in your charge till I have clean mein face mit meinsel."

And the Herr rushed off for the nearest bath-room.

### CHAPTER 3. The First Fight.

**M**ONSIEUR MORNLY looked severely at the boys, but a smile was lurking round his thin lips. He, too, could not help seeing the comical aspect of the affair, though it was quite lost on Herr Rosenblum.

"Come vize me," he said. "I may tell you zat I am ze second master of ze academy, and you vill do vell to stop ze laugh. Follow me."

Redfern grinned.

"Seems to be an German of all sorts, and no mistake," he murmured. "A German Head and a French second. I wonder whether there are Italian ushers and a Greek house-keeper."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Monsieur Morny opened a big oak door, which gave admittance to a large and lofty apartment. A loud din was audible the moment the door was opened, but it died down as soon as the master looked in.

The Netherby boys glanced into the room curiously enough. There were about forty boys of various ages present, and the apartment was evidently a common room to the whole school.

There were a few English boys, but most of them were French and German.

There was a babel of the several languages when the French master opened the door. Curious stares were turned towards the new-comers.

"Zese are ze boys of Beechwood," said Monsieur Morny, with a wave of the hand. "Garçons, zese are ze new boys to ze school."

With that brief introduction, monsieur left them.

The big door closed behind them, and the five new-comers found themselves the centre of attraction to a motley crowd.

The boys of Beechwood, varied as they were, at least possessed one quality in common with boys at all schools—they were curious to know the names and histories of all new-comers.

Questions were showered upon them in French, German, and English. But most of the talk was done in a kind of broken English, which seemed to be a sort of Lingua Franca at Beechwood.

"Who are you, ain't it?" asked a big, broad-shouldered German lad, who seemed to be the leader among the boys of his own nationality.

"I?" said Redfern politely. "Oh, I'm me! Who are you?"

The German boy looked puzzled.

"I am Fritz Hoffmann," he said. "Vat is your name, ain't it?"

"Oh, Owen Redfern. I—"

"Vere come you from?" asked a French lad. "Answer ze questions to me, please; I am ze captain of ze school."

"Mein gootness!" exclaimed Fritz Hoffmann. "You vas noting of te sort. Take no notice of him, Crimsonfern; I am te chief of te school."

"It is ze untruth."

"Bah! Hold te tongue mit you!" said Hoffmann. "Be silent, Adolphe Meunier, while I speak."

"Be silent yourself, Fritz Hoffmann."

"Oh, go and row somewhere else!" said Redfern. "You're like two silly cats."

Meanwhile, Hurree Singh came in for a great deal of attention. Varied as the boys of Beechwood were, there was not yet an Oriental among them, and so the coming of the Indian caused some excitement.

A dozen boys were surrounding the Nabob of Bhanipur, plying him with questions, which the Indian answered to the best of his ability.

Hurree Singh was always obliging, but the boys of Beechwood Academy were not all polite. While Hurree Singh was answering one set of questioners, another set lost

patience, and a fat German lad poured some ink down the back of his neck. Hurree Singh had the sweetest temper in the world, but he could not stand rough hands being laid upon his princely person.

He turned round like lightning, as the clammy ink oozed down his back and stuck to his collar. The ink-bottle was still in the hands of Karl Lutz, and he was grinning hugely over the joke. Lutz had a most expansive grin, and he seemed to be enjoying himself, and the fellows round were laughing heartily. But Karl's enjoyment came to a sudden end.

"I have always striven to exercise the accomplishment of the politeness," exclaimed Hurree Singh, "but the contact of the wet ink to the back of the person is the greatest of exasperations."

And the Indian lad let out with his left, and Karl Lutz sat down with surprising suddenness upon the floor.

There was a shout.

Lutz was half a head taller than the Hindoo boy, and he had not looked for resistance to his little pleasantries in that form. His face went red with rage as he realised that he, Karl Lutz, had been knocked down, in the presence of his schoolfellows, by the slim, little, olive-skinned Indian.

He jumped up, and rushed at Hurree Singh like a bull.

But Redfern sprang into the way. His push sent Lutz staggering back, and in a moment Redfern and Reggie had lined up with the boy from Bengal.

"Keep your wool on, kiddies," said Redfern, in his cool way. "If you want a fight with Hurree Singh, he will oblige, but we'll have it all square and above board."

"I vill smash him!" roared Karl.

"Right! He'll take all the smashing you can give him."

"I will castigate the insolent person soundly," exclaimed Hurree Singh. "I feel it an encumbrance upon me to teach him the lesson of the courtesy to the stranger within the gates."

"Ha, ha! Stand back, you kids!"

Redfern motioned the eager crowd back.

They were not much inclined to obey the English boy, but Fritz Hoffmann backed up Redfern, pushing his fellows back to form a ring.

"It is te fight!" he said. "Lutz vill trash te Indian for a start, and ten I tink I vill trash te Scarletfern poy meinsel for his sheek."

"All right, old cock!" said Redfern cheerfully. "I don't mind giving you a licking, if you feel yourself badly in need of one."

"Let me get at him!" roared Karl Lutz.

"All in good time," said Redfern. "Off with your coat."

"I not want to take off te coat to trash tat vhipper-snapper."

"Just as you like. You'll peel, Hurree?"

"Yes, certainly I shall remove the outer garment," said Hurree Singh.

The jacket was soon off, and Reggie Lawrence held it, while the Indian lad turned up his sleeves.

In spite of Hurree Singh's slimmness, he revealed some very well developed muscles on his dusky arms, and it was seen that he would not be a mean foe even for the bulky German.

Karl Lutz disdained to peel for the contest, fully believing that he would overbear and crush the Indian at the first rush.

The fellows formed a ring round the combatants, looking on eagerly.

"I'm Hurree Singh's second," said Redfern. "Who's looking after that chap? He'll need looking after, I assure you."

"I am!" said Hoffmann. He spoke in German to another lad, who hurried out of the room, and quickly returned with a bowl of water and a sponge. "Now we are ready."

"All tat is not necessary," exclaimed Lutz.

"It is as vell to be retty, ain't it?"

"I shall smash te plack boy in tree minute."

"Rats!" said Redfern. "We're all ready on our side, so suppose you toe the line, instead of doing so much gassing."

"Good idea!" said Reggie Lawrence.

Karl Lutz gave a disdainful sniff, and speedily toed the line.

Hurree Singh squared up to him in a decidedly scientific fashion, which showed that the nabob had not failed to avail himself of his opportunities of studying the noble science of boxing.

"Time!" exclaimed Robinson, who had assumed the office of referee and timekeeper. "Go it, ye or-cr-cripples!"

Karl Lutz made a rush straight at the Indian. His fists swept the air like flails, and if his blows had taken effect, Hurree Singh would certainly have been considerably hurt.

But the Hindoo was well on his guard, and his guard was perfect. He swept up the German's heavy and rapid blow, and countered smartly with his left, and Lutz received a tap on the chin that made him stagger backwards.





"Ach! Vat is vas? Treacle! Ach!"  
cried the German master.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Adolphe Meunier, who was evidently the chief of the French faction. "Zat is good."

"What do you know about it?" asked Redfern politely.

Karl Lutz panted as he reeled under the blow.

Hurree Singh did not follow it up, and the German boy had time to recover; and then he came on a good deal like a wild bull.

But his furious attack made little impression upon the boy from Bengal.

He defended himself with ease and skill, and only a few of Karl's wild blows got home; but Hurree Singh's counters were "frequent and painful and free," to borrow an expression from a poet.

Karl Lutz's fat, ruddy countenance gradually assumed the appearance of freshly-boiled beef, and his eyes almost disappeared, looking like little black currants amid the swelling, red face.

"Take your coat off now, ain't it?" said Hoffmann, at last.

Robinson had called time, and Lutz was glad of a rest.

He nodded, and Hoffmann whipped his coat off, and then, somewhat freer in his movements, Lutz rushed to the attack again.

But he might as well have attacked a brick wall.

Hurree Singh, with hardly a tap or two to the bad, gave drive after drive, and the fat German, fairly out of breath at last, retreated before him, and was driven round and round the ring.

Finally, a crushing right-hander sent him fairly spinning into the arms of Hoffmann. He collapsed on the bosom of his friend, gasping like a newly-landed fish.

Hoffmann gave him a glance of sympathy.

"Are you finish, ain't it?" he asked.

Lutz nodded with a groan.

"Ja, ja! I am not able to trash te Indian."

Redfern gave a roar.

"Ha, ha! He's made that discovery at last!"

"Zat is vor' much funny," said Adolphe Meunier, laughing till the tears ran down his cheeks. "He, he, he!"

"Oh, dry up with your he, he, he!" said Redfern. "The Dutchman's put up a good fight, anyway. How do you feel, Inky?"

"Somewhat in the state of the exhausted," said Hurree Singh, "but I could continue the combat for an indefinite period with great liveliness."

"It's not needed," grinned Redfern. "You've taken the giddy cake. Now go and shake hands with the Dutchman."

Hurree Singh advanced towards the defeated German with a beaming smile and an outstretched dusky hand. Lutz was bathing his bruised and swollen face with a sponge, and he stopped and looked up inquiringly at the Indian.

"I shall be much pleased," said Hurree Singh, in his soft, purring voice, "if the sahib will accept the hand of the sincere friendship."

"Mein gootness!"

"I have great regretfulness for the necessity of castigating my esteemed and respectable friend!" exclaimed Hurree Singh. "The malice does not dwell in the breast. Let us shake hands, and forget the hostility."

"Tat is goot!" said Hoffmann. "Shake him py te hand, ain't it?"

Lutz hesitated a moment. His pride had had a cruel fall by his defeat at the hands of an Indian, and a fellow so much smaller than himself.

But at bottom he had a kindly German heart, and after that brief moment he gave Hurree Singh his hand. The Indian prince shook it with great cordiality.

"I have the trustfulness that we shall be large friends!" he exclaimed.

Karl grinned faintly.

"And now, Hoffmann," said Redfern, with a business-



like air, "I think you said something about licking me, didn't you?"

Hoffmann laughed. "We will leave that to another time," he said. "At present it is time of supper, and you must be hungry after your journey, ain't it?"

"Rather!"  
"Ten come to te dining-hall."

It was an invitation the Netherby boys were not likely to disregard. Ten minutes later they were seated in the dining-hall of Netherby, in rows down the two sides of a large table, the upper end of which was presided over by Herr Rosenblum himself, while Monsieur Morny, the second master of Beechwood, sat at the foot.

CHAPTER 4.

Redfern Does Not Join the Party.

**R**EDFERN looked up and down the big table with a great deal of interest. He observed that one side of it was occupied by the French boys and the other by the Germans, the few English fellows being together at the lower end.

Whenever the masters were not on the alert there were signs of hostility between the two parties, and it was easy for the new-comers to observe that the two nationalities at Beechwood Academy were on terms of keen rivalry.

The rivalry was keen enough, but, to judge from the good-natured expressions of most of the faces, it was not at all bitter.

It was natural that the two races should gather into opposite camps, as it were, but there was more fun than anything else in the matter.

The native-born lads were probably too few in number to have much weight in the school, though the accession of the Netherby boys would, of course, add to their importance.

Some ideas on this subject were already working in Redfern's mind.

"That chap Hoffmann seems to be head-cook and bottle-washer here, Reggie," he remarked to his chum, sitting at his side at the long table.

"The French chap, Meunier, claims to be captain," said Reggie Lawrence.

"They dispute it between them, I suppose; but, of course,

it's all rot for a foreigner to expect to be the head of the school."

"Well, it's a foreign academy, you know."

"But it stands on English soil," said Redfern obstinately, "and therefore a Britisher ought to be at the top."

"Quite right!"

"If there's going to be a head, it ought to be an English chap."

"British," purred Hurree Singh. "A fellow-citizen from the Indian Empire would make a very good head."

"British, then," agreed Redfern; "but I really think that I'm the most suitable to be top dog in the concern."

"That's like you, Reddy."

"Well, I only take facts as they are," said Redfern. "I was coek of the Third at Netherby, and why shouldn't I be the same here?"

"Oh, yes, certainly; we'll back you up."

"We will furnish the heart-whole backing to our respectable chum!" exclaimed Hurree Singh. "Reddy shall be the great chief."

"Good enough. I—"

"Who vas talk mit demselves down here?" came Herr Rosenblum's voice from the top of the table.

And silence fell upon the juniors. Talking was evidently prohibited at meal-times in the dining-hall of Beechwood, but after a few minutes the conversation was resumed in cautious whispers.

"Hurree Singh has licked Lutz, but Hoffmann looks a tougher nut to crack. But I suppose it will have to be done, if we're to take our proper place here."

"Then you'd better take it on!" said Knowlee, with a sneer.

"I wasn't going to ask you to do so, kid!" said Redfern disdainfully. "If anybody tackles him, it will be me. Hallo!"

A pellet of kneaded bread caught Redfern in the eye as he was speaking. His hand went up to his eye, and then he glared wrathfully along the table. His eye caught at once a grin on the face of Adolphe Meunier, the leader of the French party.

"He, he, he!" cackled Meunier. "Zat is yer' funny!"

"I'll make you think it's not so funny presently, you bouncer!" muttered Redfern, rubbing his eye.

"He, he, he!"

Redfern devoted his attention to the supper. Herr Rosenblum's eye was wandering along the table in search of the whisperers.

But Meunier was not yet finished. A pellet of bread rapped on Redfern's nose as he was raising his fork to his mouth, and, startled for the moment, he dropped the fork. It fell with a clatter into his plate, and Herr Rosenblum half rose from his seat and stared along the table.

"Redfern!"

"Yes, sir," said Redfern ruefully.

"You make vun noise, and it is you tat whisper before. You will take twenty lines to write out to-morrow."

"Yes, sir."

Redfern gave Meunier a wrathful glance, but the French youth only grinned. Redfern was not the kind of fellow to take anything "lying down" if he could help it.

He happened to have a walnut in his pocket, and his hand closed upon it, and he watched his opportunity. Meunier, after chuckling over his joke, apparently regarded the incident as closed, for he began to converse with the boy next to him in whispers.

Presently he turned back to his supper, and lifted his cup of cocoa to his lips. Redfern's eyes gleamed. With a deft movement of the fingers he whizzed the walnut across the table, and it smote Adolphe Meunier on the tip of his nose.

The French boy started back, and the contents of the cocoa-cup shot out, and there was a yell, as the hot fluid flooded his face and neck and chest.

"Ow! Ciel! Oh!"

Herr Rosenblum started up at his end of the table, and Monsieur Morny at the other.

"Meunier," shouted Herr Rosenblum, "how dare you, hein?"

"I—I couldn't help it. It vas zat—"

"You have spell to cocoa—"

"It vas zat—"

"Go away at vunce mit yourself and clean yourself, and you vill take twenty lines, ain't it, and bring tem to me to-morrow."

"But—"

"Go away at vunce!" roared the Herr. "Be off mit you!"

And Meunier left the room. A general chuckle followed him. Redfern's fit for tat had been observed by most of the fellows at the table, and Meunier's discomfiture gained him little sympathy.

Supper over, the boys were free for a short time before

A QUICK ROUTE TO STRENGTH.

By EUGEN SANDOW.

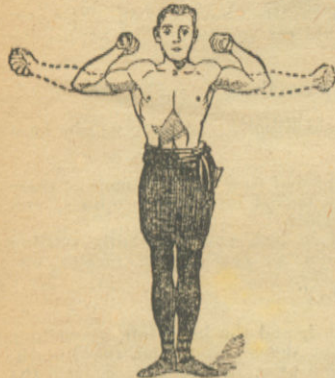
XVIII.

I suppose my readers still have a vivid recollection of the famous "All Black" fifteen, who made such a sensation in the world of Rugby football two years ago. Well, I have just received a letter from one of the team, telling me that physical culture is still "going great guns" in New Zealand, and that at least twenty per cent. of the inhabitants are ardent physical culturists.

How I wish we could make such a boast in England, or that I could believe that one in every five people who live in the United Kingdom took an intelligent interest in physical culture!

If such were the case, the average physique of our countrymen could be much superior to its present condition, and the pill and drug merchant would have to go out of business.

All the members of the New Zealand team made a careful study of physical culture, and I think their strict attention to the subject had a good deal to do with their phenomenal success. May all the



EX. 17.—READY POSITION.

Extend both arms in a line with the shoulders, palms of the hands upward.

MOVEMENT.

Flex both arms until the dumb-bells are immediately over the shoulders, and straighten again until the triceps are thoroughly in the strain, pushing well outward, and raising the shoulders as the arms are extended. The head should be thrown back as the arms are extended, and bent forward as the arms are contracted. Muscles: Biceps, triceps, deltoid, and neck muscles (anterior and posterior).

Saturday afternoon footballers take a lesson from the "All Blacks," and keep themselves in the pink of condition all the year round by means of systematic exercise! Then, perhaps, we shall be able to turn the table on our colonial cousins when they visit us again.

Every reader may obtain a free copy of the new edition of "Sandow's Way to Strength" by writing to No. 2, Sandow Hall, Burling Street, Strand, London, W.C.

This book shows how I obtained my great strength, and how readers can make themselves physically perfect.

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they were marched up to bed, and in the interval Hoffmann came up to Redfern, with a friendly grin.

"You haf quarrel mit Adolphe Meunier," he remarked.

"Oh, only a little skirmish," said Redfern.

"You not like him?"

"Well, I haven't seen enough of him, so far, to be able to say," replied Redfern, rather cautiously. "I dare say he's all right."

"I wish to propose to you—"

"Oh, no, George!" said Redfern, with great seriousness.

"I'm too young. You must speak to my father first."

Hoffmann stared at him.

"Speak to dein vater," he said. "I not gomprenhend, ain't it?"

"I'm coy, too," said Redfern.

"I propose to you—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" cackled Reggie Lawrence. "It's a joke, you see, Dutchy."

"Vat is a joke?"

"You'll want a hammer and chisel to get it into his head, Reddy," said Lawrence. "Better give it up."

"Right! What do you want to propose, Hoffman?"

"I rather like you—"

"Thanks awfully!"

"And I wish to propose to you to join mein barty."

"Oh, you've got a barty, have you?" said Redfern.

"What is it like, and where do you keep it, and what do you feed it on?"

The German looked puzzled again.

"Mein barty!" he exclaimed. "Tat is mein barty! Ve are divided into two barties at dis school, ain't it—de German barty and te French barty."

"I see. You mean party. Go hon."

"I like you to join mein barty. Ve are te heads of te school. Ve peat te French poyos hollow, same as ve peat tem at Sedan and Waterloo."

"Hold on there!" exclaimed Redfern warmly. "Where did you beat them?"

"At Sedan and Waterloo."

"You may have beaten them at Sedan," said Redfern.

"I wasn't there. But my grandfather was at Waterloo, and the Germans didn't have a look in."

"I tells you—"

"And I tell you that we won the Battle of Waterloo, and the Germans only came up in time to see the Frenchmen run," said Redfern. "I know all about it, and you can't come it over me. Rats!"

"I tells you—"

"Rats! More rats! Many rats!"

"I tells you—"

"No, you don't! I'm not going to join any party. I've got a party of my own, and we're quite a respectable old party."

"Dere are two barties—"

"Well, there are going to be three. We're starting the third—the English party. Do you catch on? We're going to be cocks of the walk."

The German boy grinned broadly.

"Ach, is tat te idea? Den I warn you tat you vill have te vat you Engleesh call te high old time."

"That's all right," said Redfern comfortably. "We're used to high old times. We're accustomed to making things hum. We're going to start a new era at this old school, I can tell you. You bounders are going to take your proper places."

"Ha, ha! You vill be smashed, vat you call spificated."

"We shall see. Hallo, what does Mossoo want?"

Monsieur Morny had come into the room.

"It is pedtime," said Hoffmann.

"Pedtime, is it?" said Redfern, grinning. "Then we had petter go to ped. Come on, my infants!"

### CHAPTER 5. Lights Out!

THE English boys looked with some curiosity round their sleeping quarters. There were three dormitories, and the smallest of the three was occupied by the English pupils, who were the fewest in number.

It was the middle one of the three, and on either side were the sleeping-quarters of the French and Germans.

The high, white-washed walls, the windows set near the ceiling, and the row of white beds, reminded the juniors of Netherby.

There was a fourth sleeping apartment further down the passage on the other side, which was occupied by the senior boys, of whom there were few, most of the scholars at Beechwood being of about Redfern's age.

Things were evidently destined to be very different from what the public-school boys were accustomed to, but there

was a charm in the novelty of the surroundings at Herr Rosenblbaum's curious academy.

"I dare say we can be very comfortable here," said Redfern, looking round.

Hurree Singh nodded.

"Yes; we shall repose in the serenity of the balmy slumber," he remarked.

"Oh, you'll do something balmy, I've no doubt!" said Redfern. "Lemme see, there are only about a dozen English here. Never mind, we shall have to hit all the harder when we come to having rows with the other lot."

"Ha, ha! Yes!"

"We must be top dogs; there must be no mistake about that."

"I s-a-s-a-say, Reddy," stammered Robinson—"I s-a-s-a-s-a-say—"

"Do you?" said Redfern. "And what do you mean by it?"

"I s-a-s-a-say, ain't it likely that those fif-fif-foreign bounders may try to work off some jape on us new kids?"

Redfern looked thoughtful.

"Well, yes; I should call it very likely," he said. "New kids at a big school generally have to go through something, and as we're foreigners to that lot, they'll be all the more anxious to take us down a peg or two."

"Especially Meunier, after what happened at the supper-table," suggested Lawrence.

"And Hoffmann, after the direct refusal of the honourableness of the alliance," said Hurree Singh.

"Quite so. We shall have to look-out. I say, you chaps," said Redfern, addressing himself to the English boys of Beechwood, who were quietly undressing, "are the foreign kids here given to japing new-comers?"

"Yes, rather," said one of the lads, a tall, well-built Scotsman. "I was going to warn you not to take your clothes off."

"Then we've got to look out for squalls?"

"That's so."

"Right! I dare say we'll give them as good as they send," said Redfern cheerfully. "We'll be ready."

"Couldn't we fasten the door?" said Knowles nervously.

Redfern gave a sniff.

"Yes, we could, I've no doubt; but we're not going to."

"There's certain to be a lot of them, if they come."

"The more the merrier."

"Look here, you may want to get a licking, Redfern, but I don't. I'm going to lock the door!" exclaimed Knowles.

A grin went round the dormitory as Knowles went to the door. It was explained by his next exclamation.

"There's no key in the lock!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the Scottish boy, Elliott. "I knew Hoffmann or Meunier would see to that! The key's been taken away!"

Redfern's eyes glinted.

"That means that they're certain to come!" he exclaimed.

"We'd better get ready!"

"Better get into bed," said Elliott. "Mossoo will be here soon to see lights out."

"Right!"

The boys tumbled into bed, but they retained most of their clothing. Monsieur Morny looked into the dormitory, and glanced along the row of beds.

The youngsters were all in bed, and apparently settling themselves to balmy slumber. The French master was satisfied.

"Good-night, mes garçons!"

"Good-night, sir!"

The light was extinguished, and the long, lofty dormitory plunged into darkness. The door closed, and the Frenchman's receding footsteps died away in the distance down the corridor. Then Owen Redfern sat up in bed.

The moonlight glimmered in through the high windows of the dormitory, and gave quite sufficient light for moving about.

"Up with you, kids," said Redfern—"up with you, and follow your leader! We've got to look out for squalls."

Lawrence and Hurree Singh rose from their beds, and Robinson followed their example. Knowles did not move.

"You've not gone to sleep, Knowles?"

"No, I've not!" snapped Knowles. "I'm not going to join in any rows, though. You can do as you like."

"Rats! Get up and stand shoulder to shoulder with us, and we'll soon make those rotters wish they hadn't come!"

"Sha'n't!" said Knowles. And he turned over on his pillow.

Redfern shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, you can do as you like, Knowles; but if you don't stand in with the rest of us, you'll have to take your chance by yourself."

"Rats! I don't care!"

"You think you'll get us to fight your battles for you, you skulking rat!" exclaimed Redfern hotly. "Well, I tell you



CHAPTER 6.

A Hot Reception.

what. If you don't join in, I'll tell the bounders they can handle you if they like without our interference, and we'll see how you'll fare then, you rotter!"

That was putting it in a way that Knowles had not expected. He rose slowly and unwillingly from his bed, and took his place with the others. The boys were knotting towels and getting pillows from the beds to use as defensive weapons. Elliott and several of the other fellows had got out of bed to lend their aid—partly from a natural feeling for their fellow-countrymen, partly because they knew that if either the Hoffmannites or the Meunierites started japing in the dormitory, the old boys were no more likely to escape rough handling than the new ones.

Redfern found himself the head of a party of ten, all keen and ready for the fray. They were likely to have long odds against them if the enemy came in force, but Redfern did not care for that.

"What the dickens are you doing, Reddy?" asked Lawrence, as Redfern was dimly seen stooping before the chimney.

"Only getting something for our friends when they come," replied Redfern, without turning his head.

Lawrence went quickly towards him. Then he burst into a laugh. Redfern had a washstand-basin at the grate, and was filling it with the soot he was raking down the chimney.

The basin was about half full when Redfern ceased his raking, and he picked it up and carried it back to his washstand. There he poured half the contents of the water-jug into it, and stirred up the whole of it with a slipper.

"My hat," gasped Lawrence, "are you going to chuck that stuff over them?"

"What a question! There'll be odds against us, won't there?"

"Pretty certain."

"Well, then, we must use such weapons as we can get. Man to man, I dare say they'd be something like our match."

"I suppose so."

"But with stuff of this sort to face they will think twice about it, I fancy," giggled Redfern. "This will be a sort of pleasant surprise for them."

"It will be a s-sup-sup-sup—" Robinson began to stammer.

"Oh, no; it's not for their supper, Robby!"

"I did-did-not mean that. It will be a sup-sup-surprise for them; but as for the pip-pip-pleasure—"

"Well, so long as they get the surprise, that's good enough," said Redfern, stirring away industriously with the slipper. "Pour a little more water in, Reggie."

"Right!"

"Nice state you're making your slipper in!" sneered Knowles.

"Oh, that's all right, old son!" said Redfern reassuringly. "Don't you worry about that. It's not my slipper."

"Not your slipper? Whose is it, then?"

"Yours," said Redfern. "A little more water, Reggie."

"Ha, ha! Here you are!"

"My slipper!" howled Knowles. "You—you have taken my slipper?"

"Yes; here it is. I shall be done with it soon, and you can have it black—I mean have it back."

"My slipper, your beast—my slipper to stir up that filthy muck with!"

"It's all for the good of the cause, Knowles. I'm going to stop this stuff over the common foe. You ought to be grateful to me for taking all this trouble to protect you. I really don't believe you have any of the finer feelings of human nature, Knowles."

"You—you rotter! I—"

"Hush!" exclaimed Hurree Singh excitedly. "I heard something! It is the footprints of the walkers; they are approaching!"

"Ha, ha! They're coming! Inky has heard their footprints!" grinned Redfern. "Get ready for the giddy fray!"

"We're ready!"

And then silence fell in the middle dormitory. The boys waited with bated breath.

What the quick ears of the Indian lad had caught was soon audible to all. There was a sound of cautious, stockinged feet in the passage, and the sound stopped at the door of the middle dormitory.

"They're here!"

There was a faint sound at the handle of the door. Then the big door swung inwards, and a score of dim figures shadowed faintly forth in the doorway.

A whisper in French—the visitors were evidently Meunier and his band from Dormitory No. 1—then silence!

The English boys crouched quiet in the shadows, keeping out of sight. The night visitors came quietly in.

"Allons!"

It was a whisper from Meunier. And the French party rushed to the attack.

REDFERN sprang to his feet from the shadow of a bed.

"Go for 'em!"

"Give 'em socks!"

"Smite them with the powerfulness of the right arm!" So shouted the three chums as they headed the boys of the middle dormitory.

The invaders stopped suddenly in their rush towards the beds. They were taken utterly by surprise. The quietness of the dormitory had deceived them, and they had expected to have only sleeping boys to deal with, and hardly any resistance.

They found out their mistake now. As they halted in astonishment and dismay, the English party rushed upon them. The basin was swung high in Redfern's hands, and ere the French lads could guess what was coming, or guard against it, the sooty liquid splashed fairly over them.

Meunier received the worst of it, and he was changed into a nigger minstrel in the twinkling of an eye. But at least a dozen of the invaders of the middle dormitory came in for a share, and there was a yelling of amazement and disgust.

"Ciel! Pah! G-r-r-r-r!"

Meunier rubbed the sticky stuff out of his eyes with his knuckles. He was too enraged for words, and he could only stammer.

"Ciel! I vill—vill—I—moi— Ma foi!"

"Give 'em socks!" roared Redfern, in stentorian tones. And he gallantly led the charge.

Right among the French boys they dashed, hitting out right and left with the motley weapons they had armed themselves with for the fray.

Pillows and bolsters and stuffed stockings swept the air, and did instant execution, the French lads reeling and staggering right and left under the doughty blows.

There was a rush to escape, and the French went pouring out into the corridor, followed by derisive shouts from the English lads.

"Give 'em socks!" roared Redfern.

Meunier had taken no part in the fight. He was staggering blindly, his knuckles dug into his eyes to clear them of the sooty water, which had blinded him for the time.

A smite from Hurree Singh sent him reeling to the left, and a smite on the other side from Reggie Lawrence set him upright again.

As his followers retreated into the passage, he staggered after them; but he was not to escape so easily.

Redfern saw him going, and he dashed after him and caught him by the scruff of the neck, and jerked him back into the dormitory.

"Ciel! Release me! Take zat!"

"Zat" was a blow which rattled like the crack of a hammer on Redfern's ribs, and made him gasp again.

But he did not release the French leader. He dragged him back into the dormitory, and the two struggled desperately in the dim light, Redfern receiving a goodly share of Meunier's soot in the course of the tussle.

Reggie Lawrence slammed the door behind the last of the French boys, and Meunier was left alone in the hands of the enemy.

By this time Redfern had succeeded in flooring him, and Meunier was lying on his back, with Owen sitting calmly on his chest. Meunier struggled furiously, but he could not displace the stalwart English junior, and he wriggled and writhed in vain.

"Help!" he shouted to his retreating companions. "A moi! A moi!"

The French party heard the shout, and knew that their leader was captured. They had been beaten, but they had plenty of pluck. Back they came with a rush to the door of the dormitory.

"Keep them out!" yelled Redfern.

Reggie Lawrence jammed his boot against the door inside, and Hurree Singh hastened to follow his example. There was a rush from without, but the boots jamming against the bottom edge of the door kept it shut, and the rush had no effect.

"A moi! A moi!" Meunier was yelling.

Redfern giggled.

"They can't come to you!" he exclaimed. "They can't, and they won't! You've made us a present of yourself, Meunier—"

"Ciel! I vill smash you—I vill—"

"Rats! You weren't asked to come here! You came of your own accord, to play off some silly jape on nice, quiet, unoffending fellows like us—"

"Release me!"

"Rats! What shall we do with the kipper, kids—hang it out of the window by its toes for the rest of the night!"

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"Good wheeze!" exclaimed Reggie Lawrence heartily.

"I've got a rope in my box."

"Murdair!" yelled Meunier, struggling like a maniac.

"I will not be hung out of ze window! Murdair!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Redfern.

"Let me that I get up. I vill fight you in ze Engleesh fashion! I vill give you ze giddy kybosh—"

"Ha, ha, ha! Do you really mean that you want a fight?"

"Oui! Yes! Rather! You upset ze cocca ovaïr my shirt, you pour ze water ovaïr my face, and I give you ze licking of ze life!"

Redfern jumped up at once.

"Then you can get up!" he exclaimed. "Get on your pins, and I'll give you a sample of our best Waterloo brand. Up with you!"

Adolphe Meunier did not need telling twice to get up. His excitable Gallic nature was roused, and he only wanted a chance of getting at his enemy. He sprang up like a jack-in-the-box.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Redfern, retreating and pushing the excitable Gaul away from him with his hands as he did so. "Go slow! If you want a fair fight, your friends can come in and see fair play, and—"

"Zat is good! Let zem come in!"

"Give your word that it's fair play, then—no more dormitory rowing, but just a fair stand-up tussle between us two."

"I swear zat it be so."

"Good. Let them in, kids."

Lawrence and Hurree Singh released the door. It burst open under a shower of kicks and blows, and the French boys swarmed into the dormitory again. Adolphe Meunier ran quickly towards them, shouting in French.

Meunier was evidently a fellow of his word, and he had plenty of authority over his followers, for the tumult died away at once.

Meunier's chum, Gaston Artois, closed the door, and then several candle-ends were lighted, to illuminate the dormitory.

The French party looked strangely speckled in the light. Nearly all of them were splashed with the sooty water, some of them quite blackened with it. Meunier looked like a native of Darkest Africa.

Redfern gave a yell at the sight of Meunier in the light.

"Well, you are a beauty, and no mistake!" he exclaimed. "Hurree Singh will have to hide his diminished head for a bit."

Meunier brandished his fists.

"Come on, cocchon! Come on, pig you!"

"Righto! No need to break our necks about the matter."

"Come on! Zis instant—zis very instant!"

"He's in a hurry to begin," grinned Reggie Lawrence.

"I've no doubt that he'll be in just as big a hurry to leave off soon."

"Ciel! Zat is decay—vat you Engleesh call rot! Come on!"

"I'm ready," said Redfern. "Are we fighting rounds, or is it a slogging match to a finish? I don't care a rap which."

"Zere is no round—ve fight to ze death!" said the French boy dramatically.

"Ha, ha! I think I'll stop short of that, if you don't mind! But I'll lick you till you're about half and half, if you like," said Redfern.

"Ma foi! Come on!"

"I'm coming!"

"Start!" shouted Reggie Lawrence.

And they started.

## CHAPTER 7.

### A Fight in the Dormitory.

MEUNIER evidently had plenty of pluck, and just as evidently had but the very slightest knowledge of the manly art of self-defence. He danced up to Redfern, waving his arms and brandishing his fists, and seemed considerably surprised and pained when he received a tap from Redfern's left fairly on the nose, which flung him back into the arms of Gaston Artois.

"Ciel!" he gasped. "Vat vas zat?"

Artois grinned.

"Zat vas ze fist of ze Anglais!" he remarked. "You must be more careful of zat fist, mon ami."

"I vill smash him!"

And Adolphe Meunier advanced again to the attack.

Redfern waited for him with cool confidence. He had seen at a glance that the French lad knew nothing about boxing. Reddy was the hardest and toughest boxer in the Third Form at Netherby.

He knew that he was master of the situation, and he did not want to hurt his opponent. But Meunier was so furiously determined upon a fight to a finish, that it was pretty certain he would get hurt.

Meunier came on a little more cautiously this time. That one tap had taught him a lesson, and he essayed to box as he came on. His boxing made Redfern smile. He brushed aside the French boy's guard, and gave him a light tap on the chin. He followed it up with another on the nose, and then a harder one on the chest. The French boy staggered back, and sat down violently.

"Bravo!" shouted Reggie Lawrence.

The English boys were laughing heartily, and most of the French were grinning. But Adolphe saw nothing to grin at. He jumped up again and rushed at Redfern.

"My hat!" said Reggie Lawrence. "The beggar has pluck, at all events."

And Hurree Jamset Ram Singh nodded.

"Your remark contains truthfulness," he replied. "He has pluck, but he lacks in the fistical science, and he has no chance against the serene Redfern."

The serene Redfern was, indeed, making hay of the French boy. All Meunier's wild blows were guarded with the greatest ease, and here and there Redfern gave the excited Gaul a tap in exchange.

The fight was becoming farcical, for Meunier simply could not touch the English boy, and Redfern could have given him a terrific thrashing if he had chosen. He did not choose, for he had no spite against Meunier, and, besides, he admired the French boy's pluck.

The spectators were all on the broad grin, French and English, as Meunier made frantic attempt after attempt to penetrate the English lad's guard, and failed every time.

Tap, tap, went Redfern's countering fists lightly on the French boy's face and chest, and though the blows were far from hard, Meunier was soon feeling dazed and dizzy. He paused at last, panting.

"You English rottair!" he shouted. "You are a rottair—a beastly rottair!"

"Go hon!" said Redfern, good-humouredly.

"I despise you! You are a rottair!"

"Are you finished?"

"Oui! I am finish! I cannot fight you in ze English vay—not now; but I vill learn viz ze boxer-glove, and zen I vill scrub up ze ground viz you!"

"Righto!" said Redfern, dropping his hands to his sides. "When you're ready to scrub up ze ground viz me, I'm quite prepared and willing to be used for the scrubbing-brush, if you turn out to be big enough for the job."

"You vas a boundair—a beastly rottair!"

"Oh, come, don't go off on your ear like that!" said Redfern, with perfect good temper. "I've let you off lightly."

"Zat is not true. You do not do zat—"

"Oh, rats! I could have wiped up the dormitory with you if I had chosen," said Redfern. "I'll show you something like boxing some day, if you'll put the gloves on with me. But there's no need to go around spitting like a couple of cats till then. Give us your fin, old son, and smile over it!"

Adolphe Meunier hesitated. But French and English alike joined in, and he had no choice in the matter. He reluctantly extended his hand, and Redfern gave it a grip. He gave it a grip that made the French boy wriggle.

"Oh! Ciel! I—"

Redfern released his hand.

"Anything the matter?" he asked innocently.

"Oh, no! Nozzing ze mattair! I go—bon soir!" gasped Meunier.

And, wringing his right hand with his left, he turned towards the door. His comrades followed. Gaston Artois whispered to Meunier:

"Adolphe, sall I varn ze garçons zat ze German—"

Meunier shook his head decidedly.

"Non?" asked Artois. "But—"

"Let zem take zeir chance," said Meunier. "Ve toss up viz Hoffmann vich have ze first go at ze rottairs, and ve vin. Ve are bound in honair to keep ze secret."

Artois nodded.

The French boys streamed out of the middle dormitory, with a cordial exchange of bon-soir and good-night, and the door closed.

"Well," said Redfern, "we haven't come out of that so badly, have we? I think the Froggies will think twice before they visit us once after this."

"It was a jolly good lesson for them!" grinned Lawrence. "Meunier's idea of boxing is good enough for the cinematograph."

"His knowledge of the noble art is indeed fearful and marvellous," said Hurree Singh. "His ignoring is only equalled by his couragefulness."



"But I s-s-say," said Robinson, "what p-pip-pip-pip—"  
"Eh?" said Redfern.  
"What p-pip-pip-pip—"  
"What does he mean, I wonder? What pip? Is that all, Robby, or is there any more at home like that?" asked Redfern anxiously.

"What pip-pip-pip-pip—" stammered Robinson, turning red in the face with the effort to get the obstinate word out; but it would not come.

"He mean's that he's got the pip," said Knowles, "and no wonder! He'll give me the pip if he keeps on like that, I know!"

"What pip-pip-pip-pip—" "Hip-pip," said Redfern, "that's what he means! Meunier's got the pip, and Robinson is fearfully pipped! Good-night, Robby!"

"What pip-pip-pip-price the German bib-bib-bounders?" Robinson got it out at last. "What price the German bounders, Reddy? Suppose they come for us?"

"I fancy they won't," said Lawrence. "It's getting pretty late, and if they were coming, they'd have chummed up with the Froggies to rag us, I should think."

"I should think so," said Knowles. "I'm going to bed, at any rate, for one."

And Knowles tumbled into bed, and drew the clothes up about his ears. Owen Redfern was looking thoughtful, however.

"Hoffmann and his little lot may be intending to pay us a visit," he remarked. "It's hardly likely, after waiting all this time, but they may. I'll tell you what; one of us had better stay awake and keep watch, and wake the others instantly if there's danger."

"Good idea! But which one?"

"Oh, we'll take it in turns. Robinson first."

"I'll see you ha-ha-ha-hanged first!" said Robinson, going towards his bed. "I'm sis-sis-sis-sleepy!"

"Well, you can do it, Elliott."

But Elliott was already in bed. Redfern looked rather perplexed.

"Well, I suppose we shall have to manage it," he said. "I'll take the first watch, Reg, and I'll call you at half-past ten."

"Right!" said Lawrence.

"And Hurree Singh shall take the third. After eleven there couldn't be any danger of the Dutchies coming. Good-night!"

And the juniors tumbled into bed, and soon all, with the exception of Redfern, were sleeping the sleep of the just.

Redfern had got into bed to keep watch, for it was cold in the dormitory. He sat up, pulling the clothes about him, but he found it cold for his shoulders. Then the excellent idea struck him of lying down and covering himself up, but sternly keeping his eyes open, so that he should not fall asleep.

He did so, and a few minutes later nodded off. His slumber was all the sounder for having been postponed. When once his eyes closed, they did not open again, and he slept on soundly, deeply, unconscious of cautious sounds in the corridor without, of faint footfalls and whispering voices, and of the click as the door of the dormitory was cautiously opened.

CHAPTER 8.

The Raid of the Germans—Redfern Gets His Own Back.

"O W-O-W-W-W!" It was a sudden yell from Owen Redfern. He started up suddenly from his slumber, shivering, as the bedclothes were torn from the bed, and the winter cold rushed in upon him.

"Ow-w-w-o-o! What the—who the—!" A shout of laughter answered him.

Dim figures were moving in the gloom of the dormitory, and the deep German chuckles showed where the aggressors were.

"Mein gootness! Tat is vunny!"

"Gif it to tem, ain't it?"

"Go for te pounders!" Redfern scrambled out of bed. He knew Hoffmann's voice, and Karl Lutz's. The Germans had come, after all, and the watchman had fallen asleep at his post. The dormitory had been taken by surprise!

Two pairs of hands seized Redfern as he scrambled up, and he was dragged upon the floor with a bump.

"Gollar him!"

"Don't let the pounder get away!"

"I'll bounder you!" yelled Redfern, struggling vainly in the grasp of his captors. "Come one at a time! Fair play's a jewel!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The whole dormitory was wide awake. Everywhere the German boys had dragged off the bedclothes, and were yanking the English juniors out of bed. As they were two to one, and had the advantage of the surprise on their side, they met with little resistance.

Hoffmann and Lutz were hard put to it to hold Redfern, and Hurree Singh and Reggie Lawrence gave a good account of themselves also, but the English lads had no chance.

The Germans carried all before them. "Shut to door," panted Hoffmann, "and light te gandle!"

The dormitory door was shut, and the candle lighted. It showed the leaders of the middle dormitory writhing vainly in the clutch of their captors, and the rest of the boys shivering in a group, with the Germans watching them, ready to jump on them at once if they attempted to go to the aid of the captives.

"Let me get up!" shouted Redfern. "I'll pulverise you."

"Ha, ha, ha! Now, Herr Redfern—"

"Get off my chest, you Dutch beast!"

"A Tutch peast, am I!" exclaimed Hoffmann. "Himmel! Poy—"

"I'll wring your neck for this to-morrow."

"Poy, you vas remain still, ain't it? Odervise you vill get hurt mit yourself. Ve have got te petter of you."

"Because you're two to one, you rotters!" Hoffmann chuckled.

"Ve haf got te petter of you," he went on, in his slow, deliberate, German way, "and now I speak mit you—"

"Don't; your voice worries mel!"

"I speaks mit you mit meinsel. I, Fritz Hoffmann, am te captain of tis school, and I did offer to let you join my barty—"

"I wouldn't be found dead in it," said Redfern promptly.

"And you say tat you makes a party of your own, ain't it?"

"That's what I'm going to do."

"Mein gootness! I teaches you not to have so much of vat you call nerve. Vill you take pack all you said, and agree to follow te Sherman, and do as you vas told—"

"I don't think!"

"Or else ve teaches you a lesson."

"Teach away, you rotter! We'll do some teaching to-morrow!" growled Redfern. "Get up, you fat Dutchman, and fight fairly, and I'll send you home to your dormitory in little pieces!"

"I fights you to-morrow, if you likes," said Hoffmann, unmoved; "but now I fight not. I bunish you."

"Rats, and many of 'em!"

"You refuse vat I asks—"

"Yes, I do; a thousand times, if necessary! Take your fat carcass off my chest! I'm not particular, but I object to having Germans too close to me."

"Ach! Tat poy have more sheek tan two or tree of te French poy. Ve vill give him a lesson to know his place, ain't it?"

"Ja, ja!" grinned Karl Lutz. "Schmidt, pring te treacle here."

Redfern gave a gasp. He had no desire to be anointed with treacle, which was evidently what the German jokers intended.

"Look here!" he protested. "Play the game, you know."

"Hand ofer te treacle," said Hoffmann.

A jar of cheap, black treacle was handed to the German leader. Redfern began to struggle violently, but Schmidt sat on his legs, and Lutz held his wrists in a vice-like grip.

Reggie Lawrence and Hurree Singh were too tightly held by their captors to be able to come to his aid.

"Now ten," grinned Hoffmann, holding the jar of treacle over Redfern's upturned face—"now ten, vat do you say, Redfern?"

"I say rats!"

"Vill you take pack all you have said?"

"No, I won't!"

"Vill you epey orders vich I give?"

"Not for Joseph!"

"Mein gootness! He is as obstinate as nefer vas, ain't it? I tinks tat te treacle help him to come mit his senses. Tell me ven to stop, Scarletfern, ain't it?"

And Fritz Hoffmann calmly inverted the jar, and the thick, sticky substance slowly but surely streamed down upon the face of Owen Redfern.

Redfern spluttered and gasped and struggled, but he could not escape.

The treacle thickened on his features, and he kept his eyes tightly shut to keep it out of them.

"Now ten, ain't it?" said Hoffmann's relentless voice.

"Now ten. Vill you take your proper place and follow—"

"M-m-m-no!" mumbled Redfern, through the treacle.

"Ten you have te rest of it—"

"Cave!" came a sudden whisper through the dormitory.

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Hoffmann jumped up so quickly that the jar of treacle went with a crash to the floor. He knew what that warning meant.

"Vat—who vas it?" he exclaimed.

"Rosenblaum!"

"Ach! Run for it!"

The German boys crowded out of the middle dormitory in next to no time. Equally swift were the English lads in tumbling into bed.

With the exception of Owen Redfern. He did not care to get into bed with the mass of treacle adhering to him. He went towards his washstand to sponge it off, and as he did so a lamp flashed into the dormitory, and the fat figure of Herr Rosenblaum appeared in the light behind it.

The headmaster's eyes swept up and down the long room, and rested upon Redfern. He frowned, and came into the room towards the junior.

"So it vas you, Redfern?"

"M-m-m-m-m—" mumbled Redfern, through the treacle.

Herr Rosenblaum stared at him in amazement.

"Vat for you answer me in tat vay, Redfern?"

"M-m-m-m-m—"

"Tat is te impertinence!" Herr Rosenblaum turned the light of the lamp full upon the boy. "Look at me, Redfern! Look me in te face! Mein gootness!"

The Herr started back in amazement as he saw Redfern's treacly countenance.

"Poy! You— Owl! Ach! G-r-r-r-r!"

Redfern could not help grinning. The Herr had stepped fairly into the treacle on the floor. Hoffmann had left the overturned jar just where it fell, and the treacle had flowed out on the floor. Herr Rosenblaum had stepped into a sea of it.

"Ach! Vat it vas? Treacle! Ach!"

Herr Rosenblaum dragged his foot away, but his slipper adhered to the treacle, and brought away a long trail of it. Wherever he put his foot down the Herr stuck to the floor. His fat face was very exasperated.

"Redfern! Tat is too mooch! You vas a greedy peeg! You get up in te night to devour te treacle, and put your head into te basin, and ten— Ach! I vill bunish you for being so greedy!"

"If you please, sir—"

"Vash yourself at vonce," shouted the angry Herr, "and get pack into ped!"

"But, sir, I—"

"Anoder vord, Redfern, and I cane you now!"

Redfern gave it up. He washed his face, and got into bed. The Herr watched him wrathfully, and then strode from the dormitory, shutting the door with unnecessary vigour.

"My hat!" said Redfern, sitting up in bed the moment the door had shut. "My only pyjama hat! What do you think of that, kids?"

"Hard cheese!" said Reggie Lawrence.

"Truly, the cheese partakes of the millstone hardness," said the nabob sympathetically. "My heart is sad for the woes of my respectable friend."

Redfern grinned. He jumped out of bed, righted the treacle-jar, and scraped up the spilt treacle with the lid of a soap-dish.

"What are you up to now, image?" demanded Reggie Lawrence, staring at him. "Got a sudden fit of industry?"

"Oh, no; this is for Hoffmann!"

"I say, with old Rosenblaum nosing about, it won't be safe—"

"Precisely; and for that reason the Dutchman won't be expecting me," grinned Redfern. "I'll put a little water to this treacle to thin it, and a little soot to thicken it, and then I'll see how Hoffmann likes a taste of his own medicine."

"We'll come with you—"

"Only as far as the door of their quarters. I shall have to do a very sudden guy when I have given Hoffmann his dose."

Redfern soon had the concoction ready. They left the dormitory chucking from end to end as they stole to the door, and passed out into the corridor.

There all was dark and silent.

The three chums stole along to the door of the German dormitory, and Redfern, with infinite caution, opened it without a sound.

Muttering voices from the darkness fell upon their ears. Hoffmann and his merry men had gone to bed, satisfied with the raid upon the middle dormitory, and not in the least expecting a return visit now that the Head was on the alert. They were talking over the affair in subdued tones with many chuckles.

"Tat Engleash poy have too much sheek," said Hoffmann. "I takes it out of him, I tink."

"Ach!" said Lutz. "Tey all have too much sheek, and I

tink tat tat lesson very mooch needed. Redfern vill be more in his place to-morrow."

"I tink so, ain't it? He— Ger-or-or-oooh!"

It was a suffocating gasp from Hoffmann.

Suddenly from the shadows a form had started, and a jar was inverted over his face, and the sticky contents slopped down upon him.

And as he roared and started up, a pair of hands seized him, and the bedclothes were mopped about his head, and he was rustled and hustled to and fro till he hardly knew whether he was on his head or his heels; and there was an indistinguishable heap of bedclothes and Hoffmann and treacle.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted Redfern. "How's that for high?"

"It is te Engleish poy!"

Redfern darted to the door. He rejoined his chums, and the three of them, bursting with merriment, raced back to the middle dormitory.

There was the sound of an angry voice on the stairs. Monsieur Morny looked into the dormitory a minute later, but only a chorus of snores greeted him, and he retired baffled. Redfern chuckled as he turned over on his pillow.

"I think we had the best of it after all, kids! And I fancy that Hoffmann and Meunier will find that the third party in this school has come to stay! Good-night!"

Redfern was called into the study of Herr Rosenblaum the following morning. He went there with rather painful anticipations, but he found the German gentleman in an unexpectedly good humour.

"Mein poy," said Herr Rosenblaum, wagging a fat forefinger at him—"mein poy, I find tat you are a leetle poisterous, but I am nefer hard on te new poy. I oferlook all tat happen yesterday, as it vas te first day at Beechwood. But remember mit yourself tat I have an eye on you now. You may go."

"Thank you, sir!" said Redfern demurely.

And he left the headmaster's study, very glad to escape so cheaply. His chums met him with eager inquiry as to how he had fared there.

"It's all right," announced Redfern. "The old boy nas got his eye on us, that's all. All the same, I think we're going to become top dogs in this coll., what do you think?"

And Reggie Lawrence and Huree Singh replied with one voice:

"Rather!"

THE END.

NEXT WEDNESDAY.

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