

A grand long, complete  
school tale.

Sidney Drew's amazing  
adventure story: **"TWICE ROUND THE GLOBE."**

# The Magnet <sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> Library

A COMPASS PAPER TO  
"THE GEM" LIBRARY,  
The Popular Thursday  
School-story Book.

START TO-DAY!

## "TWICE ROUND THE GLOBE!"

Our Grand New  
Serial Story.

—By—  
**SIDNEY DREW.**

No. 224.

The Complete Story-Book for All.

Vol. 6.



The trap rattled away down the road, and Coker & Co. stood looking after it, grinning. They had reason to grin. For in the bright sunshine the large white card fastened on the back of the trap showed up to great advantage, and the black lettering on it stood out in bold relief.

NEXT  
TUESDAY:

# "THE SCHOOLBOY DETECTIVE!"

A Grand School Tale of  
Harry Wharton & Co.



A Complete School Story Book, attractive to All Readers.

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



## THE FIRST CHAPTER. Page Wanted.

HARRY WHARTON came into Study No. 1 with a telegram in his hand, and a serious expression on his face. There were two fellows in the study—Bob Cherry, who was sitting on the table and swinging his long legs, and Frank Nugent, who was standing by the window and poking through his pockets with a careful and methodical air, evidently in search of some odd coins that might have crept past his searching.

Bob Cherry was watching him with a grin. Bob's pockets were rumpled in a way that plain proof that he had been engaged in a similar quest with similar results.

"Any luck?" asked Bob, as Nugent turned out his last pocket and grunted.

"A thousand-dollar bill," said Frank, holding it up.

"Oh, good!"

"Was it a bad one?"

"Oh, rate!"

"I changed it for a hundred, I remember," grunted Nugent.

"I remember wondering why he would change it at the telegraph if he wanted it changed. I know now."

"Oh, ha, ha!"

"It really isn't a laughing matter!" growled Nugent.

"It's funny. And you—"

# To Remove Form's Feud!

A Splendid, New, Long, Complete  
School Tale of Harry Wharton &  
Co. at Greyfriars.

## By FRANK RICHARDS.

"One penny, but it's a good one," said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "Hello, hello, hello, Wharton! What have you got?"

"A telegram."

"[Don't mess just yet. How's the money market?]"

"Right!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "That's what I want to see you fellows about. I'm down to my last penny, and I want more tin."

"Gonna be in an epidemic?" grinned Bob Cherry. "I've got a good reason, and Frank's got a load straight-up-to-him. Johnny Bled's done—no, no, no, it's a bad holiday tomorrow, and there are no more magazines till Saturday. We shall have to have tea in hall today. Right?"

"I've got a telegram."

"My dear chap, we can't see telegrams. Even Billy Hunter couldn't. If you can't suggest anything better than that—"

"Hello, hello, hello!" exclaimed Bob Cherry as a knock opened the open door. "Here's Micky! Come in, Micky! We want to see you specially."

Micky Deceased of the Empire looked in with a grin.

"Fudge, and how I am!" he remarked. "What do you want?"

"Money!" said Bob Cherry lamely.

Micky Deceased's grin widened.

"None, and it's in the same boat I am," he said. "I was lucky for somebody to lend me a book—"

"Well, you are," said Bob Cherry in disgust. "You're a

qually follow to depend on in an emergency, I must say! You can't deny that."

"Look here," said Harry Wharton, "I've got a telegram."

"Hurry! We're going to be fed up on that telegram, I see," said Bob Cherry. "The question is, how are we to raise the wind? I am sorry, then, as that story, be it story—some genuine story, some other story, is not good."

"What about Markover?" said Frank Nagent thoughtfully.

"Oh, we can't keep on borrowing of Mark," said Bob Cherry. "Besides, I've talked him, and he's run out of cash, too. It's an opinion, as I said, that the owner of the Fifth—he's always falling in money, but the trouble about Color is that he wouldn't lend any of it to us. So he might as well be stony, too. There's nothing for it but to go to work."

"Look here, are you going to hear this jolly telegram?" roared Harry Wharton. "It's jolly important. There's a sister coming—"

"How?" asked Nagent.

"—in this study."

"Just our luck!" groaned Nagent. "He was bound to come when we were this broke. Just like Bob to be stung at the same time, too. I never saw such an ass! What's coming?"

"Told."

"Oh, old Told?"

"Good old Told!" said Bob Cherry. "I shall be glad to see him, especially if he's got any money."

"He's coming to pay us a visit to-morrow afternoon," said Harry Wharton anxiously. "He's wined me to expect him—his bringing his brother. Now, we've got to give them something of a feed—we can't ask visitors to have weak tea and champagne in hand, under the eye of a Brown master."

"So far?"

"We shall need some cash," said Harry Wharton decidedly. "There are three ways of getting cash—begging, borrowing, and stealing. Stealing being out of the question, and begging being barred, we shall have to borrow it, so come on!"

"How?"

"We shall have to make a round of the House, and ask every chap we meet," said Harry Wharton, "and then answer the question. We've all in this—we've got to ascertain the best Trade when they come, and we've simply got to raise the wind, as you say."

"Bob Cherry shut off the talk."

"Right you are," he said. "I don't believe it will be any good—Bob's simply a failure in cash in the House. Even Jerry hasn't any. But we'll try. Never mind if he said that the Parsons Five couldn't do business money if they could when they were young! I'm ready!"

And the chance of the House, looking very determined, left the study and started upon the increasing expedition. But Bob Cherry's prediction turned out to be quite correct. Never had there been such a period of hard-up-ness in the City since the late '80s. Even Lord Markover and Harry James had the nerve in the same deplorable case as the owners of Black No. 1. Billy Buzon, it is true, was expecting a providence, but that would have been an extremely shaky road to lean upon. Johnny Bull was generally well supplied with the means of war, but he was simply desperate just now, and he joined his three chums in their expedition, and added his eloquence to theirs. But the only net result was the offer of a half expense from Opeley, who had no use for it himself. The Parsons Five looked as blue as the lower half, and moaned.

"None good of things!" growled Bob Cherry. "I must see to hell for all of us."

"Oh, here you is hell! I'm thinking of the guests to-morrow—"

"—and I'm thinking of the tea to-day—"

"—I look here! What's going to be done?"

"—We are!" growled Nagent.

"—How, then, we have?"

"—Well, here, here!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, as Color of the Fifth came down the passage. "Here's the great and only Color, looking with such, as usual, I suppose! I suppose we couldn't work a little robbery with violence?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Color of the Fifth saw the Remotes, but he did not look at them. Color of the Fifth was the great a person to notice many persons; and indeed, there was generally war between the Remotes and the Fifth, and even Color could not deny that the Fifth generally had the worst of it.

Color stood up to the counterpane in the hall, and with something of a flourish he pinned a paper on the board. He stepped back and regarded it with some satisfaction, and then—keeping his nose very high in the air as he passed the Remotes—he walked away to his study.

Two or three fellows who were near to the notice-board saw the Master's business—No. 202.

looked at the paper Color had pinned up, and then went back to his study.

"The check?"

"—Just like Color?"

"—Awful and?"

"—Tink it down?"

"—The check book?"

The juniors were evidently indignant. Harry Wharton & Co., wondering what the notice was about, came over to the board and read it. The notice was written in Horace Color's big sprawling handwriting, and it read as follows:

"EACH WANTED! GOOD PAY FOR LIGHT WORK!"

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Color's Hands.

"F A G S wanted!" said Harry Wharton. "My hand! Good pay for light work! The checky and!"

The Remotes stared at the notice.

Fellows gathered round from all sides to read it. Strictly speaking, the Remotes were not boys, as they were except from the angle of learning for the notice. But they were just as indignant as the Third-Formers and Second-Formers who came round to read the notice.

"Awful notice!" said Told of the Third. "As if we want his notice, money?"

"Just like Color?" said Nagent, being of the Second Form. "Fancy his having the cheek to offer to pay us for work that nobody wants!"

The Parsons Five drew back from the crowd. They shared the indignation of the rest, it was just like Color's arrogant, Color had charge of money, and he was generally supposed to imagine that he could do anything he liked in consequence. But a glimpse of his was in Bob Cherry's eyes now. He had a new idea.

"I wonder what it is Color wants done?" he said to the girls.

"Oh, fudging in his study, perhaps," said Nagent, with a snarl.

"Suppose we do it?"

"Oh?"

"We're looking for cash," said Bob Cherry. "No that will not work neither shall we ask you down. It's a good way for light work that will just about suit us. The better the pay and the lighter the work the better we shall like it!"

"Work for Color?"

"—Well, we've got to raise the wind somehow," said Bob Cherry, "and we've employed at least one you know. Let's get along to Color's study and see what it is. If it suits us we may take it on; if it doesn't, we can bring him for his check."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry led the way, and his chums followed him. They arrived at Color's study, and Bob Cherry knocked at the door, and opened it by the simple process of jamming his foot against it. The door flew open, and the Parsons Five walked in.

Color was there. His chums, Peter and George of the Fifth, were there, too. The table was laid for tea, and the chairs were set a glance upon the piles of good things. Color always "did himself" well, and considering the luck in his disposal, there was nothing surprising in the civilities of Peter and George to preserve their friendship with Color unbroken.

The three Fifth-Formers glared at the juniors. They did not forget that they were with the Remotes.

"What do you boys want?" asked Color lightly.

"Please, we've come," said Bob Cherry blandly.

"Oh?"

"We've come!"

"I can see you've come," said Color; "and you'll please your masters if you don't burst out of this study. What do you want?"

"—Good pay?"

"—Oh?"

"—For light work," explained Bob Cherry.

Color stared.

"Oh?" he said. "You've seen the notice on the board?"

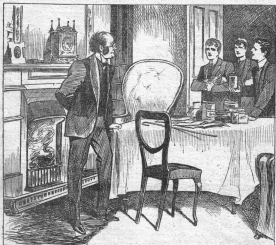
"—Exactly."

"—And you've come for a job?"

"—Just so."

Color and his comrades exchanged glances. They glanced at each other, and didn't expect to get any applications from the Remotes," said Color, "but I don't see why you shouldn't have the job. If you've nothing better—"

"We're not getting," said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "We've had up-keep, in fact. There appears to be no way of raising money except by working for it. Of course, there's an awful resource, but we're prepared to face even that."



"We shall have a ripping tea, etc." said Colver pleasantly, not realising that he was a victim of Harry Wharton & Co.'s great joke. "May I remove those papers, sir? and we'll lay the table." "Lay the table!" breathed the astounded Mr. Frost. (See Chapter 12.)

"We are!" said Johnny Bull.  
 "It means work, you know," said Colver.  
 "That's all right."  
 "The pay will be a fatness on horse—"  
 "Ahem! I suppose you couldn't make it half a sovereign a month?" suggested Bob Cherry. "That would suit us better in every way."  
 "Sighs as hoars," said Colver; "and you'll have to work. I shall keep a eye on you, and keep you to it."  
 "Good! What's the work?"  
 "Shoring."  
 "Shoring?" exclaimed the Famous Four with one voice.  
 "Yes. You see," explained Colver, "I've taken up gardening, but on reflection, I don't care to do the digging myself. I think it's better for me to direct operations, and do the brain work, you see."  
 "What with?" asked Bob Cherry innocently.  
 Colver frowned.  
 "None of your checks" he explained. "I shall expect my hands to be civil. I don't believe in those modern ideas of getting and treating employees. Now, if you want the job, there you are. Is it a job?"  
 "Aye, or no," said Harry Wharton. "Good! It's a job."  
 "There go and get your spades and things, and I'll come down and tell you what you are to do," said Colver laconically.  
 "Yes, sir!" said the four Rymondes solemnly.  
 "The Mower's Laundry.—No. 225.

"That's right," said Colver. "Of course, you will have to suit me 'our' while you are in my employ. You will have to work hard and obey orders."  
 "Yes, sir."  
 "Then here of and get ready. Work begins at half-past five exactly."  
 "Yes, good, sir."  
 And the Famous Four tucked their footstools in Colver, and looked respectfully out of the study. In the passage they grunted at one another.  
 "Of all the men," murmured Bob Cherry, "I think Colver takes this color. But we've got to name the wind, and it blows a warning for a hot working, we must work. What?"  
 "Right-o."  
 "Then, let's go and get the gilly spades—we can borrow them of Goring."  
 And the grinning junior hurried away.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.**  
**A Labor Dispute.**

**C**OKER of the FISH camp down at exactly half-past five with a divided message in his walk. Colver was popularly supposed to be the biggest man in Greenham—in fact, everyone thought so with the single exception of Colver himself. But they did not tell Colver so. Colver was a big, broad-shouldered fellow, very big and very strong, and

ready to hit out of a moment's notice. Even protests in the South thought it worth while to be cited to Coler. It was a constant suggestion to Coler that the Romans—the lower fourth—did not treat him with the great respect which was his due. One of Coler's chief competitors was keeping Harry Wharton & Co. in their place. But the Roman Four required a great deal of keeping there.

But just now the Roman Four were on their best behaviour. Instantly they were taking Coler and his offer of employment, with good pay for light work, as a great job. Outwardly, they were as calm as death.

They touched their caps very respectfully to the great Coler as he came up.

Gardening as a hobby had lately been taken up by Coler. Harry Wharton & Co. had taken it up first, and Coler, in his usual way, had taken it up next. And to show the justice of what was being said really like. The Head had willingly allowed the amateur gardeners a strip of ground to cultivate. When the first enthusiasm had worn off, work had slackened down, and the practical horticulturists turned up to work in a very desultory fashion. Coler, after due consideration, had decided that he couldn't do the digging himself. Then the brilliant idea had come into his mind of employing legs to dig in his garden at the moderate price of expense an hour. Money was no object to Coler, but it was generally a very considerable object to his Romanesque legs. Coler had not expected his old rivals of the Romanesque to apply for the job. But they had, and Coler meant to make it understood that he was top dog.

"Oh, you're here!" said Coler.  
 "Yes, sir," said the Roman Four gruffly.  
 "I'm going to put in some rose cuttings here," said Coler. "I'm expecting them down by the next post, and I want to have the ground ready. I've bought some of Nipkin's Phoenician Flower, which brings roses up very quickly. You've got to dig the ground up here ready."

"Yes, sir."  
 "Write in, then," said Coler, with a wave of the hand.  
 "Yes, sir."  
 "No shaking, you know!"

And the four Romanesque asked in.  
 They had had a great deal of practice in digging in their own garden. It was not hard work to them, and they were being badly treated for their part in a working-man's garden. But Coler looked frank. It was "up to 'em" to do the digging, of course, in order to show his superior knowledge of gardening.

"Do you call that digging?" he demanded, after a time.  
 "Yes, sir."  
 "Well, and more beef here," said Coler. "we've got to get this job through. I can't pay hands wages as low as that."

"Certainly, sir."  
 "Throw that earth out a bit quicker, Cherry."

"Oh, certainly, sir."  
 Bob Cherry hurried out a spadeful of earth, and Coler gave a nod. The mould had slipped upon his waistcoat, and a considerable amount of it stuck there.

"Don't you young men—"  
 Bob Cherry shovelled out the earth faster than ever, to fall in shameless over Coler, and he retreated with a roar of rage.

"You'll attend! Stop it!" he yelled.  
 Bob Cherry stopped up in anger.  
 "Anything the matter, sir?" he asked.

"Oh! You are! You've smothered me with mud!" roared Coler.  
 "Dear me! I was only playing outside, sir! You told me to shovel it out faster, sir!"

"You're young men! You've smothered!" roared Coler.  
 "Shovel!"

"Yes! Get out of my garden!"  
 Bob Cherry gave a whistle.

"Let of good! It is the chap to try to turn an honest penny by honest work!" he growled. "I hope you'll let me off, sir. Think of my family, on my word, sir, if I'm ever back upon the ranks of the unemployed."

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "Get on!" yelled Coler, throwing his waistcoat and trousers. "You shanty me! Get on!"

"Oh, all right," said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "If I'm to be smothered, you may as well have some more."  
 "Tavoh!" roared Coler, as a fresh shower of earth fell upon him. "Now! Stop it! Oh!"

"Well, what's a man's head good for?"  
 Coler fairly roared.  
 Bob Cherry chuckled.

"Of course, it's awfully cheap of a workman to treat his passengers like this!" he remarked. "But perhaps it will do him good. Well, in, you believe, and mind you don't get down! I'll go and look for the postman. If there should happen to be a remittance, you can ask Coler."

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "The Romanesque Library.—No. 228.

And Bob Cherry put his jacket on and walked away—no need.

Coler did not return to the scene of operations for some time. He had a considerable amount of shovelling to do. When he came back, he was not in a good temper. The show "made" were digging away industriously. But Coler, like many employers of labour, felt that he had a right to work his best temper upon his employees. What were employees for? And the fact that the employees were also Romanesque and his old rivals gave an added zest to the digging.

"You've been shacking!" growled Coler crossly.  
 "Oh, no, sir!" said Harry Wharton.  
 "I say you have! Don't contradict me!"

Wharton winked at Nipkin and Johnny Bull.  
 "Certainly not, sir, I hope I never do again. I'd sooner contradict my own grandchildren, sir," he said coolly.

"Well, how ever there, and don't argue with me!" said Coler. "Don't do any great work, all on one place. Do you think I want to buy my rose-cuttings?"

"Very sorry, sir."  
 "Oh, shut up! Dig along the wall, there, and not too deep!"

"Very good, sir!"  
 "And don't dig it!"  
 "Yes, sir."

"That's a mercy on, Bull? You're a busy man!"  
 "Yes, sir," said Johnny Bull.  
 "I suppose that speaks for me, by the way you handle it." Nipkin.

"Not a word, sir," said Frank. "I don't know the exact weight, but if you like, I will go and inquire of Goding."

"Don't be an ass! Get on with your work!"  
 "Yes, sir."

Coler growled. He could not think of anything more to say, and the three jokers went working away industriously. Coler was really not quite certain how he wanted the ground dug, but, as a matter of fact, what he did not know about gardening would have filled whole volumes on the subject of horticulture. But he had bought rose-cuttings, and he meant to put them in, in season or out of season, and hoped for the best. And he placed great faith in Nipkin's Phoenician Flower. A commercial traveller had told Coler large packets of the flower, and had told him returning them of the way the flower had "brought up" roses almost almost in a night. Coler had felt that he could not do better than use some of the Phoenician Flower, which could be had for a shilling a packet—and was worth a guinea, so the commercial traveller declared; and, as he had in the article, surely he should have known if anybody did!

Coler had several packets of the Phoenician Flower, and he explained the matter into the respective garden bed dug, and ordered them to mix it well in the mould. Such was the instructions he had received, though the commercial traveller had said that really it did not matter much how the flower was used, so long as it was used.

"Mind how you mix that!" said Coler. "Don't smother it too much, and don't bury it in in clumps! Be careful!"

"Oh, sir."  
 "And that up?"  
 "Yes, sir."

"It's about this or put in the cuttings," Coler remarked. "It's now they were here. I suppose you young chaps don't know anything about planting rose-cuttings?"

"No, sir."  
 "Mind if I had like paying wages to a set of incompetent men!" said Coler. "Oh, you'll attend, Nipkin, you're smothering dirt over my bones!"

"Yes, sir."

## SANDOW'S BOOK FREE!

Just published, a new book showing how Sandow won Health and Fame, beautifully illustrated, and explaining how every man and woman can obtain robust health and perfect development by exercise.

### SPECIAL OFFER.

To every reader who writes at once a copy of this book will be sent free.

Address: No. 12, SANDOW HALL, BURY STREET, LONDON, W.C.

The calm, reply seemed to have an exasperating effect upon Color. He remained quiet and gave Nugent a shove, which sent him upon his knees in the conviction he had been wrong.

Nugent called.  
"Oh, you foolhardy!"  
"Busted!" exclaimed Color. "I don't allow my hands to get me wrong! You've spoiled!"  
Nugent scrambled out of the hole, knowing they. There was a shout from the distance, and Bob Cherry came dashing toward the chapel, waving a letter in the air.  
"Hullo—hullo—hullo! It's all right!"  
He dashed up breathlessly.  
"What have you got there?" demanded Harry Wharton.  
"Letter from my father."  
"Anything in it?" asked Johnny Bell eagerly.  
"Fatal-order for a quit!"  
"Harvey!"  
Wharton and Johnny Bell threw down their spades. They went in haste again. When one of the Famous Four was in trouble, all were in trouble. Color glanced at them.

"Look here—"  
"We're going on strike!" said Wharton. "Follow-work-boys, I hereby call upon you to declare a general strike, and down with grasping employers."  
"Hear, hear!"  
"Down with Color!"  
"Harvey!"  
"Color him!"  
"Look here!" shouted Color. "I— Oh! You— Oh! Yah!"

Color was "shoveled" with a vengeance. The four janitors returned home, and he was whiffled into the hole Nugent had scratched out of. The earth around him came neatly up to his nostrils, and his boots sank deeply into the soft mud at the bottom.  
"Yarred!" roared Color. "Let me get out!"  
"Bats! You'll stay where you are!" growled Bob Cherry.  
"You're spoiled!"  
"Ha, ha, ha! You're spoiled, Color!"  
"Yah! I won't pay you if you don't help me out!"  
"Ha, ha, ha! We don't want your rotten money!" growled Nugent. "You're spoiled! Fall in that hole, you grumbler! Color can stay there for a lay. It will cool his temper, and he may have better success."  
"Ha, ha, ha!"  
And the janitors looked with laughter as they shovelled in the loose earth round the unfortunate Fifth-Former.

**THE FOURTH CHAPTER.**  
**The Buried Treasure.**

**C**OLOR roared.  
But his roaring had no effect upon his rebellious hands. As an employee of labor, Color had been unreasonable and tyrannical. His employees were anarchy, and with a vengeance. Unhappily of Color's head ailments, having shed eyes to his wild theories, the janitors shovelled in the earth indignantly.  
They shovelled it on, and jammed it in, and trod it down round him, and the Fifth-Former was tightly embedded in earth.

Color was a prisoner.  
Only his chest and his shoulders and head showed above the ground, and his eyes, which were staring wildly.  
"No, Remonette stood round him in a circle, and roared with laughter.  
"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Some porridge!" yelled Color.  
"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"I'll smash you!"  
"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"I'll pay you a job on leave, instead of a taper!"  
"You can't interest a made man in that way," said Frank Nugent lightly. "We are on strike for the dignity of labor."  
"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"I— I'll lead you too bats!"  
"Bats!"  
"I'll smash you!" roared Color.  
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come on, you fellows," said Bob Cherry. "We've got to ride this postal-order. We can get some tin for ourselves, and lay in a supply for to-morrow, ready for Toad, you know. Every tin of tacks, resistance are better than working. I don't think there's a tin in another job."  
And the Remonette walked away, laughing.  
Color glared after them.  
The patch of ground that had been assigned to the master gardener was behind the old chapel, near the east wall of the school, and in a considerable distance from all the school buildings.

Color had a very powerful will, but it was doubted if his roaring could be heard from the School House or the street-bell.

The cold contact of the earth was already making his legs feel chilly, and there was no doubt that if he remained there very long he would catch cold, to say nothing of the discomfort of the position. And if he were found there by the other fellows, he knew he would never leave the end of it. All directions would pull over the spot.  
"Come back, you rotten!" yelled Color.  
"Good-bye!"  
"Come and smash me!"  
"Yah!"  
"Hi! I say, come back! Oh! You!"  
The Remonette disappeared round the chapel. Color shovelled again, and then grasped for breath.

Harry Wharton & Co. evidently did not intend to come back. Color went in to answer to the crowd. He attempted to dig up the clods about him with his hands, but they drove too tightly jammed it.  
He knew that he would not be left there very long. The Remonette would tell the story, and he would have half Greyfriars round him soon. That was just what Color was anxious to avoid. But there was no escape for him.  
But as he watched anxiously at the thick clods jammed round him a fat form came rattling from behind the cross, and a fat face, adorned with a pair of big spectacles, stared upon Color's victim. It was Billy Denton, the Owl of the Remonette, and he was grinning.

Color growled at him.  
"You fat idiot," he shouted, "what are you sniffing at?"  
"Oh, buddy, Color—"  
"Give me that spade!"  
Billy Denton did not move. He looked at Color through his big spectacles, taking care to keep at a safe distance from the Fifth-Former's grasp.  
"Will you give me that spade, you silly porpoise?" yelled Color.  
"Oh, buddy, Color—"  
"Lead here, B—I'll give you a half to dig me out!" growled Color.

Denton smiled.  
"You bats!" said Color.  
Another smile.  
"Five bats!" shouted Color.  
"Oh, buddy, Color! I trust you do not think that I would take money for doing a fellow a small favor?" said Billy Denton with a great deal of dignity. "I have a lot out that kind of shop?"  
"Ahem!"  
"Look up, you fat idiot! The white-blinded school will be round here soon!"  
"Ahem!"  
"What are you waiting for, you fat?"  
"Ahem! The fact is, Color, you have hurt my feelings by suggesting that I should take money for helping you," said Denton, with an air of offended dignity. "I take it back," said Color. "Help me out!"  
"Oh, you fat—"  
"Wah!"

"I shall be very pleased to help you out," said Billy Denton. "The fact is, I was looking for you, Color. I'm expecting a postal-order this evening."  
"Will you get that spade and dig me out?" demanded Color indignantly.  
"And one good item wherever another," growled Denton.  
"Now, if you need to cash my postal-order for me—"  
"All right! Begin with that spade!"  
"It will be for my shillings, Color!"  
"I'll cash it! Dig me out, you fat!"  
"Only I happen to be rather hard up, just at present," Denton explained. "It is hardly possible, too, that the postal-order may not come till to-morrow morning. There has been a great deal of delay in the post lately about my postal-order. Could you cash my postal-order in advance, Color, old man?"

"No! You! Dig me out!"  
"You bats!" said Denton.  
Color gave him a glare.  
"You, you! Now begin, before all the fellows come round!"  
"Grumbler, Color!" said Denton.  
And he pulled up one of the spades and began.  
There was a sound of rattling of feet, and Minky Denton and Ogley of the Remonette came dashing through the trees.  
"Fink, and what is it?" exclaimed Minky. "Wharton said there was a buried treasure here in Color's garden."

Oggy roared.  
 "Ho, ho, ho! Coler's the best treasure? Ho, ho, ho!"  
 "Clay off, you cheeky legs!" growled Coler. "Back up, Buster!"

"Oh, really, Coler? Am working very hard!" said Buster.  
 "Back up on your feet and won't get the job done!"  
 "Back up in his laborer. He was too good to work, and he did not like it. The number was lost, and the persuasion was rolling down Buster's forehead."

"Look here, Coler, if you're not going to work any particular, I'm not going to take all this trouble. I am—"  
 "Back up!" growled the unhappy Coler, as three or four more fellows came tearing round the shape. "I'll give you anything you like! Only get a message!"

"What's the buried treasure?" enquired Hobson of the Earl, coming up, breathless. "Bob Cherry says there's a buried treasure here."  
 "Have it?" growled Oggy.

"My hat, Coler!"  
 "Ho, ho, ho!"  
 "Back up, Buster, you fat chaffer!"

Buster had shuffled away a quantity of loose earth. Coler was revealed down to the water level. He made a big effort to draw himself out, but his legs were so terribly embedded. He gasped for breath, and asked Billy Hunter to greater efforts. But the Owl of the Bronze was taking a little rest.

"I see, Coler, if you don't mind, I'll have the money you've lost." "Don't mind? Tomorrow afternoon, you know?"  
 "My hat, you say, you like!"  
 "Alone? I'd rather have it now. You shall have my personal order, of course, immediately it comes," said Hunter, with dignity.

"My money is in my trousers-pocket," growled Coler.  
 "Oh," said Hunter.

And he recommenced shovelling.  
 But by this time fellows were arriving upon the scene in search.

There was an old legend at Greenford that a buried treasure hid in the garden of the Owl, and fellows had made a great search for it without success. The story that a buried treasure was to be made by Coler's getting through bushes of his farm going to the spot.

"The discovery that Coler was the buried treasure made some of the fellows smart, and some of them laugh. Nobody seemed to think it was necessary to help Coler. They stood round and laughed, while Billy Hunter shovelled away at the bank at a rate which would have made his fortune if he had been working by the hour."

"How on earth did you get there, Coler?" asked Tom of the Third.  
 Coler sneezed.

"Help me out, you see; and don't let go!"  
 Tom chuckled.

"I'm not digging his buried treasure," he replied.  
 "No fear!" growled Deborah's niece. "Ho, ho, ho!"

"My hat, Coler!" growled Foster of the Fifth, as he came up with Groove. "Is that you, Coler? Are you the buried treasure the fellows are talking about?"  
 "Ho, ho, ho!"

"Help me out!" growled Coler. "Help that fat brute away, and help me out!"  
 "Oh, really, Coler—"

Foster and Groove were chuckling. They could not help it. But they resorted to the appeal.

Foster pulled Hunter's watch away, and pushed the fat jockey over a heap of earth. The Owl of the Bronze showed out the earth rapidly, and Coler dragged himself out of the position at last. His trousers were heavy with mud, and his boots were unrecognisable. He was in a towering rage. Billy Hunter pattered himself up from the heap of earth he had squandered away, and with his spade's straight as his hat he hily moved himself at Coler.

"I see, Coler, I'll trouble you for that ten bob—" "My hat!"

"Look here, Coler, I want what you owe me!"  
 "You're jolly well going to have it, too!" said Coler. And he snared Billy Hunter, and the Owl of the Bronze, and suggested over the edge of the hole, and fell in.

"Lamentation!"  
 "Ho, ho, ho!" yelled Micky Deagham. "Faith, and here's another buried treasure coming!"

Coler made some, signalling out until at every step. The other fellows followed him, coming with laughter; and Billy Hunter was left so scorching out of the hole until he— which he did with some difficulty.

"Bless!" growled Hunter. "Owl! Bless!"  
 And an reflection the Owl of the Bronze decided not to approach Coler again on the subject of raking that parcel—

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.  
A Helping Hand.

STUDY nos. 10 in the Bronze passage presented a twelve page episode.

Study No. 25 followed in Bob Cherry, Mack Lindley, Marrow Justice Bam Nogh, and little Wan Ling, the Chinese. All four of the jacks were there, and Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent and Johnny Hall in addition. And the table looked very inviting.

It was long past the usual hour for the jacks, and they were fully prepared to do full justice to the meal—and there was a great meal ready for them to do justice to.

Bob Cherry's post-mortem from his father had come in the nick of time. The effect the jacks had made to raise money by working had not been a success. Coler was not an ideal master, and they were never likely to draw that stupor as long. But it was a great satisfaction to them to have left Hunter Coler of the Fifth to be discovered by the other fellows as a buried treasure.

They chuckled over it as they sat round the hospitable board in Study No. 18. Bob Cherry had nobly expiated a quarter of his responsibility in standing out, and the remainder was being laid in hand for the entertainment of the two Tables on the morning. All the Co. were anxious that the Table should be looked after when they came. Almost Fidd had once been in the Bronze Form at Greenford, and although he was called the "Butter," he was generally liked, and the jacks were glad to have a visit from him. And his cousin Peter, who was his double—very like him in personal appearance, though his double—old—had once visited Greenford during Andrew's time there, and Harry Wharton at Co. would be glad to see him again. But the claim of the Bronze were not thinking of the two Tables at this precise moment. They were thinking of Coler.

"It was the Coler's trick to take my parking at all," Frank Nugent said indignantly. "It was on the first, and he never thought of a garden will be laid on. And now he's got me, he's the only one to dig it himself!"  
 "I don't think I'll supply labour there again," growled Bob Cherry.

"Ho, ho, ho!"  
 "And he's the big one as is able to garden, anyway," said Nugent, with a snarl. "He's brought a lot of rubbish called Phosphoric Powder, and he thinks it will flourish in our trees. Of course, it won't do anything at all. But I've got on this."

"Go it!"  
 "Coler is planning his poor cottage this evening, and he thinks the Phosphoric Powder is going to flourish there. Now, I think it will be a shame if he's disappointed, and I really think that no night he'll get it."

The jacks started.

"What can he be doing, that?" demanded Johnny Hall. "We can't leave up our trees, can we?"

Nugent smiled.

"That's just what we can do. If we can't make the same own good, we can just others in their place."

"Oh!"  
 "It will be funny to see Coler's two reservoirs, if he finds a well-grown crop of food on the spot where he leaves his giddy cuttings tonight!"

The jacks retired.

"Hedley will send to some good-bodies cheap," said Nugent. "The Head allows him to send down out of the garden, you know, and he makes some money that way. We can get some young hawks from him, and stick 'em in Coler's ground, and tomorrow night we can replace them with some half-grown—"

"Ho, ho, ho!"  
 "Coler will be crawling over his reservoirs, and he will be so pleased when we explain to him how it was brought about," growled Nugent.

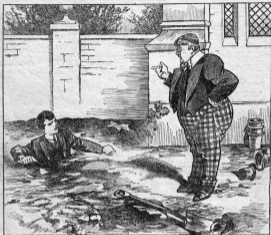
"Well, it's the duty to help on an extraordinary horticulturalist like Coler," said Bob Cherry, with a nod. "It's a slipping job. Coler will be pleased."

And when tea was over it hardly No. 18. The young members of the Bronze straggled down to Coler's garden to see how he was getting on. Coler was there, and Groove and Foster of the Fifth were with him. Coler had changed his clothes since his burial. He frequented the Bronze with an easy brow.

"Has it any?" said Bob Cherry peacefully. "We've only come to see how you are getting on. We're not looking for work!"

"Ho, ho, ho!"  
 "We're awfully interested in your reservoirs," Harry Wharton explained. "Would you mind letting us see them?"

Coler changed a look.  
 "You can look at 'em," he said. "I've got the castles"



"Oh, really, Coler?" said Billy Hunter, with a great deal of dignity. "I trust you do not think I would take money for doing a better a small favour. I hope I am not that kind of chap." "Well, dig me out, anyway, and buck up, you fat idiot! The whole Massey school will be round here soon," yelled Coler. (See Chapter 4.)

in. Don't touch them, you know. I've got plenty of the Funnies in the ground, and I expect the cuttings will be blooming in less than a week."

"That will be blooming nice, won't it," said Nugent.

And the funnies chuckled.

Coler had his cuttings in, as he said, though whether they would do anything but rot away there was a grave question which remained to be answered. The funnies looked at them with very great interest, and congratulated Coler as nicely as his success that the love of the Funnies almost forget his important experiments as an employer of labour, and was quite conversing to them.

Harry Wharton & Co. strolled away, leaving Coler and Nugent and George still busy, and turned Gutter in his hole. Making the party, and then with distance when they came to it. He was not on the best of terms with Harry Wharton & Co. But as soon as he learned their secret, he was all smiles.

"What I've got just the thing that will suit you," he said. "I was going to sell you young coot-trees to Mr. Hilda Popper's garden, but I'll let you have some of them at a special favour, Master Wharton."

"You are too kind, Gutter—are you really?" said Wharton. "Not at all, Master Wharton. What I like is that you believe in encouraging young fellows to take up gardening, and I'll let you have those young lads for a pound, Master Wharton, at a special favour."

The Massey Dictionary, No. 225

A Great Long Dictionary, Bound in 2 Vols.

"Never mind the special favour, then," said Harry laughing. "We've only got had money to spend, so we may try our best at the nursery in Finsbury." "We only want six of those, and they mustn't be first-class."

"Make a five-leaf, Master Wharton, and I'll give you three in the ground," said Gutter. "Not I says it's six. They'll be remarkable cheap, too."

So Harry Wharton made a five-leaf. As the two trees cost Gutter nothing, he did not lose on the transaction. The new purchases were concealed in the woodshed, and the three of the Funnies returned to the School House, well satisfied with themselves. Coler came in at dusk, looking very important. He was anticipating the greatest profit from his liberal use of the Phenomenal Funnies, and, indeed, the results were destined to be very surprising.

A quarrel of an hour before bedtime that night, Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent stopped quietly out into the Close, and made their way to the woodshed. As it was not unusual for funnies to take a quiet stroll the Close before bedtime, no particular attention was paid to their movements. As for Coler of the Fifth, he was far too busy a person to trouble his head about what the boys of the Massey might be doing. If he had known how they were engaged, however, he would have been interested.

Wharton of the Sixth was leading the Recorder off to bed when Wharton and Nugent came in, a little weakly about the hands and feet. The captain of Geoffrey looked at



them, but made no remark, and he turned out the lights in the Begonia conservatory and retired. Then the sound of a person coughing was heard.

- All right?" asked Bob Cherry.
- Yes—all right! Color will be pleased!"
- He, he, he!"

**THE SIXTH CHAPTER.**  
**Simply Marvellous!**

**H**ORACE COCKER of the Fifth was one of the first fellows to make up the following morning. The first clang of the dining-bell had hardly sounded on the mazy air when Color sat up in bed, and called to Potter and Greene.

- You fellows getting up?"
- Potter snored, and Greene grunted.
- Color turned out of bed, and began to dress himself. Like most civilized amateur gardeners, he was very anxious at all times to know how his garden was getting on. And he wanted to know, too, whether the five men of the Phenomenal Force had had any perceptible effect. The commercial traveller who had sold him some dozens of packets of the Force had solemnly assured him that the effect would almost be visible with the naked eye. Color, who knew about as much of horticulture as he did of Sanskrit, would not have been at all surprised to see his five cuttings heading into bed already. He gave Potter a chair.
- Ain't you getting up, Popp?"
- Good! Let me alone!"
- It's raining!"
- Oh, rain?"
- I say, however—"
- Oh, shut up, Color!"
- Color grunted, and finished dressing himself, and left the dormitory. Potter and Greene were both seated on cushions along the garden as he was. The dining-bell clanged on, and the Fifth-Forcees sat up and yawned.

Color had only been gone a few minutes, and the Fifth were not yet out of bed, when there was a sound of rapid-moving footsteps in the passage. Color burst into the dormitory, his face red with exertion, and his eyes alight with excitement.

- Great Scott! What's the matter?" exclaimed Greene, in a whisper.
- The roses?"
- What, anything happened to them?"
- They're coming out!"
- Coming out of the ground?" ejaculated Potter.
- No, fellow! Coming out in bed! It's the Force!" said Color emphatically. "Every word that they told me was true. It's marvellous—"
- Oh, look!" said Potter. "It can't be! They couldn't have grown during one night."
- But they have—"
- But it's impossible, old chap. Roses don't grow like gillyflowers, argued Greene.

"I suppose it was hollows in my own eyes!" howled Color. "Come and see for yourselves, you silly asses. It's the Force that's done it, of course."

- Look here, Color—"
- Come and see!" urged Color.
- Oh, all right," said Potter emphatically.

Potter and Greene dressed themselves quickly, under Color's urging, and accompanied their excited chief from the dormitory. Some of the Begonia were down as the Fifth-Forcees went downstairs.

- Hello, hello, hello!" exclaimed Bob Cherry affably.
- Going gardening?"
- My roses are coming up!" said Color loftily.
- Bob Cherry looked incredulous.
- Oh, draw it right!" he said. "You only get in the cuttings last evening."
- I know I did!"
- Then how could they be coming up?" demanded Harry Wharton.
- It's the stuff I use," Color explained. "Stuff called Fyfe's Phenomenal Force. It's simply marvellous, and it's too generally known, either. Some of the fellows and I had been done when I bought it. We'll jolly soon see who was right, now. Come and have a look at the roses. They're in bed already."
- In bed?"
- Yes, rather."
- Impossible, old man! You're dreaming!" said Frank Nugent, with a shake of the head.
- Come and see, then!" said Color, smiling. "You Begonia kids don't know anything about gardening. I've a nib at this sort of thing. You grow tomatoes at home, and they were jolly nice, weren't they, Popp?"

"Oh, ripping!" said Potter.

"But those ones are regular tomatoes," said Color. "I put in three good cuttings, and they're sprouting up to the right like mushrooms. Just you see."

And Color hurried away towards his garden, with the juniors on his track. The dozens of the Begonia pressed as he snatched as they followed Color and Potter and Greene. Three or four of them fell on who had heard Color's excited remarks before they had seen the marvellous sight—sprouting entirely new in amateur horticulture.

- Look!" exclaimed Color, with pride, as they entered in the garden. "What price, then?"
- Potter and Greene simply stared.
- In the place of the three cuttings which Color had planted in the evening before were three young rose bushes, with the red buds already opening to the sun.
- It's—my old hat!" gasped Potter. "They've grown a lot in the night."
- And get 'em hot!" said Greene, in astonishment.
- It's the Force," said Color. "Fyfe's Phenomenal Force, you know. Of course, I never expressed it, in truth, out like this. It's amazing, I know that. But every word that commercial traveller said was true. It's a record."

- What do you Begonia chaps think of that?" demanded Color, with a chuckle. "I don't think you'll be so successful as that with your garden—oh?"
- Harry Wharton shook his head.
- I don't suppose that would happen either," he said gravely.
- Not likely," agreed Nugent. "This is the kind of thing that would only succeed where Color was doing the gardening."
- Color smiled.

"You can water it you like," he said, "but there it is. There are the roses, and it's through the Phenomenal Force. I shall buy some more of that stuff. It's wonderful!"

- Wonderful ain't the word," said Johnny Wark. "I call it marvellous."
- "Marvellous!" said Bob Cherry. "I wonder if they'll give any bigger job yet."
- Sure to," said Color confidently. "I shouldn't wonder if they're a foot higher and so larger by some time."
- Oh, draw it right, Color!"
- Well, I shouldn't wonder. This Phenomenal Force is wonderful stuff."
- He, he, he!"

And the Begoniaes strolled away, chattering. The news of Color's wonderful success as a gardener spread through the school. Fellows who were not, as a rule, much interested in gardening, went to look at Color's conservatory. Some of them, shocked, they could not quite believe in the magic power of the Phenomenal Force, and some of them had a suspicion that Color was being led up by some wire. But it was his own surprising story to Gordon Chubb. Color knew what he knew, and he knew that he was having a wonderful and unprecedented success as a gardener.

Color looked very cheerful that morning in the Fifth Form room. He was thinking more about gardening than about his lessons, and the visit of his Farmmaster's wrath were passed upon him more than once. Mr. Popp had a prejudice in favor of the Fifth Form, in connection, and he observed thus upon Color.

But Color did not mind.

What were two hundred lines, or even three hundred, to a fellow who had succeeded in getting roses at a rate never known before, and who was thinking that, even then, his wonderful roses were still growing at the rate of an inch or two every half-hour?

Color could not describe them. In his mind's eye he already saw himself reaping and carrying off great crops of horticultural stores. Probably there would soon be a new variety of rose to be known as the "Color," or the "Gordon de Greylingham." Color felt, elated at the idea.

Some of the fellows in the Begonia Form-room, too, were thinking about Color's garden and Color's roses. The two old school boys were three together waiting to take the place of those already appearing and a blessing in Color's garden, and the Begoniaes wanted to have them in place before morning lessons were over.

Frank Nugent greatly requested permission of Mr. Quirk to go out of the Form-room ten minutes before lessons were over, and as Frank had been particularly diligent and accurate that morning the request was granted.

Nugent thanked the Form-master and disappeared, and Harry Wharton and his chums greeted joyfully at one another.

- When the Form was finished, the stamp of the Begonia hurried out, and found Frank waiting for them in the School House doorway.
- Nought more than with a cheerful nod.
- It's all right," he said.

"Good! How come, Coler?"  
Coler of the Fifth, came out of his room with Potter and George, and he hurried past the Removites, and dashed away in the direction of his garden. Quite a crowd of fellows followed him to see if there had been any difference in the matter. Coler gave a roll of surprise and delight at the sight of his garden.

For the rain-trees were now nearly a foot higher, and they were blossoming with roses, fully out.

Coler could scarcely believe his eyes.  
"My hat!" he gasped. "My only hat! It's marvellous!"  
"Extraordinary!"  
"Amazing!"

"The amazement is terrific!" murmured Horace Janet, Ross Smith, of the Removs, "and the lengthiness is also great!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
Coler glared at the gazing Removites.

"Blissed if I see anything to chuckle at," he said. "I suppose that is jealousy in your part. You don't know how to garden. Look at those roses."

"It's wonderful, and that's a fact," said Wharton. "If there's a Force that will force roses up like that, it's worth a prison a lot."

"Yes, rather."  
"That's what the chap told me," said Coler. "But it's wild as a shilling a packet. It's simply ridiculous."

"Ha, ha, ha," roared Bob Cherry, unable to contain his mirth. "Ha, ha, ha." This burst the giggles beneath in the fair tale. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Coler and the Removite!" grinned Johnny Bell.  
And the parties walked.

"You can't afford as much as you like," said Coler, "but there are the roses. I shall get some more cuttings, and get them in as soon as I can. Might make a lot of money out of some of this sort."

"Getting might, might," murmured Bob Cherry.  
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But where have the labels gone of the things?" asked Potter, scanning the cuttings. "You left the labels on, Coler?"

"Oh, blown off, perhaps!" said Coler carelessly. "I wonder what use those will be to tonight! I hope I haven't used too much of the Force. It's possible that if we continue to do things, they grow too quickly, and perhaps fall away quickly, you know."

Coler went on in dinner in great spirits. Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent were ten minutes later for dinner when they came in to the Removs table, and Mr. Quill frowned.

"You are late, Wharton and Nugent," the Removite exclaimed. "Where have you been?"

"Gardening, etc.," said Wharton meekly.  
"You must not be gardening overlong with your gentleman to other matters, Wharton. You will take twenty five each."

"Yes, sir."

Wharton and Nugent did not seem to mind the fare. They were all eating during dinner. When that meal was over, Coler & Co. strolled out of the dining-room, with the evident intention of visiting the rose-garden.

The chorus of the Removs followed them this time. They wanted to see the results. Quite a crowd of fellows went down to Coler's garden with Coler. His headquarters was beginning to interest the whole folk. Certainly Coler could show results that had never been attained by the amateur horticulturists of the Removs.

Coler came round the old chapel cheerfully, and then, as he came to sight of the garden, his expression changed.

His label, and for a moment he stood rooted to the spot.  
"My hat!" he gasped.

"Then he has really improved."  
The blossoming rose-trees had disappeared. In their place were three meagre cuttings, already half-dried. An excited crowd gathered round, staring at them.

"What's taking my trees?" roared Coler.  
"My hat!" gasped Potter. "Look here, these are the original cuttings—"

"No!"  
"They are!" Look at the labels—they is numbered in your own list—see! Besides, I know the cuttings again," said Potter, in blank astonishment. "They're the same."

Coler gazed at the meagre growths which had replaced the blossoming trees. He could not understand.

"It is all done by the Force!" he gasped at last. "They grow too quick, and they've faded just as fast as they grew. It's extraordinary!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry.  
Coler glared at him.

The chorus of the Removs seemed to be almost in hysterics. They gazed to one another, and almost went with laughter. As Coler gazed at them, the truth slowly dawned upon him. He remembered that Wharton and Nugent had been late for dinner, and that they had made the excuse that they had to visit the library. No. 229.

best gardening. He knew now what gardening they had been doing.

"You've been young rotten!" he scowled.  
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Marvellous thing that 'Theoretical Force'!" grinned Nugent.  
They all grew up in a night, and down in a day!" shrieked Bob Cherry. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
The Removites staggered away, giddy with excitement. Coler's hat was a stake. He understood now.

"Coffee the young rotten!" he roared. "It's a rotten Removs joke! Coffee them!"

But Potter and Nugent did not move. They were laughing too much. The whole crowd was in a roar, with the solitary exception of Coler. Coler did not see anything to laugh at. But the other fellows did. They saw Coler.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER, The Two Tables.

"My dear Peter—"  
"Shewing?"  
"But, my dear Peter, Friendside is the next station!"  
"How?"

Two youths sat in opposite corners in a carriage, as the local train ran in towards Friendside. They wore respectable attire. Both of them had slim forms, and large heads, and prominent noses, and all bits into combed hair, from behind their heads. Although very few in either form was expressed in the other. But although their looks were alike, their manners and customs were evidently different.

Alonso Todd—now known as the Duke of Goodfellow—sat both upright in his seat, and he obtained every opinion especially in the train pulled on. He seemed to be afflicted with a fear that the train might shoot through the station without stopping, or that it might not give him time to get out when it did stop. Five minutes before the train was due in Friendside he had taken down his umbrella from the rack, and dashed himself forward on the seat.

Peter Todd, his cousin, was sprawling back in his seat, with one foot on the opposite ear, beside Alonso, and the other on the window ledge. He had a paper in his hands, and he was reading it, and he only glanced in reply to Alonso's inquiries.

"I—I say, Peter, hadn't you better get ready?" suggested Alonso.

"Shewing?"  
"Put your book away, my dear Peter!"  
"How?"

"My dear— Ah, we are stopping! Free-hay, Peter; we may be turned past our destination, and that would make a greenish disengagement upon our interests at Friendside. I have now thought of attending our arrival at this very moment," said Alonso Todd, who had a wonderful language that was all his own.

"Oh, look!"  
"My dear Peter—"

The train stopped. Peter Todd turned the handle of the door and jumped out, and Alonso followed much more carelessly.

"You should not jump out in that careless way, Cousin Peter," he said warningly; "you might choose to stumble a little. You remember, Uncle Benjamin told us always to be careful. Just before we started he took me by the hand, and said— 'You!'"

That last ejaculation broke from Alonso as his foot slipped on a piece of orange-peel, and he rolled on the platform. Cousin Peter came into a jerk.

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Oh!" gasped Alonso. "You?"

"I didn't hear Uncle Benjamin say anything of the sort," said Peter Todd. "Get up, kid, and come along. Don't forget your umbrella. You're bound to want an umbrella on a blustering June afternoon. Back up!"

"It might rain, my dear Peter."  
"Yes, and it might not. Back up!"

Alonso rose slowly and carefully to his feet. He picked up the piece of orange-peel very carefully, and put it into his pocket. Cousin Peter watched that proceeding in utter amazement.

"What on earth are you strutting that orange-peel for?" he demanded.

"My dear Peter, I am but removing it in case it may once change to another pedestrian."

"Oh, my god! you think it on the line, then?"  
"It might come off by the cause of an accident—"

"How! Let's get out!"  
They walked towards the station exit. Alonso with his umbrella under his arm. Peter Todd left in his pocket.

"You've got the tickets!" he said. "You remember you

said I was to let you mind them because Uncle Benjamin had expressed you to be careful."

"Well, indeed, my dear Peter. This man at the gate has a permanent residence; he's only here to collect tickets."

Alison Todd looked at her carefully upon a railing, to test his words, and slipped into all his pockets as soon as each of the tickets. The Franklin porter snatched him with interest, he remembered Todd from the time he had been a pupil at Greyfriars.

"Dear me," ejaculated Todd, at last, "I—I never to have missed the tickets, Peter. I really had to discover them, in case of my pocket, so it's very odd."

"Better look in your hat, and if safe, "People sometimes put tickets in the lining of their hats."

"But I am sure I did not."

"Better look."

"Very well, my dear Peter."

Todd searched in the lining of his hat. But no tickets were to be found. The Franklin porter looked a little sternly.

"Is not my sheep to wait 'till you all say, gentlemen," he remarked.

"It's not truly," said Alison Todd, in great distress. "I have apparently misplaced the tickets. I trust you do not suspect me of the dishonesty of travelling on the railway without a ticket. That would be utterly opposed to all the teachings of my noble Benjamin."

"Look in your boots," suggested Peter.

"My-my boots, Peter?"

"Certainly." Tickets have slipped down into fellows' boots before now."

"Look in Alison?"

"Oh, certainly, Peter?"

Alison sat down on the platform and removed his boots. Several alms had gathered round by this time, and they observed Alison's proceedings with cheerful interest. Todd took off both boots, and gazed at his red striped socks in dismay.

"They are not here," he said.

"Perhaps you have taken them out of your pocket when you got out of your boots in the hall," Alison cried indignantly.

"Dear me," said Peter, "that is quite possible, but the train is now gone."

"Then it's jolly lucky I picked them up, isn't it?" said Peter Todd, taking the tickets out of his waistcoat pocket.

"Here you are, my man! Come on, Alison."

"Yes, you—let have the tickets, Alison, Peter!" exclaimed Alison Todd, in amazement and relief.

"Yes, you give them up, Alison!"

"No—you should throw up in the carriage!"

"Yes, when you dropped them. Come on!"

"But, my-my dear Peter, if the tickets were in your possession, why have you given me the trouble of underriding this prolonged and futile search?"

"Just to give you a lesson in carableness," said Peter cheerfully. "Come on."

And he led the way out of the station.

Alison Todd followed him with his hands crossed. He had no time to leave them. Cousin Peter continued to be in a hurry. He stopped in the station vestibule, however, to help them up, while Peter Todd walked on on the pavement and looked up and down the High Street.

There was a shawl from a couple of yards in silk hats and shoes who were waiting outside Uncle Benjamin's building.

Todd, by Jane!

The two fellows were Behaver major and Vernon-Smith, of the Begonia Farm at Greyfriars.

Peter Todd looked at them and grinned. On his previous visit to Greyfriars, his friend Alison had begged him to be mistaken for the Duffer. And it was evident that Behaver and the Bounder had taken him for Alison again.

They came over towards him quickly. Alison was still in the station, facing up his boots in the careful and methodical way he had learned from Uncle Benjamin. He was not likely to appear for some minutes.

"Hallo, Todd!" said Behaver.

"And to see you, Duffer," said Vernon-Smith.

And they looked upon Todd with interested hands, as if to shake hands with him in the most enthusiastic manner, and warmly rubbed their hands as they came near, and knuckled his hat off.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

But the two jokers did not laugh long. Peter Todd made no words towards them, and his right and his backed on, and Vernon-Smith sat on the pavement, and Behaver sat in the road.

Cousin Peter picked up his bag and handed it with his shawl and sat on his seat.

The two Greyfriars fellows sat dumb and gaping.

The Maxwell Embassy—No. 225.

"Like some more?" said Peter Todd gravely.

"Oh, no."

"My dear Peter, what has happened?" exclaimed Alison Todd, coming out of the station. "I trust you have not been led into any exhibition of violence? You remember the advice that I gave you?"

"Well, my dear Alison," said Alison Todd. "These two chaps are dead, and they are sitting down to rest. Come on!"

"Dear me! How very odd that they should sit down in a friendly place!"

"Yes, isn't it? Come on!"

And Alison Todd took his cousin's arm and marched him

Behaver and Vernon-Smith looked at one another, with sickly expressions.

"How's wasn't the Duffer?" muttered Behaver. "It was that beastly cousin of his! I'd forgotten about him! Oh!"

"Yes!" murmured Vernon-Smith. "Oh! I'd forgotten him, too! I—I shall remember him now, confused him!"

And the two Begonias picked themselves up discomfitedly, while the two Todds walked away towards Greyfriars.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.  
Fragile—With Care!

BOB CHERRY was the first to spot the Todds on their arrival. He signed the constable waiting in at the school gates, and gave a shew.

"Here they are!"

"Here's the Duffer," sang out Johnny Bell.

And the signs of the Begonia-rats to meet their guests and to shake hands with them.

"Hello, glad to see you!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, shaking hands with one of the cousins. "You are Alison, isn't it?"

"Hello, I'm Peter!"

"Oh! Bless me, if I can tell, father from which," said Wharton, with a puzzled look. "You ought to be labelled, you know."

"He, he, ha, ha!"

"My dear friends!" said Alison Todd, bowing with smiles. "I am so glad to see you all again. I am so sorry that I can only stay a few hours. I am so glad that you have not forgotten me. I am so sorry that I have not been able to see you all before. I am so glad to meet such a hearty welcome. I am so sorry."

"My only hat?" ejaculated Bob Cherry, in amazement.

"I never saw a shag glad and sorry so quickly!" "Oh, Todd!"

"My dear Cherry—"

"I say, you fellows, I'm jolly glad to see you!" said Billy Baxter, nodding up. "I—I say, which of you is Alison?"

"I am Alison, my dear Baxter."

"Good! I say, Alison, will you get a ripping top ready for me in No. 1 Study, my old study, you know. Haven't we, you fellows?"

The chains of the Begonia glared at Baxter. That was Billy Baxter's real way of leaving himself to the foe.

Alison shook hands warmly with Baxter.

"I am so glad, Baxter?" he said. "You are very hospitable indeed, and, in fact, I must remark that you have got over the wretched moment which was so prominent a characteristic of years when I knew you before."

"Oh, really, Todd?"

"I am so pleased, Baxter, and I am sure my Uncle Benjamin would be pleased, too," said Alison, with a hesitating smile. "It shows that, as my Uncle Benjamin has always said, there is some good even in the rottenest kind of Begonia."

"Why, you are—"

"My dear Baxter—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "Alison is quite right—accepting about there being a change—there isn't any change! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

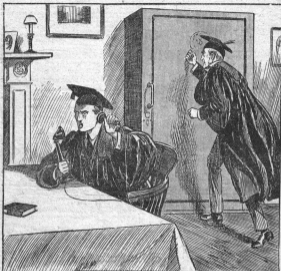
"Come and have a stroll round while the feed's being got ready," said Harry Wharton. "Nugent and Johnny are going to lunch after the feed."

"I say, Wharton, I should be very pleased to do the cooking," said Baxter. "You know I'm a dab at cooking, and—"

"And eating!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Keep all your eyes on that fat Bounder when you unlock the cupboard, Frank!"

"Whenever!" said Frank Nugent emphatically.

The two Todds walked away with a crowd of Begonias, and Nugent and Johnny had come into the School House, to get the feed ready in No. 1 Study. Little Wan Ling, the Chinese, had his expert assistance in the cooking, though it was necessary to keep an eye on him, as he had certain



Mr. Hutton spoke into the telephone. From the iron safe came interminable knocking, louder than before. Dr. Holmes knocked upon the door of the safe. It was to let the wretched prisoner within know that his appeal was heard—that they were trying to save him. (For the above incident see the grand, long, complete tale of Tom Harry & Co. at St. John's, entitled "FACING THE MUSIC!" by Martin Clifford, which is contained in our popular companion paper, "The Star" Library. Out on Thursday. Price One Penny.)

These notions in mockery which did not exactly agree with English politics.

There was a crowd of juniors on the rinkside, and Cousin Peter seemed to snuff the game like a war-horse sniffing the battle from afar.

"You play cricket?" Wharton asked him.

"What do?" replied Cousin Peter.

"Let's play, then, while the fife's sounding on," said Bob Cherry. "I'll get up two sides in no time. I remember how Alamo used to play, too."

"Ho, ho, ho!"

Alamo shook his head.

"With your kind permission, my dear friends, I will also regard as a suitable spot and parse the volume, which our Uncle Benjamin has presented to me," he said. "I shall be very pleased to watch the game, but not to participate in it."

"Good!" said Cousin Peter. "Keep our wits stretched!"

"My dear Peter—"

"Let's get on the ground!" said Peter.

Alamo Todd sat under a tree near the locker ground and peered by back—a most interesting volume dealing with the Tom Harry Mystery.—No. 229.

history of that valuable vegetable, the potato. Todd was soon deeply buried in the volume, while Cousin Peter busied a ball, and went to the wicket.

Cousin Peter soon showed that he could bat. Mark Lister was down a ball, and a plump of the glowing wicket, and there was a crash.

"Oh!" ejaculated Alamo Todd.

"He's all but bowled out, and a cricket-ball rattled at his feet in the grass. He jumped up in amazement.

"You're out! What—"

"Ho, ho, ho!"

"Field the ball!" shouted Lister.

"Dear me, the ball has struck my hat!" said Todd, picking up his hat and trying to smooth out a deep dent in it. "How very odd!"

"Ho, ho, ho!"

Percival kicked the ball and stowed it back to Mark Lister. The batsman had grinned, and headed away. He did not think it was quite so strange that that ball had knocked off Alamo's hat. He suspected Cousin Peter of having a queer vein of humor.

While  
Alonso had settled down to read again when the ball came along.

"Oh, dear!"

Alonso's valuable volume was launched down out of his hands, and it plumped against his feet, and he rolled back.

There was a yell of laughter from the passers on the sidewalk.

"He, he, he!"

"Well, deserved, Todd!"

"Under the circumstances, my dear fellows, I think I will get a little further away," he said quietly. "I hear that I am in the way."

"No, he isn't."

But Alonso put his umbrella under one arm, and the lid swung under the other, and shuffled away. He left the sidewalk grinning behind him.

Going, the porter, was carrying a large package across from his locker to the School House, and grunting and gasping over it, as Todd came towards the House. It was a large package, of an oblong shape, and was labeled "Fragile—with great care!" Perhaps for that reason Gauding was hurrying it down every few yards.

"Dear me," said Todd. "That seems very heavy for you, Gauding. Can I assist you?"

Gauding bumped the package down once more, and rubbed his hands and forehead.

"Well, I say, it is this, Master Todd, it's very; and a case you'd better see in 'an afternoon like this."

"I've no doubt what is the case," asserted Todd sympathetically. "I shall I hope you some water from the fountain, Gauding?"

Gauding nodded.

"No, thank you, Master Todd. I wouldn't trouble you. This new thing is very. It's just come for Mr. Quitch, and I suppose not it is. However!"

"May allow me to assist you, Gauding. My Uncle Benjamin has always impressed upon me to make myself useful; and I should be very glad to do so."

"Well, I say, it is this here—you can take one hand if you like," said Gauding.

"Very well, my dear Gauding."

The big package was certainly heavy. It was wrapped and tied up in thick paper, but there was evidently a wooden waterproof within.

Todd took one end, and Gauding the other, and they bore it to the School House and up the steps. It was heavy, and an awkward shape for carrying, which was doubtless the reason why Todd in his old slip took his hands half-way up the School House steps.

"Oh!" gasped Todd. "Look out, my dear Gauding!"

"Thank!" roared his dear Gauding.

The case bumped from step to step, and rolled on the ground, and started there, and Gauding up on the steps and gasped. Mr. Quitch looked out of the doorway with a red and unbecoming countenance.

"Is that my package, Gauding?"

"Yes!" roared Gauding.

"You may have damaged it with your clumsiness," said the Remonstrator, frowning. "Can't you see that it is marked 'Fragile'! It is dangerous to handle such a package carelessly. Take it up and convey it into the library at once. Todd need not assist you!"

"My dear sir, I shall be very pleased to assist Gauding."

"You will do nothing of the sort, Todd! The package is too valuable for you to be allowed to assist in carrying it!"

And Mr. Quitch crossed and went on. Todd sighed, and walked away, leaving Gauding to carry the package into the house alone.

The Duffer looked round for a quiet spot, where he could pursue his valuable volume, untroubled while his roomy was on the cricket-field. He selected the wooden seat under the library window, a very quiet spot, shaded by trees. Todd sat down on the seat, and opened his volume. But he was not destined to peruse the instructive history of the potato-plant in peace. Two juniors, Ogby and Vernon-Smith of the Rowing, came sauntering towards him, and they sat down on the seat, one on either side of the Duffer.

"I suppose you'd better tell Todd," said Ogby, with a dubious glance at the Bonader of Greyfriars.

Vernon-Smith nodded.

"Todd's the chap to tell us what ought to be done," he remarked. "It's really lucky that Todd happens to be here to-day. I think, observing, the white cloth might be blown up, and so end of firm lot."

Alonso looked alarmed.

"My dear fellows," he exclaimed, "what's the matter?"

Vernon-Smith and Ogby hesitated.

"I don't know whether you're really justified in troubling you with it, Todd, as you're not a Greyfriars chap now," said the Bonader.

"My dear Smith, you do not think of that! I shall be very pleased to help you in any way. My Uncle Benjamin has always impressed upon me to make myself useful," said Todd eagerly. "Pray explain me with the cause of your alarm."

"Shall we tell him, Ogby?"

Ogby nodded.

"Perhaps we'd better!" he said. "Todd's the chap to deal with the situation."

"Yes, that's right enough!"

"Pray go on, my dear Smith!"

"I suppose you've heard of the Anarchist outrage lately?" said the Bonader solemnly.

"Yes, indeed; they are very interesting," said Todd.

"Well, we've received information," said Vernon-Smith impressively, "from a source we can't divulge, as it was confidential, that the Anarchists have plotted to blow up all the public schools in England!"

"Dear me!"

"And they're beginning with Greyfriars?"

"Good heavens!"

"The plan is to send an infernal machine to one of the masters here, labeled 'Fragile—with great care!'" said the Bonader solemnly. "You see, that will keep it from going off its track. When it is opened it will explode, and blow up the whole school, opening it, you see, will get the machinery in motion, and then—"

"Good heavens," exclaimed Todd, in great alarm. "It has already started?"

"What?"

"A large and heavy package has arrived, addressed to Mr. Quitch," said Todd in great excitement. "I have just helped Gauding to take it in."

"Mr. Quitch ordered him to take it into the library," said Todd. "Is it possible that that is the infernal machine?"

"Pretty certain, I think," said Vernon-Smith. "But you'd better not get near it. Mr. Quitch is certain to be blown to bits, now, but you mustn't run the risk!"

"My dear Smith, I should not think of the risk," said Todd earnestly. "My Uncle Benjamin would urge me to do just such a wicked thing as any risk so small. I shall certainly accompany Mr. Quitch with the nature of that dreadful infernal machine."

"Well, I can think of one day, Todd—"

"But—had you any quite sure?" said Todd, looking at the serious faces of the two juniors, with a pang because of the number of times his leg had been pulled when he was a Bonader fellow at Greyfriars. "Are you sure?"

"Vernon-Smith looked alarmed.

"Todd's better said till you hear the infernal machine going, if you want proof," he said. "If course, it may be too late then! Come on, Ogby! If the thing's in the library now, we don't want to keep near that window. Todd doesn't mind the risk, but I do."

"My dear Smith—"

But the two juniors were walking away. Alonso Todd was left staring under the library window, in a most uneasy and troubled frame of mind.

## THE NINTH CHAPTER. Not an Infernal Machine.

**C**LICK! Click!  
The sound came faintly from the open window above Todd's head.

The library windows were high up, too high to be reached by fellows outside; but as the window was open, sounds could be heard from within. And from the silence of the library there seemed to come softly.

Click! Click! Click!

Todd started.

Vague doubts of the accuracy of the information given him had been lurking in his mind, in spite of the trustfulness of his disposition. He remembered that Vernon-Smith was not exactly a truthful youth, and Ogby had frequently behaved in a manner that showed him to be no more than a Bonader. But still the story of an Anarchist plot to blow up Greyfriars was really extraordinary.

# ANSWERS

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 228.

2 Grand, Long, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. THE SCHOOLBOY DETECTIVE! Please order your copy of "The Magnet" Library in advance.

But the clicking sound from within the library indicated Mr. Quack.

Todd knew that Mr. Quack had entered the mysterious package to be taken into the library, obediently with the intention of unspooling it there.

Now it was unspooled, and the clicking had started.

Appreciably, Todd's statement was based on an angry particular. Certainly, unless his story was true, he could not have known that the clicking would begin at all events, as it seemed to Almon Todd.

Todd ran to his feet, and laid down his book and his notebook, in a state of the greatest agitation.

What should he do? His Uncle Benjamin would certainly have counselled him to run any risk to save Mr. Quack's life, but the prospect of getting within close range of an infernal machine was not pleasant.

To Todd's credit be it said, he did not hesitate more than a moment.

Then he rushed away towards the School House door. At any rate, he must get to the Remover-master and warn him. Even now he might be too late! The terrible catastrophe was taking away—and it might explode at any moment.

As he rushed away, he could still hear it.

"Click! Click! Clicky-click! Ping-pong!"  
 "Good heavens!" muttered Todd. "Oh dear!"  
 He dashed into the School House, and into two junior boys were just coming out. They were Johnny Bell and Frank Nugent. They caught the agitated Todd as he rushed in, linking their arms across his chest and stopping him.

"You're ready?" said Johnny Bell.  
 "Just in time!" said Nugent cheerfully.  
 "My dear Nugent—my dear Bell—"  
 "Hello! What's the trouble?" asked Frank, noticing Todd's wild and excited look. "What's happened?"  
 "Quack! Come on!"  
 "Who?"  
 "Mr. Quack is in danger!"  
 "Quack—is in danger? What on earth are you driving at?"

Todd pressed his arm.  
 "Quack! Come on! He may be killed any moment!"  
 "Good Scott! What?"

Todd dashed on, and turned into the passage leading to the library. Nugent and Bell, protesting gleefully at first, rushed after him, and several other juniors who had heard the alarmed exclamations rushed after him, too. Johnny Bell overtook him in the passage and caught him by the shoulder.

"Where are you going?" he demanded.  
 Todd pointed.  
 "To the library!"  
 "What for?"  
 "Mr. Quack is there!" gasped Almon. "He is in fearful danger! He may be blown to pieces at any moment!"  
 "What?"  
 "Frank, and that sounds a bit thick!" grinned Micky Deemond. "Have some explosives has been put in your lot, Todd darling?"

"Not at all, my dear Deemond. An infernal machine has been sent here to blow up the school."

"My lot?"  
 "Good Scott!"  
 "It is in the library, and Mr. Quack is unspooling it! I don't it (blowing from the class)" pointed Todd. "Come on—let us go! Quack!"

He ran himself away from the amazed juniors, and dashed on. He reached the library door, and knocked at the handle. The door was locked.

"Click—click—click!"  
 "Clicky-click! Ping-pong!"  
 The weird sound came clearly through the door of the library. The other juniors loomed in as they came up. They had some conversation with a sound from the library below, certainly. Todd banged his head on the door with both fists.

"Mr. Quack—Mr. Quack!"

There was the sound of a movement within, and the clicking ceased.

"Who is there?" called out the voice of the Remover-master.

"It is I—Todd!"  
 "So away at once! I am busy!"  
 "But, sir—"  
 "Go away!"  
 "My dear sir—"  
 "Do you hear me?" roared Mr. Quack. "How dare you interrupt my work!"

Todd gasped.  
 "Click—click—click!"  
 The weird sound recommenced from inside the library.

Todd was desperate.

He threw himself against the door, and it cracked and the Remover-master's door was open.

knocked in the lock. Johnny Bell caught him by the shoulder.

"Stop it, you are!"  
 "He will be blown up!"  
 "I tell you—"  
 "My dear Mr. Bell!"  
 "Click—click—click! Ping!"  
 Todd cast a wild glance up and down the passage. He caught up a heavy stool, and dashed at the door.  
 "Click!"  
 The lock flew into pieces under the terrific blow.  
 The library door flew open.  
 Todd rushed in.  
 "Oh, sir—"  
 "Click—click—click!"  
 "Ping!"

Todd glared round in search of the infernal machine. All he saw was a typewriter on a table, and Mr. Quack, jumping up from his table, with fury in his face. So the blow for the knocking that had been round the typewriter, and the empty case and the cut cord. The truth dawned upon Almon Todd. It was a new typewriter that had arrived for Mr. Quack, and he was testing it, and the clicking was simply the working of the type.

"Oh—oh!" gasped Todd.

Mr. Quack rushed towards him. He could scarcely believe his eyes. The lock of the library door had been broken in, and a crowd of juniors were staring in from the passage.

Mr. Quack grasped Todd by the shoulder and shook him. Todd gasped for breath.  
 "What does this mean?" roared Mr. Quack.  
 "My master, sir!" answered Almon.  
 "Why have you been into the room like this?"  
 "Like—like this, sir?" answered Todd, dropping into his unfortunate way of reporting what was said to him, as he always did when he was asked or explained.

Mr. Quack shook him furiously. He had reason to be annoyed. He had noticed that new typewriter, and had been a moment waiting for its arrival for some time. Mr. Quack was an author in his spare moments, and he was engaged upon a very valuable history of Greyfriars. Some of his manuscript had recently been perished and buried by a mysterious fire. It had been recovered, but it was blotched and mangled, and required copying out, and Mr. Quack had thought him of the excellent idea of getting a typewriter for the purpose. But he had not expected to be interrupted like this when the writing-machine arrived. He shook Almon Todd as a terror might shake a rat, and the unfortunate Todd gasped and stammered in the Remover-master's powerful grasp.

"How dare you!" cried Mr. Quack. "Do you realize the damage you have done, you ridiculous boy! If you will be honest to Greyfriars, I would have you flogged for this, Todd! Do you hear?"

"Hear, sir!" stammered Almon.  
 "How dare you burst in that door?"  
 "Good, sir!"  
 "How dare you, Todd?"  
 "Dear, sir!"

Mr. Quack shook him till his ears ached. Then he released him, and the door closed for the first time since the door, gasping for breath, and blinking at Mr. Quack.

"Now," said the Remover-master severely, "kindly explain why you have acted in this extraordinary way, Todd!"

"I—I'm so sorry, sir!"  
 "Why have you done this?" roared Mr. Quack.  
 "I—I did it to save your life, sir."  
 "What?"

"I—I thought that was an infernal-machine, sir, and was just going off to blow you up, sir," gasped Todd.

Mr. Quack seemed puzzled for a moment.

"You thought my typewriter an infernal-machine?" he ejaculated.

"Yes, sir."  
 "You—your—your—"  
 "I—I heard it, sir, and—and I thought it was talking, sir," said Todd. "And as Vermin-Smith had warned me that there was an anarchist plot to blow up Greyfriars, I—"

"What?" roared the Remover-master.

"An Anarchist plot, sir, to blow up the school. Under the circumstances, when I heard the clicking, I—I—I thought—"  
 Mr. Quack stood at the juncture.  
 It was some moments before he spoke again, and by that time he had calmed down. Even a slight smile looked upon his face.

"You are an extraordinary boy, Todd!" he said at last.  
 "Alonso smiled."  
 "Yes, sir. My uncle Benjamin thinks so, too," he said, proudly.  
 "He, he—oh—oh—I mean, I am very glad you are so popular at Georgetown. I think a Foreman's duties would be entirely too heavy if you were in his shoes, Todd. I shall pardon you for this ridiculous action, as you have been deceived by another boy. The damage you have done will be charged to Vernon-Smith's bill; and I shall also have something to say to Vernon-Smith. You may go."  
 "Thank you, sir," said Alonso mockingly.  
 And he went.

**THE TENTH CHAPTER.**  
 Mysterious Identity.

**H**ARRY WHARTON & CO. came in from the cabinet, and examined one Study No. 1. They found big spots, but Johnny Ball and Nugent were not there. Ball and Nugent came along a few minutes later, however, with Alonso, and explained. The clothes looked at Todd in great admiration. Cousin Peter sat down in the armchair, and looked up his foot and yawned. Alonso Todd looked at him with a queer expression.

"My dear Peter," he said, "it is really an laughing matter; if that had been an inferior machine instead of a typewriter, Mr. Quill would certainly have been blown to pieces."  
 "And if you had a reasonable thing instead of a typewriter, you would certainly have blown that same Quill with your gun?" wondered Peter. "Ha, ha, ha."  
 "My dear Peter, they deceived me. My Uncle Benjamin would be shocked—say, departed, at the conduct of Vernon-Smith."

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "Well, two's company, if you've got over the Atlantic ocean, Todd," grinned Johnny Ball. "In heaven, old man."  
 "Thank you very much, my dear Ball."  
 And Todd sat down to tea. Bob Cherry liked a large supper, Todd in the form, out of the kitchen, and set it on the table. "Very nice, but is there not the fat," he said.  
 "Oh, don't bother me," Todd ignored him.  
 "No bother at all," Todd ignored him.  
 "Well, be careful, then."  
 "Oh, certainly," said Alonso, taking up the supper. "My Uncle Benjamin has always expressed upon me to be very careful, even in the smallest matters, and I—"  
 "Look out!" roared Nugent. "You're passing it over the table."  
 "Dear me! I did not notice!"  
 Todd swung the table round from the table, and there was a rattle from Johnny Ball as a success of hot tea shot over his knees.

"Orange?"  
 "My dear Ball—"  
 "Tartar?"  
 "I'm so sorry—"  
 "Stop it, you are!"  
 Bob Cherry roared out and grasped the Butler's arm. Fortunately, Todd happened that he was taking the trumpet, and he obligingly let go. It fell with a crash, and there was a volcanic roar from Peter Todd. Splashes of hot tea came over his legs, and he jumped clear of the floor.  
 "Oh, you fellows go!"  
 "My dear Peter!"  
 "Yes! Yarrow! Good! You suppose I mean! Yowp!"  
 "My dear—"  
 "There goes the tea—and the trumpet!" grinned Nugent.  
 "Never mind, we've got a lot of both. Sit down, Todd, old man. You're dangerous!"  
 Alonso looked deeply distressed.  
 "I'm so sorry, my dear Uncle Benjamin!"  
 "Very well!"  
 And the Butler sat down. Bob Cherry jammed the bottle on the fire again, and Nugent liked another trumpet out of the

cupboard. The justice began on the more solid part of the food, and waited for their tea. When the bottle boiled, Alonso obligingly offered to make the tea, but Johnny Ball grasped him, and held him down in his chair.

"That you really will wait!" he said sternly.  
 "My dear Ball—"  
 "You sit where you are."  
 "Oh, certainly; sit—"  
 "Pass the eggs," said Peter Todd.

"With pleasure, my dear Peter."  
 There were a dozen or more boiled eggs on a plate, and Todd reached the plate, and held it out to Peter. He was just a little hasty in his efforts to be quick, and a couple of the eggs rolled off, and crashed upon Cousin Peter's waistcoat. Eggs were not intended to stand that jump, and they burst.

Cousin Peter gave a muffled roar.  
 The eggs were by no means hard-boiled. Two streams of yolk flowed down Cousin Peter's waistcoat, and he looked at Alonso with a look that was more eloquent than words.  
 "Oh!" he said.  
 "I'm so sorry—"  
 "You disagree heartily," said Peter, rising from the table.  
 "Because you, you fellows, I'll go and wash that off."  
 "Shall I come with you, my dear Peter?"  
 "No!" roared Peter.

Cousin Peter left the study, and hurried to the bathroom at the end of the passage. He turned on the hot-water tap, and washed the yolk off his waistcoat, and washed it as dry as he could with a towel. While he was so engaged, a fat face entered with a pair of spectacles looked in.

"I say, Todd, old man—"  
 Peter grinned.  
 "I'm so sorry to see you again, Todd," said Billy Butler, evidently taking Peter for his cousin. "Would you like me to come to tea with you?"

Cousin Peter grinned. On the occasion of his last visit to Georgetown he had been taken for Alonso, and his likeness to the Butler was still discussed.

"My dear Butler," he said, in Alonso's voice. "You would be very much. Are you really glad to see me, my dear Butler?"  
 "You rather," said Butler, looking at him through his big spectacles. "I'm so—"  
 "Shake hands, then."

"Certainly, Todd. I shall be very pleased."  
 Todd grasped Butler's fat hand.  
 He grasped it hard.  
 Butler wriggled.  
 He had never dreamed that Alonso Todd possessed such strength of muscle. Todd seemed unconscious that he was exerting any unusual pressure. Butler seemed to curl up under his fat, and finally he howled.  
 "Ow! Leggo!"

"What is the matter, my dear Butler?"  
 "Ow! You're squashing my poor! Yow! Leggo!"  
 "I'm so sorry, my dear Butler."  
 "Ow!"  
 Butler jerked his fat hand away, and glared at Todd.  
 "You—you—how?" he growled. "You're not Alonso at all? Ow! How?"

And Billy Butler roared away, shaking his fat head. Cousin Peter grinned broadly, and left the bath-room, and came down the Remove passage.

"Hello!" exclaimed a cheery voice. "Todd, by Jove!"

It was Colver of the Fifth. He was coming along the passage with Peter and Dreyer. The three Fifth-Foremen looked at the sight of Todd. They had not the slightest doubt that this was Alonso. In fact, it never occurred to them that he might be anybody else. Todd grinned and nodded. He saw the Fifth-Foremen's mistake, but did not correct it.

**NEXT TUESDAY:**

## "The Schoolboy Detective!"

A Splendid, New and Exciting Long, Complete School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars.

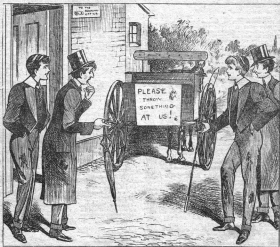
**By FRANK RICHARDS.**

---

## "TWICE ROUND THE GLOBE!"

Another Long Installation of Our Grand New Serial Story dealing with the Amazing Adventures of PETERE LARD and CHING-LUNG. By HENRY DEWITT.

**PLEASE ORDER YOUR COPY EARLY.**



The jokers descended from the trap. Then Bob Cherry gave a roar, and pointed to the inscription on the back of the vehicle, which he had seen for the first time. "Look!" he belated. "No wonder every idiot we've passed on the road has asked something of us!" (See Chapter 13.)

"So you've come back," said Colver gently.

"Yes, my dear Colver."

"Visiting Wharton, eh?"

"Yes, I have the honor to be Wharton's guest. My Uncle Benjamin says that Wharton is a very nice boy," said Tom's Peter solemnly. "He shows a great interest in his schoolish books, 'The History of the French, from the First to the Nineteenth.'" Colver chuckled.

As a matter of fact, he had been looking for Todd. He had heard that the Duke of Gloucester was visiting the Emperor. Four days afterwards, and he happened to see an excellent opportunity of enjoying the little joke of the Bonapartes in planting the non-trees in his garden.

His mother Todd in the passage like this, away from the other jokers, was really a stroke of luck. Though if Colver had known that it was Peter, and not Altona, he might not have considered it so lucky.

"I want you to do me a little favor, Todd," said Colver. "My dear Colver, I shall be delighted," said Peter solemnly. "My Uncle Benjamin always impressed upon me to do my little my business as possibly could, with politeness and the agreeable words."

Peter chuckled softly, and Colver glared at him.

"What are you making at?" he demanded.

"Oh, nothing," said Peter. "Oh, on with the working."

"Well, look here, Todd, I've got on the best of terms with Tom's Hearty Lecturer—No. 288.

the show in No. 2 Study," Colver exclaimed. "We've had some fine sales."

"Yes, they have told me about the gathering," said Todd. "I must really have been quite a disappointment to you, my dear Colver. I looked very much."

"Oh, did you?" said Colver, with a glance. "You silly one—what I want, just as! Exactly. With you see, Todd, I've been reading a book about a good little boy named Thomas, and I want to do Wharton a favor, you know. As he's got money in his study I want to make a little contribution to the fund."

"That is very noble of you, my dear Colver."

"The fact is, I want to be useful, and—and something," said Colver. "Wharton's mother's across the street if he knows any more than me, so suppose you take them in, and—and he won't know I sent them. I will tell him afterwards, you know."

"What a very intelligent idea, my dear Colver! I am sure my Uncle Benjamin would be delighted to hear you talk like that."

"Get the bag, Peter."

"Give you one," said Peter.

"Just then," said Colver, handing the bag to Todd. "We'll do them, and I suppose you, with plenty of just. Don't take any in, and don't say they came from me."

"How could I say my dear father!" said Todd, taking the bag, and looking over it. "If I were a complete man, I should think that you had got something nasty in the jar, and



that you were just using me to plant the things on Wharton and the rest. But, of course, I know that you wouldn't do anything mean like that."

Coker turned red.

"Of course not!" he stammered.

Patton and Greene chuckled again. Then, as Coker glared at them they became very serious.

"Don't mind these silly ones, Todd," said Coker. "They're always cracking over something. Mind you don't mention the name of any of 'em."

"Good-bye," said Coker.

And Todd walked on with the bag of torts in his hand. Coker & Co. looked at one another, and chuckled softly. They watched the supposed thief walk down to the door of No. 1 Study.

"My man!" said Coker, with a deep breath. "It's working all right! If those rascals breathe out those torts—"

And they all "grinned" Patton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"They will breathe some little torts in their little nozzles!" chuckled Coker. "It may help to track them out to check the fish. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Todd's worth his weight in gold!" grinned Coker. "I—oh, nobody!"

"Speak!"

A sneaker whizzed through the air, and smacked upon Coker's forehead, producing pain. Some of the pain went into his nose, and some into his mouth, and some into his eyes. That which went into his mouth tasted decidedly unpleasant. Coker gasped.

"Oh, oh!"

What! what! Speak, speak!

Patton and Greene raised, too. Todd was standing in the doorway of No. 1 Study, grinning. The torts whizzed along the hallway with amazing aim. Greene scooted out in his left ear, and Patton out of his right.

"You—you—you—you!" gasped Coker, as another tort caught him under the chin. "Good-bye! Oh!"

What!

Patton dodged, but too late. A tort smacked in his eye, and he yelled as he dabbed madly at the pain.

The three fifth-formers made a wild rush at Todd. The last tort came whizzing along the passage, and it hit Todd on the forehead. Todd took whiplash into the study, rattling with laughter. Coker & Co. groaned and howled and arrived at the study door, and glared in. The torts were all upon their feet now, and they looked at the sight at him.

"Oh!" gasped Coker. "It wasn't Almondo all the time; it was the other hand. Oh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker & Co. made a rush into the study at Peter Todd. But the Removexes stood up, and the odds were too great for Coker & Co. Coker and Patton and Greene were grasped by many hands, and held fast. They rolled in the passage, howling and yelling, and the study door was slammed after them.

From within the study came roars of laughter, as Coker & Co. picked themselves up and departed. And the things they said to one another as they went were very emphatic.

## THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Solving Almondo's Case.

THEIR is Harry Wharton's study was a very busy spot. Two, Almondo was very busy to read old chapters from the "History of the Pottery," and the plates of it, but as chosen, could have learned the history of that valuable vegetable, from the seed to the soup-pan. But Peter always interrupted his cousin when he began, and Almondo never got further than, "In the first place, the seed is hard."

Green's Peter was very understanding when he was not busy shutting up Almondo. The time passed mostly enough. Great numbers of fellows dropped into the study during tea. They stated that they came to see old Todd, and old Todd thanked them in touching terms for accompanying him in this affectionate way; but as they all stayed in tea, perhaps there was another attraction in the study beside Almondo. Bob Cherry had lately responded to his fifteen shillings upon that tea, and a committee of experts had chosen the good things, so there was really a first-class spread. It is certain tea was given every available inch of space in the study was occupied. The classes could have got a matter outside the door, "Shander Brown Only," but it would not have been quite correct, for after a while there was not even standing room.

Almondo gazed round upon the crowded Removexes with affectionate eyes.

The Macester Librarian.—No. 125.

Work with the Librarian's new Revised Series, available.

THE SCHOOL UNDER CANVAS. Just Starting in the "GEM" LIBRARY. Set on Thursday, Price One Penny.

"It is so very pleasant to see so many kind old friends again," he said. "I am so glad to see you, Hildebrand. You were captain of the Removex when I was here, you know, and you were a leading team, you will remember. I am so glad that you appear to have become quite decent now. It must be a great pleasure to your friends."

Hildebrand smiled. He did not like being reminded of past matters that were better forgotten; but Almondo, among his many great gifts, did not number that of tact.

"But Hildebrand the 10th, Almondo," interrupted Harry Wharton, "not about the Duffler's unfortunate circumstances."

And Almondo shot a glint of sympathy jolly upon Hildebrand's wretched. Hildebrand smiled.

"Oh, you silly one!"

"My dear Hildebrand, I'm so sorry—"

"Almondo will happen, especially when Almondo's around."

grinned Fisher T. Fish, the American justice. "I guess I'll help you."

"Can I pass you something, my dear Fish?"

"I guess not, thank you!"

"Oh, ha, ha!"

"It is a great pleasure to see you again, my dear Fish. I have very often thought of you while I have been away, and wondered whether you would the same as usual."

"Yes!"

"And you, too, George. I am glad to see you do not bear malice for any differences we had in the past," said Almondo, with a beaming smile.

"Oh, not at all!" said George, who was descending stairs at express speed. "When I heard you were here, Todd, I simply had to come in and see you."

"I guess not, thank you!"

"I am so glad to see you again, my dear Fish. I have very often thought of you while I have been away, and wondered whether you would the same as usual."

"Yes!"

"And you, too, George. I am glad to see you do not bear malice for any differences we had in the past," said Almondo, with a beaming smile.

"Oh, not at all!" said George, who was descending stairs at express speed. "When I heard you were here, Todd, I simply had to come in and see you."

"I guess not, thank you!"

"I am so glad to see you again, my dear Fish. I have very often thought of you while I have been away, and wondered whether you would the same as usual."

"Yes!"

"And you, too, George. I am glad to see you do not bear malice for any differences we had in the past," said Almondo, with a beaming smile.

"Oh, not at all!" said George, who was descending stairs at express speed. "When I heard you were here, Todd, I simply had to come in and see you."

"I guess not, thank you!"

"I am so glad to see you again, my dear Fish. I have very often thought of you while I have been away, and wondered whether you would the same as usual."

"Yes!"

"And you, too, George. I am glad to see you do not bear malice for any differences we had in the past," said Almondo, with a beaming smile.

"Oh, not at all!" said George, who was descending stairs at express speed. "When I heard you were here, Todd, I simply had to come in and see you."

"I guess not, thank you!"

"I am so glad to see you again, my dear Fish. I have very often thought of you while I have been away, and wondered whether you would the same as usual."

"Yes!"

"And you, too, George. I am glad to see you do not bear malice for any differences we had in the past," said Almondo, with a beaming smile.

"Oh, not at all!" said George, who was descending stairs at express speed. "When I heard you were here, Todd, I simply had to come in and see you."

"I guess not, thank you!"

"I am so glad to see you again, my dear Fish. I have very often thought of you while I have been away, and wondered whether you would the same as usual."

"Yes!"

"And you, too, George. I am glad to see you do not bear malice for any differences we had in the past," said Almondo, with a beaming smile.

"Oh, not at all!" said George, who was descending stairs at express speed. "When I heard you were here, Todd, I simply had to come in and see you."

"I guess not, thank you!"

"I am so glad to see you again, my dear Fish. I have very often thought of you while I have been away, and wondered whether you would the same as usual."

"Yes!"

"And you, too, George. I am glad to see you do not bear malice for any differences we had in the past," said Almondo, with a beaming smile.

"Oh, not at all!" said George, who was descending stairs at express speed. "When I heard you were here, Todd, I simply had to come in and see you."

"I guess not, thank you!"

"I am so glad to see you again, my dear Fish. I have very often thought of you while I have been away, and wondered whether you would the same as usual."

"Yes!"

"And you, too, George. I am glad to see you do not bear malice for any differences we had in the past," said Almondo, with a beaming smile.

"Oh, not at all!" said George, who was descending stairs at express speed. "When I heard you were here, Todd, I simply had to come in and see you."

"I guess not, thank you!"

"I am so glad to see you again, my dear Fish. I have very often thought of you while I have been away, and wondered whether you would the same as usual."

"Yes!"

"And you, too, George. I am glad to see you do not bear malice for any differences we had in the past," said Almondo, with a beaming smile.

"Oh, not at all!" said George, who was descending stairs at express speed. "When I heard you were here, Todd, I simply had to come in and see you."

"I guess not, thank you!"

"I am so glad to see you again, my dear Fish. I have very often thought of you while I have been away, and wondered whether you would the same as usual."

"Yes!"

"And you, too, George. I am glad to see you do not bear malice for any differences we had in the past," said Almondo, with a beaming smile.

"Oh, not at all!" said George, who was descending stairs at express speed. "When I heard you were here, Todd, I simply had to come in and see you."

"I guess not, thank you!"

"I am so glad to see you again, my dear Fish. I have very often thought of you while I have been away, and wondered whether you would the same as usual."

"Yes!"

"And you, too, George. I am glad to see you do not bear malice for any differences we had in the past," said Almondo, with a beaming smile.

"Oh, not at all!" said George, who was descending stairs at express speed. "When I heard you were here, Todd, I simply had to come in and see you."

"I guess not, thank you!"

"I am so glad to see you again, my dear Fish. I have very often thought of you while I have been away, and wondered whether you would the same as usual."

"Yes!"

"And you, too, George. I am glad to see you do not bear malice for any differences we had in the past," said Almondo, with a beaming smile.

"Oh, not at all!" said George, who was descending stairs at express speed. "When I heard you were here, Todd, I simply had to come in and see you."

"I guess not, thank you!"

"I am so glad to see you again, my dear Fish. I have very often thought of you while I have been away, and wondered whether you would the same as usual."

"Yes!"

"And you, too, George. I am glad to see you do not bear malice for any differences we had in the past," said Almondo, with a beaming smile.

"Oh, not at all!" said George, who was descending stairs at express speed. "When I heard you were here, Todd, I simply had to come in and see you."

"I guess not, thank you!"

"I am so glad to see you again, my dear Fish. I have very often thought of you while I have been away, and wondered whether you would the same as usual."

"Yes!"

"And you, too, George. I am glad to see you do not bear malice for any differences we had in the past," said Almondo, with a beaming smile.

"Oh, not at all!" said George, who was descending stairs at express speed. "When I heard you were here, Todd, I simply had to come in and see you."

"I guess not, thank you!"

"I am so glad to see you again, my dear Fish. I have very often thought of you while I have been away, and wondered whether you would the same as usual."

"Yes!"

you can reach your man, and you won't have to change  
 "No."

"Hopping?" said Captain Peter.  
 "I collected the trap for half-past five," said Wharton. "It  
 goes and so it is ready."

And Wharton left the study.  
 The available track of the Eastern Express had been ex-  
 plored upon the track; but the trap had been fixed upon the  
 understanding that it was to be paid for on Saturday, when  
 the pocket-money of the Honora claims would arrive. It  
 had been sent even in good time by the Express station in  
 Glaston, and it was already waiting outside the Richmond  
 House, with a man in charge. The man was to wait on the  
 platform while the trap drove in Glaston and back with the  
 parcel. It was ready a nice trap, with plenty of room to  
 seat four, one of them the driver.

"Are you all right?" said the groom, recognizing Whar-  
 ton.

"Good!" said Wharton, looking over the horse with satis-  
 faction. He liked the most advantage to have a good horse  
 to drive.

"Going on a little excursion—eh?" said Colver, of the  
 Fifth, who was among the crowd of fellows standing on the  
 steps looking at the trap.

"Yes," said Harry.  
 "You'll be in luck!"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"No fear!"

"Blissed if I think the masters ought to trust you kids  
 out with a horse," said Colver, with a shake of the head.  
 "It's a job!"

"Blissed than if you drove, Colver, old man," said Wharton,  
 and he passed into the house to announce that the trap  
 was ready.

Colver grinned. Colver was looking very odd over his  
 successive defeats at the hands of the Remingtons, and he had  
 been nursing schemes over in his mind as to stand there with  
 Greville. Better had gone into the house.

"Young master?" greeted Colver. "It would serve 'em  
 right if we released the trap ourselves!"

"May it please," said Wharton.

"Well, we three could jump 'em over easily enough. I  
 say, Father—where's Father?"

"He went to his master's apartment."

"Silly man!" greeted Colver. "Look here for 'em!"

Father came out of the Richmond House, grinning. He had  
 evidently remained under his powers, as he had his chains  
 attached to a driver.

"What have you got there?" demanded Colver.

"Skins!" said Father indignantly.

"But what is it?"

"Look!"

Father opened his jacket a little, showing his pyjama  
 chains & gloves at a bit short of cardboard buttoned over in  
 black. Colver and Greville stared blankly.

"My hat!"

"He, he, he!"

"Shew!" said Father. "Have they come?"

"MAN'S the word!" murmured Greville.

Harry Wharton & Co. entered. Colver, Father, and Greville  
 walked away towards the school gates, and waited there  
 under the old stone arch. Outside the School House the two  
 Tooks mounted the trap, with Harry Wharton and Bob  
 Cherry. Wharton took the reins, and the other three dis-  
 posed themselves conveniently in the trap.

The six black horses with Alonso and Peter all round.  
 Quite a big crowd gathered to say goodbye to the Duke of  
 Devonshire.

"Good-bye, Alonso!"

"See you again some day?"

"Hurray!"

Alonso stood up in the trap as it started, and raised his hat.

"Good-bye, my dear fellows! I—um—hoo—hoo—hoo!"

The link of the starting trap made Tooks tumble, and he set  
 down his hat. King out of his lions and an an' hang out his arms  
 to save himself. Bob Cherry raised as he caught the back of  
 Alonso's hand across the nose.

"Oh, dear!" gasped Alonso.

"Oh! Father!"

"Shew! hat—"

"Thank in this respect, somebody," called out Peter Tooks.  
 Johnny had picked up Tooks's tapper and tossed it into the  
 trap. Then the master dismounted and swung these hands, and  
 the vehicle started down the drive in the rain.

Harry Wharton "poked" the trap through the gates, and  
 outside in the road Colver & Co. were seen, standing directly  
 in the way.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Colver.

Wharton pulled in the horse.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

"They're my good-bye to our dear Alonso," gasped Peter.

"Oh, yes!"

"My dear Wharton," recognized Tooks, "I regard the  
 Ten Maces Library—No. 225.

as a very kindly attention on the part of Colver. I shall be  
 very pleased to shake hands with you, Colver."

"Thank you, then," said Harry.

Colver & Co. came round to the back of the trap. Colver  
 and Greville climbed half in, to shake hands with Alonso,  
 which Alonso did with much ceremony. No one was regarding  
 Peter, who stood in the road looking at the high back of the  
 trap, and naturally an eye noticed that he whipped the seat-  
 board out from under his jacket and stuck it on the back of  
 the trap. It was already secured, tightly with screws for  
 the purpose. It was but the work of a moment, and then  
 Peter reached up to shake hands with Alonso, too.

"Good-bye!" said Colver affectionately. "I hope we shall  
 see you again, Tooks. I've assurance to hear more about you!"  
 Uncle Benjamin, and I want you to read me a chapter out  
 of that book of yours, 'The Story of a Diamond.'"

"The Story of a Diamond," my dear Colver.

"Yes, I mean yours," said Colver blantly. "I—"

"If my cousin would be willing to catch a later train I  
 could read you a chapter now, my dear Colver."

"Thank!" said Captain Peter.

"My dear Peter—"

"Never—"

Harry Wharton drove on. The trap rattled away down the  
 road, and Colver & Co. stood looking after it and grinning.  
 They had reason to grin, for in the freight containing the traps  
 white card fastened on the back of the trap showed up in  
 great abundance, and the black letters on it stood out in bold  
 relief. And the legend it bore was:

"PLEASE THROW SOMETHING AT US!"

**THE TWELFTH CHAPTER**  
**Throwing Things.**

HARRY WHARTON drove on merrily down the main  
 line. The journey had started in good time, intending  
 to have a pleasant drive round the country and arrive  
 at Glaston Station when the train was late. The route  
 lay through the village of Frimfield, and then round by the  
 edge of the Black Hills, and then on to Glaston. The  
 train started about seven, and the junction showed an early  
 whizzed along under the July trees. One or two redoubts  
 glanced at the trap, and the passengers were thrown. But  
 they were accustomed to seeing people grin when Alonso  
 was about, so they did not take any particular notice of the fact.

What first startled them was the action of a small cabin  
 when the trap ran over the great old High Street of Frim-  
 field. He glanced at them, and stopped and picked up a child  
 of earth and handed it into the trap.

It caught Bob Cherry under the chin.

The surprised father gave a roar.

"Dear me!" said Alonso, in surprise. "What an extraor-  
 dinarily raffish and unprovoked action! I remember—"

"Stop the trap," roared Bob Cherry. "I'll smash him!"

"He's blasted!" gasped Peter Tooks.

Bob Cherry reached his chin with his pocket-handkerchief.

The trap advanced a yard in passing through the narrow  
 village street. A couple of houses belonging to Frimfield  
 Island were outside the local school, and they stood at the  
 trap and chuckled.

"Throw something, eh?" murmured Ponsobly. "You left  
 nothing!"

"What do?" murmured Vancouver.

An egg-box was close at hand outside the shop. Vancouver  
 and Ponsobly opened and brand an egg each.

Bob Cherry saw the action, and chorused.

"Don't you throw those eggs at us, you villains!"

"Well, you're asking for it," gasped Ponsobly.

"Asking for it! What do you mean? I—"

BOOM—BOOM!

Smash!

Smash!

Two eggs smashed against the junction in the trap.

Bob Cherry roared on, and one was divided between  
 Alonso and Peter. The junction roared. Ponsobly and  
 Vancouver, rolling with laughter, disappeared down a herring  
 and bed.

"Oh!" muttered Bob Cherry. "Good!"

"What?"

"Oh!"

"Give us, for goodness' sake!" said Peter Tooks. "They  
 all seem to be mad here. What did that chap mean by saying  
 we were asking for it?"

"Blissed if I know!" gasped Ponsobly.

"Oh, dear!" said Alonso. "The worst of these eggs is most  
 unpleasant. I wish they were have been somewhat stale  
 ones."

BOOM—BOOM!

The jokers looked themselves as clean as they could with their handkerchiefs. The train was on.

Curiously enough, throwing seemed to have set in as a sort of mania along the coast. In the village, and past the village, fellows pulled up sticks and carts and tossed them at the trap as it passed.

All sorts and conditions of people did the same thing: High-life fellows, and boys belonging to the Central school at Fogg, and village boys, and second-boys, and country jokers.

It was amusing.

The jokers began to wonder whether the whole countryside had suddenly taken leave of its senses.

"What on earth does it mean?" exclaimed Bob Cherry, disappointed. "I suppose everybody hasn't gone crazy all at a sudden."

"It is very odd, my dear Cherry."

"Two or three of the leading lights have yelped out that we're asking for it," said Peter Todd. "I don't catch on it."

"They must be gone," said Wharton.

"Back up, and let's get to Courtfield."

In the quiet country lanes the jokers had a reprieve, but as they approached Courtfield the remarkable phenomenon began again. A number of loads belonging to the jam factory at Courtfield Road were coming down the road, and when the trap passed them they burst into a roar of laughter, and began scribbling in the road and ditch for miles. Bob Cherry gave the alarm.

"Back up, Wharton!" he shouted. "They're going to blow us!"

"Right-o!"

Wharton cracked the whip, and the horse burst into a gallop. The trap dashed on at a spanking speed, but the factory loads roared after it, hurrying sticks and boxes and pots of laughter.

"Stop it, you idiots!" roared Bob Cherry.

"You're asking for it!" yelled back Jack Hume.

"What's up?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Make him go, Harry!"

Wharton cracked and cracked and cracked with the whip. The horse's hoofs were beating a rapid tattoo in the road, but the factory loads were left behind at last, flourishing with laughter and cheering.

"My only hat," ejaculated Bob Cherry. "They've all got Hume's head as haters."

"It is extraordinary," said Alonso.

Peter Todd smiled.

"It's a jape of some kind," he said. "Blessed if I understand it, though. Hello! Look out! Here's a load!"

A number of fellows belonging to Courtfield School were in the street as the trap entered Courtfield. Harry Wharton recognized Tompage, and Denham, and Boffy, Ransome, and several more of them, and waved his hand. The Courtfield school smiled cheerfully, but as they caught a glimpse of the back of the trap they burst into a roar of laughter.

"There something," said Tompage. "Wharton! Anything to jodge?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the Courtfield fellows threw something that came to hand. Missiles of all kinds whizzed into the trap. Bob Cherry gave a roar as an old cabbage-stump in the final stages of decay bounded him under the chin. Harry Wharton rolled at a certain bounded his hat off. Alonso Todd gaped with horror as an egg broke on the back of his neck. Yells of laughter from everywhere as the street greeted the jokers of Graydon as they fled from the facilities.

It was with great relief that Harry Wharton & Co. saw Courtfield Station at last. The drive had not been what could be called a success. Wharton brought the trap to a halt outside the station, and there was a burst of laughter from the passengers' seats.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What on earth is the matter with 'em?" said Wharton, in amazement. "The whole blessed country has gone off its cocker, I think."

"Looks like it," growled Bob Cherry.

The jokers descended from the trap. Then Bob Cherry gave a roar, and pointed to the inscription on the back of the vehicle, which he had seen for the first time.

"Look!" he yelled.

"Oh!"

"My only hat!"

"Please throw something at us!" Wharton roared out.

"Oh, the boundaries! Oh, the natives! That was what Coker stopped us for outside the gates."

"The awful shame!"

"Dear me," said Todd. "I regard this as an example of courtesy on the part of Coker! My uncle Benjamin would be shocked very much indeed."

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Well Hived!

WELL HIVED!

WELL HIVED!

"The... the boundary!" said Peter Todd, in great admiration. "I shouldn't have thought that an Coker had brains enough for a jape like this."

"My dear Peter—"

Bob Cherry pointed the back of the trap, and cracked it up. A gathering crowd had gathered round, and the Courtfield fellows were glad to get into the station. They had arrived very early, owing to the extra speed they had put on, and they had a quarter of an hour to wait for the train. Alonso offered to walk away the time pleasantly by reading out a chapter of the "Story of a Potato," an offer which was declined without thanks.

The train came in at last, and the two Todds stepped into a carriage. Alonso shook hands most affectionately with Wharton and Bob Cherry, and promised them that he would pay them another visit as soon as he could.

Then the train rolled out of the station. Alonso opened his book, and Peter Todd leaned back in the opposite corner of the carriage and closed his eyes.

"I will read you a chapter as we go, Peter," said Alonso mildly. "It will be improving the shining hour, which our uncle Benjamin has always regarded upon as so do."

And he started.

Peter Todd took it very patiently. Alonso's voice droned on monotonously for a quarter of an hour. Then he came to the end of the chapter, and glanced across at his cousin.

"Is it not quite interesting, Peter?"

"None!"

"My dear Peter—"

"None!"

"Never more!"

Cousin Peter was fast asleep.

## THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Well Hived!

COKER & CO. greeted Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry when they returned to Graydon with great delight, but the two Romantics walked in with an air of elaborate unconcern. Coker looked them in a very friendly way.

"Did a good drive, you chaps?"

"Oh, nothing," said Bob Cherry.

"An admirable one, indeed!" grinned Peter.

"My dear chap, what adventures could we have in a half-day in the country!" said Harry Wharton, with an air of astonishment.

"Did anything throw things at you?" asked Coker.

And the Fifth-Formers roared.

Wharton and Cherry went in without saying, leaving Coker & Co. in a state of very considerable consternation with themselves. The affair of those unfortunate run-trot in Coker's garden was by no means forgotten.

Wharton and Bob were not at content in their own state. Nugent and Johnny Bell and the rest roared over the story just as much as Coker & Co. had done.

"Blessed if I can see so much to smile at," said Bob Cherry, rather crossly.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Johnny Bell. "Funny you chaps running the greatest life that! And you never thought of guessing that it was a jape!"

"How were you to guess, fellow?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Stop cracking, for goodness' sake!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Johnny Bell did not stop cracking, and Bob Cherry, in a state of exasperation, roared at him and looked him full into the passage. Even then Bell did not stop cracking. His cousin could still be heard as he retreated to his own study.

And when other fellows heard the story they cracked too. In fact, it was something how many the Romantics seemed to consider it. The idea of Wharton driving alone a trap having a glass in spring people to throw things at him, and never suspecting why the public took advantage of the invitation, seemed incredibly comic to the jokers.

Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry began to get into a state of exasperation on the subject. It was all very well to be laughed at by the Fifth, and even by the Sixth and the Upper Fourth, but to be laughed at by their own Form in addition was, as Bob Cherry said, a little too thick.

"Coker is well cracking over this giddy rat," Bob Cherry growled, when morning came the next day. "I don't believe he thought of it himself, either. But he's taking all the credit for doing so brown. The whole Fifth is cracking on the subject. Even the great Blandish has condescended to crack. Blessed if I can see that it was such an A. 1. top-notch jape as all that."

"Fellow, and you can't be expected to see!" grinned Moby

Deemed. "But sure, it was doing admirably! You see, you looked such a pair of silly ones."

"Knappe the motion," remarked Bolzano. "It's specially pleasing to the Bureau to have our three captives made to look a silly thing like this."

"Any other things you want throwing?" asked Shoop, with a puff.

Bob Cherry snorted. "Yes, it's almost time I started throwing things myself," he said. "You're a jolly important thing here, and I'll start on that."

He started on Shoop, and threw him out into the Court, which completely damped Shoop's sense of humor for some time.

Coker & Co. came out of their Form-room, and gazed at the Remover. Coker was decidedly pleased with himself. He had scored last and boy in the sudden tussle between the Fifth and the Remover, and he was triumphant. Foster and George were awaiting, too, and so were Hound and Houndell and Flanagan. In fact, the whole Fifth gazed at the unexpected chance of the Remover.

And the ladies gazed. They did not feel the slightest. They were getting fed up with the subject. Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry trumped up the matter, and Coker jolted after them.

"Hah! Like some more things thrown?"

"Oh, no, no."

And Coker caught up a cushion from the seat in the hall, and hurled it on the ladies after the fashion. It caught Bob Cherry on the back of the head, and he fell forward with a yell, and the Fifth Formers below yelled two-week laughter.

Bob Cherry jumped up in a rage and grabbed the cushion. Coker & Co. retreated towards the Fifth Form-room, laughing, and Bob Cherry descended a few steps, leaped over the banisters, and landed the cushion on them.

The Fifth Formers dodged, and the cushion flew into the open doorway of the Form-room, and as it luck would have it, Mr. Frost, the master of the Fifth, stepped out at that moment.

The cushion caught him fairly on the chest, and he spun back into the room and sat down with a loud bang.

"Oh," gasped Mr. Frost.

"My only Aunt Gertrude! You've done it now!" yelled Coker. "And he fell."

Mr. Frost jumped up like a jack-in-the-box, and leaped out into the passage, with flaming ears and swelling veins. He caught moment and caught sight of Bob Cherry's horrified face over the banisters.

"Cherry!" he roared.

"Yes-yes, sir?" stammered Bob.

"Did you throw that cushion?"

"Yes-yes, sir."

"You—you had the astounding impudence to hurl a cushion at a Form-master?" demanded Mr. Frost.

"Oh, sir! No, sir! Oh, sir!"

"No! You said so?"

"I—I didn't think it at you, sir," stammered Bob. "That—that was an accident, sir. I—I slunked it at another silly one, sir."

"Hah!"

"I—I mean I slunked it at a silly one, sir, and—and—"

"Come here, Cherry!"

"Yes-yes, sir."

Bob Cherry reluctantly descended the stairs. He knew that he was in for it. A justice could not hold a Form-master over like a rascal without paying the penalty. Mr. Frost grasped him by the collar and marched him into the Remover's study. Mr. Quibb looked on in surprise.

"What was it all this?" he exclaimed.

"I have been knocked down, sir—knocked over with violence, sir—knocked to the floor by the impact of a cushion projected through the air by the cushion and idiotic boy, sir," asserted Mr. Frost.

"Dear me!"

"As he is in your Form, sir, I leave you to deal with him, sir," said Mr. Frost.

And he walked out of the study. Mr. Quibb picked up a cushion.

"I didn't have the wish, at Mr. Frost, sir," stammered Bob.

"I—I hurled it at another class, sir. I—I—"

"I don't suppose you knocked down a Form-master previously, Cherry. I am quite willing to believe that that was an accident," said Mr. Quibb grimly. "But it is necessary to make proper arrangements against such accidents, so please hold out your hand."

And Bob Cherry received three raps, and he went out of the Remover's study.—No. 228.

EVERY THURSDAY **Che "Magnet" HERALD.** ONE PENNY.

the study looking as if he were trying to hold himself up like a post-bank.

His cheeks were blue with great sympathy. "Harry, listen, old chap," said Harry Wharton. "And it was all taken a month ago."

"Does it hurt?" asked Bob Cherry sympathetically.

"No!" grinned Bob Cherry, with amplified sympathy.

"It's over, and I'm doing this for you! Oh! Yes!"

And for a considerable time Bob Cherry was like *quid* Harry; he murmured, and would not be consoled.

### THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Many Invitations.

**C**LOCK! Clock! Harry Wharton pulled up to be heard the sound. Lessons were over that Saturday, and as the weather was certainly rising, cricket was impossible, and Harry Wharton was going to the library to borrow a book. The closing of the term was enough for many an owner down the passage, and he remembered Alonso Field's case. He tapped at the library door, and entered.

It was not Mr. Quibb who was seated at the typewriter, however. It was Mr. Frost, the master of the Fifth. Mr. Frost found the Remover-master's machine very useful, and he had already taken into the habit of using it to dash off little notes, and to write out notices, and so forth. The student it was very useful, and Mr. Frost's handwriting was stream-lined, and accurate as in that "Red" were a great deal like Chinese pictures to his unfortunate victim.

Mr. Frost glanced round on Wharton entered, and gave him a frown.

"May be quiet, Wharton?" he said.

"Yes, sir."

"You are interrupting me."

"Yes, sir, sir."

"Oh, well, go away, then."

Wharton's face turned a little.

The school library was supposed to be open to everybody in the school, and although Mr. Frost was a Form-master, it was decidedly odd of him to appropriate the place because he wanted to appropriate. But it was scarcely possible for Wharton to argue the matter with the master of the Fifth, so he quitted the library without having found the book he wanted.

Nagart and Johnny Bell and Bob Cherry were waiting for him in the study when he returned. Bob's handwriting against the window, and the justice had made up a big fire in the study, and they intended to pass the day.

Nagart and Johnny Bell and Bob Cherry were waiting for him in the study when he returned. Bob's handwriting against the window, and the justice had made up a big fire in the study, and they intended to pass the day.

Nagart and Johnny Bell and Bob Cherry were waiting for him in the study when he returned. Bob's handwriting against the window, and the justice had made up a big fire in the study, and they intended to pass the day.

Nagart and Johnny Bell and Bob Cherry were waiting for him in the study when he returned. Bob's handwriting against the window, and the justice had made up a big fire in the study, and they intended to pass the day.

Nagart and Johnny Bell and Bob Cherry were waiting for him in the study when he returned. Bob's handwriting against the window, and the justice had made up a big fire in the study, and they intended to pass the day.

Nagart and Johnny Bell and Bob Cherry were waiting for him in the study when he returned. Bob's handwriting against the window, and the justice had made up a big fire in the study, and they intended to pass the day.

Nagart and Johnny Bell and Bob Cherry were waiting for him in the study when he returned. Bob's handwriting against the window, and the justice had made up a big fire in the study, and they intended to pass the day.

Nagart and Johnny Bell and Bob Cherry were waiting for him in the study when he returned. Bob's handwriting against the window, and the justice had made up a big fire in the study, and they intended to pass the day.

Nagart and Johnny Bell and Bob Cherry were waiting for him in the study when he returned. Bob's handwriting against the window, and the justice had made up a big fire in the study, and they intended to pass the day.

Nagart and Johnny Bell and Bob Cherry were waiting for him in the study when he returned. Bob's handwriting against the window, and the justice had made up a big fire in the study, and they intended to pass the day.

Nagart and Johnny Bell and Bob Cherry were waiting for him in the study when he returned. Bob's handwriting against the window, and the justice had made up a big fire in the study, and they intended to pass the day.

Nagart and Johnny Bell and Bob Cherry were waiting for him in the study when he returned. Bob's handwriting against the window, and the justice had made up a big fire in the study, and they intended to pass the day.

Nagart and Johnny Bell and Bob Cherry were waiting for him in the study when he returned. Bob's handwriting against the window, and the justice had made up a big fire in the study, and they intended to pass the day.

Nagart and Johnny Bell and Bob Cherry were waiting for him in the study when he returned. Bob's handwriting against the window, and the justice had made up a big fire in the study, and they intended to pass the day.

Nagart and Johnny Bell and Bob Cherry were waiting for him in the study when he returned. Bob's handwriting against the window, and the justice had made up a big fire in the study, and they intended to pass the day.

Nagart and Johnny Bell and Bob Cherry were waiting for him in the study when he returned. Bob's handwriting against the window, and the justice had made up a big fire in the study, and they intended to pass the day.

Nagart and Johnny Bell and Bob Cherry were waiting for him in the study when he returned. Bob's handwriting against the window, and the justice had made up a big fire in the study, and they intended to pass the day.

Nagart and Johnny Bell and Bob Cherry were waiting for him in the study when he returned. Bob's handwriting against the window, and the justice had made up a big fire in the study, and they intended to pass the day.

Nagart and Johnny Bell and Bob Cherry were waiting for him in the study when he returned. Bob's handwriting against the window, and the justice had made up a big fire in the study, and they intended to pass the day.

Nagart and Johnny Bell and Bob Cherry were waiting for him in the study when he returned. Bob's handwriting against the window, and the justice had made up a big fire in the study, and they intended to pass the day.

Nagart and Johnny Bell and Bob Cherry were waiting for him in the study when he returned. Bob's handwriting against the window, and the justice had made up a big fire in the study, and they intended to pass the day.

Nagart and Johnny Bell and Bob Cherry were waiting for him in the study when he returned. Bob's handwriting against the window, and the justice had made up a big fire in the study, and they intended to pass the day.

Nagart and Johnny Bell and Bob Cherry were waiting for him in the study when he returned. Bob's handwriting against the window, and the justice had made up a big fire in the study, and they intended to pass the day.

Nagart and Johnny Bell and Bob Cherry were waiting for him in the study when he returned. Bob's handwriting against the window, and the justice had made up a big fire in the study, and they intended to pass the day.

Nagart and Johnny Bell and Bob Cherry were waiting for him in the study when he returned. Bob's handwriting against the window, and the justice had made up a big fire in the study, and they intended to pass the day.

Nagart and Johnny Bell and Bob Cherry were waiting for him in the study when he returned. Bob's handwriting against the window, and the justice had made up a big fire in the study, and they intended to pass the day.

Nagart and Johnny Bell and Bob Cherry were waiting for him in the study when he returned. Bob's handwriting against the window, and the justice had made up a big fire in the study, and they intended to pass the day.

Nagart and Johnny Bell and Bob Cherry were waiting for him in the study when he returned. Bob's handwriting against the window, and the justice had made up a big fire in the study, and they intended to pass the day.

Nagart and Johnny Bell and Bob Cherry were waiting for him in the study when he returned. Bob's handwriting against the window, and the justice had made up a big fire in the study, and they intended to pass the day.

READ  
**"THE SCHOOL UNDER CANVAS!"**  
The Grand, New School Serial, just starting in the  
**"GEM" LIBRARY.**  
OUT ON THURSDAY.  
Price One Penny.

"Marvel! It will take Colker & Co. all their time to get on to a scheme like that!" roared Ben Cherry. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Lemme see, you fellows!"

Wharton jerked himself away, and Bob Cherry plunged down into the automatic typewriter. He chuckled with delight.

"That is better than 'Treasure Island,'" he remarked. "As soon as old Frost's done with the clock, we'll get on to it."

And the others of the Bureau discussed their plan, and chuckled over it with great glee.

About an hour later Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent scouted cautiously along the passage leading to the library.

There was no sound from that apartment. The click of the typewriter was still. Wharton opened the door, and the two fellows slipped into the room, and closed the door behind them.

The man walked softly on the library window.

"It's all right to get into the machine. We've got the place to ourselves. Bob will keep watch at the other end of the passage, and while it there's danger."

"Good egg!"

Wharton set down at the typewriter. He removed the cover. The machine was quite ready for use. Wharton had handled a typewriter before, though experience was hardly necessary for using so simple a machine. A blank of paper, which Mr. Frost had been using for his correspondence, lay on the writing-table behind the machine. Wharton slipped one of them upon the roller, and adjusted it, and began to click.

"Click! Click! Clicking-click!"

He lifted the carriage, and showed Nugent when he had written. Frank read it with a chuckle of delight.

"Excellent, splendid!"

The pleasure of Master Colker's company is requested to you in Mr. Frost's study at four o'clock precisely. Any little contribution to the tea will be welcome."

"My hat," murmured Nugent.

Wharton grinned.

He whisked out the sheet, and put in another, and clicked away on the keyboard.

"Click! Click! Click! Click! He clicked along, and read the message.

"The pleasure of Master Colker's company is requested to you in Mr. Frost's study at four o'clock precisely. Any little contribution to the tea will be welcome."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wharton put sheet after sheet in the typewriter, and clicked them off neatly enough. He had eight done by the time he had finished, and he put them together carefully, folding up each and slipping it into one of Mr. Frost's envelopes. Three of the invitations were for Colker, Porter, and Brown, and they were all typed in five o'clock. Two and a half were for Hummel and Hild, and they were typed at four o'clock. One was for Fitzgerald, of the Fifth, and that was typed for a quarterpast four. Two were for Temple and Dalbey, of the Upper Fourth, and the time fixed in three was half-past four.

"What do you think of them?" grinned Wharton.

Nugent chuckled.

"Simply splendid."

"You see the typewriter never a bit of trouble," said Wharton reflectively. "We couldn't possibly write a note to Frost's hand—this would be wrong—and, besides, we couldn't copy his list, and if we could, nobody could read it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But a typewriter statement that the pleasure of Master Hummel's company is requested to you—that's all right. He can't possibly object to that."

"We do," Ha, ha, ha! We don't object, it don't we!"

"We don't say that Mr. Frost requests it, do we?"

"Certainly not!"

"Of course, they may draw such a conclusion from the letter."

"Very possibly—the paper won't be much good if they don't."

"That's their lookout, isn't it?"

"Just that!"

"As long as we tell the exact truth, I don't see that we can do any harm."

"Quite so, Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come on, then."

Wharton slipped the invitations into his pocket. The chimes stopped warning out of the library, leaving the typewriter as they had found it. Bob Cherry was keeping watch at the end of the passage, and he was getting a little tired. But he noticed nothing.

"All right!" he asked.

"Right as rain."

"Good! We shall have to get a flag to take the notes round."

"You want for who does things for Frost, too," said Wharton thoughtfully. "Young Nugent, of the Second—your name, Frank, isn't it?"

"Good!" said Nugent. "Dirky will do it like a shot."

And Dirky Nugent was called upon for his services. The stamp of the Second was taken into No. 1 Study, and he ate lunch while the chimes of the Remover explained matters to him. Nugent minor grinned, and willingly assented to being a messenger. And when he had finished the portfolio, he left Fifth No. 1 with the invitations to his parents, and proceeded to deliver them at the studies of the Fifth-Formers, and Temple and Dalbey.

Harry Wharton & Co. checked in a chorus.

"I hope it will work," murmured Bob Cherry.

"We shall jolly soon see if it doesn't," said Wharton. "If it works, they'll be going to the lockshop to get the staff, and no shall we show them that window."

"Good egg! Let's watch!"

And the Fagmen Four took up their stand at the study window and watched.

Ten minutes later they had the pleasure of seeing Fitzgerald of the Fifth cut across to the lockshop, with an umbrella up; and he came back in a few minutes with a parcel under his arm.

Five minutes later Hummel and Hild scouted across the Close, in market-baskets, in the rain.

The Chimes of the Remover chimed at one another. It was now clear that the last had taken, and that Mr. Frost, the manager of the Fifth, would have grown in his study that afternoon.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER. Quite a Tea-Fight!

"M Y name!" said Colker. "What's that?"

He was the last to receive the typewriter invitation handed to him by Dirky Nugent. Dirky tossed the sealed envelope upon the table.

"For you, Colker," he said. "And there's one for Porter, and one for Green."

And leaving the three envelopes on the table, Dirky Nugent hurried away.

The three Fifth-Formers picked up the letters and opened them.

"Hallo! Typewriting!" said Colker. "This is something from old Frost, I suppose."

"An invite!" said Porter, unfolding his letter.

"So Jones got!"

Colker read his invitation aloud.

"The pleasure of Master Colker's company is requested to you in Mr. Frost's study at five o'clock precisely. Any little contribution to the lunch will be welcome."

"Just what he says to me," said Porter.

"And so me," remarked Green.

Colker smiled.

"First time I've ever heard of a First-master inviting a chap to tea, and asking him to bring his own grub!" he said.

"Frosty mean, I ask it!" said Porter.

"Well, it's all the better, in one way," Colker remarked sagely. "First-master's boss isn't much match as a rule. If Hummel if I like him, and Dirky won't let me and that level-and-level-up man, eating their bread-and-butter—with a touch of chocolate, I think. If I'd ever go, only it ain't good form to refuse. If they let us take our own stuff we could make a decent spread of it."

Porter nodded.

"I suppose we'd better take something decent," he suggested.

"Let's get down to the lockshop."

"It's raining."

"Bovver a gump, then."

And the chimes of the Fifth, crowding together under an umbrella, made their way to the school shop, where Colker's purchases were in berth as to delight the heart of Mrs. Miggins.

The three Fifth-Formers returned to Colker's study laden up with good things, which were intended to be consumed amongst Mr. Frost. Little did they dream that best pair of eyes were watching them from the window of No. 1 Study in the Remover, and that four juniors were chuckling over the success of their plan.

Harry Wharton & Co. scouted out of their study a little later, and set Temple and Dalbey of the Fourth in the Lower Hall.

"Looking for a tea, Temple?" asked Bob Cherry slyly.

"Frosty don't let me see if it's a very little tea."

"As a matter of fact, we've having tea with a First-master this afternoon," he said.

"Oh, right?" said Dalbey.

"You don't say so?" exclaimed Wharton. "Not Quibbly?"

"No, Mr. Frost has asked me to have tea with him at half-past four."

"I hope you'll have a good time," said Frost.  
"Thank you very much," said Temple respectfully.  
And the Famous Four strolled away chattering.  
The rain kept the junior scholars, but the Famous Four had certainly thought of a means of putting away a rainy afternoon in an entertaining manner.

As a rule, Mr. Frost was out of doors on half-holidays, but the rain kept him also a prisoner in his study. The rain, which brought on little slurry rains of drizzle, in some of Mr. Frost's hours, did not improve his temper, and he was very snappish in his study that afternoon. He was even to the point of not listening to his boys as soon as he was ready for it, and took to her legs for making tea half a way, and then to crossing the page, for bringing in each two minutes after he came for them.

Temple and the maid compared notes on the subject before dawn, and Mr. Frost would have been shocked if he could have heard their joint opinion of him.

Mr. Frost was in this pleasant mood when four o'clock would have been the clock-tower of thirteen, and there came a tap at his door.

"Come in," replied Mr. Frost snappishly.  
Immediately the Fifth entered, followed by Blundell. They walked quietly at the Form-master, and laid little parcels on the table.

"Mr. Frost asked us these things,"  
"What have you got there?" he asked.  
"Jam-tarts, sir, and a pair of macarons and some seed cake, sir," said Blundell.

"Mr. Frost could scarcely believe his ears.  
"Jam-tarts and a pair of macarons and seed-cake?" he asked. "And what have you brought such stuff to my study for, Blundell?"

"It was Blundell and I that brought it to there."  
"Why, then, sir?" said Frost.  
"For tea."

"Certainly, sir."  
"Do you mean to say that you are bringing your tea to my study?" asked Mr. Frost. "If this is a joke, Blundell, I feel no inclination to be angry, my study instantly, and take that ridiculous mistake on your own heads."

"But, sir," stammered Blundell, in dismay, not realising the mistake of Harry Wharton & Co.'s clerks.  
"I am, sir," stammered Blundell.

Mr. Frost pointed to the door.  
"Leave my study at once!" he repeated. "Upon my word, I never heard of such a thing! Go at once, or I shall send you!"

"Oh, your word, sir!" said Blundell, very much baffled.  
"If you don't want to see us in tea—"  
"Leave my study!"

Blundell and Blundell took the door. They tramped away from the passage in a state of great indignation, and they left Mr. Frost frowning with annoyance. He was amazed and disappointed, and if Blundell and Blundell had not been the way, they would have been very certain to have heard them from their evening conduct.

But by the time the quarter after four sounded from the clock-tower, Mr. Frost had dismissed the matter from his mind. He was very much amused at having to send the junior scholars, and he was debating in his mind whether he should put on a waistcoat and wash the rain, when there came a tap at his door, and he called out to the messenger to come in.

Fitzgerald of the Fifth entered cheerfully, with a smile on his face, and a letter in his hand.

"Well," stammered Mr. Frost.  
"And in time, I think, sir," said Fitzgerald cheerfully.  
"What? In time? What do you mean?"

"Just a quarter past, sir."  
"It is not quarter past, Fitzgerald. What is that letter for? What is it?"

"None, sir."  
"None."  
"Yes, sir."

"In the name of all that is ridiculous, Fitzgerald, what have you brought a basket of eggs to my study for?" shouted Mr. Frost.

Fitzgerald stammered.  
"I'm going to punch them, sir."  
"Punch them?"

"Yes, sir, I'll punch them, being you. Or I'll knock one of your boys, sir," said the Fifth Form-master indignantly. "I thought I'd bring you, sir."  
"No, you may read."  
"Perhaps you'd rather have had something else, sir," said Fitzgerald. "But I knew you would be angry; so I thought I'd—"

"Take a hundred lines, Fitzgerald!"  
"Thank you, sir."  
"And leave my study immediately. Take your collection to the Master Librarian—No. 222."

right away, please, sir! Another word and I will sign my name."

Fitzgerald simply gaped at his Form-master. But Mr. Frost's warning was explicit enough, and Fitzgerald did not wait to be asked. He picked up the basket of eggs, and left the study in a state of utter bewilderment.

He returned to a chair he sat in the passage that old Frost had always been rocky, but that he was fairly off his wits at last.

Mr. Frost fumed, and sat down by his fire in a very bad temper. The weather was getting on his nerves, and he began to suspect that it was doing the same with his boys, and that they were planning to pilfer the money by sagging their Form-master. And Mr. Frost started at the thought. He wondered whether any more letters would be coming in, and his lips set tightly to be considered.

Particularly at half-past four Temple and Dalrymple presented themselves. They knocked at the study door, and came in as answers to Mr. Frost's question, carrying a bundle each. Mr. Frost's eyes gleamed. He was beginning to get used to having bundles brought into his study. He rose to his feet.

"Temple! Dalrymple!" He held a lowering glare on the two Fourth Formers. "What have you got in those bundles?" Temple and Dalrymple exchanged glances. They had just supposed that a Form-master would get an invitation should have for consideration to be brought by his guests. But even after that they had never expected that Mr. Frost would make them immediate and greatly inquiry as to what they had brought.

But Temple replied very politely.  
"It's jam-tarts, sir—about a something for tea, sir?"  
"Oh, nothing, sir!" said Dalrymple. "We've got macarons, sir."

"And here and eggs—"  
"And a cake, sir."  
"And a tin of pineapple?"

"Yes—my important young master," said Mr. Frost, Temple and Dalrymple stared at him.  
"How can you do that?" said the Fifth Form-master.  
"I don't know what you understand, sir!" gasped Temple.

"Oh, nothing, sir!"  
"This is a conspiracy!" exclaimed Mr. Frost indignantly.  
"I see it all. You young rascals! If you belonged to my Form, I would warn you! You have the astounding impudence to tell me that you have come to tea in my study!"

"Mr. Frost, sir!" stammered Temple. "Yes—"  
"No!" thundered Mr. Frost.  
"But—but—"  
"No—immediately!"

Mr. Frost made a spring towards the two juniors, and they whipped out of the study in alarm. Mr. Frost caught up the two bundles from the table, and dashed them out after the other two in the passage.

"Thank you!"  
There was a sound of breaking jars and bursting eggs.  
Then the door slammed.

Temple and Dalrymple stared at one another dazedly, and then at the scattered bundles of good things.  
"Mincey only Aunt Milda!" gasped Temple. "She's mad!"

"Oh, rather!"  
"Let's bring, he may come out with a palook!"  
"Mincey hat!"

And, grabbing up the scattered bundles, which were strewn with pineapple and eggs, the two juniors fled.  
Mr. Frost scolded himself down by his fire, breathing fairly. He was very much amused at having to send the junior scholars, and he was debating in his mind whether he should put on a waistcoat and wash the rain, when there came a tap at his door, and he called out to the messenger to come in.

But for some time he was undisturbed, and he was beginning to think that the matter was at an end, when five o'clock and then the clock-tower, and, almost on the stroke of five, there came a tap at his door.

Mr. Frost brushed hard through his nose, and sat bolt upright, his hand resting upon the cane on the table. But he calmed himself with an effort, of course, it might be quite an innocent matter in his study. Mr. Frost did not seem to be angry. But if it was a palook—

"Come in!" he called out, with great calmness.  
The door opened, and Colver, Foster, and Brown, of the Fifth, appeared. Colver was carrying a bag, which was hanging on with the good things it contained. Colver had plenty of money, and he had spent it like a prince in providing consideration for that first in Mr. Frost's study. He

had been asked to bring contributions to the board, and he was bringing them next evening.

Mr. Frost bestowed a beam of light upon the three Fifth Form fellows. They came in with great good-humour, and Colver set down his bag.

"We've come, sir," he said.

Mr. Frost's eyes glowered.

"You're late, you know," he said. "And now, will you kindly explain why you have come, and what is in that bag?"

"Lots of things, sir," said Colver. "Ham, and eggs, and jam, and marmalade, and cake."

"What?"

"And preserved peaches, sir, and tongue, and jelly, and doughnuts."

"Why?"

"We shall have a supper, sir," said Colver pleasantly, not realising he was one of Harry Wharton's Co's victims.

"May I remove these papers, sir, and wrilay the table?"

"Any the table?" answered Mr. Frost.

"Certainly, sir! For the kettle on, 'Potter'?"

"Right-o!" said Potter.

Mr. Frost stood petrified. It was quite natural that he should be astonished, under the peculiar circumstances. He wondered for a moment whether a sudden attack of insanity had seized upon his Form. But Colver & Co. looked sane enough, and they were all smiles.

Potter made a movement towards the fire, and Colver and Greene began to clear the table. Mr. Frost came to himself. His head throbbed upon the case in a tight grasp, and he started round upon the astonished Fifth Formers.

"You young rascals!" he shouted. "It is a conspiracy! but I will show you that it is not safe to play with tricks upon me!"

"Oh!"

"That that—and that—and that!" roared Mr. Frost. "Look! Black! Black!"

"Oh!"

"Oh-oh-oh!"

"What?"

The case descended across Colver's shoulders with a thump that made him jump, and then it came falling down upon Potter and Greene. The three Fifth Formers dodged nimbly to escape, and looked round the table, and Mr. Frost bowed them, his eyes staring behind him, and his face glowing with rage.

"Take that!" he roared—"and that—and that—and that!"

"Oh! the! Yarn-trick!"

"Look! Black!"

"He's mad!" gasped Colver. "Has he?"

"Oh!" yelled Potter. "Has he your form?"

They made a dash for the door.

Mr. Frost was behind them, his eyes looking away. Colver & Co. remained scuffling in the doorway, all three trying to get out at once, and for a moment they were quite at Mr. Frost's mercy, and the open door and hall with wonderful celerity. The fellow of the hapless trio caught the length of the passage. They burst out of the doorway and fled, and Mr. Frost, standing at his door, struck his case about their tails.

"There!" gasped Mr. Frost, as he turned back into his study, and closed the door upon the table. "I think I have made an example of the impudent young rascals! I do not think there will be any more of this!"

And Mr. Frost was right; there was no more of it.

Colver & Co. dashed down the passage at full speed, and did not stop till they were in the hall, where they passed to gaze for a moment. A roll of laughter from a corner of Room No. 1 greeted them.

"Hello, hello, hello!" roared Bob Cherry. "What's the fun?"

"Poor's mad!" gasped Colver. "He sent us an invitation to tea, and asked us to take some things, and when we got there he started on us with his case—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh!" gasped Potter. "He's mad—mad, staring, staring—"

"Mad as a hatter! You?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Harry Wharton. "I suppose you're quite sure that the invitation was in order—oh!"

"What?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You're wiser! Do you mean—"

"Lots of people can see a typhoid, you know!" said Nugent cheerfully.

And the Broomies burst into a roll of laughter. Colver & Co. glared at them, understanding at last. But they did not feel equal to anything more than glaring; just then. They slouched sulkily away, leaving the Broomies sniggering with laughter, and desperately near hysterics. And for some time after, when Colver & Co. were observed to sing small—very small indeed!

THE END.

(Another splendid complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co. and Potter, entitled "THE SCANDALOUS SKELETON" by Frank Wharton. Also another long instalment of our grand new serial "FACING THE MUSIC," by Harry Green. Order your copy of the "MAGNET" now in advance. Price One Penny.)

**"THE GEM" LIBRARY**  
is the  
**BEST ALL SCHOOL-STORY PAPER,**

and contains this week a splendid, extra long, complete tale of Tom Merry & Co. of St. Jim's, by MARTIN CLIFFORD, entitled

**"FACING THE MUSIC,"**

and

the second long instalment of our Grand New School Serial of Gordon Goy, Frank Monk & Co., entitled

**"THE SCHOOL UNDER CANVAS!"**

Out on Thursday.

Price 1d.





"What did he tell you, Gan?" asked Ching-Lung.  
 "Vulgar pronunciation, he said," said the indignant Etkins.  
 "What did he mean, Ching?"  
 "Something horrible, dreadful, awful!" said Ching-Lung, shuddering. "I couldn't tell you."  
 "Come, Ching!"  
 "Hurry, hurry up! If a man had called me that, Fu-Fu-ling is, I'd care to listen!"  
 "Don't you go to look!" said Gan heavily. "I can't be punished. Do they always sing to people this piece in England?"  
 "They often make them sing another tune," said Ching-Lung weakly.  
 "I make him sing old battle-verse ballad!" said Gan. "I sing you some."  
 And then Gan commenced. His voice was like the noise produced by iron-bound plates being broken with a sledge-hammer, and the fragments landed down a flight of stairs. The reader can find no book for a poem or aria in which to compare poetic. No child the song meant something, and it sounded like this:

"I took that baggy old battle-verse ballad.  
 All that gave some such words you  
 Sing-sing-sing ching-poo-poo-poo-chook chook chook  
 Oh-so-so."

Kunk!  
 Kunk!

The way Gan brought out the "kunk" resembled nothing on earth. The nearest approach to it would be a bottle-basher struck by lightning. Greater detail than had and wrapped his head in the indignation. He could not think the sound.

"Kunk, kunk, kunk!" leaped the Etkins.  
 "Kunk!" roared Gremmer.  
 "Kunk!" came the wondering.  
 Then came Mr. Gremmer's gun. He had only been able to limp, but he sprang out of bed and fell downstairs. He did not mind the fall. To the water-pipe he rushed and filled a bucket. His eyes were wild and glassy, and perspiration streamed from him.  
 "Kunk!" came the blood-curdling yell.  
 "If I don't stop it, I'm done!" roared the Etkins.  
 "I am for a minute!"  
 He managed to get back to the bedroom. A final yell exploded like a cannon-shot, and almost knocked the groovy bedstead.  
 "Water!" wailed Mr. Gremmer. "Water or death!" He staggered to the window and raised the shutter on the latch. Gan's mouth was open, ready to discharge another volley.  
 And so was the window.  
 Mr. Gremmer gripped the bottom of the ladder with both hands.  
 "Death or victory?" he yelled. "Duller!"  
 He threw the bucket over Gan-Wang's head, hammers it down with his fist, and then, reeling back, he collapsed on the bed, and groaned like an asphyxiated man.  
 Ching-Lung had already started for home.

**Deal's Principally with Gan-Wang, and Proves that all is not Water that Looks Solid.**

Ching-Lung was compelled to return. Gan was far from being the weak and timid Etkins of old. He had learned many things since leaving his native land, and although his honest, generous character was the same, Gan was afraid of nobody.  
 "I wanted to get hold of Mr. Gremmer, and tried to hammer down the door with his side. He swore that he would not be caught by the man. He simply desired to knock Mr. Gremmer's feet into the stage," announced Gan, wincing after a grimace had passed over it. Mr. Gremmer, who you see just as a mangled, limp yelling that he had a limited gun in the house, and that he would use it in self-defense. Ching-Lung had to drag the wringing Etkins away by the ear, and place him in Harry O'Honey's keeping.  
 "What is not he's been doing" at all, at all?" asked the Irishman.

"Fighting!" said Ching-Lung.  
 "Indeed, no ought to be punished, nor. I'll hit terrible swags. D'you still want to fight, Gan-Wang?"  
 "I want to men and basket one."  
 "D'you still want to fight? O' good."  
 "Yes, I do."  
 "This O'll fight you for a month of Sundays," said Harry, taking off his coat.  
 Gan knew the look of O'Honey's unusual face. He told Harry that he didn't want to fight any more.  
 "O' thought not wouldn't, no one!" grinned Harry. "So The Master Linnard,"—No. 225.

"We go to hit other you—oh! Gan, you are nothing! never say less than a wild swag!"  
 "I not a swag!"  
 "You are O'll you. Can you read and write?"  
 Gan shook his head.  
 "O'll teach you," said Harry. "What word should O' you?"  
 "Batter?" cried Gan, without hesitation. "Batter, or the same?"  
 "Was it a batter—was it a batter. Here's the wild talk, and here's the talk. I'll start make this. That's the best batter—B, then comes C, T, T, E and B. That's how to write batter!"  
 The Etkins examined the word slowly.

"What you write for at all, Harry?"  
 "Write for?" Harry at the (laughter) "Write for! Day half-headed fuddle wild talk whatever knows that?"  
 "I think, you knowed," said Gan-Wang gently—"was any of him."  
 Harry did not like Gan's tone. It suggested that Harry was a hard-headed fellow with plain children. Gan was a lot sharper than he looked, and a lot deeper than he pretended to be.  
 "Fuddle," went on Harry heavily. "you ignorance would bring this to the class in a paragraph, said. Now, just consider, you know. Gremmer was had a box of soap, a box of nails, a box of screws, and a box of brass. Suppose they were all mixed up and looked the same. There you are. You wanted the soap. 'Soap' is written on it, and you find it at water. At it was? You might open the nails and screws and they lay mistake above you got to the proper one. That's what writing's for, North Pole!"  
 "Well, though," said Gan. "What want him for? I not try, Harry."  
 "Gan, you are better! Try and think, as you have an open bottle or a blood medicine. It says on the outside bottle, 'soap, nails, screws, flour.' You want the soap, and you take at the label, and there you are. Look the good sign!"  
 "Name are as label as they who will not lose."  
 "Name are as dumb."  
 "O've got a bit mixed, but you know what O' mean?"  
 "Not one," said Gan, shaking his head. "You want writing."  
 "Yes, how did you find the soap, chimney-bread?" roared Harry.  
 "Spell it!" said Gan-Wang.  
 Gan's remark was unanswerable. Harry, at least, found it so.

"Small volume, too," added the Etkins slowly.  
 "This was not her signature."  
 "And the name?" said the Irishman. "O've got you there—oh, you bump one! You couldn't tell them."  
 "Not young enough I do, Harry."  
 "O' take you. How could you do it?"  
 "Easy enough," grinned Gan. "We know soap and volume by smell, even if I want nails. I feel weight of box. That's what makes heavy day there. Do color one left do there. What good writing?"  
 "Good," said Harry, scratching his head. "O'd's opinion, that is. O' didn't think you had got it in you. Indeed, it's sweetest-est matter! Fuddle, you have learned you standard!"  
 Gan had a respectable memory and a quick eye, in fact, two of them. He kept both fixed on the word chalked on the table. He did not know the letter B from a French candle, or T from a railway-sleeper, but he tried to remember the look of the word, which Harry had printed in big capitals.  
 "I read 'berry good' though any time," he said. "Where do you keep him, Harry?"  
 "The lava that's after some?" thought the Etkins. He asked aloud: "Generally in the collar, so they during the winter weather."  
 "No, indeed?"  
 "In boxes, barrels, or bags. It's all the same thing. As you see that word you can never there's lovely golden butter inside."  
 "Do they lay a word for?" asked the Etkins, his mouth watering.  
 "Shipboard as at, so you question! That collar is packed with it!"  
 Gan yanked his head to and fro across his waistcoat and bowed up his eyes.

"I going to sleep now," he said, making for the kitchen. "Write up dinner-time."  
 Harry picked up the chalk thoughtfully. He was still distressed of Gan. He knew the Etkins's love of butter, and he felt sure that Gan would read the collar. Harry began to read. The name-collar was kept locked, but on one crumbled about the bar-window. Harry looked out of the window, and saw a woman's cart outside.

Two men clinging to a rope were lowering a fifty-  
pound barrel of stones into the  
mine shaft. Harry, who was  
standing on the ledge, was  
holding the rope. He waited until the  
quarry closed and the men  
were gone. Then Harry  
went down the steps.

The color was cool,  
blue, and well-lighted.  
There were rows of barrels  
standing on benches, and  
counters were containing  
boxed beams and mineral  
water.

"Now, which is the  
new corner?" thought  
Harry. "There's no many  
rooms."

Harry saw several coils  
of rope. He tried each one  
with his hand. The two  
kinds of rope felt quite  
new, while the others  
were hoarse.

"Strong about like this  
Joe's got called down to  
a hot steam without getting  
his finger up," he grumbled.  
"Oh! I bet he's almost  
strong enough to blow the  
roof of the rock out!"

Harry pulled the trap  
by shouting "Best Friends  
Halter" on the rock.  
Hearing a hoarse cry,  
he started out of sight.

"It's the best mine  
rough!" he grumbled.  
"Oh! When it was. The  
mine has begun to  
shake since the fall. He had  
not come assumed Harry  
saw that they had brought  
a hammer and a  
hammer."

"The big little that?"  
grinned the Irishman.  
"Shouldn't I hold, I  
must!"

On hands and knees,  
Harry crept up the steps.  
There he spring to his feet  
and ran.

"Here, my!" he panted,  
bursting into the  
mine, "for the day of  
mine, come quick!"

"What is it?" cried  
Ching-Lung, startled.  
"Anything serious?"

"Yes," said Gan, as  
he'd come to a head and  
broke out. "No's danger  
to the mine!"

"Never! Not Gan!"  
said Harry darkly. "What  
was that a chap said into  
a hole-codder for, I want  
to know!"

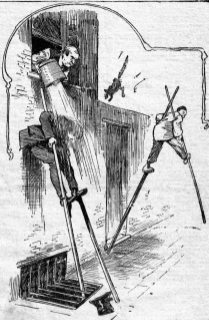
"Why don't you go  
and ask a man who  
will tell you what it  
means, and then I'll  
be happy!"

"No! No! No! No! No!  
I want to know what  
it means!"

"What's that a chap  
said into a hole-codder  
for, I want to know!"

"Why don't you go  
and ask a man who  
will tell you what it  
means, and then I'll  
be happy!"

"No! No! No! No! No!  
I want to know what  
it means!"



Mr. Greater gripped the bottom of the bucket, and slipped it over Gan-Yang's head.  
"Steak or water?" he asked. "No!"

"What was that a chap  
said into a hole-codder  
for, I want to know!"  
"Why don't you go  
and ask a man who  
will tell you what it  
means, and then I'll  
be happy!"

"XXXXX Boat." A glimmering of the plot started on him.

"Barry," he continued, "is that stuff you?"  
 "Fishes and fishes' little fishes!" gasped Barry.  
 "It's stronger nor diamonds!"  
 "And he thinks there's better inside?"  
 "Aren't you at all, nor!" said Barry.

Gas was getting steadily at his hammer. He had never expected such a glorious find. To attack that rock, to strike so large a haul, to get a hundred or a thousand of the shining pearls! How the excitement, how the working about here and there showed that the object was a matter of slight weight to be found the rock. It was protected by a piece of iron, which Gas quickly overcame.

"It's a fish, isn't it?" muttered Barry.  
 "Fish?"  
 "It shall last up!"  
 "Thank you, sir!"

Gas was pecking at the rock with the screw-driver, and the machine almost was at work to get out of the tank at once a corner was to escape from underneath. Gas continued to hammer away.

"It's coming!" "It's coming!" said Barry, in excited tones.  
 "You are!"  
 "It had come! The Eddies' roll of leaves that like a thundering through the cellar, at the remains of the rock that got still struck him on his head now. They struck the lightest yellow field on it from a steam locomotive. Gas "put it in the rock," as the Yankee say.

The steady current swept him backward. He staggered up, only to slip and fall. The stream made a hollow for cutting him nearly in the ear, and Gas was wallowing in two feet or more of the rollers and was beautiful footings.

Shouting wildly, he rolled out of the tank into the corridor that followed the floor.

"Explosion, Barry!" said Ching-Lung excitedly. "Fish, instead, and stop him!"

"Oh, on!" cried Barry.  
 There was a case of automatic weapons close at hand. Barry seized four of them, and hurried to the door. He had seized a barrel, to guard the door. This a case of forty-four and small caliber, was an addition, and passed quickly in his hands. Each round was a five-grain bullet, and they were not better. The place would blow the door out of the hinges of the door. There was an orange-colored powder on the floor, which several pounds' worth of steel had gone to waste.

Gas groaned, and slipped towards the door. Water, a stream of liquid boiled into his face, and utterly surrounded and bewitched Gas spring back. He tripped over a treadle, and pitched into the black pool. Scrambling up, he made another rush for the door. Just as Barry took aim, Ching-Lung drew the work of a hand-saw.

In the confusion of the cellar the door bounded at last as a pistol shot. The stream from the machine washed some of the work-thing out of Gas's hair. He fell over in his head, and passed down the line of traps.

Then Ching-Lung took aim, a revolver in each hand. Both streams took effect. Gas rolled again, and fell across the cellar. Another containing heated water after him in very hot water, and he was splashed in front of Gas with such a roar that his blood flowed like a river.

The door opened full of armed men, all hurrying for his life. Gas sat a barrel standing on end under the grating, and opening upon it. It was old, rusty, and weak. The end gave way, and being no another strong, Gas dropped through. The force of his leap upon the rock, which rolled over.

"Gas!" came a whisper, that lifted the frightened Eddies with joy.

"Ching! Ching!"  
 "Thank! Don't make a sound for your life! I'm coming to you!"

Gas was shivering in the rock. There was room for one. Ching-Lung, armed with a revolver, crept in.

"Oh, you steady, pretentious fellow, get out!"  
 "Not here! They won't let me!" muttered Gas. "They shoot with pistol. I started all over. It don't make things arrange. They got' me under Gas!"  
 "That up!" The plot is black and deep!" cried Ching-Lung. "For your good the bloodstained marks there!"  
 "You see, old bloodstained man!"  
 "They will strike you with bolts, both you with knives, and you with axes, both you with fish-bone, and you with pick-axe, pound you with hammers, and smother you with mugs!"  
 "Oh, you see, you see!"

"Thank for your life!" said Ching-Lung. "I am here to save you. I surrounded the plot. I'm going to wait. I'm the Master Linnear. No. 222.

rolled one of the conspirators. Seizing him by the throat, I placed my finger dagger to his heart, and waving the death from his pallid lips. Armed in the darkness, I swept down here. I want to know if I will see you yet. Gas, for the sake of Krupp, get out! Leave for you much like water. The end breathe! The end with an end! Had in the work-thing! All that would be the light of day, water, steam! Steam would I go. Whatever happens, don't move of it!"

"Yes, Ching!" moaned Gas.  
 There was a bang in the rock. Ching-Lung crawled in and slowly slipped the barrel. The next began to move towards the door. Barry, rubbed his eyes. He had not expected the barrel before to see it advance.

"It is Barry!" came out Ching-Lung's voice from the far end of the cellar. "He's in that tank!"

"Behind, as he is, and!" cried Barry. "What shall I do, sir?"

"Knock him over! He's a fighter! Fight with the other side!"

Barry, expecting that Ching-Lung had some other idea of increasing the fun, bounded from his ambush. A rapid deluge of soft-water flew out of the trap-hole and reduced his roller and water from the lowest possible state.

The creek began to move the steps. Barry found water in the bucket. There were three buckets there.

"Water," said Barry, waving them back. "It's the foe!"

"What for?"

"The Eddies arrange. He's coming! An' you want to get a bit of our own back, too's your chance!"

The three buckets began to grin and turn up their cuffs. They wanted Gas badly.

"You say to me!" said Barry. "How'll you see the moment you see me?"

Ching-Lung, bang, bang! The rock was steadily approaching. The Eddies stood Gas a heavy debt, and they were determined to pay it off. Strong four to one, they were very plucky.

"All together!" said Barry.

"All together!" repeated the Eddies.

"No more," said Barry.

"Let him see!"

"Let him see, and play Eddies with him," said Barry, waving the water out of his neck.

"We will!"

But they didn't. Instead of rushing forward and striking upon the barrel, the footmen started back, accompanied, as the big rock trapped into the cellar. The tub halted, turned round, and kept upon the table. And from its depths a muffled and jarring voice remarked:

"That's all it's worth me!"

Knock him off the ground, the clerk, the guard," said Barry, keeping out of range of the footmen.

"He's gone!" cried Barry, waving the water. "He's gone!"

"Don't be afraid! He's gone!"

The last footmen hopped about in a frenzy of rage.

"Don't be afraid, John," said the other two. "That's he invited by a strange. Knock him over, John."

"I will," muttered the footman. "I will!"

Forcing that to mean to something for his reputation, for the eyes of his comrades were upon him, the last one rushed into the cellar. He was very pale. He passed about a yard from the tub.

"Mr. San-Waggon," he said, with bowed and terrible coloration.

"At 20' distance, back of nature," said the voice.

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"V. W. X. Y. Z." said Gas-Wagon.

The footman edged down a lamp in his throat.

"Sir," he said, with the same terrible coloration, "you are vulgar. I am the highest party. In the presence of my friends, who have 'read the green and read himself, I see you to come here and to give me satisfaction for them some minutes."

"I see do come out, tape," said the voice, "and get you face by do come."

"I see do come out, tape," said the voice, "and get you face by do come."

"I see do come out, tape," said the voice, "and get you face by do come."

"I see do come out, tape," said the voice, "and get you face by do come."

"I see do come out, tape," said the voice, "and get you face by do come."

and Gun up. Keep this dark. I don't want these chaps to know where I am.

Henry gripped the situation, and began to chuckle. "An O! was great, Mr. Flagg," he grinned. "O'd like him down for the rest."

"And I will, Mr. I mean it?"

"That a nice drink instead," said the man in the tux.

"Never, not!"

"No, not!"

"Yes, not!"

"No, not!"

"Yes, not!"

"No, not!"

"Yes, not!"

"No, not!"

"Yes, not!"

"No, not!"

"Yes, not!"

"No, not!"

"Yes, not!"

"No, not!"

"Yes, not!"

"No, not!"

"Yes, not!"

"No, not!"

"Yes, not!"

"No, not!"

"Yes, not!"

"No, not!"

"Yes, not!"

"No, not!"

"Yes, not!"

"No, not!"

"Yes, not!"

"No, not!"

"Yes, not!"

"No, not!"

"Yes, not!"

"No, not!"

"Yes, not!"

Report lay in a garden-shed, the picture of fatness and boredom.

"It's lovely!" he said.

"It's lovely!" said Gun-Wags. "Nixie was better and sweeter."

"He means London and London, my fat smoking dove," grinned Ching-Lung, "and not that half-brown log-squash you're drinking! What's Henry, the head of love?"

"In de manner, expressing out the middle-water," giggled Gun.

"What the half-penny say in middle-water, Gun?"

"The shameless common or garden middle-water, sir! Henry started monkeying with the wiring and of a sudden, and got a hairy in the neck. All round, we have had a happy day. In there a horse's cart passing! I can smell stale portin' things it's only Gun's hair-oil."

Report groaned.

"Shinin' wonder, the fat little wretch is always making big himself!"

"I see. We'd shut up?"

Theory set up as if electrified, and glared at the Tinkles.

"Gun-Wags," he said sternly. "Tut! Forget yourself!"

"Don't I wish we could forget him?" yelped Ching-Lung.

"That heavy hair-oil makes it impossible."

"Apologies for your unapproachable and vulgar rudeness!" said Report. "Remember, I am your superior officer. Many a man has been shot for less!"

Gun winked, and laid a fat finger knowingly on his mouth.

"Make believe I speak French out of talks up!" he remarked.

Report said not a word. Gun was getting unbearable.

"Mr. Henry, as the great Thomas Paine would have it," gaped Ching-Lung, "this must be put a stop to!"

"It must," said Report.

He slowly unbuttoned the belt that kept his flannel trousers in position, and groped a hole.

"Guns, come here!"

"Shut yourself happy 'tough where are, Gads!" said Gun excitedly.

"Come here!" thundered Report, without doing.

Gun's knees began to knock together.

"We're not going to be bothered to a Washday complexion," he whined.

"Come here!" roared Thurston.

The son of the North tremblingly approached the garden-shed.

"Now apologize, you fat man, and I'll be you down lightly!"

"I am!" said Gun defiantly. "I let you down heavily instead!"

His foot shot out, kicking away the support used for rubbing and leaving the chair, and Thurston found himself hanging on to his belt.

Gun swooped over a few gravel-pots at a pattering gait, and bounded through the open window.

"I don't know much about the leaving-down-lightly business," murmured Ching-Lung, as Thurston picked himself up.

"It rather strikes me that you knowed."

Report laughed good-humoredly.

"An' what you are spoolin' him, Ching."

"Not a tin, Sir."

"But he never used to be like this. He was never chaffy before!"

"That's true," answered Ching-Lung thoughtfully. "He's getting a bit of a nerve. Never mind; I'll knock some of it out of him gently but firmly, if I have to do it with an ash-plum!"

"Look in four minutes, your highness!" said a hoarse Stoppas.

"That means a promise to change tops, and this is the nearest way, Theobald!"

Ching-Lung, his hands clasped close his slightly curly eyebrows by the window, gazed by window-ledge forty feet higher up, and vanished into his bed-room.

Thurston closed the jugs and water pails by the stairs, shortly afterwards the lunch-going boomed out its summons.

Ferris Lord entered last. A footman brought in a cable, on which lay a telegram. The expression of his face did not change as he read the message, and then his voice, terribly calm, terribly stern, but as quiet as ever, broke the silence.

"My dear Sir," he said, "the Lord of the Deep is a cold wreck!"

It was like a bolt from the blue. They leapt to their feet, started, stammered, agitated.

(This striking new story will be continued next week, when another long and thrilling instalment will be published.)

**My Readers' Page.**



**GRAND, NEW, WEEKLY FEATURE.**

**NEXT WEEK'S CONTENTS:**

Next Tuesday's grand, complete school story is entitled

**"THE SCHOOLBOY DETECTIVE."**

By Frank Richards, and tells of the coming to Greyfriars of a junior endowed with the gifts of a powerful genius. Make as it happens, occasion arises in the daily work and school for his peculiar talents to be brought into play, and, with the assistance of Harry Wharton & Co.

**"THE SCHOOLBOY DETECTIVE"**

Illustrates a plot as mysterious as it is villainous.

In our great new serial, too—

**"TWICE ROUND THE GLOBE"**

—romantic developments may be expected, which may be relied on to keep this magnificent story in the forefront of all adventures told. Altogether, next Tuesday's "Magazine" Library will be a superb penny-work of exciting and story-telling material, which in no wise lessens the marvelous characters and incidents. It will be advisable to order two copies of a number in advance, since it is only by adopting that course that all difficulty in obtaining it may be effectively avoided.

**REPLIES IN BRIEF.**

**W. M. W. W. and W. G. (Dulwich)**—I don't quite know what sort of answer you expect me to give you in your "criticism." Every man to his taste, of course, but perhaps you will be surprised to learn that the criticism you quote is in exactly the opposite to that formed by the great body of "Magazine" readers.

**John C. Murray**, Thank you for your paper. "The Gem" is the only newspaper paper to "The Magazine" readers.

**F. Robinson (Workshop)**—Thanks for your letter and suggestion. I am afraid I cannot supply you with a picture of the master you mention, as it is against my rule to divulge any other reader's addresses without their express permission.

**F. M. Morris (Manchester, South Africa)**—Thank you for your letter. The notice you mention is already under consideration.

**W. Russell (Old Kensington)**—In reply to your query, I have to tell you that you are already a book dealer with how to make deals and "Impressions" under the name of "The Gem" (Hanger Books, Derby Lane, W.C.) entitled "Working Methods," price 3s. 6d. post free. You might possibly be able to obtain a book on generalities and good accounts from H. Wheeler & Co., 21, Chancery Lane, W.C.

**H. W. Bateman (Hull)**—Thank you for your postcard. The story you mention has not appeared in thoroughly book form, but may possibly be used in some future date.

**K. Diddle (London) and other Inquiries**—In reply to your query, I have to tell you that you can obtain a book entitled "Practical Ventilation," from L. Upcott Gill, of Derby Lane, London, W.C., for 3s. 6d. post free.

**F. A. Salisbury (Gloucester)**—Many thanks for your nice letter. I was interested to hear how you had made to read "The Magazine" Library, and will also have your paper sent to you. May I suggest that you pass your copy on to a subscriber when you have finished with it?

**W. Barry (Liverpool)**—Thank you for your postcard. You can obtain a good copy of "The Gem" at Spaulding & Burt, of St. High Holborn, London, W.C., whose specialty it is in this line.

**K. Prudden (Melbourne, South Australia)**—Many thanks for your long letter. The stamp you enclosed is one of the greatest ever issued of Victoria, and is of little value. You can buy having stamps from Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., of 25, Strand, London, W.C., England.

**BACK NUMBERS WANTED.**

N. Woodford, of 22, Darnley Road, Birmingham, wishes to obtain Nos. 12 and 20 of Vol. 1, of "The Magnet" Library. H. Walker, via Sams, High Street, Worcester, wishes to obtain the first number of "The Magnet" and "The Gem" Libraries.

**A FEW HINTS ON ROWING.**

The would-be coxswain, before attempting to obtain proficiency in rowing, should first of all know how to stroke, and swim well. It is always advisable to make the first attempt during the summer months, as boats, when in the hands of the beginner, have rather a habit of turning over at times.

The main thing for the novice to bear in mind is that his object is to move his boat through the water as fast as possible, but to do so without waste of strength.

Let it be supposed that the pupil has no previous knowledge whatever of the art of rowing. He must then, first of all, sit down, nearly in the middle of the seat, and must take care to see that he is seated opposite his feet, leaving the stern-boards the board on which the feet are placed at such a length that when his body is just a little beyond the perpendicular his legs are almost straight. This is important, as otherwise, if the legs are perfectly straight, the force of the stroke is greatly diminished.

When seated thus, he must take hold of the oars, grasping them rather loosely, and in such a manner as when the oars are turned downwards the flat of the blade will be turned upwards. They should be held near the end, so that the blades, as each moves, can overlap the end. The fingers should be placed round the handle as far as they will go. Both regard to the position of the feet, they should be placed as close to the feet as they can be, but exactly upon the stern-boards. The knees may be either apart or together.

Now for the movement. When the beginner has mastered the manner of grasping the oars, he should swing forward, with his arms extended, grasping the body from the legs as far as possible. This will tend the blades of the oars behind the coxswain. When they are as far back as he can swing them, he should let the blades fall into the water, edge downwards, without any splash. Then the blades, as they descend, and keeping the arms extended and straight for two-thirds of the stroke, he should swing the body back, thus bringing his whole weight upon the seat. This forces the blades of the oars forward, and sends the boat along.

At the end of the stroke the arms, from the elbows to shoulders, should be swung against the sides. At this point he must drop the hands sharply, thus lifting the blades clear of the water, and turning the flat side of the blades upward by swinging the arms, until the arms are ready for the next stroke. A good swing forward is essential, as a longer stroke is obtained. The above directions should be followed carefully, and the movements practiced as much as possible.

To get the water depth at which the oars should be pulled through the water, allow them to rest on the water, edge downwards, while in the correct position in the water.

The easiest thing still to do is the depth they have to be pulled to. One necessary thing to be borne in mind is "hold water," i.e., stopping the boat. The method is to reverse the blades, and drop them deep into the water. The depth is regulated according to the speed at which the boat is passing.

The arms in this movement have to be kept perfectly still. It is a very difficult movement, and should be practiced frequently, as it is important to know it in case of need.

The following few useful hints may be added:

- (1) Brought to the arms before landing the body at the beginning of the stroke.
- (2) Drop the oar or oars clearly into the water.
- (3) Draw the oar through the water at the same depth throughout the stroke.
- (4) Make full use of back and shoulders.
- (5) In rowing with others, keep the eyes fixed on the coxswain in front.

THE EDITOR.