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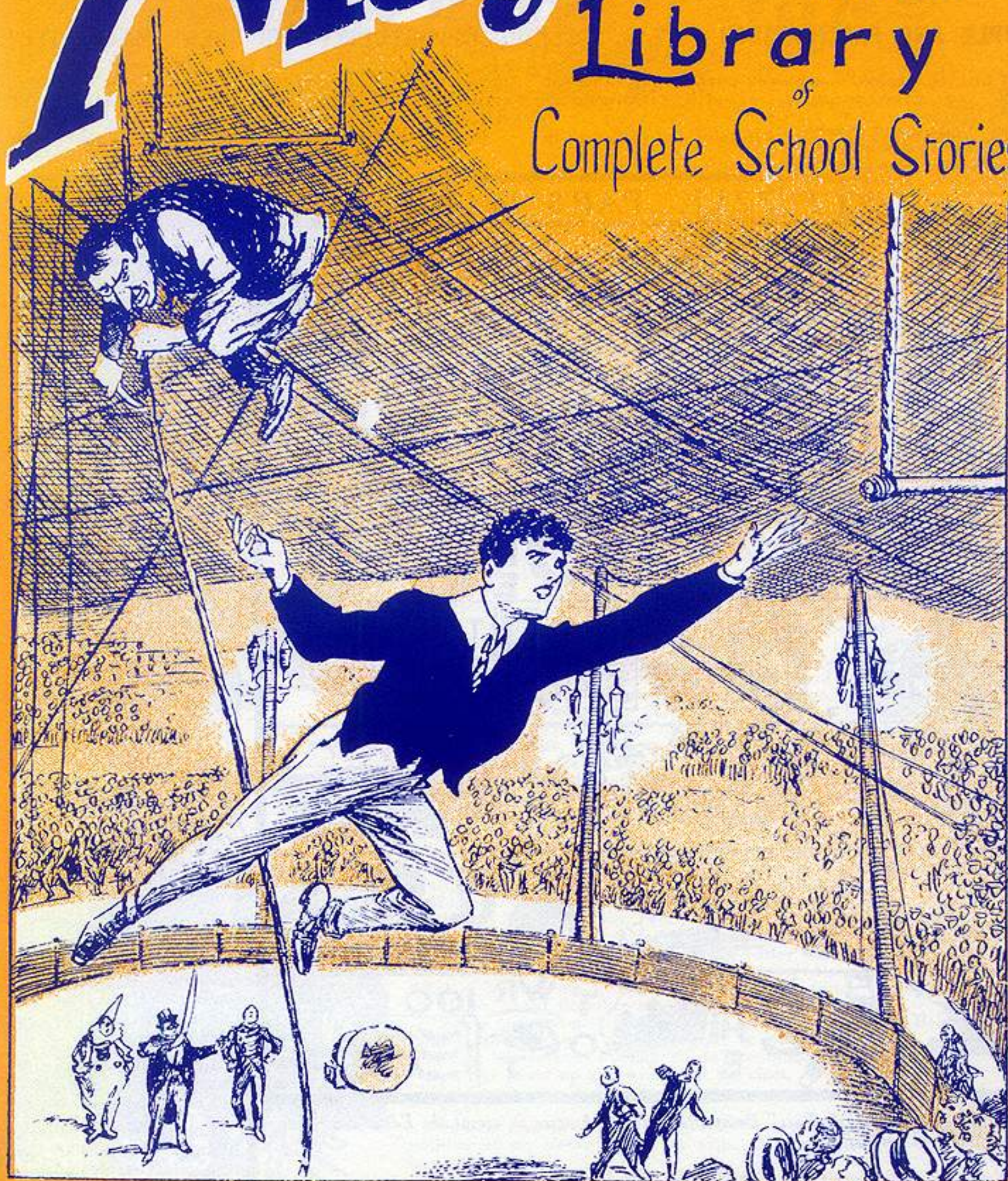
No. 974 Vol. XXVII.

Week Ending March 28th, 1925.

The Magnet 2^d

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In entering "Puzzle Pars" Competition No. 1, I agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and binding.

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MAGNET Closing date, March 31st.

THE STOLEN PAPERS! Quite a stir is caused at Greyfriars when Napoleon Dupont, the French junior, complains that a valuable deed has been stolen from his study. The finger of suspicion points to Monsieur Charpentier, the French master. That Mossoo has a secret to keep is soon made obvious. What that secret is and how it affects "Nap" of the Remove is graphically told in—

The Mystery of Mossoo!

A Magnificent New Long Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co., at Greyfriars, featuring Monsieur Charpentier, the French Master.

By **FRANK RICHARDS.**

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Skinner, the Humorist!

MOSSOO was ratty!

The Removites knew it only too well, and they wondered mightily. Usually Monsieur Charpentier—Mossoo for short—was the mildest and most good-tempered of gentlemen, and he was more kind to the Remove than they deserved. Mr. Quelch, their own respected Form master, had his "tantrums" at times, and his pupils were used to them and took them as a matter of course. But for Mossoo to be ratty—well, they could not make it out a bit.

Mossoo certainly had every reason to be ratty. The Remove was not the most orderly Form in the school, and French was not one of their strong points. Bob Cherry's mixture of the genders, and Billy Bunter's weird pronunciation, Tom Dutton's deafness, and the obtuseness of Fisher T. Fish, might have made any other French master tear his hair. But Monsieur Charpentier seemed to have an inexhaustible supply of patience, and he was very rarely moved to wrath; he hardly ever doled out lines or administered lickings. Indeed, the Remove rather looked forward to their French lessons. Mossoo was so easy-going, and they often found a little harmless and necessary amusement in pulling his Gallic leg.

But this afternoon Mossoo was very touchy—the Remove had never seen him in such a mood. As Bob Cherry remarked in an undertone to Harry Wharton, Mossoo had properly "got 'em."

The Remove felt greatly aggrieved. That the lamb should so suddenly change into a raging lion was really too thick, they thought. This was the first French lesson for three days, and Mossoo could not expect them to remember everything. Even Harry Wharton and Mark Linley, the best pupils in the Form, did not escape the vials of Mossoo's wrath when it came to declining verbs and their participles. Snoop's translation of a very simple passage from Victor Hugo made Mossoo execute a species of war-dance in front of the class, and Snoop sat down the richer by five hundred lines.

Billy Bunter was hauled over the coals severely for his persistent "ongs" and "bongs," and his altercation with Mossoo on the subject of pronunciation ended up with Mossoo rapping him over the knuckles with his pointer. Billy Bunter roared and sat at his desk blinking black fury at the French master.

Skinner, who had the temerity to enter upon a conversation with Trevor, was pounced upon directly and rewarded with a hundred lines. Mossoo was really in a homicidal frame of mind that afternoon.

Most of the juniors assumed an air of impenetrable stupidity in order further to harass Mossoo. They felt that he deserved it, for being so ratty.

Monsieur Charpentier was soon tearing at his scanty locks in a manner that Vernon-Smith described as being better than a cinematograph.

"Ciel! Zat I zink zis class is ze vary stupidest in ze school!" he moaned. "Zat ze hair of me will turn grey in ze two ticks. Bolsover!"

"Hallo!" said Bolsover major.

"Zat is not ze respectful manner to spik to your master, Bolsover! Cruignez vous—take care, or I smite you viz ze stick! Stand up and translate zis sentence, 'Avez vous le chapeau de mon oncle.'"

Bolsover stood up and winked at the class.

"I haven't seen it, sir," he said.

"Vat!"

"Search me, sir!" said Bolsover. "I appeal to the others, that I've got nothing up my sleeve except my arm. No use asking me where your uncle's hat is!"

The Remove chortled, and Monsieur Charpentier waved his arms despairingly.

"Oh, mon Dieu!" he moaned. "It is zat I ask you ze simple question, Bolsover, to explain ze genitive case. I say, 'Avez vous le chapeau de mon oncle?'"

"And I say I haven't got it, sir!" replied Bolsover major stubbornly. "What should I want with your uncle's hat, anyway?"

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"SIGNOR NONO,"
The Famous Acrobat,
alias——?

"Helas! Zat you misunderstand me, Bolsover—"

"Well, you asked me if I had your uncle's chapeau," said the burly Removite. "Why, I don't even know your uncle!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Remove. "Silence!" shrieked Monsieur Charpentier. "You are one dunce, Bolsover! Zat I have to write him on ze board!"

Monsieur Charpentier turned to chalk the sentence on the blackboard, and as he did so Harold Skinner took the opportunity to hurl an inked pellet at Alonzo Todd. Skinner missed his mark and the pellet, instead of striking the Duffer, went onward, and landed with a ping on the aristocratic nose of Lord Mauleverer, who was dozing at his desk.

Maully, wakened abruptly from the midst of his blissful dreams, jumped up with a yell.

"Yarooooop! Yah! Ow! My nose, begad!"

"Sorry, Maully!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Monsieur Charpentier had whirled round from the blackboard. He glared at Maully and then at Skinner.

Lord Mauleverer was gasping. His nose was spattered with ink, and he looked so funny that the Remove yelled.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Taisez vous! Silence!" shouted Mossoo, clawing at his little black beard. "Skinnair, you vicked garcon, is it zat you trow zings about ze room?"

"Ahem!" coughed the cad of the Remove.

"I see zat you pelt Mauleverer viz ze inky missile, Skinnair!"

"Certainly not, sir!"

"Ciel! Zat I see you viz mine own eyes, and viz mine own ears I hear you say zat you are sorry, n'est ce pas?" exclaimed Mossoo. "I zink zat you spik vat you call ze fibs, Skinnair!"

"Oh, sir!" said Skinner, with a wink at his cronies. "Fancy you accusing me of telling whoppers—a good, honourable chap like me! Boo-hoo!"

He dragged out a none too clean handkerchief, and sobbed copiously into its depths.

Mossoo was rather taken aback at this sign of distress. He blinked in mingled dismay and wonderment at the grief-stricken junior, whilst the Remove chuckled. The guileless little French master did not suspect Skinner of "rotting."

"Mon Dieu! Is it zat ze eyes and ears of me play tricks?" he exclaimed. "Mon pauvre garcon, do not be turned over viz yourself." Mossoo probably meant upset.

"Boo-hoo!" sobbed Skinner. "I'm not a f-f-fibber, sir."

"Zat I believe you," said Mossoo, a little more gently. "Zat I must have been mistaken, and ze missile came from anuzzer place. You did not trow him?"

"Boo!" said Skinner, broken-heartedly. "I c-c-cannot tell a whopper, sir. I threw him."

Mossoo blinked.

"Ciel! Vat you mean? You tell me vunce zat you trow him not, and you tell me twice zat you trow him. Vat am I to believe, Skinnair? Zen you admit zat you trow him at Mauleverer?"

"Nunno, sir," said Skinner.

"Vat!"

"I throw him at Toddy, sir, not at Maully," moaned the humorist of the Remove. "Boo-hoo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Remove.

"Silence!" shrieked Monsieur Charpentier. "Ze class vill not laff, or I

administair ze stick. Skinnair, you are one stupid garcon!"

Sob! Sob!

"Ze tears you shed are like ze crocodile's tears zat run off ze back of ze duck!" exclaimed Mossoo. "You vill write out one hundred lines from 'Remi et Ses Amis'!"

"Zank you, sir!" said Skinner demurely.

His imitation of Monsieur Charpentier's beautiful Parisian accent made the Remove roar.

Mossoo clutched at his hair.

"Helas! Ze vicked garcon try to make ze fool of me!" he cried. "Zat you take ze hundred lines, Skinnair!"

"Oh crumbs! The same hundred that you gave me just now, sir?" asked Skinner innocently.

"Non, non! Anuzzer hundred, you stupid garcon! Skinnair, I zink zat you are stupid for ze purpose, to make me look stupid, n'est ce pas?" said Mossoo, and his dark eyes gleamed. "Now I makes you look ze stupid one. Come out to ze front!"

The cad of the Remove arose and walked to the front.

"Zat you stay behind ze blackboard for ze remainder of ze lesson!" commanded Mossoo angrily.

"Oh, jeminy!" gasped Skinner. "Look here, Mossoo—"

"Behind ze blackboard go!" shouted Monsieur Charpentier, grasping his ruler.

Skinner hopped behind the blackboard with alacrity, and the Remove chortled.

Mossoo glared at the class, breathing hard through his nose.

"Silence!" he rapped. "Ze lesson vill now proceed, and I take you wiz ze French songs."

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Harry Wharton.

Mossoo had lately been teaching the Remove the words of some French songs, and, much to their delight, he had sung them the tunes at the previous lesson. Needless to say, French songs had become a very popular item of the Remove's curriculum.

"Bolsover and Hazeldene, go to ze music-room and bring in ze harmonium," said Monsieur Charpentier.

The two juniors thus addressed hurried off, grinning.

They returned shortly after, carrying a small hand harmonium between them. This harmonium had formed part of the equipment of the school music-room since time immemorial, but no one had ever heard it played. It was usually kept locked up and in a corner out of the way, with music stacked on top of it.

Mossoo unlocked the harmonium and turned it round to face the class.

Skinner, standing behind the blackboard, grimaced at his chums.

Mossoo chalked the words of the French song on the blackboard, and whilst he did so Skinner bent down and grinned at the Form through Mossoo's legs.

Mossoo, hearing titters from the class, turned sharply, and Skinner, in his haste to withdraw his head, gave it a hard crack on the easel.

"Yarooooogh!" he roared.

"Mon, Dieu! Zat you play ze tricks behind zere, Skinnair!" exclaimed Mossoo. "Stand up and behave!"

Skinner stood up, rubbing his head ruefully.

He made a wry face at Mossoo from behind the blackboard.

Mossoo did not see him, however. He was taking his seat at the harmonium.

"Now I sing you ze first verse, mes garcons," said the little Frenchman.

"You listen carefully and learn ze tune."

The pedals of the harmonium creaked as he worked his feet up and down, and Mossoo, swaying from side to side as he sat on the chair, commenced to play and sing. The harmonium ground out a wheezy tune, whilst Monsieur Charpentier sang forth with much gusto:

"Accourez dans mon bateau, genes gens, du hameau!

Accourez dans mon bateau, venez passer l'eau!

Il est en boi de bouleau, et leger comme un roseau,

Accourez dans mon bateau, venez passer l'eau!"

Mossoo finished up with a fine, resonant top note and a flourishing chord on the harmonium.

A roar of applause came from the Remove.

"Bravo, Mossoo!"

"Core!"

There was a noisy clapping of hands and stamping of feet. Squiff and one or two others threw out pennies, which clinked on the floor in front of the class.

Mossoo jumped up from the harmonium, his face very red.

"Ciel! Taisez vous! Silence!" he cried. "I sing not for ze amusement, but for ze teaching of ze song!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I vill play ze song once over again, and you shall sing him!"

"What-ho!" said Frank Nugent.

It was like all French pieces, a "goey" tune, and Mossoo "churned" it out of the harmonium with great spirit. And while he played, the Removites lifted up their lusty voices and bawled forth the refrain with all their might. Their accent was not quite like Mossoo's, but there was no doubt as to their ardour.

"Accouray dong mong bateau! Jenner jong, du hammoh!

Accouray dong mong bateau! Venney passey l'eau!"

The Form-room resounded with the Removites' musical efforts and the windy wheezing of the harmonium. Mossoo pedalled away at top speed like a racing cyclist, and his fingers fairly flew over the keyboard in his efforts to keep up with his enthusiastic pupils.

Skinner, determined not to be left out of the proceedings, crept out from behind the blackboard, and, stooping down at the rear of the harmonium low enough to be out of Mossoo's view, he made wide, circular motions with his hands, as though he were turning an imaginary handle attached to the harmonium.

The effect, with Mossoo grinding out the music and Skinner "turning the handle" behind the harmonium, was so amusing that the Removites, when they saw it, ceased to warble and burst into a loud howl of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Mon Dieu!" ejaculated Mossoo, startled by the sudden change. "Qu'est ce que cela? Vat—"

He broke off with a gasp when he saw what Skinner was doing. The French master's expression, as Frank Nugent remarked to Johnny Bull, was "worth a guinea a box."

"Ma foi!" he roared, jumping up and waving his arms. "Skinnair, you make ze laffingstock of my museck! C'est trop—too much for me to put up wiz! You are one insolent rascal, and I smite you wiz ze cane!"

Mossoo made a grab for his cane, and the cad of the Remove jumped back in alarm.

"I—I say, you— Here, keep off! Yah! Look here, Mossoo— Oooooop!" Skinner ran as the irate Monsieur Charpentier advanced on him, brandishing the ashplant. Mossoo was really enraged now, and Skinner knew that things would go hard with him if he got within smiting distance of that cane. So he dodged up the centre gangway, with Mossoo in full chase, then round the back of the class, and down the side gangway.

Here Mossoo gave a spurt, and his hand descended heavily on the luckless junior's shoulder.

Swish, swish, swish! went the cane. "Yarooooogh!" roared Skinner, struggling in Mossoo's grip. "Stoppit! Yah! Wooooop! Leggo! Wow! Ease up, Mossoo! Ow-wow-wow!"

A wild and whirling struggle between Skinner and Mossoo ensued. The Remove looked on, chortling.

"Zat I trash you for ze pranks you commit!" cried Mossoo, whacking away at the junior as though beating a carpet. "Zat I give you vat you call ze pasting! Oh, Mon Dieu!"

His glance happened to stray towards the window, and he let go of the junior suddenly, as if he had become red hot. Indeed, so suddenly did he release Skinner that that youth, quite unprepared for such an action, went sprawling on the floor.

Monsieur Charpentier was looking fixedly, and with horror in his eyes, through the Form-room window.

The Removites, who were all on their feet, looked too, and a chorus of startled gasps arose.

Standing in the old quadrangle of Greyfriars was a circus clown.

The juniors could scarcely believe the evidence of their own optics, and they blinked down incredulously at the little man with the painted face, dressed in the ridiculous motley of the circus ring, who had entered the sacred precincts of the school.

"Mum-my only hat!" ejaculated Frank Nugent. "A—a giddy clown!"

"Well, this licks everything!" gasped Peter Todd.

"The liekfulness is terrific!" said Hurreo Singh in his weird English.

As for Monsieur Charpentier, he stood like one transfixed for some seconds.

Then, with a loud ejaculation, and throwing up his arms as if in horror and despair, he turned and fled from the Form-room.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Stranger Within the Gates!

"WHAT the merry dickens—"

"Great pip!"

"What's up with Mossoo?"

The Removites were left gasping at the strange action of their French master.

They could understand him being amazed, at the appearance of the clown in the quad—they themselves had been flabbergasted, in fact—but his display of concern and terror was astounding, to say the least of it.

"Mossoo must be off his rocker!" said Harry Wharton. "I've never seen him look so scared. What is there in a giddy clown to frighten him, I wonder?"

"He was scared stiff," said Vernon-Smith. "He looked as though he'd seen a ghost. Look! There he is!"

Monsieur Charpentier had appeared in the quadrangle below.

The Removites, watching from the windows of the Form-room, saw him dash up to the clown, waving his arms excitedly.

They could not hear his words, but



The chimpanzee wrenched the broom from Gosling's grasp, and then, using it in the manner of a golf club, he brought it round with a swipe, hitting Gossy's topper amidships. Biff! There was tremendous force behind that blow, and the porter's topper went flying off his head like a rocket. "Good shot, Tony!" "One to the chimp!" "Ha, ha, ha!" The juniors howled with laughter. (See Chapter 2.)

they saw him talking volubly to the intruder, gesticulating as he did so.

"Mossoo's potty!" said Squiff. "Surely it isn't such a terrible thing for a clown to come here? I suppose he's one of the clowns from the circus that's on Courtfield Heath?"

"Just look at him!" said Bolsover major. "He's jabbering away there nineteen to the dozen. The giddy clown looks excited about something, too."

Bob Cherry, who had a good position at the window, gave a sudden shout.

"Mum-my giddy aunt! Look there, you chaps—over by the elms!"

The Removites looked, and their eyes and mouths opened wide with amazement.

Swinging from the lower branches of one of the elm trees in the Close was a large chimpanzee!

Both the clown and Monsieur Charpentier had seen the chimpanzee, too, and the clown made a dash in the direction of the elm trees.

Harry Wharton drew a deep breath.

"My word! That accounts for the clown being here," he exclaimed. "The giddy chimpanzee has evidently broken loose and run in here, and the clown came in after it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What larks!" chortled Bob Cherry. "A giddy chimpanzee in the school. Here's fun, boys! Coming down?"

"What-ho!"

"We can't miss this!"

"There goes the final bell, anyway!"

"Kim on!" The Removites made a rush for the door, all eager to get down and watch the runaway chimpanzee.

Harry Wharton, who was about to follow the others, suddenly espied a folded piece of paper, lying on the floor at the spot where Skinner in his struggle with Mossoo had fallen.

The Remove captain stooped and picked it up.

By this time all the others had left the Form-room and were galloping noisily downstairs.

A sudden draught from the door opened the folded paper as Wharton stooped to pick it up. He could not help seeing the writing on the paper. Written in a small, cramped hand, it ran:

"Monsieur H. Charpentier—Unless you obtain for me the large Morocco-leather writing case belonging to Napoleon Dupont, I shall serve you a summons for debt.—E.D."

Harry Wharton was taken aback by what he read.

The paper, then, belonged to Monsieur Charpentier. It must have dropped from his pocket whilst he was wrestling with Skinner.

"My hat!" exclaimed Harry. "If Mossoo knows that I've seen this—"

He broke off.

Harry Wharton was not a lad given to

curiosity, neither was he accustomed to prying into other people's affairs, but, having read that mysterious note without intention, he could not help wondering.

What did it mean?

Somebody signing himself "E.D." had written to the French master demanding of him to obtain the writing case of Napoleon Dupont, the Removite. And, if Mossoo failed to do that, he would be served with a summons for debt.

Then Mossoo was in debt!

Harry Wharton had noticed that for some time past Monsieur Charpentier had appeared worried and ill at ease. These last few days, too, he had been absenting himself a good deal from Greyfriars, and Mark Linley, who was receiving "extra toot" from the French master, had told the Famous Five that Mossoo had not been in to give him his lessons on four consecutive evenings that week.

Billy Bunter, too, who was a notorious newsmonger, had informed the juniors that on the evenings that Mossoo had gone out he had not returned to Greyfriars until nearly midnight—information that Bunter had gleaned by listening at the keyhole of Wingate's study door.

Some speculation had been rife as to Mossoo's mysterious doings, and Skinner & Co. had expressed their opinion that the French master had taken to going out "on the tiles." Harry Wharton and his chums, however, had "scotched" that theory at once. Whatever the reason for Mossoo's late hours and altered demeanour, they would not believe anything unworthy or bad of the little Frenchman.

Yet what was the mystery surrounding Monsieur Charpentier?

Harry Wharton gazed at the letter again, and he drew a deep breath.

Here, then, was something towards an explanation. Mossoo was in debt to this "E.D.," and apparently was unable to pay what he owed. That would account for his worried looks of late.

But what had Napoleon Dupont to do with the matter?

The French junior, Wharton knew, was as much "in the dark" as to Mossoo's doings as the others.

This "E.D." whoever he was, desired to obtain a Morocco leather writing case belonging to Dupont, and wanted Monsieur Charpentier to get it for him—to steal it! What other construction could be put on that letter? Monsieur Charpentier had either to undergo the ignominy of a summons for debt, which would mean an end to his career as a master at Greyfriars, or become a thief!

Wharton set his teeth hard, and thrust the letter into his pocket.

"How jolly lucky none of the others picked this up—Bunter, or Skinner, for instance!" he muttered. "They would have spread the yarn all over the school and made the most of it. Poor old Mossoo! I shall have to return this note to him at once. No wonder he was ratty this afternoon. This letter accounts for it."

He heard a roar of laughter from outside, and, glancing through the window, he saw a crowd, composed of juniors and seniors, gathered under the elm-trees in the Close.

Evidently the escaped chimpanzee was causing some fun.

Wharton hurried downstairs and made his way across the quadrangle to the spot where the excitement was taking place.

He soon forgot all about Monsieur Charpentier and the mysterious letter! Swinging among the trees, and performing all manner of dexterous feats,

was the escaped chimpanzee. He was a big fellow, with a most comical face, and the Greyfriars fellows howled with laughter at his funny antics.

The applause seemed to delight the chimpanzee, for he would squat on a branch, grin down at his schoolboy audience, and then perform another trick in the tree.

"My giddy aunt!" gasped Bob, when Harry came up. "This is rich! The giddy chimp won't come down, and I reckon he'll want some catching!"

The clown, indeed, was almost frantic. He danced about hither and thither under the trees, calling, cajoling, and threatening the escaped animal.

"Tony! Tony! Come down, you brute!"

Tony blinked at the clown and seemed to give a bland smile.

Harry Wharton, like the others, roared with laughter.

Gosling, the old and ancient school porter, came trundling over from the direction of the woodshed, with a broom in his hand.

He almost fell down when he saw Tony grinning down at him from the elm-tree.

"My heye!" gasped Gosling. "A hape! My heye! Wot I says is this 'ere, there'll be trouble hover this! Which hanimiles is prohibited at this school! Wot young rip brought the hape hin? Which Hi'll report 'im!"

"Nobody brought him in—Tony came in!" grinned Peter Todd. "He's a giddy chimp, escaped from the circus on the heath. See if you can catch him, Gossy!"

"My heye!"

Tony was now squatting on a low branch, and he regarded the school porter with great interest.

Gosling swelled with wrath and importance. He strode up to the elm-tree, and glaring up at Tony, he jabbed at him with the broom.

"Shoo! Shoo! You brute!" he exclaimed. "Which Hi'll drive you hout! Shoo! Shoo—Ow!"

Gossy broke off with that yell as Tony, reaching down with a long, brown paw, grasped the broom and held it fast. Gosling hung on, too, and a tug of war between the porter and the chimpanzee ensued. Harry Wharton & Co. chortled.

"Go it, Gossy!"

"Heave, man!"

"What's the odds on Tony?" grinned Vernon-Smith. "I'll lay dollars to doughnuts!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a sudden roar from Dicky Nugent & Co.

"Tony's done it!"

The chimpanzee had won! He wrenched the broom from Gosling's grasp, and then, using it in the manner of a golf-club, he brought it round with a swipe, hitting Gossy's topper amidships.

Biff!

There was a tremendous force behind that blow, and the porter's topper went flying off his head like a rocket.

The Greyfriars juniors howled.

"Good shot, Tony!"

"A cannon off the cush, begad!" said Mauly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Gosling gasped, and Blundell of the Fifth tossed him back his topper, which now had a big dent in the side, where the broom had struck it.

"My heye!" gasped Gossy. "Which the hanimile's dangerous! Wot I says is this 'ere—Wow-wow!"

Gossy did not mean to say that exactly—the yell burst from him as Tony

made a prod at him with the broom from the tree-branch above.

The head of the broom dug into the porter's ample waistcoat, and it almost doubled him up.

"Yooogh! Oh dear! My heye! Shoo, you beast! Shoo!"

Tony refused to "shoo." He squatted on the branch and swung the broom about with great relish. Like Alexander of old, he looked round for fresh worlds to conquer, Gosling having retreated out of the danger zone.

Horace Coker of the Fifth strode forward, with a very determined look on his face. Harry Wharton & Co. cheerfully made way for him.

"Stand back, you kids!" said the mighty man of the Fifth. "I'll show you how to deal with this animal! Leave it to me! I'll hypnotise the brute!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" howled the others.

Coker glared.

"What the dickens are you cackling for, you cheeky rotters?" he demanded. "There's nothing funny in that, is there?"

"Oh, no, Cokey—nothing at all—only your chivvy!" sobbed Bob Cherry. "With a face like yours you ought to be able to hypnotise any giddy animal! Give Tony a look at your chivvy, and he'll drop senseless to the ground! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Cheeky young sweep!" snorted Coker. "I'm going to demonstrate the power of the human eye. That's the way most animals are tamed. I'll show you!"

"Go it, Coker!"

"Look at him like a brother!"

"Hi, ha, ha!"

Coker stood firmly under the tree and glared up at Tony.

The chimpanzee returned Coker's gaze with interest, and Harry Wharton & Co. chortled.

"Hold your row, you noisy Remove kids!" snapped Coker. "You'll detract the brute's attention. Now you watch me fix him with my eye—"

Biff!

"Yaroooogh!"

That fiendish howl came from Coker. Tony, evidently resenting Coker's hypnotic gaze, had landed out with the broom, and "fixed" Horace with a heavy whack on his rather prominent nose.

Coker staggered back, holding his nasal organ.

"Ow-wow-wow-wow!" he moaned.

"Yow! The brute! My nose! Oooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" howled the onlookers.

Tony swung the broom round threateningly, and Coker gave a wild leap out of range. Harry Wharton & Co. were sobbing with merriment.

"Co it, Coker!" yelled Bulstrode.

"Hypnotise him, old chap!"

"Switch on the 'fluence!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Horace Coker moaned, but did not essay to proceed further with his hypnotic process. Apparently the power of Coker's eye was not sufficiently strong to overcome Tony.

The Greyfriars fellows roared when the chimpanzee proceeded to give them a demonstration of his circus tricks. The manner in which the sagacious animal balanced the broom on his nose was truly remarkable, and the quad resounded with the boys' laughter.

The clown was on the verge of despair.

"The brute don't mean to come down, young gents!" he wailed. "Can't nobody catch him for me? He won't listen to me!"

"Look out!" shrieked Tubb of the Third. "Here comes Prout—with his gun!"

"Oh, jeminy!"

"Take cover, kids!"

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Duffer Does His Bit!

THE crowd scattered as Mr. Paul Pontifex Prout, the master of the Fifth, came striding up with his famous Winchester cocked ready for action—the self-same Winchester with which Mr. Prout had, according to his own glowing accounts, shot grizzly bears in the Rocky Mountains in the dim and distant days of '89.

Mr. Prout was very proud of his alleged prowess as a marksman, and was always keen to demonstrate his handling of a gun. The others at Greyfriars knew only too well how Mr. Prout handled a gun, and whenever he was at large with his Winchester, they all gave him a wide berth.

"Where is the ferocious creature?" cried Mr. Prout, advancing with his mortar-board pushed at the back of his head and his scholastic gown fluttering in the wind. "An escaped chimpanzee—eh? Dangerous animals, chimpanzees—treacherous creatures, by gad! Where is it? I'll settle the brute's hash with one shot!"

Mr. Prout glared at Tony.

The clown gave a howl of alarm.

"Don't shoot him, sir!" he cried. "The animal's as tame as a baby! He won't do any harm, and he's valuable! Keep off with that gun, sir!"

"Don't worry. Prout couldn't hit a barrel at ten yards' range!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "He's more likely to pot the weather-cock on the chapel steeple."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Prout lowered his gun, looking rather disappointed. He would much rather have found the chimpanzee to be wild and savage, in which case he could have demonstrated his marvellous powers of marksmanship before the whole school.

"How did the creature get here?" he demanded. "And to whom does it belong?"

"Tony belongs to me, sir," said the clown. "We work an act together at Tompsonjo's Circus on Courtfield Heath. He's a very clever animal, I can tell you, and the show's well worth a visit."

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Prout.

"I must get him back in time for the evening performance, sir!" cried the clown. "The show starts at six-thirty, so there isn't a lot of time to spare. Can't no one catch him?"

"Dear me!" said Mr. Prout, standing under the tree and blinking up at Tony through his spectacles. "What an extraordinary affair! I—Oh! Yah! Bless my soul, the brute has purloined my mortar-board!"

Tony's long arm had come down and, with surprising quickness, Mr. Prout's mortar-board was snatched from his head.

Tony jabbered delightedly at his new possession, and he hurled the broom at Billy Bunter, who skipped out of the way just in time.

Mr. Prout almost fell down when he saw the chimpanzee put on the mortar-board. It was quite a good fit on Tony, too, and the onlookers howled with laughter.

"Bless my soul!" gasped the astounded Fifth Form master. "The ridiculous brute is wearing my hat! I—I shall have to remonstrate with it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Harry Wharton & Co.

The chimpanzee, perched on the tree-trunk with Mr. Prout's mortar-board on his head, was, as Bob Cherry sobbingly remarked to Nugent, a sight for gods and men and little fishes.

Mr. Prout waved his arms furiously at Tony.

"Shoo! Shoo! Drop it, you beast!" he roared.

Tony blinked at the Fifth Form master, and took off the mortar-board.

He did not drop it, however, but hung it on a branch higher up. Then, with a sudden leap, he came down from the tree and landed deftly on Mr. Prout's back.

There he hung, like the Old Man of the Sea, and the startled Fifth Form master yelled with terror.

"Yooooogh! Oh dear! Bless my soul! Help! Yah! Boys, assist me! Oooooogh!"

Harry Wharton & Co. made a rush forward with the object of capturing Tony, but that artful creature was too quick for them. He leaped up into the tree again, and he dragged Mr. Prout's gown with him. The gown came off easily, for Mr. Prout's arm and hands were raised above his head in horror.

Tony waved the gown derisively at his would-be captors.

"M-m-my only hat!" ejaculated Frank Nugent. "The crafty little beggar!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the juniors.

Tony had evidently taken a great fancy to the master's style of dress, and meant to try it himself. He draped himself carefully in the gown, finding the sleeve-holes with quite human intelligence. Then, having arranged it to his satisfaction, he reached up for the mortar-board and replaced it on his head.

The effect was ludicrous, in the extreme.

Bob Cherry clutched Harry Wharton for support.

"Hold me up, Harry! Ha, ha, ha! Look at the giddy chimp! Isn't he proud of himself? Ho, ho, ho! I shall burst in a minute!"

Tony strutted about on the branch above, with the gown dangling down behind him. He looked very pleased and proud, and he grinned benignly at the howling boys below.

Mr. Prout's face was a study.

"Bless my soul! This is outrageous!" he exclaimed. "He will tear my gown! Oh dear! Monstrous! Boys, the animal must be captured!"

"That's easier said than done, sir!" grinned Blundell. "The chimp's a cute card, and as artful as they make 'em!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gosling!" rapped Mr. Prout. "Fetch a ladder, and some ropes. Ugh! I will see that the brute is caught without delay!"

Gosling hurried away, and returned with a ladder and several lengths of rope. Tony was sitting on the tree-branch, still dressed in Mr. Prout's cap and gown, and he was regarding the juniors with a grave expression that was most comical.

Gosling nervously ranged the ladder against the tree.

No sooner had he done so, than Tony grasped the ladder with his sinewy paws and hurled it down again. Seeing that determined efforts were to be made to catch him, he leaped from tree to tree, and then jumped to the ground and



"Dear me!" gasped Mr. Prout, standing beneath the tree and blinking up at Tony through his spectacles. "What an extraordinary affair! I—oh—ah! Bless my soul!" Tony's long arm reached out, and with surprising quickness Mr. Prout's mortar-board was snatched from his head. (See Chapter 3.)

bounded off into the cloisters, with the gown trailing behind him.

Harry Wharton & Co. wept. No one had the strength to give chase to Tony. All had been laughing too much.

"After the brute!" shouted Mr. Prout. "He must be caught! After him, boys, do you hear?"

A concerted rush into the cloisters was made, and Tony was seen clambering among the arches and over the masonry with lithe, swift movements, using his feet and one hand for climbing. In the other hand Mr. Prout's mortar-board was grasped firmly, and Tony was still wearing the gown.

The sight was truly humorous, and the boys roared. Mr. Prout danced. He quite failed to see the funny side of the affair.

Mr. Hacker of the Shell dashed up, and with him came a number of prefects, with Wingate at their head, and the monkey-hunt commenced in real earnest.

Tony, however, refused to surrender his liberty. He proved more than a match for his would-be captors, and led them a terrible dance all over the school.

Harry Wharton & Co. followed up the chase in all its phases, roaring with laughter at Tony's wily antics. Wherever he went, and whatever he did, he managed to keep the gown on him, and he hung on to Mr. Prout's mortar-board as though it were his dearest possession.

He got into the Head's garden and pelted Gosling and Wingate & Co. with tomatoes which he took from the frame where they were growing. Then he climbed up the ivy-clad wall of the School House and disappeared through the window of the Remove Form, which the juniors had left open.

Mr. Quelch had been busy in his study, typing out the MS. of his cherished work, the "History of Greyfriars." Finding that he had left certain notes in his desk in the Form-room, he left his study and bent his steps thither.

The Remove master opened the Form-room door and entered.

Then he gave a jump, and stood like one transfixed.

An amazing object met his gaze!

Seated on the chair at his desk, and poring very steadfastly over a Latin lexicon which he was holding upside down, was a large chimpanzee!

Mr. Quelch could hardly believe his eyes at first. He wondered dazedly whether visions were about.

Tony—for it was he—looked a remarkable object as he sat at the desk. He had been taking complete stock of the contents of the Form-room, and books and papers littered the floor. The drawers of the desk were open and most of their contents turned out. Tony had discovered a pair of spectacles belonging to Mr. Quelch in one of the drawers, and he had these on his nose. Draped in the gown and Mr. Prout's mortar-board, and with these spectacles adorning his hairy visage, Tony was truly a sight to see and wonder at.

He ceased to blink at the lexicon, and blinked at Mr. Quelch instead—through his own eyeglasses.

"Bless my soul!" gasped the Remove master utterly taken aback. "What the — Good heavens! Can it be? It is an ape!"

Tony commenced to jabber volubly at Mr. Quelch.

At that moment there was a tramping of feet outside, and Harry Wharton & Co. rushed in. They did not see Mr. Quelch at first, and they almost bowled him over.

"Boys!" cried the amazed master. "What does this mean? What—"

"Have you seen a chimpanzee in here, THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 894.

sir?" asked Bob Cherry. "We— Oh! Gug-great pip! Look at it, kids! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" howled the Removites.

Tony in his cap and gown and spectacles presented a comical figure indeed! He blinked at the boys, and, divining that they had come after him, he leaped on to the desk and into the air, landing on top of the cupboard.

There he squatted, with the mortar-board on one side and the folds of the gown dangling down the side of the cupboard, blinking at Harry Wharton & Co. and Mr. Quelch through the spectacles, and jabbering at a great rate.

When Wingate and the seniors arrived, and beheld the apparition on the cupboard, they, too, burst into roars of laughter.

Harry Wharton & Co. were almost collapsing.

Tony snatched an atlas from the wall, and, rolling it up round the rods at either end, used this as a weapon with which to beat off attack.

He swiped at Wingate & Co. from side to side, whilst Harry Wharton & Co. looked on, shrieking with merriment.

The gentle figure of Alonzo Todd appeared in the Form-room doorway.

He blinked up at Tony.

"My dear fellows," he said, "perhaps I can be of assistance!"

Wingate & Co. looked breathlessly at the Duffer.

"Better keep off the grass, Todd!" said North. "This brute will brain you with the atlas."

The meek and mild Duffer advanced, blinking.

"My dear fellows, perhaps I can decoy the animal down by means of some fruit," he said. "My Uncle Benjamin says that kindness, when dealing with animals, is more efficacious than force. I have here a banana which may tempt the chimpanzee, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Frank Nugent. "Good old Alonzo! Go in and win, old chap! Kindness does the trick."

Even Mr. Quelch could not help smiling as the gentle Duffer approached the cupboard, with the banana raised temptingly towards the chimpanzee.

"Good boy!" said Alonzo. "Have a banana!"

Tony took off his spectacles and blinked at Alonzo, and then at the banana. Then he jabbered joyfully.

Down went the atlas, and down came Tony, crooning with delight.

He went up to Alonzo without hesitation and reached out a long, eager paw for the banana.

One or two of the seniors moved forward in the chimpanzee's direction, but Mr. Quelch waved them back.

"Do not interfere, boys," he said. "Any attempt to capture the animal yet will frighten him away. I really think that Todd will be able to manage him."

Tony, indeed, seemed to have taken to Alonzo.

Perhaps the Duffer's meek and mild manner inspired confidence in the chimpanzee.

Alonzo walked to the door, holding up the banana, and Tony followed. Outside the door, he managed to secure the banana, and he ate it with great relish.

The Duffer then felt in his pocket, and produced a bag of peanuts. Alonzo had taken to these articles of diet lately, as his Uncle Benjamin had recommended them for their nutritious properties.

Tony grunted his approval of the peanuts, and he sampled a few.

"Do not allow the animal to eat them all, Todd," said Mr. Quelch. "See if you can lead him down into the quadrangle."

"Very well, sir," said the Duffer, and, turning to Tony, he said in a gentle voice: "Come along!"

Tony, to the surprise of all, obeyed the voice of the Duffer.

The sagacious creature, in fact, walked along at the side of Alonzo, and, having got down the stairs, he stood upright on his back paws, and, linking an arm in Alonzo's, walked along with him!

"My giddy aunt!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, staring at this amazing sally on the chimpanzee's part. "He—he's walking along arm-in-arm with Alonzo! Would you believe it?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared juniors and seniors alike.

Tony, of course, had been taught by the clown to walk arm-in-arm with him round the ring at the circus. And the chimpanzee, with visions of more peanuts to come, and perhaps another banana, was quite content to perform the same trick for his new benefactor!

"Dud-dear me!" murmured Alonzo rather nervously. "I—I—I—really, this is most extraordinary, my dear fellows!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look at the giddy brothers!"

"Carry on, Alonzo!"

Alonzo carried on. He and the chimpanzee walked arm-in-arm through the House, and roars of laughter arose from all who saw the strange pair.

Peter Todd almost fell down when he saw his cousin come out into the quad, with Tony at his side, holding his arm quite affectionately.

"Mum-my hat! What the dickens— Good old Alonzo! Ha, ha, ha!"

Out in the quadrangle, Tony stopped and dived into the Duffer's pocket for the nuts. And whilst he was engaged in the process of eating them, the clown and Gosling came up and succeeded in throwing a rope over him, thus making him a prisoner once again.

The quadrangle rang with cheers for Alonzo.

"Good old Duffer!"

"Three cheers for the giddy animal trainer!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tony blinked reprovingly at Alonzo for having led him into that trap, and he jabbered indignantly when Mr. Prout's gown and mortar-board were taken from him.

A crowd followed the clown and the chimpanzee to the gates, and the quad rang with laughter long after the curious pair had departed.



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THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

An Amazing Discovery!

"WHERE'S Mossoo?"

Harry Wharton, having recovered from his merriment, asked that question as he and his chums turned to go indoors for tea.

The Remove captain had just remembered the paper he had found in the Form-room, and he wanted to return it to the French master as soon as possible.

Monsieur Charpentier had been talking to the clown shortly before the chimpanzee's capture, but now he could not be seen anywhere.

"Anybody seen Mossoo?" asked Wharton, turning to a crowd of Removites who were standing near by, discussing the stirring events that had just taken place.

"Yes; he's just gone out," said Hazeldene. "He went upstairs and put on his hat and coat and went out, only a few minutes ago. Anything the matter?"

Several of the Removites were looking curiously at Wharton.

Harry flushed.

"No, there's nothing the matter," he said. "I only wanted to speak to him, that's all. Which way did he go, Hazel—down to Friardale?"

"No; towards the Heath," replied Hazeldene. "What's the wheeze, anyway?"

Harry Wharton did not reply. He hurried off, and disappeared through the gates.

His chums exchanged wondering glances.

"What does Harry want Mossoo so urgently for, I wonder?" said Johnny Bull. "Surely the matter could wait till later."

"Blessed if I know what's on!" said Bob Cherry. "The ass will miss his tea if he doesn't buck up. We're jolly late for it already."

William George Bunter rolled up, his eyes gleaming behind his spectacles.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Oh, seat, Bunter!"

"Oh, really, you know!" expostulated the Owl. "There's something fishy about Mossoo!"

"Bow-wow!" said Bob. "Why can't you mind your own bizney, porpoise?"

"Well, we've noticed Mossoo's rum ways, too," said Skinner. "Do you remember how scared he was when he saw the clown out here? That was queer, if you like. And all the time the clown was here Mossoo was walking about the quad like a cat on hot bricks. Several of us saw him."

"Rather!" said Bolsover major. "I spotted him, for one. Mossoo was tearing his hair, and looked half dotty. It's my belief he's got a screw loose somewhere."

"I reckon he's been going on the loose!" grinned Skinner. "Everything points to it—his going out such a lot and staying out half the night, and looking washed-out and seedy next morning."

"And his bad temper, too!" chimed in Stott. "Perhaps Mossoo's been backing horses!"

And the giddy gee-gees have been also-rans!" chuckled Bolsover. "That would account for his going about like a bear with a sore neck."

"Ha, ha, ha! Mossoo a giddy blade and a goer!" roared Trevor. "Think of it!"

"Oh, rats!" said Bob Cherry. "I don't believe Mossoo would be such an ass. You chaps are offside there, anyway."

And Bob linked arms with his chums and strolled to the gates to look for Wharton.



Mr. Quelch opened the door of the Form-room and entered. Then he gave a jump. Seated at the table, and poring over a Latin lexicon which he was holding upside down, was a large chimpanzee, attired in a mortar-board and gown. "B-bless my soul!" gasped Mr. Quelch, hardly able to believe his eyes. "Good heavens!"
(See Chapter 3.)

No signs of the captain of the Remove could be seen.

"Where can the chump have got to?" growled Johnny Bull. "I'm jolly peckish, I can tell you, and want my tea!"

"The peckishness of my esteemed self is also truly terrific," said Hurree Singh. "The grubfulness would be the esteemed properful caper. The worthy Harry will come back soonfully."

"Yes, let's go up and get tea ready," said Frank Nugent. "Harry won't be long."

The chums of the Remove went indoors.

Dusk was now falling over the countryside, and lights were already gleaming in the windows of Greyfriars.

Harry Wharton, meanwhile, had hurried up the road that led to Courtfield Heath, but had seen no sign of Mossoo.

Inquiring of some farm labourers, he elicited the information that Monsieur Charpentier had been seen some distance along the road, and appeared to be in a great hurry.

The Remove captain kept on, forgetting all-about his tea in his anxiety to return the letter to Mossoo. He wondered where the little Frenchman could be going, and so absorbed was he with his thoughts that he did not notice how far he had gone, until he came to the outskirts of the heath.

"Well, where the dickens is Mossoo?" he exclaimed, halting and peering about him in the semi-gloom. "I'm sure I haven't passed him, and—"

He broke off, for at that moment he caught sight of a dapper little figure in the distance, hurrying across the heath towards the spot where the lights of the circus twinkled.

It was Mossoo!

Wharton set off in that direction at a quick pace. His wonder increased as he approached the circus, for that, apparently, was the French master's objective.

The fair-ground was agog with people and gay with the many attractions it offered in addition to the circus itself. A myriad lights and flares illuminated the darkness, and as Wharton hurried across the heath he could hear the thrum of voices and the raucous shouts of the showmen and stallholders, above which sounded the strains of the roundabout organ.

The fun of the fair was in full swing! Wharton caught his breath when he saw Mossoo disappear into the midst of the merry-makers round the circus.

What could Monsieur Charpentier want there? Why had he been in such a hurry to get there, moreover? Perhaps Mossoo was going to see the evening performance, Wharton thought. But there was yet plenty of time—half an hour, at least. Why the hurry?

Wharton himself entered the fair-ground and was jolted hither and thither by the jolly, good-natured merry-makers. It was not often that a circus came to the neighbourhood of Courtfield and Friardale, and when one of those rare occasions did arrive, the good folk made the best of it.

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Wharton felt confident that he would be able to find Mossoo in the crowd and return him the letter, but after a thorough search of every part of the fair-ground he had still not succeeded in discovering any trace of the French master.

There was only one place where he could be, and that was inside the circus.

Wharton paused before the huge marquee, which housed, according to the glaring placards, "Tompsonio's Mammoth Menagerie and Grand International Circus."

Signor Tompsonio himself, a dark, fat gentleman in a tight-fitting evening-suit, which showed an ample expanse of white shirt-front, was standing on the platform by the entrance, shouting forth the attractions of his show, in between puffs at his gigantic cigar.

Beside him stood Clotilde, Queen of the Ring, and Sampsonio, the Strong Man, whose display of muscles was truly marvellous. A short distance from these worthies was a tiny dwarf—an ugly, repulsive creature with a hunch back.

Wharton grinned when he saw Tony on the platform. The animal had the big drum strapped to him, and he was beating it for all he was worth; whilst Joey, the clown, tumbled about him and performed funny antics, that elicited shrieks of merriment from the crowd.

"Roll up, ladies and gentlemen!" cried Signor Tompsonio. "Roll up and see the greatest show on earth! Here we have the finest horsemen and horses, the most wonderful animals, the most daring of acrobats, and the most magnificent speciality acts, gathered together at stupendous expense from all the far corners of the world!

"See Signor Crakko, the world's most dare-devil lion-tamer! See Skinnivitch, the human skeleton, and Ambrose, the Fat Boy of Turnham Green! All are here, ladies and gentlemen, and hundreds of other attractions! Roll up! Admission sixpence to half-a-crown! Performance just about to commence, and there is just a few seats left! Grab 'em while you've got the chance! Roll up!"

Wharton stood irresolute for a few seconds.

He had in his pocket a late pass which Wingate had given him at midday, and this would allow him to see most of the show, at any rate. Wharton wanted to see the circus now he was there, and, besides, he had to see Mossoo and give him the letter. Mossoo undoubtedly was in the circus.

"Roll up, ladies and gents! Show's commencing shortly!"

Harry at length made up his mind to visit the show, and he followed the crowd up the wooden steps.

He paid his half-crown at the box and entered the marquee.

It was very hot and bright inside the circus. In the centre was the ring, and round it were ranged the tiers of seats, all filled with eager people.

Wharton paused at the top of the gangway and looked round for Monsieur Charpentier.

The little Frenchman made so conspicuous a figure that the Remove captain could have recognised him anywhere.

Harry's brows puckered into a frown of perplexity.

Mossoo was not there, after all!

His sharp eyes searched every part of the enclosure, but there was no sign of Monsieur Charpentier.

Greatly wondering, and feeling totally at a loss to account for Mossoo's mys-

terious disappearance, Wharton went down to the front and took his seat.

A party of heralds came forth into the ring and blew a stirring fanfare on their trumpets. Then out tumbled the clowns, with Clotilde behind, standing on the bare back of a handsome white horse that pranced every time the ring-master cracked his whip.

The lights went down, all except the glaring limes over the ring, and the "greatest show on earth" commenced!

Wharton soon forgot about Monsieur Charpentier in the thrill and laughter of the performance.

Tony and his burlesque master created much mirth, and everyone marvelled at the clever tricks of the other performing animals. The horses were magnificent creatures and their trainers amazingly clever. The daring feats of the trick-riders made Wharton gasp with thrilled wonderment.

Act after act followed in quick succession, each one displaying some new marvel to the eager and delighted audience.

When the act before the interval was announced—"Signor Nono, daring acrobat and trapeze artist"—Harry Wharton awaited it in eager expectancy.

Anything in the acrobatic line appealed to him, and he considered the trapeze act one of the most important items on a circus programme.

The trapeze was lowered, the clowns chased each other out of the ring, and the dazzling beam of limelight shone on the ring entrance, where the artistes made their appearance.

Thunderous handclapping and shouts of applause greeted the entry of Signor Nono, the acrobat.

He was a short, rather plump, little man, and he entered the ring gracefully bowing his acknowledgments.

Harry Wharton gave a sudden start as Signor Nono came near to him. There was something strangely familiar in the little man's figure and gait, and the Remove captain waited eagerly to have a good look at his face.

All of a sudden Signor Nono turned, and he and Wharton stood face to face.

Wharton gave a gasp, and the other stepped back with a low cry:

"Ciel!"

Wharton knew that voice only too well!

Signor Nono, of Tompsonio's Circus, was none other than Monsieur Charpentier, the French master at Greyfriars!

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Mossoo's Secret!

HARRY WHARTON gazed at Mossoo like one in a dream.

He could scarcely realise the truth of his momentous discovery.

There was no mistake about it, amazing though it seemed.

Mossoo, despite his grease-paint and powder and his circus attire, was easily recognisable. And, moreover, he had recognised Wharton.

The Remove captain had involuntarily sprung to his feet, but a red-faced yokel behind him pushed him down again.

"Sit down, can't ye?" said this worthy in tones of exasperation. "Ye're blockin' our view, young maister!"

Mossoo, temporarily nonplussed by coming face to face with Harry Wharton, pulled himself together and walked to the centre of the ring, where the rope leading to the trapeze was dangling.

The limelight shone on his dapper little figure, as, with amazing agility, he slithered up the rope and sat on the

trapeze, swinging in mid-air high above the ring.

Wharton watched him dazedly, his brain in a whirl.

Mossoo a circus performer! It seemed impossible, and ridiculous on the face of it. A master from a Public School like Greyfriars exhibiting himself in a circus-ring as a trapeze-artist! Had Wharton told anyone at the school he would have been laughed to scorn; the idea would have been ridiculous. Yet here was Mossoo in the flesh—Monsieur Charpentier himself, minus his well-known frock-coat and pegtops, swinging on the trapeze, dressed in black tights that displayed his plump limbs to advantage.

Mossoo, taking care not to look at Wharton, proceeded with his act, watched by hundreds of people, with their eyes open wide and their mouths agape.

The Remove captain, seated by the ring, followed every movement of the French master's with tense, thrilled wonder.

He knew that Mossoo was an acrobat of some considerable skill, and that, whilst serving in the French Army in his youth, he had been renowned for his prowess in that art. But Mossoo's performance on the trapeze was a revelation to Wharton. He had never suspected the mild little Frenchman of such amazing cleverness, agility, and daring.

The act was a complete success, and "Signor Nono" was encored again and again. He returned from the ring, bowing gracefully and kissing his hand, and the lights went up for the interval.

Harry Wharton set his teeth and rose from his seat.

He had come to the circus to see Mossoo, to return him that letter. He had certainly not expected to make such an amazing discovery—a discovery which now shed light on Monsieur Charpentier's mysterious absences every night from Greyfriars.

Mossoo had seen him, and knew that his secret was discovered. What would the little Frenchman be thinking now?

Wharton decided that he must see Mossoo at once.

He hurried from the marquee and made his way round to the back of the structure, where, screened by a number of caravans and gaudily painted trucks, the artistes' entrance was situated.

Wharton walked boldly up to the entrance. As he did so he gave a start. Crouching in the shadow of a near-by caravan was a small, sinister figure. The junior drew a deep breath as he recognised the dwarf, who was one of the performers at the circus.

The dwarf did not speak, but gazed insolently at Wharton, and a grin spread over his ugly, cadaverous face. Then, like a prowling wolf in the night, he was gone.

Startled at first, Wharton shook off his momentary feeling of "nerves" and walked through the entrance.

Clowns, horsemen, and other circus folk thronged the enclosure inside, and the appearance of the Greyfriars junior created a stir among them.

"Mon Dieu! Wharton! Zat you come to spy upon me, isn't it?"

Monsieur Charpentier himself, clad now in his ordinary clothes, but with traces of grease-paint on his face and beard, came hurrying forward.

The little Frenchman was as white as chalk, and his eyes had a look of distraction in them. If ever a man looked beside himself Monsieur Charpentier did at that moment.

He grasped the Remove captain by the

shoulder and hurried him out into the night.

"Laissons rebrousser chemin—let us return, mon garçon!" he exclaimed. "Allons donc! We must go away from here tout de suite!"

Wharton suffered himself to be led away through the fair-ground and out on to the heath.

When they were alone in the darkness Mossoo stopped and mopped at his brow.

"Mon Dieu! Tout est perdu! You have me discovvair!" he groaned. "Helas! Zat you have follow me. You vicked boy! You spies on me, isn't it?"

"No, sir, I didn't follow you to—to spy," said Harry Wharton. "I—I didn't go to the circus for the purpose of spying, Mossoo! I shouldn't think of such a thing!"

Monsieur Charpentier peered at the Remove captain, and Wharton saw that the little Frenchman's face was twitching with emotion.

"Ah! Zat I believe you, Wharton! I know zat you spik not ze untroots. But, mon garçon, you have seen. Parbleu! You have found me out viz myself, and all is discovvair! I—Adolphe Henri Charpentier—am discovvair do ze tricks at ze circus por l'argent—for money! I, who should a good example give, I do ziz zing! I am ashamed!"

Mossoo buried his face in his hands. He was utterly distracted now that his secret was out; he hardly knew what he was saying.

"Jamais—nevair again do I return to ze school. C'est fini—I am undone! Mon Dieu, je ne sais ce que j'ai! Mon garçon, now you have me seen, my heart he is smite wiz shame. No more do I display myself wizzin ze valls of ze school. Now I am discovvair, I must to ze circus stick. Helas! Quel malheur-cux! Mais il faut—it must be done!"

Mossoo groaned.

"But, sir, you're not going to leave Greyfriars!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"Oui, oui! Il faut! No more do I hold up ze head viz myself, I am ruin. My boy," said Mossoo, with tears in his eyes; "I give you not ze blame. C'est moi—it is I who am blame. You are good boy, and I vill tell you. You zink zat I have ze two faces—zat I deceive ze doctair at ze school. Well, I do—I deceive! I no longer am ze honourable homme. But it is for ze sake of anuzzer—for ze sake of mon pauvre Henri. Henri, il est mon nephew—le jeune Henri!"

"He work at ze bank Francais in London—he keep ze books and look after ze figures. But he is in trouble—zey accuse of—of ze wangle—zat he steal money and alter ze accounts. Unless he make oop ze money, he get what you call ze sack. Mon pauvre Henri, il n'est pas un voleur—he is not a thief. He take not ze money, yet he have to repay it or go in disgrace. Henri, he write to me and tell me all. He has no money to repay, et moi—je ne suis pas riche—I am not rich. Yet he moost have ze argent—ze money. Que faire—what to do?"

Mossoo paused and drew in a deep breath, his eyes anxiously watching Wharton's face.

"It is I, his uncle, who must assist him. But vere is ze money to come from?" he continued. "I zink of mon pauvre Henri—zat he suffair, and I am on ze tenterhooks. I do anyzing rather than he get ze sack. I must save him a tout prix—at any cost! So in despair I go to ze moneylender, Eugene Dupont. He is Francais, he vill help!"

Mossoo flung out his hands in despair.

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"To deal wiz ze moneylenders, it is wrong—dishonourable. It is because I worry over ze jeune Henri zat I do zis thing. I borrow two hundred pound, and Henri pay him back into ze bank and am save. I rejoice, but not for long. Ze repayment come due, and I pay all I can. But Eugene Dupont he swindle me—he fake ze document, I discovvair him to be one mechant—one rogue. I give him all I have, but he ask again, and he ask again—zere is no end. Ze vicked man, he press for ze money or betray. I am in what you call ze hole. I zink him out, till my brain he turn, and I am off ze top. So enfin—at last—when ze circus come, I apply for ze job as acrobat, to earn more to pay Eugene Dupont."

Wharton made as if to speak, but the excitable little Frenchman ran on unheedingly.

"I train, I try hard, and I am taken on. Ze job, it is a contro coeur—against ze grain—and I feel ashamed. But what else can I do? I keep him dark and tell no one, and zink zat I make assez d'argent—enough money—to keep ze vicked man quiet, and no one at Greyfriars smell what you call ze rat. But now all is discovvair, and I go not back to Greyfriars for ze disgrace. I go—I fly!"

Poor Mossoo was so distracted that he tore at his hair.

Harry Wharton's heart throbbed with compassion for the little Frenchman.

"There's no need to worry, sir," he said. "Why should there be any disgrace?"

"Ah, perhaps I speak too mooch!" said Mossoo brokenly. "Zat I tell my troubles to a garçon is not wise, n'est ce pas? You zink it a great joke—hein?"

"Of course I don't, sir!" said Harry

warmly. "I sha'n't say a word at Greyfriars, you can rely on that. You mustn't leave, Mossoo. I'll promise not to tell a single soul."

Monsieur Charpentier gave him a quick, eager look.

"Zen you keep ze secret pour moi—for me, Wharton?" he exclaimed. "You tell him not at ze school?"

"Not a whisper, sir!" said Harry. "You can carry on at the circus, and no one need be any the wiser. I should advise you to wear a mask during your performance, though, in case any of our chaps go to the circus. There's no footer on on Saturday, so it's quite likely that a crowd might go over from Greyfriars."

"Ah, zank you, Wharton! Zat is ze wise plan, and I vill on him act," said Mossoo gratefully. "You are ze good boy, and I ask pardon if I have bad temper in class. It is zat I worry over ze lettre zat I receive—"

Here Mossoo broke off, and Wharton could see that the little Frenchman had unintentionally mentioned the letter from "E. D."

Mossoo was already embarrassed because he had opened his heart to the junior so far; and Harry, who felt sorry for him from the bottom of his heart, thought it wisest not to let Mossoo know that he had seen the letter. He would slip it into his pocket without his knowledge, if that were possible.

"That's all right, sir," said the Remove captain, changing the subject, and relieving Mossoo of his momentary difficulty. "I—I understand."

"And ze uzzer garçons, zey not suspect zat I have connection wiz ze circus?" faltered Mossoo. "I have what you call ze wind oop when I see ze clown at Greyfriars zis afternoon."

Wharton shook his head.

"None of the other chaps have the faintest suspicion of you, Mossoo," he



"Come along, Tony!" said the duffer of the Greyfriars Remove. To the surprise of the juniors, the chimpanzee linked arms with Alonzo Todd and strutted out of the House with him. "My giddy aunt!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared the juniors. (See Chapter 3.)

said comfortingly. "And I'll take care that they don't get to know your secret. You can rely on that."

"Zank you ver' mooch, mon cher garcon! Zen I have no need to fly. I still have ze chance to hold up ze head. I work on at ze circus and make ze money, and perhaps ze vicked man let me off. I hurry back now, to see Signor Tompsonio, to arrange my performance earlier, so zat I get back to Greyfriars not so late. You are ze good boy, Wharton."

Just before Mossoo turned to go, the Remove captain managed to slip the letter into his pocket, and the little Frenchman did not notice the action.

"Good-night, Wharton, and a t'ousand zanks!"

"Good-night, Mossoo!"

Monsieur Charpentier retraced his footsteps to the circus, looking much happier than before he had unburdened his troubles to the junior.

Wharton hurried back to Greyfriars, for it was now late.

"Poor old chap!" he muttered to himself. "Fancy getting into a hole like that! I'm afraid he's by no means out of his scrape yet—not by a long chalk! That letter was from Eugene Dupont, the moneylender, for a cert. And he wants Mossoo to get old Nap's leather writing-case for him. What's the idea, I wonder? There's more in this than meets the eye, and Mossoo's under that rascal's thumb. I—I wish I could do something."

Wharton, during the long walk back to Greyfriars, turned the matter over in his mind, but how to get Monsieur Charpentier out of his scrape was a problem that was a little too much for him.

His chums were waiting at the gates when Gosling grumblingly let him in. They pounced on him at once, and demanded to know where he had been.

"Oh only to the circus!" said Harry cheerfully.

The others blinked at him in the gloom.

"To the circus!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Oh, my hat! What's the game, Harry?"

"There's no game at all, you ass!" laughed Harry. "I fancied a walk, you know, and when I got on the heath and saw the circus, I took a fit into my head to go in. I had the lato pass from Wingate, you know, so it was all serene. I went in and saw the show. It was ripping!"

"Great pip!"

"Fancy leaving your old pals in the lurch like that, Harry!"

"Too bad, old chap!"

And Hurree Jamset Ram Singh chimed in, in his weird and wonderful English:

"The too-badfulness is terrific!"

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The Face in the Night!

HARRY WHARTON kept his own counsel on the subject of Mossoo, and he did not give his chums any inkling of what he had found.

He watched the French master carefully the next day, but did not notice anything untoward in his manner, although it was plain to see that Monsieur Charpentier still had plenty weighing heavily on his mind.

Several times that day the Remove captain sat alone in Study No. 1, trying to think things out. He knew, of course, the reason for Mossoo's harassed looks, that he was thinking of the money-

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lender's threat to summons him unless he complied with the condition stated in the letter.

What would Mossoo do? What, indeed, could he do? Eugene Dupont wanted him to obtain for him the property of a Remove boy—curiously enough, of a boy of the same name as himself. The more Wharton puzzled over the matter the more complex it became.

He met Napoleon Dupont on the stairs after lessons that day, and they walked down together. Harry wondered whether his Form-fellow knew anything of the matter which Eugene Dupont, the moneylender, had in hand. The fact that their names were the same struck Harry as being significant, and he had made up his mind to speak to Napoleon.

"I say, Nap," he said, as they reached the bottom landing, "do you happen to know anyone of the name of Eugene Dupont?"

The French junior whirled round on Wharton, his dark eyes flashing.

"Eugene Dupont!" he exclaimed.

"Ma foi!"

"Then you know him?" said Harry.

"Non, non! He has nuzzing to do wize me, Wharton—nuzzing at all!"

Napoleon walked quickly away, leaving Wharton staring in astonishment after him.

Although the French junior had denied knowledge of Eugene Dupont, Harry could see, from the lad's very demeanour, that at least he knew something of him, but would not tell. The name was evidently distasteful to Napoleon, and Wharton decided not to broach the subject again with him.

Monsieur Charpentier left Greyfriars, as usual, soon after lessons were over for the day, and Skinner & Co., who watched him go, winked significantly at each other.

"He's off again!" said Skinner. "This is jolly rummy, you chaps, and I think Mossoo ought to be watched. It's my belief he goes on the razzle somewhere—to Courtfield, perhaps, or even one of the pubs over Pegg way. He always comes in jolly late, you know."

"Rather!"

"Let's shadow him!" said Stott. The three young rascals hurried across the quadrangle, with the intention of shadowing Mossoo, who had just left.

The Famous Five were standing at the gates when Skinner & Co. came up. They had been discussing Mossoo. Harry Wharton glanced suspiciously at Skinner.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry in breezy tones. "Wherefore the giddy hurry, Skinny, old sport? Have you got a train to catch?"

"No, we've got an old bounder to catch!" grinned the Cad of the Remove. "We're going to shadow Mossoo, and find out where he gets to. It's time somebody bowled him out."

Harry Wharton signalled to his chums, and they understood.

Bob linked an arm affectionately in Skinner's.

"What about a nice glass of ginger-pop at the tuckshop, Skinny?" he said generously. "Wouldn't that be nice?"

Skinner struggled. "Let go!" he roared. "We're going out after Mossoo, I tell you—Yarooogh!"

"Dear me!" said Bob innocently, as

he whirled Skinner round. "What ever is the matter, dear boy?"

"Wooogh! You nearly pulled my arm out! Ow!" moaned Skinner. "Leggo, you cad!"

"Come and have a ginger-pop, like a nice boy!" said Bob, appearing not to have heard Skinner's demand. "It's my treat. Come along, Snoop and Stott, you can have a ginger-pop, too."

"Look here—" began Stott, but he broke off as Nugent and Johnny Bull linked arms with him on either side.

Harry Wharton laughed, and assisted Inky in propelling Snoop along.

Skinner & Co., protesting wildly, were taken to the tuckshop, and Bob generously ordered three small ginger-pops.

"There you are, my sons!" he said, when Mrs. Mible placed the glasses on the counter. "Drink up!"

"We won't!" howled Skinner wrathfully. "Let us go! Ooop!"

Bob took up a glass and held it to Harold Skinner's mouth. He tried the rather drastic expedient of pouring it down, but the pop sizzled all over Skinner's face, instead. He roared. Loud howls came from Snoop and Stott, also, when the others tried the "feeding by force" methods on them. All three of the would-be shadowers staggered out of the tuckshop, mopping at their faces and jackets, and uttering lurid remarks concerning the Famous Five.

As for those latter youths, they remained in the tuckshop and chuckled mightily.

As Bob Cherry remarked, standing drinks to Skinner & Co. was a wicked waste of "saxpence," but it was really worth it—for Mossoo's sake. Wherever he had gone, he did not want those three rotters shadowing him.

Skinner & Co. gave up all hope of tracing Monsieur Charpentier now, and they stamped indoors in a royal rage.

Bedtime came, and Mossoo returned just as the Remove were being shepherded up to the dormitory by Wingate.

Several of the juniors remarked upon his haggard, forlorn look. He passed them unseeing, and went into his study, making short gesticulations to himself.

"What's up with Mossoo?" said Bolsover major. "He looks pretty blue."

"Perhaps some of his pet gee-gees have been lagging behind again to admire the scenery," suggested Bulstrode; and there was a laugh.

Harry Wharton was silent.

He felt a deep compassion for the unhappy little Frenchman. His double duties at Greyfriars and at the circus, coupled with the worry of his debt to the moneylender, all were rapidly taking their toll of Mossoo's endurance. Harry wondered how long Mossoo would be able to hold out under the strain.

Wingate saw lights out in the Remove dormitory, and the juniors dropped off to sleep one by one. Harry Wharton lay awake long after the others, thinking of Mossoo, until at last he dozed. He slept very lightly, and was troubled with disturbing dreams. All of a sudden he sat up, with an intangible feeling of alarm.

All was very quiet and still in the dormitory, except for the snoring of Billy Bunter. There was a bright moon in the night sky, and its mellow light was shining in at the dormitory window.

As Harry turned to the window, still only half awake, his blood seemed to freeze with horror.

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:

A ghoulish face, more demoniacal than human, was grinning at him through the glass!

Only for a fleeting moment, for when Wharton, brought to full wakefulness by the numbing horror of the apparition, looked again, the face was gone.

He sprang quickly out of bed, gritting his teeth to compose his nerves.

Had it been only his imagination—a nightmare—or had the face really appeared at the window? It seemed too awful—too ghastly—to be anything but a horrible nightmare.

He reached the window, and, lifting it cautiously, looked out.

Not a soul was to be seen in the moonlit squad, or anywhere on the ivy-clad walls below. He looked upward, to make sure, but saw no one.

He gave a shiver as he closed the window.

"It must have been a dream!" he muttered, returning to his bed. "It couldn't possibly have been anyone. Ugh! I've got the creeps now, and no mistake!"

He clambered back to bed, and tried to compose himself to sleep. But the memory of the face at the window had so impressed itself upon Wharton's mind that some considerable time elapsed before sleep came to him.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Secret Out!

NAPOLÉON DUPONT came dashing wildly down the Remove passage next morning, before lessons, and he fell right into the arms of Bob Cherry, who happened to emerge from Study No. 13 at that precise moment.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob breezily, grabbing the French junior to prevent him from falling. "What's the giddy game, Nap?"

"Ciel! I have been rob!" shouted Dupont frantically. "Assistance! Call ze police! I have been rob! Helas!"

Doors banged, and Removites hurried out to ascertain the cause of the shouting.

Napoleon Dupont waved his arms in despair.

"Someone has been to my study in ze night and taken a paper from my writing-case!" he moaned. "Ah, misericord! Where is ze paper? Who can find ze thief?"

Bolsover major snorted.

"Fancy making all that fuss over a blessed paper!" he said. "Anyone would think you'd been robbed of a thousand pounds by the way you're carrying on, young Nap! What was the paper—an impot?"

"Non, non, non!" wailed Dupont. "It was a very valuable paper, mon amis! I keep it here because I zink it safe. But now it is gone! It is vanish in ze night—pouf! Police! I want my paper!"

Harry Wharton turned the corner of the corridor just then.

He gave a start when he heard Dupont's lamentations.

"My hat!" he ejaculated. "What's up with Nap?"

"He's complaining that someone has been up to his study during the night and boned a giddy paper out of his writing-case," said Nugent. "Nap says it's a valuable paper, and I should think it jolly well ought to be, considering the row he's kicking up!"

"Good heavens!" muttered Wharton.



As Harry Wharton turned to the window, still only half-awake, his blood seemed to freeze in his veins. A ghoulish face was grinning at him through the glass of the window. Only for a fleeting moment it remained. When next Wharton looked at the window the face had gone. (See Chapter 6.)

He strode up to Napoleon Dupont, who turned to him appealingly.

"Ah, Wharton! I have suffair a robbery, mon ami!" he cried. "Ze thief break in during ze night, and open my desk, where I keep ze paper in my writing-case. Ze paper, he mean a lot to me. Helas! I nevair rest till I got him back!"

"Well, it's no use shouting the odds to Wharton," said Ogilvy. "You'd better tell Quelch, or— Ah, here's Wingate!"

The Greyfriars skipper came down the corridor, and into his ears Napoleon Dupont poured forth his tale of woe.

Wingate frowned. "If some young rascal has been tampering with your desk, Dupont, he shall suffer for it!" he said. "What sort of a paper have you lost?"

"He was a deed—a blue deed!" moaned Dupont.

"A blue deed!" ejaculated Wingate.

"Oui, oui! What you call ze legal document. He was a blue paper, enclosed in a sealed envelope so big!"

Napoleon held out his hands to indicate an envelope of foolscap size.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" exclaimed Wingate. "Then there may be more in this than I thought. You'd better let me have a look in your study, Dupont."

The school captain went into Dupont's study, and Harry Wharton followed quickly behind. The French junior's desk was open, and on the top of some books inside lay a large, handsome, Morocco leather writing-case.

Wingate's look became grim as he examined the desk lock.

"This has been forced open!" he exclaimed. "When did you discover your loss, Dupont?"

"Choost now, when I came in for my books," said the French boy, wringing his hands. "Helas! If I do not get back ze paper I lose all—I am ruin! Ou est-il? Where is it?"

Wingate snapped his teeth down hard. "You'd better come with me to the Head, Dupont," he said, and he led the way from the study.

The Remove passage was in a foment of excitement.

Some of the fellows accused Billy Bunter of the burglary, but the Owl flatly and indignantly denied all knowledge of the affair.

"It can't be Bunter this time," said Harry Wharton quietly. "The theft was evidently committed during the night, and I don't think Bunter would get out of bed on a cold night to burgle a paper. He might do it for a haul of tuck, but even then I'm doubtful if he'd have the nerve to commit a burglary at night."

"Well, it's a giddy mystery," said Bob Cherry, rubbing his nose thoughtfully. "Nap's awfully upset about it, and as it's a legal paper he's lost the matter may be serious. I wonder who the thief is?"

"Goodness knows!"

The robbery in Napoleon Dupont's study soon became the sole topic of conversation at Greyfriars.

When the Remove gathered in the Form-room for lessons the Head came in with Mr. Quelch, and he held a

(Continued on page 16.)

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Supplement No. 217.

EDITED BY HARRY WHARTON

Week Ending March 28th, 1925.

SPRING-CLEANING NOTES!

By **BOB CHERRY.**

EVERYBODY'S doing it! This applies not only to the **MAGNET Cross Word Puzzle**, but to spring-cleaning. Up and down the Remove passage the Noble Army of Whitewashers and the Illustrious Order of Carpet-Beaters are hurrying and scurrying; and willing workers are waging war against the demons of Dirt and Dust.

STUDY No. 13—my own—was the first to be spring-cleaned. I don't believe in putting things off till that vague time known as "one of these days." **DO IT NOW** is my motto; and Study No. 13 was scrubbed and scoured long before the other fellows had thought about spring-cleaning. Aply assisted by Mark Linley, Inky, and Wun Lung, I swept the chimney and beat the carpets and scrubbed the floor, besides distemping the walls and cleaning the window. The study is now as clean as a new pin. In fact, everything in the garden is lovely!

BILLY BUNTER hasn't started spring-cleaning yet. Billy says you can't spring-clean on an empty stomach, and he is waiting for one of his titled relations to send him a tuck-hamper before he peels off his jacket and gets to business. Unless that hamper arrives pretty speedily, I'm afraid Bunter's spring-cleaning will be postponed till it becomes an autumn-cleaning!

LORD MAULEVERER is not in love with spring-cleaning. It comes under the heading of **WORK**, and **WORK** is a word which sends cold shivers down his lordship's spine. Mauly is advertising for two sober and industrious fags to do his spring-cleaning for him. They will be paid at the rate of tuppence an hour, and they must produce copies of testimonials from previous employers.

FISHER T. FISH had the brazen nerve to ask Mr. Quelch for time off from lessons, in order that he might spring-clean his study. Fishy was quite shocked to find that Mr. Quelch regarded Latin and Greek as more important than spring-cleaning; and he was still more shocked on being ordered to write out a hundred times, "I must not make impertinent requests to my Form master."

HORACE COKER thinks that the Fifth ought to be allowed the privilege of fags; that's only one instance of many where the great and fatheaded Horace

is offside. But to the point. He actually tried to fag us—the Famous Five of the Remove! Well, we decided quickly enough that the one-and-only Coker should have his way, also that he should be taught a lasting lesson. We spring-cleaned his study! It was a sight for gods and men and little fishes when we had finished with it; we're pretty good at spring-cleaning when we want to be. But the rotten part of the whole jape was the fact that Coker's Aunt Judy was expected to visit her nephew that same afternoon. And she turned up just when we'd finished the cleaning! Of course, we didn't know that at the time, and there was a terrible to-do! You'll read about it in Mr. Frank Richards' next story of Greyfriars.

A SPRING-CLEANING BALLAD!

By **DICK PENFOLD**

WITH limbs all weary and worn,
With youthful face aflush,
A fag was kneeling upon the floor

Wielding a scrubbing-brush.

Scrub, scrub, scrub!

With his master watching, alert;

And still, in a voice of dolorous pitch,

He sang the song of the dirt!

With the carpets taken up,

The floor was dingy and bare;

And the dirt of the winter term

Had congregated there.

Scrub, scrub, scrub!

With many a splash and spurt.

And still, in a voice of dolorous pitch,

He sang the song of the dirt!

Oh, pity the hapless fag

As he toils with might and main!

While luckier chums of his

Go cycling down the lane.

Scrub, scrub, scrub!

The soapsuds swamped his shirt;

And still, in a voice of dolorous pitch,

He sang the song of the dirt!

The ceiling, walls, and floor

Must all be cleaned and scoured;

And the armies of dirt and grime

Must all be overpowered.

Scrub, scrub, scrub!

How his arms and knee-caps hurt!

But still, in a voice of dolorous pitch,

He sang the song of the dirt!

The task is done at last,

And the study is clean and bright;

And the worn and weary fag

Crawls up to bed at night.

Scrub, scrub, scrub!

While his master's voice is curt;

And the youngster sang in his sleep

That night—

He sang the song of the dirt!

EDITORIAL!

By **Harry Wharton.**

THIS is a season of great activity at Greyfriars School. Sounds of rubbing and scrubbing, and splashing and slap-dashing, proceed from the various studies; and the voice of the chimney-sweep is heard in the land. Carpet-beaters are raising clouds of dust in the Close; fags are scurrying hither and thither with brimming pails of whitewash. All is hustle and bustle and animation.

Spring-cleaning time is here!

Every self-respecting study-owner makes it a practice to have his "den" thoroughly scrubbed and scoured once a year. If he is lucky enough to possess a fag, the latter does the donkey-work. If he is fagless, he takes off his coat, and rolls up his sleeves, and "piles in" himself.

There is no law which compels a fellow to spring-clean his study. Strictly speaking, that task devolves upon Janet, the maid-of-all-work. But Janet could not possibly undertake such a formidable task without the assistance of a battalion of charwomen; and, anyway, a fellow who takes a pride in his study prefers to clean it himself.

Once upon a time, as they say in fairy-tales, there was a study in the Remove passage which was not spring-cleaned—nor even occupied—for donkeys' years. It was known as "The Haunted Study," and shunned like the plague. But I don't think it was haunted by anything more alarming than mice and spiders. However, there were legends and traditions about that study which made fellows steer clear of it. The place remained in bleak isolation for many years, and was eventually turned into a lumber-room.

We are in the throes of spring-cleaning in Study No. 1, and that famous apartment is in a state of most admired disorder at present. The carpets are up, the curtains are down, the furniture is out in the corridor, and I am perched on an empty packing-case, scribbling this Editorial. The packing-case is for Frank Nugent to stand on, in order to whitewash the ceiling. Frank is impatient to commence his slapdashing, and in a few moments there will be a snowstorm of whitewash. So I'd better buck up and finish, or I shall be caught in the downpour!

Heigh-ho for the joys of spring-cleaning! What a life, when an Editor can't work in his own sanctum, but has to wander forth to the woodshed to pen his inspirations! And even the woodshed, when I arrive there, will probably be in process of being spring-cleaned. Woe unto Israel!

[Supplement 4.]



"THE Boy Scouts," said Jack Jolly, "believe in doing one good turn a day. Same hear. In fact, I think we ought to fill our days with sweet deeds of kindness."

Merry and Bright stared at their chum. It was not often that Jack Jolly spoke in this sentymentle strane.

"What are you driving at, Jack?" asked Merry.

Jack Jolly chuckled.

"It's up to us to do somebody a good turn," he said. "What about Bounder of the Sixth?"

"Bounder?" ekkoed Bright. "But Bounder's the biggest bounder that ever bounded! Why should we go out of our way to do him a good turn?"

"Well, he gave us a good walloping yesterday, for playing footer in the Sixth Form passidge. And one good turn deserves another. It's a half-holiday, and Bounder's gone out for the afternoon. I propose that we spring-clean his study for him, in his absence. We'll do the job thurrughly—so thurrughly that Bounder won't rekkernise his study when he sees it again! It will look as if a duzen mad bulls had been let loose in it!"

Merry and Bright understood now, and they looked very Bright and Merry.

Bounder of the Sixth was a big, boolly-ing broot, who had a special "down" on Jack Jolly & Co. He was the most hated of the Sixth-Formers—not at all a nice chap, like Burleigh, the captain of St. Sam's. Burleigh was a hero; Bounder a Nero.

It would be a capital idear, reflected Merry and Bright, to spring-clean Bounder's study while he was out that afternoon, and to do the job thurrughly. The rezzult of their labers would not be pleasing to Bounder; but then the juniors didn't intend it to be!

"First of all," said Jack Jolly, "we'll sweep the chimbley. And if a partikle of soot happens to find its way on to the study carpet, that won't be our fault, will it?"

"Oh dear, no!" chuckled Merry and Bright.

"Then we'll whitewash the sealing," went on Jack Jolly. "And if a spot of whitewash should happen to fall on the seat of the armchair, it will be a pure axcident, won't it?"

"Oh, quite!"

"When we've whitewashed the sealing, we'll give the door a coating of red paint," continued Jack Jolly. "And if the paint-pot happens to spring a leak, it will be sheer bad luck, won't it?"

"Yes, bad luck for Bounder!" said Merry, with a grin.

"Let us sally forth to the woodshed, and see what we can find in the way of spring-cleaning utensils," said Jack Jolly.

"Lead on, Macduff!" said Bright.

The juniors trotted off to the woodshed. In addition to their Etons, they wore cheerful grins. On the way they met Bounder of the Sixth, striding towards the school gates. He was wear-

ing a sports coat, a pear of flannel bags, and a fierce, forbidding frown. Bounder glared at Jack Jolly & Co. as if he could eat them. It was a good job he didn't, for those tuff young rascals would certainly have given him indigestion!

Little did Bounder dream of the deep, dark plot which had been hatched in Jack Jolly's brane. He strode on his way, and dismissed the juniors from his mind.

The plotters passed on to the woodshed, where they found everything they wanted. There was a long broom which would come in useful for sweeping the chimbley. It wasn't a proper sweep's broom, but it would answer the purrpus.

There was also a pale of whitewash, and a pot of red paint, and a tin of floor pollish, and plenty of brushes—in fact, everything that a zellus spring-cleaner could desire.

Armed with these utensils, Jack Jolly & Co. made their way to Bounder's study in the Sixth Form passidge.

Bounder was a fellow who beleaved in doing things in stile. His study was furnished on a lavvish and luggsurious scale. The tables and chairs were valewable antiques, fresh from the factory at Birmingham. The Persian carpets and the Indian rugs had been supplied direct from Axminster. Everything was cosy and comfortable, and the study didn't look as if it wanted spring-cleaning a bit. It was free from dirt, dust, and cobwebs. However, Jack Jolly & Co. were determined to do their duty. They had made up their minds to do Bounder of the Sixth a good turn, and wild horses would not have dragged them from their purrpus.

They set about their task in grate stile. Jack Jolly took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves, and then started to sweep the chimbley.

Considering that he had had no previous eggspereience as a chimbley-sweep, Jack did awfully well. The broom dislodged about a ton of soot, and it came rushing down in a black avalanche. Large smuts drifted all over the place, and settled on Bounder's valewable furniture.

Jack Jolly did not escape the avalanche. His face became as black as the space of ades. He grinned cheerfully at his chums through the grimo.

"We're getting on famusly, you fellows!" he said. "Talk about a giddy transformation! Old Bounder won't know his own study when he sees it again!"

"He'll have several sorts of a fit, I'm thinking!" said Merry, who was perched on a chair, balancing a pale of whitewash in one hand, and slapdashing at the sealing with the other.

Whitewash was falling like hail. It mingled with the soot, giving the study a black-and-white effect which was quite pleasing. But weather it would be pleasing to Bounder of the Sixth remained to be seen!

Bright was busy painting the door. He was laying it on thick and proper—just like Bounder laid on the ashplant

when he was in one of his tantrums. The door had been a quiet brown colour before. Under Bright's brush it rapidly became a glaring red.

By the time the spring-cleaners had finished their labers, the study was in a state which it is almost impossibil to deskribe.

Lumps of soot, streaks of whitewash, and dawbs of red paint were scattered in profusion over the carpets and the furniture. The sealing was still shedding whitewash, the chimbley was still disgorging soot, and the paint-pot had overturned, and a rivulet of red paint was trickling over the carpet.

"Well," said Jack Jolly, glansing round the study with a sooty smirk of satisfaction, "we've made this study a place fit for heroes to live in!"

"I shouldn't care to live in it myself," said Merry. "Even the smell of the paint is enuff to nock anybody backwards. Let's quitt!"

Before the juniors could make their eggssit, however, there was a quick step in the passidge.

Jack Jolly & Co. exchanged glances of dismay. Bounder of the Sixth was returning! He would catch them red-handed! At all events, he would catch Bright red-handed, and Jack Jolly black-handed, and Merry white-handed.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Jack Jolly, in dismay. "Hear comes Bounder!"

Even as he spoke Bounder of the Sixth looked in at the open door. The juniors eggspeted him to go purple in the face and to have an apple-plectic fit. But Bounder merely grinned.

"Oh, my hat!" he said. "What have you young rascals been up to?"

"S-s-spring-cleaning!" stutered Jack Jolly.

Bounder gave a low wissle.

"There will be the very dooce of a row about this," he said. "When Burleigh sees this study he'll flay you alive!"

"Burleigh?" gasped Jack Jolly. "But—but this isn't Burleigh's study; it's yours, Bounder!"

"It was," said Bounder, with a grin. "But it's mine no longer. The study changed hands this morning. Fact is, I've swopped studies with Burleigh."

"Oh!"

Jack Jolly & Co. were dumbfounded. "We've fairly done it now!" groaned Merry. "Hear's Burleigh himself!"

When the big, burly Burleigh saw what had happened to his study there was quite a hurly-burly.

The captain of St. Sam's "saw red"—not only on the door, but in a figgerative sense. He flew into a terribul rage, and the viles of his wrath fairly overflowed.

Jack Jolly & Co. were hoisted across the table in turn and given six hard ones with an ashplant. And when they crawled out of the study, moaning and groaning, they roofully desided that they had finished with spring-cleaning once and for all!

THE END.

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THE MYSTERY OF MOSSOO!*(Continued from page 13.)*

searching inquiry into the matter, questioning each boy in turn.

That the Head took a very serious view of the case was apparent. None of his inquiries elicited a clue to the mystery, however, and Dr. Locke rustled out of the Form-room, looking worried and distressed.

Harry Wharton, as soon as lessons were over, hurried along to Study No. 1; and when his chums came in afterwards they found Harry standing by the window, his hands dug deep into his trousers pockets, and a worried frown on his handsome face.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry. "Wherefore the wrinkled brow, old son? Thinking about old Nap and his missing deed?"

"Ye-es," said Harry quietly. "It's jolly rummy, isn't it?"

"Rather!" said Frank Nugent. "But I think the Head is satisfied that the thief isn't in our Form, so that's something to be thankful for."

Tap! came at the door.

"Come in!" called out Harry Wharton.

The door opened, to admit Napoleon Dupont himself.

The French junior's hair was dishevelled, where he had been running his fingers frantically through it, and he looked quite wild-eyed.

"Ah! I come to spik to you, Wharton," he said. "You spik to me yesterday about Eugene Dupont. You know him, n'est ce pas?"

Harry shook his head.

"Don't know him from Adam, old chap," he said.

Napoleon gave him a sharp, inquiring look.

"But how come you to know his name, mon ami?" he asked. "I want to know that?"

Harry Wharton was silent.

He coloured when he became aware of his chums' curious gaze.

"Why you no spik, Wharton?" exclaimed Dupont impatiently. "I tell you why I ask. Ze paper I have lost is a ver-ry important family document, and it was given to me to mind by mon pere—my father. It relates to myself, and is a proof of my identity, so that when I am twenty-one years old I can claim a large estate in France. Without ze paper I can prove no claim, and ze inheritance which is truly mine would go to this Eugene Dupont, who is my father's stepbrother. Now you know why ze paper is so valuable to me, and why I must get it back. Eugene Dupont is not friendly wiz ze uzzers in my family—he is a rascal and a bad man. Zat is why I told you that I know him not when you asked me yesterday, Wharton. Now, I want to know how you knew of him?"

The Remove captain did not look Dupont straight in the eyes, as he always did when speaking to anyone.

"I—I happened to hear that he was a moneylender, that's all, Dupont," he said. "I don't know who he is, or where he is, or anything about him, except that he is a moneylender. I asked you whether you know him just out of curiosity—that's all. I'm afraid I can't tell you anything else."

Again Dupont gave him that searching look, which made Harry colour up.

The French junior did not press any

further questions, however. He had a great respect for the Remove Form captain, and was satisfied with Wharton's explanation.

When he left the study Harry's chums turned inquiringly to him.

"You've got something up your sleeve, Harry," said Johnny Bull in his direct, blunt manner. "What is it?"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Wharton.

"No need to get huffy, old chap," said Bob Cherry pacifically. "We only want to know, as partners in the old firm, what Dupont was driving at just now. What's this about the Eugene Dupont merchant? This is the first we've heard of him."

Harry gave an uncomfortable laugh.

"Well, I might as well tell you chaps," he said. "I—I kept it from you because—well, because I didn't think it necessary to tell you. You remember that little shindy Skinner had with Mossoo in the Form-room the other day, Bob?"

"When he caught him turning the handle of the giddy harmonium!" grinned Bob. "Ha, ha! Rather!"

"Mossoo dropped a letter out of his pocket while he was struggling with Skinner, and I picked it up when all the other chaps had gone down to see the chimpanzee," said Harry quietly. "I couldn't help reading what it said. The note was from this Eugene Dupont I asked Nap about yesterday."

Harry told his chums what he had read on the note.

Bob Cherry gave a low whistle.

"Whew! Then Mossoo's been borrowing money from this giddy relative of Nap's!"

"So it seems," said Harry.

"Silly ass!" growled Johnny Bull. "Fancy Mossoo having dealings with a moneylender! No wonder he's been looking down in the mouth lately. The Head would be jolly wild if he knew about it."

"Rather!" said Nugent. "It's lucky for Mossoo that it was you who found the letter, Harry. What did you do with it?"

"You remember when I chased Mossoo out of gates afterwards?" said Harry. "I followed him to return the letter."

"Oh! So that's why you ran off without your tea!" said Bob Cherry.

Harry Wharton smiled.

"I say, you chaps, this brings Mossoo into the robbery in Nap's study!" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "According to what we have just heard, Eugene Dupont stood to rope in a good bit if Nap's claim to it couldn't be established. That accounts for Eugene Dupont being eager to get Nap's writing-case. He had evidently got to know that Nap had the deed at Greyfriars, and was keeping it in his writing-case, and the rotter made up his mind to get hold of it somehow and destroy it, so that Nap would be done out of his inheritance."

Wharton nodded.

"That's about it, Johnny," he said quietly. "This Eugene Dupont must be an utter rogue. He's got Mossoo in his power, and he wrote that letter, practically demanding of him to rob Napoleon of his writing-case."

The chums of the Remove looked grave.

All had the same thought in mind.

"I—I say," blurted out Bob. "I suppose Mossoo wasn't ass enough to break into Nap's study last night and hook out that deed?"

The others were silent.

They hated thinking anything unworthy of their French master; but, in

view of what they had heard, they could not drive the suspicion from their minds.

All of a sudden Bob Cherry's quick ears detected a slight noise outside the door. He tiptoed to the door and flung it open suddenly.

A fat form rolled into the room with a roar.

"Yarooogh! Yah! Ow!"

"Bunter!" roared Bob Cherry. "I thought so! The little toad's been eaves-dropping again!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"Shut the door, quick!" said Wharton between his teeth.

Johnny Bull closed the door, and Billy Bunter was whirled up in many hands.

"Now, you spying little toad!" exclaimed Wharton angrily. "We'll teach you to listen at our door! I—"

"Yoooop! Yah! Leggo! Wow! Help! Ow-ow!" howled Billy Bunter.

"I wasn't listening, really, you fellows! Ow! I only stopped to do up my shoe-lace. Oooooop! I never heard anything about Mossoo being in the hands of a moneylender, and if I did I wouldn't tell! Ow-wow! Dud-don't sh-sh-shake me like that, Cherry, you beast! Groogh! If my eyeglasses f-f-fall off they'll b-b-break, and you'll have to pip-p-pay for them. Yarooogh!"

"Lay the fat rotter across the table," said Wharton, picking up a large ebony ruler. "This is the only way to deal with Bunter."

William George Bunter yelled at the top of his voice, and struggled wildly as he was raised on high and dumped, face downwards, on the table.

"Oooooogh! Help! Fire! Murder! Yooop! I say, you fellows, I won't tell about Mossoo! Oooooop! Leggo! Yah! I don't believe for a moment that he pinched Dupont's deed for the money-lender! Yow! Wow-wow!"

Harry Wharton took the ruler in a firm grip, whilst the others held Bunter down. The ruler rose and fell in swift, successive strokes.

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!

"Yarooooooogh!"

Dust rose in a small cloud from Billy Bunter's nether garments.

Harry Wharton gave the Owl a good whacking, and then he was rolled off the table on to the floor, where he fell with a loud concussion.

"There, Bunter!" said the Remove captain grimly. "Let that be a warning to you to keep your mouth shut, you little worm! If I hear you breathe a word of what you have spied out you'll get a worse whacking than this!"

"Yow! Oh dear!" moaned Billy Bunter.

"Not only that, Bunter, but we'll hang, draw, and quarter you afterwards," said Bob Cherry, blood-thirstily. "Groogh!"

"And strew the hungry churchyard with your bones!" said Frank Nugent in solemn tones.

"Ow!"

"Now kick him out!" said Johnny Bull.

Inky obligingly opened the door, and four pairs of boots were planted on the person of William George Bunter.

He went rolling out into the corridor like a cask from a dray, and he lay on the cold, hard linoleum and roared.

"Dribble him down the passage!" said Bob. "Never mind about breaking his bones. It's only Bunter!"

"Yarooogh! Murder!" howled Billy Bunter.

He arose with great alacrity and fled for his life, his fat little legs going like clockwork.

Ten minutes later he crawled into the Common-room, moaning pathetically.

Bolsover major, Hazeldene, Trevor,

Ogilvy and Skinner, Snoop and Stott were in there, watching a game of chess between Dick Russell and Micky Desmond.

All grinned as the Owl limped in. "Hallo! Bunter's in the wars again," said Ogilvy. "What have you been up to this time, Fatty?"

"Yow! Wow! Nothing!" moaned the suffering Owl. "Nothing, really. Wharton and the other rotters were quite mistaken. Groooh! I didn't listen at their study door, and I never heard a word about Mossoo."

"Oh!" said Bolsover, pricking up his ears. "What's that about Mossoo, Bunter?"

"Nothing!" said the Owl hastily. "I've promised not to tell. I—I mean I'm in the secret with Wharton and the others, you know."

"Great pip!" The Removites forgot about the chess, and turned their attention to Billy Bunter.

"So Bunter's been eavesdropping at Study No. 1," grinned Hazeldene, "and he's spied out something that Wharton's got to know about Mossoo?"

"Oh, really, Hazel!" "What is it, Bunter?" demanded Bolsover major in his most truculent tones.

"Really, Bolsover, I am in honour bound not to divulge a word of what I know!" expostulated Bunter indignantly. "Besides, I'm not the chap to make trouble, and if Mossoo gets kicked out of Greyfriars it won't be through me, I can tell you!"

"My hat!" said Bolsover. "There's something in this, you chaps. We'll get it out of Bunter if we have to annihilate him. Mind the door, Skinner!"

Billy Bunter had made a wild break for the door, but Harold Skinner planted himself in the way. Next minute the Owl found himself surrounded, and he blinked round nervously through his spectacles.

"Look here. I—I don't know anything, really!" he said. "Let me go, you fellows, or—"

"Not much!" said Bolsover. "Gimme the poker, Snoop. I'll soon make Bunter talk."

Bolsover did. After three swipes with the poker Billy Bunter bawled out the whole story he had overheard at the door of Study No. 1.

And ten minutes later Mossoo's dealings with the moneylender, and the letter he had received from Eugène Dupont regarding Napoleon Dupont's writing case, were made common property throughout Greyfriars.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Wharton Has an Idea!

"POOR old Mossoo!" Bob Cherry made that remark to Harry Wharton after dinner. The two chums were alone in Study No. 1.

Wharton's brow was clouded. The whole school was discussing the news that had leaked out via Billy Bunter, and Monsieur Charpentier was being spoken of as a thief by fellows of all forms.

"Poor old Froggy!" went on Bob. "It's jolly hard lines on him, isn't it, whether he did steal Nap's paper or not. If he did steal it, he was practically forced to do so, and I'm sorry for the old chap. He's a good little ass, is Mossoo. He knows that the yarn is common knowledge, and he looks half-demented about it."

Harry nodded. "Yes, Mossoo has heard the chaps talking about his dealings with the moneylender," he said. "Skinner and a few of

the other rotters took good care that he heard them as he was coming out of the dining-room. It's a shame to treat him like that. I'm hanged if I believe Mossoo guilty, anyway."

Bob looked quickly at his chum. "Bob, I've just thought of it!" exclaimed Harry. "Last night I was dreaming and sleeping very badly, when I woke up and saw a horrible face at the dormitory window. It was awful—just like a demon's. I got up and looked out of the window a minute later, but there was no one to be seen."

"You must have dreamt about the face, Harry," said Bob cheerily. "That pork pie you ate just before going to bed evidently gave you a giddy nightmare."

"That's what I thought," said Harry quietly. "But the more I think of it now, the more convinced I am that it wasn't a dream. It's my belief, Bob, that there was a stranger prowling in this school last night, and he is the one who broke open Napoleon's desk. Not Mossoo!"

Bob drew a deep breath. "My hat! If only you can prove it, Harry!" he exclaimed. "It would be a mercy to Mossoo."

"Rather!" Harry Wharton jumped up. "Let's go along and see Nap, and have a look round his study. We may be able to spot something that will put us on the right track."

The two chums hurried along to the French junior's study.

They discovered Napoleon Dupont seated at the table in an attitude of despair and dejection. He looked up, with a very woebegone face as Harry and Bob came in.

"Excuse us, Nap," said Bob, "but we want to have a look round; if you don't mind. Wharton says that he saw a burglar last night, and we want to find some giddy clues to trace him by. May we perform the merry Sherlock Holmes' act?"

Napoleon nodded. "Oui, mes amis," he said. "Do what you like. I don't mind, so long as I get back my paper."

The two amateur investigators inspected the desk and the writing-case without finding even the remotest clue. Harry Wharton pursed his lips thoughtfully.

"Let me see," he murmured. "Unless I was dreaming, I saw the burglar at our dorm window. He must have been a jolly quick climber to have got out of the way by the time I looked out of the window. Anyway, the point is this—the fellow must have been climbing up the house wall, and if he came in here he probably entered by the window."

"Wonderful, my dear Watson!" grinned Bob, who did everything with his characteristic good humour. "Take a swig at the cocaine jar—I mean, let's have a look at the window, old son!"

Harry Wharton stepped to the window and raised the sash.

He found that the window-sash could not be raised more than about eighteen inches. Having got so far, it stuck.

"What's the matter with this window, Napoleon?" he asked. "Is this as far as it will open?"

The French junior nodded.

"Oui, mon ami. Zere is somezing wrong wiz ze sash, and I told Gosling about it yesterday."

Harry and Bob both heaved at the window, but all to no effect. It would not budge any farther, the sashcord having broken and jammed in the slot.

"Well, that settles your theory, Harry, I'm afraid!" said Bob ruefully. "No man, or boy, either, could have got in through this window during the night."

Wharton's eyes were fixed on the window-sill outside.

"Look, Bob!" he exclaimed, starting forward. "Do you see those newly-made scratches on the sill? And there's

CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. 8.

CLUES ACROSS.

1. A reader of the MAGNET.
8. A fish.
9. A number.
10. Evergreen plant.
12. Upon.
13. Pet name for "Elizabeth."
14. Army order (abbreviated).
16. Allow.
18. Fluent of speech.
21. Used in modern warfare.
23. A large water-fowl.

24. "Fivers."
25. Girl's name.
27. A fairy-tale.
28. A fairy.
30. Note in musical scale.
32. Part of the body.
33. Medical man (abbreviated).
34. Boy's name (abbreviated).
36. Nose with the end off.
37. An enemy.
38. Instrument for conveying verbal messages.

CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. 8.

	1	2		3	4	5		6	7	
8				9				10		11
12			13						14	
		15		16				17		
18	19		20				21		22	
23						24				
25					26		27			
				28		29				
30	31		32						33	
34		35		36					37	
	38									

CLUES DOWN.

1. Lady's companion.
2. A sailor.
3. Christmas; also a boy's name.
4. Come in!
5. Played in Australia.
6. Small Pacific tree.
7. Girl's name.
8. Bunter's favourite edibles.
11. English county.
15. Abounding in firs.
17. A wicked deity.
19. The lion.
20. A large serpent.
21. Dutton's Christian name.
22. What a goalkeeper guards.
26. A one-masted vessel.
28. The eagle.
29. A junior in the Greyfriars Remove.
31. To devour food.
33. A female deer.
35. Myself.
37. Initials of a member of the Famous Five.

a piece of cloth hanging on that projecting nail at the side!"

"My word! You're right, Harry," said Bob. "It looks as though somebody had been on the sill during the last few hours, and scratched it with his boots. And, whoever it was, he tore his clobber on that nail."

There was a nail projecting from the woodwork at the side of the window-frame, and on it was hanging a small wisp of a rough tweed material. The marks on the sill undoubtedly went further to prove that somebody had recently climbed on it.

Harry Wharton breathed hard with excitement, but Bob rubbed his nose dubiously.

"I say, Harry, how could a burglar have got through the window and into here?" he said. "We know for a fact that the window won't open half way even."

"Bob, I've got it!" Harry gave a jubilant cry. "A burglar did come in here last night, and through that window, but it wasn't an ordinary burglar. It was a dwarf!"

"A dwarf!" gasped Bob.

"Yes! And I actually saw the dwarf at our dorm window!" cried the Remove captain eagerly. "I remember now where I have seen that awful face before. There's a dwarf at the circus—an ugly, wicked-looking brute. I saw him when I went to the circus last night, and he grinned at me in the dark just the same as he grinned in through our dorm window. He could get in here easily, and as for climbing the house wall, that would be easy for him. At the circus he goes under the name of Gobin, the Human Fly, and he climbs more like an animal than a man. Bob, it's my belief that Gobin broke in here last night and took Nap's paper."

Bob drew a deep breath.

"Well, I'm jiggered! But how would the giddy circus performer know about Nap's paper?"

"He could easily be in the pay of Eugene Dupont," said Harry swiftly. "Half a tick, Bob—I'm going along to see Mossoo."

He left Bob Cherry greatly wondering, and hurried along to Monsieur Charpentier's study.

He heard the French master pacing up and down the room when he arrived outside. He tapped.

"Entrez!"

Mossoo gave the Remove captain a haggard look.

"You have heard, Wharton, zat ze tale is told—zat I am accuse of stealing a paper that belong to Dupont?" he exclaimed.

Harry nodded.

"Mon Dieu! What shall I do? I am innocent—I steal not ze paper. Zat I swear! But it is known zat I deal wiz ze moneylender, and when Doctair Locke hears, I shall be all oop—I shall be ruin! I would fly—but zat would give ze false impression zat I did ze paper steal. He, quoi! I am undone!"

The emotional little Frenchman was on the verge of distraction.

Wharton caught his arm eagerly.

"We may be able to prove that you didn't take the paper, sir!" he said. "I've got an idea that this school was entered last night by Gobin, the dwarf at the circus."

"Mon Dieu!"

"Do you know if he might be working for the moneylender, sir?" asked Harry. "Would he know anything about Dupont's paper?"

Monsieur Charpentier started.

"Parbleu! Zat you remind me, Wharton: I did see Eugene Dupont at ze circus yesterday, but I keep out of

his way, and he did not see me. I did wondair viz myself what Eugene Dupont had come for, and after zat I see him talking wiz Gobin, ze dwarf."

"Then that settles it, sir!" cried Harry triumphantly. "Gobin was in the pay of Eugene Dupont, to get that paper."

Mossoo fairly quivered with excitement.

"Eh, bon! Now I see!" he exclaimed. "I had ze interview wiz Eugene Dupont in Courtfield yesterday, and I tell him I will not be thief—zat I sink to ze shame, but sink not so low as to rob. I defy him to do his vurst, and apres ze argumont, he arrange to give me two weeks to pay him or have ze writ."

"So the rascal, knowing that you wouldn't get the paper, employed Gobin to get it," said Harry. "Gobin may have the paper on him now."

Mossoo nodded.

"Oui, oui! Cela est vrai—zat is true!" he exclaimed. "Eugene Dupont is in Londres to-day until zis afternoon, he tell me, to see his lawyers. Gobin, if he steal ze paper, he keep him till later on, when he see Eugene Dupont. Zere is ze chance zat I get him from ze tiny rascal—hein?"

"Rather!" said Harry. "It's Saturday afternoon, and there's a matinee on at the circus. You'll be going there, sir?"

"Oui. I leave now," said Monsieur Charpentier. "You are one cleclair garcon, and I watch Gobin. While he do his act, I search his caravan and his clothes, and perhaps I find ze paper of Napoleon Dupont, and prove my innocence, n'est ce pas?"

"Rather!" said Harry.

He left Mossoo to make preparation for his walk to the Heath, and returned to Dupont's study, where Bob was waiting for him.

"All serene, Dupont!" he said. "There may be a chance of your getting back the paper to-day. We pretty well know who the thief is, and his place is going to be searched this afternoon."

"Bien!" said the distressed Napoleon. "I must have ze paper, or I go off ze rocker tout de suite. Comprenez?"

"Right-ho! Cheer up, Napoleon!"

Harry and Bob returned to Study No. 1 to find Johnny Bull, Inky, Nugent, Squiff, the Bounder, and Peter Todd there.

"Hallo! Here are the bounders at last!" said Nugent. "I say, we're making up a party for the circus this afternoon. Don't you think that's a ripping wheeze?"

"First chop!" said Bob Cherry heartily.

Harry did not reply, but he agreed to the arrangement with a nod.

As he had anticipated, the boys of Greyfriars were taking advantage of a footerless half-holiday to pay a visit to the circus. His chums were not the only ones who were going. Coker, Potter, and Greene, and Blundell & Co. of the Fifth, Temple, Dabney & Co. of the Upper Fourth, and several other Removites announced their intentions of patronising the circus that afternoon, besides Dicky Nugent of the Second, Tubb of the Third, and their respective fag tribes.

In fact, the road leading from Greyfriars to the Heath was soon quite busy with the various parties of schoolboys trekking to the circus, and Harry Wharton wondered what Monsieur Charpentier would think when he saw them all in the audience.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

The Tragedy at the Circus!

"ROLL up, gents! Roll up, ladies! The greatest show on earth!" roared Signor Tompsonio, in his deep, basso, profundo voice. "Absolutely the most unique and magnificent of its kind, as performed before the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the Marquess of Granby and—"

"And other public houses!" shouted Bob Cherry. "All serene, sir; we'll risk it! Kim on, kids!"

"Roll up—roll up!"

"What-ho!"

The Removites besieged the circus in force, with Temple, Dabney, & Co. shoving behind, eager to secure the best seats.

There was a wild scramble inside, and several gentlemen members of the audience already seated had their hats either knocked over their eyes or knocked off altogether. The juniors apologised profusely, and on the whole everybody took everything in good part, except Billy Bunter, who was hurled out of one seat after another by his boisterous schoolfellows, until at last all the seats were full and the luckless Owl had to sit on the cold, hard boards at the side of the gangway.

He felt greatly aggrieved.

"I say, you fellows, one of you might get up and give me a seat!" he piped. "There's a fearful draught here, and I might catch my death of cold."

"Good egg!" said Bob Cherry. "Buck up and die, Bunter, and we'll throw your carcass to the lions."

"Beast!" said Billy Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, Toddy, you and Desmond might shift up into one seat and let me have the other one!" roared the Owl. "I've paid for a seat—"

"Don't tell whoppers, Bunter!" said Frank Nugent. "You cadged half-a-crown off Alonzo—I heard you—and the silly ass took in that old yarn of yours about the postal-order. Bang went three weeks' peanut money!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, you cackling rotters—"

"Shurrup, Bunter; the show's starting!"

"Nugent, you might give me your seat—"

"Rats!"

"Or you, Squiff—"

"More rats!" said Squiff cheerfully.

"I say, Wharton—"

"Gag him, somebody!" said Bob Cherry. "Another word from you, Bunter, and we'll roll you into the ring to die under the horses' hoofs!"

"Ow!"

Billy Bunter subsided, and blinked at the show from his hard seat on the floor.

The Greyfriars fellows revelled in the circus. They cheered each turn to the echo, and showed their appreciation of the artistes' skill and daring by raising the echoes with their lusty voices.

"Trapeze turn next!" said Johnny Bull, in great satisfaction. "Signor Nono, the great acrobat. That ought to be spiffing."

"Rather!"

Harry Wharton thrilled as the lights went down for Monsieur Charpentier's turn, and the searching beam of limelight shone at the ring entrance.

"Here comes Signor Nono!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, as a masked figure in black tights came into view. "Give him a cheer, boys!"

"Hurrah!"

Harry Wharton noted the mask with a

feeling of relief. Monsieur Charpentier's well-known features were completely hidden.

"Signor Nono" appeared to be rather taken aback on seeing the Greyfriars boys, and he hesitated in the centre of the big ring. Harry Wharton, watching him closely, saw Mossoo tremble.

"Go it, signor!" bawled Bolsover major.

"Let's see the wheels start turning some!" said Fisher T. Fish. "I guess we're waiting!"

Monsieur Charpentier seemed to pull himself together, and, running to the rope, he clambered up to the lofty trapeze.

The Greyfriars boys watched breathlessly as the plump little man high above them proceeded to give a performance of amazing acrobatic feats.

Each trick was applauded roundly. Once or twice the boys noticed that "Signor Nono" appeared nervous and lacking in confidence; but at the moment when everyone expected him to fall, he saved himself, and went on with the trick he was doing. They took this to be part of the "business," and showed their appreciation of the thrills by thunderous handclapping.

"I wonder who he really is?" said Squiff. "Signor Nono isn't his real name, I'll wager!"

"Why should he wear a mask?" said Russell. "That's rather rummy, isn't it?"

"Perhaps he's a count, or a member of some foreign Royal family in disguise," suggested Rake.



"Look!"

The cry came from scores of throats. The acrobat above was performing a trick in which he leaped from one trapeze to another in mid-air. In landing on the centre trapeze he all but lost his balance, and he had to grasp the side ropes for support.

Harry Wharton jumped to his feet, his heart in his mouth.

He could see what had happened. Monsieur Charpentier, with all those Greyfriars fellows watching him from below, had lost his nerve.

Would he essay the next jump? Wharton saw him hesitate, and prayed that Mossoo would stop his act in time. But the others, believing his display of hesitation to be part of the trick, were urging him on.

Mossoo was going to jump! Wharton's voice burst harshly from his throat.

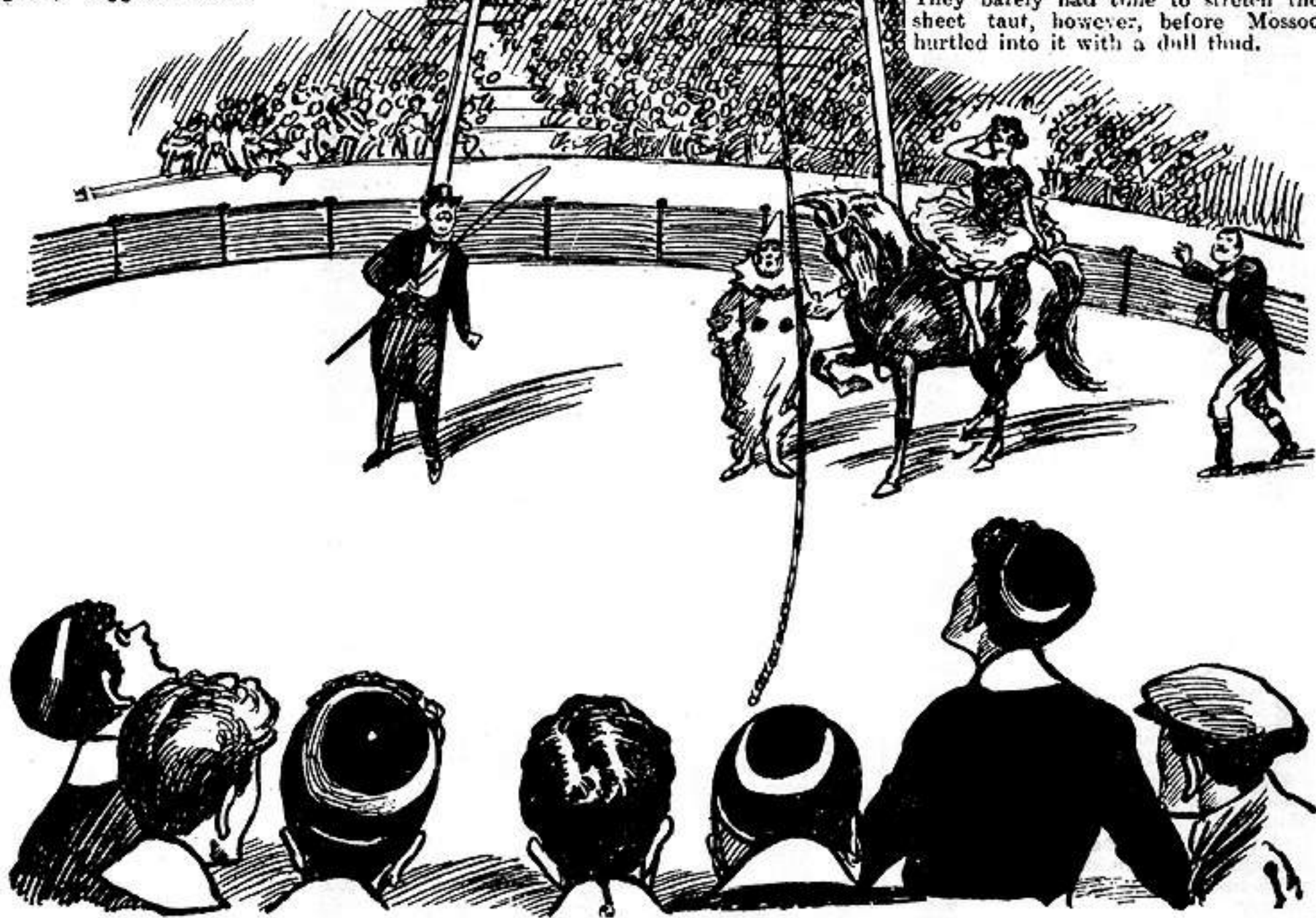
"Don't, sir! Don't—"
Too late to give warning now. Mossoo had taken the leap.

Harry Wharton watched his figure hurtle through the air towards the next trapeze. His heart seemed to stand still as Mossoo neared it. Then a great wave of horror smote the spellbound audience.

The acrobat had missed! Only by the fraction of an inch, but he had missed the trapeze.

Wharton watched Monsieur Charpentier clutch vainly at the rope, and then saw him drop like a stone.

Immediately half a dozen attendants, with a sheet of strong canvas carried between them, rushed forward. They barely had time to stretch the sheet taut, however, before Mossoo hurtled into it with a dull thud.



Wharton saw the performer hesitate and prayed that he would stop his act in time, for it was obvious to the junior that Mossoo's nerve had gone. But the others, believing it all part of the display, urged the trapeze artiste to go on. Mossoo jumped. Wharton's heart seemed to stand still as, looking up, he saw Mossoo miss the trapeze by the fraction of an inch and fall like a stone to the ring below! (See Chapter 9.)

The French master let out a wild cry as he bounced from the canvas sheet and hit the floor of the ring.

There was a tense, horrified hush. Wharton, daring at last to look towards the ring, saw the prone figure of Monsieur Charpentier lying there, writhing.

Thank Heaven, then, that he was not dead!

As Wharton started forward to climb into the ring a squat, diminutive figure darted out from behind a group of horses at the other side.

It was Gobin, the dwarf.

The cadaverous creature ran across the ring with incredible speed, and, reaching the prostrate Frenchman, bent over him. Wharton was already racing to the spot, followed by a pack of Removites, all eager to render assistance.

Wharton, as he neared Mossoo, heard him give a choking cry.

"Voleur! Thief! You take ze paper. Ah!"

The dwarf's long hands withdrew something from the breast part of Monsieur Charpentier's tunic. Wharton gave a start when he saw it. It was a sealed foolscap envelope.

Gobin saw Harry Wharton dash towards him, and, with a snarl like an animal, he left Mossoo.

Monsieur Charpentier tried to raise himself on one elbow. His mouth was twitching as if to keep back cries of pain.

"Au voleur! Au voleur!" was all the little Frenchman could say, which the juniors knew meant "Stop thief!"

"After that dwarf, chaps!" shouted Wharton, who was already giving chase to the rascally Gobin. "He's got the paper belonging to Napoleon Dupont."

"Great pip!"

"Stop thief!"

Gobin looked round like a hunted fox. People were dashing into the ring from all directions, and the dwarf found himself trapped.

He ran back to the centre of the ring, and as Harry Wharton sprang at him he gave a leap into the air and grasped the rope that led up to the fatal trapeze.

Like a monkey, hand over hand, he climbed upward.

Harry Wharton caught his breath.

He could see the dwarf's objective.

There was an opening in the canvas at the top through which the clear afternoon sky could be seen. Gobin intended to climb through and escape from the top of the marquee.

"Look after Mossoo, you chaps!" cried the Remove captain. "Some more of you keep watch outside. I'm going up after that dwarf!"

"Harry!"

"Come back, you fool!"

Wharton paid no heed to the cries.

He sprang up the rope, and set off in chase of the wily Gobin.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Wharton's Daring!

HARRY WHARTON was the best junior gymnast at Greyfriars, and, though climbing to that great height was a risky task for a boy unused to trapeze work, he set his teeth grimly and kept on.

Monsieur Charpentier had by now lapsed into a merciful unconsciousness. The doctor who examined him made the announcement that his shoulder was dislocated.

It had come as a great shock to the Greyfriars fellows to discover that "Signor Nono," the intrepid acrobat, was none other than Monsieur Charpentier—their own Mossoo of Greyfriars!

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Their attention for the time being, however, was directed towards the two figures clambering among the ropes and wires high above their heads—the one a sinewy, agile dwarf, and the other a plucky schoolboy!

Harry Wharton did not dare look down. Once, as he swung from rope to rope, he caught a fleeting glimpse of the sea of faces below him, and his brain reeled. He nerved himself, however, and kept on. He must, if possible, prevent Gobin from escaping.

The dwarf was swinging on a cross-wire some distance away, and was grinning at him evilly. Wharton felt his blood run chill with horror when he saw an ugly-looking knife gleaming in one of the dwarf's hands.

Gobin was reaching down to the rope on which Harry was hanging. The creature's fiendish purpose was evident—he meant to cut the rope and send the boy dashing to the ring below!

Wharton looked round him quickly, desperately.

Gobin had reached the rope and was cutting it! Harry must do something at once, or perish!

The only available refuge was the trapeze next to the wire where Gobin was clinging, and it seemed an immeasurable distance away. Could he reach it?

The Remove captain gritted his teeth. In that moment of dire peril he felt remarkably cool and self-possessed. He swung the rope to which he was clutching, and judged his distance with the same calm calculation that he would have used on the playing-fields at Greyfriars.

Then he leaped, with arms outstretched, towards his objective.

He heard a loud, lifting shout from the concourse below as his hands grasped the wooden "perch" of the trapeze and retained their grip. He had accomplished the seemingly impossible!

"Bravo, Harry!"

He recognised Bob Cherry's voice above the thrum of voices from the well of the circus, as he hauled himself up on the trapeze.

Now for Gobin!

The murderous creature was slithering along the wire like a monkey, and he apparently meant to lose no time in gaining the roof.

But Harry, from his new position on the side trapeze, had the advantage now, and he reached the aperture at the apex of the marquee at the same instant as Gobin.

The dwarf's long arm came out towards him, and, supported now only by a steel cross-member of the marquee

framework, the pair closed in deadly embrace.

Two other acrobats were hurrying up to Harry's aid.

Could he, in that position of awful peril, hold the dwarf until help came?

He hung on to Gobin and resisted the loathsome creature's efforts to throw him off the girder.

It was a superhuman task for the boy, as Gobin, in spite of his small stature, had more than the strength of an ordinary man.

"Stop that, Gobin; or I'll fire!" rapped a curt voice.

Looking down, the combatants saw a grim-looking circus employee, who had climbed to the top of the trapeze and now had the dwarf covered with a revolver.

Snarling, Gobin released his hold of Harry Wharton.

"Now climb down. And no larks, or I'll drop you!"

Gobin looked about him like a hunted, trapped animal. Then he commenced to climb down to the ring.

When he was still some distance from the ground he gave a leap and landed wide of the spot where Bob Cherry & Co. were waiting for him. He darted away, in a last desperate bid for liberty. But the effort was futile. The dwarf was surrounded on all sides, and two stalwart circus attendants took him into custody.

All the Greyfriars boys gathered round the centre of the ring to greet Harry Wharton as he came down.

The Remove captain's face was white, and his eyes were more strained-looking than usual, otherwise, he was none the worse for his awful ordeal in mid-air.

"Good old Harry!" chortled Bob Cherry. "You were just splendid! Mind you, I nearly had forty fits while I watched you down here. I thought you were a goner when you jumped on to that giddy trapeze!"

"How do you feel, old chap?" asked Nugent anxiously.

"Oh, I'm all right!" laughed Harry.

"What about Mossoo?"

"He's been taken away to the hospital on the ambulance. His shoulder is put out of joint."

"Poor old chap!" said Harry feelingly. "But it might have been worse. If he hadn't fallen into the sheet he would have been killed!"

Gobin was still fighting desperately with his captors.

Harry Wharton strode up to Signor Tompsonio, who was standing near the dwarf.

"I want that man searched!" exclaimed the Remove captain. "He's got an envelope on him which he stole from Greyfriars last night!"

"Right-ho, sonny!" said Signor Tompsonio. "If Gobin's got it, you shall have it! 'Pon my davy, though, you did that trapeze act well, my boy. It was a real thriller. And, by heck, it wouldn't make a bad turn, either—a fight on the trapeze in mid-air. Care to sign a contract with me for, say, six months at ten quid a week?"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"No, thank you, sir," he said. "I'm afraid I couldn't possibly do that. Besides, I shouldn't have the nerve to do it a second time."

"Oh, bosh!" said Bob Cherry. "I'd back you to do it again, and any number of times, Harry, if you made up your mind to do it. This has been a short performance, but the people have had their money's worth, I reckon!"

"Rather!" chimed in Temple of the Upper Fourth.

And Dabney said:

(Continued on page 27.)

SOLUTION OF CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. 7.

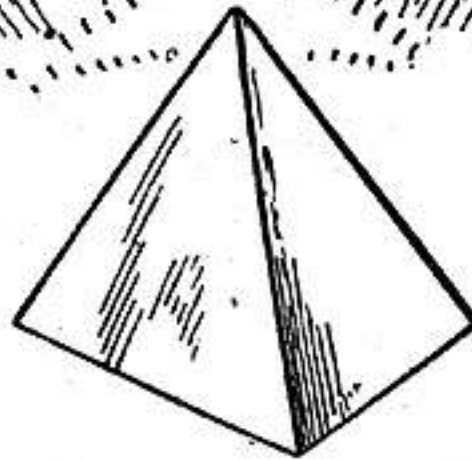
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MISSING! For the body of a dead man suddenly to disappear is enough to puzzle the coolest police officer alive. But it doesn't puzzle Ferrers Locke for long, as, in this case, the "dead" man proves to be very much alive!

THE GOLDEN PYRAMID!



FERRERS
LOCKE



JACK
DRAKE

THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

FERRERS LOCKE, the world-famous private detective, is engaged to find Gordon Carr, who has mysteriously disappeared from Stormpoint College.

JACK DRAKE, the detective's clever boy assistant.

INSPECTOR PYECROFT, of the C.I.D. at Scotland Yard.

Soon after Locke starts his quest he receives notification from the Devon police that the body of a man has been found on the moors answering to the description of Sir Merton Carr, the missing boy's father. The private detective announces his intention of proceeding to Devon at once.

(Now read on.)

Startling News!

JACK DRAKE hurried off instantly to carry out the detective's instructions, and Ferrers Locke then turned to the C.I.D. man.

Pycroft was regarding his unofficial colleague with genuine amazement. Locke's abrupt change from weary impatience to alert interest had surprised the C.I.D. man very much indeed.

"Gee! You don't believe in wasting time, Mr. Locke!" he gasped. "Anybody'd think, from the way you're behaving, that you had a personal interest in this case!"

"So I have," came Locke's prompt retort. And, forthwith, he proceeded to relate in terse language his adventure of the previous night at the Hotel Meridian, adding also a brief outline of Jack Drake's experience on the lonely Devon moors.

Inspector Pycroft listened, with growing excitement to the detective's narrative, punctuating Locke's remarks with sundry gasps of amazement, and once or twice almost jumping out of his seat in surprise.

"No wonder you've decided to go with me down to Devonshire," said the Scotland Yard man, as Locke concluded his story. "Why, it looks as if the disappearance of young Gordon Carr, the discovery of the body of Sir Merton, and the mysterious absence of that gentleman from the Hotel Meridian were all of a piece!"

Ferrers Locke checked the smile that rose to his lips.

"You don't say so?" he murmured, with heavy sarcasm. "You astound me, my dear Holmes!"

Pycroft glared and flushed up. The sarcastic reference to his notoriously slow-witted methods of deduction was not lost upon him. He turned on his heel with a grunt of disgust.

Ferrers Locke watched him for a

moment, a slight smile playing round his lips.

The detective had not meant to hurt the inspector's feelings—indeed, he was genuinely fond of the Yard man, who, despite his somewhat antiquated methods, was a clever fellow in his way.

But there were occasions when Pycroft's dullness seemed particularly irritating, and this was certainly one of them.

"While Drake's seeing about our luggage and the car," said Locke, after a moment, "you'd better help yourself to a cigar. I'm going to be busy for the next few moments."

The inspector nodded, returned to his chair, and began investigating Locke's cigar-box, while the detective crossed the room and pulled out a drawer in a large card-index cabinet.

He ran his fingers speedily over the cards, finally extracting the one he sought, which he now proceeded to study intently for some moments.

Then he turned towards the inspector.

"Know anything about the Carrs—father or son, inspector?" he asked.

Pycroft pulled his cigar unwillingly from his lips and veered round.

"Don't know anything about the boy!" he grunted. "His father, Sir Merton Carr, is said to be a mining magnate in South Africa, isn't he?"

"Is that all you know?" jerked Locke, still studying the card.

"It's all anybody knows, isn't it?" snapped Pycroft, who disliked Locke intensely when he was in what the inspector called his "cross-examining" mood. "Sir Merton's been in Johannesburg best part of his life, hasn't he? And we've got something else to do over here besides studying geography and the personal history of a comparatively obscure man who's made his thousands out of gold-mining in a country where people go to be frizzled to death in the sun all the blooming year round!"

"Well, that's better than being frozen to death in the snow or choked to death in one of our wonderful London fogs!" laughed Locke, good-humouredly. "Besides, South Africa's a charming country, aside from its money-making possibilities."

"But to get back to Sir Merton. Here are a few facts you might find it worth while to make a note of."

He began to check off from the neat shorthand notes on the card, while Pycroft pulled a fat notebook and a stubby pencil from his pocket.

"Full name, Sir Douglas Merton Bristow Carr; son of Henry Carr, brass-founder, of Birmingham. Born 1872. Educated at Stormpoint College, Hampshire. Migrated to South Africa in 1894, where he saw service in the '96 native rebellion. Led the great gold rush to Staarsveldt, in 1899, and laid foundations of his subsequent great wealth. Married, in 1909, Marie, only daughter of John Bristow, a Johannesburg stock-broker. Son, Gordon, born in 1910, followed by daughter, Pearl, in 1912. Knighted for War service in 1921. At present chairman of the Keltfontein Gold Mines, Limited, and principal shareholder in at least five other mining groups on the Rand. Only surviving relative—apart from his own family—Gerald Arthur Bristow, of London and Cape Town. Got all that?"

Inspector Pycroft continued to write at a furious speed for a few moments, then nodded.

"But now I've got it, what the thump's the use of it, except for general reference?" he protested. "It's just an ordinary record, like hundreds of others in 'Who's Who,' isn't it?"

"Nothing, my dear Pycroft, is 'ordinary' where the investigation of a mystery is concerned," corrected Locke gently. "Sometimes the most humdrum facts turn out eventually to be the

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hiding-place of vastly important clues." Inspector Pycroft granted sceptically.

"Then perhaps you can show me just where the vastly important clues are hidden in this collection of interesting facts!" he retorted. "For I'll be hanged if I can see—"

"The prospect of your being hanged, old man, is exceedingly remote!" remarked Ferrers Locke, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye.

But Pycroft only continued to stare stupidly at him, the detective's little subtlety being completely lost upon him.

"The sting in this particular item," went on Locke, referring again to the card, "is where it ought to be—in the tail. If you refer to your note of what I have just read to you, you will find that the only surviving relative of Sir Merton Carr, apart from his own family, is a Mr. Gerald Arthur Bristow, of Cape Town and London."

The C.I.D. man studied his notes, then looked up.

"Well?" he said invitingly.

Ferrers Locke was again bending over the cabinet, and now brought forth another card.

"I don't usually lumber up my card-index with facts about ordinary people such as Sir Merton Carr," he said quietly. "There is generally a good reason for the inclusion of nonentities in my collection. In this case, the reason is Mr. Gerald Arthur Bristow, whose record—a not very edifying one, by the way—is carefully tabulated here."

He crossed over to the inspector, and handed him the card. Pycroft's eyebrows went up suddenly as he glanced at it.

The notes were in longhand, and, though brief, were very interesting.

"Gerald Arthur Bristow, alias Jerry Brien, alias 'Arthur the Dude,'" he read aloud. "Nephew by marriage, of Sir Merton Carr, of Johannesburg. Born 1899. Educated at Stormpoint College. Deserted promising career as solicitor for one of crime. Sentenced, in 1919, to three months for theft, and in 1920 to one year as a member of a daring gang of jewel thieves. On release at end of that year, disappeared, presumably to South Africa, where, it is believed, his uncle, Sir Merton Carr, interested himself in the young man's welfare, and found him an honest job. No further facts available up to June, 1924."

Inspector Pycroft read the notes over again, and then turned to Locke.

"Phew!" he whistled. "This looks suspicious, doesn't it? I suppose your theory is that the disappearance of Gordon Carr and the murder of his father are in some way connected with this nephew, Gerald Bristow—"

"I have no theories at all at present," corrected Locke promptly. "But I agree with you that there may be something in the coincidence, more especially in view of the fact that one of Bristow's several aliases was 'Arthur the Dude.'"

"But I don't quite see how that—" began Pycroft, and stopped, as Locke held up his hand.

"The name itself suggests the general appearance of its owner, doesn't it?" said the detective. "You can picture an elegantly attired man, with carefully creased clothes, polished boots, spats, and a monocle?"

Pycroft nodded, beginning to understand.

"And the man who bowled me over so unexpectedly at the Hotel Meridian

last night," went on Locke, with a faint smile, "happened to be wearing a monocle!"

"The dickens he did!" gasped Pycroft, jumping up.

At this stage further conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Jack Drake.

"Attache-case is in the White Hawk," he said briefly, alluding to Locke's speedy racing car. "Everything O.K. now, gov'nor. Are we ready?"

Locke nodded, and reached down his overcoat and hat.

"Come along, Pycroft!" he said, moving towards the door. "And, Jack, you might tell Sing-Sing that if anyone calls—Hallo, there's the phone!"

He broke off, as the telephone-bell suddenly began to ring furiously.

Jack Drake hastened across to the instrument, while Locke waited, his hand already on the door-knob.

"Hallo! Yes, this is Mr. Ferrers Locke's house! No; it's Drake, Mr. Locke's assistant, speaking. Who? Oh, Dr. Lampton! What's that you say, sir? Go-o-d heavens!"

The last two words were voiced in a tone of extreme amazement, and the receiver automatically fell from Drake's grasp as he turned a blank face towards the detective.

"It—it's Dr. Lampton, the head of Stormpoint College, gov'nor!" he said, with bated breath. "He—he's just rung up to say that Mr. Rennie, one of the masters at the school, has unaccountably disappeared!"

The Dead Man Runs Away!

JUST for a moment Ferrers Locke stood immobile, his hand still on the door.

Then in a couple of swift strides he crossed to the telephone and began to speak in quick, incisive tones into the receiver.

After a few minutes he replaced the receiver and turned to Jack and Pycroft, who were waiting, tensely expectant, and had been listening with growing astonishment to the one-sided conversation at the phone.

"This is a most unexpected turn of events!" said Locke sharply. "And I'm afraid it means a material alteration in our plans. Dr. Lampton says that Mr. Rennie, who is the Form master of the Remove at Stormpoint, went down to the village shortly after half-past seven last night, ostensibly to call on a friend. Up to a late hour he had not returned, and this morning they found his bed had not been slept in, while Jaggs, the gatekeeper, reported that he had seen no sign whatever of the master."

"Dr. Lampton at once sent a messenger down to the house where Mr. Rennie's friend lives, and the messenger returned later with the startling news that the Remove master had not even called there."

"The police have been informed, and have taken up the search, but Dr. Lampton is convinced that Mr. Rennie's disappearance is connected in some way with the disappearance of young Gordon Carr, who was the captain of the Remove and an especial favourite of the master."

"But the most startling fact of all is that, in Mr. Rennie's room, they have found a half-burnt letter, portions of which suggest that the contents contained a mysterious threat against the missing master, while the initials at the foot are 'G. A. B.'!"

"Gerald Arthur Bristow!" gasped Inspector Pycroft suddenly.

Ferrers Locke nodded.

"So it seems," he said gravely. "Though, of course, we must not lose sight of the fact that no information regarding Bristow's activities, or even of his ever having left South Africa, has been available for the past eight or nine months."

"But I thought you said the monocled man who knocked you down at the Meridian—" began Pycroft.

"I said he was monocled," cut in Locke quietly. "I did not say or suggest that he and Bristow were identical."

"But—but surely the inference is obvious!" protested the inspector.

"Nothing at all is obvious—at present!" snapped the detective. "We are working in the dark, and until we have added two and two together and proved that they make four—not once now and again, but every time!—we have no right to assume anything, much less regard an isolated coincidence as an obvious inference."

He turned his attention to Jack Drake.

"I'm afraid, Jack, we'll have to divide ourselves up," he said, with a smile. "Pycroft here is bound to go down to Devonshire, having been despatched there from the Yard. And I think that it would be wise for me to accompany him."

"And you wish me to trot down to Stormpoint, gov'nor?"

Locke nodded.

"That's the best plan in the circumstances, I think," he said. "I'm sorry to have to do you out of a possible thrill or two on the scene of your recent sensational photograph, but maybe you will find all the thrills you want at Stormpoint College. Anyway, you'd better cut off to Waterloo right now. There's a fast train to Southampton, stopping at Winchester, in a little under half an hour, and from Winchester you can hire a taxi to take you the fifteen miles or so to Stormpoint village."

Jack Drake nodded.

Though he was to be deprived of the trip to Devon and the opportunity of again meeting his chum, Harry Trent, he was not sorry to have the chance of going down to Stormpoint. It would not be his first visit to the famous old school, where he had a number of very good friends, especially in the Remove.

"You'd better take your own attache-case," went on Locke as they moved towards the door again, "as you may have to stay at the college for a few days, perhaps even longer. You can report to me at the Green Cow Inn, Moorvale, from time to time. It's a chance for you to see what you can do without my help, so look to it—and good luck to you, my boy!"

And, reaching the front door, Locke waved a cheery farewell, and a moment later was seated in his car, the White Hawk, with Inspector Pycroft by his side.

The day was cold but fine, and the detective and his friend had a very enjoyable trip, Locke's splendid car eating up the broad country roads at a thrilling rate.

They reached Moorvale and pulled up at the lonely little inn just in time for supper, which Inspector Pycroft was for tackling right away, though Locke would have preferred, in his impatience to get down to work, to have let it wait.

"We can't do much now—it's getting late!" growled the C.I.D. man. "We might as well have a peck of something while we've got the chance!"

Ferrers Locke laughed. The woe-begone face of Inspector Pycroft was the more comical, considering his generally well-fed appearance.

"Oh, have it your own way, then!" Locke exclaimed, as they made their



The darkness of the room was suddenly relieved as the midnight prowler flashed on an electric torch. Ferrers Locke, sitting up in bed, saw that his visitor was busy searching the contents of the suitcase. (See page 25.)

way inside the cosy little hostelry. "We'll cut along to the police-station afterwards, though. Time's too valuable for us to be hanging about till the morning!"

But, as it happened, neither Pycroft nor Locke was destined to enjoy his meal in peace.

They had barely sat themselves down, Pycroft's beady eyes glittering in almost greedy anticipation of a good tuck in, when the chubby face of the landlord appeared round the door.

"Excuse me, gents," he said apologetically, "but Sergeant Perks, of the local police, is here. He says he knows you've arrived, and he wants to see you at once. I told him—"

He broke off with a gasp as a somewhat brawny hand gripped him from behind, and gently but firmly pushed him to one side.

Then a tall, heavily-built man, with a bulldog expression, strutted with an air of suppressed excitement into the room.

"All right, Tubby," he said to the landlord, "you can cut out the talk and get back to your beer-pots."

With a surly growl the landlord departed, and the big, bulldog-like man turned to Ferrers Locke and Pycroft.

"Sorry to intrude, gentlemen," he said gruffly, "but duty is duty. I'm Perks—Sergeant Perks, of the Devon Police. Maybe you've heard of me." And his chest began to swell somewhat visibly. Plainly he was a man with a good opinion of himself.

Ferrers Locke nodded.

"Yes, we've heard of you, sergeant," he murmured. "Just a minute ago, in fact."

The sergeant frowned and stared suspiciously at the detective.

But Locke's face was as sober as a judge's, though Pycroft, who was always quick to see any joke not directed against himself, found it difficult to keep his face straight, and began to cough rather obtrusively.

"I saw your car go past our station, Mr. Locke," went on the sergeant, speaking now in a rather more deprecatory tone, "and I thought I'd better come along at once and report the astounding news."

Locke raised an eyebrow in mild interest.

"More astounding news, sergeant?" he murmured. "My word, we seem to be having quite an exciting time, don't we, Pycroft? And what's the latest, may I ask, sergeant?"

The sergeant appeared to gulp, while his big form was positively trembling with suppressed excitement.

"The body we found out there on the moors," he began. "It—it's gone, gentlemen!"

Both Locke and Pycroft jumped to their feet.

"What's that?" exclaimed the detective sharply.

"I say," repeated the sergeant slowly, "the dead body we found on the moors has gone—disappeared—got up and walked off on its own!"

What the Lamp Revealed.

FOR a long moment there was dead silence in the room.

Then Inspector Pycroft, bubbling over with excitement, was about to pour forth a torrent of questions, when Locke restrained him.

"Will you kindly be a little more explicit, sergeant?" said the detective quietly. "Your statement is rather startling, not to say unbelievable."

"Believe it or not," snapped the sergeant, "it's as true as I'm standing here. The discovery of the body was reported to me at half-past seven this morning, and I went out with a couple of my men and brought it in on a stretcher."

"From all outward appearances the man was quite dead, but, of course, we had to get a doctor's certificate before we could place the body in the mortuary, so I had it laid out in a spare

room at the station, or rather, in a small shed at the back of the station.

After going through the pockets and discovering certain papers which led me to believe the body to be that of Sir Merton Carr, I went myself on my bike to the nearest doctor—Dr. Wilson, who happens to live about three miles out. On my way, suspecting foul play and a thumping big mystery, I decided to wire to the Yard, as you know.

"When I reached Dr. Wilson's I found that the doctor was himself ill and unable to come down, so I had to push on to Sandbridge, the next nearest town, and pick up another medical man.

"I returned with him—a Dr. Paterson—immediately, reaching home close on midday. We went at once to the shed at the back of the station.

"And when we got there we found the body had completely disappeared, just as if it had got up on its hind legs and walked off by itself. Never was so startled in my life."

"But what about your men at the station?" cut in Pycroft indignantly. "What were they doing, in broad daylight that this thing happened without their knowing anything about it?"

"Well, you'd hardly expect us to place a man on guard over a dead body, I suppose?" retorted Sergeant Perks sarcastically, forgetting, in his irritation, the fact that he was addressing a superior officer. "Anyway, they swear they know nothing about it. I had 'em all before me and questioned each one—there's four in all at our small station—but every man jack of 'em swears he noticed nothing unusual."

Inspector Pycroft frowned angrily. "And you mean to stand there, sergeant, and tell me that the deliberate theft of a dead body, in broad daylight, is nothing unusual?" he exclaimed in accents of biting scorn.

"I think," said Ferrers Locke, intervening just in time to prevent what

looked like developing into a decidedly acrimonious conversation, "I think it would be as well if we accompanied the sergeant to the station and had a look round for ourselves."

Inspector Pycroft grunted disdainfully, but, beyond favouring the sergeant with a particularly pitying look, said nothing, and all three set forth at once.

Arrived at the station the sergeant at once conducted his companions to a small corrugated-iron shed, situated about three hundred yards away, almost at the end of a barren sort of yard, hedged in on two sides with privet, and on the third by a plain barbed-wire fence. The fourth boundary, of course, was provided by the police-station itself, a solid-looking structure built of Devon stone, and facing on to the only street the tiny village of Moorvale possessed.

Sergeant Perks stood to one side while Ferrers Locke and Inspector Pycroft entered.

They had barely crossed the threshold when Locke came to a halt, and motioned to Pycroft to stop.

Then the detective stood motionless for a full minute, while his keen eyes swept the apartment, taking careful note of everything it contained.

Though the place was only a shed, it had been furnished, in a plain but comfortable style, as a sort of bed-room. Sergeant Perks had explained to Locke, as they had come from the inn, that he kept the shed for occasional visitors, his own quarters being somewhat restricted as to space.

Ferrers Locke noticed a small camp bed against the furthest wall on the left-hand side. On the right hand was a small table, with an ordinary enamelled wash-basin and jug, the latter half full of water. There was also soap and a couple of towels, a pair of hairbrushes, and a small clothes-brush.

Next to the washstand was a large locker, and beyond that a bentwood chair. Near the bedside was a basket chair and another very small and somewhat rickety table, on which stood a candlestick containing a half-gutted candle.

But the thing which seemed to hold Locke's main attention was a large mirror, which had been hung on the wall next the bed, and at a fairly low angle, so low that anyone lying on the bed could catch the reflection of the door with ease, and without troubling to sit up.

"What's that for?" asked Locke suddenly, pointing to the mirror.

The sergeant gave a short laugh.

"Oh, I meant to take that down months ago," he replied. "It was put up during the latter part of last year, when Inspector Wedgwood, of the Sandbridge Police, came down to look into a series of robberies at some of the big houses in this neighbourhood. The inspector was a nervy sort of chap, especially as his life had been threatened, and insisted on having that mirror up there so that he could keep a sort of watch on the door. He used to keep the light burning all night, too, and— But good heavens! What the thump's happened to that candle?"

He broke off into a sudden exclamation of astonishment, and darted across the room, snatching up the candlestick which stood on the small table near the bed.

"The blessed thing was a new one when I put it here last night!" he exclaimed. "I was expecting a friend, you see, and that's why the room is tidied up like. But this candle was brand new then!"

But Ferrers Locke, to the sergeant's immense surprise, completely ignored the fact of this latest significant discovery. Instead, he was leaning over the little camp-bed and closely studying the mirror.

After a minute or so he moved away and crossed to the washstand, where he spent a few moments, afterwards passing on to the locker, on which reposed the hair-brushes, etc.

Finally, he turned to the others, who were now engaged in a low-toned but highly argumentative conversation.

"I don't think you need worry any more about the dead man, sergeant," he said quietly.

Sergeant Perks swung round, as also did Inspector Pycroft.

"Afraid I don't follow you, sir," said the sergeant slowly. "We must find the dead body—"

"M'yes," murmured Locke, with a slight smile. "But, you see, the dead body would most probably object very strongly to being found before it was—er—either lost or dead. In other words, the man you were at such pains to bring in here early this morning was not dead at all. On the contrary, he was very much alive—more so than anybody at this police-station, if I may say so!"

The sergeant glared at Locke, opened his mouth to speak, and then closed it again. The detective's statements had completely taken his breath away.

"You mean," interposed Pycroft, "that the man must have been suffering from a sort of trance, I suppose?"

Ferrers Locke nodded. "Exactly," he replied. "At first I was inclined to the belief that the body had been spirited away by whoever may have been responsible for the attack on Sir Merton. But I have just made certain discoveries which leave no doubt that Sir Merton was not dead; that in all probability he is still very much alive."

He moved over towards the mirror, Pycroft and Perks following wonderingly.

"If you examine the face of that mirror closely," said Locke, "you will find traces of moisture, caused by the exhalation of breath, obviously from someone reclining on this bed."

He then turned and crossed to the little washstand.

"I take it," he said, turning to the sergeant, "that, as you were expecting a guest, you had the water-jug either empty or at least filled up with clean water?"

"Filled up, sir," replied the sergeant promptly.

"Well, as you can see for yourself," answered Locke, "it is now half-empty, while the basin bears evidence of having been very recently used. Notice the flecks of soapsud against the sides."

"By Jove, you're quite right, sir!" agreed Perks, examining the basin. "I ought to have noticed these things myself, only the moment I entered the shed and found the dead—I mean the man—gone. I just forgot everything else and raced back to the station to question the others. I didn't stop to examine anything at all."

"Just so," murmured Locke. "Meantime, if you glance out of the window, you will see that the privet hedge which runs close against the back wall of this shed is still dripping slightly with soapy water. The obvious inference from all these isolated facts is this: The unconscious man—Sir Merton Carr, to give him his name—came out of the trance into which, no doubt, he had been thrown as the result of injuries received at the hands of whoever attacked him, and after a while got up from the bed. By the way, did you remove his boots when he was brought in here, sergeant?"

The sergeant nodded.

"Yes, sir," he answered at once. "I thought so," replied Locke, pointing to the floor. "There are distinct marks of a pair of boots having been placed neatly at the side of the bed. There are also marks showing where they were dragged nearer to this end of the bed, doubtless by Sir Merton, who, sitting on the edge, put his footgear on again."

"After that, he moved over, to the washstand and had a wash, throwing the water out of the window into the hedge. He also made use of the hair-brushes, as you can see if you examine them—there

TO THE VICTORS THE SPOILS!

RESULT OF "CROSS WORD" LIMERICK COMPETITION NO. 4.

In this competition the FIRST PRIZE of £5, for the best "last line" sent in, has been awarded to:

BOB GORDON,
110, Moulsham Street,
Chelmsford,

for rounding off the following verse:

"You boys is a pesterin' lot!"
Cried Gosling, in anger red-hot.
"All young rips on this earth
Should be drowned at birth!"

with:

(Or get "necks twirled" in "this world"—Eh, what!)

The TWELVE CONSOLATION PRIZES OF POCKET-KNIVES have been awarded to the following competitors:

T. E. BRANCH, 37, Fairfield Place, Southville, Bristol.
IVAN BROMLEY, Crescent House, Princes Road, Felixstowe.
REG. CAMBRIDGE, 2, Drakefell Road, New Cross, London, S.E.
BOB CUPITT, c/o 3, Northcote Road, Stechford, nr. Birmingham.
ARTHUR DIVER, 55, Rutland Road, Sth. Hackney, London, E.
SIDNEY DONALDSON, Butters, Marston, Warwick.
EDWARD FRANKLIN, 60, Bolton Road, Windsor.
GLADYS MAY HILDER, 34, Townsend Cottages, St. John's Wood, N.W.
A. E. LEE, 261, Chichester Road, Portsmouth.
L. E. A. LEE, 86, Dowanhill Road, Catford, London, S.E. 6.
MISS K. MERRY, 2, Windermere Street, Leicester.
BERNARD WALLIS, 14, Egerton Road, Bishopston, Bristol.



"Stop just where you are, or I'll fire!" snapped Ferrers Locke. A low gasp of fear and despair came from the man's lips, and he jerked round, one leg already over the window-sill. Then it was Ferrers Locke's turn to gasp. For outlined in the rays of the lamp the burglar's face was easily recognisable. "Great Scott!" ejaculated the sleuth. "Sir Merton Carr!"

(See page 26.)

are some long silver hairs still adhering to the wickles."

"But what about the candle, Mr. Locke?" put in Pycroft, as Locke paused. "It being daylight when Sir Merton came round, there would be no need—"

"Oh, the candle was not used for the purposes of illumination, my dear Pycroft," interposed Locke with a smile. "Just take a look at this."

He crossed to the bedside, picked up something from the floor, and held it out to the inspector.

"Looks like burnt paper," muttered Pycroft, after a moment's examination.

"So it is," returned the detective. "And if you examine the candle you will see two interesting facts about it. First, that some fragments of carbonised paper adhere to the grease at the side of the candle; and secondly, that the candle itself has been burnt unequally, one side having melted away to the extent of almost half the total length of the candle itself. Once again the evidence is conclusive. The candle was used to destroy something—perhaps a letter or some other private document, the ashes of which are scattered all over the floor near the bed!"

There was a tense, electric silence for a moment. Then Pycroft turned again to the detective.

"But assuming that what you say is correct," he said, "namely, that Sir Merton Carr was in a death-like trance, that he recovered, and eventually cleared off, what on earth should he make such a mystery of his movements for? Why should he clear off in that stealthy manner?"

Ferrers Locke shook his head.

"What was he doing down here in Devonshire at all?" he countered. "He came to England, to London, ostensibly to proceed immediately to Stormpoint in connection with the disappearance of his son, Gordon. Yet instead he arrives in this out-of-the-way spot, is mysteriously attacked, recovers, and creeps away stealthily for all the world as if he were himself a criminal."

"No, my dear inspector, I'm afraid we cannot answer these questions just yet.

But at least we have established that the man was indeed Sir Merton Carr, and that happily he was not dead. Which, being no mean achievement in so short a time, I vote we return to the inn and try to get a bit of shut-eye so as to conserve our energies for the adventures of the morrow!"

Before leaving the little police-station, however, Ferrers Locke obtained from the sergeant the contents of Sir Merton Carr's pockets, which turned out, however, to be surprisingly meagre.

Beyond a jack-knife, a gold watch, a cigar-case, fountain-pen, and small wallet, there was nothing.

The wallet, too, contained nothing in the way of clues beyond a few visiting-cards bearing Sir Merton's name, a wad of banknotes, and some postage stamps.

Back at the inn, Ferrers Locke steadfastly refused to discuss the case any further till the morning, despite Pycroft's insistent attempts to get the detective to clear up certain points which troubled the inspector.

At length, Pycroft went off to bed, following Locke's own example, and soon the place was wrapped in slumber, Locke falling into a heavy sleep almost as soon as his head touched the pillow.

But it seemed to the detective that he had scarcely dropped off when something—he knew not what—caused him to jerk into sudden and complete wakefulness.

How it happened, he could not tell. All he knew was that whereas at one moment he was dead asleep, the next he was lying on his back staring with wide-open eyes up at the ceiling, his ears suddenly straining to catch the slightest whisper of sound.

And after a moment or so the sound came—a stealthy "pad-pad-pad!" as of stockinged feet over the floor of his room!

Locke lay perfectly still.

The room was wrapped in utter darkness, so that he could see nothing at all.

He strove to get the exact location of that weird "padding" sound, and at last decided that it had moved from the direction of the window, via the foot of

the bed, over to the other side of the room.

And a moment later his assumption received startling confirmation, for there came a sudden, sharp click—a familiar enough sound.

"That's the lock of my suitcase gone west," thought the detective grimly. "Somebody hopes to find something interesting inside, evidently. Well, he'll be rather badly disappointed, I'm afraid."

Suddenly the darkness was partially relieved. Sitting up in bed, Ferrers Locke saw the flash of an electric-torch. Evidently the unknown prowler of the night was busy searching the contents of the suitcase.

Locke turned his head slightly, and saw the blurred outlines of a burly-looking figure bent over the suitcase.

The detective's eyes glinted dangerously for a moment. Then, with an agility which even surprised himself, he turned half over and gave one mighty spring.

A half-choking grunt came from the mysterious figure as Locke's whole weight came down heavily upon his back.

Next instant the electric-torch snapped out, the room was plunged in darkness, and both men were locked in a deadly embrace.

And then began one of the most desperate fights the detective had ever experienced.

His unknown opponent seemed possessed of an almost superhuman strength, and fought with the frenzy of a madman. Locke himself was no mean fighter, and, being one who had been used to the most rigorously athletic life, he had plenty of reserve strength to call upon.

But even he found very soon that his utmost efforts would have to be taxed to keep this amazing fighter at bay. For though Locke had the initial advantage in having taken the man by surprise, the fellow seemed to recover with amazing swiftness, and with a quick movement flung himself clear of the detective's grip.

Then he jumped forward with an agility worthy of a trained acrobat, and out of the darkness Locke felt the man's hands fastening in a deadly grip round his throat.

The detective instantly sought to remove this grip which threatened to choke all the breath out of his body.

But his opponent was a very heavy man, and it seemed as if he had thrown all his weight against the detective, forcing him steadily back till he bumped with a nerve-shattering jar against the nearest wall, there to be pinned fast, while a reeling red mist danced before his eyes.

But by a desperate effort the detective at last contrived to break free, staggering away like a drunken man, and colliding in the darkness with a chair, finally to sprawl on the floor.

This time the darkness was in his favour, for it caused his opponent temporarily to lose his bearings, thus giving the detective time to regain his feet.

Then once more Ferrers Locke returned to the attack, making a shrewd guess as to the position of the other man and jumping straight at him.

And this time the burly man went staggering back, with Locke uppermost.

Back and forth they struggled, each striving for mastery, fighting desperately yet silently, only the irregular "pad-pad" of their feet sounding on the floor, and the quick, deep breaths from Locke's unknown adversary, who, though a good fighter, seemed to get out of wind far quicker than did the detective.

The contest soon resolved itself into a wrestling match, for scarcely a blow was struck.

Locke's opponent seemed to be relying on a series of cleverly manipulated grips, revealing the most amazing muscular strength, and the detective was perforce compelled to adopt similar measures, lest a temporary advantage should allow the unknown man to pin the detective's arms to his sides.

Fortunately, thanks to his sound, all-round training, Locke was able to give pretty much as heavy punishment as he received, but inwardly he marvelled at this fellow's extraordinary strength. Though the man seemed easily winded, he did not flinch or hesitate for a second, and more than once Locke saved himself only in the nick of time from some particularly dangerous "grips." The man seemed to have the sinews of a gorilla.

But at last Ferrers Locke secured the upper hand definitely, and inch by inch forced his man steadily backwards on his heels. By a clever trick the detective had got one hand turned palm outwards into the small of the other's back, while the palm of his right hand was fixed in an unbreakable "lock" right under the man's chin, so that the slightest movement in any direction must inevitably result in a broken jaw.

The man was so trapped that he could not even speak, but was compelled to retreat slowly and painfully backwards till, with a resounding bump, his back struck the wall of the room.

Then, and then only, did Locke slacken his hold, and the moment he had done so the other dropped his arms and his muscles suddenly relaxed.

"All right!" he gasped painfully. "You win, Ferrers Locke! But for heaven's sake let me go!"

The detective started at the mention of his name. The man spoke in a whisper, and Locke did not recognise his voice. Yet the fellow seemed well

acquainted with the man whose room he had so impudently raided.

Locke knew intuitively that the man was a sportsman, and could be relied upon not to renew the attack. So he had no qualms about releasing him and leaving him where he was while he, the detective, groped about for a match to light the oil-lamp, the only means of illumination in this tumble-down old inn.

A couple of minutes passed ere Locke succeeded in locating the matches, and another minute sped by before the lamp's all-too-feeble rays broke into the suffocating darkness.

But the world-famous sleuth had hardly applied the match to the wick when he caught the flicker of a moving shadow out of the corner of his eyes, and spun round on the instant.

His late opponent had taken advantage of the enforced pause, and had slipped silently across the room, and, even as the rays of the oil-lamp shone forth, he was in the act of clambering through the window.

In a flash Ferrers Locke had thrust his hand beneath the pillow on his bed, where, more from habit than any real need, he always kept his revolver.

The weapon gleamed wickedly in the light, and Locke's voice cut into the silence in a stern command:

"Stop just where you are, or I fire!"

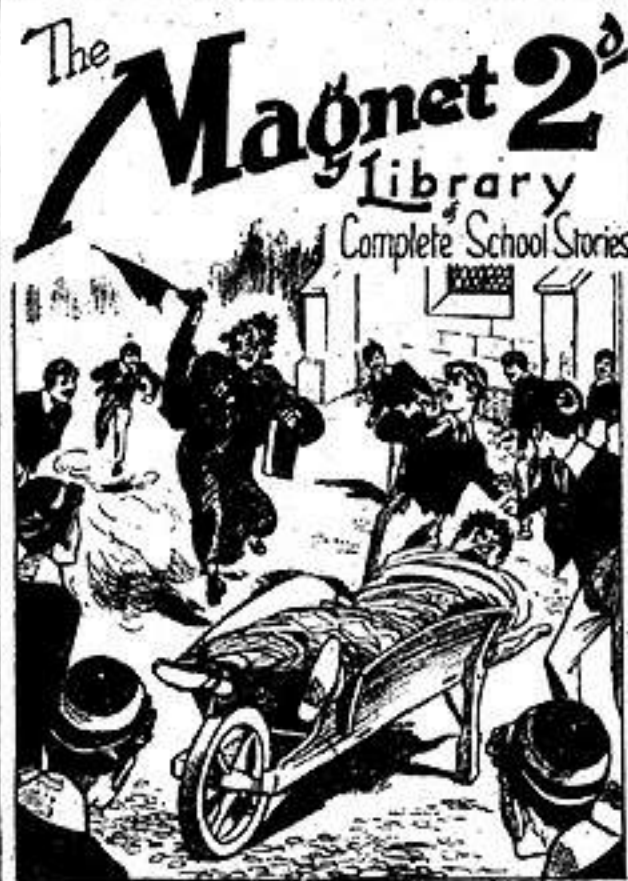
A low gasp of fear and despair came from the man's lips, and he jerked round, one leg already over the window-sill.

And then it was Ferrers Locke's turn to gasp. For outlined in the rays of the lamp the fellow's face could be plainly seen and recognised.

"Great Scott!" ejaculated the detective, in blank amazement. "Sir Merton Carr!"

(There is another long instalment of this powerful detective story in next week's MAGNET, boys. Be sure and read it.)

LOOK OUT FOR THIS COVER
NEXT MONDAY, CHUMS!



"AUNT JUDY COMES TO STAY!"

is One Long Laugh. DON'T MISS IT!

NEXT MONDAY'S PROGRAMME!

"AUNT JUDY COMES TO STAY!"
By Frank Richards.

THE next long complete story of Harry Wharton & Co. is one big scream from beginning to end. Coker of the Fifth—the one and only Horace—figures largely in this coming treat, likewise his Aunt Judy. Most of you have been introduced to Coker's aunt, so I'll waive the formalities. Some of you, too, remember what a terror she was when she discovered that her nephew was "far too clever" to remain in the Shell, and how Coker was promoted to the Fifth Form.

A PROLONGED VISIT!

Well, auntie decides to give Greyfriars a look in. Having come to that momentous decision, she decides to stay at the old school for a bit to keep an eye on her "darling boy." As can be expected, the sparks begin to fly as soon as Aunt Judy makes Greyfriars her abode. What happens to Coker, his aunt, Wibley, the schoolboy actor, and Harry Wharton & Co., I'm leaving to Mr. Richards to tell in his own fashion. After all, he's the author; I'm only the Editor, and you don't want to be bored stiff with my chin-wag. 'Nuff said!

PUZZLE PARS!

This week sets the ball rolling in our new competition—a delightfully simple and fascinating contest with prizes worth having. I want all my chums to enter this competition—there's nothing too difficult to frighten you away. You'll find full particulars on page 2. Go in and win!

"THE GOLDEN PYRAMID!"

There will be another grand instalment of this amazing detective story next Monday. Every Magnetite likes a baffling mystery, and there's enough mystery in this new story to last a lifetime. It would not be letting the cat out of the bag to tell you at this stage that Ferrers Locke comes across this wondrous golden pyramid, which is the centre-piece of the story, and that he actually handles it. He comes across something else, too—nothing less than a gigantic gorilla! The gorilla and Locke hardly hit it off, and thrill follows thrill when this fact is discovered. Don't miss next week's instalment, boys!

"DICKY NUGENT" NUMBER!

At last! I can hear in anticipation the great cry that will go up from Dicky's legion of followers when their eyes catch this headline. A complete Supplement by the one and only Dicky! You've asked for it, chums, and now your wish has been gratified. You'll enjoy every word of this treat, I feel sure. Dicky has wired in with a will, and the result of his labours will be put before you next Monday. Make sure of your copy of the MAGNET by ordering now!

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE NO. 9.

Look out for next week's just-for-amusement puzzle, boys. You'll find it intensely interesting, and yet not too difficult to solve. Keep your peepers open, too, for the first of our cartoon series. Coming soon.

Your Editor.

OXFORD or CAMBRIDGE?

WHEN Boat Race Day swings round, out comes the badge! There are the pale blue partisans, and the dark blue stalwarts. You see them everywhere—in the streets, the trains, the omnibuses, cafes, all over the place. At one glance at the buttonhole of an individual you know which side he, or she, happens to be on. The vast Oxford army of noble adherents is rivalled by the cohorts of the Cam.

Magnetites wear the favour, the same as others. You must be one or the other—Oxford or Cambridge! To be outside the charmed circle is unthinkable.

There is something more in all this, besides the actual opinion of the rowing capabilities of the oarsmen from the University in the fen land, and the men from the Isis.

It is a real, brilliant bit of England, a slice of the history of our race, to see the crowd flecked with the Varsity colours when the Boat Race falls due. The blue favour, which gives a dash of cheery colour to the scene at this season, signifies more even than an enthusiastic interest in the aquatic contest, though that is good enough. It spells out also one of the brightest traditions of our great country. Everywhere the enterprising merchants with their trays of light and dark blue favours and smart patter are offering their wares. You can buy a favour at pretty well any figure you like. Of course, being a sporting enthusiast, you don't stick at the price.

This is the day of the most acceptable badge of the year. Say you are a Dark Blue supporter, it stands to reason how you recoil from the pale tint! For some jolly good reason you happen to be an Oxford man; just as, on account of some equally sound motive, you sport the Cambridge tint when you sally forth on the morning of Boat Race Day, and make for Barnes, Chiswick, Putney, or Mortlake to see with your own eyes the riverside doings of the great day.

There is no gayer badge than that of the great race. It gets more and more popular as the seasons come round. Big towns and little villages are flecked with the favours. It is a badge we are all proud of, and its significance is there for all to see. Some badges—like that of the bear and the ragged staff, the badge of the great Earl of Warwick—have to be studied up. Not so with the Boat Race favour.

For the moment we can leave on one side the history of badges—the gold rings of the Emperor Justinian, the badges of France and Spain, the Chinese button, and the royal badges of York and Lancaster. All that is mighty interesting, but not precisely to the point. The Golden Fleece of the lofty-spirited Spanish grandee is not on in this scene.

What we are considering is the All England Boat Race badge, the favour which heralds the spring and the open air season, for which we in this country patiently wait, and sometimes have to possess our souls in aforesaid patience for

an unconscionable time. Sometime, when Mr. Quelch gives his History of Greyfriars to the world, we may hear about the badge of the Bunter family, which one assumes is a plumcake rampant; but the beauty of the Boat Race badge lies in the fact that you do not have to trouble the College of Heralds about it.

And yet there is plenty of glamour about the little blue favour, light or dark, which smartens up the world at this time. It is the sportsman's favour. It is full of dignity, instinct with good cheer. It speaks to the heart of Merrie England, this jolly little ribbon fluttering in the boutonniere, or it may take the guise of a cat, or some other mascot. It's the colour that counts. It does mean no end, as all those who stand on bank or barge and hear the waves of cheering from thousands of spectators, realise.

Somehow you cannot really get at the whole truth of this matter. You know it is splendid, that it is inspiring, and that it makes you think. It does that, whether you want to or no! It conjures up the splendid picture of the land we feel precious keen about, the Old Country where the stately colleges stand amidst well-remembered meadows, and the ancient courtways where the greatest leaders of our Empire have trod.

It brings back the radiance of times of victory, and the double glory of defeats which have been wiped off the slate by new achievements. There is the music and the sacrifice, likewise the glittering pomp and pageantry of the past, as well as the inspiring hope of the future, in the gay little blue badge which can be worn so proudly by all.

And always that question:

"Who's going to win?"

THE END.

THE MYSTERY OF MOSSOO!

(Continued from page 20.)

"Absolutely!"

Meanwhile, Gobin had been searched, and Napoleon Dupont's envelope came to light.

Harry Wharton took possession of that, and he and Bob Cherry, Nugent, Johnny Bull and Inky hurried away to see Monsieur Charpentier at the Courtfield Cottage Hospital.

They found Mossoo lying in bed in a mass of bandages.

He was in great pain, but he smiled bravely at the juniors.

"Ah! I am ver' pleased to see you, mes garçons!" he said in a faint voice. "Ze paper—has he been recover?"

"This is what they took from Gobin, sir," replied Harry, producing the envelope. "Is this Dupont's property?"

Mossoo nodded.

"Oui, oui! Zat is it, Wharton. I hunted in ze caravan of Gobin, as I said, and I did ze paper discovair. But Gobin saw me, and I thought he would try to steal him back. So I put ze envelope down ze front of my ring dress, to keep him safe. Helas! I am in what you call ze bad way. Ze pain—it is terrifique!"

"Poo! old Mossoo!" said Bob brokenly. "Is there anything we can do, sir?"

The brave little Frenchman smiled.

"Perhaps Dr. Locke will be angry viz himself when he hear ze news of me," he said. "I implore you explain to him zat

I am ashame and zat I his pardon beg. Mes garçons"—here Mossoo's eyes filled with tears—"tell ze doctair zat whatever I do, it is for mon cher Henri—le pauvre Henri! I vill not return to put ze disgrace on ze school. When I get better, I go—I fly. Vat I shall do I know not, but no more for me ze acrobatic trick. Zis has put what you call ze stopper on him."

Harry Wharton & Co. smiled, in spite of themselves.

"You're jolly well coming back to Greyfriars when you're better, Mossoo!" said the Remove captain stoutly. "If you don't, we fellows will want to know all about it. Don't worry, sir—I'll explain everything to the Head."

The Famous Five left the hospital and returned to Greyfriars.

One of the first persons they met in the quad was Napoleon Dupont. He ran up eagerly to Harry Wharton.

"Ah! Enfin to voila! You are here at last!" he cried. "Ze uzzers tell me that you have my paper, isn't it?"

"Yes; here it is, Nap!" laughed Harry. "I suppose that is the one you lost?"

Napoleon ripped open the envelope and examined the blue paper it contained. He nodded.

"Oui, oui, oui! It is ze one! Wharton. I am all gratitude! Je vous remercie!"

And, much to the amusement of the other fellows in the quad, Napoleon Dupont clasped Harry Wharton fondly to him and gave him a resounding kiss on each cheek!

The affair at the circus that afternoon created a great sensation at Greyfriars.

Harry Wharton, when he got indoors, went straight up to the Head's study. He found Dr. Locke looking very grave and worried. He nodded when the Remove captain told him about Monsieur Charpentier.

"I have just been rung up on the telephone by the house surgeon at the hospital," he said. "He tells me that Monsieur's condition is bad; but that he will pull round quickly. I have also heard from Wingate how you recovered Dupont's paper. I regard you as a very brave and gallant boy, Wharton."

"Oh, that was nothing, sir!" said Harry. "It was really Mossoo who recovered it, and the dwarf took it back from him. The dwarf was the thief in the first place."

And in quiet, concise sentences, Harry told the Head the whole story of Monsieur Charpentier's dealings with the rascally moneylender, and the amazing sequels.

"Mossoo only acted as he did for the sake of his nephew, sir," finished up Harry. "I think he was on his last resources when he went to the moneylender. And he had to take the job at the circus, or be disgraced. He thinks he has disgraced Greyfriars, and says that he cannot come back. That's all nonsense, sir, isn't it?"

Dr. Locke smiled kindly.

"Monsieur Charpentier I regard as a very estimable gentleman," he said, "and what you have revealed to me, Wharton, has enhanced my opinion of him rather than lowered it. I will hasten to Courtfield and see Monsieur,

(Continued on next page.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 894.

THE MYSTERY OF MOSSO!

(Continued from previous page.)

and assure him that this—ahem!—unfortunate affair will not affect his position in the school in the least.

"Oh, that's splendid, sir!" exclaimed Wharton.

The rest of the school heard that news with great satisfaction. All had been touched by the gallant little Frenchman's pathetic story, and his return to his old place at Greyfriars was keenly looked forward to.

It was a radiant-looking Mosso who came back to Greyfriars over a week later, with his left arm in a sling.

Harry Wharton & Co. met him at the gates and accorded him a cheer, and cheers followed him all the way across the quad and into the House. Those who met Mosso on the steps saw that the little Frenchman's eyes were filled with tears of happiness.

He had some glad news to tell Harry Wharton when he summoned him to his study a little later. His nephew Henri had been cleared of the accusation made against him, the real thief having confessed.

Eugene Dupont had been revealed as

the rascal he was, and had conveniently slunk out of the picture to avoid police proceedings.

As Bob Cherry joyfully remarked when Harry related the news in Study No. 1 afterwards, everything in the garden was lovely.

THE END.

(Now look out for next Monday's rollicking story of Harry Wharton & Co. The title alone—"Aunt Judy Comes To Stay"—is sufficient indication of a good thing to come, as most of you have already been introduced to Horace Coker's Aunt Judy. She's funnier than ever! Don't miss this yarn, boys.)



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