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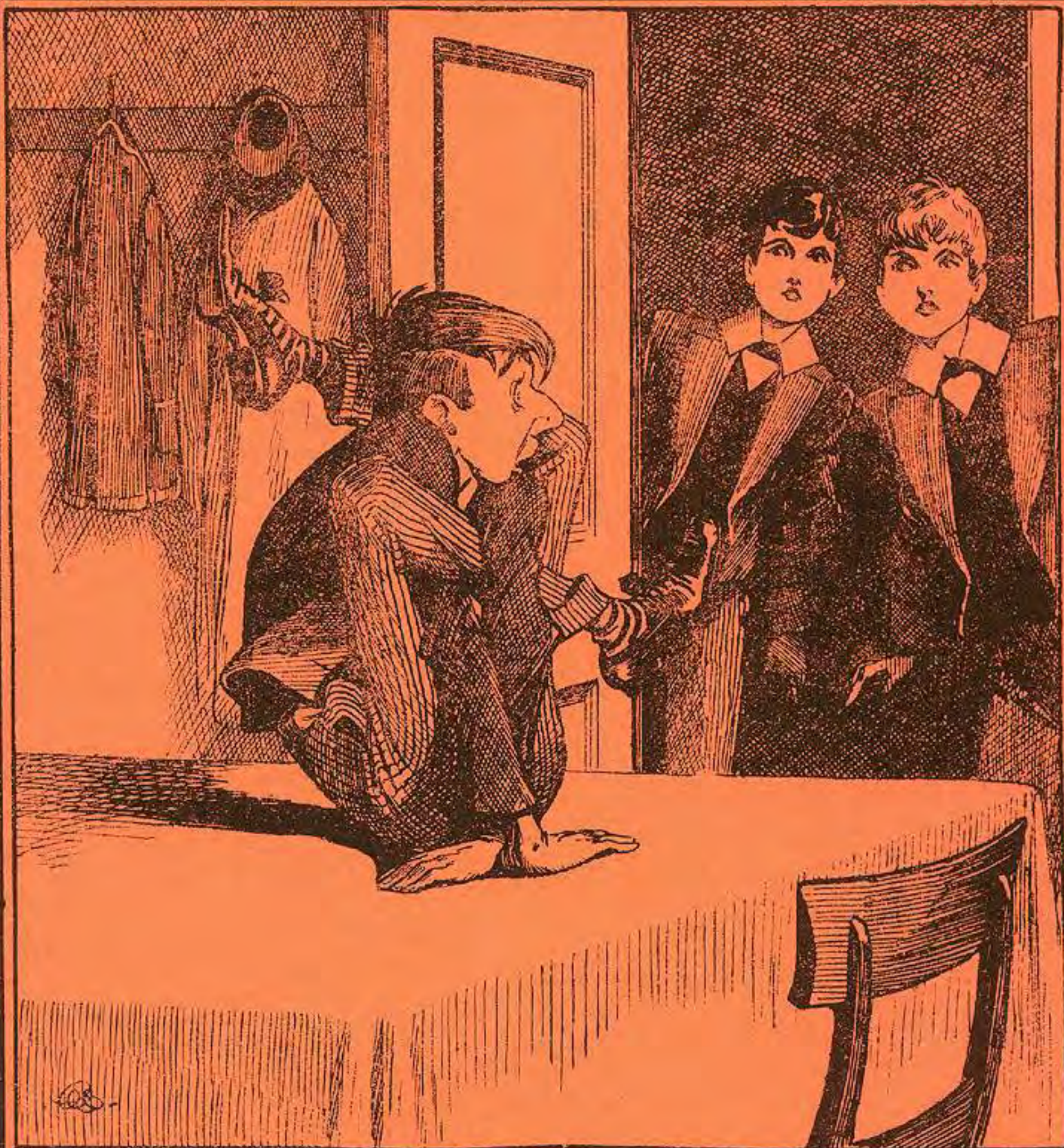
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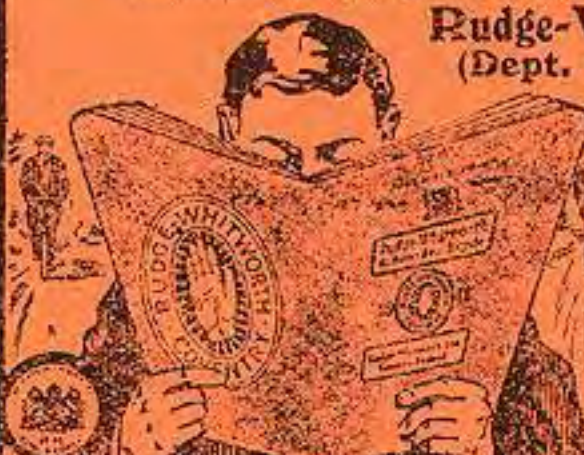
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THE FIRST CHAPTER.
Todd Comes a Cropper.

The Greyfriars Clown

A Splendid, Long,
Complete Tale of
Harry Wharton & Co., and
Alonzo Todd.

— BY —

FRANK RICHARDS.

"Go it, Todd!"
"Bravo!"

The Remove Form-room at Greyfriars was far from orderly that morning.

The Remove—the Lower Fourth—had taken their places for morning lessons, but Mr. Quelch had not come in yet. It was very rarely that the master of the Remove was unpunctual. But something had occurred this morning, evidently, to make him late. Five minutes had passed, and he had not arrived, and the Remove, as a matter of course, never dreamed of keeping order and sitting quietly in their places.

Todd, indeed, the youth who was known as the Duffer of Greyfriars, might have done so. So might Mark Linley, who generally had some work to do when he had a few spare minutes. But most of the fellows were of too lively a disposition. As the Form-master showed no sign of coming, they talked and talked, and sat on the desks, and even jumped over them, and played leap-frog. If the coming of

the Remove-master was long delayed, he was likely to find quite a lively scene to greet him upon his arrival.

Skinner, who was a humorous youth, had bethought him of Alonzo Todd as a means of killing time. Todd was often an amusing youth. He was always most obliging, and his efforts to oblige generally ended in disaster. But of late Todd had furnished more fun than of old. Todd had been seized with a new idea. After a visit to a circus that had stayed for a few days near Greyfriars, Todd had become imbued with the conviction that he was simply born to be a clown and juggler; and many of his Form fellows, of a humorous turn, encouraged him in the delusion. Todd, as a juggler, was, as Bob Cherry remarked, the limit.

Skinner tapped Todd on the shoulder as he sat dutifully in his place.

"Go it, Todd!" he said.
Todd blinked at him.

"I fail to understand you, my dear Skinner," he said, in his ponderous way. "It is impossible to proceed with the lesson until the arrival of our Form-master."

"Look here, Todd, Quelch isn't coming. Can't you show us that wonderful acrobatic trick? You remember—balancing yourself on the back of a chair."

Todd looked thoughtful.

"But if Mr. Quelch should come—"

"Well, he wouldn't mind us filling in the interval with healthy and beneficial exercise," said Bulstrode.

"I suppose so, my dear Bulstrode. If you fellows would care to see me perform—"

There was a shout of approval.

"Go it, Todd!"

"Play up!"

"Bravo!"

Alonzo Todd rose to his feet.

"My dear fellows," he exclaimed, "I shall be delighted to give you an exhibition of my powers as a clown—all the more, as I hear that another circus is coming to Friardale, and I may be able to obtain work there. As the performances are given in the evenings, there is no reason why I should not obtain a pass out of gates, and perform in the ring, and—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm sure the Head would consent," said Skinner. "In fact, I know he's bound to be eager to see it himself."

"Do you really think so, my dear Skinner?" asked the gentle Alonzo. Alonzo had a wonderful gift of believing everything that was said to him.

"Oh, it's certain."

"Quite certain, Todd, old chap."

"Go ahead with the performance."

"Oh, certainly, my dear fellows."

Todd drew a chair out into the centre of the space before the desks. The Removites stood round watching him, with grinning faces.

That Todd would come a terrific cropper when he tried to balance himself on the back of the chair, few had the least doubt.

But that was Todd's business.

If Todd was determined to be a clown, he had to take the risks of the profession, and that was one of them.

"Go it, Todd!"

"Play up!"

"Hang it all!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove. "It's too bad! If Quelch comes in and catches him—"

"There will be a row," said Frank Nugent.

"Yes, rather!" said John Bull. "Drop it, Todd, you ass!"

"My dear Bull—"

"Oh, cheese it, you fellows!" exclaimed Bulstrode. "Let Todd go ahead. My opinion is that you are jealous of his powers."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it, Toddy!"

"On the ball!"

Todd blinked at the chums of the Remove, as he placed the chair in position.

"It is all right, my dear Wharton!" he exclaimed. "I am sure Mr. Quelch would not object to a little gymnastic exercise to fill in the time."

"Ass!"

"My dear Wharton—"

"Chuck it, you chump," said Bob Cherry. "Get into your place! Quelch can't be long now!"

"My dear Cherry—"

"Go it, Todd!" roared the more mischievous juniors. "Play up! You've promised us the performance! Go it!"

"Indeed, that is quite true," said Todd. "I have promised to give the performance, my dear Wharton, and my Uncle Benjamin always impressed upon me never to neglect to fulfil a promise, under any circumstances."

"Play up, Todd!"

"Buck up!"

"I guess there's too much overture to this performance," said Fisher T. Fish, the American junior. "I guess it's up to you to hustle, Todd."

"Oh, certainly, my dear Fish!"

"The hustlefulness is terrific," murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the Nabob of Bhanipur. "The cropperfulness will also be great."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Todd placed the chair carefully in position. It was a common cane chair, and it certainly looked as if it would be very difficult to balance oneself on the back of it. But Todd meant to attempt the task. He had seen the clown in Benson's Circus do it, and as he had immensely superior

brain powers, why shouldn't he do it? That was the way the Duffer of Greyfriars reasoned it out.

He stood upon the chair, and placed one foot upon the top rail of the back.

The juniors drew a deep breath.

"You ass!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Get down!"

"Shut up, Wharton! Let him alone!"

"Go it, Todd!"

"The gofulness is terrific."

Todd tried the balance. Every time he made a motion to raise his second foot from the seat of the chair, the chair tilted backwards, and he had to replace the foot in a hurry. Perhaps the chair upon which the circus clown had performed was a specially-arranged one, or else he was a skilful acrobat, which Todd certainly was not. At all events, it was quite plain to everybody but Alonzo that he could never possibly balance himself on the back of the chair, and that as soon as he rose on the top rail, the chair would roll over and he would be hurled to the floor.

But Todd would never give in. In fact, his Uncle Benjamin had always impressed upon him never to be beaten.

The juniors watched him impatiently, as he raised and lowered his foot half a dozen times without taking the fatal plunge, so to speak.

"Go it, Todd!"

"Pile in!"

"On the ball!"

"My dear fellows, I am about to—"

"Go it!"

Todd made a desperate plunge.

He raised his second foot, with a quick movement, to the top of the chair back. For a single second he stood there, while the chair collapsed. It tilted over backwards, and Todd went flying.

At the same instant the Form-room door opened, and Mr. Quelch entered in a very great hurry. He came striding, with rustling gown, towards his desk, just in time to stride into Todd's way.

The falling amateur clown landed right upon the Form-master.

Crash!

Bump!

"Good heavens!" cried Mr. Quelch.

The next moment he was sitting on the floor of the Form-room, and Alonzo was clinging lovingly round his neck.

And the Remove, after the first gasp of surprise, gave a terrific yell of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Catching It.

ONE yell of laughter the Remove gave—they could not help it. But it died away quickly, and a horrified silence succeeded. It was comic enough to see Mr.

Quelch sit down so suddenly with Todd's arms round his neck, but the results were likely to be serious.

The Form-master sat as if stunned for a moment, and then pushed Todd violently off, and rose to his feet.

His face was pale with anger.

"Todd!" he gasped. "Todd!"

The Greyfriars clown sat on the floor and blinked at him. He was more dazed than Mr. Quelch.

"Todd!" thundered the Form-master.

"Ye-e-s, sir."

"Get up!"

"Gee-et up, sir?" stammered Todd.

"Yes, instantly."

"Instantly, sir?"

Some of the juniors gave a breathless chuckle. Todd, when he was startled or frightened, always dropped into that curious habit of repeating what was said to him, instead of replying, or doing as he was told. He was nearly terrified out of his wits now at what he had done.

He could only sit on the floor and stare dazedly at the Remove-master. Mr. Quelch was in a towering rage—as was pardonable under the circumstances.

"Todd!" he shouted.

"Ye-e-e-es, sir."

"Will you rise from the floor, boy?"

"The—the floor, sir?"

"Is this meant for deliberate defiance, Todd?"

"Defiance, sir?"

"You wretched boy, get up at once!"

"At once, sir?"

Mr. Quelch stooped, and grasped Todd by the collar, and dragged him to his feet. Todd stood up, limping. The fall had hurt him, though he was so scared that he was hardly conscious of it.



"What do you want?" asked the fat gentleman as Alonzo advanced towards him. "I wish to become a clown, Signor Tomsonio," said Todd simply. (See page 9.)

"Todd! How dare you play this trick upon your Form-master?" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"Trick, sir?"

"Will you answer me sensibly, Todd!"

"Sensibly, sir!"

Mr. Quelch simply gasped. Harry Wharton rose in his place. The juniors, of course, had rushed to their seats, and were sitting there as good as gold.

"If you please, Mr. Quelch, Todd wasn't playing a trick," said Wharton. "He didn't know you were coming in, sir."

"What was the absurd boy doing, then, Wharton? I cannot get a sensible answer out of him."

"He was—was trying an exercise, sir—a sort of acrobatic performance—but he did not know you were coming in. I'm sure he would not have fallen upon you for anything, sir, if he had been able to help it."

Mr. Quelch could not help smiling a little. Certainly it was not likely that Todd had done that "cropper" on purpose.

"But what were you going through an absurd exercise in the Form-room for, Todd?" he demanded.

"If you please, sir," said Todd, recovering himself a little—"if you please, sir, I—I was practising to be a clown, sir."

"What!"

"A clown, sir."

"You—you—you utterly absurd boy!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "If you must do these foolish things, can you not choose a more suitable place than the Form-room?"

"I am so sorry, sir—"

"I dare say you are, Todd," said Mr. Quelch, taking a

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cane from his desk, "but you will be sorrier shortly. Hold out your hand!"

"M-m-my hand, sir?"

"Yes, Todd; and at once."

Todd obeyed. The cane swished in the air, and came down with a vim. Mr. Quelch knew how to "lay it on" when he was angry.

"Ow!" gasped Alonzo.

"The other hand, Todd."

"Ye-e-es, sir."

Swish!

"Ow!"

"Now go to your place, Todd, and let me have no more of this nonsense!" said Mr. Quelch. "All the Form will be punished for disorder during my absence from the classroom. Every boy will take fifty lines. We will now proceed."

The Remove grunted dismally. Mr. Quelch was sometimes very liberal with his impots.

As a matter of fact, every fellow in the Form had been out of his place with the exception of Mark Linley, and the Lancashire lad was the only fellow who got his lines for nothing. But Mark Linley did not seem to mind. He was not the kind of fellow to complain about slight injustices.

Alonzo Todd squirmed a great deal during morning lessons. The palms of his hands were aching, and all desire for acrobatic performances had been taken away for the present. But by the time the class was dismissed Todd had recovered, and there was his usual beaming smile upon his face as the juniors thronged out of the Form-room. He tapped Bulstrode on the shoulder in the passage.

NEXT WEEK: "THE NEW PAGE."

A Splendid, Long, Complete Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars. By FRANK RICHARDS.

"My dear Bulstrode—" he said.
 Bulstrode snorted.
 "You silly ass!"
 Todd started back.
 "I—I do not understand, my dear Bulstrode. Why—" said Bulstrode.
 "I've got fifty lines to do, you chump!" said Bulstrode.
 "But surely that is not my fault, my dear fellow? I assure you that I did not fall upon Mr. Quelch on purpose. I was, indeed, considerably hurt by the violent concussion, although I am glad to say that the pain has now abated."
 "Ass!"
 "Fathead!" said Skinner.
 "Chump!"
 "Duffer!"
 "Idiot!" said Vernon-Smith. "We ought to make him do the lines, you fellows."
 "My dear Smith, I could not do that. It would involve passing the lines off upon Mr. Quelch as yours, which would be a deception. Of course, I know you intend no deception, my dear Smith, but my Uncle Benjamin always impressed upon me to—" said Vernon-Smith.
 "Oh, shut up!" growled the Bounder of Greyfriars.
 "I say, you fellows!" exclaimed Bunter. "Todd ought to be made to do the lines. It was his fault."
 "My dear Bunter—" said Vernon-Smith.
 "We'll bump him, anyway!" exclaimed Snoop.
 "Hear, hear!"
 "Bump him!"
 Alonzo Todd retreated in alarm as the Removites closed round him.
 Harry Wharton pushed his way through to the side of the Duffer of Greyfriars.
 "Let him alone," said Harry quietly.
 There was a shout from Bulstrode and his set.
 "Get out!"
 "Mind your own business, Wharton!"
 "Don't interfere!"
 Wharton regarded them calmly, pushing back his cuffs.
 "You all egged Todd on to make an ass of himself!" he replied. "Now, you're not going to bump him because you've got lines over it. Play the game!"
 "Hear, hear!" said Bob Cherry.
 Bulstrode burst into an angry laugh.
 "Oh, let the duffer alone!" he exclaimed. "It doesn't matter!"
 And he strode away.
 "Thank you so much, my dear Wharton!" said Alonzo Todd, as the rest of the intended bumpers followed their leader. "I—" said Alonzo Todd.
 "Don't play the giddy goat again, then," said Harry.
 "You're not built to be a clown, Toddy, and the sooner you drop the wheeze the better."
 Todd shook his head.
 "My dear Wharton, I feel convinced that I was born to be an acrobat. Would you care to come into the gym. and see me perform?"
 "Not much!"
 "I will turn some somersaults here—" said Alonzo Todd.
 "Will you? I'm off, then."
 "My dear Wharton—my dear Cherry—Nugent—" said Alonzo Todd.
 But Harry Wharton & Co. were gone.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

King Cricket!

THE spring sunshine fell in a flood in the old Close of Greyfriars. The old grey stone buildings, the ancient elms, the trim grass-plots seemed to be imbued with a new life and cheerfulness under the genial influence of spring. There was a blue sky dappled with gliding clouds, and a light breeze from the sea. The Greyfriars fellows felt their spirits rise as they swarmed into the open air after lessons. The mere weather, the mere fact of being alive, sufficed to make them merry. Harry Wharton & Co. walked out of the School House in great spirits.

"I suppose it's good-bye to footer now," Bob Cherry remarked, with a sigh, "but it's lovely weather for cricket, anyway. We shall have to begin practice, Harry. The Upper Fourth were at the nets on Saturday, and our first match of the season is with Temple, Dabney & Co. The Fourth are expecting to lick us."

Harry Wharton nodded.

"I don't think the Fourth will hit us very hard," he replied, "but we're going to slog into practice all the same. Now's the time, too; the ground's beautiful!"

"Good egg!"

"The goodfulness is terrific," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, with his benevolent grin. "As I am soon departing leaving the honourable school on a visit to my

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esteemed relations, I shall be glad to play the august cricket again before I go."

"Oh, you'll be back in time for a good many matches!" said Wharton. "I'll call some of the fellows now, and we'll get in a quarter of an hour at the nets before dinner."

And the chums of the Remove went down to the cricket-ground.

"I say, you fellows," Billy Bunter exclaimed, rolling up to Harry Wharton & Co. as they were pitching the stumps. "I suppose you'll want me in the cricket eleven this season?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here—"

"No, old son, we won't trouble you," said Harry. "When we want a heavy-weight champion we'll think of you. But cricket isn't in your line."

Billy Bunter blinked at him wrathfully through his big spectacles.

"If I'm to be kept out of the cricket by jealousy, as I have been out of the footer—" he began.

"My dear chap, you're welcome to practise, and if you show any form, you know, we'll play you," said Harry good-temperedly. "But you know you can't play. Buzz off!"

"I say, you fellows—"

Bob Cherry took the fat junior by the shoulders, swung him round, and planted a boot gently behind him.

"Yaroo!" roared Bunter.

"Good-bye, Bluebell!" said Bob cheerfully.

"Yow!"

"Lend me your bat, Wharton. What will you bet me that I don't swipe Bunter clean off the ground with one swipe?"

"Ten to one," said Frank Nugent. "He's too heavy."

"You watch me, then," said Bob Cherry.

Bob grasped the cane handle of the bat with both hands, and swung it into the air with a terrific expression of determination upon his face. Billy Bunter gave him one blink, and dashed off at top speed, yelling.

"Come back!" roared Bob Cherry.

But Bunter did not come back. He dashed off, his little fat legs going like clockwork, and disappeared behind the elms. The chums of the Remove burst into a roar of laughter.

Temple, Dabney & Co., of the Upper Fourth, came along with their bats under their arms, evidently intent on a little practice before dinner. Temple, the captain of the Upper Fourth, gave Harry Wharton a lofty smile.

"Getting to practice already?" he asked.

"Yes," said Wharton.

"Well, you'll need it."

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"We're going to knock you sky-high," said Fry. "We had bad luck in the footer, but when it comes to cricket—"

"Yes, when it comes to cricket—" said Temple.

"Oh, rather!"

The chums of the Remove grinned. Although they were not yet, of course, in form for the season, they had little doubt of being able to wipe up the cricket-field with the heroes of the Upper Fourth.

"I'll show you a little batting, if you like," said Temple, in a most patronising tone.

"Good!" exclaimed Wharton instantly. "Here you are, Inky!"

He tossed the ball to Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. Hurree Singh was the champion of the Remove. There was only one junior bowler Wharton knew to equal him, and that was Wynn, of St. Jim's, a school with whom the Greyfriars fellows sometimes played matches. In the limits of Greyfriars there was no bowler outside the Sixth who could touch Inky.

The nabob received the ball with a cheerful grin.

"Give him a twister, Inky," said Wharton.

The nabob nodded.

"The twistfulness will be terrific," he said.

Temple swaggered to the wicket. Temple was a slim and rather well-built fellow, and he fancied himself in flannels. He thought that he cut a really fine figure at the wicket. So he did to any but a practised eye. Temple's sisters and cousins and aunts, when they saw him play, remarked upon his elegant posture there, and considered him a really splendid cricketer. The fact that he was clean bowled whenever he had a good bowler against him did not make any difference to them—or to Temple either, apparently.

"Ducks' eggs" galore could not make any difference to Temple's "side" on the subject of cricket.

Temple took up his position, and cast a patronising glance towards the dusky bowler.

"Play!"

Whiz!

The ball came down like a four-point-seven shell.

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Clack!
 Temple's bat described a graceful circle in the air, what time Temple's stumps were knocked into a cocked hat. The Removites burst into a roar.
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 Temple gave a sickly glance at his wicket. Then he looked at the Fourth-Formers, who looked away from him. Then he looked at the Removites, who roared.
 "Of course, that was an accident," he said.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Todd Bats.

"**H**A, ha, ha!"
 Harry Wharton & Co. yelled. Temple had been clean bowled, without the least chance of stopping the ball. If it was an accident, Temple was booked for an unknown series of accidents all the time he might bat against Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Oh, cut the cackle!" exclaimed Temple. "Of course, it was a mere fluke!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If Inky likes to try again——"

"Go it, Inky!"

"Give him another accident!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The nabob grinned as he caught the ball that Tom Brown tossed back to him.

"The accidentalness is terrific!" he remarked. "The morefulness of the same will also be great!"

Tom Brown readjusted the stumps and bails. Temple took up his stand again, with the air of a man who meant to do or die.

"Go it, Inky!"

The ball came down again. This time Temple was carefully on the watch for a fast ball with a leg-break. But he was not on the watch for a streak of lightning that broke in from the off just when and where he was least expecting it.

Clack!

The wicket was down.

"Ahem!" said Temple.

The Removites roared again, more at the expression upon Temple's face than at the fall of the wicket. Temple's expression was really delicious.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Of course, that was a—a——" began Temple.

"Fluke!" said Bob Cherry blandly. "Of course it was! When you play against us, my son, you'll see some more of those flukes!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, try again," said Temple.

"Right you are!"

Wharton grinned, and tossed the ball back to the dusky bowler. Inky took a little run, and the red, round ball came whizzing down again.

Smack!

This time the willow met the leather, and the ball whizzed away. Temple breathed again, but only for a moment. The smack of the bat was answered by a softer smack from the other end of the pitch, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh grinned and tossed the ball into the air. He had caught it with one hand with the greatest of ease.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "Caught and bowled Inky! Ha, ha, ha!"

Temple snorted.

"I'm not in very good form just now," he remarked. "We'll give you socks on Saturday, all the same. You can't always get flukes."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Temple, Dabney & Co. marched off, not looking pleased. Whether Temple liked to admit it or not, there was no doubt that the Upper Fourth had no batsman who could stand up to the nabob's bowling.

"My dear fellows," exclaimed Alonzo Todd, who had been looking on at the test with great interest. "it is my intention to take up cricket this season, as my Uncle Benjamin has told me to indulge in outdoor sports as much as possible, for the purpose of obtaining the mens sana in corpore sano. I shall be very pleased to do some batting, if you would like to play me."

The chums of the Remove exchanged hopeless glances. Todd could play cricket as well as he could play football, and he could play football about as well as he could talk Sanskrit or navigate an aeroplane. But the Duffer of Greyfriars was so kind and good-natured and trustful that they would not have hurt his feelings for worlds.

"Oh, all right," said Wharton, "you can take a turn at the wicket, Todd. Got a bat?"

"Well, no," said Todd, thoughtfully. "I suppose a bat is really essential?"

"Well, no," said Bob Cherry sarcastically. "You can use a fire-shovel, or the lid of a jam-pot, you know."

"Could I really——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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EVERY
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ONE
PENNY.

Todd looked surprised. He could not see any cause for laughter.

"My dear fellows, I have no fire-shovel here, but I could ask Bunter to lend me the lid of a jam-pot. He has had some jam sent him by a relation——"

"Better take the bat, Toddy," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "It's more—more usual. On these small and unimportant points, you know, it's better to follow custom."

"Oh, certainly, my dear Wharton. I should not think of setting up my judgment against that of a fellow who knows the game better than I do," said Todd modestly. "I was only thinking that a fire-shovel would be lighter to handle."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Stand here, Toddy—the bat will do! You've got to prevent Inky from hitting the wicket with the ball."

"Surely I should prevent that better by standing in front of the wicket!"

"Leg before, you fathead!"

"I don't understand."

"Mustn't stop the ball with anything but the bat. You've got to hit the ball and knock it somewhere. I've given you lessons before."

"I fear I have forgotten them, my dear Wharton. However, I will do my best. Pray do not bowl very fast, my dear Inky. If you bowl slowly and carefully along the ground I have no doubt that I shall be able to strike the ball every time."

Bob Cherry dropped in the grass, and kicked up his feet, and yelled. Nugent sat down on the steps of the pavilion and wept. Todd looked at them in surprise.

"Look out, Todd!"

"Oh, certainly! Dear me!"

Crash!

The wicket went into ruins. Todd looked at it in surprise, and then cast a reproachful glance at Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"My dear Inky, you have knocked my wicket down! Now I shall have all the trouble of setting it up again!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry seemed to be going into convulsions. Todd gently but firmly replaced the fallen stumps, and put the bails into place. Hurree Singh watched that proceeding in wonder. Then Todd handled the bat once more.

"Please bowl again," he said. "If you bowl a little more slowly, I have no doubt that I shall be able to effect an impact between the ball and the bat."

The bowler gasped. Harry tossed the ball to him.

"Give him another, Inky."

"The anotherfulness is terrific!" murmured the Nabob of Bhanipur.

He sent the ball down.

Alonzo made a wild sweep at it, and knocked his wicket to pieces with the bat, missing the ball. The stumps flew far and wide, and one of them, after describing a circle in the air, dropped upon Bob Cherry as he lay gasping in the grass.

Crash!

"Ow!" roared Bob. "Yaroorh! Oh! What was that?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Nugent. "That was Alonzo—only Alonzo! Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry jumped up, rubbing his head. The stump had given him quite an unpleasant crack there. He glared at the Duffer of Greyfriars.

"Oh, dear, I'm so sorry, Cherry!" said Alonzo.

"Sorry!" yelled Bob. "I'll give you sorry!"

He picked up the stump and charged at Todd. The Duffer of Greyfriars dropped the bat and dodged round Wharton, and Bull, and Brown, and the rest.

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of Greyfriars. By FRANK RICHARDS.

"I—I— Keep him off!" he exclaimed breathlessly. "I'm sorry, Cherry—really sorry! This violence— Ow!" Todd stopped speaking as he caught the stump across his calves. He left off dodging, and broke into a wild run, and dashed off the cricket field, with Bob Cherry after him, brandishing the stump.

The juniors shrieked.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bring that stump back!" yelled Wharton. "We want to play! Ha, ha, ha! Bob!"

Bob Cherry did not heed. He disappeared round the elms after Alonzo. He came back breathless in a few minutes, and pitched the stump down.

He rubbed his head, where a bump was forming under the thick hair.

"I shall brain that chap one of these days, I know I shall!" he gasped.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I can't see anything to cackle at—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, rats! Let's get some practice before dinner, for goodness' sake!" grunted Bob Cherry. "Between one idiot and another, the time's going!"

"The time's gone!" grinned Nugent. "There's the bell!"

And the cricketers went in to dinner.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Not a Knot.

"WHERE'S Todd?"

Harry Wharton asked that question as the bell rang for classes, and the Removites made their way towards their Form-room. Alonzo Todd was not to be seen among the crowd of juniors, and when they were all in the Form-room, the Duffer of Greyfriars was still absent.

"Anyone seen Todd?"

"I haven't," said Bulstrode with a grunt. "I heard he was going to try some new performing dodge. Hope he's broken his neck!"

And with that charitable wish Bulstrode sat down.

"The ass!" said Wharton anxiously. "He'll be late, and Quelch isn't in any too good a temper with him already. I'll look for him, I think."

"Quelch will be in in a minute," said Nugent, glancing over at the clock above the bookcase in the Form-room.

"I'll risk it."

"I'll come with you," said John Bull.

Wharton and Nugent and John Bull hurried out to look for Alonzo. Troublesome as the Duffer of Greyfriars certainly was—especially since he had been taken with the idea of becoming a clown—most of the fellows in his Form had a soft corner for him, and they were anxious to save him from getting into a row with the Form-master.

The juniors hurried upstairs to the Remove passage, and along it to the end study, which belonged to Bull, Fish, and Todd. If Todd was practising some new wheeze, it was probably there that he was doing it.

"The duffer!" Wharton growled. "It would be just like him to get deep into some rot and forget all about classes!"

"Yes, rather!"

"Hallo, there's somebody there!" said John Bull, as a sound of gasping and scuffling was heard from the study.

The juniors ran on quickly. They were anxious to get hold of Alonzo, and rush him off to the Form-room before the arrival of Mr. Quelch. If the Form-master was a minute or two late they had a chance.

Somebody certainly was in Study No. 14. And to judge by the sounds, it was somebody in some kind of trouble.

Bull ran on first and threw the door open. The juniors burst into the study.

Then they stopped, with exclamations of amazement.

Todd was there!

The Duffer of Greyfriars had evidently been trying some clown's trick in the contortionist line. He was on the study table, and was apparently tied up in some inextricable knot.

Whether it was his clothes, or his braces, or some of his long and bony limbs, that had become entangled, the juniors could not see for the moment.

Todd was certainly tied in a knot, and could not undo himself, and he was trying to do so, at the imminent risk of falling off the table with a crash upon the floor.

His red and flustered face looked out from under his arm at the juniors as they stood staring at him blankly.

"Oh!" gasped Alonzo. "Pray help me, my dear fellows!"

"My hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Great Scott!"

Alonzo gasped and wriggled. But the more he wriggled, the more hopeless the knot seemed to become.

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"Help!" he gasped. "My dear fellows, there is nothing whatever to laugh at, I assure you. This is a most painful position."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I have been like this for some time," gurgled Todd. "Pray help me!"

"You ass!" roared Wharton. "You'll do yourself some damage one of these days. Take hold of his legs, Frank, while I take his arms, and we'll sort him out."

"Ha, ha! All right."

Wharton took hold of Todd's arms, and Nugent his legs. John Bull clasped an arm round his neck.

Then they pulled.

Alonzo yelled.

"Yow! Yaroop! Oh!"

"It's all right, Todd—we're helping you!"

"Groo! Ow!"

"What's the matter?"

"Yow! Ah!"

"It's coming!" gasped Wharton. "Pull away!"

"All together, boys!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! Yow! You—oh—you'll break something! Yah! Groo!"

"Pull!"

There was a loud rending sound, and Alonzo rolled off the table in the grasp of the juniors. They held on to him and saved him from a fall, but he plumped down gently on the floor of the study.

"Ow!" gasped Alonzo.

"Saved!" said Harry Wharton. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow!"

"He's undone!" grinned Nugent. "Now, then, buck up, Todd! Come on!"

"I—I—I—"

"You'll be late for class! Come on!"

"My—my clothes are torn!"

"Never mind!"

"My trousers—"

"Never mind your trousers!"

"B-b-b-but—"

"No time for buts," said Harry Wharton, grasping the Duffer of Greyfriars by the shoulders, and whirling him towards the door of the study. "This way!"

"My dear Wharton—"

"No time for jaw! Come on!"

"B-b-but—"

"Yank him out!"

The three juniors rushed Todd into the passage. They rushed him down the passage, and down the stairs at a breathless rate. Todd tried to struggle, and tried to expostulate, but the juniors did not even listen. They had no intention of getting impots for being late for class, because Todd wanted to talk.

"Here we are!" gasped Wharton.

With a final rush Todd was brought to the Form-room door.

Bob Cherry was holding it open—a sign that Mr. Quelch was not there yet. Wharton, as he rushed Todd in, caught a glimpse of the master's cap and gown as he came down the passage.

"Quick!" he gasped. "Here he comes!"

"My dear—"

"Buck up!"

"B-b-b-but—"

"Sit down, fathead!"

Todd was rushed to his seat. The juniors took their places, trying to breathe calmly, but panting and puffing after their exertions like locomotives.

"Oh!" gasped Todd. "My dear Wharton—"

"Shut up! Here's Quelch!"

"My trousers—"

"Hang your trousers! What on earth do you want to worry about trousers now for?"

"They're torn."

"Well, you can get 'em mended."

"B-b-but they're split!"

"Eh?"

"You split them in getting me off the table!" gasped Todd. "They—they feel quite draughty. I—I cannot go about like this. I—I must change!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you had given me time—"

"There wasn't any time, Todd. Sit tight, and Mr. Quelch won't notice."

"B-b-but how am I to leave the Form-room?"

"Never mind that now! Shut up! Here's Quelch!"

The boys rose respectfully in their places as the Form-master came in. Todd didn't!

But Mr. Quelch walked on to his desk without appearing



Todd was juggling with a dictionary, a teapot, and a fire shovel, and had evidently been practising in deadly earnest with other things as well. (See page 22.)

to notice this omission on the part of the Duffer of Greyfriars.

Todd sat in a state of great mental unhappiness.

So long as he was sitting down, everything was all right; but if he had to leave his place in the Form, it would be terrible.

But there was no help for it now.

Mr. Quelch commenced without noticing that there was anything amiss in the class. He soon became aware, however, that many of the Form were suffering from suppressed giggles.

A stern look round the class caused all outward signs of merriment to die away, and great gravity reigned in the Form-room.

The Form were doing Virgil, and Wharton construed, and THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 164.

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then Nugent, and then Mark Linley, and then Mr. Quelch rapped out Todd's name.

"You will go on, Todd," he said.

"Ye-e-es, sir."

"Go on from est in conspectu Tenedos," said Mr. Quelch.

"Tenedos, sir?"

"Yes," rapped out Mr. Quelch. "Go on from where Linley left off."

"Ye-e-es, sir."

"I am waiting for you, Todd," said Mr. Quelch, in an ominous voice.

"Ye-e-es, sir."

Todd commenced.

"Est in conspectu Tenedos, notissima fama insula——"

"Todd!"

A Splendid, Long, Complete Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars. By FRANK RICHARDS.

"Ye-e-es, sir."

"Why do you not stand up, boy?"

"St-t-stand up, sir."

"You know perfectly well that you should stand up to construe," said Mr. Quelch. "What do you mean by sitting down while you are speaking to me, Todd?"

"S-s-sitting down, sir."

"Stand up instantly, Todd!" thundered the Remove-master.

The unhappy Duffer of Greyfriars stood up. There was an irrepressible gasp of merriment from the juniors behind him. Todd's tight Eton trousers had been fatally rent, and the short Eton jacket, of course, could not conceal the damage. Todd was the colour of a well-boiled beetroot as he stood up in his place, and heard the fellows giggling behind him.

"Silence!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "How dare you laugh in class? I fail to see anything comic in Todd's conduct. Todd, construe at once."

"Ye-e-es, sir."

Mr. Quelch's angry glance subdued the giggles. Todd, with a crimson countenance, blundered on, his thoughts far enough away from his construing. Mr. Quelch watched him with gimlet eyes and a frown upon his brows.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Bob Cherry. "I know that duffer will be the death of me! Oh, dear! I want to yell!"

"Cherry!"

"Ye-e-es, sir."

"Take fifty lines for speaking to Wharton!"

"Oh! Ye-e-es, sir."

"Now go on, Todd!"

Todd went on.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Run for It.

"EST in conspectu Tenedos," gasped Alonzo Todd.

"Well?"

"Est—"

"Go on, Todd!"

"In conspectu—"

"Todd!"

"Tenedos—"

"Boy!"

"In conspectu!"

Mr. Quelch took a cane from his desk, and came towards the class. He was very angry. He did not know the trouble that was upon poor Todd's mind, and that was driving all thoughts of Virgil and the Æneid from his bewildered mind. Todd could no more have construed at that moment than he could have flown through the Form-room window.

"I am waiting for you to construe, Todd," said Mr. Quelch, in a dangerous voice. "If you think you are effecting any useful purpose, boy, by mumbling over a line in Virgil, you are quite mistaken. Go on!"

"Est in conspectu—"

"Todd!"

"Tenedos—"

"Construe!" almost shrieked Mr. Quelch.

"Tenedos, notissima fama insula—"

"Todd!"

"Tenedos is gazing at an island!" gasped Todd.

The Remove roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Even Billy Bunter, who was popularly supposed to be the worst scholar in the Lower Fourth, would not have construed the line thus. But Todd was too hopelessly confused to know whether Tenedos was a man or an island, and whether the island was in sight, or whether somebody was sighting it—in fact, Todd would have said anything at that moment.

Mr. Quelch's eyes gleamed.

"I have no doubt that this is very comfo, Todd!" he exclaimed. "You seem to be able to amuse your Form-fellows. But the Form-room is not a place for jokes, and Virgil is not a subject for laughter."

"My hat, that's right enough," murmured Nugent.

"Hold out your hand, Todd!"

"Oh, sir!"

"Your hand, boy!"

Swish! Swish!

"Now sit down," said Mr. Quelch. "You will go on, Hazeldene. Est in conspectu Tenedos—"

Hazeldene went on.

Todd hardly minded the caning; he was so glad to sit down. The draught from the open Form-room window had found him out. The wind from the sea was very fresh and pleasant, but under the circumstances, Todd did not care for it.

He sat tight, and rubbed his hands.

Mr. Quelch did not take any more notice of Todd during the lesson, and, indeed, paid him little attention during the

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rest of the afternoon. Mr. Quelch might be severe, but he was just, and he thought perhaps that Todd had had enough.

Todd was looking forward anxiously to the dismissal of the class. He wanted a chance to get upstairs and change; but if he was turned out in his present state in the midst of a crowd of fellows, he knew that he would have to run the gauntlet. He was anxious to get the ordeal over.

Half-past four sounded at last, and Mr. Quelch dismissed the class. Todd nudged Wharton nervously as the latter was putting his books away.

"W-w-would you mind walking close behind me, my dear Wharton, as I go out?" he whispered.

Wharton grinned.

"Certainly," he said.

And he did, and Todd passed Mr. Quelch without catching his eye. In the passage outside, however, it was hardly possible to keep in such marching order. The Removites were all laughing, and Todd was crimson.

"Better make a bolt for it," suggested Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My hat!" exclaimed Bulstrode, as Todd started down the passage at the rate of an express engine. "Look out! Ware, girls!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Miss Rosie and Molly, the Head's daughters, were coming down the passage towards Todd.

The unfortunate Duffer of Greyfriars stopped dead.

As the two girls passed him he kept his face to them, backing away like a horse, much to the surprise of Molly and Rosie.

They passed on without remark, however; they knew that Todd was a strange youth. As soon as they were gone, Todd made a desperate bolt for the stairs.

There was a shout of encouragement from the Remove.

"Go it, Todd!"

"Put it on!"

"Hurrah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look out!" yelled Bob Cherry.

But the warning came too late.

Monsieur Charpentier, the French master, was coming downstairs. Todd was rushing up with his head lowered, in far too great a hurry to see anything.

He met the little Frenchman half way.

"Ciel!"

"Ow!"

"Mon Dieu!"

The juniors yelled. Monsieur Charpentier sat down, gasping, on the stairs. Todd clung to the banisters and panted.

"Ah! Ciel!" gasped Moesoo. "Boy! Garçon! Todd! Is it zat you are mad?"

"I'm so sorry—"

"I—I zink—garçon—boy—Todd!"

But Todd had rushed past the French master and fled.

Monsieur Charpentier, gazing after him in amazement, caught a glimpse of rent trousers, and perhaps understood, for he smiled, and went his way without calling Todd back.

The Duffer of Greyfriars tore on, but his adventures were not over yet. There was a maid in the Remove passage, sweeping, and Todd could not pass her. He dodged along by the Sixth-Form studies, and paused a moment at the end of the passage, gasping for breath.

"Todd!"

The unfortunate Duffer gasped in dismay. It was the awful voice of the Head. Mr. Locke was coming directly towards him.

Todd would have fled, but he could not do that without giving his dread secret away. He stood regarding the Head in dismay.

"What are you racing about the passages for in this way?" demanded the Head severely. "You should know better, Todd."

"Ye-e-es, sir."

"Go back at once."

"Ye-e-es, sir."

Todd said "Yes, sir," but he did not move. He hoped the Head would go first, but the Head didn't. He fixed a severe glance upon Todd.

"Todd!" he rapped out.

"Yes, sir."

"Go back!"

"Back, sir?"

"Yes, immediately."

"I-i-immediately, sir?"

"Dear me!" murmured the Head. "The boy is very strange—indeed, extraordinary. I fear that his mind must be a little unhinged. Todd, go before me at once!"

"At—at once, sir?" stuttered Todd.

"Yes, Todd. Obey me!"

"Ye-es, sir."

Todd backed away from the Head. Dr. Locke stared at him in blank amazement.

"Todd," he rapped out, "what do you mean by moving about in that ridiculous manner? You are not a horse!"

"A-a-a horse, sir?"

"Walk away at once, in a sensible manner."

Todd edged away, keeping one side to the Head, sailing very close to the wind, as it were.

The Head almost gasped.

"Todd!" he thundered.

"Yes, sir."

"Are you attempting, Todd, to imitate the motions of a lobster or a crab by moving in that utterly absurd manner?"

"Lobster, sir?"

The Head laid a hand upon Todd's shoulder, and jerked him round. Then, in spite of his great gravity as Head of Greyfriars, he burst into a slight laugh.

"You—you ridiculous boy!" he exclaimed. "Go to your dormitory at once, and change your things. Dear me!"

"Yes, sir."

And Todd fled. There was a gleam of a white shirt as his trousers disappeared along the passage, and the Head laughed. Todd made lightning speed to the Remove dormitory, and, although it did not take him long to change his lower garments, it was a long time before he ventured down again to face the laughter of the Removites.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

No Clowns Wanted.

THERE'S a new circus near Friardale," Bob Cherry remarked to his chums the next day. "We ought to go down and have a look at it. I hear that there is an awfully funny beggar playing clown there."

Todd pricked up his ears. Bob Cherry made the remark in the common-room, and Todd, who was all ears for anything in connection with circuses, came over towards him.

"Indeed, Cherry!" he exclaimed. "I shall be very pleased to go with you. Perhaps you would care to come with me and back me up."

"Back you up!" said Harry Wharton.

"Yes. I am thinking of offering my services to the circus proprietor as a clown," said Todd modestly.

The chums burst into a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, I guess that takes the cake!" exclaimed Fisher T. Fish. "I'd like to see the chap's face when you ask him, Toddy."

"My dear Fish——"

"You champion ass!" exclaimed Bull.

"My dear Bull——"

"Oh, let him go!" grinned Nugent. "I expect he will get some plain English at the circus. Signor Tomsonio—that's the name of the chap—will give him the order of the boot fast enough."

"I don't see why he should act in so rude a manner, Nugent," said Todd mildly. "I shall certainly go down and see him, at all events. Will you fellows come?"

"Not on that journey," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "We're going to see the circus. Tomsonio's circus has been here before—before you came to Greyfriars—and we know a lot of the people connected with it. But we're not going to help you ask the signor for a job. Not much!"

"My dear Wharton——"

"My dear ass, you can get kicked out without having us there to watch!"

And the chums walked away, laughing. Todd blinked after them, but their merriment did not alter their decision. He went for his straw hat immediately after dinner, and a few minutes later was walking away down the lane in the direction of Friardale.

The new circus was camped in the field where Benson's circus had been giving performances a short time before, but it was a much more imposing affair than Benson's. Todd regarded the arrival of the circus in the neighbourhood of Greyfriars as a very fortunate event for himself. It gave him a chance of carrying out his favourite ambition of becoming a clown. Why shouldn't the "boss" of Tomsonio's circus engage him? Alonzo was sure that he would draw a crowd.

A little plump person in a bowler hat, and daubs on his cheeks that told of the grease paint of the previous night, was sitting on a fence, smoking a pipe, as Todd came up to the field.

He gave the Duffer of Greyfriars an affable nod.

"Top of the morning!" he remarked.

"Good-afternoon!" said Todd. "It is afternoon now, my friend, not morning!"

"Well, the afternoon is the top of the morning, ain't it?" asked the little gentleman.

Todd was a little perplexed, and he did not attempt to work out the problem.

"You belong to the circus?" he asked.

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NEXT WEEK: "THE NEW PAGE."

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ONE
PENNY.

"What do you think?" said the little man. "Ain't you ever heard of Pye—Joey Pye, the one and only Joey Pye—the original Joey Pye?"

"I'm so sorry," Todd said; "I haven't."

Joey Pye snorted.

"Where was you brought up?" he demanded scornfully.

"I was brought up with my Uncle Benjamin," said Todd innocently.

Mr. Pye gave him a curious look.

"I wish to see the owner of this circus," said Todd.

Joey Pye shook his head.

"Can't be did," he replied.

"It is important——"

"Free list entirely suspended," said Mr. Pye. "No admittance on the nod. You pay at the door. Performance at seven."

"But I do not want to see the performance."

"Eh! You ain't come for a free pass?"

"N-n-no. I wish to see Signor Tomsonio on business."

"Oh!" said Joey Pye. "It can't be a bill. You're too young for a bill-collector."

Todd smiled.

"Not at all," he said. "The fact is, I wish to become a clown."

Joey Pye stared blankly at Todd; and then, apparently overcome, he fell backwards off the fence into the field. Todd rushed in at the gate in great anxiety, fearing that the little man had hurt himself. But it was only one of Mr. Pye's little tricks, and he had turned a somersault backwards, and was already on his feet.

"Dear me!" gasped Todd. "I feared that you had suffered injury."

"Go hon!" said Mr. Pye. "I was surprised, that's all. So you want to adopt my profession, young 'un, do you?"

Todd looked at him in wonder and admiration.

"Are you a clown?" he asked.

Mr. Pye grunted.

"Am I a clown?" he repeated. "The original Joey Pye, the first and most famous of all mirth-merchants! Do you want to insult me, young man?"

"Oh, certainly not!" exclaimed Todd, in distress. "I am very far indeed from wishing to insult anybody. My Uncle Benjamin always impressed upon me to be kind and polite to everyone, and never to fail in courtesy, even towards the most objectionable people."

Mr. Pye blinked doubtfully at Alonzo, and jerked his thumb towards the tent and caravans.

"Come hon!" he said. "I'll interduce you to the boss. Most particular friend of mine, the signor. So you want to be a clown like me?"

"Yes, please."

"Oh! Ah! Yes! This way!"

Mr. Pye ushered Todd into a tent. In a room with canvas walls a fat gentleman in a gorgeous waistcoat, with a silk hat tilted on one side of his head, sat smoking a rich, rank cigar. The aroma of that cigar could almost be heard. Mr. Pye met the puzzled glance of the fat gentleman, and grinned.

"Young gent wishes to be a clown, sir," he said, and vanished.

"What!"

Todd advanced towards the fat gentleman.

"Please, sir, do you belong to the circus?"

"No," said the fat gentleman.

"Oh, I understood——"

"The circus belongs to me," the fat gentleman explained.

"Oh, I see!" said Todd.

Signor Tomsonio removed his fat cigar from his mouth.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I wish to become a clown," said Alonzo simply.

The circus proprietor stared at him. He seemed inclined to faint in his chair. But he didn't. He measured Todd with his eye, and then shouted:

"Pye!"

"Hallo, boss!"

"Take this young shaver back to his asylum."

"Oh, suttlingly!"

"Dear me!" said Todd, in astonishment. "I have not escaped from an asylum, sir. You are under a great misapprehension. I merely wish to become a clown."

"Show him out," said the signor.

"But, sir——"

"Yes, sir, this way," said Mr. Pye, taking Alonzo Todd by the arm, and whisking him out of the tent. "This way, young gentleman."

Todd blinked at him outside the tent.

"Am I to understand that Signor Tomsonio declines my services?" he asked.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My dear person——"

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"Ahem!" gasped Joey Pye. "Excuse me—not laughing—troublesome cough! Takes me that way sometimes. Ha, ha, ha! All right now! Lemme see, you want to become a clown, don't you?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"What can you do?"

"Almost anything, I think, with a little practice," said Todd modestly. "I am willing to show you my powers as a clown, an acrobat, or a juggler."

"Good biz!" exclaimed Mr. Pye heartily. "Come and show us! Here, you fellows, come and look on, and tell us what you think of the new clown."

There was a general chuckle from the men Joey Pye called up. But Todd did not heed it. He was only too anxious to show what he could do as a clown.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Not in the Programme.

JOEY PYE smiled softly. The circus men were crowding round. There were Samson, the Strong Man, and Jim Carson, the Handsome Man, the Acrobat, and Jack Talbot, the Circus-rider, and Herr Biberach, the Lion-tamer. There were half a dozen more, too, and all of them looked on in great amusement as Joey Pye began to put Alonzo through his paces.

"I suppose you can do the pyramid?" Mr. Pye suggested.

"I—I do not know whether I could build a pyramid," said Alonzo. "I have had no experience either as an architect or a builder. But—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I mean, standing on another clown's shoulders," said Joey Pye.

"Oh, I understand! I do not know, my good friend, as I have never tried."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ahem! Now's a chance to try," said Mr. Pye. "Give me a hold."

"Oh, certainly! But—"

"Hold his hat, Jack."

"Right-ho!" said Talbot, laughing.

Joey Pye seized the Duffer of Greyfriars, and slung him into the air. Todd, feeling as if the earth were turning round and round him, suddenly found himself seated upon the clown's shoulders.

"All right?" asked Joey Pye.

"Ye-es, I think so."

"Now stand up on my head, on your own head," said Joey.

"I—I think—"

"Go it!"

"B-b-but—"

"Hallo! You're falling!"

Todd slid off Pye's shoulders, but the clown caught him, and swung him round, and stood him gently upon his head in a heap of straw.

Todd stood there inverted for about a second, and then rolled over.

"Ow!" he gasped.

He sat up and blinked. The circus hands yelled with laughter.

"Chuck it, Joey!" said Jack Talbot, laughing. "You're not cut out for an acrobat, young shaver. You had better cut!"

"Oh, rats!" said Joey Pye warmly. "The young gent's simply built to be funny."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come on," said Joey Pye. "Let's see how you do a balancing trick."

"Oh, certainly!"

"You take this pail of water, and balance it on your head," said Joey Pye, picking up a stable pail. "I suppose you can do it?"

Todd eyed the pail a little nervously. But the Duffer of Greyfriars had heaps of pluck. Had not his Uncle Benjamin always impressed upon him never to give up anything he attempted until he had succeeded in it?

"I will try," said Alonzo.

"Chuck it, Joey!"

"Rats!"

Joey Pye raised the pail and stood it on Todd's head.

"Now, you have to balance that," he said. "If you can do it for two minutes, I shall begin to think you've got the makings of a clown in you."

"Oh, certainly!"

Todd felt very uneasy. As a matter of fact, he could not have balanced the pail a second after Mr. Pye let go. It was Mr. Pye's intention to let him souse himself with water, with the charitable hope that it would cure him of wanting to become a clown.

But the instant Mr. Pye released the pail, Todd stumbled, and the pail shot forward off his head.

There was a yell of laughter from the onlookers.

For the pail had shot directly towards Mr. Pye, and instead of Alonzo receiving the water, Mr. Pye himself received it.

Sloosh!

Right into Mr. Pye's grinning face the pailful of dirty water swamped, and the little clown staggered back with a wild gasp.

"Ooooooooooch!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yah! Groo! Groooooch!"

"Oh, dear!" said Todd, in dismay. "I'm so sorry!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jack Talbot dragged the Duffer of Greyfriars by the arm, and pointed towards the gate.

"Cut off!" he exclaimed.

"Why?" asked Todd innocently.

"Because Pye will squash you; you ass!"

"But—"

"Groo-ooch!" gasped Mr. Pye, wiping the water out of his eyes. "Lemme gerrat him! Lemme get hold of him! I'll teach him to play tricks on his uncle! Where is he?"

"My dear—"

"Hold on, Joey!"

"Lemme get at him!" yelled the clown.

He rushed at the dismayed Duffer of Greyfriars.

"Joey!"

It was a sweet, soft voice; it came from a girl in a riding-habit, who had just ridden up, and dismounted from a handsome black horse. Joey Pye stopped all of a sudden, and his wet face turned crimson as he swung round towards the young girl.

"Ye-es, Miss Clotilde," he stammered.

"Don't touch him, Joey."

"N-n-no, Miss Clotilde."

"It was your own fault," said Clotilde laughing. "You deserved it, Joey. I am sure you would not be rough with the boy."

"Well, no, miss," said Joey, calming down. "Of course, he ought to be jumped on, squashed, hanged, drawn, quartered, and halved, for being such an utter ass, but I'll let him off if you like. Vamoose, you worm!"

"But—"

Joey Pye pointed to the gate.

"Buzz off!"

Todd hesitated.

"Absquatulate!" roared Mr. Pye, mopping his face with a red handkerchief. "Vamoose! Avaunt! Bunk! Get! Hop it!"

"But—"

"My only silk topper!" ejaculated Mr. Pye. "He doesn't understand plain English! Hop it, you chump! Hook it! Depart!"

"But I want to be a clown."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"No, you don't," said Joey Pye. "You want to be a slain idiot, or you wouldn't stay here. Get me my gun, Talbot."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Alonzo.

"My gun!" roared Mr. Pye.

"I—I beg of you—"

"Where's that gun?"

Talbot picked up a stick and handed it to Joey Pye. Pye put it to his shoulder, cocked his head on one side, and took aim at Alonzo. The Duffer of Greyfriars was too terrified even to notice that it was not a gun that Joey Pye held to his shoulder.

"Buzz off, or I fire!" roared Mr. Pye.

Todd took to his heels.

"Faster!" shrieked Joey Pye. "I give you the millionth part of a second to get out of the gate! Aha! I'll shoot him through the midriff! I'll bore a passage through his cabeza! I'll blow out the place where he would have his brains if he had any! Aha!"

Todd dashed out of the field at an amazing speed, and disappeared down the lane.

Mr. Pye threw down the stick, and threw himself down after it, yelling with laughter, and kicking up his heels.

Even Miss Clotilde was laughing. Even the saturnine face of the Handsome Man was convulsed.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

But Todd was not laughing. He was speeding down the lane at top speed, convinced that he had barely escaped with his life from a den of murderous ruffians.

Right on he went, with pumping breath, and bursting ribs, and starting eyes, not daring to slacken speed till Greyfriars rose before him, and he dashed in exhausted at the gates.

"My hat!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, as he caught sight



Todd grasped the stumps and ball, and began to toss them into the air. "My hat!" gasped Wharton. "He's juggling! Jump on him, somebody!" (See Page 12.)

of Todd coming on panting to the School House. "What's the matter, Todd? Have they taken you on as a clown?"

"Ow! Help!"

"What?"

"M-m-m-murder!"

"Great Scott!"

Wharton grasped the terrified Duffer of Greyfriars by the shoulder, and shook him. Todd halted, and swept a terrified glance round towards the gates, and gasped with relief as he saw that there was no sign of pursuers.

"Oh, dear!" he panted. "I have had a fearfully narrow escape!"

And Todd breathlessly described his adventure at the circus. But the juniors, instead of being thrilled with horror, as Todd expected, only yelled with laughter. Todd was amazed. But the more he explained, the louder the juniors yelled, and the Duffer of Greyfriars gave it up at last.

THE NINTH CHAPTER. Keeping Wicket.

CLICK!

The cheery sound of bat meeting ball rang over the junior cricket-ground. Harry Wharton & Co. were at practice. It was not a match, but the Remove batsmen were standing up in turn to the bowling of Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. If they could stand up to Hurree Singh's bowling, they knew that they could stand up to anything the Fourth Form could give them, and it was the

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NEXT
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hardest test they could have. Hurree Singh was in fine form, and Tom Brown, and Nugent, and Bull, and Hazel-dene, and Bulstrode, and several others had stood his bowling for a few minutes in turn, and then fallen. Harry Wharton was at the wicket now, and he was making a better show.

The nabob sent down all sorts of balls, but Wharton kept his wicket intact, knocking away the leather every time.

"Bravo, Harry!" Bob Cherry exclaimed. "Blessed if you couldn't stand up to a county bowler! Inky, you bounder, why don't you get him out?"

The dusky bowler grinned.

"The bowlfulness is good, but the batfulness of the esteemed Wharton is terrific!" he remarked.

"Play up!"

Click!

The ball sailed away again.

Nugent ran after it; but the ball was stopped. Alonzo Todd was coming on the field in his new straw hat, and the ball caught his hat and carried it off his head.

Todd gave a jump of amazement.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed.

"Chuck it over here!" exclaimed Nugent, stopping.

He was referring, of course, to the cricket-ball. But Todd had not seen the ball—he was thinking only of his new hat lying in the grass.

He blinked dazedly at Nugent.

"My dear Nugent—" he began.

"Ass! Chuck it over!"

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"But——"

"Pick it up and chuck it to me!" roared Nugent.

"Oh, certainly!" said Todd, in great surprise.

He picked up the straw hat and threw it to Nugent. The junior was not prepared for that, and the hat caught him across the nose before he could guard.

"Ow!" he roared.

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

"Todd, you ass! What's that for?" yelled Nugent.

Todd looked astounded.

"You—you asked for it!" he gasped.

"You—you—you——"

Words failed Nugent. The straw hat had fallen at his feet, leaving a red mark across his nose. The junior raised his foot and stamped on the hat, reducing it to a wreck in a moment.

Todd uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"My dear Nugent——"

Nugent ran forward and picked up the ball, and returned it to Hurree Singh. Todd picked up his new hat and regarded it with dismay.

"Nugent! My dear Nugent——"

But Nugent was gone.

Alonzo sadly flattened out his hat as well as he could, but it was only too clear that that straw would never be itself again. The Duffer, therefore, replaced it with a cap and joined the cricketers, giving Nugent a very reproachful glance.

"My dear Nugent," he exclaimed, "the wanton destruction of property is most reprehensible! My Uncle Benjamin would say——"

"Rats!"

"Certainly not! I have never heard my uncle use that expression. He would say——"

"Oh, cheese it! What did you chuck your silly hat at me for?"

"You asked me to——"

"I asked you for the ball, fathead!"

"Oh, I see! You did not explain. You should have endeavoured to render your meaning more lucid and explicit, my dear Nugent——"

"Br-r-r-r!"

"However, I forgive you, Nugent, as you were acting under the influence of a misapprehension," said the Duffer of Greyfriars. "I have come here to play cricket, my dear fellows."

"Rats!"

"Go home!"

"Run away and play!"

"My dear fellows!"

"Buzz off!"

"Travel!"

"Vamoose!" said Fisher T. Fish. "Absquatulate!"

"My dear Fish——"

"Slide! Lights out!"

"I am willing either to bat or to bowl," said Alonzo.

"Oh, go home!"

"I am sure, Wharton, that you will not refuse to give me some necessary practice," said Todd patiently. "I desire very much to play for the Form, and I feel sure that I shall need some practice first."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"That's true enough."

"Perhaps I could keep wicket," suggested Todd. "I have an idea that I could keep wicket very well. Or, if you like to put your cricket practice aside, I will show you some juggling tricks with a cricket-ball."

"Ass!"

"My dear Wharton——"

"Oh, suffocate him, somebody!" said Bob Cherry.

"My dear Cherry——"

"Let him keep wicket," said Wharton, resignedly.

"Mind you don't get your brains knocked out, Todd. But I suppose that's impossible. There you are!"

"Where shall I stand?"

"Get behind the wicket, ass!"

"Oh, certainly!"

"Of course, you could stand in the long-field, or at short-leg," said Bob Cherry, with a deep sarcasm that was quite lost upon Alonzo.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Todd blinked at Bob Cherry, and took up his position to keep wicket. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh bowled again, but Todd had no chance with the ball. Wharton stopped it on the crease. Half a dozen balls in succession Wharton stopped, or knocked away, and Todd began to feel that his position was a sinecure.

Naturally, crouching there waiting for a ball that never came, the Duffer's mind began to work upon its favourite subject. He turned over in his mind the new juggling trick

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he had been devising, in which a ball and a set of stumps were to be kept continually in the air.

And as the juggle formed itself in Todd's mind, he could not resist the impulse to suit the action to the thought.

Wharton had just failed, at last, to stop a ball.

It slid past the wicket, and Todd stopped it with his shin. He gave a wild howl.

The juniors howled, too—with laughter.

But Todd did not care.

He grabbed the ball, and with the other hand he grabbed the stumps. There was a yell from the juniors.

As Wharton's bat was on the crease he was in no danger from the wicketkeeper—at all events, from any wicketkeeper but Alonzo Todd.

But it was soon clear that Todd was not thinking of getting the batsman out.

He grasped the stumps and the ball, and began to toss them into the air and catch them.

The juniors stared at him for some seconds in blank amazement, wondering whether he had taken leave of his senses.

But he hadn't. They realised that he was juggling.

There was a shout of wrath.

"Stop it!"

"Stop him!"

"Collar the fathead!"

"Chuck it!"

The Duffer of Greyfriars took no heed. He was juggling away, oblivious to his surroundings and to the wrathful exclamations of the juniors.

Ball and stumps sailed in the air, Todd catching them in turn.

"My hat!" gasped Wharton. "He's juggling! Jump on him, somebody!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Collar him!"

"Ow!" roared John Bull. "Oh, my napper! Oh!"

The ball had descended upon Bull's head. He simply danced as he clasped it. There was a yell from Nugent as a stump dropped on his toe.

The juniors made a rush at Alonzo Todd.

"H-h-hold on!" gasped Todd. "You are spoiling the trick! My dear fellows—— Ow!"

"Kick him out!"

Todd, struggling vainly in the grasp of the juniors, was dragged to the edge of the field, and hurled away.

He rolled away on the ground in a very dizzy state.

Frank Nugent shook a furious fist at him as he sat up and blinked the blink of astonishment.

"You'll get scalped if you come back!" roared Nugent.

"My dear Nugent——"

"Get away!"

"Buzz off!"

The cricketers returned to the pitch. Todd staggered up and blinked after them, and stood for a few minutes reflecting. But he finally decided not to return. He had had enough of cricket and cricketers for one afternoon.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Kind Friends.

BULSTRODE came off the cricket-ground with a sulky expression on his face. Thrice he had stood up to Hurree Jamset Ram Singh's bowling, and thrice he had been dismissed first ball. The burly Removeite was undoubtedly very much out of form, and as a natural consequence he was very much out of temper. Bulstrode wanted very much to figure in the Remove eleven that season, but there seemed little prospect of it unless he worked very hard indeed at the nets. And Bulstrode did not like hard work. Sometimes, indeed, he would work very hard; but periods of industry were followed by periods of slackness, and that was not the way to reach excellence. And Harry Wharton had announced his intention of having the Remove eleven right up to the mark.

Skinner joined the bully of the Remove as the latter came off, with his hands thrust deep into his pockets.

"Going strong?" asked Skinner.

Bulstrode shook his head.

"No!"

"Hard cheese!" said Skinner sympathetically. "Never mind; you're out of practice, that's all. I hear Todd's been at practice."

Bulstrode could not help grinning, in spite of his ill-humour.

"Yes. He's a comic beggar!"

"He's been asking me to lend him a hand in his new wheeze," said Skinner, with a chuckle. "You know he wants to be a clown?"

"The ass!"

"Yes; he wants to get some bare-back riding, now,"

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said Skinner. "He's been asking me to help him get a horse to practise on."

Bulstrode laughed.

"The chump will break his neck!" he said.

"Oh, I don't suppose he'll do that, but it will be funny to see him careering about on a giddy horse," said Skinner. "Look here, what do you say to getting Gosling's pony for him, and—"

"We should have to tip Gossy."

"You've got plenty of tin," said Skinner. "I was thinking that it would be funny to set him going on Gossy's pony into the cricket-field while the chaps are playing."

Bulstrode burst into a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good!" he exclaimed. "The practice is done now, and Wharton's formed up two sides to play a test match. They're very keen about it."

"You're not in the twenty-two?"

"No!" said Bulstrode savagely. "I shouldn't be here if I were, should I?"

"N-no, of course not!" said Skinner smoothly. "It's rot, you know! You bat ever so much better than a chap like Hazeldene, for instance, or Vernon-Smith. I hear that Wharton is giving the Bounder a trial."

"It's true."

"Well, it would be great fun to see the pony scatter them and trample up the pitch!" grinned Skinner.

Bulstrode chuckled.

"Ripping!"

"Let's go and see Gosling, then."

"Right you are."

The two juniors walked down to the stable-yard, where Gosling, the school porter, happened to be just then. Gosling was washing his hands in a bucket, preparatory to retiring to his lodge for the consolations of gin-and-water after his labours. He looked at the two juniors in a far from amiable way.

"Which you ain't allowed in 'ere!" he exclaimed.

"Gossy, old man—"

"Wot I says is this 'ere, you get hout!" said Gosling.

"I suppose you don't want half-a-crown?" said Bulstrode. Gosling's manner changed.

"Wot's that?" he asked.

"Half-a-crown, if you want it," said Bulstrode, holding out the coin between his finger and his thumb.

The school porter's eyes glistened. Gosling had an insatiable appetite for tips, as the Greyfriars juniors well knew.

"Which I'm a 'ard-working man, and not above taking a little remuneration," he said. "I thank you kindly, Master Bulstrode. Wot I says is this 'ere, you're a gentleman, you are!"

"Gentleman for half-a-crown!" murmured Skinner. "Make it five bob, Bulstrode, and be a nobleman while you're about it!"

Bulstrode grinned.

"Look here, Gossy, I want you to lend me your pony for ten minutes or so," he said.

The school porter shook his head.

"Can't be done, Master Bulstrode!"

"It's only for a chap to try and ride him," urged Bulstrode. "It will be all right, of course. Todd wouldn't take him out of the yard, and he's a splendid rider. I really want to do Todd this little favour, and it's worth half-a-crown to you, Gosling."

The porter hesitated.

There was no harm in allowing a junior to attempt to ride his pony, especially if the junior in question knew how to ride. The pony certainly was skittish if he had an inexperienced hand in charge of him. But half-a-crown was a very great consideration to Gosling.

"Very well, Master Bulstrode. I don't see why I shouldn't oblige you," he said.

"Good!"

"'And over, sir!"

Bulstrode tossed the half-crown to Gosling. The school porter pocketed the coin with considerable satisfaction.

"Of course, you'll see the pony doesn't get loose," he said. "I won't stay 'ere myself, but I depend on you, Master Bulstrode."

"That's all right, Gossy."

And Gosling walked away.

"You get the pony out, Skinny," said Bulstrode with a grin. "I'll go and look for Todd. He will regard this as the chance of a lifetime."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Can the silly beggar ride, do you know?"

"Nothing but a clothes-horse, I believe."

"Ha, ha, ha! Then he ought to be jolly glad to have two kind friends to provide him with a little practice."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bulstrode walked away in search of Todd. He found the Duffer of Greyfriars under the elms in the Close, making

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ONE
PENNY.

further endeavours to straighten out the straw hat, which showed very plain signs of Nugent's boot.

"Hallo, Todd!" said the burly Removite affably. "Are you ready?"

Todd blinked at him.

"Ready for what, my dear Bulstrode?"

"Riding practice."

"Eh?"

"You were telling Skinner that you wanted some riding practice," said Bulstrode cheerily.

"Yes, indeed. I am keenly desirous of obtaining some riding practice," said Todd confidentially. "You see, it is an essential part of a clown's business."

"Of course."

"But I have no opportunities," said Todd with a sigh. "Skinner advised me to get some practice upon Mrs. Kebble's clothes-horse, but I fear that that remark was intended in a humorous spirit, for of course it would be impossible to get any really useful practice that way. He also suggested asking him again when he had a cold, saying that at such times he was a little hoarse himself. I think he must have been making a pun," said Alonzo, with a perplexed expression.

"Perhaps he was," agreed Bulstrode with a grin. "But you've got kind friends, Todd, to stand by you at a time like this. We've arranged it for you."

"My dear Bulstrode—"

"We've got you a pony to practise on," said Bulstrode benevolently.

"Bulstrode! This is really exceedingly kind of you!" exclaimed the Duffer of Greyfriars, in surprise. "I have always said, my dear Bulstrode, that you are not really so unfeeling and heartless as most of the fellows think you. I have always maintained, my dear fellow, that even you have your good points. I am so pleased to see that I was perfectly right in this, my dear Bulstrode!"

"You ass—"

"Eh?"

"I—I mean, just so!" said Bulstrode hastily. "The fact is, Todd, that you have exercised a highly beneficial, moral influence upon me."

"I am so glad to hear you say so. My Uncle Benjamin would be delighted," said the gratified Todd.

"You see, I've arranged with Gosling to lend you his pony, and Skinner's got it ready in the yard," said Bulstrode. "If you care to try it, Todd, there you are!"

Alonzo Todd's simple face beamed.

He could almost have hugged Bulstrode at that moment. Certainly the bully of the Remove was showing himself to be far more kind and thoughtful than he had ever been suspected of being by anybody in the Form.

"My dear Bulstrode, I cannot say how gratified I am by your exceeding kindness," said Todd, in the best style of his Uncle Benjamin. "It is noble of you."

"The fact is, Todd, that since I have known you I have tried to be noble," said Bulstrode, with an air of great simplicity. "I hope to be as good and noble as you are yourself, in time, Todd. Do you think there is any chance for me?"

"Undoubtedly, my dear Bulstrode. You fill me with gratification," said Todd, beaming. "I shall never forget this kindness upon your part."

"Come on, then; the pony's ready."

"I am quite ready, my dear Bulstrode. I shall be only too pleased to have an opportunity of practising a little this essential part of the duties of a clown." And the Duffer of Greyfriars followed Bulstrode in the direction of the stables.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Todd Rides.

"THIS way," said Bulstrode.

And he led Todd into the yard. The pony stood ready, Skinner holding the head.

"There you are, Todd!" said Skinner, with a wink at Bulstrode. "Warranted quiet to ride or drive! Come up!"

Skinner's last remark was to the pony, who showed not the slightest disposition to come up. Alonzo was very much impressed with Skinner's professional manner, nevertheless.

Bulstrode grinned.

"He's all right—eh, Todd?" he said.

Alonzo beamed on Bulstrode before replying.

"Yes, indeed! Thank you so much, Bulstrode and Skinner. He is, indeed, to all appearances, a magnificent animal. But I'm not sure that my Uncle Benjamin would like me to ride a pony that had to be driven—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Pray, what is the cause of this uproarious merriment, Bulstrode and Skinner?" asked the Duffer of Greyfriars, in astonishment. "I am perfectly serious, I assure you."

"Hold me up!" said Skinner, laying his forehead against the pony's neck. "You're really too rich, Todd! Explain to him, Bulstrode."

"Certainly, Todd, my dear chap," said Bulstrode, in such a gentle voice that poor Alonzo blinked with further astonishment. "Skinner merely meant that the animal was equally useful for riding, or say in a cart or trap."

"Oh!" said Alonzo, greatly relieved. "I see, Bulstrode. Thank you so much. Under all ordinary circumstances there would be no need to apply the rod of castigation."

Bulstrode and Skinner stared at Alonzo.

"Ye-es, that's about it, Todd," they said. "There's really no need to lick him."

"Oh, I'm so sorr—I mean glad. How can I get on his back, if you please, Skinner?"

Skinner looked at Bulstrode meaningly.

"Well, Todd," he said, "that's according to the way you prefer to do these things. There are really all sorts of ways of doing it. You might get a pair of steps and climb on to him. Or perhaps you would prefer to be let down gently—say, by special balloon."

"Special balloon, Skinner!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bulstrode. "Don't take any notice of the beast, Todd. He was pulling your leg. But I'll give you a leg up."

"Do you think the pony would like me to pat him?" asked Todd.

Bulstrode and Skinner made indistinct noises. They did not know whether to laugh or choke. Alonzo was in his best form, and was making things far funnier than they anticipated.

But the duffer of Greyfriars patted the pony's neck without waiting for their reply.

Skinner pushed it at the same moment. The result was that the pony careered to one side. Alonzo jumped back in some alarm.

"You'll have some trouble with him, Todd," said Bulstrode. "You're quite sure you can ride?"

"Oh, yes, thank you, Bulstrode! I've ridden on the merry-go-rounds at fairs many a time with my Uncle Benjamin—Pray what is the matter? Are you ill, you fellows?"

Bulstrode and Skinner had turned away to hide their emotion. They were choking with suppressed laughter.

"And Uncle Benjamin said I was a very good rider, Bulstrode," concluded Alonzo.

"Of course you are, Todd," gurgled Bulstrode. "I say, Skinner, get him the steps and let the show begin."

Alonzo beamed after Skinner. The latter had entirely recovered himself when he returned a moment later with a pair of steps.

Carefully the pony was backed into position. Alonzo looked at the two plotters doubtfully.

"What is it, Todd?" said Skinner, very sympathetically.

"I was thinking that when the pony begins to go round the yard, Skinner, perhaps you and Bulstrode would not mind running round with him for a turn or two in case he should be restive, you know, and throw me off. You could catch me, couldn't you?"

"Oh, yes," Bulstrode hastened to say. "But he's as quiet as a baby, isn't he?"

"However did you know that, Bulstrode? Why, that's what my Uncle Benjamin is always saying about me—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the two schemers. "We meant the pony! Ha, ha, ha!"

"What a strange coincidence, my dear fellows!" said Alonzo. "But I'm so glad the pony is quiet. It's very good of you, Bulstrode and Skinner."

The two waved their arms as Alonzo at last prepared to mount.

"Whoa!" said Bulstrode, with the express intent of alarming the pony if he could. Alonzo heard him, and he made mental note that he would "whoa" in case of necessity, since it was evidently the way to make a pony be quiet and obedient. Standing on the top of the steps, he took a look round before cooking his leg over the pony's back.

"Of course, you must not expect too much the first time, Bulstrode and Skinner," he said; "but I am convinced that I can do as well as the person I saw at the circus."

"Better," said Skinner—"much better, I'm sure!"

In another moment Alonzo was mounted for the fray. But the pony remained as if nothing had happened. Not a step did he make. Alonzo beamed down on the two plotters. He was quite content with being mounted at all, for the present. He had never been on a real horse before, and he was confident that the pony would move in good time.

"Go on, Todd!" said Bulstrode. "What's the first trick you are going to do? The pony's quite willing, isn't he?"

"Oh, yes, thank you, Bulstrode!" said Alonzo. "But is it not a pity to disturb so good-tempered an animal? And had he not better get quite used to me before I really begin?"

Bulstrode and Skinner grinned, and the latter gave the pony a sounding slap on his flank.

Alonzo was greatly alarmed as he felt the movement of the body beneath his legs. The pony began to move round the yard at a slow walk.

"By Jove!" said Bulstrode. "He's a real circus animal, Todd. He goes beautifully, really."

"Yes. But make him move a bit, Todd!" said Skinner.

"You can't do anything with a pony crawling like that. Tell him to gee up!"

Alonzo was fully occupied in maintaining his balance, but he managed to smile at Skinner.

"Certainly, Skinner, if you wish it!" he said. "But how am I to tell a dumb animal—"

"Click your heels into his withers, of course," replied Skinner. "You know, as if you had spurs on."

"But I'm afraid I shall fall off, Skinner," said Alonzo.

"Nothing venture, nothing have," said Bulstrode seriously. "You'll never do yourself justice unless you do, Todd."

Alonzo looked doubtful. But at last he warily stretched out one leg and gave his mount a dig. The result was salutary. Alonzo assuredly had no spurs, but from the way the pony reared it is to be feared that Alonzo's boots had something painful about them. In any case, the Duffer of Greyfriars was lifted out of his seat, and he came down with his nose between the pony's ears. With a wild yell he clung to the animal's neck.

Bulstrode and Skinner roared with laughter. Alonzo looked reproachfully at them. But the friskiness of the pony soon brought him back

to a sense of his position.

"Wh-wh-wh-whoa!" screamed Alonzo. "Wh-wh-wh-whoa! Can't you?"

"He could, of course, Todd," said Bulstrode facetiously. "But I'm afraid he won't."

And the two japers made a pretence of trying to rescue Alonzo from his unfortunate position. But they took good care not to do so. Every time it appeared that they had a good chance of stopping the pony, they backed away as if there were some danger of which Alonzo Todd was not aware.

"Oh, d-d-d-d-ear!" gurgled Alonzo, as the pony jerked him up and down in its race round Gosling's yard. "I w-w-w-wish you'd st-t-t-top him, B-b-b-b-b-b-bulstrode—!"

"Nonsense, Todd!" shouted Skinner. "It's only the pony's playfulness. He'll be all right in a minute. Why don't you try and get him under control. You ought to, you know, you're on his back! Whoa, horse!"

Needless to say, the pony did not "whoa." Skinner's voice had the effect of making it more scared, and it began to tear round the yard in a way that made Bulstrode and Skinner rather alarmed. One of those flying hoofs in the ribs would not be a joke. Alonzo was now wildly alarmed. He clung to the pony's neck in sheer terror. The two juniors were now taking great care to keep their distance.

"Ow!" yelled Alonzo, as the pony suddenly began to dance a sort of polka in the middle of the yard. "Ow! I-I-I-I-s-s-say, you f-f-f-f-fellows, can't y-y-you st-stop him?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Bulstrode and Skinner. "Bravo,

NEXT TUESDAY:

"The New Page."

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Todd! You're doing it at last! This is miles better than any circus!"

And it was. For next instant the pony got its head well down and without the slightest warning it set off at full gallop from Gosling's yard. Alonzo narrowly escaped being lifted against the wall. Bulstrode and Skinner thought they had better follow it. The pony was tearing round and round, Alonzo bellowing for someone to stop it. But it was the pony's day. And Bulstrode or Skinner hadn't pluck enough in any case.

They could only grin. Then the pony made off again. This time it made straight for the Head's house.

Bulstrode gasped.

"My hat! Look at it!"

Skinner's jaw dropped.

"Phew! There's going to be trouble!"

"Looks like it!"

"Stop, you ass! Todd! Pull it in!"

Todd could have pulled in an express engine just as easily. He was clinging wildly to the pony's neck as it rushed on. But the animal stopped short of the Head's house. He whirled round from it, and skirted along the garden wall.

Bulstrode dashed forward, waving his arms wildly. To keep the pony away from the Head's garden, and to drive him into the playing-fields among the cricketers, was his idea—and he succeeded.

"Shoo!" he roared. "Yah! Shoo!"

And the pony swerved off from the shouting junior, threw up its heels, and with Alonzo still clinging tightly to its neck, dashed away into the playing-fields.

There was a wild yell from the cricketers.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Fisher T. Fisher Handles the Lasso.

HARRY WHARTON and John Bull were batting, when the pony came charging upon the cricket-field, with Todd clinging to its back. Wharton had just cut away the ball through the slips, and the batsmen were running.

The field ran, too, as the pony came charging in.

"Look out!"

"Stop!"

"Get off the grass!"

"Drive him away!"

Tramp, tramp, tramp, came the careering pony.

Bulstrode and Skinner roared with laughter. Todd and the pony were more than carrying out their kind wishes.

Frank Nugent was nearly run down, but he saved himself by dodging, and then Bob Cherry leaped for his life out of the pony's path.

The animal charged right across the pitch, and Harry Wharton and John Bull tore out of the way, quite forgetting the run they were making.

Wharton waved his bat at the pony.

"Shoo!" he roared.

But the animal declined to "shoo."

Two or three of the fieldsmen ran into its path waving their hands, and the animal swerved, and charged down the pitch, kicking one of the wickets to pieces in its way.

There was a wild roar from players and onlookers.

"Shoo!"

"Keep off!"

"Todd, you ass——"

"Stop him!"

But it was not so easy to stop the pony.

Todd was quite incapable of doing anything of the sort. He could only cling wildly round the charging animal's neck, in imminent fear of pitching off.

The pony was now thoroughly frightened, and it would have taken a good rider to control him. The task was quite beyond Todd's powers.

"My hat!" gasped Harry Wharton. "The dangerous chump! He wants a strait jacket! Todd, you fathead, get that beast away!"

"Ow! Help!"

"Take it away!" howled Bob Cherry.

"Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bulstrode.

The cricketers gathered in a body and rushed round the pony. They waved and shouted to drive it off the pitch.

The scared animal charged right at them, and they scattered again. Some of them would certainly have been knocked down and trampled over if they had not done so.

"Oh!" howled Todd. "Stop him! I beg of you to stop the ferocious quadruped, my dear friends. Ow! What would my Uncle Benjamin say? Yow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wharton made a spring at the pony's head.

The animal flung its head up and swung away, and dashed off the field, with the cricketers in hot pursuit. The juniors had recognised the fact by this time that Todd ran a great risk of getting hurt if he were not rescued from his position.

(Continued on the next page.)

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ONE
PENNY.



Todd was walking the rope, and really very skilfully, considering. But his position looked terribly dangerous. "Todd," called out Wharton, "come back, old fellow!" (See page 17.)

Clatter, clatter, clatter! went the pony's hoofs in the close.

"After him!" panted Wharton. "Todd will break his neck!"

"Anybody got a rope?" shouted Fisher T. Fish. "If I had a rope, I'd show you how we lasso wild bronchos over there."

"Rats!"

"I guess——"

"Get round the beast, and close in on him!" exclaimed Hazeldene.

"Easier said than done," grinned Skinner.

"Somebody get a rope!"

"Buck up!"

"Pull him in, Todd! Pull him in, you duffer!"

"Ow! Help! Yargoh! I am horribly shaken! I fear I shall fall off! Stop, you brute—oh, dear! Ow! Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My hat! He's going for the garden!" gasped Wharton. The juniors had closed in upon the pony and penned him in against the wall of the Head's garden. But the gate was unfastened, and the scared animal careered through it, and rushed into the garden.

"Great Scott! There'll be a row now!"

"The rowfulness will be terrific!"

"Get me a rope!" yelled Fisher T. Fish. "I tell you I can lasso him!"

"Rats!"

The juniors rushed into the garden after the pony. Fisher T. Fish ran off to get a rope.

Fish was always willing to show the way things were done over there—"over there" being the great United States, a place where everything was done in top-notch style, according to Fisher T. Fish, of New York. Fish, it is true, generally failed when he came to give a demonstration of the wonderful things that were done "over there." But that made no difference to Fisher T. Fish. He went serenely on his way all the same.

The pony was charging up and down the shrubby paths, so frightened by the shouting and chasing that it did not know what it was doing.

Alonzo clung on to its back with the tenacity of despair.

Twice the juniors cornered the pony, and each time they had to break away as it came charging furiously at them.

There was a shout as Fisher T. Fish appeared at last with the rope he had gone for. It was a clothes-line, and Fish had made a running noose at the end of it, so that it would answer the purpose of a lasso.

"Here you are!" shouted Fish. "Get out of the way! I guess I am going to rope that critter in—Some."

"Go it, Fish!"

"Ten to one you don't do it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Cave!" shrieked Bob Cherry. "The Head!"

"Phew!"

Dr. Locke had come out of the French windows into the garden. The terrific uproar had brought him out. As a matter of fact, juniors were not allowed in the garden, and the Head stared at the excited crowd of them in amazement.

"Boys!" he shouted angrily.

"Yes, sir—the pony, sir!" gasped Wharton.

"Bless my soul!"

"I'll have him!" shouted Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I'll rope him in, sir."

Fish swung the lasso round his head.

The circling rope flew, but unfortunately it flew in the wrong direction. The noose caught upon something, however, and Fish dragged excitedly on the rope.

"Got him!"

There was a wild gasp from the Head.

The noose of the lasso had caught over his shoulders, and the pull on the rope dragged him off his feet.

The juniors simply gasped with horror. But Fish was too excited for the moment to see that he had caught the wrong individual.

"Got him!" he roared. "Come and hang on!"

"Fish!"

"Am!"

"Fathead!"

"Lunatic!"

"You've lassoed the Head!"

"Let go!"

Fish jumped.

"Thunder!" he ejaculated.

He dropped the rope. Wharton and Nugent rushed to help the Head up. Dr. Locke staggered to his feet, breathless, wrathful, and threw the rope from him.

"Boys!" he gasped. "Thank you, Wharton! Fish, take five hundred lines!"

"Oh, sir!"

"Leave this garden at once—all of you! I—I——"

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SIX HAMPERS OF "TUCK" GIVEN AWAY AGAIN THIS WEEK—SEE THE "GEM" LIBRARY. 1st

Words failed the Head. The boys streamed out of the garden. The pony had already careered out of the gate again, and the boys followed it. Fisher T. Fish gathered in his rope, and disconsolately followed them.

"Jever get left?" grinned Bob Cherry

"Oh, rats!"

The pony was rushing back to the stable now. The juniors swarmed after it in a shouting throng, Fish gathering up his lasso for another cast.

He swung it round his head, and there was a terrific yell from John Bull. He had caught the rope across his shoulders.

"Ow! Ah! Oh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess——"

John Bull hurled himself upon Fisher T. Fish, and floored him, and sat on him, and took the rope away. The American gasped under the sturdy junior.

"Lomme gerrup!" he panted. "Ow! I guess——"

"You ass!" roared John Bull.

"Ow! Gimme that rope! I guess I'm going to lasso him!"

"You've guessed wrong, then—guess again!" chuckled John Bull, as he rose and tossed the rope over the school wall. "You ass!"

Meanwhile, Harry Wharton & Co. had chased the pony into the yard. They found Alonzo Todd reclining on a heap of straw. The pony had gone back into the stable. Todd sat up in the straw and blinked dizzily at them.

"Oh, dear!" he gasped.

"You ass!" shouted Harry Wharton. "You're lucky not to have broken your neck. You silly ass!"

"My dear Wharton——"

And the juniors streamed away, laughing, leaving Alonzo Todd sitting in the straw. He sat there quite a long time before he had breath enough to get up and limp away to the School House.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Walking the Rope.

"MY dear Fish——"

It was nearly bedtime for the Remove, when Alonzo Todd jammed a bony knuckle into the ribs of the American junior, and addressed him affably. Todd had been lying low for some time, quite tired out by his exertions as a bareback rider. But as bed-time drew near, he seemed to become quite lively again, and he had evidently not lost his fancy of becoming a clown. The American junior grunted as he jerked himself away from Todd's bony knuckle.

"My dear Fish, will you lend me the rope?"

"What rope?" grunted Fish.

"You had a rope, I think. I am in need of a rope," Todd explained.

"I guess you are—to tie up your jawing-machine," said Fish.

"My dear Fish——"

"Rats!"

Fisher T. Fish strolled away. Todd blinked after him, and then turned to Bulstrode.

"My dear Bulstrode, could you lend me a rope?"

"What for?" asked Bulstrode.

"I am thinking of practising rope-walking," explained Todd. "It is one of the essential duties of a clown, I believe."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I see no reason for laughter, my dear Bulstrode. If you could lend me a rope, I should be very much obliged. I have practised walking along the top of a fence," said Todd. "I am really quite expert, you know."

"Oh, I'll get you a rope," said Bulstrode, grinning. "I'll borrow one from Gosling. It will be worth tipping him a tanner if you break your neck."

"Ahem! My dear——"

But Bulstrode walked away. Five minutes later he handed the Duffer of Greyfriars a rope in a coil. Todd thanked him profusely.

"This is extremely kind of you, my dear Bulstrode," he said. "My Uncle Benjamin would be very pleased to see the change that has come over you of late. It shows that there is still hope for even the most unpleasant and objectionable people. My Uncle Benjamin says it is never too late to mend."

"Fathead!"

"My dear——"

"Dummy!"

And Bulstrode walked away, leaving Todd quite surprised. Todd often succeeded in offending people without having the slightest intention of doing so, and he was very much puzzled.

However, he had the slack rope act to think about now. He disappeared from the common-room with the rope, and was not missed till bed-time, when Wharton noticed that he was not with the Form as they went upstairs to the Remove dormitory.

"Where's that blessed ass Todd?" Wharton asked.

Bulstrode burst into a chuckle.

"I believe he's practising rope-walking somewhere," he said. "I shouldn't wonder if he's hanged himself by accident."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Skinner. "It's very likely!"

Harry Wharton frowned.

"Hallo! Here he is!" exclaimed Nugent, as he entered the dormitory and found the light on. "What have you come up here for, Todd?"

Alonzo Todd placed his finger on his lips.

"Hush!" he said.

The Removites looked at him in amazement. There was nothing unusual in the aspect of the dormitory, and Todd did not appear to have been doing any tricks. Why he was so mysterious they could not guess.

"What's the little game?" asked Nugent.

"Hush!"

"Fathead! What are we to hush for?" roared Bob Cherry.

"You see, I don't want the prefects to get on the scent," said Alonzo Todd, in a hushed and mysterious voice, placing his hand upon his lips.

"The prefects!"

"Yes; they might stop me."

"Stop you from what?"

"Practising."

"My hat! What are you going to practise, then?"

"The slack rope."

"Great Scott! Here?"

"Exactly, my dear Wharton."

"But—"

"Hush!"

"You chump!"

"Hush!"

Loder, the prefect, came into the dormitory. The prefect had his usual impatient and unpleasant expression on his face.

"Not in bed yet!" he growled. "You'd better be quick! Do you think I'm going to hang about a junior dormitory all night?"

The juniors did not answer Loder—they never did. Answering him made him worse. They turned into bed, and the prefect turned out the light and snapped the dormitory door shut.

The dormitory was silent for a moment. One end of it was dark, but the other was very light, from the stream of moonlight that poured in at the windows.

A minute after Loder was gone, Alonzo Todd hopped out of bed.

"Who's that turning out?" asked Harry Wharton.

"It is I, my dear Wharton."

"What are you up to?"

"I am going to walk the slack rope in order to perfect myself in the essential duties of a clown, my dear fellows."

"Oh, go to bed and be quiet!"

"I am extremely sorry to be obliged to refuse you, my dear Wharton. But in the daytime I should probably be stopped from performing this exercise, and so I am bound to take advantage of my present opportunity."

"Oh, ring off!"

Harry Wharton put his head on the pillow again. Todd had mounted upon a chair and was opening a window. Wharton imagined that the Duffer of Greyfriars intended to fasten a rope from the window to one of the beds, and attempt to walk it. The real intention of Todd he never even suspected, or he would have jumped up at once and stopped him.

The end of a rope was fastened to the window-sill. Todd pulled it in, and it was then clear that the other end of the rope was fastened to the branch of a tree outside.

Todd had climbed the tree earlier in the evening and fastened it there and then placed the loose end ready to be drawn in at the dormitory window. That was what had kept him so busy up to bed-time, and what he was afraid of the prefect discovering.

Todd drew in the loose end of the rope till it was quite taut, and then tied it securely to one of the bedposts.

Then he mounted upon the window-sill.

His shadow was flung across the dormitory as he blocked up the moonlight at the window, and it startled Harry Wharton. The captain of the Remove sat up in bed in surprise, and stared at the figure in the open window.

"Todd!" he shouted.

"Yes, my dear Wharton," said Alonzo, looking round.

"What are you going to do?"

"Walk the slack rope."

"Where's the rope?"

"Fastened to the tree."

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Wharton leaped up.

"You're not going to try from the window!" he shouted.

"Indeed I am!"

"You'll break your neck! Come back, you ass!"

"Not at all, my dear Wharton! I have already had some practice, and I am sure that I shall achieve a great success."

"Todd! Stop! Stop!"

Wharton ran towards the window. But the pyjama-clad figure of the Duffer of Greyfriars had already disappeared. Alonzo Todd was on the rope outside the window now.

"Good heavens!" gasped Wharton. "He'll break his neck!"

"Great Scott!"

"The Great Scottfulness is terrific."

"Stop him!"

A crowd of juniors turned out of bed and dashed towards the windows. But it was too late to stop Alonzo Todd.

Outside, in the moonlight, the Duffer of Greyfriars was walking the rope!

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Loder Is Just in Time.

HARRY WHARTON looked out of the window with a face grown suddenly pale.

Todd was walking the rope, and really very skilfully, considering. But the captain of the Remove trembled for his safety.

"Todd!" he called out. "Todd!"

"Yes, my dear Wharton?"

"Come back, old fellow!"

"Not yet!"

"It's not safe, Todd!"

Todd made no reply. The rope was sagging, and he had slipped.

There was a sharp cry from the juniors.

"He's down!"

But Todd had caught hold of the rope, and he was hanging on to it with his arms, and gasping for breath. The keen wind from the sea blew his pyjamas round his thin limbs.

"Ow!" gasped Todd.

"Hold on!" shouted Wharton.

"Yow!"

"Tight, Todd—hold tight!"

"Groo! I'm holding tight! I—I can't get back, my dear Wharton!"

"Work your way along the rope, you ass, and we'll pull you in!"

"The pullfulness will be terrific, my worthy and esteemed fatheaded friend."

"Ow!" groaned Todd. "It's c-c-c-c-cold!"

He squirmed back along the rope, and Harry Wharton and John Bull grasped him, and dragged him in at the window.

Todd was bumped down on the floor, and sat there gasping.

"You champion ass!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "If you play a mad trick again like that, I'll give you a prize thick ear!"

Todd scrambled up.

"I'm sorry, my dear Wharton, if it displeases you, but I must continue my practice. Please allow me to pass out of the window."

"Chump!"

"I must insist—"

"Got my pocket-knife, will you, Frank?"

"Right-ho!"

"My dear Wharton, I cannot allow you to interfere with my rope-walking practice," said Todd, gently but firmly. "I am exceedingly sorry, of course, that my proceedings do not meet with your approval, but my Uncle Benjamin always impressed on me never to be turned from my course by absurd and asinine interfere—"

"Here's the knife, Harry."

"Thanks!"

Wharton opened the knife, and drew the blade across the rope. The parted rope fell with a twang, and Todd uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"My dear Wharton, you have cut the rope."

"Exactly!" said Wharton, stepping away from the window. "You see, Todd, your neck isn't worth anything."

ANSWERS

but we're not going to allow you to break it. We might have to cut a cricket match to attend the funeral, and think how awful that would be!"

"The awfulness would be terrific."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My dear Wharton—"

"Oh, go to bed and shut up!"

And as Todd's rope-walking exercise was effectually cut off, the Duffer of Greyfriars went to bed.

When the rising-bell went in the morning, Wharton sat up in bed and glanced round for Alonzo Todd. The duffer was not to be seen.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Where's Todd?"

Wharton ran to the window. He was half afraid that Todd had been attempting his rope-walking again overnight while the rest of the Form slept, and had met with some mishap. But there was no sign of the Duffer of Greyfriars under the windows.

"He's gone off to practise some rot," said Bull.

"I suppose so."

"Hark! What's that row in the passage?"

Wharton opened the dormitory door.

Todd was in the passage. He was moving along with his head thrown well back, and a chair balanced by one leg upon his chin.

"Here he is!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was evidently a new balancing trick. Todd kept on, apparently oblivious of the fact that a crowd of grinning juniors were watching him from the open doorway of the Remove dormitory.

The chair, to judge by the look of it, and by the noise the juniors had heard, had had a fall, but the Greyfriars juggler was not discouraged.

He moved along the passage towards the stairs with his head back to keep the chair well balanced, and his eyes turned upward. He was approaching the head of the stairs, and as his glance was on the ceiling, he did not see them, and he had apparently forgotten the existence of the staircase.

"My hat!" exclaimed Nugent suddenly. "He'll fall downstairs!"

"Todd!" shouted Wharton.

Todd took no notice.

Wharton ran down the passage to stop him. Todd was close to the stairs now, and it certainly looked as if he would step off the top step into space.

"Todd! Todd!"

At that moment a figure appeared on the stairs. It was Loder's. The prefect had been out early.

He stared at Todd.

"Todd!" he shouted. "What are you doing? What—Oh!"

Todd halted, startled, and looked towards the stairs. Naturally, the motion of his head sent the chair flying forward.

It swept down upon the prefect.

Before Loder could make a movement to avoid it, the chair bumped against his legs, and he went rolling.

"Oh, dear!" gasped Todd.

"Great Scott!"

Loder clutched wildly at the banisters, and saved himself before he had rolled more than three steps down. The chair went bumping and crashing to the bottom of the staircase.

Loder gasped for breath for a few seconds, dazed, and then charged up the stairs like a bull.

"Run, Todd, you ass!" yelled Wharton.

"My dear Wharton—"

"Run, you fool!"

Loder's furious face warned Todd that he had better run. He dashed down the passage at top speed, his airy pyjamas floating in the breeze.

After him went Loder.

"Stop!" yelled the prefect.

Juniors were supposed to obey the prefects, and Todd's Uncle Benjamin had always taught him to obey those in authority over him. Todd generally did, but on this occasion, perhaps, disobedience was excusable.

Todd dashed on as if he were on the cinder-path. Into the Remove dormitory he went, the juniors making way for him with excited shouts, and in after him tore Loder.

Loder had aches and pains all over, but the chief injury he had received was apparently in his temper, which seemed to be at boiling-point. It would certainly have gone hard with the Duffer of Greyfriars if Loder had got hold of him at that moment.

"Stop him!" shouted Loder, as Todd dodged down the long dormitory with surprising activity.

But the juniors were not likely to do that. Todd might

be a hopeless duffer, but their sympathies were on his side. On the contrary, they gave him shouts of encouragement.

"Go it, Todd!"

"Put it on!"

"Todd wins! Hurrah!"

Right down the dormitory Todd went, and then he dodged round a bed, and Loder dodged after him. Todd leaped the bed in desperation, and Loder reached after him, over-reached himself, and sprawled, gasping, on the bed.

Todd was off again like a shot. It was a narrow escape, but a miss was as good as a mile.

Loder scrambled, gasping, off the bed.

"Stop him!" he yelled thickly.

Todd was making a desperate break for the doorway again. No one was likely to stop him. Loder dashed after him furiously.

"Go it, Todd!"

"Try the stairs!"

"Round the box-rooms, old chap!"

"Hurrah!"

Down the passage went Todd, with the thundering feet of the pursuer behind. The terrified junior darted up the box-room stairs, dodged through one room and another, came out by another narrow staircase, and found himself in the passage of the Remove studies. Loder was not behind him now, having been thrown off the track in the box-room passages; a very old and rambling part of Greyfriars. But Todd knew that he would not be more than a minute.

"Oh, dear!" gasped Alonzo. "Whatever shall I do? I wonder what my Uncle Benjamin would advise under these extremely peculiar circumstances? Oh, dear! I—I cannot return, and I cannot go downstairs unclad; I might meet the ladies! Oh, dear!"

He remembered that John Bull sometimes kept a rain-coat in his study. He dashed into the study, and, sure enough, there was the macintosh hanging behind the door.

Todd put it on hastily. It was very short for him, and his long, thin calves, clad in highly decorative pyjamas, came down below the rain-coat. Todd buttoned the macintosh as he ran out of the study. A trampling footstep on the stairs warned him that the pursuer was at hand.

"Stop!" yelled the voice of Loder.

But Todd didn't stop. Loder's voice was simply a signal to him to get going again. He dashed on down the great staircase and past the masters' studies, Loder tearing on behind. The hour was early, the passages were clear, and all seemed planned for an uninterrupted foot-race.

But Todd had lost his wind, and he had no chance. He opened a door blindly, and bolted in, and slammed the door behind him. He felt blindly for the key. But there was no key! He had wildly hoped to lock the furious prefect out, but that was impossible, and he stood gasping helplessly, waiting for his doom.

But Loder did not open the door!

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Mysterious Animal.

LODER, the prefect, could have followed the unhappy Duffer of Greyfriars into the room quite easily if he had chosen; but he didn't care to.

Todd, as he breathed a little more freely, looked round him, wondering where he had got to. He had hardly a faint recollection of the route he had taken to reach the place. He knew that he had rushed up one passage, and down another, and dodged round corners, and that was all.

He was in a large, well-lighted room, looking out with French windows upon a garden that seemed familiar to Todd. There was a long table laid for breakfast, and a cheerful fire was burning in the grate.

Todd gave a gasp of fright as he recognised his surroundings.

He knew that room; he had been in it before. It was the Head's breakfast-room! His wild dash for escape had landed him in the Head's house, which was a part of the School House buildings, and he was in the breakfast-room, into which the Head and his wife and daughters might enter at any moment.

"Oh, dear!" gasped Alonzo.

What was he to do?

To leave the way he had come was impossible. Loder was lurking in the passages, ready to pounce upon him before he could regain the school quarters; and besides, he might meet the Head and his wife face to face!

Alonzo was painfully conscious of the fact that he was in no condition to meet ladies. The rain-coat buttoned round his slender figure was extremely airy, and his pyjamas showing beneath it might be artistic so far as decorative effect went; but—A Directoire dress could not have been better designed to show the beauties, or otherwise, of the figure than Alonzo's present attire.

"Oh, dear!" groaned Alonzo. A gleam of hope lighted his eyes as he looked towards the French windows. There might be an avenue of escape in that direction.

He ran to the windows and looked out. He might cut across the lawn, and—

He popped back from the window the next second.

Two girls were walking on the grass just before the windows—Rosie and Molly, the Head's young daughters. Miss Rosie, the Head's eldest daughter, who had been lost for many years and strangely recovered, was already on the best of terms with little Molly, her younger sister, whom she had never seen till she came to Greyfriars. The sisters were talking in low, affectionate tones, quite oblivious of the hunted youth who was looking out of the French windows of the breakfast-room. They did not see Alonzo. But there was evidently no escape that way.

"Oh, dear!" murmured Alonzo.

There was a footstep in the passage outside the room door. Todd's heart jumped into his mouth. Visions of the Head or more awful still, the Head's wife, rose in his mind. He gave a wild glance round, and plunged under the table.

The tablecloth descended halfway to the floor, and Todd desperately hoped that it would hide him.

The door opened, and someone came in, and the sound of a tray being set down warned Todd that it was only a maid.

But the Duffer of Greyfriars dared not show himself now. The fact that the Head's breakfast was being brought in showed that the Head, himself, might be there at any moment now. Todd waited and trembled.

There was a well-known footstep and the rustle of a gown. It was the Head!

Alonzo tried to hold his breath, and almost choked. His heart was beating like a hammer as he crouched under the table.

"Breakfast is ready, my dears."

It was the Head's voice speaking from the French windows to the young girls on the lawn.

"Yes, papa."

Rosie and Molly came in.

The Head and Mrs. Locke and the two girls sat down to breakfast, the Head's feet being within two inches of Todd's hands as he crouched there gasping.

Todd, like one in a dream, heard the Head say grace, and listened to the sound of knives and forks that followed.

Todd would have given everything he possessed in the world—even his Uncle Benjamin—to be safely out of his predicament.

But there was no escape now.

He could only sit tight and hope fervently that he would remain undiscovered until the Head's family had finished breakfast, when he would be able to get away.

How long would they be?

The Head shifted his foot, and his boot knocked against Alonzo's shin as he crouched, and the Duffer of Greyfriars gave a little gasp.

There was an exclamation from the Head.

"Dear me! You have not let in one of the dogs, have you, dears?"

"No, papa."

"I suppose it is the cat, then."

"The cat is on the hearthrug," said Mrs. Locke.

The Head glanced round.

"It is really very singular," he remarked. "My foot struck against something that moved, and I heard a sound like an animal breathing."

Poor Alonzo listened, trembling. He did not mind being called an animal so long as he was not discovered.

The Head lifted the edge of the tablecloth.

"Shoo!" he exclaimed.

Todd drew back so quickly that he knocked against little Molly's foot. The little girl gave a sharp cry, and sprang away from the table so quickly that her chair fell over.

"What is it, dear?" asked Miss Rosie.

"Oh, dear! It is something!" gasped Molly. "It touched my foot—it is an animal! Perhaps it is a jabber-wock!" she added, fearfully, Miss Rosie having read the story of "Alice" to her the previous evening, and that terrific animal being fresh in her memory.

"This is very singular!" said the Head, rising from the table. "It is very curious, indeed, that an animal should get into the breakfast-room! Probably it is a stray dog. I will drive it out."

"My dear," shrieked Mrs. Locke, "do not get too close! It may be dangerous—perhaps rabid! Pray run no risks!"

The Head paused.

"Indeed, I—"

"Pray ring for Trotter."

"Indeed, my dear, I shall not ring for Trotter to do what I am alarmed at doing myself!" said the Head in a stately way. "You are, however, right. I will run no unnecessary risks. I will poke under the table with the poker and drive the animal out."

"Yes—yes, that will be far safer."

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NEXT WEEK: "THE NEW PAGE."

EVERY
TUESDAY,

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ONE
PENNY.

Todd trembled. He could only hope that the Head would miss him with the poker. Dr. Locke stooped and took that weapon from the grate, and Molly stood promptly upon a chair, and Miss Rosie retreated to the hearth.

Dr. Locke leaned down beside the table and lunged under it.

"Shoo!" he exclaimed. "Shoo!"

Todd gasped. He had hoped that Dr. Locke would miss, but Dr. Locke's luck was in that day, evidently, for he had Todd in the ribs at the very first lunge.

"Groo!" gasped Todd.

Dr. Locke sprang back from the table.

"Bless my soul," he exclaimed, "it is a human being!"

"Oh, dear, it's the burglar again!" exclaimed Molly.

"That is scarcely likely, my child. You need not be alarmed. I fear it is some dishonest person who has stolen into the house to purloin small articles," said the Head. "Do not be afraid—I have the poker."

"Ow!" groaned Alonzo.

"Step out, you scoundrel!" said the Head, stooping beside the table, and holding up the cloth with one hand, and grasping the poker firmly in the other. "Come out at once! I warn you it will be dangerous for you to resist!"

Todd did not move.

"Come out, sir!" rapped out the Head. "Come out at once! I shall strike you with the poker if you refuse to show yourself! I order you to come out from beneath the table at once!"

"Oh, sir!" gasped Alonzo.

The poker dropped with a crash to the floor.

"Who—who—who is that?" gasped the Head.

"Me, sir."

"I think I know the voice! Is it Todd, of the Remove?"

"Yes, sir."

"Come out at once, Todd!"

"I c-c-can't, sir!"

"What! Come out at once!" thundered the Head.

Todd crawled out.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

No Toffee.

"B LESS my soul!" exclaimed Dr. Locke.

He stared at Todd as if he could scarcely believe his eyes.

Little Molly gave a shriek of laughter, and Rosie smiled. They could not help it. Even Mrs. Locke smiled. Todd presented a figure of dismay that might have moved the Sphinx to a stony grin.

"Todd!" gasped the Head.

Todd reared his lanky form before them, with the rain-coat hanging loose round his bony figure, and skinny calves in highly-coloured pyjamas projecting below it.

"Oh, sir!"

"Boy, are you mad?"

"Ma-a-ad, sir?" stammered Alonzo.

"Yes, boy! How else do you dare to come here, in my breakfast-room, in such—such remarkable attire, and hide under the table, sir?" thundered the Head.

"Table, sir?"

"Todd, how dare you mimic me?"

"M-m-m-mimic you, sir?"

"This is sheer impertinence!"

"Impertinence, sir?"

Dr. Locke made a stride towards Todd.

"Boy, do you wish me to cane you—to make an example of you, sir?"

"Ex-ex-ample, sir?"

"Todd is frightened, papa," said Miss Rosie, in her soft voice. "Perhaps some other boy has been playing a joke on him, papa. I have heard that they do, often."

The doctor's face relaxed a little.

"You are right, Rosie," he said. "Is that the case, Todd? Is this ridiculous exhibition the result of some practical joke?"

"Joke, sir?"

"The boy seems to have taken lessons from a parrot, and to be unable to speak like a human being!" fumed the exasperated Head.

"Parrot, sir?"

Dr. Locke pointed to the door.

"Go, Todd! I shall question you about this later."

"Later, sir?"

"Go at once, boy!" thundered the Head.

Tom started towards the door. Then he remembered the vengeful prefect who was probably lurking in the passages, waiting for him, and turned round again.

"If you please, sir—" he stammered.

"Go!"

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind speaking to Loder, sir——"

"Loder!" repeated the Head, puzzled.

"Yes, sir. It was quite by accident that I dropped the chair upon Loder, and Loder should not have been so extremely angry. My Uncle Benjamin says that an unintentional offence should never be productive of anger."

"What do you mean, Todd? You dropped a chair on Loder?"

"Quite accidentally, sir, I assure you. Loder, however, was very excited, and he chased me. I ran in here to escape him, sir, and——"

"Oh, I think I understand," said the Head. "You are the clumsiest boy in Greyfriars, Todd; but I really do not see how you could drop a chair on Loder. However, I suppose there is really no telling what you can do! You are a most remarkable boy. I will speak to Loder about this, Todd, and take any punishment that may be due, into my own hands. You may go now."

"But Loder, sir—he's waiting in the passage——"

"Oh!" said the Head. "Pray excuse me, my dears, for a minute."

And the Head left the breakfast-room with Todd.

"You young scoundrel—— Oh!"

Loder came springing forward as Todd turned the corner; but he started back at the unexpected sight of the Head.

Dr. Locke frowned.

"That is not the language to use to a junior, Loder!" he exclaimed severely.

Loder bit his lip.

"Please excuse me, sir. I—I should not have used that expression, I know. But when a fellow has had a chair thrown at him, and has been knocked downstairs——"

"Bless my soul!"

"It was quite an accident, I assure you, my dear Loder!" exclaimed Todd earnestly. "I was so sorry! You see, I was trying to balance the chair on my chin, and——"

"You utterly ridiculous boy!" exclaimed the Head, trying not to smile. "You will take a hundred lines for doing anything of the sort, Todd! I think that will meet the case, Loder."

"Oh, yes; certainly, sir!" said Loder, with a side glance at Todd which would have warned anybody but the Duffer of Greyfriars that there was future trouble to come, all the same.

"You may go, Todd."

And the Head returned to his breakfast, smiling.

Todd dashed off to the Remove dormitory to change his light and airy garb for something more suitable. He did not reach the breakfast-table till most of the juniors had finished.

Mr. Quelch gave him a severe look as he came in.

"You are very late, Todd."

"I'm so sorry, sir."

"Why are you late?"

"I was placed in a most difficult position, sir, by——"

"Well, never mind. Get your breakfast," said Mr. Quelch, who had no wish to listen to one of the Duffer's long-winded explanations.

"But I am willing to explain, sir."

"You need not take the trouble."

"No trouble at all, I assure you, sir," said Todd. "And even if it were a trouble, sir, I should be only too glad to oblige you. My Uncle Benjamin, sir, always impressed upon me to oblige anyone, even the most unreasonable person."

"You may have your breakfast, Todd."

"Certainly, sir. But——"

"Silence!"

"I should be glad to explain fully——"

"If you utter another word, Todd, I shall cane you!" said the Remove-master, in slow and measured tones.

And Todd gasped with surprise, and dropped into his seat.

He did not have much time for breakfast, for the signal was given to leave before he had eaten more than a few mouthfuls, and Todd was feeling hungry when the Remove turned up in their Form-room for morning-lessons. He nudged Wharton as he met him at the door.

"Have you a little chocolate about you, Wharton?" he asked.

Wharton looked at him.

"No," he said.

"Oh, dear!"

"Sorry," said Wharton. "Are you hungry?"

"I had very little breakfast. My Uncle Benjamin says that it is really dangerous to the constitution to commence a day's work on insufficient nourishment."

"You should have thought of that before you played the giddy goat, old son. But ask Bunter; he generally has something to eat about him."

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Todd nudged the fat junior in the ribs with a bony knuckle.

"My dear Bunter——"

Billy Bunter grunted.

"Keep your bony fingers out of my ribs!" he exclaimed angrily.

"I'm so sorry, Bunter. I should have thought you were too fat to feel it," said Todd. "Have you any chocolate about you, Bunter?"

"No, I haven't!"

"Have you any toffee?"

"Rats! No!"

"Or a little butter-scotch? I am hungry, Bunter."

"I've got a little toffee, come to think of it," said Bunter. "Toffee costs money. Look here, you can have it for twopence. That's the exact cost price."

"Thank you, Bunter. I accept your offer, though I cannot but regard you as actuated, under the circumstances, by a spirit of commercialism."

"Gimme the twopence, then."

Todd passed over the two coins, and Bunter rummaged in his pockets.

"Hallo! Here comes Quelch!" he exclaimed. "We'd better get in."

And he rolled into the Form-room. Todd hurried after him anxiously.

"But where is my toffee, Bunter?" he asked.

The fat junior seemed to be suffering from a sudden attack of deafness. He took his place in the Form without answering Todd.

The Duffer of Greyfriars shook him by the shoulder.

"My dear Bunter——"

"Here comes Quelch!"

"But where is that toffee?"

"I think I must have left it somewhere," said Bunter.

"Did I give you some toffee this morning, Cherry?"

"No, you didn't!" said Bob Cherry curtly.

"Well, you needn't be snappish about it," said Bunter.

"Did I give you some toffee, Hazel?"

"No, you didn't, you fat fraud!"

"Oh, really, Hazel——"

"My dear Bunter——"

"You do bother a chap!" said Bunter peevishly. "I suppose I've mislaid it, Todd, or else eaten it by mistake. I'm sincerely sorry."

"Then you had better return my twopence, Bunter."

"Eh?"

"It would be better, under the circumstances, to return me my money," said Todd. "Of course, as you cannot give me the toffee, you would not think of retaining the money."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "You don't know Bunter."

"My dear Cherry——"

"Look here," said Bunter, "I'll speak to you about this afterwards, Todd. Quelch will be here in a minute——"

"Yes; but——"

"As a matter of fact, I don't care to enter into a sordid argument about a paltry sum of money!" said Bunter loftily. "I know you're not a refined chap, like I am, but I think you might draw a line somewhere."

"My dear Bunter——"

"Look here, ask Dutton," said Bunter. "You'll have time before Quelch comes in; we're early. Dutton has a lot of chocolate and toffee in his pocket."

"Oh, thank you!"

And Todd scuttled along the form to Dutton.

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

Hot.

DUTTON was a youth with an affliction, which was a greater affliction to Dutton's friends than to Dutton himself. He was deaf, but he was firmly persuaded that he was only a trifle hard of hearing. He could hear nothing unless it was shouted at him; but if it was shouted, he would detect it by the expression of the face, and then he would get angry.

He was very touchy about his misfortune, which made most of the fellows very considerate to him. But nobody longed for the pleasure of a conversation with Dutton.

Todd tapped him on the shoulder.

"My dear Dutton——" he began.

Dutton looked up.

"Hallo!" he said, in his deep voice.

"I am very hungry, my dear Dutton, owing to missing my breakfast. Have you any chocolate about you?"

"Who's going to clout me?"

"Eh?"

"I'd jolly well like to see him do it!" said Dutton.

"Ahem! I was not speaking of clouting you, Dutton. I should certainly not be guilty of such a ruffianly action."

"Eh! Fractions?"
 "I said action, Dutton—action."
 "Yes; we're doing fractions this morning," said Dutton.
 "Decimals."
 "Oh, dear!" said Todd.
 "No fear!" repeated Dutton. "You'll have to do them, you ass! You can't get out of it. Better say 'no fear' to Quelch, that's all."
 "I did not say 'no fear.'"
 "Pull who's ear?"
 "My dear Dutton, I did not say—"
 "Oh, only play, was it?" growled Dutton. "Well, you'd better not play with me by pulling my ear, if that's what you mean, so I warn you."
 "My dear fellow—"
 "You needn't bellow. I'm not really deaf, only a trifle hard of hearing, and I want a chap to speak just clearly, that's all."
 "Dear me!"
 "Eh?"
 "Have you any chocolates in your pocket, Dutton?"
 "Eh?"
 "Have you any chocolatees?" roared Todd.
 "Chock full! What's chock full?"
 "I did not say chock full."
 "Oh, I'm a fool, am I?" said Dutton. "Look here, Todd, do you want a thick ear for your cheek?"
 "My dear chap—"
 "There you are, then!" said Dutton, giving Todd a smack that rang through the Form-room, and made the Duffer of Greyfriars stagger. "There you are!"
 "Ow!"
 "You ass, Dutton!" shouted Harry Wharton. "What are you punching Todd for?"
 "He asked me for a slap—"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "I'll jolly well give him a licking if I have any more of his cheek!" growled Dutton. "I'm not going to have silly duffers getting at me, just because I'm a trifle deaf."
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Ow!" groaned Alonzo. "I assure you, my dear Dutton, that I was not getting at you. You see, I was requesting you—"
 "Eh?"
 "Oh, give it up, Toddy!" grinned John Bull. "Bunter only switched you off on to Dutton because he doesn't want to hand out the twopence."
 "My dear Bull—"
 "Cave! Here's Quelch!"
 The juniore took their places. Dutton was still looking very red and wrathful. Todd rubbed his cheek as he sat down. He fully forgave Dutton that smack, as it was delivered under a misapprehension, but he was as hungry as ever.
 How he was to get through morning-lessons without something to eat was a puzzle. He felt very empty, and mysterious rumblings from his inward regions announced the fact. What was to be done?
 The morning-lessons proceeded. It was during second lesson that a note was passed along the desks to Todd.
 Skinner put it into his hand, and the Duffer of Greyfriars glanced down at it and read:
 "Would you like a bullseye? Nod your head if you would, and I'll send it along. Swallow it quickly, or Q. will spot you.—BULSTRODE."
 "How very good of Bulstrode!" murmured Todd. And he glanced in the direction of the bully of the Remove, and nodded his head twice in a very significant way.
 Mr. Quelch caught sight of him at the same moment, and looked at him in great surprise.
 "Todd!" he rapped out.
 Alonzo gave a jump.
 "Yes, sir!"
 "Is there anything wrong with your neck?"
 "Neck, sir!"
 "Yes!" roared Mr. Quelch.
 "No, sir."
 "Then why are you nodding your head in that ridiculous manner, Todd, as if you were a Chinese mandarin?" demanded Mr. Quelch angrily.
 "Mandarin, sir!"
 "Todd!"
 "Yes, sir!"
 "What are you nodding about?"
 "Nodding, sir!"
 "Take fifty lines, Todd!"
 "Oh, sir! Certainly, sir! Thank you, sir!"
 Mr. Quelch fumed a little, and went on with the lesson. Todd was always a trial to him.
 Bulstrode had sat as still as a mouse during the dialogue, but now he passed along something wrapped in paper to Todd. The boys passed it on from one to another. Todd expected to receive a bullseye, but the juniors knew perfectly well from Bulstrode's expression that there was a joke on.

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NEXT WEEK: "THE NEW PAGE."

Todd gave Bulstrode a look of gratitude as the little packet was put into his hand.
 "What have you sent him?" murmured Ogilvy, who was sitting next to Bulstrode.
 Bulstrode grinned.
 "A bullseye," he said.
 "What's the matter with it?"
 "Nothing—only it's been rubbed in pepper, so it will be a little extra hot," grinned Bulstrode. "I really had it made up for Bunter, but as poor Todd is hungry, I'm letting him have it."
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 Mr. Quelch's eye flashed round as Ogilvy burst into the involuntary chuckle.
 "Ogilvy!" he rapped out.
 "Ye-es, sir!"
 "Take fifty lines."
 "Oh, sir!"
 Mr. Quelch was beginning to breathe very hard through his nose, a sure sign that he was getting exasperated, and that the Removites would do well to be very careful for the rest of the morning.
 Todd, certainly, meant to be very good. He carefully unwrapped the bullseye in the cover of his desk, and waited for an opportunity to pop it into his mouth when the Form-master was not looking.
 This was really not easy, for Mr. Quelch seemed to have eyes everywhere; but Todd's opportunity came at last.
 He raised the bullseye to his mouth and popped it in when the Remove-master's back was turned.
 The next moment Todd gave a terrific gasp. The bullseye had been pierced with little holes, each of which was crammed with cayenne pepper, and Todd might have put a red-hot cinder into his mouth, and it would have felt much the same.
 The Duffer of Greyfriars leaped to his feet, snorting wildly.
 "Groo! Ow! Yow! Yah!"
 Mr. Quelch swung round towards him with a terrific frown. But Todd did not heed him—did not even see him. He was sneezing and coughing, and snorting, and sneezing, and coughing, at a terrific rate.
 "Groo! Yow! Yah! Atchoo! Cytishoo! Choo!"
 "Todd!"
 "Choo! Chiou! Aytishoo-shooshoo!"

THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

No Vengeance.

MR. QUELCH stood and stared at Todd. He could do nothing else. The Duffer of Greyfriars stood and held on to his desk, and sneezed, and sneezed, and snorted, with the tears running down his cheeks, his nose streaming, and his face a fiery red.
 Mr. Quelch's anger died away.
 He could only imagine that Todd was ill. He came quickly over towards the Duffer of Greyfriars.
 "Todd!" he exclaimed.
 "Choo-choo! Yow! Aytishoo-shoo!"
 "My dear boy—"
 "Groo-groo! Aytishoo-shoo!"
 "What is the matter, Todd? What is the cause of this? Dear me, there is a smell of pepper! Why, what is that?"
 "That" was the bullseye, which Todd had ejected, and which had fallen upon his exercise-book.
 Mr. Quelch looked at it, and sniffed, and understood.
 "Todd!" he shouted.
 "Aytishee-shoo-shoo!"
 "You have been eating sweets in class."
 "Atchoo-schoo!"
 "How dare you, Todd?"
 "Aytishoo!"
 "There must have been pepper upon it," said Mr. Quelch. "Someone has been playing a foolish joke upon this silly boy. Who was it?"
 Silence.
 "Who gave Todd this bullseye?"
 Silence.
 "Todd! Sit down, and be quiet."
 "Atchoo—aytishoo!"
 "You are the most foolish and troublesome boy in the class," said Mr. Quelch severely.
 Todd left off sneezing and snorting, and mopped his streaming nose and eyes with his handkerchief. He felt as if he had very little head left, and as if what was left was on fire.
 "I—I—I'm so sorry, sir!" he gasped. "I'm so-so-so-~~awful~~ aytoshoo!"
 The Remove giggled.
 "I'm so sorry, sir."
 "Who gave you that sweet, Todd?"

"Bulstrode, sir. It was very kind and obliging of him, because I am very hungry, sir, on account of having missed my breakfast."

"Bulstrode, stand up!"

Bulstrode stood up in his place, giving Todd a furious glance as he did so.

"You gave this bullseye to Todd, Bulstrode?"

"Ye-e-es, sir."

"Did you cover it with pepper?"

"Oh, dear!" murmured Todd. "I thought it was very hot!"

"Ye-e-es, sir."

Bulstrode was above telling a lie direct. But he intended to make Todd suffer afterwards for giving him away.

"Oh! It was a foolish joke upon Todd, then?"

"Well, sir, as he was hungry—"

"You will be detained half an hour after lessons, Bulstrode, and you will write out a hundred times, 'It is wrong to play foolish jokes.'"

"Ye-e-es, sir."

"Oh, sir," exclaimed Alonzo Todd, in great distress. "I'm so sorry you think it necessary to punish Bulstrode, sir. I'm sure Bulstrode only meant to be kind, sir."

"Nonsense, sir! Sit down—or, rather, you may go to the housekeeper and ask her for a sandwich, if you are hungry."

"Thank you, sir! But—"

"Not a word more!"

Todd blinked apologetically at Bulstrode, as he quitted the class-room. The Remove bully answered with a black scowl.

"Bulstrode will make it warm for the Duffer presently," Bob Cherry murmured to Harry Wharton.

Wharton set his lips.

"He won't!" he replied. "I shall chip in. It was Bulstrode's fault! Todd never meant to give him away."

"Silence in class!" said Mr. Quelch.

When Todd returned to the class, he was still looking very red about the gills, as Nugent expressed it. He looked very unhappy for the remainder of the morning. When the Remove left the Form-room, Bulstrode remained. The Duffer of Greyfriars paused to speak to him in going.

"My dear Bulstrode, I'm so sorry—"

"Wait till I see you presently," grunted Bulstrode, with a covert eye upon Mr. Quelch, who was at his desk.

"But I assure you—"

"I'll make you sit up for giving me away to Quelch!"

"But I did not intend to do so, my dear Bulstrode."

"Rats!"

"I had no idea that you had played a cruel and ill-natured joke upon me, Bulstrode. I suppose I ought to have known you better than to think that you could be good-natured, but surely the mistake was excusable," urged Todd.

"You silly ass!"

"But really, my dear Bulstrode, I'm so sorry, and—"

"Well, I'll make you sorrier presently."

"What are you staying behind the class for, Todd?" asked Mr. Quelch, looking up from his desk with a gimlet eye.

"Pray excuse me, sir!"

"What are you saying to Bulstrode?"

"Shut up, you ass!" murmured Bulstrode.

"Really, my dear Bulstrode, I am bound to answer Mr. Quelch. I am sorry, sir, but I was trying to explain to Bulstrode that I did not intend to act in a sneaking manner, as he suspects, and that it is most unjust of him to bear malice. If he acts in a rough way to me afterwards, I cannot but think that he will be most unjust."

Mr. Quelch's eye gleamed.

"So you are threatening Todd, Bulstrode?"

"N-n-no, sir," stammered Bulstrode.

"Did he threaten you, Todd?"

"I trust he did not mean it as a threat, sir."

"You may go, Todd."

"Thank you, sir!"

Alonzo departed, Mr. Quelch fixed his eyes upon Bulstrode in a way that made the bully of the Remove feel decidedly uncomfortable.

"I understand you very well, I think, Bulstrode," said Mr. Quelch quietly. "I shall keep my eyes open. If you act in any manner towards Todd that I do not approve of, I shall report you to the Head for bullying, and you will be flogged. Please understand that clearly, and that I shall have my eye on you. You understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Bulstrode, biting his lips.

"I hope, for your own sake, that you will remember."

"Yes, sir."

"You may place your lines on my desk when you have written them."

"Very well, sir."

Mr. Quelch followed Todd out of the Form-room, and Bulstrode was left alone to write his lines.

The Remove bully was in a savage mood. He could hear THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 164.

the merry shouts of the fellows in the Close, and the sound made him angrier than ever.

He wrote his lines out badly and sullenly. When they were finished, he deposited them on the Form-master's desk, and quitted the Form-room. Skinner was lounging about the passage, but all the other fellows were out of doors.

"Finished?" asked Skinner, with a sympathetic grin, in which, however, there was more mockery than sympathy. "I've been waiting for you, old fellow!"

"Want to borrow something?" snarled Bulstrode.

Skinner smiled a sickly smile.

"I thought you might be going to the tuckshop," he said. "I'll come with you."

"You saw me take a postal-order out of my governor's letter this morning, you mean," said Bulstrode, who was not what would be called gentle and courteous to his followers when he was out of temper.

"Nice temper you seem to be in!" said Skinner. "You can go and blow your blessed postal-order by yourself, and be hanged to you!"

And Skinner walked away. Bulstrode called after him.

"Hold on, Skinny! It's all right."

"Oh, is it?" sniffed Skinner. "If you think you're going to talk to me like Bunter, you're mistaken! Go and eat coke!"

"It's all right— Look here!" said Bulstrode. "I want to make Todd sit up for giving me away to old Quelch. How can I do it?"

"Lick him," said Skinner tersely.

"Can't be done!"

"What rot! You could lick ten of him," said Skinner, in amazement. "He's in his study now, and Wharton's down on the cricket-ground, so you wouldn't be interfered with, if that's what you're afraid of."

"I'm not afraid of anything, confound you!" said Bulstrode savagely. "Only Quelch has caught on to it, and he's going to take me before the Head if he finds out that I've been pitching into Todd, that's all."

Skinner whistled.

"Oh, that alters the case, of course!" he exclaimed. "Look here, Loder's fed up with Todd. Get Todd into his hands somehow."

"How could I work that?"

Skinner rubbed his nose thoughtfully for a moment. Skinner was seldom at a loss for an idea when an ill-natured turn was to be done to someone.

"I've got it!" he exclaimed.

"Well?" said Bulstrode, with a grunt.

"Tell him Loder is anxious to see his performances as a clown, and get him to go to Loder's study to give a show." Bulstrode stared for a moment. Then he burst into a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Skinner chuckled.

"Well, what do you think of the idea?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, ripping! If it comes off I'll stand you a standing feed. Let's go and find Todd."

And the two young rascals hurried up to the Remove passage in search of the Duffer of Greyfriars. They ran along to the end study, and Bulstrode threw open the door, and a peculiar sight greeted him.

THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

Algebra.

BULSTRODE and Skinner stared into the study.

"My hat!" Bulstrode ejaculated.

Alonzo Todd was "going strong." He was in the study, with a red, perspiring face and starting eyes, juggling with a dictionary, a teapot, and a fire-shovel.

Todd had evidently been practising in deadly earnest, for the glass over the mantelpiece was cracked, and chairs were overturned, an inkpot upset, and other damage done.

The Greyfriars clown was gasping for breath. He was not naturally an athlete, and his exertions seemed to be tiring him.

But he stuck manfully to his guns.

Several juniors had looked in upon Todd during the course of his labours and grinned at him, but Todd took not the least notice. He went on his way grimly, and juggled, and juggled, with deadly results to the furniture round him.

He blinked at the two juniors as they looked in, and the dictionary went with a crash to the floor.

The teapot followed it, and there was a loud smash. Todd caught the shovel in time, and panted:

"Oh dear!"

He grasped the shovel, as if for a weapon of defence, as Bulstrode came in. But the bully of the Remove wore a most peaceable expression.

"Splendid, Todd!" he exclaimed.

"Ripping!" said Skinner heartily. Todd looked very pleased. "Do you really think so, my dear fellows?" he asked. "Certainly!" said Skinner. "Not the slightest doubt about it," Bulstrode observed. "You have the makings of a clown in you, Toddy." "Beats the clown at Benson's Circus hollow." "Oh, right down to the ground!" "There's a knack about these things——" "And Todd's got it!" "That's it!"

Todd could hardly believe his ears. Bulstrode did not often tell a flattering tale, and Skinner's remarks were, as a rule, caustic. It did not occur to the simple Duffer of Greyfriars that the two rascals of the Remove were "pulling his leg."

"I'm so glad you think it's good!" he exclaimed. "When I am a little more practised I hope to give a performance in the Form-room, and get my Uncle Benjamin to come and see me. My Uncle Benjamin would be so pleased!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Would you like to see me juggle?" asked Todd. "Yes, rather!" said Bulstrode. "We'd like it awfully, Todd, if only to show that you have no ill-feeling for what I said to you in the Form-room. Of course, I didn't mean it!"

Alonzo beamed. "I'm so glad, Bulstrode! I knew that upon second thoughts you would not act in a rude and violent manner without cause. I will now juggle."

"But I don't want to be selfish," said Bulstrode. "The dearest wish I could possibly have would be to see you juggle, Toddy; but I mustn't be selfish. Loder has a right to be considered."

"Loder?" repeated Todd, puzzled. "Yes," said Skinner, with great seriousness. "Loder was speaking to me just now, and he said, with tears in his eyes: 'Skinner, what can I do to show Todd that I'm sorry for being so hasty with him this morning?'"

"My dear Skinner, did he really?" "I told him you never bore malice, and to prove it you'd come and show him some juggling tricks in his study," said Skinner, without moving a muscle.

"Quite right, Skinner! I shall be very pleased," said Todd. "I'm sure I'm very glad to see Loder showing this reasonable spirit."

Bulstrode staggered out into the passage and gasped. He was afraid his face would give the game away if he stayed in the study.

"Loder's in his study now, waiting for you," said Skinner. "He's got Carne with him, and I believe they're playing cards. If you go and give them a show it will be much better for them, don't you think so?"

"Undoubtedly, my dear Skinner." "Then off with you, Todd!"

"Oh, certainly! I will not delay a moment. What kind of juggling trick do you think Loder would like best, my dear Skinner?" asked Todd anxiously.

"Well, suppose you do the juggling with a poker and a shovel, and two or three other things, keeping them all going at once," Skinner suggested. "Say a clock, and an inkpot, and a cushion."

"Excellent! I have all those articles here." "Take them with you, then."

"Very good!" Todd collected up the articles suggested by Skinner.

"I am ready," he said. "Buzz off, then!"

Todd departed. Bulstrode and Skinner watched him go, hardly believing their eyes. As he disappeared down the stairs, his arms full of the required articles, Bulstrode staggered against the wall, gasping.

"My hat!" "Oh, crumbs!" murmured Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Ho, ho, ho!"

"Oh, come on!" gasped Bulstrode. "It's worth a feed—it's worth a regular feast! Come on, old chap!"

Meanwhile, Todd went cheerfully on his way.

He met Billy Bunter on the stairs, and the fat junior blinked at him in astonishment.

"Where on earth are you taking those things, Todd?" he asked.

"I am going to Loder's study." "Going to sell those things?" asked Bunter.

Bunter, when he had been an occupant of No. 1 Study with Wharton & Co., had frequently raised the wind by selling things out of the study. He naturally thought that Todd was doing the same with John Bull's or Fisher T. Fish's property.

Alonzo shook his head. "Certainly not, my dear Bunter! How could I possibly sell these things when they are not my property?" he asked.

Bunter granted.

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"Look here, Todd, I could find you a chap to buy some of them, and we could share the plan—the profit," he said. "I know that Smith minor wants a new cushion, and young Thompson sold his fireirons the other day, and wants a new lot cheap. You can allow me a percentage, and——"

"But they are not my property, my dear Bunter."

"You own a share in the furniture of your study, I suppose?"

"Well, yes, but——"

"Then you can sell the things up to a third of the lot," said Bunter. "I'll find you a purchaser, and——"

"But I should only be entitled to a third of the purchase money——"

"That's a mistake," said Bunter calmly. "I can prove it to you in algebra if you like. You see, I've got a head for business. Suppose A represents the shovel, and B represents the poker, and C represents the cushion——"

"But——"

"Then A plus B minus C represents the profit of the transaction——"

"Eh?"

"C divided by A equals zero for Bull and Fish. Zero equals nought, so Bull and Fish take nothing, while the purchase price of the commodities, equalling A plus B plus C, is paid to you and me."

"My dear Bunter——"

"Come on! I know where young Thompson is, and I——"

"But I don't want to sell the articles, Bunter. I am taking them to Loder's study to show him some juggling tricks."

Bunter snorted. "You frabjous ass! Why couldn't you say that before?"

"My dear Bunter——"

"Oh, seat!"

And the fat junior rolled away.

Alonzo Todd, very much puzzled by Bunter's algebra, went on his way, and arrived at Loder's study in the Sixth Form passage, and knocked at the door.

THE TWENTIETH CHAPTER.

Woe to the Conquered!

LODER and Carne were in the Sixth Form study—improving the shining hour by playing a little game. The little game was banker, and there was money on the table, and the door was locked, in case Wingate or a master should come along. The two black sheep of the Sixth started up in alarm at the knock.

Loder swept his money into his pockets, and threw the cards into a drawer in the table and closed it, in about two seconds. In the same space of time Carne put his cash out of sight.

"Who's there?" called out Loder.

"Please, Loder, it is I."

"That young idiot Todd!" Todd knocked again.

"Tell him to go away!" said Carne.

Loder shook his head.

There was a savage expression on his face. He had not forgotten the incident of the morning, and Fate seemed to have thrown Todd purposely in his hands for vengeance.

He unlocked the door and threw it open.

"Come in, Todd," he said.

The Duffer of Greyfriars entered the study.

He bestowed a beaming and benevolent smile upon the two seniors, who stared in amazement at the sight of the cargo he carried.

"What on earth have you brought those things here for?" demanded Loder.

Todd looked surprised.

"For the juggling trick," he replied.

"The—the what?"

"The juggling trick," said Todd. "I will begin at once, so as not to waste your time, my dear Loder."

"W-w-what?"

"It is really very simple, but it requires practice," said Todd. "I shall, I hope, be able to keep all these articles in the air at once."

And he started!

Loder and Carne looked at one another. The same thought occurred to both of them—that the Greyfriars Duffer was out of his senses.

Carne tapped his forehead significantly.

"So you've come here to juggle, have you?" exclaimed Loder.

"Yes, my dear Loder."

"You expected to please me, did you?"

"Oh, certainly! Skinner was kind enough to tell me how

"anxious you were to see me juggle," said Todd, "and, of course, I do not bear any malice for your hasty conduct this morning, my dear Loder. I know that you must have been very badly trained, or you would not have yielded so to your temper, and I pity rather than condemn you."

Loder gasped.

Crash!

The cushion fell upon the table, and thence to the floor. The shovel followed it with a loud clang, and then the poker.

"Oh, dear!"

Todd collected them up and started afresh. At the same moment, Loder and Carne made a simultaneous movement towards him.

"Collar him!" said Loder.

"My dear Loder—"

"You cheeky young cad—"

"Pray keep back! You are interrupting! Oh, dear!"

Crash!

The poker dropped on Loder's toe. The prefect gave a fiendish yell, and leaped into the air, and then danced on one foot, roaring.

"Ow, ow! Yow!"

"Oh! I'm so sorry! I— Mind, Carne—pray mind!"

But Carne "minded" too late. The inkpot swept through the air, and crashed on his chin as he reached at Todd. The concussion knocked the cork out. Anybody but Todd would have emptied the inkpot before juggling with it, but that simple precaution had not occurred to the Greyfriars clown. Carne gave a wild yell as a flood of ink shot over his face and collar and necktie.

"Oh, dear!" gasped Todd. "I'm so sorry!"

"You young villain— My toe— Ow!"

"You—you young scoundrel—"

"My dear friends—"

Todd's two dear friends seized him at the same moment. The Duffer of Greyfriars yelled, and dropped the rest of his articles, as they began to box his ears right and left.

"Ow! Yow! Oh! Yaroo!"

Smack, smack, smack!

"Ow! Oh! Help!"

"You young rotter!"

Smack, smack!

Alonzo Todd rolled on the floor, and Loder and Carne stooped to drag him up, to continue the castigation. Todd's hand came into contact with the poker, and he grasped it. Todd was the last fellow in the world, as a rule, to use a weapon of defence, but there were occasions when even Todd's Uncle Benjamin would have recommended it.

Todd jumped up, poker in hand.

"Keep off, or else I shall strike you!" he exclaimed.

"Ow! You have hurt me considerably! Yah! Keep off!"

Loder ran at him. Todd lunged out with the poker, and caught Loder in the waistcoat. The prefect gave a wild gasp, and doubled up.

"Ow!" he snorted.

He sat down quite suddenly on the carpet. Carne was leaping at Todd, but he leaped back again as Todd brandished the poker in the air. He ran a very great risk of being brained at that moment.

"Come on!" roared Todd, beginning to get warlike, as he smarted and tingled from the smacks that had been so freely bestowed upon him. "Come on, you rotters! I'll show you!"

Crash!

The poker went through the glass on the mantelpiece, and then swept the ornaments off, along with the clock, and there was a terrific smash in the grate.

Loder staggered up, panting.

"You—you young hooligan!" he gasped. "Get out of the study instantly!"

Crash, crash!

Todd was flourishing the poker wildly quite lost to everything now. The poker went through the glass of the bookcase, and then through a windowpane.

Broken glass jingled out into the Close.

Loder sprang at him, and sprang back again. The poker missed his nose by an inch.

"He's mad!" gasped Carne, mopping the ink from his face. "He's raving mad."

"Come on!" roared Todd.

"Get out of the study!" shrieked Loder.

"Come on!" yelled Todd.

Ionides, of the Sixth, looked into the study.

"What's the row here?" he exclaimed.

"That mad young idiot—"

"Why don't you turn him out?" sneered the Greek.

Loder snarled.

"He's mad! Turn him out yourself."

Ionides sneered and advanced upon the junior. He gave a roar as the poker crashed on his shoulder, and dodged back.

"You young madman!" he gasped.

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"Come on!" shrieked the Duffer of Greyfriars, as his poker swept through the air. "I'll show you! Come on!"

"Get out!"

"Outside!"

"Go away!"

"Come on!" shouted Todd, and he charged at Loder, and the prefect dashed round the table in wild alarm. "I'll teach you! My Uncle Benjamin said I was never to submit to being bullied. Come on, you bullies! Yah!"

"Great Scott!"

"Out of the way!"

The three seniors dodged madly round the table to escape the fierce swipes of the poker. Todd cut at them across the table, knocking the inkstand flying.

"Cowards!" he shouted. "Come on!"

"I'm off!" gasped Carne.

He tore out of the study, followed by Ionides. Loder had no chance to get away. Todd drove him into a corner, with brandished weapon.

"Now, then, you brute!" he exclaimed.

"Ow! Keep off! You—you'll brain me!" panted Loder. "I—I beg your pardon, Todd! I'm sorry—very sorry indeed!"

Todd lowered the poker.

"I forgive you, Loder," he said. "You are ungrateful and tyrannical, but I forgive you. My Uncle Benjamin said I should always forgive the worst characters if they were truly repentant, my dear Loder."

The prefect ground his teeth.

"Get out of my study, then."

"Oh, certainly!"

And Todd departed, poker in hand, leaving his other properties on the floor in his excitement. As he strode victoriously into the Remove passage, he met a dozen curious juniors who had heard the uproar.

"What on earth's the matter?" exclaimed Harry Wharton, catching the Duffer of Greyfriars by the shoulder.

Todd gasped for breath.

"I've been having a row," he panted. "Loder wanted me to go and juggle in his study, and then he cut up rusty, and was very brutal. I have had to use the poker. I trust you do not think it was unjustifiable to use the poker under the circumstances, my dear Wharton?"

The juniors roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My only hat!" exclaimed Temple, of the Fourth, as he came along, yelling with laughter. "Todd's done it this time! He's chased Ionides and Carne out of Loder's study with a poker. Loder's simply raving!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"They'll make Todd sit up for this," said Morgan. "There will be a row before the Head over it, look you."

Wharton shook his head, laughing.

"No fear!" he said. "If Carne and Ionides have run away from a junior, poker or no poker, they won't talk about it more than they can help."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And Harry Wharton was right. Loder, Carne, and Ionides saved up a debt of malice for the Duffer of Greyfriars, but the incident of the study was not mentioned again, and, as far as that was concerned, the Greyfriars Clown escaped scot-free.

THE TWENTY-FIRST CHAPTER.

Alonzo is Dressed Up.

"TOO bad!" said Bulstrode sympathetically, when he heard the sorrows of Alonzo. "Some people are born ungrateful, you know, and Loder's one of them."

The Duffer of Greyfriars blinked at him.

"I suppose you are right, my dear Bulstrode," he said.

"I suppose there was no mistake about Loder wanting me to juggle in his study?"

"Mistake!" exclaimed Bulstrode in surprise. "After what he said to Skinner?"

"Are you quite sure Skinner—"

"Quite," said Skinner.

Alonzo rubbed his nose thoughtfully.

"Then I must say that Loder is a very rude and an ungrateful person," he said. "If my Uncle Benjamin should hear of his conduct, he would be shocked—nay, disgusted."

"I'm sure he would," agreed Bulstrode. "By the way, Todd, it's a half-holiday this afternoon."

"I was already aware of that, my dear Bulstrode. If you would like my company for a quiet walk in the fields, I would do my best to make the time pass pleasantly by light and improving conversation."

Bulstrode made a peculiar sound in his throat.

Todd looked quite anxious.

"I trust you are not ill, Bulstrode?" he said.

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"Not at all," said Bulstrode hastily. "I—I was just thinking, Todd, that perhaps Skinner and I could help you this afternoon."

"How so, my dear Bulstrode? I'm sure it is very kind of you."

"You've been practising a long time as a clown, but you've never made up as one, you know," Bulstrode explained. "Now, to become a clown, you really have to know how to make up—to wear the bags, you know, and put the chalk and paint on."

"I have had no opportunity. You see, I do not possess the requisite paraphernalia."

"I can get the things for you."

"My dear Bulstrode—"

"As a matter of fact, I've arranged to hire them at the second-hand clothes shop in Friardale," said Bulstrode genially. "Old Busby hires out things for fancy dress balls, and so on, and he has clown's things among them. I've arranged to have the things for you to try on, and they're in the old barn near Friardale, ready. If you'd care to walk down there with us this afternoon, Todd, we'd rig you up, and see how the things look. Of course, it wouldn't do to do it here in the school—the fellows would all come round and jeer."

"I—I suppose they would," assented Alonzo. "This is very, very kind of you, Bulstrode."

"Not at all. Is it a go?"

"Oh, certainly! And thank you very much!"

"Then we'll start immediately after dinner."

"You are very, very kind."

And Todd parted with Bulstrode and Skinner, in a very grateful frame of mind. After dinner, Harry Wharton & Co. went down to the cricket ground, and Todd joined Bulstrode and Skinner, and strolled out of the college grounds.

A quarter of an hour's walk brought them to the old barn near the village.

They entered it, and Bulstrode pulled a large package from under a heap of straw in a corner of the barn.

"Here you are!" he exclaimed cheerfully.

"Good!"

Bulstrode unfastened the parcel. It had been deposited there to his order by the boy from Mr. Busby's.

Todd's eyes glistened as Bulstrode turned out the contents of the parcels. It was a full clown's rig-out, with paper hat and grease-paints galore for the making up of the face.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Alonzo. "Mr. Busby must have charged you something for the hire of these things, Bulstrode!"

"Oh, that's all right!" said Bulstrode easily.

"But it is very generous of you, my dear Bulstrode."

"Not at all."

"And you are going to take a great deal of trouble in dressing me, and making me up as a circus clown?"

"It will be a pleasure, Todd," said Bulstrode solemnly.

"I can only say that I fully appreciate your kindness, my dear Bulstrode, and I shall write and tell my Uncle Benjamin, and he will be delighted."

"Splendid!"

"Ripping!" said Skinner.

"Get your things off, Toddy."

Todd looked doubtful.

"Is it necessary for me to take my own clothes off, Bulstrode?" he asked. "I could put those garments on over my own."

Bulstrode shook his head.

"Now, my dear chap, you must place yourself entirely in my hands!" he exclaimed. "I am going to do this thing in proper style."

"Of course, if you think it best—"

"Well, I do."

"Then I will do as you suggest, my dear Bulstrode."

"Good! Buck up!"

Alonzo Todd stripped off his outer garments. He stood in his underclothing, which certainly displayed his bony figure to much advantage.

"I am ready Bulstrode," he said.

"Here you are!"

The clown's attire was slipped upon Alonzo Todd. Certainly there was plenty of room for him in it, and he might easily have kept on his own clothes underneath. But that would not have suited the plans of the two plotters.

"I'll take care of your clothes, Todd," Skinner remarked, as he proceeded to wrap Todd's trousers, and vest, and jacket, and collar and tie, and cap up in the brown paper which had been used for the parcel.

Todd blinked at him.

"You need not wrap them up, my dear Skinner."

"But they might get dusty," said Skinner, with the gravity of an owl. "You cannot be too careful with clothes, Todd. I'm sure your Uncle Benjamin would not approve of your running any risk of making your clothes dusty."

"Very well, my dear fellow; just as you like. You are very kind."

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ONE
PENNY.

"Shove your chivvy over here in the light, Todd," said Bulstrode, handling the sticks of grease-paint. "I'll make you into a regular clown in a jiffy."

"Thank you so much! It is splendid of you to help me in rehearsing the part like this!" said the gratified Todd.

"Not a bit of it! It's a pleasure to us, ain't it, Skinner?"

"Yes, rather!" grinned Skinner.

"I can only thank— Groo—ooh!"

"What's the matter?"

"You p-p-put the thing in my m-m-mouth— Groo! Now it's in my eye! Ow!"

"Sorry!"

"Groo! I do not wish to appear carping or hypercritical, my dear Bulstrode, but I really do wish that you would be a little careful!"

"Certainly, my dear chap!"

Bulstrode was a little more careful. He chalked Todd's face all over, and put the paint on, transforming Todd into a very good imitation of the original Joey Pye, of Tomsonio's Circus.

When the make-up was completed, Bulstrode put the paper hat on Todd's head, and then the two young rascals stood and looked at him and roared.

Todd smiled, and the smile was so utterly funny on his chalked and painted face that Bulstrode and Skinner simply screamed.

"Is the effect really so very comic, my dear fellows?" asked Todd.

"Ha, ha! Rather!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I am so glad! I wish we had thought of bringing a looking-glass," said Todd. "Really, it would not have been a bad idea to do this in the study at Greyfriars, after all."

"That would have spoiled the best part of the bizney old son," said Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I do not quite understand you, my dear Skinner. I—"

"You see, the best part of the joke is to come," explained Bulstrode.

"Joke!" repeated Todd.

"Exactly!" said Bulstrode cheerfully. "Come on, Skinner!"

They stepped out of the barn. Todd ran after them in alarm.

"My dear Skinner, you are taking away my clothes in that bundle!"

Skinner did not reply. He was running for the road, with Todd's clothes in the bundle under his arm, and Bulstrode was keeping pace with him. Todd ran out of the barn, then, realising what an excessively extraordinary figure he was to appear on the public road, he halted. He put his hands to his mouth and bawled after the two practical jokers.

"Bulstrode! Skinner! My dear fellows!"

Bulstrode and Skinner roared.

"Skinner! Bring back my clothes, please! I shall have to return to Greyfriars, you know! I cannot go in this attire!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My dear Skinner—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

From the road the two plotters looked back at Alonzo, and gave a fresh roar of laughter. Then they sprinted off towards the school.

Alonzo stood and stared after them in blank dismay.

THE TWENTY-SECOND CHAPTER.

Quite Professional.

IT was some minutes before the Duffer of Greyfriars realised the truth. When it dawned upon him that he was the victim of a joke on the part of Bulstrode and Skinner he was dismayed.

"Oh, dear!" he exclaimed. "Oh, dear! This is most—most unfeeling! Oh, dear! How shall I get back to Greyfriars? Oh, dear!"

He looked down at his attire in utter dismay.

To take the clown's clothes off, and return to Greyfriars in his underclothing was, of course, not to be thought of. To remain where he was for long was equally impossible. To go down to the village in search of fresh clothes would be to expose himself to the attentions of the youthful spirits of Friardale—and Todd trembled at the bare idea. But to return to the school in his present state—

"Oh, dear!" murmured Alonzo.

But there was evidently nothing else to be done. Bulstrode and Skinner had taken his clothes away, and he had no choice in the matter.

After turning it over in his mind for at least a quarter of an hour, Alonzo Todd started on his way.

A Splendid, Long, Complete Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars. By FRANK RICHARDS.

As he stepped out of the field into the road two girls came in sight. They were Marjorie Hazeldene and Clara Trevlyn, of Cliff House School. They looked at Todd in surprise.

"Why, it's the clown from the circus!" exclaimed Marjorie.

Clara gave a shriek of merriment.

"It isn't! It's Todd!" she exclaimed.

"Dear me! Todd! Goodness gracious!"

Todd's face was crimson, but his blushes did not show under the thick coating of chalk and grease-paint.

"I—I'm so sorry if I startled you!" he exclaimed. "I—I—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The girls laughed; they could not help it. They shrieked. Todd's face burned under the grease-paint.

"I—I have been the victim of a practical joke," he explained. "Bulstrode and Skinner, under a hollow pretence of friendship, induced me to make up like this, and they have left me in this state to get back to Greyfriars. I—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You see—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Marjorie and Clara clung to one another. Todd was fast reducing them to a state of hysterics.

The Greyfriars clown gave them a reproachful look, which was irresistibly comic, and made them shriek again, and ran off towards the school. Marjorie and Clara sat down on a stile to laugh. Todd did not look back. With burning cheeks he tramped on towards the school, the breeze from the sea playing in his light and airy costume.

Several village boys sighted him in the lane, and yelled. Their shouts soon brought other fellows round. The village school had dismissed its pupils, and there were plenty of juveniles about. Quite a crowd gathered round Todd to follow him and cheer him on his way.

The general impression seemed to be that he was a juvenile clown from Tomsonio's Circus, and that he was going to give a performance when a sufficiently large crowd was collected. There were loud shouts to Todd to begin.

"Start, Maister Clown!"

"There's a penny for thee!"

"We're waiting!"

"Oh, dear," murmured Todd, with the perspiration making channels in the chalk on his face, "this is really dreadful! Oh, dear!"

He broke into a run. The juvenile crowd followed his example, keeping pace with him all the way to Greyfriars. Todd dashed in desperately at the gates of the school.

There was a shout from Gosling, the porter.

"Now then, you vagabond, you get hout! Wot I say is this 'ere, you get hout!"

"Indeed, Gosling—"

The porter nearly dropped upon the ground.

"Master Todd!" he gasped.

"I have been the victim of a practical joke. I—"

"Haw, haw, haw!" roared Gosling.

"My dear Gosling—"

"He, he, he!"

"Why don't you start, guv'nor?" yelled the crowd gathering round the gate.

Todd did not reply. He started for the School House, fervently hoping that he would be able to get in unchallenged.

But such a remarkable figure crossing the Close at Greyfriars was not likely to escape observation. As it happened, the junior cricket match was over, and the cricketers had come off the field. There were crowds of fellows in the Close, and all of them caught sight of Alonzo Todd, and shouted at the sight of him—as well they might.

"My hat! Here's the clown from the circus!" Bob Cherry exclaimed.

"It isn't Pye—"

"My only aunt Belinda! It's Todd!"

"Todd!"

"Alonzo, or his ghost!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My dear fellows," gasped Todd, "this is no subject for laughter. I regard this merriment as extremely ill-timed, and indeed unseemly. I have been the victim—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I have been the victim of a practical joke—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Under the circumstances—"

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

Alonzo Todd ran on towards the house. He left the juniors in paroxysms of mirth behind him. Some of them had thrown themselves down, and were kicking up their heels almost in anguish. They yelled, and they roared, and they shrieked. Fellows indoors came to their windows to

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look out, and so did the masters. Dr. Locke looked out of his study, and simply jumped as he caught sight of the extraordinary figure speeding towards the House.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Head. "Who—what—is that?"

The Head strode from his study. He reached the School House door just as Todd reached it, and they met face to face in the doorway.

Todd stopped, petrified. Dr. Locke shook his finger at him.

"You must not come in here!" he exclaimed. "What does this mean?"

"Oh, sir!"

"What! Todd!" gasped the Head, recognising Todd's plaintive voice, although he could not recognise his face.

"Yes, sir. I have been the victim—"

"Todd!"

"The victim of a practical—"

"Todd," thundered the Head, "how dare you!"

"Hurrah for the Greyfriars Clown!" came a roar from the Close. And a yell of laughter followed.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Todd! Boy! I—I—I have never known such an extraordinary boy!" the Head gasped. "Todd, go and take this ridiculous attire off at once, and then come to my study! At once, sir!"

"Yes, sir. I—"

The Head waved his hand and strode away, with rustling gown. Todd crept off to his dormitory, and wherever he went yells of laughter followed him. He found his own clothes in a parcel on his bed. Quite an army of juniors crowded in to watch the process of changing. Todd changed, but in his confusion he was starting off to the Head's study without washing the grease-paint off his face.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Harry Wharton. "Are you going in that chivy, Todd?"

"My dear Wharton—"

"Look in the glass!"

Todd looked.

"Oh, dear!" he gasped.

And the Duffer of Greyfriars rubbed and scrubbed, and scrubbed and rubbed, till his face was clear of chalk and grease-paint, and glowing like a newly-boiled beetroot under his efforts.

He left the dormitory amid shrieks of laughter. He presented himself in the Head's study with burning face and downcast eyes. Dr. Locke was looking very stern.

"Now explain!" he said grimly.

Alonzo explained. The Head listened with great gravity, but if the Duffer of Greyfriars had been a little more observant, he would have seen painful twitches at the corners of the doctor's mouth as the tale proceeded.

"You are a most extraordinary boy, Todd," said the Head at last. "I shall not punish you, but it must be understood that you drop this ridiculous idea once and for all. You must never entertain the idea of practising as a clown again. You understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Todd meekly. As a matter of fact, Todd was beginning to think, himself, that he had made a slight mistake in believing that Nature had intended him for a clown.

"You may go, Todd."

"Thank you, sir."

And Todd went.

As soon as he was gone the Head lay back in his chair and laughed.

All Greyfriars was laughing, too, with one exception—and that exception was, of course, the Greyfriars Clown!

THE END.

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GRAND NEW ADVENTURE SERIAL JUST STARTED!

Wolves of the Deep.

The Story of a Great Conspiracy, introducing Ferrers Lord and Ching-Lung.
By SIDNEY DREW.

READ THIS FIRST.

Ferrers Lord is the possessor of a wonderful submarine, called "The Lord of the Deep." One night the model is stolen from him by Michael Scaroff, a Russian. Ferrers Lord, accompanied by his friend, Rupert Thurston, sets out on the track of the Russian on board the "Lord of the Deep." Ferrers Lord leaves the submarine for the purpose of tapping the cable for news. Suddenly he is caught in a trawling-net, but cutting through the meshes he walks calmly back to his work.

(Now go on with the story.)

Bad News.

"Christopher!" said Horton. "He has nerves, sir! That's one of the risks an ordinary diver never runs, for, of course, the boat is there to warn people off. He's finished, I think."

Thurston was still breathing heavily.

"They would have been surprised," he said, "if they had hauled up a full-blown diver, eh?"

"I don't know, sir. I suppose it would have rather astonished them, though a trawl often finds queer things. I was on a Grimsby steam-trawler once, when we fished up three bodies in a week. It frightened us a bit, for we knew it was a sign of bad luck. It was, too, though we got lots of fish, for we were run down in a fog outside Spurn Light-house, and only three of us ever saw port again."

The wires had been attached to the cable, and the millionaire had re-entered the ship. They waited for him silently, and presently he opened the door, bringing the telegraph apparatus with him.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, with a laugh, "I hardly feel complimented on having been taken for a fish. I am sorry the fishermen have lost their gear, for a trawl costs a lot of money. Stand aside a moment, Thurston."

The wires he had connected with the cable passed through the side of the saloon. He attached them to the machine, sat down before it, and ticked off his message with a quickness that showed he was master of the instrument. He copied the cablegram from a slip of paper. Thurston read it over his shoulder, but to him it was meaningless.

"Romanoff, Kleinanvitch, Petersburg. Mystery in seven. Read above in three. Hold until questioned again. Read in seven more across.—F. L."

Ferrers Lord yawned.

"You said something about a billiard-table, Rupert," he said. "I am not much of a billiard player myself, but as we shall have some time to wait for an answer, I will try two hundred up."

This time Thurston did not look surprised, but merely said: "With pleasure!" He was getting beyond evincing astonishment at the marvels of the Lord of the Deep. He recollected himself, and felt his arm tenderly.

"I'm afraid I cannot manage a game," he answered, "for my arm feels pretty stiff. Let Horton play, and I'll watch you."

"Just as you like," said Ferrers Lord, yawning again.

The billiard-table stood upon the closed tank, which corresponded with the swimming-bath. The room was used as an armoury also, for rifles were piled along the walls, and the muzzles of two little Maxims grinned below their tarpaulin coverings. A target for revolver and repeating-pistol practice hung beside the scoring-board, and fishing-rods, punt-guns, and fowling-pieces were everywhere.

The game began, Ferrers Lord playing badly and carelessly, while the diver, who took pains with everything, piled

up a steady score. Suddenly the door opened, and the head of Nathan Trethvick appeared. Only an hour passed since Ferrers Lord had cabled the message.

"Here's the reply, sir," he said. "I've just scrawled it down."

The millionaire laid down his cue, and took the paper. He translated the code at a glance, and his forehead wrinkled angrily.

"To F. L.—Scaroff left Petersburg yesterday by Moscow express. Destination evidently Odessa. No preparations being made here. Have warned agents, and will cable news to Brindisi. ROMANOFF."

Ferrers Lord tore the paper to shreds, and thoughtfully paced the room.

"The cunning fox!" he muttered. "After all, it may only be a blind. Well, we must chance our luck, and go to Brindisi. It is bad news."

What Happened in Park Lane.

Lady Violet, the beautiful niece of Ferrers Lord, sat late in her dainty boudoir, writing letters. A brisk wind rustled the leaves of the vine, and splashed the summer rain against the window. A door, curtained with hanging silk, opened into the bed-room behind her. She looked up from her writing as her pretty maid entered.

"Do you need me any more, my lady?"

"No, not to-night, Clara. Oh, you might light the fire. It is getting quite chilly."

The fire was already laid, and it crackled merrily as the maid applied the match. Lady Violet sat down before it, and stared dreamily at the flames. She thought of the murdered servant, and shivered. He was buried now, and it was all over, for who could dispute a death-certificate granted by such a famous physician as Sir Anthony? But the horror of it was with her still.

But why had her uncle sealed her lips. She knew from the papers what strange adventures had happened to him. From her window she had seen gaping crowds staring at the house of the man whose train had been wrecked, and whose yacht had been fired on in the Channel.

What had become of Ferrers Lord? Dozens of detectives had called to ask for him, and she felt that the house was watched. She rose, and cautiously lifting a corner of the blind, peered out into the gloom and rain.

A man was walking slowly beside the railings of the park, the collar of his macintosh turned up. He crossed the road, turned round, and passed the gate. Five minutes later he was again beside the railings.

There could be no doubt about it, the house was watched by the police.

Even to Lady Violet, Ferrers Lord was a mystery. In his cold way he loved her, and indulged her in every luxury. She loved him, too, for he was her guardian; but at times she was almost afraid of him. She sat down again, and thought of the young man she had seen on the night of the murder. What were his relations with Ferrers Lord?

The rain beat more noisily against the panes, and she looked round with a shudder. The big, lordly house, replete with wealth, seemed like a prison. The tragedy had made her hate it. The little silver clock struck twelve, but she was not sleepy. She took down a book, and, opening it, began to read.

Creak, creak!

She looked up at the sound, and the book fell from her

NEXT WEEK: "THE NEW PAGE."

A Splendid, Long, Complete Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars. By FRANK RICHARDS.

hand. A man was sitting in the chair opposite her—a man in a brown macintosh.

Petrified with horror, dumb, grey to the lips, she stared at him.

"Sit still, my lady!" he said, waving his hand. "Sit still, please!"

She tried to scream, but the words froze on her lips. The man held out his white hands to the blaze, and unbuttoned the macintosh. He was in evening-dress, and her dilating eyes saw the flash of a diamond in his shirt-front.

"Sit still, my lady!" he said again.

Once more she tried to call for help, but vainly. Terror chained her fast. Like a woman in a dream she saw him take out a gold cigarette-case, and calmly light a cigarette. He was a handsome man, but strangely pale, and his dress-shoes were smeared with mud. He walked to the door like a cat, and locked it. Then he came back and resumed his seat.

"Do not be alarmed, my lady," he said softly. "I do not think you can be more astonished than I am. I had never seen the niece of Ferrers Lord, and I did not expect so much beauty. Be silent, please, and you will be safe. I hope you do not object to smoke?"

The beautiful eyes, mute with horror, were riveted upon his face. The white lips moved.

"Who are you?" she asked hoarsely. "What do you want?"

"I will tell you, my lady—or perhaps this letter will tell you better."

He bowed, and held out the note. With shaking fingers she opened it. It was written in French, without any address.

"My dear Paul,—I have made a bold stroke in the matter I spoke about, and won. Unfortunately the inventor—you know who I mean—is not a man to throw up the game. It will take me some time to build the boat, and then I shall feel capable of holding my own. Even here, across the frontier, I do not feel safe, as F. L. has spies everywhere. If I had a hostage I could bring him to terms. As a younger brother and an extravagant one, I know you are short of money, and I know you have the pluck of the family. If you are bold enough you can easily kidnap F. L.'s niece, and then we can arrange our own terms. Do so, and I will double your income. I enclose a plan by which you can easily enter the house. Remember, I rely upon you. This is a splendid chance, for if I am killed, the next heir will have no sympathy for you. If you succeed, communicate with me at once, and I will place £10,000 to your credit with my London agents.—MICHAEL."

The letter fluttered down upon the carpet. The agony of dread in Lady Violet's eyes would have melted a heart of stone. Paul Scaroff threw off the macintosh, and pulled out his moustache.

"I do not understand!" she gasped. "I do not— Help, help!"

She shrank back, as she saw the revolver pointed at her head. Paul Scaroff was quite calm.

"I have told you not to make an outcry, my lady," he said, in cultured English. "Briefly, I am Prince Paul Scaroff, brother of the famous Prince Michael, whose name all the world knows. Unfortunately for both of us, I am the youngest son, and absolutely dependent on my brother's charity. I have expensive tastes, and here in London I am deeply in debt. My brother has offered to double my allowance if I agree to kidnap a very charming young lady. I know my brother, and I can read between the lines. If I refuse to do this he will stop my income entirely, and I shall be a beggar or a bankrupt. I am very sorry, but I am cornered. On my honour as a gentleman and a nobleman, not a hair of your head will be harmed. I see you do not understand. Sit still, my lady, for I am desperate, and I will explain."

He took the cigarette from his lips, but the revolver was still pointed at her head.

"It is like this. Your uncle, Ferrers Lord, is a great engineer, and my brother, Prince Michael, though a clever man, has not been so lucky in his researches. Both men had the same aim in life—to discover the secret of submarine navigation. Where Prince Michael failed, Ferrers Lord succeeded. My brother, like your uncle, is a man who never owns defeat. He stole your uncle's model, and when your uncle found out his loss he went in pursuit of the—well, thief. Naturally, Michael has covered his retreat, but he does not feel easy, even now. That is the whole story. Ferrers Lord loves you, my lady, I suppose, and to regain you he would pledge his word to hush the matter up. Sit still, please."

She understood now. She saw it all, and her heart sank. The whole cruel plot flashed upon her in an instant. She clenched her little hands.

"Do you think I am helpless?" she gasped. "I have thirty servants in this house!"

"Possibly!" drawled Scaroff; "but if you had a hundred it would do no good. All the servants are in bed, and they are all asleep on the top storey. It would go to my heart to use violence, but my position is absolutely desperate. Either I must be ruined, or I must carry you off. I do not love my brother, but my poverty makes me his slave. Ah, careful, my lady!"

Lady Violet sprang wildly to the bell, but his right hand caught her wrist and forced her back.

"Ivan!" he called.

The door opened, and a second man appeared.

Lady Violet shrank back, trembling, in her chair.

"Have you no mercy?" she panted.

Paul Scaroff bowed again, and twirled his dark, waxed moustache.

"Mercy, my lady!" he answered. "I am overflowing with mercy. My heart bleeds for you; but it is either this or beggary, for my brother has a heart of stone. No doubt it will be only for a short time—a week or so at most. My carriage is waiting, but there is no hurry."

Like a caged bird, fluttering with fear, she looked round for some chance of escape. The whole house slumbered, and the rain rattled louder against the panes. Suddenly she grew calmer.

"Do you understand what you are doing?" she asked. "Do you understand that sooner or later the law will call you to account for this dastardly outrage?"

"I care nothing for the law, for I presume Ferrers Lord is a man of honour, and a man who will not break his word. Before we free you he will have signed his name to certain papers drawn up by my brother. It is foolish to talk about the law, my lady, for it has no terrors for me."

She caught at the arms of the chair to support herself.

"Then you do not know my uncle. When Ferrers Lord has made up his mind, nothing can turn him from his path. If he has decided to revenge himself upon your brother, my life would not check him. I am telling you the truth."

He lowered the revolver, and laughed.

"How brave you are, my lady!" he sneered. "I had an idea that Englishwomen are not famous for nerves; but you have altered that opinion. We shall see. A short imprisonment in Russia—"

"In Russia!"

Lady Violet recoiled as if stung. Russia—that land of torture, tyranny, and injustice!

"In Russia," he went on. "Russia is a marvellous place, my lady. To find you would be almost worse than looking for a needle in a haystack. Yes, you are going to holy Russia."

The thought maddened her. She sprang forward, and the sound of a bell clanged through the house.

"Quick, Ivan!" cried Paul Scaroff. "Quick!"

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