

50 MONEY PRIZES.

The Magnet 1st

Library

A Companion Paper to
"THE GEM" LIBRARY.
The Popular Thursday
School-Story Book.

In this Issue:
**THE DUFFER'S
RETURN!**

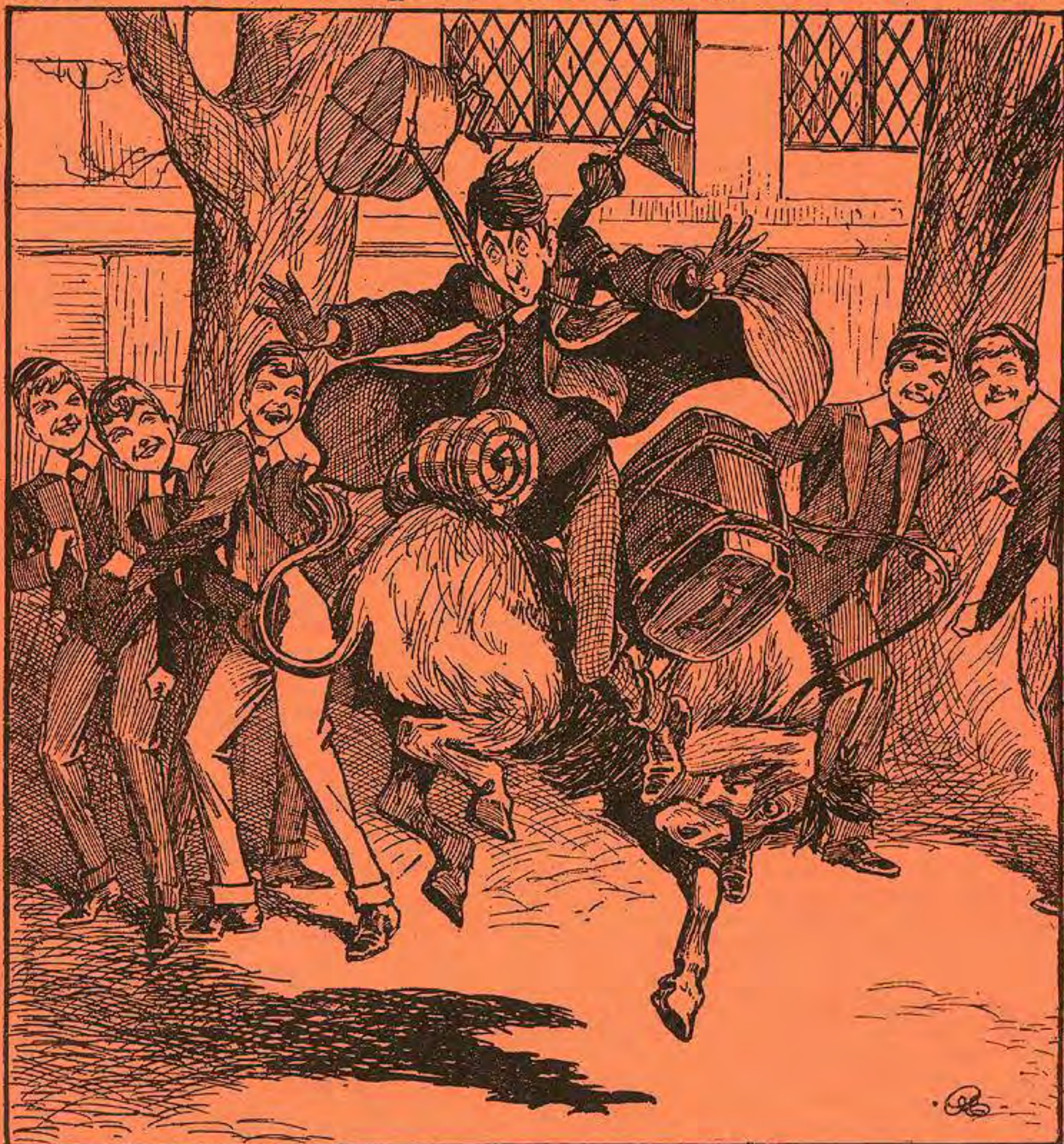
A Grand, Long, Complete Tale
of the Chums of Greyfriars.

By Frank Richards,
(And a thrilling adventure
story by
SIDNEY DREW.

No. 201

The Complete Story-Book for All.

Vol. 6



Temple gave the donkey a tap on the flank and let go the rein. The donkey started, and, finding himself free, careered into the Close, carrying the unfortunate Alonzo with him, amid wild yells of alughter. (See inside.)

FREE!

5,000 AUTO HARPS FREE!

12 PENNY CARDS WIN A PRIZE.

£5,000 XMAS GIFTS FREE!

XMAS & NEW YEAR CARDS.

RIFLES FREE

WE REQUIRE NO MONEY.



Phonographs Free.

We give a prize for selling or using only 12 Penny Xmas and New Year Cards, and you can choose your prize from a special prize list. We are giving away **Free 5,000 full-sized Auto Harps**. With Book of Instructions in less than ten minutes you can play any tune—no previous knowledge of music required. Our Xmas Free Prize Catalogue, comprising Silverware, Cutlery, Silver-mounted Umbrellas, Roller Skates, Real Watches, Air Rifles, Musical Instruments, Phonographs, Motor Cars, Aeroplanes, Airships, Cinematographs, Accordions, Toys, etc. Send us your name and full address, and we will send you an assortment of beautiful Gold-mounted Xmas and New Year Cards, with folders, at one penny each. We trust you with the Cards; sell or use what you can within 28 days at 1d. each, and we will reward you according to Xmas Lists we send with Cards. **WRITE AT ONCE** (postcard will do)—

NEW CARD CO., LTD., 22, BYRON HOUSE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.



You can learn to play any tune in ten minutes.

AUTO HARPS FREE.

POPULAR BOOKS. (Written by Experts).—"Boxing" (illus.), "Wrestling" (illus.), "Conjuring," "Book of Magic," "Mesmerism" (How to Mesmerise), "Thought-Reading Exposed," only 4d. each; lot, 1/4, post paid. Catalogues Free. 100 Comic Recitations, 7d.—G. Wilkes, Publishers, Stockton, Rugby.



LADY'S GOLD WATCH, 35/-.

Jewelled movement, Keyless Action, Fancy Dial, Solid Gold Cases (stamped), beautifully engraved, true timekeeper, price 31/6 Cash, or 35/- Easy Terms. **SEND 2/6 NOW**, pay 2/6 on receipt, and 5/- monthly. 7-years' warranty.

THE BEST XMAS GIFT

Our system of monthly payments allows you to give good gifts and pay for them at your convenience. The best Xmas Gift you can buy is Masters' "Veracity" Watch, because it will last 20 years, and keep true time under all conditions. It is fitted in Solid Silver Cases with dust-proof cap as extra safeguard. Price 27/- Cash, 30/- Easy Terms (Hunting Cases 35/-, Half-Hunting Cases 40/-). Send 2/6 and we deliver 30/-, 35/-, or 40/- watch, pay 2/6 on delivery and 5/- monthly; 7-years' warranty. Send 2/6 and say which watch we shall send you.

- 30/- KEYWIND OPEN FACE.
- 30/- KEYLESS OPEN FACE.
- 35/- KEYWIND FULL HUNTER.
- 35/- KEYLESS FULL HUNTER.
- 40/- KEYLESS DEMI-HUNTER.
- 30/- KEYLESS ROLLED GOLD.
- 35/- KEYLESS LADY'S GOLD.

(Either MEN'S or LADIES' WATCHES at above prices).

FREE GIFT.

We give you a Curb Albert and Compass if you send this advt. List of Xmas Novelties Now Ready, Post Free.

MASTERS, Ltd.,
5, Hope Street, Rye, Eng.



2/6 DEPOSIT.

IF YOU WANT Good Cheap Photographic Material and Catalogue FREE—Works: JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL.

VENTRILLOQUISM made easier. Our new enlarged book of easy instructions and ten amusing dialogues enables anyone to learn this Wonderful Laughable Art. Only 7d., post free. "Thousands Delighted." (Ventriloquist Dolls supplied.) Mesmerism, 1s. 2d.—G. WILKES & CO., STOCKTON, RUGBY, ENG.

BLUSHING.

FREE, to all sufferers, particulars of a proved home treatment that quickly removes all embarrassment and permanently cures blushing and flushing of the face and neck. Enclose stamp to pay postage to Mr. D. TEMPLE (Specialist), 8, Blenheim Street, Bond Street, London, W.



6d. DEPOSIT.

This Handsome Phonograph, with large Flower Horn and Two Records, complete, will be sent to any address on receipt of 6d. **DEPOSIT** and upon payment of the last of 18 weekly instalments of 6d. Two 1/- Records are given free. Send for Price List of Latest Models.—

The British Mfg. Co., P 24, Great Yarmouth.

A Real Lever Simulation

GOLD WATCH FREE



A straightforward, generous offer from an established firm. We are giving away watches to thousands of people all over the world as a huge advertisement. Now is your chance to obtain one. **WRITE NOW**, enclosing P.O. 6d. and 4 penny stamps for postage, packing, &c., for one of our fashionable Ladies' Long Guards or Gent's Alberts to wear with the watch, which will be given Free (these watches are guaranteed five years), should you take advantage of our marvellous offer. We expect you to tell your friends about us, and show them the beautiful watch. Don't think this offer too good to be true, but send to-day and gain a Free Watch. You will be amazed. Colonial Orders, 1/-.—**WILLIAMS & LLOYD,**
Wholesale Jewellers (Desk 10), 89, Cornwallie Road, London, N.

A WONDERFUL BARGAIN.

Send 4/6 for my world-famed **ROBEY-PHONE**, with 24 splendid selections, beautifully decorated 17-inch horn, powerful steel motor, 10-inch turntable, and loud tone sound box, which I sell at **HALF Shop Prices**. I also supply **COLUMBIA-RENA, EDISON, ZONOPHONE, HOMOPHONE, BEKA, GRAMOPHONE, PATHE** and other instruments and records on low monthly payments. Three days' free trial allowed.

Robey
World's Provider, COVENTRY.



ART FRETWORK

Fretwork is the most fascinating and certainly the most popular of all home hobbies. It is easily accomplished, and magnificent results are obtainable after a few hours' practice. As a

SPECIAL OFFER

we have made up a special advertisement parcel of our famous fretwork designs, consisting of eight sheets, which includes about eighteen designs packed in a strong permanent art portfolio. We will send one to each applicant who sends 3d. stamps to cover cost of postage and packing.



HOBBIES LTD
Dept. 88. **DERBYHAM.**

RIDER AGENTS WANTED.

Large Profits easily made in spare time.

MEAD Coventry Flyers

Puncture-Proof or Dunlop Tyres, Coasters, &c.

From **£2.15s.** CASH OR EASY PAYMENTS.

Packed Free, Carriage Paid. Warranted 15 Years.

Ten Days' Free Trial allowed.

Write at once for Free Art Catalogue and Special Offer on latest Sample Machine. They will interest you.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. 1223K

11, Paradise Street, LIVERPOOL.



Established 23 years.



DRAPER'S
Organettes

SEND 3/- DEPOSIT and 2/6 MONTHLY. Draper's Organettes play Dances, Sacred and Sentimental Music. 1,000 different tunes. Catalogue of Musical Instruments, Talking Machines, Jewellery, and Fancy Goods, post free.—**C. P. DRAPER,** Organette Works, Blackburn.

SPORT.—The Sure Shot Catapult, entirely new design, with supply of shot, 1/-, post free.—**WICKS BROS., NORWICH.**



BUY FOR CASH AND SAVE POUNDS

We supply the World's best Gramophones at 50% below our rivals' instalment prices. Write now and secure gigantic Gramophone and Record Bargains at **Half Shop Prices.**

CASH BUYERS' UNION,
Department 6050 LIVERPOOL.

FIFTY MONEY PRIZES - - - SEE PAGE 11!



A Complete School Story-Book, attractive to All Readers.

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



The Duffer's Return

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

THE FIRST CHAPTER.
No Cash!

"ROTTEN!"

Bob Cherry, of the Remove Form at Greyfriars, made that remark with emphasis.

Morning lessons were just over at Greyfriars, and the Remove were swarming out into the passage. There was a buzz of voices and a trampling of feet. Bob Cherry, Harry Wharton, and Frank Nugent had stopped in the passage, and they were turning out their pockets, apparently in the hope of discovering coins therein, but, to judge by their expression, the search had been in vain.

Bob's pockets were turned inside-out, and in his hand he had a collection of articles he had turned out—a chunk of sealing-wax and a piece of toffee in which was embedded a length of twine, a pocket-knife and a matchbox, and a point-less pencil, but of cash there was no sign.

Nugent had his hands thrust deep into his pockets, symbolising that there was nothing else there; and Harry Wharton was shrugging his shoulders in a hopeless way. No wonder Bob Cherry remarked, in emphatic tones, that it was rotten. For it was a special occasion, and money was needed, and just then money was very "tight" among the chums of the Remove.

"Rotten!" repeated Bob Cherry. "How much have you got, Harry?"

Wharton laughed.

"One penny," he replied—"and a halfpenny stamp!"

"And you, Franky?"

"Not even a halfpenny stamp," said Nugent.

"And I'm stony!" said Bob.

And the three together pronounced once more the expressive word:

"Rotten!"

"We shall have to raise the wind somehow," said Harry Wharton, wrinkling his brows in thought. "You see, Todd's coming back to-day, and we're simply bound to make some sort of a celebration of it, after a chap's been away ill for a long time. In fact, when I wrote to him I told him to look forward to a decent feed in the study when he arrived."

"What have you got in the study now?"

"I believe there is a sardine," said Wharton thoughtfully.

"There was one yesterday, but it was a wanky one."

"And we can't borrow anything of Mauleverer, as he's gone away on a holiday," said Frank Nugent. "And Johnny Bull is stony, for once. These things always happen together. What is it Shakespeare says on the subject—"

"Oh, blow Shakespeare!"

"When sorrows come, they come not single spies, but in battalions," said Frank. "I think that's it. I suppose Shakespeare was broke sometimes. But the question is—"

"How to raise the wind."

"Exactly."

And the chums of the Remove gazed at one another thoughtfully and seriously. It was yet early in the week, and they did not expect any remittances until Saturday. But it was essential to raise the wind that very afternoon. It had to be done somehow. But how? That—to quote Shakespeare once more—was the question.

"There are three ways of raising money," said Nugent, in a reflective way—"begging, borrowing, and stealing. Stealing is barred, and begging is imposs. Therefore—"

"Ergo!" said Wharton.

"Exactly. Ergo—we shall have to borrow it. I don't like borrowing—it's almost as unpleasant as being borrowed of. But—"

"But there's nothing else to be done," said Bob Cherry. "We simply can't let Alonzo Todd come back without celebrating it a little. He's an awful duffer, but he's a decent chap, and he's been seedy. Therefore—I mean ergo—we shall have to squeeze some cash out of somebody. The only question is—who is most squeezable?"

"Vernon-Smith has heaps of tin!" Frank Nugent suggested.

Bob Cherry sniffed.

"Oh, the Bounder! We can't borrow of him."

"I suppose not. We shall have to be careful whom we honour in this way," grinned Nugent. "What price Fishy? He's supposed to have awfully rich people in America, where he comes from."

"Gas!" said Bob Cherry sententiously.

"Ha, ha, ha! But let's give him a chance. He says that his pater—his popper, as he calls him—is a giddy millionaire. Give him a chance."

"No use," said Bob Cherry.

"Well, we'll ask him, and if he hasn't got any money we'll bump him, as a warning not to gas!" said Nugent.

"Well, that's a good idea."

"Come on, then; let's look for Fishy!" said Harry Wharton.

And the chums of the Remove walked down the passage. It was a bright, keen winter's afternoon, and some of the Removites were punting a footer about in the Close. Fisher T. Fish, the American junior, was among them. Fish was giving the juniors an example of how they kicked the ball "over there"—"over there" being the great United States. He had planted the ball before him, and was measuring with his eye.

The thin, keen-faced American junior was very much in earnest, but the juniors standing round him were grinning. For whenever Fisher T. Fish attempted to show the Greyfriars fellows how things should be done, something was bound to go wrong, and the general opinion was that Fisher T. Fish could do anything with his tongue, and very little in any other way.

"You watch me!" said Fish, glancing round at the juniors. "I guess I can show you something to make you stare!"

"Go it!" said Bulstrode, the captain of the Remove.

"I'm just going to, I guess. You watch!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, Fishy!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"We want to speak to you—"

The American junior waved him back.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 201.

Read the grand new story of the Juniors of St. Jim's, entitled:

"ASHAMED OF HIS SISTER!" In this week's "GEM" Library. Now on Sale. Price One Penny.

"Hold on," he said; "I'm busy! I guess I'm going to show these kids how we do things over there—some!"

"Buck up, then!"

"Go it, Fishy!"

The juniors stood round expectantly. Fisher T. Fish calculated the distance with his eye, and swept forward his foot, intending to deliver a powerful kick that would send the ball at least halfway across the Greyfriars Close.

"You watch. Oh!"

There was a slight miscalculation on the part of Fisher T. Fish. His sweeping kick missed the footer by a couple of inches, and swept up into the air. The impetus of the kick lifted Fisher T. Fish off his other foot, and he sat down upon the cold, cold ground with a sounding concussion.

Bump!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow!"

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

The footer lay undisturbed. Fisher T. Fish sat and gasped, and blinked at the football.

The Removites yelled with laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If that's how you do it over there, I guess we'll go on in the played-out English way!" grinned Bulstrode.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish scrambled up.

"I guess I can show you—"

But he had no chance. Bulstrode had kicked the ball, and passed it to Hazeldene, and it was being punted away along the Close by a crowd of juniors. They had no inclination to wait any longer for the exhibition Fisher T. Fish had promised them. The American junior dusted his trousers ruefully, and blinked in an uncertain way at Harry Wharton & Co.

"Accidents will happen!" he remarked.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess I can't see anything to cackle at!" said Fish crossly. "Accidents will happen. You should see us play footer over there. It would make you open your eyes, I guess."

"I dare say it would," agreed Bob Cherry, grinning. "It must be worth watching, if they all play footer as you do. But never mind footer now—"

"I guess—"

"There's a more important matter—"

"I guess—"

"Oh, rats! This isn't a guessing competition," said Bob Cherry. "Look here, we've been looking for you. I think I've heard you say that your pater is a giddy millionaire?"

"My popper's rolling in dollars, I guess!" said Fish.

"And sends you as much as you like, I suppose?"

"Yep."

"And you never go short of tin?"

"Nope."

"Then I dare say you've got your pockets simply lined with cash?"

"Surely!"

"Good!" said the chums of the Remove together. "Lend us a quid!"

"Eh?"

"Lend us a quid!"

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

No Loans.

HARRY WHARTON & CO. made the demand together. It was a reasonable demand enough, considering that Fisher T. Fish's "popper" was rolling in dollars, and that Fisher T. Fish, according to his own account, had as many of them as he wanted. Harry Wharton's credit was good. On the few occasions when he borrowed, it was well known that he repaid the loans with the most exact punctuality. But the expression upon the American junior's face, for some reason, slowly changed. A somewhat sickly smile overspread his keen, thin features, and he hesitated.

"A quid!" repeated Fisher T. Fish.

"A quidlet!" said Bob Cherry. "That's five dollars—only five out of the heaps and heaps you get from your popper."

"You shall have it back on Saturday," said Harry Wharton.

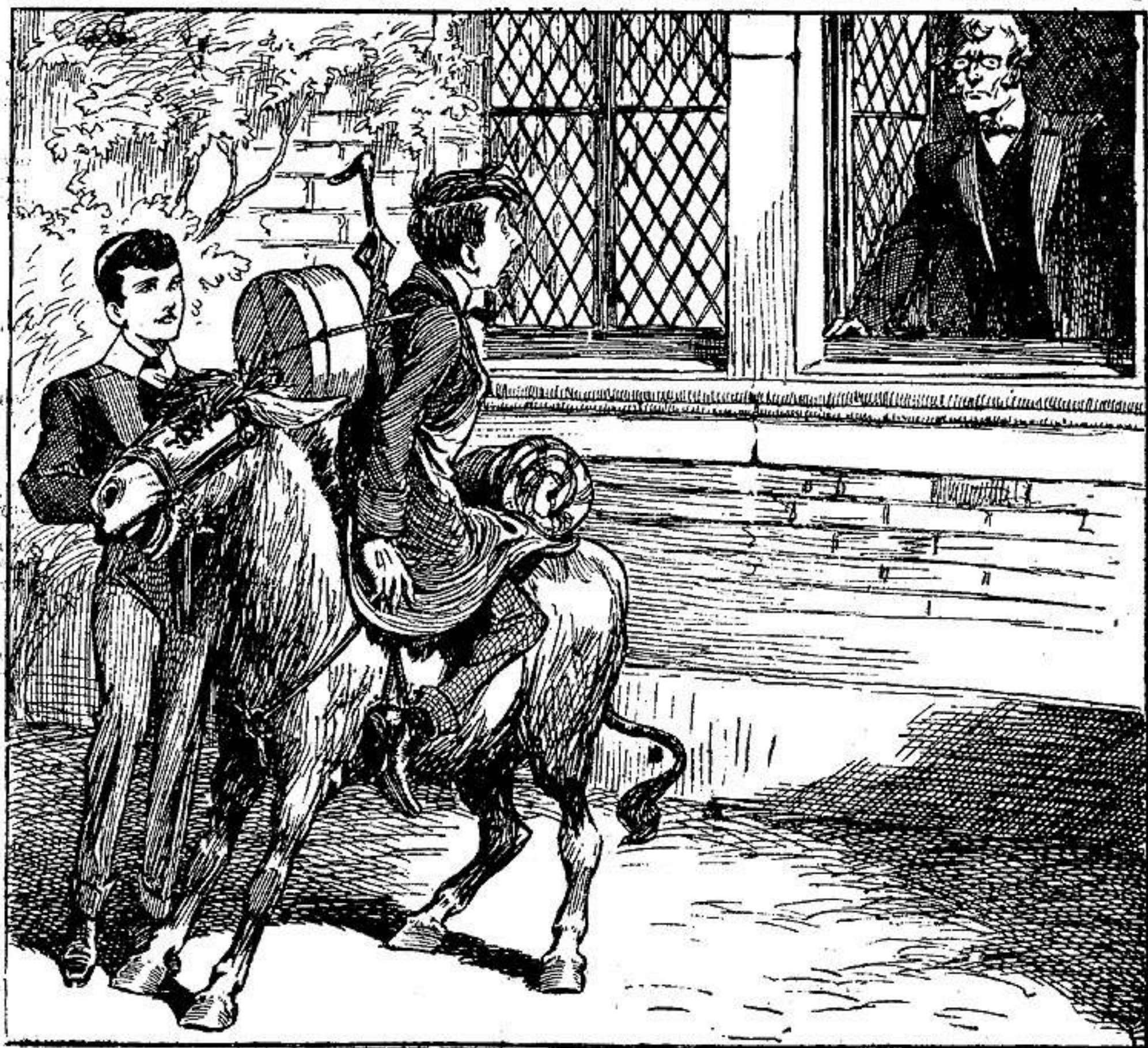
"It's a special occasion," Nugent explained. "We're going to celebrate Todd's coming back to-day, and we're stony."

"Just a quid!" said Bob Cherry.

"I guess—"

"Hand it over."

"I reckon—"



The donkey was led round, and backed up under the window, so that the Duffer of Greyfriars was face to face with the Head. Alonzo Todd would have raised his hat, but his hat had flown off long ago in his wild career. "Oh, sir!" he gasped. "Todd!" thundered the Head. "Ye-e-es, sir!" "What do you mean by this?" "Mean, sir?" gasped Alonzo. (See Chapter 7.)

"Shell out!"

"I guess, you know——"

"We're waiting for the cash."

"Ahem!"

"Buzz out the quid!" said Bob Cherry. "We've got some shopping to do."

Fisher T. Fish coughed.

"I guess it's a really remarkable occurrence," he remarked, "but at the present moment, I guess, I haven't a quid about me. It's really remarkable."

"Make it fifteen bob, then," said Bob Cherry.

"Ahem! I guess if you said ten——"

"All serene—ten!" said Nugent.

"Ahem! When I come to think of it, I believe I'm pretty stony myself," said Fisher T. Fish. "If you had asked me yesterday, or to-morrow——"

"Or any other time!" said Bob Cherry sarcastically. "Look here, a fellow can't talk about rolling in quids without taking the consequences. If you don't hand over a quid at once, it must be because you don't trust us."

"I guess I trust you, but——"

"And if you don't trust us, it's an insult."

"I guess——"

"And if you insult us, you get it in the neck," said Bob Cherry. "When a chap insults us, we always bump him—don't we, you fellows?"

"Always!" said Wharton and Nugent together.

"I guess——"

"Hand over the quidlet!" roared Bob Cherry.

"I guess——"

"Are you going to hand it over?"

"Nope. You see——"

"Collar him!"

Fisher T. Fish made a wild rush to escape, but it was in vain. In a moment the grasp of three strong pairs of hands was upon him.

Three juniors grasped him, and he was held fast, struggling vainly in their grip.

"I—I guess——" began Fisher T. Fish.

"Bump him!"

"Hold on! I guess——"

"We've had enough of your guesses," said Bob Cherry. "You don't seem to be able to guess correctly. Bump him!"

"What-ho!"

Bump, bump!

Fisher T. Fish descended upon the ground in a sitting posture, and he gave a wild yell.

"Ow, ow! Leggo!"

Bump!

"Yaro-o-o-o-p!"

Bump!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 201.

NEXT TUESDAY: "AGAINST HIS FATHER'S WISH!" By FRANK RICHARDS. Order Early.

"Yow! Leggo! Chuck it! Yo-o-o-o-o-p!"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Now, will you hand over the quid?" roared Bob Cherry.
 "I—I—I haven't one, you ass!" shrieked Fisher T. Fish.
 "Well, we'll have the truth out of you if we can't have the quid," grinned Bob Cherry. "Is your pater a millionaire?"

"Yep!"
 Bump!
 "Yow—ow—oh!" roared Fisher T. Fish. "Gerrroooh!"
 "Is your pater a millionaire?" demanded Bob Cherry mercilessly.

"Ow! Nope!"
 "Is he rolling in dollars?"
 "Yep—I mean nope!"
 "Do you have as much tin as you like?"
 "Yep!"

Bump!
 "Yaroooop—I mean nope!" wailed the unhappy Fish.
 "Leggo!"

"Have you been swanking and gassing like a silly ass?"
 "Y-y-yep!"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish was bumped down again, and the chums of the Remove released him. They had not been able to make a raise out of the American junior, but it was some satisfaction to have bumped him into admitting facts for once. Fish lay on the ground and blinked at them, and gasped for breath.

"Ow, ow! Groooooop!"
 Bob Cherry shook a warning finger at him.
 "Stick to the facts in the future," he said. "Don't raise a chap's hopes of raising the wind and then disappoint him, or you're liable to get bumped! See?"

"Yooow!"
 And Harry Wharton & Co. walked away, leaving Fisher T. Fish sitting on the ground, looking very dazed, and gasping for breath. The chums of the Remove were laughing heartily. But Bob Cherry became grave again soon.

"We haven't raised the wind yet," he remarked.
 "Rotten!"

"Some of the fellows must have some tin," said Nugent desperately. "Let's go round with the giddy hat!"

It was the only thing to be done. But there was a wonderful scarcity of cash in the Remove that Wednesday. All the fellows whom Harry Wharton & Co. cared to ask for loans seemed to be in a state of hard-up. Johnny Bull, for once, was stony, and Tom Brown did not expect any money till a remittance arrived from New Zealand. Hazeldene never had any money, and Bulstrode had just expended all he had upon a new footer. Leigh, who had a large way of talking about sovereigns, turned out to have only sixpence in his pocket. Mark Linley, who would have lent Bob Cherry anything, had little to lend. Ogilvy was willing to turn out his pockets for them, but as his pockets contained only a threepenny-bit, and that a bad one, he was sarcastically bidden to keep his cash to start a bank account. Micky Desmond raised their hopes for a few moments by going through his pockets in a very businesslike way, as if he expected to find a few sovereigns there which he had overlooked, but all he found was a set of keys and a waistcoat button.

"There goes the bell for dinner!" said Bob Cherry.
 "What rotten luck!"

And the disconsolate juniors turned towards the School House. Their pockets were still empty, and Alonzo Todd was to arrive by the three o'clock train. Temple, Dabney & Co. of the Upper Fourth were standing on the School House steps, and they grinned as the chums of the Remove came up. Rivalry between the Upper Fourth and the Lower—the Remove—was very keen. The Upper Fourth, as a rule, putting on any amount of "side," which the Remove repaid by beating them hollow at footer and cricket. The looks of Temple, Dabney & Co. showed that they knew about Wharton's hopeless quest.

"Found anything?" asked Temple sympathetically.
 "Oh, rats!" said Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "You fellows flush to-day?" asked Nugent.

"Rolling in quids!" said Temple, rattling his pockets, from which came a musical clink. "I've had a remittance—two quid from my pater. I'll tell you what. I'm standing a feed this afternoon, and if you kids are jolly civil we'll let you come."

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.
 "We want some chaps to act as waiters," explained Temple urbanely. "You can do that, you know, and you can have what we leave. That's a fair offer."

"Oh, rather!"
 The chums of the Remove glared at the Fourth-Formers.

"Well, what do you say?" asked Temple.
 THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 201.

Read the grand new story of the Juniors of St. Jim's, entitled:

"ASHAMED OF HIS SISTER!"

In this week's "GEM" Library. Now on Sale. Price One Penny.

Harry Wharton & Co. did not say anything. They rushed at Temple, Dabney and Fry and seized them and rolled them down the steps.

"Yaroooh!" roared Temple. "Leggo!"
 "Yah! Oh!"

Bump—bump—bump!

The three Fourth-Formers rolled down the steps into a puddle left by recent rain. The Removites, roaring with laughter, passed into the house. Temple jumped up in a fury and charged up the steps. Temple was something of a dandy, and he was always very nicely dressed, but his nice clothes were in a sad state now. Harry Wharton & Co. had gone in, and Temple rushed in after them blindly.

Crash!
 Temple collided with somebody just inside the hall, and hit out frantically, without stopping to see who it was.

"Take that, you rotter, and that—yah—and that— Oh!"
 "You young ass!" roared Wingate of the Sixth, the captain of Greyfriars, upon whom Temple's blind blows were falling. "Are you dotty?"

"Oh!" gasped Temple.
 He staggered back, blinking.

Wingate seized him by the collar and cuffed him right and left. Wingate was, as a rule, one of the best-tempered fellows at Greyfriars, but the best of tempers might have been disturbed by Temple's sudden attack.

"Ow!" roared Temple. "I—I didn't see you, Wingate! Yah! I thought it was Wharton— Yarooop! Oh!"

Cuff—cuff—cuff!
 "Yow! Ow! Leggo! I tell you—"

"You'd better look next time before you start punching, then," said Wingate. And he released Temple, and walked into the dining-room, leaving the captain of the Fourth rubbing his ears ruefully.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

No Tick!

HARRY WHARTON and his chums ate their dinner with very thoughtful looks. From the Fourth-Form table Temple, Dabney & Co. gave them glances of wrath. But the Removites did not heed them. They had a problem to solve. It was necessary to raise the wind that afternoon, and they had tried all known sources of supply and failed.

The chums of the Remove were specially desirous of making a fuss of Alonzo Todd when he returned to Greyfriars. Todd, who was called the Duffer of Greyfriars on account of his simplicity of nature, had been very popular there in spite of his peculiar little ways. He had been ill, and had been for some time absent from the school, and the chums of the Remove wanted to make him feel that they were glad to have him back. It was, as Nugent had said, a very special occasion. It was too bad that on that extra special occasion the chums should be stony—but so it was. Harry Wharton & Co. turned the matter over in their minds as they ate their dinner, but there seemed to be no way out. Billy Bunter blinked at them across the table through his large spectacles in a knowing way. Bunter was very frequently in the position in which the chums of the Remove now found themselves, and he was a past-master of the art of raising the wind, and he was far from scrupulous about the methods he adopted.

"I say, you fellows!" Bunter whispered across the table.

Wharton looked at him.

"Hard up?" Bunter queried.

"Yes," growled Harry.

"I'm sincerely sorry. I know what it's like," said Bunter.

SANDOW'S BOOK FREE!

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

SPECIAL OFFER.

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

Address: No. 18, SANDOW HALL, BURY STREET, LONDON, W.C.

"Look here, I dare say I can help you. I'm expecting a postal-order this evening—"

"Rats!"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Bosh!"

And Billy Bunter blinked indignantly, and allowed the matter to drop. When dinner was over the Remove streamed out of the dining-room. Temple, Dabney & Co. passed the Removites with wrathful looks. Temple jingled the money in his pocket as he passed as a sign that he could have relieved their necessities if he had chosen.

"That waiter's job's still open," said Fry.

And as Mr. Quelch, the Remove-master, was standing close at hand talking to Mr. Twigg of the Third, the juniors could not bump him.

Billy Bunter blinked round the hall, as he came out, through his big spectacles, and rolled over towards the chums of the Remove.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Oh, shut up, Bunter!" said Nugent crossly.

"Oh, really, Nugent—"

"Buzz off!"

"I think you're jolly ungrateful when I'm trying to help you," said Billy Bunter indignantly. "I'm as friendly with Todd as you are, and I should like to stand him a feed. If my postal-order had come I would stand it, regardless of expense. As a matter of fact, however, I'm not expecting a remittance till this evening—"

"Oh, buzz off!" roared Bob Cherry. "I'm fed up with your postal-orders, you ass!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

Harry Wharton & Co. walked out into the Close, looking worried. It would be time to go to the station soon to meet Alonzo Todd, and the question of cash was still unanswered. Billy Bunter rolled after them, and tugged at Wharton's sleeve.

"Look here, Wharton—"

"Don't bother!"

"But I know a way of raising the wind," said Bunter. "Look here! Suppose somebody advanced me the cash on my postal-order—"

"Rats!"

"I could pay it back this evening, when the postal-order comes," said Bunter.

"Oh, cheese it!"

"Or anyway, you chaps will have some money on Saturday," said Bunter. "You could pay it back if any—ahem!—accident should happen, and my postal-order never came. It would be as easy as winking, and I know where to raise the money."

"Buzz off!"

"I can tell you where to raise three quid at least—"

"Bosh!"

Wharton pushed the fat junior away, and Billy Bunter sat down on the steps. The chums of the Remove walked on and left him there.

"Beast!" murmured Bunter. "Ow! Beast! Yow!"

John Bull and Bulstrode joined Harry Wharton and his chums in the Close.

"Got the cash?" asked Bulstrode.

"No."

"Sorry! I should like to give old Alonzo a treat," said the Remove captain. "What about running up some tick at the tuckshop? My credit there is pretty well used up until I settle Mrs. Mimble's little account, but you fellows—"

"We're in the same boat," said Bob Cherry disconsolately.

"Oh, rotten!"

"Let's go and try," said Frank Nugent desperately.

"We must do something. Let's go and see Mrs. Mimble."

"Right-ho!"

And the juniors moved off towards the little tuckshop in the corner of the Close behind the elms. But their hopes were not high. Mrs. Mimble was very strict in her accounts. She would allow credit to fellows who were known to be good payers, but only up to a certain point. And that point, unfortunately, had already been reached by the chums of the Remove.

Temple, Dabney & Co. were in the tuckshop when the Removites arrived. Temple was giving orders with a princely air. Two sovereigns lay on the counter, and Temple was apparently ordering things up to their value. Mrs. Mimble, with a beneficent smile upon her fat face, hung upon Temple's words. A junior with two pounds to spend in tuck on a single afternoon was a customer to be desired. Mrs. Mimble smiled her sweetest smiles upon Temple, Dabney & Co., and brought out her best and most tempting delicacies.

The Fourth-Formers sniffed scornfully at the sight of the Removites.

"Six dozen jam-tarts, Mrs. Mimble," said Temple.

"Certainly, Master Temple!"

"And three dozen of ginger-beer."

"Certainly!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 201.

NEXT TUESDAY: "AGAINST HIS FATHER'S WISH!" By FRANK RICHARDS. Order Early.

EVERY
TUESDAY,

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

"And a whole plum cake."

"My hat!" said Bob Cherry. "You are doing things in style this afternoon, Temple, old man."

Temple smiled in a lofty way.

"I'm standing a feed to the Fourth," he said. "You chaps can come as waiters, if you like."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, go and eat cake!" said Bob Cherry.

"And anything else, Master Temple?" asked Mrs. Mimble very respectfully.

"Dozen sponge cakes and dozen seedy cakes," said Temple. "And don't forget the cold chicken and the corned beef."

"Yes."

"And the preserved fruits and the apples and oranges, and the rest."

"Quite so, Master Temple."

"Have all the things delivered in the Form-room at five o'clock," said Temple. "Tell your boy to put the packages under my desk."

"Very well, Master Temple."

"Good! I think we've finished here," said Temple. "Come on, you chaps! By the way, Mrs. Mimble, I warn you not to give credit to these Remove kids. They're on the make."

And the Fourth-Formers, with lofty and disdainful glances at the Removites, swung out of the tuckshop.

Mrs. Mimble looked at Harry Wharton & Co. with half her smiles gone. Customers on tick did not get the same smiles as customers for cash. And Harry Wharton & Co., owing to a late famine in cash, had already run their credit up to the last point the good lady allowed. At the mere thought of being asked to run it farther, Mrs. Mimble became grim.

"What can I do for you, Master Wharton?" she asked, with somewhat cold politeness.

"We're stony, Mrs. Mimble," Wharton explained, "and it's a very special occasion this afternoon. We want you to let us have some things on tick."

"Ahem!"

"About a pound's worth would do."

"Ahem!" said Mrs. Mimble. "I might make it a shilling. Master Wharton, or even half-a-crown, as I know you so well. Not more than that."

Wharton coloured. It was painful for him to ask for "tick" at all, and he certainly would not argue the point.

"Very well!" he said. "Never mind. Thanks!"

And he walked out of the tuckshop. The other fellows followed him rather disconsolately.

"Blessed if that's the way to get credit, Wharton," said Bulstrode.

Harry Wharton shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, rats! Never mind!"

"What are you going to do?"

"Blessed if I know!"

And the matter was still unsettled when the time came to leave the school to meet Alonzo Todd's train at Friardale Station.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Well Shot!

"LOOK out!"

"Oh, rather!"

"Quiet!"

"Look here, Temple—"

"Don't make a row!"

"Who's making a row?" demanded Fry truculently.

"Now, look here, Fry, old man—"

"Quiet!" said Dabney. "I can hear them!"

And the three heroes of the Upper Fourth left off wrangling, and were very silent. Temple, Dabney & Co. were at the window of Temple's study in the Fourth Form passage at Greyfriars. Temple's study window commanded a close view of the great door of the School House, and from the window a biscuit could have been tossed with ease upon the school steps. The Fourth-Formers were watching the steps as cats might watch a mousehole from which mice were expected to emerge at any moment.

There was a pail standing beside the window, and in that pail was a queer-looking mixture. Ink and soot and water seemed to be mixed in about equal proportions, to judge by its appearance. Temple had a large garden syringe in his hands, and he had his sleeves rolled up. The Fourth-Formers were waiting for Harry Wharton & Co. to emerge from the School House.

"They'll have their best bib and tucker on," murmured Fry. "They're going out in style to meet Todd at the station."

Temple and Dabney chuckled softly.

At the thought of the surprise that was in store for the Removites, the Fourth-Formers ceased from wrangling. The contents of the garden squirt were intended for the chums of the Remove as soon as they emerged from the shelter of the old porch.

Temple had had a little practice with the syringe, and the steps of the School House were within easy range from the study window.

The Fourth-Formers watched anxiously for Harry Wharton & Co. to appear.

"They're coming!" murmured Fry.

"Oh, rather!"

"I'm ready!" said Temple.

He dipped the end of the garden syringe into the black mixture in the pail, and filled it. There was a sizzling sound as the mixture was drawn into the syringe. Temple turned to the window again, and leaned out. He was taking aim with the syringe, but he drew it back suddenly.

"It's Coker!"

The burly form of Coker, of the Fifth, emerged from the perch, with Blundell and Potter, of the same Form. The three Fifth-Formers strolled away towards the footer-ground, little dreaming what a narrow escape they had had of a bathe in soot and ink and water.

Temple chuckled rather breathlessly.

"Jolly near thing!" he murmured.

"Careful!" said Fry. "You don't want to catch Quelch, or Capper, or the Head with a dose in the back of the neck. It would cause trouble."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Here comes somebody!"

"Hush! It's Wingate!"

Wingate, of the Sixth, left the house, and went down the steps. The squirt was half-raised, and lowered again.

The Fourth-Formers were getting impatient. They felt bound to avenge their having been rolled in the mud; and as they knew that Harry Wharton & Co. were dressing themselves rather nicely to go to the station, they could not have had a better opportunity than this. But it was high time the chums of the Remove started, and Temple was assailed by fears that they might have gone out another way.

"Here they are!" whispered Fry at last.

"Oh, rather!" breathed Dabney.

Temple drew a quick breath.

The well-known form of Bob Cherry, of the Remove, appeared upon the steps below, and Bob turned round to wave his hand to other juniors still in the house.

"Buck up there!" he called out. "We shall be late at the station."

Temple chuckled.

"He's right there!" he murmured.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Let him have it!"

"Here goes!" murmured Temple.

He took careful aim, leaning over the window-sill. It never occurred to Bob Cherry to look up; he was not anticipating danger from above.

Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, and John Bull came out of the house and joined Bob Cherry on the steps. All of them were dressed very nicely, and wore gloves and silk hats. Temple dwelt upon his aim for a moment, and then, as the juniors started down the steps, he let fly.

Whiz!

Swish!

"Yaroo!" roared Bob Cherry.

The inky stream caught him in the back of the neck, flooding down his back, and splashing his ears and his hair.

Bob Cherry gave a sudden jump in his astonishment, and missed his footing on the stone steps, and rolled to the bottom. There was a splash as he sat in the same puddle that had received Temple some time before.

The Fourth-Formers at the window burst into a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Removites halted on the steps. Temple hastily refilled the garden squirt. Wharton and Nugent and Johnny Bull stared at Bob Cherry, and then looked upward in blank astonishment.

Whiz! Swish!

"Yah! Oh!"

Nugent staggered, clasping his hands to his face as the inky jet smote him just under the nose, and splashed all over him.

"Look out!" roared John Bull.

Whiz! Swish!

Harry Wharton caught the next whizzing jet under the ear.

"Oh! Yah! Ho! Yah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you rotters!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 201.

Read the grand new story of the Juniors of St. Jim's, entitled:

"ASHAMED OF HIS SISTER!"

In this week's "GEM" Library. Now on Sale. Price One Penny.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yaroo!"

Temple, Dabney & Co. shrieked with laughter. Temple drew a fresh supply into the syringe, and took a hasty shot at John Bull, but Bull leaped back into the shelter of the porch. Wharton, Nugent, and Bob Cherry staggered, astounded by the unexpected attack, and drenched by the inky, sooty water.

There was a yell of laughter from the Close.

Fellows ran up on all sides to witness the strange sight, and roared with laughter at the sight of the three inky and sooty heroes of the Remove.

"M-m-my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry. "What the——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You cackling asses——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Grooh!"

"Ow! Oh!"

"I guess that takes the cake!" roared Fisher T. Fish, who had not forgotten his severe bumping. "I guess that's funny! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Funny, is it?" yelled Bob Cherry, staggering to his feet, dripping with ink and soot and muddy water. "Well, if it's so funny, you can have some of it."

And he clasped the American junior in his arms, and rubbed his inky face and head well over the features of Fisher T. Fish. Fish roared and struggled. It did not seem so funny to him now.

"Ow! Leggo! Yaroo! Yah! I guess——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Give 'em some more!" yelled Fry. "Let 'em have the lot!"

Temple grinned. He had filled the squirt again, and he whizzed the contents out upon the juniors. Bolsover, the bully of the Remove, was roaring with laughter, but he suddenly ceased laughing as the jet of inky water caught him in the ear. His laughter changed to a wild yell.

"Ow-w-w-w-w!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You rotters!" roared Bolsover. "Do you think that's funny? I'll smash you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bolsover rushed into the house, streaming with ink. Wharton and Nugent and Bull and Bob Cherry followed him. As a rule the Famous Four had little in common with Bolsover, the bully of the Form, but just now they were quite at one with him. They wanted vengeance upon the Upper Fourth, and they wanted it bad.

The inky, sooty Removites dashed up to the Fourth-Form passage.

"My hat!" ejaculated Phipps, of the Fourth. "What the—oh!"

Phipps was rolled over in the passage, and the infuriated Removites rushed over him. They reached Temple's door, and crashed upon it. But the door was locked, and it only shook under their terrific assault; it did not open.

Bolsover raged at the door.

"Open this door, you cowards!" he yelled.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bolsover bent down to the keyhole, and yelled through it: "Open this door! I'll—ow-w-w-w-w!"

Whiz—swish—swish!

A jet of inky water came whizzing through the keyhole from inside, and Bolsover caught it full in his open mouth. He staggered back, spluttering and gasping.

"Gr-r-r-rooooooooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Inside the study, Temple, Dabney & Co. were roaring with laughter. Outside, in the passage, the inky Removites raged. But they raged in vain. The stout oaken door resisted every attack; and the voice of a prefect yelling from the distance stopped their attack upon it at last. They retired to the nearest bath-room to clean up, and Temple, Dabney & Co. were left victorious. And from behind the locked door of Temple's study came yell after yell of laughter.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Alonzo Arrives.

"DEAR me! This is Greyfriars!"

The train stopped in Friardale Station.

A youth, with a somewhat prominent nose, and somewhat long hair growing in tufts, and a most simple and benevolent cast of countenance, sat in a corner of a first-class carriage, and he blinked out into the old station with an air of affectionate pleasure.

It was Alonzo Todd, returning to Greyfriars.

The gentle youth who was known to all Greyfriars as the "Duffer," rose from his seat, and began to collect his belongings from the rack and from under the seat. The old porter of Friardale came along the train.



"Stand back there!" roared the guard. "My dear man——" Alonzo Todd was pushed away from the train, and his varied and assorted belongings dropped round him in a little shower. (See Chapter 5.)

"Get down 'ere for Greyfriars, sir," he said, recognising by Alonzo Todd's attire that he was a schoolboy.

Todd blinked at him.

"Thank you very much, my dear man," he said. "But I am quite aware of that. I belong to Greyfriars. However, my Uncle Benjamin always instructed me to express gratitude even for superfluous information, and for that reason I render you my thanks."

The porter stared at him. In his time, he had seen many kinds of juniors come to Greyfriars, but he did not remember ever having been addressed in that Johnsonian strain by a junior schoolboy before. He gasped.

"If you hain't going hon, you'd better get hout, sir!" he exclaimed.

"I am certainly not going on," said Todd. "I am going to Greyfriars, and it is therefore incumbent upon me to alight at this station."

"My heye!" gasped the porter.

"I see that you do not remember me," said Todd. "I have, however, seen you before. My name is Todd—Alonzo Todd. I belong to the Remove Form at Greyfriars. I shall have great pleasure in descending when I have gathered up my property. Please hand me my umbrella, also my travelling-rug, and I have a bandbox, too, and a portmanteau. My other luggage is in the guard's van. Ah! And I must not forget my book. It was the last present my Uncle Benjamin gave me—a most valuable volume called 'The Story of a Potato.'"

"My heye!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 201.

NEXT TUESDAY: **"AGAINST HIS FATHER'S WISH!"** By FRANK RICHARDS. Order Early.

"Stand back there!" roared the guard.

"My dear man——"

Todd was pushed away from the train, and his varied and assorted belongings dropped round him in a little shower. He gathered them up, and disposed them about himself with some little difficulty. A box had bumped out on the platform, and Alonzo blinked towards it, holding his other possessions in both arms.

"That is my box, porter! Kindly place it on the cab, and please be very careful."

"Yes, sir."

Todd blinked up and down the platform.

"It is very curious that no one is here to meet me," he remarked. "Wharton said distinctly in his letter that he and some of the other fellows would be here to meet the train. But perhaps there has been some delay. Do you know whether Wharton is here at the station, my good man?"

"Master Wharton ain't been 'ere, sir."

"Dear me! My Uncle Benjamin says it is very reprehensible to fail to keep an appointment, and I think I had better speak seriously to Wharton on the subject. Pray be careful with that box, porter."

"Yes, sir."

And, preceded by Alonzo Todd carrying his rug and umbrella and bandbox and portmanteau and the precious volume given him by his Uncle Benjamin, the porter trundled the box out of the station on a trolley.

Outside, in the old High Street of Friardale, Alonzo Todd

looked up and down for a sign of the chums of Greyfriars. But Harry Wharton & Co. were not to be seen. At that precise moment, as a matter of fact, the Famous Four were engaged in washing off, in steaming hot water, the soot and ink with which the jokers of the Fourth had smothered them. They were in no state to meet Alonzo Todd.

"Dear me!" said Alonzo. "This is really reprehensible! I had looked forward to reading them a chapter of my book, 'The Story of a Potato,' in the cab going to Greyfriars. However, upon the whole, I will walk, and you can send the box on to the school, porter."

"Yes, sir."

And Alonzo, taking a tighter grip upon his numerous personal belongings, turned to trot away. The porter stared at him, and coughed emphatically.

"Hem! Excuse me, sir!"

Alonzo turned round.

"Certainly," he said. "You have not offended me in any way, my good man, but if you think that you have unwittingly offended, I am perfectly willing to excuse you."

"Hem! Remember the porter, sir."

"With pleasure," said Todd. "Although you do not remember me, I remember you perfectly well, and shall continue to do so. Good-bye!"

"Hem!"

"I trust you have not a cold in the throat, my good man," said Alonzo, with real concern. "This is very trying weather, and a man who, to judge by his looks, is addicted to the habitual use of strong liquors, is very liable to catch cold. May I suggest that you should put your feet in hot mustard-water, and take three of Green's Gargantuan Globules for the Gullet before going to bed."

"Hem! Which the box is very 'eavy, sir."

"Yes, it is quite full, I am aware," said Todd, with a nod of the head.

"Which I'd be glad to drink your health, sir."

Todd shook his head.

"My Uncle Benjamin does not approve of drinking healths," he said. "It is liable to lead men of unfixed principles into over-indulgence in strong liquors, which is bad for both soul and body. However, as my Uncle Benjamin has impressed upon me the necessity and laudable advisability of treating employees of all sorts with generosity, I shall be very pleased to present you with twopence, porter, but I must make it a condition that it is not expended in riotous living."

"Which I shall save it hup for my old hage, sir," said the porter, with heavy sarcasm, as he accepted the twopence.

"An excellent plan," said Alonzo unsuspectingly—"a very excellent plan, my good man. My Uncle Benjamin would be very pleased to hear you say so. Good-bye!"

And the Duffer of Greyfriars walked down the High Street. He dropped his handbox, and in stooping to pick it up, dropped his book, and in gathering up that, allowed both the rug and the umbrella to escape him. But Alonzo Todd was very patient. He gathered up his properties at last, and walked away serenely towards Greyfriars.

"Todd!"

"Toddy!"

"Toddy! Toddy! Toddy!"

Alonzo Todd had covered half the distance to the school when the sudden hail roused him from a reverie—probably upon the subject of the growth of that valuable vegetable, the potato, as described in the latest gift from his Uncle Benjamin.

He looked up.

Temple, Dabney & Co., of the Fourth, were coming down the lane towards him, and they all took their silk hats off at the same moment to greet the Duffer of Greyfriars. Alonzo Todd raised his hat in response, with a genial smile.

"My dear fellows, I am so glad to see you!" he exclaimed.

"Todd! It's really Todd!" exclaimed Temple.

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"Same old Todd!" exclaimed Fry.

"As large as life, and twice as natural," said Phipps solemnly.

Alonzo Todd beamed upon the Fourth-Formers. Such little matters as the rivalry between the Fourth and the Remove at Greyfriars, and the endless warfare that was waged between the two Forms, quite escaped Todd's memory at the moment. He was very glad to see Greyfriars fellows again. Phipps was leading a donkey by the bridle, and Todd recognised the animal as belonging to Farmer Jones, of Friardale. The donkey was hired out to the Greyfriars juniors at times, but it was not an easy matter to ride him, and Phipps had not attempted it. He was content to lead him by the bridle. Temple, Dabney & Co. stood round Alonzo Todd, bowing like a set of Chinese mandarins.

"So glad to see you!" said Temple.

"Oh, rather!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 201.

Read the grand new story of the Juniors of St. Jim's, entitled:

"ASHAMED OF HIS SISTER!" In this week's "GEM" Library. Now on Sale. Price One Penny.

"Greyfriars hasn't been the same since you left!" said Fry.

"Hardly recognise the place when you look at it," said Phipps.

Todd looked puzzled.

"It is really very kind of you to say so!" he exclaimed. "But, although I am very glad that I have been missed, it is difficult for me to imagine that my absence has caused any differentiation in the structural aspect of the buildings."

"Ahem!" said Temple, with a warning glance at Phipps. "The fact is, Todd, old man, we've come to meet ybu."

"Thank you so much! I was expecting Wharton—"

Temple grinned.

"Wharton and the Remove chaps have been—been unavoidably detained," he explained. "We have come instead. We don't have a duffer come back to Greyfriars every day—ahem!—I mean, this is a very special occasion, you see, and we are determined that it shall be celebrated in proper style."

"Oh, rather!"

"We want to take you to Greyfriars in good style," said Temple. "We would have brought a carriage and pair, but carriages and pairs are off. The next best thing was to get an Arab steed—"

"My dear Temple—"

"But Farmer Jones has mislaid all his Arab steeds," went on Temple hurriedly. "But we were able to secure the donkey. I am certain that you will enjoy a ride on the donkey, as you must be fatigued after your journey."

"You are very, very kind, Temple!"

"The fact is, it is our intention to be kind," said Temple blandly.

"Oh, rather!"

Todd eyed the donkey very doubtfully. He remembered that donkey, and he did not feel exhilarated at the prospect of riding him.

"I—I thank you very much, Temple—"

"Not at all, my dear man."

"But—but I am not a good rider," said Todd; "and my Uncle Benjamin has always cautioned me not to attempt that which is beyond my powers. Therefore—"

"Oh, that's all right!" said Fry. "We're going to walk with you, and lead the donkey. We sha'n't allow a nice chap like you to run any risks, Toddy."

"Thank you so much—"

"Not at all! Up you get!"

"But—"

"We simply won't take a denial, Toddy," said Temple. "We want to be kind to you. We want to show all Greyfriars what we think of you."

Todd was visibly touched. It was pretty clear that the Duffer of Greyfriars had returned to the school just as simple and confiding as when he left. There never was a fellow so easily japed as the unsuspecting Alonzo, and probably never would be.

"Hold the donkey, Phippy, while I give Todd a leg up," said Temple.

"Right-ho!" said Phipps.

Alonzo felt that it would be ungracious to decline further. He submitted to his fate, but with many inward misgivings as he attempted to mount the donkey.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Looking Backward.

ALONZO'S misgivings were not without foundation. The donkey, in spite of the fact that Phipps, of the Fourth, was holding him—or, perhaps because of that fact—was restive. He slithered sideways as Temple gave Todd the promised "leg up," and the Duffer of Greyfriars sprawled wildly across his back.

"Oh, dear!" gasped Alonzo.

"Keep him still, Phippy!"

"I—I can't!"

Bump!

"Yow! Yaroop!"

Alonzo Todd slid down the donkey's side and sat in the road.

"Oh!" he gasped.

"So sorry!" said Temple. "Try again."

"My dear Temple—"

"You know what your uncle Benjamin always said," replied Fry—"If at first you don't succeed, try again." I've heard you say so."

"Yes, indeed, Fry; but—"

"Never say die, Todd!" said Temple encouragingly.

ANSWERS

"Yes; but really——"

"Put your things down in the road, and I'll hand them up to you," said Phipps. "Now, then, give him a bunk up, Temple!"

And Alonzo Todd was bunked up again. This time, instead of being bunked too little, he was bunked too much, and he flew head first across the donkey's back. He clutched out wildly, and threw his arms round Phipps's neck, and bore him to the ground with his weight, and they sprawled in the dust together, Phipps underneath.

"Ow!" roared Phipps.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Temple, Dabney, and Fry.

"Yow! You fathead!"

"I'm so sorry!" gasped Alonzo. "I am so—so sorry, my dear Phipps, but it really was not my fault! You will observe——"

"Yowp! Gerroff my head!"

"Dear me! I did not observe that I was sitting on your head, my dear Phipps!"

"Groo! Draggimoff!" gurgled Phipps, sounding very much as if he were speaking in Russian or Polish.

"Groop! Ugggh! Draggimoff!"

Temple and Dabney dragged Alonzo off. Phipps jumped up, and clenched his fists. But Fry pushed him back.

"Chuck it, you ass!"

"He's nearly squashed me!" roared Phipps. "I'm going to punch his silly head!"

"My dear Phipps——"

"Shut up!" said Temple, frowning. "This isn't the way to speak to Todd when he's coming back to Greyfriars! Shut up, Phippy!"

"Look here——"

"Oh, ring off! Hold Neddy while we shove Alonzo on."

"Catch me!" growled Phipps. "I've had enough of holding him! Yah!"

"Look here, you silly ass——"

"Pray do not quarrel, my dear fellows," said Todd, in great distress. "My uncle Benjamin says that dogs may delight to bark and bite, but children——"

"Who are you calling children?" roared Phipps.

"I assure you that I did not intend to use the expression in a disparaging sense, my dear Phipps!"

"Shut up, Phipps!" said Temple. "You shouldn't be clumsy! But the fact is, Alonzo, it's better to mount Neddy the other way round. If you sit with your face to the tail, he's as quiet as a lamb."

"Dear me!"

"As quiet as half a dozen lambs!" said Fry. "Up you get!"

"But, my dear Fry——"

"This way. Let me help you."

Todd had his doubts. But he felt that he could not gainsay the pressing politeness of the Fourth-Formers. He was lifted again, and this time he sat securely upon the donkey's back, with his face to the tail. He held on with a desperate clutch to the animal's hairy hide, and the donkey stirred restively.

"Feel safe?" asked Temple encouragingly.

"I—I should like to reply in the affirmative," gasped Alonzo; "but regard for the facts compels me to state that I do not feel safe. I think that, upon the whole, I should prefer to walk, my dear fellows."

Temple shook his head.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed. "You must let us have our way—you must really, Todd! I am sure your Uncle Benjamin would be pleased to see us making a fuss of you. If you don't feel safe, we can easily tie you on."

"My dear Temple——"

"No trouble at all," said Temple. "Do you happen to have a bit of cord about you, Fry?"

"I believe I have," said Fry, feeling in his pockets.

Fry happened to have quite a deal of cord about him. Even that did not raise Todd's suspicions that he was the victim of an elaborate jape. Todd was never suspicious.

Fry wound the cord about Alonzo and the donkey. Todd's feet were tied under the animal, and his legs were tied down to its flanks, and it was certainly impossible for him to fall off, or to get off at all, when Fry had finished.

"There!" exclaimed Fry, triumphantly. "Safe enough now!"

"Yes, indeed, my dear Fry! But——"

"Now for Alonzo's property," said Temple. "We must not forget that. Tie the handbox on one side of him, and the portmanteau on the other."

"Good!"

"The rug can be tied on his back, and the umbrella across his shoulders," said Temple. "You see, we don't want to risk your losing them, Todd."

"Thank you so much, Temple. But——"

"Don't mench, my dear fellow. Now, I think we're ready," said Temple, looking round.

The Fourth-Formers agreed that they were. Phipps had recovered his good-temper by this time. The sight of Alonzo Todd tied backwards upon the donkey, with his various

EVERY
TUESDAY,

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

belongings suspended round him, was sufficient to restore anybody to good-temper.

"Feel quite safe?" asked Temple.

"Yes, indeed. But——"

"Then we'll start."

"My dear Temple——"

"Don't thank me, old chap! I'd do more than this for you," said Temple blandly.

And he took the rein of the donkey and led him in the direction of Greyfriars. The Fourth-Formers set their faces towards the school, and as Todd's back was turned in that direction, they were able to laugh without his seeing them do so. But they had hard work to laugh silently.

The donkey was very restive under his strange burden. He tried some buck-jumping tactics, after the fashion of a Texas mustang, and Alonzo swayed wildly to and fro in his seat. But for the cords he would certainly have fallen off. Todd was of a grateful nature, and he was very much obliged to Temple & Co. for the trouble they were taking over him. But he would really have preferred, upon the whole, to walk.

"Here's Greyfriars!" exclaimed Temple.

"I—I cannot see it," said Todd, twisting round on the donkey's back. "Ah, yes, indeed, it is the dear old school! What sweet associations those grey old walls awake in the mind! At such a moment, I must say—— Ow! I wish this donkey would not jump so!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My dear fellows——"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the crowd of juniors in the gateway of the old school. They had caught sight of Alonzo returning in state.

Temple guided the donkey through the gates. A wild yell of laughter greeted Alonzo Todd from all who caught sight of him.

"Here's the Duffer!"

"The Duffer's come back!"

"Hurray!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Temple gave the donkey a tap on the flank, and let go the rein. The donkey started, and, finding itself free, careered into the Close, carrying the unfortunate Alonzo with him, amid wild yells of laughter.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Alonzo Todd in Trouble.

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"

"What's the row?"

"What the dickens——"

"My hat!"

Harry Wharton & Co. had had to wash themselves thoroughly and change their clothes, to get rid of the bath of ink and soot which Temple had so generously bestowed upon them. They had finished, and were about to quit the School House, in the hope of still meeting the Duffer on the road from the station, when the commotion in the Close broke upon their ears. They ran out of the School House.

As they caught sight of the strange figure on the careering donkey, they stopped dead.

"My hat!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"It's Alonzo!"

"The Duffer!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

A yelling crowd of fellows followed the donkey. Seniors as well as juniors were shrieking with merriment.

"Good old Alonzo!"

"Hurray!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Dear me!" gasped Todd. "Oh, dear, I—I feel quite uncomfortable! Ow! Rescue! I wish somebody would stop this donkey! Oh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton could not help laughing. He guessed that somebody had been japing the Duffer of Greyfriars on the day of his return to the school, and the sight of Temple, Dabney & Co. in the crowd showed him pretty clearly who the japers were. He was wrathful, but he could not help laughing. He ran towards the donkey.

"It's all right, Todd! I'll help you! Shoo—shoo! Stop, you beast!"

The donkey shied away from Wharton.

The yelling of the crowd had thoroughly frightened the excited beast, and Neddy was not to be caught easily.

He dashed away from Wharton at top speed, with the unfortunate Duffer waving his arms wildly; and the crowd opened for the animal to pass.

"Stop him!" shouted Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Catch him!"

"Rats!" said Coker, of the Fifth. "This is as good as a circus! Don't stop him! Ha, ha, ha!"

And the rest of the fellows seemed to be of the same opinion. Harry Wharton & Co. chased the donkey desperately. The other fellows yelled with laughter, but did not lend a hand. And Neddy was not to be caught. He dashed to and from the Close, and the chums of the Remove panted after him in vain.

Dr. Locke, the Head of Greyfriars, disturbed by the uproar in the Close, looked out of his study window. He seemed petrified at what he saw. As soon as he recovered himself, he threw open the window.

"Boys! Stop that—that animal at once!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Wingate! Courtney! Catch that animal!"

"Yes, sir," said Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars.

"Who is that upon the donkey?"

"Todd, sir."

"Oh, Todd!" said the Head, understanding at once. He remembered the peculiar adventures of the Duffer of Greyfriars in past terms. "Oh, Todd!"

Wingate dashed after the donkey. Courtney, and Walker, and several other Sixth-Formers lent him their aid, and the animal was cornered at last, near the Head's study window. Harry Wharton succeeded in catching the bridle, and he led the donkey to the Head's window, in obedience to a gesture from Dr. Locke.

"Dear me!" gasped the Head. "Extraordinary! Lead the animal round, Wharton, so that I can see Todd."

The donkey was led round, and backed up under the window, so that the Duffer of Greyfriars was face to face with the Head. Alonzo would have raised his hat, but his hat had flown off long ago in his wild career.

"Oh, sir!" he gasped.

"Todd!" thundered the Head.

"Ye-e-ea, sir!"

"What do you mean by this?"

"Mean, sir?" gasped Alonzo.

"Yes, sir!" thundered the Head. "What does this absurd masquerade mean?"

"Masquerade, sir?" panted poor Alonzo. When he was excited or alarmed, Alonzo had a peculiar habit of repeating what was said to him, in a parrot-like fashion, instead of giving a direct answer. "Masquerade, sir?"

"Yes. Is this meant for insolence?"

"Insolence, sir?"

"Don't repeat my words in that ridiculous manner, Todd."

"Ridiculous manner, sir?"

"Todd! How dare you!"

"Dare, sir?"

"I shall begin to think, Todd, that you are out of your senses."

"Senses, sir?"

Dr. Locke gasped.

"Wharton, release that absurd boy, and take him away. I shall inquire into this later."

And the Doctor drew in his head, and closed the study window very hard.

Harry Wharton & Co. proceeded to unfasten the unhappy Alonzo amid yells of merriment. Alonzo did not seem to know whether he was standing on his head or his heels. He allowed himself to be untied, and lifted off the donkey's back, and set upon his feet.

"Dear me!" he gasped. "What would my Uncle Benjamin say?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Where did you get that donkey from?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"Donkey!"

"Eh?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Who are you calling a donkey?" bawled Bob Cherry.

"My dear Cherry—"

"Where did you get it from, Alonzo?" asked Harry Wharton, laughing.

"Temple was so kind as to hire it for me to ride to Greyfriars," said Todd.

"Oh, Temple!"

"It's a jape of the Fourth Form cads!" exclaimed Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Temple, Dabney & Co.

The Remove chums glared at them.

"Well, Temple will have to take the donkey back, if he hired it," said Bob Cherry, "and we're not going to catch any old donkeys for him."

And he gave Neddy a flick that sent him careering away towards the gates.

"Here, stop that!" yelled Temple. "He's got to be taken back—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Catch him, then!" grinned Bob Cherry.

Temple, Dabney & Co. streamed away towards the gates in pursuit of the elusive Neddy. To judge by the way he kicked up his heels and careered, they had quite a long chase before them. The chums of the Remove gathered round Alonzo, and escorted him into the House. He was marched up to No. 1 Study in the Remove passage, with Harry Wharton & Co. round him, keeping guard over him in case there should be any further attempt at japing.

Alonzo stood in No. 1 Study and pumped in breath. His various belongings were carried into the study, somewhat bumped and bruised by their transit to the school.

"Dear me!" gasped Alonzo. "It was very, very kind of Temple, but I really wish he had allowed me to walk. It is possible to be too kind. Dear me."

The Remove chums laughed.

"Well, here you are, safe and sound," said Harry Wharton, "and we're jolly glad to see you back at Greyfriars, kid."

"Jolly glad!" said Bob Cherry.

"It's ripping!" said Frank Nugent heartily.

Alonzo beamed upon the chums of the Remove. Their welcome was evidently genuine, and it touched the Duffer of Greyfriars very much.

"Thank you so much," he exclaimed. "This is indeed kind of you. My Uncle Benjamin would be very pleased to hear you say so. My Uncle Benjamin gave me this volume before I left home, and I have read part of it in the train. It is called 'The Story of a Potato,' and contains very valuable information in a light and readable form. I should be delighted to read a chapter or two to you fellows presently—"

"Ahem!—presently," said Johnny Bull. "At present, you must be hungry after your journey."

"Yes, indeed, I am somewhat hungry," said Alonzo. "It was very, very kind of you to write and tell me that you were going to have a study feed to celebrate my return, Wharton."

"Not at all."

"For that reason, I forebore to have any lunch in the train, both for the sake of my digestion and to do full justice to the study feed," Todd explained.

"Oh, you must be pretty sharp set, then."

"Well, yes. But do not hurry; I will sit here and read 'The Story of a Potato,' with pleasure, while you chaps are getting ready."

"Oh, good! A rest is what you want," said Wharton uneasily.

"Yes, indeed."

Alonzo Todd sat down in the armchair before the fire. Nugent gave him a cushion for his back, and Wharton handed him a footstool. Bob Cherry stirred the fire, and Johnny Bull found his book and brought it to him. Certainly, the Duffer of Greyfriars was being very well looked after.

But the question was—where was the feed coming from?

Leaving Alonzo to enjoy his rest and his book, absorbing therefrom really valuable information upon the growth and development of the potato, the chums of the Remove quitted the study, and in the passage they stopped, and looked at one another in dismay. What was to be done?

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Bunter's Suggestion.

HARRY WHARTON & Co. were cornered. Alonzo Todd was their guest, and a very special guest. Duffer as he was, he was of a most sensitive nature, and if he had dreamed for a moment that he was troubling the fellows, or putting them out in any way, he would have been deeply hurt. It was impossible to give him the slightest inkling of how matters really stood, and at the same time it was impossible to leave him without the promised feed. It was just like Todd to miss his lunch in the train, for the purpose of doing full justice and honour to the feed in Wharton's study. But for the unfortunate state of stoniness in which the chums of the Remove found themselves, all would have been well. As it was, they were bound to provide the expected feed, and they could not keep Alonzo waiting long, and they tried every resource for raising the wind, and had failed. Even if Wharton had thought of attempting to raise a loan from his rivals in the Upper Fourth—Temple, Dabney & Co.—that was impossible now, for those youths had gone out in chase of the donkey. From what the juniors knew of Neddy, by experience, Temple and his friends would take a great deal of time to catch him and return him to his owner.

"It's rotten!" said Bob Cherry. "If Mauleverer wasn't away we could borrow of him. Little Wun Lung generally has pots of money, but he's out of tin now, just when we want it. Johnny Bull ought to have more sense than to be stony now—"

"Can't be helped," said John Bull.
 "Well, you're an ass, anyway. By the way, what was that Bunter was saying, Wharton, about a way of getting some tin, if you could pay it on Saturday? We shall all have money on Saturday, as far as that goes."
 "Oh, it was only Bunter's gas," said Bob.
 "Well, I suppose it was," said Bob.
 "Any port in a storm," Johnny Bull remarked. "Might as well ask Bunter what he was talking about. He may have thought of something."
 "Well, it won't do any harm," said Wharton. "I'll look for Bunter, and you fellows go up and down the Form and see what you can do."
 "Right-ho!"

Harry Wharton went towards the common-room, where he expected to find Billy Bunter sitting over the fire. If the fat junior had been in funds, the safest place to look for him would have been the tuckshop. As Wharton drew near the common-room, three fags came cautiously from a side passage, and halted at the sight of him. They were Tubb, of the

EVERY TUESDAY, The "Magnet" LIBRARY, ONE PENNY.

Third, and Nugent minor and Gatty, of the Second. Wharton looked at him.
 "Hallo!" he exclaimed. The extreme caution in their manner struck him at once, and he wondered what "jape" the fags were intent upon.
 Nugent minor looked at him suspiciously.
 "Seen Temple?" he asked.
 Harry Wharton laughed.
 "He's gone out, after Mr Jones's donkey," he replied.
 "Not likely to come back just yet, then?" said Tubb, of the Third.
 "Not likely."
 "Oh, good!" said Gatty.
 The three fags passed on. Harry Wharton glanced after them curiously, but he had no time to think of them just

FIFTY MONEY PRIZES for 'MAGNET' READERS!

Save your next Seven Numbers of "The MAGNET" and Win a MONEY PRIZE!

Printed below is a miniature reproduction of pages 1 and 28 of No. 199 of "The Magnet." On the next page you will find miniature pages 2 and 27 of the same issue. Next week four more diminutive pages of the same number will be given in the same way, and the following week four more, and so on until in seven weeks there will have been printed a complete miniature number—including cover—of "The Magnet." When the whole of this miniature number has been reproduced, competitors will be asked to cut out each set of midget pages, fold and bind them up, thus making a Real Miniature Issue of our Popular Story-Book. To the reader who sends in the neatest and cleanest effort, a money prize of 10s. will be awarded, and forty-nine other miniature copies purchased by the Editor at 1s. each.

NOTE.—Readers of "The Magnet" Library who desire to enter this competition, and who would also like to retain in their possession such a novel edition of "The Magnet," would do well to take in an extra copy while the competition is in progress, as on no account will competitors have their copies returned. The Editor's decision in all matters connected with this Competition will be Final.

THE BEST 3^d LIBRARY 2nd THE "BOYS' FRIEND" 3^d LIBRARY. "E.C."

These Long was looking away. He dared not meet the negro's glance, he could hardly keep control of himself. There was a hiss of trumpets, and the crowd divided. Wharton, King of the South, walked slowly towards the Cloud King, surrounded by the bodyguard of gentlemen. He smiled and bowed. He did not speak. In his glancing about, he looked every inch a king.
 A seat was placed for him beneath the flag, and an attendant brought forward a table. The crowd parted again to make way for Van Witter, Frost, and Maddock. Van Witter greeted his fellow empire hunters.
 "You don't look fit, though," he drawled. "The cold doesn't agree with you, I reckon."
 Sir Clement shivered. Even the three nobles of the Land of the Eternal Ice was less odd than Farris and his comrades.
 "I have not been well," he answered. "Do you expect me to sympathize with you over America's defeat?"
 "I don't," said Van Witter bluntly, as he eyed the smiling Cuban and the smiling negro. "I'm glad we're back. It was a lost battle for America, but America wouldn't own these hanging blackguards there. Well, Lord, shall we get to work?"
 "If you please."

Two papers were placed on the table, with pen and ink. "Observe," said Farris Lord. "The papers are here, waiting your signatures. You have read them before, but perhaps Mr. Van Witter will be kind enough to let us hear the contents again."
 The papers only contained a few lines, with the space for the name of the winning vessel to be inserted. They stated, in the simplest terms, that the Lord of Deep had fairly and truly fulfilled all the conditions of the race, and had fairly and truly won it.

Mr. Clement and Van Witter signed their names.
 "I suppose, now," drawled Farris Lord, "you have no objection to make?"

"None," said Farris, bowing low.
 "And you, Bones Glanville?"
 "None," replied the negro.

Van Witter rubbed his hands cheerfully.
 "Well," he said, "it seems all over her shooting, and it was a damned good race, and fairly well, squarely lost and won. I wouldn't like to make any unpleasantness on such an occasion, and, being a guest, I don't intend to make trouble. But I have agreed to say to you, Bones Farris, I wouldn't be rude for Florida, but I am an American citizen, and the man-for him be white, black, yellow, or red—who tells me, as you did, that I am capable of selling a race has got to deal with me. In my opinion, you're a mean chink! I mean shake ought to be kicked, so kick out. I'll keep my hands off you now, but I'll hock him you one day!"

The Cuban laughed contemptuously.
 "Threatened men live long, senior. Bah! I do not threaten, but look out for yourself. Has anyone else any complaints to make?"

"Perhaps someone has something to say to me!" snarled Glanville.
 Ching-Lung turned swiftly.

"I have," he answered, his eye flashing. "You murder! Hands up!"
 He sprang forward, and levelled a revolver at the negro's head.

"Now!" said Farris Lord.
 For the third time the crowd parted. There was a ringing British cheer, and a gleam of British bayonets.

A dense rifle covered the startled crew of the Cloud King. They threw up their hands. Frost and Maddock lunged themselves upon the crowd, and pinioned his arms. Van Witter stared aghast.

"In the name of everything, Lord, what does this mean?"
 "It means," said the millionaire calmly and clearly, "that if a man aims, he don't fail. He careful, Farris, for I am in earnest. I arrest Bones Glanville for the murder of Lord, one of my crew, in the name of all that is just and right! I arrest him for murder on the high seas!"

Glanville sang Frost and Maddock away, and dragged out his knife. Before they could seize him again, his arm was pinioned Farris Lord's waist, and the knife flashed down. But Ching-Lung was there.

He caught the descending wrist with one quick, snatching hand, and turned it. Then he dashed the heavy revolver into the negro's face. Glanville fell with a thud, senseless and bleeding.

For a moment the man's attention had been distracted. Farris, left unguarded, leapt on the deck of the Cloud King.

Another fell, and a member of the thrilling adventure series will be continued in next week's "Magnet" Double Number of "THE MAGNET" Library. Order now in advance—Price 1s.

Printed and published by the Proprietors at 15, Newbury Street, London, England. Agents for Australia: Gordon & Owen, Ltd., Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, Brisbane, and Melbourne, N.S.W. For South Africa: Colonial Press Agency, Ltd., Cape Town and Johannesburg. Glasgow: 271, Queen Street West, Glasgow. Publication, 1s. per annum. Saturday, December 1st, 1910.



NEXT TUESDAY'S CHRISTMAS DOUBLE NUMBER.

Next week the most important issue of The Magnet Library of the whole year—the Grand Christmas Double Number—will be in your hands, and you are, perhaps, anxiously waiting to hear what I have in store for you for this great occasion. No doubt there will be great expectations, and I have no fear that these will be disappointed. Realizing that what my readers demand is good, bright, interesting, and amusing reading matter, I have prepared a real

BUMPER STORY DOUBLE NUMBER.

consisting only of good stuff, and plenty of it. It is with absolute confidence, therefore, that I submit the contents of next Tuesday's Grand Christmas Double Number to the judgment of my readers.

THE FIRST LONG, COMPLETE STORY.

The foremost place in, of course, taken by a magnificent, extraordinary school tale of Harry Wharton & Co., at Greyfriars, entitled

"WINGATE'S FOLLY."

by Frank Richards. A romantic change, springing from romantic circumstances, comes over the handsome and popular captain of Greyfriars, and the school is dismayed. It is only when the drama of the Romance comes to a vigorous climax of action that the captain comes to his senses again, and

"WINGATE'S FOLLY."

becomes a thing of the past.

THE SECOND LONG, COMPLETE STORY.

The second grand feature will be a splendid, extraordinary complete circus story, entitled

"THE STARS OF THE CIRCUS,"

By Martin Clifford.

Martin Clifford has attained world-wide popularity as the author of the famous school tales of Tom Merry & Co., of St. Jim's, which appear every week in our companion paper, "The Gem" Library. Tom Merry and his lively chums are freely introduced into next week's grand circus tale, which is throughout written in Martin Clifford's very best style. Every reader who enjoys reading

"THE STARS OF THE CIRCUS."

will be doing himself a rare treat.

A POPULAR SERIAL STORY.

Bulsey Drew's wonderful adventure serial,

"BEYOND THE ETERNAL ICE,"

which is now becoming more thrilling than ever, will fill the remaining pages of the Grand Double Number, with the exception, of course, of the space devoted to

"OUR READERS' COLUMN,"

which will be particularly interesting reading.

A huge demand is assured for this splendid issue. What ever you do, therefore, don't fail to

ORDER THIS BUMPER STORY DOUBLE NUMBER IN ADVANCE.

NEXT WEEK: "WINGATE'S FOLLY" & "THE STARS OF THE CIRCUS."



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



FRANK RICHARDS.

up there. But when Harry Wharton & Co. saw what it was they were simply staggered.
 A sheet of foolscap was pinned on the board, and the sheet was covered with the big, sprawling writing of Coker of the Fifth. Although Coker had never needed in reaching the Fifth Form after a very long time in the Sixth, his writing and spelling were much to be desired from a teacher's point of view. The writing greatly resembled that of a Third-Form lad, and the spelling resembled nothing but Coker's spelling, which was quite clear, in spite of the original system of orthography adopted by Coker of the Fifth.

"NOTICE!"
 "The Fifth Form Dramatic Society will give a performance of Shakespeare's Julius Caesar on the evening of next Wednesday. Tickets now at seven pence. All are invited, and there will be no charge for admission. Seats are allocated on week days and put on class tickets. N.B. This also applies to the Ramona Society."
 "The clock."
 "The verbal nerve."

"The clock" was the name of the clock which was the subject of the story.

"The verbal nerve" was the name of the nerve which was the subject of the story.

"The clock" was the name of the clock which was the subject of the story.

"The verbal nerve" was the name of the nerve which was the subject of the story.

"The clock" was the name of the clock which was the subject of the story.

"The verbal nerve" was the name of the nerve which was the subject of the story.

"The clock" was the name of the clock which was the subject of the story.

"The verbal nerve" was the name of the nerve which was the subject of the story.

"What!"

"Borrow a couple of pounds. Wingate won't be using the money for a day or two, I expect, and you can put it back on Saturday, and nobody will be the wiser. See?"

Wharton gasped.

That William George Bunter was dishonest, in fact too stupid to see clearly the distinction between honesty and dishonesty, Wharton knew, but that the fat junior should dare to propose a scheme like this to him was astounding. Bunter seemed quite unaware of the rascality of his suggestion. His fat face was eager and interested as he explained that easy method of raising money.

"You fat scoundrel!" said Wharton at last.

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"You dirty little thief!"

"Oh, I say—"

"You—you unspeakable, dishonest, crawling rotter!" said Wharton.

"Look here, I— Oh! Ow! Leggo!"

Harry Wharton did not let go. He seized the Owl of the Remove by the back of the collar, and shook him and shook him till his arm was aching. Billy Bunter wriggled and squirmed in his grasp, gasping and yelling.

"Ow! Oh! Yow! Leggo! Groo! If you shake me like that you'll m-m-make my glasses f-fall off, you beast, and if they g-g-get b-b-broken you'll have to pay for them. Yaroooh! Oop!"

Shake, shake, shake!

"Ow! Yow! Ow!"

"You fat cad!" gasped Wharton. "I'll teach you to suggest stealing Wingate's money to me. You toad!"

"Ow! I wasn't—I didn't! I said borrow it," wailed Billy Bunter.

"You can call it borrowing if you like, but you know jolly well it would be stealing," said Wharton, still shaking the fat Removeite.

"Ow! It wouldn't! I'd pay it back out of my postal-order to-morrow," gasped Bunter. "Oh!"

"Then why didn't you take it yourself, instead of suggesting to me to take it?" exclaimed Wharton.

"Ow! Well, you see—"

"Because you knew it was stealing, and you were afraid to take the risks, and you wanted some other chap to take it, you worm!"

"Ow! Not at all! But—ow!—you're not so particular as I am, and— Oh!"

Harry Wharton bestowed a final shake upon the Owl of the Remove, and pitched him into a corner, and left him. He strode from the common-room with knitted brows. Billy Bunter sat in the corner of the room, gasping for breath. He put his spectacles straight on his fat little nose, and blinked through them, and gritted his teeth venomously.

"Beast!" he gasped. "Ow! Yow! Groo! Beast!"

Harry Wharton found his chums waiting for him in the Remove passage. Their looks showed that they had had no luck, and Wharton's frown was sufficient to show them that he, too, had failed to solve the knotty question. From No. 1 Study came the sound of a voice—the gentle tones of Alonzo Todd. The Duffer of Greyfriars was reading aloud:

"To an inquiring and intelligent mind the story of the potato is most interesting. In the first place, the potato is grown in a field—"

The Removeites chuckled.

"Toddy's all right for a time," grinned Nugent, "but where is the feed to come from? Hallo! What's that striking?"

"Five!"

One, two, three, four, five!

The five strokes boomed out, and died away, and the next moment there was a sudden ejaculation from Bob Cherry. The striking of the hour of five had apparently touched a chord in his memory. His eyes gleamed, and he gave a jump.

"My hat!"

"What's the matter, Bob?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Eh?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry.

"What are you cackling at?" demanded John Bull crossly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You ass!" shouted Nugent. "This isn't a time for japing. Shut up!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Fathead!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Bob. "Ha, ha, ha!"

With one accord the chums of the Remove rushed upon him, and seized him, and slammed him against the wall of the passage. Bob gasped for breath.

"Ow! Leggo!"

"Then explain yourself, you frabjous ass!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, bump him!" said Wharton.

And Bob was bumped against the wall.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 201.

NEXT TUESDAY: **"AGAINST HIS FATHER'S WISH!"** By FRANK RICHARDS. Order Early.

EVERY
TUESDAY.

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

The Raiders!

BUMP!

"Yaroooh!"

"Now explain yourself!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You ass!" roared Nugent. "I'll—"

"Hold on," gasped Bob, struggling. "I'll explain. But—ha, ha, ha!—it struck me as funny! Look here, we've been japed a lot by the Upper Fourth lately, especially to-day. They japed Toddy as he came in."

"What on earth—"

"Now they've gone out looking for a donkey."

"Well?"

"Don't you remember?" gasped Bob Cherry. "Don't you remember when we were in the tuckshop Temple was ordering a feed? Mrs. Mimble was to deliver it in the Fourth Form-room at five o'clock punctually. Of course, Temple didn't foresee that at five o'clock he would be out chasing a donkey home."

"My hat!"

"Great Scott!"

The chums of the Remove fairly hugged Bob Cherry. His idea came like a ray of light in great darkness—like corn into Egypt in a lean year. At the idea of a raid of the Upper Fourth feed they felt inclined to dance with glee in the passage. Raids of that sort were frequent at Greyfriars, and only lately the Fourth Form had captured half a dozen pots of jam belonging to Bulstrode, and had had the astounding nerve to bring them to the dining-room to the tea-table there in public, where of course it was impossible to make a row on the subject. To "bag" the Fourth Form feed that afternoon would be a great victory over the Fourth, as well as providing for the pressing needs of the moment. The chums of the Remove had heard Temple giving his orders, and there was no doubt that the Upper Fourth feed was quite on a magnificent scale.

"My only hat!" gasped Wharton. "Why, it's ripping! It's splendid! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"No time to lose," said John Bull briskly. "Let's get a few of the fellows to help, in case the Fourth Form bounders should come back, and get the stuff at once."

"Hear, hear!"

There was no time lost. It was the last chance of raising the feed for Alonzo, and a good chance of taking a rise out of the Fourth. The Famous Four were not likely to neglect such an opportunity.

All the fellows who had been asked to the feed—if it came off—were called in for aid now, and they turned up willingly. Bulstrode, the captain of the Remove, and Mark Linley, and Tom Brown, and Vane and Leigh, and Hazeldene and Fisher T. Fish, joined Harry Wharton & Co., and they lost no time. As they hurried out of the Remove passage, and down the stairs, they passed Dicky Nugent and Tubb and Gatty. The three fags stopped on the lower landing for the Removeites to pass, and Dicky Nugent called to his major.

"Temple come in yet, Frank?"

Frank Nugent grinned.

"I think not," he replied.

"Oh, good!"

And the fags went on upstairs. Bob Cherry cast a curious glance after them.

"Those kids are up to some blessed jape," he exclaimed.

"I shouldn't wonder if they're going to raid Temple's study."

Wharton shrugged his shoulders.

"I shouldn't wonder! Let them!"

"Oh, yes, rather!"

The Removeites hurried down to the Fourth Form-room. Mrs. Mimble's boy was coming down the passage from the direction of the Form-room, and surreptitiously sucking a chunk of toffee. It was evident that Master Mimble had just delivered the goods ordered by Temple, and that he had helped himself to a crumb from the rich man's table, so to speak. Harry Wharton & Co. waited till he had turned the corner at the end of the passage, and then hurried on to the Form-room.

"Buck up!" whispered Bob Cherry, as he opened the Form-room door.

The juniors crowded in quickly enough. Bob closed the door after them. There was no one in the Fourth Form-room. The afternoon was fine and clear, and it was not yet dark, and until Temple, Dabney & Co. called in the Fourth to the feed the Form-room was likely to be deserted. Temple, of course, might return at any moment; he had intended to be in the Form-room with his friends, and with everything prepared for the feed, long before five o'clock. But the chase of the elusive Neddy had led him far afield. There was no one in the Fourth Form-room; but under Temple's desk, visible in the dimness, was a large package.

The chains of the Remove were upon it at once.

Mrs. Mimble had done up the great quantity of goods ordered by Temple very neatly and precisely. They were packed carefully, and wrapped up in brown paper, and neatly tied with string. One corner of the parcel had been burst open, that was all, and that was evidently where Master Mimble's thievish fingers had been inserted.

Wharton dragged the package out from under the desk.

"Got it!" he said.

"Hurrah!"

"Temple's groceries in return for my jam-pots," grinned Bulstrode. "Exchange no robbery."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Let's get out with it," said Tom Brown.

"I guess we'd better be slick," said Fisher T. Fish.

"Hold on!" said Bob Cherry hurriedly. "Let's leave a little surprise for the Fourth. Open the package, and take the things out. We can carry them more easily between us, and we don't want to be seen lugging a big parcel like this about."

"Quite right!"

"And we can do up the parcel again, and leave it here for them, with lumps of coal and things in it," grinned Bob Cherry.

There was a yell of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The suggestion just "jumped" with the ideas of the Removes. Harry Wharton's fingers worked nimbly on the parcel. The string was untied, and the big, thick sheets of brown paper unwrapped. Good things of all kinds tumbled out, and the juniors collected them up quickly enough. The burdens were divided, and each of the raiders had enough to carry.

"Buzz off with the things," said Harry Wharton; "I'll stay and fix up the parcel. Better get clear with the loot in case those bounders come in."

"Good egg!"

"I guess you're right there, Wharton."

"Buzz off!"

The raiders "buzzed" off quickly enough, loaded with plunder, and chuckling. It did not take Harry Wharton long to fix up the parcel for the Fourth-Formers. He remembered the size it had been, and he packed it up again to about the same size. A hassock from the Form-master's desk, several large pieces of coal from the scuttle, a bundle of exercise books ruthlessly raided from the desks, and a few other articles, made up the parcel to the required size and shape; and then Wharton rewrapped the paper on it with great care, and tied the string just as it had been tied before.

He replaced the parcel under Temple's desk, and hurried out of the Form-room. He ran up the stairs after his comrades. The gaslight was streaming from No. 1 Study, and there was a smell of frizzling bacon and eggs. The chums of the Remove were at work already in preparing the feed. As Wharton came up to the landing, three disappointed-looking fags came out of the passage of the Fourth Form studies.

"Look here, Wharton," said Dicky Nugent, "isn't it a fact that Temple was standing a feed this afternoon?"

Wharton stared at him.

"Yes, I certainly think he intended to," he replied.

"Well, we've looked in his study, and there's no sign of it," said Dicky Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wharton could not help laughing. While the Removes had been raiding the Upper Fourth feed in the Fourth Form-room the fags had been searching Temple's study for it. But Dicky Nugent had not been in possession of such accurate information as the Remove raiders.

The fags looked at Wharton angrily.

"Where does the cackle come in?" demanded Tubb of the Third. "Do you know where the feed is?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Yes!"

"Where is it?"

"I don't suppose you'll find it," said Wharton, laughing. "Better drop the subject."

"Look here—"

"Go back to the Second Form-room and grill herrings on pen-nibs over the Form-room fire," said Wharton cheerfully. "That's more in your line!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 201.

"You Remove boulder—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton walked on to his study. Dicky Nugent & Co. glared after him, and then descended the stairs in a very bad temper.

"It might be in the Fourth Form-room, of course," Tubb remarked, as they reached the lower landing.

Dicky Nugent sniffed.

"Not likely!"

"Well, we might look," said Gatty.

"Oh, all right, we'll look!"

The three fags looked into the Form-room. Dicky Nugent uttered a sudden exclamation:

"My Aunt Selina!"

He pointed to the large package looming dimly through the gathering dusk under Temple's desk. In a moment the three fags were rushing towards Temple's desk; and in a moment more they had dragged the big, heavy package out into the middle of the Form-room.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Quite Done!

TEMPLE, DABNEY & Co. came in at the gates of Greyfriars, in the early winter dusk, with tired limbs and dusty clothes and gloomy faces. They had had a long chase after the elusive Neddy, and a long tramp home afterwards. They were responsible for the animal they had hired from Mr. Jones, for the purpose of japing Alonzo Todd, and they could not venture to leave it roaming the countryside, much as they would have liked to do so. They had captured Neddy at last, and taken him home, and had come back to school, tired out, in a very bad temper with themselves and with everybody else.

Lights were shining from the windows of Greyfriars as the weary Fourth-Formers crossed the Close towards the house. The lights gleamed hospitably through the winter dusk, and they cheered Temple & Co. somewhat. They thought of the feed in the Form-room, and they were as hungry as hunters, fully prepared to do justice to the feed.

"I'm jolly hungry," Fry remarked.

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"Well, the feed's ready," said Temple, glancing at his watch. "I told Mrs. Mimble five o'clock, and it's now nearly half-past."

"Then the stuff's been there nearly half an hour," said Phipps, with a whistle.

"I suppose so."

"If any of the fags knew—"

"Phew!"

At the mere thought of that dreadful possibility, the Fourth-Formers quickened their steps, and ran towards the Form-room. A light gleamed from the half-opened door, out into the passage. Temple gritted his teeth. There was someone in the Form-room. Perhaps it was only the Fourth-Formers—but, visions of raiding Removes and fags crossed Temple's mind, and he raced on to the door.

The Fourth-Formers, gasping, dashed in. Three fags, who were gathered round a big parcel in the middle of the Form-room, jumped with surprise and alarm, and faced the new-comers.

"Oh!" said Dicky Nugent, Gatty, and Tubb, of the Third, together.

"Oh!" ejaculated Temple.

"Just in time!" gasped Phipps.

"Oh, rather!"

Dicky Nugent & Co. drew together. There was no chance of raiding the feed now. They had just succeeded in unfastening the string, and that was all. The question was, whether they would succeed in escaping from the Form-room without having received a sound thrashing from the Fourth-Formers.

Temple smiled grimly as he closed the door. Phipps put his back to it, and Dabney went to the Form-master's desk to borrow Mr. Capper's cane.

"Caught in the act!" grinned Fry.

"Oh, rats!" said Dicky Nugent. "You raid our grub often enough! Go and eat coke!"

NEXT TUESDAY:

"AGAINST HIS FATHER'S WISH!"

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

By FRANK RICHARDS.

Please order your copy of The "Magnet" Library in advance. Price 1d.



Temple, Dabney & Co. stood round Alonzo Todd, bowing like a set of mandarins. "So glad to see you," said Temple. "Greyfriars hasn't looked the same since you left!" Todd looked puzzled. "It's really very kind of you to say so!" he exclaimed. "But although I am very glad that I have been missed, it is difficult for me to imagine that my absence has caused any differentiation in the structural aspect of the buildings." (See chapter 5.)

"Mind the door, Phippy!"

"What-ho!" said Phipps.

Dicky Nugent set his teeth desperately. Dabney was coming back from Mr. Capper's desk, with Mr. Capper's cane in his hand, and things looked desperate for the fags.

"Come on!" muttered Dicky. "Make a rush for it!"

"Right-ho!"

The fags made a rush. They seized Phipps and dragged him from the door. But before they could open it, Temple and Dabney and Fry were upon them. The three fags were seized, each in a powerful grip, and then Temple took the cane and flourished it.

"Yaroo!" roared Tubb, of the Third, as the cane lashed round his legs. "Ow! Ow! Yow!"

"I am sorry to be compelled to inflict this chastisement upon you, my boy," said Temple, in solemn imitation of the manner of his Form-master, Mr. Capper. "But there is no other method of correction that will adequately meet the exigencies of the case."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yaroo!"

Lash! lash! lash!

"Yaroo!"

Tubb, of the Third, was finished with, and then came Gatty's turn. He yelled under the cane, and wriggled in.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 201.

Dabney's strong grasp, but there was no escape for him. Then came the turn of Nugent minor. Dicky put up quite a terrific struggle, but he had to take his punishment, and he was soon roaring as loudly as Gatty and Tubb.

"Now," said Temple, desisting, as his arm was beginning to ache, "are you kids sorry?"

"No!" roared Dicky Nugent. "But we'll make you sorry."

"Kick them out!" said Temple.

Dabney opened the door. One after another the fags were slung into the passage, and they rolled over one another on the linoleum there. They sat up and roared, and Temple slammed the Form-room door shut.

"Turn up the gas, Fry," he said. "Get a fire going, Dab, old man. We were only just in time to save the grub, as it happened."

"Jolly lucky we came in when we did," said Dabney, looking at the parcel, of which the string was loose, though the paper was not yet unwrapped. "It was a narrow escape for the tommy. Those blessed fags would have scoffed the lot of it."

"Yes, rather!"

"All's well that ends well," said Temple. "Somebody make up the fire. One of you might run round and tell

the fellows to come in. Tell Coker, of the Fifth, too—I've asked him to the feed."

"Right-ho!"

The Fourth-Formers were soon busy. They did not trouble to open the parcel, which the fags had not quite succeeded in opening. That Dicky Nugent & Co. had not succeeded in taking anything from it, they knew, and they had not the slightest idea that previous raiders had been on the scene.

The fire was built up, and was soon roaring cheerily, and a kettle was jammed upon the blaze. Fry fetched a tea-pot and crockery from Temple's study. As a rule, the juniors had tea in their studies; but on a special occasion or so they were allowed to use the Form-room to give a party. And Temple was doing things in really a big style just now. Nearly all the Upper Fourth were coming, and several Fifth-Formers, and half a dozen of the Shell.

The big parcel still standing on the floor of the Form-room certainly looked as if it contained enough provisions for a big feed.

The fellows were soon collecting in the Form-room. Some of them would have liked to look into the parcel, but a natural delicacy, under the circumstances, prevented them from doing so. The crockery was set out, and the kettle sang on the fire. But when Coker, of the Fifth, came in, he made for the parcel at once. Coker was not famous for delicacy.

"Jolly hungry," he remarked. "This the grub? I suppose you don't mind my opening this, Temple."

Temple looked round.

"Well, we're pretty nearly ready," he said. "Go ahead, Coker."

"Right you are!"

Fellows gathered eagerly round Coker as he dragged open the thick sheets of wrapping-paper. The contents of the parcel were disclosed.

There was a general gasp.

"My hat!"

"Great Scott!"

"Great pip!" gasped Coker. "What does this mean?"

"That's the grub," said Temple, who was attending to the kettle on the fire. "Isn't it all right?"

"All right!" roared Coker.

"Yes."

"Do you mean to say that's what you've got for tea?" yelled Hobson, of the Shell.

"Yes, certainly!" said Temple, in astonishment.

"So that's for us to eat, is it?" said Coker, beginning to suspect a joke on himself on the part of the Fourth-Formers.

"Yes," said Temple.

"Then come and eat some of it yourself!" roared Coker, rushing upon Temple, and grasping him by the shoulder, and dragging him towards the unclosed package. "Look there! Eat that!"

Temple looked at the heap of rubbish lying on the wrapping-paper, and gasped.

"Oh!"

"That's for us to eat, is it?" yelled Coker. "A hassock, and chunks of coal, and old exercise-books, and cinders and paper!"

"Oh!"

"Eat them yourself, and don't play any more of your rotten japes on the Fifth," said Coker.

He swung Temple over, and dropped him on the heap of rubbish, and then strode out of the Form-room, followed by the rest of the Fifth fellows and the Shell. The Fourth-Formers remained, and they were almost as wrathful against Temple as Coker & Co.

"You utter ass!" exclaimed Scott. "What do you mean by playing a rotten trick like this on us? What do you mean, hey?"

Temple picked himself up, gasping for breath.

"I—I didn't!" he gasped. "I haven't! I wouldn't! I wasn't! Oh!"

"You silly chump——"

"It was the fags!" yelled Fry. "We found them here meddling with the parcel when we got in. They must have taken the stuff out and filled it up like this."

"Nugent minor!"

"Oh, rather!"

"They've got the grub in the Second Form-room, then?" yelled Phipps.

"Come and get it!" shouted Temple.

He rushed out of the Form-room. The Fourth-Formers followed him fast. If the fags had the provisions, they were ready to wipe up the floor with the fags and recover the loot.

In the Second Form passage they sighted Sammy Bunter—Bunter minor, of the Second. One look at them was enough for Sammy. He scented danger. He dashed into the Second Form-room and slammed the door, and turned the key in the lock.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 201.

Read the grand new story of the Juniors of St. Jim's, entitled:

"ASHAMED OF HIS SISTER!"

In this week's "GEM" Library Now on Sale. Price One Penny.

"Hallo! What's the matter?" asked Dicky Nugent, who was sitting by the fire, rubbing the various parts of his person that ached from the late punishment.

"The Fourth—on the warpath!" gasped Sammy.

Crash!

It was a terrific attack on the door of the Second Form-room.

Crash! Bump!

"Open this door, you young scoundrels!"

Dicky Nugent chuckled.

"Blessed if I know what they want; but we're jolly well not going to open the door!" he remarked.

"Rather not!"

Bump! Crash! Inside the room, the fags laughed loud and long; outside, in the passage, Temple, Dabney & Co. raged. They raged until a prefect came along with a cane to see what the disturbance was about, and then they melted away. And there was no feed in the Upper Fourth Form-room that evening!

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Quite a Feed.

"KETTLE'S boiling!" said Frank Nugent.

"Good! Make the tea!"

"Bacon's done to a turn," said Johnny Bull.

"Good!"

"And I must say that I think I've poached these eggs rippingly," said Nugent.

"I guess they're all right," said Fisher T. Fish. "But you should see how we poach eggs over there——"

"Oh, cheese it, Fishy!"

"I guess——"

"Br-r-r-r! Toddy, old man, are you ready for tea?"

Todd turned a beaming face upon the chums of the Remove. He was very much delighted to have so much trouble taken on his account. It was pleasant indeed to be welcomed back to Greyfriars in this hearty way, and it was clear that the chums were going to entertain him regardless of expense. The feed that was piled upon the table and the bookcase and the cupboard must have cost a great deal of money.

"Yes, my dear fellows, I am indeed somewhat hungry," said Alonzo. "I must say that this is very kind of you. My Uncle Benjamin would be delighted to see it."

"Sorry he isn't here," said Bob Cherry politely.

"Hear, hear!"

"It's rather a crowd," said Harry Wharton. "But the more the merrier, and you fellows don't mind roughing it a bit, do you?"

"Not a bit of it."

"Don't mench."

The fellows did not mind. It was not often they had so splendid a feed, and they were not disposed to stand upon such trifles as chairs or elbow-room. Fellows sat on chairs, so far as the chairs went, or they sat on the window-sill or the coal-locker or the fender or leaned up against the walls.

The chief consideration was that there was plenty to eat and plenty to drink, and all of the best quality. Temple, as a caterer, was evidently a fellow of experience. The Removites grinned as they made complimentary remarks about Temple's skill in that direction. Temple might—or might not—have been pleased if he had heard them.

Alonzo Todd was given the place of honour at the table, and he beamed genial smiles upon everybody. Everybody was helping him at once, and if he had eaten a quarter of what was hospitably pressed upon him, Todd would certainly have outdone the greatest efforts of Billy Bunter.

The juniors were unaffectedly glad to see Todd back at Greyfriars, especially so well after his illness, and they showed it. But they had other causes for their satisfaction, for this feed to Alonzo Todd was a triumph for the Remove over the rival Form. The juniors wondered several times in the course of the feed what Temple, Dabney & Co. were doing, and grinned as they wondered.

Once there was an alarm. There was a sharp tap at the door, which Harry Wharton had locked in case of accidents.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" sang out Bob Cherry.

The juniors had little doubt that it was the enemy on the track, and all were prepared for war, with the exception of Todd, who beamed with unsuspecting smiles.

"I say, you fellows——" came a voice through the key-hole.

"Bunter!"

"The door's locked!" called out Billy Bunter.

"And it's going to remain so!" said Frank Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you know——"

"Buzz off, Bunter!"

"You're having a feed in there!"

"Go hon!"

"Look here, you fellows, I want to come in! If you don't let me in, I'll fetch Temple! I know all about Temple's feed being raided, and I know you hadn't any cash—"

Harry Wharton opened the door. He did not want the whole matter to be explained to Alonzo Todd just at the moment.

"Come in, Bunter!" he said, quite politely.

Billy Bunter rolled in.

"I say, you fellows, I know all about it!" he said, blinking round the study. "I—"

"Shut up!" said Harry Wharton. "You can come in to the feed if you like, on condition that you don't talk!"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Shut up!" roared the Removites.

"But I say—"

"If you talk, we'll sling you out!" said Bulstrode. "Mind, not a word!"

Bunter blinked at him, and then blinked at the well-laden table. He decided not to run any risk of being "slung out." He squeezed a way to the table, and commenced operations on the provisions. After that his jaws were too busily occupied for him even to think of talking.

As the meal drew to an end, and the hungry juniors were satisfied, and Todd's health had been drunk a good many times in tea, lemonade, and ginger-beer, Alonzo was called upon for a speech.

"Speech! Speech!" exclaimed all the juniors, catching up the idea at once.

Alonzo blushed.

"My dear fellows—" he began.

"Speech!"

"Silence for the chair!"

"Go it, Toddy!"

"I should be very pleased indeed to make a speech," said Alonzo. "My Uncle Benjamin has always instructed me to gratify any harmless request. But perhaps you would be more pleased if, instead of making a speech, I should read a chapter of my valuable book, 'The Story of a Potato.' My Uncle Benjamin—"

"Ugh!"

"Groo!"

"Keep the potato!"

"Speech! Speech!"

"If you really prefer a speech," said Alonzo Todd, "I will endeavour to gratify your desire. My dear friends, I am very pleased indeed to find myself back at Greyfriars—"

"Hear, hear!"

"My Uncle Benjamin is—"

"Hear, hear!"

"No, my dear friends," said Todd, in surprise: "my Uncle Benjamin is not here! But I sincerely wish that he were, so that he could be pleased and gratified by your kind attentions to his nephew. My Uncle Benjamin—"

"Hear, hear!"

"My Uncle Benjamin has always instructed me, and impressed upon me, to—"

"Hurrah!"

Bob Cherry rose.

"Thanks for your speech, Todd!" he exclaimed heartily.

"But I have not yet finished, my dear Cherry," said Todd.

The subject of Uncle Benjamin was an inexhaustible one with Todd, and he was beginning to warm to it.

"Exactly!" said Bob Cherry, misunderstanding. Uncle Benjamin was not an interesting subject to the juniors of Greyfriars. "Thanks, very much!"

"But, my dear Cherry—"

"Drink to Alonzo!" said Bob cheerfully.

"My dear—"

"Hear, hear!"

And Todd's health was drunk once more with acclamation. John Bull proposed fetching his concertina, and having the toast to musical honours, but he was threatened with instant death if he did, so the musical honours were dispensed with.

Then there was a chorus, and the juniors roared out "He's a jolly good fellow!" until the whole Remove passage rang, and a prefect came and kicked savagely on the door, and bawled threats through the keyhole.

The party broke up in high good-humour with Alonzo Todd and with themselves. And when the juniors went to bed that

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 201.

EVERY
TUESDAY,

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

night, and Harry Wharton & Co. passed Temple and his friends in the corridor, they saluted the Upper Fourth fellows graciously.

"Thanks for the feed!" said Wharton.

"Ha, ha! Thanks for the feed!" yelled the Co.

Temple looked astounded.

"Wha-w-what!" he gasped.

"Thanks for the feed!"

And the Removites marched into their dormitory, laughing, and leaving Temple, Dabney & Co. dumbfounded.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Bunter's Cat's-paw.

ALONZO TODD looked very bright and cheerful when he came down on the following morning.

He was a little anxious at first on account of the donkey adventure, but it was soon made clear that that matter was to be allowed to drop. The Head had realised that the Duffer of Greyfriars had been the victim of a jape, and he did not mention the matter again, much to the relief of Alonzo.

Alonzo took his first stroll out into the old Close of Greyfriars in high spirits. He was glad to be back at the old school again, and very glad to see so much welcome in many faces.

When the Remove came into the Form-room for first lesson, Mr. Quelch, the Form-master, greeted Alonzo very kindly. Probably many of the Removites, so pleased to see Alonzo again, were looking forward to "japes" on the Duffer of Greyfriars, in the old style; but Todd had not the slightest suspicion of that.

After morning lessons, Harry Wharton & Co. went down to kick the footer about on the practice-ground, and Alonzo Todd sunned himself on the steps of the School House, and felt very cheerful and contented.

"I say, Todd—"

Alonzo looked round with his kind smile. He was friendly even with Bunter.

"My dear Bunter, I am glad to see you!" he said.

"Jolly glad to see you, too!" said Bunter. "I say, Todd, I'm expecting a postal-order this evening, and if you could advance me ten bob off it, I should take it as a personal obligation—I should, really!"

Todd looked quite sorrowful.

"I'm so sorry, Bunter, but I have not the requisite cash. However, you will remember that you owe me ten shillings—some money of mine

that you used by mistake once—and I understand that you were going to keep a certain postal-order to pay me—"

"Ye-es!"

"Well, you may use that postal-order, Bunter—the one you have been keeping to pay me with!"

Bunter granted.

"I say, Todd, if you'd do me a little favour—" he began, in a low voice.

"Oh, certainly, Bunter!"

"I've got some money, about two pounds or two pounds ten," said Bunter; "only—only a chap has hidden it, and—I can't get it!"

Alonzo looked concerned.

"That is unpleasant for you, Bunter," he said. "Who is the fellow? I should like to see him and remonstrate with him. My Uncle Benjamin would be shocked at such conduct—nay, disgusted!"

"Ahem! You see, this is how it is, Todd," said Bunter, sinking his voice to a whisper. "Bolsover—you know what a rotter Bolsover is—"

"I fear that he is not a youth of very high principles, Bunter."

"He's hidden my money in Wingate's study," said Bunter. "He thinks I shouldn't dare go in there and fetch it. He's shoved it into a drawer in Wingate's desk."



Do not fail to read the splendid school tale of Tom Merry & Co., by Martin Clifford, contained in this Thursday's number of our Companion Paper "The GEM" Library. Price One Penny.

NEXT TUESDAY: "AGAINST HIS FATHER'S WISH!" By FRANK RICHARDS. Order Early.

"How very ill-natured!"

"I was wondering if you'd go and get it for me, Todd?"

"Dear me! That is not very much to do for anyone, my dear Bunter," said Todd, with wonderful unsuspectingness. "But why cannot you get it yourself?"

"Ahem! You—you see, Bolsover's going to keep an eye on me," Bunter explained, "and—and if I go anywhere near the Sixth Form passage, he's going to lick me!"

"How very brutal, my dear Bunter!"

"Oh, he's a rotten bully, Todd!"

"But why not speak to Wingate?" suggested Todd. "If you mentioned the matter to him, I am sure he would hand the money over to you."

Todd was not suspicious, but he certainly seemed to be of an inquiring turn of mind. Billy Bunter coughed a little, and blinked through his big spectacles.

"Well, you see, I'm on pretty bad terms with Wingate," he said. "I—I upset some jam over his trousers when I was fagging for him, and he punched me, and—and it's beneath my dignity to speak to him now!"

"I quite understand your feelings, my dear Bunter," said Alonzo. "My Uncle Benjamin has always cautioned me to preserve a proper feeling of personal dignity, and I am rejoiced to see that you are not utterly dead to proper feeling, my dear Bunter, in spite of appearances to the contrary."

Bunter glared for a moment. Alonzo had an unfortunate way of hitting hard without intending it. But Bunter could not afford to quarrel with his intended cat's-paw just then.

"Will you do it for me, Todd?" he asked.

"Oh, certainly!"

"Wingate's just going out to footer practice," said Billy Bunter. "He'll be out for a quarter of an hour, I expect. Suppose you watch in the passage till he's gone, and then nip into the study and get his—my money?"

"It is quite simple."

"Come on, then."

"Which drawer did you say it is in, Bunter?"

"Hush!" whispered Bunter. "The drawer with the broken lock. But hush!"

"My dear Bunter——"

"Don't tell everybody," muttered Bunter. "Some of the fellows might nip in and get it themselves if they knew. Come out and see me under the elms afterwards, and hand it to me."

"Very well, my dear Bunter."

Alonzo Todd walked away towards the Sixth Form passage, with a cheerful nod to Bunter.

Billy Bunter blinked after him. Todd's gullibility was proverbial, and Bunter's cunning was extreme; yet the fat junior had hardly hoped to be able to gull Todd to this extent. But it was evident that he had succeeded. Alonzo Todd had taken on the task of pulling Bunter's chestnuts out of the fire without a suspicion in his simple mind.

Bunter watched him take up his station in the Sixth Form passage, leaning there conspicuously against the wall, and then the fat junior hurried out of the house. It would be necessary for the fat junior to prove a very strong alibi when Wingate missed the money, as he was certain to do sooner or later. As a matter of fact, it had come to Bunter's knowledge—many things came to the knowledge of the Peeping Tom of Greyfriars—that Wingate was going to pay for some new nets that day, and this was his last chance of getting at the club funds in Wingate's desk—or, at all events, of getting all that was there. Billy Bunter hurried down to the football-ground, intending to be there when Wingate arrived for practice. Afterwards, when there was an inquiry, he would be able to account for every minute of his time. For Wharton would remember his precious suggestion of robbing the captain of the school; and anyway, suspicion was sure to fall upon him, on account of his known want of principle.

When Wingate came down to practice before dinner, Bunter contrived to get in his way, as if by accident, and the captain of Greyfriars pushed him aside.

"Look where you're going to, you blessed bat!" said Wingate good-naturedly.

"Oh, really, Wingate——"

"Buzz off!"

Wingate went on the field. Bunter grinned. He had effected his object. Wingate had had to take notice of the fact that he was already there, and would remember it afterwards. The fat junior made himself very much in evidence during the Sixth Form practice. He hurrahed for Wingate whenever the captain made a movement, good, bad, or indifferent, in so obstreperous a way that Wingate could not help noticing it. When the footer practice was over, the Greyfriars captain came over to Bunter.

"What the dickens are you yapping about?" he demanded. Wingate was a rugged fellow, and an exceedingly plain speaker.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 201.

Read the grand new story of the Juniors of St. Jim's, entitled:

"ASHAMED OF HIS SISTER!"

In this week's "GEM" Library. Now on Sale. Price One Penny.

"Oh, really, Wingate——" stammered Bunter.

"Hold your silly row!" said Wingate curtly. "Do you think I want to be watched about the field, and howled at by a fat, silly duffer?"

"But I—I admire you, you know!" Bunter stammered.

"You're such a splendid player, you know! I——"

"Oh, shut up!"

And Wingate drew his coat round him, and hurried away to the house to change into his clothes before dinner. Billy Bunter rolled away from the footer-field. Wingate was going back to his room to change, and the alibi was established. Bunter blinked to and fro as he came under the old elms in search of Alonzo Todd. Had the Duffer succeeded? The Owl of the Remove felt his heart beating with excitement.

Alonzo Todd was standing patiently under the elms, waiting for Bunter. He had said that he would wait there for the fat junior, and he kept his word, though his nose was blue with cold, and he stamped and stamped to keep his feet warm. He looked very much relieved at the sight of the Owl of the Remove.

"My dear Bunter——" he began.

"Got it?" asked Bunter eagerly.

"Indeed, yes. It was quite simple."

"Oh, good!"

There was exactly two pounds eleven shillings and ninepence in the drawer you indicated to me, Bunter," said Todd.

"Did you get it all?"

"Yes. I understood that it was all yours."

"Yes—yes—yes!" said Bunter eagerly. "So it was—every blessed penny! Hand it over!"

Alonzo groped in his pockets.

"Here it is, my dear Bunter."

He sorted out the money and handed it over to the Owl of the Remove. Billy Bunter could scarcely believe his eyes as he found his fat hands full of coins.

"Thanks, Todd!" he exclaimed. "This is a windfall, and no mistake!"

Todd looked astonished.

"I do not see why you should regard it as a windfall, Bunter, when it is your own money!" he exclaimed.

Bunter stammered.

"No—no! Of course not!" he agreed. "What I mean is, that I—I was afraid I should never see it again. Don't say anything about this to anybody, Todd, old man."

Todd looked rather grave.

"My dear Bunter, my Uncle Benjamin has cautioned me never to keep secrets, or to make rash promises," he replied.

"Do keep mum, there's a good chap!" urged Bunter. "Bolsover would—would give me a frightful licking if—he knew!"

"Ah! I will promise not to mention the matter to Bolsover, Bunter."

"Nor to anybody else——"

"My dear Bunter——"

"Oh, really, Todd——"

"Ah! There is the bell for dinner!" said Todd, as a bell began to ring. "I am very cold, and somewhat hungry. My Uncle Benjamin says that it is very bad for the digestion to be late for meals. Pray let us lose no time, my dear Bunter."

And Alonzo Todd hurried off towards the School House. Bunter followed him. There was a musical chink of money in the pockets of the fat junior as he rolled towards the House, and a grin of satisfaction upon his face.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Sticking to It!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. had come in, ruddy and flushed from footer practice, for dinner. Bob Cherry pulled Alonzo Todd to a seat beside him.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" he said. "Feeling quite at home now—hey?"

"Yes, indeed!" said Alonzo cheerfully. "You fellows are all very kind to me. I really wish I could return your kindness in some way. I have been able to do a little service for Bunter, and I should like——"

"Potatoes, Todd?"

"Oh, certainly, my dear Wharton! I am very fond of potatoes," said Todd. "The more especially since my Uncle Benjamin gave me that valuable volume which I showed you, entitled 'The Story of a Potato.'"

Wharton grinned as he helped Todd to potatoes. Alonzo had a keen desire to read out valuable information on the subject of that interesting vegetable, the potato; but his friends in the Remove had succeeded in escaping it so far. Todd was a generous fellow, and when he had a good thing he did not like to keep it to himself, but longed to

share it with all his friends. So it was with the information contained in that priceless volume, "The Story of a Potato." The tracing of the growth and history of the potato, from the seed in the field to the steaming dish on the table, seemed extremely interesting to Alonzo Todd, and he wanted to interest others in it. But the Remove fellows showed an unaccountable shyness about being instructed on the subject.

Only from Bolsover had Todd received anything like encouragement. The bully of the Remove had told Todd that he would like to see the book. It did not occur to Todd that Bolsover certainly wouldn't want to see the book unless he had mapped out some jape in connection with it. Todd never thought of little things like that.

"More potatoes, Toddy?" asked Bolsover, affably, across the table.

"Thank you, no, Bolsover," said Todd. "My Uncle Benjamin has impressed upon me that enough is as good as a feast."

"Faith, and ye're right!" said Micky Desmond. "Sure, it's a broth av a bhoy ye're Uncle Benjamin is, and he's right intirely!"

"Right on the mark!" said Ogilvy. "The best thing Todd can do is to stick to his Uncle Benjamin like—like glue!"

"Oh, good!" grinned Bolsover.

And Bolsover, Micky Desmond, and Ogilvy chuckled together. The mention of glue seemed to awaken some recollections in their minds which moved them to mirth. Todd leaned upon them. He was only too pleased to see that even Bolsover, the most unpleasant fellow in the Remove, as a rule, was not insensible to the striking merits of his Uncle Benjamin.

After dinner, Bolsover, Ogilvy, and Desmond lingered behind the other fellows a little, when the juniors came out. If anybody had listened to what they were whispering together, he might have caught the word "glue" repeated several times. They all grinned in a very friendly way to Todd when they came out, however. More than once in class that afternoon, one or another of them whispered to him in the most friendly way, and Alonzo could not help feeling that Bolsover had been a little misjudged, upon the whole, by the other fellows.

Alonzo had tea in Bob Cherry's study, and after tea he came out of No. 13 with "The Story of a Potato" under his arm. He had offered to read some of it to Bob and Mark Linley, but it appeared that they had to get on with their prep. Bolsover, Micky Desmond, and Ogilvy, were standing in the lower passage, and Bolsover was speaking as Alonzo came by.

"Where's Alonzo?"

"Did you call me, my dear Bolsover?"

"Yes, rather! We've been thinking about that wonderful book your Uncle Benjamin sent you, Todd," said Bolsover. "We'd like to read it, you know."

"We would that!" said Ogilvy.

"Faith, Toddy, jewel, if you could lend it to us, now?" grinned Micky Desmond.

Alonzo's face rose and fell like a thermometer might do in very trying weather. At the first flush he was delighted to hear that Bolsover was interested in his book; but lending it was another matter. Not that Alonzo Todd was a skinny youth. His Uncle Benjamin had looked after all that sort of thing in his chosen nephew's education. But the book which Alonzo valued more than all the wealth of Indus! To lend "The Story of a Potato!" He could not do that! His expressive face took on a most pathetic look as he answered the bully of the Remove.

"I'm afraid I cannot lend it to you, you fellows," he said. "I'm so sorry——"

The trio got up several varieties of disappointment in their looks.

"Just our luck!" said Bolsover dejectedly.

"Awful!" whispered Ogilvy.

"Suppos'n the jewel of a bhoy reads it aloud to us now?" said Micky Desmond.

"Just what I was going to suggest," said Bolsover, with a wink at the other two.

"That is an excellent suggestion, my dear fellows," said Alonzo, very open-eyed. "I see no reason—nay, I shall be delighted to oblige you, I'm sure."

"Good enough!" said Bolsover. "All we have to do is to choose some place where we shall not be disturbed."

"Yes, indeed, my dear Bolsover," said Alonzo, beaming on the bully.

"The fellows are all doing prep. in their studies now," said Ogilvy regretfully.

"By Jove, yes! What shall we do?"

"I really don't know, my dear Bolsover; but you must hear the book at all costs. My Uncle Benjamin always told me it was my sacred duty to encourage the spread of knowledge. He would be delighted to see you now, I am sure. Your eagerness would please him more than anything."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 201.

EVERY
TUESDAY,

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

my dear Bolsover," said Alonzo Todd. "We really must find a place."

"How would the Third Form-room do?" said Bolsover, turning to Ogilvy and Desmond.

"My only hat! The very place!" cried Ogilvy. "Mr. Twigg doesn't come there to take the Third for prep. till half-past seven!"

"Then it's the very place!" said Bolsover. "Come on, Todd! I'm simply bursting to hear that wonderful book!"

"But you're sure we shall not be disturbed there, my dear Bolsover?" said Alonzo.

"As sure as anything, Todd. Why?"

"I was thinking I should not have time to get through before half-past seven o'clock."

Bolsover, Ogilvy, and Micky Desmond made faces at one another, as Alonzo Todd hurriedly scanned the pages of "The Story of a Potato" to make sure.

"Rats!—I mean, you'll have heaps of time, Todd," said Bolsover, taking the Duffer's arm.

"Oh, then, if you think so, my dear Bolsover, there is no further impediment to our going there at once. Let us depart."

They set off for the Form-room at once, Ogilvy and Micky Desmond tittering in their handkerchiefs. Bolsover kicked Desmond softly on the calves as a reminder. Micky roared.

"My dear Desmond," cried Alonzo, "whatever is the matter?"

"He was wondering whether you had brought the book with you, Todd," said Bolsover quickly.

Alonzo was not so dense as not to be surprised at such a reason for Micky Desmond bellowing like that. He looked incredulously at Bolsover. Then another and apparently better thought appeared to strike the Duffer of Greyfriars. By the expression of his face, it was plain that he had arrived at the conclusion that Desmond's anxiety was perfectly natural. To miss "The Story of a Potato," seemed a monstrous fate to poor Alonzo.

"It's all right, my dear Desmond," he said, in his mellowest tones. "I've got it with me, I assure you. You shall not go away empty-handed."

The trio of plotters felt themselves tried to the utmost to keep from bursting with laughter.

They reached the Form-room in another moment.

"Here we are, my dear fellows," said Alonzo, like a fellow just come into his own. "I shall have really the greatest pleasure in satisfying your thirst for knowledge, and my uncle——"

"Half a mo, Todd, please," said Bolsover, very politely.

"We must see you right, first, you know. This way, old chap!"

To Alonzo Todd's great surprise, Bolsover led him to the master's dais.

"Get on the high chair, Todd," said Bolsover affably. "You're the pedagogue, you know, to-night, and it's our duty to make you comfy——"

"But my dear Bolsover——"

"No, we mustn't waste time, really, Todd," said Bolsover earnestly. "We've only till half-past seven, you know, and we wouldn't miss a line of that book for worlds, would we, chaps?"

"Not much!" said Ogilvy and Micky Desmond promptly.

"Then you leave me no alternative, my dear, dear fellows," said Alonzo, seating himself.

"Fire away, Toddy!"

But Alonzo Todd looked alarmed. He was feeling at the chair seat.

"Dear me, this seat is damp, my dear Bolsover!"

"Oh, that's all right!" said Bolsover. "It's night dews!"

"But my Uncle Benjamin told me never to sit on a damp seat, Bolsover," said Alonzo.

"It's all right, really, Todd," said Bolsover. "The heat from your trousers will soon dry it, really."

"And we've so little time, Todd," said Micky Desmond and Ogilvy.

Poor Alonzo was quite taken in by their earnest expression. Without another word he took out "The Story of a Potato." No bard of old ever swept a preliminary chord on his harp with half the pride that Uncle Benjamin's chosen nephew drew forth that thrilling volume.

Bolsover, Desmond, and Ogilvy rubbed their hands.

"I always begin at the beginning, my dear fellows," began Alonzo, looking round for approval.

"Oh, certainly!" agreed Bolsover, grinning behind his hand at the other two.

"Very well, then," went on Alonzo. "I dare say you know it, but I will mention, to make sure, potatoes are grown in a field."

The Duffer of Greyfriars paused to see how this deep knowledge prospered. Bolsover, Ogilvy, and Micky Desmond

received it with the gravity of Indian chiefs sitting over a council fire.

"And so as to save any misunderstanding, I will say that a field which has been used for growing potatoes one year is used the next season for——"

"Footer, Todd?" asked Micky Desmond, with a face as innocent as a baby's.

"My dear Desmond——"

"Order!" said Bolsover, scowling at Micky Desmond. "Give the bounder an impot., Todd!"

This reminder that Alonzo was in the position of a lecturer made the Duffer of Greyfriars swell with pride, though Desmond and Ogilvy laughed aloud. But at last Alonzo got away, so to speak. The book opened with a lot of stale news, such as "Sir Walter Raleigh introduced the vegetable into this country," and some feeble joking about it being the Irish national "fruit." At the end of five minutes, Bolsover looked a very monument of weariness. The next event happened when Alonzo paused to descant on the fact that a field had to be ploughed before potatoes could be sown on it. Micky Desmond snored.

"Did you hear me, my dear Desmond?" inquired Alonzo. "A field has to be ploughed before one can sow potato-seed?"

"And some fell on stony ground," chuckled Ogilvy, sticking a pin into Micky Desmond.

"Ow! Oo! You ass, Ogilvy! What's that, Todd?"

"My dear Desmond, you alarm me," said Alonzo anxiously. "You must be ill to fall off to sleep like that——"

"It's the heat!" blurted out Micky Desmond.

"The heat! Why, it is quite cold, my dear fellow!"

"Then it must have been the cold," said Micky.

"Really, my dear Desmond——"

"Oh, never mind him!" said Bolsover. "What about us, Todd?"

Alonzo left off putting questions to Desmond at once. He recognised that he was neglecting the major portion of his audience. Hardly had he started to read again when he was interrupted by the hurried entrance of Tubb, of the Third. The youngster had a pile of books under his arm. He grinned hugely when he caught sight of Alonzo Todd in the master's chair. But he had no very good opinion of Bolsover.

"Get out of here, you Remove bounders!" he said.

Bolsover scowled.

"I suppose we had better go, you fellows," said Alonzo, making preparation to rise.

Bolsover hastened to keep him in his seat.

"Oh, no hurry, Toddy!" he said. "We'll soon make that young waster be quiet. Go on with the book. I'm simply dying to hear the finish of it!"

"I don't think!" said Tubb.

"Really, my dear Tubb, it's very rude to interrupt," said Alonzo, very earnestly.

"I dare say it is," replied Tubb. "But what are you fellows doing in our Form-room?"

"What's that got to do with you?" said Bolsover.

"Only that Twigg'll be here in a minute, and you fellows will cop it, that's all," said Tubb, in the elegant phraseology of the Third.

"You cheeky young bounder——"

"Rats! It's our room!"

"I should jolly well think so!" cried a dozen voices at the door.

And Bolsover and his friend saw that the room was rapidly filling with Third-Formers.

"Well, go on with the book, anyway, Todd," said Bolsover.

"I suppose we'll have to clear out, but we may as well make use of the time till Mr. Twigg comes."

"Rats! Scat! Clear out!"

"Really, my dear Tubb, and you young fellows," began Alonzo, "perhaps you would like me to read some of this valuable book to you——"

"Dry up! Chuck it! 'The Story of a Potato?' Ha, ha, ha!"

But Alonzo Todd was not a youth to be put off easily from his purpose. The idea had entered his mind that the Third Form were very much in need of a little extra education, and he hung on like grim death. Sitting tight, as it were, he took advantage of every lull in the shouting, and gave them sundry bits of Uncle Benjamin's book. The row becoming deafening at last, he turned to Bolsover to ask him to assist in the matter of keeping a little order.

He started up to find that Bolsover, Desmond, and Ogilvy had disappeared. He was alone on the master's dais. The Third-Formers continued to hurl kind thoughts at him.

"Dear me!" murmured Alonzo.

He sat down again hurriedly. In that brief attempt to rise, he discovered that the chair had a tendency to rise with him. A second attempt a moment later confirmed the suspicion, and Alonzo's discomfiture was complete when Mr. Twigg appeared at the Form-room door the next moment. Mr.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 291.

Twigg walked into the Form-room, not for the moment seeing Alonzo in his chair. The buzz of voices among the Third-Formers died away. They took their seats as quietly as lambs in the presence of their Form-master. They did not want to be kept for half an hour's extra prep.

"There seems to be a great deal of noise here," said Mr. Twigg severely, and he walked towards his desk.

Then he stopped dead.

The sight of a Remove boy sitting in his chair, and not even rising when he entered, took Mr. Twigg's breath away.

Todd blinked at him helplessly. He was simply powerless to rise from the chair. He realised too late that the dampness he had felt upon it must have been liquid glue, though he could not imagine how it had come there. However it had come there, it was there now, and Alonzo was there with it and it had dried hard. Alonzo Todd was not in a position to rise at the master's entrance, unless the chair rose with him.

Mr. Twigg stared at him in wrath.

"Todd!" he thundered.

"Ye-es, sir!" stammered the unfortunate Alonzo.

"How dare you, sir!"

"Dare, sir!"

"Get off my chair at once!"

"At once, sir!"

"Boy——" thundered Mr. Twigg.

Todd made a desperate effort to rise. He lifted the big, heavy chair fairly off its legs, but the weight was too much for him. Todd's trousers had to go, or else Todd had to go, and the trousers were of a strong material. Todd staggered back, and the chair crashed upon its legs on the floor again, and the Duffer of Greyfriars sat down.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Alonzo Backs Out!

MR. TWIGG stared blankly at Alonzo Todd. That the unfortunate Duffer of Greyfriars was glued to the chair did not dawn upon the Third Form-master for the moment. Alonzo's distressful face might have touched a heart of stone; but Mr. Twigg was very angry.

"Todd!" he almost shouted.

"Ye-es, sir."

"Will you leave that chair at once?"

"Chair, sir."

"Will you obey me?"

"Obey you, sir."

"The boy is out of his senses!" gasped Mr. Twigg.

"Senses, sir."

The Third Form burst into a chuckle. As a rule, the evening hour of preparations was very unwelcome to Tubb and his Form-fellows. But they were enjoying it for once. Mr. Twigg turned a savage eye upon his chuckling Form.

"Silence!" he thundered.

The chuckle died away.

"Now, Todd, I give you two seconds to rise from that chair," said Mr. Twigg, breathing hard through his nose.

"Seconds, sir."

"I shall report this conduct to your Form-master, sir," thundered Mr. Twigg, "and if you persist in this incredible insolence, Todd, I shall hurl you forth with my own hands!"

"Hands, sir," stammered poor Alonzo.

Mr. Twigg said no more. He rushed at the Duffer of Greyfriars, and seized him by the shoulders, and strove to drag him from the chair. Mr. Twigg was not an athlete; but rage made him strong for the moment. His terrific drag upon Alonzo dragged the junior up, and the heavy chair after him.

The Third burst into a yell of laughter. Not even the fear of extra prep. could restrain it. They yelled!

Mr. Twigg panted, and let Todd go again. The weight of the chair was too much for him. Crash went the chair upon the floor again. Mr. Twigg released Alonzo, and stood staring at him, gasping for breath.

"You—you wretched boy!" he gasped. "So you—you have attached yourself to that chair by some contrivance. How dare you!"

"Dare, sir!" stuttered Alonzo.

"Get up at once!"

"I—I c-c-can't, sir."

Mr. Twigg caught a cane from his desk. The cane whistled in the air, and descended upon the shoulders of the Duffer of Greyfriars. Alonzo gave a fearful yell, and leaped into the air. Up went the chair after him. Something was bound to go—either the glue or the trousers. The glue was stronger than the trousers. There was a tearing, rending sound, and Alonzo was free from his attachment, and a great patch of cloth remained adhering to the seat of the chair. The Third Form shrieked.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Goodness gracious!" ejaculated Mr. Twigg.

"I—I'm so sorry, sir," gasped Alonzo. "I—I did not

know there was any glue on the chair when I sat down, sir. I—I fear that I have been the victim of a reprehensible trick, sir. My Uncle Benjamin——”

Mr. Twigg's face cleared, and a grin stole over it. He pointed to the door.

“Go!” he said.

“I'm so sorry, sir!”

“Leave the Form-room!”

“M-m-may I——”

“Go!”

“May I take my book, sir?” said Todd. “It was a present from my Uncle Benjamin, sir, and it is a most valuable volume. It is called ‘The Story of a Potato.’”

“Take it—and go!”

Alonzo gyooped under the desk, where his valuable volume had fallen, and found it, and tucked it under his arm. Mr. Twigg pointed to the door again. Alonzo trotted to the door, feeling very distressed, and in the doorway he turned.

“I'm so sorry, sir——”

“Go!”

“But my Uncle Benjamin, sir, always impressed upon me to express my regret for——”

Mr. Twigg grasped his cane, and took a step towards Alonzo. Todd thought he had better go. He stepped out into the passage, and closed the Form-room door behind him.

“Dear me!” murmured Todd. “This is indeed most unfortunate! I fear that I have been victimised by Bolsover and Ogilvy and Desmوند. I regard their conduct as reprehensible in the extreme. My Uncle Benjamin would be shocked—nay, disgusted at it.”

Todd ambled away down the passage. At the corner, Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, was chatting with Mr. Prout, the Fifth-Form master. Alonzo Todd halted in dismay. He had to pass the two masters, but he did not wait to display the wreck that had been made of his trousers. He felt that that would be too humiliating. He stopped in the passage, blinking at the two masters, and Mr. Quelch, supposing that he had something to say, turned to him.

“Do you want to speak to me, Todd?”

“N-n-no, sir!” stammered Alonzo.

“Then do not stand there staring!” said Mr. Quelch, with some asperity.

“Yes, sir.”

Todd moved slowly on. As he passed the two masters, he kept his face to them, and when he had passed them, he turned round and backed away down the passage, as if he were retiring from the presence of Royalty.

Mr. Quelch looked at him in astonishment. He knew that Alonzo Todd was a rather peculiar boy, but he had certainly never expected even Alonzo to back away from him in this peculiar equine manner.

“Todd!” he rapped out.

“Ye-e-es, sir!”

“What are you doing?”

“I'm g-g-going to the dormitory, sir.”

“Why are you walking in that ridiculous manner?”

“Ridiculous manner, sir?”

“Yes,” said the Remove-master angrily. “What are you doing it for? Why do you not walk like a sensible boy?”

“Sensible boy, sir!”

“Are you out of your senses, Todd?”

“Senses, sir! I—I hope not, sir!”

“Then why are you backing down the passage like a horse, sir, instead of walking like a human being?” thundered the exasperated Mr. Quelch.

“I—I—I——”

“Come here, Todd!”

“Ye-e-e-es, sir!”

Todd was quite willing to do that, as he could come towards Mr. Quelch keeping his face towards him. He came up slowly. Mr. Quelch fixed his eyes upon him.

“Now, Todd, what do you mean?”

“Mean, sir?”

“A most peculiar boy!” said Mr. Prout.

“Yes, indeed! I do not understand him,” said Mr. Quelch. “Turn round, Todd, and walk away as if you were a sensible boy and not a fool, sir!”

“I—I—I——”

“Will you obey me?” thundered the Remove-master.

“My Uncle Benjamin always impressed upon me to respect constitutional authority, sir,” said Todd meekly. “B-b-but—but, sir——”

“Do as I bid you.”

“I—I—I——”

“Go!” exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

There was no help for it. Alonzo Todd turned round and marched off, with crimson cheeks. The two masters looked after him, and then the reason of Todd's peculiar backing tactics dawned upon them. Mr. Prout burst into a laugh, and Mr. Quelch's frown died away, and he grinned.

“The—the utterly absurd boy!” exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

“Todd! Go and change your trousers at once!”

“Ye-e-es, sir!”

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 201.

NEXT TUESDAY: **“AGAINST HIS FATHER'S WISH!”** By FRANK RICHARDS. Order early.

EVERY
TUESDAY,

The “Magnet”
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Two Pounds Eleven Shillings and Ninepence.

WINGATE, of the Sixth, came out of his study with a frowning brow. Courtney was in the passage, and he stopped at once at the sight of Wingate. It was evident at a glance that something had happened to disturb the captain of Greyfriars.

“Anything wrong, Wingate?”

“Yes, look in here!”

The prefect followed Wingate into the study. Wingate pulled open a drawer in his desk, a drawer of which the lock was jambed and useless. The drawer was empty, and Courtney glanced into it, and then looked at Wingate.

“What the dickens——”

“It's gone!” said Wingate.

“What's gone?”

“The money!”

Courtney whistled.

“You kept money in there, Wingate?”

“Yes,” said the Greyfriars captain, knitting his brows darkly. “According to my accounts, there ought to be exactly two pounds eleven and ninepence.”

“Phew!”

“And now there's not a penny,” said Wingate.

“Somebody's taken it?”

“That's pretty clear.”

Courtney examined the drawer, and frowned a little.

“Doesn't this lock, Wingate?”

“It used to, but the lock's out of order now,” said Wingate. “I've been going to have it mended.”

“Hang it all, old chap, you shouldn't keep money in the drawer if it wouldn't lock,” said Courtney. “Why couldn't you keep it in your pockets?”

“It's the club's money, and I was keeping it separate from my own,” Wingate explained.

“Oh, I see!”

“Who'd have thought it wasn't safe!” growled the Greyfriars captain. “Even now I can hardly believe it's been stolen. It's more likely to be a silly lark.”

Courtney shook his head.

“A fellow who takes money for a lark must be a blessed fool,” he said, “and not much better than a thief. What are you going to do about it?”

“Inquire into it, of course.”

“Anybody been lagging in here?”

“Yes; Cherry, of the Remove.”

“Better ask him first—though it's pretty certain, to my mind, that Cherry doesn't know anything about it,” said Courtney. “I'll find him and send him in, if you like.”

“Do!” said Wingate.

Bob Cherry came into the study a few minutes later. Bob was looking unconcerned enough. Courtney had merely told him that Wingate wanted to speak to him.

The junior started a little as he saw Wingate's gloomy expression. As a rule, the Greyfriars captain was good-tempered and kind.

“Hallo, hallo, hallo!” said Bob. “Wasn't the toast all right, Wingate?”

“Yes, yes!”

“Tea made all serene?”

“Oh, hang the tea!” said Wingate. “Look here, Bob Cherry, somebody has taken some money out of this drawer in my desk.”

Bob jumped.

“Money!”

“Yes—two pounds eleven shillings and ninepence. Do you know anything about it?”

Bob flushed crimson.

“Certainly not!” he said. “How should I know anything about it? You don't think I would take it, do you?”

“Well, no,” said Wingate. “But somebody's taken it. I thought that perhaps it might be an idiotic jape.”

“I shouldn't play japes with other people's money,” said Bob Cherry drily. “Did you leave the key lying about?”

“The lock's out of order; it doesn't lock.”

“Then it's jolly well your own fault!” said Bob Cherry hotly.

Wingate frowned angrily.

“None of your cheek, Cherry——”

“You've no bizney to keep money in a drawer that won't lock!” said Bob Cherry. “Why, you can suspect now everybody that's been in the study—including your own friends. I call it rotten.”

The Greyfriars captain flushed.

“Perhaps you're right, Cherry,” he said quietly. “It was certainly very careless of me. I meant to have the lock mended, but one thing and another made me let it slide. But I hardly think there is a thief in the place. I think it

must be some foolish joke. Will you ask among the juniors if they know anything about it, before I make the matter public?"

"Oh, all right!" said Bob shortly enough.

And he quitted the study, leaving Wingate with a frowning brow. The Greyfriars captain had intended to pay an account that evening with some of the club money, and he would have to put it off now. That was not the worst. He hoped that it was some silly jape—but in his heart he knew that it could hardly be that. The money had been stolen—and there was a thief in the school. And Wingate blamed his own carelessness. No one has a right to be careless with money, and so to place temptation in the way of the weak and unprincipled.

Bob Cherry returned to the Remove passage with a flushed face. It was natural that Wingate should have called him in to be questioned, as he had been fagging in the captain's study. But Bob was very much hurt and annoyed; and he knew, too, that if the money was not found, it would give fellows a chance to hint that he had taken it. Bob was popular in the Remove, but he had his enemies, and they were not likely to let such an opportunity escape them.

Bob paused at No. 1 Study, and looked in. Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent were doing their prep., but they stopped at the sight of Bob's flushed and troubled face. Wharton rose to his feet. He could see that something was very wrong.

"What is it, Bob?" he asked.

"Wingate's lost some money," said Bob abruptly. "It's been taken from a drawer in his desk, a drawer with a broken lock; and as I did tea fag for him this evening he called me in to ask me about it. What do you think of that?"

Harry Wharton started.

"He doesn't suspect you, Bob?" asked Nugent.

"No, I think not—but other fellows will, if the money isn't found," said Bob. "He oughtn't to have been so careless. I was a silly ass to fag for him, when I'm not bound to do it."

"Hold on!" said Wharton quietly. "I think I know something about this."

"You?"

"Yes. You say the money was taken from a drawer in Wingate's desk—a drawer with a broken lock?"

"Yes."

"Bunter?"

"Eh?"

"It was Bunter!" said Wharton, with conviction.

Bob and Frank stared at him in surprise.

"I suppose Bunter's the likeliest chap to have done it, come to think of it," said Bob slowly. "But I don't see how you know."

"I'll explain," said Harry quietly. "You remember yesterday Bunter said he had a scheme for raising the wind for the feed?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Well, that was the scheme. He had found out about Wingate's keeping money in an unlocked drawer—spying, as usual, I suppose—and he had the cheek to suggest to me that I should take it, and replace it on Saturday when I get a remittance."

"My hat!"

"He called it borrowing, not stealing," Wharton explained. "I never thought he'd have courage enough to do it himself; but it looks to me now as if he had done it. If anybody's taken Wingate's money, it's Bunter."

"Let's go and see him," said Nugent.

"Come on," said Bob. "The sooner this is cleared up the better."

"Yes, rather!"

The three juniors quitted the study at once. They looked into Bunter's study, but the Owl of the Remove was not there. They hurried downstairs, passing Alonzo Todd on the way. Todd was going up to the dormitory, but the chums were too busy to notice him or his mishap. They hurried down to the junior common-room.

There were a good many Removites present there, as well as some of the Upper Fourth and the Shell. They looked round for Bunter, and found him seated in an arm-chair by the fire.

The Owl of the Remove had a fat, shiny look on his face, as if he had lately fed. Wharton seized him by the shoulder, and jerked him out of the chair without ceremony.

Billy Bunter gasped as he was swung upon his feet.

"Groo! Oh! Oh, really, Bulstrode——"

"Look here, Bunter——"

"Ow! Look here, Wharton——"

"Where is Wingate's money?" said Wharton, in a low voice. "Look here, if you like to take it back to him at once, you can do so, and I'll say nothing."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 201.

Read the grand new story of the Juniors of St. Jim's, entitled:

"ASHAMED OF HIS SISTER!"

In this week's "GEM" Library. Now on Sale. Price One Penny.

Bunter blinked at him.

"I don't understand you, Wharton."

"Where is Wingate's money?"

"What money?"

"The money you stole from his desk."

"Oh, really, Wharton!"

"Will you hand it over?"

"Certainly not! I don't know anything about it. I think you're off your rocker," said Billy Bunter, with a great deal of dignity. "If Wingate has lost any money, I certainly don't know anything about it. Ow! Leggo!"

"Are you going to own up?"

"Groo! Own up what?"

"Having taken the money."

"Certainly not! I didn't take it. I can prove it. Ow! Leggo my collar!"

Wharton breathed hard. The other fellows were gathering round curiously. They had caught some words, and they wanted to know more.

"What's the trouble?" asked Johnny Bull.

"I guess you might explain," said Fisher T. Fish.

"What has that fat guy been doing this time?"

"Wingate's missed some money, and I believe Bunter has taken it," said Wharton.

"Oh, really——"

"Pbaw!"

"My hat!"

"At his old tricks again!" said Bulstrode.

"Faith, and you're right!"

"I didn't! I haven't!" yelled Bunter. "I—I'm ready to prove it. I'll go and tell Wingate so! It's all lies! I dare say Wharton's taken the money, and he's trying to fix it on me!"

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said Hazeldene.

"Ow! Leggo my collar! D-d-don't shake me like that, or——"

"Come with me!" said Harry Wharton, between his teeth, grasping the fat junior more tightly by the back of the collar. "I've given you a chance to own up, and if you won't do it, you can take the consequences. You'll come and see Wingate now."

"I—I'm ready! Ow!"

"Come on, then!"

And Billy Bunter was marched away to the captain's study with Wharton's grasp upon his collar, and Bob Cherry and Nugent followed.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter's Alibi.

WINGATE looked up with a frowning brow as Billy Bunter was marched in, wriggling and gasping in Wharton's powerful grip. The Greyfriars captain looked hard at Bunter.

"What have you brought Bunter here for?" he asked.

"I think he can explain where the money is, Wingate."

"Oh! Let him go, then."

Wharton released the fat junior. Billy Bunter gasped for breath, and put his collar straight, and set his spectacles level on his fat, little nose, and blinked furiously at Wharton.

Wingate looked at him sternly.

"What do you know about this, Bunter?"

The fat junior gasped.

"N-n-nothing, Wingate!"

"What makes you think he knows about it, Wharton?"

Harry Wharton explained. The Greyfriars captain listened to him attentively, keeping his eyes fixed on Bunter all the time.

"What have you to say to that, Bunter?" he asked.

The fat junior squirmed. He would have been glad to accuse Wharton of inventing the story, but he knew that that would not "wash." Wharton was well known to be truthful, and his word would easily outweigh Bunter's.

"It—it was only a j-joke, you know," he stammered.

"I didn't mean Wharton to take it seriously. Besides, it was only a suggestion for Wharton. I thought he might do it if he liked. I shouldn't have cared to do such a thing myself, but Wharton isn't so particular in money matters as I am, you know."

Wharton flushed with anger.

"And you didn't take the money?" asked Wingate.

"Certainly not!"

"I don't believe you," said the Greyfriars captain quietly. "You suggested to Wharton to take the money out of my desk because you were too cowardly to take it, not because you were too honest. And as he wouldn't take it, you've taken it yourself. I think you are too stupid to realise fully what you have done; and so, if you bring the money back at once, I will not report the matter to the

Head and get you expelled, but I shall give you a tremendous licking."

"But I—I—I—"

"Will you return the money?" asked Wingate sharply.

"I—I can prove I haven't taken it!" howled Bunter.

"Oh! How?"

"Look here. When did you last see the money in the desk?" asked Bunter.

"This morning," said Wingate. "I went to it just after morning lessons to see whether the amount was right, as entered in my pocket-book. But since then you've had plenty of chances of coming in here."

"I—I haven't! I can prove that I haven't been in here," howled Bunter. "I can account for every minute of the day, if necessary."

Wingate's expression changed a little.

"Well, if you can do that, well and good," he said.

"But you'll have to do it. Where were you when I was down at footer practice before dinner?"

"I was there watching you, you remember—"

Wingate nodded.

"Yes, I remember that now. You were making a silly ass of yourself?"

"Oh, really, Wingate—"

"I came back here then, and after dinner I was here till afternoon school," said Wingate musingly. "Was Bunter in class as usual this afternoon, Wharton?"

"Yes," said Harry.

"He didn't leave earlier than the rest of the Remove?"

"No."

"Very good. Then you came out of the Form-room at half-past four, Bunter?"

"Yes, Wingate."

"Plenty of time to come in here and take the money," said the Greyfriars captain. "What have you been doing since school?"

"I had an imposition to do, and I did it in Bob Cherry's study till five o'clock," said Bunter glibly. "Mark Linley was there all the time."

"Yes, that's true," said Bob Cherry. "Marky told me."

"Then I was in the common-room talking to Wharton for ten minutes," said Bunter. "Wharton will remember it. It was about a postal-order."

"I remember that," said Harry.

Wingate frowned thoughtfully.

"You were in my study just after five, Cherry, fagging?" he said.

"Yes," said Bob.

"What time did you go?"

"Half-past five, when you came in with Courtney and North."

"And we were here till seven," said Wingate; "and when Courtney and North went I stayed here by myself. Bunter couldn't have come in here without being seen then, since five o'clock. If he is telling the truth about being with Mark Linley from half-past four to five, he couldn't have taken the money."

"What about before dinner—"

"He was on the footer-field."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite," said Wingate. "He was making an ass of himself, and I shut him up, I remember. I mightn't have noticed, otherwise."

The juniors looked at one another rather blankly.

Bunter had proved an alibi.

If the alibi had rested upon Bunter's word, nobody would have believed in it for a moment. Bunter's word was worth nothing. Bunter's assertion would not have made the slightest difference either way. But the evidence was indisputable. Only twice during the day had the study been open to the fat junior, and on each occasion he could account fully for his time on the unimpeachable evidence of Mark Linley and of Wingate himself.

It was impossible for Bunter to have taken the money!

The Owl of the Remove blinked in satisfaction at the dismayed faces of the Removites and the puzzled countenance of Wingate.

"I told you so!" he exclaimed. "You fellows have a prejudice against me, due to personal jealousy. Of course, I don't know anything about the money. I sincerely hope that Wharton didn't take it—"

"You fat cad!" roared Wharton.

"Well, you were jolly quick to put suspicion on me," said Bunter. "That makes it look to me as if you took it."

Wharton clenched his hand.

"Hold on," said Wingate quietly. "After all, you did accuse him, Wharton, and there seems to have been nothing in it. Bunter cannot have taken the money."

"I—I suppose so."

"Somebody has taken it, and I hope it is only a rotten joke," said Wingate, frowning. "I shall say nothing to the Head until to-morrow. If it is not returned by then, I shall have no choice but to report it."

"How much was it exactly, Wingate?"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 201.

EVERY
TUESDAY.

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

"Two pounds eleven shillings and ninepence."

"Good! We'll look into the matter, anyway," said Harry Wharton. "I still believe that Bunter has had it, though I admit his alibi staggers me a bit."

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Very well," said Wingate. "If it isn't found to-night there will be a public investigation to-morrow, and the thief will be expelled. That's all."

And the juniors quitted the captain's study. Outside in the passage Billy Bunter blinked indignantly at Harry Wharton and his comrades.

"I say, you fellows, it's rotten—"

"Oh, shut up!" said Harry.

"Oh, really—"

The chums of the Remove strode away, leaving Billy Bunter blinking after them angrily.

"Beasts!" said Bunter.

And he rolled away in another direction. There was a musical clink of money in his pockets as he moved—a very unusual sound with the impecunious Owl of the Remove.

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

Only Alonzo.

"MY dear Bunter—"

Billy Bunter grunted uneasily. Alonzo Todd had come down, in a new pair of trousers, to find the junior common-room in a buzz. All the fellows were talking of the money that was missing from George Wingate's desk, and making conjectures on the subject. Temple, Dabney & Co. affected to guard their pockets when they passed any of the Removites, and there had already been several fistic encounters on the subject. Bob Cherry's nose had a swollen look, and Temple had a black eye.

The Remove were very much excited; and although no one seriously believed that Bob Cherry knew anything about the missing money, some of his enemies in the Form shrugged their shoulders and looked significantly at him. Bolsover and Snoop and Vernon-Smith and a few others were disposed to make capital out of it; but Bob's fist was so hard and heavy, and so ready to come whizzing out at a word, that they did not venture to tackle him directly.

But matters were very uncomfortable for Bob, and he was angrily anxious to get the matter cleared up. That Bunter knew something about the missing money, the Famous Four were convinced, but he had proved an alibi so clearly and completely that they were at a loss.

If Bunter had taken the money, it must certainly have been through some other agent, and it was hard to believe that there was a fellow in the school who would act as a cat's-paw for Bunter in the matter. If a fellow were base enough to steal, he would surely steal for himself, and not for Bunter. Yet the chums felt certain that Bunter was not guiltless. It was a complete puzzle.

Alonzo Todd, having heard the particulars of the matter, was puzzled, too. The truth never occurred to his simple mind. But he was struck by the remarkable coincidence, as he regarded it, of the money having been missed by Wingate on the same day as his little excursion to the captain's study for Bunter's money, and by the remarkable fact that the amount missed by Wingate was exactly the same as the amount he had recovered for Bunter—two pounds eleven shillings and ninepence.

Unsuspecting as he was, even the Duffer of Greyfriars could not help thinking that there was something very singular about it, and he tackled the Owl of the Remove on the subject. Billy Bunter would gladly have avoided him, but Todd had taken him by the sleeve, and was speaking to him very earnestly.

"Is it not really very remarkable, my dear Bunter?" said Todd, blinking at the fat junior, who blinked back uneasily through his big spectacles.

"Ye-es," muttered Bunter. "Excuse me, Todd, I—I've promised to go and help Bulstrode with an impot., and I must cut off now."

"Dear me!" said Todd, in surprise. "But Bulstrode is here, my dear Bunter. He is playing chess with Wun Lung." Bunter grunted.

"I—I meant to say Penfold," he said. "Penfold's behind with his lessons, and I'm going to help him, and—"

"My dear Bunter, Penfold is sitting just over there, and he does not appear to be doing his lessons."

The short-sighted Owl of the Remove gave it up.

"I say, Todd, come over to the tuckshop, will you?" he said hospitably. "I want to stand you a little feed."

Bunter would have stood Todd a feed, or anything else, to prevent him from talking before the fellows just then. But when Alonzo Todd was in earnest he was in deadly

earnest. His Uncle Benjamin had always impressed upon him to attend to one matter at a time, and Todd meant to follow that excellent advice of his avuncular relative.

"My dear Bunter, thank you so much; but I was going to say—"

"Come on, Todd, old man!" said Bunter, with much heartiness.

"One moment, Bunter. I am very much perplexed," said Todd. "Is it not indeed singular that Wingate should have missed exactly two pounds eleven shillings and ninepence—"

"Oh, really, Todd!"

"And that the exact amount of your money which Bolsover hid in Wingate's study amounted to two pounds eleven shillings and ninepence?"

Bunter groaned. Todd was not speaking in a low tone at all, and several fellows had heard his remarks, and they were looking round curiously. Billy Bunter turned hot and cold all over. With his usual stupidity, he had made his plans and schemes only so far as getting hold of the money, through the medium of Alonzo, trusting to luck or to some means of throwing the blame on Alonzo, if there should be trouble afterwards.

The trouble was coming, and the fat junior realised that he would have to be very careful if the whole truth was not to come out. He began to realise that he had not been, after all, so deep and cunning as he had believed, and he wished at that moment that he had let Wingate's money alone. He was all the more sincere in that wish because a great part of the money was already expended at the tuck-shop.

"Is it not very curious, Bunter?" said Todd.

"Come to Mrs. Mimble's, Toddy!"

"Yes, but I should really like this matter to be cleared up, Bunter. Is it barely possible that there was a mistake, and that you gave me the wrong directions about your money in Wingate's study?"

"I—I—I—"

"I mean, is it quite certain that Bolsover hid your money there, Bunter, and not somewhere else?" asked the persistent Todd.

"Eh? What's that?" exclaimed Bolsover, overhearing his name. A dozen or more fellows had collected round the two by this time.

Todd blinked at Bolsover.

"What's that about my hiding Bunter's money?" said Bolsover angrily. "I never hid any money of Bunter's. He never had any to hide, for that matter. What do you mean, Todd?"

"I promised Bunter not to mention the matter to you, Bolsover, and I am therefore restrained from offering an explanation," said the Duffer of Greyfriars. "I'm so sorry; but my Uncle Benjamin has always impressed upon me that a promise must be kept, even when made to a worthless person, such as Bunter."

"Oh, really, Todd!"

Harry Wharton strode forward.

"You can explain to me, Todd," he exclaimed, with a stern look at Bunter. "Now, then, what is this about Bunter's money in Wingate's study? Bunter never had any money."

"I—I—it's all a j-j-joke!" said Bunter feebly.

Todd looked at the Owl of the Remove in astonishment.

"My dear Bunter, surely your memory is playing you false?" he exclaimed. "I never promised not to mention the matter to Wharton; in fact, I expressly reserved the right to mention it to him and others. You surely remember telling me how Bolsover had taken your money and hidden it in Wingate's study and threatened to thrash you if you made any effort to recover it?"

"My hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

Bolsover uttered an exclamation.

"The lying cad! I did nothing of the sort!"

"Oh, really, Bolsover—"

Bolsover clenched his hands and advanced upon the Owl of the Remove. Harry Wharton pushed him back.

"Look here, Wharton—" began the Remove bully fiercely.

"Hold on!" said Harry quietly. "This matter has got to be cleared up. So Bunter told you that Bolsover had hidden his money in Wingate's study, Todd?"

"Yes. It is amazing if Bunter has forgotten it, as it only occurred after morning lessons to-day," said Alonzo.

"Where did he say the money was hidden?"

"In a drawer of Wingate's desk—the drawer with a broken lock."

"Did he ask you to get it?"

"Oh, certainly!"

"And did you?" howled a dozen voices.

Todd looked surprised.

"Certainly!" he exclaimed. "I should not be likely to

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 201.

Read the grand new story of the Juniors of St. Jim's, entitled: "ASHAMED OF HIS SISTER!" In this week's "GEM" Library. Now on Sale. Price One Penny.

refuse Bunter a small favour. He was afraid to get it himself, as Bolsover was watching to see whether he went to the Sixth-Form passage. You remember explaining that to me, Bunter?"

Bunter mumbled.

"And you got the money?" asked Frank Nugent.

"Yes, indeed."

"And where is it now?"

"I handed it to its owner—Bunter."

"My only chapeau!" ejaculated John Bull. "Of all the duffers, of all the blithering asses, I think Toddy takes the cake!"

"Faith, and ye're right!"

"The ass!"

"The fathead!"

"The frabjous chump!"

Alonzo Todd listened in great distress to these complimentary remarks from his Form-fellows. He blinked round distressfully at the juniors.

"My dear fellows," he exclaimed, "surely you do not regard it as reprehensible in me to perform this slight service for a Form-fellow, even one whom I do not esteem? My Uncle Benjamin always impressed upon me to—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ass!"

"Fathead!"

"Now, then, Bunter," said Harry Wharton, in a dangerous tone, "what have you got to say?"

Bunter smiled in a sickly way.

"I—I can't help Todd imagining these things," he said. "Of course, we all know that Todd is off his rocker! I never said anything of the sort to him, of course."

Todd's jaw dropped.

He stared at Billy Bunter as an expiring codfish might have stared. Bunter's denial took all the wind out of his sails, so to speak. He was knocked into a cocked-hat. That anybody could tell a barefaced falsehood had never entered into Alonzo Todd's calculations. He did not yet quite know his Bunter.

"So Todd didn't give you the money?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Certainly not!" said Bunter promptly.

"Oh!" murmured Todd.

"Then, if he took it from Wingate's study—"

"He must have kept it," said Bunter. "As a matter of fact, I've suspected Todd of not being half such a fool as he makes out."

"Dear me!"

"What do you say, Todd?"

"I—I am shocked at Bunter! If my Uncle Benjamin were here, he would be shocked—nay, disgusted," said poor Alonzo. "The facts are certainly as I have stated them, but I begin to fear now that Bunter was deceiving me, and that the money in Wingate's study was not his at all."

"Go hon!" said Nugent sarcastically.

"In that case, I have been the unconscious instrument of a wicked theft," said Todd, in great distress. "I am very much disgusted. But I am sure you fellows will not believe that I knowingly took Wingate's money."

"Ass!"

"Fathead!"

"You'd better own up, Bunter," said Bob Cherry, laying a heavy hand on the shoulder of the Owl of the Remove, "you mean, thieving cad."

Bunter jerked his shoulder away.

"Let me alone!" he said thickly. "I—I'll complain to the Head, if you touch me. Todd owns up that he stole the money, and you've only got his word that he gave it to me. I say it's a lie!"

"My dear Bunter—"

"It's a lie," yelled Billy Bunter, "and if you touch me, I'll appeal to the Head!"

There was a step at the door.

"What is this?"

It was Wingate's voice. The captain of Greyfriars came quietly into the junior-room, and there was a grim, sombre look upon his face as he fixed his glance upon the Owl of the Remove.

THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

Well Licked!

HARRY WHARTON unclenched his hands, and turned to the captain of Greyfriars. That Bunter was guilty, and that he was making a miserable attempt to throw his guilt upon the Duffer of Greyfriars, Wharton felt certain. But it looked as if the attempt might succeed. Todd had admitted taking the money from Wingate's desk, and it would not be easy for people who did not know him well to believe that he could have had the egregious simplicity to believe Bunter's absurd yarn on the subject.

Todd's own friends knew how simple and unsuspecting he

was, but the Head could not be expected to believe that he had acted as he stated. There were no witnesses to prove that he had handed the money to Bunter; Bunter had taken care of that.

Things looked very bad for the Duffer of Greyfriars, and Todd himself realised it, and he stood with a pale and downcast face. Harry Wharton, in quick, angry tones, explained how the matter stood to Wingate. Wingate listened quietly without interrupting him once.

"So you took the money, Todd?" he asked, at length.

"Yes, Wingate; for Bunter."

"You believed it was Bunter's?"

"Oh, certainly!"

"Because he had told you that Bolsover hid the money belonging to him in my study?" said the captain of Greyfriars, looking searchingly at Todd's distressed face.

"Yes, Wingate."

"Don't you think you were a silly ass to believe such a yarn?"

"I—I don't know, Wingate. Bolsover is a bully, you know, and it is just one of the tricks he might play on a chap smaller than himself."

Bolsover scowled furiously, and some of the juniors chuckled. Todd did not mean to offend, but he sometimes offended without intending to do so.

"In the present case, Bolsover, you did not do it?" he asked.

"No!" growled Bolsover.

"Bunter!"

"Ye-es!"

"Did Bolsover hide any money of yours in my study?"

"Yes—no, no!"

"Did you tell Todd that he had?"

"No."

"My dear Bunter—"

"Shut up, Todd!" said Wingate sharply. "Now, Bunter, you deny that you put Todd up to taking the money by yarn that it was yours, and that he handed it to you?"

"Yes, certainly!" said Bunter, recovering his courage somewhat. "Todd's off his rocker! He fancies these things!"

"My dear—"

"Shut up, Todd! I have just been to Mrs. Mimble's shop, Bunter," went on Wingate, with his eyes fixed grimly upon the fat junior. "It occurred to me that the fellow who had taken the money—especially if it was yourself—would spend some of it there. I have questioned Mrs. Mimble as to whether any junior had spent an unusual amount of money there to-day."

Bunter turned pale.

"I discovered," said Wingate mercilessly, "that you, Bunter, had spent a total of twenty-two shillings, and that Mrs. Mimble had an impression that you had more money in your pockets."

"Oh!"

"Kindly turn out your pockets, Bunter, and let us see how much money you have," said the Greyfriars captain curtly.

"I—I—"

"Turn out his pockets on the table, Bull."

"Certainly!" said John Bull.

Billy Bunter made a feeble attempt at resistance, but two or three juniors seized him, and he was held in their strong grip while John Bull turned out his pockets. Among a heap of odds and ends and sticky sweets a sovereign and several pieces of silver and some coppers came into view. There was a general exclamation. Sovereigns were not common in the Remove, and Bunter was known to have an allowance of pocket-money of one shilling a week. He certainly augmented it by borrowing, but the possession of a golden sovereign needed to be accounted for.

"Where did you get that sovereign, Bunter, and the money you have spent to-day at the shop?" asked Wingate, in hard tones.

Bunter panted.

"I—I—I've had a postal-order!"

"A postal-order for over two pounds?" said Wingate.

"Ye-es!"

"Very well," said Wingate quietly. "We'll go into this! You had a postal-order to-day for two pounds? By what post did it come?"

"It—it was yesterday."

"Rats!" exclaimed Wharton. "You were trying to borrow money of me to-day, and you told me you were stony, and expecting a postal-order, as usual."

Bunter stammered.

"I—I wasn't—"

"Bob Cherry heard you, and Hazeldene."

"Yes, rather!" said both those juniors together.

"I—I hadn't cashed the order then," stammered Bunter. "It—it was larger than usual, you see, and—and I couldn't cash it—"

"But you must have cashed it since, to be able to spend the money," said Wingate.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 201.

NEXT TUESDAY: **"AGAINST HIS FATHER'S WISH!"** By FRANK RICHARDS. Order Early.

EVERY
TUESDAY,

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

"Ye-es, of course."

"Where did you cash it?"

Bunter gasped. It seemed to him as if a net were closing in on him.

"I—I cashed it at—at the post-office," he gasped.

"When?"

"This—this afternoon."

Wingate smiled grimly.

"Liars should have good memories," he remarked. "You seem to forget that you have already accounted for all your time to-day in proving your alibi."

"Oh! I—"

"To make all sure I shall go down on my bike to the post-office and ask," said Wingate. "That will finish you. Will you give me that trouble or own up now?"

"Of—of course, I—I don't want to give you any trouble, Wingate," he stammered. "The—the fact is, I—I—I—"

"Well?" said Wingate grimly.

"I—I—I intended to place the money back when my postal-order came," said Bunter feebly. "Wharton will remember that I explained to him, in the first place, that it was only to be a loan till Saturday. I—I should have put it back then—"

"So you admit that this is the money taken from my study—this, and what you have spent in the tuckshop?"

"No—well, yes, in a way. It was a loan—"

"Is this the money or not?" demanded Wingate. "Yes or no?"

"Ye-es!" stammered Bunter.

"And Todd's statement is quite correct?"

"Oh, certainly!"

"And you have been lying all along the line, you unspeakable rotter?" Wingate exclaimed contemptuously.

"No, I—I—I may have used some—some figures of speech," stammered Bunter. "Not—not what you would call lying. Not at all."

"I don't believe he knows what is lying and what isn't," said Bob Cherry, with a grin.

Wingate collected up the money on the table.

"I shall take this," he said. "What you have spent I shall replace myself—I think I ought to do that for being careless with the money. But I shall give you a lesson that will stop your lying and thieving, I hope. Go and fetch a cane from my room, Snoop."

Snoop obeyed.

"If—if you don't mind, I—I'll go and do my prep. now," stammered Bunter.

Wingate grasped the fat junior by the collar and swung him back. Snoop returned with the cane, and handed it to Wingate. Bunter blinked at it nervously.

"I—I say, Wingate, I—I hope you're not going to slog me just because I've owned up to the truth and explained the whole thing in a frank and manly way?" he exclaimed.

"No," said Wingate grimly. "I'm going to slog you because you're a mean, crawling, dishonest cad, Bunter!"

"Oh, really, Wingate—"

Wingate's strong grasp cut off the rest of Bunter's remonstrance. He was swung upon the table face downwards, and then the cane rose and fell.

Lash—lash—lash!

The dust rose in clouds from Bunter's trousers. The fat junior roared and wriggled. But Wingate did not relent. He thrashed the Owl of the Remove until his arm was aching, and then at last he stopped.

"There!" he panted. "That's enough!"

Wingate quitted the Form-room. Billy Bunter rolled off the table and roared.

"Ow—ow—ow!"

But he received no sympathy. There was a general yell to him to be quiet, and as he did not obey he was kicked out of the room, and went yelling down the passage. It was a lesson that even Bunter was not likely to forget.

Bob Cherry slapped Alonzo Todd on the shoulder.

"I'm jolly glad it's turned out so well," he said. "But you had better be a little more careful, Todd, old chap."

"My dear Cherry—"

"Yes, don't be such an ass, Todd!" said Harry Wharton.

Todd looked very thoughtful.

"Bunter has acted very badly," he said. "My Uncle Benjamin would be shocked at him—nay, disgusted. Yet I am afraid that he is suffering considerable pain. Do you think it would comfort him, Wharton, if I should go to his room and read to him from 'The Story of a Potato'?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And that was the only answer the Duffer of Greyfriars was able to obtain from the chums of the Remove.

THE END.

(Another grand, long, complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co., by Frank Richards, next Tuesday, entitled "AGAINST HIS FATHER'S WISH!" Order your copy of "The Magnet" Library now—1d.)

"BEYOND THE ETERNAL ICE!"

A Thrilling Story of the Amazing Adventures of Ferrers Lord, Millionaire, Ching-Lung, and Rupert Thurston.

By **SIDNEY DREW.**



Ferrers Lord makes ready his "aerial postman" to take a message to the airship, Cloud King.

THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

When Professor Hugley, the renowned American scientist, startles the world by announcing that he is off to find the North Pole in his wonderful air-craft, the Cloud King, there is only one man who dares to enter the lists against him on behalf of Great Britain, and that man is Ferrers Lord, the famous millionaire and inventor. Lord pits his wonderful submarine, the Lord of the Deep, against the Cloud King in the most amazing race the world has ever seen; the goal is the North Pole, and the prize a million pounds!

The preliminaries are soon settled, a judge is appointed to accompany each of the competitors, and the great race commences.

With Ferrers Lord are Ching-Lung, Rupert Thurston, and Gan Waga, an Eskimo, while Hugley is accompanied by Paraira, a Cuban, and Esteban Gacchio, a huge negro. These latter soon show themselves in their true colours, and the Cloud King no sooner reaches the region of ice than Hugley, and such of the crew as are loyal to him, are murdered, and Paraira and Gacchio assume control of the airship.

Ferrers Lord reaches the Pole through an underground funnel which he discovers, and finds there a beautiful city called Shazana. They are welcomed by Vathmoor, the king. The Cloud King arrives at the Pole exactly twenty-four hours twenty-eight minutes after the Lord of the Deep, and the papers, certifying that the race has been fairly won, are signed, in the presence of Vathmoor. Ferrers Lord arrests

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 201.

Esteban Gacchio for murder on the high seas. Gacchio escapes and makes off in the submarine's launch, taking with him as prisoner, Ching-Lung.

(Now go on with the story.)

The Cruelty of Esteban Gacchio.

Esteban Gacchio took a block of wood, a saw and auger, and an iron spike sharpened at both ends from the locker in the launch, and crawled back. He drove the auger through the block, and passed the spike through it. Then he fastened Ching-Lung's arms firmly to his side above the elbows. The block, with the protruding spike downwards, he wrapped round the prince's wrists.

It was a refinement of cruelty. Any movement of the forearms, any attempt to break the bonds, would drive the spike into the flesh, not deeply enough to give a serious wound, but enough to cause excruciating pain.

"That will keep you quiet, you dog," he thought—"quiet as far as escaping is concerned! Caramba! It would do me good to hear you howl for mercy! Use your brains, Esteban and find some novelty in torture. The old ones are not tasty enough for an appetite such as yours. What shall it be?"

The piston-rod was jerking backwards and forwards, a ray from the half-open lamp pointing at it like a skeleton finger. The negro's white teeth flashed with cruel delight.

He flung a rope round Ching-Lung's waist, measuring it

Read the grand new story of the Juniors of St. Jim's, entitled:

"ASHAMED OF HIS SISTER!"

In this week's "GEM" Library. Now on Sale. Price One Penny.

with fiendish care. Then he made fast to the rail. A second length of rope was knotted round the unconscious lad's ankles. Then Gacchio stopped the engines and pondered.

"Carajo! I had better move the spike! Paraira and the others would never forgive me if I killed him without them. And he will shriek. That will bring their cursed vessel upon me. Open your mouth, you yellow dog, and let me gag you!"

Ching-Lung's cigarette-case fell out, and Gacchio lighted one of the cigarettes. He gagged the prince with a piece of thick rope, and dragged the spike out of the rope. Then he fastened the other end of the rope to the piston-rod.

"A glorious rack!" he snarled. "Caramba! How the priests of the old Inquisition would have delighted in such a one! Ten strains will be enough. I must not kill him!"

He puffed at the cigarette, his face distorted with an expression of diabolical joy.

Ching-Lung stirred. He struggled back to consciousness. The negro's hand touched the lever.

Slowly the piston lifted itself from the socket, and the wheels began to revolve.

The strain tightened. Ching-Lung's feet were dragged forward. The rope attached to his waist grew rigid, until it was as stiff as a bar of steel.

His body rose from the floor and straightened out, until his weight hung upon the two ropes. And yet the rod had not finished its beat by a good two inches!

It ended with a snap, moved back, and Ching-Lung went thudding to the floor.

The speed increased. Up he shot again, until his body was strained and stiff, only to fall with the same thud as the rod went back.

His eyes were open and rolling with agony. A choked cry of pain came, stifled, from his gagged mouth.

Estebian Gacchio rubbed his hands with delight.

"You like it, amigo?" he laughed. "You love it? I have invented it specially to please you. Ten performances will make us perfect. This is the third."

Oh, mercy! Again Ching-Lung was jerked into the air. Only the suppleness of his limbs and the elasticity of the ropes, which were new, saved his joints from dislocation.

Once more he was flung down. His head was bursting. Sparks of fire danced before his eyes.

"Four!" cried the negro.

The cords tightened as the rod shot forward. He could bear no more.

"Five!"

There was a loud snap, a crash of flying wheels, a grinding roar, and he heard a volley of curses from the enraged negro. The piston-rod had snapped in two, shattering the machinery. Half fainting and breathless, Ching-Lung was hurled into the bottom of the boat. He lay there like a log.

The Search for the Airship—Found!

The maddened negro cursed aloud. Only a skilled engineer, equipped with proper tools, could repair the damage. A light breeze had sprung up, and was blowing towards the peaks. The launch carried a small mast, in case of a breakdown, but the only sail he could find was a small jib.

He stepped the mast, and rigged up the sail as best he could, and drenched it with water. It began to draw, and the launch began to move, but barely enough to make her answer her helm. Gacchio did not know where he was steering for. His one idea was to escape pursuit.

If he could escape capture till daylight, he felt certain of escape. Though he had little confidence in Paraira's friendship, he had unlimited faith in Paraira's love for gold. While the treasure of Shazana could be won with such ease, Paraira would not turn tail. The aeronef could not hide itself, and he would find some means of signalling his presence to his comrades.

As he sat at the helm, smoking cigarettes and humming Spanish love-songs in a rich bass voice, Estebian Gacchio felt neither fear nor anxiety for himself. He possessed unlimited courage, but it was the courage of a wild beast—a cruel, savage courage.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 201.

NEXT TUESDAY: **"AGAINST HIS FATHER'S WISH!"** By FRANK RICHARDS. Order Early.

EVERY
TUESDAY,

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

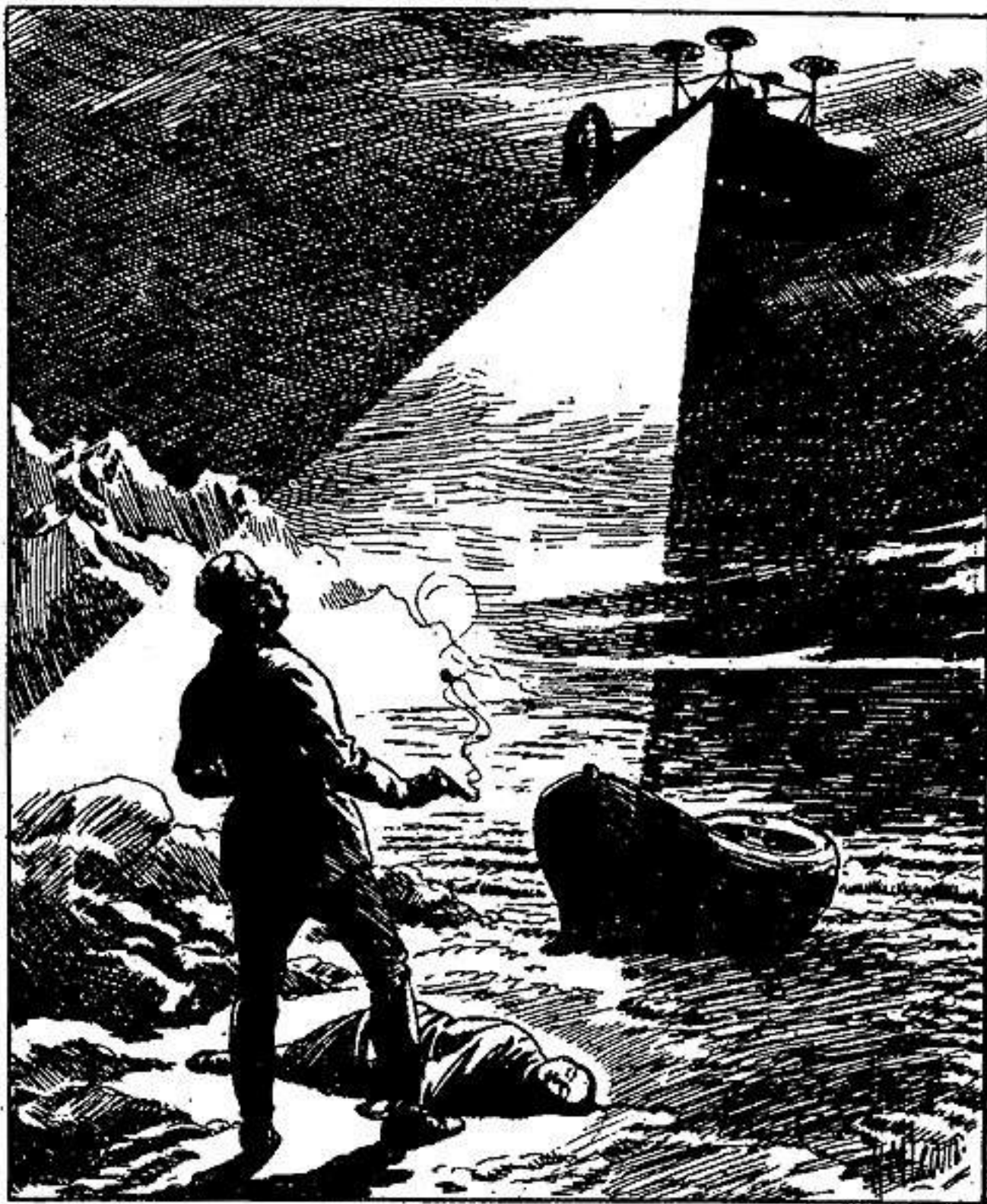
Sometimes he paused in his songs, and ground out a laugh, as he remembered how he had hoodwinked the "yellow cur" who lay at his feet.

"Caramba!" he muttered. "They say a man's life hangs on a thread; but mine hangs on a snapping stick, and his on a piece of whiplash thrown over the branch of a tree! It was a crafty move, Estebian, to whip off your coat and hat! Ha, ha, ha! And when I drew them up—"

He chuckled hoarsely at the success of the ruse. The wind came more briskly, and fanned the launch on. He could not see more than a fathom ahead.

"Slow going!" he growled. "But the darkness is my friend."

Gacchio began to hum again, and they drifted on. It was impossible to tell the pace, but he fancied—though he was not much of a sailor—that it could not be more than three knots. There were biscuits and tinned-beef in the locker. He let down the sail and made a hearty meal.



Six rapid reports rang out as Gacchio fired his revolver. There was a buzzing of wings above, and a fierce white light streamed down. "Carajo!" came a shout in Spanish. "It's Gacchio! And he has a prisoner!" (See page 27.)

"Death of my life! What is this?"

It was a wooden case containing a dozen bottles of brandy. Ferrers Lord always kept the launch provisioned. The brandy was there in case of accident, and not as a drink. The negro's eyes sparkled. He struck one of the bottles against the rail, removing its neck cleanly an inch below the cord.

"More luck, Estebian! I will drink your health, amigo! Bah, I am cold! This climate does not suit me, and that dog has robbed me of my coat! Caramba, but this will warm me! Your health, Estebian! All prosperity to you!"

He tossed off half a panikin of the burning spirit, and then reset the sail. Another hour passed, and another. Gacchio drank more and more, and began to feel drowsy. His hand fell from the tiller, and his head sank forward. He was asleep.

A grating sound roused him. The launch was aground,

and he was numbed with the cold. Pale lights of blue flickered in the sky and danced around the ice-peaks above his head. He could see a patch of shingle, dotted here and there with masses of half-melted snow.

He sprang out, and exerting his massive strength, dragged the launch high and dry. Then he began to pace up and down, swinging his great arms to restore circulation.

He felt secure now from everything but the cold. Even if he had to wait for days before he could signal to the Cloud King, he could hide among the peaks, and defy pursuit. There were provisions to last a week or more, several rifles, and a good store of ammunition. For warmth he might shoot a couple of bears and take their skins.

Backwards and forwards he went crunching over the shingle. His chilled blood began to circulate again with the exertion, and his spirits rose proportionately. He went back to the launch and fumbled for the brandy.

He paused, with the bottle half raised to his lips. From mid-air came the notes of a voice troling out a song.

"Jose!" he gasped.

He dropped the bottle and placed his hand to his mouth.

"Cloud King, ahoy—ahoy!"

The echoes faded into silence. Then faintly he heard the singer again:

"When we hoist the Jolly Roger in the truck, lads;
When the skull and crossbones flutter in the breeze—"

"Hang!" growled the negro. "Are they all drunk?
Cloud King, ahoy—ahoy!"

He waited for an answer. No answer came.

"I'll risk it!" he muttered.

He pointed his revolver at the sky, and six rapid reports rang out. There was a buzzing of wings above him. A force white light streamed down. He dragged Ching-Lung from the launch, severing the two cords with two slashes of the prisoner's knife.

There was a shout in Spanish:

"Carajo! It's Gacchio!"

The vessel sank lower as he stood with his captive in the circle of light. Evil faces, flushed with drink, leered over the rail. She stopped twenty feet from the ground, and Jose, who was the least intoxicated of the lot, flung over a rope ladder.

"What have you there, my capitano?"

"That evil Chinese! Come lower, you fools!"

"He calls us fools, the negro pig!" roared one of the drunken crew.

"Silence," growled Jose, "or I'll knock you down! We come, capitano!"

Joe was playing a deep game. He was trying to keep in the good graces of two masters, with the ultimate intention of ruining them both. His influence with the men was great; but he was fond of his neck—so fond of it that the thought of the hangman's noose made him shudder.

He ran to the wheel-house and cleverly brought the vessel close to the ground.

"Bravo, capitano!" he cried. "So you have taken a prisoner?"

"Use your eyes, and don't make ridiculous remarks!" said the negro. "Catch this yellow dog! Have you got him?"

"Si, senor."

They dragged Ching-Lung over the rail. Some of them kicked him as he lay prostrate.

"Where is Senor Paraira?"

"He got winged, senor," Jose answered. "I advised him to go to bed after I had bound up his arm. But no! Caramba, he is all energy! And the result had come—the collapse. The fever is upon him, and he tosses and raves. Ah, senor capitano, if he should die!"

"What do you mean by 'If he should die'?"

"Ah, you must not ask me that, senor. But I have ears, and I hear things. My comrades do not love him. He is harsh, and he treats them as dogs. With you it is different. I hear the whispers. They would follow you to death."

Gacchio looked at him searchingly.

"Hold your tongue, you fool! Is the senor in his cabin?"

"Ah, no, senor. He lies above. We have built a camp in the refuge."

Gacchio turned on his heel, and the vessel began to rise. It mounted high above the peaks. Four of them shot up together. The Cloud King topped them, and then slowly descended.

Then Esteban Gacchio caught his first glimpse of the strange refuge.

(Another grand, long instalment of this thrilling adventure serial will be contained in next week's number of "THE MAGNET" Library. Order well in advance—Price 1d.)

My Readers' Column



FOR NEXT WEEK.

The title of next Tuesday's splendid complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co. is

"AGAINST HIS FATHER'S WISH."

By FRANK RICHARDS.

The lesson of unquestioning obedience to his father's will is one that many a lad finds difficult to learn; but through the medium of next Tuesday's thrillingly interesting story—a story that will grip every reader from the first line to the last—Frank Richards touches upon this delicate point in a way that every boy will understand. In order to make sure of reading

"AGAINST HIS FATHER'S WISH,"

please ask your newsagent in advance to reserve you a copy of next week's MAGNET Library.

A GRAND NEW COMPETITION.

On page 11 of this issue appears full particulars of our grand offer of Cash Prizes in connection with the wonderful miniature edition of The MAGNET Library. For novelty and interest I think my readers will agree that this competition beats any other ever attempted. When completed, THE MIDGET MAGNET will form an absolute miniature replica of its popular prototype, the full-sized MAGNET Library, and as such, will be well worth keeping. My readers will be, therefore well advised to order two copies weekly of their favourite story-book, so that they can enter the competition for Fifty Cash Prizes, and also retain one of the wonderful Miniature MAGNETS for themselves.

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

Master W. Frosty and mates, New South Wales.

I note your suggestion that an Australian boy should come to Greyfriars, and will bear it in mind. At the same time I am not able to promise anything definite, owing to the enormous number of requests I receive from readers asking that boys from every part of the world should be introduced into the popular Greyfriars stories.

A. J. S., Northampton.

You may be sure that as soon as the great Durbar in India is over, Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh will hasten back to England with all speed to take his place again among his Greyfriars chums. Judging from the number of letters I have received on the subject, my readers miss the dusky junior almost as much as do his friends of the Greyfriars Remove.

Bertie L., Manchester.

Your idea of giving your copies of THE MAGNET and "The Gem" Libraries to different non-reading chums each week is a very good one, and I am not surprised to hear that it has gained me a number of new readers. It is a plan I would like to see followed by more of my chums. Many thanks for your help and good wishes.

Master Archie Murray, Winnipeg, Canada.

Many thanks for all your suggestions, some of which, as you will see, have already been carried out. With regard to the Gordon Gay serial you ask for, I will certainly bear this suggestion in mind when considering new serials. As for your last question, I am afraid I cannot answer it—it would be "tellings!"

THE EDITOR

FREE

£10,000 PRIZES

SEND NO MONEY.
XMAS AND NEW YEAR CARDS.

We give you Free a real Talking Machine, Watch, Accordion, Rifle, Football, Auto Harp, Clock, Cinematograph, or any other valuable Present which you can select from catalogue containing over 300 Free Prizes; also a box of 100 Toys, Games, and Tricks. Simply send us your name and address, and we will send you an assortment of beautiful Xmas and New Year Cards, with folders. Sell or use what you can at one penny each. You need only sell or use 12 cards, and we reward you with prize from list. We trust you 28 days with cards. **IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY.** Don't delay. Write at once.

SANTO & CO., LTD., Dept. 20,
4, Stoncutter Street, London, E.C.

Rifles Free. **Cinematographs Free.** **Watches Free.** **Talking Machines Free.**



TIME WILL TELL

To any person sending Name and Address we send one Packet containing Thirty only of Artistic 1d. Postcards. When sold send the 2s. 6d. you receive for same, and we send you, post paid, by return, absolutely FREE (no further conditions) one of our Solar Time Watches, suitable for Lady or Gent. You have only Thirty Cards to sell, and we send you, post paid, this Useful Present without any further expense whatever.

Cable Watch Company, 148, Old St., London, E.C.

POPULAR BOOKS. (Written by Experts).—"Boxing" (illus.), "Conjuring," "Tricks with Cards," "Handcuff and Gael Breaking," "Mystery Exposed," "Ventriloquism" (fully explained), "Thought Reading Exposed," only 4d. each; lot 1/4d. carr. paid.—Forrest, Publishers, Walmersley Rd., Bury, Lancs.

CHAMELEON NOVELTY. The most Marvellous Invention of the Age, revealing to the mind with startling effect some of the many hidden points of the world's most wonderful mysteries. Sent post paid on receipt of 7d. P.O.—HUGHES & CO., 105, MICHAELS, SHREWSBURY. Abroad, 1/-.

6/6 each

The "LORD ROBERTS" TARGET PISTOL



Beautifully plated and finished. May be carried in the pocket. Will kill birds and rabbits up to 50 yards. Noiseless Ball Cartridges, 6d. per 100. Shot, 1/6 per 100. 100 birds or rabbits may be killed at a cost of 9d. only. Send for list.

CROWN GUN WORKS, 6, Whittall Street, BIRMINGHAM.

Applications with regard to advertisement space in this paper should be addressed: Stanley H. Bowerman, Advertisement Manager, "PLUCK" SERIES, 6, Bouverie St., E.C.

THIS

Proved a Tremendously Popular

CHRISTMAS

Present last year! It will prove more popular than ever this year!

"The Boys' Friend"

3d. COMPLETE LIBRARY.

SPECIAL NEW NUMBERS FOR CHRISTMAS!

No. 175:

THE MYSTERY SHIP.

A thrilling tale of Jack, Sam, and Pete in China.

By S. CLARKE HOOK.

No. 176:

THE THREE R'S.

A grand, long, complete school tale.

By REGINALD WRAY.

No. 177:

SEXTON BLAKE, STEWARD.

A splendid, long, complete tale of the world-famed detective.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS AN 80,000 WORD LONG, COMPLETE NOVEL

3^d. Each.

Covers Beautifully Printed in Colours!

"ASHAMED OF HIS SISTER" is the title of the grand, long, complete school story, by Martin Cliford, contained in this week's number of our splendid companion paper, "THE GEM" Library, the cover of which is reproduced below. Ask for "THE GEM" Library to-day. Price 1d.

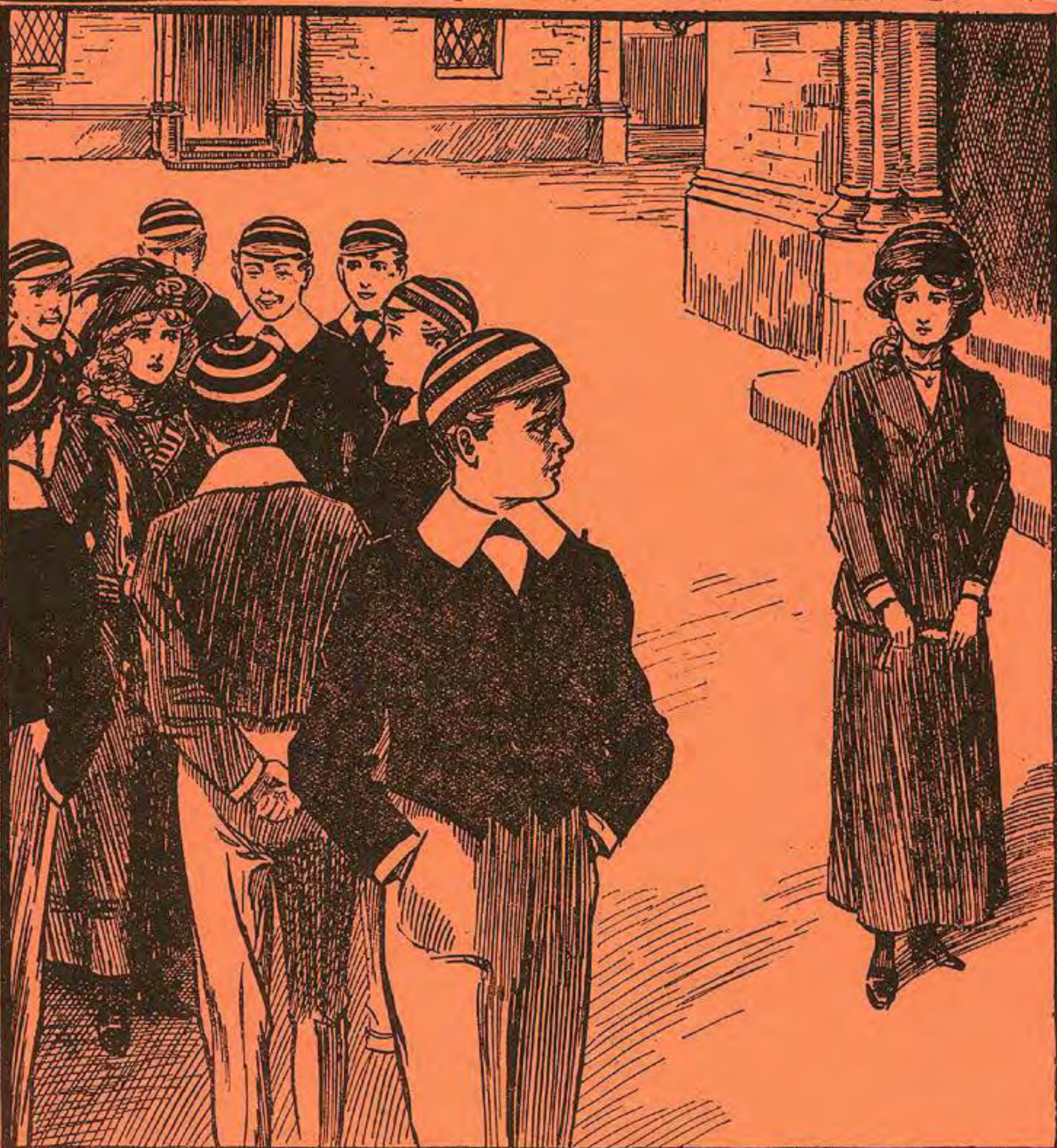
Also
"DEEP-SEA GOLD!"

A New Story of
a Wonderful Sub-
marine Motor-Car

By
REGINALD WRAY.

The GEM

LIBRARY VOL. 6. No. 201.



"ASHAMED OF HIS SISTER!"

Read the splendid, long, complete school tale contained in this grand number of "THE GEM" Library.