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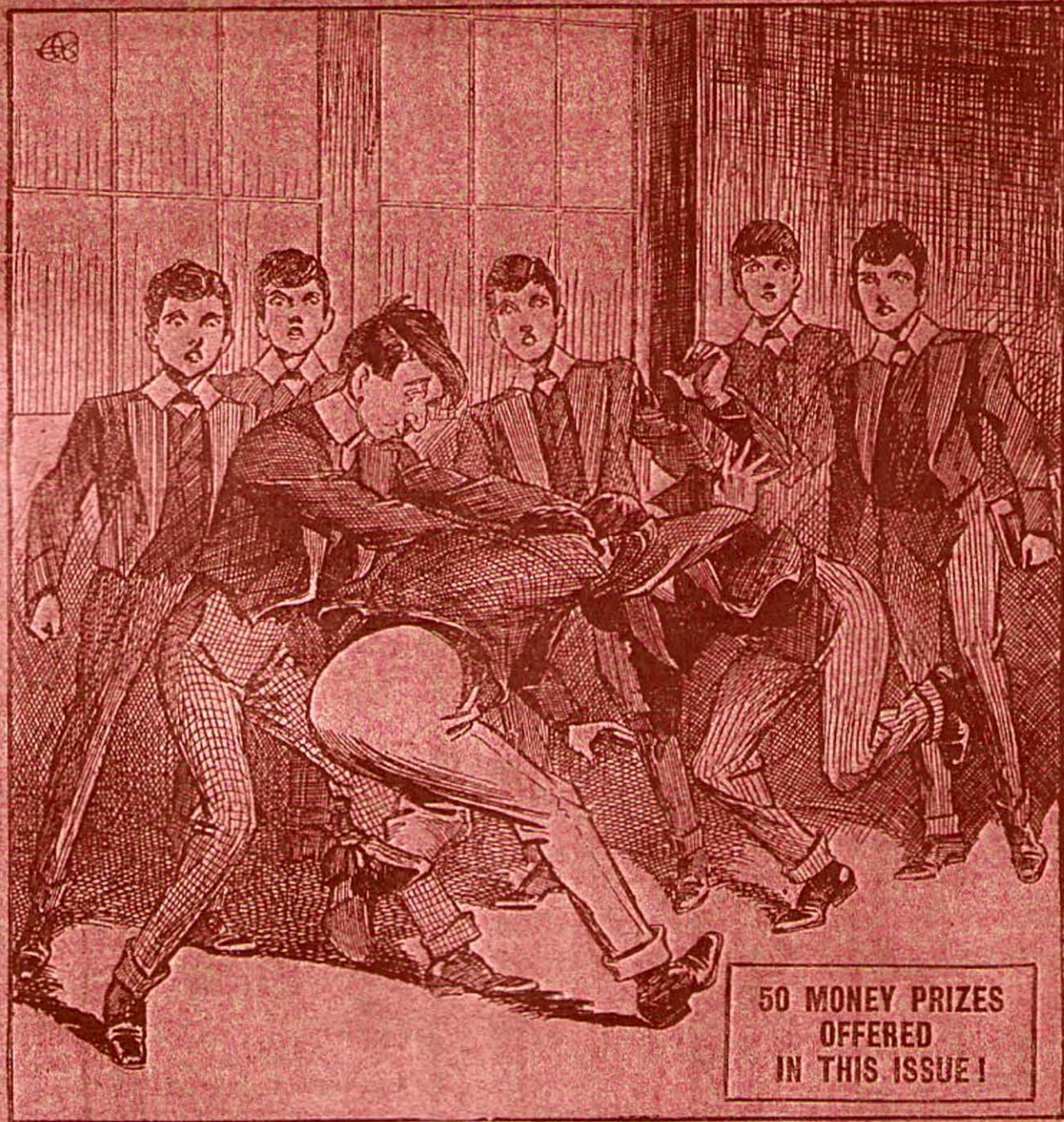
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The Duffer's Double

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By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. The Tribulations of Mossoo.

"SILENCE viz you!"
Buzz!
"Encore, I say, ze silence!"
Buzz!

The Remove Form at Greyfriars were not good that morning. The Remove had the reputation of being the most unruly Form in the school. Not that they meant any harm. But they had the high spirits of youth, which they did not always keep in due subjection even in the sacred precincts of the class-room.

Mr. Quelch, the Remove Form-master, knew how to keep his Form in hand. It was but seldom that a "rag" was started in the Form-room under the gimlet eyes of Mr. Quelch. But when the Remove were placed in charge of a prefect, or when M. Charpentier, the little French master, was assigned the pleasant task of driving his beautiful language into their unwilling heads, the Remove frequently gave trouble. And this especial morning Monsieur Charpentier seemed to be dangerously near the verge of a fit of apoplexy.

Monsieur Charpentier was a kind little man, simply glowing, as a rule, with effusive good-nature. But he was very excitable, and when he was excited he called in the aid of his hands and feet to emphasise his remarks. His excited

gesticulations were funny in the eyes of the Remove, and some of the more lawless spirits in the Form found great amusement in making Mossoo dance, as they termed it.

Monsieur Charpentier picked up Mr. Quelch's cane from his desk.

"I zink zat I cane ze next boy who make ze noise," he exclaimed.

"Shut up, you duffers!" Harry Wharton whispered.

"Can't you let the poor little beggar alone? 'Nuff's as good as a feast."

"Fats!" said Bolsover, the bully of the Remove. "I'm going to make him dance."

"Yes, rather!" murmured Stott.

"Bolsover, you speak viz yourself."

"Certainly not, sir!"

"Vat? I hear you!"

"Not at all, sir."

Monsieur Charpentier waved his fat hands excitedly in the air.

"Bolsover, zat is ze untruth! I distinctly hear you speak viz yourself."

"Oh, no, sir! I was speaking with Wharton."

There was a giggle in the class. Little Monsieur Charpentier turned as red as a turkey-cock as he realised that Bolsover was taking advantage of his imperfect mastery of the English language.

"Assez! You speak!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir, I spoke."

"Very well, zen! I cane you, Bolsover. Hold out ze hand."

Bolsover made a grimace. But he had to hold out his hand, and Monsieur Charpentier reached across the front row of boys to make a flick at it. Bolsover was in the third row. Monsieur Charpentier oaned Bolsover's outstretched hand, and almost overbalanced himself in reaching him, and jammed his elbow into the neck of a junior in the front desk, and Bob Cherry gave a roar.

"Ow!"

"Oh!" gasped mossoo. "I am sorry, Sherry! I hope zat I hurt you not?"

Bob Cherry rubbed his neck.

"Oh, never mind, sir; it's all right."

"It is ze fault of zat bad boy Bolsover," said Monsieur Charpentier. "Bolsover, if you are bad again I cane you severely. I vill keep ordair in ze class, or I go to know ze reason vy. Ve vill now continue."

Bolsover sat rubbing his hand and scowling.

"Little foreign beast!" he muttered.

"Serve you jolly well right!" said Frank Nugent, who sat beside the bully of the Remove. "Why can't you let mossoo alone? A rag's all very well, but you don't want to put him into a fit."

"Oh, rats!"

"Yes, indeed, my dear Bolsover," said Alonzo Todd, who sat on the other side of the bully. "Pray consider that it is the duty of our respected master to impart to us an accurate and useful knowledge of his language, and that by neglecting our studies we are, in fact, robbing ourselves of knowledge. My Uncle Benjamin—"

"Oh, shut up!"

"My dear Bolsover—"

"Yes, dry up, Todd!" said Johnny Bull. "Give Uncle Benjamin a rest, and don't talk so much like a blessed dictionary. Besides, mossoo's got his eagle eye on you."

"My dear Bull—"

"Todd!" rapped out mossoo.

Alonzo Todd blinked amiably at the French master. Todd was called the Duffer of Greyfriars, a title of distinction that he had fully earned. Todd was a very learned youth, and speaking with good nature and long words, both of which he effected in the most liberal way upon a long-suffering Frenchman.

"Yes, sir," said Todd.

"I have commanded ze silence, and you speak," said Monsieur Charpentier.

"Yes, sir, I was endeavouring to point out to Bolsover,

—Feasty lines, Todd!"

"Pray excuse me, sir! I was saying—"

"A hundred lines, Todd!"

"But my object was—"

"Two hundred lines!"

"My dear Monsieur Charpentier—"

"If you speak viz me anozzer word, Todd, I cane you."

"Oh, dear!"

Mark Linley pulled at Todd's sleeve, and the Duffer of Greyfriars relapsed into dismayed silence. Bolsover grinned at him. Monsieur Charpentier, looking very excited and decidedly exasperated, proceeded with the lesson. Unfortunately, the next pupil upon whom he bestowed his attention was Billy Bunter. Bunter was easily the stupidest boy in the class, and without any desire to rag the master, he could drive any instructor to the borders of lunacy. Bunter had the wonderful gift of never understanding anything, and never remembering anything that had been explained to him. Five minutes after an explanation of the most laborious sort his mind was as blank as ever on the subject.

"Buntair!"

"Yes, sir!" said Bunter, hastily ejecting a bullseye into his handkerchief. Bunter's brain did not do much work, but his jaws were seldom idle.

"You have not made ze attention to ze lesson, Buntair, jo crois."

"Oh, yes, sir!" said Billy Bunter. "I've listened carefully to every word that you've said, sir, and I remember every—every syllable. I always make it a point, sir, to be very attentive in class, sir, because I've such a thirst for knowledge, sir."

"Ciell! Zen I have explain ze form of ze verb to you, but I ank zat you not listen. Give me ze future simple of ze verb 'etre,' indicative, ze first person."

Bunter rubbed his fat chin.

"The future simple, sir?"

"Oui, oui!"

"Indicative?"

"Oui!"

"Certainly, sir!"

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"Vell! I wait."

Bunter cast an unhappy look along the Form. Any fag in the Second Form could have told him, but Bunter couldn't think of it.

Monsieur Charpentier frowned heavily.

"I wait, Buntair."

"What is it, Ogilvy?" whispered Bunter, in despair.

Ogilvy grinned, and wrote on a slip of paper, which he contrived to show Bunter under the desk, unseen by Monsieur Charpentier.

"Vous etes fatigant!"

"Thanks!" murmured Bunter, much relieved, and not in the least aware that Ogilvy had humorously written down the French for "You are tiresome!"

"Vell, Buntair?"

"Vous etes fatigant, mossoo!" said Bunter confidently.

Monsieur Charpentier jumped.

"Vat?" he shouted.

"Vous etes fatigant, mossoo!"

There was a roar of laughter from the Remove. Monsieur Charpentier roared, too, but not with laughter. He made a rush at the fat junior, caught him by the shoulders, and swung him out before the Form. Then it was Bunter's turn to roar, which he did.

"Ow! Ow! Help! Yarocoo!"

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Todd Misunderstands.

"Y AROOOH! Yarocoo! Yow!"

Whack—whack—whack!

Monsieur Charpentier's cane descended upon the fat person of Billy Bunter, and the Owl of the Remove roared and squirmed. The Remove yelled with laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Harry Wharton. "What on earth did Bunter say that for?"

"Somebody must have garbled him," said Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow!" roared Bunter. "Yarocoo! Yah! Stop it! Oh!"

"Zere!" gasped Monsieur Charpentier. "You insolent boy! I teach you not to say zat ze master is tiresome!"

"I didn't!" roared Bunter.

"You say, 'Vous avez dit que je suis fatigant!' bellowed Monsieur Charpentier, dropping into his own language in his excitement. "You have said that I am tiresome! I never hear such equal insolence in all my life!"

"Ow! I—I didn't! Ogilvy, you beast—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Ogilvy.

"You—you rotter! You took me in!" shrieked Bunter.

"Yow!"

"Vat?" exclaimed Monsieur Charpentier. "Ogilvy he tell you, hein? Ogilvy, hold out ze hand!"

"Oh!" said Ogilvy. "You rotten sneak, Bunter!"

"Yow! I'm hurt!"

"Hold out ze hand, Ogilvy!"

And Ogilvy received a couple of cuts which made him wish that he had not been quite so humorous at Billy Bunter's expense. Billy Bunter resumed his seat, groaning audibly. Bunter never failed to complain, even if he was not hurt, and he was hurt now, really. He shifted most uncomfortably upon his seat.

"Ve vill take zat sentence again," said Monsieur Charpentier, who was beginning to look quite sulphurous. "Je serai a Paris le quatorze janvier. Now, Vernon-Smith!"

"Yes, sir!" said Vernon-Smith.

"Construe zat sentence."

"I'm glad to hear it, sir."

"Eh?"

"I hope you'll like Paris, sir," said Vernon-Smith stolidly.

"Smith! I say—"

"Yes, sir, I know what you said," said Vernon-Smith, looking surprised; "and I hope you'll like Paris, sir."

Monsieur Charpentier waved his arms wildly. Vernon-Smith certainly looked as if he misunderstood, but the Bounder of Greyfriars was a good actor, and mossoo more than suspected that his misunderstanding was part of the "rag."

"I do not say I go to Paris!" shrieked the little Frenchman. "I giff you sentence."

"Yes, sir."

"Je serai a Paris le quatorze janvier—"

"Yes, sir, I understand," said the Bounder. "You'll be in Paris on the fourteenth of January. Are we going to have a new French master, sir, or are you coming back?"

Monsieur Charpentier breathed hard through his nose.

"I am not going, Smith."



There was a knock at the door, and it was gently opened. The surprised and inoffensive face of the Duffer of Greyfriars peered in. The chums of the Remove stared dazedly from one Todd to the other. "Two of 'em!" shrieked Bob Cherry. "You—you bounders!" (See chapter 22.)

"But you said you were, sir."

"Smith, I zink zat you play ze shoke. You take a hundred lines for shoking viz your master."

"Oh, sir!"

"Sit down viz you!"

The Bounder sat down.

Alonzo Todd gave him a sympathetic look. Todd did not, as a rule, sympathise with the black sheep of the Remove, but he did now. He thought the case was clear.

"I'm so sorry, Smith!" he whispered. "I am sure you are in the right. He certainly said that he would be in Paris on the fourteenth of January."

Vernon-Smith grinned.

"Todd!"

"Yes, sir!"

It was Todd's turn now. Some masters would have carefully passed over the Duffer of Greyfriars. Not that Todd

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was as stupid as Billy Bunter, by any means, but he had a wonderful gift for misunderstanding, and any attempt at explanation threw him into a state of hopeless mental confusion. But little Monsieur Charpentier had a strong sense of duty. He would not pass over the Duffer of Greyfriars any more than he would pass over William George Bunter.

Monsieur Charpentier had chalked sentences on the black-board, and rubbed them out, and the juniors were supposed to have absorbed the knowledge thus chalked up for their inspection. Some of them had. Some of them hadn't. Alonzo Todd was one of those who hadn't. He had been thinking, unfortunately, of an appointment he had to keep that afternoon, and the pains mossoo had taken had been lost upon Alonzo.

"Voici mes livres," said Monsieur Charpentier, in a slow and sing-song voice, supposed to be specially adapted to youthful understandings. "Ou sont les votres?"

NEXT
TUESDAY:

"BOLSOVER'S BROTHER!"

By FRANK RICHARDS.
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"I—I beg your pardon, sir," said Alonzo.
 "Voici mes livres," chanted Monsieur Charpentier. "Où sont les vôtres?"

"Yes, sir. I understand you perfectly," said Todd.
 Todd was not weak in French, and he knew perfectly well that Monsieur Charpentier had said, "Here are my books. Where are yours?" But Todd was taking the question literally.

"Zen vy you no answer, Todd?"

"I do not see the books, sir."

"Vat!"

"You say that your books are there, sir, but I do not see them!" Todd exclaimed.

"Todd!"

"And my books, sir, are in my study."

"Vat!"

"I am sure I have answered your question as well as I am able, sir," said Todd, looking distressed.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Remove roared. They could not help it.

"Regardez!" shrieked Monsieur Charpentier. "J'ai dit! I have said viz you. Voici mes livres—"

"Where, sir?"

"Eh?"

"Where are your books, sir?" asked Todd, blinking round. "I really do not see them, sir. I am so sorry, sir, but I really do not."

"Garçon!"

"I am so sorry, sir—"

"Boy, you are impertinent—"

"I am so sorry you should consider me impertinent, sir. I'm sure I don't mean anything of the sort, sir," said Todd, in great distress. "My Uncle Benjamin, sir, would be shocked—nay, disgusted—at anything like impertinence from a youth to a gentleman of middle age."

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

Todd meant to be respectful. But the years of Monsieur Adolphe Charpentier numbered only forty, and he was very far from regarding himself as a gentleman of middle age. He still brushed his scanty locks with great care, and wore ties that some of the boys disrespectfully characterised as "giddy."

"My dear fellows, you should not laugh—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Todd!" gasped Monsieur Charpentier. "Impertinent garçon! Wretched boy! You shall be detained for all the apres-midi—all afternoon I detain you, and you shall write out zo verba of all four of ze conjugations from ze beginning jusqu'a ze end!"

"Oh, sir!" gasped Todd, in dismay.

"Silence viz you!"

"But, sir, I'm going to meet my Cousin Peter this afternoon—"

"You do nozzing of ze sort, Todd! You stay viz yourself in ze class-room, and you write out toute ze conjugation of ze verba—donner, punir, recevoir, and rendre. Vous comprenez?"

"Oui, monsieur, je comprends parfaitement," stammered poor Alonzo; "but—"

"No more words."

"My Cousin Peter, sir—"

"Silence!"

"He is coming to Courtfield to meet me, sir."

"No more."

"If you would not mind letting me off, sir—"

"Todd," roared Monsieur Charpentier, "if you not garde ze silence I trash you viz cane!"

"Cane, sir," stammered Alonzo.

"Yes, you vicked boy."

"Wicked, sir?"

Todd had an unfortunate way of repeating what was said to him when he was startled or confused. He did not mean it for impertinence, but it naturally sounded very much like it to the exasperated and excited master.

"Todd, I zink zat I send you to ze Head."

"The Head, sir?"

"You are bad, vicked, silly boy!"

"Oh, sir! I—"

"Silence viz your silly tongue! Fermez la bouche!" shrieked Monsieur Charpentier.

"That means, 'Shut up your silly head, you ass!'" said Bob Cherry.

"My dear Cherry—"

A friendly hand dragged Alonzo down into his seat, and the Duffer of Greyfriars was silent at last. He looked very distressed for the remainder of the lesson. He was still looking distressed when the Remove were dismissed from the Form-room.

"My dear Wharton!" said Todd, as the Lower Fourth THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 205.

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fled out. "What ever am I to do? My Cousin Peter is coming to Courtfield to meet me at the station at half-past three, and he will be dreadfully disappointed if I do not turn up. I am detained."

"You are, and no mistake."

"What ever is to be done?"

"Blessed if I know," said Wharton.

"You'll know all about the four blessed conjugations, anyway," said Frank Nugent consolingly.

But that was not much consolation to the Duffer of Greyfriars. He looked very distressed during dinner, but, think over it as much as he could, there seemed to be no way out of the dilemma.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Bounder Knows a Way.

HARRY WHARTON & CO. came out of the dining-room after dinner looking cheerful enough.

It was a fine, keen afternoon, and a half-holiday, and they were going to play a Form match with the Upper Fourth. But upon the countenance of Alonzo Todd, the Duffer of Greyfriars, there was a cloud. Todd was in trouble. At three-thirty that afternoon, as he had explained to the chums of the Remove, his Cousin Peter was to await him at the railway-station in Courtfield. And at that hour Todd was condemned to be in the Remove Form-room, grinding away at French conjugations. Of course, he would greatly improve his knowledge of the beautiful French language thereby. He could not fail to impress upon his mind that in French there were four conjugations, each specially designed to puzzle foreigners as much as possible, but at present Todd was thinking of his Cousin Peter. What was he to do, and what was Cousin Peter to do?

"It's rough," said Harry Wharton sympathetically. "Couldn't you send Cousin Peter a wire, telling him to come here instead? He could sit in the Form-room with you, you know, and help you out with donner, punir, recevoir, and rendre."

Todd shook his head seriously.

"Cousin Peter is not fond of study," he said, with a sigh. "In fact, he dislikes it very much. He is very like me in personal appearances, but not in tastes; he will never study if he can help it, you know. Besides, it is too late to send a telegram. He has left home before this. He is going on a visit in the country, and he is going to stop just an hour in Courtfield to see me, that is all."

"Hard cheese!" said Bob Cherry.

"Go and ask mossoc to let you off," suggested Bulstrode, the captain of the Remove.

Todd shook his head.

"I fear that it would be futile," he replied.

The juniors grinned. Todd had a wonderful flow of language, which he had learned from his Uncle Benjamin, who must really have been distantly related to the famous Dr. Johnson. Todd could not possibly say that he was afraid it would be useless, or no good, or anything of that sort. He feared that it would be futile.

"I'll tell you what," said Bolsover generously. "I'll go and meet your cousin for you, if you like, and explain to him. Should I know him?"

"Oh, yes!" said Todd. "He is exactly like me to look at. But—"

"Well, that isn't his fault," said Bolsover. "I don't think anybody should be hard on him for that."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You misapprehend, my dear Bolsover. I mean, I do not want you to meet him, as you would probably play some ill-natured jape upon him. In fact, although I do not desire to be suspicious or distrustful, I cannot help suspecting that your offer is dictated by a desire to be funny at Cousin Peter's expense."

"You're found out, Bolsover!" grinned Nugent.

"Oh, rats!" said Bolsover.

"Can you fellows advise me?" said Alonzo distressfully.

"I'd go myself, only I'm playing footer," said Wharton.

"You must get away somehow, Toddy. Why not bolt?"

"Bolt?" ejaculated Todd.

"Yes. Very likely mossoc won't look into the Form-room to see if you're there, and he mayn't miss you at all."

"Dear me! But he would expect me to have the four conjugations written out—"

"We'll all lend a hand with that after the footer match."

"You are indeed obliging, my dear Wharton," Todd reflected. "I wonder if my Uncle Benjamin would approve of my departing without permission?"

"Send a wire and ask him," suggested Hazeldens.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I fear that there is no time, Hazeldene. I think upon the whole, I will go into the Form-room, and write out as much as I can of the French verbs, and start for Courtfield just in time to meet my cousin."

"Good! Ten to one Froggy won't miss you!"

"My hat!" exclaimed Vernon-Smith suddenly.

The Bounder of Greyfriars was standing by, and he had not taken part in the talk. No one expected the Bounder to sympathise with Todd, or with anybody. But the Bounder had a peculiar way of turning up trumps, as Bob Cherry said, in the most unexpected manner sometimes.

"I've got an idea," Vernon-Smith explained, as the juniors looked at him.

"An idea for helping Todd?" asked Wharton.

"Yes."

"Good! Go ahead!"

"This is indeed kind of you, Smith," said Todd, with a beaming smile. "I have always declared that you are not really so unpleasant a fellow as everybody believes, and—Oh! Why did you stamp on my foot, Cherry?"

"Time to shut up," said Bob.

"My dear Cherry—"

But Vernon-Smith did not appear to notice Todd's remarks. Among the things Alonzo had learned from his esteemed uncle, tact could not be numbered, but the Bounder of Greyfriars was quite unruffled.

"I've been detained by mossoo, you know," the Bounder went on to explain. "He didn't give me a chance to bolt. He poked his silly little napper into the Form-room half a dozen times in two hours, to make sure that I hadn't sloped by the window."

"Mean!" said Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I thought of a dodge at the time," Vernon-Smith explained. "Suppose, when Toddy goes into the class-room, he selects the darkest corner—by the bookcase. As soon as he has to go to Courtfield, he can drop out of the window easily enough, and he can leave a dummy in his place—a suit of clothes stuffed with pillows or something, you know. We can rig it up, and leave it in the map cupboard ready for him."

"Dear me!" said Alonzo, in amazement.

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

Harry Wharton looked doubtful.

"It won't be easy to work up a figure that will pass for Alonzo, even in the shady corner," he remarked.

"Oh, I could do it!" said the Bounder confidently. "It would be a first-class jape on mossoo, too. When he was watching me during the detention, he didn't speak. He just blinked in at the door from time to time, that was all, to make sure that I was there. And I know he's short-sighted, too, though he won't wear glasses. He's too young and giddy to wear blinkers; he's afraid of looking old. Look here, the Form-room's free till two o'clock. Todd's detention doesn't begin till then, for the afternoon. Come and lend me a hand, and we'll have the figure made up and stowed away in the cupboard before them."

"Well, it's worth trying," said Nugent.

"Good!" said Wharton.

"You are really very kind, my dear Vernon-Smith," said Todd. "And when in future I hear fellows saying that you are mean and ill-natured, I shall say—Yow-ow!"

Todd did not mean to say that. He said it because somebody kicked him just then.

The Bounder entered into the jape with great zest. In all probability, he did not care two pins whether Todd was detained or not; it was the jape upon the French master that he was interested in. A suit of Todd's old clothes was brought down into the Form-room, with the other materials the Bounder required for the work, and then the Form-room door was locked, to prevent untimely interruptions, and the juniors set about their task.

The trousers were stuffed with pillows and rolled-up newspapers, and a pair of boots fastened securely at the ends. The waistcoat was buttoned round a pillow, and then the jacket buttoned upon it, and the two together were fastened to the trousers. The effigy, so far, bore a startling resemblance to a boy who had suffered the fate of King Charles the First.

The head was likely to offer greater difficulties. But the Bounder's fingers were very clever and nimble. With soft cardboard he fashioned the head, and a wig from the supplies of the Remove Dramatic Society covered it, bearing a very close resemblance to Alonzo's somewhat unruly mop of hair. The Bounder coloured the face with deft touches, and pulled a lock of the wig over the forehead. An Eton collar was fastened where the neck should have been, and the work was complete.

The thumbs of the Remove regarded the work of their hands with great satisfaction. Todd blinked at it dubiously.

"Do you really think it is like me, my dear Smith?" he exclaimed.

The Bounder nodded.

"Exactly!" he replied.

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NEXT "BOLSOVER'S BROTHER!"

By FRANK RICHARDS.
Order Early.

EVERY
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ONE
PENNY.

"Dear me!"

"Yes, rather!" said Bob Cherry. "Look at that saucy lock of hair on the forehead. It's simply likelike."

"And the nose," said Nugent.

"And the graceful contour of the shoulders."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"La meme chose, toute entiere, as old Charpy said!" grinned John Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It won't stand up," Bulstrode remarked doubtfully.

"It's not wanted to," said Vernon-Smith. "It's got to be seated at the desk, leaning on an elbow—like that!"

He placed the figure on a form, leaning upon a desk, pen in hand. The hand was composed of cardboard, but in the shadow it answered very well.

"Oh, ripping!"

"Splendid!"

"Exactly like Alonzo!"

There was a sound at the door. Two o'clock was striking from the tower. It was time for detention to begin, and Monsieur Charpentier had come to see whether Todd was there. It was fortunate for the plotters that the door was locked.

"Quick! Into the cupboard!" breathed Bob Cherry.

The figure was whisked into the cupboard where casels and blackboards and rolled-up maps were kept.

Then Wharton opened the Form-room door.

Monsieur Charpentier came in, looking rather red.

"You have ze door locked?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir," said Vernon-Smith. "We've brought Todd here to do his work, sir."

"Zat is good! You vork now, Todd, and I giff you look in to see zat you do not go away, hein."

"Very well, sir," said Todd.

Todd sat down at the desk in the shadiest corner, and took out books and pen. Monsieur Charpentier saw him begin work before he left the class-room. Harry Wharton & Co. went down to the football-field, chuckling.

Monsieur Charpentier saw that Todd was fully engaged upon the conjugations of donner, punir, recevoir, and rendre, and then left him to himself. And Todd, with a thoughtful brow, began to drive his pen—Je donne, tu donnes, il donne.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Not a Figure of Speech.

FOR half an hour Alonzo Todd drove his pen uninterruptedly. He had finished every possible variation of the verb donner, and had started upon the unknown possibilities of punir. The window was open, and a chilly wind came into the Form-room. Borne upon the wind were the shouts of the juniors on the football-field. Harry Wharton & Co. were playing the Upper Fourth, and to judge by the Remove yells, Temple, Dabney & Co., of the Fourth, were getting the worst of it.

There was a step in the doorway, and Monsieur Charpentier looked in. The little French master was looking very severe. He had not forgotten that Todd had referred to him as a middle-aged gentleman. M. Charpentier could have forgiven everything but that. He had regarded himself in the glass a dozen times since, and was satisfied of his still boyish appearance, and he looked upon Todd's remark as sheer impertinence. Middle-aged, when he was still a spruce and cheerful young fellow of forty! It was really too bad; but Todd did not number tact among his many gifts.

"Ah, I see zat you are at vork, mon garçon!" said Monsieur Charpentier.

"Yes, sir," said Todd.

"Do you not find it cold viz ze vindow open?"

"Yes, sir."

"Vy for you not close it, zen?"

"I prefer it open, sir, if you do not mind," said Todd, who was thinking of his intended escape at three o'clock.

"Very well, Todd. I zink I see you again soon."

"Thank you, sir!"

Monsieur Charpentier retired.

Alonzo Todd drove on his pen. He progressed at reasonable speed through the variations of punir. He kept one eye on the Form-room clock. To reach Courtfield in time, he had to leave Greyfriars by three. It was five minutes to three when Monsieur Charpentier came into the Form-room again.

"Going on very vell?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir!"

"I zink zat you are sorry to be have impertinent, Todd?"

"I'm so sorry you—you think me impertinent, sir. Nugent says you do not like being called an old gentleman."

sir, but that does not seem reasonable to me, for why should any man object to being regarded as looking his age?" said Todd innocently.

"Silence viz you!" exclaimed Monsieur Charpentier angrily.

"But, sir—"

"Assez, you impertinent garcon!"

And Monsieur Charpentier stamped out.

"Dear me!" murmured Todd, as the little Frenchman closed the door with a slam. "Monsieur Charpentier is a very bad-tempered man. My Uncle Benjamin would be shocked at him—nay, disgusted. I sincerely trust that he will not come in again!"

And Todd rose from his seat.

The French master was not likely to return again immediately, and the Duffer of Greyfriars had time for what he had to do.

He opened the cupboard, and lifted the stuffed dummy out, and placed it upon the form where he had been seated. He arranged the stuffed arm to lean upon the table, and placed the pen in the right hand, the nib resting on the paper. In the shadowy corner of the Form-room the figure looked strangely lifelike.

Todd regarded it with some satisfaction. If Monsieur Charpentier spoke to the figure, certainly it would not answer; but, otherwise, there was no reason why the imposture should not be a great success.

Todd stepped cautiously to the open window, and dropped out into the Close. A fat junior, who was leaning against the wall, gave a jump, and blinked at him through his big spectacles.

"Oh, really, Todd, you startled me!"

"I'm so sorry, my dear Bunter—"

"Going to bunk?" asked Bunter, in astonishment.

"I am about to take my departure," said Todd.

"What about old Froggy?"

"I trust that he will not miss me. You, of course, will not utter a word upon the subject, my dear Bunter?"

"Hold on a minute, Toddy!"

Todd paused.

"My dear Bunter, I am somewhat pressed for time," he replied. "I have to meet my Cousin Peter at Courtfield at half-past three."

"Just a minute!" said Bunter. "I'm expecting a postal-order this evening. Would you mind advancing me a couple of bob off it? I'll settle up as soon as the postman comes."

"My dear Bunter—"

"Say, eighteenpence, then?" suggested Bunter.

"I'm so sorry—"

"Thanks! Hand it over!"

"I'm sorry, Bunter, but I shall require all the funds I have at my disposal to bestow some refreshment upon my Cousin Peter—"

"Now, look here, Todd, one good turn deserves another! Suppose I were to mention to mossos that you had sloped?" suggested Bunter. "Of course, I shouldn't dream of sneaking, but I'm an absent-minded beggar, and I might blurt it out; and, now I come to think of it, I've got to see mossos, to take him some lines. If I had a bob or so I could go and have a snack in the tuckshop. You see—"

Alonso Todd regarded the Owl of the Remove in silence for a moment, and then he silently placed a shilling in his fat hand. Todd walked away quickly towards the gates, and Bunter still more quickly towards the tuckshop.

The Remove Form-room was deserted, save by the still figure at the desk. Todd passed out of the gates, and walked away cheerfully on the road to Courtfield, hurrying along to be in time to greet his cousin on his arrival at the station there. In the Form-room all was silent and still, till the door opened, and the sharp face of the French master looked in. Todd's last remarks to mossos had made him more than ever determined that the Duffer of Greyfriars should not have a chance of escaping his task. Monsieur Charpentier was spending his half-holiday in the construction of a French Grammar, upon which most of his leisure time was spent, and which he fondly hoped would some day supersede all others in English schools. But he quitted that entrancing task every half-hour to keep an eye on the detained Removite.

Monsieur Charpentier blinked round the door, and saw the figure sitting in the corner of the Form-room, and was satisfied.

He retired without speaking a word.

Four o'clock rang out from the clock-tower, and loud shouts from the junior football-ground announced that the junior match was over, and the Remove yells told plainly enough that the Lower Fourth had won.

The Form-room door opened once more, and the French master stepped in. He shivered as the cold draught from the open window struck him.

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"Todd, mon garcon, I zink zat you catch cold viz ze window open," he exclaimed.

The figure at the desk did not reply.

"I zink it bettair zat you close ze window!" exclaimed Monsieur Charpentier.

Still no answer.

"Todd!"

Silence.

"Ah, you sulk viz yourself, I zink," said Monsieur Charpentier angrily. "I despise ze garcon zat sulk viz himself!"

Todd!

Dead silence.

"Answer me at vunce, you bad boy!"

But no reply came from the dusky corner of the class-room, growing duskier as the early winter shadows crept over the Close.

Monsieur Charpentier breathed hard through his nose. This impertinence was really past bearing. He stepped towards the motionless figure.

"Todd! Ciel! You are not vorking viz you! Todd, stand up at vunce and answer me, I you command!"

But the order could not possibly be obeyed, and it was not. Monsieur Charpentier glared at the disobedient effigy, and stepped back to the Form-master's desk, and picked up Mr. Quelch's cane, and swished it through the air.

"Todd, you vicked and sulky boy, I giffs you vun more chance!" he said. "Stand up and speak to me at vunce, or I strikes you viz cane across ze shoulders!"

No reply.

Monsieur Charpentier raised the cane in the air. It was seldom that the little Frenchman really lost his temper, but certainly he had lost it now.

"Todd!" he shouted.

The same contemptuous silence.

Swish!

Down came the cane across the bent shoulders of the figure at the desk.

Bump!

With a hollow sound, the effigy fell forward upon the desk, and the face was concealed from sight. It did not move again.

"Todd! How dare you!" shrieked Monsieur Charpentier.

"Get up at vunce!"

Not a sound—not a movement.

Swish!

The figure rolled off the form under the second stroke, which was more forcible than the first. It fell backwards, and the head crashed on the floor under the rear desk. The legs still hung over the form, but the shoulders and the head were on the floor. And the figure, after falling so, did not move again.

Monsieur Charpentier gave a wild gasp.

That any boy could fall so without being severely hurt was impossible. What did it mean? The rigid inertness of the unfortunate junior terrified Monsieur Charpentier. He realised in a flash that there could be no life in the still form before him. The cane dropped from his nerveless hand.

"Todd!" he shrieked.

Not a sound.

Monsieur Charpentier reached towards the figure, and grasped it, but at his touch it rolled completely from the form, and lay upon the floor on its side, in the deep, thick shadow of the desk.

There was no further doubt.

"Ciel! Mon Dieu! He is dead! Le pauvre garcon—I have keel him!"

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Quite Dead!

"HE is dead!"

Monsieur Charpentier's horrified cry rang through the class-room.

He stood staring at the inert figure for a moment, and then rushed madly to the door, and dashed out into the passage.

He ran right into three or four juniors who were coming along the passage, and gave a gasp and a howl of affright.

"It vas not ze fault of me!" he shrieked. "Oh, Mon Dieu!"

Wharton grasped the little Frenchman to keep him from falling. Monsieur Charpentier staggered against the wall, white as a sheet.

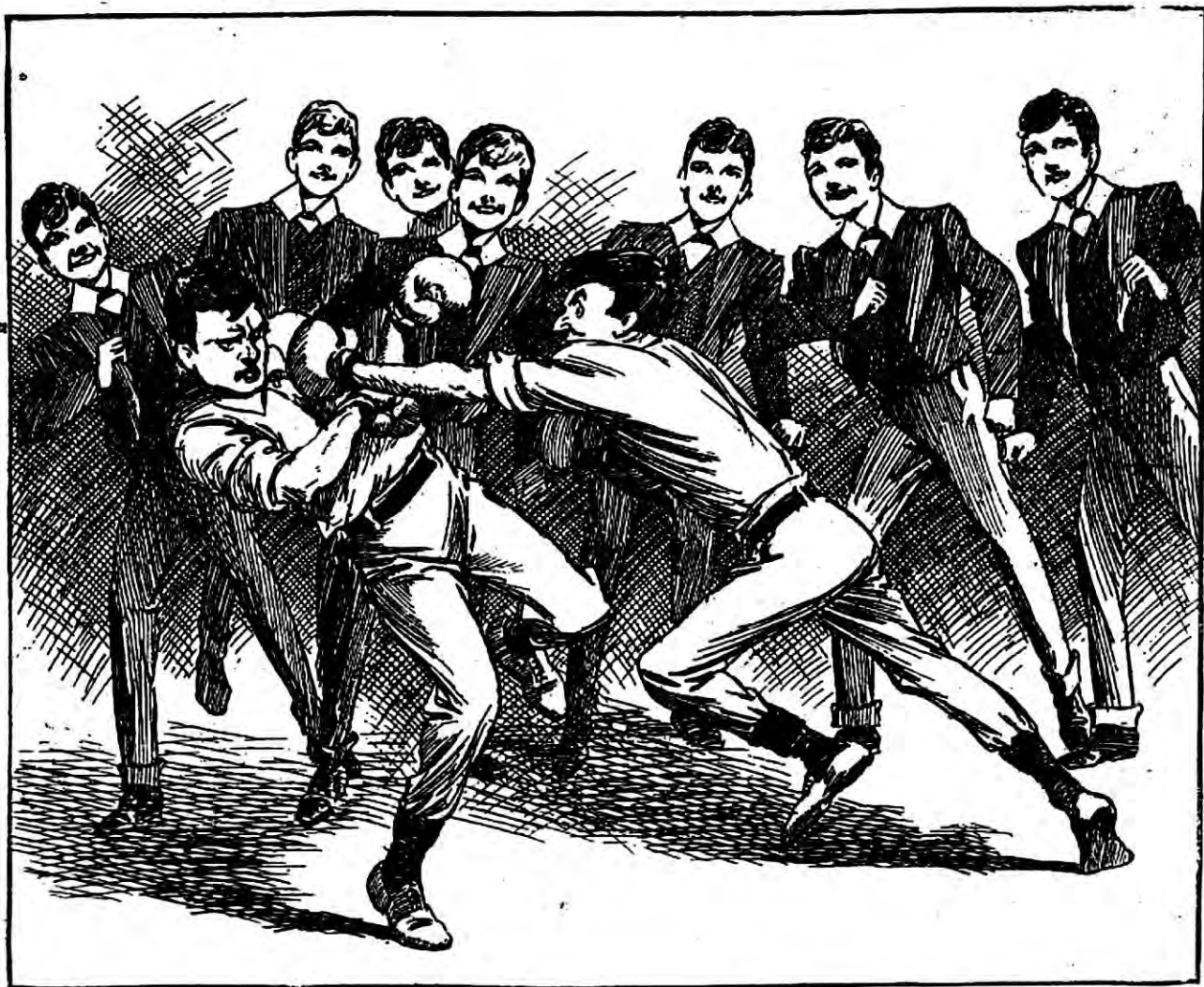
"What's the matter, sir?" exclaimed Johnny Bull, in alarm.

"He is dead!"

"Eh?"

"Dead!" moaned the little Frenchman. "Ah! Helas! But how vas it zat I should know? I do not know zat he is going to perish! Ciel!"

"Who is dead, sir?" asked Russell.



Something hard, that must have been Todd's fist, but felt like a battering ram, smote Bolsover on the nose, and the Remove bully reeled backwards and fell with a crash to the floor. (See Chapter 15.)

"Todd!"

"Great Scott!"

"Le pauvre Todd—the poor Todd!" gasped Monsieur Charpentier. "I strike him viz cane, but I sall not know zat he is like zat! Oh!"

"My hat!"

"By Jove!"

"What is this?" exclaimed a deep voice, and Mr. Quelch appeared upon the scene. "What ever is the matter, Monsieur Charpentier?"

"Todd!"

"Todd! I understand that he was detained this afternoon," said Mr. Quelch. "Has he left the Form-room?"

"Mon Dieu! No."

"Then what has happened?"

"He is dead!"

The Remove-master jumped almost clear of the floor.

"Dead! Impossible!"

"I have keel him!"

"Monsieur!"

"I did not know!" shrieked Monsieur Charpentier. "No, no! Non, non! I know now! I zink zat he refuse to answer me, and I strike him viz cane, and he fall! Helas!"

The truth burst suddenly upon the chums of the Remove, and they realised the egregious blunder that the little Frenchman had made—a blunder that was natural enough, under the circumstances, for the exorbitant and short-sighted foreign gentleman. Bob Cherry burst into a sudden roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Quelch gave him an almost ferocious look.

"Cherry!" he thundered.

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"Ye-e-es, sir!" stammered Bob.

"How dare you laugh?"

"I—I couldn't help it, sir!" gasped Bob.

"Take a thousand lines! Silence! Monsieur Charpentier, there must be some mistake; the boy cannot be dead."

"He lie lifeless at ze feet of me!" moaned Monsieur Charpentier. "Helas! I speak to him, I ordair him to reply—he say nozzing! I say I cane him viz cane, and encore he say nozzing. I strike viz cane—comme ca"—Monsieur Charpentier illustrated his action, and Johnny Bull dodged away just in time to avoid a terrific swipe—"comme ca, and he fall! He lie lifeless at my feet! Helas!"

"Impossible! Is he in the class-room now?"

"Oui, oui, oui!"

"Then I will go and see."

Mr. Quelch strode away towards the Form-room. Monsieur Charpentier followed him with gingerly steps, and after him went a crowd of Removites. Fellows of other Forms, too, had heard the alarm, and they crowded towards the Remove Form-room. But Harry Wharton & Co. thoughtfully kept in the rear. They had no desire to be just under the gimlet eyes of Mr. Quelch when he made the discovery that was now inevitable.

The Remove-master strode into the Form-room. He glared round for the Duffer of Greyfriars, but failed to see him.

"Where is he?" he demanded.

Monsieur Charpentier pointed to the desk in the corner.

"He is zere, le pauvre garcon!"

"Todd!" called out Mr. Quelch.

Silence!

NEXT
TUESDAY:

"BOLSOVER'S BROTHER!"

By FRANK RICHARDS.
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"Todd! Are you there?"

No answer.

Mr. Quelch, with a frowning brow, and his gleaming eyes looking more like gimlets than ever, strode towards the corner desk. He gave a sudden start as he caught sight of the recumbent figure in the shadows under the desks.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed.

"Is—is that Todd, sir?" exclaimed Wingate of the Sixth.

"I—I think so. It looks like his hair."

"Oui, oui, oui!" groaned Monsieur Charpentier. "It is ze boy Todd, and he is dead! Oh, I neffer forgive myself—neffer more!"

"Todd, get up!"

The figure did not move.

"Wingate—Coker—help me to raise him," said Mr. Quelch, in a subdued voice.

Wingate, and Coker of the Fifth, bent down between the desks, and Mr. Quelch bent with them, and the three grasped the body and lifted it out of the shadows. There were three sudden exclamations at the same moment.

"Goodness gracious!"

"Great Scott!"

"My only hat!"

Mr. Quelch's brow grew very hard and stern.

"Is this what you mistook for Todd, Monsieur Charpentier?" he asked.

Wingate and Coker were grinning. They could not help it. Monsieur Charpentier looked puzzled.

"Oui, oui, zat is Todd!" he replied.

"This is a stuffed suit of clothes!"

"Vat!"

"It is a trick!"

"Mon Dieu!"

The crowd of fellows who had swarmed into the Form-room stared at the stuffed figure as it was lifted up into view. The wig had fallen off, and the fall had crushed in the cardboard face. The figure certainly did not bear much resemblance to Alonzo Todd now. There was a yell of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha—"

"Silence!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"Ha, ha, ha—"

"Boys—"

But the fellows roared. It was impossible to stop them. The fact that the French master had been taken in by the dummy was comical enough. But that he had caned it was funnier still, and that he had believed that he had killed it, was too funny for words. The crowd yelled, in spite of the frowns of Mr. Quelch.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Mossos was right, sir," said Coker, with a grin. "It's quite dead, sir."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Don't be absurd, Coker!" said Mr. Quelch sharply. "You see now that you have been tricked, Monsieur Charpentier."

"Ciel!"

"This effigy was undoubtedly placed here to lead you into the belief that Todd was still here at work. Todd, doubtless, left by the window," said Mr. Quelch, glancing at the open window of the Form-room. "I suppose he is gone out! I shall have something to say to him when he returns. Meanwhile, where is Cherry? I imagine that Cherry knows something of this matter. Cherry, stand forward at once."

Bob Cherry was backing away cautiously into the passage, when Wingate's eye fell upon him, and the captain of Greyfriars signed to him. Bob reluctantly advanced into public view.

"Ye-o-es, sir!" he said. "Here I am, sir!"

"You laughed in the passage, Cherry, when Monsieur Charpentier said that Todd was dead. That shows me, on consideration, that you knew of this trick."

"Oh, sir!"

"Did you know of it, Cherry?"

"Ahem, sir!"

"Kindly hand me that cane, Wingate. Thank you! Now, Cherry; did you or did you not know of this imposture?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. Hold out your hand!"

"Yarooooop!"

"I shall expect the thousand lines as well, Cherry. When Todd comes in, kindly tell him to come to my study."

"Ow!"

"Take that rubbish away!" said Mr. Quelch, pointing to the effigy, and he strode majestically from the class-room. Monsieur Charpentier followed him, his brain in a whirl, and looking like a man in a dream. And a loud roar of laughter followed Monsieur Charpentier, which made the unfortunate little man's ears burn crimson.

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THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Cousin Peter.

"PETER!"

"Alonzo!"

Alonzo Todd had arrived late for the train at Courtfield. He had looked into the railway buffet, and there he found his cousin. Peter was standing by the counter, busily engaged in the consumption of jam-tarts. He turned his head as he heard his cousin's voice, and grinned cheerfully at Alonzo. And the young lady behind the counter gave them a stare of astonishment.

Never had two cousins been more exactly alike.

They were the same age, and the same size, and the same colour as to complexion and eyes and hair. They wore their hair in the same way, somewhat long, and with a lock slopping, as Bob Cherry had described it in the case of Alonzo, over the forehead. They were dressed in the same way, even to the somewhat large and florid tie.

It would have puzzled anyone at Greyfriars, even his greatest intimates in the Remove, to distinguish Alonzo from his cousin.

The only difference was that Peter Todd had a knowing expression in his face, and a knowing gleam in his eyes, which was not at all like the simplicity expressed in the facial aspect of Alonzo.

It was pretty clear that, however much Peter Todd might resemble his cousin in outward aspect, inwardly he did not resemble him at all.

"Hallo, cocky!" said Peter. "So you've come."

"I'm so sorry I was late to meet the train, Peter!"

Peter nodded.

"That's all right, old son. I've been filling in the time—and filling in myself, too. Have some jam-tarts!"

"Thank you very much!"

Peter looked his cousin over.

"Same old Alonzo!" he chuckled. "Same old chump!"

"My dear Peter—"

"Still got the book that Uncle Ben gave you?"

"Indeed I have. I have brought it to lend to you," said Alonzo, producing a volume of considerable size from under his arm. "You will find 'The Story of a Potato' very interesting."

"I don't think!" grinned Peter Todd. "Have some more tarts. I've got a lot of tin—the pater gave me a quid—"

"Dear me, what an expression!"

"Oh, piffle!" said Peter.

"My dear Peter; I am sorry to see that you are addicted to the use of slang," said Alonzo sorrowfully. "It has always been a trial to Uncle Benjamin."

Peter grinned.

"Worrying old bounder, isn't he?" he asked.

Alonzo jumped.

"Peter!"

"Eh?"

"Is it possible that you are referring to our Uncle Benjamin in that disrespectful manner?"

"You bet!"

"I cannot listen to you, Peter. Uncle Benjamin would be shocked at such expressions—nay, disgusted!"

"Oh, give old Ben a rest!" said Peter.

"Look here, you're going to do me a favour, Alonzo."

"With pleasure, my dear Peter."

"I'm booked for a holiday with Aunt Portia."

"Dear Aunt Portia!" murmured Alonzo.

Cousin Peter sniffed.

"Yes, you're fond of her," he replied. "But I can't stand Acacia Lodge; and the pater insists on my going. I'm not going."

"My dear—"

"Now, don't jaw, kid," said Peter. "The long and the short of it is, I'm not going."

"But where can you go, if you do not go to Acacia Lodge, my dear Peter?" asked Alonzo, in astonishment.

"Greyfriars!"

"What!"

"I'm going to stay at Greyfriars for a couple of days instead," said Alonzo's cousin, with perfect coolness.

"My dear, dear Peter—"

"I think I shall be comfy enough," said Cousin Peter; "and, anyway, I've the gift of making myself at home anywhere, haven't I?"

"Yes, indeed," said Alonzo, with a sigh.

"Well, I shall be all right!" said Cousin Peter; and he turned to the jam-tarts again, as if he had settled satisfactorily the only point that really matters.

"But—but I don't know whether the Head would give me permission to have you staying with me at Greyfriars!" stammered Alonzo.

Cousin Peter chuckled.

"No need to ask him!" he replied. "Have some more tarts!"

"And—and Aunt Portia will be expecting you," said Alonzo reprovingly. "She will probably have a new seed-cake ready for your tea."

Peter Todd sniffed.
"Yes, I know Aunt Portia's seedy-cake—hard as bricks!" he replied. "You're welcome to it. I prefer to grub at Greyfriars."

"But if you do not go—"
"I jolly well sha'n't!"
"Then your father will be angry—"
"He won't know."
"But Aunt Portia will mention it—"
"Not if you go instead."

"Eh!"
"That's the wheeze!" said Cousin Peter coolly.
"The—the wheeze!" stammered Alonzo, in amazement.
"Exactly!"
"But I—I don't understand!"
"No; you never do understand, do you?" said Cousin Peter patiently. "Have you forgotten how much alike we are?"

"No, but—"
"I've put on a specially idiotic tie, just like yours, to make it more exact," Cousin Peter explained.

"My dear Peter—"
"And I can easily work up the same sheepish, please-kick-me expression that you go about with," added Peter.

"Ahem—"
"You like Aunt Portia and Acacia Lodge," Cousin Peter went on. "I don't. Very well, then, you can go there, and be fed on seed-cake and tracts, and I'll go to Greyfriars, and have a little fun. See?"

"But—but that would be deceiving Aunt Portia!" gasped Alonzo, in horror.

Cousin Peter snorted.
"You can tell Aunt Portia that you've come instead of me," said he. "She'll like it all the better. She likes you better than me, for some reason."

"I never put water in the drawing-room clock, Peter, or paint her pet dog with oil colours," said Alonzo reprovingly.

"Well, I offered to teach you how?" said Cousin Peter.
"My dear Peter—"

"You see, it's a ripping idea," Cousin Peter interrupted.
"You like Acacia Lodge, Aunt Portia, tracts, seed-cake, and pet dogs and things. I don't. I like having a joke, and you don't. So we'll both be suited. You'll go to Acacia Lodge, and explain that you've come instead of me, and Aunt Portia will be pleased. You know she will."

"I think it extremely probable, my dear Peter."
"Very well. It's a chap's bizney to please his aunties, ain't it?" demanded Peter.

"Well, yes, but—"
"You can read your book to her—'The Story of a Cabbage.'"

"The Story of a Potato," my dear Peter—"
"Yes, my mistake. 'The Story of a Tomato.'"

"Potato!"
"I mean potato. You can read 'The Story of a Potato' to her. Serve her jolly well right for her tracts and seedy cake," said Cousin Peter revengefully.

"My dear Peter!" murmured Alonzo feebly.
"And I'll go to Greyfriars," said Cousin Peter, grinning.

"You can give me a few tips, the names of the fellows, and their little ways, and so on. Is there any fellow there you hate?"

"Hate! Oh, Peter!"
"Don't like, then."

"I do not quite approve of Bolsover. He is a bully, and although I have frequently remonstrated with him, it appears to have had very little effect."

Peter chuckled.
"I'll remonstrate with him for you," he remarked. "You remember how I box, hey?"

"I hope you will not indulge in any fighting, Peter," said Todd anxiously. "You see, I have a reputation as a very peaceful person, and—"

"Oh, I'll alter all that for you," said Peter Todd cheerfully. "Give me some more tips about the fellows."

"But—but I haven't agreed."
"Oh, that's settled," said Cousin Peter airily. "You're going to Acacia Lodge, and I'm going to Greyfriars. Let's jaw it over."

And they talked it over.
Alonzo was still making feeble protestations when the time came to part. But he had always been under the domination of his masterful cousin, and Cousin Peter had always had his way, and he had it now. As the train came steaming into the station, Cousin Peter thrust his railway ticket into Alonzo's hand.

"Jump in!" he exclaimed.
"My dear Peter!" protested Todd feebly.

"In you get!"
"My dear—oh!"

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NEXT
TUESDAY: "BOLSOVER'S BROTHER!"

Cousin Peter pushed Alonzo into the carriage, and closed the door upon him. Alonzo blinked at him through the window. Peter waved his hand.

"Good-bye, Alonzo!"
"Good-bye, my dear Peter! Oh, dear!"
The train buzzed off. Alonzo, still gazing distressfully from the window, was whirled out of sight. Cousin Peter put his hands in his pockets, and walked cheerfully out of the station, whistling.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER. A Dangerous Duffer!

"MY only Uncle Tham! It's Todd!"
"Todd, by George!"
"Yes, rather!"

Three youths met Alonzo Todd's cousin, Peter, as he came out of the station. He did not know them, although Alonzo would have known them at once as Trumper, Grahame, and Solly Lazarus, of Courtfield County Council School. The three chums of Courtfield were passing the station on their way home from school, when they suddenly came upon the junior emerging from the portals.

Todd paused and looked at them. He had changed his cap for Alonzo's before leaving him, so the resemblance was complete to the least point. The sight of a Greyfriars cap was generally enough to set the Courtfielders on the warpath. Not that they bore any grudge against the harmless and inoffensive Alonzo. But there was fun in bumping a Greyfriars fellow, and it was a kind of fun in which the Friars frequently indulged, with the Courtfielders for victims.

"Hallo!" said Cousin Peter.
"Hallo!" said Trumper cheerfully. "Mother know you're out, Todd?"

"She doesn't know whom I'm talking to, or she'd be anxious," said Cousin Peter cheerfully.

"Why, you ass—"
"Why, you fathead!"

"Hallo!" said Grahame, in astonishment. "Todd's learning to talk! Todd, my son, I'm afraid we shall have to bump you."

"You'll be still more afraid if you try," said Cousin Peter. "I've a jolly good mind to give you a thick ear as well," said Trumper, his temper beginning to rise.

"And I will give you one, and it will match your thick head," Peter remarked.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Trumper turned upon Solly Lazarus, who had uttered that sudden cackination.

"What are you cackling about?" he demanded disagreeably.

"Nothing at all, dear boy," said Solly. "All there! Give him a thick ear, and let's get home to tea. I've got hot buttered toast and fried potatoes."

"And I'll give you beans," said Peter.
"My only Uncle Tham!" ejaculated Solly, as astonished as Trumper. "Todd seems to have changed all of a sudden."

"He's getting too much cheek," said Trumper. "We shall have to bump him."

"You'll get hurt if you try it," said Peter serenely. "Who the dickens are you, anyway?"

The Courtfield trio stared at him.
"You know jolly well who we are!" Grahame exclaimed. Peter shook his head.

"I don't know you from Adam!" he replied.
"Rats!"

"My dear chaps, it's bad form to introduce your relations into the conversation in this way."

"He, he, he!"
"Shut up, Solly, you ass!" roared Trumper.

"All there, old thon!"
"I'm going to squash this cheeky Greyfriars kid!" growled Trumper, towering over Alonzo Todd's double. "Put up your fists, Todd."

"Right-ho!"
"Now, then, look out for your nose."

"Thanks! I'll look out for yours," said Peter cheerfully. Biff!

Trumper, who was a big, strong fellow, and something of a boxer, staggered back in amazement as Todd's knuckles crashed upon his nose.

"Ow!" he roared.
"He, he, he!"
"Solly, you silly ass!"

"Thorry, old thon; but— Ha, ha, ha!"
Peter Todd was following up his attack. He drove the big and burly Trumper before him, and Trumper was driven into the station, and into a corner of the vestibule, where another tap on the nose landed him in a sitting posture. He sat

there on the floor, and gasped. He was more astonished than hurt; but he was undoubtedly hurt as well.

"My Uncle Tham!" exclaimed Solly. "I never knew that Todd was such a hitting-man! Where did you pick it up, Toddy?"

"Owl!" gasped Trumper.

Peter Todd turned upon the other two Courtfield fellows.

"Come on!" he said.

"What?"

"Eh?"

"Come on!" said Todd's cousin. "I don't know who you are, but as you're looking for trouble, you can have it—in heaps! I'll take the two of you together."

"My only Uncle Tham!"

"Rats!" said Grahame.

"Come on!" said Peter.

"We'll come on," said Grahame, frowning. "We won't fight you two to one, but we'll jolly well bump you for your cheek."

"Yeth, rather!" said Solly.

"Collar the cad!"

And Solly and his chum rushed upon Todd's cousin.

Biff—biff!

"Yarooop!"

"Yarooow!"

Bump!

Grahame went down in a heap, and Solly Lazarus sprawled over him.

Peter Todd looked down at the Courtfield fellows with an agreeable smile.

"Ta-ta!" he said. "See you again some day!"

And he walked out of the station.

The three Courtfielders sat and blinked at one another in utter amazement. It was some minutes before they staggered to their feet.

"Well, my uncle Tham and Aunt Thelina!" ejaculated Solly.

Trumper & Co. ran out of the station; but Peter Todd had turned a corner, and was no longer in sight. And the three Courtfielders gave it up, and walked their way homeward in a state of utter astonishment.

The Duffer's double walked cheerily down the lane to Greyfriars. He was feeling quite exhilarated by his encounter with the heroes of Courtfield. Peter Todd might be very like Alonzo in looks, but he was startlingly unlike him in everything else. Peter was a boxer of great renown in his own neighbourhood, and he had a fight nearly every day with somebody or other—though, to do him justice, he was never guilty of bullying, and always had a good reason for his terrific encounters. Big fellows would sometimes pick upon him for his innocent looks, and would wake up too late to the fact that they had caught a tartar, and a very dangerous tartar indeed.

It was one of Peter's favourite amusements to affect innocence, and lead some overbearing fellow on to bullying, and then suddenly rise up and squash him, as he termed it. Peter was wonderfully strong for his age, and what he did not know about the noble art of boxing was not worth knowing.

It occurred to Peter that fellows in the Greyfriars Remove might make the same mistake that other fellows had made, and might drop upon him in mistake for Alonzo, and he chuckled joyously at the thought. If that happened, there would be some painful surprises in the Greyfriars Remove.

Peter was half way to Greyfriars, when four boys in Etons and silk hats came out of a side lane, and lined up in his path. Peter stopped. He had no choice about the matter, for the quartette blocked up the road. They were evidently public school boys; but whether they belonged to Greyfriars or not Peter did not know, as he had never yet been to that school, and knew none of Alonzo's schoolfellows by sight.

"Greyfriars, cad!" said the four together.

And that showed Peter that once again he had fallen among foes.

"Yes, thanks!" he replied cheerfully. "And what variety of cad are you?"

"You know us well enough," said the leader of the four. "I remember, you came over to Highcliffe with the cricket team once."

Then Peter understood. Alonzo had told him of Highcliffe School, and the endless disputes between Greyfriars and that establishment. He knew now that he was facing Ponsonby & Co., and he knew their reputation for unscrupulousness and foul play. They were very different from the Courtfield fellows.

"Yes, it's the cad Todd!" said Vavasour.

"The chap they call the Duffer!" Gadsby remarked.

"He looks it, too," said Ponsonby.

"Did you ever see such a chivvy?" said Monson.

Gadsby made a gesture towards the deep ditch that bordered the road.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 205.

Read the grand new story of the Juniors of St. Jim's, entitled: "HIS FALSE POSITION!"

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"Give him a ducking!" he exclaimed.

"Good egg!"

Peter backed away a little. He was not in the least afraid. He could see at a glance that the Highcliffe fellows were "soft" and out of condition—a state they owed to smoking, late hours, and general bad habits and slacking. But they were four to one, and even the reckless Peter felt that he must be careful.

"Collar him!" shouted Ponsonby.

"Duck him!"

"In with the cad!"

And the Highcliffians, strong in numbers, rushed at the Duffer's double.

Peter dodged, eluding the rush, and struck out in passing, and Ponsonby rolled in the muddy road. The next second a left-handed upper-cut laid Gadsby beside him. Monson and Vavasour jumped back in surprise and alarm.

But Cousin Peter did not give them time to rest.

He rushed to the attack, and Monson fell before a terrific right-handed, and Vavasour recoiled, feebly defending himself, till he stood upon the edge of the deep ditch.

Biff!

Splash!

Backwards went the dandy of Highcliffe with a terrific splash into the ditch, and there was a wild and bubbling yell as the water closed over him.

Todd's double laughed, and walked on.

Vavasour came up, gasping and spluttering and shrieking for help. His comrades rushed to his aid. Cousin Peter looked back, and saw Ponsonby and Gadsby and Monson dragging Vavasour, a deplorable-looking object, from the ditch. He chuckled, and walked on. The Highcliffians did not follow him. They were four to one, but they had had enough of Peter.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

All Serene.

"POOR old Todd!"

"He's going to get it—warm!"

"It's rough!"

"I say, Smithy, you ought to own up about the dummy, you know."

"I think we all ought to own up," said Harry Wharton.

"We all had a hand in it. Quelch looked awfully savage, and Todd will catch it hot when he comes in. Let's go to Quelch's study and tell him."

Vernon-Smith shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm jolly well not going to do anything of the sort," he replied. "You fellows can do as you like."

"Come on, then, you chaps?" said Bob Cherry, turning his back upon the Bounder of Greyfriars. "Let's go and see Quelch."

And Harry Wharton & Co.—not without some inward uneasiness—made their way to the Remove-master's study. In response to Harry's knock, the deep voice of the Form-master was heard.

"Come in!"

The juniors entered. Mr. Quelch was sitting at his table, and he raised his eyes and fixed them upon the juniors.

"Well?" he said.

"If you please, sir," said Harry Wharton, "we—we—"

"Well?"

The Form-master's monosyllabic interrogation was shot out like a bullet, and it was somewhat disconcerting.

"We—we— You see, sir—"

"I really do not see," said Mr. Quelch testily. "If you have anything to tell me, Wharton, I should be glad if you would say it at once, as I am busy."

"It's about mossos, sir—"

"Whom?"

"Monsieur Charpentier, I mean, sir—"

"Well?"

"That dummy, sir—"

"What?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"That dummy—"

"How dare you apply such an expression to the French master of this college, Wharton?" almost shouted Mr. Quelch.

"I—I didn't, sir!" said Wharton, in dismay. "I was alluding to the other dummy, sir—I—I mean to the dummy of Todd, sir."

"Oh!" said Mr. Quelch. "Well?"

"We did it, sir."

"We've come to tell you, sir," said Bulstrode.

"We made up the dummy, sir, so that Toddy could get out," said John Bull; "and—and we've come to tell you, sir, as we don't think it fair that Todd should catch it all."

"That's it, sir," said Nugent.

THE MASONIC LIBRARY - No. 100

"Eh?"

"What's the matter with the old bird?" asked Todd cheerfully.

"My hat!"

"Did you pick that up from your cousin?" asked Frank Nugent, in amazement.

"Pick up what?"

"Those elegant and beautiful expressions."

Peter chuckled.

"No; my cousin never speaks like that," he said.

"Well, it's a change for you," said Harry Wharton. "You generally allude to Mr. Quelch as an esteemed and respected Form-master."

"Do it," said Todd. "Well, you haven't answered my question yet. What's the matter with the giddy old turkey?"

"It's about the jape on Froggy."

Peter Todd looked puzzled for a moment. His cousin had forgotten to acquaint him with that little matter. Alonzo, indeed, had been so hurried and confused during his interview with Peter that he had neglected to tell him many things that would have been useful to the Duffer's double.

But Peter realized that he was treading on thin ice, and he was very careful. As yet the Greyfriars juniors had no suspicion—not the slightest. But a careless word might make them wonder.

"Oh, the jape on Froggy, eh?" said Todd.

"Yes."

"You're got to show up in Quelch's study and take the medicine," said Bob Cherry.

"Oh, I'm game!" said Todd.

"My hat!"

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing! This way."

"Shall we come with you, Toddy?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Yes, please, do."

Todd was very glad to have the Removites with him, for he had not the faintest idea which was Mr. Quelch's study, or the way to it. The juniors marched across the Close in

a body, and escorted the Duffer's double into the School House, not a moment's doubt rising in their minds that it was Alonzo who was walking in their midst. Alonzo had told them that his cousin was very like him, but that was all. They did not know that the two cousins were one another's doubles. Had they known it, Todd's peculiar slangy way of speaking might have roused their suspicions. But under the circumstances the thought was not likely even to cross their minds.

"Oh, here you are, Duffer!" said Bolsover, as Todd came in.

Todd stared at him.

"Same to you!" he replied.

"Eh?"

"Same to you, and many of 'em!" said Todd.

"Why, you cheeky young sweep—"

"Oh, cheese it, Bolsover!" said Bob Cherry. "Come on, Toddy, old son!"

And the Duffer's double was led into Mr. Quelch's study. The juniors stood outside in the passage, ready to condole with the unfortunate Todd when he emerged from the lion's den.

THE NINTH CHAPTER. Catching It.

"TODD!"

"Yes, sir!"

Mr. Quelch sat bolt upright behind his writing-table, and the new junior stood before him. Todd tightened his lips a little as the keen eyes of the Remove-master searched him. If anybody at Greyfriars was likely to see that he was not the genuine Alonzo Todd it was Mr. Quelch. Anything that escaped the gimlet eyes of Mr. Quelch was quite safe from discovery from anybody.

But nothing like suspicion dawned in Mr. Quelch's face. He was angry, but he did not suspect that he was speaking to anyone but the Duffer of Greyfriars.

(Continued on page 13.)

THE BEST 3^d LIBRARY THE "BOYS' FRIEND" 3^d LIBRARY. NOW ON SALE.

Cherry's eyes came from the interior of the study:
"What's that?" asked Bob Cherry. "Have you got Wharton's hat?"
"Yes, I have," said Todd.
"Are you there, Wharton?"
There was a playful look on his face as he lay on his back on a sofa over his stomach. Then came Wharton's voice in a hoarse, guttural tone:
"I'm here!"

The voice was all short and sharp, and then all was silence. Todd was a little startled, and then all was silence.

"What's that?" asked Bob Cherry between his teeth.
"He's there," said Todd.
"Yah! Open the door, you rascal!"

He opened the door, and the juniors rushed in with laughter. They had not the slightest suspicion of opening the door of the lion's den, and when they found the lion's den empty, they were all laughing and shouting.

"What's that?" asked Bob Cherry between his teeth.
"He's there," said Todd.
"Yah! Open the door, you rascal!"

He opened the door, and the juniors rushed in with laughter. They had not the slightest suspicion of opening the door of the lion's den, and when they found the lion's den empty, they were all laughing and shouting.

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"What about that?" asked Mr. Quelch.
"Mr. Quelch is supposed to arrive from the railway station."

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"You have been guilty," said Mr. Quelch impressively, "of the most disrespectful conduct towards the French master of Greyfriars."

"Oh, sir!"

"There is a tendency, especially in the junior Forms, to treat Monsieur Charpentier with disrespect, perhaps because he is a foreign gentleman," said Mr. Quelch. "This tendency must be stopped, and quite eradicated. I am going to cane you severely, Todd, for your conduct this afternoon in playing that wretched trick upon Monsieur Charpentier, and leaving the Form-room without permission."

"Oh!" said Todd.

He looked dismayed. Certainly the "fun" he was finding at Greyfriars in the person of Alonzo was not wholly to his taste. He made an inward resolve to punch Alonzo's head on some future occasion. Why hadn't Alonzo told him that there was a licking awaiting him on his return to the school?

Mr. Quelch rose to his feet, and selected a cane. "If you please, sir," said Todd, "I'm very sorry, sir. If you knew all the circumstances, sir, I don't think you would blame me for leaving the Form-room."

"Hold out your hand, Todd!"

"Certainly, sir! Which hand, sir?"

Mr. Quelch looked at him suspiciously. It really seemed as if Todd was making fun of him, if Todd could possibly be suspected of such a thing.

"The right hand, Todd."

"Very well, sir."

Todd held out his right hand. Mr. Quelch brought down the cane across the palm with a cut that made the Duffer's double jump.

"Oh!" he ejaculated.

"The other hand, Todd."

"If you please, sir—"

"The other hand!"

Swish!

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Now the right hand, Todd."

"Ow!"

Swish!

"Yow!"

Mr. Quelch laid down the cane.

"On future occasions, Todd, you will probably pause and reflect before you leave the Form-room without permission, and play absurd jokes upon Monsieur Charpentier," he said.

"Ow! Yow!"

"Stop that ridiculous noise, Todd, and leave my study."

"Groo!"

Todd left the study, and closed the door. A circle of sympathetic faces greeted him in the lighted passage.

"I heard you," said Bob Cherry. "I suppose he laid it on!"

Todd pressed his hands under his armpits.

"Groo-hoo-hoo!"

"Poor old Toddy!" said Nugent. "How many?"

"Four! Yow! Yah!"

"Quelch does know how to cut," said Johnny Bull. "Bob had one, for the same joke, and we expected it ourselves, but we've got lines instead. It's rotten; and it was a good jape, too, if the masters could only see it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow, ow, ow!"

"Does that old pirate always lick you like this?" asked Todd, rubbing his hands ruefully. "I've never had such cuts before."

"Well, you don't generally get caned," said Tom Brown.

"Well, no, of course," said Todd, suddenly remembering that he was his Cousin Alonzo. "I don't, do I? Hang! Dash! Rats! The old brigand! I've a good mind to jape him, and make him sit up for this!"

"Hullo, hullo, hullo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, in astonishment. "That's a new line for you, Toddy. What would your Uncle Benjamin say?"

"Blow Uncle Benjamin!"

"Eh!"

"Hang Uncle Benjamin!"

"What!"

"Groo-oo!" said Todd, still rubbing his hands. "Yow! I'll jolly well punch my cousin's nose when I see him again."

"What's your cousin got to do with it?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Ow-ow-yow! It's all his fault!"

"Because you had to go and meet him, do you mean?" asked Russell.

"Groo! Never mind! Ow! Look here!" exclaimed Todd. "How did he—I mean, how did I come to play that jape on the French master?"

"Eh?"

"I suppose Alonzo—I suppose I was put up to it by somebody else, eh?" said Todd.

"It was the Bouncer's idea in the first place," said Bulstrode. "But we all helped."

"Well, you were all silly asses—"

"What!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 205.

"Groo! I'm hurt! I'd like to jape that tough old bird somehow," growled Todd. "Ow!"

And he stamped away down the passage in a very bad temper. Peter Todd was tough, and he could take a licking; but Mr. Quelch had a peculiar way of swishing when he was in deadly earnest, and he had been very much in earnest this time. Todd was likely to feel that caning for some time to come.

The Remove fellows, as they followed Todd down the passage, were looking surprised. They did not understand the Duffer at all. His short afternoon's visit to Courtfield to see his cousin seemed to have changed him strangely in some ways. Alonzo had never shown any desire to "jape" a master in return for a punishment; indeed, he would rather have mourned that he was so naughty as to deserve punishment. And those slangy expressions—where had Todd picked them up?—Todd, who generally talked in the impressive and weighty language of a youthful Dr. Johnson! It was very surprising.

"Ciel! So zat is you, Todd!"

The Duffer's double stopped in the passage as Monsieur Charpentier met him, and wagged a fat forefinger at him. Monsieur Charpentier's accent and looks were enough to explain to Peter Todd whom he was.

"Yes, mossoo!" he said.

"You have had ze cane viz Mr. Quelch, hein?"

"Yes," growled Todd.

"Ah! I zink zen zat I not punish you myself," said Monsieur Charpentier. "But if ever you put a dummy in ze room again, Todd, and pretend zat it is you, and make me believe zat you are a dead garcon, I trash you vithin an inch of life, hein!"

"Br-r-r-r!" said Todd.

"Zat zat you say?" asked Monsieur Charpentier quickly.

"It's been a fine afternoon, sir," said Todd.

"Zat!"

"But it looks like rain this evening."

"Todd!"

"But I dare say the ground will be all right for footer, sir, next half," said Todd, with perfect seriousness.

Monsieur Charpentier looked puzzled.

"If it is zat you are being impertinent, Todd—"

"Oh, sir, I couldn't be impertinent to you, sir!" said Todd, with a shocked look. "You are too—too majestic, sir."

Monsieur Charpentier, who was very little taller than Todd, looked at him dubiously. He wasn't at all majestic; but he felt that he was. He did not know in the least how to take Todd's remark.

"Todd, mon garcon—"

"I don't think anybody could be impertinent to you, sir," said Todd. "You are too—too Olympian, sir."

There was a chuckle in the passage. Monsieur Charpentier turned pink, and walked away without answering Todd. He could not very well punish a boy for telling him that he was majestic and Olympian, especially as he felt that that was but the bare truth; but somehow he did not trust Todd just then. There was a glimmer of irony in the eyes of the supposed Duffer that had never been observed there before.

Monsieur Charpentier closed his study door, and Bob Cherry chuckled and slapped Todd on the back.

"Oh, good!" he grinned. "I never saw the little man's leg pulled so beautifully before. Did you have your tea in Courtfield, Toddy?"

"No!"

"Then come and have it in the study."

"Good!" said Todd. "Hullo! Who's this merchant?"

The "merchant" he alluded to was Bolsover. The bully of the Remove was bearing down upon the Duffer of Greyfriars, with an exceedingly unpleasant expression upon his face. Todd had already forgotten his words with the burly Removeite on entering the house; but Bolsover had not forgotten, and he had been waiting for the Duffer of Greyfriars to reappear after his visit to Mr. Quelch.

Bolsover planted himself directly in the path of the Duffer, and juniors gathered round from all quarters. There was evidently going to be trouble; but that trouble was not to work out exactly as the bully of the Remove anticipated.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Quite a Surprise.

BOLSOVER glared at the Duffer's double; and the latter returned his stare with interest, without seeming in the least perturbed. The usual inoffensive, apologetic manner seemed to be quite gone from Alonzo Todd. He stood with his hands in his pockets, and regarded the bully of the Remove with perfect coolness.

"Go it!" he said encouragingly.

"Eh!" ejaculated Bolsover, a little taken aback.

"Go it!" repeated Todd cheerfully. "There's no charge, and you don't often see such a good-looking chap. Stare hard, and you'll know me next time you see me. I dare say I should know you again, too; you don't often see a face like that!"

There was a breathless chuckle from the crowd of juniors. Few fellows in the Remove cared to undertake the risky business of "slanging" Bolsover, the bully of the Form; but they were very glad to hear him "slanged." But they were more amazed than anything else. Bob Cherry, who was the only fellow in the Form really able to stand up to the big bully, could talk to him as he liked; and Harry Wharton & Co. never stood any nonsense from Bolsover. But, as a rule, the bully was treated with considerable respect. And Alonzo Todd was most inoffensive, he was very polite even to fags in the Second Form, and the sight of him standing up to Bolsover, and talking to him with cool defiance, made the Removites jump.

They enjoyed it; but they did not think that Todd would enjoy the consequences. They had no doubt whatever that Bolsover would simply smash the Duffer.

Bolsover was so taken aback that he could only stand, for some moments, and stare at the Duffer, breathing hard through his nose.

"Well, my only hat!" he ejaculated at last. "If you'll kindly get out of the way, I'll walk on," suggested Todd.

Bolsover did not move. "Punch his head, and come on, Bolsover," said Vernon-Smith, who was waiting for the bully of the Remove to go up to tea in his study.

"Better keep off the grass," said Todd lazily. "You cheeky young rotter!" shouted Bolsover. "You're not worth licking."

"Not safe to lick, either," said Todd. "Why, you—you—"

"Take your time!" said Todd. "You—you—you—" Bolsover stuttered with rage.

"Is that a comic song?" asked Todd. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Wring his silly neck, and come on," said Vernon-Smith. "Don't waste time talking to the silly duffer, Bolsover."

Todd turned upon the Bouncer. "You've got too much to say, too," he remarked. "Are you looking out special for a large size in thick ears?"

The Bouncer stared. "Why, you ass!" he exclaimed.

"Same to you," said Todd. "You seem to allow yourself a pleasant variety of names to give to people. Do you want me to thump you?"

The Bouncer laughed. "You couldn't thump one side of me, you duffer!" he exclaimed. "Don't be an ass; I don't want to hurt you!"

"For two pins," said Todd impressively, "I'd knock your heads together—you and this shouting merchant!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bolsover.

Bolsover groped over his jacket, and extracted two pins from the lining. He extended them towards Todd.

"There you are!" he said. Todd looked puzzled.

"What the—"

"There are the two pins," Bolsover explained, with a grin. "Now knock our heads together."

"Oh," said Todd, "I see!"

He took the pins, with perfect coolness, and inserted them in his jacket. Then he pushed back his cuffs.

Wharton laid a hand upon his arm.

"Todd, old fellow—"

"Don't interrupt," said Todd.

"But you'll get smashed too."

"Rats!"

"Look here, Toddy—" began Bob Cherry.

"Oh, piffle, my son."

"Blessed if I know what's come over Todd! My hat! Look!"

Todd was as good as his word.

He rushed straight upon Bolsover and Vernon-Smith.

Both of the juniors hit out, but Todd seemed to have a wonderful way of brushing their blows aside.

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Almost in the twinkling of an eye, he had his right hand upon Vernon-Smith's collar, his knuckles digging into the Bouncer's neck with such force that Vernon-Smith gave a yell of pain. His left hand was fastened upon Bolsover's collar, and the heavy, burly bully of the Remove was swung round towards the Bouncer.

There was a shout of astonishment from the crowd of juniors.

That Todd possessed such strength, and, above all, such quickness and knack, was a surprise to them, and one they had never dreamed of.

Bump! Crack!

Bolsover's head came against Vernon-Smith's with a loud concussion.

Todd had kept his word.

There was a simultaneous roar from the unhappy cads of the Remove.

"Ow!"

"Yow!"

Crack!

"Yah!"

"Yaroo!"

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

The whole crowd yelled with laughter. Bolsover and Vernon-Smith struggled to escape from the grasp of the Duffer's double, but in vain. He had twisted them over on their knees, and his iron grip on the back of their collars held them there helplessly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bravo, Duffer!"

"Go it, Todd!"

"Biff the bouncers!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wingate, of the Sixth, came out of his study. He came upon the scene just as Todd was knocking the two heads together for the third time.

Crack!

"My hat!" exclaimed Wingate, in amazement.

"Chuck it, Todd—skipper!" whispered Nugent hurriedly.

Todd dropped Bolsover and Vernon-Smith. They bumped on the floor in a dazed state. George Wingate came up, and looked hard at Todd.

"What on earth does this mean?" he exclaimed. "I never knew you were this kind of a fellow, Todd. What's come over you?"

It occurred to Todd to imitate his cousin Alonzo, in the nick of time. He did not want Wingate to suspect him.

"If you please," he said, in the meek and milky tones of Alonzo, "they are both very naughty boys, and my Uncle Benjamin would approve of my administering a slight but well-merited chastisement."

"M-m-my hat!"

"Not that I bear any malice," continued Todd. "And if the dear but misguided youths will come up to my study, I shall be pleased to read them a chapter of my Uncle Benjamin's book, 'The Story of a Tomato.'"

"Oh!" groaned Bolsover, rubbing his head.

"Ow!" mumbled Vernon-Smith.

Wingate burst into a laugh.

"Well, you are a surprise-package, Todd, and no mistake," he exclaimed.

"I never thought this of you. But no more rowing here, mind. Clear off, all of you!"

"My dear Wingate—"

"Cheese it, Todd! You're like the little brook—you go on for ever," said the captain of Greyfriars good-humouredly. "Buzz off!"

"My Uncle Benjamin would say—"

"Scat!"

Bob Cherry dragged Todd away. The Duffer's double was marched up in triumph to the study in the Remove passage.

Bolsover and Vernon-Smith, still rubbing their heads, and looking dazed and bewildered, moved away more slowly. They did not understand it, and it was quite a long time before they recovered from their astonishment, and began to think of reprisals.

And the rest of the Remove were as amazed as Bolsover

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"You like Aunt Portia and Accacia Lodge," Cousin Peter went on, turning his attention to the tarts. "I don't. Very well, then, you can go there, and I'll go to Greyfriars and have a little fun. See?" (See Chapter 6.)

and the Bounder. That Alonzo Todd, the simple and in-offensive Duffer of Greyfriars, should suddenly develop in this way, was simply astounding.

What did it mean? Had he been lying low all the time previously, and understudying the part of the famous Brer Fox? What had transformed the simple, quiet Duffer into a truculent fighting-man, who tackled the bully of the Remove himself without a moment's hesitation? The juniors could not understand it.

But there was one thing that they could understand, and that was, that this remarkable change in Todd meant lively times in the Greyfriars Remove. And the Removites looked forward to them with joyous anticipation.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Tea for Bolsover.

HARRY WHARTON & Co. marched Todd into No. 1 Study in triumph.

They had always liked the Duffer of Greyfriars, but they had never specially admired him until this moment.

But his strange and unsuspected powers called forth their admiration. Who would ever have dreamed that the Duffer of Greyfriars was this kind of a fellow? He had always been supposed to be a weak, good-natured fellow, who could not, as Bob Cherry put it, say boo to a goose. That he was stronger physically than the burly Bolsover, that he could

handle the bully of the Remove more easily than Bob Cherry could, was amazing. There was general satisfaction in the Remove at Bolsover being put in his place so easily, and undoubtedly Todd was the hero of the hour.

"Never dreamed that you had it in you, Todd," Nugent remarked, as Todd was marched into the study.

Todd grinned.

"I've surprised a good many people in my time," he remarked.

"I should say you have, but the peculiar thing is, that we never noticed anything of this sort about you before," said Wharton.

"Well, you've never seen me before."

"Eh?"

"I—I mean you've never seen me exactly like this before," said Todd hastily.

"By Jove, you're right," said Harry, laughing. "We never have. The trouble is, that Bolsover will go for you again, and you'll have to fight him."

"I don't mind."

"And the Bounder as well, probably," remarked Johnny Bull.

"Who's the Bounder?"

"Vernon-Smith, of course."

"Ah, yes, of course," said Todd. "Well, I'll fight the Bounder, too. Got any tommy here? I'm as hungry as a giddy hunter."

"Ripping tea inside five minutes."

"Oh, good!"

The chums of the Remove were not idle. In five minutes or less, tea was ready. Bob Cherry stirred the fire and boiled the kettle, and made the tea, and Wharton and Nugent laid the table, and Johnny Bull carved the ham, and Mark Linley poached the eggs. Todd's face beamed as he sat down to the festive board. He had had nothing to eat since the light refreshment in the buffet at Courtfield, and he was hungry.

"Good!" he exclaimed, as he started.

And he ate with an appetite which had never belonged to Alonzo. The chums of the Remove could not help seeing it, and they plied Todd hospitably with good things. Just then, nothing seemed too good for Todd.

They were listening, too, while they had tea. That Bolsover would take his punishment "lying down" was not to be expected, and every moment the juniors expected him to come bursting into the study in search of vengeance.

It came at last!

There was a tramp of feet in the passage, and the door was kicked open, and the bully of the Remove came in. Vernon-Smith, and Snoop, and Stott, and two or three more fellows of Bolsover's "set," came behind him, and they blocked up the doorway of No. 1 Study.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, looking round. "What do you want?"

"Todd!"

"Can't have him—he's our guest."

Todd nodded coolly to Bolsover.

"Sorry I can't come!" he remarked. "I'm busy."

"I'll busy you!" growled Bolsover. "Are you coming into the gym, with me to have the gloves on, or will you take your licking here?"

"Licking!" said Todd, who was very well acquainted with the real Alonzo's little way of repeating in parrot fashion things that were said to him.

"Yes," said Bolsover. "I'm going to thrash you till you're black and blue."

"Blue?"

"You silly ass!"

"Ass!"

"Look here, Todd, you silly parrot!"

"Parrot!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bolsover was crimson with rage.

"I don't want any of your cheek!" he roared. "Will you come into the gym?"

"Gym!"

"And put the gloves on with me, you howling ass!"

"Gloves!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The chums of the Remove were roaring, and Bolsover's own friends were grinning. The bully of the Remove wasted no more time in words. He rushed at Todd, and seized him by the collar, and attempted to drag him backwards by the collar from his chair.

Todd was in the act of raising a cup of tea to his mouth, and everybody expected him to spill it over his chest as he was dragged backwards. But he didn't.

His hand shot up, and the tea was swept out of the cup over his shoulders, and caught Bolsover on the side of the head.

Splash!

"Yaroop!"

There was a wild yell from Bolsover, and he staggered back, releasing Todd, his head and face streaming with hot tea.

"Ow, ow, ow! Oh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My hat!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Oh, Toddy! Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors simply yelled.

Bolsover mopped at his face with his handkerchief. His face was crimson. The tea was very hot. Todd rose to his feet, and stood regarding him with a gentle smile.

"I'm so sorry!" he murmured. "Was it hot, Bolsover?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"You startled me, you know," said Todd. "If you are now sufficiently calm, my dear Bolsover, I will read you a chapter from my Uncle Benjamin's book—'The Story of a Cabbage.'"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bolsover left off mopping his face, sputtering with rage.

"You hound!" he roared.

"My dear Bolsover—"

"You did that on purpose."

"My dear fellow, my Uncle Benjamin would be shocked, nay, disgusted, at this exhibition of temper," said Todd.

"Let dogs delight—"

"You—you rotter!"

"To bark and bite—" continued Todd.

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"I'll smash you!"

"It is their nature to," said Todd. "But children—"

"I—I—I—"

"You should never let such angry passions rise—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Your little fists were never meant to black each other's eyes," said Todd, with a solemn shake of the head.

The juniors yelled. Bolsover was almost dancing with rage. He brandished his big fists in the face of the gentle junior.

"I'll smash you!" he roared.

"Hold on!" said Harry Wharton, pushing between them.

"Stand back, Wharton!"

"Nothing of the sort!" said Harry quietly. "It serves you right what you've got, Bolsover. You have no right to come and pick a row in our study."

"Hear, hear!" said Nugent.

"I'm going to smash him—"

"Todd's having his tea now. You can ask him into the gym afterwards. At present you'll oblige us by getting out of the study."

"I won't! I—"

"Very good!" said Todd. "I'll be in the gym, at half-past six. Until then, my dear Bolsover, I beg of you to retire."

"I'll—I'll—"

"Get out!" shouted the chums of the Remove together.

"I won't!"

Bob Cherry jumped up.

"If you don't get out we'll jolly soon shift you!" he exclaimed.

Bolsover glared.

"Lay a finger on me, that's all!" he bawled.

"I'll jolly soon do that!"

Three or four pairs of hands were laid on Bolsover. He struggled furiously, but he was swept off the floor and hurled through the doorway bodily. There were wild yells from the passage as he crashed into the fellows standing there.

"Ow!"

"Yah!"

"Fathead!"

"In the gym, at half-past six," said Bob Cherry blandly, and he slammed the study door, and turned the key in the lock.

Bang—bang!

Bolsover kicked furiously at the door. The voice of a prefect was heard calling from afar, and the crowd in the passage broke up. Furious as he was, Bolsover had no choice but to wait till half-past six, and meet the Duffer of Greyfriars in the gym. And he waited, promising himself the pleasure of hammering the Duffer until he was in a state that his own mother would not recognise him. But whether Bolsover was likely to be able to do that was a question. By this time most of the Remove were strongly inclined to doubt it.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Todd, the Fighting-man.

TODD sat down at the tea-table in Study No. 1, and resumed his interrupted tea with perfect calmness.

He was certainly the coolest fellow in the study.

The juniors had laughed heartily over Bolsover's discomfiture, but at the same time they feared the result for their chum.

Bob Cherry, who had stood up to Bolsover more than once and licked him, knew what a terribly hard task it was, and he was very much concerned.

"Look here, Toddy," he remarked. "Do you really mean that you are going to fight Bolsover?"

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Todd nodded.
"Yes, rather!" he replied.
"I'm afraid you can't do it, old chap."

Todd laughed.

"He's bigger than you—six inches taller, at least," Bob urged. "You can't possibly tackle such a big beast, Toddy, old son."

"You'll see."

"You know, I've seen you trying to box," said Bob. "You can't box for toffee. You don't mind my saying so, do you?"

"Not at all."

"I'll tell you what—I'll take him on for you," said Bob. "He had no right to pick on you as he's done, and I'm not going to see you licked. He's in a rage now, and he'll hammer you frightfully, and the gloves won't do you much good. Will you let me tackle the beast instead of you?"

Todd shook his head.

"You'd better!" urged Bob Cherry.

"Much better!" said Frank Nugent. "Look here, Toddy, leave it to Bob."

"Rats!"

"You can't box, you know."

"Shall I show you what I can do in that line?" suggested Todd, rising from the table. His tea was finished.

"You can't do anything," said Bob Cherry.

"Let's see."

"We've got some gloves here," said Harry Wharton doubtfully, "but—"

"Let's put them on for a few minutes, then," said Todd.

"I won't hurt him much!"

Bob Cherry jumped.

"You won't what?" he exclaimed.

"Won't hurt you much," said Todd innocently.

Bob snorted.

"No, that you jolly well won't!" he exclaimed indignantly. "Hurt me! Why, you couldn't hurt my little finger, you duffer!"

"We'll see."

"Oh, shove the gloves on him, for goodness' sake!" exclaimed Bob Cherry indignantly. "I'll jolly soon show him whether he can hurt me or not!"

"Here you are, Toddy."

"Don't hurt him, Bob."

"I'm going to knock some of the rot out of him, but I won't hurt him," said Bob, as he put on the gloves.

"No, I don't think you'll hurt me," grinned Todd; "and I won't hurt you more than I can help."

"Br-r-r-r-r!"

That was the only adequate reply Bob Cherry could think of. That the Duffer of Greyfriars should imagine for a moment that he could box with Bob Cherry was intolerable. Todd was a nice fellow, but it would not do to let him get ideas like that in his head. So Bob Cherry considered. To Bob it really appeared in the light of a bounden duty to knock some of the "rot" out of the Duffer.

The other fellows did not think for a second that Todd could stand up against Bob. But he had developed so curiously that day that they would not really have been surprised at anything.

The table was dragged back to the wall, and the chairs were shoved under it. Then the two juniors faced one another in the middle of the study.

"Ready!" asked Bob.

"Yes, indeed, my dear Cherry."

"Start, then. That's for your ailly nose!" said Bob Cherry, lunging out.

Somehow or other—Bob never knew how—the drive did not reach Todd's nose. He found his fist going over Todd's shoulder, and Todd's glove biffed upon Bob's nose, and Bob sat down on the study carpet with great suddenness.

"Oh!" he ejaculated.

"My hat!" gasped Harry Wharton. "Was that a fluke?"

"Of course it was!" growled Bob Cherry, struggling up, looking very red and excited now. "See me walk all over him!"

And he rushed at Todd.

Considering that it was a merely friendly bout, Bob Cherry was putting a great deal of energy into it. If his terrific drives had reached Todd, Todd would certainly not have been in a condition to face Bolsover in the gym.

But they didn't! They were brushed aside almost without an effort, and again Todd's glove came with a tap on Bob's nose, and Bob sat down.

"Ow!"

"Great Scott!"

Bob rose to his feet, looking very queerly at Todd.

"That wasn't a fluke," he remarked. "You can box. Blessed if I ever thought that you had it in you! I should like to have a really good round or two with you some day. But you're fit to face Bolsover—there's no doubt at all about that."

There was a thump on the door.

"Hallo, in there!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

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ONE
PENNY.

"Half-past six! Bolsover's ready!" shouted Leigh of the Remove.

"Right you are!"

"They're waiting in the gym."

"We're coming!"

Bob Cherry peeled off the gloves.

"It's all right," he said. "You can stand up to Bolsover—better than I can, perhaps. I'll keep time for you."

"Thank you so much, my dear Cherry."

"Blessed if I understand you!" growled Bob, still a little ruffled. "You're a giddy dark horse, and no mistake!"

"Come on!" exclaimed Nugent.

The study door was unlocked, and the chums of the Remove poured out into the passage, with the redoubtable Todd in their midst.

Amazing as Todd's unsuspected powers were, they were real enough evidently, and the chums of the Remove looked forward with confidence now to his encounter with Bolsover.

They marched down the stairs with him, and a crowd of Remove fellows gathered round them, and walked down to the gymnasium with them. Bolsover and his friends were already there. The bully of the Remove set his lips grimly as Todd came in. All the Remove had turned up to see the battle, and most of the other junior Forms, and there was a sprinkling of seniors in the crowd. The new fame of Alonzo had already gone forth.

"Here he is!"

"Here's the Duffer!"

"So you've come!" sneered Bolsover. "Not afraid to turn up, eh?"

"Not at all," said Todd cheerfully. "How do you feel?"

"I? You silly ass—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, get the gloves out!" said Bolsover savagely. "I shall start on him with my bare hands soon."

"Faith, and that would be painful for yez, Bolsover, darling!" said Micky Desmond.

"Oh, shut up!"

Vernon-Smith, who was acting as Bolsover's second, brought out the gloves. The Remove bully had already taken off his jacket and waistcoat. He looked a powerful fellow as he stood there, and he was nearly a head taller than Todd, and considerably longer in the reach. The Remove bully looked as if he could make mincemeat of his opponent with scarcely an effort, and there were few fellows present who did not expect to see the Duffer of Greyfriars go down helplessly under his slogging attack.

Wharton was seconding Todd. He helped him on with his gloves, and Todd purposely fumbled with them, to give an impression of clumsiness. Bolsover grinned as he looked at him.

"Fancy that blessed worm having the cheek to stand up to me!" he muttered to Vernon-Smith. "Why, I shall smash him with two whacks!"

The Bounder nodded, but there was a peculiar expression upon his face.

"Yet he handled us both jolly easily," he remarked.

Bolsover sniffed.

"I was taken by surprise, of course," he said. "He wouldn't be able to do it again."

"I suppose not; but—"

"You don't think he's got a chance against me, do you?" demanded Bolsover, angrily.

"Well, I suppose not, but—"

"But what, you fathead?"

"Take care, that's all. There's more in that chap than meets the eye—we've found that out already," said the Bounder.

"Oh, rot!"

The Bounder shrugged his shoulders.

"Have your own way," he said. "But I recommend you to be careful, that's all. Todd has been playing a deep game for some reason, and—"

"Bosh!"

Vernon-Smith said no more, but gave another shrug of the shoulders. It was not of much use trying to give a friendly tip to Bolsover.

"Time!" called out Bob Cherry.

Bob Cherry had constituted himself timekeeper and referee. "You fellows ready?"

"I've been ready a long time!" growled Bolsover.

"I assure you I am quite ready, my dear Cherry. If, however, Bolsover would prefer to shake hands and be friends, I should be very pleased to show him that I bear him no malice, by reading a chapter from my Uncle Benjamin's book, 'The Story of a—'"

"Fathead!"

"No. 'The Story of a Potato,'" said Todd innocently.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

NEXT
TUESDAY:

"BOLSOVER'S BROTHER!"

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"Time!"

"Very well," said Todd. "If Bolsover will have it——"

"It's you that's going to have it!" growled Bolsover.

And the adversaries faced one another. Bolsover did not stand upon ceremony, or waste time in sparring. He rushed right at Todd, hitting out furiously. Where his blows fell he did not know, but certainly they did not fall upon Todd. And something hard, which must have been Todd's fist, but felt like a battering-ram, smote Bolsover upon the nose, and the Remove bully reeled backwards and fell with a crash to the floor.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Bolsover is Very Much Surprised.

"GREAT SCOTT!"

"Bolsover's down!"

"My hat!"

"How did it happen?"

There was no mistake about it. Bolsover was down. Somehow or other, by a miracle or a fluke, the Duffer of Greyfriars had knocked the Remove bully flying. They could hardly believe their eyes; but it was true. Bolsover was down; and seemed quite unable to get up again. He was lying on his back gasping.

Bob Cherry was too amazed to count. After what had happened in the study, he had expected something of Todd. But he had hardly expected this.

Bolsover sat up dazedly.

"Wh-what was that?" he gasped.

Then there was a roar of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Mule!" explained Tom Brown.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Earthquake!" said Russell.

Todd stood looking at his fallen enemy with a gentle smile. It really did not seem possible that the meek-and-mild Duffer had dealt that terrific blow.

"My only hat!" said Harry Wharton. "Who'd have thought it of Todd? Why, he could stand up to Coker of the Fifth, I think!"

"Faith, and ye're right!"

Vernon-Smith helped his principal to rise. Bolsover was hurt, though he was really more surprised than hurt. He gasped as the Bouncer helped him up.

"That's bad!" said Vernon-Smith.

"Rotten fluke, of course!" panted Bolsover.

"It didn't look to me like a fluke."

"Oh, rats!"

"I warned you to be careful."

"Bosh! Shut up, for goodness' sake!"

"I guess you ought to be counting, Cherry, you silly ass," remarked Fisher T. Fish, the American junior.

Bob Cherry started.

"By Jove! So I ought!" he exclaimed. "One, two, three, four——"

"It's all right," said Vernon-Smith. "My man's ready to go on."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! It's time!" said Bob, looking at his watch.

The first round was over.

Bolsover, although the fight had hardly begun, was glad of the rest. He sat on Vernon-Smith's knee, and breathed hard. The Bouncer could give him little comfort, and what little he offered was received with a very bad grace. Bolsover was astonished, and he was enraged. He was in a mood to quarrel with his best friend at that moment.

"Of course, it was only a fluke!" he repeated savagely.

And Vernon-Smith maintained a judicious silence. He did not believe it was a fluke; he believed it was a foretaste, so to speak, of the wrath to come; and in that opinion he showed judgment. And Bolsover was so insolent and ill-tempered, that his own second was not really sorry to see him booked for a licking.

"Time!"

Bolsover swaggered forward again. He had refused to listen to Vernon-Smith's advice, but he was acting on it all the same. He was very much more careful now, and he did not give Todd so easy an opening a second time.

Bolsover really knew something about boxing, and when he was careful, he was a dangerous adversary. The second round was much more equal, but it was noticed that while Bolsover saved himself pretty well, he had several hard drives, while not one of his blows took real effect upon Todd.

The second round over, Todd retired to his corner, but he did not sit on the knee Harry Wharton had ready for him. He did not seem to be in the least tired.

"It's all serene, cocky," he said.

"How do you feel?"

"Fresh as paint."

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"I thought Bolsover was getting in at you once or twice, that time," Frank Nugent remarked.

Todd chuckled.

"So did he," he remarked. "But I didn't."

And Todd closed his left eye significantly.

"Do you mean to say you were playing with him?" demanded Bulstrode.

"What do you think?" was Todd's counter-question.

"My hat!"

"I guess I'll swallow that, when I see you knock him out," said Fisher T. Fish.

Todd laughed.

"You'll see that in the next round," he replied.

"Nope, I reckon."

"Well, we'll see," said Bulstrode. "I shouldn't be sorry to see some of the bounce knocked out of Bolsover. But I'm blessed if I ever imagined that you were the fellow to do it, Toddy!"

"Blessed if the Duffer isn't a giddy surprise-packet!" said Mark Linley. "Where did you learn to use your fists, Todd? That cousin of yours?"

"Ha, ha, ha! No! My cousin isn't a fighting-man."

Mark looked perplexed.

"Why, I think I remember your telling us that he was a tremendous fighter, and that you often remonstrated with him about it!" he exclaimed.

Todd coloured. He had nearly given himself away again. His part was being acted so easily and naturally that it was a little difficult to remember always that he was now Alonzo and not Peter.

"Ye-es," he replied. "Did I say that?"

"You certainly did. I——"

"Time!"

The call of time from Bob Cherry came opportunely to save Todd from the necessity of a somewhat difficult explanation. Mark Linley was still looking perplexed, as the Duffer's double stepped into the ring again. But the progress of the third round of that remarkable fight soon chained all his interest, and he forgot everything else, as did the other fellows clustered round the ring.

Bolsover was fighting hard—fighting his hardest—but he seemed to be unable to make the slightest impression upon the Duffer of Greyfriars. Todd, who had never been supposed able to stand up to a determined fag, was walking all over the burly bully of the Remove.

Bolsover staggered under a right-hander, and fell heavily; and Bob Cherry looked at his watch. He did not forget to count this time.

"One—two—three——"

Bolsover strove to rise.

"Four—five—six——"

Bolsover was on his feet again. Todd was entitled, by the rules of the ring, to knock him down immediately, but he did not. He stepped back, and gave Bolsover plenty of time to get upon his feet.

"Good old Toddy!" said Harry Wharton.

"Bravo, Duffer!"

Bolsover rushed on again. He was hitting out with all his strength, and seemed determined to overpower the Duffer by sheer weight and strength.

But it did not happen. Todd backed round the ring till the force of Bolsover's rush was expended, and immediately the Remove bully slackened, the Duffer's double rushed in, hitting out with all his force.

Crash!

A tremendous right-hander caught Bolsover full upon the chin, and Todd's left followed it up instantly, crashing into his eye. But for the gloves, Bolsover would have been very much hurt indeed. As it was, he was felled like an ox. He went with a crash to the floor, and lay dazed and helpless.

There was a roar in the gym.

"Great Scott!"

"He's down!"

"Faith, and he won't get up again, I'm thinking!"

"Bravo, Duffer!"

The Duffer stood calmly and coolly, his hands loose, his attitude easy. He did not seem at all fatigued. Vernon-Smith ran forward to help his principal. Bob Cherry glanced at his watch. This time it was pretty certain that he would have to count out to a finish. Bolsover was not likely to rise after the counting of ten, or after the counting of fifty, for that matter.

He was game, so far as that went, but he was done. He tried to raise himself upon his elbow, and sank back again.

"One!"

Bolsover made an effort to rise, but it was a failure. He groaned.

"Two!" said Bob Cherry.

Vernon-Smith took hold of Bolsover's shoulders, and tried to lift him from the ground.

"Three!"

"You're hurrying the count, Cherry!" sneered Vernon-Smith.

"Four!"

"Rats!" grinned Harry Wharton & Co., as the Bouncer of Greyfriars scowled at them.

"Five! Todd wins!" went on Bob Cherry.

The cheer that came from Todd's supporters seemed to rouse Bolsover. He made a struggle to rise. But as before it was no use. He looked savagely at Todd, and that worthy returned it as coolly as an icicle.

"Six!"

"Seven!"

"Now, Bolsover!" said Vernon-Smith, shaking the Bully of the Remove.

"Bovril!" suggested Ogilvy.

"Eight!" said Bob Cherry.

"Get ready for an awful slamming, Todd!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Nine! Licked!"

"Hurrah! Todd wins! A jolly good win, too! Hurrah!"

Vernon-Smith let Bolsover slip to the ground as if he had been so much dough. He glared at Todd for a moment as if he thought of trying himself.

"That's it, Smith!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "Nothing like trying, and it's so easy to slam Todd! Wade in!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

With the ironical laughter ringing in his ears, the Bouncer left the gym. All attention was for Todd. No one was very sorry for Bolsover. Bullies don't deserve sympathy as a rule, and they very seldom get it. In the opinion of most of the fellows, Bolsover had met his deserts. But Todd was a hero, and heroes ought to be feted.

"Chair him! Let's chair Todd!" shouted Bob Cherry.

"Right-ho!" agreed Harry Wharton. "Now, kids, lend a hand!"

"What-ho!"

Todd was not particularly desirous of public recognition. But he could not prevent it in this instance. The juniors swarmed round him at once, and he was swept off his legs. In less time than it takes to tell, he was raised shoulder high, and a procession started for the door.

"Round the giddy quad, kids!" said Bob Cherry, by virtue of his assumed capacity of M.C.

Todd protested, but it was like Canute bidding the waves recede. The juniors would not be denied. Men are born great, and some men achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them, the poet tells us. Thus it was with the Duffer's double.

"The chap who can mill Bolsover ought to be made a lot of," said Ogilvy.

And in another moment the procession was passing through the doors of the gym.

"Hallo! What's up? You kids going mad?"

Coker, Potter, and Greene were passing the door as the excited juniors crowded out into the quad. As became the Fifth, and, therefore, "superior" persons, Coker and his friends declined to budge.

"Out of the way, Fifth!" shouted the juniors, rushing the pace.

"Rats!" said Coker & Co.

"Put Todd on 'em!" shouted Bob Cherry.

Unluckily for some the advice was taken literally. It is easy to carry a fellow round a quad, if a respectable pace is maintained. But when it comes to fighting with the "hero" on one's shoulders, it is another matter. Coker made it give-and-take by pre-ordained and ancient usage, and in no time, as the saying is, a general melee was in progress.

"We'll show the young beggars, ordering us out of the way!" roared Coker.

But his luck was out for once. Todd, struggling manfully to get down to a standing position, achieved it at length amid a general heaping up of arms and legs. But in his descent he was hurled forward in Coker's direction, and when the Fifth-Former understood, Todd's feet were thudding into the back of his neck, and Coker, Todd, Potter, and Greene were rolling on the ground in one wild, tangled heap.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER. Coker is Caught.

"O H!"

"Ow!"

"Yowp!"

"Yarooooop!"

Wild cries came from the fellows rolling on the ground. Coker, of the Fifth, was undermost, and Todd was wildly clawing him round the neck, and Greene was sprawling across his legs, and Potter was digging an elbow into his ribs.

No wonder Coker roared!

The Removites stood round, roaring, too, but they roared with laughter. Coker was not doing any laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it, Toddy!"

"Squash him, Duffer!"

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NEXT

TUESDAY: "BOLSOVER'S BROTHER!"

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

"Oh!" gasped Todd, scrambling up. "You silly asses!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You frabjous chumps!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker sat up. He rubbed his nose, which was stained with red, and blinked. He kicked out, and Greene yelped and rolled off his legs.

"Yow! What has happened? What was it?" gasped Coker.

"Only an earthquake, old son," said Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hoist Todd up again!" yelled Hazeldene.

Todd clenched his fists.

"You won't hoist me any more!" he exclaimed. "You clumsy asses! First chap who tries to hoist me gets a thick ear."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll jolly well hoist you with my boot!" roared Coker, of the Fifth, scrambling to his feet. "I'll teach you to fall on me, you young ass!"

"Fathead!" hooted Todd. "Do you think I fell on your silly napper on purpose?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll lick you, anyway, for your cheek!" gasped Coker.

"Rats!"

Coker rushed at Todd. They clasped one another, as if they were long-lost brothers meeting after the lapse of years; but not so affectionately. Coker intended to swing the junior off the ground, and shake him, and pitch him to the earth; but he found that Todd curled about him in some mysterious manner, and was not to be swung.

"Oh!" gasped Coker.

"Go it!" murmured Todd. "Ain't licked yet!"

"Look here—oh!—lend a hand with this young sweep, you chaps!"

Potter and Green ran to the rescue. But Harry Wharton & Co. chimed in at once. Potter and Greene were shoved and hustled back. They frowned threateningly at the juniors; but there were too many of the Remove for the Fifth-Form frowns to inspire terror.

"Stand back!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"Look here, Wharton—"

"Fair play!"

"Hurrah! Fair play for Toddy!" shouted the Remove.

And the Fifth-Formers, whether they liked it or not, had to leave Todd and Coker to themselves. Coker had never had a doubt that he could twist Todd up like so much waste-paper, but he was finding out now that he had made a remarkable mistake.

Todd had a grip on him that seemed like a band of iron, and Coker found it quite difficult to breathe.

"You—you young rotter! Leggo!" said Coker, with a gasp like air escaping from a particularly roomy puncture.

Todd grinned in his face.

"You haven't licked me yet!" he remarked.

"I—I'll let you off!"

"But I don't want to be let off," said Todd cheerfully. "I'm not going to let you go till you've kept your word."

"Ow!"

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

The spectacle of Coker, of the Fifth, helpless in the grasp of the Duffer of Greyfriars was extremely entertaining. Coker tried to get his hands loose to hit out, but he could not. They were pinned down at his sides by the circling grasp of Todd.

He heaved with all his strength, and the lighter junior was lifted off his feet, but he did not relax his grasp for a moment, and he came down steadily upon his feet again, and Coker was still a prisoner.

"M-m-my hat!" gasped Coker.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Squeeze him, Toddy!"

"I—I—I—leggo—I'm done!" gasped Coker. "I can't breathe, you ass! Stop it. It feels like a blessed vice! Chuck it!"

"You'll promise to be a good boy?" asked Todd pleasantly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"No!" panted Coker. "Ow! No! Yes, if you like!"

"A really nice boy?"

"Ye-es. Oh!"

"And always keep the peace, and never go for me any more!"

"Ye-es."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There you are, then," said Todd, and he released the Fifth-Former, and stepped back, looking quite fresh and cool in spite of his exertions.

Coker gasped and gasped for breath. He looked at Todd like a fellow in a dream. It was clear that he could not understand it in the least.

"I—I—I'd never have believed it!" he gasped. "The beast has arms like giddy iron bands. My only hat, I'd never have believed it!"

And Coker went dazedly into the gym.

The Removites made a rush for Todd again. He had licked Bolsover, and he had "downed" Coker, of the Fifth—Coker, the terrible! There was a strong desire to hoist Todd again, and carry him in triumph round the Close.

But Todd was not "taking any" this time. He squared his shoulders, and put up his fists, and the most eager of the Removites surged back. They remembered how Bolsover had been hit, and they did not want any.

"I'll walk," said Todd. "Thanks!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And Todd walked, with a cheering crowd of the Remove surrounding him.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Biff for Bunter.

THAT evening there was one topic of conversation among the juniors of Greyfriars.

It was the wonderful change that had come over the Duffer.

What had happened to Alonzo Todd?

Certainly, he must have been lying low all this time, like Bror Fox; but, even so, it was amazing that he should have come out so strong all of a sudden.

In a single afternoon he seemed to have changed his character entirely.

If Alonzo had inflicted, at any other time, a licking upon Nugent minor of the Second, or Tubb of the Third, it would have caused astonishment.

But that he should beat Bolsover in a stand-up fight, and that he should lick Coker hollow at wrestling, that was too astonishing. If one of the original Greyfriars who had once inhabited the building had returned and performed that feat in the gym, the Removites could hardly have been more astonished.

And Todd's fame had spread past the Remove. The seniors had heard of him, and were very curious. Loder, of the Sixth, had been heard to say that Todd would be growing cocky, and would be all the better for a licking. Loder, the prefect, was always of opinion that juniors would be the better for a licking.

And the Remove rather hoped that Loder would begin operations upon Todd. Since the development of Todd's hitherto unsuspected and wonderful powers, it was quite probable that even a Sixth-Former might get the worst of a combat.

There was a buzz in the common-room that evening while Todd was in the dormitory with Harry Wharton & Co., removing the few traces of the fight in the gym. from his countenance. Everybody in the junior room, Remove and Fourth and Third, was talking of Todd, with one exception. Billy Bunter had a more interesting topic to speak of—more interesting to himself, at all events.

"Bulstrode, old man," said Bunter, digging the captain of the Remove in the ribs in his objectionable way. "I say, you know—"

"Oh, shut up, Bunter!" said Bulstrode. "I say, Russell—"

"But really, you know," said Bunter, "I want to speak about Todd. Don't you think that as he's come out so jolly strong, and licked Bolsover, it would be only the decent thing to stand him a bit of a feed?"

"Not a bad idea," said Russell.

"Faith, and ye're right!" remarked Micky Desmond. "Sure, I'd stand the feed myself intirely, only it's stony broke I am."

"I want to do it," said Bunter. "Under the circumstances, I should like to stand a feed, regardless of expence."

"To others?" suggested Bulstrode.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Bulstrode—"

"Well, there's nothing to stop you," said Bulstrode, with a grin. "Go ahead; and if you ask me nicely, I'll come."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, you see," said Bunter, blinking cautiously at the captain of the Remove, "there's a slight difficulty in the way. I was expecting a postal-order this afternoon, and it has been delayed in the post."

"Go hon!"

"It will come by the last post to-night, of course," said Bunter confidently. "The unfortunate thing is that that will be really too late to stand Todd a feed. Of course, I'm not thinking of myself in this matter."

"No; nobody could suspect you of thinking of yourself," agreed Russell gravely.

Bunter blinked at him suspiciously.

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"Well, if you fellows would like to advance me ten bob, and have my postal-order when it comes this evening, everything in the garden will be lovely," he said. "There's no doubt about the postal-order, you know; it's coming from a titled friend of mine."

"Any doubt about the titled friend?" asked Ogilvy.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Ogilvy—"

"Oh, buzz off, Bunter," said Bulstrode, "you make me tired! If you don't want to be bumped over, clear out! I'm fed-up with your blessed postal-order!"

"Same here," said Russell. "Buzz off, you fat duffer!"

"It's sure to come by to-night, really—"

"I don't think!"

"Oh, really, Russell—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter saw that he must adopt another method if he was to be successful. Bulstrode looked at him as if Bunter had been asking for his life. Billy Bunter blinked at Russell and Bulstrode before he resumed operations.

"You've no idea how much obliged I should be, you fellows," he said.

The smile Billy Bunter put on was a very creditable effort, but it did not soften Bulstrode's heart. He turned a deaf ear to the Owl of the Remove's importunities. Russell was an able second. He looked as if he favoured sweeping the floor with Billy Bunter.

"Please, Bulstrode," went on Bunter, looking very pathetically at the captain of the Remove. "I want it so badly, really, and the postal-order's sure to—"

"Be delayed in the post—eh, Bunt?" suggested Russell.

"Oh, really, Russell—"

"Don't make that row here," said Bulstrode. "And, as a matter of fact, I haven't got ten shillings in any case—"

"Oh, really, Bulstrode— I'm so sorry, but—"

Bulstrode and Russell greatly enjoyed Billy Bunter's fluctuating emotions.

"I was thinking I might manage with less, you fellows," went on Bunter. "What do you say to letting me have—"

"A thick ear, if you're not off!" said Bulstrode, advancing in Bunter's direction.

"Oh, really—"

"Scat!" said Bulstrode.

"You'll be sorry you did not allow me to explain, Bulstrode," said Billy Bunter, hastily placing a chair between himself and the Remove skipper.

"Lend the rotter a bob to be rid of him, Bulstrode," said Russell.

"Really, Russell—"

"By Jove, that's not a bad idea! I say, Bunter, I'll lend you a shilling if you'll knock Todd over when he comes in here. He's coming into the common-room shortly."

"Really, Bulstrode—"

"Accept or hook it, you beast!"

Billy Bunter had come in for ten shillings. To be reduced to one at a single blow is trying, surely. But he had sense enough to see it would be either that or nothing. Moreover, it occurred to him that upsetting Todd was a very easy way of earning the loan. Bulstrode and Russell, advancing upon him with decidedly unpropitiatory intentions, Bunter agreed hastily. After all, a shilling was a shilling, and he might be able to work the postal-order business on someone else afterwards.

"All right—all right!" he said. "I'll do it, Bulstrode. Ha, ha! Jolly easy thing—eh?"

Bulstrode and Russell grinned.

"Now you're talking, Bunter," said Russell gravely.

"I hope he comes soon, you fellows," said Billy Bunter. "I'm as hungry as anything, really. I say, Russell, would you mind going for Todd and tell him to buck up—"

Russell stared at Billy Bunter.

"You horrible beast!" said Russell. "Of all the rotten cheek!"

Billy Bunter blinked at him. He was apparently at a loss to understand where the cheek came in. To all appearances, he thought he had made a perfectly modest request.

Bulstrode laughed. Bunter waxed more indignant every moment.

"I say, you fellows," he began, "this is not a rotten trick, is it?"

He rose from his comfortable seat by the fire as he said it.

"Down!" said Bulstrode. "No, it isn't a trick, and you're not getting out of it now—"

"But Todd never did anything to me," said Billy Bunter, with sudden inspiration.

"You can't work that yarn on us, Bunt," said Bulstrode, laughing. "You've agreed to do this for a shilling, and you're going to do it."

"Oh, really, Bulstrode! It's worth two, you know—"

"Rats!"

"I say, how am I to know I shall ever get paid?" Billy Bunter had arisen from his chair again. Bulstrode and Russell forced him back into it as a footstep sounded outside in the passage.

"We'll pay you, you fat rotter!" said Bulstrode. "Give the game away, and we'll jolly well bump you the whole length of the passage after Todd goes!"

But—

"Shut up! Here he is!"

"If you don't pay me, you fellows—"

The door opened, and Billy Bunter left off talking, and, half-turning, saw Todd come into the common-room. Billy Bunter got up and walked towards him. He realised once again that a shilling was a shilling.

"Well, so-long, you chaps!" said Bunter.

But no sooner had he passed Todd than he whipped round and charged him in the back. He did not see that Todd was watching everything out of the corner of his eye, and when he charged it was as if he had suddenly collided with a rock.

With a terrific impact Billy Bunter crashed upon Todd, but Todd did not stir a hair's-breadth. Billy Bunter might as well have charged at full speed against a brick wall.

"My hat!" gasped Bulstrode. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Todd looked round. Billy Bunter had crashed to the floor and rolled under the table.

"Hallo! What was that?" he said cheerfully.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

A deep groan came from under the table.

The juniors in the common-room roared with laughter. The old Alonzo had often been bumped over by apparent

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"But you haven't bumped him over."

"Look here, Bulstrode—"

"You bumped yourself over," said Bulstrode. "I'm not going to give you a bob for doing that. Bump Todd over and get the bob; that's the bargain. There he is. Go and try again."

Bunter blinked at Bulstrode, and then blinked at Todd. But he did not try again. He would not have charged Todd again for many "bobs."

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Loder is Quite Annoyed.

TODD did not see Bolsover again that evening until the Remove went up to bed. In the dormitory the Remove bully looked very queerly at Todd, but he did not speak to him. Some of the juniors had expected trouble to begin again as soon as they met. But it did not. Bolsover had evidently had enough. He was only too pleased to let the Duffer of Greyfriars severely alone.

And Todd showed no signs whatever of wanting to crow over the fallen bully—in fact, he seemed quite to have forgotten Bolsover's existence. Loder, the prefect, saw lights out in the Remove dormitory in his usual cheerful and amiable way.

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accidents, but the new Alonzo was evidently not to be caught napping. Billy Bunter's weight had had no effect upon him. The Duffer's double had not stirred an inch from the spot where he was standing when the Owl of the Remove charged him.

Groan!

"Hallo! There's somebody under the table!" said Todd; and he stepped beside the table, and reaching under it with his foot, kicked out.

Biff! Biff!

"Yow-ow-oo! W-owww!"

Billy Bunter rolled out on the other side of the table.

"Ow!" he groaned. "Yow! Oh! Yah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Todd chuckled.

"You won't be such a funny merchant again, perhaps," he remarked.

"Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Todd turned away cheerfully. Bunter slowly and painfully raised himself to his feet, and limped away towards Bulstrode, who was yelling with laughter.

"I say, Bulstrode—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I've done it! Where's the bob? I shall want some refreshment after this!" groaned Bunter. "The beast is as strong as a horse. I wonder I didn't break something. Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hand me that bob, Bulstrode."

"What bob?" asked Bulstrode innocently.

"The bob you promised me for bumping Todd over!" howled Bunter.

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NEXT
TUESDAY: "BOLSOVER'S BROTHER!"

By FRANK RICHARDS.
Order Early.

"Come there!"

"Yes, you young rascal!"

"Rascal!"

"You silly ass!" roared Loder.

"Silly ass!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Stop that cackling!" roared Loder, glaring round at the juniors. "Todd, if you don't come here at once I'll break every bone in your body!"

"Body!"

It was too much. Loder rushed round the bed. Todd, with a nimbleness of which the Duffer of Greyfriars had never been believed capable, leaped over the bed, and by the time Loder was round it Todd was not there. The Removites roared again, and the prefect gasped with rage.

"Todd, you young scoundrel—"

"Scoundrel!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Loder plunged over the bed, and made a wild rush at Todd. Todd dashed away, with the prefect in full pursuit, down the full length of the long dormitory. Loder was red with rage, and his hands were clenched hard. There was a warm time in store for the Duffer of Greyfriars if the prefect laid hands upon him, and he was close behind, and Todd was being cornered in the end of the room.

"Look out, Toddy!" roared Bob Cherry. "Dodge him!"

"Dodge him, Toddy!"

"Hurrah!"

"Two to one on Todd!"

"I—I—I'll smash you!" panted Loder.

Todd dashed on till the end of the room stopped his further progress, and then he turned and ran right at Loder. The Sixth-Former stopped, prepared to receive him, and Todd broke away to the left like a Rugby three-quarter avoiding a tackle, and darted back along the dormitory. Loder swerved after him too late, and again the chase went from one end of the dormitory to the other. The juniors stood round roaring with laughter. Todd leaped upon a bed as Loder came close behind him, and continued his flight by leaping from one bed to another.

Bump! Bump! Bump!

Crash!

The juniors' beds were strong enough, but they were not built to stand usage of that sort. The fifth bed Todd jumped upon—Vernon-Smith's—collapsed under him as he landed upon it, and Todd went plunging through.

"Oh!" he roared.

His feet were tangled in whirling bedclothes, and he waved his arms wildly. Loder was upon him the next moment, and even the redoubtable Todd was unable to help himself.

Smack, smack, smack!

"Yow! Help! Oh!"

Smack, smack!

"Rescue!" roared Bob Cherry.

The Removites rushed to the rescue. Prefect or not, Loder could not be allowed to smack Todd right and left like that. A dozen pairs of hands fastened upon Loder, and he was dragged back bodily from his victim, and sent whirling across the dormitory. He staggered against the door, gasping for breath.

"Oh, you young villains!"

"Groo!" groaned Todd. "Ow, help me out! Oh!"

The juniors dragged Todd out of the ruined bed. He was very much shaken up, and his ears were burning from the heavy application of Loder's hands, but he was cool again in a moment. He rubbed his ears and grinned.

Loder made a movement towards him—and then paused. The Remove looked in a dangerous mood, and Loder had no desire to be pitched out of the dormitory. He could punish the juniors afterwards, but that would not compensate him for aching bones, and being made to look ridiculous.

"Got to bed at once, you young hounds!" he exclaimed.

And he stamped out of the dormitory.

Bob Cherry whistled softly.

"Loder's taking that pretty quietly," he remarked.

"Saving it up for Todd, more likely," said Harry Wharton.

Todd grinned.

"Oh, I don't mind!" he said.

Vernon-Smith looked at his bed and scowled.

"Look here, I'm not going to sleep in that bed," he exclaimed. "It's busted all through!"

"Too bad!" said Todd sympathetically.

"I can't sleep in it!" hooted the Bounder.

"No; looks to me as if you'll stay awake a lot."

"Look here—"

Loder opened the door. He had a scowl upon his face, and came in his hand.

"Are you kids in bed?"

The Remove turned in quickly enough. Vernon-Smith, growling under his breath, got into his wrecked bed and

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Loder, still scowling, turned out the light and retired. He gave Todd a very peculiar look as he went—a look which Todd perfectly understood. In the darkness the Duffer's double chuckled softly.

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Change for the Worse.

VERNON-SMITH sat up in bed and growled.

"Todd!"

There was a sound of deep breathing from Todd's bed. The Duffer of Greyfriars was apparently asleep.

"Todd!" shouted Vernon-Smith.

Snore!

"Todd, you ass!"

Snore!

"Look here, Todd; I can't sleep in this bed!"

Snore!

Vernon-Smith groped for his pillow, and it whirled through the air. He knew exactly where Todd's bed was, and he dropped the pillow with great skill upon Todd's face. There was a startled yell from Todd.

"Ow! Oh! Yarrooh!"

"Oh, you're awake now, are you?" grinned Vernon-Smith.

"Oh, you ass!"

"I can't sleep in this bed!" growled the Bounder. "You've busted it—the slats are coming through. I'm not going to try."

"I'm so sorry, my dear Smith!"

Vernon-Smith stepped out of bed.

"Your being sorry doesn't make me able to sleep on a busted bed!" he exclaimed. "Look here, you've got to change with me."

"Got to?" repeated Todd.

"Yes, got to!" said the Bounder savagely. "I'm not going to try and sleep on this. You busted my bed, and now you can sleep in it—if you can. See?"

"My dear Smith—"

"Are you going to change?"

"But it will spoil my night's rest."

"What about my night's rest?" roared Vernon-Smith.

"Dear me! I hadn't thought about that!" said Todd innocently.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at, you blithering asses!" said the Bounder. "Todd is going to let me have his bed, or I'll go down and complain to Mr. Quelch. I'm not going to have my night's rest spoiled for his rotten japes. He busted my bed; let him sleep in it!"

"Well, that's only fair, Todd," Bulstrode remarked.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, my dear Smith," said Todd.

"If you like to take it quietly, I'll read you a chapter of my Uncle Benjamin's book, 'The Story of a Potato—'"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "You'd sleep on a bed of tin-tacks, Smithy, if Todd reads Uncle Ben's book to you!"

"I should be so pleased, my dear Smith—"

Vernon-Smith did not make any verbal reply to Todd's generous offer. He rushed to Todd's bed, grasped the bedclothes with both hands, and tugged. They came off, and Todd gave a gasp as the cold draught struck him.

"My dear Smith—" he exclaimed.

"Now, are you going to let me have that bed, or are you not going to let me have that bed?" roared the Bounder.

"I think you will be sorry, my dear Smith, if you take my bed from me in this way," said Todd, in quite the meek tones of the old Alonzo.

"You'll be sorry if you don't let me have it!" growled Vernon-Smith savagely.

"I am quite willing to give it up to you, but—"

"Then let me have it, you ass!"

"But, my dear Smith—"

"I'm catching cold!" roared Vernon-Smith. "Will you get up, you blithering chump?"

"Oh, certainly!"

Todd turned out of bed with unexpected meekness. The old Alonzo, certainly, would have given up his bed to anybody. But since the change in him, Todd was not expected to yield so quietly to the hectoring demands of the Bounder. But perhaps Todd had his reasons. He stepped from the bed with a gentle meekness that Alonzo could never have surpassed in his best days.

"Very well, my dear Smith!" he said. "My Uncle Benjamin has always impressed upon me never to be selfish."

ANSWERS

In this week's "GEM" Library.
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If you really desire to have my bed, I will yield it to you quite cheerfully!"

"Oh, rats!" growled Vernon-Smith.

And he turned into Todd's comfortable bed and pulled the bedclothes over him. Todd stumbled in the darkness towards Vernon-Smith's bed. There was a gaping hollow in the middle of it, and certainly it did not look as if anyone would pass a comfortable night in it.

But Todd seemed to be easily contented. He stuffed up the hollow as well as he could, and rolled himself up in the bedclothes, and settled down for the night.

There was a quiet grin on his face, but in the darkness that could not be seen. He did not go to sleep. His wakeful eyes blinked into the darkness for a long time after the chatter of the juniors had died away.

A silence fell in the Remove dormitory at last. Eleven o'clock boomed out from the clock-tower, and the last voice had died away, and even Todd's wakeful eyes had closed.

Suddenly, in the silence and gloom of the dormitory, there was a terrific uproar.

"Oh! Ow! Yow! Help!"

Swish, swish, swish!

Harry Wharton jumped up in bed, in alarm. Every fellow in the dormitory had been awakened by the terrific yells.

There was a sound of wild struggling and squirming, and yelling, and roaring, mingled with angry exclamations.

"Take that, you young cad!"

"Ow, ow, ow!"

"And that—and that, you cheeky young rotter!"

"Ow, help! Oh! Yah!"

Swish, swish, swish!

Harry Wharton had recognised Loder's voice. And the yells were coming from the bed occupied by Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars. Wharton understood. He leaped out of bed with a shout.

"Loder!" he yelled. "The bully! Pile into him!"

"Hurrah!" shouted Bob Cherry, tumbling out of bed headlong. "Hurrah! Go for the cad!"

There were loud shouts as the Removites turned out. Frank Nugent struck a match and lighted a candle-end, and a dim light glimmered through the dormitory.

The swish, swish, swish of the cane was still heard.

"Take that, you—"

"Oh! Ow! Stop it! Help!"

In the dim candle-light Loder could be seen. He had Vernon-Smith by the shoulder with one hand, and with the other he was lashing him with the cane. The unprotected back of the Bounder of Greyfriars was receiving a lashing such as the Bounder had never experienced before, though he had been flogged more than once by the Head.

Vernon-Smith, hard as he was, was almost weeping with pain.

Loder gave a gasp as he saw the Bounder in the light. He lowered his right hand, and released the Bounder of Greyfriars with his left.

"W-w-what!" he gasped. "Wh-wh-what are you doing in Todd's bed, Vernon-Smith? I—I thought—"

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

"Go for Loder!" yelled Nugent.

A crowd of juniors armed with pillows and bolsters rushed upon the bully of the Sixth. But Loder had already backed away towards the door. The Sixth-Former realised his mistake, but it was too late to set it right now. He had known which was Todd's bed, and he had come into the dormitory after the juniors were asleep, to punish the Duffer of Greyfriars; but he had, as Fisher T. Fish put it, woke up the wrong passenger.

Vernon-Smith sat in bed groaning.

"Oh, oh, oh!"

Biff, biff!

Two powerful swipes with bolsters caught Loder before he could quite escape, and he was knocked out into the passage, and went sprawling. Harry Wharton slammed the door after him.

Todd sat up in the wrecked bed, and blinked at the groaning Bounder.

"I'm so sorry, my dear Smith!" he exclaimed. "You would change beds, you know, though I warned you that you would very likely be sorry for it!"

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

"You—you bounder, Todd!" gasped Wharton. "You guessed that Loder would be coming back with a cane, and that's why you let Smithy have your bed!"

Todd chuckled.

"I didn't give it to him," he replied. "He took it. I never asked him to change; and it's his own look out if it's turned out a change for the worse!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow!" groaned Vernon-Smith. "Yow! Groo!"

"Would you like to change back now, Smithy?" asked Todd. "I should be very pleased to change back, if you like!"

Vernon-Smith made no reply. With feelings too deep for

words, he settled down to sleep, but it was long before slumber came to him. Loder had laid the cane on well, and the Bounder of Greyfriars was tingling all over his skin from the castigation. The Remove grinned as they turned in, and a chuckle was heard to proceed from Todd's bed.

"The young sweep's as deep as a well!" said Bob Cherry, chuckling. "We used to think that Alonzo was simple. My hat!"

"Good-night, my dear schoolfellows!" came Todd's gentle voice. "If you would care for me to read you a chapter from my Uncle Benjamin's book, 'The Story of a Potato—'"

"Br-r-r-r!"

"Or I could give you a sketch of the history of the potato, from memory," said Todd. "The history of the potato, from the seed to the saucepan—"

"Shut up!"

"In the first place, the seed is planted in the ground—"

"Dry up!" roared the juniors.

"I am thinking of Smith, my dear Form-fellows. Smith, perhaps, would like to be soothed to sleep. My dear Smith—"

"Oh, go and eat coke!" growled Vernon-Smith.

"Ahem! Then I will go to sleep!" said Todd.

And he did.

THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

One Good Turn Deserves Another.

TODD was the cynosure of all eyes on the following morning when he came down with the Remove to breakfast. The exploits of the once-inoffensive Duffer of Greyfriars were the talk of the school. He was the hero of the juniors, and even the Fifth looked upon him with respect, and the Sixth regarded him with a suspicious eye. They had an eye upon Todd; they could not help suspecting that if he went on like this, they would have trouble with him. And undoubtedly they were quite right. Loder had had trouble with him already.

But Todd looked as good as gold as he sat at the breakfast-table. And in the Form-room, where the juniors had hoped to see him "rag" the Form-master, he was very meek with Mr. Quelch. Perhaps he remembered how the Remove-master had laid on the cane the previous afternoon when he had unintentionally taken Alonzo's punishment. Or perhaps he felt that a Form-master was too great a personage to be japed. At all events, the juniors, who were looking forward to fun in the Form-room, were not gratified. Todd acted as if he were bent upon winning golden opinions.

After morning school Todd strolled out into the Close with Harry Wharton & Co. He passed Coker, Potter, and Greene of the Fifth, and they looked at him very queerly, but they did not speak to him. They strolled on with looks of great dignity, as became grandees of the Upper School.

Todd grinned.

"Coker!" he called out.

Coker turned his head majestically.

"Well?" he demanded.

"My dear Coker, I am so sorry to bother you, but would you mind answering a question?" said Todd, in his meekest tones.

"All serene!" said Coker. "What is it?"

"Where did you get that face?"

"Eh?"

"Where did you dig up those features?"

Coker turned crimson. He was about to rush upon Todd; but he remembered his previous experience, and strode away instead. The Removites gave a roar of laughter.

"I'll smash that young cub!" said Coker, to his friends.

"Of course, I could lick him quite easily, but it's undignified for a Fifth-Former to fight a Remove lad!"

Greene winked at the sky, and Potter closed one eye—the eye that was farther away from Coker.

"Exactly!" said Potter.

"Oh, quite!" murmured Greene.

"Besides, I'm really afraid I should hit him too hard, and do him some injury," Coker remarked.

"Ye-o-es," assented Greene.

"Or you might squeeze him frightfully hard and hurt him!" suggested Potter, with an innocent look.

Coker frowned.

"If you're going to be funny—" he said.

"Of course, he ought to be downed!" said Greene hastily.

"We shall have the Remove getting their ears up like anything. I'll tell you what," he added, lowering his voice cautiously.

"Well, what?" growled Coker.

"Let's go and wreck his blessed study, while he's out!" said Potter.

"Good egg!" said Coker.

And the Fifth-Form trio went quickly into the House. Todd looked after them with a grin. Perhaps he had a suspicion of the cause of Coker & Co.'s sudden departure, for he turned his eyes upon the range of the Remove study windows.

"Which is Todd's study?" he asked.

"Eh?"

"I mean which—which is my study?" stammered Todd.

"Which window is it?"

The chums of the Remove stared at him.

"Do you mean to say you don't know your own study window?" roared Bob Cherry.

"The fifth in the row, if you've forgotten it," said Harry Wharton. "Why, my hat, there's Coker there! Look!"

Todd grinned.

"Yes, rather!" he remarked. "My dear friend Coker has gone to my study. I think upon the whole it would be only kind to go to his while he is there."

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"Those bounders will wreck your study," he remarked.

"Oh, I don't mind," said Todd cheerily. "I shan't want it after to-day—I mean, I—I don't mind at all. Come on!"

He led the way. Todd seemed to have got quite into the habit of leading, already.

In a few minutes he was in the Fifth-Form passage, and had opened the door of Coker's study. The Removites crowded into the room.

"Now, then, buck up!" said Todd, in a business-like tone.

"Good!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Removites bucked up. They were experts in this sort of thing. Coker's study was very well furnished, for Coker had plenty of money, and Coker was the pet of a maiden aunt, who often sent him things for his study. But by the time the chums of the Remove had been at work for five minutes, the study looked as if a particularly desperate gang of removal men had been at work on it.

The table was overturned, and the ashpan from the grate was emptied on the carpet, the bookcase was laid on its back, and the books and papers scattered over the floor. The cupboard was emptied, and crockery and eatables scattered about the room, and jam and marmalade were smeared with liberal hands upon furniture and papers.

The Removites stood in the midst of the wreck, and surveyed the work of their hands with just pride.

"My hat!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "I think Coker will like this when he comes in. Ha, ha, ha!"

The door opened, and Blundell of the Fifth put his head in.

"I say, Coker—" he began.

Then he paused.

He stared at the juniors, and at the wrecked study, with an expression of almost idiotic amazement and bewilderment.

"M-m-my only aunt!" he gasped.

The Removites made a rush for the door. They did not want Blundell to give the alarm, and bring a crowd of the Fifth to corner them there. Blundell was rushed out of the study, and bumped over in the passage, and the Removites ran for the stairs.

"My hat!" stuttered Blundell. "What will Coker say? Goodness!"

Harry Wharton & Co. paused in the lower hall, and took breath. Five minutes later Coker and Potter and Greene came down. Coker grinned at the chums of the Removites.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Where have you been?"

"Giving Todd a look in," said Coker blandly. "I dare say Todd will be a bit surprised when he sees his study, and he may learn not to cheek the Fifth. What?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker & Co. stared at the juniors in amazement. They did not exactly see where the laugh came in, so far as the Removites were concerned.

"What are you cackling about, you young duffers?" exclaimed Coker, in surprise.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I dare say you will be a bit surprised when you see your study, too, my dear Coker," said Todd. "and you may learn not to cheek the Remove. What?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker stared, and his face assumed an expression of alarm. He ran off towards the Fifth-Form passage and Potter and Greene followed fast. They shared that study with Horace Coker.

"Now listen for squalls!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors did not have to wait long. From the direction of Coker's study came a terrific roar. Coker had discovered the wreck.

"Time we walked away to fresh fields and pastures new, I think," murmured Todd.

"Ha, ha! Yes!"

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

"HIS FALSE POSITION!"

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And the chums of the Remove strolled into the dining room, where dinner was nearly ready. Coker & Co. came tearing back into the hall, and Coker had a cricket stump in his hand. He glared round for the juniors.

"Where's Todd?" he roared.

"I say, you fellows—"

Coker grasped Billy Bunter by the collar, and snook him.

"Where's Todd?" he yelled.

"Ow! Oh, really, Coker!"

"Where's Todd?" roared Coker, shaking the Owl of the Remove till his spectacles slid down his fat little nose.

"Ow! I—I say, d-d-don't sh-sh-shake me like that you know, or you'll make my pig-glasses fall off, you know, and if they get broken you'll have to pip-pip-pay for them, gasped Billy Bunter.

"Where's Todd?"

"I-t-t-todd is in the di-di-dining-room. Ow! Beast!"

Coker dropped Bunter on the floor, and rushed into the dining-room, cricket stump in hand, breathing vengeance. The awe-inspiring figure of Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, met him just inside, and Coker stopped short, gasping, and looking decidedly sheepish. Mr. Prout lent a very severe look upon his promising pupil.

"Coker!" he thundered.

"Ye-e-es, sir!"

"What were you going to do with that stump?"

"N-n-nothing, sir."

"Then take it away, Coker, and take a hundred lines, too," said Mr. Prout, majestically.

"Oh!"

And Coker, snorting with rage, retired.

THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

Two of Them.

AFTER school that day, Harry Wharton & Co. carried off Todd to tea in No. 1 Study. While Todd, Wharton, and Nugent were preparing the tea, Bob Cherry made his way to the tuckshop for further supplies. About the same time, a well-known figure approached the gates of Greyfriars from the direction of Courtyard, in the dusk of the early winter evening.

It was the figure of Alonzo.

The Duffer of Greyfriars was returning. Whether his Cousin Peter was still at Greyfriars Alonzo did not know. But it was time for him to return, and he was returning.

As a matter of fact, he was not thinking very much about Cousin Peter. He had been reading his Uncle Benjamin's valuable book in the train, and he was still thinking about the wonderful knowledge he had gained of the experiences of that succulent vegetable, the potato, in its progress from the seed to the saucepan. Alonzo reached the gates of the school, and was greeted with a stare by Gosling, the porter.

"Ho!" said Gosling. "I didn't see you go hout!"

"My dear Gosling—"

"My hat!"

The ejaculation came from Coker. Coker, Greene, and Potter were in the Close, and they caught sight of Alonzo as he came in. They stared at him blankly.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Potter. "I'd almost swear I saw him go upstairs with Wharton."

"My dear Greene—"

"Where have you come from?" demanded Coker.

"From Courtyard, my dear Coker!"

"Rats! I saw you here not ten minutes ago, anyway!" growled Coker.

"You are labouring under a misapprehension, my dear Coker. I—"

"Collar him, anyway," said Potter. "We'll bump him now for wrecking the study."

"Yes, rather!"

"My dear fellows! Oh—ow—yarrrooooo!"

Bump—bump!

Coker & Co. had hold of Alonzo, and they were bumping him in deadly earnest. Todd roared and gasped, as he was bumped, and bumped again. His hat flew in one direction, and the valuable volume from Uncle Benjamin in another. The Fifth-Formers pumped him till they were tired. Alonzo was tired first!

"There!" gasped Coker. "Now perhaps you won't cheek the Fifth again, and wreck a fellow's study!"

"M-m-my dear Coker!"

"Br-r-r-r!" said Coker.

And the Fifth-Formers walked away, feeling very satisfied with themselves. Alonzo Todd staggered to his feet, in a state of profoundest astonishment. What had caused the sudden and unaccountable outbreak of Coker & Co. he could not imagine. It really seemed as if they had taken leave of their senses. Alonzo gathered up his book and his hat, and in his mental confusion put the book on his head, and the hat under his arm. Then he discovered his mistake, and changed them, gasping for breath the while.

"Dear me!" he murmured. "This is very, very strange. My Uncle Benjamin would be shocked at Coker's violent conduct—nay, disgusted. It is really very singular indeed."

And Alonzo, sorely amazed, walked across the Close. Bob Cherry, with bundles under each arm, came sprinting from the tuckshop, and he almost ran into Alonzo. He stopped, and looked at him in surprise.

Hallo, hallo, hallo!" he exclaimed. "I thought you were helping to get the tea!"

"My dear Cherry—"
"Come up to the study," said Bob, leading the way. "I've got the grub here."

Oh certainly, my dear Cherry."
Alonzo stared after Bob, as he strode on, in amazement. "It is very kind of Cherry to ask me to tea in this way," he murmured. "I am somewhat hungry, and shall go. Dear me how cross Bolsover looks!" added Alonzo, as he entered the School House and came upon the bully of the Remove.

"Bolsover scowled at him.

"My dear Bolsover," said Alonzo mildly. "I hope there is nothing the matter. I—oh!"

Bolsover knocked his hat over his eyes, and walked away. Todd gathered up his hat, and stood holding it in his hand, and blinking in amazement. Loder, the prefect, came out of his study as he stood there, and almost ran into him.

"Now, then, get out of the way!" he roared.

"My dear Loder, oh—"

Loder bestowed a push upon the Duffer of Greyfriars, and Alonzo sat down. Loder walked away, leaving the Duffer sitting there, overcome with astonishment.

"Dear me!" murmured Alonzo. "I—I think all Greyfriars has become insane during my absence. I do not understand this at all."

And Alonzo picked himself up ruefully, and ascended the stairs to the Remove passage.

Bob Cherry had preceded him there. Bob had both of his arms full of bundles, and he stopped outside the door of No. 1 Study, and kicked.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Open the door!" he called out.

The door was opened from within by Todd.

Bob Cherry jumped.

He had cause to be surprised, as he had just left Alonzo downstairs, and Todd's double opened the study door to him.

"M-m-my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry, turning quite pale.

He staggered back, and the parcels under his arms slid down and crashed to the floor.

There was a cracking sound from one of them.

Todd looked at him in astonishment.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

"Oh, you're—you're alive!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Alive! What do you mean, you ass!"

"I—I—I just saw you downstairs, and now you're here!"

gasped Bob. "I—I—which of you is a ghost?"

And Bob staggered dazedly into the study, watching Todd nervously. Todd grinned. He guessed that Alonzo had returned. He picked up the fallen parcels, and brought them into the study. Wharton and Nugent were staring at Bob Cherry in astonishment.

"What's the matter, Bob?" Wharton demanded.

Bob Cherry panted.

"I—I've just seen Todd's ghost!" he gasped.

"Rats!"

"I tell you—"

There was a knock at the door, and it was gently opened. The surprised and inoffensive face of the Duffer of Greyfriars peered in.

"My dear fellows—"

Wharton and Nugent jumped up.

"Todd! What—what—"

"Peter!" gasped Alonzo.

"Alonzo!" grinned Peter.

The chums of the Remove stared dazedly from one to the other.

"Two of 'em!" shrieked Bob Cherry. "You—you bouncers! What does this mean? What's the little game?"

"My dear Peter!"

"Peter!" yelled Harry Wharton.

"This is my Cousin Peter," said Alonzo mildly. "He came back here instead of me, yesterday, and I paid a visit to my Aunt Portia at Acacia Lodge instead of Peter. I—"

"Oh!"

The chums of the Remove understood. Peter chuckled.

"It was a little jape!" he exclaimed. "It's all up now!"

"You—you—you bouncer!" roared Bob Cherry. "So you've taken us in! You're not Alonzo! You cheeky bouncer! You—"

"You see—"

"Oh, bump him!"

"Look here. Oh, oh, oh!"

The chums of the Remove collared the practical joker. They bumped him, and bumped him till his yell rang along the Remove passage, and brought a crowd of juniors to the study door. Loud were the exclamations of the Removites, in every tone of amazement, as they saw the two cousins.

"There, you blessed impostor!" gasped Bob Cherry, at

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NEXT

TUESDAY:

"BOLSOVER'S BROTHER!"

By FRANK RICHARDS.

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ONE
PENNY.

last. "You can jape Coker and Loder, and anybody you like, but you mustn't jape the Remove!"

"Ow!" stuttered Cousin Peter. "Ow!"

Harry Wharton burst into a laugh.

"It's all serene," he said. "It was a jolly good jape, when you come to think of it. And it was funny! Tea's ready."

Peter Todd grinned. His coolness had not deserted him. He dusted his clothes, and sat down at the tea-table.

"All serene!" he said. "Pass the ham!"

"My dear Peter—"

"Pass the bread-and-butter!"

And while a continual procession of amazed juniors came and went in the passage, to stare in at the two Todds, the chums of the Remove sat down to tea with the Duffer of Greyfriars and the Duffer's double.

THE END.

(Next week's grand, long complete Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars will be entitled 'BOLSOVER'S BROTHER!' To avoid disappointment, order your copy of 'THE MAGNET' Library now. Price 1d.)

NEW STORYETTES!

Husband: "You are quite comfortable, dear?"

Wife: "Yes, love."

"The cushions are easy and soft?"

"Yes, darling."

"You don't feel any jolts?"

"No, sweetest."

"And there is no draught on my lamb, is there?"

"No, my sweet own."

"Then change seats with me."

"We should always help people to look on the bright and hopeful side of things."

"My sentiments exactly," replied the grocer briskly.

"That's why I always put the rosy apples at the top of the basket."

They had just been married, and they looked it. They marched up the railway platform as if it were a church aisle. They had peeped in half the carriages of the train, but they all seemed full. The guard blew his whistle, and the young man made a dash for the nearest compartment.

"Do you think we could squeeze in here, darling?" he cried.

She plucked him bashfully by the arm.

"Oh, Charlie!" she murmured. "Don't you think we'd better wait till we get home?"

A lady sitting by an open window listening to the grasshoppers. A choir rehearsing in a neighbouring church. A gentleman stopping in front of the window to speak.

He (referring to the choir): "They are making a great deal of noise to-night."

She (referring to the grasshoppers): "Yes; and do you know it is claimed they do it with their hind legs?"

"Well, Jim," said Bingleton, as he proudly showed off his first-born, "what do you think of that for a strapping lad?"

"He's a fine youngster," returned Jim; unemotionally.

"Think he looks like me, old man?" persisted Bingleton.

"H'm! Well—er—ah—hum—well, Bill—well, old, pal, to tell the truth, I'm afraid he does!" replied the embarrassed Jim.

The Man: "You told the census man you were thirty?"

The Woman: "Yes, dear; I told the truth."

The Man: "But when you married me, a year ago, you said you were twenty-two!"

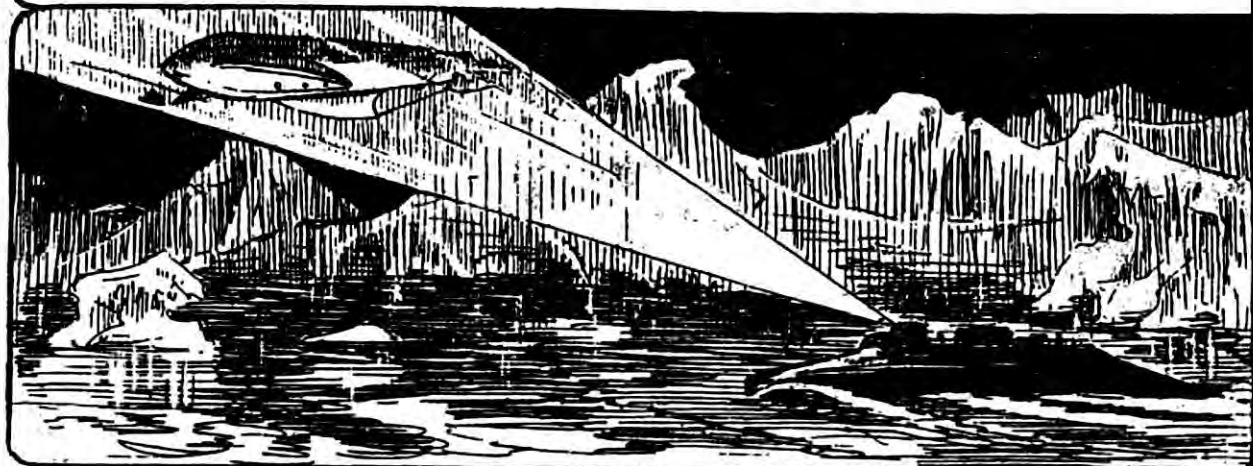
The Woman: "How time flies when one is happy!"

Gentleman (who has just picked up a sovereign, to tramp who lays claim to it): "But how can you prove that it belongs to you?"

Tramp: "Why, guv'nor, you can see for yerself, I've got a 'ole in me pocket!"

"BEYOND THE ETERNAL ICE!"

A Thrilling Story of the Amazing Adventures of Ferrers Lord, Millionaire, Ching-Lung, and Rupert Thurston.
By SIDNEY DREW.



THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

When Professor Hugley, the renowned American scientist, startled 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 wins the race by 14 hrs. 28 mins., and finds at the Pole a beautiful city called Shazana, inhabited by a strange race of people, and governed by a king named Vathmoor.

When the airship arrives, the papers certifying that the race has been truly and fairly won are signed. Esteban Gacchio, who is a bitter enemy of the Chinese prince, captures Ching-Lung and takes him on board the Cloud King. Ferrers Lord and Gan-Waga set out, separately, to rescue him. The three meet in an ice cave, which Ching-Lung has entered to escape from his pursuers, and are sitting over a fire of moss, when a voice sounds over the ice: "Shoot, Jose, shoot! I've hit him hard!"

(Now go on with the story.)

How the Crew of the Cloud King Were Captured.

Then the door of the snow hut collapsed, and Gan-Waga shouted as he felt himself flung into the air and carried forward on the back of the shaggy bear.

The brute, one leg broken by the bullet, went floundering wildly through the fire.

Gan-Waga rolled off his strange steed.

Scorched, terrified, and making the cavern resound with its howls, the bear hobbled forward.

"Carajo! He's gone in here! Throw me some cartridges. I've only one. Throw—"

It was Miguel, rifle in hand. He leapt into the cave.

Ching-Lung sprang upon him, and wrapped both sinewy arms around the man's neck.

Miguel's starting eyes rolled in horror as he saw the tall figure of Ferrers Lord.

He offered no resistance. He was quite dazed and limp with fear.

They tied his arms and legs and gagged him. Then they looked at each other.

"We must get away!" said Ferrers Lord.

"But the fire? They will see that. And we can't hide that fellow, or take him with us."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 205.

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

"HIS FALSE POSITION!"

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

"Yes, can," put in Gan-Waga-quickly. "Snow no choke people!"

He flung away the heaps of moss, trampled out the fire and put snow over it.

Ching-Lung helped him.

"Death of my life, where are you, Miguel?"

Someone was descending the ice-cliff outside.

"Man, too," said Gan-Waga. "Cover him up!"

More snow was piled over the Spaniard.

"No tread on it," went on the Eskimo. "Keep round sides. It all right now. He not able yell or kick, and snow not choke him. He breff easily 'nough, lovely! Now hunk!"

They did not go far, but crouched down behind a jutting mass of ice.

Gan-Waga had carried out his scheme well, and obliterated every trace of the fire.

Ferrers Lord gripped his rifle in readiness.

"Hang, where are you?"

A man stood at the mouth of the cave. It was Jose.

"Hands up!"

Ferrers Lord's voice rang through the cavern.

Jose saw the tall figure, saw the levelled rifle pointing at his heart, and his jaw dropped.

He flung his hands above his head, his dark face full of fear.

"Si, si, senor!" he gasped. "I surrender—I surrender!"

"I can quite believe that," drawled Ferrers Lord. "Gan-Waga, I shall want more hide."

Gan-Waga beamed, gurgled, and laughed.

"Get you 'nough to hang him, sah. Pla' music, Chingy. Me feel so joymousful!"

Ching-Lung grinned.

"We'll catch them all if we go on like this," he said. "He's the gentleman with the earrings I knocked over. Keep your hands up, please. Ah, would you?"

Jose ducked, getting Ching-Lung between himself and the rifle, and made a clutch at the hilt of his knife. A revolver-barrel pressed against his chest sent them up again.

"Don't be too gentle, Gan," said Ching-Lung. "Tie them fairly tight, and I'll make you a present of his earrings. If he wears such ladies' trinkets he can't object to bracelets. Here's his knife. Hands straight out now, and palms together. That's the way, thank you!"

Gan-Waga pulled the last knot with his teeth, and Jose was helpless.

"This is rather exciting," said the millionaire, smiling faintly. "How many men are left?"

"Not more than five."

Ferrers Lord shook his head.

"Eight, at least, Ching."

"Not more than five, old chap. I'd wager my pigtail on that!"

"Impossible, Ching. Surely you are mistaken."

"Then ask the fellow yourself."

Ferrers Lord put the question, but Jose's answer was a surly oath.

He cursed again as Gan-Waga dragged Miguel roughly from his snowy concealment.

"I don't understand you, Ching," drawled the millionaire.

"Then I'll explain. Didn't Sir Clement say they only had a crew of nine?"

"Exactly. With Paraira and Gacchio, eleven in all."

"Well," said Ching-Lung, "two men are dead; two are down with wounds, and too helpless to count, and we have two prisoners. Count that up, and my pigtail goes for ever if three two's are less than six. Take six from eleven, and the result is five. That's mental arithmetic for you!"

"But—" said the millionaire.

"Oh, go home and learn to count, my boy!" laughed Ching-Lung. "You're not fit to come out and capture air-steps. You don't know your business."

He suddenly became serious, and gripped the millionaire's hand.

Old chap, I've got the Cloud King in a corner for you, and you've only got to collar it. She can't get away, for I've blown the deck-house and steering-gear out of her, and Shazana is safe."

The millionaire returned the grip.

"Lucky Ching-Lung," he said; "you're the best of us all."

That was all the praise Ching-Lung received, and he asked no more. They understood each other too well. The two sulky prisoners were squatting on the ice side by side.

"We may as well go on with the rat-catching," said Ching-Lung. "No doubt the others will come to look for them. We can use the chap with the earrings as a bait. The other one seems to have just enough pluck to be stubborn. You can speak Spanish, so you can bait the trap. Earrings first."

Aided by the muscular Gan-Waga, he gagged Jose and carried him out of sight behind a jutting piece of ice. Miguel was ungagged and dumped down beside him.

Would more of the crew come?

It was a long and dreary wait.

"I'm afraid my rat-trap won't work," said Ching-Lung. "Those blackguards don't love each other. I never met such a gang of cold-blooded villains in my life!"

"Granted, Ching!" said Ferrers Lord. "But I think they will come. Common protection demands it now. If they abandon these two men they abandon their last chance. They are terribly short-handed, both for repairing the vessel and working it."

"Then they'll search as soon as they get alarmed."

"If I wore a pigtail I would even stake that on it," drawled Ferrers Lord.

"They'll grab the bait, old chap," whispered the prince.

"Listen! By hokey, here's a rat!"

A far-away cry drifted through the snowy air.

"Hola! Jose! Miguel! Hola, hola!"

The sound came from above their heads. Miguel cowered back as the muzzle of the revolver pressed against his temple.

"Answer!" hissed Ferrers Lord. "But play no tricks. Quick, answer!"

"Hola! Juan! Hola!"

The man's terrified voice died in his throat.

"Louder, fool!"

"Hola! Juan! Hola, Stephano!"

"Louder still!"

Again Miguel's cry rang out, and was heard.

"Where are you?"

"Malediction, down here in the cave! I have—"

"Hurt myself. I cannot move!" muttered Ferrers Lord, in Spanish. "Come to me, camarados!"

Miguel repeated the words, prompted by the pressure of the steely tube. The rescuers had reached the head of the cliff, and the sight of the steep descent made them curse volubly. They had been drinking again. There were three of them, and they debated loudly.

Ferrers Lord handed the revolver to Ching-Lung, and crept to the mouth of the cave.

"They have gone back for a rope," he said; "all three of them."

Ching-Lung chuckled.

"Give me some cartridges, old chap!"

"What for?"

"I'll go the other way. They won't all come down, but two may. While you collar them, I'll arrange matters with the third chap. He'll be a bit too preoccupied to notice me. Then, if I can persuade him to stay with us, we can visit the Cloud King at once."

"Excellent, my boy!" drawled Ferrers Lord. "But take no risks, and 'ware that bear!"

"The only thing I'll take is a cigarette, if you can spare a bare one. Thanks, old chap!"

The revolvers were luckily of the same calibre, and, loading his, Ching-Lung lighted a cigarette, and slapped Gan-Waga on the back.

"Me come, too?"

"No, lardy one, you can't. You've got to look after the rats. Good-bye, barrel!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 205.

"Good-bye, Chingy!"

"Chingy, forsooth!" said Ching-Lung. "That's a nice name for an oily, lard-swallowing Eskimo savage to call a prince who rules over thirty-five thousand loyal subjects. I'll have your head, for high treason. You forget that I'm his Imperial Highness."

"How high, Chingy?" murmured Gan-Waga.

"About as high as an Imperial pint pot, Gan. Here's another cigar. So-long!"

Ching-Lung fled away in the highest spirits. When he had scaled the path, he halted to have another look at his terrific leap. He made up his mind never to risk another jump like that except on the level.

He went swiftly along the cavern, but slackened his pace as he approached the entrance. A tent had been erected under the shelter of the icy roof, and a fire was burning upon a sheet of metal that was propped up on wooden logs.

Ching-Lung stopped. A man was sitting beside the fire on a heap of blankets. He had his back toward the prince. A gaudy handkerchief was knotted loosely round his head, and Ching-Lung saw the butt and muzzle of a rifle he had upon his knee.

He had a bottle beside him, which he occasionally raised to his lips. If the man happened to be alone it would be easy enough to stalk and capture him. But was he alone? Was the tent empty?

It was wiser to wait until the matter was settled definitely, but Ching-Lung reflected that he might have to wait there until he froze before the tent revealed its secret. If it held an occupant, that occupant might be asleep, or too intoxicated to reveal his presence by speech or movement.

There was still another question on which much depended. He had to calculate how long it would take for the others to secure the ropes and make the descent. A blunder in this would have awkward results. Had they gone to the head of the ravine already?

No; he could hear voices. Two men stopped before the mouth of the cave. One carried a coil of stout rope; the other a sledgehammer and an iron bar.

Ching-Lung had counted wrongly. There were six men.

"Come on! We want you! The half-breed is dead to the world."

The owner of the gaudy handkerchief swore.

"Can't you do without me?" he growled.

"No. We want you to manage the rope. Let the drunken pig lie!"

Ching-Lung chuckled to himself.

The man rose, swearing volubly, and reeled away with the others.

"Two and three are five," he muttered, "and the sleepy gentleman in the tent makes six. That's more than a nap hand; and, by the ghost of McGinty, we look like getting all the tricks!"

Until the murmur of voices died away he did not move. Then he ran lightly towards the tent, and, dropping on his hands and knees, crawled round it and peeped in.

"Sleep, dear heart—sleep on!" he grinned. "Ah, look at that seraphic smile! He must be dreaming of me!"

The great hulking half-breed lay in a drunken slumber, his long black hair matted about his bullet-head. Like Jose, he wore earrings. He had the true Red Indian nose, and the thin lips and high cheekbones of the red man. He wore deer-skin breeches, and moccasins trimmed with horsehair, and even in sleep his hand clutched the handle of an ugly bowie-knife.

"Not what you call handsome!" thought Ching-Lung. "But none of them, except Paraira, would win any gold medals at a beauty-show. Sleep on, fairy, sleep on!"

He crept out of the cave and carefully walked up on the pass. The men were having a noisy argument. Then there was a momentary silence, followed by a ringing sound of hammer-blows, and silence again, and still more angry words.

Ching-Lung fled like a shadow. They were coming back.

Had the plan failed? Were they going to abandon Jose and his comrade?

They staggered into the cave, and he understood, as one of them thrust an iron bar into the fire. The ice was too hard, and it only chipped under their blows. They squatted round the fire again, waiting for the bar to heat, and recommenced drinking.

He could hear every word they said.

"I've had about enough of it!" growled one. "I tell you the game's up!"

"But why is the game up, Sebastian?"

"Because we have let that pigtailed beast slip—because we've let him cripple us! Jose was right. Carajo, if he gets away—"

"But how can he get away, fool? He must pass here!"

"Carajo! You're dragging me with you, and leaving the place unguarded!"

"Bah! Is not the tent enough, and the fire? How will he know there is nobody here to watch him? Talk sense, Sebastian! He cannot see through canvas, can he? And then there is snow. He has no boots, and we can easily follow him after we have found the other fools! He'll be frostbitten and helpless. Drink, you prophet of evil—drink!"

Sebastian needed no encouragement to do that. Ignorant of the keen eyes that followed them, they drained a bottle of brandy.

The bar glowed red-hot as they dragged it from the fire and lurched away.

Like a shadow Ching-Lung fitted after them.

The bar hissed as they pressed it down, and sank six inches into the ice at the head of the cliff. Sebastian swung the hammer. He was the soberest of them all.

In five minutes the bar was rigid. They tossed up a coin to decide who should descend first.

To Ching-Lung's delight, the lot fell to Sebastian. He saw the red handkerchief vanish.

After a time the second man followed.

In a few seconds Ching-Lung was back in the tent. A glance assured him that the report of a cannon would not arouse this drunken brute from his stupor. He unclasped the man's fingers from the hilt of the bowie-knife, and drew the ugly weapon from its sheath. There was a length of convenient cord dangling from the tent-pole. He bound the man securely, and, to make escape impossible, dropped a slipknot over his neck, and tied the other end to a block of ice.

"This is what I call getting my own back!" he giggled. "I was caught myself, but the capture of five makes up for that. The luxurious ruffians! Cigars and brandy galore! I'll have a tot and a smoke. Tea and a kettle, too! Tea for me!"

The kettle soon boiled, and Ching-Lung regaled himself with a pannikin of milkless tea and a cigar. It was a small tent, and the pole was kept erect by blocks of ice. Blocks of ice also kept the canvas in place, for it was utterly impossible to drive in pegs.

"They ought to be collared by now!" muttered his Highness. "I'll have another look at him."

The man was leaning drunkenly on the bar. He had no weapons that Ching-Lung could see. He shouted something in Spanish, and there was an answer from below.

"Not nailed yet!" grinned Ching-Lung. "Well, I can wait, and it's more comfy inside."

He warmed himself at the fire.

A cry rang through the frosty air. A rifle cracked, and Ching-Lung dashed out.

The man was rushing wildly down the path, for often a drunken man can run well. Ching-Lung sprang back, and, with two swift, circular cuts, made two holes in the canvas. Then he gripped the tent-pole, and the canvas dragged round him as he freed it from the lumps of ice.

The holes he had cut permitted him to see. He rushed out of the cave.

A yell of terror broke from the man's lips as he saw the weird object flying towards him. He stopped dead, white with fear.

The uncanny apparition stopped, too, and began to rock backwards and forwards. Then it grew taller.

"Mercy! Mercy!"

Ching-Lung seized the pole with both hands and lowered it again. Up it went once more and fell with a thud on the man's head.

"Got him!" murmured a choked voice. "Let's investigate the damage."

He struggled out of the canvas.

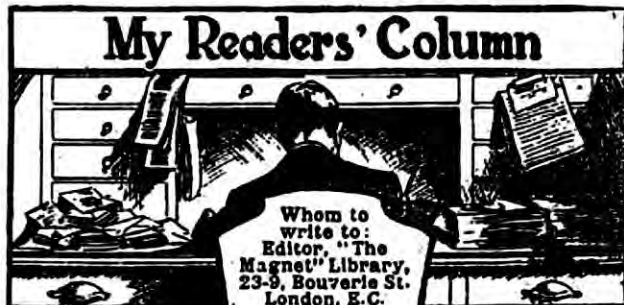
The blow had merely dazed the man, though it had felled him.

He sprang up, with a fierce yell of rage, as he saw the grinning face of Ching-Lung, and put his hands to his belt.

"Now, don't show your nastiness!" laughed the prince. "Seen a toy like this before?"

He levelled his revolver. The man shrank back, gnashing his teeth.

(Another splendid long instalment of this thrilling serial next Tuesday. Don't miss the magnificent adventure serial entitled: "Wings of Gold," by Sidney Drew, which is just starting in our companion paper, "THE GEM" Library. Now on sale. Price One Penny.)



FOR NEXT TUESDAY.

Our next grand story of the chums of Greyfriars is entitled "BOLSOVER'S BROTHER," by Frank Richards

The mystery which surrounds the fate of the younger brother of the burly bully of the Remove is cleared up, and a most startling fact comes to light in connection with the identity of a little ragged street urchin, who, by a strange turn of Fortune's wheel, finds himself at Greyfriars. It is safe to say that the amazing discovery of

"BOLSOVER'S BROTHER" surprises no one so much as Bolsover himself!

From This Week's Postbag.

The way THE MAGNET Library is going ahead and increasing in popularity amongst all the best of the youth of the kingdom is absolutely wonderful, and enough to delight the heart of any editor. By every post I get shoals of correspondence, the tone of which indicates clearly the unique place which the good old MAGNET occupies in the hearts of its readers. Here are two instances:

R. B., of Mildmay Park, N., says: "My word! I really think that Christmas Double Number of yours was the best collection of reading matter ever published—and I have read a good few books, too!"

The second selection is a postcard from T. G. T., of Liverpool, from which the following is an extract:

"I have bought 'The Gem' and THE MAGNET since they first came out, and I have a brother in Canada who always insists upon my sending 'The Gem' and THE MAGNET every week. I buy my papers as soon as they come out, and I can't wait for the newsgate to bring them round. I may honestly say that your two weeklies have taken such a part in my life for the past three years that, should they ever fail to appear, I should mourn them as dear friends."

I am sure you would, T. G. T., and so would many another true chum. But as the catastrophe you mention is not very likely to happen, I hope, for many years yet, it is hardly worth worrying over the prospect.

From a Youthful Chum.

Here is an interesting letter expressing the feelings and opinions of a boy reader living in the "auld town" of Edinburgh:

"Dear Editor,—Being a constant reader of your excellent papers, THE MAGNET and 'The Gem' Libraries, I should like to let you know what I think of them. THE MAGNET is a champion paper to have in your possession. I procure it every week, and after finishing it I hand it over to my three brothers, who also think highly of it. I don't think I could stop reading it now, as the story of Harry Wharton & Co. is simply ripping. Bulstrode makes a very good captain, but I think there is no one as good as Harry Wharton. I should like to hear more about Billy Bunter's ventriloquism, as he is very good at it. When is Inky coming back to Greyfriars? I hope it will be soon. The serial story is also very good."

"The Gem" is also one of the papers I like to read. Tom Merry & Co. are very interesting. So are Blake and Figgins & Co.

Frank Kingston is really a wonderful individual. His campaign against 'The Brotherhood of Iron' was really magnificent.

"I shall now have to close, wishing your papers good luck.—I am, yours, etc., 'A Magnetite' and 'Gemite.' (12 years of age.)"

I am very much obliged to my Edinburgh chum for his welcome letter. It is always, as I have said so frequently before, a pleasure to me to have my readers' plain opinions of THE MAGNET, together with any special ideas or wishes they may have for future numbers.

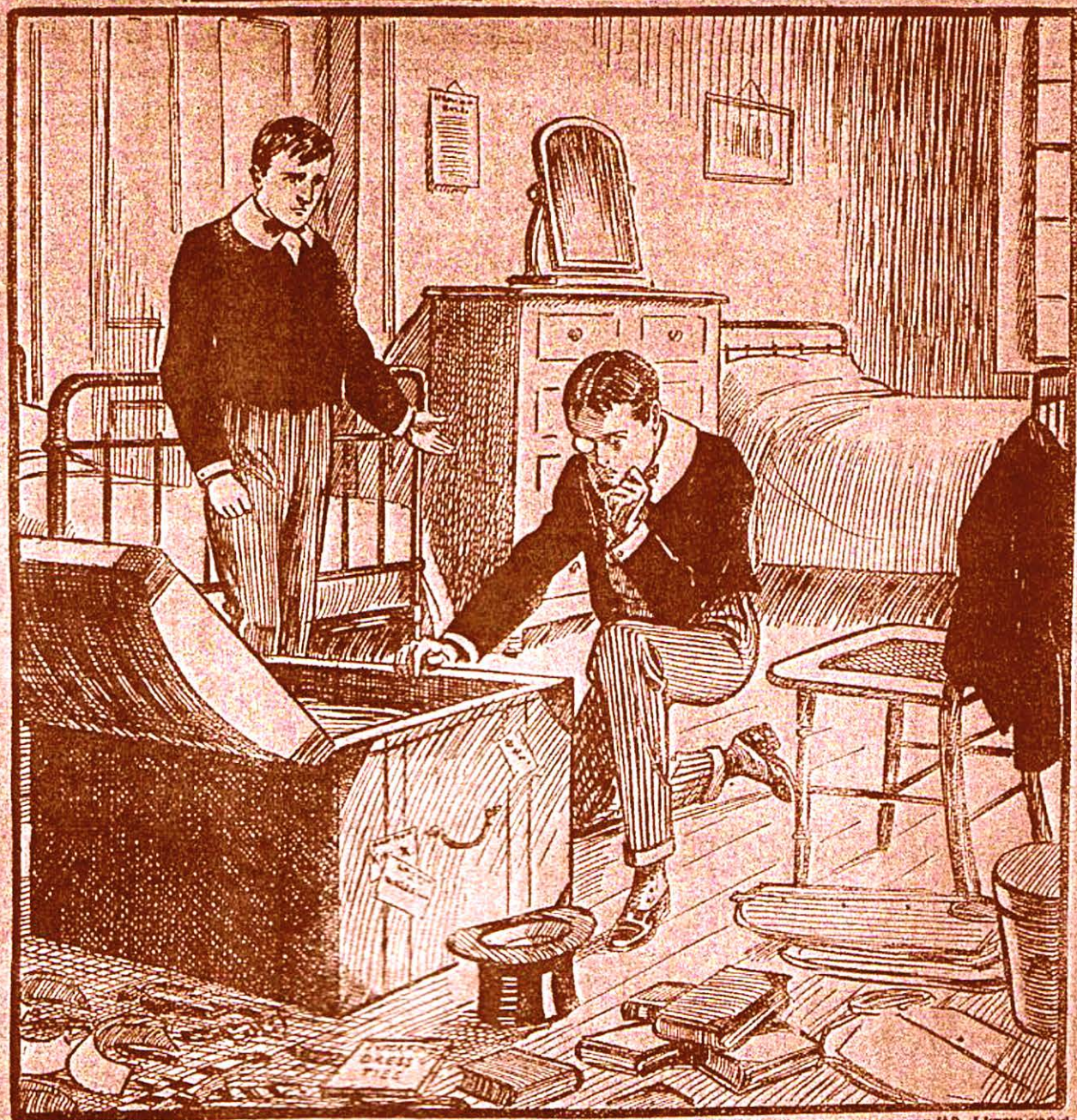
THE EDITOR.

"HIS FALSE POSITION!"

is the title of the grand, long, complete tale of Tom Merry & Co., which is contained in this week's issue of our companion paper, "The Gem" Library, the cover of which is reproduced below. Also a thrilling instalment of our new serial story,

"WINGS OF GOLD," by Sidney Drew.

AND A GRAND "PRESENT" COMPETITION.
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"I—I can hardly believe that you mean to go away without giving me away," muttered Levison. "I suppose you mean it? I know you do. I wish I could save you. I wish — But what's the good of wishing? If I say a word I shall have to go in your place. I can't face it. But — but — I'd like you to say that you forgive what I've done, D'Arcy, before you go." There was a long pause. "Very well," said D'Arcy, with an effort. "I forgive you, if that's what you want. Try to be a more decent chap in the future, Levison." "I—I will!" muttered Levison.

(A dramatic incident in the splendid complete school tale inside.)

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