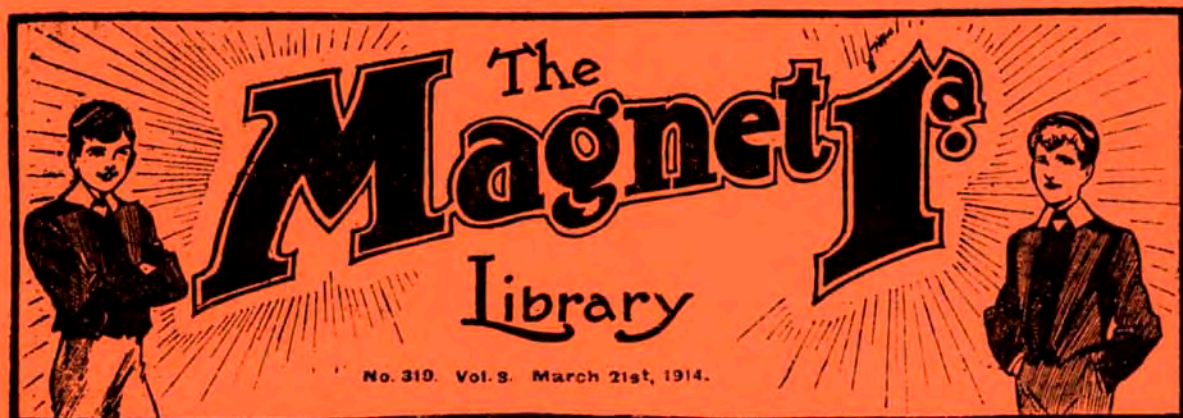


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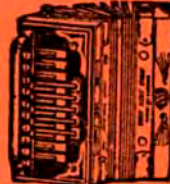


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ALONZO'S MARVELLOUS MIXTURE

A Grand, New, Long, Complete Story of the
Chums of the Remove Form at Greyfriars.

By FRANK RICHARDS.



As soon as the juniors caught sight of the peculiar figure crossing the Close, they gave him a shout of welcome. "This way, darkey! Come and give us a song!" "A—a—a song?" stammered Alonzo. (See Chapter 12.)

THE FIRST CHAPTER. The Raiders!

HARRY WHARTON sat up in bed. The last light was out in the great building of Greyfriars; the last door had closed. Midnight had sounded from the old clock-tower.

At that hour, all the Greyfriars fellows ought to have been fast asleep in bed. They were all in bed, as a matter of fact; but they were by no means fast asleep—all of them.

There were wakeful ones in the Remove dormitory.

Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove, sat up as the last stroke of twelve died away. And from Bob Cherry's bed came a still small voice.

"You fellows awake?"

"I'm awake," said Harry, with a yawn.

"Same here," came a sleepy voice from Frank Nugent's bed. "But I say, chaps, I've been thinking; it seems rather a shame to raid old Coker on a cold night like this, don't you think so?"

"I don't!" said Bob Cherry.

"And I don't!" said Wharton, stepping out of bed.

"Ahem! Suppose we put it off till to-morrow morning?" Nugent suggested. "We'll lay for Coker as he comes out of the dormitory—see—and bump him in the passage. Ha, ha, ha! That will be—ahem—ever so much better."

"Will it?" said Bob Cherry grimly, groping over his wash-stand for a sponge, and dipping it in the water-jug.

"Yes; don't you think so? And we can stay in bed, you know, now. It's too jolly cold to get up, and— Yow-ow-ow! What beast is that chucking cold water over me?" yelled Nugent, in a voice that awoke nearly all the Remove.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow-ow—groogh!"

"I'm the beast!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "And I'll squeeze it down the back of your neck if you don't stir your silly stumps."

"Groo-hooh!" grunted Nugent, as he turned out of bed.

"You silly ass! I'm sleepy."

"I've got some more water here——"
 "Keep off, you dangerous lunatic. I'm coming."
 "You'd better," grinned Bob. "Now for the others. Are you awake, Bull?"

"I'm awake," growled Johnny Bull; "but I agree with Nugent—we'd better leave it till the morning, after all. Suppose Quelch should spot us——"

"Oh, rot!" said Nugent, who, being up from bed himself, did not see any reason why Johnny Bull should not get up also. "Turn out, you slacker!"

"Why, you were just saying——"
 "Never mind what I was saying—turn out."
 "But I think——Yah—oh—grooh!"

Johnny Bull turned out, with cold water running down his neck.

"Anybody else want helping out?" asked Bob Cherry genially. "Lots of water in the jug!"

Nobody else wanted helping out apparently. There were sounds on all sides of fellows turning out of bed.

Harry Wharton & Co. had planned a raid that night on the Fifth Form dormitory, to wipe off certain old scores against Coker of the Fifth and his friends. But the night was cold, and when the hour of midnight came, there was a certain amount of reluctance among the raiders to turn out of bed. Planning the raid in the warmth of the study was a different matter from turning out of bed at midnight in a cold dormitory. But for Bob Cherry's firmness, the raid would probably have fallen through; but Bob was very firm.

Nearly all the Removites had turned out. It was to be a raid in force. Only a few remained in bed—such as Bunter and Alonzo Todd, who were useless in a "scrap." Alonzo Todd, however, was awake; his gentle voice could be heard as the juniors hastily dressed themselves. He was addressing his cousin Peter, who differed much from the gentle Alonzo, being one of the wildest young scamps in the Lower School.

"My dear Peter, you will hardly be fit for lessons to-morrow morning if you lose your night's rest," said Alonzo, in a tone of gentle rebuke. "I do not think that Uncle Benjamin would approve of these proceedings."

"Go hon!" said Peter cheerfully.

"My dear friends, you would do much more wisely to return to bed——"

"Oh, shut up!" said Bolsover major. "You fellows ready?"

"Ready!" said Johnny Bull; and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh remarked that the readiness was terrific.

"Come on!" said Harry Wharton. "Got your pillows?"

"Yes!"

"Don't make a row till we get to the Fifth Form dorm," said Wharton. "If Quelch or old Prout should spot us, there will be trouble."

"Who's making a row?" Bolsover wanted to know.

"Shut up! Come along quite quietly, and don't make a sound till we're in their dorm. Then go for them bald-headed."

"Right-ho!" said the Removites.

"We'll make Coker sorry for himself this time," chuckled Bob Cherry. "We'll teach him to say that the Fifth ought to be allowed to fag the Remove! What-ho!"

"Don't make a row!" said Bolsover.

"Why, you ass——"

"I'm only repeating Wharton's orders," grinned Bolsover. "Don't jaw."

"If you want a thick ear, Bolsover——"

"Order!" said Wharton. "I'm just going to open the door."

"Shush!" said Nugent.

"Shush yourself!" growled Bolsover major.

Harry Wharton opened the dormitory door, and the voices died away. The captain of the Remove peered out into the passage. All was gloom there—only a faint glimmer of

moonlight coming in at the high window at the end of the passage.

"Coast's clear!" whispered Wharton.

"Of course it is!" grunted Bolsover. "Did you expect to see the Head sitting on the banisters?"

"Don't jaw!"

"You're doing more jawing than I am," said Bolsover independently. "You set the example, then."

"Look here——"

"Shush!"

"My dear fellows," came Alonzo's voice from the dormitory, "I really recommend you not to go upon this absurd expedition. Probably Coker is dreaming of home and the gentle surroundings of his innocent youth——Yaroooh!"

A pillow smote Alonzo Todd, and rolled him out of bed. He landed on the floor with a bump, and gasped.

"Oh, dear! Who threw that pillow? Oh!"

"I did," said Bolsover; "I'll throw another if you don't shut your silly head."

"Oh, dear! My dear Bolsover——"

"The blessed ass is wound up, I believe," said Tom Brown. "Shut the door before he wakes up the whole house."

"My dear Brown——"

The door closed behind the departing raiders. Alonzo Todd was left to waste his sweetness on the desert air, so to speak.

Harry Wharton led the way down the passage. All was silent in the School House. There was not a glimmer of light under a single door.

The raiders reached the door of the Fifth Form dormitory, and paused there to listen. No sound came from within the dormitory. Outside the house, the wind from the sea was stirring in the branches of the old elms. There was no other sound in the stillness of the night.

"We shall take the rotters by surprise this time," chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Shush!" said Bolsover major.

"Mind, rush in at once when I open the door, and smite them hip and thigh!" murmured Harry Wharton.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob. "Quiet—there's somebody up!"

Wharton stopped with his hand on the door. There was a sound of footsteps in the dark passage behind them.

The juniors stood as still as mice when the cat is near. If some master or prefect should discover them outside their dormitory at that hour, trouble would be certain and serious. Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, was not in the least likely to sympathise with their desire to wipe off old scores against Coker & Co. of the Fifth.

The footsteps did not seem heavy enough for Mr. Quelch. Was it Loder the prefect, who was always looking out for a chance of catching them? Was it——

"He's coming this way!" breathed Bob Cherry.

A form loomed up in the gloom of the passage.

"Not a sound!" whispered Peter Todd. "He may pass us, whoever the beast is."

The footsteps came closer, then a voice was heard.

"Are you there, my dear fellows? I have felt it my duty to follow you, to persuade you to return to bed without interrupting the peaceful slumbers of——"

"Alonzo!" yelled Peter.

The Removites gasped, with mingled relief and fury. It was kind Alonzo who had followed them from their own dormitory.

"Alonzo, you fathead."

"Alonzo, you silly ass!"

"Bump him!" said Bolsover major, between his teeth.

"My dear fellows—oh, leggo—oh, dear—yaroooh—grooh—don't—Oh, my hat!"

Bump! Bump! Bump!

The necessity of caution was forgotten for the moment. The angry juniors simply piled upon Alonzo Todd, and collared him, and bumped him in the passage till he roared.

"There, you silly ass!"

"Take that, you burbling josses!"

"Give him another!"

"Give him one for his Uncle Benjamin!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow—ow—ow—ow! Grooh! Help! Oh, dear!"

"Hold on!" gasped Bob Cherry. "We shall wake up the Fifth, if not all the blessed House! Cheese it!"

"Shush!"

"Come on!" exclaimed Wharton. "The Fifth will be awake now! Come on, before the rotters get ready for us!"

Alonzo Todd was left sprawling in a breathless state in the passage. Harry Wharton tore open the door of the Fifth Form dormitory, and the raiders rushed in.

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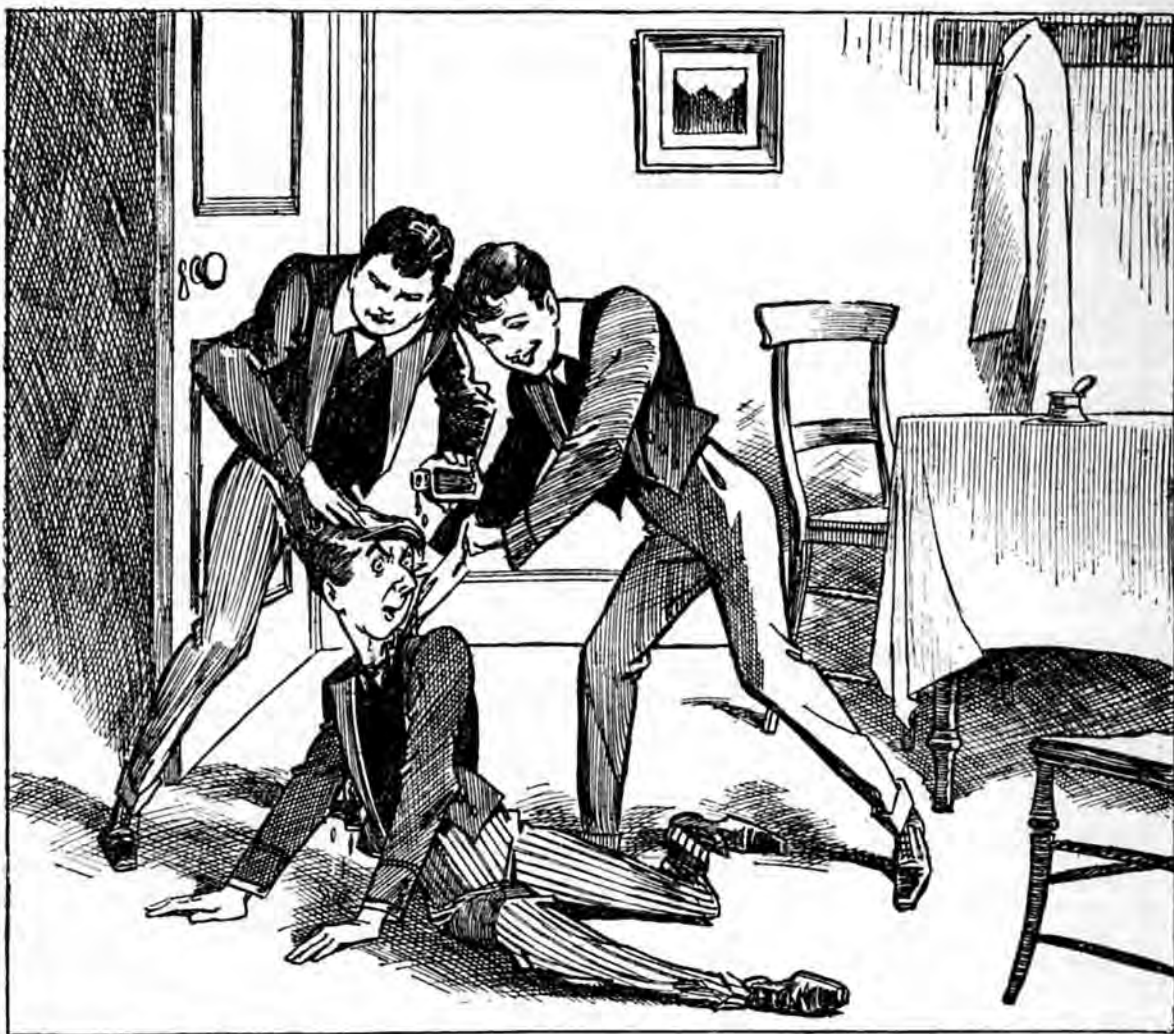
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Hazeldene jammed Alonzo Todd on the floor, and pinned him there, and the grinning Bulstrode emptied the large bottle of Marvellous Mixture down the back of his neck. "Oh, dear!" gasped Alonzo. "I—I shall not try to cure colds any more!" (See Chapter 5.)

THE SECOND CHAPTER. An Interrupted Raid!

COKER & Co. were awake. They could hardly have slept through that disturbance in the passage outside their door, unless they had been stone deaf.

Coker himself was already out of bed, and the rest of the Fifth were sitting up, asking one another excitedly what on earth was the matter.

Then came the rush of the Remove.

"Sock in to them!" shouted Wharton.

"Hurrah!"

"Pile in!"

"Down with the Fifth!"

"Look out!" roared Coker. "It's a raid—those blessed Remove kids! Line up, Fifth!"

The Remove pillows were already smiting.

The Fifth-Formers, as they rolled and tumbled out of bed to meet the attack, were smitten hip and thigh, and there was a babel of voices, yells, and grunts. Coker clawed up his bolster, and rushed to meet the enemy. The moonlight glimmering in at the high windows gave light enough to discern them.

Coker was in the midst of them in a second, his bolster sweeping round with great effect. Four or five of the juniors sprawled over, before Coker himself was swept off his feet by the rush of the juniors, and disappeared under a rain of smiting pillows.

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"EASY TERMS!"

"Ow—ow! Rescue! Back up!" gasped Coker. "Kick those kids out!" roared Blundell, the captain of the Fifth.

The surprise attack had not been a success. The Fifth were not quite ready for the fray, but they had not been taken quite by surprise, owing to Alonzo. They "backed up" manfully, catching up pillows and bolsters and folded trousers for weapons. The scrimmage was fast and furious.

The Removites were in greater numbers, but the Fifth-Formers were bigger and more powerful, so the fight was about equal. Crash—crash! Bump—bump!

"Yow-ow! Grooh! Pile in! Give 'em socks! Yah!" The din was terrific.

Suddenly, through the open doorway, came the voice of Alonzo:

"My dear fellows, I think I ought to mention that Mr. Prout has just come out of his room, and is coming upstairs!"

Mr. Prout was the master of the Fifth. The combatants had forgotten him, and everything else, in the excitement of the fray. But Alonzo Todd's warning reminded them of his existence.

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Cave!"

"Pax!" gasped Wharton.

"You kids will get into a precious row!" gasped Coker. "No good clearing off; you'll have to pass Prout to get back to your dorm!"

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The fight had ceased.

The most belligerent of the juniors did not want any more, now that the master of the Fifth was on his way to the scene of combat.

"Oh, crumbs!" said Tom Brown. "We're done this time! All Alonzo's fault! But for that silly ass, we should have wiped out the Fifth and got back—"

"Would you?" grinned Coker.

"Get into bed!" said Blundell. "You kids had better bunk!"

The Fifth-Formers made a rush for their beds.

"Hold on!" said Coker. "You kids can't clear—you'll be caught! Get under the beds, and keep your heads shut, and Prout mayn't notice you!"

That was really very good-natured of Coker, considering that the raiders had come to his dormitory for the special purpose of smiting him out of bed, and giving him the walloping of his life, as Bob Cherry expressed it.

But the suggestion was too good not to be acted upon at once.

"Good wheeze!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Get out of sight, you fellows! Take your pillows with you! Quick!"

"My dear fellows—" began Alonzo.

But he had no time to say more. His Cousin Peter grasped him, and rolled him under Coker's bed, and rolled after him, and kept a hand over his mouth.

Harry Wharton closed the door silently. Mr. Prout's ponderous footsteps could be heard already at the end of the passage.

The Removites were quick. They had no desire to be called up before the Head the next morning, and caned all round.

In a marvellously short space of time the raiders had vanished under the beds, and their pillows and other weapons had vanished with them. The Fifth Form were all in bed again. Coker & Co. meant to play the game. They wanted very much to lick the Removites for their check in raiding a senior dormitory, but they did not want to give them away to a master.

The solid footsteps of Mr. Prout halted outside the Fifth-Form door; and the door opened, and a light gleamed in.

Mr. Prout, in his dressing-gown and slippers, with a lamp in his hand, stood in the doorway, looking into the room.

A calm and peaceful sight met his gaze.

In the long row of white beds, the Fifth Form of Greyfriars appeared to be plunged into deep and peaceful slumber, sleeping the sleep of the just. Amazement gathered in Mr. Prout's face.

"Bless my soul!" the Form-master ejaculated. "I was certain—quite certain—that I heard a great disturbance in this dormitory. Yet all the boys appear to be fast asleep. Blundell!"

No reply from the captain of the Fifth.

"Bland!"

A snore from Bland.

"Coker!"

A deep bass snore from Horace Coker.

"Dear me! Are you all asleep, my boys?"

Snore and steady breathing! Mr. Prout was distinctly puzzled. He was not by any means satisfied. Unless he had been dreaming, he had heard an uproar from the dormitory he was responsible for, and he intended to make sure before he departed.

He came into the dormitory, and glanced at the faces of the Fifth-Formers in the light of the lamp he carried. Their eyes were all closed, and they were breathing peacefully.

"Dear me! This is very strange!" murmured Mr. Prout. "Is it possible that I was dreaming—that I have been the victim of a peculiar nightmare?"

Then he started. From close at hand came a peculiar sound:

"Atchooooooh!"

"Bless my soul! That was a sneeze!" exclaimed Mr. Prout. "It is surely impossible that one of the boys is sneezing in his sleep! Coker!"

Coker's eyelids seemed glued together. Yet that sneeze had certainly come from the direction of Coker's bed. Under the bed, Peter Todd had grasped his cousin by the throat, and nipped Alonzo's next sneeze in the bud, as it were.

"Coker! Did you sneeze?"

Coker snored.

Greatly surprised, and reassured at last by the peaceful aspect of the Fifth, Mr. Prout turned away towards the door. He had nearly reached the door, when Alonzo's long-pent-up sneeze burst forth, with all the more emphasis from having been so long suppressed.

"Atchoo—choo—chooooooh!"

Mr. Prout turned back at once.

"Coker!" he exclaimed. "That sneeze came from your

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bed! You certainly cannot be asleep! You are deceiving me!"

Snore! Coker manfully put in a snore of extra power, perhaps overdoing it in his loyal desire to save the Removites from discovery.

Mr. Prout bent over him, and shook him by the shoulder. It was impossible for Coker to pretend to be asleep after that. He opened his eyes, and fixed them upon the Form-master with an expression of wonder.

"Hallo!" he murmured drowsily. "'Tain't rising-bell, sir?"

"It is certainly not rising-bell!" said Mr. Prout, with asperity. "It is barely a quarter-past twelve, Coker!"

"Anything wrong, sir?" asked Coker innocently. "I hope the house isn't on fire, sir?"

"The house is not on fire, Coker. But there has been a loud disturbance in this dormitory—a sound as of a fight or something of the kind!"

"In this dormitory, sir!" exclaimed Coker, in amazement.

"Yes, Coker. Have you been fighting with your Form-fellows, pray?"

"I, sir! Certainly not! Nothing to fight the other chaps about that I know of, sir!" said Coker at once.

"You sneezed just now, Coker!"

"Did I, sir?"

"You did, Coker. Are you in the habit of sneezing in your sleep?"

"I think not, sir. Of course, I couldn't say for certain. A chap really doesn't know what he does when he's asleep, sir. I might be a sleep-walker for all I know, sir. I'm sorry if I sneezed, sir. I hope it didn't disturb you."

"I think you were not really asleep, Coker. You certainly sneezed. Have you a cold?"

"I don't think so, sir."

"Then why did you sneeze?"

"Atchooooooh!"

Before Coker could reply, there came another prolonged sneeze from under the bed. As Mr. Prout was standing over Coker, he could see that it was not Coker who sneezed this time, and he looked more amazed than ever.

"Bless my soul! That sneeze seemed to come from under the bed!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, sir!" said Coker. "How—how could a sneeze come from under the bed, sir? Ask Potter if he sneezed, sir."

Mr. Prout glanced up and down the dormitory. All the Fifth Form beds were occupied, and evidently it was impossible that one of the Fifth was under Coker's bed. The Form-master was more than suspicious now, however. He bent down and cast the light of the lamp beneath Coker's bed. Then he almost dropped the lamp in his astonishment.

"Todd!" he thundered. "Come out from under that bed at once!"

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Trouble to Come!

PETER TODD crawled out from under the bed.

Alonzo followed him, sneezing.

The unfortunate Alonzo had caught a cold, as a matter of fact, which was not surprising, as he was only half-clad, and it was very draughty in the passages and under the beds.

There were a good many more of the hidden Removites who were only holding back sneezes by terrific efforts.

"Well, it's all up now," said Coker. "I've done my best, Todd."

"You knew Todd was under your bed, Coker!" exclaimed the Fifth Form-master severely.

"I—I guessed he was there, sir, as—as I saw him go there," murmured Coker.

It did not seem to occur to Mr. Prout that the other beds concealed other delinquents. And Peter Todd did not intend to enlighten him. The other Removites lay as quiet as mice, wondering how the affair would end.

"Well, Todd, what are you doing here?" said Mr. Prout grimly.

"Catching cold, sir, I think," said Peter ruefully.

"Todd!"

"I have already caught a cold," said the unfortunate Alonzo. "I could not possibly repress the inclination to sneeze. I fear that I shall have a bad cold in the morning. Fortunately, my uncle Benjamin will be able to send me a remedy—"

"Will you kindly tell me why you came to this dormitory at this hour of the night?"

"We came to rag Coker, sir," said Peter.

"Indeed!"

"That is hardly correct, Peter," said Alonzo mildly. "I

came to persuade the fellows to return to their dormitory, as I feared they might catch cold."

"The fellows?" said Mr. Prout suspiciously. "Then—"
He was interrupted by a wild yell from Alonzo Todd.

"Owowow—o-o-oww ww!"
"Todd!" exclaimed Mr. Prout. "What do you mean? What are you making that ridiculous noise for? Explain yourself at once!"

"Ow!" groaned Alonzo. "I—I suppose it was an accident, sir, but my cousin has just trod upon my foot very hard, sir."

"Oh!" said Mr. Prout. "If you tread on your cousin's foot again, Todd, I shall box your ears."

"Thank you, sir!" said Peter, looking daggers at the unfortunate Alonzo. He had stamped on Alonzo's toes as a warning to him to hold his tongue, but it seemed to have made matters worse instead of better. Alonzo did not catch on.

"So there are others here?" said Mr. Prout.

"You've done it now, you idiot!" muttered Peter.

"My dear Peter—"
"All the Remove boys who are in this dormitory will kindly show themselves," said Mr. Prout. "Pray do not give me the trouble of looking under all the beds."

There was a general exodus of the Removites from their hiding-places. The game was up now, owing to Alonzo, and further concealment was useless. The looks the juniors gave Alonzo were almost homicidal as they came out.

Mr. Prout's face grew very grim as he watched nearly the whole of the Lower Fourth come into view, pillows in hand.

He understood now the cause of the disturbance in the Fifth Form dormitory. The Fifth-Formers sat up in bed to watch the scene. It was not of much use sleeping any longer.

"I comprehend," said Mr. Prout. "There has been a pillow-fight, I suppose? That was the cause of the din that aroused me from my slumber."

The juniors were silent.

"Wharton, I suppose you were the leader in this?"

"Yes, sir," said Harry.

"Very well. I shall report the circumstance to your Form-master in the morning. Meanwhile, you will kindly return to your beds."

"Yes, sir."

"Sorry, you kids!" murmured Coker.

"It's all right, Coker."

And the Removites marched dolorously out of the dormitory. Several of them sneezed as they went down the passage. Alonzo was not the only fellow who had caught cold while shivering under the beds.

Mr. Prout followed them, lamp in hand.

He shepherded them back to their own dormitory, and saw them turn in; and then, renewing his kind promise to acquaint Mr. Quelch with the circumstances in the morning, he took his departure. The only consolation the Removites had was hearing him sneeze as he went. Mr. Prout had caught cold, too.

"Well, this is a ripping go, and no mistake!" growled Vernon-Smith, when the door had closed behind the Fifth Form-master.

"What a row there will be in the morning!" groaned Bob Cherry.

"It's all that idiot Todd's fault!" said Bolsover major savagely. "If he hadn't sneezed at the wrong moment—"

"My dear Bolsover, I could not help sneezing," said Alonzo mildly. "You see, I have caught a cold—"

"Fathead! What did you want to give us away for?" snarled Skinner.

"My dear Skinner—"

"If the silly clump had kept his silly head shut, we needn't have been found out!" said Skinner. "He ought to be made to sit up for it!"

"And he's going to be!" snorted Bolsover, getting out of bed.

Peter Todd sat up.

"What are you going to do, Bolsover?"

"I'm going to lick that dotty cousin of yours."

"You're not!" said Peter calmly. "Nobody is allowed to lick a member of Study No. 7. Hands off!"

"Rats!"

"Oh, let him alone, Bolsover," said Harry Wharton. "Alonzo can't help being a silly duffer; and it can't be helped now, anyway."

"I'm going to lick the silly idiot!"

"My dear Bolsover," said Alonzo, "I shall not allow you to do anything of the sort. I do not like the idea of fighting, but if you assault me I shall strike you violently. I shall consider—Yah! Ow! Yaroooh!"

Bump!

Alonzo landed on the floor, as Bolsover gripped his long, thin legs and dragged him out of bed. Then there was a sound of rapid and heavy smacking, and the voice of Alonzo was raised in anguish.

"That's right!" yelled Skinner. "Give him jip!"

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"Snatch him bald-headed, Bolsover!"

"Wallop him!"

But Peter Todd was out of bed in a twinkling. Bolsover major was grasped in a pair of powerful arms and dragged away from Alonzo. Then there was a renewed sound of smacking, but it was Bolsover who was getting the smacks this time.

"Leggo!" roared Bolsover. "You fathead! I'll lick you, and lick your dotty cousin afterwards, Peter Todd!"

"Pile in, then!" said Peter.

Bolsover major piled in furiously.

"You silly asses!" shouted Bob Cherry. "You'll have Prout back here in a minute."

"Shut up, you duffers!"

"Stop it!"

But the combatants did not stop it. They were going it hammer and tongs. Even the sound of footsteps in the passage did not stop them.

The door opened.

It was Mr. Quelch this time. Probably the Fifth Form-master had called him. The Remove-master strode in angrily. He came at an unlucky moment. The two struggling juniors had just lost their footing, and Bolsover was reeling over backwards, dragging Peter Todd over with him. Bolsover landed fairly upon Mr. Quelch, and knocked him back, and the Remove-master sat down on the floor with a gasp.

Bolsover sprawled over his legs, and Peter Todd sprawled over Bolsover.

"Good heavens!" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Bob Cherry. "They've been and gone and done it this time!"

They had.

Mr. Quelch pushed the sprawling juniors off and scrambled up, and turned on the electric light.

The sudden light disclosed Todd and Bolsover sitting on the floor, looking dazed and breathless.

Mr. Quelch gazed at them fixedly, his brow like a thunder-cloud.

"Todd! Bolsover!"

"Ow!" groaned Peter. "You ass, Bolsover!"

"Groo! You idiot, Todd!"

"Get back to bed!" said Mr. Quelch icily. "I shall deal with this matter in the morning. If there is the slightest sound of disturbance in this dormitory again to-night—"

Mr. Quelch did not finish—he left the rest to the imagination.

Todd and Bolsover turned in. Mr. Quelch retired. And in the Remove dormitory, for the remainder of that eventful night, there was no sound of disturbance. Not that the juniors went to sleep very soon. Most of them lay awake for some time—their minds filled with cheery anticipations of the morrow!

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Paying the Piper!

HARRY WHARTON & CO, turned out at the clang of the rising-bell in the morning. Their looks were not cheerful.

After the feast came the reckoning, as Bob Cherry put it, and the reckoning with their Form-master was likely to be a painful one.

Nearly every fellow in the Form was burning to slaughter Alonzo, as the cause of the disaster. But Alonzo could not be slaughtered without a fight with Peter Todd first.

Peter Todd reserved to himself the right of slaughtering the unfortunate Duffer of Greyfriars, when such slaughtering was required.

Billy Bunter was the only fellow in the Form who looked as cheerful as usual. The fat junior had not taken any part in the raid on the Fifth Form dormitory, and he was safe from punishment. He chuckled considerably at the doleful looks of his Form-fellows. Bunter's was not a sympathetic nature.

"You fellows look as if you were going to execution," he remarked. "Buck up, you know; it's only a licking, after all!"

"You're not going to get it, you fat ass!" growled Skinner.

"He, he, he! I shouldn't make such a face about it, you know," said Bunter. "Keep a stiff upper lip!"

"Oh, shut up!"

"Pooh!" said Bunter loftily. "I can stand a licking without making faces! Why don't you fellows have some pluck?"

"So you can stand a licking, can you?" said Bolsover major, glaring at him.

"I hope so," said Bunter. "I'm pretty tough. It would

take a lot to make me look as sick as some of you fellows are looking! He, he, he!"

"Well, we'll see how much it would take," said Bolsover. And he rushed at the fat junior.

Bunter made a leap for the door, and Bolsover's boot caught him behind, and he sprawled in the doorway, yelling, "Smack, smack, smack!"

"Yow! Ow, ow, ow!"

"You don't seem so jolly tough, after all!" grinned Bolsover, as he slapped away. "This isn't really what you'd call a licking, but you're making plenty of noise!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow! Ow, ow! Draggimoff, Toddy!" yelled Bunter. "Yaroorh—hoop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter scrambled away and fled down the passage, still yelling.

The juniors roared with laughter. Bolsover looked quite cheerful when he went down. Licking Bunter seemed to afford him great consolation.

At breakfast Mr. Quelch's face was very grim. But it was not till the juniors were in the Form-room that the vials of his wrath were poured out. Then the chopper came down, as Bob Cherry put it in his expressive language.

"Last night," said Mr. Quelch, "there was a disturbance. Mr. Prout informs me that he found the whole Remove Form in the Fifth Form dormitory."

Silence.

"And after that there was a fight in the Remove dormitory."

Dead silence.

"I shall, therefore, cane the whole Form," said Mr. Quelch, "and Todd and Bolsover, in addition, will be detained for the two half-holidays this week! Come forward in turn!"

And Mr. Quelch took a cane from his desk. Billy Bunter looked alarmed.

"If you please, sir—" he began.

"Not a word, Bunter!"

"But, sir—"

"If you speak again, Bunter, I shall detain you as well as caning you!"

"But I wasn't—"

"Very well, Bunter; you will be detained on Wednesday and Saturday, as well as Bolsover and Todd," said Mr. Quelch. "Now, come here!"

"I was going to tell you—"

"Silence!" thundered Mr. Quelch, in a voice that nearly made the Owl of the Remove jump out of his boots.

Billy Bunter groaned. It was really hard lines that he was to be caned with the rest, as he had not taken part in the raid. But he did not dare to open his lips again. It was Peter Todd who came to the rescue.

"If you please, sir, Bunter wasn't in the raid!" he said quickly.

"What!"

"Bunter didn't get out of bed, sir."

"Oh, that alters the case!" said Mr. Quelch. "You should have acquainted me with that fact, Bunter."

"You wouldn't let me speak—"

"Silence! Go back to your place at once!" said Mr. Quelch, frowning.

"But, sir—"

"Will you do as I tell you, Bunter?"

"B-but am I to be detained, all the same, sir?"

"Since you insist upon speaking when I order you to be silent, Bunter—yes, you will be detained!" said Mr. Quelch.

"And if you speak again you will be caned!"

Bunter did not speak again. He went back dismally to his place.

The rest of the Form filed in turn before Mr. Quelch, and received two cuts each, and by the time he had finished the Form-master was quite tired of it. The Removites were tired of it before he had finished.

Then morning lessons started, to an accompaniment of half-suppressed groans and grunts. Lessons were punctuated with sneezes. Alonzo Todd certainly had a bad cold in the head, and Snoop had a cold, and so had Bulstrode and Hazeldene. Snoop sneezed and coughed very pathetically, in the hope of being excused lessons, but Mr. Quelch was not in an excusing mood that morning. He fixed a gimlet eye upon Snoop when a sneeze louder than usual rang through the Form-room.

"You appear to have a cold, Snoop?" he said.

"Yes, sir; very bad," murmured Snoop.

"You caught it, I presume, in leaving your dormitory last night?"

"Yes, sir; I—I suppose so!"

"Then it is a fit punishment for your conduct, Snoop! You will kindly try to be silent now! If you make so much noise you will be caned!"

And Snoop did not sneeze any more that morning.

Alonzo Todd, however, was sneezing with great emphasis when the Removites came out after morning lessons. Alonzo was not very fit, and a cold seized upon him quite easily. His long nose was very red, and his mild eyes had a watery look, and his handkerchief was very much in evidence.

"You'd better go and soak yourself in eucalyptus, and stay indoors!" growled Peter.

Alonzo shook his head.

"I have written to Uncle Benjamin for a remedy, my dear Peter, and I shall receive it to-day," he replied.

Peter grunted.

"Better take a dose of eucalyptus; that's a good cure," he said.

"My dear Peter, you are aware that Uncle Benjamin is a great authority on these matters. He has a cure for everything."

"He has a lot of silly fads about patent medicines, you mean."

"It pains me to hear you speak of Uncle Benjamin in that disrespectful way, Peter. You will see that the remedy will be efficacious, and I shall give some to Snoop and Bulstrode, and cure them also. I shall also give some to Mr. Prout, who seems to have a very bad cold."

"Oh, rats!" said Peter.

Peter Todd knew Uncle Benjamin's weakness for patent medicines, and he did not place any faith in them himself. But Alonzo trusted his kind uncle's judgment with a simple and childlike faith; and when a large packet arrived that afternoon for Alonzo, the face of the Duffer of Greyfriars wore a look of great satisfaction.

"It has come, my dear Peter," he said.

"I say, what's that?" asked Billy Bunter, with great interest, blinking at the big packet through his spectacles.

"That from your uncle, Lonzy?"

"Yes, my dear Bunter."

"Oh, good! Your uncle's a good sort!" said Bunter. "He might have made it a hamper, though!"

Peter Todd grinned. Bunter evidently imagined that the packet from Uncle Benjamin contained something to eat.

"A hamper, my dear Bunter!" said Alonzo, in surprise. "I should not require a hamper!"

"Well, there's enough in that for a whack all round, in the study," said Bunter. "I suppose you're going to whack it out?"

"Certainly, Bunter! You are welcome to share with me."

"Good! Open it, then!"

Alonzo Todd unfastened the packet. Billy Bunter watched him with his little, round eyes gleaming through his spectacles. He was wondering whether it was a cake, but whatever it was, he was fully prepared to dispose of the lion's share.

His eyes grew wider and rounder as three large bottles were exposed to view.

"Wha-a-at have you got there?" he stuttered.

"The medicine, Bunter."

"The—the medicine!"

"Yes; the cure for my cold, from my kind Uncle Benjamin. You haven't a cold, Bunter, but it would be a good idea to take some, in case you should be catching a cold; and, as I said, you are welcome to as much as you want. If you will come up to the study I will give you a dose now."

"You—you—unspeakable idiot!" said Bunter gratefully.

"My dear Bunter—"

Bunter snorted and rolled away. Alonzo gazed after him in surprise.

"How very odd Bunter is, my dear Peter!" he remarked. "I do not understand him at all. He was quite anxious a few minutes ago to have some of the medicine, and now he seems to be quite cross."

"Go hon!" said Peter.

"There is a letter from Uncle Benjamin here," said Alonzo. "There are eight pages—quite a long letter, Peter. We will read it together. My dear Peter, where are you going?"

But Peter did not reply. He was gone.

"How very odd of Peter to walk off like that, when I was going to read him Uncle Benjamin's kind letter!" murmured Alonzo, in surprise. And he sat down to read the kind letter, which took him quite a long time.

ANSWERS

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OUR COMPANION PAPERS: "THE GEM" LIBRARY, "THE PENNY POPULAR," "CHUCKLES," 1d. Every Wednesday. Every Friday. Every Saturday, 2



"What have you done to Mr. Prout, Wun Lung!" demanded Mr. Quelch. "Me poisonee Mr. Plout!" confessed Wun Lung calmly. "Me velly solly—only little jokee! Me givee him velly fatal Chinees poison!" "Good heavens!" gasped Mr. Prout faintly. "I—I am dying! See that this young scoundrel is arrested!"
(See Chapter 9.)

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.
Black Ingratitude!

ATCHOO-CHOO-CHOO!" Tom Brown grunted as he came into his study after lessons that day. Bulstrode and Hazeldene were both there, and they were sneezing as if they had entered into a particularly keen sneezing competition. "Well, you're a pretty pair, I must say!" growled the New Zealand junior. "How long are you going to keep that up?" "I've got a gold in the nose," said Bulstrode. "So've I!" groaned Hazeldene. "A beasly gold." "Well, you can keep 'em," said Tom Brown. "I'll ask Bob Cherry to let me do my prep in his study till you get rid of 'em." And Tom Brown collected his books and walked out. "This id a nice go, I don'd thig!" said Bulstrode. "If any silly ass proposes to raid the Fifth again, I'll suffogade him!" "I'd dake him into a gorper and slaughtder him!" growled Hazeldene. "All the fault of thad zilly ass Wharton! Why couldn't he let Goker alone?" "Atchoo-choo-choo!" "They'll be sending us into the sanatorium, I subboose,"

said Bulstrode, sneezing. "Gruel to eat, and stay in bed all day. Ow!" "Atchoo-choo!" The door opened, and Alonzo looked in. He announced his coming with a mighty sneeze, which put Bulstrode's and Hazeldene's efforts quite into the shade. "You fellows have colds?" he asked sympathetically. "No!" snorted Bulstrode. "We're doing this for vun." "My dear Bulstrode, I asked because I have a splendid cure for a cold," said the Duffer of Greyfriars, displaying a large bottle. "I have received it to-day from my Uncle Benjamin." "Go and bury it!" "It is called Dr. Spoofer's-Marvellous Mixture for Sad Sufferers," went on Alonzo, unheeding. "It is somewhat nasty to the taste, but, you know, all really good medicines are nasty. A dose causes a cold to vanish in two hours." "Have you taken a dose?" demanded Bulstrode. "Yes; I took a dose at once." "How long ago?" "About two hours." "And has your cold vanished, you frahjous ass?" "Ahem! In cases of particularly obstinate colds it takes longer," Alonzo Todd explained. "Mine is a particularly obstinate cold. But the great quality of the Marvellous

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"EASY TERMS!"

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Mixture is that it cures almost anything. If you have lumbago—

"Do you think I've got lumbago, you chump?"

"I did not insinuate that you had lumbago, Bulstrode. I merely stated that if you had lumbago this mixture would cure it. If you suffer from rheumatism, or liver complaints, or palpitation of the heart, or that tired feeling, or, in fact, anything, you can assure yourself by taking constant doses of the Mixture. You can also ward off any of those complaints by taking doses in time. The cure is infallible."

"How do you know, ass?"

"It says so on the bottle."

"What!"

"Look!" said Alonzo innocently, holding up the bottle.

"It is all printed on the label, and signed by Dr. Spooner."

"You nine kinds of an ass!" said Bulstrode. "Get out!"

"My dear Bulstrode, surely you will not allow an opportunity like this to pass unimproved?" said Alonzo earnestly.

"The Mixture also has a generally strengthening effect. Taken before a football match, it would buck you up wonderfully."

"Oh, cheese it!"

"My Uncle Benjamin tells me of a case of a man who has had lumbago for fifteen years, and has never taken anything else for it," said Alonzo impressively.

"What a ripping recommendation!" snorted Bulstrode.

"Yes, isn't it?" said Alonzo. "The Mixture can be taken in varying doses. An extra large dose causes sharp pains inside, I understand, but the ultimate effect is very beneficial. Will you take some, Bulstrode?"

"No, I won't!"

"Do allow me to persuade you," urged Alonzo. "The cure is certain, and it is ever so much better than being shut up in the sanatorium. As soon as Mr. Quelch notices how bad your cold is, you will be sent to the sanatorium. Much better take a dose of the Mixture while there is yet time."

"Oh, rats!"

"Will you try it, Hazeldene? It is soon swallowed, you know; and even if it did no good, it could not do any harm."

"Well, a chap might try it," said Hazel, hesitating. "Is it very nasty?"

"Ahem! It is not exactly pleasant to the taste—at all events, it would be an—acquired taste," confessed Alonzo. "But all really efficacious medicines are nasty. You can take it down very quickly."

"Well, I'll try it," said Hazel. "Don't overdo it. Here's a glass."

Alonzo Todd's face beamed with delight. He took the glass, and carefully measured out a good dose of the Marvellous Mixture.

Hazeldene looked at it in a very gingerly manner. He did not like taking medicine, but his cold was so troublesome that he thought he would risk it. The Mixture had a smell, and it was not an agreeable smell. It was a dark brown in colour, and looked very thick. Altogether, it was not enticing.

"Can I take anything with it?" asked the junior nervously.

"It can be taken in water, my dear Hazeldene, but it is better to take it pure and simple. Make an effort, and swallow it," said Alonzo encouragingly.

Hazel took up the glass, and sniffed at the Mixture, and put it to his lips. He made the required effort, and poured it into his mouth.

But he did not swallow it. The next instant Hazeldene seemed to be suffering from an interior earthquake. He was coughing, gasping, and spitting like an angry cat.

"Ow! Oh! Grooh! Yow! Yah! Grooooooh!"

"My dear Hazel—"

"Yarooop! Ow! I'm poisoned! Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bulstrode.

"Pray try to swallow it, Hazel—"

Crash!

The glass went to the floor, and broke into a dozen pieces, and the remainder of the dose of Marvellous Mixture was wasted on the carpet. Hazel, red with fury, rushed at Alonzo, and grasped him round the neck.

The surprised Alonzo struggled.

"My dear Hazel—ow—ow!—what the—yow—yow—"

"I'll smash you!" roared Hazel. "I'll teach you to try to poison me, you villain!"

Thump, thump, thump!

"Ow, ow! Yooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Go it, Hazel! Hold him while I pour the stuff down his neck!" yelled Bulstrode.

"My dear Bulstrode—my dear fellows— Ow, ow, ow! Grooh!"

Hazel jammed Alonzo on the floor, and pinned him there, and the grinning Bulstrode emptied the large bottle of

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Marvellous Mixture down the back of his neck. Alonzo struggled and squirmed wildly.

However efficacious the Mixture might be taken internally, taken externally it was anything but grateful or comforting.

Alonzo shuddered as the sticky fluid ran down his back under his shirt.

"Oh, dear!" he gasped. "I—I shall not try to cure your colds any more. Ow! I call this ungrateful! Yow! Leggo!"

"Break the bottle on his napper!" howled Hazeldene.

"Oh, dear! Groogh!"

Bulstrode refrained from that last kind attention. He pitched the bottle into the grate, where it smashed to pieces.

The two juniors raised the unhappy Alonzo, and tossed him into the passage, and Hazeldene slammed the door after him.

Alonzo sat up, gasping.

His shirt was sticking to his back, and he was breathless, and altogether feeling exceedingly uncomfortable.

"Oh, dear!" he gasped. "This is what comes of trying to do good. Oh, dear! My Uncle Benjamin would be shocked at this—nay, disgusted! Oh, dear! I do feel most extremely uncomfortable. Ow!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, coming along the passage. "That's a queer place to take a rest, Lonzy."

Alonzo blinked at him, and staggered to his feet.

"I have been treated most ungratefully and violently, Cherry. I have been trying to cure Hazeldene's cold, and they have—ow!—poured the medicine down my back. Grooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There is nothing whatever to laugh at, my dear Cherry. I feel most uncomfortable and sticky. Ow!"

"It's given you a sniff, too!" grinned Bob, sniffing. "You'd better go and get yourself disinfected, Alonzo. Ha, ha, ha!"

"I shall certainly have to change my clothes," groaned Alonzo. "This is most annoying. Groogh! If you would care for a dose of the Marvellous Mixture, Cherry, I have two bottles remaining, and I should be very pleased to—"

But Bob Cherry was gone. Alonzo Todd made his way dolefully to the Remove dormitory, feeling as if life was hardly worth living in an ungrateful world.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Cruel Kindness!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. came in from the footer ground, looking very ruddy and rosy. They had been hard at practice. On Wednesday afternoon there was to be a match with Redclyffe juniors, and Harry Wharton was keeping his team hard at it to keep them in form. The Redclyffe match was a most important one on the Remove card, and the Removes were very keen about it. And as Peter Todd was a player short, and had to replace one of his best men in the Form eleven.

Peter Todd met them as they came in.

"You fellows hungry?" he asked.

"What-ho!" said Bob Cherry emphatically.

"Unless you've got something special, will you come along to No. 7," said Peter. "We've got a good spread. Alonzo's standing it."

"Good egg!" said the Co. in chorus.

"The goodness of the esteemed egg is terrific," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "I myself am as peckful as an esteemed hunter."

And the Famous Five made their way cheerfully to No. 7 Study. Billy Bunter and Alonzo and Tom Dutton, who shared No. 7 with Peter, were there. They were all looking very cheerful.

Bunter blinked at the guests through his big spectacles.

"I say, Toddy, I didn't know you were asking a crowd," he remarked. Billy Bunter never believed in asking a crowd. He always felt himself quite capable of disposing of any amount of good things by his own unaided efforts.

"Shut up, Bunter!" said Peter sharply.

"Yes, but—"

"Shut up!" roared Peter.

And Bunter shut up. Peter Todd ruled in No. 7 Study with a hand of iron. He kept a cricket-stump handy for Billy Bunter's especial benefit.

"I am so glad to see you, my dear friends," said Alonzo Todd, beaming. "It is really very kind of you to come."

"You can always depend on our kindness in this line, Lonzy," said Frank Nugent affably.

"Yes, rather!"

"Lonzy is the founder of the feast, and he's been getting it ready with his own fair hands," said Peter. "Have you made the coffee, Lonzy?"

"CHUCKLES," 1d.

"Yes, my dear Peter."

"Coffee—eh?" said Bob Cherry. "Good!"

The juniors did not often have coffee in their studies. Alonzo looked a little uneasy for a moment.

"I thought you fellows might like coffee for a change," he said.

"It's ripping," said Wharton. "Jolly good idea."

And the juniors sat down to tea. Peter Todd had borrowed chairs along the passage, and there were enough for all. And the spread, stood by the generous Alonzo, was really in great style. There were ham and eggs, and a pie, and all sorts of little delicacies that would have tried the digestion of an ostrich, but had no effect whatever upon the digestions of a crowd of healthy juniors.

The Co. piled in with good appetites. Alonzo beamed beneficently over the festive board. The supply of good things was so ample that even Billy Bunter felt himself hospitable for once, and pressed the guests to help themselves.

And the coffee! Alonzo had made it, and he had made it with great care. It was exceedingly strong—at least, it seemed strong, and there was a somewhat peculiar flavour in it, which the juniors did not quite recognise. However, they did not remark on it. As Alonzo was the founder of the feast, and as he had made the coffee with his own fair hands, as Peter put it, the juniors felt bound to like it, and they all asked for second and third cups. Billy Bunter, as a member of the study, was free to make remarks, and he was the only one who remarked on the unusual flavour of the coffee.

"You can't make coffee, Alonzo," he grunted. "Have you burnt this?"

"Certainly not, my dear Bunter."

"Put too much salt in it?"

"I hope not."

"Well, it tastes jolly queer," said Bunter. "Sort of bitter flavour on the tongue. What are you turning red for?"

"I—I— Am I turning red, my dear Bunter?"

"Yes, you are!" growled Bunter.

"I was quite unconscious of the fact, my dear Bunter," said Alonzo, who had indeed turned quite pink. "I am sorry if you do not like the coffee."

"Oh, shut up, Bunter!" said Peter. "It has rather a taste, but it's all right. You're always complaining about something."

"Well, it's got a taste," said Bunter, finishing his fourth cup. "Don't you notice that the coffee's got a queer taste, Dutton?"

"Eh!" said Tom Dutton. Dutton was very deaf, which made conversation with him a somewhat difficult task.

"Can't you taste the coffee?" demanded Bunter.

"Not at all," said Dutton, in surprise. "What is there to be huffy about? We're all friends here, ain't we?"

"Coffee, you chump, not huffy!" howled Bunter. "Don't you think the coffee's got a queer taste?"

"I think it's rotten to say such a thing before guests," said Dutton severely. "And I don't think it's waste, either. I like having chaps to a feed. You'd guzzle all on your lonesome, I know."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Taste!" shrieked Bunter. "Not waste—taste! The coffee—COFFEE, you ass—don't you notice that it tastes of something queer?"

"If you call me queer, I'll punch your silly head," said Dutton. "Shut up, for goodness' sake! You're always jawing."

Billy Bunter gave it up. He grunted, and went on with his feed. He was doing great things in the way of clearing the table; and, in spite of his complaints about the coffee, he contrived to polish off a fifth cup of it.

"Well," said Bob Cherry, as he rose after the repast, "I must say you fellows have done us jolly well. Long live Alonzo!"

"Hear, hear!"

"I am so pleased, you fellows," said Alonzo. "And I am sure that you will receive very great benefit from it."

"A good feed's always a benefit," said Bob, somewhat puzzled by that remark.

"It is not only the feed, my dear Cherry. But if you were at all in the way of catching cold, you are now safe."

"Eh?"

"Also, if you have any leaning towards rheumatism, or lumbago, or curvature of the spine, or anything of that kind, you have now, unconsciously, taken precautions against it."

The juniors stared at Alonzo blankly. They all regarded the Duffer of Greyfriars as being a queer chap. But really now they began to suspect that he was a little tiny bit "off his rocker." Certainly his observations were very strange and mysterious.

"Would you mind explaining what you are talking about, Toddy?" asked Harry Wharton politely.

"With pleasure, my dear Wharton. You remember that I received to-day from my Uncle Benjamin a large quantity of Dr. Spooner's Marvellous Mixture for Sad Sufferers."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 319.

FOR NEXT
MONDAY—

"EASY TERMS!"

"What the dickens—"

"I wished Hazel to try it, but he was most rude about it, in fact violent. But I was determined, my dear fellows, that I would not neglect the opportunity of fortifying your systems against disease."

"What!"

"The coffee—"

"The coffee—" murmured Bob Cherry, turning pale.

"Yes," said Alonzo, beaming. "That is why I selected coffee with our repast. You see, the strong flavour disguises the medicine."

"The—tho medicine!"

"Yes. I have given you all a strong dose of the Marvellous Mixture now, and you were quite unaware of the benefit I was conferring upon you," said the amiable Alonzo. "You are now strengthened against all sorts of complaints, without the unpleasantness of taking the medicine. I am sure that you will be grateful when you feel the beneficial effects of the dose, and you will pardon a little harmless deception."

The juniors gazed fixedly at Alonzo.

If looks could have slain, probably the Duffer of Greyfriars would have rolled on the floor of No. 7 Study at that moment as defunct as Julius Caesar.

As it was, he stood beaming kindly upon the guests.

"You—you maniac!" gasped Bob Cherry at last. "I always knew you were a howling idiot, and a blithering cuckoo; but I never suspected that you were quite so idiotic as you are."

"My dear Cherry—"

"I—I've got a pain," murmured Nugent, pressing his hand to his waistcoat. "Oh! I—I've felt it coming on for some time, and I wondered what it was."

"How many cups of coffee did you have?" asked Alonzo anxiously.

"Four!" groaned Nugent.

"Ah! Then perhaps you have taken an overdose, and in that case you may suffer for some time from violent pains in the region of the diaphragm," said Alonzo comfortingly. "I assure you, however, that the ultimate effect will be very beneficial."

"Oh, lor'!" groaned Bunter. "I had five cups! Oh, crumbs! You—you villain!"

"The ultimate result—"

The juniors did not wait for Alonzo to explain further about the ultimate result. They rushed headlong upon the Duffer of Greyfriars, and grasped him, and swung him off his feet. Alonzo gave a yell of alarm, but the infuriated victims of his mistaken kindness did not heed it. They lifted Alonzo, and brought him down with a crash on the tea-table.

There was a terrific smash of crockery, and wild yells from Alonzo. He rolled off the table in the midst of a shower of broken crockery, and squashed tarts and cake. Then the guests staggered from the study, each with his hand pressed to his waistcoat.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Helping Mr. Prout!

VERNON-SMITH met Harry Wharton & Co. as they staggered away from No. 7 Study, and he stopped in astonishment, and stared at them.

"What on earth's the matter?" he exclaimed.

Chorus of groans.

"It's Alonzo!"

"He's dosed us with medicine."

"In the coffee!"

"The dosefulness is terrific!"

"Ow, ow, ow!"

Vernon-Smith broke into a roar of laughter. He seemed to see something funny in the affair, which was quite imperceptible to the Famous Five.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at?" shouted Bob Cherry indignantly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, bump him over!"

And the Bouncer of Greyfriars was promptly bumped over by the indignant juniors, and they walked over him and left him very dusty and breathless. But he chuckled again as he got up, and he looked into Study No. 7.

Three juniors there were groaning as if in the hands of the Inquisition. Peter Todd sat in the armchair and groaned. Tom Dutton held on to the table and groaned. Billy Bunter lay on the hearthrug and groaned.

Alonzo, very jammy and cakey and sticky, stood and looked upon them with kind and commiserating eyes.

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of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars. Order Early.

"I'm so sorry, my dear fellows," he said. "You will find the ultimate effects very beneficial, I do assure you."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Bounder. "Have they had some, too?"

Alonzo blinked round at him.

"Yes, Vernon-Smith. Would you care for a dose of the Marvellous Mixture?"

"Ha, ha! No. They don't seem to be enjoying it."

"I'm poisoned!" groaned Billy Bunter. "I'm dying! Go and tell the Head, Smith! Tell him Alonzo has poisoned us!"

"Please do not do anything of the sort, Vernon-Smith. What I have administered is a very beneficial medicine, and the ultimate effects—"

"Oh, you dangerous ass!" groaned Peter Todd. "If I hadn't got such an awful pain under my waistcoat, I'd get up and scalp you!"

"My dear Peter—"

"I'm going to slaughter him," said Tom Dutton, groping in the corner for a cricket-stump. "He oughtn't to be allowed to live, not outside a lunatic asylum at any rate. Hold him, Smithy, while I smash him into little bits!"

Alonzo hopped out of the study as Tom Dutton came for him with the cricket-stump. The deaf junior charged after him, but a fresh access of pains under his waistcoat caught him, and he stopped, and clung to the doorposts, and gasped.

Vernon-Smith, hooting with laughter, followed Alonzo out of the study. Two or three more fellows had gathered there, attracted by the sounds of anguish from No. 7. There was a roar of merriment when Vernon-Smith gasped out an explanation of what had taken place.

"Good old Alonzo!" chirruped Skinner. "Alonzo ought to have a putty medal. Why don't you give old Prout a dose, Lonzy; he's got a bad cold?"

Winks were exchanged among the juniors. They caught on to the suggestion at once, and became preternaturally grave and serious. If Alonzo could be induced to give a dose of his fearsome mixture to the Fifth-Form master, the Removites felt that they would be avenged for all the trouble Mr. Prout had brought upon them.

"I have already thought of it," said Alonzo. "I am very much concerned about Mr. Prout. He has been sneezing and snuffling all day long. I mentioned my medicine to him, however, and he answered me quite crossly."

"But he ought to have some," argued Skinner. "It will do him worlds of good, and you ought to be willing to take a little trouble, Toddy, to do a kind teacher worlds of good. I'm sure your Uncle Thomas would approve of it."

"You mean my Uncle Benjamin, Skinner."

"Yes, my mistake. Don't you fellows think it's up to Alonzo to give Prout a dose of the Murderous Mixture?" asked Skinner, looking round.

"The Marvellous Mixture, Skinner," Alonzo corrected mildly.

"Yes, it's up to Alonzo," said Vernon-Smith, and all the juniors nodded their heads with great solemnity. "Lonzy ought to manage it somehow. Prout will be no end grateful when he feels the effects, I mean the ultimate effects."

"And you can give it to him without his knowing it, same as you've done to the chaps in your study," suggested Skinner.

"Yes, if that could be managed," said Alonzo thoughtfully. "It would certainly be a good deed, and my Uncle Benjamin would certainly approve of doing good by stealth."

"Easy as winking," said Skinner blandly. "Prout's staying in his room, and having his tea sent up to him. Trotter will be taking it up. I heard him give the order. He's having cocoa, and you can shove it in the cocoa."

"But Trotter—"

"Oh, we'll manage Trotter!" said Skinner. "We'll get his eye off the tray for a few minutes while you shove in the Mucky Mixture."

"That is really an excellent idea, Skinner. You don't think that Mr. Prout will be at all angry?"

"He's bound to be pleased if it cures his cold."

"That is very true. I will adopt your suggestion, my dear Skinner. I have one bottle of the mixture left. To-morrow I shall receive some more. I have asked my Uncle Benjamin to send a further quantity, as I intend to give doses to all the fellows in the Remove."

"Do you?" said some of the juniors, looking very grim.

"There will be a dead idiot found lying round soon afterwards if you give me any," remarked Bolsover major.

"My dear Bolsover—"

"Let's get to bizney," said Vernon-Smith briskly. "Trotter will be up in a few minutes, and we mustn't let slip this golden opportunity of doing good."

"I am so glad to hear you speak like that, Smithy," said Alonzo affectionately. "It shows that even the hardest hearts are capable of kind feelings. I have always regarded you as a very unfeeling and somewhat brutal person."

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"What?"

"But your concern for Mr. Prout shows that there are kind feelings left in the most unfeeling bosom," said Alonzo. "It is a great pleasure to me to discover that you are by no means all bad, Vernon-Smith."

The Bounder of Greyfriars clenched his hands for a moment, and Alonzo came very near to measuring his length in the passage. But Skinner caught the Bounder by the arm.

"Don't spoil a good jape!" he murmured. "You can slaughter him presently."

Vernon-Smith muttered something under his breath, and unclenched his hands.

"I trust I have said nothing to offend you, my dear Smithy," said Alonzo anxiously. "It is really a pleasure to me to observe that you are not wholly the rotter that most of the fellows suppose—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come on!" said Skinner hurriedly. "There's no time to lose, Alonzo."

"Certainly, my dear Skinner."

And Skinner marched Alonzo off. Vernon-Smith and Bolsover major followed. The other fellows remained behind, chuckling. They were anticipating, with a great deal of pleasure, the administration of the Marvellous Mixture to Mr. Prout.

In the passage near Mr. Prout's door the four juniors waited, Alonzo's hand on the bottle of Marvellous Mixture in his pocket. Alonzo's eyes were glistening with benevolent kindness. He was overjoyed at that chance of doing good by stealth.

Trotter the page came along at last with a laden tray in his hand. On the tray were poached eggs and bread-and-butter, and a steaming cup of cocoa. The page looked a little surprised as the four juniors stood in his path, and he paused.

"None of your japes, young gentlemen," he said anxiously.

"This 'ere is for Mr. Prout, and he ain't in a good temper."

"I want to speak to you, Trotter," said Vernon-Smith blandly. "Put the tray down a minute, and come along. It's rather important."

Trotter hesitated. He was inclined to suspect that some practical joke was intended. But Vernon-Smith drew him to the chair in the corner of the passage, and Trotter put the tray down, and then the Bounder and Bolsover and Skinner moved along the passage with the page, and hustled him round the corner. Trotter protested.

"Now, young gentlemen, no larks. Wot's the little game? Really—"

Vernon-Smith gave a quick glance back along the passage. Alonzo Todd had started operations already. He poured half the cup of cocoa into the flower-pot by the passage window, and filled up the cup from his famous bottle. Then the bottle was slipped back into his pocket. It did not take a minute.

Meanwhile, Trotter was round the corner, protesting.

"Lemme go, young gentlemen! Mr. Prout is waiting for his tea, and he's got a cold, and he'll be ratty."

"Oh, you can buzz off!" said Vernon-Smith. "On second thoughts we won't bump you this time. Clear off!"

"Thank you kindly, sir!" said Trotter.

He was only too glad to clear off. He hurried back to where he had left the tray, and picked it up, and went on to Mr. Prout's room, and tapped at the door. The juniors watched him carry the tray in, and chuckled.

"Is it all serene?" whispered Skinner.

Alonzo Todd nodded.

"Quite so, my dear Skinner. I have administered a large dose, a very large dose, and I am sure that it will do Mr. Prout worlds of good."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you laughing at, my dear fellows?" asked Alonzo, in surprise.

"To think of the good it will do Mr. Prout," said the Bounder blandly. "Lonzy, old man, you're worth your weight in gold. Better clear off, you chaps!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the chaps cleared off, chuckling—and in the Remove passage, when they told their story, there were many more chuckles.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

A Painful Case!

M R. QUELCH dropped into the Fifth-Form-master's room to chat with him while he had his tea. Mr. Quelch's boys were responsible for the Form-master's cold; and Mr. Quelch felt that he was bound to be concerned about it.

The Fifth-Form-master was far from being in a good temper. He was frowning over the tea-tray when the Remove-master came in.



Two or three of the Removites were simply doubled up with internal pains, and took no part in the game for minutes at a time. Bulstrode was clinging to a goal-post and groaning, and when Tubb sent the ball in, Bulstrode made no effort to save it. "Goal!" yelled the delighted fags. (See Chapter 15.)

"Feeling better, my dear Prout?" asked Mr. Quelch.

Mr. Prout grunted.

"I am feeling very beastly," he said. "I haven't felt as bad as this since the time when I caught cold in the snow, when I was in the Rocky Mountains in '86."

Mr. Quelch gave an inward groan. When Mr. Prout mentioned the Rockies in '86, it always meant that some of his hunting reminiscences were coming. Mr. Prout had been a great hunter in his youth. He still kept several guns in his study, adorning the walls, much to the terror of the housemaids, who never felt certain whether they were loaded or not. He had a big bearskin on his study floor, too, and he had often told the story of how he had shot that bear in the Rocky Mountains in '86. Skinner of the Remove declared that he knew it for a fact that Mr. Prout had bought the bearskin secondhand from old Lazarus in Courtfield; but Skinner of the Remove was just the kind of fellow to say such things.

But Mr. Prout had a cold, and the Remove-master had come in to comfort him—and so he nobly made up his mind to endure the reminiscences he saw were coming with patience and fortitude.

"You caught cold in the—er—snow," murmured Mr. Quelch, taking a chair.

"Yes," said Mr. Prout, his clouded face clearing as he embarked upon his favourite topic, and he finished his cocoa at a gulp. "It was on the occasion when I killed the big bear—you've noticed the bearskin in my study."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 319.

FOR NEXT
MONDAY—

"EASY TERMS!"

Mr. Quelch had noticed it.

"Fine fellow, isn't he?" said Mr. Prout. "Afterwards I was very careful to have the skin, and the head, carefully preserved. The glass eyes were put in by my faithful Indian. He was a very skilful fellow. We were three days on the track of that bear."

"Were you, really?" murmured Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, indeed. We tracked him up the ravine, mile on mile—we tracked him over the snowy ridges," said Mr. Prout. "Several times we almost had him—and when we at last came up with him, he almost had us, by gad!"

"He showed—er—fight?" said the Remove-master.

"Showed fight, sir!" said Mr. Prout, warming to his recollections. "I should say he did! A big grizzly—most dangerous kind of bear, sir. We had cornered him in a gulch—"

"In a what?"

"A gulch—sort of narrow valley in the rocks, you know."

"Oh, I see!"

"We followed his trail up the gulch in the snow, and my faithful Indian hunter sighted him. We were crawling through the snow, but I didn't feel cold, begad—I was excited. He was the biggest grizzly I had ever tackled. Just as I drew a bead—"

"You drew a what?"

"A bead, sir!"

"Some kind of a weapon?" asked Mr. Quelch. "A hunting-knife, I presume?"

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Mr. Prout snorted.

"To draw a bead, Mr. Quelch, is to take aim."

"Oh, I—I understand! Go on!"

"Just as I drew a bead on him, Kokojoko—that was the name of my faithful Indian—Kokojoko shouted that he was charging. He came for me like a blizzard. I had just time to pull trigger—and then he was on me. But I had drilled him, right—right through the body, and he rolled over, and died at my feet."

"What a narrow escape!" said Mr. Quelch.

"Wasn't it? Had my hand trembled at that moment, sir, I should never have become a Form-master at this school—my faithful Kokojoko would have buried me in the snows of the Rockies," said Mr. Prout. "I caught a bad cold through crawling in the snow. Kokojoko nursed me through it, sir, with the devotion of a woman. He was a faithful fellow. I brought his skin home with me—"

"The Indian's skin?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, in astonishment.

"No, no!" said Mr. Prout irritably. "The bear's skin, of course. It is the one that I have in my study now. A very handsome skin, and the head is quite lifelike. Dear me!"

Mr. Prout uttered a sharp ejaculation, and pressed his hand to his waistcoat.

"Is anything the matter, my dear Prout?"

"I—I felt a peculiar pain," said Mr. Prout, turning pale.

"I—I trust my cold is not turning to pneumonia. Dear me! There it is again!"

"What kind of a pain?"

"A sort of shooting-pain, in the region of the stomach," said Mr. Prout. "I cannot have eaten anything that disagrees with me—merely eggs, and bread-and-butter, and cocoa. Dear me, now I think of it, the cocoa had a decidedly peculiar flavour. Can there have been something wrong with the cocoa?"

"It is hardly probable."

"I—I feel most peculiar," said Mr. Prout. "Ah! It is passing off now. By the way, Mr. Quelch, did I ever tell you how I was chased by wolves in the Rockies in '86?"

Mr. Prout had related that story probably a dozen times to Mr. Quelch and other victims; but he did not wait for a reply.

"We were in the sledge," he went on, "Kokojoko was driving, when suddenly he turned his head and called out to me—yow-ow-ow!"

"Something in his native tongue, I suppose?" asked Mr. Quelch.

"No, no! I felt a sudden pain," said Mr. Prout hastily. "Kokojoko called out: 'Master, the wolves are on our track!' I seized my ger-roo-oogh—"

"Your what?"

"Groogh! My rifle!" said Mr. Prout, pressing his hand to his waistcoat, "and turned back. There were the wolves—hundreds of them—their black bodies dotting the white snow. I took aim, crack! went the rifle, and the foremost of the pack jumped into the air, and fell dead in the—yoo-oop!"

"In the snow?"

"Yes, in the snow!" groaned Mr. Prout, with both hands pressed to his waistcoat now. "These sudden pains are really most surprising. I do not know what can be the cause of them, unless they are a return of the cramp I caught while diving in the Gulf of Mexico. The wolves came on, and Kokojoko drove faster and faster; but they gained upon us. Have you ever heard the cry of wolves in chase, Mr. Quelch?"

"Never!" said the Remove-master.

"It is a very mournful and depressing howl, like—grooh-hooh—yow—like nothing else on earth, I think," said Mr. Prout. "Most terrifying, in the snowy wastes of the Rockies. They gained upon us, and I fired again, and the foremost wolf rolled over, and fortunately the others stopped to devour him, and—Great Scott!"

"What is the matter?"

"Ow-ow! I—I will tell you the rest of that story another time, Mr. Quelch! Grooh! This pain is really most trying. I—I think I must have inadvertently partaken of some poisonous substance. Ow!"

"Perhaps I had better telephone for the doctor," said Mr. Quelch, rising. He was really concerned; the expression on the Fifth-Form-master's face was most alarming.

"Thank you—please do!" groaned Mr. Prout. "I am convinced that I have been poisoned. Ow-ow! Groogh!"

Mr. Quelch hurried from the study, and hastened to ring up Dr. Pillbury on the telephone. Then he came back.

He found Mr. Prout lying back in his armchair, looking very pale, and with clots of perspiration on his brow.

"Is it any better?"

"It is not any better—it is a great deal worse!" groaned Mr. Prout. "It is really extraordinary. A clear case of

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poisoning; there must have been something in the cocoa. Some poisonous substance has been accidentally mixed—yow-ow-ow!"

Mr. Quelch peered into the dregs in the cocoa-cup. He could see nothing unusual there. He remained with Mr. Prout until the medical gentleman arrived, which he did very soon. The Remove-master had impressed upon him the urgency of the case.

"I—I am glad you have come, Dr. Pillbury," gasped Mr. Prout. "I am suffering the most atrocious pains in my stomach. I cannot imagine the cause of it unless I have accidentally taken something poisonous. The cocoa had a taste—"

"Tell me the symptoms."

"Sudden—shooting pains—extremely excruciating—"

Dr. Pillbury murmured something. Mr. Prout thought he caught the word "strychnine," and he shuddered all over.

"Pray examine the remains of the cocoa!" he gasped.

The medical man peered into the cocoa-cup, and tasted the remains of the cocoa on the tip of his finger.

"Certainly some foreign substance has been introduced into the cocoa," he said. "It has a very peculiar flavour. It would have been wiser to get rid immediately of what you have swallowed. The process is simple—"

For the next five minutes, Mr. Prout's experience was similar to that of a particularly unfortunate passenger on a Channel boat on a very rough day.

"I am afraid something has been administered to you in your cocoa, Mr. Prout," said Dr. Pillbury. "It can hardly have been accidental."

"You think I have been deliberately poisoned?" gasped Mr. Prout.

"Ahem! Probably not. Last week, I understand, a boy in the Sixth Form suffered from pains caused by the administration of something by a practical joker—"

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "That is very true. I did not think of it. The Chinese junior—Wun Lung—I heard about it at the time—"

"Ow! That is it, of course!" gasped Mr. Prout. "Send for that wretched boy, Mr. Quelch—he shall confess what he has given me."

"Immediately, Mr. Prout!"

The Remove-master rang, and sent Trotter in quest of Wun Lung, the little Chinese. Wun Lung made his appearance in a few minutes. He was looking surprised. Wun Lung had a reputation for playing unearthly practical jokes—and his trick on Loder of the Sixth had been the talk of the school for some days before. This time, as it happened, the little Chinese was innocent; but his denials were not likely to help him much, for he was well-known to be an easy second to the famous Ananias in the art of lying.

The little Chinese looked quite scared as he found three separate stern glances fixed upon him.

"I have sent for you, Wun Lung," said Mr. Quelch, with a thunderous frown, "to ask you what you have administered to Mr. Prout?"

Wun Lung looked from one to another in wonder.

"No savvy!" he murmured.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Wun Lung Confesses!

WUN LUNG was speaking the truth for once. He did not "savvy." But "no savvy" was always his reply when he was cornered; when he did not want to answer questions, he contrived to forget his knowledge of English all of a sudden.

Mr. Quelch raised his hand commandingly.

"Look at Mr. Prout, boy!" he exclaimed.

"Me likee looker at handsome Mr. Prout?" murmured Wun Lung.

Mr. Prout looked anything but handsome at that moment. He glared at the little Chinese in return for his complimentary remark.

"You see that you have made Mr. Prout very ill," continued Mr. Quelch.

"No savvy!"

"You administered some concoction to Loder of the Sixth last week?"

Wun Lung grinned for a moment. But he murmured again:

"No savvy!"

"You understand perfectly well," said Mr. Quelch. "Wun Lung, I have always made allowances for you, because you are an Oriental, and do not understand English customs, and have never seemed to realise the seriousness of telling falsehoods. But—"

"Handsome Mr. Quelch velly kind."

"CHUCKLES," 14

"But now I insist upon the truth. What have you administered to Mr. Prout in his cocoa? You must tell the doctor at once!"

"No savvy."

"The young rascal!" stuttered Mr. Prout. "This is one of the boys I reported to you, Mr. Quelch, for the raid on the Fifth Form dormitory. He was punished with the others, I presume?"

"He was caned," said Mr. Quelch.

"Yes; and he has done this in revenge!" exclaimed the Fifth Form-master. "I may actually have taken poison!"

"No poisoner handsome Mr. Plout."

"Then what have you given me?"

"No givee noting."

"The boy must be compelled to state what he has given Mr. Prout," remarked Dr. Pillbury. "It is necessary that I should know, of course."

Mr. Prout pointed feebly to a cane on a desk in the room, and Mr. Quelch picked it up.

Wun Lung eyed him nervously, and backed towards the door.

"No canee poor Chine!" he murmured.

"Come here, Wun Lung!"

"Me no givee noting!"

"Hold out your hand!"

"No canee poor Chine!" wailed Wun Lung.

"I shall cane you most severely unless you confess!" said Mr. Quelch sternly. "Do you not realise the seriousness of what you have done? You have made Mr. Prout very ill. You must tell Dr. Pillbury what you have administered."

"Tell me at once, my boy," said the doctor. "I must know. Perhaps Mr. Quelch will pardon you if you make a frank statement."

"Yes, yes!" gasped Mr. Prout. "Let the young rascal go scot-free if he tells the truth. That does not matter, so long as the doctor knows how to deal with my case. That is the important thing!"

"You hear, Wun Lung?" said Mr. Quelch. "Make a full confession, and you will not be punished. Otherwise I shall cane you more severely than you have ever been caned before."

Wun Lung's eyes glistened. Having a true Oriental disregard for the truth, he thought he saw an easy way out of the difficulty. He had only to confess!

"Handsome Mr. Plout velly kind," he murmured. "Me no meanee harm. Only a little jokee."

"Then you confess that you have administered some concoction to Mr. Prout?" the Remove-master exclaimed.

"Me confessee," said Wun Lung calmly.

"You wretched boy!" groaned Mr. Prout. "I knew it! What have you given me—is it poison?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"Me poisoner Mr. Plout," confessed Wun Lung. "Me velly solly—only little jokee."

Mr. Prout seemed transfixed.

"What!" thundered Mr. Quelch. "You state that you have poisoned Mr. Prout for a joke?"

"Me velly solly."

"What have you given him?" gasped Dr. Pillbury.

"Velly fatal Chine poison," said Wun Lung meekly.

"Good heavens!"

"Ow! I am a dead man!" said Mr. Prout faintly. "See that that murderous boy is secured. I feel that I am dying."

"Wun Lung," gasped Mr. Quelch, "you—you are serious?"

"Velly serious."

"You have actually administered poison to Mr. Prout?"

"Velly fatal poisoner."

"What is it called?" shouted Dr. Pillbury.

"No knowee English name. In Chine called Kokijam-geelickoo," said Wun Lung.

"That poison is not mentioned in the Pharmacopœia," said Dr. Pillbury. "Good heavens! This is a very serious matter. You placed this horrible thing in Mr. Prout's cocoa?"

"Me velly solly."

"Did you do it because Mr. Prout reported you?" asked Mr. Quelch.

"Yes," said Wun Lung, evidently feeling that he was required to make his confession full and complete. "Me wantee killy Mr. Plout for little jokee."

"Bless my soul! The boy must be mad!" said Dr. Pillbury. "Have you any of this poison left? By examining it, I may—"

"All gonee. Mr. Plout dlinkee all up!"

"See that young scoundrel is arrested," murmured Mr. The MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 319.

FOR NEXT MONDAY—

"EASY TERMS!"

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ONE PENNY.

Prout. "I feel that I have not long to live. But I have faced death before—in the Rockies in '86. I shall die with courage."

"It cannot be so bad as that!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "I can hardly believe that the boy is serious. You say this is a fatal poison, Wun Lung?"

"Velly fatal."

"Is it impossible for the victim to recover?"

"Quite impossible. Me velly solly."

"I—I am dying!" groaned Mr. Prout. "See that the desperate young wretch does not escape. He must be hanged for this. Ow!"

There was a tap at the door, and Alonzo Todd opened it and looked in. The face of the Duffer of Greyfriars was very concerned.

"What do you want, Todd?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch sharply. "Go away at once!"

"If you please, sir—"

"Be off!"

"But—but Trotter says that Mr. Prout is very ill, sir, and that the doctor has come," persisted Alonzo. "I only want to assure Mr. Prout that there is no cause whatever for alarm, sir."

"What! What do you know about the matter, Todd?"

"What Mr. Prout has taken, sir, will not harm him in the least. He will suffer some acute pains in the region of the stomach, sir, but the ultimate effects will be extremely beneficial."

"Were you aware, Todd, that Wun Lung had administered poison to Mr. Prout?" the Remove-master demanded, in a voice of thunder.

Alonzo jumped.

"Wun Lung! Poison!" he stuttered.

"Yes—in Mr. Prout's cocoa."

"C-c-cocoa, sir? It was I who—"

"You!"

"Yes, sir!" said Alonzo.

"You put poison in Mr. Prout's cocoa?" said Mr. Quelch, feeling as if his head were turning round. "Are you mad, Todd?"

"Poison, sir! It was not poison. It was a dose of Dr. Spoofer's Marvellous Mixture for Sad Sufferers, sir, and the ultimate effects—"

Mr. Quelch darted a glance like a dagger at Wun Lung. The little Chinese was edging towards the door.

"Stand where you are, Wun Lung!"

"Ye-e-es, sir."

"There is some mistake here—or deliberate falsehood," said Mr. Quelch.

"Now, Todd, you state that you had the astounding impertinence to place a dose of medicine in Mr. Prout's cocoa?"

"Yes, sir; but my intention was to do good. Mr. Prout good. The Marvellous Mixture is a really wonderful remedy for colds. Also it has a counteracting effect in cases of obesity, from which Mr. Prout suffers—"

"You insolent young rascal!" hooted Mr. Prout. It was a fact that he was inclined to what the French politely call embonpoint, but his growing plumpness was not a subject that he liked to have remarks passed upon.

"My dear Mr. Prout, my intention was to do good. My Uncle Benjamin has always impressed upon me the beauty of doing good by stealth, and—"

"Then you have spoken falsely, Wun Lung?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch thunderously.

"Yes, sir."

"Why did you tell me that you had administered poison to Mr. Prout, if you have done nothing of the sort?" shouted the Remove-master.

"Handsome Mr. Quelch wantee me to confessee."

"What?"

"So me confessee, to pleasee handsome Mr. Quelch," explained Wun Lung, with a smile that was childlike and bland.

"G-g-goodness gracious! The boy must be out of his senses! You have confessed to an untruth, Wun Lung."

"Yes, sir. Me wantee pleasee handsome Form-mastel."

"You—you—you young rascal!" shouted Mr. Quelch. "I will thrash you—"

"Handsome Mr. Quelch promisee no lickee Wun Lung if poor little Chine confessee."

Mr. Quelch lowered the cane. He began to understand the weird workings of the Oriental mind. Certainly he had promised that much.

"I wished you to confess to the truth, not to a falsehood, Wun Lung," he said.

A Magnificent, Long, Complete School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars. Order Early.

"Me wantee pleasee—"
 "Leave the room at once!"
 "Handsome Mr. Quelch velly kind," said Wun Lung, and he wriggled out of the room.

"You see, there is no cause for alarm," said Mr. Quelch, turning to the much-relieved Fifth Form-master. "That wretched boy was lying—and, indeed, we did conclude a little hastily that he was the guilty party. It did not occur to me that Todd, or any boy, could have been guilty of the outrageous impertinence of administering medicine to a Form-master on his own responsibility. I shall inflict a punishment upon Todd which will cure him of any desire to repeat that performance. You will follow me to my study, Todd."

"Yes, sir," said Alonzo. "But will you allow me to explain—"

"I will allow you to hold your tongue!" rapped out Mr. Quelch.

"But, sir, I think— Ow—ow!"
 Mr. Quelch's iron grasp fell upon Alonzo's collar, and he was marched forcibly out of the room. A few minutes later wild howls of anguish were heard proceeding from Mr. Quelch's study. They were so loud that Mr. Prout heard them in his room; and he listened to them with a satisfaction that was positively ferocious.

Alonzo looked tired of life when he came out of Mr. Quelch's study. A crowd of grinning juniors were waiting for him in the passage.

"Ow! I have been caned most severely, my dear fellows!" groaned Alonzo. "It is really enough to discourage any fellow from attempting to do good. Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 The juniors yelled with laughter; and that was all the

sympathy the unfortunate Alonzo received from his Form-fellows. And as he crawled upstairs to the Remove passage, he met Wun Lung, and the little Chinese gave him a glare like a basilisk.

"You silly assee!" he exclaimed.
 "My dear Wun Lung—" said Alonzo feebly.

"Me nearlee gettee lickee!"
 "I've quite got licked!" groaned Alonzo.

"Servee lightee. Mr. Quelchee angly now with little Chinees—to-morrow he canee in Form-loom, me tinkee. All your fault, silly assee! Me make you satee up."

Alonzo crawled into his study without replying. He felt that Mr. Quelch had made him sit up sufficiently already, as far as that went. Peter Todd and Tom Dutton and Billy Bunter were there—somewhat recovered, but decidedly ratty in temper.

"Hallo! Been licked?" growled Peter.

"Ow! Yes. Ow!"

"Serve you right! Saves me the trouble of licking you," said Peter darkly.

"Ow! I'm jolly glad!" growled Bunter. "I hope you've had it hot and strong. If you get any more of that filthy medicine here, I'll make you swallow it. Ow!"

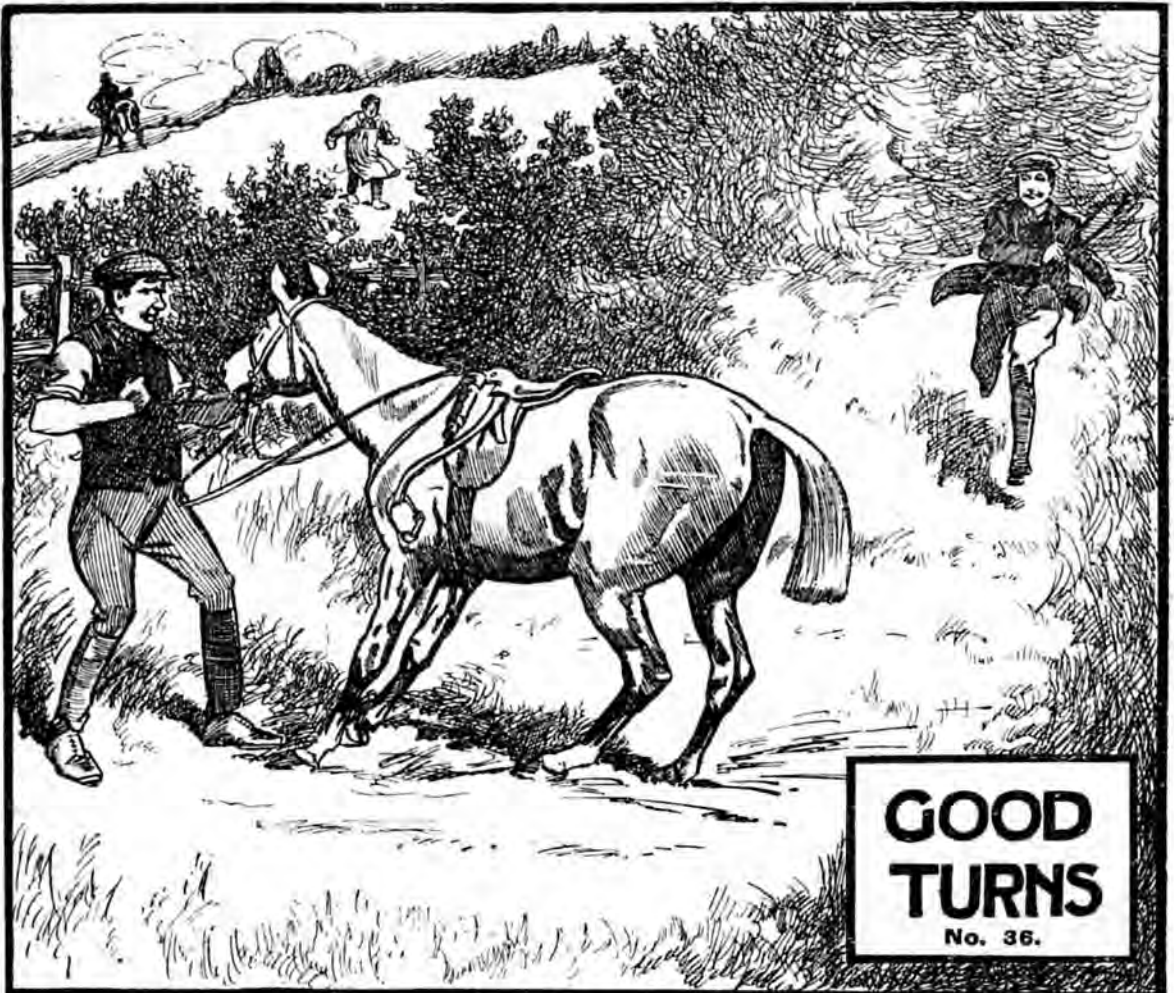
"My dear Bunter, I am receiving quite a large supply to-morrow—"

"You bring it into this study, and see what will happen to you," said Peter.

"It will be necessary for me to take a dose—"

"I'll dose you if you bring it here. I'll dose you, anyway," said Peter, starting up, and grasping a ruler. "You

But Alonzo fled.



**GOOD
 TURNS**
 No. 36.

By successfully catching a runaway hunter, a young farm-labourer is able to do a good turn to the squire's son who has been thrown while taking part in a hot run after a fox.



The Juniors grasped Alonzo Todd, and swung him off his feet. Alonzo gave a yell of alarm, but the infuriated victims of his mistaken kindness did not heed it. They lifted him, and brought him down with a crash on the tea table!

THE TENTH CHAPTER. Wun Lung's Little Joke!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. came out of the School House after lessons the next morning, looking very cheerful. They had quite recovered from the fearsome mixture Alonzo Todd had administered to them in No. 7 Study the previous evening. But they cast ferocious looks on the Duffer of Greyfriars as they passed him. Alonzo sighed. He felt that there was little reward in this heartless world for a fellow who really tried to do good to his fellow-creatures.

Not that he was discouraged. Acting upon the principles he had learned from his revered avuncular relative, he was determined to keep on in the way he had started—and indeed he was planning further benefits for the Famous Five that afternoon.

Little Wun Lung came wriggling up to Vernon-Smith and Skinner as they came out of the School House together. The little Chinese's almond eyes were gleaming.

"You fellows help me!" he began.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 319.

"What do you want?"

"Lillee jokee on silly assee Toddy."

"Oh!" said the Bounder, interested at once. "Good egg! What's the game?"

Wun Lung lowered his voice.

"Mr. Quelchee velly angry wiz me this morning," he said.

"All faultee of silly assee Toddy. Me makee him stee up Packee sllivee for Toddy—in Gosling's lodges now."

"Packet arrived for Toddy!" said Skinner. "That must be the fresh consignment of his giddy mixture from Uncle Ben. Rather a good idea to collar it and chuck it away before he can do any damage with it."

"Me gotttee bettee idea. You chapee gettee Gosling away, and me sneakee packee," said Wun Lung, his almond eyes glittering with excitement. "Open packee, and takee out bottle, and put in anoder."

"Oh, what for?"

"Lum in oder bottle," whispered Wun Lung.

"Wha-a-at! Rum!"

"Me sneakee Gosling's bottle of lum!" murmured Wun

Lung. "Takee off label—Toddy not knowee. Makee him dlinkee lum and gettee squiffiee. What you tinkee?"

The two juniors gasped. They would certainly never have thought of a scheme like that. And they hesitated. It was going a little beyond the limit of a joke.

"But he wouldn't drink it," said Vernon-Smith. "He'd know the taste."

"No knowee taste—teetotallee," explained Wun Lung. "We alteree lettee in packee—makee Uncle Benjamee sayee dlinkee all up."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Skinner.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Vernon-Smith. "It's a ripping wheeze, but—"

"You not gettee into low—if trouble, me confessee. Only you comee gettee Gosling away from lodgee while me sneakee."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The two young rascals made up their minds. It was what the Famous Five would have called a particularly rotten joke to play on anybody; but the Bounder and Skinner were not quite so nice in their ideas as Harry Wharton & Co. The suggestion had startled them at first; but the more they thought about it, the more they liked it. What they considered chiefly was the risk—and as Wun Lung was going to take all the risk, that was a point that could safely be disregarded.

They sauntered down to Gosling's lodge together. They looked in, and Gosling looked at them grimly. The packet addressed to Alonzo Todd was lying on the table.

"Hallo, Gossy!" said the Bounder affably. "I want you to do something for me."

"Ho!" said Gosling ungraciously.

He was not especially cheered up by the idea of doing anything for anybody.

"I want my trunk brought down from the box-room," said the Bounder. "I'll make it a bob, Gossy, so stir your stumps."

"Werry well, Master Smith," said Gosling, much more amiably.

And he followed the Bounder to the School House.

Gosling thus cleared out of the way, Skinner and Wun Lung entered the lodge. Wun Lung's nimble fingers quickly unfastened the packet on the table.

"Lum in cupboard," he whispered. "Me knowee where Gossy keepee. You gettee him out, Skinee."

Skinner reached the bottle of rum from the cupboard. It was half full.

"Sclope off label wix pocket-knife," said Wun Lung.

Skinner did as directed.

Meanwhile, Wun Lung had slipped the contents of the packet—three large bottles of Dr. Spoofer's Marvellous Mixture for Sad Sufferers—into his capacious pockets. There was a letter from Uncle Benjamin wrapped round the bottles, and Wun Lung spread that out on the table. He did not read it. He laid a sheet of notepaper on the table, dipped Gosling's pen into the ink, and began to write. The little Chinese had a wonderful facility in copying handwriting. In a few minutes he had written a short letter in a close imitation of Uncle Benjamin's somewhat crabbed hand—close enough to deceive the guileless Alonzo, at all events.

Skinner read the letter over his shoulder, and chuckled. It ran:

"My dear Alonzo,—I am sending you now a wonderful specific, which I am convinced will complete your cure. The dose has been measured into the bottle, and you must drink all of it at once. You may mix it with an equal amount of water if you choose. The effect will be wonderful.

"Your affectionate uncle,

"BENJAMIN TODD."

"Gottee label off?" asked Wun Lung.

"Yes, here you are."

"Allee lightee!"

Wun Lung took the rum-bottle, on which there was now no trace of the label, and wrapped the "spoo" letter round it. Then he carefully fastened it up in the thick paper and cardboard that had contained the bottles of Dr. Spoofer's Marvellous Mixture.

Skinner slipped out of the lodge. He felt that he had taken quite enough risk in the matter already. Wun Lung calmly fastened up the packet, and retied the string, and melted sealing-wax at Gosling's fire and resealed it. The packet presented the same aspect as when Gosling had left it there.

With a satisfied chuckle, the little Chinese slipped out of the lodge. Gosling met him outside the door, and grunted.

"Wot you been doing in my lodge?" he growled. "Wot I say is this ere—I ain't aving any of your little games!"

"No playee gamee with handsome Gosling," murmured Wun Lung.

"Oh, cut orf!" said Gosling.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 319.

OUR COMPANION PAPERS: "THE GEM" LIBRARY, "THE PENNY POPULAR," "CHUCKLES," 1d.

Every Wednesday.

Every Friday.

Every Saturday, 2

And Wun Lung cut off. He passed Alonzo Todd going towards the porter's lodge, and paused to speak to him.

"Packee for you in Gossy's lodgee," he said urbanely.

"Thank you so much!" said Alonzo.

And he walked on, greatly relieved that the packet had safely arrived, and that he need not wait any longer before taking a new dose of the Marvellous Mixture. Uncle Benjamin's first supply had been indeed generous; but Alonzo had been equally generous in bestowing it upon his victims, and now there was none left. But self-sacrifice of that kind came very easily to Alonzo, who was really too good.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

After Taking!

THE dinner-bell was ringing when Alonzo Todd came away from the porter's lodge with his precious packet under his arm. Cousin Peter caught him by the arm and marched him into the School House.

"I have this packet from Uncle Benjamin, Peter," said Alonzo mildly. "I wish to open it—"

"Oh, that can wait," said Peter. "The best thing you can do with it is to chuck it into the dustbin."

"There is probably a letter in it, my dear Peter. I—"

"You're coming in to dinner, ass!" said Peter. "Queelch is down on you enough already. And don't bring that packet to the study, either, or I'll pour the beastly stuff down your neck!"

So Alonzo went in to dinner with his packet under his arm. Several juniors glanced at the packet, and at the Duffer of Greyfriars, and grinned. Skinner had confided the joke to Stott, and Snoop, and one or two others of the same sort. They were anticipating Alonzo taking his medicine with much keenness.

After dinner, Peter Todd grumbled and went off to the Form-room for his detention, with Billy Bunter and Bolsover major. Alonzo Todd walked out with his precious packet, and Skinner & Co. followed him.

"You're going to take your medicine now, Lonzy?" Skinner asked affably.

"Yes, my dear Skinner."

"Let's see you take it. It will be an example to us," said Skinner, with a wink at his comrades.

There was a general chuckle, and Alonzo looked round in surprise.

"I do not see anything to laugh at," he remarked.

"You will!" grinned Stott.

"Shut up, Stott!" said Skinner warningly. "Come into the Cloisters and take the medicine, Alonzo. Better not take it in public, you know."

"Very well, Skinner. I shall require a glass—"

"I'll get one."

"I'm sure you're very kind, my dear Skinner."

"The fact is, it's my intention to be kind," said Skinner solemnly. "I'm learning the lesson from you, Alonzo. It's so gratifying to be an obliging chap."

"I'm very glad to hear you say so, Skinner," said Alonzo earnestly. "I have often been shocked by your selfishness and want of proper feeling—"

"Eh?"

"And this change in you is most pleasing, Skinner. I am sure that you will experience a great feeling of gladness when you find that your schoolfellows feel less contempt for you than you are accustomed to—"

"You—your silly ass!" roared Skinner.

"My dear friend, I trust I have not said anything to offend you," said Alonzo, in surprise and distress. "I am sure—"

"Oh, cheese it!" said Skinner, with a grunt. And he walked away to get the glass. He came back with it in his pocket, and the party proceeded towards the Cloisters. Skinner & Co. judged that the most suitable place for Alonzo to take his very peculiar medicine. It was safer than the School House.

Skinner and Stott, Snoop and Wun Lung, Trevor and Hazeldene, and two or three more fellows followed Alonzo. Other fellows, seeing that there was something on, though not knowing what it was, joined the party. They guessed that Skinner & Co. were going to pull the leg of the amiable Alonzo in some manner, and that was enough for them.

Quite a party arrived in the Cloisters with Alonzo Todd. It was unfortunate for the Duffer of Greyfriars that his cousin Peter was detained in the Form-room that afternoon. Peter Todd would probably have spotted the jape at once, and interfered in his usual decisive manner. But Peter was safely out of the way now, and Alonzo was at the mercy of the unscrupulous practical jokers.

In the solitude of the Cloisters, the party gathered round Alonzo, and watched him open his packet.

"What's the little joke, Skinny?" Bulstrode asked, in a whisper.

Skinner shrugged his shoulders.

"There isn't any little joke," he replied. "We're only here to watch Alonzo take his medicine. That's all."

"There's something on," said Bulstrode, suspiciously. "Have you been doctoring the stuff?"

"Doctoring it!" said Skinner, in surprise. "Can't you see that he hasn't opened the packet yet?"

Bulstrode still looked suspicious. Alonzo opened the package, and took out the large bottle. It was half full of a dark liquid, and had no label of any kind. Alonzo regarded it in some surprise.

"Dear me!" he remarked. "This is not the same mixture. However, there is a letter with it, which will doubtless explain."

"Explain all lightee," grinned Wun Lung.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Alonzo blinked at the grinning juniors, wondering what was the cause of the merriment, and then read the letter that had been wrapped round the bottle.

Then he looked satisfied. The spoof letter explained everything to his satisfaction. He held up the bottle and regarded it.

"There is rather a large amount for a single dose," he murmured. "However, Uncle Benjamin's directions are quite explicit."

"Are you going to take that lot at one go?" exclaimed Bulstrode.

"Yes; it is all to be taken at once, according to my Uncle Benjamin's letter. Has anyone here a corkscrew?"

Skinner had a corkscrew, and he took it from his pocket and passed it to Alonzo. The Duffer of Greyfriars drew the cork.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed, sniffing at the bottle. "It smells somewhat like alcohol. That is very curious, isn't it?"

"Very rum!" chuckled Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Alonzo poured a little of the liquid into the glass, and tasted it, and made a wry face.

"Isn't it nice?" asked Skinner.

"Grooh! No! However, it is not quite so nasty as the Marvellous Mixture," said Alonzo. "It seems very hot, too."

"That's to make it cure the cold, of course," said Vernon-Smith.

"Yes; you are undoubtedly right, my dear Smith. However, I think I will take a little water with it, as it somehow makes me catch my breath."

And Alonzo moved towards the fountain at the end of the cloisters. The grinning juniors followed him, greatly excited by this time. That even Alonzo Todd would be duffer enough to drink the vile stuff seemed impossible; and yet he evidently intended to do it.

Bulstrode caught Skinner by the arm.

"There's something fishy about this!" he exclaimed.

"That stuff smells like rum."

"Does it?" said Skinner. "I don't know the smell of rum so well as you do, Bulstrode, so I can't say."

Bulstrode frowned.

"Look here! If you've been putting rum in his silly medicine—"

"I haven't touched it," said Skinner.

"That's so," chimed in Vernon-Smith. "Toddy fetched it away from Gosling's lodge himself, and he's had it under his arm ever since."

Bulstrode knew that was the fact, and he had to be satisfied, though he was very puzzled.

"Besides, they often put alcohol in these patent medicines, I've heard," observed Snoop. "It's quite a common thing, in fact."

Alonzo filled the tumbler half-full of the liquid, and added water to the top. Then he tasted it.

"Better now, I suppose?" asked Skinner.

"Yes; it is not quite so hot, but it makes me catch my breath," said Alonzo, after taking a gulp. "The effect is somewhat peculiar. I feel a slightly giddy sensation in my head—a general feeling of lightness and airiness."

"Better take some more," said Skinner. "Your uncle said take the lot, you know, and you may harm yourself by taking too small a dose."

"Quite so, Skinner."

Alonzo finished the glass. Then he made it half-full again, and filled it to the top with water once more. There was a peculiar look in his eyes now, and the hand that held the glass was swaying, till the contents slopped over his sleeve. Alonzo eyed his wet sleeve in a kind of idiotic surprise.

"That is very p-p-peculiar!" he said, in a rather thick

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FOR NEXT

MONDAY—

"EASY TERMS!"

EVERY
MONDAY.

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

utterance. "Do you fellows notice that my hand is somewhat uns-s-s-steady?"

"I don't notice it," said Skinner. "Drink it up!"

"Pile in, Alonzo!"

Alonzo raised the glass to his lips. At the same moment the bottle slipped from his left hand, and was smashed into pieces on the flagstones.

"Oh, dear!" said Alonzo. "That is—very strange."

"Awfully rum!" chuckled Skinner.

Bulstrode, with a frowning brow, stepped forward and knocked the glass away as the unfortunate Duffer placed it to his lips. The glass smashed on the flags, as the bottle had done. Skinner uttered an exclamation of wrath.

"You silly ass—"

"There's some rotten trick here!" said Bulstrode angrily.

"You're trying to make him drunk, or else his silly uncle has sent the wrong stuff by mistake. Anyway, he's jolly well not going to have any more of it!"

Alonzo held on to the granite basin of the fountain, with a strange feeling that the cloisters were floating round him and the flagstones rising up to meet him.

"Dear me!" he murmured. "I feel very strange!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If I had ever taken intoss-toss-tossycants, I should think that it was the same effect as this," said poor Alonzo. "It is very odd that the stones should be in motion. I did not know that this part of England was subject to earthquakes."

"Go hon!"

"You rotten cads!" said Bulstrode wrathfully. "You've been doing something to his silly medicine. That's rum he was drinking."

"Then his Uncle Benjamin's responsible," said Skinner carelessly. "Perhaps the old sport put the wrong bottle in."

"It must have been tampered with."

"Oh, rats!"

"I—I am feeling very queer indeed!" groaned Alonzo. "Is that you, Bulstrode?"

"Yes, I've got you. Hold on to me."

"Good old pal!" murmured Alonzo.

"Always fond of you, Bulstrode."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There'll be nothing to laugh at if a master sees him in this state!" growled Bulstrode angrily. "It was a rotten trick to play. You'd better help me to get him to the dormitory."

"My hat! It's fairly knocked him over!" said Skinner, a little scared by the too complete success of the jape. "If

he's found like that—"

"Somebody will get the sack!" growled Bulstrode.

"Well, I hadn't anything to do with it!" said Skinner.

"I'm off!"

"Lend me a hand with him—"

"Thanks! I'd rather not be seen with a chap in that state!"

And Skinner walked away, followed by his friends. All the juniors cleared off excepting Bulstrode. He couldn't. He was supporting the weight of Alonzo Todd.

"My hat! This is a go!" muttered Bulstrode, in utter dismay. "There'll be a fearful row if he's found like this. Buck up, Toddy, old man, and come in! Try to walk straight, for goodness' sake!"

"Walk straight 'nuff!" said Alonzo.

And, by way of proving that he could walk straight, he reeled away from Bulstrode, and collapsed on the ground, and promptly proceeded to go to sleep.

"My only hat!" gasped Bulstrode. "What on earth's to be done with him? I'd better leave him here to sleep it off. Nobody will find him here; that's one comfort!"

And he arranged the unfortunate Duffer of Greyfriars as comfortably as he could in the shadiest corner of the cloisters, and left him. A few minutes after he had gone the form of Wun Lung the Chinese reappeared in the cloisters. He bent over Alonzo Todd, and chuckled like a little gnome.

"Allee 'lightee!" he murmured. "No wakee. Now me blackee facee and channee clobber. He, he, he!"

For the next ten minutes the little rascal was very busy. He covered Alonzo's hands and face with a liberal coating of black paint, turning the Duffer of Greyfriars into a very good imitation of a Christy minstrel. Then he unrolled a suit of red-striped calico clothes, and put them on Alonzo over his Etons. Then he stood and surveyed his handiwork with a chuckle of glee.

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of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars. Order Early.

"Lookee funnee when wakee and gooe into Hoosee," Wun Lung murmured. "Servee lightee, silly assee! He, he, he!" And Wun Lung glided away, leaving Alonzo Todd snoring profoundly.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Black But Not Comely!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. came off the football-field that afternoon feeling far from satisfied with themselves.

They had drawn with Redclyffe. If Peter Todd had been in his usual place in the team it might have made all the difference. But he wasn't, and the Remove eleven had been lucky to get a draw.

Bulstrode had kept goal for the Greyfriars team, and during the match he had completely forgotten the existence of Alonzo Todd—naturally. After changing, the juniors adjourned to the tuckshop for liquid refreshment in the shape of ginger-beer and lemonade, the Redclyffe team having departed in their brake.

"Rotten result to the match!" Bob Cherry remarked. "We ought to have beaten them."

"The oughtfulness was terrific, my esteemed chum," said Hurree Singh. "But we shall have an estimable victory on Saturday."

Bob Cherry grunted. On Saturday the Remove were playing the Third Form. The Third Form were mere fags, and, of course, the match would be a walk-over for the Remove, who could beat the Shell if they tried. When they had a vacant date the Remove condescended to play the Third, but they allowed no misapprehension to exist about the condescension involved in the matter.

But Bolsover minor and Tubb and Paget and the rest of the Third Form lived in hopes of beating the Remove some day. If they could only once have taken down the Remove on the footer field, Tubb & Co. felt that they could die happy.

"Yes, we sha'n't have a very hard tussle on Saturday," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "The Third won't give us much trouble."

"They're keeping hard at practice," said Nugent, with a grin. "Young Tubb says he's going to take us down a peg sooner or later."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Conceited little boggars!" said Johnny Bull. "As if they'll ever be able to touch us at footer!"

"Young duffers!" said Tom Brown. "Look here, on Saturday let's pile in and play our hardest, instead of fooling about with them as usual. We'll pile up about twenty-five goals, and put an end to their gas for good."

"Hear, hear!" said the Removites, laughing at the idea.

"We could do it, I suppose," said Harry Wharton, with a chuckle. "Say a goal every three minutes or so—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It would be a joke on the Third, and no mistake!" Mark Linley observed. "Tubb would have to hide his diminished head and sing very small. And we could do it easily enough if we put our best men in the field."

"It's a go!" said Harry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the Removites chuckled gleefully over the scheme.

As a rule, when they played the fags, they put any kind of a team in the field, the best players standing out to give the others a chance, and Wharton leaving the captaincy in less efficient hands for the unimportant occasion.

But if such mighty players as the Famous Five and Mark Linley and Penfold and Bulstrode piled in against the Third, there was no doubt that the fags would be given the complete "kybosh" in the most crushing manner.

And Tubb & Co. deserved a lesson like that for their extraordinary cheek in daring to entertain the faintest hope of licking the Remove at footer—or so it seemed to the Removites, at all events.

The Remove fellows were still discussing the scheme, with many chuckles, when a curious figure came in sight from the direction of the cloisters.

Alonzo Todd had awakened.

The Duffer of Greyfriars had slept for a good two hours without moving, and he had awakened with a grinding headache and a horrible taste in his mouth.

He had sat for some minutes blinking about the cloisters, wondering where he was and what had happened to him.

His head seemed to be turning round in one direction and

the cloisters in another, which was a very puzzling state of things indeed.

"Dear me!" Alonzo murmured. "I—I feel very peculiar! It must be the effect of the medicine Uncle Benjamin sent me. But really I think he must have made a mistake, and sent me the wrong medicine. Ow! I feel very ill! Ow!"

He staggered to his feet.

His head was throbbing, and he pressed his hands to his temples. Then, for the first time, he noticed that his hands and wrists were inky black, and that his sleeves were of red-striped calico.

He gazed at that unexpected garment in blank wonder.

"I—I think I must be dreaming!" he murmured. "This is very remarkable indeed! How came my hands to be black—unless, indeed, it is a remarkable effect of the medicine? And these clothes? How did I become dressed in these clothes? It is really most perplexing! I—I surely cannot be dreaming, and walking in my sleep!"

Alonzo staggered away.

His head was spinning, and he was far from clear in his mind. In the mental state he was in, the discovery that he presented the outward aspect of a nigger minstrel was quite sufficient to reduce him to a state of helpless perplexity. He was too dazed to think it out, but he had a vague idea that he was dreaming, and would wake up presently in bed in the Remove dormitory.

He came across the Close with an unsteady step, and was sighted by the crowd of juniors in the doorway of the tuckshop.

Not the faintest suspicion crossed their minds that this was Alonzo Todd, the celebrated Duffer of Greyfriars.

Their only idea was that he was a nigger minstrel, and that he had come into the precincts of the school to give a show and pick up a few coppers.

So there was a shout of welcome at once from the juniors, who did not object to being entertained in the least.

"This way, darkey!"

"Where's your banjo?"

"Give us a tune!"

"We'll pass the hat round for you!"

Alonzo blinked at them. The fumes of the vile liquor he had swallowed were still muddling his unfortunate brain, never very quick to work at the best of times.

"Hallo—hallo—hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry affably.

"This way, my coloured friend! Are you going to give us a song?"

"A s-s-song!" stammered Alonzo.

His voice was hoarse and husky; for his throat was parched, and his tones were quite unrecognisable.

"Yes. I suppose you've come here to give some sort of a show, haven't you?" said Bob Cherry, in surprise.

"A s-a-show!"

"He's a giddy parrot!" said Tom Brown. "Look here, nig, what have you come for, if you're not going to do a song or a dance?"

"A d-d-dance!"

"Oh, he's dotty!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Oh, squiffy, more likely!" said Ogilvy, as he caught a whiff of rum from the supposed nigger. "He's been tipping!"

"T-t-tipping!"

"There he goes again! Drunk as a giddy lord!" said Hazeldene.

"My dear Hazeldene—"

"Hallo! He knows my name!" exclaimed Hazeldene, in astonishment.

He stared at the nigger.

Alonzo's voice was so hoarse and broken that it did not resemble his usual tones in the least, and his aspect, of course, was utterly unlike that usually presented by the Duffer of Greyfriars. The fellows who knew Alonzo best had not the slightest suspicion that he stood before them.

"Of course I know your name, Hazeldene," said Alonzo mildly.

"Blessed if I see how!" said the junior. "Anyway, what have you come here for, you black bounder?"

"I have been asleep."

"My hat!"

"I have just woke up," said Alonzo. "I feel very strange. I think, upon the whole, it must be the effect of what I drank. Perhaps I took a little too much."

There was a yell of laughter. The juniors had no doubt whatever that the coloured gentleman had taken a little too much.

"I have also a bad headache," said Alonzo. "It is very painful. There also seems to be an alcoholic smell lingering about me."

"There does," said Tom Brown, with a sniff; "and it's jolly unpleasant, too!"

"My dear Brown—"

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"Great Scott! Do you know my name, too?" exclaimed the New Zealand junior, in surprise.

"Certainly, my dear Brown. I am surprised by the question. But I am not at all sure that I am awake. Will you kindly inform me whether you are standing still?"

"Yes," said Tom Brown, with a chuckle.

"You are not moving round in a circle?"

"Ha, ha! No."

"Then I must be dreaming," said Alonzo. "I shall wake up presently, and it will be all right."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My dear Wharton—"

"What! You know my name, too?" exclaimed Wharton.

"Of course. I am dreaming. Unless we were all asleep and dreaming, you would know very well that I know your names," said Alonzo, with a sage nod. "Would you mind pinching me, Bob Cherry, so that I can ascertain whether I am awake?"

"With pleasure," said Bob. "I don't know how you know my name, either, but I'm just the fellow to oblige you, my coloured tulip!"

And Bob Cherry bestowed upon the unfortunate Duffer a terrific pinch, which made him leap clear of the ground with a yell of anguish.

"Ow! Yow! Yow!"

"Have another?" asked Bob.

"Yow—ow! No, thanks! Yowp!"

"Do you feel sure that you are awake?" asked Bob. "I don't mind giving you another. No trouble at all!"

"Ow! Thanks, that is quite sufficient, my dear Cherry. I—I suppose I am awake," said Alonzo, in bewilderment. "In that case, I must have gone mad, I think. Can you explain how it is that my face is black, also my hands, and that I am wearing these extremely peculiar garments?"

"Ain't you a nigger minstrel?" demanded Bob.

"Goodness gracious! Certainly not!"

"Then what on earth are you?"

"My dear Cherry, you know perfectly well that I am a Greyfriars fellow!"

Bob Cherry jumped.

"A Greyfriars fellow! You!" he roared.

"Yes, certainly."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, that takes the cake, and no mistake!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "He must be simply rolling, if he takes himself for a Greyfriars chap. Somebody had better walk him out of gates, I think. If Gosling finds him in here, he'll boot him out!"

"Hallo!" exclaimed Coker of the Fifth, coming along towards the tuckshop with Potter and Greene. "Hallo! Who's this merchant?"

"My dear Coker—"

"He knows Coker, too!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Give us a song and dance!" said Coker encouragingly. "I'll stand you a couple of bob if it's any good. Pile in!"

"My dear Coker, I cannot dance. I do not regard dancing as worthy of a serious mind. My Uncle Benjamin—"

"Your what?" yelled the astounded juniors.

"My Uncle Benjamin—"

"Why, what the—"

"Who the—"

"How the—"

Harry Wharton, with a sudden wild suspicion in his mind, grasped the black youth by the shoulder and shook him.

"Who are you?" he shouted.

"My dear Wharton—"

"Who are you, idiot?"

"Don't you know me, my dear Wharton? I am Alonzo Todd!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Alonzo Todd!"

"Good old Alonzo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the juniors simply went into convulsions.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Washing Day!

"ALONZO!"

"Todd!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors seemed to be in hysterics. Coker & Co. were roaring. Alonzo Todd blinked at them, with wonder in his queer black face.

"Really, my dear fellows—" he began.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, this beats the giddy band!" gasped Coker. "This is too good, even for Alonzo! How did you get like that, you frabjous ass?"

"I really do not know, my dear Coker. I have been asleep, and I woke up and found myself like this. I fancied I must be still dreaming."

"Why, they're our nigger minstrel togs," said Bob Cherry, THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 319.

FOR NEXT
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more closely examining Alonzo's attire. "Some ass has taken them out of the box in the study, and put 'em on Alonzo. I know them now!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Then it is a joke!" exclaimed Alonzo, greatly relieved. "I was really beginning to fear that my brain was turning. But how is it, my dear Cherry, that you seem to be turning round and round when I look at you?"

"Blessed if I know!" said Bob, with a stare. "Do I seem to be turning round and round?"

"You do!" said poor Alonzo. "The tuckshop, also, is not so firmly fixed on the ground as usual. It is also turning round!"

"Great Scott!"

"And Coker, too," said Alonzo, blinking dazedly at the Fifth-Former. "I did not know that Coker had a twin brother!"

"I haven't," said Coker blankly.

"Then who is that fellow exactly like you who is standing beside you?" asked Alonzo.

"Mum-mum-my hat!" gasped Coker. "He's seeing double. He's been drinking."

"Drinking! Alonzo! Great pip!"

"Oh, Alonzo!"

Bulstrode uttered an exclamation.

"Oh, I catch on now! I remember how I left him. Some rotter changed his silly medicine for something else—rum, I think. The awful chump has been drinking rum instead of his idiotic medicine."

"Oh crumbs!"

"What a rotten, beastly trick," said Harry Wharton, frowning. "Who was it?"

"Skinner, I believe."

"I'm sure I don't know anything about it," said Skinner calmly. "More likely his uncle sent him the wrong stuff. You saw him open the packet yourself, Bulstrode."

"For goodness' sake, let's get him out of sight," said Harry Wharton anxiously. "There will be an awful row if he's found like this."

"Oh!" groaned Alonzo, rubbing his eyes. "My dear fellows, I feel very ill. My head is aching terribly, and my vision seems extremely uncertain."

"Poor old Alonzo!" said Bob Cherry. "It was a rotten trick. Have that clobber off him first. Get him into the tuckshop."

Alonzo was pushed into the tuckshop, and his own clothes being discovered under the nigger minstrel garb, the latter was whipped off him. But the paint on his face and hands was by no means so easy to deal with. It was not ordinary "make-up"; it was black paint, and refused to come off when rubbed.

"I suppose this is your handiwork, Skinner?" exclaimed Harry Wharton, glowering at the cad of the Remove.

"I don't know anything about it," said Skinner, sincerely enough this time. "I dare say Wun Lung rigged him up like that. He was up against him for getting him into trouble with Quelchey. Serve him right, I say."

"Well, we must get him out of sight," said Harry. "Get round him, and we'll take him into the house, and scrub his chivvy for him. Walk as steady as you can, Lonzy."

"Certainly, my dear Wharton."

And in the midst of a crowd of juniors, all doing their best to conceal him from sight, Alonzo Todd was marched off to the School House. Fortunately, none of the masters spotted him; but in the passage they met Peter Todd and Bolsover major and Billy Bunter, who were coming away from the Form-room, their detention being over.

"What on earth's that?" exclaimed Bolsover major.

"It's Alonzo!"

"Alonzo!" yelled Peter.

"My dear Peter—"

"Somebody's been japing him," said Wharton. "Get him to a bath-room, quick. If Quelchey spots him like this, there will be the dickens to pay."

Peter Todd took his cousin's arm and rushed him up the stairs. Alonzo was hustled breathlessly into the nearest bath-room.

"It's paint," said Peter, breathing hard. "I'll scalp the rotter who's done this! How on earth are we going to get it off?"

"Scrub," said Bob Cherry.

"The scrubfulness will have to be really terrific."

"Yank his collar off!" growled Peter, turning on the hot-water tap, and arming himself with a brush. "Now, then, put your silly head over the bath, Lonzy!"

"My dear Peter—ow!"

Alonzo was shoved over the bath, his upper garments being jerked off without ceremony. Then Peter Todd started to work with the brush, hot water, and soap. Alonzo gasped

A Magnificent, Long, Complete School Tale
of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars. Order Early

and yelled and struggled; his cousin's methods were not gentle. But under Peter's vigorous efforts the paint began to give way.

"Good; it's coming off!" said Peter, pausing at last to take breath, and to view the result of his vigorous operations.

"Ow! My skin is coming off too, I think!" moaned Alonzo, in a suffocated voice.

"Never mind the skin, so long as the paint comes off," said Peter cheerfully. "You mustn't mind being hurt."

"Ow! Ow! But I do, you know. I—ow—"

"Shut up, or you'll get the soap in your mouth, fathead," said Peter, re-starting.

"Groooogh!"

"What's the matter now?"

"The—s-s-s-oap—"

"Well, I told you so. Shut up."

"My d-d-dear P-P-Peter—groooogh!"

"Better shut up," said Peter.

Alonzo thought he had better, too; and he did. Peter scrubbed him till his arm ached, and then he handed the brush to Bob Cherry, who piled in with equal energy. Where Alonzo's face was not black now, it was a brilliant red. But he had stopped struggling; he had resigned himself to his fate.

"There, I think that will do," said Bob Cherry at last. "We shall have his blessed face off if we keep on."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Towel your silly chivvy, and let's see how it looks!" growled Peter.

"Groooogh!"

Alonzo towelled his face. Most of the paint was gone, and only a few obstinate patches remained here and there. His complexion was glowing from the friction, and resembled the husk of a freshly-boiled beetroot.

"That will do," said Peter. "Now I'm going to find out who painted your silly mug, Alonzo, and slaughter him."

"I forgive him, my dear Peter."

"I don't!" grunted Peter.

"My Uncle Benjamin has impressed upon me to forgive injuries—"

"Oh, give Uncle Ben a rest! This is up against No. 7 Study, and there is going to be slaughter!" snorted Peter.

"I implore you, my dear Peter—"

"Oh, ring off!"

And Peter marched away in great wrath, to discover who had been guilty of that attack upon the honour and dignity of No. 7 Study.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Not Wholly a Success!

GOSLING was looking as black as a thundercloud when Peter Todd dropped into his lodge a little later. Gosling had gone to his cupboard for a little refreshment in the shape of rum; and, like the celebrated Mrs. Hubbard, he had discovered that the cupboard was bare. And so the porter had none. The bottle of rum had mysteriously disappeared. And the loss was all the more serious, because Gosling could not very well inquire after the lost article. Gosling was a teetotaler—at all events, he said so—and for a strict teetotaler to go round inquiring after a bottle of rum would be absurd. So Gosling had to content himself with saying things.

He scowled at Peter as the latter came cheerfully in. But Peter did not seem to notice the scowl.

"How goes it, Gossy?" he asked blandly. "Wie geht's, and also, comme vous portez vous?"

"You get hout of my lodge," said Gosling. "Wot I says is this 'ere, it's 'ard if a man can't be left in peace in his own 'ouse."

"'Orribly 'ard," agreed Peter. "You had a packet here to-day for my Cousin Alonzo, didn't you, Gossy?"

"Which I did!" growled Gosling. "I 'anded it to 'im."

"Somebody meddled with that packet before Alonzo got it," said Peter. "Did you notice anybody fooling round your lodge while the packet was here, Gossy?"

Gosling started.

"Yes, young Master Skinner and that Chinese himp," he said. "They was 'ere, and the Chinese himp was in 'ere when I went to move a trunk for Master Smith. I shouldn't wonder if he had taken my bottle of—of—limejuice."

"So you've missed a bottle—eh?" said Peter.

"Yes, a bottle of limejuice," said Gosling sulkily. "Somebody's been and gorn and took it from my cupboard."

"Are you sure it was limejuice?" asked Peter sweetly.

"Course I am," said Gosling sourly.

"Some cad put rum in the place of Lonzy's medicine," Peter explained. "I was wondering where they got the rum."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 319.

"I dunno," said Gosling. "There ain't any rum in 'ere. I'm a teetotaler, and don't even know the taste of the stuff."

"But you missed a bottle—"

"A bottle of limejuice!" howled Gosling.

"Yes, I can guess the kind of limejuice it was—the kind of limejuice they make in Jamaica," assented Peter, "and I remember hearing the favourite drink of a strict teetotaler is rum-and-water, with not too much water. Isn't that so?"

"Wot I says is this 'ere—"

"Smithy and Skinner and Wun Lung—eh?" said Peter.

"Well, you won't get your rum back, Gossy; but if it's any consolation to you to know it, the chap who collared your rum—I mean, your limejuice—is going to get the hiding of his life. Ta-ta!"

And Peter sauntered away. He made his way to the Remove passage, and entered Vernon-Smith's study. The Bounder and Skinner were having tea. Skinner looked a little uneasy at the sight of Peter; but the Bounder stared at him angrily.

"Don't they ever knock at a door in the slum you were brought up in, Todd?" he asked.

"Gentlemen," said Peter, "I've called on business, and I didn't want to risk having the door locked. Gosling has lost a bottle of rum!"

"Disappeared down his throat, perhaps?" suggested Skinner.

Peter shook his head.

"Some of it disappeared down Alonzo's throat, I think," he said. "No. 7 Study does not allow rotten jokes of that kind."

"Blow No. 7 Study!" growled Vernon-Smith.

"I want to know whether you chaps administered that intoxicating liquor to my Cousin Alonzo?"

"I don't know anything about it," said Skinner.

The Bounder gave his study-mate a glance of contempt. Vernon-Smith was always prepared to "face the music." He had no intention of hiding himself behind a lie.

"Yes, we did, and I think it was a jolly good jape," he said. "If you don't want your cousin to be japed you'd better make him a little less of a howling duffer, somehow. It was Wun Lung's wheezo, and we helped. That's flat!"

"Good," said Peter calmly. "Skinner, will you kindly get up?"

"What for?" grunted Skinner uneasily.

"I'm going to lick you."

"Look here, I'm not going to fight you, Peter Todd," said Skinner, in alarm. "You can fight Smithy if you want to."

"Yes. Why don't you tackle me?" said the Bounder, with a sneer.

"All in good time, my esteemed Smithy. I'm going to tackle Skinner first to get it over, because he won't take long to polish off. Then it's your turn."

"You're not going to make a row in my study," said Vernon-Smith. "Get out, or we'll both pile on you, and kick you out."

"Good! Come on!"

"I warn you—"

"Not so much jaw, Smithy, old man. I've come here to lick you both, and I'd just as soon do it at once, as one after another," said Peter calmly.

"Chuck him out!" exclaimed the Bounder.

And he ran at Peter, with Skinner after him. Skinner did not want trouble with so famous a fighting-man as Peter Todd; but if he was bound to have it, he preferred to have it in company with his comrade. They rushed upon Peter together, and Peter's fists went up. He kicked the door shut behind him, and faced the two juniors with perfect coolness. His right came out, and sent the Bounder staggering back towards the tea-table. His left caught Skinner on the point of the jaw, and lifted him fairly off his feet.

Skinner gave a wild howl, and collapsed upon the floor.

Vernon-Smith crashed upon the table, and it rocked, and the tea-things shot off in a shower—over Skinner.

"Yaroo!" roared Skinner. "Ow! Crumba! Yah!"

The Bounder came on again like a tiger, and in a second the two were fighting hammer and tongs. Vernon-Smith, lit out furiously, and Peter blinked as his left eye was closed by a heavy drive; but he hit out hard in return, and the Bounder went down. Skinner was down, and he remained down. He had had enough already.

The Bounder scrambled to his feet.

"Come on, Skinny!" he gasped.

Skinner groaned.

"I—I can't get up! My jaw's broken."

"You rotten funk!" howled Vernon-Smith furiously.

"Back me up!"

"I—I c-c-can't move."

Peter Todd grinned, and came on. The Bounder stood up to him bravely enough, but Peter's attack swept him fairly

off his feet. After a few minutes of really terrific combat the Bouncer was sprawling across Skinner.

He lay there, gasping, blinking up at Peter Todd through half-closed eyelids.

"Have some more?" asked Peter blandly.

"Yow! No!"

"Quite sure you've had enough?"

"And you, Skinner—"

"Let me alone!" groaned Skinner. "My jaw's broken! Yow!"

"Good!" said Peter. "Now I'll look for Wun Lung. Which of you rotters was it painted Alonzo when he was asleep?"

"Ow! It wasn't me! Ow!"

"Was it you, Smithy?"

"No, it wasn't," said Smithy savagely. "And if you don't clear out of my study I'll take the poker to you."

Peter Todd chuckled.

"I'm going," he said. "I'm nearly finished here. You see, I'm sorry to do these things—they pain me so dreadfully—but you have to understand that No. 7 Study is sacred. See?"

It did not take Peter long to "finish." He overturned the tea-table upon the two gasping juniors, and emptied the ink-pot on Skinner's head, and the ashpan from the grate over Vernon-Smith. Then he beat a retreat, leaving the Bouncer and his comrade in a very unenviable state, and panting with fury.

"I fancy those merchants will think twice before they jape No. 7 Study again," Peter murmured, as he went down the passage.

His next call was at Bob Cherry's study. No. 14 belonged to Bob, and Mark Linley, Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, and Wun Lung. It was the little Chinese Peter wanted to see; but he was prepared to fight the whole study, if necessary. Peter Todd was not a fellow for half-measures.

Perhaps it was fortunate that there was only two fellows in the study—Hurree Singh and the little Chinese. Hurree Singh gave the visitor an agreeable grin, and little Wun Lung, who was curled up in the armchair as usual, bestowed a smile upon him that was childlike and bland. But Peter Todd was not to be disarmed by an innocent smile from the extremely deceitful young heathen.

"What does my esteemed friend Todd require?" asked the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Your esteemed friend requires that grinning heathen," said Peter Todd. "Your esteemed friend is going to make pancakes of him."

"No touchee poor little Chinese!" murmured Wun Lung. "Me no do nothing!"

"I've heard it all from Smithy," said Peter Todd. "It was your wheeze to put rum into Lonzy's medicine."

Wun Lung grinned for a moment.

"No savvy!" he replied.

"I'll see if I can make you savvy," said Peter grimly. "You painted my cousin's face when he was asleep."

"No paintee."

"Then where did that paint come from on your paws?" demanded Peter, pointing to Wun Lung's hands, on which stains of black paint were still visible.

Wun Lung blinked at his hands, and shook his head.

"No knowee!"

"You can tell as many blessed whoppers as you like," said Peter. "But you're going to get a licking, all the same. You've got to learn that No. 7 Study mustn't be touched."

"No lickee poor little Chinese!" pleaded Wun Lung. "Handsome Peter Todd—"

"I'll handsome Peter Todd you!" growled Peter, as he yanked the Chinese out of the armchair. "Lend me a cricket-stump, Inky!"

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh shook his dusky head.

"My esteemed friend, I cannot permitfully allow my study-mate to be lickfully walloped," he remarked.

"Oh, cheese it," said Peter. "If you chip in I shall have to lick you, too!"

"The chipfulness will be terrific, my worthy Peter."

"Look here, I'm going to lick this heathen!" roared Peter.

"No lickee poor little Chinese—"

"You young rascal! You've got to have it—the honour of No. 7 Study is at stake. Now, Inky, travel off, or you'll get hurt."

"Handsome Hullee Singh protect poor little Chinese," murmured Wun Lung, curling up comfortably in the armchair again, as the nabob jumped in front of Peter Todd. "Go it, Inky! Lickee him!"

"Are you going to hop out of the way?" demanded Peter. "No fearfully."

"Then you'll get put!"

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh smiled a regretful smile, and put up his hands. Peter Todd wasted no more time in words. He sailed in, and Inky sailed in, and little Wun Lung chirruped out encouragement to his champion from the armchair. Hurree Singh, slim and graceful as he was, was

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 319.

FOR NEXT MONDAY—**"EASY TERMS!"**

a good fighting-man, and Peter had his hands full for the next few minutes.

"Go it, Inky! Thlash him!" yelled Wun Lung. "Lickee him."

"Tramp, tramp, tramp! Punch, punch, punch! A terrific right-hander sent Hurree Jamset Ram Singh crashing into the tea-table, and the table went over, and Inky went over with it. At that moment the door of the study opened, and Bob Cherry came in, with Mark Linley. The two juniors stared at the scene in astonishment.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's the row?" exclaimed Bob. "Ow!" groaned Inky. "The rowfulness is terrific."

"I've come here to lick that heathen," panted Peter. "And Inky chipped in. I'm going to lick Wun Lung—"

"Oh, I see," said Bob. "Is that the tune? Then we'll see whether No. 14 Study can't go one better than No. 7. Pile in!"

"Here, hold on—I mean let go—"

"Outside!" said Bob cheerfully.

And Bob Cherry and Mark Linley, grinning, collared Peter Todd. Hurree Singh scrambled up and lent a hand. The three of them whirled Peter to the doorway, and he flew into the passage.

Bump!

Peter Todd landed in the passage with a loud concussion. He sat up and gasped. Three grinning faces looked at him from the doorway of No. 14.

"Come on!" said Bob invitingly. "Lots more! Always ready to oblige No. 7 Study, when it wants a little lesson. Don't be backward in coming forward."

Peter Todd wasn't backward in coming forward. He scrambled up, and charged into the doorway like an angry bull. But three sturdy fellows were ready for him, and he was seized again, and swept off his feet, and hurled forth. There was another bump in the passage, louder than before.

This time Peter Todd did not return. Even the redoubtable Peter realised that he had taken on too large a task.

"Not coming back?" said Bob Cherry. "Sorry! If you feel inclined to give us a look-in later don't be bashful about it. You'll find us ready."

And he grinned and closed the door. Peter Todd rose much more slowly than before, and limped away to his own study. He found Alonzo there, and Alonzo fixed an anxious glance upon him.

"My dear Peter, I trust you have not been acting in a violent manner," he said. "I am sure, my dear Peter, that if you have done so you must regret it."

Peter Todd groaned.

"Right for once, Lonzy!" he said, sinking into a chair. "Oh, you howling idiot! If I wasn't feeling as if I'd been through a mangle, I'd give you such a wallop! Ow!"

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Slight Mistake!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! Wherefore that expansive grin?" asked Bob Cherry, as he met Billy Bunter after lessons on Saturday morning.

Billy Bunter's fat face was beaming like unto a full moon.

"It's jolly good!" said Bunter.

"What's jolly good?"

"Haven't you seen it? The pie, I mean."

"What pie, you cormorant?" asked Bob Cherry.

"The pie for dinner," Bunter explained. "It's ripping, and huge—that's the only word for it—huge! More than enough to go round, I fancy. Old Quelch won't look at me like a gorgon when I ask for a third or fourth helping, perhaps. I've seen it in the oven! The crust is simply luscious—that's the word, luscious! Or, rather, scrumptious! And the gravy!" Billy Bunter's little, round eyes rolled behind his spectacles, in a sort of ecstasy. "Oh, the gravy!"

Bob Cherry laughed.

"And we're going to have it for dinner," said Bunter. "The cook gave me a little bit to go on with. Hot and warm, you know. And the gravy is thick and brown, and tastes like—like—like anything, you know! My hat! I wish it was dinner-time! I think meals are much too late in this blessed school!"

"You fat gormandiser!" said Bob Cherry, in disgust.

"Oh, really, Cherry! If you'd seen that pie— Why, even Alonzo Todd went down to look at it when I told him about it!" said Bunter. "Look here, come down and have a squint; it's been taken out of the oven—"

"Rats!" said Bob, and he walked away.

Bunter grunted, and rolled towards the kitchen stairs.

He felt that he could not keep away from the scrumptious pie. The thought of the thick, rich, brown gravy haunted him.

Alonzo Todd had just come up from the regions below, and a somewhat guilty expression came over his face as he saw Bunter.

"Seen the pie?" asked the fat junior.

"Yes, my dear Bunter; I—I have seen the pie."

"Did cooky give you a bit?"

"Ahem! The cook had left the kitchen, and—and—"

"Dinner seems to be late to-day," said Bunter. "Those silly asses are thinking about the footer match this afternoon, instead of the pie. Silly duffers!"

"The match seems to be somewhat important, Bunter," Alonzo remarked. "The fellows want to be at the very top of their form to beat the Third hollow."

"Blow the Third!" said Bunter.

"I offered Wharton to give the whole eleven a strong dose of the Marvellous Mixture invented by Dr. Spooner," said Alonzo. "That has a most strengthening effect, you know, and after a really good dose the team would do wonders. Dr. Spooner especially recommends it for athletes. Wharton refused quite rudely."

"Go hon!"

"Under the circumstances, as the fellows wish to be in great form this afternoon, I feel that I should be justified in administering a dose unknown to them," said Alonzo. "Don't you agree with me, Bunter?"

"He, he, he! I don't care if you do. If you gave me any, I'd break your silly neck!" said Bunter. "I know that!"

"But, really, my dear Bunter—"

"Oh, buzz off! I'm going to have another look at that pie!"

And Bunter descended into the kitchen. The cook was there, and she met the fat junior with a grim look.

"You have been meddling with this pie, Master Bunter!" she exclaimed.

"I haven't touched it!" said Bunter.

"Someone has been lifting the crust—"

"I s'pose Todd wanted to look at the gravy," said Bunter.

"I say, cooky, you might give me a snack to go on with—"

"Oh, run away, do!" said the cook.

And Billy Bunter had to contain his impatience. When the dinner-bell rang William George Bunter was first in the dining-room. The other fellows came in from the Close. The Removites sat down to dinner in great spirits. They were looking forward to the footer match with the Third that afternoon.

As a rule, there was nothing exciting in a footer match with a fag Form. But the little joke on Tubb made it interesting this time.

The Remove eleven was to be at its fullest strength, and the Third-Formers were to have a score piled up against them that would put an end, for good and all, to their claim to be able to play the mighty men of the Remove. The downfall of Tubb & Co. was to be something that would be remembered in Third Form circles for many a long day.

Other fellows, less greedy than Billy Bunter, viewed the big pie with satisfaction. They all had healthy appetites, and the pie certainly looked very nice.

"Well, that is ripping!" Bob Cherry remarked, as he received a second helping. "What jolly crust! And plenty of kidneys in it, too!"

"And the gravy!" murmured Bunter.

"Yes; the gravy's all right," said Peter Todd. "How jolly brown it is! Cook ought to have a vote of thanks!"

Big as the pie was, the hungry Removites succeeded in demolishing it. Some of them were feeling quite aldermanic by the time Mr. Quelch gave them the signal to leave the table.

Alonzo Todd was looking very thoughtful as he walked out with the Removites. His Cousin Peter clapped him on the shoulder, with a somewhat suspicious look.

"What are you thinking about, fathead?" he asked. "Been doing somebody good again?"

"My dear Peter—"

"Come down and watch the match," said Peter, with a grin. "We're going to make the Third hop this afternoon!"

"You will beat them hollow, Peter!" said Alonzo confidently. "When you play this afternoon you will find yourself at the very top of your form. You will experience an unusual feeling of vigour and strength."

Peter stared at him.

"How do you know?" he demanded. "Are you dotty, or are you wandering in your mind?"

"I assure you on the point, my dear Peter," said Alonzo, beaming. "Now that it is safely over, perhaps I should explain— Ahem! Perhaps I had better explain afterwards. Wharton is calling you, Peter!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 319.

Peter Todd joined Wharton. Alonzo gazed after him with affectionate benevolence in his glance.

"How thankful Peter will be when he knows!" he murmured. "They will owe it to me that they are in form to give the rival team a tremendous licking. Although I do not play football myself, I am very glad to be able to help them in this way. My Uncle Benjamin will be delighted when he hears of it. How very gratifying it is to be able to do good to one's friends!"

Tubb & Co. were soon on the football-ground, punting the ball about. Tubb had selected his team with great care. He impressed upon them that they were to play the game of their lives that afternoon.

"They know we've got a jolly good chance!" Tubb of the Third declared. "They're playing their best men this afternoon—the very strongest team they can raise!"

"They've got some joke on, I fancy," Paget remarked.

"We'll joke 'em," said Bolsover minor. "They're not playing my major—so their team ain't so strong as it might be. I don't see why we shouldn't lick 'em. And if we do, we'll never let the cheeky rotters hear the end of it—I know that!"

"Here they come!" said Paget. "They don't look so very chippy, if you ask me."

Harry Wharton & Co. arrived on the ground. As a matter of fact, they did not look very "chippy." Some of them wore troubled looks, and one or two were quite pale. Harry Wharton himself was looking very blue.

"Hallo!" called out Tubb. "We're ready for you! Coker's going to referee! Where's Coker?"

"Here I am!" said Coker of the Fifth. "Hallo! What's the matter with you Remove kids? You look more fit for a hospital than a footer-ground!"

"I'm not feeling very fit this afternoon," confessed Wharton. "I don't know why. It seemed to come on after dinner."

"The way you were tucking into that pie, perhaps," said Coker, with a grin. "I was watching you. You all seemed to be understudying Bunter!"

"Well, we did pretty well; but it isn't indigestion. I'm blessed if I know what it is. I've got some queer pains in my inside."

"So have I," said Bob Cherry, with a queer expression. "Like that time when Alonzo gave us the medicine in the coffee. But I've been jolly careful not to take anything that Alonzo could get at."

"My carefulness has also been terrific, but I suffer from queer feelings in my infernal regions," murmured Hurree Singh, probably meaning internal regions.

"Ow!" said Bulstrode suddenly.

"You got it, too, Bulstrode!" asked Coker, with a stare.

"Ow! Yes. I—I say, Wharton, would you mind asking Hazeldene to keep goal this afternoon? I—I think I'd like to go and lie down for a bit!" stammered Bulstrode.

"Hazeldene!" said Coker. "I've just passed Hazeldene under the elms. He was squirming on the bench and groaning!"

"Nobody seems to be fit this afternoon," said Wharton in bewilderment. "I can't understand it. But we've got to play. Buck up, that's all!"

The footballers did not feel at all keen. For once the footer-field and the leather ball did not seem to appeal to them. But the derisive grins of the Third-Formers had some effect in bucking them up.

Tubb & Co. were enjoying their looks. There was certainly something very wrong with the Remove eleven, and Tubb & Co. saw in that an unexpected prospect of victory. Harry Wharton & Co. were evidently not in a state to play a good game.

"Oh, pile in!" said Tubb. "I fancy I know what's the matter with you—it's funk! You know you're going to be licked—that's what it is!"

And the Third-Formers roared with laughter.

"You cheeky little beggar!" groaned Bob Cherry. "I'd pull your ear if I didn't feel so jolly queer! I will, anyway—"

"Oh, cheese it!" said Tubb, backing away. "We'll give you all the trouble you want at footer. If you're not finking the match, pile in."

"We're ready," said Wharton, with an effort.

The two skippers tossed for choice of ends, and Harry Wharton kicked off. The Remove players started the match with something like their usual vigour, making great efforts to master the peculiar feeling of sickness and lassitude that gained upon them every moment. They charged down on the Third-Form goal, and simply walked through the defence. Wharton had a clear field before him to kick—the Third-Form backs were nowhere, and the goalie certainly couldn't have stopped his shot—but just as he was kicking

he doubled up suddenly like a pocket-knife, pressing both hands to his chest.

Tubb rushed up and kicked away the ball.

"Ow!" gasped Wharton. "Oh, dear! Ow!"

"What's the matter with you?" yelled Bob Cherry

"Ow! A sudden pain—"

"Play up!" roared Tubb.

The fags rushed the ball up the field. The Removites defended as well as they could. Had they been in their usual form, they would have made hay of the Third Form. But as it was, it was the Third Form that made hay of them.

Two or three of the Removites were simply doubled up with internal pains, and took no part in the game for whole minutes together. And when the Third forwards came down on goal, Bulstrode was not looking out. He was clinging to a goal-post and groaning. Tubb sent the ball in without the slightest effort being made by the Remove goalkeeper to stop it.

Then, from all the Third-Form team, and from the fags gathered round the field, came a roar of delight.

"Goal!"

Goal it was—first blood to the Third Form! They had succeeded in breaking their duck—they had scored against the mighty men of the Remove. And scored without the slightest difficulty.

"Oh, my aunt!" gasped Tubb. "This beats Banagher. What's the matter with those silly jays? Didn't I tell you we should beat them—what?"

"You did!" chuckled Paget. "Ha, ha, ha!"

The Third Form lined up again in great spirits. The Removites lined up, too, but not in great spirits. Two places were empty in their ranks—Fenfold and Frank Nugent had crawled off the field, quite unable to go on. But the rest kept on bravely till half-time. They did not score; they couldn't. But they packed their goal, and defended well, and the Third Form did not add to the score. Then the whistle went for half-time.

Harry Wharton had a vague hope that the team would pull round in time for the second half, but the team showed no signs whatever of pulling round. Instead of that, two more players had disappeared when the Remove lined up again for the game to go on. There were only seven men on the Remove side now.

"My hat! Won't we wallop them this time?" chuckled Tubb of the Third. "Play up, my giddy tulips! This is going to be a record!"

And it was.

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ONE
PENNY.

Bulstrode, in goal, made manful efforts. For ten minutes or so he defended his citadel against the Third-Form shooting, which was not very deadly. But after that Bulstrode was seen hanging on to a goal-post, and groaning. The ball passed him when it came his way again, and landed in the net. Again there was a roar.

"Goal! Hurrah!"

"Oh, this is gorgeous!" chuckled Tubb. "There goes another of the silly asses, crawling off! Bull, this time. They can't play footer for nuts! Five men off the field, and we're as fresh as paint! Hurrah for us!"

"Pile in!" chuckled Paget. "I heard they were planning a joke for this match, but the joke seems to me to be up against the Remove. Go for 'em!"

"Goal, goal, goal!" rang out a few minutes later.

Bulstrode was sitting down in goal now, with both hands pressed to his jersey. The ball passed over his head.

After that the crowd were almost too astonished to shout for goals, for goals came thick and fast. The Remove were nowhere; the heroes of the Third simply walked over them.

Goal, and goal, and goal—five, six, seven, eight!

"Eight goals to nil!" gasped Coker blankly, when the score reached that point. "I say, you kids, do you call this football?"

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

"You Remove chaps had better chuck up footer, and take to marbles or hop-scotch!" said the referee, in disgust.

Goal again—and again—and yet again! Eleven goals to nil, which, as Tubb remarked, was as good as one apiece for the whole Third-Form team. The fags were simply crowing with delight. Only the fact that time was up prevented the Third Form from piling up a score that might have run into hundreds. But time was up at last, and Coker blew the whistle with the score at eleven to nil.

Eleven goals to nil! The crowd gasped at it. The Removites were gasping, too, as they crawled off the field, looking more dead than alive.

"Ow!" groaned Bob Cherry, as he dragged his muffler on. "Ow! This is a go! We shall never hear the end of this! Ow!"

"I don't understand it," murmured Peter Todd. "What's the matter with us? I feel as if I'd been poisoned! Ow!"

"Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!" the Third Form were yelling, as the defeated Removites moved wearily away to the School House.

On the steps of the School House sat a bent figure, groaning. It was Alonzo Todd. Peter touched him on the shoulder, and Alonzo looked up with a ghastly face.

"You got it, too?" said Peter. "It must be an epidemic, or something."

"Ow!" said Alonzo. "Have you won the match?"

"Won it! We've been licked by eleven goals to nil!" snorted Bob Cherry.

"Oh, dear! Then it hasn't worked?"

"What hasn't worked?"

"The medicine!" said Alonzo.

"The—the medicine!" gasped the footballers, sudden suspicion entering into their minds. "You—you villain! What medicine?"

"I—I did it for the best!" groaned Alonzo. "I knew you wanted to be in specially good form this afternoon. And my Uncle Benjamin assured me that the medicine had a very strengthening effect, especially for fellows engaged in athletic exercises. I—I fear that my uncle has been mistaken for once, and that the Marvellous Mixture may possibly be a fraud; or perhaps it is not good when taken in a steak-and-kidney pie."

"In a—a—a pie!" said Harry Wharton faintly.

"You—you put that stuff in the pie?" said Peter Todd.

"Yes, my dear Peter! It has made me feel quite ill—"

The Removites looked at Alonzo. He did indeed look ill; he had suffered with the rest for his little mistake. But, as Bob Cherry suggested, it was strictly necessary to make him ill, on the spot. Even Peter Todd had nothing to say against that. The enraged footballers seized Alonzo, and bumped him, yelling, down the steps, and frog-marched him across the Close, and ducked him in the fountain. They would have carried their reprisal further if he had not fled, and they were feeling too horribly seedy to give chase.

It was the last of the Marvellous Mixture. Even Alonzo Todd felt that he had made a slight mistake, and the results of his attempts to do good were so exceedingly painful that he decided to give them up.

THE END.

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FOR NEXT
MONDAY—

"EASY TERMS!"

THE BLUE ORCHID!



Grand Story of Ferrers Lord, Ching-Lung & Co.

By **SIDNEY DREW**

READ THIS FIRST.

Ching-Lung (Prince of China), Rupert Thurston, and Gan-Waga (the Eskimo), with Prout, Maddock, and the rest of the famous crew of the Lord of the Deep, the marvellous submarine belonging to Ferrers Lord, the multi-millionaire and adventurer, find themselves on board the Philomel, a little paddle-steamer, which is puffing up the broad bosom of the mighty Amazon River. Ferrers Lord himself is in command of the expedition, and he tells them that he is in search of a "field" of blue orchids, the secret place of which was mapped out and given to him by a dying man. A rascally German millionaire, named Hausmann, determines to secure these plans, and pursues the Philomel in his magnificent yacht Medea. A storm comes on, and the flashes of lightning reveal the position of the Philomel, and a shell is sent hurtling towards her from the Medea. It carries away the bridge, on which Rupert Thurston is standing, and he rolls into the scuppers.

(Now go on with the story.)

A Lucky Escape—The Collision—Gan-Waga Sights a Prize—Onward Again.

Ching-Lung suddenly realised that Thurston had regained his feet, and that he was holding on to a stay in a dazed, drunken fashion.

Except for the hoot of the approaching siren and a swift pattering of rain, all was quiet again. The Medea had stopped firing at her puny foe. They, too, had heard the sounds. The prince, his eyes ablaze with rage and indignation, sprang to Thurston's side.

"Not hit, old man—no bones broken?"

"I don't know," gasped Rupert. "I feel muggy. Came down a crack, didn't I?"

"Keep still a bit." Ching-Lung put a strong arm round him. "The pigs are moving—there goes their screw! It'll be a bit of champion luck if that other boat slaps into us, won't it? She's pretty close now. By Jove, they've found each other!"

Something had happened. Ching-Lung stood on his hands in an ecstasy of delight. Maniacal howls broke out of the fog—yells of warning and frenzied terror. Oaths and shouts in German and bad Spanish mingled with the shrieks. A crashing, tearing sound followed the impact of a collision, and the shouts grew louder.

"They're knocking the new paint off his yacht," grinned the prince, all his anger at the bloodthirsty outrage forgotten. "I wonder which of 'em hit the hardest? Hausmann must have got the worst of it. The vessel that's going the slower of the two generally does."

"Keep her steady! Up with the sail and out with the sweeps!" called Ferrers Lord.

The war-worn little Philomel was speedily under control. Judging by the noise, both vessels were within biscuit-throw of their own craft. The panic had subsided somewhat, but two powerful voices were cursing each other in chorus. Then, like grey specks, shapeless and almost invisible, the hazy shadows of two large vessels, apparently locked together, dropped slowly past.

"A Brazilian gunboat," said Ferrers Lord.

"I wish she'd sunk the yacht!" said Ching-Lung viciously.

"Why didn't you hail her?"

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"There's no good wishing, and I imagine they have too many troubles of their own to take any notice of a hail. It was difficult to see, but she seemed to have her nose well into the Medea's poop. We're in a pretty mess, with our steering-gear shot away, and only half a funnel. It's all we can do to steer her with a sweep. Slip down and get some brandy."

While he spoke the millionaire had been rubbing his hands over Thurston's limbs. By a miracle Thurston had escaped with a whole skin. He was bruised and greatly shaken, but he was sound in wind and limb. The clamour of voices became fainter.

"There goes the wind, souse me!" growled the bo'sun, as the sail backed.

"What's dats, hunk, Ben?"

Gan-Waga had the eyes of a hawk. He pointed over the side.

"What's that? I don't see nowt," said Maddock.

"Nothin', at least, bar fog, souse me!"

"Yo' blinks, den. Hi, Chingy! Come and lookses, Chingy! What dats, hunk?"

Ching-Lung peered into the greyness. A smell of smoke reached him. He saw some object which could only be a boat of some kind. Ferrers Lord was staring at it, too.

"It a boatsteams, Chingy!" cried Gan-Waga excitedly.

"By Jove, the Eskimotor's right; it's a launch," said Ching-Lung; "and floating broadside on. Hallo! Launch ahoy! Keep the tub up, and she'll drift right close to us. Ahoy!"

"If she's got anybody aboard, they're either deaf or dead, by honey!" said Prout, swinging his powerful body to and fro as he handled the sweep. "Round you come, you floating bloater-box!"

The carpenter, always more ready for work than talk, stood ready with a fender.

"She's a derelict for certain, and a pretty little craft," said the millionaire. "Better and better," he added, as the sail flapped and filled. "Pull hard, there—harder still. Now—down sail."

With a soft crunch that made the Philomel quiver, the boats came together.

"Try if you can get an anchor to hold," said Ferrers Lord. "This looks like a prize."

As he scrambled aboard her the fog lifted. "She's a little gem!" cried Ching-Lung. "I've seen her before, too. Why, it's that little beggar the Lucia."

Lucia was the name on her four lifebelts, but Medea had been newly painted on her side. She was a small, but very sea-worthy, screw-driven yacht, purchased by Hausmann for exploring tributaries and creeks too shallow for the Medea to ascend. She had evidently been in tow at the time of the collision. Ching-Lung recognised her, having seen and admired her at Buenos Ayres.

"It's a very ill wind that blows nobody good," said the millionaire, with a pleased laugh. "I was compelled to buy the Philomel, for there was no other selection on the market. Throw me a lamp."

The fog closed down, and, catching the lamp, Ferrers Lord went below. Prout managed to get an anchor down. It dragged at first; but just as Prout was beginning to despair, the cable came up with a jerk that almost precipitated the burly seaman headlong into the Amazon.

Ching-Lung and the millionaire entered the engine-room together, and Ferrers Lord switched on the electric light. He laughed again as he took a cigar from his case.

"Pleasant," he said. "Exchange is no robbery, Ching."

"You're going to borrow her, you mean, eh?" "I am going to command her," answered Ferrers Lord, lighting the cigar. "She is rather deep on the keel, but she's a capital little craft. I tried to buy her, but was informed that she was not for sale. That little objection has considerably saved my pocket."

"But—"

"I'll argue with you later, prince. Hurry up the stokers, and let us get up steam. Hausmann, unless he is very busy, may miss her—and send up some boats."

The prince had a good many questions to ask, but he saw that he must defer them. Very soon the furnaces were roaring noisily, and the needle of the pressure-gauge began to creep round the dial. Joe, the man-of-all-work, followed the millionaire with a pencil and an account-book, writing at full speed. They were making a hasty inventory.

The Lucia was a pleasure yacht, purely and simply, and her stock of excellent wines would not have disgraced a nobleman's cellar. Beyond the wine and a good supply of the best Welsh coal, she carried little of real service. Her saloon, cabins, and bath-rooms were dreams of elegance and luxury on a miniature scale, and she was well supplied with sporting-rifles, expensive shot-guns, fishing-rods, nets, and tackle. Her provisions would not have lasted a week.

"Steam's up, sir," said Prout, saluting.

Ferrers Lord seldom betrayed any emotion, but there was an expression of satisfaction on his handsome face.

"Very good! We'll tow the Philomel," he said.

Twenty minutes later the Lucia's screw revolved, and the damaged paddle-steamer swinging behind her, moved over the choppy water with quickening speed. In the mist, Ferrers Lord steered.

"Now we've got him bag and baggage, Rupert," said Ching-Lung. "He can't wriggle away. What have you got to say about it? Are we taking this lying down? Piracy, I call it."

"There's no other word for it," said Rupert hotly. "It's the ugliest piece of blackguardism since the Russians fired on our fishing-boats. I wonder we're alive to talk about it."

"So am I," said Ferrers Lord. "After coming out of it so gallantly, and with so much loot, it would be quite unromantic to run into a mere fog and founder, would it not?"

"Aren't you going to kick up a row, then? Nations have gone to war about less."

Ferrers Lord gave the binnacle a polish with his handkerchief and sighed.

"My dear Rupert," he said sadly, "you make my life a burden with your everlasting questions. You have a right to be sore bodily, because you were hurt, and I suppose you have a right to be sore mentally. I warned you before that because a man sold mouse-traps you were not to consider him as peaceful as the average ironmonger is. It is not my habit to run to the police for protection, and I dislike making wars."

"But he's an assassin, man—a pirate!" protested Thurston. "I like pirates; they are so rare in these prosaic days." Lord's voice became more serious. "We have a heavy claim against him," he went on, "for he has committed one of the most serious crimes known to civilised nations. The crime still remains, and the courts of justice will still exist on our return, should we think fit to call them to our aid. A month or so will make no difference. Therefore, my dear fellow, when luck or fate throws what seems to be a winning hand of cards into one's lap, the man who hesitates to play them is a fool, and lost."

"He means he'd sooner go after his mouldy blue orchid than knock the stuffing out of the German pirate," said Ching-Lung. "There's the moon. That's what's done it. He's moonstruck, Rupert."

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FOR NEXT MONDAY—**"EASY TERMS!"**

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The great tropical moon, round and yellow, shone down mistily.

"And I jolly well agree with you, old chap," added the prince. "Hausmann's saucy yacht may be under these limpid waves by this time. If it isn't, there'll be old Harry's row about who was responsible for the collision. Ninthly—or is it twelfth?—he'll have to paste plenty of brown paper over that pretty window the Brazilian where-the-nuts-come-from popgun boat smashed in his yacht. That won't be done in two shakes. So cheerio, for a long start, and success to the capture of the blue cauliflower! We didn't invent mice-traps, but we know how to catch a yacht, eh? And Hausmann must wait."

In the gloom Ferrers Lord shrugged his shoulders. "Do not be so sure of that," he said. "A man who makes millions off his own bat seldom waits." And he signalled to Prout for full steam ahead.

Transferring the Cargo—The Fate of the Philomel—Prout Finds the Ice Too Hot for Him—Sticky.

The yacht forged upstream steadily, but she found the paddle-steamer a heavy drag. She throbbed her way out of the fog, and the moon shone down brightly. Ferrers Lord turned her shorewards at last, and Maddock went forward to heave the lead. The anchor splashed overboard.

"Tight as a drum, sir, souze me!" shouted the bo'sun.

Helped by the little steam winch, they brought the Philomel alongside and lashed her firmly to the Lucia. By rigging a pulley and three spars and using the winch, they contrived a rough crane. Then the tiresome task of transferring the cargo of the Philomel to the Lucia began.

When the moon sank, the yacht's deck was lumbered with packing-cases and sacks. Ferrers Lord sprang aboard, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. Held only by one rope, the Philomel was towed out into midstream. Smoke was pouring from her hatches and from her shattered lights. The millionaire severed the rope.

"There goes the petroleum!" he said. "Come, lads, below with this lumber!"

They heard a dull explosion, and the Philomel was a mass of hissing flame. The swift current seized her and whirled her away. Blazing from stem to stern, she drifted away towards the sea she was doomed never to reach. At sunrise the Lucia was as neat and trim as if she had just left dock. Before the sun was two hours old she had changed her name.

She was the Blue Orchid, and she flew the Union Jack. Prout used her own flag to make oil-rags. Under the circumstances, Thomas Prout was not particularly pleased with his lot. He could turn his hand to most things, but he was a steersman, not an engineer, and he hated heat and stuffiness. It was hot enough on deck, but in the engine-room the atmosphere was stifling. The oil absolutely seemed to fry, and the levers were blistering to the touch. Prout was growling and perspiring, when Joe, fresher than the morning, looked in.

"Now, what would you like for breakfast, Tommy?" he asked, all smiles. "There's some nice 'ot pea-soup."

"W-what," yelled Prout, glaring—"what did you say, by honey?"

"Pea-soup, all scalding 'ot, sonny!" said Joe. "Lovely stuff to warm you! There's curried Haustrian rabbit; there's—"

Prout seized an enormous spanner in his grimy fist.

"Yer see this ere?" he roared, holding the weapon under Joe's nose. "You do, by honey! Talk to me about scaldin' 'ot soup and curries when I'm melting away into a ha'porth o' grease, and I'll comb your 'air wi' it! I want hiced stuff! I wants everything cold! I'm 'alf b'iled now. Cold, I tell yer—as cold as Christmas! And, by honey, if I don't get it I'll make cold meat o' you!"

"You're rude; Tommy; you're vulgar," said Joe. "Calm yourself. 'Ow would you like an iced sausage with snow-flakes on it?"

"Gives him a grilled chops off an icebergs, Joe!" grinned Gan-Waga, from the doorway. "He likes dats, hunk? Ho, ho, hoo! What dis, hunk, Prout? Dat-allrightes butter-fuls, hunk?"

The steersman dropped the spanner. Gan held a plate in one chabby hand and a spoon in the other. On the plate rested a vision of crimson, white, and yellow stripes, interleaved with thin, flaky biscuits. It was an ice—an ice—to make a hot man sell his soul for. The Eskimo prised off one of the biscuits with the handle of the spoon and crammed it, with the dream of coolness and loveliness it carried, into his mouth. He closed his eyes in rapture, and gurgled:

"O-o-o-o-o-er!"

"Then there's a freezer aboard, by honey!" said Prout.

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"Joe, make me one like that, and I'll love you to death. I'm frizzlin' by inches. Joe, you're the nicest chap I—
"Ere! Come back! Joey!"

"Frizzle!" shouted Joe; and the galley door shut with a thud that was like a coffin-lid shutting down on Prout's hopes.

"O-o-o-o-er! Butterfuls! Lovelinesses!" sighed Gan-Waga, as a second slice disappeared.

His little eyes were closed, his head was thrown back, his whole attitude denoted utter bliss. Prout licked his dry lips as he gazed with haggard, envious eyes at the diminishing heap of lusciousness. Prout was only human. He grasped the plate and smote Gan-Waga in the ribs.

"Ah-ouch!" shrieked the Eskimo, as he collided with the bulkhead.

It took him a second or two to recover, and by that time Prout had bolted the door. Gan, breathing hard, opened his little eyes, and saw his delicious ice in the possession of the despoiler.

He nearly fainted.

"Oh, bad 'nough tiefs!" he shrieked. "Chingy! Where my Chingy? I robbess, Chingy! Maddocks! Joe! Barry! He steals my butterfuls ices. I kills yo', Prouts! Gimme backs, yo' ugfuls! Chingy, Chingy!"

"Go-o-oo away!" thundered the steersman, looking round for something to throw.

Barry O'Rooney's red face looked in on the other side.

"Troth, are yez killin' a pig, is ut, Tommy?" he inquired. "Maybe yez have got croup! Phwat?"

"He steal my ices, de bad 'nough ugly tief!" wailed Gan tearfully. "Ow, he hitss me, and snatches him!"

"What, what, what, what?" asked the gentle voice of Ching-Lung—"what's this I hear, Prout?"

"Give the pore 'armless blubberbiter back his hicc, souse me!" put in Maddock indignantly. "I'm shocked!"

"Ain't you ashamed of yourself, you misery," added Joe, "to rob a childless orphan? Shame on yer!"

Prout, secure except against missiles, made a face that was both defiant and rude.

"Go on! 'ome and chase yourselves out of breath," he said rudely. "I ain't boned this to skate on, by honey, but to eat. Do the colours suit my complexion? Watch me, and fancy you're tastin' it."

A slab of crimson-and-white disappeared, and Prout patted himself and smiled.

"I consider you little better than a bullying cad," said Ching-Lung severely. "Don't cry, Gan, we'll get you some more. It's silly to cry. Joe'll make you another."

"B-but I s-put s-s-somes ob yo' hairsoils on d-d-dats, Ch-Chingy!" sobbed Gan, "and—and dere n-no mores h-hairsoils I-left, Chingy! Oh, de bad 'nough tiefs! Ow, ow, ow! I killses him!"

At the mention of hair-oil Prout lowered the plate, and looked fixedly at the sorrowful Eskimo. He was well aware of Gan-Waga's weakness for greasy things, and he was also aware that the Eskimo was filled with deception and guile. This was only a trick to put him off. He closed one eye knowingly.

"I just loves 'airoil," he grinned, "specially when it's fruz, by honey! Oh, chase me!"

He put a yellow-and-white layer in his mouth, smacked his lips, and patted himself once more, heedless of the looks of contempt cast at him by Barry, Joe Maddock, and Ching-Lung.

"He'd steal the tail of a guinea-pig, souse me," growled Maddock, "and pinch the collar off a blind man's dog!"

"Faith, yez have only to look at his face to know that," said O'Rooney. "He's a rascal born and bred!"

"Har, har!" scoffed the marauder. "Don't talk about faces, by honey! I'll bid you ninenpence a time for your'n to sell to the chamber of horrors. What-ho! Now we come to the special bit. 'Ere's good luck!"

Prout had reached the last layer. He crammed it into his mouth. A wild, earsplitting shriek of agony burst from him, and while he danced about, clutching his mouth, with tears pouring from his deep-blue eyes, Joe and Barry fell into each other's arms and wept.

"Mustard—fire—burned to death—water—'elp!" screamed the dancer. "I'll—I'll—O-oh, I'll kill!"

He found the spanner, and they left hastily to give him time to cool down. This was not a very simple matter, for the beautiful yellow substance at the bottom, nestling so innocently between two ice-biscuits was practically pure mustard. Prout put his head in a pail of water, and drank and panted again. Then he sat with his tongue hanging out, like a greyhound after coursing a hare, and moaned, for the path of the evil-doer is always hard, and, sometimes, as in Prout's case, very hot. Suddenly he heard a rustling sound, and turned his head. He felt that the only thing that could bring a ray of happiness into his dreary life would be to hurt somebody badly. A look of grim joy crept into his eyes as he saw Gan-Waga gliding past. Gan ducked down swiftly, and so did Prout. Clenching his fist, the steersman crawled to the half-door. His arm was so long and the passage was so narrow that he knew the Eskimo could not pass without coming within reach of his knuckles.

"Come hon, you fat criminal," breathed Prout fiercely, "and, by honey, I'll give you mustard!"

Gan appeared to be shy and suspicious, and not at all eager to pass the perilous spot. Prout had become so accustomed to the noise of the machinery that he could detect any other sound without much difficulty. He heard the shuffling again. He drew back his fist. A round, white object crept into view above the top of the door, which Prout at once recognised as the crown of a Panama hat. With a gleeful chuckle, the steersman brought down his fist and hit the mark.

"Ow!"

Prout staggered back as if struck by a cannon-ball as a jet of sticky liquid hit him between the eyes, and spread itself over his features. Tucking his fist under his arm, and fancying that he had been trying to knock down a brick wall, he stood on one leg and yelled. Then he scraped the stickiness out of his eyes and sucked his tingling knuckles.

"Treacle!" he shrieked, and fled to the water-bucket.

Treacle it was, and it stuck. He scrubbed for ten long minutes before he could get the abominable stuff out of his beard. Prout was not a bad-tempered man, but this was more than human flesh and blood could bear. Again grasping the spanner, he went to the door, but he did not reach it at first. A steel plate coated with a mixture of oil-dripping and treacle is dangerous to walk on. Prout slid forward on his heel, and, after a desperate effort to balance himself, unequalled for its grace and agility, he confessed himself beaten, and sat down with a thud.

"By honey," he moaned, rubbing himself wearily, "I'm 'aving a 'oliday, I am! Ow! Why don't I larf?"

Instead of breaking into peals of mirth, he leaned sullenly over the door and gnashed his teeth. Outside stood a cask with half its staves knocked away. On it was a flattened Panama hat. The steersman lifted the hat gingerly, for it was very sticky, and beheld a pair of bellows. Then he understood. Gan's head had not been under the hat at all—only a bellows filled with treacle, and the business end of the bellows had been pointed at him. Gan had been under the cask. So simple and yet so wickedly successful a trick brought him almost to the verge of tears.

Prout had no hair to tear, or he would have torn it. He swung the spanner, and with three mighty blows knocked bellows and casks to matchwood.

"Come in, ducky, don't knock!" cried a voice.

And mocking laughter drowned the clatter of the machinery.

"By honey," thundered the steersman, "if I 'ad you down 'ere, I'd make sausage-meat of the whole bill'ing of you!"

"Har, har, har!" jeered the insulting listeners.

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Every Wednesday.

Every Friday.

Every Saturday, 2

Hausmann Gets Out of a Difficulty—A Joyous Moment—The Messenger With Evil Tidings.

Hans Friedrich Hausmann, after a long and fierce outburst of passion, had calmed himself down. He was a short man, fat, and red-faced, and possessed three distinct chins. His thin grey hair, parted in the middle, was brushed down carefully, and he wore gold-rimmed spectacles over his pale-blue eyes. In all respects he looked a kindly, benevolent old gentleman, fond of good eating, and well-to-do.

The gunboat—an obsolete type of craft, though still serviceable for river work—lay at anchor near the Medea. Both vessels had received considerable damage in the collision. Hausmann and the captain of the gunboat sat at a table on the yacht's quarter-deck discussing champagne, cigarettes, and the subject in a most amicable manner. They spoke in English.

"For my part," said the Brazilian, bowing, "though it may cost me my sword, I am willing to divide the blame equally between us. I was travelling at half-speed, and sounding my fog-horn. We heard firing, but we did not hear your Excellency's syren until too late!"

"Ja, dot is true," said the German. "You t'ink it is strange dot I stood in ein fog?"

"I thought it rather odd," admitted the Brazilian. "It is for your Excellency to explain."

"But it was not odd, mine dear frent," he said, in his smooth way. "Your Amazon is ein tangerous river. Just in time we miss a great raft of logs dot float down. I do not wish dot anyone else shall come to grief on dot raft, and so I order my men to fire and break them oop!"

It was a perfect explanation of what had struck the Brazilian captain as a most extraordinary action.

"Of course," he said, with a laugh, "now I understand."

"To be sure you understand, capitano. And I got the usual reward of virtue, dot I haf mine vessel in collision. I am well known, and I have riches. I cannot attend the inquiry, but I will send mit you some of my men. They will court-martial you, of course, mine frent, but you shall keep your sword. A snap of mine fingers I do not care for money, and I will pay your Government the damage. And I will give you ein letter dot will clear you, mine frent, for I detest inquiries!"

"Senor, I am your debtor for life," said the young man, bowing. "A thousand thanks, Excellency!"

Hausmann rubbed one fat finger tenderly along his gums, and winced with pain. Ferrers Lord had not told Ching-Lung all that had happened in the hotel at Buenos Ayres on the evening after the great race. He had not told them that, before a crowd of men, the German, smarting under his defeat, had practically accused him of drugging his horse. Nor had he told them of the blow that had hurled Hausmann among the coffee-tables, with every tooth in his head loosened. And Hausmann was a dangerous man to quarrel with.

"I take your life for dot blow, Ferrers Lord!" he had hissed, as he rose, shaken and bleeding; and he meant what he said.

They had been working all night to patch up the hole in the Medea.

At half-past eight, the rent plugged with wood and tow and covered with several layers of the stoutest canvas, the Medea steamed up the river. A dozen men were put on watch, and Herr Hans Friedrich Hausmann went below to a light breakfast of sardines, olives, and toast.

He cursed as he tried to bite a piece of toast, and hurled the plate away. All his teeth were aching.

"Dunder!" he snarled, holding his fat chin. "It was too easy a death for the hound! I would tie him to the funnel and pull out his teeth one by one mit hot pincers! I would—"

Muttering to himself, he went on deck. There was a shout.

"What's that?" cried Hausmann, in German.

A sailor handed him a pair of binoculars.

"Lower a boat!" he cried. "It's wreckage of some sort!"

For his weight Hausmann was remarkably nimble. The yacht reversed her screws, and her owner was in the boat the moment it touched the water. Standing in the bows with the glasses held to his eyes, he directed them how to steer.

Then he uttered a wolfish cry of exultation.

"The Philomel! Dunder! It is the Philomel!"

It was all that remained of the little paddle-steamer, for she had burned down almost to the water's edge. It was amazing that she floated at all, considering the weight of the machinery. They pulled round her. The only thing that remained with any semblance of shape was her shrivelled and charred jolly-boat, the only boat she carried. It had been kept half full of water to prevent the hot sun from opening its seams, and this had saved it from being burnt to ashes. All hands must have perished.

Hausmann was about to order a shot to be fired at her, but he changed his mind.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 319.

FOR NEXT
MONDAY—

"EASY TERMS!"

EVERY
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The "Magnet"
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ONE
PENNY.

"Slow down!" he called out. "We may find a pilot amongst these brown brutes, or get information!"

A canoe came under the tall sides of the yacht, a ragged, dark-skinned man was helped to his feet by two natives. He raised his haggard face and his lips moved.

"They have got away, senor!" he said hoarsely. "They—they found your yacht, and—and set their own boat on fire. I—I am Pedro, senor, the man you—you wrote to! The man who shouted, senor!"

Hausmann's flabby face paled with sudden fear. There could be no overtaking them now. They would be at Macapa, and the world would have learned the story. And, like a lot of hounds waiting for a fox to bolt out of a drain, the warships would be watching to snap up the Medea for an act of piracy.

Off to the Forest.

The pinnacle at half speed churned along the edge of the trackless Amazonian forest, and dropped anchor. A flock of brilliant-hued parrots marked their objection to her presence with a chorus of harsh screams, and a few stolid alligators, lying like logs on the mud, blinked at her and went to sleep again.

Gan-Waga was making his bed. It was terribly hot, and heat did not agree with the Eskimo. He made his bed in a most extraordinary way, by scooping up pails of water and emptying them into the boat. When the bed was ready Gan-Waga got into it, opened a green umbrella, laid down with a grunt of the utmost satisfaction, and went to sleep.

Unfortunately for the weary Eskimo, his cool, wet couch was wanted for other purposes. Just when he had got to a nice place in his dreams, where he was present at a banquet of whale's blubber with cart-grease sauce, a rough hand grasped his shoulder and shook him roughly.

"Ere, get out of it, by honey!" growled the voice of the steersman.

"I like a morer big helpings dan dats, and plenty of do butterfuls sauces," murmured the dreamer.

"Come and 'elp me to shove, Ben," said Prout, beckoning to Maddock. "We'll give him sauce!"

Gan was in the act of raising a piece of the delicious blubber to his hungry lips. Four strong arms tilted up the boat, and shot him, together with his sunshade and bedclothes, into the scuppers. The Eskimo woke up. Then he sat up, and then he glared.

"What fo' yo' do dats, hunk?" he moaned. "What fo' yo' do dats, yo' bad 'nough uglifuls?"

"We was afraid you might be drowned, Fatty," explained Maddock. "If you must sleep in the wet, souse me, there's two baths below! How do you think we can use the boat wi' you turnin' it into a state bed-room? You ought to be kept in a glass globe wi' the goldfish, and fed on worms and ants' heggs!"

Gan looked unutterable things, snatched up a bucket filled with dirty water and potato peelings, and rushed at the bo'sun. Maddock was wearing a spotless suit of white ducks, and he had pipe-clayed his canvas shoes till they gleamed like snow.

"Ah-ooh, gerrout!" he shrieked, and almost fell down the ladder.

Prout plunged after him.

"Order, please, and no steeplechasing!" said Ching-Lung. "Is it a race?"

"No, sir, it ain't; it's that Heskimo reptile gone barmy, sir," Maddock explained. "He's got a pail o' spud scrapings, souse me, and he wants us to taste—"

Prout and Maddock espied Gan-Waga's legs descending the ladder, and fled again. Ching-Lung talked to Gan gently but firmly, and managed to soothe his savage breast for the time being. It was certainly unpleasant to have been thrown out of his little cot, but Gan smiled again when the prince ordered Joe to present him with a tin of condensed milk. Gan did not give the milk any time to turn sour.

"Goings ashores hunk, Chingy?" he inquired, as he dug his thumb into the tin. "Ooh, butterful!"

"We are, my child," answered Ching-Lung, slinging a rifle across his back—"just to stretch our little, little legs. Be a good boy while I'm away, and don't get into mischief. Are you ready, Rupert, you old tortoise? Hurry up!"

"I'm ready and waiting."

Barry O'Rooney accompanied them, and Prout was left in charge. The alligators scuttled into the water as the boat neared the shore, and the parrots screamed louder.

(This Grand New Serial will be continued Next Monday. Order Early.)

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My Readers' Page

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FOR NEXT MONDAY:

"EASY TERMS!"

By FRANK RICHARDS.

In our next long and amusing complete tale of the chums of Greyfriars, under the above title, Fisher T. Fish, the Yankee junior, starts another of his amazing schemes. The object of his latest wheeze is, as usual, to line the pockets of F. T. Fish at the expense of his school-mates; but once again the 'cute Yankee proves himself to be a little too 'cute. The circumstances are particularly amusing, the fellows getting Fishy's goods, while Fishy himself gets left! Billy Bunter is only too anxious to be a good customer—on very easy terms indeed!

In the end Harry Wharton & Co., with their usual good nature, come to the rescue of the unhappy business man, and Fish is able to congratulate himself upon getting out of a very awkward scrape upon remarkably

"EASY TERMS!"

A FAMOUS AUTHOR AT HIS BEST.

The current issue of our grand companion paper, "The Gem" Library, contains the opening chapters of a story which is going to make a very big hit indeed. The title of it is:

"PLAYING THE GAME!"

and the author is the famous Arthur S. Hardy. The keynotes of this grand story are:

SCHOOL, SPORT, ADVENTURE.

and I never remember reading any story in which these themes were so cleverly combined to make a narrative of such absorbing interest. All my chums will appreciate

"PLAYING THE GAME!"

By Arthur S. Hardy,

and I will ask them to spread the good news round among their friends.

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

F. S. Sidwell (Coventry).—It is too early to say whether No. 7 will become top study. Judging from the present state of affairs, and as Billy Bunter has not shown many signs of improvement under the hands of Peter Todd, I am afraid not!

"Flapper" (Edinburgh).—Send your manuscript to a publisher. That is all you can do.

"An Australian Reader."—I think it would be superfluous to do as you suggest, as so many readers have their copies of the "Invincible Trio" bound in volumes as it is.

Thomas Soakoll (Billingham).—The "Invincible Trio," I may say, are all under the control of the same editor. Try our latest companion paper, "Chuckles."

R. A. W. (Hampstead).—The stories published about Tom Merry which appeared in "The Boys' Friend 3d. Library" are now out of print.

"A New, but Loyal Reader."—Give your newsagent an order, and he will supply you with any number of "Chuckles" you want. Bound volumes of "The Magnet" are not issued.

E. A. O. (Chesterfield).—Although several contests have

taken place between Tom Merry and Harry Wharton, it has never been decided who is actually the better athlete.

"A Manchester Reader."—A straw hat would be the most suitable under the circumstances.

D. T. R. (S.E.).—Many thanks for your letter and suggestions. By the time you read this "Poplets" will have finished.

Maurice Quaker (Sheffield).—I can only refer you to the "Free Correspondence Exchange" now running in our companion paper, "The Gem" Library.

M. Robinson (Yorkshire).—Sydney Drew's serial "Mysteria" began May 17th, 1913, issue No. 275 of "The Magnet," and by the time you read this it will be ended.

"A Loyal Reader" (Lancashire).—The hymns you mention contained in the New Wesleyan Methodist Hymnal were not from the pen of the Frank Richards who writes for this paper.

J. Murphy (Belfast).—Very many thanks for your most interesting letter and appreciative remarks about "Chuckles." Your poem I will keep by me.

PIGEONS.

Breeds of Fancy Pigeons.

The Dragoon is not profusely ornamented, either in wattle or eye cere. The colour of the wattles of all are of a light tinge, coated with a whitish bloom. The eye-ceres vary as to colour—in Carriers they are well developed, and rather pale whitish leather shade; in Barbs they are rich coral red, and in Dragons and Antwerps they vary from light grey to rich damson hues. One of the most ancient of fancy pigeons is the Scanderoon, of Persian origin. This has much to do with the production of all the wattled and eye-cered varieties of the pigeon race. To it they separately owe their thickness of beak, abnormal wattles and colour, and dimensions of eye-cere. For a long time the Scanderoon has ceased to be cultivated as a high-class pigeon, but recently it has revived in favour, and a club has been formed for its further development.

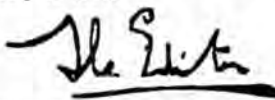
5. Pigeons having singularities of feather formation are a large and varied section, some such as the Fantail are remarkable for a superabundance of feathers in the tail, the ordinary number of which is twelve, but in the Fantail these sometimes reach as many as thirty-six, and instead of being carried on a level with the body, they assume an erect direction, or fall forward, almost touching the head, and in an angular, funnel-like shape, spread out widely at the sides and the lower part, seemingly representing a fan—hence the name. Another large family is that having an abundance of feathers covering the feet and shins. These include Trumpeters, Pouters, and several other varieties.

All such ought to have a good supply of sawdust on the pigeon loft flooring, to keep the foot and leg feathers clean and shapely.

Other varieties are remarkable for reversed feathers about the head and neck plumage, some having only a tuft of feathers called the "peak" at the back of the head, such as the "Archangel" and "Turbit," others have an extra abundance of reversed feathers extending all over the head and sides of the neck, such as the Jacobin. The reversed head plumage of this bird not only covers his head, but it also extends down the sides of the neck and back of the same. The head portion so reversed is called a "hood," that at the sides of the neck the "chain," and at the back of the neck the "mane." A really good Jacobin is a high-class and valuable bird.

But perhaps the most peculiar of the reverse-feathered pigeons is the Frill Back. All the feathers on the back, shoulders, and sides of this pigeon grow regularly in reversed fashion—rather curious than pretty to view.

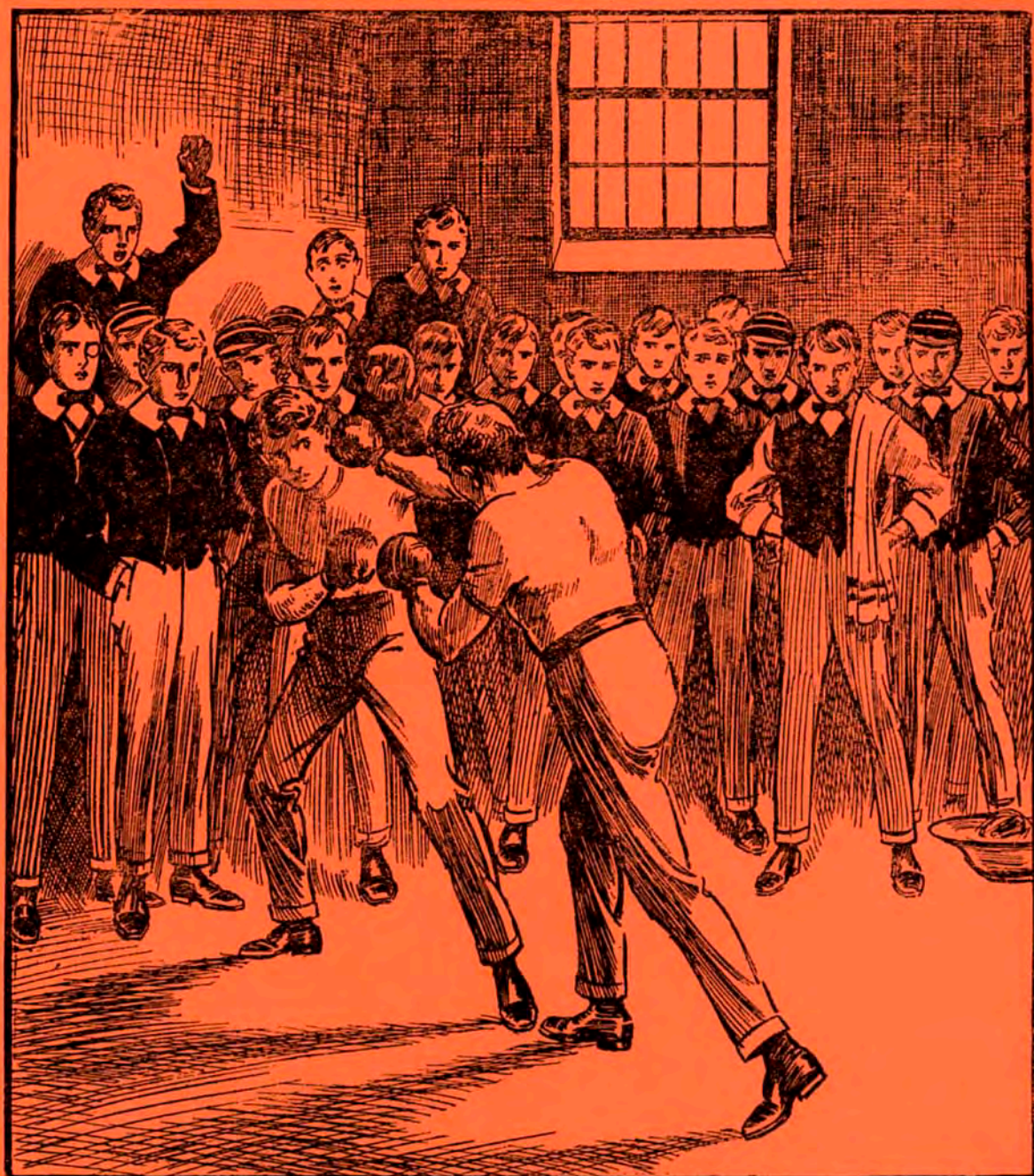
(Another Grand Article on
Pigeons Next Week.)



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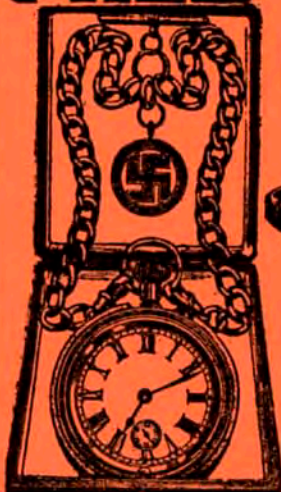
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