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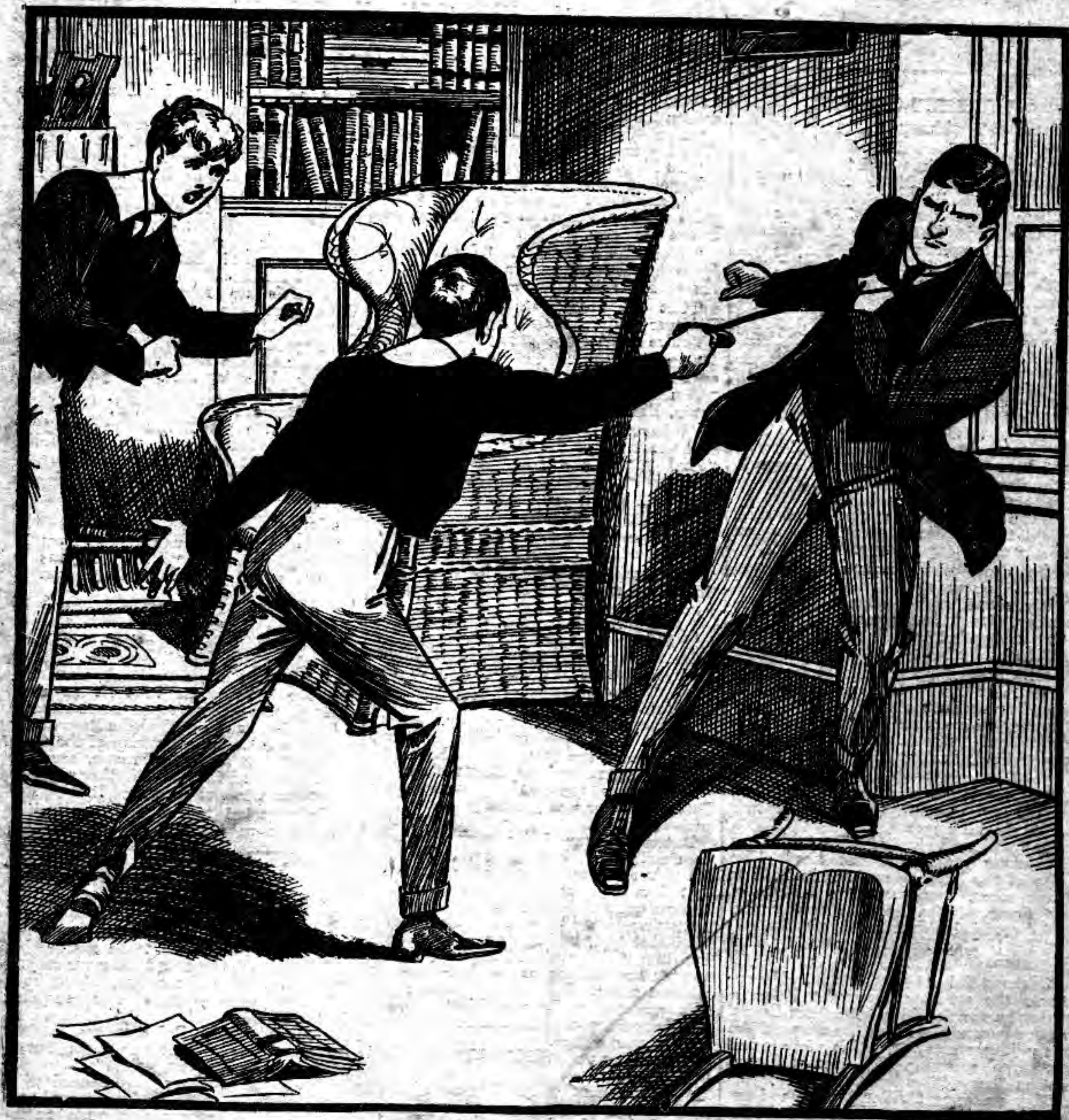
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No. 58b, Vol. XIII.

May 3rd, 1919.

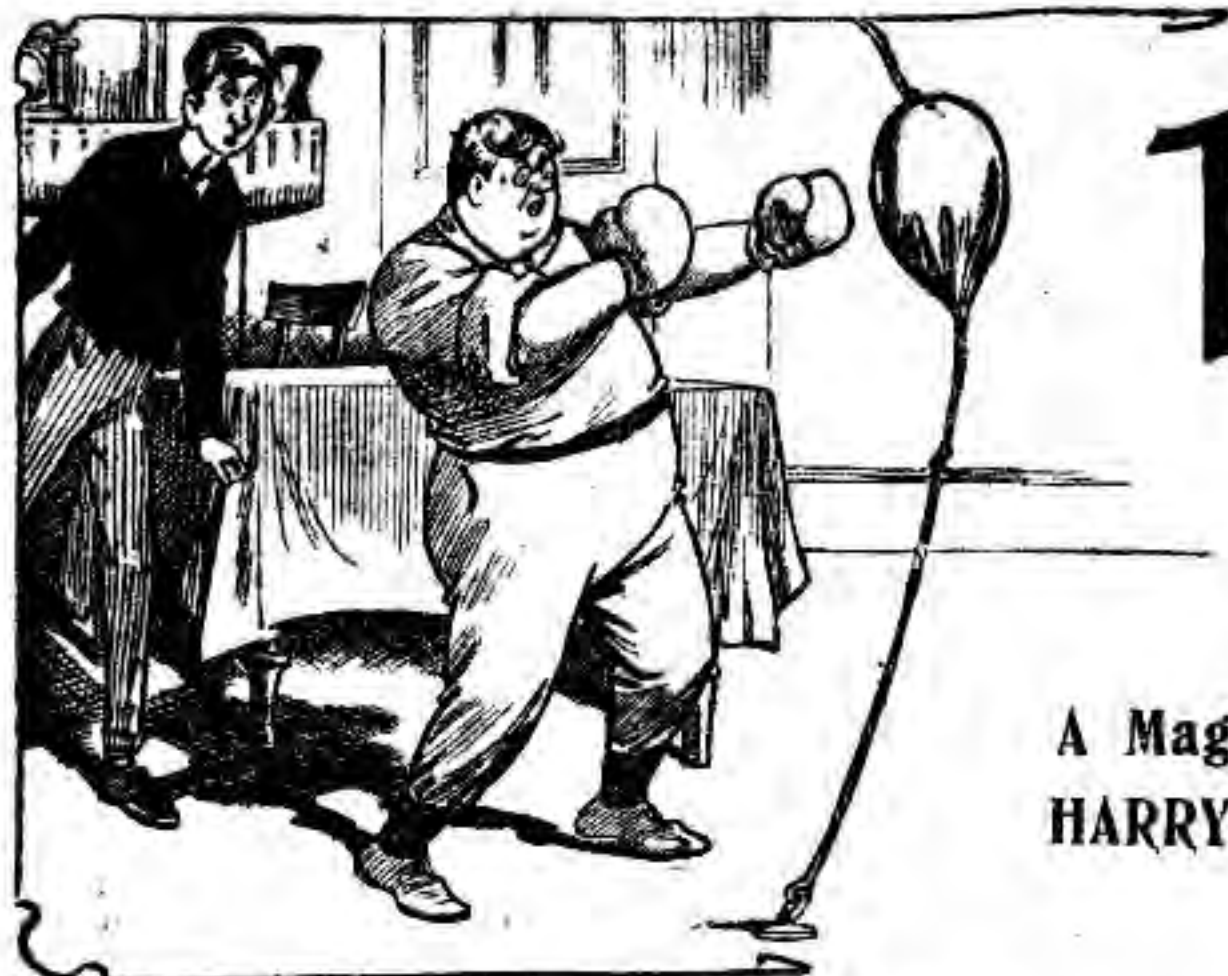


FOES OF THE REMOVE!



THE FRENCH JUNIOR DEFENDS HIS HONOUR!

(A Dramatic Scene in the Magnificent Long Complete School Tale in this Number.) 3-5-19



Foes of the Remove!

A Magnificent Long Complete School Story of
HARRY WHARTON & CO. AT GREYFRIARS.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The Heavy Hand!

"A MOI!"
Whack, whack!
"Mon Dieu! A moi! Ya-roooh!"

There were sounds of uproar in Bolsover major's study in the Remove passage at Greyfriars.

It sounded as if Bolsover major was beating carpet. But the yells of Napoleon Dupont, the French junior, showed that it was not the carpet that he was beating.

Those shrill yells rang the length of the Remove passage; and a good many fellows looked out of their studies—among them Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove.

"What the dickens—" he ejaculated.

"A moi! Help! Yooop!"

"Sounds like trouble in Bolsover's study," remarked Frank Nugent.

"Napoleon's getting the fives-bat."

Wharton knitted his brows.

"He's going to be stopped," he said.

And the captain of the Remove ran quickly along the passage.

The door of Bolsover's study was closed. From within there came the steady sound as of industrious carpet-beating, to the accompaniment of anguished yells from Napoleon Dupont.

Wharton hurled the door open.

Quite a startling scene met his gaze.

The slim little French junior was sprawling across the study table, pinned down by Bolsover major's heavy grip on the back of his neck. He was wriggling spasmodically under the swipes of the fives-bat.

Bolsover major was laying the bat on with hearty vigour. His rugged face was red with anger.

"Stop that!" shouted Wharton.

Bolsover major did not heed. The bully of the Remove was not inclined to take orders, even from the captain of the Form. The fives-bat rose again, and descended with a terrific whack.

"Yah! Mon Dieu! A moi!" yelled Napoleon.

Wharton did not speak again. He ran across the study, and caught Bolsover major by the shoulders with both hands. With a powerful wrench he dragged the burly junior away from his victim, and sent him spinning. Bolsover collapsed on the floor with a howl.

"Ow-ow-ow-ow! Wow!" came from Napoleon Dupont, as he wriggled on the table. "Wow-wow! Helas! Keep zat ruffian away! Wow-wow!"

Half a dozen juniors had followed Wharton, and they were looking in at the open doorway. Bolsover major sat up

on the floor, gasping for breath. His sudden fall had dazed him a little.

"You bullying brute!" exclaimed Wharton angrily.

"Ow!" gasped Bolsover.

Napoleon Dupont wriggled off the table, and stood upon his feet. He was quite pale, and drops of perspiration bedewed his brow.

"Wow!" he groaned. "I am hurt! I am injure! I souffrir verree much! Zis pain, he is affreux. Ow!"

"Get out of my study!" exclaimed Bolsover major, scrambling to his feet. "You're not wanted here, Wharton."

"I rather think I am wanted badly," answered the captain of the Remove. "You are not going to touch Dupont again, Bolsover!"

"I haven't finished licking him yet," said the bully of the Remove doggedly. "And you're not going to stop me, Wharton!"

"You'll see, if you begin again!" said Harry.

Napoleon Dupont shook a trembling fist at the bully of the Remove.

"You are one bully!" he exclaimed.

"You are one rottair! Vous etes lache—you are coward! I despise you!"

"I can see you want some more!" said Bolsover major.

He made a stride towards Dupont, and Harry Wharton stepped quietly in the way. Bolsover paused.

"What's the trouble about?" inquired Bob Cherry, from the doorway.

There was some curiosity on that point among the Removites. Hitherto, concord had reigned in Bolsover's study—which was remarkable enough, for Percy Bolsover was generally quarrelling with somebody.

But the Remove bully, quarrelsome as he usually was, had made friends with his new-study-mate, and after Dupont's first few days at Greyfriars they had become quite chummy. Bolsover required managing tactfully; and Napoleon, with his Gallic tact, had succeeded in managing him till now! The bully's evil temper had broken out at last—with or without cause.

It was not really surprising. What was surprising was that there had not been a row before.

"What has poor old Nap done?" asked Ogilvy.

"He's a cheeky cad!" growled Bolsover.

"Bolsover, he is one dunce!" said Napoleon Dupont gaspingly. "Monsieur Charpentier he have set him exercise—and he ask me to do zat exercise for him, to palm off on monsieur as his own

work, and I refuse. I vill not swindle Monsieur Charpentier."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" growled Johnny Bull. "Just like Bolsover!"

Bolsover major scowled.

"Why couldn't he help me with my exercise?" he demanded surlily.

"I am villing to help—I say him to you!" gasped Dupont. "But I vill not do vork for you to tell monsieur he is your own vork! Zat is one lie; and I vill not tell lies!"

"There's no room for a Georgie Washington in Bolsover's study!" grinned Skinner.

"Dupont's quite right," said Harry Wharton. "It's a swindle to palm off another fellow's work as your own, Bolsover!"

The Remove bully snorted.

"Rot! Do you think I'm going to worry my brains over rotten French, when Dupont can do it on his head? It's his own silly linge, and it wouldn't be any trouble to him to do it."

"It would be one lie!"

"Oh, dry up!"

"You are bad, unscrupulous garcon!" shouted Napoleon. "I despise you! I am not afraid of you! I laugh you at the nose!"

"What?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say him again!" yelled Napoleon, evidently under the impression that he was inflicting a deadly insult upon the Remove bully. "Je vous ris au nez! I laugh you—I laugh you at ze nose!"

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

That expression, expressive of the most contemptuous scorn in French, sounded utterly absurd in English, though poor Napoleon was not aware of it.

He expected to see Bolsover major foam with rage. Instead of which the burly Removite burst into a roar of laughter.

"Well, you can laugh me at the nose, if you like!" chuckled Bolsover major.

"Of all the funny idiots—"

"Coquin!" yelled Napoleon.

"My hat! What does he mean with his co-kang?" ejaculated Bolsover major.

"What on earth is a co-kang?"

"C'est vous—you etes coquin! Scelerat! Lache!"

"Go it!" said Bolsover major. "I don't understand what you mean, but if it's satisfaction to you, go it!"

Napoleon Dupont almost danced with rage. His barbed shafts seemed to glance off Bolsover major quite harmlessly.

"Ah, rascal!" he howled, still with a denunciatory forefinger trembling at the grinning Bolsover. "I despise you viz

ze utmost despision! I have all ze scorn of ze universe for you. Nom d'un nom—name of a name!"

"What of a which?" exclaimed Bolsover.

"Name of a name!" shrieked Napoleon.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Calm your esteemed self, my excellent Napoleon!" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, in the doorway. "The swearfulness is not the proper caper."

"Is he swearing?" exclaimed Bolsover. "My hat! I'll ask Monsieur Charpentier to translate that to me."

Napoleon became suddenly calm.

"I say too mooch!" he stammered.

"But zat fellow—zat coquin Bolsover—he make me so exasperate zat I no longer zink. I have been beaten wiz bat! I am injure, and verree mooch suffair!"

"And I haven't finished yet," remarked Bolsover.

"You have!" said Harry Wharton. "And it's your turn now. Lend me a hand here, you fellows!"

The fellows were quite willing to lend a hand.

Five or six juniors came into the study at Wharton's call, and the Remove bully was promptly collared.

Struggling furiously, Bolsover major was whirled off the floor, and brought down with a bump on the table. There the juniors held him, still struggling.

"Now pile in with the bat, Nap!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "It's your turn. I'll count up to a hundred!"

Dupont picked up the fives-bat.

But he hesitated.

"Go it!" said Johnny Bull.

The French junior hesitated, and threw down the bat.

"I will not beat him when he is hold down!" he said. "I am not one lache, like Bolsover. I will fight him, and zrash him!"

"You can't, you ass!" said Bob Cherry. "You couldn't fight one side of Bolsover."

"He's rather above your weight, old chap," said Harry Wharton. "Take it out of him with the bat!"

Dupont shook his head.

"I vill fight him!" he repeated. "Zis evening, in the gym, I challenge him to come, and I will zrash him!"

"Fathead!"

"And if he do not come, I brand him as a coward!"

And with that Napoleon Dupont left the study. There was a roar from Bolsover major.

"Let me go, you silly fools! Leggo!"

"Well, if Nap won't lick him, we'd better make it a bumping," suggested Bob Cherry. "Bolsover's got to have a lesson."

"Hear, hear!"

Bolsover major was swept off the table, in the grasp of many hands, and he sat on the floor with a heavy concussion, and a howl.

Bump, bump, bump!

Then the juniors streamed out of the study, leaving the bully of the Remove gasping on the carpet.

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THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Vengeance Wanted!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. returned to Study No. 1, where the Famous Five had been at tea when the uproar along the passage drew them away. The interrupted meal was resumed, and it was nearly finished when the fat face and glimmering glasses of Billy Bunter looked in.

Bob Cherry chortled as he glanced at the fat junior.

"Too late!" he said.

Bunter blinked at him over his glasses.

"Too late for what?" he demanded.

"Tea, my fat pippin!"

"The too-latefulness is terrific, my esteemed fat Bunter!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Billy Bunter snorted.

"Bother your tea!"

"Didn't you know there was cake?" asked Bob Cherry, in surprise.

"How should I know there was a cake?" roared Bunter.

Bob shook his head.

"I don't know how you know these things, but you generally do," he replied. "You always had the nose of a blug-bound for a cake!"

"I came in to speak to you," grunted Billy Bunter. "It's about that chap Dupont. I'll sample the cake as I'm here, though."

Wharton frowned.

"Is Bolsover going for him again?" he asked. "By Jove——"

"It's the other way round," said Bunter. "He's just been in my study, asking Toddy to be his second. He, he, he!"

"His second!" exclaimed the Famous Five, with one voice.

"Yes; the ass wants to fight Bolsover major," chortled Billy Bunter.

"The duffer!"

"He seems bent on it," said Bunter. "Peter told him not to play the goat. He can't fight Bolsover, of course. I don't believe I could handle the big beast myself. And you know what a fighting-man I am!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "Nap could do about as much as you could, Buntz."

"Oh, really, Bob Cherry!"

"Bolsover major is a rather tough proposition," said Harry Wharton. "Nap can't touch him, and we couldn't allow Bolsover a chance of licking him. What Bolsover wants is a Form ragging."

"Dupont's determined on it. He said he would come along and ask you, Wharton, if Toddy wouldn't back him up. I left him arguing with Toddy. Toddy was calling him an ass. He, he, he!"

"He can't do it, of course," said Wharton.

"It wouldn't be a fair fight. Bolsover is head and shoulders taller, and double his weight," said Bob. "Nap would be simply wrecked. Hallo, here he comes!"

There was a hasty step in the passage, and Napoleon Dupont looked into Study No. 1. Five pairs of eyes fixed on him. The sixth pair were fixed on the cake.

"Excusez moi!" began Napoleon.

"Trot in, old nut!" said Nugent.

"Ong-tray!" said Bob Cherry solemnly. "Vous etes as bienvenu as the fleurs in May!"

Dupont grinned for a moment. Bob Cherry's French could seldom be listened to with a serious countenance. The French junior became grave again at once, however, as he came into the study.

"I have fallen in——" he began.

"You've whatted?" asked Wharton.

"I have fallen in to speak to you, mon ami. Is it not zat you say you fall in, in ze English?"

"Oh! Dropped in! I see," said Harry, with a smile. "Go on!"

"Vat is ze difference, to drop in and to fall in?" asked Napoleon.

"Ahem! It's a sort of distinction without a difference," said Harry. "All serene. Go ahead! You've dropped in to speak to me. I'm all ears."

"Du tout!" said Dupont, in surprise. "Zat is not so, mon ami. Your ears, zey are not verree large. Bob Sherry, perhaps—he is all ears!"

"What!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I mean, I'm listening," said Harry. "Get on with the washing!"

"But I do not come here to wash!" exclaimed the French junior. "When it is to wash, I go myself up to ze dormitory."

"Oh, great pip! I mean, go on talking!"

"Maintenant je comprends. I understand you parfaitement. I have fallen in to speak to you. Aftair tea I fight viz Bolsover major." Napoleon sparred in the air in a way that showed he had still something to learn about "la boxe."

"In zis school you do not allow la savate. You say zat one shall not fight viz ze feet. Verree well, I fight Bolsover viz ze hand, all the same as Englishman. I give him zrasing viz ze twice hand!"

"The what?" gasped Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob. "He means the doubled fist."

"Mon Dieu! I am told in class zat when you sall double something he is twice."

"That doesn't apply to fists," grinned Bob. "There's a lot of English you have still to learn, old chap."

"If you double ze number, he is twice; if you double ze fist, he is not twice?" asked Napoleon.

"Ha, ha! Not quite."

"It is verree peculiar, zat English. Dependant, viz my fist I fight zat bully Bolsover, whom I laugh at ze nose."

"Better be satisfied with laughing him at the boko," advised Johnny Bull. "You can't stand up to him, old fellow."

"I stand up to anyone zat sall insult me. My honour, he is touch. I have been zrash with bat behind. Zat is not to tolerate. Unless I fight Bolsover, I am cover viz shame."

The juniors became serious. Napoleon Dupont was evidently in deadly earnest; and if he had had a chance against the burly bully of the Remove they would not have said him nay. But poor Nap was hopelessly inadequate to the task he had set himself. He could not have survived one round with Bolsover major. But how he was to be stopped, if he was determined to rush upon his fate, was a puzzling question.

"I'll tell you what, Nap," said Bob Cherry, after some thought, "I'm your ammy, you know."

"Mon Dieu! Vat is zat?" said Napoleon. "Zat is an English word zat I have not meet. Is he in ze dictionnaire?"

"It's not English, it's French!" exclaimed Bob warmly. "My hat! Don't you understand your own language?"

"Zat word—he is Francais?"

"Certainly."

"I have not fallen in viz him—I mean, I have not dropped in viz him."

"Ha, ha! Fallen in is right this time!" howled Johnny Bull.

"I nevair, nevair understand zat English!" exclaimed Dupont in despair. "If I say I fall in ze study, he is drop in; if I say I drop in viz a word, he is fall in. Zat is verree peculiar. But zat word, mon ami, Sherry——"

"There! You've just said it yourself," said Bob. "Ammy."

"Oh! Ah! Oui! Mai oui! Ami—vich you pronounce ammy." Dupont grinned. "Now I comprends. Parfaitement. Oui, Sherry, you are mon ami—my friend."

"That's it. Well, as your ammy, I'll take this matter on for you," explained Bob. "You leave Bolsover major to me. I'll meet him in the gym. See?"

Dupont shook his head.

"Pas la mome chose," he said. "I'm not talking about shows. I'm talking about fighting Bolsover major."

"I mean, he is not ze same zing. It is my honour zat is insult, and for zat reason it is for me to zrash Bolsover."

"But you can't do it."

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"If it is zat I cannot do him, zen I fall viz honour on ze field of gloire!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"But Bolsover major will knock you to smithereens," said Wharton anxiously.

"I know not vat is a smittereen, but I risk him, in defence of my honour. I demand of you, Wharton, zat you sall be my second."

"But I say——"

"If you refuse me, I ask somevun else, isn't it? And if every one he sall say no, I fight Bolsover major sans second. But I fight him, because my honour is insult."

"Well," said Harry, very much perplexed and troubled, "if you're resolved on it, I suppose you've got to have your way, Nap; and I'll act for you with pleasure, as far as that goes. But I wish you'd leave Bolsover to us."

"Zat is chose impossible. My honour is engage. If you vill act for me as second, you vill go to Bolsover and take him my defiance."

"I'll take him your challenge," said Harry. "But——"

"Zen zat is settle. I waits for you here."

Harry Wharton glanced at his chums. They nodded. Evidently the French junior had to be given his head. And, leaving Napoleon Dupont in Study No. 1, the captain of the Remove went to look for Bolsover major.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Nap Does His Best!

PERCY BOLSOVER was in his study. He was in a bad temper. Bolsover was not very bright in class, and he always encountered difficulties in French, and a strong disinclination to work added to them. Monsieur Charpentier had set him a difficult exercise now, and Bolsover had to get through it somehow. It meant hard work, and he hated hard work. And he was still feeling very resentful towards his study-mate, who, of course, could have done the exercise with the greatest of ease.

"Hallo, Wharton!" said Bolsover, looking up as Harry came in. "Have you come to lend me a hand with this?"

"Not exactly."

"Isn't it rotten that I should have to wriggle through it like this?" exclaimed Bolsover, knitting his brows. "I've always been friendly with Dupont. It wouldn't be a bit of trouble to him. Yet he wouldn't do it for me—even when I told him I'd thrash him if he didn't. In fact, that only made him more obstinate."

"How surprising!" remarked Wharton sarcastically.

"I never thought he was such a mule," said Bolsover major. "Ill-natured, too. He ought to have helped me out. I was going to copy the lot out in my own list, you see, and Mosscoo would have been satisfied."

"You couldn't expect Dupont to join you in a deception."

"Oh, that's all rot!"

"He's good-natured enough," said Harry. "He would have helped you through, and made you understand it."

"I don't want to understand the rot. I've got other things to think of," growled Bolsover major. "I hate French. I don't see what we want to learn it for. Rot, I call it!"

"I've come here from Dupont," said Wharton abruptly.

Bolsover major gave a snort.

"He can come back to the study," he said. "I won't pitch into him again. Perhaps I laid it on rather too hard. I was ratty. But it's all over now, and he can come in. I rather like the kid, really."

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"You've got queer ways of showing it, then."

"Oh, rats! If he's afraid to come to the study, you can tell him from me that there's nothing to be afraid of," said Bolsover sulkily.

"He's not afraid. He's asked me to act as his second, and he's challenged you to meet him in the gym."

"The silly ass!"

"What time will suit you?"

"Oh, don't be funny! He can't fight me! He would break into pieces if I hit him," said Bolsover major contemptuously. "Besides, I don't want to hurt him."

"He's determined. You'll have to meet him," said Harry. "But I think you ought to let him down lightly, Bolsover. He's full of pluck; but, of course, he's no match for you."

"I should jolly well say not!"

"Well, when will you come?"

Bolsover major snorted impatiently.

"If the silly ass is determined to have another licking, I'll come and give him one," he said. "It will be a change from this rotten French, anyhow. I'll come now."

"All serene! You'll find us in the gym, then."

Bolsover nodded, and the captain of the Remove quitted the study. He returned to his own quarters, where he found Dupont waiting. His chums had been arguing with the French junior, but quite in vain. Napoleon had made up his mind. His insulted honour had to be avenged—or, at least, the attempt was to be made.

"Is he ready, mon ami?" exclaimed Napoleon, as the captain of the Remove entered Study No. 1.

"Yes; we're to meet him in the gym."

"Bon!"

"We'll all come and see fair play," said Frank Nugent.

"And we'll jolly well stop Bolsover as soon as Nap has had enough," murmured Bob Cherry.

And the Famous Five left the study with Napoleon. A good many more of the Remove joined them on the way to the gym. Napoleon stalked along in the midst of the crowd, with his nose high in the air and his eyes gleaming.

His friends were feeling rather worried. Napoleon had plenty of pluck; but pluck, though useful, was not all that was wanted. He simply had no chance at all against Bolsover major; and the bully of the Remove could knock him about as much as he liked, so long as Dupont stood up to him. And it was certain that he would stand until he could stand no longer.

However, there was no help for it, and the juniors could only hope that the bully of the Remove would "go easy" with his study-mate and former friend.

Bolsover major came into the gym with Skinner, who was his second. He was grinning, as if over a good joke.

Dupont's eyes flashed at the sight of him.

He had been the only fellow in the Remove who was able to keep on friendly terms with Bolsover for any length of time; but that friendship was quite vanished now. The thrashing with the fives-bat had wounded the sensitive French junior to the quick. It had been painful enough in itself, but it was the insult to his dignity that rankled the most. Napoleon had brought to Greyfriars some rather high-flown notions from la belle France, and he was not quite accustomed yet to the rough and ready ways of the Remove.

Bolsover answered his look of passionate anger with a still broader grin. Bolsover was not sensitive himself, and

he was only entertained by the "high-falutin," as he thought it, of the sensitive foreigner.

"You laugh me, is it?" hissed Dupont.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bolsover major.

"Yes, rather! I laugh you at the nose, you know! Ha, ha, ha!"

"He, he, he!" chuckled Skinner.

"Les gants! Les gants!" exclaimed Napoleon.

"The gloves," said Harry.

Bob Cherry brought the boxing-gloves. Bolsover major donned a pair, without troubling to remove his jacket. It was not worth while, with so impotent an adversary.

Harry Wharton gave him a look, and Bolsover nodded, grinning. He did not mean to hurt his opponent. He was good-natured, in his rough way, and his anger was over, and he was prepared to take the fight simply as a joke. The fact that it was anything but a joke to Napoleon made Bolsover all the more humorous.

"Ready?" asked Bob Cherry, taking out his watch.

"Wait till I've done trembling," answered Bolsover major.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I am reddy!" shouted Napoleon, brandishing his fists. "Come on, zen!"

"This is going to be Napoleon's Waterloo!" grinned Skinner, and there was a laugh.

"Time!"

Bolsover major lounged towards his adversary with his hands up. Dupont was at him in a second, like a stone from a catapult.

It was a good deal like David fighting Goliath; but the attack was so sudden that the French junior's lashing fists came through Bolsover's clumsy guard and crashed on his face. The burly Removite staggered back, gasping.

"Well hit!" yelled Squiff.

"Bravo, Froggy!"

"Give him beans!"

Bolsover, a little confused, retreated several paces, followed up fast by the excited French junior, still lashing out. But he recovered, and stiffened up, and his huge and heavy fists came into play. Dupont fairly ran upon Bolsover's right, and received a terrific jar, as if a mule had kicked him. He staggered back blindly and sat down.

"Wooooooof!" he gasped.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bolsover major.

"Try it again!"

"Time!"

Harry Wharton picked up his principal, and made a knee for him. Napoleon was gasping for breath. He rubbed his chin tenderly, as if to make sure that it was still there.

"You've done enough, old scout," murmured Wharton.

Dupont's eyes blazed.

"I zrash him, or I fall upon ze field of honour!" he answered.

"My dear chap——"

"Zat is settle."

Wharton said no more; it was useless. The call of time came again, and Dupont advanced actively enough to meet his bulky enemy.

But he did not get a chance of penetrating Bolsover's defence this time. The bully of the Remove was well on his guard. He was so much taller and longer in the reach than Napoleon, that it was an easy matter for him to keep the excited French junior at arm's length.

He grinned over his boxing-gloves at Dupont as the latter, almost dancing with rage, strove in vain to get at him.

Once or twice he gave Napoleon a tap on the chest to keep him off; but for the most part he contented himself with defence, which was easy enough. At

the end of the round Dupont was almost weeping with rage and exhaustion, and Bolsover was still grinning, untouched.

The onlookers were laughing—they could not help it. Dupont's frantic and ineffectual attempts to get at his bulky antagonist were comic to watch. He was, as Skinner humorously remarked, like a cat on hot bricks.

Dupont sank on Harry Wharton's knee with a gasp like the air escaping from a badly-burst tyre.

"Ooooooch!"

"Had enough?" asked Bolsover major.

"Non, non, non!" gasped the French junior. "I am going to zrash you! I laugh you! I laugh you au nez!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, come on as soon as you're ready," said Bolsover. "You're a funny little animal, Dupont."

"Time!" came from Bob Cherry.

"Go it, Nap!"

Napoleon "went it," but he was looking very groggy. Again he tired himself out on Bolsover's defence, till the Remove bully gave him a thump on the chest that sent him spinning. Napoleon went rolling on the floor.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bolsover major.

"Poor old Nap!"

"I guess that finishes it," remarked Fisher T. Fish.

Fisher T. Fish guessed correctly; the fight was finished. Harry Wharton helped up his unhappy principal, but the French junior could scarcely stand, and he leaned heavily upon Wharton.

"Wow-wow! Mon Dieu! Wooooh!" he moaned.

"Is that game over?" asked Bolsover.

"Non, non! Jamais! I zrash you if—"

"Ha, ha! Go it!"

Wharton held on to the excited French junior.

"Hold on, Dupont! Don't play the goat! You can't put up your hands again, you know."

Napoleon groaned.

"C'est vrai! I cannot do him. I am tire and exhaust. Some ozzet time I zrash him, isn't it? Ow-ow-ow!"

Bolsover major chortled as poor Napoleon hung on to the captain of the Remove, trying to recover. Napoleon was "done," there was no doubt about that. Harry Wharton & Co. helped the hapless champion from the gym, followed by Bolsover's deep bass chortle, and Billy Bunter's "He, he, he!"

THE FOURTH CHAPTER

Black Thoughts!

HARRY WHARTON glanced round as he came into the Common-room that evening after prep.

He was thinking of Napoleon Dupont, but he did not see the French junior in the room.

Napoleon had not, in fact, been seen since his crushing defeat in the gym at the hands of his burly study-mate.

The French junior was so sensitive and excitable, and, from the English point of view, "queer," that Harry was a little anxious about him. He wondered whether Dupont was brooding in some secluded corner over his defeat, and his disgrace, as he considered it; which was about the worst thing he could do.

"Seen Nap?" Wharton asked, addressing Bob Cherry.

"Not since the gym," answered Bob. "I suppose he's been in his study. He had his prep to do."

Harry Wharton crossed over to Bolsover major, who was sprawling his big limbs on a sofa.

"Has Nap been back to the study, Bolsover?" he asked.

"Haven't seen him."

"Then he hasn't done his prep?"

"Blessed if I know—or care," yawned Percy Bolsover.

Wharton gave him a grim look and turned away. He left the Common-room, and Bob Cherry joined him.

"Looking for Nap?" he asked.

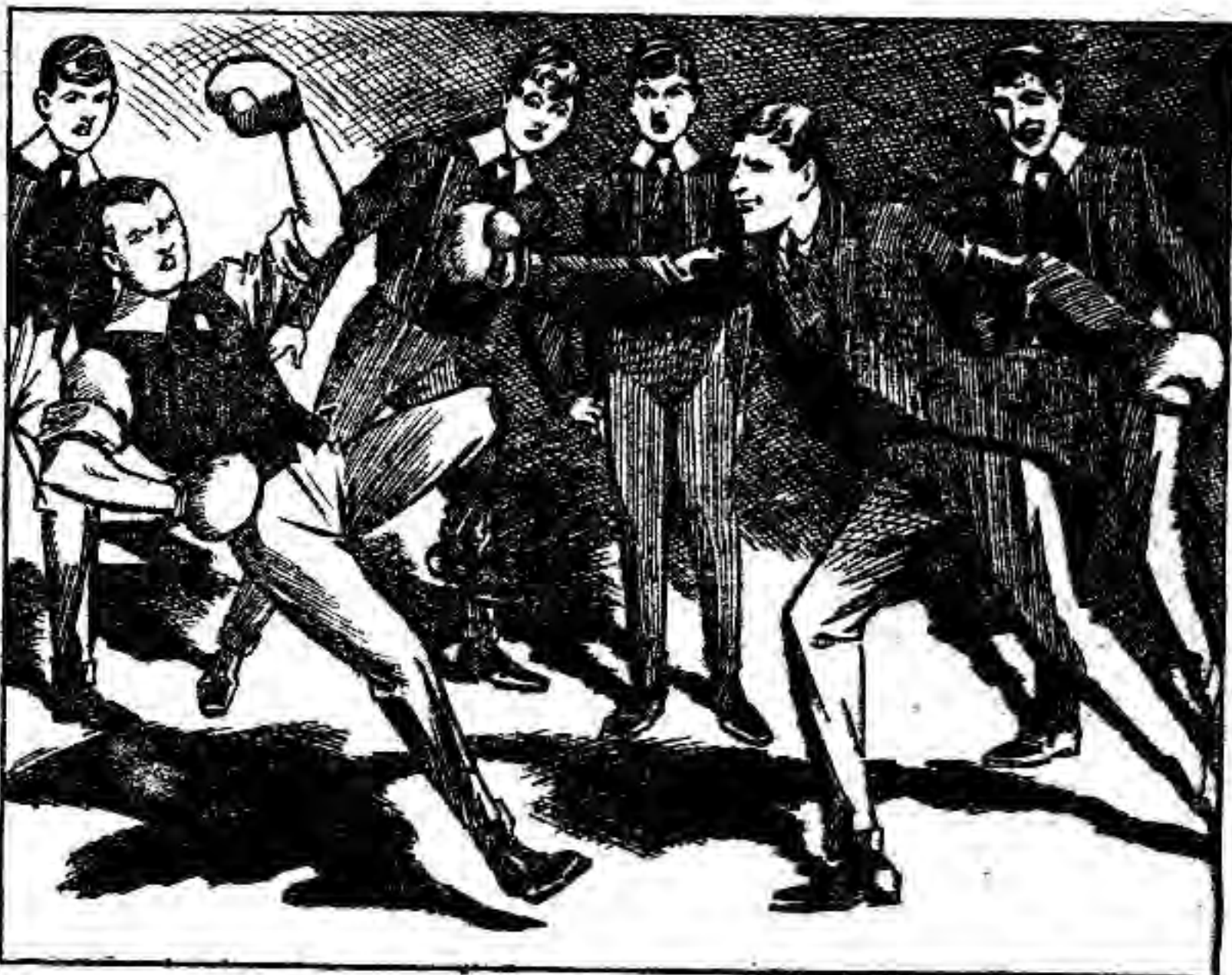
"Yes—he's such a queer customer," said Harry. "He takes this sort of thing to heart you know. He hasn't learned to knock about and rough it as we have."

"There's no disgrace in being knocked out by Bolsover. It was plucky to stand up to him at all," said Bob.

"Nap doesn't look at it like that. I believe he's in some corner worrying over his giddy honour, and all that."

"Oh, my hat!"

The two chums looked along the Remove passage, which was drawn blank; the French junior was not in his own quarters, or anyone else's. Then they descended to the Form-room, where



The Remove bully gave the French junior a thump on the chest that sent him spinning. Napoleon Dupont went rolling on the floor. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bolsover major. (See Chapter 3.)

fellows sometimes did their prep, and they found Napoleon there.

The light was on, and Dupont was seated at his desk, with his books before him; but he was not working.

He was staring straight in front of him, with a pale face and glittering eyes, and occasionally he made wild gesticulations with his hands. Evidently he was still worrying over the affair with Bolsover major.

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

Napoleon looked at the two juniors without speaking. There was a deep and brooding bitterness in his face.

It was a startling change in him, for Dupont was generally easy-going, and bubbling with good-nature.

"Prep?" asked Harry. "Working here?"

"I come here to work!"

"Finished?"

"I have not begin."

"That won't do, you know, old chap! Quelch will be on your track in the morning!" remarked Bob Cherry.

"Ca m'est egal—I care nozzing!"

"It's a bit chilly here," said Harry.

"Why don't you work in the study?"

Napoleon's eyes flashed.

"I go not to ze study any more! I will not go zere viz Bolsover! Zat bully—I hate him!"

"H'm!"

"I am zrash!" continued Napoleon, with deep bitterness. "I go for to zrash Bolsover, and it is me—moi—who is zrash. My honour he is not avange!"

"H'm! Bolsover didn't go for you much," said Bob, by way of comfort.

"If he had really pitched into you, you'd have been rather badly mauled, you know!"

"I know—I know! Zat is ze worse insult!"

"Oh, my hat! Is it?"

"Oui, oui—mais oui! I see it now—I see it! He do not exert himself at all. He treat me like one infant, isn't it? Like one infant zat is to laugh! Ah!"

Dupont startled the chums of the Remove by grinding his teeth. "Is it zat I, Napoleon Dupont, sall be treat like one infant?"

"But you didn't want him to wallop you, did you?" ejaculated Bob.

"I am insult! I am zrash behind wis bat, and now I am disgrace, and treat like one infant! But let him beware!"

"H'm! Hadn't you better pile into your prep, old son?"

"I cannot work!"

"But Quelch—"

"Monsieur Quelch, he go manger coke!" replied Napoleon. "I care nozzing, but zat my honour he is avange! In France zere are ways. In zis country ze honour, he is no great shakes!"

"Wha-at?"

"Chez nous, we fight ze duel!" said Napoleon, his eyes flashing. "When ze honour he is touch, zere is blood!"

"Oh, my only aunt!"

"Nap, old man—"

"Bolsover beat me viz bat, and he beat me viz ze twice hand!" said Napoleon bitterly. "But viz ze sword I—"

"The—the sword!" said Wharton faintly.

"Mais oui—l'epee!" said Napoleon.

"Viz sword in hand I zink zat I beat Bolsover, isn't it?"

"Oh, crumbs!"

Wharton and Bob Cherry stared blankly at the French junior. They understood now the dark and gloomy thoughts that had been passing in his mind as he sat brooding in the solitary Form-room.

His mind had wandered to the charming customs of his native country; and, in point of fact, his statement was correct enough. He was a good fencer, and Bolsover was as clumsy with the foils as with everything else. Sword in hand, as Napoleon expressed it, he would have beaten the bully of the Remove hollow.

"But—but," stuttered Bob Cherry, "schoolboys don't fight duels, even in France, do they, Nap?"

"Non—vous avez raison, mon cher. Non! But in *zis* case, he is different. I am *zrash*! I am disgrace! I cannot look one in *ze* chivvy—vat you call chivvy—again!"

The juniors tried not to smile at the idea of poor Napoleon not being able to look anyone in the "chivvy." Nap was learning a good deal of English at Greyfriars that was not taught in the Form-room.

"In Angleterre—vat you call England—*ze* law he do not allow *ze* duel, isn't it?" continued Napoleon.

"Ye gods! No!"

"But vat is it zat you sall do when your honour he is insult?"

"Ahem! Punching a chap's nose generally meets the case!" answered Bob Cherry.

"But if it is zat he punch you *ze* nose instead?"

"Well, a fellow can't do more than put up a good scrap," said Bob. "There's no disgrace in being licked, unless you show the white feather."

Napoleon shook his head.

"Hands have been laid on me!" he said.

"Lots of hands have been laid on me, and I don't feel a penny the worse!" said Bob. "Why, Bolsover himself licked me when he first came to Greyfriars! I licked him afterwards! But if I hadn't I shouldn't have gone around moping and thinking of duels and things! Ha, ha! Shove it out of your head, Nap!"

"Zat is not possible! My honour—"

"Look here, old son! Your honour isn't any superior an article to anybody else's! That's only piffle, you know!"

"Ze Anglais do not zink like us," said Dupont. "But if I ask Bolsover to meet me viz my own weapons, he refuse!"

"I should jolly well think so!"

"Zen vat is it zat I sall do?"

"Stop playing the goat!" suggested Bob.

"Come along to the Common-room, old chap!" said Wharton. "It's all right. Bolsover isn't really such a bad sort when you know him. He doesn't really mean much harm. I've known him do good-natured things more than once. Come along, and put a smile on!"

"I smile not again until my honour is avenge!"

"Bow-wow!"

Wharton took the French junior by the arm, and pulled him gently but firmly from the form. Bob Cherry took his other arm.

"Come on!" he said.

Napoleon resisted for a moment, and then he allowed himself to be walked away. Wharton and Bob Cherry marched him cheerily to the Common-room, glad to have rescued him from his solitary brooding, which certainly was not doing him any good.

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They entered the Common-room together, Dupont's clouded face clearing a little under the influence of his friends' good-nature.

But as they came in there was a roar of laughter from Bolsover major as his eyes fell upon his study-mate.

"Ha, ha, ha! Where have you been sulking, Nap?"

"Shut up, you silly ass!" exclaimed Bob Cherry angrily.

Napoleon jerked himself away from his friends and strode towards the bully of the Remove. The latter sat up on the sofa and grinned at him.

"You laugh at me, is it?" exclaimed Napoleon.

"Yes, rather! You're such a funny animal, you know!" roared Bolsover major. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"He, he, he!" came like an echo from Billy Bunter.

Some of the other juniors laughed. Napoleon's rage and indignation struck them as comic. Dupont cast a flashing glance round him, choking with wrath.

"You laugh!" he hissed. "You laugh me at *ze* nose, isn't it? Mon Dieu! But I sall be avenge, Bolsover—gardez vous!"

"Are you going to wallop me?" roared Bolsover.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The French junior shook a furious fist at Bolsover major, and, to the utter astonishment of Bolsover and everyone else, burst into a flood of passionate tears, and rushed from the room.

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Bolsover major blankly. "What's the matter with him?"

"You silly ass!" growled Bob Cherry.

"But what's he blubbing for? I haven't touched him, have I?" said Bolsover, puzzled. "I never heard of such a queer crittur!"

"The queerfulness of the crittur is great!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "But the fat-headedness of the esteemed Bolsover is terrific!"

Bolsover major detached himself from the sofa and strode heavily to the door.

"It's all right, Dupont!" he called out. "I was only pulling your leg. You can come back, you duffer!"

But Napoleon was gone.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

On the War-path!

BIFF! Bump!

Peter Todd looked in at the doorway of Study No. 7 in the Remove the next day in some surprise. There was a punch-ball rigged up in the study, and Billy Bunter was at work at the punch-ball.

In his shirt-sleeves, with the gloves on, the Owl of the Remove was labouring away with unaccustomed energy, and with the perspiration bedewing his fat face.

He paused, and blinked at Peter through his big spectacles.

"Ow!" he gasped.

"Getting into form, fatty?" asked Peter Todd.

"Ow! Yes! I'm a bit winded now, but I'm getting into great form!" said Bunter. "I shall lick him all right! Ow!"

"Going to fight somebody?" exclaimed Peter, in astonishment.

"Yes, rather! Ow!"

Billy Bunter peeled off the gloves, and sat down in the armchair with a bump, gasping for breath. The unaccustomed exercise had told upon the fat junior.

Peter Todd grinned.

"You can cackle!" said Bunter disdainfully.

"Thanks, I will! Ha, ha, ha!"

"I suppose you think I couldn't put up a fight?" exclaimed Bunter warmly.

"I jolly well know you couldn't, unless it was with a fag in the Second Form!" answered Peter Todd. "Your cousin Wally is a scrapper, if you like—but you can't scrap for toffee! Rats!"

Bunter snorted.

"I'm jolly well going to show you—and all the fellows!" he answered. "I haven't been treated with proper respect since I came back to Greyfriars, Toddy!"

"Go hon!"

"You should have seen me at St. Jim's!" continued Bunter. "General favourite, you know—sought after on all sides—"

"Bow-wow!"

"And respected by the whole school—Sixth-Formers used to chum with me, and ask my advice about games—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And the number of fellows I scrapped with, and licked, was enormous. I was pretty well known as a fighting-man, I can tell you!"

"Pile it on!"

"It was rather a lark, too, being in my cousin Wally's name!" said Billy Bunter reminiscently. "The drawback was, allowing Wally to come here in my name. I was afraid it would all come out, you know; for, after all, he's not so very much like me—"

"If he hadn't been you couldn't have played that trick on us, you fat spoofer!"

"Well, a bit like—but he's fat!" said Bunter.

"Oh!"

"And not very good-looking—you can't say he's good-looking. As for me, I don't brag of my looks; but you know what the Cliff House girls think of me!"

"I do," agreed Peter. "They think you're a toad, old chap!"

"I'm accustomed to jealousy from ugly fellows, Toddy. There was another drawback to Wally taking my place here. I was afraid he would let me down awfully," said Bunter. "He's really only my poor relation, you know, only I take notice of him—I'm so good-natured. I warned him to be careful, as he was taking a gentleman's place—"

"What rot! He took your place when he came here and spoofed us!"

"Look here, Toddy, you beast—"

"And though he did spoof us, he was a ripping chap, and if you were anything like your cousin Wally you'd do!" growled Peter. "It's a big change having you back in the study, I can tell you—simply rotten!"

"Jolly rotten for me, too!" said Bunter. "I mixed in a very select circle at St. Jim's—my best pal, D'Arcy, is a lord's son, and my friend Cutts, of the Fifth Form there, has no end of big connections. Kildare, too, the captain of the school, was very anxious for me to come home with him for the holidays to his place in Ireland. I was really an ass to come back here!"

"I wonder you did!" answered Peter. "You could have kept up that spoof all the term, so far as I can see. I suppose you'd borrowed all the money they'd lend you at St. Jim's!"

"You silly ass!" roared Bunter.

"Anyway, I wish you'd stayed at St. Jim's, old scout, and left Wally Bunter here. If you'd like to play that game over again, we'll have a whip-round and raise your fare to St. Jim's."

"I can't—Wally's left," said Bunter. "He's got a job abroad now, or really I should think of it. I shall be awfully missed at St. Jim's—"

"Still, they won't miss so much grub!"

"I disdain to answer that, Peter Todd. It's rotten for me," continued Billy Bunter. "Wally seems to have got on here, as me—in my name—"

"He did. When we thought he was you, it beat us hollow. He used to tell the truth, and let other chaps' grub alone—"

"Oh, don't be an ass, Toddy! Naturally, I thought everybody would be pleased to see me again—"

"What on earth made you think that?"

"And it wasn't so!" said Bunter, with an aggrieved look. "Fellows seem to miss Wally, and they don't seem to care a rap whether I'm here or not. I call it unfeeling. Wharton was no end pleased when he got a letter from Wally the other day, when the chap arrived in Paris. He wouldn't have cared whether I'd written or not, if I'd gone to Paris."

"Well, you'd only have written to borrow money, you know!"

"Br-r-r! And—and I've been treated with contumely since I came back!" said Bunter.

"That's a good word," said Peter, "and it's true—you have. What did you expect?"

"When I told the chaps how I licked Grundy of the Shell, at St. Jim's, they actually didn't believe me!"

"Of course they didn't!"

"And when I mentioned the way I slogged Figgins—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at now?" roared Bunter.

"The way you slogged Figgins!" chuckled Peter Todd. "Lucky for you you only did it in your imagination, Bunt. Figgins might have burst you if you'd done it any other way!"

"I'll jolly well show you!" hooted Bunter. "I'm getting into great form, I can tell you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Peter Todd.

"Hullo, hullo, hullo!" Bob Cherry looked in at the doorway. "What's the merry joke, Toddy?"

Peter yelled.

"Bunter!" he gasped. "It seems that fellow don't swallow his yarns about the way he went over the top at St. Jim's. He's going in for the punch-ball, and getting into form to slog somebody, and show us what a terrific fighting-man he is. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob. "Whom are you going to slog, Bunt? Have mercy on me, won't you?"

"I'm not going to lick you, Bob Cherry—"

"Oh dear! I breathe again!"

"I may lick Toddy, if he's too jolly cheeky!" said Bunter truculently.

"Do!" gasped Peter.

"Not at present—I've got my hands rather full at present!"

"I catch on!" grinned Peter. "You're going to pick out some chap who can't scrap, and bundle on to him. Mind you don't wake up the wrong passenger. Who's the happy victim?"

"Is it Sammy, your merry minor in the Second?" grinned Bob. "I think he's about the only fellow at Greyfriars you could lick, Bunt."

"You'll jolly well see! I should disdain to scrap with a fag—a fighting-man like me!" said Bunter loftily.

"Not a Remove chap?" ejaculated Bob.

"Certainly!"

"Oh, my hat! Is it Fishy? But even Fishy could lick you."

"It's not Fishy. It's Dupont," said Bunter.

"Poor old Nap!"

"I'll poor old Nap him!" said Bunter ferociously. "I'll wallop him worse than Bolsover major. You wait and see!"

"What has Nap done to you?" asked Peter Todd.

"Never mind what he's done! I don't approve of him—a blessed foreigner!"

retorted Bunter. "I'm going to simply smash him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry tottered out of Study No. 7 almost weeping. Billy Bunter was on the war-path, and, heedless of Peter's warning, he was going on his way to wake up the wrong passenger.

"You fellows ever seen a pig killed?" asked Bob, as he arrived in Study No. 1.

"Groogh! No, you ass! What are you driving at?" asked Frank Nugent.

"Well, you'll have the chance soon; Bunter is on the war-path, and he's going for Nap!"

"What on earth is Bunter going for Nap for?" asked Harry Wharton, in astonishment.

"Ha, ha! Glory, of course!"

"The fat duffer!"

"Isn't he a prize-packet!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "He thinks that poor old Nap is no good because Bolsover handled him so easily. So he thinks there's some cheap glory to be reaped. He's going to show us that cousin Wally isn't the only giddy warrior in the Bunter tribe. See?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Poor old Nap isn't much of a scrapper, but if he can't lick Bunter in one round, I'll eat my hat," said Bob.

"It will be worth seeing. Bunt thinks he can lick Nap—he will think a bit differently later on. At present, he's breathing fire and slaughter. Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here he is!"

Billy Bunter's fat face and glimmering glasses looked in at Study No. 1. He frowned portentously at the grinning juniors.

"That French bounder here?" he demanded.

"Ha, ha! No. Do you want him?"

"I'm going to smash him!"

"What for?"

"Because I choose," said Bunter loftily. "The fact is, I'm spoiling for a fight. That's what's the matter with me."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the chums of the Remove.

"I'm going to pulverise him! I'm going—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You can cackle! You come along and see me smash him up into little pieces, that's all!" exclaimed Bunter ferociously.

And the Owl of the Remove rolled on, and Harry Wharton & Co. followed him. Bunter on the war-path was not to be missed; it was, as Bob Cherry remarked, a sight for gods and men and little fishes.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

And Off!

"WHERE'S Nap?"

Billy Bunter was asking that question up and down and round about.

The French junior had not been seen since lessons, and Bunter easily jumped to the conclusion that Dupont had heard of his warlike intentions, and was dodging him. That thought was very encouraging to Bunter. It made him more determined and more ferocious.

"Where's Nap? Anybody seen Nap?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Up and down the Remove passage and other passages went William George Bunter, seeking his victim—like a lion seeking what he might devour.

He had quite a following by this time. Nearly half the Remove marched with Bunter on the war-path, most of them chuckling. They were quite anxious to see his meeting with Napoleon when the French junior was run to earth.

In the Common-room and in the Form-room Bunter searched for the foe, and drew them both blank. Nap was not

indoors. Then he led his flock into the quadrangle, extending the search.

Napoleon Dupont was not to be seen in the quad, or on the playing-fields. He seemed to have vanished.

"Where is that rotten funk?" roared Bunter. "He's hiding, of course—he knows I'm after him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Skulking in a corner somewhere, trembling for his life!" snorted Bunter.

"The tremblousness must be terrific!"

"Run away from school, perhaps!" suggested Snoop, with a grin.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I saw him going towards the Cloisters some time ago," remarked Skinner.

"Most likely he knew Bunter was looking for him."

"Most likely! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see what you fellows are cackling at! You come on and see me smash him up!" exclaimed Bunter.

And the fat junior headed for the Cloisters, with quite an army in his wake. The Cloisters were very quiet and secluded, and it was probable that the French junior had gone there to be alone, to brood over his wrongs in solitude; but to Bunter's fat mind it was quite clear that Dupont had hidden there to dodge his—Bunter's—destructive wrath.

The fat junior marched into the Cloisters with a knitted brow, his eyes gleaming through his spectacles. He was going to show the Remove fellows that they were quite mistaken in thinking that he wasn't at least the equal of his cousin Wally in every way. They were going to see some scrapping; and after the scene in the gym, Bunter was convinced that he had found an easy victim in Napoleon Dupont.

Perhaps that was a little mistake. There was a good deal of difference between Bunter and Bolsover major in the scrapping line; and the Owl of the Remove did not allow, in his calculations, for that difference.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There he is!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

The French junior was sighted in the Cloisters, pacing moodily among the old stone pillars, and occasionally gesticulating. He looked round with a frowning brow at the crowd of juniors.

"You're wanted, Nap!" roared Bolsover major.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come on, you funk!" howled Bunter.

"Vat!"

"Yah! Coward!" hooted Bunter.

Napoleon stood rooted to the earth.

"Vat you call me?" he gasped.

"Coward!" snorted Bunter. "Come and put up your hands! I'm going to thrash you! Yah!"

Dupont stared at him. He had been thinking of Bolsover major and his licking, and the taunt, even on Bunter's lips, struck him to the heart. He did not, for the moment, understand that the Owl of the Remove was on the war-path.

Bunter rolled up to him truculently, and shook a fat fist under Dupont's astonished nose.

"Put up your hands!" he roared.

Dupont started back.

"Je ne comprends pas!" he ejaculated.

"Blow your compronng pah!" snorted Bunter.

"Don't talk that lingo to me! Put up your fists, you funk! I've run you down!"

"Mais vous etes fou—"

"Only a little potty, Nap," said Peter Todd. "Bunter's hunting for trouble, that's all."

"I'm going to lick you!" roared Bunter.

Napoleon backed away in great astonishment, and Bunter followed him up, still more encouraged by that retreat.

"Hold on, you funk!" he gasped. "I'm not going to chase you round! I'm out of breath!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yah! Stop, you funk! Put up your paws!"

"Is it zat you want to fight viz me?" demanded Dupont, seeming to comprehend at last.

"Of course, you didn't know that before!" grinned Bunter sarcastically. "You haven't been hiding away, have you? He, he, he!"

"Mais certainement non! I did not know—"

"Rats!"

"But vy for you fight viz me?"

"Because I choose! I'm on the war-path—spoiling for a fight, in fact. I'm going to smash you!"

"Mon Dieu!"

"You hold my glasses, Bob Cherry. Mind you don't drop them. If you break them you'll have to pay for them, you know. Now then, Dupont, you funk, where are you, you beast? I can't see you now."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But I do not want to fight viz you, Bunter. You and me—we have no quarrel viz ourselves."

"Yah! Funk!"

"You've got to!" grinned Skinner. "Can't you see that Bunter is thirsting for gore?"

Tap! Bunter succeeded in landing a fat set of knuckles on Dupont's nose, and the French junior gave a howl.

"Ow! Now I fight viz you, Bunter!"

"Come on, you funk!"

Billy Bunter sailed in valorously, with his fat fists swinging round. He intended to mop up the earth with Napoleon Dupont at one fell swoop, as it were.

Unfortunately for William George, Napoleon came on with a rush at the same time.

They met with a crash.

Napoleon was not of much use against an opponent like Bolsover major, but he could have handled two or three Bunters. His right jarred on Bunter's fat little nose, and Bunter staggered back from the shock. The next moment Nap's left was jarring on his chin.

"Yooop!"

Billy Bunter sat down with a terrific bump.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"First round to Nap!" yelled Bob Cherry. "Go it, Bunter! You're not licked yet!"

"Yaroooh!"

Napoleon Dupont danced round Bunter, waving his fists in the air. He was roused to warlike fury now, just as Bunter's warlike fury was oozing out at the ends of his fat fingers.

"Zat you get up!" he roared. "Zat you come on, Bunter! I spit upon you! I call you lache—coward! Br-r-r-r! Zat you come on, and be zrash! Yah!"

"Ow! Wow! Yow! Where's my glasses?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Zat you come on!" shrieked Dupont. "I zrash you vizin one inch of life! Mon Dieu! Fat rottair! Zat you come on!"

"Keep him off!" yelled Bunter.

"Go it, Bunter!"

"Yaroooh! I ain't going to. I—I've got a pain!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gimme my glasses, Bob Cherry, you beast! Ow! Oh, my chin! Wow! My nose! Keep him off! Oh crumbs!"

Billy Bunter grabbed his spectacles, and jammed them on his fat little nose, at the same time dodging round Harry Wharton. Napoleon Dupont dodged round after him.

"Hold on, Nap!" exclaimed Harry, laughing.

"I zrash him, isn't it?"

"Yaroooh!"

Billy Bunter fled for his life. Napoleon Dupont brandished his fists in the air, and yelled after him:

"Yah! Lache! Zat you come back! Come on, zen!"

But Bunter did not come back. His brief essay as a fighting-man was over, and he was more than willing to leave to cousin Wally the distinction of being the warrior of the Bunter family.

"Come back viz you!" yelled Dupont.

But Bunter was gone. His heavy footsteps died away through the Cloisters, and Billy Bunter did not stop till he rolled, breathless, into Study No. 7, and turned the key in the lock. It was "finis" to the short but exciting career of Bunter the warrior.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER. A Surprise for Bolsover!

"O H, isn't it rotten?"

Percy Bolsover groaned in anguish of spirit.

The following afternoon was a half-holiday, and nearly all the Greyfriars fellows were out of doors, mostly on the cricket-field or the river. It was a fine spring morning, and a bright sun glimmered in at the window of Bolsover's study; but it brought the burly Remove no comfort.

Bolsover was at work—or trying to

work. His French exercises had not, after all the labour he had bestowed upon it, pleased Monsieur Charpentier. The French master had, in fact, been quite wrathful with it. The result was that Bolsover major had the pleasure—or otherwise—of spending his half-holiday indoors, while he wrestled with French conjugations and declensions.

The bully of the Remove was seated at his study table, with a French grammar, a French dictionary, and a sheaf of imпот paper before him. He was working in a desultory way, leaving off every few minutes to bemoan his fate. But for his quarrel with his study-mate, Dupont would have helped him cheerfully, though drawing a line at doing an exercise that was to be palmed off on Mossoo as Bolsover's own.

Nap's aid would have been very valuable now, in the way of counsel and information; it would have saved Bolsover no end of trouble in digging into the dictionary, and poring over the grammar. But even Bolsover, though he was not sensitive, could not ask Nap for help after what had happened. He tackled his task unaided, and with many groans.

"Rotten!" he mumbled. "Beastly! Hang the French, and hang Mossoo! Hang everybody! Oh dear!"

He threw down his pen, scattering a few dozen blots over the table, and lounged to the window. In the distance he could see the cricket-ground, dotted with white-clad figures. Faintly from afar a shout rolled to his ears:

"Bravo, Wharton!"

"Well hit!"

Bolsover major grunted savagely. "And I've got to stick at rotten French!" he growled. "And that rotter Dupont could make it quite easy for me if he liked, hang him! I've a jolly good mind to go and look for him and give him another hiding!"

"I say, Bolsover."

Bolsover looked round at the doorway, where the fat face of Billy Bunter appeared in view. He scowled at the fat junior; but the Remove passage was so quiet and lonely just then that Bolsover was glad to see even Bunter.

"Hallo!" he grunted.

"Sticking to it—what?" asked Bunter, blinking at him.

"Yes, hang it!"

"You ain't very good at French, are you, old chap?" said Bunter.

"Hang French, and hang you!" growled Bolsover. "Don't be cheeky!"

"Oh, really, Bolsover—"

"Have you seen Dupont about?" asked Bolsover major.

Billy Bunter grinned.

"He went up to the box-room some minutes ago, looking like thunder," he answered. "Scowling like a Hun, you know. I believe that French chap's going off his silly head! That's why I let him off lightly when I was thrashing him in the Cloisters yesterday."

"You silly ass!"

"Ahem! The fact is, Bolsover, I've come here to help you," said Billy Bunter. "I'm a dab at French, you know."

"Eh?" ejaculated Bolsover.

"I'm going to help you with your work," said Billy Bunter.

Bolsover major stared at him. Dunces as he was, he certainly was not in need of assistance from Billy Bunter, who was quite the champion in the dunce line. But the surprising thing was that Bunter should offer assistance. It would not have been surprising in Wally Bunter, but it was very surprising indeed in William George.

"I mean it," assured Bunter. "I mean it every word, Bolsover. I'm

Read
"RATTY JUNIOR!"
A Wonderful Complete
Story of TOM MERRY
& CO. at St. Jim's,
By MARTIN CLIFFORD,
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going to wire in and help you through. Lucky that I happen to be a dab at French, ain't it?"

"You fathead!" said Bolsover. "If you know the difference between a chateau and a chapeau, it's all the French you know."

"Monsieur Charpentier has told Mr. Quelch that my French is jolly good," said Bunter loftily.

"That's because your cousin Wally was doing your French, you fat fraud!"

"Ahem! Now, look here, Bolsover, I'm going to help you. You just see what I can do."

"You can try, if you like, fathead!"

"All right. I'll pile in, then. Just a minute, though," added Bunter, as if struck by an afterthought. "Do you happen to have five bob about you, Bolsover?"

"What?"

"If you have, I'd like you to cash a postal-order for me, old chap. One good turn deserves another."

"You fat idiot!" roared Bolsover, understanding at last what Bunter's offer of assistance meant. "Get out!"

"Oh, really, Bolsover— Look here, I'm expecting the postal-order by this evening's post, you know. You hand me five bob, and— Yaroooooh!"

Billy Bunter went through the doorway at top speed, but he did not quite escape the lunge of Bolsover major's boot. The bully of the Remove was fed up, and he left Bunter in no doubt on that point.

The Owl of the Remove scudded down the passage. He stopped at a safe distance, and shook a fat fist at Bolsover, who was grinning from the study doorway.

"Beast!" yelled Bunter.

Percy Bolsover made a motion of pursuing him, and the fat junior fled down the stairs at great speed. Bolsover major turned back into the study, somewhat solaced by kicking Bunter, and sat down to his work again.

The Remove passage was quiet and deserted. It seemed almost like a place of the dead to the detained junior, yawning over his work. He would have been glad if any fellow had looked in to speak a word or two to him, but no one came. Everybody was out of doors that sunny spring afternoon.

Bolsover was jabbing his pen at his grammar viciously when he heard a footstep in the passage at last. He left off jabbing, and looked up, as the footstep stopped at his door.

The door opened, and Napoleon Dupont whisked hastily in. The French junior was looking pale and excited. He carried a long case under his arm, and Bolsover major wondered what it contained. Napoleon turned hastily, and locked the door on the inside.

"Hallo!" said Bolsover, in surprise. "Somebody after you, kid?"

Dupont did not reply to the question. He stood with his back to the door, leaning on it, breathing hard, and regarding Bolsover major with glittering eyes.

"At last!" he said, between his teeth, dramatically.

Bolsover stared at him. He was not at all dramatic, being, indeed, an extremely matter-of-fact youth.

"What's the game?" he asked.

"At last!" repeated Napoleon. "Enfin, nous sommes—"

"For goodness' sake, speak a civilised language if you're going to chinwag at all!" growled Bolsover major. "I get enough of that lingo in class!"

"Soit!" said Napoleon. "I say, zen, at last we are alone viz ourselves together, and ze time he have come!"

"What on earth—"

"You sall insult me, isn't it?" pursued

Napoleon. "You sall smite me viz bat behind, n'est-ce-pas? You sall laugh me at ze nose. Yes, oh, yes! I zink!"

Bolsover major grinned.

"You're no end of a funny old gun, Nap," he said. "Keep it up! You're amusing."

"I zink you sall not find zat so amusing after. I fights viz you viz ze twice hand, vat you call, ze double fist, isn't it, and you sall zrash me when it is zat I sould zound zrash you? Yes, oh, yes! I zink so. But zere are ozzer ways— I am call coward—Bunter, zat fat rottair, he call me funk! Yes, oh, yes!" hissed Dupont. "I zink so!"

He gesticulated wildly at the grinning Bolsover. The latter was finding this rather an amusing relaxation after grinding French grammar.

"Go it!" he said. "You're like a giddy cat on hot bricks, Nap! Keep it up! This is as good as Punch and Judy."

"Je n'en sais rien—Poonch and Chudy, I know him not! But I come

"Take up ze ozzer sword!" he commanded.

"Wha-at?" stuttered Bolsover.

"Take him, isn't it?"

"I—I—"

"Viz ze fist you sall beat me—yes, oh, yes! But viz ze weapon of ze Francais I zink zat zat boot he is on ze ozzer leg, oh, yes! I am zrash—oh, yes! But zis time I zink it is you zat sall be zrash! Vous savez? Take up zat ozzer epee, zen!"

Bolsover's rugged face was quite white. He retreated round the study table, his eyes fixed in terror on the deadly earnest face of the French junior.

"You mad fool!" he panted. "Put—put—put that down!"

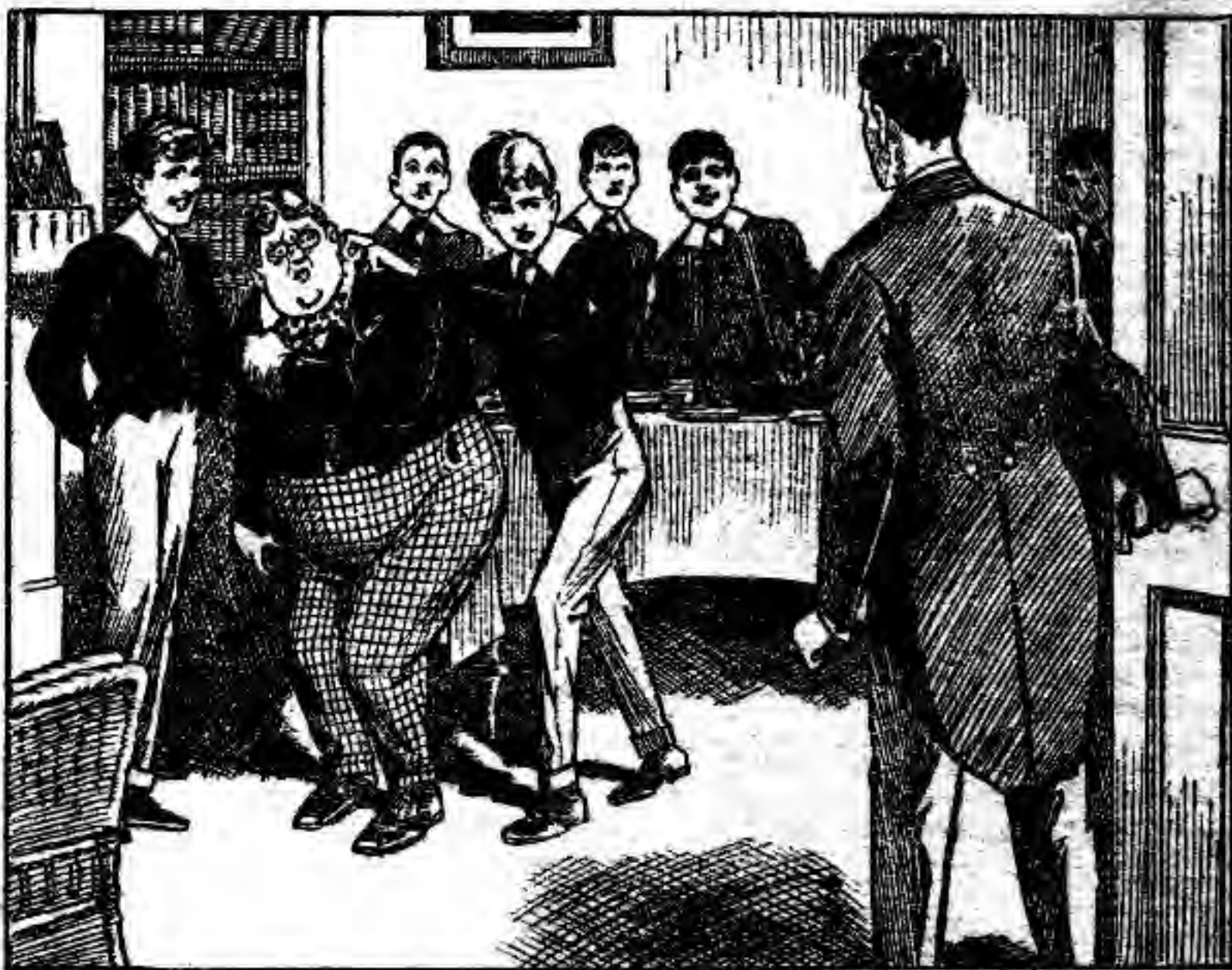
"On guard!"

"I—I—"

Napoleon took up the second blade and tossed it on the table before Bolsover, with the hilt towards the terrified bully of the Remove.

"Take him!" he shouted.

"I—I won't! I—"



There was a heavy step in the passage, and the door of Study No. 1 opened. The stern face of Wingate of the Sixth looked in. "What's this row about?" he demanded. (See Chapter 10.)

here to settle zat affair, and to avenge my honour!"

"Want another scrap?" asked Bolsover, with a chuckle. "I don't mind. I'll rub your silly nose in the cinders this time!"

"I zink not—I zink verree mooch not!" said Dupont, with a grin of fury. "Oh, no! Not so! I come here to fight viz you, but in ze French way—a la mode Francais, tu sais. N'est-ce-pas! Re-garde!"

He whisked open the case as Bolsover major was making a stride towards him. Two light fencing-rapiers were disclosed in the dark velvet lining of the case.

Bolsover stopped short, blinking. He could hardly believe his eyes.

Napoleon whisked out one of the rapiers, and presented the point of the thin, glittering blade at Bolsover's breast. The bully of the Remove jumped back with a yell.

"Yoop! Keep off! You mad idiot! Oh, my hat!"

Napoleon Dupont pointed to the case with his disengaged hand.

"Coward!"

"You fool! You mad, foreign fool!" roared Bolsover. "I tell you—"

"En garde, zen!" yelled Napoleon Dupont.

And he made a pass across the table at Bolsover major, who jumped back with a shriek of terror as the bright steel glittered at his breast.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

In the French Style!

"HELP!"

Bolsover major yelled desperately as the French junior came racing round the table after him.

He dodged frantically.

The glitter of the bright blade in Dupont's hand had a sickening effect on Bolsover major. He did not touch the sword on the table—he had no use for that. Armed or unarmed, he had no chance against Dupont at the game

of fence, and he was aware of it. He could not have stood his ground for a minute with such weapons.

The bully of the Remove, over-bearing and heavy-handed, accustomed to "punching" his way, as it were, was in quite a new position. Dupont was an infant in his hands at fisticuffs. But with the French weapons—"a la mode Francais"—Dupont was easily his master. He was as helpless as a baby, if Napoleon was in earnest.

And he looked in deadly earnest. His eyes were gleaming with a hysterical light over the flashing blade of the rapier.

Bolsover major spun round the study table in frantic flight, with the French junior after him. It seemed like some awful dream to the bully of the Remove.

"Coward!" shrieked Dupont. "Take up zat epee, isn't it? Fight, zen, you who are so brave when it is ze twice hand against ze small person. Where is now all zat courage, zen?"

"Help!"

"Ha! You run—you run!" yelled Dupont. "Coward, zen! Turn and face ze one zat you insult, and strike behind viz bat! Ha! I speet upon you, Bolsover! Coward!"

Certainly Bolsover major did not look very courageous. He was too big and clumsy to dodge the nimble French junior easily; but he was displaying an activity now that surprised himself. A chair went crashing as Bolsover collided with it. Thrice round the table he went, the French junior close behind, shrieking out taunts.

"Stop! Arrêtez! Coward! Lache! I laugh you at ze nose! Yah! Vill you not turn, zen, and fight, you who are so brave against ze small one? Poof!"

"Oh, you mad idiot!" gasped Bolsover. "Help! Help!"

"Call some louder!" jeered Dupont. "Zere is nobody zat sall hear; zey are all dehors—all of zem out of ze door. Zere is no help for you, you coward! Take up zat sword and face him zat you have insult and strike viz bat behind!"

Round the table flew Bolsover. But he stopped at last, panting, out of breath, and clung to the table for support.

"Stop!" he panted.

"Zere is your epee. Take him!"

"I won't! Don't be a mad idiot! You'll be expelled for this!" panted Bolsover. "Yow-ow! Keep that thing away!"

"Take him up, zen! Ozzewise, I pink you—so!"

Bolsover jumped breathlessly back.

"You villain!" he panted. "You'll be put in prison—"

"I care not, so zat I have avenge my honour! Vill you take up zat sword and defend yourself, zen?"

"No, I won't!" panted the bully of the Remove.

Dupont gesticulated with rage.

"I cannot stick you unless you sall fight!" he howled. "Vous comprenez? You sall fight, zen; ozzewise, I cannot keel you!"

"You mad duffer—"

"Coward!"

"Put down that toasting-fork, and I'll handle you fast enough!" gasped Bolsover major. "Yaroo! Oh, help!" he yelled, as the rapier glittered before his eyes.

He raced round the table again desperately, and Dupont took up the chase again.

"Help, help, help!" roared Bolsover.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

There was a thump at the door, and Bob Cherry's voice was heard in the passage outside.

Crash! went another chair.

"Help!" shrieked Bolsover.

"What on earth's the matter?" shouted Bob, in surprise and alarm, trying the door from the outside. "Hallo, hallo, hallo! You're locked in!"

"Help! Murder!" roared Bolsover. "Keep off, Dupont, you murderous villain! Police! Help!"

"Zat you fight me, zen; ozzewise I run you zrough!"

"Help!"

Bob Cherry, outside in the Remove passage, stood transfixed for a moment as he heard that.

But he acted promptly.

There was a heavy stool in the passage near the window, and Bob had hold of it in a moment, and was crashing it on the lock of the door.

The lock was a stout one, but it was not made to resist an attack like that.

Crash, crash, crash!

"Help!"

Crash!

The lock flew in pieces, and the door was hurled open. Bob Cherry rushed into the study.

Bolsover major had been driven into the window, and there he stood with a white face, his knees knocking together, and the point of Napoleon Dupont's rapier at his chest. It required only a thrust of the blade to pin him to the window-frame, and Bolsover was in mortal terror that Dupont would deliver the thrust.

Bob Cherry did not hesitate for a moment.

He ran at Dupont, caught him by the shoulder, and dragged him back.

"Zat you let go, Sherry!" yelled Dupont.

"You fool! Stand back," panted Bob.

"Are you mad? Put that down!"

"Let me go, Sherry—"

Napoleon Dupont tore himself away, and sprang away from Bob, and raised the weapon as Bob advanced on him again grimly.

"Keep back, Sherry, ozzewise—"

Bob Cherry did not heed. He took no notice of the weapon as he advanced upon Napoleon Dupont, and collared him. His strong grasp closed on the French junior's wrist.

"Drop it!" he said laconically.

"Jamais!"

"Drop it you fool!"

"Jamais de la vie!" shrieked Dupont.

"I vill not drop him! Oh! Ah! Oh! You sall hurt my wrist. Mon Dieu!"

It was no time for Bob to bother about whether he was hurting Dupont's wrist or not. He twisted the wrist till Napoleon, with a howl of agony, let the rapier drop on the floor.

"Take that thing away, Bolsover!" said Bob, still holding the French junior.

"Laissez moi—laissez—"

"Shut up, you silly idiot!" growled Bob.

"Mon Dieu! Laissez—"

Bolsover major picked up the rapier, with a gasp of thankfulness, and jammed both weapons into the case and snapped it shut. Napoleon Dupont was still wriggling, in a spasmodic way, in Bob Cherry's powerful grasp.

"I say, you fellows!" Bunter blinked in at the doorway. "I say—"

A good many juniors had been coming in to tea, and by this time there was quite a crowd round the study doorway. Harry Wharton came quickly into the study as Bolsover was putting away the swords. The captain of the Remove glanced at them as the case closed, and then at Dupont.

"Napoleon!" he gasped. "You—you idiot! You—"

"It is all ovair!" said Napoleon, with

some dignity. "Zat you release me, Sherry!"

Bob Cherry let the French junior go as the weapons disappeared from sight. There was a buzz from the juniors in the passage.

"My only hat!" said Skinner. "He was going to fight a duel, was he?"

"I say you fellows, the police ought to be called in!" exclaimed Billy Bunter. "Shall I go to the Head, Wharton?"

"No, you fat idiot!"

"Oh, really, you know—"

"Now, Dupont, what does this mean?" exclaimed the captain of the Remove sternly.

Dupont folded his arms across his chest in quite a Napoleonic manner, and surveyed the disapproving juniors with a lofty gaze.

"My honour is insult!" he replied. "I came here, chez Bolsover, to avenge him. I have been interrupt! Anozzer time! Oh yes!"

"Another time—what?" said Bolsover major, between his teeth. "There won't be another time, my beauty! I'm going to the Head!"

And Bolsover major strode to the door, only to be caught by the shoulder in Bob Cherry's grasp and swung back into the study.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

What's To Be Done?

HARRY WHARTON stood non-plussed.

The amazing happenings in Bolsover's study had quite taken the captain of the Remove aback, and he was puzzled to know what to do.

There was little doubt what would happen if the affair was reported to the Head. Dr. Locke was not likely to make much allowance for Napoleon's Gallic ideas of honour. The mere discovery that a fellow possessed deadly weapons, and had produced them in a quarrel, was enough to get him expelled from Greyfriars.

Wharton was very angry with Napoleon, but he was concerned for him, too. There was something infantile in the French junior which made it impossible to take him quite seriously. And, after all, he had not hurt Bolsover major. Harry did not want to see him turned out of the school in disgrace, and yet to keep the affair dark—even if that was justifiable—was difficult. There were a dozen fellows round the doorway now, and more were arriving.

Napoleon stood in his Napoleonic attitude, with folded arms, apparently indifferent to his fate, and to the opinion of the English schoolboys.

Now that he was calm, he appeared the most unconcerned fellow present.

"The mad idiot!" growled Bob Cherry. "He ought to be jolly well thrashed!"

"The thrashfulness ought to be terrific!" remarked Hurree Singh. "But it is the esteemed Bolsover who is to blame!"

"He's going to be turned out of Greyfriars!" said Bolsover major between his teeth. "Do you think I'm going to run the risk of being stuck like a pig by a mad foreigner?"

"The silly ass must be off his dot!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Let him go to a lunatic asylum, then!" snarled Bolsover.

"I say you fellows—"

"It's all your beastly bullying at the bottom of it, Bolsover!" exclaimed Harry Wharton savagely. "Why couldn't you let him alone? Blessed if I know what's to be done now!"

"I'm going to the Head!"

"Don't be a rotten sneak, Bolsover!" said Squiff.

"I tell you—" roared Bolsover furiously.

"Oh, shut up!" snapped Wharton. "Dupont, you'd better get out of this. Take him away, Bob."

"Right-ho!" said Bob Cherry.

He grasped Napoleon by the arm and led him to the door. The juniors gave Napoleon grave looks as they made way for him to pass. It was clear enough to him that his methods did not commend themselves to the Greyfriars Remove.

"You'll say nothing about this at present, Bolsover," said Harry Wharton quietly, as he picked up the sword-case.

Percy Bolsover grunted.

"Do you think you can keep it dark?" he snapped.

"I don't know. I've got to think it out. You've done harm enough already, anyway, and you can hold your tongue."

"It's all your fault, anyhow!" grunted Johnny Bull. "It was your bullying made the silly chap go potty!"

"Oh, I don't care!" answered Bolsover major. "Let him keep out of this study, that's all. I won't have him here again. I know jolly well that it will be all over Greyfriars soon, and the Head will hear of it, so you can do as you like, and be blowed to you!"

Harry Wharton & Co. left the study, and Bolsover kicked the door shut and jammed a chair back under the broken lock. The bully of the Remove was not wholly without uneasiness that the excitable French junior might return.

It was a new thing for Bolsover to fasten his door for fear of a warlike visitor, but Napoleon's methods of warfare were also very new at Greyfriars.

The crowd in the passage broke up, excitedly discussing the strange affair. Bolsover major was right in thinking that it would soon be all over Greyfriars. With so many fellows discussing it, it was scarcely possible that it could be kept a secret from the school authorities.

Harry Wharton, with a sombre brow, went to his own study, the sword-case under his arm. His chums were there, with Napoleon Dupont. Napoleon was standing with his arms folded, still Napoleonic in attitude. He seemed to be, as Bob Cherry observed with a grunt, understudying the role of Ajax defying the lightning.

The Famous Five looked at one another grimly. They had come in from the cricket-field for tea, but they were not thinking of tea now.

"Well, this is a go!" remarked Frank Nugent.

"Isn't it?" grunted Johnny Bull. "What's going to be done, Wharton? It can't be kept dark. The Head will have to know."

"I—I suppose so," said Harry.

"Ca m'est egal!" said Napoleon. "Vy for ze Head he sall not know? I have done nozzing to be ashame!"

"You silly idiot!" grunted Johnny Bull. "Do you know you could be put in prison for what you've done?"

"I have done nozzing!"

"For what you tried to do, then, fat-head!"

"Bolsover insult me! My honour he is touch—"

"Oh, ring off!" exclaimed Johnny Bull unceremoniously. "We've had enough of that rot!"

"The enoughfulness is great, my esteemed, ludicrous Dupont!" murmured the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Don't you know that you've done wrong, Dupont?" asked the captain of the Remove, as patiently as he could.

Napoleon shook his head.

"Perhaps you zink him wrong, and perhaps you zink wrong yourself, isn't

it?" he suggested. "Moi, je suis Francais, et vous etes Anglais. Ze French and ze English zey do not zink ze same."

"It was really Bolsover's fault in the first place," said Harry. "That isn't much excuse for Dupont, but Bolsover began it, with his beastly bullying. I shall be sorry to see Dupont kicked out of the school."

Napoleon started.

"Keeck out!" he exclaimed.

"What do you expect?" exclaimed Wharton impatiently. "Do you think you will be allowed to fight duels in a school, you crass idiot? If the Head hears of this you will be flogged in Hall, and turned out of Greyfriars!"

"Mon Dieu!"

This was evidently a new consideration to Napoleon. He relaxed his Napoleonic attitude considerably, and looked rather scared.

"Oh, you're beginning to understand, are you?" growled Johnny Bull.

"You zink I have done verree wrong?" faltered Dupont, looking from one grim face to another.

"We don't think, you ass—we know!"

"Perhaps in zis country it is duty to observe customs of zis country. But I am enrage—I am furious—and I do not zink of zat. If I have done verree wrong I am verree sorry—I have shame!" said Dupont penitently. "Also, I am now glad zat I do not keel Bolsover, now zat I am calm. He is verree bad, and one bully; but zat is too—what you call—zick. I am glad zat I leaf him alive!"

"Fathead!"

"But I am insult! I am smite behind viz bat—"

"You'll get smite behind with the Head's birch to-morrow morning, most likely!" said Nugent.

"Zat is disgrace."

"Serve you jolly well right!" growled Johnny Bull. "But—but—but the silly idiot is potty, Wharton! All foreigners are more or less potty, I believe! We don't want him sacked if it can be helped."

"I do not want to be vat you call sack!" murmured Napoleon. "Razzer zan zat, I forgive Bolsover. I cannot have ze flogging. Zat is one disgrace! Razzer zan zat I runs away!"

"Oh, don't give us any more rot! What's to be done, Wharton? You decide," said Frank Nugent.

Wharton drew a deep breath.

"We'll give Napoleon a chance, if it's possible," he said. "So far, the affair's only known to ourselves. Listen to me, Dupont! If this comes to the Head you're certain to be given a public flogging—"

"Nevair!"

"Shut up! A public flogging, and then you'll be turned out of Greyfriars!"

"Mon Dieu!"

"Will you promise, word of honour, never to play the goat like this again if we do our best for you?"

"I vill do as you tell, mon ami!" said Napoleon, very subdued now. "I have not zink enough. I am so enrage. To be flog, zat is impossible for me. My honour—"

"Bother your honour! As for this rubbish," continued Wharton, holding up the case, "this has got to be chucked into the river, before there's any damage done with it. Do you agree to that?"

"Mon epee—"

"Do you agree?" demanded the captain of the Remove roughly. "If you don't, we wash our hands of the whole affair."

There was a moment or two of silence, while a struggle proceeded in Napoleon's breast. It was evidently a wrench to him to part with his deadly weapons, which he would certainly never have been

allowed to bring into Greyfriars if the Head had known of their existence.

"Zey are not rubbish!" he pleaded. "I use zem for ze fence! Zey are verree good—"

"Yes or no?" snapped Wharton.

"Zis is verree hard for me," said Dupont humbly. "Vizout my epee vat is it zat I sall do if my honour is insult?"

"Oh, you ass!" exclaimed Wharton, losing all patience. "Keep your rubbish, then, and be kicked out of Greyfriars!"

"Non, non, non! I do as you say—any-thing!" exclaimed Napoleon. "I am verree sorry zat you are waxy wiz me."

"Will you take the rubbish to the Sark and chuck it in, Bob?"

"Yes, rather!" said Bob Cherry promptly.

Bob Cherry wrapped some old newspapers round the case, and left Study No. 1 with it, followed by a mournful glance from Napoleon Dupont. A few minutes after the door had closed on him it opened again, to reveal the fat features of William George Bunter.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Buzz off!" snapped Wharton. He was in no mood to be bothered with the Owl of the Remove just then.

But the fat junior did not buzz off. He came deliberately into the study, and closed the door after him.

"I'm jolly well not going to buzz off!" he answered. "I've got something rather important to say to you fellows!"

"Do you want my boot?"

"You're going to keep this dark!" pursued Bunter, unheeding. "You're going to keep Dupont from being sacked. I don't approve of it. In fact, I'm shocked at you, Wharton!"

"What?"

"I'm shocked at you!" repeated Billy Bunter firmly. "And, what's more, I'm jolly well not going to allow it! So you can put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

And Billy Bunter elevated his fat little nose, and blinked defiance at the chums of the Remove.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Napoleon's Farewell!

HARRY WHARTON made a stride towards the fat junior.

Bunter stood his ground. He felt that he was master of the situation—in possession of a secret that the Co. wished to keep from the Head.

"Hands off, old top!" he said coolly. "I'll yell for a prefect! How would that suit you?"

"Mon Dieu!" murmured Dupont.

"You fat rascal—"

"None of your cheek, Harry Wharton!"

"What?" shouted the captain of the Remove.

"None of your cheek! I'm not going to stand it! I've told you I'm shocked at you! So I am. I regard these actions of yours as syrupstitious!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"Syrupstitious!" repeated Billy Bunter loftily. "Very syrupstitious!"

"The howling ass means surreptitious, perhaps!" said Nugent, with a grin.

"You're keeping this dark!" continued Bunter, unheeding. "I can't allow it! As a frank, truthful, open sort of chap, it shocks me! I feel bound to go and ask a prefect's advice about it—say Wingate or Loder. Perhaps Loder would be best."

"You fat sneak—"

"If you call me names, Wharton, I shall certainly go to Loder at once!" said Bunter with dignity. "I don't want to be hard on you. I'll talk it over with



you in a friendly way, if you like. In fact, we'll have a chat over tea."

"Give the fat boulder a bob and roll him out!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really Bull—"

"For goodness' sake get out, Bunter! We're not going to have tea now!" said Wharton curtly.

"I shall certainly not remain where my presence is unwelcome, Wharton!" said Billy Bunter loftily. "I dare say Loder will offer me some tea, if you come to that. I think I'll go and see Loder." The Owl of the Remove turned to the door, and then turned back again. "I'm not in a special hurry to see Loder, of course. I was going to mention to you, Wharton, that I've been disappointed about a postal-order, if you cared to rear—"

"I don't!"

"It hasn't come!" said Bunter, blinking at the captain of the Remove. "I was expecting it by the afternoon's post, but there's been some delay. It's from one of my titled relations, you know—"

"Oh, dry up!"

"If you would care to hand over the ten bob, Wharton, I'd hand you the postal-order in the morning. If you obliged me in this, of course, I should feel bound, as a pal, to keep any little secret for you. I always was a generous chap—loyal, you know!"

Harry Wharton looked at his chums. The price of Bunter's silence was ten shillings.

"Let him have it!" said Nugent. "Dupont can hand it over if he doesn't want Bunter to sneak."

"Oh, really, Nugent, if you put it like that—"

"We'll whack it out!" said Harry.

"Non, non, non!" exclaimed Napoleon. "If it is zat zat fat rascal he must be pay, I have some argent—I vill pay!"

"You may as well make it a pound," said Billy Bunter, his eyes glimmering behind his spectacles as Napoleon fumbled in his pocket. "I'll let you have the postal-order immediately it comes, of course. In fact, you may as well make it a couple of pounds, Dupont!"

One of Billy Bunter's weaknesses was that he never knew when to stop. The French junior withdrew his hand from his pocket.

"Bunter, you are one fat rascal—" he began.

"If you want me to go to Loder—"

The door behind Bunter opened, and Bob Cherry came in. Napoleon's deadly weapons were reposing in the mud at the bottom of the Sark, and Bob had returned just in time to hear Bunter. His grip fastened on the back of the fat junior's neck, and Bunter gave a yell.

"Yaroorh! Who's that? Leggo! Beast! Ow!"

"What's that about Loder?" inquired Bob.

"Yow-ow! Leggo!"

"I'll tell you what!" exclaimed Johnny Bull, as if struck by a very bright idea. "Instead of giving Bunter ten bob we'll give him a jolly good hiding, and promise him another if he opens his sneaking mouth! What price that?"

"Yaroooooh! Help!" roared Bunter.

"Jolly good idea!" exclaimed Nugent.

"Anybody got a stump?"

"Yoop! Help! Fire! Murder!"

There was a heavy step in the passage, and the door of Study No. 1 opened again. The stern face of Wingate of the Sixth looked in.

"What's this row about?" he demanded.

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Ahem! N-n-nothing!" stammered

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Bob Cherry. "It's all right, Wingate! Only Bunter playing the goat!"

The captain of Greyfriars glanced rather curiously at Napoleon Dupont. Harry Wharton's heart sank. He guessed from Wingate's expression that the affair in Bolsover's study was already known.

"I came here to speak to you, Wharton," said Wingate. "It seems that something's happened in the Remove this afternoon. The fags are buzzing it all over the school."

"Ye-e-es, Wingate?"

"If it's anything like what I've heard, it's a serious matter, and I must report it to the Head," said Wingate. "It appears that Dupont was quarrelling with Bolsover major, and produced weapons of some sort."

"Mon epee!" said Napoleon loftily.

"What!" exclaimed the Sixth-Former.

"Mon epee—to defend my honour. N'est-ce-pas?"

"You silly little idiot!" shouted Wingate wrathfully. "So it's as bad as that, is it? This ought to have been reported, Wharton. You are head of the Remove!" Wharton coloured.

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"I—I thought—" he stammered. "We—we've chucked the silly swords into the river, Wingate, and made that silly ass promise—"

"You had no right to take the matter into your hands. I shall go to the Head at once and report this," said Wingate. "You may as well get ready to leave Greyfriars, Dupont. I doubt very much whether you'll be allowed to pass the night here!"

"Mon Dieu!"

Wingate, with a knitted brow, strode from the study, and the juniors looked at one another hopelessly. The game was up now. The dismayed silence was broken by an unmusical cackling. It proceeded from William George Bunter.

"He, he, he!"

With one accord the Famous Five fell upon Bunter. They smote him hip and thigh, and hurled him forth from Study No. 1, roaring.

"Jump on him!" roared Bob Cherry, as the Owl of the Remove sprawled in the passage.

Billy Bunter rolled away, yelling, and ran for his life. He bolted into Study No. 7 like a rabbit into its burrow, and into Peter Todd, who was pouring out tea. There was a howl from Peter, as the fat junior charged him blindly, and the tea went round in a shower.

"What the thump— Oh! Ah! Bunter, you thumping idiot!" gasped Peter. "Have some yourself, you fat champ!"

Bunter shrieked as the spout was turned in his direction, and he dodged the hot stream frantically.

"Yow-ow! Stoppit! Yoop! Help!"

Peter stopped it, when Bunter had had what remained of the tea. By that time Bunter had had quite enough.

Meanwhile, there was dismay in Study No. 1. There was some satisfaction in ejecting William George Bunter on his fat neck; but not much. Harry Wharton & Co. were deeply concerned for Napoleon Dupont.

To judge by his expression, Napoleon was equally concerned for himself. By this time he was sincerely repentant of having sought to avenge his injured honour "à la mode Français." But repentance came too late, as it often does.

He turned an almost haggard look upon the dismayed and silent Co.

"Soon I shall be call in to ze Head, isn't it?" he murmured.

"I—I suppose so," muttered Harry.

"And zen I sall be flog?"

Wharton did not reply. But Dupont read his answer in his look. If anything was certain under the sun, it was that the French junior would be flogged and expelled from Greyfriars. Napoleon's lip quivered.

"And zey send me away. Vat you call ze ordair of ze boot?" he asked.

"I—I'm afraid so, old chap," said Wharton miserably. "We'd have saved you if we could. What the dickens did you play the goat like that for, you ass?"

"The fat's in the fire now," said Bob. "The Head's sure to be awfully ratty. I'm afraid it's all up with Nap here."

"I am turn out in disgrace, isn't it?" muttered the French junior, with a quivering lip.

Grim silence.

"I zank you all, mes amis," said Dupont, looking mournfully round at the five clouded faces. "You have been verree good friend to me. If I have done somezing wrong, I am sorry, verree sorry. Mon oncle—my poor uncle, he will feel zis verree mooch. It is not to help. I say farewell and good-bye to you, mes amis!"

"I—I say, it's rotten!" muttered Bob Cherry. "It's all Bolsover's fault, too. I'll jolly well hammer Bolsover!"

Napoleon took leave of his chums, embracing them one after another, and kissing them on the cheeks in the French style. That process would have made them chuckle at any other time. But they did not feel in anything like a chuckling mood now. They submitted to the infliction with serious faces.

Then the French junior quitted the study.

There was a long silence after his footsteps had died away. Bob Cherry broke it at last.

"Poor old Nap!" he said. "We'll give Bolsover a dormitory ragging to-night, anyhow. That will be some comfort!"

The chums of the Remove sat down to tea at last; but it was not much of a tea. They could not help thinking of the unfortunate Napoleon. He had done wrong—very wrong; but it was his sensitive and excitable nature that had led him away, and he was already repentant. But it was impossible to hope that the

Head would allow him to remain at Greyfriars after what had happened.

"I suppose he's with the Head now?" remarked Bob Cherry, after another long silence.

"We'll see him off at the gates, if he goes to-night," said Harry.

"Yes, rather!"

Vernon-Smith looked in at the door.

"Dupont here?" he asked.

"Eh? No. Isn't he with the Head?"

"No. I've been told to send him. Where has he got to? He's not in his own study."

"We'll help you look for him," said Wharton.

The Famous Five followed Vernon-Smith, and they looked up and down the Remove passage without finding the French junior. Other fellows joined in the search, but Napoleon was not to be found.

Wingate came up to the Remove passage with a frowning brow, and found half the Remove searching.

"Where's Dupont?" he rapped out. "He's wanted at once!"

"We can't find him, Wingate."

"Nonsense! He's got to be found!"

growled the captain of Greyfriars. "He's keeping the Head waiting!"

But Dupont was not found in the Remove quarters, and the search extended downstairs. It came out that Sammy Bunter of the Second had seen Napoleon take his cap and quit the School House some time before. Then the quad was searched, and the Cloisters.

Gosling, the porter, averred that no body had gone out of gates. But most of the fellows suspected by this time that the French junior had climbed the school wall and bolted. The disgrace of the flogging and the expulsion had been too much for him, and he had fled. That was the general opinion.

"Bolted!" said Bolsover major, with a snort. "Well, it's all right so long as he's gone! He ought to have been flogged, though!"

"It's all your fault!" snapped Bob Cherry. "Shut up, you! Give him a bumping, you fellows!"

And Bolsover major was duly bumped, much to his wrath and indignation, and then the search continued. But it was unavailing. When the Greyfriars fellows gathered in Big Hall for calling-over,

Napoleon Dupont was missing from the ranks of the Remove.

"He's gone, right enough!" said Bob Cherry, as the juniors left Hall. "He's bolted, you chaps! I suppose it comes to the same thing. He had to go."

Harry Wharton nodded.

"Poor old Nap!" he said.

After calling-over there was some more searching, but no trace was found of Napoleon. It was pretty clear that he was no longer within the walls of Greyfriars School.

In the juniors' quarters that evening there was only one topic of discussion—the "bolting" of Napoleon of the Remove. Skinner brought the news that the Head had been "on the telephone," apparently making inquiries for the missing junior; but, if so, it was without result. When bed-time came, and the Remove went to their dormitory, Napoleon was still missing, and few fellows in the Remove expected to see him again.

(Don't miss "**MISSING FROM SCHOOL!**"—next Monday's grand complete story of Harry Wharton & Co., by FRANK RICHARDS.)



SYNOPSIS.

Johnny Goggs comes to Rylcombe Grammar School from Franklingham in company with Blount, Trickett, and Waters.

Lively times ensue. Goggs creates the impression at first that he is a simpleton; but after a series of fights with the Rylcombe juniors, and a number of japes worthy of Gordon Gay at his best, Goggs shows that there is much more in him than meets the eye. Levison, Cardew, and Clive, of St. Jim's, are conversing with some of the Grammarians in the roadway when, from a barn near by, pours a wild and whirling crowd. Among them is Gordon Gay, disguised as an elderly lady.

(Now read on.)

The Vanishing Trick.

AND if anything else was needed to suggest that the apparently aged female was only a boy in disguise, it was supplied by the fact that the torn skirt revealed a pair of grey trousers tucked up to the knees, which looked strangely out of keeping with the openwork stockings and high-heeled shoes lower down.

"Bump the rotters!" howled Gay. "My hat! The giddy nerve of it!"

"So that was their game!" gasped Bags, amazed at the audacity of Carpenter and Larking. "They hid up till Gay came out, and then went for him, and dragged the clobber fairly off his back! My word! I should never have thought they'd have had the pluck for it!"

Bags had guessed aright. That was Larking's scheme. There really was not very much in it, apart from the surprise to Gordon Gay & Co. when they found their plans known to the enemy.

It would have annoyed them, in any case. But the annoyance was tenfold greater owing to a circumstance which had not entered into the calculations of Larking in the least—the fact that the affair should have had Cardew and his chums as witnesses.

The enemy within their gates had betrayed Gordon Gay unto the enemy without, and they did not doubt that it had been done intentionally.

The three St. Jim's juniors, with Bags and Wagtail, hurried up.

Snipe had got his machine out by this time. One pedal-crank was bent, and hit the stay every time it revolved, and the back tyre was as flat as a pancake.

But in spite of these damages the bike could be forced along, and Snipe rode off on it, head bent, shambling legs working wildly, pedal clicking at regular intervals against the stay, and back-wheel bumping.

It was real hard labour to get a move out of that bike, but it suited Snipe better than staying where he was.

As the five came up to the crowd Larking and Carpenter were hurled forth.

They had been fairly put through it. Gay himself was not more dishevelled than they were.

But no brutality had been practised upon them. If their clothes were torn—and they were—if they were dusty and bruised from bumping—and they were—their faces bore no fresh marks. Their foemen had been nine to two, and some of the nine had been punched before the two had been got down. But they had not punched back.

"Gay, old gun," said Cardew coolly, "you will hardly take us in with that rig-out now, I fancy! Your dear friends here—do I recognise them as the lionlike Larking and the courageous Carpenter?—have spoiled this particular jape for you—what?"

Gordon Gay glared at him, almost incapable of speech.

Cardew was not quite correct in his surmise. It was possible that, had Gay as Granny scored a success at Rylcombe, the part might have been attempted on the St. Jim's stage—possible, but hardly likely. Something bigger than that was needed for a really big jape against the Saints.

But now all chance of getting Rylcombe

to believe in the return of Granny was at an end. The secret was a secret no longer. Larking & Co. might be puzzled to account for everything that had happened, but they could not be got to credit the existence of Granny as a genuine female relation.

And most certainly they could not, by threat or persuasion, be induced to keep the secret. It would have been almost out of the question to take them into it in any case; they and Gordon Gay & Co. had never pulled together. But as it was they would take a spiteful pleasure in revealing it—to the other fellows, to St. Jim's, to anybody and everybody!

Granny was done for, and another and more precious secret might be given away if great care was not taken.

Goggs was Phelim O'Hoggarty to the St. Jim's juniors. As yet Carpenter and Larking had not perceived him; they had been too busily engaged to look around them. But when they did see him they might guess at once who he was, and if they did guess nothing would restrain them from letting on.

Gay glanced round anxiously. But the red head of Phelim O'Hoggarty from Ballynakill-mall was nowhere to be seen.

Goggs had discreetly mizzled.

Gordon Gay gave a sigh of deep relief. He turned to answer Cardew.

"I never saw such a chap for butting in as you are, Cardew!" he said hotly. You butted—"

He stopped suddenly, and the expression of his face changed.

"You butted in once when I should have been drowned if you hadn't!" he continued. "I'd almost forgotten—"

"Forget it!" broke in Cardew, flushing. "Dear man, if you want to punch my head, don't let a trifle like that keep you off it, by gad!"

"But it naturally would," said Frank Monk solemnly. "It would keep us all off, too."

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Neither Gordon nor any of his chums could think of being anything but polite and friendly to his heroic rescuer, you know."

Cardew glared at them. Then he shrugged his shoulders, and said:

"Oh, come on, Clive! Are you comin', Levison, or do you want to stay here an' talk all day to the most sickenin', silly idiots I ever ran against in all my blessed puff?"

"May as well go," said Clive to Levison. "We've seen all there is to see, I think."

"Thanks for the entertainment, you fellows!" said Levison, with his sardonic grin. "It was as pretty a bit of a mix-up as I've seen for a dog's age. Can't say I properly understand it all, but it was great value even so."

And he and Clive followed Cardew, who was already striding towards St. Jim's, at a pace much faster than his usual languid one.

Ralph Reckness Cardew liked the lime-light as well as anyone. He had thoroughly enjoyed himself when all St. Jim's was agog with curiosity as to Gay's rescuer, and the clearing-up of the mystery had been a source of gratification to him, though he would never have let it out himself.

But he was a bundle of contradictions, and the fact that Gay had been checked in his ire by the memory of that service of the past made him really angry.

Phelim Visits St. Jim's.

LARKING and Carpenter stalked away from the enemy, and clambered over the first gate they came to, in order to make their way back by the fields. They were not in a condition proper for a public road.

Gay was in like case, and he and the two Woottons followed Carpenter and Larking at a distance. Monk and the rest proceeded by way of the road.

"Hallo! Where's Goggles?" demanded Carboy.

Bags winked at Tricks.

"Thought some of you chumps would be asking that," he said. "A blessed silly question, I call it!"

"Why, idiot?" returned Carboy.

"You don't know our Johnny-bird yet. If anything goes wrong it's not his fault. His game just now was to make himself scarce, and so he made himself scarce. Do you get that?"

"Blessed if I do!" said Carboy. "Why was it his game to make himself scarce, fat-head?"

"Don't you see, Monkey?" asked Bags.

"I fancy I do," answered Frank Monk. "Yes, I'm sure I do! Those rotters hadn't twigged him among us. If they had they'd either have guessed who he was or they wouldn't have guessed—"

"That part's all right, anyway," said Lane. "With a chuckle. 'Go on, Monkey!'"

"Chump! Don't you see that in either case one or other of them would have been dead certain to say something that would have put those three on the qui vive? Neither Cardew—though he seems so slack—nor Levison lets much go past them. If Goggles had stayed he might have given the whole game away. So he mizzled. I admire Goggles no end!"

"You're showing sense now, if you never did before, Monkey," said Tricks.

"But ze foony Goggs, vere is he himself put now?" asked Mont Blanc. "Vas it zat ze go back to ze barn, ees eet not?"

"Very likely he did, and very likely he didn't," replied Bags oracularly. "We always trust the dear Johnny to take care of himself, and I should advise you fellows to do the same. Whatever happens, the Goggs-bird will come out of it right end up, you bet your boots, my sons!"

But even Bags might have thought that his chum was running an undue risk if he had chanced to see him at that moment.

He had just popped up his head from behind a hedge, full in sight of Cardew, Clive, and Levison.

"Shure, an' is it afther bein' over?" he asked, with a broad and beaming grin.

"Why, it's the dear O'Whatchisname!" said Cardew.

"Faith, O'Hoggarty's the name of me, an' it's not afther denyin' it to annywan I'd be!" said Goggs.

"You may deny it to me without hurtin' my feelin's," replied Cardew. "I wouldn't have it at any price!"

"Bedad, an' that's a matter of taste intirely, me darlint! Shure, an' it's a proud name. 'Twas the name of princeas in Oireland in the ould days."

"Famous fighting-men, those old Irish princeas, weren't they?" asked Levison.

"Shure, an' they were all that!"

"You don't appear to take after them, though."

"Faith, an' ye're in the roight of it! Ye see, 'tis not that I'm a coward at all, at all. 'Tisn't a drop of coward's blood there is in the body of me. But—well, thin, it's a hard thing to be explainin', but I've a kind of a constitutional objection to gettin' burted, an' that's the plain truth of it. Sorra a word of a lie at all, at all!"

Goggs had slipped over a stile now, and had joined them in the road.

All three looked at him hard.

They did not know what to make of him in the least. They had all at times a feeling that he was somehow familiar to them, and yet not one of them could remember ever having seen him before that day.

Not a thought of Johnny Goggs came into their heads. Thus far the news of the presence of Goggs at Rylcombe had failed to reach St. Jim's. Had it done so there would have been a crowd of fellows to see him at once. These three might or might not have been among the crowd; they had not been brought into quite such close association with Goggs as had Tom Merry & Co., and Grundy and Noble and Dane and Glyn, and some of the New House Fourth-Formers.

But they had seen enough of him to recognise him at once in ordinary guise, wherever met; and it spoke volumes for his impersonation of the imaginary part of Phelim O'Hoggarty that they never even thought of him.

It struck both Cardew and Levison that O'Hoggarty was overplaying the part of the raw Irishman—he could hardly have been quite so stogy as that at all times. But, after all, his peculiarities, though they went far beyond those of Reilly, were not so very much more marked than those of Mulvaney minor.

"There's a terrible dale of foightin' at Rylcombe," observed Phelim sadly. "I'd niver have been afther thinkin' there could be so much foightin' annywhere. It's their diversion; it's meat an' dhrink to them, in a manner of spakin'."

"And it's not exactly meat and drink to you?" said Clive, with a touch of contempt.

Phelim had ranged himself alongside the three, and was walking with them towards St. Jim's. It did not appear to enter his head that they might not desire his company.

"Shure, an' it's not, then," he replied, with great seeming frankness. "I'd be likin' it well enough if 'twas only the other spalpeen who was afther gettin' hurted all the time. But it goes to the heart of me when Phelim O'Hoggarty's hurted."

"Exactly my sentiments!" said Cardew. "I also prefer that it should be the other spalpeen who gets 'hurted.'"

"Do they foight at St. Jim's?" asked Phelim anxiously.

"Never!" answered Cardew solemnly.

"Well, hardly ever," Levison said, smiling.

"Not quite all the time, anyway," said Clive.

"Shure, an' I wish they'd been afther sendin' me to St. Jim's. I do wish that, intirely!"

"But I thought all Irishmen loved a fight," remarked Clive.

"Faith, an' that's an ould, ould tale. I wouldn't be listenin' to that if I were yez. Sinn Fein's cured lots of thim of that."

"Are you a Sinn Feiner?" asked Levison.

"Or a mere sinful feigner?" added Cardew slyly.

Phelim scratched his head—carefully, for he remembered that he wore a wig.

"It's not afther knowin' yez well enough I am to enthrust all my saycrets to yez," he said. "But I'd like well to know yez better."

"We shall be happy to cultivate the acquaintance," said Cardew in his blandest tones. "Perhaps you will honour us with your company as far as St. Jim's now?"

"Faith, an' it's meself that will do that wid all the playure in the worruld!" answered Phelim. "An' maybe if I like the place I'll be able to get meself sint there."

"That would be joyful for us!" said Levison sardonically.

Goggs scented suspicion. He knew how keen both Levison and Cardew were, and he did not despise the intelligence of the less showy Clive.

But he had made up his mind to play this game out. If he could visit St. Jim's, see the fellows who knew him best, and get away undetected, he would feel safe; and he could begin to make other plans, the vague outlines of which were already in his mind.

And if he were bowled out—what then?

Well, even then no one would be much the worse off. There would be an end to any scheme for imposing him upon St. Jim's in such a manner as to forward Gay's plans. But there were other ways of scoring over the Saints, and he could help in them.

He rattled on as he thought, and the three chums listened, and replied at times. To Clive it seemed that Phelim O'Hoggarty was ready to give up every secret he had—if a fellow of his type could be thought capable of having secrets—but Levison and Cardew were not so sure.

They reached the great gate of St. Jim's, and found there the Terrible Three, in flannels.

Tom Merry, Manners, and Lowther looked with curiosity at the queer companion Levison & Co. had brought along.

"The top of the mornin' to yez!" said Phelim affably, waiting for no introduction.

"Is not this rather the other end of the mornin'?" inquired Lowther.

"Shure, an' it's roight yez arre! The mornin's afternoon by this toime, or near enough, bedad!"

"Is your friend—er—American, Clive?" Lowther asked.

"No, ass! Can't you see and hear that he's Irish?"

"Irish, is he? Pray introduce us! To what tribe in Ireland does he belong—Crow, Digger, Choctaw, Creek, Ojibbway?"

"No, O'Hoggarty," said Levison, grinning.

"Phelim O'Hoggarty—that's me name. An', shure, I'd like to be afther knowin' yours."

"My friend with the sweet curly hair an' the innocent blue eyes is the Duke of Mangold-Wurzel," said Cardew, with a solemn face. "The funny merchant who has a loose-lung jaw is the first cousin twice removed to the King of the Cannibal Islands. His name is Prince Humpty-Dumpty, but we have dropped into the habit of calling him Lowther, for short."

"How do yez do, Lowther-for-Short?" said Phelim, holding out his hand. "Your Grace, it's your obedient, humble servant I am, intirely. An' who, Cards, is the little gentleman wid a squint?"

"Easy does it!" snapped Manners. "There's no squint about me!"

"Shure, no. 'Twas but a slight optical delusion. I can see nisy enough that the roight eye of yez is quite straight."

"Brrrrr!" growled Manners.

There were times when Manners was easily put out, and he did not take kindly to Phelim.

But none of the three had any suspicion—Goggs saw that clearly.

If he could take in them he could take in anyone at St. Jim's, he thought. Already his vague schemes were becoming less vague.

"Come along an' have a look round our show, Ojibbway," said Cardew blandly. "O'Hooligan thinks of gettin' his people to transfer him here, you fellows. O'Hasty considers that there is too much fightin' at Rylcombe for his delicate constitution. A place like this, where we think it wrong to scrap would suit O'Horrigan better."

"What is the chap's name?" asked Manners, puzzled.

"Oh, dashed if I know!" replied Cardew. "What's it matter, anyway? An onion by any other name would—you know the rest. Come along, O'Harris!"

"Faith, me name's O'Hoggarty," said Goggs.

He suffered himself to be led off by Cardew. Clive went with them; but Levison stayed behind.

"That's a queer specimen," said Tom Merry.

"You're right," Levison answered.

"He reminds me somehow of someone," Tom said thoughtfully.

"He reminds me, somehow, of someone, too," returned the Fourth-Former.

"But I can't think who it is," said Tom, rubbing the back of his head.

"And I can't think who it is, either," Levison replied.

"What on earth does it matter?" said Manners, rather crossly. O'Hoggarty had not pleased Manners.

"He reminds me of the gorilla at the Zoo," remarked Monty Lowther.

But Phelim O'Hoggarty did not care of whom he reminded them—so long as it was not Johnny Goggs.

Cardew's careless suggestion that he might get himself transferred to St. Jim's fitted in very nicely with those plans of his, which had been vague half an hour ago, but were now crystallising.

Before his identity was revealed to these good friends of his, who were the enemy only because they belonged to the rival school, he intended to transfer himself to St. Jim's.

It might be only for a few hours. It could hardly be for long, since he could hardly hope to take in Dr. Holmes and Mr. Railton.

But much may be done in a few hours!

O'Hoggarty Shows His Mettle.

"YOU don't mean to say that that wild Irish chap is playing?" said Manners, in surprise, to Frank Monk.

Saturday afternoon had come round, and the Rylcombe Junior Eleven had turned up on the St. Jim's ground for the match arranged.

"Oh, we gave him a place!" said Monk carelessly.

"Is he any use?"

"A bit, I fancy."

"He doesn't look it, I must say."

"Appearances are sometimes deceptive," replied Monk, smiling.

Phelim O'Hoggarty—alias Johnny Goggs—certainly looked very little like a cricketer.

But the Grammar School fellows knew that he was one, and a cricketer of no common order at that. Now that Gordon Gay & Co. knew that he was not the duffer he looked, he had shown his form at the nets. Those in the secret included most of the keen cricketers of the Rylcombe Fourth; and if some of the others were surprised to find that the supposed all-round duffer was at least as good a bat as Gordon Gay, and a better bowler than Lacy, who had impressed everyone greatly when first he came along, they did not trouble their minds about it for long.

Larking & Co. were not among the keen cricketers, and they were not expected to turn up at St. Jim's. In fact, Gordon Gay & Co. thought they had made sure that those three would be elsewhere. One or two more had had to be taken into the secret, for it would have been fatal to the plans made against St. Jim's if Goggs had been called by his right name there, and some explanation of his disguise had had to be given.

That disguise had been assumed on the way to St. Jim's, of course. Goggs left the Grammar School his usual meek and mild, sleek-haired self, and turned up on the ground of the rival school as the red-headed Phelim O'Hoggarty, with pince-nez instead of spectacles.

The Grammar School consisted of Gay, Monk, the two Woottons, Carboy, Lane, Blount, Trickett, Waters, and Donaldson, besides Goggs himself. Nicky O'Donnell was to umpire, and Morgan took the scoring-book. The Triple Alliance was now in the secret.

No one else seemed to be coming along at all, a circumstance which suited the schemers. There was the chance that someone might turn up during the match, and say things that would arouse suspicion; but that chance had to be taken. Larking, Carpenter, and Snipe had announced their intention of going over to Wayland, which seemed to make things fairly safe, for they were most to be dreaded. Lacy was out of the team owing to a slight accident to his wrist, which everyone thought fortunate, for Lacy was not a trustworthy person. As for Carker, no one ever expected to see him at a cricket-match.

The St. Jim's team, very nearly their best, included Tom Merry, Manners, Talbot, Noble, Figgins, Kerr, Wynn, Redfern, Blake, D'Arcy, and Levison. Manners had started the season with some of his very best form, or he could not have been preferred to Clive, Roylance, or one or two others. But Manners at his best was always worth his place.

"Shouldn't have thought he could play," remarked Tom Merry, with a nod towards Phelim, as the two captains met and shook hands. Tom had forgiven the Grammarians

(Continued on page 16.)

The Editor's Chat.

The Companion Papers are:

THE MAGNET. THE GEM. THE BOYS' FRIEND. CHUCKLES. THE PENNY POPULAR.
Every Monday. Every Wed. Every Monday. Every Friday. Every Friday.

YOUR EDITOR IS ALWAYS GLAD TO HEAR FROM HIS READERS.

For Next Monday:

"MISSING FROM SCHOOL!"

By Frank Richards.

Our next grand long complete story of Greyfriars is, as its title suggests, a sequel to this week's fine dramatic yarn.

Napoleon Dupont, the French junior, anticipating expulsion for having dangerous weapons in his possession, and for attacking Bolsover with intent to do bodily harm, has not waited for the sentence, but has promptly made himself scarce. Where he is, and how he has made good his escape, are problems which the Greyfriars fellows cannot solve.

It is Billy Bunter who eventually fathoms the secret of the runaway; and the scenes which follow are so exciting that there is a danger that some of my reader chums will become so absorbed in the story that they, too, when next Monday morning dawns, will be

"MISSING FROM SCHOOL!"

KING CRICKET!

Cricket is still the finest summer game. Attempts have been made during the war by a number of irresponsible persons to discourage—one might almost say destroy—the game which has helped materially to shape many fine Englishmen. I use the term Englishmen advisedly in this case, since the game originated in England, and has been more strongly supported in this country than in Scotland, Ireland, or Wales.

It is not my intention to enter into a long controversy upon the suggested abolition of cricket. I will leave that to the sporting Press. All I wish to emphasise on this page is that cricket is a grand game and a healthy game, and no true sportsman would willingly see it erased from the list of our sports and pastimes.

In the "Boys' Friend" each week there appears a useful and entertaining cricket article by the leading exponents of the game; and all my chums who wish to become experts with bat and ball should study these interesting articles, since much benefit will be derived therefrom.

King Cricket is ushered in again with all the majesty of the first "Victory" summer.

Long may he reign!

"SHUSH!"

Mum's the word, so far as the great new developments in the "Penny Popular" are concerned.

Sworn to secrecy by Mr. Frank Richards, and threatened by Mr. Martin Clifford with immediate extinction if I so much as breathe a word about the new wheeze, I am compelled to sit tight and say nothing.

But only till next week!

In next Monday's issue of the MAGNET Library my readers will see for themselves what is going to happen; and the result of the new innovation will be that the "Penny Popular" will more than ever justify its name, and will soar to positively dizzy heights.

Tell all your friends to feast their eyes on this Chat page next week and read of this coming landmark in the history of that prince of story-papers.

THE "PENNY POPULAR."

"WHY GO TO SCHOOL?"

A Lancashire Lad's Outspoken Comments.

"I wish that I could go to school

And have the chance of learning Greek,

Instead of slaving in a mill

And getting fourteen bob a week!"

So writes one of my Lancashire readers, who takes "Martin Harvey" and Master Bernard Tomkins severely to task for their

anti-school comments which I published on this page a few weeks ago.

"It is all very well," my Lancashire chum goes on to say, "for those precious chaps to sneer and jeer at school-life. I only wish I had the chance of a decent education. I wonder how 'Martin Harvey' and the other merchant would like to slave in a cotton-mill from early till late, receiving at the end of the week the princely sum of fourteen shillings for their labours? I wonder how they would like to be bread-winners, working like niggers to keep the wolf from the door?"

"What does the future hold in store for the likes of me? I have never been to school, but have had to pick up a sort of second-hand education on my own. I can read and write, and that's about all. When I'm a man I shall still be working in a mill. No prospects, no hopes, no nothing. And all because I lack the education which 'Martin Harvey' and Bernard Tomkins throw stones at! It makes me feel very bitter indeed to think about it. Education is one of the finest gifts a young fellow can have, and I am surprised and disgusted to find such discontented and narrow-minded persons among your readers."

I must say that I agree with my Lancashire chum all along the line. He administers a very sharp rap over the knuckles to those young gentlemen who sneer at school-going.

"Martin Harvey" and his fellow-critic will, I fancy, feel a trifle ashamed of themselves after reading the intensely human remarks of this Lancashire chum of mine, who has lacked the opportunities for advancement and achievement which fall to the lot of the average British boy.

MARY PICKFORD'S PICTURE.

There is a superb art plate of Mary Pickford given inside every copy of "The Picture Show," the great new paper for people who go to the pictures.

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NOTICES.

Cricket.

HACKNEY DOWNS C.C.—players wanted—16-18—2 miles.—George Bridges, 34, London Road, Clapton, E. 5.

BRITANNIA C.C.—16-17—home and away.—H. Reid, 101, Samuel Street, Woolwich, S.E. 18.

Correspondence, etc., Wanted.

G. Nettleton, 46, Claremont Road, Alexandra Park, Manchester—with readers anywhere, England preferred, friendly style.

W. Roy Bennett, 16, Archer Street, Timaru, New Zealand—with readers, 16-18, anywhere.

Reginald Bennett, 99, Cavendish Road, Higham Park, Chingford, Essex—with readers anywhere, 14-17.

G. Mogridge, 35, Argyle Street, Swansea, South Wales—with readers anywhere 16-18.

Ralph Richardson, 28, St. Michael's Place, Brighton, wants readers and contributors for his amateur magazine.

Back Numbers Wanted.

D. Thackeray, 60, Waldeck Road, Carrington, Nottingham—"Gems" and MAGNETS, 1-326 and 396-465. Write first.

Ernest Watson, 391, Ivydale Road, Nunhead, S.E. 15—6d. each offered for red-covered MAGNETS, 1s. Double Numbers before 1916; 1s. 6d. offered for "Boy Without a Name," "School and Sport," and "Rivals and Chums." Write first.

H. A. H. (YOUR EDITOR.)

for the unprovoked assault of a few days earlier.

"He may be playing for you before long, Tommy," replied Gay, with a knowing shake of the head.

"How can that be? Oh, I did hear something about his changing his quarters. But that was all gas, I suppose?"

"Well, there is considerable gas about Phelim, but I really think he means to give you fellows a turn before long."

"H'm! It doesn't follow the beggar would be in our team, you know, Gay. There's a bit of a difference between you and us!"

"There is—some!" replied Gay meaningly.

"Haden't we better toss, Tom?"

Gay spun a coin and Tom called heads—which turned out to be correct.

"You'll send us in—eh?" said Gay.

"Yes, I think not, old chap! I'm not potty yet!"

"Aren't you? Good news, Tommy! We all thought you were."

"Not potty enough for that, anyway," Tom answered.

The jubilation in the St. Jim's ranks was great when the team learned that they were to take first innings.

"Don't you be a silly ass and go declaring, Tommy!" said Figgins. "Let's bat all the afternoon. These bounders need fielding practice."

"I sha'n't declare," said Tom.

He knew that it was very unlikely that he would have the chance to do that. For so early a period of the season the turf was unusually good and true. It was a batsman's wicket; but no one had had much chance to get into form yet, and the scoring was not expected to run high.

In consideration of the fact that he seemed to have struck form earlier than anyone else, Manners was sent in first with Noble—a quite unwonted honour for him.

He was naturally keen to do well, and for an over or two his keenness led to his being just a trifle nervous.

But the first four sufficed to pull him together, and he saw both Noble and Talbot leave before 20 had gone up without turning a hair, batting in really good form meanwhile.

Now Figgins joined him, and a stand was made.

Gay and Monk were replaced at the bowling creases by the Woottons; but Figgy hit hard, while Manners waited his chance, and then came down upon the ball with effect. The New House fellow scored the faster; but the School House representative was playing the better cricket.

"We shall have to put Goggles on before we can get them out," said Monk to Gay as the field changed after an over.

"It will give the game away if we do," Gay said. "He's played here, you know. And, though we may call Tommy and the rest of them duffers, they aren't precisely that. They know his style—that amble of his, and the way the ball seems to come from behind him."

"Fraid they would. Well, there are the

other new chaps. Blount and Waters can both bowl a bit."

"I'll try them," said Gay.

The score already stood at over 60, and neither Figgins, though he was taking plenty of risk, nor Manners looked at all like getting out.

Bags and Wagtail were given a chance with the ball. Bags was a really good bowler, better than either of the Woottons, as a matter of fact. If he had been tried earlier he might have done something worth doing for his side.

As it was, all that he could do for a time was to slow down Figgins. He did not trouble Manners at all; and Wagtail was hard hit by both of them. After a couple of overs Gay himself went on again in place of Waters.

But the bowling was now fairly in a knot. It looked as though Goggs would have to be called upon for help.

The hundred went up on the telegraph board, and Figgy greeted its appearance with a great hit clean over the pavilion off Gay.

Then the Rylcombe skipper beckoned to Goggs.

The lean legs of Phelim O'Hoggarty had been well exercised in the long-field, where his smartness had saved many runs. He did not look as though the exertion had told upon him, however.

"You'll have to go on!" said Gay abruptly.

"I was wondering whether that expedient would ever occur to you, my dear Joyful," replied Goggs meekly.

He spoke in a very low tone, lest Figgins, at the wicket hard by, should hear.

"They'll twig your style, I'm afraid," Gay said. "But we can't afford to lose this game for the sake of the other game that's still to come off."

"I do not think that they will—er—twig my style, Joyful."

"Think you can do any good, O'Hoggarty?" asked Gay in louder tones.

"Faith, an' I do, then! I'll show you how we bowl in Ould Ireland, bedad!"

And Phelim took the ball.

At that moment an unexpected visitor walked on to the field.

It was Carker, and he was alone. Carker often went about alone. Few of the Gramarians cared about his company.

Naturally, the red-wigged bowler about to deliver his first ball was the centre of the picture. Carker noticed what others were looking at, and he looked in the same direction. Then he gave a start.

"Who's the chap bowling?" he asked of Mellish of the St. Jim's Fourth, who, having nothing better to do, was honouring the game by his presence.

"Going blind?" rejoined Mellish pleasantly.

"Don't you know that wild Irish idiot that you've imported lately? O'Blatherskite, isn't it, Gore?"

"O'Hoggarty, I believe!" growled Gore.

"Oh, O'Hoggarty!" said Carker, as if he understood.

"Only one—O, I think, Carker!" said Monty Lowther blundly.

"Who said—?"

"Pardon me if I err, but you—"

"Oh, rats!" snarled Carker. And he passed on.

Goggs, of course! It hardly needed the quick scrutiny of the field he took to convince him of that.

So they were still hoping to play off Goggs against St. Jim's, and the red wig and the alias were meant to keep the enemy from recognising him!

Carker rubbed his hands together. He chuckled. There was exultation in him.

But he did not do what almost any other fellow, in his place and with his feelings, would have done.

Half a dozen words from him would have given the game away completely.

He did not speak them. That was not Carker's way. He dreaded doing anything open.

He walked off the ground again and went back to Rylcombe. He knew where Larking & Co. were—much nearer home than Wayland, though it suited them to have others believe that they had gone to the cinema.

Meanwhile, Manners had taken fresh guard, and Phelim O'Hoggarty had sent down his first ball.

Something like a gasp went up, alike from the field and the spectators.

For that ball was an absolute, unmitigated grub—such a ball as had never been bowled in a match at St. Jim's since the great Grundy had lowered wickets with its like in the Second Eleven match between the Shell and Fourth, which had been one of the items in the great Sports Competition.

There is nothing in the laws of cricket which forbids the bowling of grubs. They are perfectly fair, but they are almost universally hated and despised by batsmen.

The leather struck the ground within two yards of Goggs' feet, and it never rose from it. It rolled, but it rolled fast, and it rolled straight at Manners' middle-stump.

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Manners, stopping it, thought not without difficulty.

"Is that the way they bowl in Ould Ireland?" asked Figgy, with obvious sarcasm.

"Shure, an' it is! An' pwhy for would they not?" returned Phelim innocently.

Figgy only grunted. He had felt like making a century, but he had a presentiment that he would stop somewhere short of that if he had to face those wretched grubs.

But Manners looked more disgusted even than Figgy. It mattered more to Manners, who was playing for his place in the team. Figgy's place was an unquestioned one.

Manners made up his mind to meet those wretched grubs with extreme care. He must do his scoring off the other bowler. Unless they were off the wicket, those things were not safe for anyone to try to score from.

He stopped the second ball dead on the crease. The third was a foot or so wide, and he hit hard at it, but played right over it. The fourth was very much slower, but straight. He ran out, hit hard, and again played over the leather. So slow was its progress that he had time to race back and try to hit it again. But again he missed, to see the ball stop dead within six inches of his stumps!

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

Manners was furious. He felt that he could have slain O'Hoggarty.

Nothing can be much worse for a batsman than to lose his temper. With that his judgment is sure to go.

The fifth ball actually pitched more than half-way, and came to Manners' bat sweetly on the second or third bound. It deserved what it got—to be slammed to the boundary.

But it was no accident. Goggs wanted to make Manners feel that he could hit the stuff. The last ball of the over pitched almost a perfect length about six inches outside the line of the off-stump.

Manners shaped for a cut, forgetting all about the possible break. The ball curled fairly round his bat, and sent the off-stump reeling.

It was all that Manners could do to restrain his temper. He did manage that, for he was a sportsman. But it was hard, and he felt that O'Hoggarty was his foe for life.

The cheering that greeted him as he ran in, with an excellent 42 to his credit, utterly failed to give him any comfort.

"Botten stuff, Tommy!" he growled, as Tom Merry met him at the pavilion gate.

(Another grand long instalment of this magnificent school serial will appear in next Monday's issue. Order early.)

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