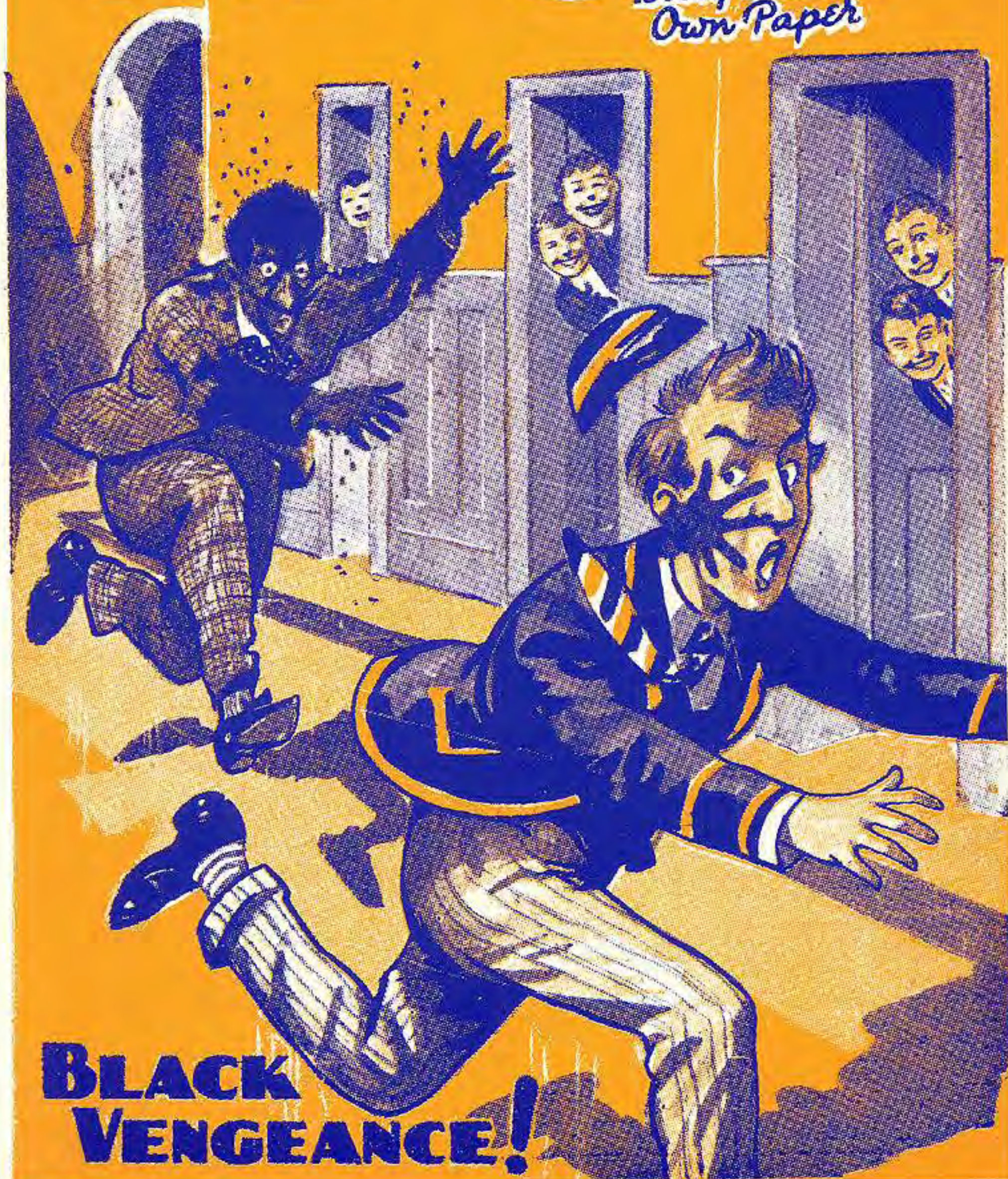


"THE INVISIBLE SCHOOLBOY!" AMAZING STORY OF SCHOOLBOY IMPERSONATION, FEATURING... **Harry Wharton & Co.**

The Magnet ^{2^d}

*Billy Bunter's
Own Paper*



**BLACK
VENGEANCE!**

WILLIAM WIBLEY, GREYFRIARS SCHOOLBOY IMPERSONATOR, PLAYS DUAL ROLE!

The INVISIBLE SCHOOLBOY!

By FRANK RICHARDS



FEATURING HARRY WHARTON & CO., THE CHEERY CHUMS OF GREYFRIARS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

"Shan't!"

"ZAT you translate, Buntair!"
"I shan't—"
"Vat!" gasped Monsieur Charpentier.

"I shan't—"
The French master at Greyfriars School gazed at Billy Bunter.

The whole class gazed at him.
In Class-room No. 10, where the Remove were doing French with Mossoo, every eye was fixed on the fat visage of the Owl of the Remove.

It was quite a sensation.
Only Billy Bunter seemed unaware that he had, so to speak, astonished the natives. Bunter stood with his eyes, and his spectacles, on his French book. He looked a little bothered; but he always looked a little bothered if he was called on to translate. Otherwise, he was quite calm.

Ragging was far from uncommon in Mossoo's French sets. Fellows would sometimes be cheeky to Mossoo. Especially since he had caused Wibley of the Remove to be expelled, the Remove had given him all the trouble they could—which was quite a lot. But the cheekiest fellow in the Form, or the most reckless ragger, would never have ventured to make such an answer as that to any master—even the French master! Skinner, the most impudent fellow in the Form, would never have dreamed of it—Smithy, reckless ragger, was not reckless enough for that. And there was Billy Bunter—doing it!

"My only hat!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Bunter, you awful ass—" breathed Harry Wharton.

Billy Bunter blinked at them through his big spectacles. He seemed quite unconscious of the sensation he had caused.

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Monsieur Charpentier stood as if transfixed, gazing at him. His sallow cheeks reddened with wrath—his little pointed black beard fairly bristled.

"Buntair!" he shrieked.
"Eh? Yes, sir!" said Bunter, turning his spectacles on the French master.
"Vat is it zat you say?"

It seemed as if Mossoo doubted his ears! Really, he had cause to do so, when a junior, called on to translate the *Henriade*, answered "I shan't!" Never in the history of Greyfriars School had such an answer been made in any class.

"Didn't you hear me, sir?" asked Bunter. "I said I shan't!"

"You say shan't?" gasped Mossoo.
"Yes, sir! I shan't—"

"Mon Dieu!" stuttered Mossoo. "Zat garcon, he say zat he shan't! Zis is of ze too-much! C'en est trop!" Monsieur Charpentier whirled round to his desk, to grab a cane therefrom.

Then Billy Bunter registered alarm. He gave the French master a startled blink, and blinked round at the staring Removites.

"I say, you fellows, what's up?" he asked.

"Wha-a-a-t's up?" stuttered Harry Wharton.

"Yes! What is Froggy getting his rag out for?"

"Oh crikey!"
"Potty, old fat bean?" asked Vernon-Smith.

"Oh, really, Smithy—"

"You fat ass!" hissed Archibald Popper, the new boy in the Remove.

"Have you gone off your rocker? What do you mean by saying you shan't?"

"Eh? Mossoo told me to translate," answered Bunter. "Wharrer you mean, you ass?"

Mossoo whirled round towards the class again, cane in hand. The cane did not often have much exercise in the French master's class-room. But Mossoo

looked now as if it were going to have a good deal.

"Buntair!" he roared. "Zat you stand out before ze class! I vill have ze respect in zis class, or else I know ze reason vy not!"

Billy Bunter did not stand out before the class. Perhaps he thought Mossoo too dangerous to approach. He blinked at him in alarm, but remained where he was.

"I—I say—" he gasped.

"Mauvais garcon! Venez donc!" raved Mossoo, brandishing the cane. "Is it zat you say you shan't to ze master? Mon Dieu! Venez! Como!"

"But—but I—I say, what's the matter?" gasped Bunter.

"Mad as a hatter!" murmured Peter Todd in wonder; and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh remarked that the madfulness was terrific.

A fellow who said "I shan't!" to his master might have expected that master to go off at the deep end. But it seemed that Bunter hadn't. He seemed surprised by Mossoo's outbreak of wrath.

The juniors were doing the *Henriade* in the French class that afternoon. Mossoo, who had a kind way of going easy with backward pupils, had given Bunter quite an easy one. Bunter was called upon to translate the first two lines of that great poem:

"Je chante de ce heros, qui regnait sur la France,
Et par droit de conquete, et par droit de naissance."

Every fellow in the set ought to have been familiar with those lines. But Billy Bunter, when he learned anything at all, which was seldom, had a way of forgetting it as soon as he could. Slow to learn, Bunter was remarkably rapid at forgetting. Even Lord Mauleverer could have told him that those lines meant:

"I sing of the hero who reigned over France,
Both by right of conquest and by right of birth."

But to William George Bunter that translation presented great difficulties.

All Bunter could do was to have a shot at it, hoping for the best. Nobody would have been surprised had Bunter handed out the most idiotic of translations. But to hear Bunter say "I shan't!" was absolutely amazing. Bunter had his faults—indeed, their name was legion!—but wild recklessness had never been numbered among them. Now he was putting the Bounder himself into the shade!

Still more surprising was it that he did not seem to catch on why the French master was wrathful!

Evidently he didn't!

He blinked at Mosssoo through his big spectacles in uneasy alarm. Mosssoo, always an excitable little gentleman, was now wildly excited. He was almost dancing as he brandished the cane.

"Get a move on, you fat fathead!" whispered Frank Nugent.

"Eh? I'm not going to be whopped for nothing!" gasped Bunter.

"For nothing?" gasped Johnny Bull.

"Eh? Yes! What have I done?"

"Oh, my only hat!"

"Is it zat you vill not come, Buntair!" roared Monsieur Charpentier, his cane swishing in the air. "Is it zat I must come viz myself to you, mauvais garçon? Je vous commande—écoutez—venez done!"

"Get out, you ass!" hissed Archibald Popper.

"Go out, Bunter, you fat chump!" breathed Harry Wharton.

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

Mosssoo was too impatient to wait longer. He whisked among the desks, coming for Bunter.

The fat junior eyed him in horrified apprehension. But only for a moment! As Mosssoo came along the Form from one end, Billy Bunter backed away at the other. Mosssoo's look, and the brandished cane, were too much for Bunter. He retreated.

"Zat you stop!" shrieked Monsieur Charpentier. "Zat you take zat!" He delivered a swipe at the retreating fat Owl.

Billy Bunter dodged that swipe. But every bullet has a billet. It missed Bunter, and came over across Bob Cherry's shoulders.

"Yoo-hoop!" roared Bob, bounding to his feet. "Oh crumbs! Look out! Yaroo!"

"Mon Dieu! Zat you get out of ze vay!" panted Monsieur Charpentier, and he scrambled on after Bunter, leaving Bob wriggling and spluttering.

A foot suddenly came into Mosssoo's way. It was Bolsover major's.

Mosssoo did not see the foot before he stumbled over it. He did a sudden nose-dive among the desks.

"Man down!" chuckled Vernon-Smith.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ciel!" gasped Monsieur Charpentier. He struggled to his feet, breathless and dusty. "Who is it zat tumble me over viz myself? Zis class is ze most bad as ever vas! Buntair! Zat you stop!"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter, as he flew.

He dodged out of the desks, with Mosssoo in pursuit.

The Remove were all on their feet. Excitement reigned in Class-room No. 10. There were shouts of encouragement to Bunter as he whipped round

the master's desk, with Mosssoo close behind.

"Go it, Bunter!"

"Put it on, porpoise!"

"He's just behind you, Bunter!"

"Look out, old fat man!"

"Put it on!"

Swipe!

The cane caught Bunter, on his podgy shoulders, as he whipped round the desk. He roared.

"Ow! Beast! Keep off! I say, you fellows, keep him off! He's gone mad! I say, hold him! Barge him over! Sit on his head! Yaroooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter flew round the class-room. After him flew Mosssoo. In sheer desperation the fat junior tore open the door, and rushed out into the passage. He slammed the door after him as he fled.

"Mon Dieu!" gasped Mosssoo.

He dragged the door open in his turn, and rushed out in pursuit. And from Class-room No. 10 a roar of laughter followed.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Merely a Misapprehension!

MR. QUELCH, master of the Greyfriars Remove, frowned. It was a deep, deep frown. So deep was it, indeed, that it really seemed to resemble the "frightful, fearful, frantic frown" of the Lord High Executioner!

To the Headmaster, Form-masters, and juniors generally, the new boy at Greyfriars is Archibald Popper, nephew of one of the school governors. To Harry Wharton & Co., he is known in his own name and identity—as William Wibley, lately expelled from the Remove Form!

Quelch was in his study. While his Form were at French with Mosssoo, the Remove master was getting a rest. At least, he ought to have been getting a rest. He was entitled to a rest. But in these days, since the "sacking" of Wibley of the Remove, Mr. Quelch never felt very restful when his Form were in charge of Monsieur Charpentier.

Wibley had been sacked for guying the French master. It was an awfully serious offence, from a schoolmaster's point of view! But a schoolboy's point of view rather differed. Every fellow in the Remove was sorry for poor old Wib. They felt that the least that they could do was to make Froggy sorry for himself! Which they conscientiously did!

Quelch disliked the sacking of a boy in his Form as much as the juniors. But he had his duty to do. He was a whale on duty. And his duty was to keep the Remove in order, and prevent them from leading Mosssoo a dog's life—so far as he could!

So, as he sat in his study that afternoon, Quelch had his door wide open, and an ear wide open also, ready to spot any sound of disturbance from the direction of Class-room No. 10.

Some of the Removites, the last day or two, had rather slowed down on

ragging Froggy. Archibald Popper, the new junior, had been against it, from his first day at Greyfriars; and now his example seemed to be influencing fellows who were friendly with him.

But most of the Form were carrying on the feud with as much zest as ever. Mosssoo was kept in a perpetual state of nervous irritation.

Not unnaturally, the more he was ragged and worried and bothered, the more tart and tartaric his temper grew. Instead of passing over offences unheeded, as he had done once upon a time, he visited them with prompt punishment—and was suspiciously on the look-out for offences, even when they were not intended.

With or without cause, Mosssoo would fly into a passion, and from his class-room his squeaky voice would be heard on its shrillest top note.

Mr. Quelch's study was a good distance from Class-room No. 10. In normal circumstances he would have heard nothing from that room. But in abnormal circumstances, and with his door wide open, he heard—which was the cause of his understudying the terrifying frown of the Lord High Executioner!

"Upon my word!" breathed Mr. Quelch.

Sounds—vague but unmistakable sounds—reached his ears. Something was going on in Class-room No. 10.

Frowning, Mr. Quelch rose from his chair, and picked up a cane from his table. He realised that a sterner presence than Mosssoo's was probably required in Class-room No. 10. He whisked to his doorway, to step along to that class-room.

As he did so, there was a hurried beat of footsteps in the passage. Someone was coming along at top speed.

Mr. Quelch stepped out—just as Billy Bunter arrived! Bunter did not even see him before he crashed.

He smote his Form-master like a runaway locomotive.

"Oh!" gasped Mr. Quelch.

He staggered back into his study, breathless. Staggering, he clutched at the table for support. His hurried grasp missed the table, closed on the inkpot, and dragged it over as he fell.

Splash!

Mr. Quelch sat on his study carpet. The inkpot landed on his knees. There it shed its contents.

"Oh!" repeated Mr. Quelch. "Oh! Ow! Ooogh!"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Billy Bunter.

Reeling from the shock, the fat Owl of the Remove rolled in the doorway. He spluttered for breath as he rolled.

Patter, patter, patter—came the beat of footsteps in the passage.

Monsieur Charpentier was not far behind his quarry. He careered up to the open doorway, and rushed in.

His feet caught in something as he rushed. He did not, for the moment, see that it was a fat Removite. He did not, in fact, see anything! He nose-dived over Bunter, and landed on all fours.

"Ciel!" he gasped. "Nom d'un nom!"

"Oooogh!" Mr. Quelch was gasping. "Oh! Ah! Oooogh!"

"Mon Dieu!" spluttered the French master.

For a long moment they looked at one another—Mosssoo on all fours, Quelch sitting dizzily with the inkpot on his knees, streaming ink. Bunter, sitting up in the doorway, blinked at both of them.

"Monsieur Charpentier!" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"Oh, sair!" gasped Monsieur Charpentier.

"Oh lor'!" spluttered Bunter.

Mossoo was first on his feet—glaring round at Bunter. But Bunter was a good second. As the French master's fiery eye turned on him, Bunter bounded up and dodged round the study table. A moment more, and Mr. Quelch resumed the perpendicular—breathing hard.

"What does this mean?" he gasped.

"Zat boy—" panted Mossoo.

"Keep him off!" yelled Bunter.

"He's mad! Keep him off, sir! Oh crikey!"

"What?" roared Mr. Quelch.

"He—he—he's muni-muni-mad, sir!" gasped Bunter. "He—he—he suddenly went for me, sir, for nothing—oh lor'! I—I say, kik-kik-keep him off, sir."

"Mon Dieu! Zat garçon—" Mossoo gesticulated frantically with both hands. "Monsieur Quelch, is it zat a boy shall say 'Shan't' to ze master?"

"What!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "Bunter, have you dared—"

"He told me to translate, sir," yelled Bunter, "and then he suddenly went for me with a cane, for nothing—I—I—I thing he's gone mad, sir! Mad as a March hatter—I mean a hatter hare—I—I mean—"

"Silence!" roared Mr. Quelch.

"Oh, yes, sir! Certainly, sir! B-b-but keep him off, sir! He—he—he's dangerous!" gasped Bunter.

"Zat garçon—" shrieked Monsieur Charpentier. "He say zat I, Henri Charpentier, is mad—fou! Monsieur, suis-je fou! Je voue demande—"

"Calm yourself, Monsieur Charpentier." Mr. Quelch, with an effort, recovered his habitual calm. "The boy seems alarmed! I fail to understand this! Kindly tell me what Bunter has done!"

"Mais, il dit—I tell zat garçon to translate, and he say 'I shan't!'" squealed Monsieur Charpentier. "Zen I take ze cane to frapper—to beat him—and he run—he jump—he fly—he whiz—"

"Bunter!" Mr. Quelch fixed his gimlet eyes on the fat Owl, across the table. "Answer me! Monsieur Charpentier told you to translate—"

"Oh! Yes, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"And then—"

"Did you say 'I shan't'?"

"Eh? Of course, sir."

"Of course?" repeated Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir, as Mossoo told me to—"

"Monsieur Charpentier told you to!" stammered Mr. Quelch, almost dazedly. "Are you in your right senses, Bunter? How dare you tell me that Monsieur Charpentier told you to say 'I shan't'?"

"But—but he did, sir!" gasped Bunter. "Any fellow in the Remove will tell you, sir, that he told me to translate—they all heard him! And as soon as I began, he went right off his chump, sir—"

"Off what?" shrieked Mr. Quelch.

"I—I mean, off his onion, sir! Off his crumpet!"

"Ecoutez!" Mossoo gesticulated wildly. "Ecoutez ce garçon! He confess zat he say 'I shan't' to ze master—"

"Bunter!" thundered Mr. Quelch. "I shall cane you with the greatest severity, for having made such a reply to Monsieur Charpentier—"

"But I had to translate, sir, when he told me to!" howled Bunter.

"To translate?" ejaculated Mr.

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Quelch. "What do you mean, Bunter, if so stupid a boy can mean anything? What were you translating?"

"The first line of the Henriade, sir! I'd only translated two words, when—when Mossoo went off his chump—I—I mean his onion—"

"Two words!" repeated Mr. Quelch, gazing almost dazedly at that brilliant member of his Form. "The first two words in the Henriade are 'Je chante—'"

"That's right, sir—I shan't—"

"Wha-a-at?"

"I shan't!" said Bunter. "And I'd only got as far as that with the translation, sir, when Mossoo suddenly went right off his dot, and started for me with a cane, and—and I came to you to protect me, sir—"

"Mon Dieu!" gasped Monsieur Charpentier. "Zat boy—zat duffair—zat idiot—is it possible zat he zink—"

"Bunter!" Mr. Quelch fairly gurgled. "Is it possible—is it even remotely possible—that you fancied you were translating French when you said 'I shan't'?"

"Eh? Yes, sir! That's right, isn't it?"

"Upon my word! Do you imagine, Bunter, that 'je chante,' in French, means 'I shan't,' in English?"

"Yes. Doesn't it, sir?"

"Mon Dieu!"

"The French words mean 'I sing'!" shrieked Mr. Quelch.

"Oh, do they, sir? I—I thought they meant 'I shan't,'" stammered Bunter. "They—they sound like it, sir!"

"Zat garçon—zat wooden-head—zat head of pudding—"

"Well, even if I get it wrong, sir, I don't see why Mossoo should spring at me like a tiger!" gasped Bunter. "You never do, sir, when I get the Latin wrong."

"Grant me patience!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "Bunter, you inconceivably stupid boy, cannot you see that Monsieur Charpentier could not possibly have guessed that you fancied you were translating! He supposed that you were saying 'I shan't' to him!"

Bunter jumped.

"Oh crikey! D-d-did he, sir? Oh lor'! But I—I wasn't, sir! I—I was just translating 'je chante.' I—I—I wouldn't say 'shan't' to a beak, sir. I—I shouldn't dare! Oh lor'! Even Smithy wouldn't! Oh crikey! I—I—I thought Mossoo had gone mad, sir—"

"Silence!" Mr. Quelch was angry, but his lips twitched.

That bright member of his Form was almost too much for his gravity.

Monsieur Charpentier was gazing at Bunter in sheer wonder. The Remove master turned to him.

"Monsieur Charpentier, you see now that there was a—a—hem—a misapprehension. Bunter did not intend to say 'I shan't' to you—he was merely making an unbelievably stupid error in translation—"

"Je comprends, maintenant!" gasped Mossoo. "I understand now! But zat is stupidity of ze most surprising—"

"Bunter, you may go back to your class-room."

"Oh, yes, sir!" gasped Bunter.

He came round the table, edging round the wall to get to the door, his eyes and spectacles uneasily on the French master. Evidently the fat Owl was not quite reassured yet as to Mossoo's sanity. He preferred to give him a wide berth!

Reaching the doorway, he made a sudden bolt and scuttled away up the passage. Monsieur Charpentier followed—and Mr. Quelch was left at leisure again; to mop streaming ink

from his gown, and to wonder what he could possibly have done to deserve to have a pupil like William George Bunter in his Form!

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

To Rag, or Not to Rag!

"STOP that, Skinner!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it, Skinner!"

"Stop it!"

"Chuck it!"

There was evidently a difference of opinion in the French class.

Monsieur Charpentier, having chased after Bunter, had left the class to themselves. While the cat was away, the mice would play! Skinner had stepped out to the blackboard and taken up the chalk.

Fellows were sometimes called on to write a sentence in French on the blackboard in the course of a lesson. Now Skinner was doing it without being called on. In large capital letters—for Skinner was too cautious to leave a clue—he scrawled:

"MONSIEUR EST UN COCHON
FOU!"

There was a chuckle from most of the class.

What Mossoo would say and do when he came back and read that sentence, was entertaining to think of. In his own beautiful language, he was described as a mad pig!

The word "cochon" was, of course, fearfully insulting in French. And Billy Bunter's alarmed belief that Mossoo had gone mad had made Skinner think of the adjective. Certainly Froggy was likely to jump, and rage, and rave when he saw that chalked message on the blackboard.

Having written it, Skinner looked round for admiration. Most of the Remove were laughing. But eight members of the Form combined their voices to tell Skinner to stop it and chuck it—much to his surprise and indignation.

He was not surprised to hear Archibald Popper raise objections. The new junior, for some reason of his own, had been opposed to ragging Mossoo ever since he had arrived in the Greyfriars Remove. But seven other fellows joined their voices to Popper's. The Famous Five—Wharton, Bob Cherry, Nugent, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Singh, all spoke together. Tom Redwing weighed in with his support. Most surprising of all, Herbert Vernon-Smith backed them up—and the Bouncer was not only the wildest ragger in the Form, but he had been specially set on the ragging of Froggy for a week past. Skinner was, naturally, surprised, and he was indignant.

"What the thump do you mean?" he exclaimed. "I'm jolly well leaving that there for Mossoo!"

"You're jolly well not!" said Harry Wharton decidedly.

"Wash it out, fathead!" said Bob Cherry.

"Quick—before Froggy blows in!" exclaimed Frank Nugent.

"The washoutfulness is the proper caper, my esteemed Skinner!" declared Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"Rot!" roared Bolsover major.

"Leave it there, Skinner!"

"Let Mossoo see it!" shouted Hazel-dene.

"Yes, rather!" exclaimed Ogilvy.

"What the dickens do you fellows mean?"

"Oh, cut it out!" exclaimed the

Bounder. "Froggy's had enough ragging—"

"I like that, from you!" howled Skinner angrily. "Why, you've been more set on ragging him than any other man in the Form. You've been at it all the time. You've never given the little beast a rest!"

"Yes; but—"

"Blow your butts!" exclaimed Russell warmly. "Haven't we agreed to rag Mossoo bald-headed, right to the end of the term, for getting poor old Wibley sacked?"

"And we're jolly well going to!" ex-

and he backed out of the way as the captain of the Remove grabbed a duster to wipe the board clean.

Other fellows, however, were more warlike than Skinner. Peter Todd jumped out of his place.

"Let that board alone, Wharton!" he shouted. "That's staying there for Froggy!"

"Don't be an ass, Toddy!" answered Harry, over his shoulder, and lifted the duster.

Before he could get going with the duster, however, Peter Todd reached

But the new junior, Archibald Popper, did not join in that wild scrimmage. He jumped up, as if to rush in, but sat down again. Not for the first time the new junior showed a marked disinclination for getting mixed up in a scrap.

The scrimmage was raging in front of the blackboard—on which the chalked inscription still stood—when the door of Class-room No. 10 suddenly opened.

"Cave!" gasped Tom Brown.

"Look out!"

But it was only Bunter.



There were shouts of encouragement as Bunter whipped round the master's desk with Mossoo close behind, brandishing his cane. "Go it, Bunter!" "Put it on, porpolsie!" "He's just behind you, Bunter!" Swipe! "Ow! Beast!" roared Bunter, as the cane caught him on his podgy shoulder. "Keep him off, you fellows! He's gone mad!"

claimed Peter Todd. "If you fellows have changed your minds, we jolly well haven't!"

"No fear!" said Squiff emphatically. "Look here, rub it out, Skinner!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Mossoo will be back in a minute or two—"

"Rats!" retorted Skinner. "Are you letting Mossoo off, you cad? Letting old Wibley down?"

"Never mind that! Just rub it out!" "Go and eat coke!"

"Then I jolly well will!" exclaimed the captain of the Remove, and he jumped up and ran towards the blackboard.

Skinner eyed him savagely. In point of fact, Harold Skinner was less bent on championing the cause of the expelled junior than on making himself unpleasant to a beak! Still, he was indignant.

Harry Wharton & Co. had been as keen as the rest of the Remove on ragging Froggy—till now! If they had decided to chuck it, they could really hardly expect other fellows to come to the same decision at the same time. Certainly the majority of the Remove had no intention whatever of chucking it.

But Skinner was no fighting-man—

him, grabbed him by the shoulder, and jerked him back.

Wharton staggered back against the desks. Peter glared at him with an indignant and defiant glare.

"You cheeky ass!" he bawled. "You can chuck it if you like—we're keeping it up, see?"

"Oh, when father says turn, we all turn!" jeered Skinner.

"Don't be a fathead, Toddy!" exclaimed the captain of the Remove. "Shift, before I shift you!"

And as Peter did not shift, Wharton grasped him to push him aside. In a moment Russell and Ogilvy rushed to Peter's aid, and the captain of the Remove was dragged off him and bumped on the floor.

"Ow!" gasped Wharton, as he sat down—hard.

The Co. rushed in at once. Russell and Ogilvy, in their turn, were bumped over. But Bolsover major and a dozen other fellows swarmed out of their places to lend their aid.

There was a wild scuffle in front of the blackboard. Fellows shoved, and barged, and thumped, and swayed. The Bounder and his chum, Tom Redwing, ran to the help of the Famous Five.

The fat junior rolled in, breathless.

"I say, you fellows, Mossoo's coming!" he gasped. "Look out! I say—what's that?" Bunter blinked at the chalked sentence on the blackboard. "He, he, he! I say, you fellows, that will make Mossoo squirm! He, he, he!"

"It won't!" gasped Harry Wharton; and he jumped at the blackboard.

He had dropped the duster in the scrapping; but he drew his sleeve across the board. Skinner's inscription disappeared.

"You cheeky rotter!" roared Skinner.

"You cheeky fathead!" shouted Bolsover major. "I'll jolly well stick it up again! Barge that cheeky cad off, you fellows!"

Bolsover grabbed the chalk, and jumped to the blackboard. Three or four fellows barged the captain of the Remove off. But the Co. barged them, in turn, and Wharton jumped at Bolsover, and grabbed the chalk from his hand, when he had chalked only the words: "Monsieur est—"

"Give me that chalk!" bawled Bolsover.

"Rats to you!"

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"Here comes Froggy!" shouted Kipps.

There was a rush back to places.

Monsieur Charpentier stepped in, and his look showed that he had not come back in a good temper.

Billy Bunter's ridiculous mistake in his translation, leading to such a misapprehension on Mossoo's part, might be comic; but Bunter's alarmed belief that Mossoo had gone mad was extremely exasperating. Monsieur Charpentier came back breathless and wrathful—to see his class nearly all out of their places, scampering back to the desks, and Harry Wharton at the blackboard with the chalk in his hand.

"Wharton!" rapped Mossoo. "Vat you write on ze blackboard?"

"Oh, nothing, sir!" gasped Harry.

"Vat!" Mossoo glared at the blackboard. "Zere is written ze vords, Monsieur est—Monsieur est vat, mauvais garçon? Vat is it zat you would call your master ven zat his back he is turn? Take zat!"

"Yoo-hoop!" roared the captain of the Remove, as the cane fairly rang on his shoulders.

"And zat!"

"Oh crikey!"

Harry Wharton dodged back to his place. There was a roar from all the Remove.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was Mossoo all over. When he was wrathful, his wrath fell like the hail and the rain, alike on the just and the unjust. Seeing Wharton at the blackboard with the chalk in his hand, and two words chalked there, he had jumped to the conclusion that the captain of the Remove had started writing something of a derogatory nature.

"You verree bad boy!" he roared, glaring at Wharton, and shaking his

cane at him. "You, Wharton, are vun of ze verree baddest in ze class!"

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

Mossoo's mistake seemed fearfully funny to every fellow, except Wharton. The captain of the Remove, wriggling from hefty swipes, failed to see the fun.

"Silence in ze class!" hooted Mossoo. "Ze next boy zat laff, I give him one zousand lines of ze Heuriade!"

And the Removites subdued their merriment.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

The Great Secret!

"WIBLEY, old man!"

"Shut up!" hissed Archibald Popper.

"Eh? All safe here," said Bob Cherry.

"Haven't you ever heard that walls have ears, fathead?" snorted the new junior in the Remove. "Think I want to be booted out again?"

"The esteemed Wibley is right," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "The absurd walls are gifted with earfulness, as the English proverb remarks. It is terrifically safer not to mention the name of the idiotic Wibley."

"You're doing it now!" hooted Popper.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Can't be too careful," he said. "So long as this stunt lasts, better keep to Popper."

"Oh, all right!" agreed Bob. "But I was going to say to Wibley—"

"There you go again!" yelled Archibald Popper.

"I mean Popper—"

"Fathead!"

The Famous Five had gone up to

Study No. 1 in the Remove to tea. With them was the new junior, Archibald Popper, who shared that study with Wharton and Nugent.

To the Head, to Mr. Quelch, and to Greyfriars generally, that new junior was Archibald Popper, nephew of Sir Hilton Popper, of Popper Court.

To Harry Wharton & Co., and three other fellows, he was known in his own name and identity—as William Wibley, lately expelled from the school.

Archibald Popper, with his pasty complexion, his thick, dark eyebrows, his curly, brown hair, looked nothing at all like William Wibley.

He looked nothing at all like the genuine Archibald Popper, for that matter. But that was of no consequence, as Sir Hilton's nephew had never been seen at Greyfriars, and was never likely to be.

Wib's disguise was impenetrable.

His skill in theatrical stunts had caused his disaster, leading him to "guy" Mossoo, made-up as the French master. But it had enabled him to put into practice his amazing scheme for getting back.

Wibley of the Remove was supposed to have got home more than a week ago. Even Wharton and Nugent, in the same study, had never guessed that he was still with them, in the guise of a new boy, till the Bouncer had spotted him.

Even now they knew, they could sometimes hardly believe it, when they looked at him, so utterly unlike was "Archibald Popper" to William Wibley.

His brown, curly mop revealed no sign of having close-cropped tallow-coloured hair under it. His dark eyebrows looked thick and heavy, but quite natural, effectually hiding his own light eyebrows. His complexion looked nothing like Wib's rather ruddy hue; his voice was different; even his features seemed to be made of elastic, and twisted into a different aspect.

There was no doubt that William Wibley was a past-master in this peculiar line. His wonderful skill in impersonation had landed him in trouble, and was going, he hoped, to get him out of it again.

The Famous Five were keeping the secret. Redwing was keeping it. The Bouncer, who had had many rows with Archibald Popper, had come round at once when he learned that Archibald was William Wibley, and was backing him up heartily. Even Billy Bunter, who also knew, had been prevailed on, so far, to bottle up what he knew.

No doubt he had been helped to keep his lengthy tongue from wagging by the fact that "Archibald Popper" had cashed, in advance, the postal order that Bunter had so long been expecting.

All, so far, was safe. To Wibley, playing a part was "pie"; to the fellows who knew, it seemed no end of a lark.

And they hoped—though they rather doubted—that it might result in Wibley getting back to Greyfriars.

Wibley, who had a hopeful nature, did not seem to doubt it. The other fellows doubted very much, but they hoped for the best.

But it was necessary to be awfully careful. Inadvertent use of Wibley's name, at an unguarded moment, might have given the whole game away.

And now that they knew that he was Wibley, it was not always easy to remember to call him Popper.

"For goodness' sake," said Archibald, "stick to Popper! Suppose a beak or a prefect came up and heard you?

The S^t FRANK'S EXPLORERS!



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Suppose one of the other Remove fellows heard—"

"That's what I was coming to," said Bob. "I was just going to say, Wib, old man—"

"You silly ass!" roared Archibald. "At it again! Call me what the other fellows call me, fathead!"

"Oh, all right!" said Bob. "Silly ass!"

"What?"

"Cheeky fathead!"

"Look here—"

"Pasty-faced ass!"

"What do you mean, you howling chump?" snorted Archibald.

"Eh? Didn't you ask me to call you what the other fellows call you?" asked Bob innocently.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Snort from Archibald. He frowned at five grinning faces round the tea-table in Study No. 1.

"But I was going to say," continued Bob, "that the other fellows had better be let into it, Wib—I mean, Popper."

"Don't be an ass!" snapped Archibald.

"It's you that's the ass, old chap! You always were an ass!" explained Bob. "If you hadn't been a howling ass, you would never have guyed Mossoo, never have been caught at it, and never got sacked for it. Being an ass, you ought to take advice from fellows who aren't asses—see?"

"Hear, hear!" grinned Johnny Bull.

"Look at what happened in the French class this afternoon," went on Bob. "All the fellows are as keen as ever on ragging Froggy for getting you sacked. We've chucked it, because you've told us that you're hoping to catch Mossoo in a good temper some day and get him to speak a word for you to the Head and get your expulsion washed out—"

"That's my only chance, isn't it?" yapped Wibley.

"Yes, if there's anything in it—"

"Lots in it!" said Archibald confidently. "Mossoo's a good-tempered little beast if he's left alone. But for all this fatheaded ragging, he would have been sorry by this time that he got me sacked at all. It was all his doing; Quelch never wanted me to go, and the Head couldn't refuse, but he'd rather have gone easier—"

"Yes, but—"

"I tell you it all hangs on Froggy. If I catch him in a good temper and put it to him—as Wibley, of course; not as Popper—he will come round, and a word from him to the Head will work the oracle. Bank on it!"

"Um! Yes. But if that's so, the raggings are the worst thing that can happen," said Bob. "We've chucked it for that reason, but we can't expect the other fellows to, without giving any reason. They'd all come round, just like Smithy did, if they knew. So my idea is to let the fellows into the secret—see?—and ask them to play up."

"That's horse-sense," said Johnny Bull, with a nod.

"The horse-sensibility is terrific, my esteemed Wib-Popper."

"That's so," agreed Harry Wharton. "If there's anything in your stunt, Wib, the sooner Mossoo is given a rest the better. All the fellows would play up if they knew that you were still here and—"

"Better tell them," said Nugent.

"I'll watch it!" snapped Archibald.

"But don't you see—" argued Bob.

"Oh, don't be an ass!" howled Wibley. "I expect it to come out every minute, with you fellows knowing. How long do you think it would

be kept dark if more than two dozen fellows knew?"

"Um!" said Harry Wharton thoughtfully. "But—"

"Lot of secret about it, with thirty fellows chattering it up and down the House!" growled Wibley. "Don't talk rot!"

"Well, it's for you to decide," said Bob. "But I think—"

"Gammon! You can't!"

"Look here, you cheeky ass—"

"I say, you fellows—" The study door opened and a fat face looked in. "I say, I hope I'm not late!"

Billy Bunter rolled cheerfully in.

"You're not late; you're early!" said the captain of the Remove.

"Buzz!"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Did anyone here ask that porpoise to roll in?" inquired Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull! I suppose a fellow can drop in to tea with his pals," said Bunter with dignity. "If you fellows don't want me to stay to tea you can say so."

"So!" said all the fellows in Study No. 1 in unison.

"He, he, he! I can take a joke, old chap," said the fat Owl. "I say, that looks a decent cake! Any sosses?"

"Boot him out, Bob—you've got the biggest feet!"

"I say, you fellows, no larks!" exclaimed Billy Bunter. "Look here, the fact is I've come to tea with Wibley who—"

"Shut up, you blathering blather-skite!" roared Archibald.

"Eh? What's the matter?" asked Bunter, blinking at him through his big spectacles.

"Popper, idiot—Popper!" hissed Archibald.

"Oh, all right! I'm going to call you Popper, old chap. He, he, he! What I'm afraid of is that I might let something slip, chattering over tea in any other study, you know. I should hate to give you away, old fellow, by letting something slip," explained Bunter. "I'm going to be awfully careful, of course. That's why I've come to tea in this study, in case I let something slip. It seems to me safer for you, Wibley, old chap—I mean Popper."

"You fat bloater—" began Archibald.

"Oh, really, Wibley—"

"Shut up!" shrieked Archibald.

"I keep on forgetting, old chap! I mean to say Popper, of course, but Wibley slips out. What worries me is that I might let it slip out in some other study," said Bunter, with a serious blink at the tea party.

Archibald Popper drew a deep, deep breath.

"Do you fellows mind if that podgy piffler stays to tea?" he asked.

It was not much use for the Famous Five to mind—if they wanted the secret kept.

Billy Bunter grinned and drew a chair to the table. Bob Cherry lifted his foot—and put it down again!

Bunter stayed to tea—not, it was probable, for the last time!

Whether Wibley's wonderful stunt was going to be a good thing for William Wibley or not, it looked like being quite a good thing for William George Bunter.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Chuck It!

"CHUCK it!"

"I'm going to!"

"I mean don't chuck it!"

"And I mean," said Peter Todd emphatically, "shut up and mind

your own bizney, young Popper, unless you want a thick ear!"

It was a day or two later, and Archibald Popper of the Remove was standing in the quad with his eyes on the window of the French master's study.

For once, Monsieur Charpentier had his window open. On a blazing July afternoon, about eighty in the shade, even Mossoo lost his natural Gallic objection to open windows and fresh air.

Sitting at the window, the French master was reading the "Temps," two days old, from his beloved Paris. His amiable face was quite pleasant and agreeable in expression.

Few fellows at Greyfriars School cared whether Henri Adolphe Charpentier looked agreeable or not; but Archibald of the Remove did—very much. Wibley had a lot at stake.

Gazing at Mossoo's kindly face from the quad, Wib told himself that the time had come. Mossoo was looking in his best temper.

The last French class had not been so troublesome as usual, owing to the change of tactics on the part of Harry Wharton & Co.—and especially of the Bouncer, who had been the most determined ragger of all.

Other fellows were as keen as ever, but the defection of the Bouncer and the Famous Five made a lot of difference.

Mossoo seemed to be recovering his former amiable equanimity. And it was Wibley's game to watch him for a favourable moment.

The moment now looked favourable. Surely Mossoo—a kind-hearted little gentleman, if ever there was one—would listen to his plea when caught in a good temper, and Wibley had little doubt of success if he played his cards carefully, but he had to be very careful.

"Archibald Popper" had to vanish; it was in his own proper person that he had to make his appeal to Mossoo to get him off that awful sentence of expulsion.

It was easy enough to strip himself of his assumed personality, but it would not do for Wibley to be seen about the school until after he had fixed up matters satisfactorily.

Obviously there were difficulties in this peculiar enterprise. Wibley, with an eye on the cheerfully smiling face at the window, was pondering over them, when Peter Todd came along.

Peter approached the spot with caution, keeping the trunk of an elm-tree that grew at hand between him and the study window as he approached.

Clearly he did not want to be seen by the French master—which was enough to apprise Archibald of his intentions.

Blotted from Mossoo's view, behind that elm, Peter Todd drew something from his pocket. Archibald, frowning, bore down on him. It was a small sponge bag that Toddy drew from his pocket, and from it he extracted a small sponge, which, from its hue, had evidently been dipped in ink.

It was absolutely certain that the amiable smile would disappear from Mossoo's face, not to return, if that inky sponge dropped suddenly on his features as he sat at the open window. Hence Archibald's expostulation.

At the very moment when he was thinking the time ripe to put his fate to the touch, here was that ass Toddy ragging Mossoo again—or just going to.

True, it was on Wibley's own account that Toddy was at it. It was to avenge his expulsion from Greyfriars that Mossoo was ragged. But that did not alter the fact that it knocked the

disguised schoolboys' hopeful plans on the head.

Archibald of the Remove made a grab at the inky sponge.

Peter Todd put it behind him, and with the other hand pushed Archibald back. He glared at the new junior.

"You cheeky rotter!" said Peter, breathing hard. "Gerrout of the way! I've got this for Froggy! What the thump does it matter to you? Gerrout!"

"You're not going to rag Mossoo, you fathead!" snapped Archibald. "He's in a jolly good temper now—"

"He will be in a jolly bad one pretty soon!" chuckled Peter. "Stick here and watch me get him right on the boko!"

"Chuck it, you silly ass!"

Peter gave him a grim look. Why the leaders of the Form had given up the feud with Froggy he did not know, but Peter had no idea of giving it up.

He was quite ready to take the lead himself. As for letting a new kid, who had been hardly more than a week in the school, barge in and stop him, Peter was not likely to dream of that. Not for a moment suspecting Wibley's secret, he looked on Archibald Popper simply as a cheeky new kid, meddling in what did not concern him.

"That's enough!" said Peter. "Get out! I don't want to attract a lot of attention here, Popper. Get out!"

"I tell you—"

"Are you going?"

"No, you ass!"

"Then I'll shift you, you cheeky fathead!"

Archibald jumped back as Peter let out his left. Peter followed him up, letting it out again. Archibald made another backward jump.

Peter grinned.

"You don't seem fearfully keen on scrapping, Popper!" he remarked. "Hadn't you better mind your own business when you're so jolly funky?"

"Oh, you're a silly chump!" snapped Archibald.

It was not funk that made the new junior so careful to keep out of scrapping. He could not run the risk of his disguise getting disarranged.

Peter, grinning, followed him up, and Archibald, breathing wrath, backed and backed. Then Toddy turned, and cut back to the elm.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" Bob Cherry came up. "What's the row, Wib—Popper?"

"That silly ass!" hissed Archibald. "Lend me a hand with him—he's got to stop—"

"Oh!" exclaimed Bob.

The inky sponge was in Peter's hand again now, and Bob understood.

He made a rush at Peter.

Toddy's arm was up. In another moment the inky sponge would have gone sailing through the air, to land on the Gallic features at the window—and undoubtedly to blot therefrom the amiable smile!

Bob grabbed his arm in time.

He dragged it back: and Peter, unconsciously squeezing the sponge as his arm was pulled, gave a yelp as a stream of ink ran down his sleeve.

He turned on Bob, breathing wrath.

"You silly ass, wharrer you at?" he panted. "Leggo! By gum, if you butt in, you cheeky fathead, I'll—"

"Give Mossoo a rest old man," said Bob, amicably. "You see—oh! Oooogh! Ooooooooooch!" He gave a spluttering roar as the inky sponge dabbed in his face, and ink ran down over his collar and neck. "Woooooooooch!"

"There, you silly ass!" gasped Peter. "Now—"

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"Oooooch!" spluttered Bob. "You blithering idiot, I'm all inky! I'll—oooooooooch! Keep that sponge away, you howling ass! Oh, my hat!"

Peter, in great wrath, followed him, dabbing with the sponge.

A dozen fellows were coming up to see what was on. Peter's chance was lost! Buzzing an inky sponge at a beak was a matter that required caution and secrecy. It required, least of all, an audience.

Mossoo, seeing that something was going on in the quad, looked up from the "Temps," and gazed out of the window. The game was up—much to Peter's wrath!

But if he could not let Mossoo have that inky sponge, he could hand it to the fellow who had barged in.

And he did!

"Keep off, you silly ass!" gasped Bob. "Keep that sponge away, you blithering idiot! You're smothering me with—oooooooooch—ink!"

Instead of keeping off, Peter closed in on him, squashing the inky sponge into his face.

Archibald rushed in to push him back, and yelled as he got a dab in the middle of his features.

There was a shout of laughter from the fellows gathering round the spot.

"I say, you fellows, look at Cherry!" squeaked Billy Bunter. "He wants a wash—he, he, he!"

"Look at Popper!" chortled Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly chump!" roared Bob, red with wrath where he was not black with ink, and he jumped at Toddy. He could not get much more inky than he was already, and he disregarded the dabs of the sponge. "Now then, you frabjous freak, I'll give you some of it!"

And he grasped Peter and up-ended him.

As Toddy sprawled, Bob Cherry grabbed the sponge from his hand.

"Grooooooooooh!" gasped Peter, as it was squashed on his face. "Oh crikey! Oogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

He struggled wildly. But his struggles did not prevent Bob from jamming the inky sponge down the back of his neck. He jammed it there, and crammed it well down.

"There, you fathead!" gasped Bob.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Peter, wriggling as the sponge squeezed down his back. "Oooogh! Oooooch! I'll—grooooooooooch!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry tramped away and left him. He was chiefly in need of a wash at the moment.

Peter was left sitting in the quad, making frantic efforts to extract the sponge from the back of his neck, amid howls of laughter.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Froggy Sits Tight!

"WHARTON, old man!"

"Oh, blow!" said the captain of the Remove.

Wharton was not in the best of tempers that afternoon. Sitting at the table in Study No. 1, he was writing lines. It was not Latin for Quelch—it was worse than that; French for Mossoo.

French impots, since the expulsion of Wibley, had fallen on the Remove as thick as the leaves in autumn. The fellows who had "chucked" ragging, did not get off much better than the fellows who hadn't! When Mossoo got excited, he showered out lines with wonderful impartiality.

"Busy?" asked Archibald Popper, looking in at the door.

"Yes: cut!"

"Well, never mind impots now, oh chap!" said Archibald, coming into the study. "I want you to go and speak to Mossoo—"

"Blow Mossoo!" roared Wharton. "Bless Mossoo! I've got a hundred lines here for the little beast! Bother him!"

"Now, look here, don't be an ass!" urged Archibald. "I've had an eye on him, and I fancy the time's come. He looks quite his old self again—good-tempered as anything. That dummy Todd nearly spoiled it all—but luckily, he was stopped in time. I'm going to chance it."

"Oh!" said Harry. He laid down his pen. "Look here, I've got to get these lines done. Mossoo always asks for them to be shown up these days. I don't want to be sent to Quelch."

"That's all right—they can wait." William Wibley was concentrated on his own affairs, and Wharton's did not seem, to him, to weigh very much in the balance. "Look here, you go down to Mossoo's study. I want to catch him while he's in a good temper, see? That ass Skinner has been talking about a potty stunt of putting gum in his chair for him to sit in—and if that should happen, it's all up. He looks fearfully good-tempered now. Go down to his study—"

"I'm going to, when I've done these lines."

"Oh, blow the lines!" yapped Archibald. "What do the lines matter? Look here, you go down to Mossoo and tell him you've heard from Wibley. That's true enough—you're hearing from me now—"

"But what—"

"You tell him that you've heard from Wibley, and that Wibley wants to see him, to tell him he's sorry for having guyed him—that's quite true, you know: I'm fearfully sorry I got sacked—"

"But—"

"Don't keep on butting like a billy goat!" said Archibald, impatiently. "I never asked you to spot me, did I? Now you've done it, you can make yourself useful. When you mention Wibley, you can see the effect on him—I fancy it will be all right, but I want to be sure, before I take off this outfit and show up as myself, see? Come right back and tell me if he's willing to see Wibley!"

"Oh, all right!" said Harry, resignedly. "I suppose it's better to know how the wind blows, before you butt in on him. But—"

"That's enough buts! Just go!"

"I'll finish these lines—"

"You won't!" howled Archibald. "You'll go now! I tell you he's looking fearfully good-tempered, and any minute some silly rag to send him off at the deep end again. Go now."

"Fathead! I'll go!"

Harry Wharton left his study—where Archibald remained, waiting anxiously for his return.

The captain of the Remove descended the stairs, and headed for Masters' studies. He was more than willing to do anything he could to help Wibley in his peculiar scheme for getting back to Greyfriars: and though he doubted, he hoped that there might be something in it.

He tapped at the French master's door.

"Entrez!" came Monsieur Charpentier's voice. It sounded quite amiable. Wharton entered the study.

Monsieur Charpentier, seated in the



"Ciel!" gasped Monsieur Charpentier. "Nom d'un nom!" "Oooooogh!" spluttered Mr. Quelch. For a long moment the two masters looked at one another—Mossoo on all fours, Quelch sitting dizzily with the inkpot on his knee, streaming ink. Billy Bunter, sitting in the doorway, blinked at both of them. "Oh lor!" gasped the fat Removite.

armchair at the window, laid the "Temps" on his knees, and glanced at the Removite. He glanced at him quite amiably: but his expression changed a little as he saw that Wharton's hands were empty.

"You bring me not ze lines, Wharton!" he rapped.

"Oh! I haven't finished them yet, sir."

Mossoo waved a hand at him.

"It is not ze excuse zat I vish to hear, Wharton!" he said severely. "You vill go and you vill bring me zose lines."

"Yes, sir!" said Harry. "But—but I came to speak to you—if you'll listen to me for a moment, sir—"

"Vat is it, mon garçon?" asked Monsieur Charpentier. "You vish to ask me somezing about ze French grammaire?"

"Oh! No, sir! Something else—"

"Zen vat?" asked Monsieur Charpentier.

He rose from the armchair. Or, to be more exact, he started to rise.

To his great surprise, something seemed to pull him back. Half-risen, he plumped back into the armchair, with an ejaculation of astonishment.

"Mon Dieu! Vat is zat?" exclaimed Monsieur Charpentier. "Vat is it zat happen to ziz chair, zat I stick viz myself to him?"

He rose again—or rather, half rose. The expression on his face indicated utter bewilderment.

Wharton gazed at him in wonder.

Mossoo wore a frock-coat, and in some strange and extraordinary way, the tail of the coat seemed to pull him back as he tried to get out of the chair.

"Vat is zis?" gasped Mossoo, as he plumped back. "I am fix—I stick to ze chaise—ze chair! Mon Dieu!"

He put his hands on the arms of the chair, and made another effort to rise. But he could only get half-way up!

The tail of his frock-coat seemed to be hermetically sealed to the leather seat of the armchair.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Harry Wharton.

He understood now—if Mossoo did not. He, as well as Archibald, had heard of Skinner's idea of putting gum in the French master's armchair.

Evidently Skinner had landed the gum!

Mossoo had been sitting in that armchair at the window ever since class. The gum had soaked into the tail of his coat.

It had had plenty of time to dry!

The bewildered French master was stuck to the seat of the armchair by the tail of his coat!

His expression of amazed bewilderment was ludicrous. With his hands resting on the arms of the chair, half-risen, Mossoo tried to peer round, to see what was holding him down.

Harry Wharton realised that it was not a time for merriment. But he found it difficult not to chuckle. With a manful effort, he suppressed that chuckle.

"Ciel! I am stick!" gasped Monsieur Charpentier. "I stick to a chair! Ze tail of ze coat stick viz himself! Nom d'un nom d'un chien! Name of a name of one dog, I stick to ze chair!"

He gave a wrench to free himself.

There was a rending sound. That wrench did it, and Mossoo fairly bounded from the armchair—but he left a portion of his coat-tail sticking to the leather.

"Ma foi!" gasped Mossoo. He stared at the fragment sticking in the chair, and then tried to look round at the damage to his coat.

It was not easy for Mossoo to get a view of his coat-tails! He whisked round as he tried to do so.

He looked so absurdly like a kitten

chasing its tail, that the junior could not help it—he burst into a yell:

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Monsieur Charpentier spun towards him. There was no good temper visible in his faec now. Far from it!

"Mais, comment!" he roared. "You laff, isn't it? You zink zat one choke like zis is a zing for to laff! Mon Dieu! Zat is vy for you come—you zink zat is funny, and you come to see! It is you, you verree baddest boy in ze school, zat play mo zis so miserable trick, n'est-ce pas?"

"Oh! No, sir!" gasped Wharton. "I never—"

"Mais j'en suis sur!" roared Monsieur Charpentier. He leaped to his table and grabbed up a cane. "C'est une chose affreuse, and you laff! Mon Dieu, I give you somezing for to laff!"

Swipe, swipe!

"Oh crikey!" yelled Wharton. He was not laughing now! He dodged the swipes of the cane—unsuccessfully. "I say, I never—yaroooooh!"

Swipe, swipe!

The hapless captain of the Remove whipped round the study table. After him whipped Mossoo, swiping.

It was one more of Mossoo's hasty mistakes—but, really, there was some excuse for it. He had been stuck to his armchair with gum, and Wharton had come to the study, evidently, to Mossoo's mind, to see whether he had sat in the gum! Anyhow, he had laughed! It was not a laughing matter to Mossoo—neither was it to Wharton, when Mossoo got busy with the cane!

Swipe, swipe, swipe!

Three swipes caught him, as he raced round the study table. Then he bolted for the door.

Another swipe landed as he reached it and tore it open! Still another

caught him, as he darted out of the study!

He did the passage like the cinder-path.

Mossoo was left in his doorway, spluttering with rage and brandishing the cane.

In Study No. 1 in the Remove, Archibald Popper jumped up eagerly, as Wharton panted breathlessly in.

"Is it all right?" he asked. "You've seen Mossoo—and—and—what the thump—wharrer you up to? Gone mad? Yaroooooh!"

Wharton did not answer in words. He had left Mossoo raging—and he had come back to his own study, boiling. Instead of answering Archibald, he grabbed him by the collar, and banged his head on the study door.

Bang, bang!

"Yaroooo!" roared Archibald. "What the thump—yoo—hoop—leggo—gone balmy, or what? Yurrooooo!"

Bang!

Archibald dragged himself away. He did not stop to make any more inquiries. He jumped out of the study.

Wharton was left to rub the places where Mossoo's cane had landed—what time the new junior, in the passage, rubbed his head!

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Study No. 7 on the War-path!

"THIS study," said Peter Todd, "never backs out!"

Peter made that remark, with a knitted brow.

Billy Bunter, in the armchair in Study No. 7, gave him a blink through his big spectacles. His other studymate, Tom Dutton, did not take any heed—for the simple reason that he did not hear Peter's remark. Tom Dutton had the misfortune—or otherwise—to be deaf, and lost quite a lot of the conversations in Study No. 7.

"The Fatheaded Five have chucked it," went on Peter. "Even Smithy's chucked it. They don't seem to care a straw now about old Wibley being sacked. But this study isn't letting him down. No fear. I wonder where poor old Wibley is now?" He stared at Bunter. "What are you grinning at, you fat chump?"

"Oh! Nothing!" grinned Bunter.

It was well over a week since Peter Todd had seen Wibley, so far as he knew: on the day he was sacked. Bunter had seen him ten minutes ago—rubbing Archibald Popper's head in the Remove passage!

However, that was a secret! How Billy Bunter contrived to keep a secret day after day was rather a mystery! Perhaps tea every day in Study No. 1 had something to do with it!

Bunter turned up now in Popper's study, as regularly as clockwork, to tea. Perhaps he did not exactly realise that he was sticking Archibald for tuck, as the price of keeping his secret. Bunter had a wonderful way of not knowing anything he did not want to know.

But he understood, at all events, that spreads with Archibald would cease if the secret came out and Archibald was turfed out of Greyfriars. So, though Bunter's long tongue fairly itched to relate what he knew to anybody who would listen, he had so far kept it still.

"Poor old Wib!" went on Peter. "He expected a fearful row with his pater when he got home—I remember he talked some rot about not going home to face it. Of course, he had to. If you grin like a hyena every time I open my mouth, Bunter, I'll shy the inkpot at you!"

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"Oh, really, Toddy——"

"We all fixed it up to make Froggy sorry for himself, and now a whole bunch of the fellows are backing out!" said Peter. "Blessed if I know why."

"He, he, he!"

"Does that imitation of a barnyard fowl mean that you know why?" inquired Peter.

"Oh, no! I don't know anything about it, of course," said Bunter hastily. "I'm not keeping any secrets for anybody, Peter."

"You couldn't, if you tried!" said Peter. "What are you gabbling about now, image? Do you happen to mean anything?"

"Yes—I mean, no! I say, Peter, I've got an idea," said Bunter blinking at him.

"About making Froggy sit up?"

"Nunno! Never mind Froggy! My idea is to have tea a bit earlier in this study," said Bunter. "As it stands, you have tea here at the same time that they have tea in Study No. 1. That means that I miss it when I go to tea there. See? Now, if we had it half an hour earlier in this study, I needn't miss it."

Peter gazed at him.

"What are they feeding you for, in that study?" he asked. "You've been there to tea every day lately. What are they standing you for?"

"They like my company!" said Bunter, with dignity.

"Eh? How could they?"

"Beast!"

"Of course, it's all to the good," said Peter. "There's enough to go round in this study when you tea out! Keep it up as long as they can stand you. But never mind that now! I said that this study never backs out! Those weak-kneed fools can chuck up the feud if they like—we'll get on with it all the more. This is a fighting study!"

"Is it?" said Bunter.

"Yes," roared Peter—"it is! The more they back out the more we push on. Froggy's going through it. I'd have given him a jump this afternoon, only that cheeky new cad Popper barged in—You're sniggering again! What are you sniggering at?"

"N-n-nothing!" grinned Bunter. "I—I say, Peter, I—I think I'd chuck up ragging Mossoo! Popper would rather you didn't——"

"Do you think I care a boiled bean about Popper?" hooted Peter.

"I—I mean, Wibley would rather you didn't! Mind, I haven't seen Wibley or heard anything about him" added Bunter cautiously. "So far as I know he's gone home! But I'm sure Wibley would rather you didn't rag Froggy, Peter!"

"That's rot!" said Toddy. "Wibley must be feeling absolutely ferocious about it—jawed by his people at home for getting sacked, or sent to another school; and there's no other school that's a patch on Greyfriars. I may be able to see him in the hols, and if I do I want to be able to tell him that we turned Froggy's hair grey for getting him sacked!"

"But he says——"

"Eh? Who says?"

"Oh, nobody!" gasped Bunter. He realised that he had nearly let it out!

"Nobody!" ejaculated Peter. "Nobody says what?"

"Oh, nothing!"

"Nobody says nothing?" asked Peter. "Is that what you call sense, Bunter? You'd better shut up! Now, this study never backs out, as I said! This study is on the warpath! This study is going to make Froggy cringe! This study is going to stick to poor old Wibley

if nobody else does! To-morrow's Saturday."

"Eh? I know that!"

"Glad to hear you know something! Well, Saturday afternoons Mossoo goes to the lecture hall at Courtfield," said Peter. "To-morrow we're going, too!"

"Why, you silly ass!" exclaimed Bunter, in breathless indignation. "Think I'm going to a French lecture? We get enough rotten French in class here! And the old ass lectures on French literature at the institute. I shouldn't wonder if that's worse than French grammar! I jolly well know I'm not having any! Mad?"

"I don't mean that we're going to the lecture, fathead! I mean that we're going to park ourselves on Courtfield Common and wait for Mossoo to trickle by. We're going to give him jip! You're coming, not because you're any good, or likely to be, but because you belong to this study and you've got to play up."

"Look here, I'd rather not——"

"That's all right; never mind what you'd rather!"

"Wibley won't like it——"

"Wibley won't know anything about it, but he would like it all right if he knew."

"I mean, Popper won't like it——"

"Popper!" exclaimed Peter, exasperated. "What does Popper matter? Do you think I'm going to let Mossoo off because Popper feeds you in his study? Do you want me to hook you out of that armchair and mop you up all over the study?"

"Look here, Wibley says——"

"Wibley! Have you seen Wibley, you fat image, or what?"

"Oh, no! He's not at Greyfriars now!" said Bunter, in a great hurry.

"You unspeakable idiot, do you think I need telling that he's not at Greyfriars now, when he was sacked at the beginning of last week?" roared Peter. "What are you burbling about?"

"Oh! I—I mean—I—I mean, Popper——"

"Popper!" roared Peter. The name of Popper seemed to produce, on Toddy, rather the effect of a red rag on a bull!

"Well, Popper don't want Froggy ragged, and—and I'm rather pally with Popper, you know——"

Peter Todd glanced round him, spotted a cricket stump in the corner of the study, and picked it up.

"You're going to let down this study because that pasty-faced, mop-headed Popper, a new kid, doesn't want Froggy ragged?" he asked. "That's it, is it? Well, I'm going to argue with you about that, Bunter."

"Here, you keep off, you beast!" yelled Bunter, in alarm, as Peter made a grab at him, grasped his collar, and hooked him out of the armchair. "Leggo, you beast! If you touch me with that stump I'll—— Whooooooop!"

Whack!

"Yaroooo!" roared Bunter.

Whack!

"Oh crikey! Stoppit!" raved Bunter, as the stump banged on his tight trousers. "I'll punch your head! I'll—— Yarooooop!"

Whack!

"Are you backing up this study?" demanded Peter.

"Ow! No——"

Whack!

"I mean, yes! Yes!" bawled Bunter. "Bub-bub-backing you up like—like anything, old chap! Keen on it! Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

"Sure you're keen on it?" asked Peter, flourishing the stump.

"Ow! Yes! Beast! Wow! Yes! Oh, rather! Oh crikey! Leggo!"

"Well, if you're keen on it, all right!" said Peter cheerfully. "Mind you keep keen on it! I'll keep the stump handy in case you lose any of your keenness!"

"Look here, you beast—" gasped Bunter.

"Sit down and shut up! I'm doing the talking! Now for the plan of campaign!" said Peter. "If you've got any objections to state, Bunter, you can state them—but don't forget the stump."

Billy Bunter, wriggling in the arm-chair, gave Peter a devastating blink through his big spectacles. But he did not state any more objections. Peter had rather a heavy hand with a stump, and Bunter did not want any more.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Peter's Plan!

TOM DUTTON glanced inquiringly at Peter.

Tom was opening a tin of sardines in readiness for tea, but he suspended that operation as Peter got busy with the stump.

"What's up, Toddy?" he asked. "We're going after Froggy to-morrow!" answered Peter.

Dutton shook his head. "Not likely!" he answered.

Peter gave him a glare.

Bunter took comfort. This looked as if Peter were going to get general opposition in the study. Billy Bunter was far from keen on going on the war-path—and if Dutton took the same view it looked as if the study leader in Study No. 7 were going to have difficulties.

"What do you mean, fathead?" demanded Peter.

"Eh? I mean what I say!" answered the deaf Removite. "Look at the weather."

"The weather?" repeated Toddy blankly. "What the thump has the weather got to do with it?"

"It looks like keeping fine!" answered Tom Dutton. "What the dickens makes you think it's going to be foggy to-morrow?"

"Foggy to-morrow!" repeated Peter dazedly. "Who said anything about foggy to-morrow! I know it ain't going to be foggy to-morrow! I said we're going after Froggy to-morrow."

"Oh, Froggy!" said Tom. "Why did you say foggy if you mean Froggy? You should speak a bit more distinctly, Peter. You mumble, you know."

"You deaf chump—" "Oh, no, I haven't got the hump!" said Dutton. "But it annoys a chap, you know, when fellows mumble, and then make out that he's deaf."

"Oh, my hat!" groaned Peter. He raised his voice and bawled: "Froggy will be walking across Courtfield Common to-morrow afternoon! We're going to park ourselves in that clump of trees where there's a pond! Got that?"

"I can hear you all right! No need to shout at a fellow," said Dutton peevishly. "Only don't keep on mumbling—see?"

"I'm going to borrow that big garden squirt from Gosling's shed!" went on Peter.

"I don't see why! What has Gosling done?" asked Tom. "He will jolly well go to Quelch if you do."

"He won't know!" roared Peter.

"He won't know!" gasped Dutton.

"Wharrer you mean? Of course he'll know if you hurt Gosling's head."

"Hurt Gosling's head! Oh, scissors! Squirt from Gosling's shed!" shrieked Peter. "See?"

"No, I don't! If you hurt Gosling's head with the squirt from his shed he will complain to Quelch—"

"Blow Gosling's head!" howled Peter. "I never mentioned Gosling's head. Bother his silly head! I'm going to bag the big squirt from his shed, and we're going to ambush Froggy! Never mind Gosling's head! We can fill it at the pond—"

"How can you fill Gosling's head at the pond? What on earth do you mean, Peter Todd?"

"The squirt!" roared Peter. "We can fill the squirt at the pond in that clump of beeches. Then when Mossoo trickles by we let him have it—see?"

"Yes, I see that. But what do you mean about Gosling's head?"

"Nothing!" hooted Peter. "I never said anything about it."

"He won't let you clout it!" "Wha-at?"

"Besides, what do you want to clout Gosling's head for?" demanded Dutton. "Has Gosling done anything?"

"He, he, he!" from Bunter.

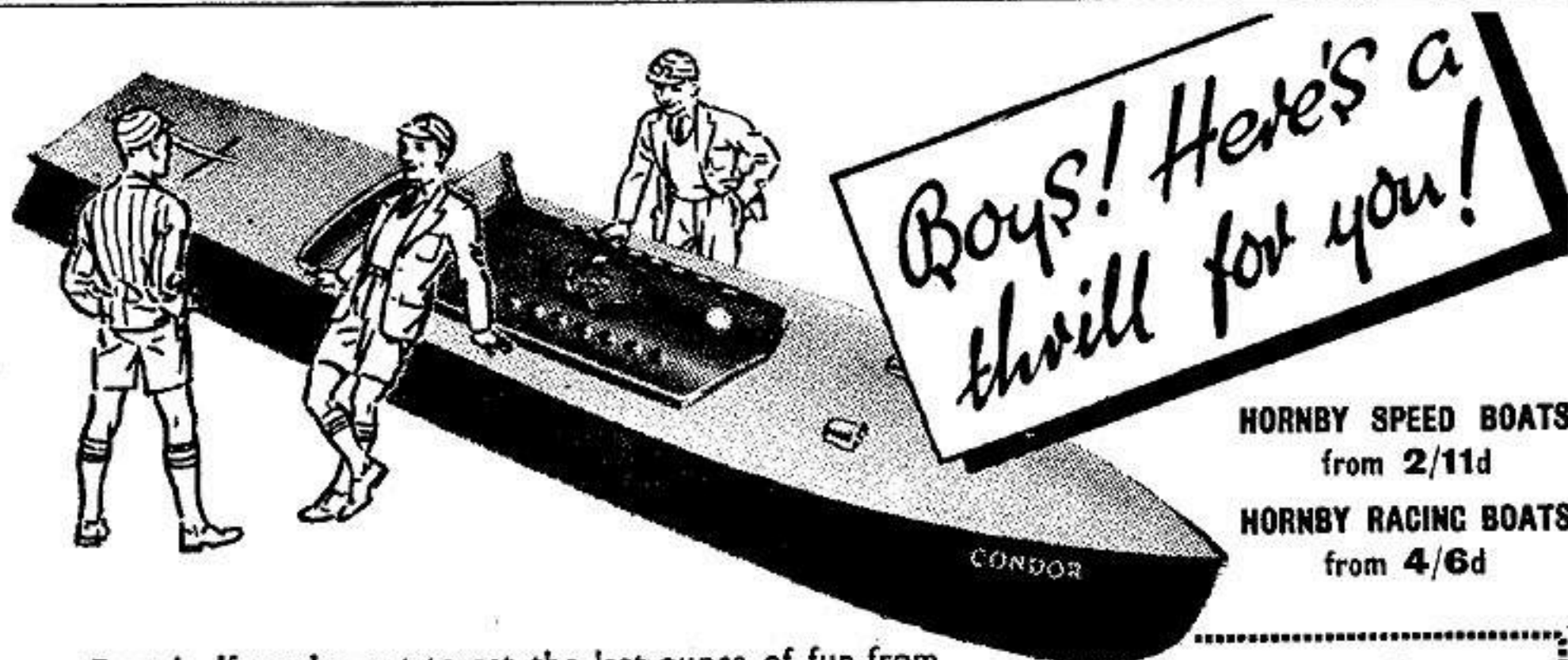
"Shut up!" roared Peter. "You cackle again, Bunter, and I'll give you the stump. I'm not talking about Gosling at all, Dutton, you deaf dunder!"

"Well, he would suffer, I suppose, if you clouted his head, Peter—but what I want to know is, what for? I fancy you would suffer, too, when he went to Quelch and told him you'd clouted his head."

"Oh, my hat! We want a megaphone in this study!" groaned Peter. "You deaf dunderhead, will you try to hear?"

"Oh, no," said Dutton, "I don't mean

(Continued on next page.)



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to sneer, Peter! I was just asking you what you mean, that's all. I'm as keen as you are on ragging Froggy for getting poor old Wibley sacked; but I can't see why you want to rag Gosling, too. And clouting a man's head is rather thick! I mean, that sort of thing is disrespectful, Peter—Gosling's pretty old, you know."

"Blow Gosling's head!" shrieked Peter.

"Rot!" said Dutton. "I should have heard of it if he was dead. What rot are you talking now, Peter Todd? Trying to pull my leg?"

"Oh, help!" gasped the hapless Peter.

"Do you mean Bunter?"

"Wha-at?"

"I mean, if you're calling me a whelp—"

"Oh crikey! Oh crumbs! No!" roared Peter.

"Well, if you mean Bunter, all right. Still, it's a rotten expression to use! I'm surprised at you, Peter! This isn't really like you," said Tom Dutton, shaking his head. "Talking about clouting Gosling's head, and then calling Bunter a whelp! What's the matter with you to-day?"

"Will you shut up, and listen to a chap?" raved Peter.

"That makes no difference—a slap is the same thing as a clout! Look here! You're not going to clout Gosling's head, or slap it, either. He's a crusty old stick, I know—but slapping his head—"

"I'm not talking about Gosling at all!" yelled Peter. "All I said about Gosling is that I'm going to bag the squirt from his shed. I never said a word about his head—not a syllable!"

"Silly fool yourself!" said Dutton warmly. "Look here! You'd better shut up, Toddy, if you can't be civil. Calling Bunter a whelp, and then calling me a silly fool!"

"I didn't!" shrieked Peter.

"Why, I heard you!" hooted Dutton.

"Think I'm deaf?"

"Oh crikey!"

"If there's a silly fool here, it's you," said Dutton. "You'd get six from Quelch, if not a Head's flogging, if you clouted Gosling's head! Let me see you doing it, that's all! I'll jolly soon stop you."

"Oh crumbs! The very next remittance I get, I'll buy you an ear-trumpet," moaned Peter.

"You won't clump it, Peter Todd, any more than you'll clout it, or slap it. A nan of Gosling's age—"

"He, he, he!" cackled Bunter. "Ow! Yoo-hoop! Keep that stump away, you beast!" added Bunter, with a howl, as Peter gave him a prod. "Ow! Beast! Wow!"

"Now, listen to me, Dutton—"

"There's only sardines—"

"Only what?"

"Sardines! No mutton here that I know of! What are you talking about now, you ass? We never have mutton for tea."

"I never said mutton!" howled Peter.

"I said Dutton."

"Well, if you said button, what do you mean? If you've got a button off, you'd better go to Mrs. Kebble. Think I can sew your buttons on?"

Peter Todd breathed hard and deep. Then he leaned over towards Tom Dutton, and bawled:

"Shut up! We're going to ambush Froggy to-morrow, in that clump of beeches on Courtfield Common, and squirt him. That's all; That's enough! Now dry up!"

"Oh, all right!" said Dutton. "I'm

on! You needn't yell in a chap's ear. I'm not deaf! I'm game, Peter, if that's it! I'll back you up in ragging Froggy! But, mind, leave Gosling out of it! You're not going to clout his head, if I can stop you. If that's understood, all right."

Peter Todd did not attempt to explain further. His lungs were getting tired. He left it at that. So it was settled—and Study No. 7 sat down to tea—much to Billy Bunter's relief, for he was in a hurry to get through tea in Study No. 7 in order not to be too late for tea in Study No. 1.

And a fellow who had been rubbing his head in the passage, grinned. Telling Tom Dutton anything was rather like telling the world! Archibald Popper, in the passage, as well as three or four other grinning juniors, had heard every word of Peter's plan of campaign. And Archibald, for reasons of his own, was going to put paid to that plan of campaign, if he could!

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Putting "Paid" to Peter!

HARRY WHARTON & CO., the following afternoon, were busy on the cricket field.

With the Rookwood match coming along, the captain of the Remove was keeping his men vigorously up to the mark. But one valued member of the Remove eleven cut the practice that afternoon.

Peter Todd had other work on hand. Monsieur Charpentier, who was giving a series of lectures on French literature at the institute in Courtfield on Saturday afternoons, was due in the town at four o'clock. Soon after three, Toddy & Co. were to be parked in ambush on the road over the common, with Gosling's big squirt—if all went well!

Mossoo always walked—he was seldom known to expend money on a taxi-fare. Walking he had to pass that particular clump of beeches, where there was a pond. He had passed it often enough before, and nothing had happened—but this time something was scheduled to happen. Peter's plan of campaign was cut and dried. Study No. 7 was going to be on the spot!

Billy Bunter was an unwilling recruit. Tom Dutton was a willing one. But both were going to be there. Bunter and Dutton were to handle peashooters, while Toddy handled the squirt. Mossoo was going to get a surprise—and a lesson on the subject of getting Remove men sacked.

While Harry Wharton & Co. were at cricket, towards half-past two, Peter came out of the House with his willing and his unwilling recruit.

Peter was keen—Dutton was keen—Bunter was far from keen. Bunter, in point of fact, was trying to work up some excuse for getting out of it. It was a risky proceeding—and Bunter hated risks. It was a mile's walk in a hot sun to that clump of beeches—and Bunter hated a mile's walk. It was only the dread of that stump in Study No. 7 that kept the fat Owl up to the mark at all.

"I say, Toddy," Bunter remarked thoughtfully, "suppose Gosling's shed is locked, after all?"

"It's never locked till night!" answered Peter.

"Suppose he happens to be there?"

"If you weren't as blind as an owl, you could see him sitting on the bench at his lodge!"

"Oh! Suppose he comes along and catches you bagging his squirt?"

"I'll chance that!"

"Well, look here! Suppose—Yarrah! Wharrer you kicking me for, you beast?" howled Bunter.

"You're doing too much supposing!" explained Peter.

"Ow! Beast!"

Billy Bunter wriggled, and gave up supposing.

"Now, you two wait for me on the road," said Peter. "Just as well not to be seen starting together. I'll cut along and get that squirt, and join you in about five minutes. I can hide it under my jacket."

"I'll go and get it if you like, Peter! I don't want you to run all the risk!" offered Bunter.

"Eh?"

"And—and if it happens not to be there, I'll come and tell you. Or—or if the shed happens to be locked, and the key gone! See?"

"I see!" assented Peter. He saw—more than Bunter intended him to see! "I've got no time to waste while you pretend to go to Gosling's shed, Bunter! Take that!"

"Ow! Keep your hoofs away, you beast!"

"And that!"

"Wow!"

"Now, are you ready to start?"

"Ow! Yes! I'm going, ain't I?" gasped Bunter.

And he went.

Billy Bunter and Tom Dutton disappeared out of gates together.

Then Peter, adopting a very casual air, strolled away in the direction of Gosling's woodshed.

He was not aware that another fellow, who had been keeping an eye on the trio from a distance, strolled in the same direction, also with a casual air. But another fellow did. Archibald, as well as Peter, had been laying plans for that afternoon.

Gosling's shed, as usual, was on the latch, the key in the outside of the lock. At nights the Greyfriars porter locked it up and took the key away. In the daytime it was left there. Billy Bunter's "suppositions" on the subject were quite groundless.

Peter glanced round him as he arrived at the shed. He noticed Archibald Popper sauntering at a little distance.

Peter gave him a frown, mindful of the affair of the previous day. But Archibald did not seem to observe it. He was strolling along, idly kicking at some fallen leaves, and seemed quite uninterested in Peter.

Taking no further heed of him, Toddy opened the door and stepped into the shed. He knew where Gosling parked that big garden squirt—on a shelf at the back of the shed—and he stepped across towards the shelf.

He grinned cheerfully as he took down the squirt, and slipped it under his jacket.

As he did so, a shadow darkened the sunny doorway.

Peter spun round with a jump. For a moment he dreaded that Gosling had come along and caught him.

But it was not the old Greyfriars porter. It was a junior with thick, wavy brown hair.

Archibald slammed the door and grinned.

Peter fairly bounded.

"You rotter!" he gasped. "You cheeky ass! You—" He tore across to the door.

Click!



Peter Todd backed behind the door of the woodshed as Gosling entered. Next moment he gave the school porter a shove in the small of the back that sent him toppling over on his hands and knees. "Oooogh!" gasped the school porter, as he toppled.

The key turned in the outside of the lock.

Peter Todd dragged at the door-handle seconds too late! The door was fast, locked on the outside!

He spluttered with rage.

"Popper! You cheeky cad! You meddling ass! Open that door! Do you hear me? Open that door, you cheeky rotter!"

The only answer was a grating sound as the key was pulled from the lock. Archibald had not only locked Peter in the woodshed, but he was taking away the key.

"I'll smash you!" roared Peter. "I—I—I'll mop you up all over the school! Let me out, you rotter!"

There was a cheery chuckle from outside the woodshed. The new junior seemed amused—if Peter was not.

"All serene, old chap!" called out Archibald. "I'll come back and let you out at four!"

"You blithering fathead!" yelled Peter. "I've got to be more than a mile from here before four! It's something special! Let me out, will you?"

"Is it something very special?"

"Yes, you fathead!"

"Such as squirting a beak?" chortled Archibald.

"Oh, you rotter!" gasped Peter. He realised that Archibald knew; and was barging in again, as he had done the previous day.

"Wash it out, old man!" advised Archibald. "It's awfully serious to squirt a beak, you know! You might get sacked—like Wibley!"

"Mind your own business, you meddling ass! Will you let me out?" roared Peter.

"Not just yet!"

"I'll smash you!" shrieked Peter.

"Bow-wow!"

"Look here, Popper, you cheeky rotter—"

There was a sound of receding footsteps. Archibald was gone! Peter was left—locked in the woodshed!

For two or three minutes, Peter Todd simply raved.

Bunter and Dutton were waiting for him on the road—later, Mossos would be starting on his walk to Courtfield; and here was Peter, locked in the shed, with a useless garden squirt parked under his jacket.

"I—I—I—I'll—" gasped Peter.

The things he would have done to Archibald, had he been able to get at that youth, were positively ferocious. Really, it was fortunate for Archibald that he was not within reach.

There was a window to the shed. But it was a barred window, and useless to Peter.

He was a prisoner!

That unspeakable rotter, Popper, who had so impudently and inexplicably set himself against the ragging of Mossos, had put paid to Peter!

He was a prisoner in the shed until Archibald chose to come and let him out. Locked in the shed, Peter raved, and raged, and breathed bloodcurdling threats of vengeance. But he could do nothing more. Evidently he was not going to get into ambush on the Courtfield road that afternoon.

At a little distance from the school gate, Billy Bunter and Tom Dutton waited for Toddy.

Five minutes passed—and ten—and fifteen—and twenty! There was no sign of Peter on the road!

"I say, he's chucked it up!" said Bunter hopefully. "No good waiting any longer!"

"Eh?" said Dutton.

"No good waiting!" howled Bunter.

"Oh, rot!" said Dutton. "Looks to me as if Toddy isn't coming, after all. If you think it's any good waiting, you can wait. I don't! I'm off!"

"I said it's no good waiting any more!" yelled Bunter.

"Well, it's rather a bore, but I wouldn't mind if Toddy was coming! But it looks to me as if he isn't! If you want to wait any longer, you can—I'm going!"

And Tom Dutton went—disappointed.

So did Bunter—not at all disappointed. Toddy, meanwhile, raged in the woodshed; and Archibald, with a key in his pocket, watched the cricket on Little Side, happily satisfied with the way he had put paid to Peter!

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

The Last Chance!

"**D**RAT 'em!" grunted Gosling. Peter Todd sat up and took notice.

How long he had been in that woodshed he hardly knew. It seemed like a century or two.

Gosling's voice—not musical in itself—was music to his ears. It came from without as the Greyfriars porter fumbled with the door-handle.

Peter was taking a rest on a bench in the shed. But he jumped to his feet as he heard Gosling.

"Drat 'em!" repeated that ancient gentleman. "Always a-larking, some of 'em! Wot I says is this 'ere, all boys ought to be drowned! Drowned is what they wants! Drat 'em! Taking the key out of a man's door—arter locking the door! Drat 'em! Drowned is the thing for 'em!"

Evidently Gosling wanted something from his shed, and had come along for it! He was both surprised and annoyed to find the door locked, and the key gone. His remarks revealed as much.

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(Continued from page 13.)

"Now I got to traipse back to my lodge and get the huther key!" went on Gosling, complaining to space. "Lot they cares if they walks a man off his legs! Drat 'em!"

Gosling tramped away.

Peter Todd breathed quickly. He looked at his watch. It was a quarter past three. Was there time yet?

Monsieur Charpentier had to arrive at Courtfield Institute at four o'clock. Evidently he must already have left the school; it was rather a long walk.

But it was most likely that he had not yet passed that beech clump where the pond was. A fellow could pass him on a bike and get ahead!

Peter was a stickler. His plan, as he had originally laid it, was, as he had said, as safe as houses. Ambushed in the clump before Mossos was anywhere near the spot, Toddy & Co. could have carried out their scheme, and escaped in cover with very little risk of being spotted.

It was a good deal more risky now. Mossos would very likely notice a cyclist passing him in a hurry on the road; and—after the squirting—he might put two and two together!

But Peter was not going to be beaten if he could help it. The additional risk was all the fault of that interfering ass Popper; and, later on, he would mop up the Remove passage with Popper. At present, he was going to carry on with the scheme—if only he got out in time.

He waited impatiently for a sound of Gosling's returning steps!

Gosling was an ancient gentleman, and his movements were leisurely. Five long minutes passed before Peter heard him coming back with another key from his lodge.

But at last—at long last!—he arrived, and Peter heard the key grate into the lock from the outside.

The door opened, and the sunshine streamed in.

Peter Todd backed behind the door as it opened.

He did not want Gosling to see him there. The enterprise was risky enough already, without Gosling spotting him in the shed where the squirt was kept.

Hardly breathing, Peter stood behind the opening door, and Gosling pattered into the shed, grunting.

His back was to Peter as he moved on; but there could scarcely be any doubt that he would look round when Peter emerged, and spot him before he could make escape from sight.

For which reason, Peter, when he moved, gave Gosling a shove in the small of the back, toppling the Greyfriars porter over on his hands and knees.

"Oooogh!" gasped Gosling, as he toppled.

He landed on all fours, gasping.

Peter had a moment—which was all he needed. He whipped out, and slammed the door after him.

"Urrrrrgh! Who's that—what—my eye!" came an enraged roar from

within the woodshed. "You young rip! I'll report yer!"

Gosling stumbled to his feet, and whirled round to the door, crimson with wrath.

But the door had closed on Peter Todd.

Another moment, and Gosling was grabbing at it.

Click!

The key turned in the outside of the lock—just in time!

For the second time that afternoon, a prisoner was locked in the woodshed!

Peter, really, was quite sorry—he was not particularly keen on locking Gosling in the shed. But there was no choice in the matter—if he was to escape unseen and unrecognised. That was—to Peter—a more important consideration than Gosling's comfort.

"Hopen that there door!" roared Gosling, breathless with fury. "Why, you young raskil you, I'll report this 'ere to the 'Ead! You think you can lock a man in his own woodshed! My eye! Wot I says is this 'ere, you hopen that there door immejitt!"

Peter did not heed.

He was only anxious to get clear, before Gosling thought of stepping to the little window and looking out to see who had locked him in.

Peter flew.

Gosling gave a roar of wrath, as he heard the sound of pattering feet. It was fearfully exasperating to Gosling.

So far as he could see, some young rascal had parked himself in that shed, with the deliberate intention of trapping him and locking him in!

Gosling was not unused to practical jokes, on the part of exuberant juniors; but he never enjoyed them. Certainly he did not look as if he was enjoying this. He banged and hammered on the door, and raved and roared.

"Hopen this 'ere door. You 'ear me! My eye! Will you come back and hopen this 'ere door!" raved Gosling.

Peter was already out of hearing.

Gosling tramped to the window, and glared out, in the hope of spotting the offender. But he glared out too late. Nobody was to be seen.

Breathing fury, the ancient gentleman had to wait—as Peter had waited—till somebody came along by the shed.

Meanwhile, Peter Todd was losing no time. There was no likelihood that Bunter and Dutton were still waiting for him—and no time to collect them. He was going on his own. The big squirt was packed under his jacket—that was all right, if only he was in time to handle it before Monsieur Charpentier had passed that spot where the pond was. Peter went all out for the bike shed.

Coker of the Fifth was standing in the doorway of that building.

Coker gave the junior a frown as he came running breathlessly up. Coker of the Fifth did not approve of juniors rushing about in that breathless way.

Still less did he approve of a junior shoving past him, sending him almost staggering—which was what Peter did. Coker was in the way, and Peter had no time to waste.

"My hat!" gasped Horace Coker. "The cheek of these fags—"

Peter grabbed his machine from the stand, and whirled it to the door.

The doorway was blocked by Coker's hefty form.

"Let me pass, Coker!" panted Toddy. "I'm in a hurry—"

"Are you?" said Coker grimly. "I don't think you'll get out of this in a hurry, young Toddy! I'm going to boot you first, for your cheek!"

Peter's jaw squared. He had no time for a row with Coker—minutes were precious.

But Coker evidently did not intend to let him pass in peace.

He made a sudden rush, with the bike!

The front wheel crashed on Coker's legs!

Horace Coker did not intend to get out of the way—nothing, in fact, was further from his thoughts. Still, he did it—as his legs were suddenly swept from under him!

"Oh!" roared Coker. "Ow! Why, I'll—yarooooop!"

Coker rolled over in the doorway. He would have been up in a couple of seconds! But in one second Peter whirled the bike over him, and rushed it away to the gate.

Coker grabbed—and a pedal banged on his fingers, eliciting a yell from Coker. Then Peter was gone.

By the time Coker of the Fifth resumed the perpendicular, Peter had a leg over his machine.

Coker rushed—and the bike sped away, and shot out of the gate. Coker was left in a boiling state—and Peter Todd, driving hard at the pedals, whizzed away up the road towards Courtfield Common.

Peter put all his beef into it. The bike fairly flew!

In the distance, across the common, he spotted the clump of beeches, for which he was aiming. Had Mossos passed that spot yet? If so, Peter was too late! If not—

Then he spotted the dapper little figure of Monsieur Charpentier.

Mossos, ahead of Peter, had not yet reached that clump of beeches. He was still a good hundred yards on the hither side of it.

There was a chance yet!

Peter's long legs fairly flashed. The pedals flew. Like an arrow, the bike shot onward.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Not According to Programme!

"**S** TRIKE me pink!" breathed Bill Huggins.

He sat up, under the shady hawthorns that bordered the road over the common, and stared at a dapper little figure coming up the road.

The man with the broken nose knew that dapper figure.

It was a couple of weeks since Mr. Huggins had collared Billy Bunter, on a shady footpath, and very nearly deprived him of his watch.

Had Bill succeeded in that nefarious enterprise, his wealth would not have been greatly increased thereby, Bunter's watch being of the rolled-gold variety, and never known to "go."

But he had not succeeded; owing to Mr. Quelch and Monsieur Charpentier turning up on the spot. Mossos had laid into Bill with his walking-stick, and Bill would probably have made shavings of Mossos, had not Mr. Quelch been on hand.

Now here was the little foreign gentleman, trotting along the road on his own; and Bill's eyes glittered under his beetling brows at the sight of him.

Nothing could have suited the broken nosed man better than this.

Mossos looked a more profitable proposition than Billy Bunter, in the financial line. But Mr. Huggins, though keen on picking up any trifle that might come his dishonest way, was still keener on handling the little

foreign bloke who had pitched into him with a walking-stick.

He grinned in happy anticipation of "bashing" him right and left. Bill was more than a match for three or four Mossoos.

He picked himself up, and watched the French master of Greyfriars approaching, unconscious of danger.

Like Moses of old, he looked this way, and that way, and saw no man. There was no traffic on the road, at the moment; no pedestrian in sight except Mossoo; and the nodding hawthorns concealed a cyclist who was coming along, at a distance, from the direction of Greyfriars.

A couple of minutes would be enough for Mr. Huggins. Then, leaving the little foreign bloke "bashed" and battered in the road, he would cut off across the common, in possession of all Mossoo's available wealth. This seemed quite a happy programme to Mr. Huggins. He was extremely glad that he had picked that shady spot for his afternoon's rest.

Monsieur Charpentier did not observe him till he leaped suddenly out from the shadow of the hawthorns into the road.

"Mon Dieu!" ejaculated Mossoo, starting back at the sight of the stubbly face and the broken nose. He remembered that face.

"Gotcher!" grinned Bill.

He wasted no more time in words.

Solitary as the road was, for the moment, there might be traffic on it any minute, and Bill had no time to waste.

He "went for" Monsieur Charpentier, hot and strong. One drive from his leg-of-mutton fist might have flung Mossoo across the road.

On the previous occasion when Mossoo had tackled him, in defence of Bunter, Mossoo had not thought of the risk. He had just sailed in with his walking-stick regardless of peril. But it would have gone very hard with him, had not Mr. Quelch been there. Now there was no help!

But Mossoo if he was small and slight, had heaps of courage. And he was very quick and active on his feet. He escaped the heavy rush of the foot-pad by an agile bound, and as Mr. Huggins charged by, up went Mossoo's walking-stick, to come down with a crash on Mr. Huggins' tousled head.

It was a hefty swipe. It elicited a terrific yell from Huggins, and caused the stick to fly from Mossoo's hand.

"Strike me pink and blue!" spluttered Huggins, and he whirled at the French master, like an enraged bull.

Mossoo made another bound—and another. He had to dodge those huge, sawing fists, or be knocked into a cocked hat.

With his dancing-master agility, the little French gentleman avoided clumsy rush after rush. Huggins panted and perspired as he followed him up. For two or three minutes Mossoo dodged him successfully; but it could not last longer than that.

Huggins got within hiting reach at last, and a jolt on Mossoo's chest sent him spinning.

He flew, and landed on his back in the dust, dazed and dizzy, and utterly at the mercy of the muscular ruffian.

"Nar then!" panted Huggins.

And he tramped after the fallen man, his eyes glittering, and his heavy fists clenched for the bashing process.

It was at that moment that the cyclist, hitherto unseen, came whizzing round a curve of the road.

Peter Todd had lost sight of Mossoo at the curve, but he knew that he must be close behind him now.

There was still time to pass him, at top speed, and jump off at the clump of beeches, where the pond was, and get the squirt into action.

But as he came whizzing round the curve, Peter forgot all about ambushes, and squirts, and making Mossoo sit up!

He stared blankly at the unexpected scene that dawned on him—Monsieur Charpentier sprawling on his back in the dust, and the broken-nosed ruffian advancing on him with jutting jaw and clenched fists.

Peter had no time to think.

Without thinking, he knew that if he dismounted to help Mossoo, that ruffian could, and would, knock him out with a single blow, and that he would not be able to help either Mossoo or himself.

But, though he had set out that afternoon specially to make Mossoo "sit up," Peter was not the man to leave him to this!

There was one thing that Peter could do—and Peter did it! Instead of slackening speed, he shot on full tilt, and crashed right into Mr. Huggins, taking him on the broadside, as it were.

Before Huggins knew that the cyclist was coming, he had come!

The crash knocked him flying.

Huggins went full length on the earth, and the bike curled up over his legs, and Peter landed in a heap on his neck.

It was a terrific crash.

"Oh!" gasped Peter, as he landed. His right knee jammed in an ear, banging the tramp's head down on the road with a fearful jolt.

An anguished gurgle was all that came from Huggins.

Peter sat up, dizzily—on his head! The big squirt slipped from under his jacket, clattering in the road. Peter sat and blinked.

"Oooooooooogh!" came a moan from under Peter.

He scrambled to his feet. He clutched up the squirt, as the only available weapon, if there was going to be further trouble.

But Mr. Huggins did not look like giving further trouble. He lay wriggling in the dust, clasping his head, and moaning with anguish. Between Peter's knee and the hard, high-road that head had been hurt.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Peter.

Monsieur Charpentier tottered up. He was dusty; he was gurgling for breath. His hat had fallen off, and his scanty locks were ruffled and untidy. He gasped and gurgled, and gurgled and gasped.

"Mon garçon!" spluttered Mossoo. "Mon cher Todd! Je vous remercie, mon garçon! Zat scelerat—zat coquin— Mon Dieu!"

"Strike me pink!" moaned Mr. Huggins.

He sat up, and gave a howl of pain. His legs seemed to be damaged, which was not surprising, after a bike had crashed into him full tilt.

"Ow! Ooooh! Strike me pink and blue! Woogh!"

He picked himself up very carefully, and stood unsteadily on his damaged legs.

Peter, grasping the squirt, eyed him warily.

Monsieur Charpentier made a dive for his walking-stick, and grabbed it up.

"Maintenant, scelerat!" he panted.

"Now, rascal—"

"Ere, you keep off!" gasped Mr. Huggins. "You leave a bloke alone, you blooming furriner! Ow!"

There was not a punch left in Mr. Huggins—which was rather fortunate for both Mossoo and Peter. He limped and tottered away, as Mossoo advanced

on him with brandished stick. His damaged legs almost gave way under him as he staggered away across the common.

"Mon cher garçon!" Mossoo beamed on Peter. "You knock over zat coquin, viz ze bicycle, isn't it. You save me from zat scelerat! Mon cher Todd, I zank you from ze heart! Mais oui, from ze heart I give you ze zanks! You are one brave and good garçon! Oui, oui, oui!"

Peter grinned.

He could not help wondering what Mossoo would have thought, had he known what had brought the Removite along the road at that precise moment.

Still, there was no doubt that Peter's prompt intervention had saved the French master from serious damage. It was not at all according to programme; but there it was!

"Glad I came up, sir!" gasped Peter.

He was rather bruised and shaken from his tumble, and rather concerned about his bike. The front wheel was badly buckled from its crash on Mr. Huggins, and Peter saw ahead of him a long walk pushing a disabled jigger. Still, he was glad he had weighed in. Mossoo deserved all sorts of things for getting poor old Wibley sacked, but not a hammering from a tramp.

"Mais, vat is zat?" added Mossoo, with a surprised stare at the garden squirt. "Vat is zat, mon cher Todd?"

"Oh! A—a—a squirt, sir!" gasped Peter. "J-j-j-ust a squirt!"

"You take zat squirt viz you, ven you go for ride on ze bicycle?" said Monsieur Charpentier, quite astonished.

Peter wondered, for a moment, whether he would guess. But it did not occur to Mossoo that Peter's presence there—with a squirt—had anything to do with himself.

Peter turned to his bike, and picked it up. It clinked and jingled dismally. Luckily, it drew Mossoo's attention away from the squirt.

"Mais, c'est dommage!" he exclaimed. "Ze bicycle, he is damage! Mon cher Todd, you walk viz me to Courtfield, for ze repair of ze bicycle, and I pay at ze shop for repair of zat bicycle, n'est-ce-pas? Also I demand zat ze police go chercher zat scelerat. Venez dono!"

Monsieur Charpentier restarted after the interval. With him went Peter, pushing a jibbing bike, which certainly was in want of considerable repairs before he could ride it again. It was quite an unexpected outcome of Toddy's jape on the French master!

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Painful for Popper!

ARCHIBALD POPPER, alias William Wibley, was seated in the grass, with a bag of cherries on his knees, watching the cricket, when four o'clock sounded from the clock-tower of Greyfriars.

Archibald grinned as he heard it.

He had told Peter Todd that he would return and let him out of the woodshed at four. By that time, Mossoo was due at the Institute at Courtfield, and all danger would be over. Still, there was no hurry. Archibald stayed to finish the cherries before he heaved himself out of the grass and sauntered away from the cricket ground.

There was a cheery grin on his face as he approached Gosling's woodshed. He had no doubt that, by that time, the prisoner was in an almost homicidal state. Really, there had been no help for it, if he was to prevent the intended

rag on Mowsoo; but he could imagine what Peter's feelings would be like.

But that was all right. He was going to talk through the door before he opened it, and Peter was not going to be let out till he agreed to make it "pax."

Archibald did not want a scrap. The disguised schoolboy was too semi-detached, so to speak, to indulge in scrapping, if he could help it. An unlucky punch might have detached an eyebrow, or knocked off Archibald's brown wavy hair, and revealed Wibley's tallow-coloured crop under it.

He tapped on the door of the woodshed.

"Hallo, old bean!" he called out affably. "Tired of your quarters? I'll let you out now, if you like! What?"

"You young rip!" came an unexpected voice from the shed. "I'll report yer!"

Archibald jumped.

He had expected to hear Peter Todd's voice in reply. It was enough to make him jump, to hear Gosling's!

"Wha-a-t!" stuttered Archibald.

"You let me hout of this 'ere shed!" roared Gosling. "I've been 'ere for howers and howers, and I'll report yer!"

"Is—is—is that Gosling?" gasped Archibald.

He blinked round at the little window. Framed in that window was the red and wrathful face of Gosling, glaring at him.

"I knows yer!" roared Gosling. "That's young Popper! I see yer! I'll report this to Mr. Quelch! You mark my words! Locking of a man in his hown shed, and leaving him locked in for howers and howers! Wot I says is this 'ere, young Popper, will you let me hout of this 'ere shed?"

"Oh gum!" gasped Archibald, staring at him blankly. "How the thump did you get in there, you old ass?"

"Hold hass, hay?" roared Gosling. "Wot I says is this 'ere, I'll report yer!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Archibald.

He noticed now that there was a key already in the outside of the lock. It dawned on him that Gosling must have come to his shed for something, and that Peter had found an opportunity to escape.

Really, it was quite a probable occurrence, and Wibley might have foreseen it—only he hadn't. Apparently Peter, having escaped, had locked Gosling in, in his turn. Archibald had arrived to let out quite an unexpected prisoner!

He turned back the key in the lock, and opened the door.

Gosling tramped out snorting with wrath.

"You young raskil!" he bawled. "You got the huther key of this 'ere shed! You 'and over that huther key!"

Archibald handed it over.

"I—I say, did you find a fellow in that shed, Gosling?" he stuttered. "Did you let him out?"

"Don't you try to gammon me, young Popper!" roared Gosling. "You was in that shed, and you pushed me hover from be'ind and popped out, and locked me in! I've been waiting 'ere howers and howers to be let out!"

"You silly ass!" hooted Archibald. "I wasn't in the shed. Look here, when did you let the fellow out?"

Archibald was wondering whether Toddy had escaped in time to carry on with the jape.

"Howers and howers I've been in that there shed!" hooted Gosling. "And it was you locked me in, young Popper! Iding be'ind the door, and pushing of

a man hover when he stepped into his hown shed! You 'ad the key! I'll report yer!"

"But I say——" gasped Archibald.

Gosling did not stay to listen. Breathing wrath, he tramped away to the House, to lose no time in laying the matter before Popper's Form-master.

"Oh crumbs!" said Archibald, as he walked back to the quad. Evidently there was going to be a spot of trouble.

Gosling had not seen the fellow who locked him in. He firmly believed that it was Archibald, from what that youth had said at the door, and from the fact that he had the key. And Gosling was going to Quelch!

Archibald, in dismay, watched the ancient gentleman disappear into the House. He waited to be called into Mr. Quelch's study. That was the next item on the programme.

In a few minutes, Trotter came out of the House. He came to summon Popper of the Remove to his Form-master's study.

Archibald presented himself at that apartment, not feeling happy. His carefully laid plans that afternoon had been knocked sky-high. The prisoner of the woodshed had got away; and Archibald was called on the carpet to answer for that prisoner having left another prisoner in his place! Really, it was rough luck!

Gosling was standing by Mr. Quelch's table as the junior came in. The Remove master was frowning portentously.

"Popper!" he rapped.

"Oh! Yes, sir!" mumbled the junior.

"Gosling informs me that you locked him in his woodshed this afternoon," said Mr. Quelch sternly. "He was there for a whole hour!"

"Knocks on the door, and asks a man if he's tired of it!" interjected Gosling. "Howers and howers—at least, more'n a hower——"

"I—I didn't lock Gosling in, sir!" stammered Archibald. "I——"

"Ark at 'im!" gasped Gosling.

"Comes back with the key and asks a man if he's tired of it, and then he says he never——"

"Be silent, Gosling, please! What do you mean, Popper? Explain yourself!" rapped Mr. Quelch.

"I—I locked another chap in, for a—a lark, sir!" stammered the new junior. "I suppose he must have locked Gosling in when he got out."

Snort, from Gosling.

Evidently the ancient porter of Greyfriars did not believe a word of that statement.

Mr. Quelch looked very hard at Popper.

Archibald shifted uneasily under that scrutiny. William Wibley, secure as he was in his disguise, never felt quite at ease when Mr. Quelch's gimlet eyes were fixed on him.

"In any case, Popper, it appears that you took the key of Gosling's shed, and locked someone else in that shed!"

"Ye-e-es, sir."

"A very foolish and thoughtless action—insensate, indeed!" said Mr. Quelch, sternly. "You will be caned for having played such a trick, Popper."

"Howers and howers——" said Gosling.

Mr. Quelch rose and picked up his cane.

"Bend over that chair, Popper!" he rapped.

He swished the cane.

Archibald bent over the chair!

No doubt Mr. Quelch would have taken a more lenient view had he been aware that Popper had barged in to prevent a jape on a break. But Mr. Quelch did not know that. He took

the view that what Popper needed was a severe lesson on the subject of playing thoughtless, practical jokes—and he gave him one!

Whop, whop, whop!

"Ow!" howled Archibald. "Wow!"

Whop, whop!

"Yoo-hoop!"

Whop!

"Oh crikey!"

Mr. Quelch laid down the cane.

"You may go, Popper! If you should ever play such an insensate trick again, your punishment will be more severe! Leave my study!"

Archibald wriggled out of the study. He had had a full "six," and every one of them a swipe! He squirmed his way to his study in the Remove—but he did not sit down there. He moved about the study wriggling!

It was likely to be some time before Archibald wanted to sit down. In those painful moments, William Wibley rather wished that he had left Froggy to his fate.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Bump for Bunter!

"SEEN that cad, Popper?"

Harry Wharton & Co. were going into the House to tea, when Peter Todd joined them, and asked that question.

"Popper?" repeated Harry.

"That ass—that cheeky worm—that putrid rotter!" said Peter, forcibly. "I'm going to smash him!"

"What on earth has Popper done?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Barged in and mucked up the jape of the term!" growled Peter. "The cheeky fathead seems to have set himself up to protect Froggy—blessed if I know why. What are you grinning at?"

The Famous Five did not tell Peter what they were grinning at. They just grinned. They knew, if Peter did not, why Popper of the Remove was anxious to stop the ragging of Froggy!

"Why not give Froggy a rest, old chap?" asked Frank Nugent, laughing.

"I'll watch it," growled Peter. "You fellows can back out and let poor old Wibley down if you like—I'm not going to. Poor old Wibley's gone for good, through Froggy—blessed if I can see anything to snigger at in that. Fat lot you fellows care about poor old Wib!"

"Oh, lots!" said Harry, laughing.

"But——"

"The butfulness is terrific, my esteemed Toddy!" grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Well, I'm going to smash that cad, for butting in!" declared Peter, as he went up to the Remove passage with the Famous Five.

"But what—and how——" asked Johnny Bull.

Peter explained.

The chums of the Remove chuckled as they listened to his tale of the afternoon's adventures.

"And I had to leave my bike to be repaired, and come back on the motor-bus," Peter wound up. "And I nearly put my knee out of joint, jamming it in that tramp's ear! And——"

"Looks to me as if it's a jolly good thing that Popper barged in," said Bob. "You've been doing rescue stunts instead of mopping muddy water over Froggy——"

"I was locked in that shed for an hour——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, cackle!" hooted Peter. "Popper won't cackle when I begin on him, I can tell you that! Is he in the study?"

"Haven't seen him! But——"

"Well, I'll jolly soon see; and if he



Up went Monsieur Charpentier's walking-stick as Mr. Huggins charged, to come down with a crash on the footpad's tousled head. "Strike me pink and blue!" spluttered Huggins, as he whirled at the French master like an enraged bull.

is, you can give him first-aid, after I've done with him!" snorted Peter.

He cut across the Remove landing, and up the passage to Study No. 1. The Famous Five exchanged a grinning glance and cut after him.

Popper of the Remove, if he was there, was not to be handled by the indignant Peter.

The half-dozen juniors arrived at the door of Study No. 1 together.

They were greeted by an unexpected sound.

"Ow! Wow! Oooo-er! Woooooh!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob. "That sounds like somebody who's been through it!"

They looked into the study.

Archibald was there. He was wriggling painfully. He wriggled like an eel. He glanced at the juniors in the doorway with a glum eye. He did not heed Peter's indignant and wrathful glare. He was too deeply and painfully occupied with the after-effects of that "six" from Quelch!

"Ow!" he mumbled. "Wow! Ooooooh!"

"Licked?" asked Harry.

"Ow! Yes! Wow!"

"But what—"

"Six from Quelch!" groaned Archibald. "Wow! Oooooh! Oooer! All the fault of that blithering idiot, Todd! Wow!"

"My fault!" ejaculated Peter.

"Yes, you ass! Yes, you fathead! Yes, you chump! What the thump did you lock Gosling in his shed for, you benighted idiot? Wow!"

"I had to get away with the squirt," said Peter. "Jolly lucky Gosling came to the shed, or I might still be there, you cheeky fathead. But he's got out all right—he wasn't there when I took the squirt back a few minutes ago."

"No, you ass! No, you fathead! I let him out!" groaned Archibald. "Ow! I went to let you out, you idiot, and it

was—wow—Gosling! And he went to Quelch, thinking—ow!—that it was I that locked him in—wow! And I've had six for it—yow-ow-ow!"

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Peter. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! Wow! Yow!" moaned Archibald. "You sniggering idiot, I've had six—Quelch laid it on as if he were beating carpet! Wow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Peter.

"You chortling chucklehead—"

"Ha, ha, ha! Serve you jolly well right!" chortled Peter. "So you let Gosling out—ha, ha!—and got six for having locked him in! Ha, ha, ha! Perhaps you'll think twice before you barge in again! Ha, ha, ha!"

And Peter went on up the passage, roaring with laughter.

Harry Wharton & Co. chuckled as they came into the study.

Archibald gave them morose looks. He could see nothing funny in the unexpected outcome of his scheme that afternoon.

"What are you gurgling at?" he demanded. "Think it's funny for me to get six because that idiot Todd—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, shut up!" roared the exasperated Archibald.

"Cheer up, old chap!" said Bob Cherry soothingly. "It will wear off in time. We're fearfully sympathetic! Ha, ha! Sit down to tea—"

"You silly chump, I shan't be able to sit down to supper! I feel as if I shan't be able to sit down for a week!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows." A fat face and a large pair of spectacles glimmered in at the door. "I say, tea ready?"

Billy Bunter rolled in.

He blinked at Archibald through his big spectacles and grinned.

Archibald's eel-like contortions seemed to amuse Bunter.

"He, he, he! Licked?" he asked. "I

shouldn't make a fuss about it, old chap! After all, what's a licking?"

"You fat, frowsy frog—"

"Bear it like a man, old fellow!" advised Bunter. "You never see me making a fuss about a licking!"

"You frumptions fat freak—"

"That's enough!" said Bunter, with a wave of a fat hand. "Don't be cheeky! I say, you fellows, I wish you wouldn't stick so long at that mouldy cricket! I've been waiting for you to come in to tea. That ass Toddy was out, too, so I couldn't have tea with him while I was waiting. I can tell you I'm jolly hungry. I hope there's something decent. I've had nothing, so far, except tea in Hall."

The Famous Five gave Billy Bunter expressive looks.

Bunter's look was also expressive as he glanced at the foodstuffs that were placed on the table. It was not a very ample supply.

"Is that the lot?" he inquired.

"That's the lot, fathead!" said Nugent cheerfully. "Shut up!"

"You're getting pretty mean in this study," said Bunter scornfully. "You know I like a cake for tea. I've said so. What about a cake, Popper?"

"Go and eat coke!" growled Archibald. In his present wriggling and painful state he had no patience to waste on Billy Bunter.

Bunter blinked at him.

"What did you say, Wibley?" he asked.

"Shut up, you fat ass!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Suppose somebody heard you, fathead?" snapped the captain of the Remove. "The door's open, idiot!"

"Well, what about a cake?" asked Bunter. "I was going to stand a cake myself, but I've been disappointed about a postal order! Did I tell you

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fellows I was expecting a postal order? Well, it hasn't come! Mind, as soon as it comes I'm going to stand you fellows a topping spread. You can rely on that! But what about a cake now?"

"Nothing about a cake now! Shut up!"

"Oh, all right!" said Bunter, with dignity. "I'm not a fellow to butt in where I'm not wanted, I hope! If Wibley doesn't want me to tea here I'll go!"

Bunter rolled to the door.

In the doorway he turned and blinked at Archibald through his big spectacles.

"I say, Wibley!" he squeaked.

"Will you be quiet, you fat freak?" hissed Archibald.

"No," retorted Bunter. "I won't! I suppose I can call a fellow by his name if I like! If anybody hears me that's not my fault! The fact is, I don't quite approve of these syrupstigious proceedings of yours, Wibley. I never could stand syrupstigiousness!"

Archibald grabbed up a cushion from the armchair. His temper had been sorely tried, and now it failed him.

"You can put that down," jeered Bunter. "You chuck that cushion at me, Wibley, and I'll go straight to Quelch and say—Yoo-whooooooooop!"

Whiz!

Bang!

Bump!

Billy Bunter fielded the cushion with his third waistcoat button! It swept him out of the doorway, and he landed in the Remove passage hard and heavy. The old oak planks fairly shook as he landed.

"Oooooo!" gurgled Bunter. "Yoo-hoo-hoo! Woo-hoo! Grogh! Beast! I'll jolly well—Urrrrrgh!"

"Well bowled!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! Oooogh! Wooogh!" gurgled Bunter. "You cheeky beast—Oogh! Keep off, you beast! Oh crikey!"

Archibald came out at the doorway and picked up the cushion. He swiped with it.

Bang!

"Yaroooh!" roared Bunter.

He stayed for only one swipe! Scrambling up, the fat Owl bolted up the Remove passage, dodged into Study No. 7, and slammed the door.

For the first time since he had discovered Wibley's secret Billy Bunter was missing from tea in Study No. 1!

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Archibald Asks for It!

"**C**E cher Todd!" beamed Monsieur Charpentier.

"Oh!" gasped Peter.

It was an unexpected meeting. It seemed to afford Mossoo pleasure. It afforded Peter Todd none!

Toddy was coming out of the doorway of Mossoo's study when the French master arrived there. As Toddy had been busy in that study, filling Mossoo's inkpot with gum, Mossoo was really the very last person he desired to meet as he left.

It was in break on Monday morning. Peter's enterprise on Saturday had not gone according to plan—instead of drenching Froggy with muddy water from a squirt he had rescued him from a dangerous tramp! He was, of course, glad that he had done so; still, he was keen to get on with the "feud."

The Famous Five, and the Bounder, had given up ragging Froggy, for reasons unknown to Peter. All the more, he felt that it was up to Study No. 7 to avenge the wrongs of William

Wibley! Gum in Mossoo's inkpot seemed rather a good thing to go on with, as it were!

But it was rather dismaying to meet Mossoo face to face as he was leaving the study. On the other hand, it was a relief to see him beaming with good humour and amiability!

"Vous venez ici—you come here to speak viz me?" asked Mossoo. It did not seem to occur to him that Toddy had had any nefarious motive for coming to that study.

Mossoo's kind heart was full of gratitude towards the junior who had rendered him such a signal service. But for Peter he would have been fearfully "bashed" by that ruffianly footpad on Saturday afternoon. Mossoo was, so to speak, overflowing with the milk of human kindness. He beamed on Peter.

"Oh! Yes! Now!" stammered Peter. "I—I—"

"Mon cher garcon, I nevair forget vat it is zat you shall do, le samedi—Saturday!" beamed Monsieur Charpentier. "Un garcon so brave—"

"Oh, sir!" mumbled Peter.

"A boy so gallant—so courageous!" said Mossoo. "You come to my help and you zink not of ze danger, isn't it? I give you zousand zanks, mon petit Todd!"

"Mon petit" from Mossoo made Peter grin. The lanky Peter was about an inch taller than the little French gentleman.

"Zousand and zousand zanks, my little one!" beamed Mossoo effusively. "I tell ze good Quelch, I tell everyvun, vat it is zat you shall do so brave. Mais oui! Et je vous dis—I say to you, some time if zere is anyzing zat I can do to show ze zanks you say vun vord, and it is done! Comprenez?"

"Oh! Thank you, sir!" gasped Peter.

"Du tout!" beamed Mossoo. "Command me, ven zat zere is anyzing. You are one verree good garcon, mon cher petit Todd!"

Peter got away at last. Mossoo went into his study, and Peter hoped that he would not discover the gum on the spot!

Peter's conscience was worrying him a little. It was rather awkward to be at war with an effusive little gentleman who was beaming with gratitude and good will. On the other hand, Wibley was sacked, and all the Remove agreed that old Wib had to be avenged!

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's the jolly old hero!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, as Peter came out into the quad.

Toddy gave him a glare.

"Shut up, ass!" he snapped.

"My dear chap, it's all over the school now!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Froggy has been telling the world!"

"Bother him!" grunted Peter.

"Well, it was rather plucky, old man!" said Johnny Bull. "That tramp might have made a hospital case of you!"

"The pluckfulness was terrific, my absurd Toddy," declared Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"It's beastly awkward!" grunted Peter. "I've just met the little ass coming out of his study after filling up his inkpot with gum—"

"Oh, you fathead!" interjected Archibald Popper.

"You shut up, Popper!" hooted Peter. "You've got too much to say for a new kid. Look here, you fellows, I don't know why you're letting Froggy off, but I'm not letting him off. See? But it's rather beastly. He stopped me to say that he would do anything he could to show his thanks—I mean his zanks—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And the little ass means it, I think," went on Peter. "He's a grateful little idiot. Of course, that tramp would have smashed him like a potato if I hadn't butted in. But I don't want his dashed zanks; I want to make him sit up for getting old Wibley sacked!"

"Wibley would rather you didn't, you ass!" snapped Archibald.

"What do you know about Wibley, you cheeky chump? You've never even seen the chap; you came after he left—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Famous Five.

"Well, what is there to cackle at in that?" demanded Peter, and he gave an exasperated snort and walked away.

"Look here, Wib—" began Bob Cherry.

"Cheese it, fathead!"

"I mean, look here, Popper, why not let Toddy into the secret?"

"Why not let all Greyfriars into it?" snorted Archibald. "Why not tell Quelch and the Head and the board of governors? Don't be an ass!"

"Toddy would keep it dark—"

"And very likely call me Wibley in front of a dozen fellows! He's as big an ass as you are—and that's saying a lot!"

"Well, I think—"

"You don't! You can't! If you can think, try to think out how to get that gum out of Froggy's inkpot before he dips a pen into it."

"I give that one up," said Bob. "You can think that one out!"

Archibald grunted and walked into the House.

Mossoo was looking so beaming and good-tempered that morning that once more the disguised junior was thinking that the time was getting ripe for carrying out his plan.

But once more everything was going to be spoiled by a fatheaded jape on Froggy.

If Mossoo dipped a pen into that gum it was certain that his good temper would evaporate on the spot. Archibald was going to stop it if he could.

In Masters' Passage, Monsieur Charpentier was standing in conversation with Mr. Quelch. His cheery, smiling face was a sufficient indication that he had not yet discovered that his ink had been tampered with.

There was a chance for Archibald to weigh in.

"If you please, Monsieur Charpentier—" he began meekly.

Mossoo glanced at him quite kindly. This new junior had never taken part in the rags in the French class, and he was—to that extent—in Mossoo's good graces.

"Vat is it, Poppair?" asked Monsieur Charpentier.

"Might I borrow your French dictionary for a few minutes, sir? I've lent mine and—"

"Mais certainement, mon garcon! He is on ze table in ze study," answered Mossoo unsuspectingly.

"Thank you, sir!"

Archibald went into the French master's study.

The dictionary lay on the table, but he did not heed it; he gave his attention to the inkpot.

To pour out the gum into the waste-paper-basket, wipe the inkpot round with a duster, and refill it from the bottle on the shelf would not have taken him more than a couple of minutes.

He grabbed up the inkpot.

As he did so there was a voice from the doorway.

"Popper!"

(Continued on page 22.)

HALT HERE FOR A WHILE WITH—

The GREYFRIARS GUIDE

A TOUR OF THE SCHOOL. (The Playing Fields.)

(1)

Here is the green and sunny court
Of our old friend, King Cricket,
And here the mighty men of sport
Do wonders at the wicket.
We cheer when Gwynne and Wingate
wield
The bat in Sixth Form matches;
Or when our fellows in the field
Take wickets and make catches.



AFTER SCHOOL HOURS The Picnic Party

(1)

Let's go for a picnic to-day,
No day could be possibly fairer;
We'll call at Cliff House on the way
For Marjorie, Dolly, and Clara.
Then out on the river we'll go,
And glide along shadowy channels;
It's just the right day for a row,
So get out your spotless white flannels.

(2)

Of course, we knew Bunter would scent
The trail of our well-hidden hamper;
He knows which direction we went,
And follows us out in a scamper.
Our efforts to dodge him are vain,
And girls are too jolly soft-hearted;
We'll brain him (if he has a brain!)
As soon as the girls have departed.

(3)

Upon Popper's Island we land,
Though careful to open our peepers,
In case the old bean's near at hand,
We don't want a row with his keepers.
O.K. There is no one in sight,
And soon we are merrily eating;
And this we agree with delight—
A nice summer picnic wants beating!

When someone told Quelch the worst,
That Bunter had suddenly burst,
Said Quelch, quite grim:
"It was thoughtless of him,
He might have asked my advice first!"

How do we know Bunter is sad after
dinner?
By his sighs (size).

(2)

And it was here, the other night,
I dreamed I scored a million;
I banded the leather out of sight,
Clean over the pavilion!
Next day I got my usual duck,
A rotten fluke, I thought it:
I banded the ball, and—just my luck!—
Some silly blighter caught it!

(3)

One playing field is large and wide,
The other rather smaller;
They're known as Big and Little Side
To every gay stonewaller.
On Big Side senior games are played,
The juniors have the other;
And we, beneath the elm-trees' shade,
Cheer either—we don't bother!

THE GREYFRIARS ALPHABET TOM BROWN

(The New Zealander of the Remove.)

B is for Brown—New Zealand's son,
And really quite a decent one!
Because his right-hand hook would stun,
I smile on Brownie like the sun!
At boxing Brownie takes the bun;
He's champion of the half-mile run,
And almost from the starter's gun
You're pretty sure that Brown has won.



He's keen on every sport and fun,
But cads like Loder (beastly son!)
Tom Brown is quite content to shun.
Small postal orders by the ton
He's cashed for Bunter—getting none!—
When that fat fraud his "yarn" has
"spun."
If you'll excuse my little pun—
And now—hooray!—these rhymes are
done!

ANSWER TO PUZZLE

The bill was for £2. By paying a
penny less the man would not have to
put a 2d. receipt stamp on it, so he
would make a penny, and Fishy would
make a penny—or, rather, two cents.



A WEEKLY BUDGET OF FACT AND FUN

By
THE GREYFRIARS
RHYMESTER

GREYFRIARS GRINS

When Mauly was on holiday, he told
his doctor he suffered from general
fatigue, and the doctor treated him to
all the modern medicines at a cost of
about £20, which made Mauly so tired
he could hardly crawl back to school.
When he got there, Mr. Quelch cured
him completely in five minutes with the
aid of a single cane, which just shows
that the simple old-fashioned remedies
are often the best.

Guests arriving at Ogilvy's birthday
party, the other evening, were surprised
to see Bunter sitting uneasily in the
centre of the table. Oggy explained

PUZZLE PAR

Fisher T. Fish went into the
school outfitters to pay his bill,
and suggested to the man that if
he paid him a penny less than
the total, each of them would
make a penny. How was this?

Answer at foot of col. 2

that he thought he would like to have
his birthday cake on the table, even
though he was too late to cut it!

Here's a riddle for Peter Todd. When
is a lawyer like an ass?
When he draws a conveyance!
Why is the sun like Quelch's temper?
Because when it's hot we're often
tanned.

Why is Virgil like a crooked tunnel?
Because it's a rotten bore.

The worst thunderstorm for many
years shook Greyfriars to its founda-
tions the other night. Tom Dutton says
he wishes fellows wouldn't cough when
he is trying to sleep.

It is unfair to say that smudges of
yellow on Bunter's face are the remains
of his breakfast egg this morning. They
are the remains of his breakfast egg
three weeks ago.

THE GREYFRIARS GUIDE WILL BE ON PARADE AGAIN NEXT SATURDAY!

"Oh!" gasped Archibald. He spun round, inkpot in hand. Mr. Quelch was looking in at the doorway with a grim eye.

Mossoo was an unsuspicious little gentleman. He had not doubted that Popper wanted to look at his dictionary, but it seemed that Mr. Quelch had.

"What are you doing with that inkpot, Popper?" asked Mr. Quelch, in an icy voice.

"Oh!" gasped Archibald. "I—I—"

"Mais, mon cher Quelch." Mossoo looked in, at the Remove master's side. "Zat is all right; Poppaire desire to see ze dictionary—"

"He appears to me to be more interested in the inkpot than the dictionary, Monsieur Charpentier!" said Mr. Quelch. "Have you come here to play some foolish prank, Popper?"

"Oh, no, sir!"

"I trust not!" said Mr. Quelch dryly. "Hand that inkpot to me, Popper."

With deep feelings Archibald handed the inkpot to his Form-master.

Mr. Quelch examined it, then his jaw set like a vice.

"Gum!" he ejaculated.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Monsieur Charpentier. "Zat mauvais garçon Poppair—"

"Go to my study, Popper!"

Mr. Quelch followed Archibald to his study; in that study he picked up a cane.

"Popper," said Mr. Quelch quietly and grimly, "it appears to me that you have a propensity for foolish practical jokes, which it is my duty, as your Form-master, to eradicate. On Saturday I had to punish you for locking the porter in a shed; now I have to punish you for placing gum in a master's inkpot. I shall on this occasion make the punishment more severe, Popper, in the hope that it will be a warning to you. Bend over that chair, Popper!"

In third school that morning there was one fellow in the Remove who was quite unable to keep still. All through a painful hour the most active eel had nothing on Archibald of the Remove.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Worm Turns!

"I JOLLY well won't!" roared Billy Bunter.

"You jolly well will!" said Peter Todd.

"Look here, you beast—"

"You belong to this study, Bunter," said Peter. "This study ain't proud of you, but there it is. This is a fighting study. This study is on the warpath! You've got to play up. See?"

"Think I want to be whopped?" roared Bunter.

"If you don't want to be whopped, old fat man, you'd better play up!" Peter grasped a cricket stump from the shelf in Study No. 7 and flourished it. "Where will you have it?"

Billy Bunter dodged round the study table; he did not seem to want it anywhere.

On the table in Study No. 7 lay a large flat cardboard box. Once it had contained shirts; now it contained soot. For quite a long time Peter had been busy after class, extracting soot from the study chimney. The box was full of it.

"You fat, frowsy funk!" went on Peter indignantly. "You're getting the easiest part of the job. Dutton and I are going to fix up that box of soot over the door in Mossoo's study. All you've got to do is to keep cave in the passage

and whistle if he blows along, so that we can drop out of the window in time."

"And suppose I'm spotted hanging about the passage?"

"Suppose we're spotted in the study?"

"Well, I shouldn't mind that," said Bunter.

"But I don't want to be whopped, Peter. There'll be a fearful row if Mossoo walks into a booby-trap like that. I'd rather keep clear of it. I say, Peter, keep that cricket stump away, you beast!"

Whack!

"Yaroooh!"

Bunter dodged round the table again.

"Look here, you beast, you leave me out of it!" he howled. "I'm not going to have anything to do with ragging Froggy. I told Wibley I wouldn't—"

"You told Wibley!" repeated Peter.

"Why, you fat, frowsy fibber, you haven't seen Wibley for weeks."

"I—I—I mean I told Popper—"

"Blow Popper!" hooted Peter. "I'm fed-up with Popper! If you say Popper again I'll wallop you!"

"But Popper— Yaroooh! Keep that stump away, you beast!" Bunter circumnavigated the study table once more, and then darted behind the armchair, gasping for breath. "I tell you—"

"Playing up?" grinned Peter.

"No!" roared Bunter. "I tell you you're not going to land me into a fearful row! Why, it would be a Head's flogging all round for mopping that soot over a beak's napper! Besides, I don't want to rag Mossoo, and I told Wibley—I mean I told Popper—"

Whack!

"Yaroooh!"

"I'll keep this up as long as you do," said Peter genially. "If you don't want to back up this study you can change into another—if anybody will take you in! So long as you're in this study you back up the study—if I have to wear out a cricket stump on you! Are you going to play up?"

"No!" howled Bunter.

Whack!

Billy Bunter flew round the armchair and round the table.

After him flew Peter.

There was a succession of reports like pistol-shots as the cricket stump whacked on the tightest trousers at Greyfriars.

Bunter rushed for the door.

Peter headed him off, and he went round the table again.

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yow-ow-ow! Stop it!" roared Bunter. "I—I'm playing up, old chap! I—I want to help! Like—like anything! Oh crikey!"

"Good man!" said Peter approvingly. "Stick to that, Bunt! Sure you feel keen on it?"

"Ow! Yes! Wow!" gasped Bunter.

"Keep off you beast!"

"All right then!" Peter laid down the cricket stump. "I'll cut down and see whether Froggy's gone out yet. Must make sure he's clear of his quarters. I won't be long Bunt."

"Beast!"

Peter, grinning, left the study.

Bunter—not grinning—remained.

He shook a fat fist after the disappearing lanky figure of Toddy.

"Beast!" hissed Bunter.

The Owl of the Remove did not like the cricket stump! Peter had rather a heavy hand with it. But, little as he liked the bat, Bunter liked the prospect of a Head's flogging still less.

Peter was a fellow to run risks. Billy Bunter was not. The bare thought of what might follow that reckless jape made Bunter cringe.

It was true that Peter and Dutton were going to take most of the risk. Bunter was going to take least. But Bunter did not want to take any. He had a strong objection to taking risks.

Under the persuasion of the cricket stump Bunter had agreed to play up. But nothing, as a matter of fact, was further from his intentions. It was said of old that the worm will turn. Bunter was going to turn!

His eyes gleamed behind his spectacles as he wriggled from the painful effects of the cricket stump.

There was more batting to come, if he did not play up. The study-leader in Study No. 7 had no use for funks. But Bunter was not going to take part in that reckless jape. Not if Peter had wielded a cricket bat instead of a stump.

"Beast! I'll jolly well show him!" breathed Bunter.

Peter would be coming back to the study soon—as soon as he had ascertained that the coast was clear. When he came back, he would discover that the worm had turned. Bunter was going to jolly well show him!

The fat junior blinked out into the Remove passage. Nobody was to be seen there.

He lifted a chair into the passage. Then he lifted the cardboard box of soot from the table, and stepped on the chair.

Standing on the chair outside the doorway, the fat Owl lifted the long, flat box to the top of the door.

He drew the door under it, till it was only a foot open.

The box lodged nicely on the top of the door, and on the lintel over the doorway.

It was perfectly safe there—till the door was pushed open! When that occurred, whoever pushed it open was certain to meet with a sudden surprise. Inevitably, the box of soot would descend on his head.

Bunter grinned—a vengeful grin!

Peter had gathered that soot for a booby-trap. He was going to get the booby-trap when he came back for Bunter. After that boxful of soot had descended on his head, Peter was likely to be too busy for some time to think of japes on Froggy and batting Bunter into taking a hand in the same!

The fat Owl stepped down from the chair. He could not put it back in the study without moving the door. He put it in the next study, out of sight.

Then, grinning, he rolled away.

If there was going to be more stumping, that stumping was going to be avenged in advance!

Billy Bunter chortled, a fat chortle, as he rolled off the scene. In Study No. 7 the sooty booby-trap waited for Peter, and when it landed on his head, he would learn—too late—that the worm had turned!

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Big Idea!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! Looking for you, Toddy!"

The Famous Five joined Peter Todd, as he came away from the stairs.

Peter waved them off.

"Go and look for somebody else!" he suggested. "I'm busy just now!"

"If that means that you're on Froggy's trail again—" began Harry Wharton.

"It means just that!"

"Then you can wash it out!" said the captain of the Remove. "We've got an idea, Toddy—"

"Whose?" asked Peter.



Mr. Huggins advanced on Monsieur Charpentier with jutting jaw and clenched fists. Next moment Peter Todd came whizzing along on his bicycle and crashed right into the broken-nosed ruffian sending him crashing backwards. The bike landed on top of Huggins and Peter Todd went flying.

"Oh, don't be an ass! Come out into the quad, and we'll tell you!"

"Seen Froggy?" asked Peter.

"Yes; he's trotting in the quad," answered Nugent.

"Then I've got important business in his study—"

"You haven't!" grinned Bob Cherry. "You've got important business with us, old bean! Come on!"

"Rot! I've got to find Dutton, and—"

"Never mind Dutton now!" interrupted Johnny Bull. "Come along, Toddy!"

The Famous Five surrounded Toddy and walked him into the quad. Peter had not much choice about going; but he looked very restive.

"Look here, what's this game?" he demanded. "I've got it all cut and dried. I've got a box of soot in my study for Froggy—"

"Leave it there!" said Bob.

"I've just been battling Bunter to make him play up—"

"Probably he'd rather not!" grinned Bob. "Never mind Bunter! Now, Toddy, we've got an idea—a top-notch! Something better than ragging Froggy! Look here, how would you like to get old Wibley back to Greyfriars?"

Peter stared.

"I'd like it all right! Think I can get a fellow back when the Head's sacked him? What are you talking about, fathead?"

"We think you can do it, Toddy, and you're the only fellow at Greyfriars who can!" said Harry Wharton.

"What the thump—"

"You remember what you told us this morning! Froggy's fearfully grateful for what you did for him on Saturday—"

"Chuck that!"

"That's the point! He's overflowing

with gratitude. Now, why let all that gratitude run to waste?"

"Sheer waste!" said Bob, grinning.

"Waste not, want not, Toddy!"

"If you mean anything," said Peter, "would you mind telling me what you mean? I've no time now for finding out riddles."

"Suppose you asked Froggy a favour?" said Harry. "He—"

"I'll watch it!" grunted Peter.

"Shut up a minute and listen! He couldn't refuse, after telling the whole school what a splendid chap you are, and so on and so forth. Suppose you asked him to go easy with Wibley?"

"Oh!" ejaculated Peter.

"You told us he said he would do anything to show his thanks—"

"Not quite! He said he would do anything to show his zanks."

"Fathead! Mossoo's a good little ass, and he's a man of his word. Wibley thinks that a word from him would be enough to make the Head wash out the expulsion—"

"How the thump do you know what Wibley thinks?"

"Oh! Ah! Well, I'm sure of it! Look here, you can see it's jolly likely," urged Wharton. "Froggy was upset by Wib guying him. He went to the Head and demanded his expulsion, and got it. But the Head wasn't keen on it—and we know that Quelch didn't like it a bit! It all hangs on Mossoo! Now, if Mossoo goes to Dr. Locke and asks him to let Wib off, there's a jolly good sporting chance for Wib—see?"

"Um!" said Peter.

"You're in Froggy's good graces, owing to your heroic rescue stunts," grinned Bob. "And he said he would do anything—"

"I don't see how he could refuse!" said Frank Nugent. "Of course, you will have to put it tactfully! He's got his back up with old Wib. Get him

talking, and bring up the subject in a tactful way—"

"The tactfulness of the esteemed Toddy is terrific and ridiculous," said Hurree Janset Ram Singh solemnly.

"Get him to tea in your study," said Harry. "That will please him! He likes teaing in a fellow's study—it makes him feel popular—"

"And we'll all contribute to the spread, of course!" said Nugent. "We'll make it the spread of the term."

"Get everything we think he likes—except frogs, of course," said Bob. "We can't stand him frogs!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He likes being made much of!" urged Harry. "You get him to your study, Toddy, to tea. We roll in for the party with lots of stuff! See? We all talk to him nicely—best manners on—"

"We can ask him about his relations in France," said Johnny Bull. "He bores the other beaks to weeping by telling them about little Gustave, and little Adolphe, and little Henri, and little Henriette, and the rest. Well, we'll jolly well let him bore us."

"In a good cause, we can stand the terrific borefulness!" declared the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"And when he's talked himself into a first-class temper, you bring up the subject of Wibley in a tactful way!" went on Wharton. "We all tell him how much we miss old Wib—"

"And how Wib never really meant any harm with that idiotic guying stunt—"

"And you jolly well ask him to speak to the Head and get Wibley off!" said Bob. "He can't say no."

Peter Todd nodded thoughtfully. He had to admit that it was a bright idea.

Mossoo's offensive gratitude for the
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service Peter had rendered him, was, so to speak, running to waste. This was a use to which it could be put. And to what better use could it be put, than in prevailing on Mossos to put in a word for poor old Wib?

Ragging Froggy was all very well; but it would not help Wibley. This might have the effect of reinstating Wib in his old place at Greyfriars!

Indeed, it looked a "cert." For how could Mossos, after all his effusive eloquence on the subject of what Peter had done, refuse the first request the junior made to him? He simply could not!

"By gum!" said Peter. "It's a winner!"

"Not so funny as ragging Froggy with a box of soot," grinned Bob. "But a good deal more use to old Wib, what?"

"Yes, rather! It's rather a pity to cut out that jape—I had it all cut and dried. But—"

"It's up to you, Toddy. Nobody else can do it—Froggy isn't bursting with gratitude to anybody else. And goodness knows how long it will last, too. Strike the iron while it's hot!"

"Go and ask him now, old chap."

"Get him to the study, and we'll go and do the shopping, and blow in with the stuff—"

"Right-ho!" said Peter. "It's a go! Looks to me like a winner. The little ass simply can't refuse, when it's put to him. He said that he'd do anything for me—and he can't eat his own words, before half a dozen fellows, too. By gum, it would be ripping to get old Wib's expulsion washed out. Leave it to me, you chaps."

"Good man!"

"Bravo, Toddy!"

"Go and snaffle him now, before he goes in to tea, Toddy!"

"Go it, old chap!"

Peter nodded, and walked off towards the elms, where the French master was taking his trot before tea.

The Famous Five exchanged glances of satisfaction.

Wibley, in his guise of Archibald Popper, had been back a couple of weeks without being able to solve his problem. It looked as if the Famous Five had solved it for him! If this stunt was a success, Archibald would disappear—and William Wibley would be back in his old place. That was a very happy prospect.

"It's a winner!" declared Harry Wharton.

"Bank on it!" said Bob confidently.

And the Famous Five walked away to the school shop, to lay in supplies for tea in Toddy's study on a generous scale. Everything they fancied that Mossos liked was going to be on the festive board—except, of course, frogs. Frogs, as Bob had remarked, were beyond their resources. The chums of the Remove did quite extensive shopping in a mood of cheery anticipation.

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

An Unexpected Welcome!

"GOT the soot ready?"

"Shut up!" hissed Peter Todd.

"Eh?" asked Dutton.

Peter was heading for the Elm Walk, where Mossos was taking his trot before tea.

Tom Dutton met him on his way. Dutton had been hanging about for some time, waiting for Toddy to give the word. He was, so far, unaware that the rag in Mossos's study was

washed out. The last he had seen of Peter, Peter had been gathering soot for the rag, and so far as Tom knew, the soot was still featured in the programme.

"I've been waiting for you, Toddy," he went on. "I say, have you seen the old bean?"

"Shut up!" roared Peter.

He could not see Monsieur Charpentier at the moment, but he knew that Mossos was somewhere at hand.

"Eh, why?" asked Dutton. "You're going on with the rag, ain't you, Peter? Haven't you got the soot ready?"

Peter breathed hard.

Circumstances were changed, but he could not tell Dutton, without telling everybody else within a considerable distance. And Mossos was somewhere near the spot.

"Wharton wants to speak to you, Dutton!" he shouted.

"Eh? Never mind Wharton now! If you haven't got the soot—"

"He's in the tuckshop."

"You bet," said Dutton. "It will make him hop all right! Make him bound, if you ask me."

"Oh crikey! Go and see Wharton!" yelled Peter. "It's important! Wharton will explain."

"Oh, that's rot!" said Dutton. "I don't think it a shame. Besides, it's your idea, Peter—you planned the whole thing! What do you mean by saying it's a shame?"

"I didn't!" shrieked Peter. "I said Wharton will explain."

"Eh! He looked all right when I saw him in the quad ten minutes ago! What sort of a pain?"

"Go and see Wharton in the shop!" roared Peter.

"I wish you wouldn't yell at a chap, Toddy! I can hear all right when you don't mumble! What am I to see Wharton for?"

"It's important!"

"I don't see what the porter's got to do with it. Do you mean that Gosling's there, or what?"

"No—yes—anything you like—"

"Whose bike?"

"Oh crumbs! Just go!" roared Peter.

"Do you mean because Wharton's got a pain? I don't see how I can do him any good if he has! But I'll go, if you like," said Dutton.

And he went—much to Peter's relief.

Peter pursued his way—but he had not far to go. He spotted Monsieur Charpentier, sitting on one of the benches under an elm. That elm had hidden him from view hitherto.

There was a smile on Mossos's face. Evidently he had heard Peter's talk with Tom Dutton, and was rather amused by the difficulties of conversation with the deaf Remove.

That smile, however, showed that Mossos suspected nothing from what he had heard. It had not occurred to him that the soot mentioned by Dutton had been destined for his own Gallic napper!

Peter felt a momentary qualm; but the French master's genial nod, and his kind, beaming smile, reassured him.

"Ze good Dutton, he is a leetle difficile for ze talk, n'est-ce pas?" smiled Mossos, as Peter stopped by the bench.

"You vish to speak viz me, mon cher Todd?" he added.

"Yes, sir!" said Peter. "I was wondering, sir, if you'd be so good as to honour me by coming to tea in my study."

Monsieur Charpentier beamed.

"Mais oui, mon cher Todd!" he answered at once. "You are one verree good boy, Todd; I zink ze most best in

ze Remove! Je viens—I come viz pleasure—I sall be please—I sall be enchante!"

"You're very good, sir!" said Peter meekly. "It would be such a pleasure to us, sir, if you would."

"Mais certainement," beamed Mossos. He rose from the bench. "It is as you vish, bon cher Todd!"

"Thank you, sir! My friends will be so delighted!" said Peter, as he walked towards the House with the French master.

"Anyzing zat vill please you, mon brave garcon, zat vill please me!" declared Monsieur Charpentier.

Two or three fellows on the Remove landing, stared at Peter as he arrived there with Monsieur Charpentier.

The Remove being at deadly feud with Froggy, they were surprised to see Peter, hitherto one of the most determined raggers, in such company.

"What's up?" whispered Skinner, as Toddy passed.

"Nothing, ass!"

"I mean, is it a rag?" asked Skinner, mystified.

"Shut up, fathead!" hissed Peter.

He walked up the passage with his distinguished guest. The Remove fellows stared after them.

"What's Toddy's game?" asked Bolsover major.

"Blessed if I know! Must be a rag, I suppose," said Skinner. "He's got a lot of nerve, though, if he's taking Froggy to his study for a rag."

"Oh, Toddy's got tons of nerve," remarked Hazeldene.

"Yes, but—"

"Well, it must be a rag," said Bolsover. "Let's watch!"

They stood on the landing, watching—and three or four fellows looked out of the studies, equally surprised and interested.

Unheeding them, Peter Todd walked his distinguished guest up the passage, to Study No. 7.

There he politely stood aside for the French master to enter first.

Monsieur Charpentier pushed the door, which was already about a foot open, and stepped in.

What happened next was a surprise to Mossos—and to Peter! Something crashed down on the little French gentleman's head from the top of the door. There was a gasping howl.

"Mon Dieu! Vat— Urrrrggh! Ooooh!"

Monsieur Charpentier staggered in the doorway, grabbing at soot. Soot clothed him like a garment. It smothered him from head to foot. He was a pillar of soot. Clouds of it flew on all sides, as he staggered and tottered and gasped and spluttered.

Peter stood transfixed.

"Oh crikey!" he gasped.

From the fellows in the passage came a roar. They had no doubt that this was why Peter had brought Froggy there.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Urrggh!" gurgled Mossos. "Wurrgh! Oooooogh! Vat is it? Vat? I am smozzer! I am choke! I am smozzer viz—viz soot! Mon Dieu! Ooooooooogh!"

THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

Sooty!

"H A, ha, ha!" came a yell along the passage.

"Oh, my hat! Look!"

"What a nerve!" gasped Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Urrggh! Yurrgh!" spluttered the

unhappy Mossoo, staggering and clawing soot. "I am smozzer! Todd, you bad boy—you baddest of all ze bad boys—groogh!"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Peter. "I—I say, sir—I—I never—"

"Oooooogh! Mauvais garçon!" spluttered Mossoo through the soot. "Verree bad and vicked boy! I am smozzer—"

"I—I—I never—" stuttered Peter. "I—I say, sir—I say— Whooooop!"

Smack!

Peter staggered, as the French master smacked, with a sooty hand. That smack made Peter's head sing, and left an extensive sooty smudge.

Smack, smack!

"I say—" yelled Peter. "Here, you keep off! I never— Yooooop!"

Smack, smack, smack!

Peter dodged wildly.

Mossoo, with a face as black as the ace of spades, and his eyes gleaming through the blackness, followed him up, spluttering with soot and fury.

All his kind and grateful feelings towards Toddy had vanished on the spot. He had no doubt—how could he have any?—that Toddy had led him there, specially to put his head into that booby-trap!

The young rascal had planned all this. Mossoo understood now the mention of soot by Dutton in the quad. This was the soot.

He had no doubts. Neither had the Remove fellows yelling with laughter in the passage. They wondered at Toddy's amazing nerve; but they had no doubt that he had planned the whole thing. Certainly it looked as if he had.

Peter could not have explained, if Mossoo had given him time. He did not know how it had happened.

But Mossoo did not give him time. He smacked Peter's head right and left. He smacked hard, and he smacked often.

Nobody would have guessed, just then, that, a few minutes ago, Mossoo had regarded Toddy with effusive gratitude and admiration. He smacked and smacked, transferring quite a lot of the soot to Toddy in the process.

"Ow! Stoppit!" howled Peter, dodging frantically. "Oh crikey! Oh crumbs! Keep off! I tell you I never did— Yaroooooh!"

Smack, smack, smack!

Peter flew down the passage. After him flew Mossoo, scattering soot. From

study doorways juniors looked out, yelling with laughter.

The fellows on the landing dodged out of the way as Peter flew past, with Mossoo in fierce pursuit. Soot scattered on all sides, and left a trail behind Mossoo as he rushed.

"Zat you stop!" shrieked Monsieur Charpentier. "Ecoutez, mauvais garçon! Zat you stop viz yourself, and I smack you ze head!"

That did not induce Peter to stop.

He flew across the landing, and dodged into the Fifth Form passage. He did that passage like the cinder-path.

Coker of the Fifth, in his study doorway, gave him an angry stare as he flew past.

"Look here!" roared Coker angrily. "You cheeky fag, what do you mean by racing about here? Stop!"

Coker stepped out of his doorway, glaring after the fleeing Peter.

Not having any eyes in the back of his head, Coker did not see the sooty French master come whipping round the corner from the landing. Neither did Mossoo, in his haste, see Coker, till he crashed into the small of Coker's back.

"Oh!" gasped Coker, as he spun over on his hands and knees. "Who—what—oh! Here, gerroff! Where did that nigger come from? Gerroff, you cheeky nigger!"

Mossoo sprawled over the sprawling Coker.

Coker twisted round, staring in angry astonishment at a black face.

"Urrrrggh!" spluttered Monsieur Charpentier.

"Gerroff!" roared Coker. He pushed the black man roughly off, and staggered to his feet. You cheeky nigger! Where did you spring from? What—"

"Mon Dieu!" spluttered Monsieur Charpentier. "Nom d'un nom d'un nom du chien! Name of a name of a name of a dog! Oooooogh!"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Coker. "Is—is—is that Mossoo?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mossoo tottered to his feet. He gave a sooty glare up the passage—but Peter Todd had vanished into space.

Gasping for breath, and spluttering soot, Monsieur Charpentier tottered away. He was not satisfied with the number of smacks he had landed on Peter; but he realised that what he chiefly needed was a wash and a change.

He tottered away down the stairs, leaving a crowd of fellows shrieking with laughter. Five fellows, with parcels in their hands, were coming up, and they stared blankly at the sooty gentleman, as he flew past.

"Who—" ejaculated Harry Wharton.

"What—" gasped Bob Cherry.

"What the thump—" stuttered Johnny Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a yell from the landing. "That's Mossoo!"

"Mossoo!" exclaimed Nugent.

"Ha, ha!" yelled Skinner. "Toddy walked him into a booby-trap!"

"Toddy did?" yelled Wharton.

"Ha, ha! Yes! He had it fixed up at his study door, and walked Froggy right into it! What a nerve! He will get a flogging for this!"

"The esteemed and idiotic Toddy—" exclaimed Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"Jevver hear of such a nerve?" gasped the Bounder. "Walked the man right into it at his study door!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The blithering owl!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "But—but—but he was bringing Froggy up here to tea in his study!"

"Oh crumbs! Did he have the nerve to ask a beak to tea, to get him into a booby-trap?" yelled Vernon-Smith.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He must be potty!" exclaimed Redwing. "He will get into an awful row for this!"

"What a nerve!" gasped Hazel.

"I guess it's the bee's knee!" chortled Fisher T. Fish. "I'll say this is the grasshopper's whiskers, you guys!"

"What a neck!" gurgled Bolsover major.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, that tears it!" said Bob Cherry. "Toddy must have gone off his chump, I think! Mossoo won't come to tea after that, what?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows!" Billy Bunter came rolling up the Remove staircase, his fat face wreathed with grins. "I say, did you see Toddy? A moment ago, I mean. I say, I've just seen him downstairs—smothered with soot. He, he, he! I say, fancy Toddy going down in that state! He, he, he!"

"Fathead! What on earth makes you think it was Toddy? It was Mossoo!"

Bunter gasped.

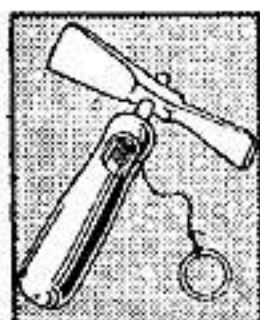
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"Mossoo!" he gasped. "What rot! It was Toddy, wasn't it? Didn't Toddy go to the study and get the soot?"

"No; Mossoo did!"

"Oh crikey!"

Billy Bunter's little round eyes almost popped through his big round spectacles at that startling information. He had glimpsed a sooty figure, and had no doubt that Peter had walked into the booby-trap, as per programme.

"Oh lor!" gasped Bunter. "Wha-a-t did Mossoo come up here for? He never comes up here! I thought Toddy——"

"Oh, my hat!" roared Bob. "Was it you, you fat frabjous freak? Did you put up that booby-trap for Toddy?"

"Oh, no!" gasped Bunter. "Not if a beak got it——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I never knew anything about it!" gasped Bunter. "Why, a fellow would be flogged for getting a beak like that! Oh crikey! I meant it for Toddy, of course, because the beast whacked me with a stump—I mean, I never did it at all! I haven't been in the study since class, and there wasn't a box of soot there, and——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, you fat chump!" gasped Bob. "You blithering bandersnatch! You priceless piffler! You—you——"

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"Oh, bump him!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"I say, you fellows—leggo!" yelled Bunter. "I never did it, and I meant it for that beast Toddy, and—yaroooh!"

Bump, bump, bump!

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's Toddy!"

"That potty Froggy gone?" asked Peter Todd, as he arrived on the landing. "I say, it's been a ghastly frost! Some mad ass fixed up a booby-trap in my study, and Froggy got it, and——"

"Yaroooh! Leggo! I say, you fellows—leggo!"

Bump!

"Ow! Beast! Ow!"

"What are you ragging Bunter for?" demanded Peter. "Let my prize porpoise alone! Look here——"

"He's the mad ass that fixed up the booby-trap!" grinned Bob.

"What?" roared Peter.

"Ow! I wasn't! I never! I didn't!" yelled Bunter. "I never put it up for you, Toddy because you whacked me! I—I wouldn't! Besides, how was I to know that Froggy would come to the study? I say—yaroooh!"

"Let me gerrat him!" gasped Peter. Bunter flew. After him flew Peter.

They disappeared up the Remove passage, both going strong; leaving the crowd on the landing shrieking with laughter.

THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

Wibley Tries It On!

WILLIAM WIBLEY put his head out of Mr. Capper's study, in Masters' Passage, and looked both ways.

Wib was very cautious.

He needed to be, for two reasons; he was in a master's study, which he had been using as a dressing-room; and he had discarded the guise of Archibald Popper, and was in his own proper person, well known, if he was seen, to every eye at Greyfriars.

Wib had resolved, at long last, to take his chance with Mossoo.

Everything looked favourable.

It was a difficult matter certainly. Wibley, when he interviewed Mossoo, had, of course, to interview him in his own person, never letting the French master dream that he had been at the school in disguise.

To do that, he had to discard the Popper outfit; and at the same time, he had to take care that no eye fell on him till Mossoo's did.

That was where Capper's study came in useful.

Mr. Capper, the Fourth Form-master, had gone to tea at the vicarage at Friardale that afternoon. He was safe out of the way till near calling-over. A fellow with nerve enough, could use his study while he was gone. William Wibley had nerve enough.

So there he was. He had taken an attache-case with him to Capper's study. From that attache-case, he extracted a suit of clothes, and a pair of shoes, sufficiently unlike those worn by Archibald.

Into the attache-case he packed Archibald's clothes, Archibald's brown hair, Archibald's thick eyebrows.

He was William Wibley again as he peered cautiously out from Capper's doorway.

He had to wait till the coast was clear, to whip along to Mossoo's study, and whip in.

Once safely there, he was going to wait for Mossoo.

If the interview was successful, if Mossoo consented to pardon him, and speak to the Head in his favour, Wibley was going to remain Wibley. If he failed, he was going to change back into Archibald, and wait for another chance.

In the former case, Archibald would disappear—and no doubt his disappearance would cause a lot of surprise. That did not worry Wibley however.

In the latter case, Archibald was going to carry on.

But Wibley hoped for success. He thought he had reason to hope Mossoo, that day, was in the very best of tempers. Even the gum in his inkpot that morning had not perturbed him very much. Since class, Archibald had seen him walking under the elms, smiling and amiable. Then he had seen him walking towards the House with Peter Todd, obviously in the very best of tempers. If Archibald's chance was ever coming, it looked as if it had come now.

Wib was going to try it on.

Mossoo, he supposed, would be going to tea in Common-room. After that, he would come to his study—where he would find Wibley, prepared to turn on his utmost eloquence. Ten to one, Wibley thought, it would be all right. Certainly, Wibley had no knowledge of what had happened in the Remove passage. It happened while he was making his preparations in Mr. Capper's study, and Masters' Passage was far from the junior quarters.

Had Wibley known about the sooty booby-trap at the door of Study No. 7 in the Remove he would hardly have thought this a favourable occasion for making his appeal to Mossoo.

But Wib did not know.

He had last seen Mossoo beaming with good-temper, and had no reason to suppose that there had been a change since.

Mossoo, he supposed, was now at tea. He had no means of knowing that Mossoo was not at tea, but was rubbing and scrubbing at soot, in the worst temper ever.

Slipping from Mr. Capper's study, attache-case in hand, Wibley cut along the passage to the French master's study door.

Swiftly he reached it, opened it, and whipped in.

He breathed more freely when the door was closed again. Nobody had

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seen him—nobody was going to see him, till Mossoo did.

He waited.

Mossoo, of course, would be surprised to see him there. He would suppose that Wibley had come to the school specially that afternoon to make an appeal to him. He could suppose what he liked, so far as Wib was concerned. Certainly, he was never likely to suppose that Wibley had been at Greyfriars ever since he was sacked, under the name of a new junior!

Wibley waited as patiently as he could.

While he waited, he turned over in his mind the form his appeal was to take. He was prepared to express deep sorrow and contrition for having grieved Mossoo. He was prepared to listen to any length of "jaw" with exemplary meekness. If only Mossoo was still in a beaming, amiable good-temper, he felt sure that it would be all right. And why should he not be?

Footsteps in the passage, at last, stopped at the door.

Wibley's heart beat.

The hour was at hand.

Then he heard Monsieur Charpentier's voice. He started a little, as he heard it. It did not sound amiable.

"Go away viz you, Todd! You vas one mauvais garçon—one bad boy! I desire not to speak viz you!"

"But, sir, if you'll let me explain—" It was Peter Todd's voice.

"Je vous dis, go away!" Mossoo's squeaky voice rose shrilly. "I say nozzings of vat you have done, Todd, because of ze service you rendair la

of it. It had wanted a lot of cleaning off. Traces of it lingered in his hair and his beard and behind his ears. His brows were contracted; his eyes glinted. He looked thoroughly cross and disgruntled; which, in the circumstances, was not surprising. Never, indeed, had the French master of Greyfriars been seen to look so utterly unamiable.

Poor Wib's spirits sank as he saw him. If, with Mossoo in the best of tempers, his chance had been doubtful, it was clear that with Mossoo in this mood, he had no chance at all.

"Mauvais garçon!" the French master was muttering as he came in, evidently referring to Peter. "Tres mauvais garçon! Moi, je crois—" He broke off with a jump at the sight of the junior in his study.

"If—if you please, sir!" stammered Wibley.

"Vous!" exclaimed Monsieur Charpentier. "Vous, Wibley! C'est vous, n'est-ce pas! You zat make a mock of me, and zat are expel, you come back viz yourself—"

"Yes, sir! May I speak to you, sir?"

"Non!" roared Monsieur Charpentier. "Mon Dieu! I am rag—I am persecute—I am smozzer viz soot—and now ze garçon zat make one mock of me, he is here vunce more—parbleu, mais c'en est trop! Je vous frappe—"

He jumped to the study table, and clutched up a cane.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Wibley. "I—I say, sir, if you'll let me speak—just a minute—Oh crumbs!"

He dodged a swipe.

Mossoo whisked along the passage. The key turned in Capper's lock. Another moment, and Mossoo was dragging at the door-handle.

"Ouvrez!" he roared. "Vibley, young rascal, ouvrez la porte—open ze door! I know zat you are zere—je le sais bien! Ouvrez, done!"

Wibley did not answer. Wibley was busy. The attache-case was open, on Mr. Capper's table, and Wibley was swiftly transforming himself into Archibald Popper again.

Wib had no time to waste on Mossoo. To make a lightning change, and drop from Capper's study window into the quad, was all that remained for Wibley—and he lost no time!

THE TWENTIETH CHAPTER.

Was It Wibley?

"I SAY, you fellows!" yelled Billy Bunter. "They've got him!"

"Fathead! Who's got who?"

"Wibley!" gasped Bunter.

"What?" exclaimed the Famous Five, with one voice.

"They've got him!" gasped Bunter.

"I say, Mossoo's spotted him! He's hooting it all over the House. I say, Wibley's game's up! He's locked in a beak's study, and they've got him."

The Famous Five had been going down to the nets after tea. But they forgot all about cricket at this startling news.

"But how?" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Let's go and see," said Harry Wharton hastily.

The Famous Five found a crowd heading for Masters' Passage. And a

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"THE BOY BEHIND THE SCENES."

samedi! I report you not to Meester Quelch! Non! You shall not be punish! But you are one mauvais garçon, and I like you not!"

"But I never—"

"Assez!"

"I really never—?"

"Taisez-vous!" yapped Monsieur Charpentier. "I have say zat you shall not be punish, Todd, because I owe you somezing for vat you do Saturday. But zat is enoff. Also deja I smack you ze head! But if you go not away, I cane you—"

"But, sir—"

"Allez-vous-en, done!" snapped Monsieur Charpentier, so sharply that Peter Todd gave it up, and departed.

Wibley knitted his brows.

He had heard every word, through the door. That ass, Todd, had, seemingly, been up to something, or Mossoo believed that he had. The good-temper on which Wib had been relying, had failed Mossoo. It was borne in on Wibley's mind that this was not, after all, a favourable occasion for putting his case to Mossoo.

But it was too late to retreat now. He was in the French master's study, and the French master was at the door.

Favourable or unfavourable, Wibley had to go through with it now, and chance his luck!

The door opened.

Monsieur Charpentier stepped in.

He had cleared off the soot—or most

"Name of a name!" spluttered Monsieur Charpentier. "Petit coquin—young rascal! I take you to ze Head! I demand zat you go—I—"

Wibley dodged again as Mossoo grabbed at his collar.

"I say, sir—" he gasped.

He dodged another swipe.

Wibley had a hopeful nature. But even Wib could not hope that there was any chance now. Only too clearly, there was nothing doing. He cut for the door.

After him cut Mossoo, grabbing at his collar.

He grabbed and held.

"Now, young rascal, I take you to ze Head—" he spluttered.

"Oh, my hat!"

Wibley was desperate.

He was not going to be taken to the Head.

He swung round the attache-case. It banged in Mossoo's ribs, and Mossoo slide-slipped, his grasp relaxing.

Instantly Wibley tore himself away, and tore the door open. He heard a bump in the study as he fled.

Mossoo stumbling over, bumped on his carpet.

It was a moment's respite for Wibley. He flew. He reached Mr. Capper's study, darted in, and shut the door.

At the same moment, Mossoo's enraged face popped out of his study doorway, and he had a glimpse of a disappearing leg at Capper's door,

crowd was already there. Excitement reigned. Monsieur Charpentier's shrill squeak was heard above a buzz of excited voices.

"Mais je vous dis, c'était Wibley! You zink zat I know now zat garçon zat make one mock of me! Viz my own eyes I see him!"

"It seems impossible, sir," said Mr. Quelch. "No one else has seen the boy. How could he have arrived here and entered the House, unseen?"

"Extraordinary!" boomed Mr. Prout. "A boy who has been expelled—returning to the school! Incredible!"

"Quite!" said Mr. Hacker.

"But I see him!" shrieked Monsieur Charpentier. "He vas in my study when zat I go zere, and he run—he fly—he rush—he lock himself in ze study of Monsieur Cappel—je vous dis—"

"The door is locked, sir," said Wingate of the Sixth, turning the door-handle of Mr. Capper's study.

"Mr. Capper, I believe, is absent," said Mr. Quelch coldly. "Probably he locked his study door before he went out."

"Mais je vous dis—" howled the excited Mossoo. "Viz my own eyes I see zat boy—in ze study—"

"Calm yourself, Monsieur Charpentier, please!" said the Remove master, in his iciest tone. "If the boy has indeed dared to return to the school from which he was expelled—"

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"Je vous dis, he is lock in zat study—"

"In that case, the fact will soon be ascertained. "Mr. Quelch rapped on the door of Capper's study. "Is anyone here? Answer me!"

There was no answer from the Fourth Form-master's study. There was no sound.

The crowd in the passage exchanged glances. That Mossos could have fancied that he had seen Wibley, seemed improbable; but really, it seemed more improbable, that the expelled junior could have appeared there, without any eye but Mossos's having fallen on him.

Nobody had seen him in the quad, nobody had seen him about the House, and it was practically impossible for Wibley to have walked into the school without a single eye having fallen on him. And not a single eye had!

"Is that old ass off his chump, you fellows?" murmured Peter Todd to the Famous Five. "He thinks he's seen old Wib here."

"Must be potty!" murmured Skinner. "Wibley can't be here," said Lord Mauleverer. "How the dooce could he get into the school without bein' seen?"

"He, he, he!" chortled Billy Bunter. Harry Wharton gave the fat Owl a warning glare.

As Mossos had seen Wibley in his study, the Co. could guess what had happened. They knew Wibley's plans, and it was clear to them that he had tried his luck with Mossos—at an unfortunate time.

They, at least, had no doubt that Wibley had been there, and that he had bolted into Capper's study, and locked the door.

Rap, rap, rap!
Mr. Quelch was knocking at the door. "Is anyone there?" boomed Prout. "Answer, if you are there!" rapped Mr. Quelch.

"He is zere—je vous dis, he is zere—" squeaked Monsieur Charpentier.

Rap, rap, rap!
Silence from the study!
"Is anything up, you fellows?" drawled a voice behind the Famous Five.

They fairly jumped round, to stare at Archibald Popper!

As Wibley was locked in Mr. Capper's study, it was rather astonishing to see Archibald Popper join the crowd in the passage.

He gave them a cheery grin. "Oh crikey!" gasped Billy Bunter, his

eyes popping at Popper. "I—I say, where did you come from? Did you get out of the window— Yow-ow-ow! Stop stamping on my foot, Bob Cherry, you beast! Wow-ow! Wharrer you stamping on a fellow's foot for? Ow-wow!"

"Oh!" gasped Harry Wharton. "Mossos thinks that he—that he saw Wibley in his study—"

"And that he bolted into Capper's study!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Wibley!" repeated Archibald. "That chap who was sacked before I came?"

The Famous Five stared at him, and grinned.

Wibley was Archibald again—evidently he had changed back, in Capper's study, escaped by the window, and strolled into the House, to join the crowd outside the study. William Wibley was not likely to be discovered in Capper's study now!

Rap, rap, rap!
"No one is there!" boomed Prout. "A mistake, Monsieur Charpentier—a very extraordinary mistake—"

"Mais, je vous dis, I see him!" squeaked Mossos. "He run, he fly, he rush, into zat study. He lock ze door—"

"If any boy locked himself in that study, he has probably left it by the window before now!" remarked Mr. Maucker. "But it can scarcely have been a boy who was expelled from the school a fortnight ago."

"Je vous dis—"

Archibald pushed cheerfully forward. "Mr. Capper's study window is open, sir," he said. "I noticed it a few minutes ago, when I was in the quad."

"Oh!" said Mr. Quelch. "Thank you, Popper! Wingate, perhaps you will go round to the study window—"

"Certainly, sir!" said the Greyfriars captain.

He left the crowded passage. Archibald closed one eye at the Famous Five. They grinned.

In a couple of minutes, sounds were heard in the study. Wingate was clambering in at the window, which was easy of access from the quad.

His footsteps were heard crossing the room to the door.

Then the key was turned back in the lock!

The door opened.

Wingate was there, but no one else was in the study. If a junior had been there, evidently he had made his escape.

"No one here, sir!" said Wingate. "But the door was locked on the inside—someone must have—"

"He go from ze window!" exclaimed Monsieur Charpentier. "Zat Wibley—he go from ze window—"

"Whoever it was, no doubt left the study by the window!" said Mr. Quelch coldly. "But it appears to me very improbable that it was Wibley—"

"Mais je vous dis, I see him—" Monsieur Charpentier gesticulated wildly. "You zink zat I dream—zat I see zings!"

"If Wibley is in the school, he shall be found immediately, and sent home in charge of a prefect!" said Mr. Quelch. "But I certainly shall not be persuaded that he is here until I see him! Wingate, will you speak to the other prefects, and have a search made—"

"Very well, sir!"
The buzzing crowd in Master's Passage broke up. In a few minutes, the whole body of prefects were engaged in a search for the expelled junior, whom Mossos had seen—or fancied he had seen—in his study!

They did not find him!

They did not, as a matter of fact, expect to find him. They did not believe that he was there, or that he had been there. And really, it looked as if Mossos had been under some extraordinary delusion. Gosling was questioned, but he had not seen Wibley come in; dozens of fellows were questioned, but they had not seen Wibley. That a fellow known by sight to everybody at Greyfriars could have walked about the school unseen, really seemed impossible!

Somebody, apparently, had locked himself in Capper's study and dropped from the window! But not Wibley! For how could it have been Wibley?

.

"Rotten luck!" Archibald remarked later to the Famous Five. "It looked good to me, but while I was getting ready to see Mossos, some silly ass seems to have bagged Froggy in a booby-trap—and sent him off at the deep end again! Just rotten luck! But one swallow don't make a summer!"

"You're going to carry on?" asked Bob.

"Eh? Yes, of course!"

"You think you've still got a chance?"

"Lots!" said Archibald.

Evidently, Wibley had a hopeful nature!

(William Wibley is down—but very far from out. And in next week's yarn he is up and doing more actively than ever. Make a note of the title—"The Boy Behind the Scenes!")

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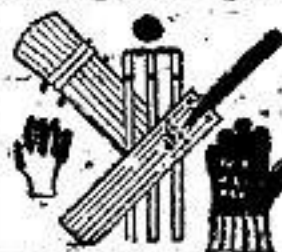
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THE TWISTER OF BELLA VISTA!

Chock-full of chuckles is this second instalment of Dicky Nugent's Great Seaside Serial:

"DOCTOR BIRCHEMALL'S BOARDING-HOUSE!"

BREAKFAST WITH BIRCHY!

"Clang, clang, clang!" "Hooray! That's the brekker-bell!" cried Frank Fearless, jumping up from his seat in the porch of Bella Vista at Sandyville-on-Sea. "Thank goodness it's gone at last!"

"Hear—hear! I'm as hungry as a hunter!" grinned Jack Jolly. "This way, you fellows!"

There was a rush of guests for the dining-room.

Jack Jolly & Co. had spent their first night at Bella Vista; and now that they had got over the first shock of finding that the "landlady" was their own headmaster, Doctor Birchermall, they were feeling a little happier about their seaside holiday again.

There were several other boarders besides the chums of the Fourth, but Jack Jolly & Co. beat the lot in the race to breakfast.

"Good-morning, sir!" they chorused cheerily, as they galloped into the dining-room.

Doctor Birchermall, who was sitting in state at the head of the table, looked up with a frown and hurriedly put his fingers to his lips.

"S-sh! Cut out the 'sir,' you young idjits!" he hissed. "I don't want anyone to guess that the proprietor of Bella Vista is the headmaster of St. Sam's—YES, IT IS A BEWTFUL DAY, AS YOU SAY, YUNG JENTLEMEN!" he said, in a louder voice, for the bennyfit of the rest of the guests. "Good-morning, everybody!"

The grinning guests all took their places round the big dining-table, their mouths fairly watering in anticipation of a big breakfast.

Doctor Birchermall, with a beaming smile, promptly started ladling out porridge on to their plates.

"Don't be afraid to ask for more if I don't give you enuff!" he cried, wacking down a meek half-spoonful on to each plate. "If there's one thing we do pride ourselves on at Bella Vista, it's our jenneous meals. But, of corse, that's not to say we like guests to make hogs of themselves!" he concluded with a leer.

"My hat! There's not much chance of that on a helping like this!" gasped Frank Fearless, as the Head served him up a portion of porridge no bigger than a marble.

"Another feature of which we are justly proud at Bella Vista is our cleanliness," said the Head as he wiped his sticky fingers on the edge of the tablecloth. "Yet another is our happy knack of making sure that all guests are fully satisfied before the proprietor gets a look-in!"

With these words, the Head pored out the remainder of the porridge for himself and started feeding his face with it for all he was worth!

Doctor Birchermall's guests gave him rather eggpressive looks. It didn't take any of them longer than a couple of seconds to polish off the measly helping he had served for them; and at the end of that

time they had to spend five minnits watching him wolfing enuff for six!

But Doctor Birchermall carried on with grate cheerfulness, without seeming to notiss the slitley strained atmosphere.

When he had finished off the last scrap, he jumped up from his seat and rubbed his hands gleefully.

"That was only the first corse, ladies and gentlemen!" he grinned. "Now for a second corse you are going to have eggs-and-bacon, cooked to a turn! I cooked it myself, so I know it's good! Shan't be a jiffy!"

The boarders brightened up when the Head reappeared carrying a steaming dish of eggs-and-bacon. But another disappointment was in store for them. When it came to serving it out, he calmly gave each of the guests half a rasher of bacon and a small piece of egg, and then placed the rest of the dish in front of himself and started wading in at eggsspress speed!

This was too much for one of the guests—an old sea-kaptin named Kaptin Saltspray.

"Shiver me timbers!" cried Kaptin Saltspray. "If this is eggs-and-bacon, then my cup of colly is the Atlantic Ocean! I demand more breakfast!"

The Head pawssed and gave the old sea-dog a look of pained serprize.

"Really, Kaptin Saltspray! I hoap you realise that you are paying me a meek pultry five ginnies a week for full board and lodgins!"

"And I hoap you realise that at this rate I shan't get more than fivepennyworth of food for my five ginnies!" retorted Kaptin Saltspray. "I want more breakfast!"

"Same here!" chimed in Jack Jolly; and Merry and Bright and Fearless added a hearty "Hear, hear!"

Doctor Birchermall gazed at his rebellious boarders in sheer amazement. He seemed hardly able to believe his ears.

"Bless my sole!" he cried. "Is it possibl that I am making a mistake? Is it possibl that the guests I took to be yewman beings are yewman elephants? If their appetites are anything to go on, it certainly seems so!"

"I want more breakfast!" repeated Kaptin Saltspray, grimly. "What about you dishing up some of yours?"

"Hear, hear!" Doctor Birchermall hastily

crammed some eggs-and-bacon into his mouth.

"So that's it, is it?" he cried. "Not content with eating away all my prophets, you would even descend to taking the piffing little pound of bacon and half-duzen eggs I reserved for myself! Jentlemen! I am shocked and grieved beyond mezzure to see such greediness! I refuse!"

"And I refuse to remain hungry!" snorted Kaptin Saltspray, jumping to his feet. "I'm going out to get my breakfast in a restaurang—and I intend to nock the cost of it off my bill! Meanwhile, I hoap you enjoy the remainder of your meal!"

So saying, the kaptin screezed Doctor Birchermall by the back of the neck and pushed his face into his plate. And there was a howl from the Head and an even louder howl from the Head's boarders.

"Yarooooo!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

That little incident made things a lot better. The Head reluctantly-cooked some more breakfast and served it up; and everybody had enuff to eat at last.

Jack Jolly & Co. were grinning as they left the dining-room.

But they didn't grin for long. As they came out on to the porch, Doctor Birchermall came hurrying after them. He was holding in his grimy paw four slips of paper.

"Eggscuse me, boys!" he said, blandly. "Your bills!"

Jack Jolly & Co. stared. "We haven't been with you a week yet, sir!" cried Jack Jolly.

"Trew, Jolly; but you've been here a day. In the case of yung and irresponsible boarders, the bill is payable daily, you see. No objection?"

"D u z z e n t matter much, I suppose, sir," said Jolly, eyeing the Head rather suspishusly. "I should have thought you could have trusted us for a week; but if you can't wait, we'll pay daily."

"Good!" grinned the Head; and he dealt out the bills with the speed of a card-sharper.

The chums of the Fourth glanced at their respektive accounts. The next moment, they gave a yell.

"It's a swindle!" "You've charged us a ginny a day instead of five ginnies a week!"

"Quite correct, my dear Fearless!" said the Head, blandly,

"Daily terms are always more eggssensive than weekly!"

"But the extra!" hooted Jolly. "A shilling for an early morning cup of tea—and I never had it!"

"Naturally you never had it, Jolly! Because why! Because you never ordered it! But it was all ready for you if you had ordered it!"

"Grate pip!" "The same applies to meats in bed-rooms and hot baths and ginger-pop," explained Doctor Birchermall. "They're all there if wanted—so we have to charge 'em up! Better coff up, boys—when I yung jents, I should say!"

"What if we don't?" asked Fearless, defiantly. The Head smiled sinnically.

"Well, perhaps I had better not say, Fearless. But it would rather spoil your holiday if you sent the rest of it behind prison bars, wouldn't it?"

"Oh crumbs!" Doctor Birchermall's dark 'eat was enuff. Jack Jolly & Co. cuffed up.

And as they wound their way down to the sands, they realised refully that when they came to Bella Vista they had fallen into the klutches of a terribul twister!

Several days had passed and the chums of the Fourth were having a really ripping hollerday at Sandyville-on-Sea.

The only fly in the ointment was the Twister of Bella Vista. He was properly feathering his nest; and, not content with rooking his guests, he crowed over the way he did it, too!

Jack Jolly & Co. were beginning to feel the pinch. As Merry remarked, the Head was always

boasting about providing pillows of "soft down"; but his cheef feature seemed to be that he made his 'guests "hard up!"

But it took a lot to upset Jack Jolly & Co. on hollerday, and they were all grinning cheerfully, as they crowded round Kaptin Saltspray on the pier.

"Caught anything, kaptin?" repeated Jack Jolly, as the kaptin turned his beaming face on them.

"Not yet, my barty!" replied Kaptin Saltspray. "They're a slippery lot of eels in these waters—though not quite so slippery as the landlord of our boarding-house!"

"Ha, ha! That's trew, sir!" "He's the meanest lubber I ever met!" declared Kaptin Saltspray. "It so happens, boys, that I stay at Bella Vista every year for the purpose of

organising Lifeboat Day. Now, Miss Birchermall, who usually runs the boarding-house, has paid the cost of overhawling the lifeboat out of the prophets of the house for years. But this swab has refused to give as much as a penny!"

"Good-morning, kaptin!" broke in a familiar voice—and the kaptin broke off, as Doctor Birchermall himself arrived on the scene.

I was—and I hereby give a warning to those who are thinking of going to Navy Week. Take my tip—and don't take Fish!

Of course, I knew before we began that Fishy has a profound contempt for all British institutions; but in my cheerful innocence I imagined that a glimpse of the British Navy would rather take the wind out of his sails.

It didn't! On the contrary, Fishy's nasal jeers had never been more pronounced than they were on this occasion!

We had a very jolly young Naval rating to take us round, and it made me blush to think he should have to listen to Fishy's bosh and probably associate me with it!

"Call that a battleship?" Fishy yelled, when we stepped aboard one of the greatest men-o'-war in the world.

"Say, we use things like this for ferry boats in Noo York!" "What is it?" he yawned, too. Like to see a bigger one?"

Now, really, I'm surprised at a smart guy from Noo York falling for an easy one like that. But Fishy fell for it like a lamb. He said: "I guess there ain't a bigger one. Everything's midget in this one-horse little island!"

"I'll show you one, anyway," grinned the rating. "I'll show you the biggest windbag that's been seen in Portsmouth for years. Come over here!"

Fishy adjusted his horn-rimmed specs, and followed his leader. And I'm glad to be able to say that that jolly Jack Tar took him to the nearest mirror and showed him his own reflection!

"There, ladies and gentlemen," announced the Naval rating, before Skinner could escape, "is something of which the British Navy has no equal!"

Was Fishy's face red? He spluttered and choked but it wasn't any good him trying to say anything. The crowd were laughing too loudly for him to be heard.

After which, Fishy's fustious criticisms of the British Navy came to a finish!

The GREYFRIARS HERALD

No. 252.

EDITED BY HARRY WHARTON.

August 7th, 1937.



BRITISH TAR QUEERED FISH'S PITCH!

Says SQUIFF

Seeing the Navy at Portsmouth Dockyard is a jolly fine adventure. But it can also be a bit of an ordeal when you're accompanied by a chap like Fisher T. Fish.

I was—and I hereby give a warning to those who are thinking of going to Navy Week. Take my tip—and don't take Fish!

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"I was just telling these youngsters what a stingy old swab you are—refusins to carry on Miss Birchermall's annual gift to the Sandyville lifeboat!" continued the kaptin unabashed.

"Ha, ha, ha!" The Head bit his lips with vexation.

"Dashed if I see anything to cackle at! The fact is that I'm a most jenneous, open-hearted fellow. Just to prove it, I'll give the magnificent sum of one penny to the Lifeboat Fund for every fish you catch—so long as I get the fish!"

"Done!" cried Kaptin Saltspray who had suddenly got a bite. "The Lifeboat Fund gets the penny—and you get the fish!"

And a few seconds later the Head got the fish. But he got it where he didn't want it. The kaptin swung it back over his shoulder on the end of his line and the Head got it full in his face!

FLOP!

"Ow-ow-ow! My face! Yoooooo!" shrieked the Head.

"Half a jiffy! You haven't given me the penny!" roared Kaptin Saltspray.

But Doctor Birchermall galloped away as though a shoal of serpents were after him, and he didn't stop galloping till he was safely through the turnstile leading back to the prom.

But all that followed him, in actual fact, was a roar of laughter from the Co.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

(Another rollicking instalment of "Doctor Birchermall's Boarding-house!" next week! Don't miss it!)

HOW TO MAKE HOLIDAY MONEY!

By DICK RAKE

How to make money to spend at the seaside?

Easy! No Remove chap worth his salt ought to find the slightest difficulty in doing it!

The idea is to turn what you already possess into what you need.

Suppose you possess sixpence and you need five pounds. It's just a question then of turning the nimble tanner into the crisp, rustling liver.

Here are a few ways of doing it:

1. Buy a sixpenny tin of METAL-POLISH and set up on the beach as a restorer of rusty buttons on blazers. You'll do five pounds' worth of business in no time!

2. Buy a sixpenny tin of FURNITURE-POLISH. Then crash in on the pierrots' performance and offer to polish their piano for them. Their efforts to stop you will lead to roars of laughter and increased business; and the pierrots will ask you to do it again at every performance for the rest of the week. Salary: Five pounds!

There are plenty more ideas where these come from; but these will do for the moment.

By the way, I've shown my ideas to Wharton and Nugent, and they think them rather crude; but they're quite mistaken. At any rate, nobody can say my ideas lack polish!

