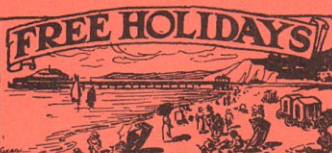


**"PETER TODD'S CHANCE,"** Complete School Tale,  
And 1st Instalment of our New Serial Story by **SIDNEY DREW.**



**PETER TODD SURPRISES THE HEAD OF GREYFRIARS !**



## Holidays Are Coming

and you will soon have to settle where to go and how much you can spend. A holiday at the seaside is always great fun, but it costs money. How much more would you enjoy yourself if you had not any expenses to think about! *Wouldn't you like a holiday for nothing?* If you would, you should see the offer of free seaside holidays which appears

in this week's

**CHEER BOYS CHEER**  
36 Pages, **P** Every Tuesday.

## JUST OUT!

3 New Additions to "THE BOYS' FRIEND" 3d. COMPLETE LIBRARY.

**NOW ON SALE!**

No. 226. "DEEP SEA GOLD!"

A Magnificent, Long, Complete Tale of Breathless Adventure Beneath the Waves.

By REGINALD WRAY.

No. 227. "SHUNNED BY THE VILLAGE!"

A Splendid, Long, Complete School Tale.

By HENRY ST. JOHN.

No. 228. "THE GREAT MINING SWINDLE!"

A Grand New Tale of Sexton Blake versus Dr. Huxton Rymer.

**BUY YOUR COPIES TO-DAY**

## STARTLING REDUCTIONS.

**MARVELLOUS BARGAINS.**

**OPPORTUNITIES FOR KEEN CYCLE BUYERS.**

You will save the shopkeepers' profit by sending your order direct to our Factory and buying 1913 Gold Medal Quadrants at Wholesale Trade Price. Here's cycle value. We only charge 63 12s. for our Popular Model, listed at £6 15s. and sold in shops at full list price. Our superb Standard Model (List Price and Shop Price £9 15s.) supplied direct for £6 9s. 3d. cash, or 7/10 deposit and 18 monthly payments of 7/10. We sell **DUNLOP TYRES, 3-SPEED GEARS, HOOKS' SADDLES**, etc., etc. We grant 10 days' approval, give a 10 years' warranty, and guarantee perfect satisfaction or return your money in full. Write at once for Art Lists.

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS.

**THE QUADRANT CYCLE CO. LTD.**  
(DEPT 3) **COVENTRY.**



## A Real Lever Simulation GOLD WATCH FREE



A straightforward, generous offer from an established firm. We are giving away watches to thousands of people all over the world as a huge advertisement. Now is your chance to obtain one. **WRITE NOW**, enclosing P.O. 6d. and 2 penny stamps for postage, packing, &c., for one of our fashionable Ladies' Long Guards or Gent's Alberts to wear with the watch, which will be given Free (these watches are guaranteed five years), should you take advantage of our marvellous offer. We expect you to tell your friends about us, and show them the beautiful watch. Don't think this offer too good to be true, but send to-day and gain a Free Watch. You will be amazed. Colonial Orders, 1/-.—**WILLIAMS & LLOYD,** Wholesale Jewellers (Desk 16), 89, Cornwallis Road, London, N.

**IF YOU WANT** Good Cheap Photographic Material or Camera and Lens sent postpaid for 5s. plus postage and Catalogue **FREE**.—Works: **JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL.**

**64 CONJURING TRICKS,** 27 Joke Tricks, 60 Puzzles, 60 Games, 12 Love Letters, 400 Jokes, 11 Complete Stories, 10 Money-making Secrets (worth £29), and 1,000 more stupendous attractions, 7d. P.O. 1/-.—**HUGHES, PRINCESTON, BIRMINGHAM.** 25 Screaming Gull, Forecard, 7d.

6/6 each

## "LORD ROBERTS" TARGET PISTOL.



Beautifully plated and finished. May be carried in the pocket. Will kill birds and rabbits up to 50 yards. Noiseless Ball Cartridges, 9d. per 100. Shot, 1/6 per 100. 100 birds or rabbits may be killed at a cost of 9d. only. Send for list. **CROWN GUN WORKS, 6, Whittall Street, BIRMINGHAM.**



## FROM FACTORY TO RIDER.

Save Dealers' Profits. Packed Free. Carriage Paid. Without One Penny deposit. Ten Days' Free Trial.

**MEAD Coventry Flyers.**

Dunlop Tyres, Brooks' Saddles, Spide-Grays, etc.

**£2-15-0 to £6-19-6**

Won Cycling's Century Competition Gold Medal. Write for Free Art Catalogue and Special Offer. Motor Cycles to Customers at Factory Prices.

**CYCLE CO., Dept. 440**

**MEAD 11 Paradise St., Liverpool.**

**VENTRILOQUISM** made easier. Our new enlarged book of easy instructions and amusing dialogues makes an anyone in 15 minutes a wonderful and most laughable 4d. Gaily 7d. post free. Thousands delighted. How to become a Stage Artist, 7d. Conjuring Tricks, 4d.—**FEAR, Publisher, 21a, Locking Road, Weston-super-Mare, Som.**



**FREE, ABSOLUTELY FREE.**

This beautiful 18ct. Gold-filled signet Ring. We make this extraordinary offer to introduce our new catalogue. All we ask of you is to send your name and address, with P.O. for 10d. to cover the cost of engraving your initials and postage. Two initial letters. **WILLIAMS & LLOYD, 89, Cornwallis Road, London, W.C.**



## MOUSTACHE!

A Smart Manly Moustache grows very quickly at any age by using "Mousta," the guaranteed Moustache Former. Boys become Men. Act as the Magic! Use next in plain cover for 7d. Send now to—

**J. A. DIXON & Co., 42, Junction Rd., London, N.**

Applications with regard to advertisement spaces in this paper should be addressed: Advertisement Manager, "PLUCK" SERIES, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

# The Magnet 1<sup>o</sup>

## Library

A Companion Paper to  
"THE GEM" LIBRARY  
and  
"THE PENNY POPULAR."

NEXT MONDAY'S STORY:

### "WUN LUNG'S SECRET!"

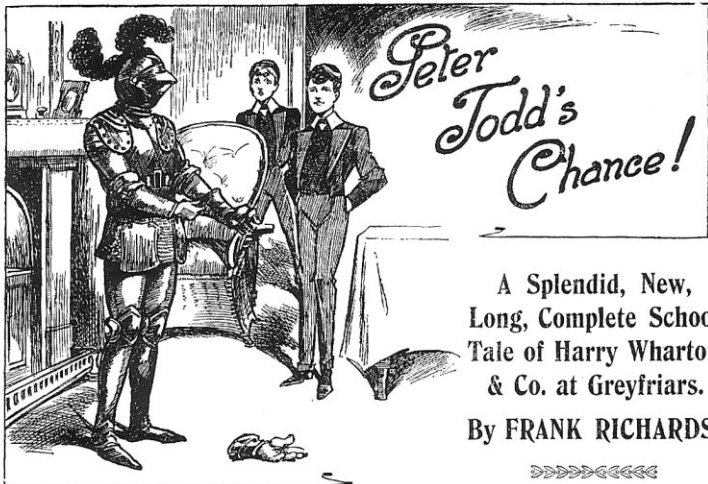
A Grand, Long, Complete School Tale.

- By -  
**FRANK RICHARDS.**

Order Your Copy Early.

A Complete School Story Book, attractive to All Readers.

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



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

By FRANK RICHARDS.

#### THE FIRST CHAPTER.

##### Fag Wanted.

**L**ODER, of the Sixth, was in a bad temper. He was not often in a good temper, as a matter of fact. But on this particular afternoon he was in a particularly bad one.

It was a half-holiday at Greyfriars, and almost all the fellows were out of doors. There were two or three cricket matches in progress, and dozens of fellows had gone on the river.

The School House was almost deserted. Loder had stood at the door of his study for five minutes, and called "Fag!" but no fag had appeared.

Tubb, of the Third, had the distinction of fagging for Loder. But Tubb was not enthusiastic about it. Tubb eluded his duties whenever he could, and he eluded them this afternoon in the most successful way, by going down the river in a four-oar with Paget and Bolsover minor and Wingate minor. Other fags, who heard Loder call, turned a deaf ear, and scuttled out of the House before the prefect could catch sight of them. Loder expended his breath in vain.

Loder growled.

He wanted a fag specially that afternoon, as he was expecting visitors. His study was in its usual untidy state, and there was nothing in the cupboard. It was a most special and important occasion, for Loder was hard-up, and Loder was just going down to the station to meet his uncle—from whom he expected to extract a substantial tip, if the old gentleman was pleased with his reception. To be carefully avoided by all the fags at that particular moment was extremely exasperating to Loder.

"Fag!"

Loder shouted once more, but save for a distant sound of hurrying feet, there was no response. And the hurrying feet were not hurrying towards Loder's study. They were hurrying in the opposite direction.

Loder turned back into his study, and picked up a cane. Then he strode forth in search of a fag.

He looked into the Third Form-room, but the Form-room was empty. All the Third were out of doors—and those who had heard Loder call were as far from the School House as they could get in the time.

Loder murmured sulphurously to himself as he drew the Form-room blank. He strode down the passage, and came upon four juniors in cricket flannels, three of them with bats

under their arms, and one with a cricket-ball in his hand. They were Harry Wharton, Nugent, Johnny Bull, and Bob Cherry, of the Remove—the Lower Fourth at Greyfriars.

Loder signed to them to stop.  
"I want one of you!" he called out.

Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged a quick glance. It had been established for a long time that the Remove did not fag for the Sixth; but Loder was never a fellow to "play the game."

"What do you want?" asked Bob Cherry, with great politeness.

"I want a fag!"

"Which chap do you want?" pursued Bob, with the same politeness.

"It doesn't matter which."

"But you'd better specify which one!" urged Bob Cherry. "It's up to the one you want to reply 'Rats!' No good our all saying 'Rats!' at once!"

The juniors chuckled, and Loder scowled.

"Look here," said the prefect, "I don't want any of your cheek—"

"Well, we don't want any of yours, if you come to that!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "But we're getting it!"

"Go into my study, Cherry!"

"What for?"

"To fag!"

"Then it's up to me to answer," said Bob, "'Rats!'"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Loder came closer to the Famous Four, and took a tighter grip upon his cane. Bob Cherry let his bat slip down into his hand, and took a firm hold upon the cane handle.

"Are you going into my study, Cherry?" demanded the prefect.

"Ask me another!"

"What!"

"I give that one up!" explained Bob.

And the juniors chuckled again. Loder did not waste any more time in words. He strode at Bob Cherry with the cane in the air. Three cricket-bats went up at once, and Loder stopped suddenly. The cricket-bats looked as if the juniors meant business.

"Choose it, Loder!" said Harry Wharton. "You know jolly well that you can't fag the Remove. We'll fag for Wingate major, but for nobody else in the Sixth—especially you!"

"Especially you, Loder!" cried the Co. altogether.

"Go into my study, Cherry!"

"Rats!"

The cane descended.

Crack!

Bob Cherry caught the blow upon his bat, and the cane flew out of Loder's hand. Then the end of the bat clumped upon Loder's chest, and the senior staggered back with a roar:

"Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton & Co. walked out cheerily into the Close, leaving the baffled prefect rubbing his chest. Bob Cherry chuckled as they walked down to the cricket-field.

"Every old Loder thinking we're going to cut a Form match for the pleasure of fagging for him!" he remarked. "Innocent old duck, isn't he? He can rag kids like little Banthorpe and Alonzo Todd into fagging for him, but I don't think it will work with us. What?"

"What-ho!" responded the Co.

And they went down to the cricket without giving Gerald Loder another thought. Loder rubbed his chest and picked up his cane, in a worse temper than ever. It was time for him to start for the station. Major Loder would expect to have his train met, and to be conducted to Greyfriars by his dutiful nephew.

Major Loder was a very exacting old gentleman, and if a five-pound note was to be extracted from him, no end of care and diplomacy would be needed. A nice, tidy study

and a handsome spread on the tea-table were essential—and at this crisis there was no fag to be had! No wonder Loder was ratty!

But all the Remove were not made of such stern stuff as the Famous Four, and Loder strode along the Remove passage in search of a junior more amenable to reason.

There was a sound of voices in No. 7 Study, and Loder kicked open the door without waiting to knock.

No. 7 Study in the Remove belonged to Billy Bunter, Tom Dutton, and Peter and Alonzo Todd. They were a queer quartette—indeed, some of the juniors had nicknamed them the Funny Four.

Billy Bunter was the fattest junior at Greyfriars. Tom Dutton was a sturdy lad, a good cricketer and footballer, but he was afflicted with deafness, and he was not the only fellow who was afflicted by his affliction. Alonzo Todd, the Duffer of Greyfriars, was the best-natured fellow in the world, who never, as Bob Cherry remarked, opened his mouth without putting his foot in it. Peter Todd, Alonzo's cousin, was Alonzo's double in personal appearance, but there the resemblance ceased. Peter was a new boy in the school, but he had made his mark in the Remove. He had calmly announced his intention of making No. 7 Study the top study in the Remove—an intention which had led to considerable trouble with Harry Wharton & Co.

Peter Todd was sitting on the table now, swinging his legs and talking. Peter Todd did most of the talking that was done in the study.

"You hear me, you chaps?" he said. "This study is behind No. 1 Study in the sports, and it's got to stop. We've all got to get places in the Form eleven. There's only one way to do that, and that's by slogging at practice. Dutton is the only one of you who can play. I'm going to put you through it. You're going to work, Bunter!"

"Oh, really, Todd—"

"And you're going to work, Lenzy!"

Alonzo Todd blinked mildly at his determined cousin.

"My dear Peter—"

"Dutton's backing me up—aren't you, Dutton?"

The deaf junior looked at him.

"Eh?" he said.

"You're going to back me up?"

"Certainly not!" said Tom Dutton indignantly.

"What! You're not going to back me up?"

"No. I've never sold anybody a pup!"

"I wasn't talking about selling a pup!" roared Peter Todd, exasperated.

"Don't shout!" said Dutton, frowning. "I'm not deaf! Just speak plainly, and I can hear all right!"

"Oh, my hat! Are you going to back me up in making this study top study in cricket, as well as in everything else?"

"Wicked!" said Dutton. "I don't know about being wicked, but it wouldn't be playing the game to sell anybody a pup!"

"Oh, kill him, somebody!" groaned Peter Todd.

It was at this moment that the door was kicked open, and Loder strode in. The four juniors jumped. Even Tom Dutton had heard the crash of the door.

"Hallo!" said Peter Todd, eyeing the bully of the Sixth warily. "Want anything, Loder?"

"I want a fag!"

"None here!" said Peter. "The Remove don't fag! Where on earth were you brought up, Loder, if you don't know that?"

Loder gritted his teeth.

"I don't want any funny remarks," he said; "I want a fag! You'll do! You'll go to my study and clear it up, and make it presentable, and get tea ready at exactly four o'clock! Understand?"

"Oh, really, Loder—" began Billy Bunter.

Smack!

Loder's cane came down heavily across the fat junior's shoulders, and the Owl of the Remove roared with pain.

"Yaroh! Ow, ow, ow!"

"My dear Loder," said Alonzo Todd mildly—Alonzo was always mild—"you have no right to strike Bunter in that brutal way. My Uncle Benjamin would be shocked at your conduct. Loder—my distinguished. He would say—You—ow—ow!"

Smack!

Loder's cane descended upon Alonzo Todd and cut short his remarks. The Duffer of Greyfriars jumped up and backed round the table in alarm.

"Ow, ow! My dear Loder—yow!"

"Now, do you others want any?" demanded Loder, glaring at Dutton and Peter Todd. Now, look here, I order you to go to my study, and tidy it up. I order you as a prefect, and if you disobey me, I shall report you to the Head for insubordination."

"The Head doesn't allow you to fag the Remove," said Peter Todd, with a gleam in his eyes.

\* \* \* \* \*

# POP LETS!

The New Weekly Competition  
in Our Companion Paper

## "THE PENNY POPULAR."

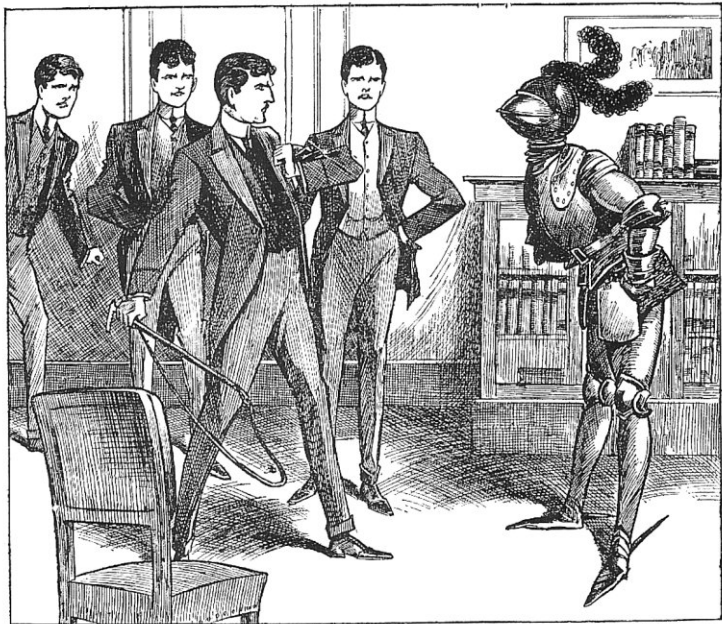
Now on Sale at all Newsagents.

### MANY LARGE MONEY PRIZES

\* \* \* \* \*

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 275.





Loder gave a roar like an infuriated bull, and rushed at the junior, lashing out with the riding-whip. *Slash! Slash!* "Go it!" said Peter Todd's voice from the helmet. "I don't feel any pain, Mr. Dentist!" (See Chapter 4.)

"I shall report you for insubordination," said Loder, "also for bullying, Todd. I have seen you bully Bunter."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Now, I order you to go to my study and fag for me. Are you going?"

Peter Todd looked at the prefect grimly. It was in Loder's power, certainly, to make things very unpleasant for disobedient juniors. Loder had great power as a prefect; and he was not scrupulous in the use he made of it. He could inflict canings, and he could deal out impositions; and if Peter Todd did not fag for him Loder would punish him on the ground that he had bullied Bunter. Peter Todd understood that very well. And so Peter answered with a meekness that surprised his companions:

"You are sure you want me to fag for you, Loder?"

"You order me as a prefect to go to your study."

"Yes."

"Very well," said Peter, with a meekness worthy of his cousin Alonzo. "I suppose I had better go. I hope you won't be sorry for this afterwards, Loder."

Loder grinned. He was not likely to be sorry for having acted as a bully and a tyrant. If he had been sorry for things like that, he would have lived in a perpetual state of sorrow.

"Are you going?" he demanded.

"Certainly, my dear Loder."

And Peter Todd rose obediently.

Loder grinned as he marched the junior to his study in the Sixth Form passage. Peter Todd was evidently more amenable to reason than Harry Wharton & Co., in spite of THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 275.

his declared intention of becoming top-dog in the Remove. Not even Alonzo's face could have been neekier than Peter's as he followed the prefect into Loder's study.

"Now, listen to me," said Loder. "You've got to get this study in order—spick and span as a new pin—ready for my uncle when he comes. See?"

"I see."

"You've got to get tea—a really ripping tea," said Loder. "Here's five shillings. If not enough, you can find some money in your pockets. If I'm not satisfied with the tea, I shall tan your hide afterwards. See?"

Peter again admitted that he saw.

"My uncle will be here with me at four," said Loder.

"Everything's got to be ready by then—all ready."

"I'm to spend this money in getting ready for your uncle?"

"Yes."

And Loder took his hat and strode from the study. Peter Todd, from the study window, watched him cross the Close to the gates. And then Peter Todd smiled a smile.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Peter the Painter!

"GREAT Scott!"

"What's that?"

"Paint!"

"What?"

"Paint!" said Peter Todd. "Paint, paint!"

A crowd of juniors had gathered round Peter Todd in the Close. Peter was carrying a tin pail, nearly full of bright

green paint, an aggressive green that would have made a fence visible for miles. There was a big brush in the paint—nearly as large as a tar-brush. And the juniors stared.

Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry, who were "out" in the match with the Upper Fourth, had been coming over to the tuckshop for liquid refreshment in the shape of ginger-beer, after their labours at the wicket, when they met Peter.

At the sight of the paint in the pail they stopped, and a great many other fellows stopped, too, in wonder.

"Paint!" repeated Bob Cherry. "I didn't know you were a giddy artist, Alonzo."

Peter Todd grinned.

"And I didn't know I was Alonzo," he replied. "I happen to be Peter."

"Blessed if I know t'other from which," growled Bob Cherry. "Why don't you wear a label or something? But what are you going to do with that paint?"

"Paint!"

"Yes, I know it's paint, but what are you going to do with it?"

"Paint!"

"You—your silly ass!"

"I'm using the verb this time," explained Peter Todd.

"The verb to paint. I paint, thou paintest, he paints—"

"Oh, I see! You're going to paint with that paint?"

"Exactly."

"Gosling given you a job to paint the fence?" asked Harry Wharton.

Peter chuckled.

"No; I'm going to paint Loder's study."

The juniors yelled.

"Paint Loder's study!"

"With that awful stuff!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"You ass!" gasped Tom Brown. "Loder will slaughter you. He'll chop you up into little tiny pieces if you daub that awful green on his study."

"He's ordered me to."

"Ordered you to paint his study green?" howled Bob Cherry.

"Well, not exactly that. He's ordered me to fag for him."

"The Remove doesn't fag," said Harry Wharton. "I'm captain of the Remove. I punch the head of any chap that fags for Loder. That's the law."

"But he has ordered me as a prefect," explained Todd.

"Good boys mustn't disobey the prefects, and I'm a good boy—ahem!—sometimes. If I don't fag for him, he's going to report me to the Head for bullying Bunter."

"My hat, the deep rotter!"

"So I'm going to fag for him," said Peter. "I warned him that he might be sorry for it afterwards, but he didn't seem to think so. He's ordered me to get the study ready for his uncle, who's coming at four o'clock. Everything is to be spick and span and in apple-pie order. Now, the best way to make a study spick and span is to give it a fresh coat of paint. Nothing like a coat of new paint to make a place really fresh and attractive."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He left the money for it, too, five bob," said Peter calmly.

"He may have intended me to spend the money on eatables, but a chap is allowed to use his own judgment to a certain extent. I've spent it on paint."

"Oh, my hat!"

"I haven't had much practice as a painter," said Peter modestly. "But I've no doubt it will look all right. I'm afraid the paint won't have time to dry before Loder's uncle comes, but that's the fault of the paint, not mine. Any of you chaps who feel interested in art can come and see me paint Loder's study."

The juniors shrieked.

"You won't have the nerve to do it!" yelled Bulstrode.

"You'll see."

Peter Todd walked into the house with the can of paint. The juniors followed him breathlessly. Peter Todd had proved more than once that he had endless nerve, and a courage that knew no bounds. But to paint a prefect's study in bright green, when that prefect was expecting a very special visitor to tea—that seemed quite beyond the limit, even for Peter Todd.

"Mind the other prefects don't see you, that's all," said Bob Cherry.

"The Sixth are all playing cricket, excepting Loder and

Carne and Walker," said Peter Todd. "And Carne and Walker are gone up the river, and Loder's gone to meet his uncle."

Peter carried the paint into Loder's study. The other three members of the new Co. were there—Alonzo and Bunter looking scared, and Tom Dutton grinning. Billy Bunter burst forth into wild expostulations at once.

"I say, Todd, I'm not going to have a hand in it, do you hear? Loder will simply skin us. I tell you I'm not going to have a hand in it."

"Of course you're not," said Peter. "You're going to have a brush in it, though. Got the brushes, Dutton?" he roared.

Dutton nodded.

"Here they are,"

"My dear Peter," said Alonzo, "I fear that our Uncle Benjamin would not approve—"

"Give Uncle Benjamin a rest for a bit, Lonzy, old man!" implored Peter. "It's up to No. 7 Study to take Loder down a peg, as top study in the Remove."

"As what?" demanded Harry Wharton.

"Top study in the Remove," said Peter calmly. "Bunter, take that brush!"

"Oh, really, Todd—"

"Are you funking?" roared Peter.

"Nunno; but—"

"Then take that brush and start."

"But Loder will lick us awfully!" wailed Bunter.

"I—"

"He won't lick you so much as I shall, if you don't wire in," said Peter Todd. "Funks are not allowed in the top study of the Remove."

"I say, you know—"

"You're all going to lend a hand, to show that No. 7 Study sticks together, and sticks at nothing," said Peter.

"I'm going to educate you, Bunter. I'm going to turn you from a fat, lazy, cowardly porpoise into a decent chap, or kill you in the attempt—see?"

"Oh, really, Todd—"

"Start!"

"But I—I—"

Peter Todd dragged the heavy brush, loaded with paint, from the pail, and advanced upon Bunter. The fat junior backed away round Loder's table, his little round eyes opening wide behind his big spectacles.

"I—I say, Todd, you know—d-d-don't—"

"I'll paint you to look as green as you are!" said Peter Todd. "I tell you that funks are barred in No. 7 Study. I'm going to make a man of you. If you don't back me up, I'll paint you green all over and give you a licking you'll remember for dog's ages. I'm going to make things hum, and don't you forget it!"

"My hat! You will make things hum if you stick that paint on them!" yelled Bob Cherry.

Even yet the juniors could hardly believe that Peter Todd was not "rotting." They crowded round Loder's doorway, looking in. But Peter soon showed that he was in deadly earnest. He started on Loder's table, and gave it a coat of green that made it simply glare. The smell of paint filled the study raucously.

"He's doing it!"

"Bravo, Peter the Painter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter, with a groan of apprehension as he thought of Loder, began to daub paint on the chairs. If Peter intended to turn his study-mate into anything but a funk and a greedy "bouncer," he had a long and arduous task before him. But Peter was a youth of a peculiarly determined character, and he meant business. It was curious to see Bunter, the greatest funk in the Remove, entering upon a jape which even Harry Wharton & Co. would have hesitated about. But his study-leader was not to be denied. Peter's force of character had made him head of No. 7 Study, and his word was law.

Peter Todd was not an artistic painter; but he was a liberal one. The smell of new strong paint in Loder's study was soon simply terrific.

Having finished the table, Peter started on the mantelpiece, and the looking-glass over it. Mantelpiece and looking-glass disappeared under a thick coat of vivid green. It was not an art shade of green, either. It was a vivid—a very vivid green. It had an edge on it; it simply glared.

And the smell!

Bunter and Dutton and Alonzo were engaged on the walls. The wall-paper vanished from view, and the walls gleamed with smelly green.

Then the doorposts were painted, and the fender and the window-sashes, and the pictures on the walls and the bookcase.

# ANSWERS

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 275.

"THE GEM" LIBRARY,  
Every Wednesday.

Our Companion Papers.

"THE PENNY POPULAR,"  
Every Friday.

Loder's study was soon a study in green. The crowd in the passage thickened. The Sixth-Form passage had never been so crammed with juniors. The Greyfriars' First Eleven was playing a visiting team, and all the Sixth were out of doors. Otherwise there would certainly have been some interruption. The news of the jape was spreading, and fellows arrived from all quarters to look on. Removites, Fourth-Formers, and Shell fellows, and fags of the Third and Second crammed themselves into the wide passage, shoving and jostling for a view of the interior of the study.

Coker & Co. of the Fifth came along to see what the noise was about, and Coker almost fell down when he saw how the Funny Four were engaged.

"My, only hat!" roared Coker. "What are you kids doing?"

Peter Todd glanced round.  
"Fagging for Loder!" he replied.  
"M-m-my Aunt Maria! My Uncle John! Loder didn't tell you to do that, did he?"

"He told us to fag for him. This is the way we do it."  
"Oh, crums! Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the crowd.

Coker staggered away almost doubled up with mirth. He had had his own rubs with Loder, and he was not disposed to interfere. Besides, even Fifth-Formers would not have been allowed to interfere. Peter Todd, armed with a big brush and a can of paint, would have been rather a difficult person to tackle.

The four painted away industriously.  
Every object in Loder's study was soon gleaming and glistening with green.

Then Peter Todd, like Alexander the Great, looked round for fresh worlds to conquer.

Loder's hat-box, containing Loder's best Sunday topper, caught his eye. He opened the box and took out the topper. The crowd shrieked as he painted the glossy topper with a coat of thick green. Loder was never likely to wear that topper again.

Peter Todd set the topper on the table in a conspicuous place to catch Loder's eye when he came back. Then he put down the brush.

"I think we've done enough!" he remarked.  
"Enough!" gasped Bob Cherry. "I think so, too. You've done enough to make Loder go stark, staring, raving potty."

"And he's bringing his special uncle—the uncle who tips him!" murmured Frank Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Loder's uncle will be surprised."

"The surprisefulness will be terrific," murmured Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh, the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"I guess Loder will scalp Toddy," remarked Eisher T. Fish. "I guess I shouldn't care to be in Toddy's shoes when Loder comes home."

"No fear!"  
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Think we've done enough?" asked Peter Todd, looking round.

"Ow! Let's get out," said Dutton. "The smell of this paint is making me feel quite queer. Shall I open the window?"

"Oh, no. Leave plenty of smell for Loder; he's paid for the paint, you know!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And Peter & Co. quitted the study. The juniors made way for them to pass. The four were somewhat painty themselves after their labours, and not nice to touch. Peter closed the door of Loder's study as he left. And the crowd dispersed, gasping with morriement.

"But what will Loder say?" said Johnny Bull.  
And that was quite an interesting question.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Loder Does Not Like It.

"HAI! And this is Greyfriars, my boy?"  
"Yes, Uncle William!"

Fellows who knew Loder of the Sixth well would not have known him now. The bully of the Sixth, the overbearing prefect, the black sheep of Greyfriars, whose chief attribute was "swank," was completely changed in the presence of his uncle. Loder had great expectations from that uncle. Major Loder had frequently sent him tips, and Loder had tried hard to get the major to visit him at the school. He rightly considered that an uncle who sent him sovereigns by post would be good enough for a fiver after being shown round the school and entertained to a study tea, and made much of and buttered up skilfully. And Loder was an adept in the gentle art of "buttering" up when he chose. His manner with his uncle was THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 275.

NEXT  
MONDAY:

"WUN LUNG'S SECRET!"

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

wonderful. Respectful and submissive, and eager to please, Loder would certainly have surprised his friends in this new role.

Major Loder was a stout old gentleman. He had a purple face fringed with white whiskers, and his eyes had a boiled appearance, and seemed continually upon the point of starting out of his head. Major Loder had spent many long years in India, and he had come home with a worrying liver, and a habit of treating his relations as if they were Sepoy soldiers. And as he was rolling in wealth, most of his relations cheerfully submitted to the major's tantrums. Gerald Loder was the most dutiful of nephews. As he had told his chum Carne in confidence, the major could not live for ever—though the tough old soldier seemed to be obstinately bent upon doing so if he could.

Major Loder had listened to the voice of the charmer at last, and consented to visit Loder at the school.

It was a very anxious time for Loder.

If all went well, it meant at least a five-pound note for him—possibly a tenner. But the major was hard to please, and very exacting, and liable to take offence at the slightest thing. Loder looked forward anxiously to the moment when the train would bear his uncle away, and the ordeal would be safely over. Meanwhile, he was all that a really affectionate and dutiful nephew should be.

"Yes, this is Greyfriars, uncle," said Loder, as he piloted his uncle into the Close—the dear old school, uncle, that I've written to you so much about! You don't know how anxious I have been for you to see it... And I've talked to the fellows a lot about my Uncle William, and they're anxious to see you. I've told them all about the way you chopped down that Afghan in the Khyber Pass—"

"The Ghoolybooly Pass," grunted his uncle.

"I mean the Ghoolybooly Pass, uncle," said Loder, biting his lip.

"Huh!" said Uncle William.

"I've told the chaps that you'll tell them the story, perhaps, uncle," said Loder. "You won't mind, will you? They're simply longing to hear it."

His uncle's face cleared.

"I'll do all I can to entertain your young friends, Gerald," he said genially.

"It's very kind of you, Uncle William."

"Not at all, my boy—not at all!"

And Uncle William purred. He had told that story of the Ghoolybooly Pass, and the Afghan he had cut down with the man's own tulwar, some hundreds of times, always with success. He told it in words that his hearers did not understand, for the most part. Loder had often wondered what a tulwar was, but had never taken the trouble to ask. But when a man had a hundred thousand pounds in the funds he was not likely to lack hearers for his stories, even at the hundredth repetition.

Fellows in the Close looked at Loder and his uncle as they passed. The juniors especially seemed interested, and many of them were grinning. Loder did not see what there was to grin at, though he was soon to discover.

Carne and Walker had come in from the river, and they raised their caps very respectfully to Loder's uncle. Loder had asked them to tea, and they had agreed to come. They had agreed to come, as they stated quite plainly, simply out of friendship for Loder, and Walker had asked rather apprehensively whether they would have to listen to many yarns about India. Loder had solemnly promised to help Walker entertain his aunt, who was expected the following week, and on that condition Walker had agreed to back him up in standing his uncle.

Walker and Carne were presented to the major, who shook hands with them very genially.

"Loder was telling us this morning that you were coming, sir," said Carne. "He has been looking forward to it very much."

"Loder's told us about that Chinaman you killed in the old blighter at last, and he ought to be good for a fiver."

But Carne, of course, did not mention exactly how Loder had put it.

"Loder's told us about that Chinaman you killed in the Chuggerwurger Pass, sir," said Carne. "I wish you'd tell us that story at tea."

"It was an Afghan," grunted the major. "And it was in the Ghoolybooly Pass."

"You killed him with his own pigtail, or something, didn't you, sir?" said Walker hastily to cover up Carne's little mistake.

"His own tulwar," said the major, with another growl.

"Don't you know what a tulwar is?"

"Why, of course, sir!" said Walker, with a rather

A Splendid Complete Tale of the Chums  
of Greyfriars. Order Early.

troubled smile. "A tulwar—it's the Chinese word for—"

"It isn't a Chinese word."

"Oh?"

"This way, Uncle William!" said Loder hastily, and he led the major into the house.

Carno and Walker looked at one another.

"Look here, I'm jolly well not going to stand him very long," said Walker. "I shall excuse myself as soon as tea's over."

"Better be careful. Loder might cut up rusty when your aunt comes."

Walker groaned.

"I forgot that. I say, Carno, what is a tulwar?"

"Blessed if I know. Some kind of a battle-axe, perhaps."

Loder led his uncle into the Sixth-Form passage. Three or four fags were mysteriously peeping round corners, and there were sounds of chuckling in the distance.

"My quarters are here, Uncle William," said Loder. "I've been making some little preparations for your visit. You'll have tea in the study with us, won't you?"

"Certainly, my boy—certainly!"

"This is my study."

Gerald Loder opened the door, and stood politely back for his uncle to enter.

Major Loder stepped into the doorway.

Then he stopped.

In the study, where door and window had been tightly closed ever since Todd & Co. had ceased operations, the smell of paint was simply terrific. It seemed almost thick enough to cut with a knife.

"The major gasped and coughed."

"Huh, huh! Oh! Hah, hah!"

Loder jumped.

He gave a glare into the study.

The cad of the Sixth could not believe his eyes.

Glaring green paint on all sides met his gaze. The walls, the looking-glass, the table and chairs and pictures—all were smothered with it.

Green—green everywhere, and the reek of the paint was fearful.

The major staggered against the doorpost, almost overcome by the fumes of paint. His well-brushed black coat rested against a big daub of paint, which promptly transferred its colour to the coat.

"Huh, hah, huh!"

"Good heavens!" gasped Loder. "What—what—"

The major backed out into the passage, panting. One of his sleeves and shoulder glowed with bright green paint.

"Huh, huh, huh! You young rascal!"

"I—I—I—"

"Been making preparations for me, have you?" roared the major. "Are these the kind of preparations you make for your uncle, you young villain! Look at my coat!"

"I—I—I—"

"Look at my sleeve! Look at that paint!"

"Uncle—"

"Grooh! Huh, huh!"

"It's a trick!" yelled Loder furiously. "It's a rotten joke—"

"You dare to play a joke like this upon me?"

"I—I didn't. I mean it's a trick—"

"You have already said it is a trick!" bellowed the major. "And I am quite aware that it is a trick—a disgraceful trick, sir! You may be accustomed to playing these tricks at this school, sir, but I do not like them; I refuse to enter into the humour of it, sir! I do not see the humour of it. If you expected to please me with a trick like this, you have made a great mistake, sir! I refuse to enter your study. I refuse to remain here another instant! I do not want any more of your tricks, sir. You may play your tricks upon some other uncle who may possibly appreciate them. I do not, sir!"

And the major stamped down the passage.

Loder panted. He was infuriated by the horrible state of his study, but he was still more alarmed by his uncle's anger. He ran after the furious old major.

"Uncle—"

"Do not address me!" thundered the major. "Look at my coat! Look at my sleeve! I am smothered with paint—smothered, sir! How dare you play such a trick on me? How dare you, sir? Huh!"

"I'm sorry—"

"Yes, I dare say you are sorry now. You will learn, sir, that I am not the kind of uncle you can play mad pranks upon with impunity!"

"Uncle William—"

"Not a word, sir! I am going!"

"Uncle, I didn't—I never—I—"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 275.

"THE GEM" LIBRARY,

Every Wednesday.

"Silence!"

Loder caught at his uncle's sleeve as the irate old gentleman stamped on. The major turned a purple face upon him, and smote, and Loder yelled and reeled back under a swinging box on the ear. Then the major stalked out of the School House, and stalked away across the Close, fuming with rage; and he did not return.

Loder reeled against the passage wall, his ear burning, his face white with rage. Carno and Walker came along, and stared at him.

"Just passed your nunky in the Close," said Walker. "He was going to the gates. There was a lot of paint on his coat. Anything happened?"

"He's gone!"

"Had a row?" asked Carno.

"Look at my study!" panted Loder.

Walker and Carno looked into the study and gasped. Then they roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I suppose your fag's done this!" howled Walker. "Ha, ha, ha! I warned you you'd have trouble if you fagged those Remove rotters. Ha, ha, ha!"

"There's nothing to laugh at!" shrieked Loder. "My uncle thinks I did it to play a trick on him, and he's gone off in a fury."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly cackling asses—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Shut up!" screamed Loder, beside himself with rage.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Walker and Carno.

Loder rushed at them in his fury, hitting out savagely. Carno and Walker staggered away, still shrieking with laughter. Loder, panting, stood glaring into his painted study, almost weeping with rage.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

### In Armour Club.

BOB CHERRY came along the Remove passage, and stopped at the door of No. 7 Study. He knocked, but the door did not open. Perhaps Todd was expecting a visitor; and he had taken the precaution to lock the door upon the inside.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" called out Bob.

Clang!

Something heavy and metallic dropped, inside the study, with a clang that rang along the whole passage.

"What on earth's that?" exclaimed Harry Wharton, who had followed Bob to Todd's door. "I say, Toddy, are you at home?"

"Yes," called back Peter's voice from inside the study.

"Let us in, then?"

"Loder there?"

"No; he's waiting for you downstairs in the prefects' room."

There was a chuckle, and the door was opened. Wharton and Bob Cherry entered, and the door was closed at once and locked.

Wharton and Bob gasped with astonishment as they looked at the fellow in the study.

It was not a Greyfriars junior they saw before them.

It was a knight in complete armour.

Breastplate and graves, and helmet, with vizor closed, the whole outfit complete. The juniors recognised the old armour from the school museum, but they could not recognise Peter Todd. He had disappeared.

"Is—is that you, Todd?" gasped Wharton.

"Yes," came a voice from the depths of the helmet.

"What on earth are you got up like that for?"

"To see Loder!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Did you have permission to borrow those things from the school museum?" gasped Bob Cherry. "Anybody know?"

"I didn't ask permission," said Peter calmly, "it wouldn't have been any good—they'd have said no."

"I should jolly well think they would!"

"I've got to see Loder. He's bound to be cross—"

"You should see him," chuckled Bob Cherry. "He's simply stark raving. His uncle's gone off in a temper, and Loder's raging. He's got the prefects all together, excepting Wingate major, in the prefects' room, and they've sent us to tell you to come. They're going to wallop you bald-headed, if you go. I should advise you not to."

"That's why we brought the message," said Harry, "to give you the tip to keep clear."

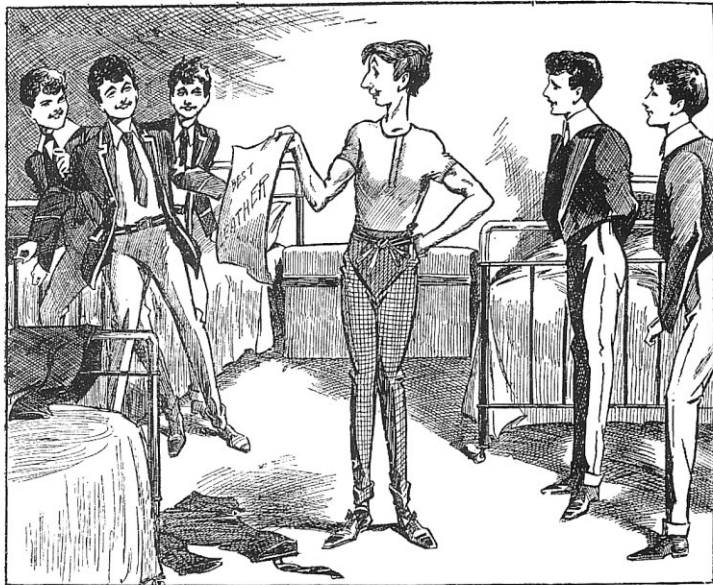
"Thanks!" said Peter Todd, his voice coming with muffled tones from the depths of the iron helmet. "But if Loder

Our Companion Papers.

"THE PENNY POPULAR,"

Every Friday.





"Got over the flogging already!" asked Bolsover. "My dear fellow, there was nothing to get over," said Peter Todd airily. Todd went on removing his garments, and drew out from the interior a large sheet of leather. "M—m—y only hat!" gasped Nugent. "You awful spoofer!" (See Chapter 10.)

wants to see me, I'll go. He can't hurt me much in this rig, unless he tries to cane me with a pickaxe."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You'll get a licking for taking the Head's armour out of the museum," said Bob Cherry.

"Not so bad as the licking I should get without it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Help me fasten on these blessed gauntlets," said Todd. "I don't know how the giddy old knights used to walk about in these heavy things. Must have been awful funks in those days. I should think, to cover themselves up with iron in this way when they went into battle. Fancy one of our soldier boys sneaking into an iron pot like this! But it's a jolly useful thing when you're going to see Loder."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You're really going downstairs in that rig?" gasped Wharton.

"What-ho?"

"It will make a sensation."

"That's all right. I shall only look like my ancestor, Sir Peter de Todd, at the Battle of What-d'ye-call-it. Look round me and see if I'm fixed all over. It's the first time I've ever worn an iron waistcoat."

"I imagine it will be the last, too, if the Head sees you in his precious relics," grinned Bob Cherry. "That armour is worth a lot of money."

"All the better—Loder won't dare to use the poker on it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The chums of No. 1 Study helped Peter Todd to fasten on his extraordinary garments. There was a knock at the door, and the voice of Bunter minor, of the Second Form, came through the keyhole:

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 275.

NEXT  
MONDAY.

"WUN LUNG'S SECRET!"

"I say, Todd, Loder wants you in the prefects' room."

"Tell him I'm just coming."

"Right-ho!"

"Where are Alonzo, and Dutton, and Bunter?" asked Harry Wharton. "They're in this with you."

Peter Todd shook his head, or, rather his helmet.

"I've sent them down to Friardale to get some grub at Uncle Clegg's," he said. "This is my little game, and I'm going to face the music. I'm leader, and it's up to me to take the gruel. Now I think I'm ready!"

Todd unlocked the door and strode out into the passage—not very easily, for the armour was decidedly heavy. His footsteps rang upon the hard oaken floor with a loud clang that echoed through the passage and the studies.

Most of the Remove fellows had come in to tea. At the sound of those clanking footsteps, doors were opened on all sides, and there were yells of astonishment at the sight of a gallant knight in armour striding down the passage, with clanking feet.

Clank, clank, clank!

"Great Christopher Columbus! What is it?"

"Who is it?"

"It's the doctor's armour out of the museum!" yelled Bolsover major; "but who's inside it?"

"Todd!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Don't be alarmed, you chaps!" came a muffled voice from the fastened vizor. "I'm only goin' to see Loder!"

"See Loder—like that! My hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The ha-ha-ha-fulness is terrific!"

A Splendid Complete Tale of the Chums  
of Greyfriars. Order Early.

"Faith, and won't Loder be plazed intoirly!" howled Micky Desmond.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Clank, ciank, clank, clank!

The armour-clad junior strode down the passage with bounding strides, and reached the stairs. The juniors poured out of the study to follow him. It was Peter Todd's "latest"; and it seemed to the Removites to go even one step better than the painting of Loder's study. They wanted to see Loder's face when the joker of the Removite turned up for punishment in garments upon which a cane—or a poker, for that matter—would have no effect.

Clank, clank, clankety-clank!

All Greyfriars might have heard of Peter Todd going downstairs. In the lower passage Wingate of the Sixth, the captain of Greyfriars, met the striding knight. Courtney of the Sixth was with him. The two prefects almost fell down at the sight of a knight of old striding towards them. Wingate rubbed his eyes.

"Who is that?" he roared, wondering whether he was dreaming.

"It's all right, Wingate. I'm going to see Loder."

"Great Scott! Go and take that armour off, you young rascal!"

"Must see Loder first, Wingate, if you don't mind. He's ordered me to go to him at once, and I mustn't disobey a prefect. It wouldn't be respectful."

Wingate yelled with laughter.

Clank, clank, clank!

Peter Todd strode on towards the prefects' room. Wingate and Courtney, wiping away their tears, went out into the Close. A cheering crowd followed Peter to the door of the prefects' room, where he knelt respectfully.

"Come in!" said Loder's voice—a voice shoking with rage. Peter Todd opened the door. There were four prefects in the room—Loder, Walker, Dunne, and Fane. Carne of the Sixth was also there, and Ionides, the Greek Sixth-Former. They were going to help in bestowing such a thrashing upon Peter Todd that he would never want to paint a Sixth-Form study again.

The Sixth had howled over the "study in green," as much as the Lower Forms, but they were agreed that the dignity of the Sixth must be upheld; and even the kind-hearted Wingate had not had anything to say against severe punishment being visited upon the japer. But it was not merely punishment that Todd was to have; the bullies of the Sixth intended it to go further than that. Loder had brought in a riding-whip instead of a cane, and he meant to thrash the junior till he could be thrashed no longer.

Uncle William had gone away without tipping his dutiful nephew, and Loder had a long explanation to make by letter; and he was not at all sure how his uncle would receive it, either—the major was a most unreliable old gentleman. Loder felt that he owed it all to Peter Todd, and he intended to pay Todd with interest all that he owed him.

Clank, clank, clank!

The six seniors jumped up in amazement as the armoured figure clanked into the room. Loder stared at it blankly.

"Who's that?" he roared.

"You sent for me, Loder?"

"Todd!"

"Yes, please," said Peter meekly.

"Todd!" roared Carne. "Oh, my hat! Take those things off! You're going to have the licking of your life, you young scoundrel!"

"If you please, Carne, I'd rather keep those things on till I've had the licking of my life," murmured Peter Todd.

There was an explosion of laughter from the doorway. Loder strode to the doorway, and slammed the door. Then he turned upon the Removite, his face perfectly livid with rage.

"Take that armour off, you young fool!" he commanded.

"Aren't you going to lick me?"

"Yes, I am, within an inch of your life," said Loder, grinding his teeth. "I'll teach you to paint my study green."

"If you please, Loder, I don't want teaching. I know how to do it, and I've had some practice now," said Peter meekly.

"Take those things off!"

"Rats!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"Poor old Loder!" murmured Peter Todd. "He's getting deaf in his old age! I said rats, Loder! Rats—rats! And a number of 'em!"

"My word!" said Carne. "I never heard such cheek! I'd skin him, if I were you, Loder! Why, he's worse than Wharton or Cherry or any of that gang!"

"I'm going to skin him!" said Loder, between his teeth.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 275.

"THE GEM" LIBRARY.

Every Wednesday.

Our Companion Papers.

"THE PENNY POPULAR,"

Every Friday.

"For the last time, Todd, will you take that rubbish off?"

"This isn't rubbish," explained Todd; "it's armour—really valuable armour! Same as Sir Peter de Todd wore at the battle of Thingummy!"

"Will you take it off?"

"No, I'm taking you off now, Loder!"

"What?"

"I'm pulling your leg, you know!" said Peter cheerfully.

The Sixth-Formers chuckled, excepting Loder. Loder did not chuckle. He gave a kind of roar like an infuriated bull, and rushed at the junior, lashing out with the riding-whip.

Slash, slash, slash, slash!

"Go it!" said Peter Todd's voice encouragingly from the helmet. "I don't feel any pain, Mr. Dentist! Pile it on!"

Loder stopped, and panted. It was evidently not of much use thrashing a junior who was wrapped up in armour thick enough to withstand the blow of a battle-axe.

"Collar him, you chaps!" he panted. "Get those things off him!"

"Right-ho!"

And the half-dozen seniors closed round Peter Todd. They gripped him all at once, and dragged him over, and there was a terrific crash as the armour-clad junior bumped on the floor.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### Loder's Luck Is Out!

**C**RASH!

"My hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, in the passage.

"That sounds as if somebody had fallen down."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob threw the door open, and the crowded juniors gazed into the prefects' room.

A wild and whirling scene was in progress.

Loder & Co. had got the junior down, but they did not seem to be able to get much further. Peter Todd was struggling wildly, and the seniors were getting hurt—not Peter Todd. Carne retreated with his hand to his nose. A steel gauntlet had come into violent contact with Carne's nose, and it was streaming red. Walker roared as he received a clamp on the head which made him see more stars in a single moment than any astronomer ever saw in his whole career.

"Ow, ow! Yah!"

"Ow! My nose! Groog!"

"Go it!" roared the juniors. "Go it, Todd! Pile in, Sir Roger de Coverley! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bravo, Peter!"

Crash, crash!

The armour-clad junior made an effort to rise, and fell again, crashing. It was not so easy to rise after once falling in the heavy panoply of the knights of the Middle Ages.

Loder sprawled across Peter Todd, and hammered at him furiously, and roared with pain. He did not hurt Peter, but he hurt his fist considerably.

"Gerroff!" gasped Peter. "If I hit you you'll be hurt! I warn you!"

"Yow! Ow, ow!" roared Valence.

"There! I told you so!"

"Yuh! Oh!"

"Ow!" groaned Carne. "Ow! By dose—by dose! Ow!"

Then Ionides shrieked as a heavy gauntlet smote him on the chest, and he rolled over.

Peter Todd swept his heavy arms round, and the weight of them simply knocked the seniors right and left. They rolled, gasping, on the floor round him, and the armour-clad junior climbed with difficulty to his feet.

He surveyed the scene of havoc through the bars of his visor. Loder sat up, panting, and Carne was still caressing his nose. Ionides had retreated to the end of the room. He was not of the stuff of which heroes are made, and he had had enough. Thrashing a junior was very different work from this, and Ionides did not like it.

"All over?" asked Peter Todd calmly. "If you're done with me, Loder, I'll go!"

"Ow!" gasped the prefect.

"All down!" yelled Bob Cherry. "It's the end of the innings!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, by dose!" groaned Carne.

Peter Todd clanked towards the door. Loder looked up and rushed to the fireplace, and caught up the poker. Then he leaped at Peter Todd. There was a yell of warning from the juniors in the doorway.

"Look out, Todd!"

But Todd was looking out. He swung round on Loder,

and received the slash of the poker upon an iron gauntlet. There was a terrific clang, and the poker flew out of Gerald Loder's hand. Then there was a roar from Dunne. The flying poker had caught him on the side of the head—and it hurt.

"Oh, you silly idiot! Oh! Ah!"  
"It was that young demon's fault!" panted Loder. "Help me get that fool-armor off him!"  
"Yow! Get it off him yourself! Yah! I'm done! I've had enough of this!" yelled the Sixth-Former. "Ow, ow!"

Peter Todd clanked towards the door again. Loder leaped upon him like a wild-cat, and grasped him. Peter Todd smote the prefect gently in the ribs with his gauntlets, and Loder roared with pain.

"You young fiend! I—I'll be the death of you!" he shrieked.

"He's more likely to be the death of you, Loder!" shrieked Nugent. "Look out for his boxing-gloves!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
The prefect grappled furiously with the junior. They rolled out into the passage, and the juniors made way for them, choking with laughter.

"Mind Todd doesn't tread on your feet!" gasped Bob Cherry. "You'll feel his weight if he does!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
Crash, crash! Clang!

Peter Todd was down again, with Loder, on the passage floor. There was a sudden yell from the end of the passage.

"Cave!"  
"The Head!"  
"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Bob Cherry. "It's the Head! Poor old Toddy!"

It was not surprising that the terrific din had brought the Head of Greyfriars to the spot. Dr. Locke swept upon the scene with a decidedly angry countenance, his gown sweeping behind him.

"What is this? What is this?" The Head could hardly believe his eyes as he saw the figure in armour rolling on the floor in the furious grip of Loder. "Loder! What does this mean? Who is this—this person?"

"Sir Roger de Coverley, sir!" said an unknown voice from the crowd.

And there was a ripple of laughter. Loder staggered to his feet.

"It's Todd, sir—Peter Todd, of the Remove! He has taken the armour out of the school museum, and dressed himself in it, and refused to take it off at my order!"

"So that he could be licked—don't forget that, Loder!" came a voice from the crowd.

"Todd! Bless my soul! Todd! Get up at once, sir!"

"Yes, sir!" gasped Peter. "Excuse me—I have to get up a bit at a time, sir. This armour is jolly heavy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Silence, boys! Todd, this ridiculous prank—"

Todd was up at last. The Head gazed at him blankly. He was not unused to wild pranks from the Remove—the most unruly Form in Greyfriars School. But he had never expected anything quite like this. Words failed him.

"I hope you don't mind my borrowing the armour, sir," said Todd cheerfully. "Loder was so waxy, I simply dared not go to see him without some protection, sir."

"Ah! You were going to punish Todd, Loder?" said the Head, beginning to understand.

"Yes, sir. He has smothered my study—my furniture and books—with green paint! The study is utterly uninhabitable!" howled Loder.

"Bless my soul! Todd, you deserve a most severe punishment for such a thing!"

"I was trying to please Loder, sir!"

"What!"

"He wanted to have his study made spick and span for his uncle to see it, and I thought a new coat of paint would freshen things up a bit, sir. I warned Loder that he might be sorry if he fagged me, but he wouldn't listen!"

"It is understood, Loder, that the Lower Fourth Form are not to be fagged," said the Head. "I have made that quite clear myself!"

Loder gnawed his lip. Now that the matter was before the Head, Todd was certain of punishment, but it could not be concealed that the prefect was to blame in the first place. He had broken a rule that had been laid down by the Head himself.

"My own fag had gone out, sir—" he began.

"That is no reason why you should fag a member of a Form exempt from fagging duties!" said the Head severely. "Todd has certainly done wrong, and I shall cane him! I do not think, however, that the punishment should be severe, as you fagged him, in the first place, when you had no right to do so!"

Loder bit his lip hard. He dared not speak. If he had uttered the words that leaped to his tongue, he would have been expelled from the school on the spot. He could not trust himself to speak.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 275.

NEXT MONDAY: "WUN LUNG'S SECRET!"

EVERY MONDAY, **The "Magnet"** LIBRARY, ONE PENNY.

"Todd, you will take those things off, and I shall cane you for taking them from the school museum! When you have taken them off, come to my study! Loder, you may leave this matter in my hands! You understand me?"

"Ye-es, sir!" gasped the prefect.

The Head rustled away. Loder went back into the prefect's room, grinding his teeth. The matter was out of his hands now—unless he could find some sly opportunity later of avenging his injuries. If he did not find it, certainly it would not be for want of looking.

Peter Todd clanked away in triumph. The juniors followed him, laughing and cheering.

Loder had entered into a tussle with the scamp of the Remove, and Loder had had the worst of it. There was no doubt about that, and the Remove rejoiced exceedingly.

Ten minutes later Peter Todd presented himself in the Head's study, where he was duly caned, as the young rascal undoubtedly deserved. But Peter Todd was tough, and he grinned as he rubbed his hands when he left the Head's study. His little joke on Loder was worth a licking, in his opinion; and the other fellows, especially as they had not had the licking, fully agreed with him.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.  
Bunter Is Sorry.

"PENFOLD! Stop a minute, Penfold!"

Dick Penfold was crossing the Close towards the School House when Harry Wharton called to him. Penfold's face was pale, and there was a wrinkle in his boyish brow which told of some deep trouble weighing on his mind. He did not seem to hear the captain of the Remove calling to him. He walked on towards the House, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, and his eyes fixed on the ground as he went.

"Penfold!"

The junior started then, and glanced round. Wharton hurried on and joined him.

"You called me?" said Pen.

"Yes. What's the matter?"

Penfold coloured under Wharton's inquiring gaze.

"The—the matter?" he stammered.

"Yes; what is it? You're come in just now. Been here?"

"Yes."

"Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"No, no; I'm only a bit worried—that's all!" said Pen.

"Thank you for asking; but I won't bother you with my troubles."

And he nodded shortly, and walked on into the house.

Harry Wharton stood looking after him with a frown on his brow—a frown of troubled thought. He liked Dick Penfold—most of the Remove fellows did. Penfold was the son of the village cobbler in Friardale, and he had come to Greyfriars upon a scholarship, as had Mark Linley, the Lancashire lad in the Remove. They were two of the best, and only a few of the fellows, like Vernon-Smith and Snoop, said anything against them on account of their want of money. Poverty, as Bob Cherry said, was not a crime, though it was a terrible inconvenience. Some of the more snobbish fellows were shocked to learn that Dick Penfold went down to his father's shop sometimes on a half-holiday to help the old man mend boots and shoes. But Harry Wharton & Co. very sensibly thought that it was very decent of Pen to give up a half-holiday to help his father.

Of late Penfold's face had been very clouded, and his friends had guessed that all was not as it should be in the poor little home behind the cobbler's shop. Mr. Penfold was getting on in years, and business was not what it had been. And although he had been very proud and pleased when his son won the scholarship which gave him admission to Greyfriars, he missed the lad's willing aid in his work.

Wharton was not offended by Penfold's abrupt manner. Wharton was sometimes too quick to take offence, the fellows considered; but the real trouble he had seen in Pen's face disarmed him. He walked on very thoughtfully, till he was brought out of a brown study by a hearty clap on the shoulder.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed the cheery voice of Bob Cherry. "Penny for 'em!"

"Penny for what, you ass?" asked Harry, rubbing his shoulder where Bob's heavy hand had smitten him.

"Thoughts!" explained Bob Cherry. "You seemed to be thinking out something awfully deeply. What was it—problem in mathematics, or the new team for the Redclyffe return match?"

Harry Wharton laughed.

A Splendid Complete Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars. Order Early.

"Neither, Bob. I've just seen young Penfold, and he looks as if he'd got half the troubles of the world on his shoulders. I'm afraid he's got trouble at home."

Bob nodded considerably.

"Yes; Bunter and some of the chaps tattle about it. The Penfolds are hard up, you know. There was a rumour Pen's pater was going to have the bailiffs in his shop."

"Poor kid!"

"I don't know whether it was a good thing for him to come to Greyfriars," said Bob Cherry thoughtfully. "It's taken him away from his work. I wish we could do something to help him. But he's as proud as a giddy Scotch laird, and he wouldn't let a chap sell out any tin. Not that I've got any tin to sell out. But Lord Mauleverer's rolling in filthy lucre, and he's very much taken with Pen—he'd help him like a shot. But the young beggar would dot him on the nose, I verily believe, if he suggested it."

"That's the right spirit, Bob."

"I know it is; but it makes it impossible for Pen to be helped. I hope the kid will get through it somehow. Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's Bunter! And he looks as if something specially unfortunate had happened to somebody, the way he's groaning. What's the latest news, Bunt?"

Billy Bunter chuckled.

"He, he, he! You chaps seen Penfold?"

"I've just seen him," said Harry.

"All up with that lot, I think," said Bunter, with another chuckle. "They came jolly near having the bailiffs in once; awful near it. I fancy from Penfold's look it's coming off at last. Nice disgrace for Greyfriars, isn't it?"

"Not so big a disgrace as you are, Bunter."

"Oh, really, Cherry. I think it's rotten having the lower classes in the school like this," said Bunter. "There's that chap Linley—worked in a factory before he got his scholarship. I won't say anything against him, as he's a pal of yours—"

"You'd better not!" said Bob Cherry grimly.

"Well, I think it's thicker than ever, this chap Penfold copping here. Actually works in his father's shop, you know, on a half-holiday, cobbling boots and things. I believe they call it cobbling," said Bunter. "I don't know what my father would say if he knew."

"Probably too busy serving beer to think about it," suggested Bob.

Billy Bunter glared at Bob Cherry through his spectacles.

"You beast! You know my father doesn't keep a public-house."

"There's one thing he doesn't do that he ought to do," growled Bob. "He doesn't give you lickings enough, Bunter. I should think it was bad enough for you to be a cad and a fibber and a cadger, without starting as a snob, too."

"Oh, really, Cherry! Look here, I've got rather a good joke on—"

"Expecting a postal order?"

"Oh, really! It's a jolly good joke," said Bunter.

"When the Penfolds have the bailiffs in, I think it would be funny for a crowd of us to go down and hoot. What do you think?"

"I'll tell you what I think," said Bob Cherry, in measured tones. "I think you're the meanest, rottenest, cringingest fat cad that—that ever caddied. And I'm going to make up for one, at least, of the lickings your father forgot to give you."

"Yah! Oh! Leggo! Yow!" roared Bunter.

Smack! Smack! Smack!

Bob Cherry had grasped the back of Bunter's collar with his left hand, and with his right he was smiting at the Owl's fat person, with a powerful smite that made his hand tingle, and made Bunter roar with anguish.

"Ow! Help! Murder! Fire! Yah! Todd! Rescue!" roared Bunter.

One of the Todds had just come across the Close. Which of them it was no one could have said, they were so much alike. But the way Todd dashed up at Bunter's call proved that he was Peter, and not the mild and placid Alono.

"Hands off Bunter!" he rapped out. "Don't you know that Bunter is a member of No. 7 Study—the top study in the Remove?"

"Rats!"

Peter Todd grasped Bunter, and jerked him away from Bob Cherry. Bunter spun round, and sat down on the ground with a bump, and roared again.

"Lick him, Todd!" he gasped. "You can lick him! Keep our study up, you know. Ow! Give him a jolly good hiding! Yow! Bash him! Wow!"

Bob Cherry glared with wrath.

"Mustn't touch one of No. 7 Study!" said Peter chidingly.

"That's not allowed."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 275.  
"THE GEM" LIBRARY,  
Every Wednesday.

"If the fat cad says anything more about Penfold, I'll touch him, and jolly quick," said Bob Cherry; "and you, too, you skinny boulder."

"Penfold!" said Peter Todd. "What have you been saying about Penfold, Bunter?"

"Yow! I only said he was going to have the brokers in—groogh!—and suggested going down in a crowd and hooting them. Yow!"

"Oh, you said that, did you?" said Peter Todd agreeably. "Then I'm afraid I interfered at the wrong moment. I can't have you licked by Bob Cherry, because it's up against the study; but I'm going to lick you out of being a rotten cad, Bunter, if you persist in the attempt. How lucky I've got a cricket-stump with me."

Billy Bunter did not think it lucky the next moment. Peter Todd grasped him by the collar, and turned him over like a turtle, and thrashed him with the cricket-stump till the Owl of the Remove roared for mercy.

Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry looked on, roaring, too—but with laughter. Peter Todd had declared that he was going to make a man of Bunter. The process was likely to be an exceedingly painful one to William George Bunter.

"Ow! Ow!" roared Bunter. "Yow! It was only a j-j-joke! Ow! Leave off! Groogh! Can't you see a joke? Groogh! Hah! Hoh! Yah!"

"Can't see jokes of that kind," said Peter Todd, lashing away with the stump. "Haven't that kind of a sense of humour. Are you sorry you spoke?"

"Ow! Ow! Yow!"

"I'm going to lick you till you're sorry!"

"Yaroooh! I'm sorry!"

"Awfully sorry?" demanded Peter Todd.

"Yow! Yes!"

"Fearfully, frightfully sorry?" asked Peter, with another terrific lash.

"Yarooop! Yes!"

"Good!" Peter Todd tucked the cricket-stump under his arm, and Bill Bunter rolled away, gasping and groaning. "I'm going to make a man of you, Bunter. You'll thank me for this some day, when you're grown up, and find you're not going to be hung, after all."

"Ow! Ow! Ow!"

Billy Bunter rolled away, not looking at all thankful.

Peter Todd turned cheerfully to the chums of the Remove.

"I say, what's that about Penfold?" he asked. "I've noticed that he's been looking rather down in the mouth lately, and he's gone off his feed. Is he down on his luck?"

"I fancy so; but he never talks about it."

Peter Todd smiled.

"He'll talk about it to me," he said. "It's up to me to look into it, as chief of the top study in the Remove."

"Rats!"

With that monosyllabic but emphatic reply, Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry walked away. Peter Todd went into the house to look for Penfold.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Peter Todd Takes a Hand.

DICK PENFOLD was in his study.

The scholarship boy had thrown himself down into a chair, and now that he was alone, and secure from observation, the full care and misery that wore in his heart showed in his face.

"The poor old dad," he groaned—"what's he going to do? He can't pay—he can't—and he's only got a week. What's he going to do? And I can't help him."

And the tears, long hard-held, started to his eyes, in spite of his courage.

The door opened, and Skinner of the Remove came in. Skinner glanced at Penfold and grinned. Skinner had heard the rumours in the Form about the state of the Penfold home, but he was not sympathetic. Skinner was a junior who had been expelled from Greyfriars, and had lately been allowed to return to the school. He shared the study with Dick Penfold, a very ill-assorted pair.

"Hallo!" said Skinner. "Blubbing?"

Pen flushed.

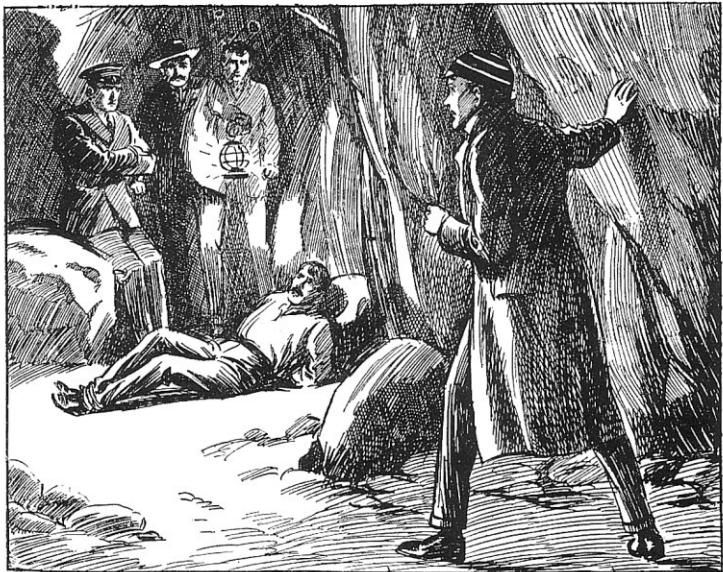
"I'm not blubbing!" he said fiercely.

"Well, you look like it," said Skinner. "Have the brokers got in at last, in the giddy, dear old home under the old apple-tree?"

Pen rose to his feet and clenched his fists. Skinner backed away a little. He was bigger than Pen, but he did not like the look in the eyes of the cobbler's son.

Just then the half-open door was pushed, and Peter Todd





Tom Merry could see through into the interior; and as he peered through the twigs and leaves, a strange sight met his eyes. Marco Frulo lay upon the ground, bound hand and foot, while the Yankee was speaking: "I guess we've got you now, Marco Frulo!" (For this exciting incident see the grand, long, complete tale of Tom Merry & Co. at St. Jim's, entitled "Tom Merry's Discovery," by Martin Clifford, which is contained in this week's issue of "The Gem Library." Out on Wednesday. Price One Penny.)

came in. He nodded carelessly to Skinner, and came towards Penfold.

"I want to speak to you, Pen," he said.

"Yes," said Pen.

"I'm sure Skinner wouldn't mind leaving he study for a bit—"

"What blessed cheek! It's my study!" growled Skinner.

"Oh, I don't mind the trouble of chucking you out," said Peter calmly. "I thought you'd rather walk, that's all."

"Ahem! I—I only came in for a book," said Skinner.

"Well, take your book and your look at the same time."

Skinner took both, and Peter Todd closed the door after him.

"Now, Pen," he said, "I'm going to talk to you like a Dutch uncle. I haven't been at Greyfriars long, but you've got to know me. I'm not one of the fellows who go through a school from the First Form to the Sixth without anybody ever knowing they're there at all."

Pen smiled faintly. Peter Todd certainly wasn't that kind of boy. He was never likely to be anywhere for long without everybody else becoming emphatically aware of his presence.

"You're in trouble," said Peter Todd. "You haven't known me long, but you've known my Cousin Alonzo a long time, and you know he's simply brimming over with the milk of human kindness. So am I, only I show it in a different way. I'm making a man of Bunter, for instance. I shall succeed in the long run, if he lives. Now, I'm going to help you out. What's the trouble?"

Penfold crimsoned.

"N-n-nothing?"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 275.

NEXT  
MONDAY.

"WUN LUNG'S SECRET!"

"Rats!" said Peter Todd promptly. "No good telling me fairy tales, you know. You're in trouble, and, as head-cook-and-bottle-washer in the Remove, it's up to me to pull you through. Tell me all about it."

Pen closed his lips.

"I understand," said Peter, with a nod. "Poor and proud—won't talk of your troubles—rather go under than let a chap help you. I savvy! But I'm not an ordinary chap—not of the common-or-garden variety at all. I'm going to help you, I tell you."

"You can't."

"You don't know that until you've told me, and I've had a think about it. I suppose the trouble's money?"

Pen nodded.

"You won't take any if any fellow wanted to help you?"

Pen flushed again.

"I'd die sooner!" he said.

Peter nodded.

"I understand again. I'm a good understander, you see. I'm not going to offer you any money—partly because you wouldn't take it, and still more because I haven't any to give away. But there must be some other way out of the trouble. Now, tell your Uncle Peter all about it—in strict confidence, of course."

Pen hesitated.

There was something very taking in the breezy directness of Peter Todd, and he inspired confidence in the breast of the worried, troubled, harassed boy. Dick knew that he could trust him not to talk of what was confided to him, and in his trouble he had a longing for someone to help him to share the burden.

A Splendid Complete Tale of the Chums  
of Greyfriars. Order Early.

"Go ahead," said Peter Todd, who saw already that he had succeeded, and he sat on a corner of the table and swung his legs—his favourite attitude. "Tell it all to your uncle, and we'll put our heads together. Your pater's in trouble—eh?"

"Yes," said Pen.  
"Is it true about the bailiffs?"  
"Yes. The pater's business isn't what it was," said Pen dearly. "It's partly through my coming here, you know. I can't help him as I used to. And trade's bad. It makes me begin to wish I'd never come to Greyfriars, though I was so jolly glad when I got the scholarship. It seemed such a wonderful chance for me."

"So it was," said Peter.  
"All the same, I've been thinking about chucking it up, and going home to help the governor," said Pen.  
"You may be able to help him without chucking up your scholarship," said Peter. "How is he fixed? Is it rent?"  
"Yes."  
"Shell out all the facts. I'm going to think out a way for you to work it, you know."

"You can't!"  
"Leave that to your Uncle Peter."  
"I only wish you could," said Pen, brightening a little with encouragement, in spite of himself. "But how could you?"

"We shall see. It's rent, I suppose?"  
"Yes."  
"How much?"  
"Five pounds—overdue!"

"Landlord's a hard man, I suppose?"  
"It isn't the landlord; it's his agent. The landlord who owns all that ground lives abroad, on the Riviera somewhere. I don't even know his name; I've heard it, but I've forgotten. But it's Mr. Snooks we have to deal with, and he's as hard as nails. If the money isn't paid next week, there'll be what they call a man in possession." Pen clenched his hands convulsively. "I think the disgrace of it would kill my father. Poor old dad! He's always held his head up in Friardale."

Peter Todd wrinkled his brows in thought.  
"It's not much money," he said. "Lord Maulvever spends more than that on a tie-pin, and Mauly is a friend of yours."

"I'm not going to touch his money."  
"Not even for your father?"  
"My father wouldn't take charity."  
"Quite right," said Peter, nodding; "that's the right sort. But if a chap could think of a way to help him get out of the difficulty himself—"

"I'd never forget it, if you could do that," said Pen; "but you can't. I've thought and thought about it till my head's splitting. But I can't think of anything. Money isn't so easy to get—especially when you want it."  
"Quite true. But where there's a will there's a way," said Peter Todd. "I'm not going to jaw about what you've told me. I'm going to think it over, and if there's a way, I'm going to find it for you. You rely on your Uncle Peter."

And Peter Todd left the study. He left Pen, in spite of his doubts, in a more cheerful humour. There was an impression of force and strength about Peter Todd which seemed to say that what he had undertaken to do, that he would carry out with success.

And Pen's face was brighter as he sat down to his work. Peter Todd's brow wore a thoughtful frown as he went along the Remove passage to his own study. Peter Todd was a youth with a peculiar sense of humour, which was not always to be restrained within bounds. But he had a kind heart; he was like his Cousin Alonzo in that respect. And Peter cheerfully considered himself as top dog in the Remove, and therefore bound to help the other fellows out of their troubles.

Bunter and Dutton and Alonzo were in the study when Peter came in. They were having tea, and Billy Bunter was grumbling audibly.

"Hallo! Tea ready?" asked Peter cheerfully.  
"Billy Bunter grunted.  
"Yes, what there is of it," he said. "I used to have much better feeds when I was in No. 1 Study, with Wharton and Nugent."

"So I should say, by the look of you," said Peter Todd, surveying Billy Bunter's fat person. "What have you got there—lum—bread-and-butter and sardines? You were going to stand a feed when your postal-order arrived. Hasn't it come yet?"

"There's been some delay in the post," explained Bunter. "It's scandalous, the way my remittances are delayed. I've really been thinking of writing to the Postmaster-General about it."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 275.

"THE GEM" LIBRARY,  
Every Wednesday.

Our Companion Papers.

"THE PENNY POPULAR,"  
Every Friday.

"Better write to the chaps who ought to send the remittances," suggested Peter, with a grin. "They might post 'em then, perhaps."

"Oh, really, Todd—"  
"You're not satisfied with that grub—eh?" asked Peter.  
"Botten!" said Bunter, with a grunt.  
"Right-ho! I'll have it, then; I'm hungry." And Peter Todd suited the action to the word.

Billy Bunter's face was a study as Todd calmly took possession of his plate of sardines, and his head of toast.

"I—I say, Todd," he roared, "give me my grub, you beast!"

Todd started on the sardines.  
"You said you didn't like it, Bunter."  
"But there's nothing else!" roared Bunter.  
"That's your ill-luck. I'm not going to have you eating stuff you don't like," said Peter Todd cheerfully. "Likewise you must learn not to grumble at good grub. I think these sardines are all right."

"You—you—you—"  
"Here, buff off!" said Peter Todd, as Bunter made a rush to regain his property. "Roll away, you porpoise! You're interrupting my tea!"

"It's my tea!" shrieked Bunter.  
"It's mine now, as you don't like it."  
"But I—I do like it!" yelled Bunter.  
"Too late!" said Peter Todd. "Now, roll away!" He gave Bunter a push on the chest, and the Owl of the Remove rolled away, and sat on the floor. "Now, buff off, Bunter; I've got a problem to think out while I'm having my tea."  
"You—you rotter!" gasped Bunter. "You're having my tea."

"Well, while I'm having your tea, then, if you like that better," said Peter Todd. "How awfully particular you are. But I don't mind how you put it so long as I have my tea—or your tea—some tea, anyway."

Billy Bunter blinked at his study-leader with feelings too deep for words. Peter Todd did not seem to notice it. He finished the sardines and the toast with great gusto, and again assured Bunter that he liked them. Billy Bunter snorted.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### Five Pounds Reward!

"FIVE POUNDS REWARD!"  
Peter Todd started as the words caught his eyes. Five pounds reward!

Peter was thinking, at that very moment, of the exact sum of five pounds—the five pounds that young Penfold required to help his father out of his trouble, and which Peter had promised to help him obtain somehow.

As chief of the top study in the Remove, Peter had said that it was up to him. Whether it was or not, Peter was in deadly earnest about it. But how to help young Penfold without giving him money which he certainly would not accept was a problem that puzzled even Peter Todd's keen wits. The only way was to help him to earn it somehow—and how could Penfold earn it?

Some of the fags, it is true, turned an honest penny by writing out lines for richer fellows who didn't want to do their own imposts. Clever "kids" in the Fourth and Remove sometimes did contrive for duffers in the Fifth, like Coker, and were rewarded with shillings and even half-crowns. But little earnings of that kind would be of no use to Penfold. He wanted a big surr—for a schoolboy—and wanted it in a few days. How was he to be enabled to get it?

That was what Peter Todd had set himself to think out. Pen was more than willing to work if he could have found some work that would bring in money. Peter was strolling through the old town of Friardale, with his cap on the back of his head and his hands thrust deep into his trousers' pockets, thinking hard. Peter always thought better when he was in motion—as a matter of fact, he was very seldom still. He had cheered himself up a little by knocking the hats off two Highlife fellows he had encountered in the old High Street of Friardale, and by uttering a sudden yell at the open door of Mr. Snooks, the estate agent, which made Mr. Snooks jump up from his desk and knock his chair over backwards in his surprise. But these things, though pleasant in themselves, did not help Peter with his self-imposed problem. How was he to enable young Penfold to get hold of five pounds in hard cash, without giving it to him?

Peter was wrestling with the knotty problem when he passed the little police-station of Friardale. Police-constable Tozer was sunning himself on the steps majestically. Peter was thinking of expending a halfpenny upon an orange for the especial benefit of P.-c. Tozer's waistcoat,

when he caught sight of the words on a bill posted up outside the police-station:

"Five Pounds Reward!"

Five pounds! The exact sum he wanted! Peter dropped the idea at once of pelting P.-c. Tozer with a cheap orange, and raised his hat very politely to that officer. Then he halted and read the notice on the wall.

"Five Pounds Reward!"

"The above sum will be paid to anyone giving information leading to the Detection of the Person or Persons who lighted a fire upon Popper's Island, in the River Sark, thereby causing damage to Sir Hilton Popper's estate.—Apply at the office of J. Snooks, Friaridale."

Peter Todd grinned cheerfully.

"Five pounds!" he murmured. "Five golden quids! And I suppose to know who did it—nobody better! Five quids—how ripping! Oh, my only Aunt Gloxiana!"

Peter Todd turned towards P.-c. Tozer, who was eyeing him suspiciously. P.-c. Tozer was suspicious of all Greyfriars' boys. He had had many rubs with them. But Peter Todd looked very innocent; and, as a matter of fact, Mr. Tozer took him for his Cousin Alonzo. When it suited Peter Todd, he could adopt the meek-and-mild manners and gentle voice of his cousin. It suited him now.

"Good-afternoon, my dear Mr. Tozer!" he said.

Dear Mr. Tozer grunted.

"Some bad boy has been lighting fires on Sir Hilton Popper's island, I see," said Peter. "Do you think he will be caught, Mr. Tozer?"

"I 'opes as 'ow he is," said Mr. Tozer amiably. "I knows perfectly well that it was some young rip from Greyfriars, a-going a-picknick, and not caring how much damndidge he might do to a man's property. Huh!"

"I shouldn't wonder!" said Peter. "There are some very naughty boys at Greyfriars—boys who are quite rough in their manners. I suppose that's all square, Mr. Tozer—five pounds for whoever gives the name of the naughty boy?"

"Wotto!" said Mr. Tozer. "You should 'ave seen Sir 'Iton when he kem down 'ere about it—fair ramping he was. The young scallywags had chopped down a young tree for fuel—fair chopped it down. And one of them stuck a card on another tree, with the words hon it: 'Poor old Popper!' My heye! You should 'ave seen Sir 'Iton. Fair scorching, 'o was!"

"The naughty boy ought to be sent to a reformatory," said Peter, with a shake of the head.

"I dunno about that," said Mr. Tozer; "but if it's a Greyfriars' kid, and he's found out, the 'Ead will 'ave to flog him—Sir 'Iton will see to that! Wotto!"

"Serve him right!" said Peter indignantly. "There doesn't seem to be any respect left for a great landowner in the country any more than there is for the police force. Only this morning I heard a bad boy say that you were an old donkey, Mr. Tozer. I chided him at once."

"Oh, he did, did he?" said Mr. Tozer, growing purple.

"Yes, and he said your face was enough to make a cat laugh, Mr. Tozer."

"Look 'ere, Master Todd—"

"I said it was not right to cackle about your face, though," said Peter virtuously. "I said a man couldn't help his face. If he could, it stands to reason that you would have quite a different sort of one, wouldn't you, Mr. Tozer?"

Mr. Tozer spluttered.

"And I heard a bad boy say that you were—"

"I don't want to 'ear wot he said!" roared Mr. Tozer.

"He said you were—"

"Look 'ere—"

"He said you were a funny merchant, Mr. Tozer, and that if you knew how funny you were you'd let yourself out to a circus—"

"Will you be off!" roared Mr. Tozer.

Peter Todd looked surprised.

"But I'm only telling you what that bad boy said, Mr. Tozer. I was shocked at him! I said you—couldn't help being funny—"

Mr. Tozer made a dive towards Peter, and Peter walked away. The fat constable gazed after him with a purple face and bulging eyes, snorting with rage. Peter smiled gently to himself, and strolled round to the office of Mr. Snooks. Mr. Snooks was an estate agent, and a house agent, and agent for many things. He was a collector of rents to many owners of property in and about Friaridale, and as he was a good collector he had plenty of clients. Mr. Snooks was as hard as nails and not troubled with any sentimental unwillingness to turn an unfortunate tenant out of house and home. He was a fat man, with a prominent waistcoat and watch-chain, and a hard face that might have been carved out of a particularly hard red brick.

Peter raised his hat respectfully as he came into the office. Mr. Snooks looked at him hard. He had not forgotten the yell at his door which had startled him; but there was no evidence to connect Peter with it, as he had not seen the

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 276.

joker. And Peter looked as innocent as Alonzo; that is to say, as innocent as innocence itself.

"Good-afternoon, sir!" said Peter meekly. "I hope I see you well, sir. Very warm for this time of the year, isn't it, sir?"

"Have you any business with me?" asked Mr. Snooks.

"Yes, sir. About that reward you are offering for the wicked boy who lighted a fire on the island in the river—"

Then Mr. Snooks looked interested.

"Oh, good!" he said. "Can you give me some information, my lad? Sir Hilton Popper is very anxious to discover the perpetrator of this outrage. The reward will be paid over at once when the culprit is discovered."

"I know a fellow who can give you his name, sir."

"Indeed! Then if your friend wants five pounds he has only to come along and give the name," said Mr. Snooks, turning back to his papers again.

"Thank you, sir!"

And Peter left the office, and walked back to Greyfriars. His face was very cheerful as he came in at the old gates. Harry Wharton & Co. had just come off the cricket-field, and they greeted him in the Close.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, slacker!"

"Why ain't you playing cricket?"

"The slackfulness of the esteemed and ludicrous Todd is terrific."

Peter grinned.

"Important affair to attend to," he explained. "Some affairs have to be attended to by the top study in the Remove, you know—lots of time for cricket."

And Peter went on into the School House, leaving the Co. looking after him very expressively.

"The cheeky bouncer!" said Bob Cherry. "We shall have to take him down a peg or two, one of these days. Top study! The cheek of it!"

"Awful nerve!" said Wharton indignantly. "If we hear much more of it, we'll rag him, and bring him down off his perch."

"Hear, hear!"

Peter Todd went up to the Remove passage, whistling cheerily—a shrill whistle which made fellows yell out to him, and throw books and books at him as he passed. Peter reached Penfold's study. The door was open, and the voice of Lord Mauleverer, the dandy of the Remove, could be heard within.

## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

### Peter's Way.

"BEGAD, you know, Pen, old chap, it won't do, my dear fellow, you know."

Lord Mauleverer was very much in earnest. Dick Penfold was seated at the study table, at work—or rather, he had been at work when the schoolboy earl came in. His face was far from cheerful.

"You see," said Lord Mauleverer, "I'm your pal, you know, ain't I?"

"You're a good chap!" said Pen.

"Well, then, why won't you lend me a loan a hand?" expostulated Lord Mauleverer. "You haven't told me what's the matter, but I know it's tin. I've got plenty of tin—as much as I want, and more. What's the good of the beastly money if a chap can't help his friends when they're down on their luck?"

Pen sighed.

"If it were a loan I wanted, Mauly, I'd ask you like a shot. But it isn't! If I borrowed of you I couldn't pay!"

"Well, I shouldn't dun you for it, my dear fellow."

Pen grinned.

"I know you wouldn't, Mauly. But a loan that isn't repaid is a gift—and I'm not taking money from anybody! You would despise me myself if I did, when you came to think of it."

"No, I jolly well wouldn't!"

"Well, I should despise myself, and that would be worse."

"But it's only rotten money, kid," said Lord Mauleverer. "What is it Shakespeare says about it—about locking rascal counters from one's friends? I forget the lines, but they're quite to the point. Let me lend you a hand."

"No!"

"You're a determined beast, Pen, though you look so soft," growled his lordship. "I've a jolly good mind to punch your silly head!"

Peter Todd came in.

"It's all right!" he announced.

Lord Mauleverer looked at him.

"Begad! What do you know about it?" he asked.

"I've taken the matter up, as head of the top study in the

Remove," Peter explained. "I know all about it. Pen won't take money in charity—quite right. He wants to earn it. I've found out a way for him to do it."

Pen's face flushed with hope.

"Oh, Toddy! Is it true?"

"True as a die!"

"You know a way I can earn five quid?"

"Easy as rolling on a log!"

"Oh, Toddy!"

"Begad, that's all serene, then!" said Lord Mauleverer. "I'll be off! You're a very clever chap, young Dodd."

"My name's Todd!"

"Y'as, I'm always forgetting names," said his lordship.

"I meant Dodd. Well, so-long, Pen; so-long, Podd."

And Lord Mauleverer left the study, Peter Todd closed the door after him, and then turned to the flushed and excited Penfold.

"It's all right," he said. "Right as rain. I've been thinking a big think, and I've got it. You want to earn five quid—this week?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" said Pen eagerly.

"I can fix it. You've heard of Sir Hilton Popper—big gun in this district? He owns the island in the river, and won't allow the chaps to picnic there, though they've done it from time immemorial. I mean," said Todd, remembering—"some naughty and reckless fellows persist in camping out on that island, though Sir Hilton Popper won't allow it, and the Head has made it out of bounds."

"Yes, I know all that," said Pen, in wonder.

"There is a reward of five pounds offered for information about the latest bad boy who did it. The awful young rascal chopped down a tree, and burnt it in a camp-fire, and left a card for old Popper, with cheeky words written on it."

Pen grinned.

"Yes, I've heard about it. Some of the fellows say it must have been a Greysfriars chap," he said. "Serve old Popper right! He shouldn't have stopped us from going on the island; Greysfriars chaps have always camped there."

Peter shook his head solemnly.

"I'm sorry to see you upholding disorder and disobedience in this way, young Penfold," he said severely. "The miscreant ought to be denounced."

"Rats!" said Penfold.

"And you're going to denounce him!"

"What!"

"And earn the five quid!"

The eager, hopeful look died out of Penfold's face. He sat down again drearily.

"Is that the wheeze?" he asked. "Is that how I'm to earn five pounds?"

"That's it!"

"Then it's no good. I wouldn't give the chap away, if I knew who it was; and I don't know. I haven't the faintest idea. But if I know, I wouldn't sneak about him. I'm really surprised at your suggesting such a thing, Todd. Why, even Snoop would stop short of doing a rotten thing like that!"

"You don't tumble, Penfold. I'm not proposing to you to sneak—and I'll punch your head if you make any more remarks like that. I happen to know who did it—a really desperate young rascal who ought to be had up."

"Then you can give him away yourself, if you want to. I sha'n't!"

"It wouldn't do. Sir Hilton Popper wouldn't pay me the reward. Never mind why he wouldn't; but I happen to know that he wouldn't. But if I write down the name and put in into an envelope, and you take it to Mr. Snooks, you get the five quid."

"Well, I won't!"

"Yes, you will!" said Peter Todd coolly. "You don't know all the circes yet. The fellow who did it wants to be given away."

Pen jumped.

"What rot!"

"It's a fact!"

"How do you know?"

"I've got it from the chap himself. You see, old Popper wants him badly—he won't rest till he's got him. He's raising Cain to find out who burnt that blessed tree on his blessed island. He's going to go on nosing and nosing till he finds him out. Then the chap will get it where the chicken got the chopper; you know—in the neck. The chap would rather have it over. Mind, I have this from the chap himself! He wants to have it out—and if you don't give him away, he's going to own up. Fact! He won't be punished, either."

"He would be flogged—"

"No, he wouldn't; he's got a way of getting out of that—and that's why he wants to get it over," said Peter cheerfully. "Now you believe me, don't you?"

"Of course, I take your word, Todd; but—"

"I give you my word of honour that the chap wants to be found out, and that you will be doing him a favour by doing it."

"I don't see it—"

"Can't you take my word?"

"Yes; but—who is the chap?"

"Never mind that now. All you've got to do is to take the name in an envelope to Mr. Snooks. Snooks will do the

## CONTRASTS.—No. 9.

A Game of Cricket in the Good Old Days.



The Premier Summer Pastime as it is Played To-day.



No. 10 of this Grand New Series of Pictures Next Monday. Order Early.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 275.





Every object in Loder's study was soon gleaming with the green paint, and Todd looked round for fresh worlds to conquer. He saw Loder's hat-box, and, taking out the topper, painted it green, and placed it in a conspicuous place on the table. Then he put down the brush. "I think we've done enough!" he remarked. (See Chapter 2.)

rest, and you get your five quid. And I give you my sacred sam that the chap wants you to do it."

"You have that from the chap himself?"

"Honour bright!"

Pen looked perplexed.

"It's a jolly queer business," he said. "Of course I believe you, Todd; I know you wouldn't play me a rotten trick, and make me sneak for nothing. But why does the chap want to be given away?"

"He's got reasons—jolly good reasons—and after it's done, you'll see for yourself. You've got to trust me till then. But you know I'm a square chap."

"Yes, I know that, Todd; but I'd rather speak to the chap himself—"

"Can't be did! He doesn't want you to know till afterwards—he's got his reasons. Look here, if you don't mind Wharton knowing about it, I'll tell him all the circumstances, and you can ask his opinion. Wharton's captain of the Remove, and you know he's straight as a die. If Wharton tells you that it will be all right for you to take the note to Mr. Snooks, will you take it?"

Pen nodded.

"Yes—I know Wharton won't treat me badly. If it's not honourable, he wouldn't have a hand in it. I know you wouldn't either, of course; only—you might be mistaken about the chap wanting to be given away—"

"No mistake about it—I know the chap better than I know anybody else in the world."

"He's a friend of yours?"

"My best pal!"

"Well, that ought to settle it. But why can't you give him away yourself, then, and capture the quids?"

"Because I couldn't get the reward. Sir Hilton Popper wouldn't pay it to me. I couldn't touch the reward, if I wanted to ever so much!"

"It's jolly queer," said Pen slowly, "and I don't see what you want to be so mysterious about it for. But if I can save my father without doing anything rotten, of course I should jump at the chance. If Wharton knows about it, and tells me to go ahead, I'll do it!"

"Then I'll go and have a jaw with Wharton."

And Todd left the study. Dick Penfold remained plunged in deep and perplexed thought.

Pen did not understand the matter at all. Peter Todd was such a peculiar and original kind of fellow, that it was not always easy to understand his processes of thought. But if Pen could earn that reward honestly and honourably, it was not likely that he would fail to do so. He thought of his father, working away long and weary hours in the little shop, in daily fear of the bailiffs.

However peculiar and mysterious the matter was, it was up to Pen to take advantage of the chance, if he could do so honourably. And he could certainly depend upon Harry Wharton's judgment. Wharton would not have done anything mean, or counselled another fellow to do anything mean, for any consideration whatever. Pen knew that.

He was still thinking the matter out in perplexity, but with reviving hope, when Peter Todd came back into the study with Wharton. Harry Wharton was smiling. Todd held a sealed envelope in his hand.

Pen looked quickly and eagerly at the captain of the Remove.

"Todd's told you?" he asked.

"Yes," said Harry; "and it's all right. Todd's a regular genius; nobody but Todd would have thought of this! You can earn the reward by giving away the chap who lighted the fire on the island, and the chap agrees to it, and wants you to do it, in fact!"

"You—you're sure?"

"Quite sure. I've talked to the chap about it."

Pen looked relieved.

"Then you think it will be all right for me to go to Mr. Snooks—"

"Right as rain! I'll walk down with you, if you like, and see you through."

"You're jolly good!" said Pen gratefully.

"The boy hesitated no longer. If Wharton said it was all right, he had no right to doubt further, though he did not understand."

Five minutes later Pen and Harry Wharton were walking down together to Friarsdale, and in Pen's pocket was the envelope containing the name of the unknown delinquent.

## THE TENTH CHAPTER.

### The Culprit!

MR. SNOOKS was in his office, busy with a long list of articles he was preparing for the printer. Mr. Snooks added to his other professions that of an auctioneer, and he was making up a list for a sale. He glanced up rather impatiently at the juniors as they came in.

"One brass bedstead, good condition, and one set of fire-irons—" he murmured. "Well, well! What can I do for you?"

"If you please—" began Pen, rather timidly.

Mr. Snooks waved a fat hand.

"Kindly do not refer to your father's affairs, Penfold," he said. "I cannot listen to you on the subject! I cannot discuss questions of rent with a boy! If you have come to ask me—"

Pen flushed.

"I haven't come for anything of the sort!" he exclaimed.

"Well, what do you want, then?"

"It's about the reward," said Harry Wharton, helping Pen out. "The reward of five pounds for the name of the chap who lighted the fire on Popper's Island in the river."

Mr. Snooks became more genial at once. He was far from disapproving of anything in the nature of sneaking or treachery. And if he succeeded in discovering the person or persons against whom Sir Hilton Popper was so deeply incensed, he knew that it would be a "leg up" for him in the baronet's good graces. And that was a great desideratum to Mr. Snooks. He made a remarkably good thing out of acting as agent for Sir Hilton Popper.

"Ah, I see!" he said. "You know the person?"

"Penfold has his name written down in that envelope, Mr. Snooks."

"Very good! Upon proof being forthcoming, the reward will be paid immediately."

"I don't want the reward, Mr. Snooks," said Pen. "My father owes you five pounds, and I want you to take the money for his rent, and send him a receipt, instead of sending the reward to me."

Mr. Snooks nodded.

"That is quite immaterial to me," he said. "I will certainly do so, if you wish. Of course, the proof against the person you denounce must be clear."

"He won't deny it," said Wharton.

"In that case there will be no doubt. It was, I presume, a Greyfriars' boy?"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 275.

THE GEM LIBRARY, Every Wednesday.

"Yes."

"I thought so," said Mr. Snooks, closing his fat lips spitefully.

"There's one other thing," said Wharton. "It's understood that the source of information is kept dark. The fellows might cut up rough with Penfold if they knew."

"It is very meritorious of Penfold to assist the law in its course," said Mr. Snooks pompously. "But certainly the source of information shall be kept secret. There will be no need to mention it, of course, if the proof is clear without that."

"That's agreed, sir," said Wharton. "Give him the paper, Pen!"

Pen laid the envelope on the agent's desk.

Wharton linked his arm in Pen's, and marched him out of the office while the agent was opening the envelope. Pen was looking troubled.

"I don't know the name yet," he said.

"That's all right! Come on!"

"You're quite sure it's all right, Wharton?" said Pen, smitten with a new and troublesome feeling of doubt.

"Right as rain!" said Harry.

And he walked Pen back to Greyfriars cheerfully.

Pen could not help thinking about the matter and puzzling. But his heart was lighter. The five-pounds reward would pay his father's debt, and he could imagine Mr. Penfold's surprise and joy when he received the receipt for the rent.

It was about two hours later when Nugent, looking out of the window of No. 1 Study, uttered a sudden exclamation. The shades of night were falling fast, as a poet has observed, but in the dusk Nugent saw a portly figure crossing the Close from the gates. The portly form in riding-breeches and coat could be no other than that of Sir Hilton Popper, the local landowner, who was so unpopular with the Greyfriars' boys.

"My hat! Here's old Popper!" said Frank, turning from the window. "Looks as if he's on the warpath, too! Trouble for somebody!"

"Generally is when Popper honours us with a visit," said Harry.

"I suppose it's about that affair on the island," said Nugent. "I've heard that the old duffer has offered a reward about it."

"Yes; I believe so," said Wharton, with a chuckle.

Nugent looked at him.

"Do you know anything about it?" he asked.

"Well, yes; a little," admitted Harry. "The chap told me in confidence. But all Greyfriars will know who it was in a quarter of an hour."

A good many fellows gathered to stare at Sir Hilton Popper as he strode in, and Trotter showed him to the Head's study.

Two or three fellows, forgetting the respect due to a really great man, gave Sir Hilton a groan as he passed. The baronet frowned angrily.

The fellows gathered in a crowd in the passage as the Head's door closed upon the portly form of Sir Hilton Popper.

"Trouble for somebody!" said Bolsover major. "Popper's found out that it was a Greyfriars' chap who lighted that fire on his giddy island, I suppose."

"Bogad, it will be bad for the chap, then!" said Lord Maulreverer.

"Sure, and I shouldn't like to be in his shoes," said Micky Desmond. "Phwat are ye grinning at, intircly, Pether Todd? What do you know about it?"

Peter chuckled.

Trotter, the page, came down the passage, and stopped before Peter Todd, with a look of commiseration upon his face.

"The doctor wants you, Master Todd," he said—"that is, if you're Master Peter," added Trotter, a little doubtfully.

Peter grinned cheerfully.

"I'm Master Peter, and it's all right," he said.

There was a buzz as Todd swung away down the passage.

"My hat! It was Todd, then!"

"Peter Todd."

"He's in for it!"

"The boulder doesn't seem to care," said Bob Cherry.

"Blessed if I wouldn't sooner face a ramping, roaring lion than old Popper when he's ratty."

"The soonerfulness is terrific!" murmured Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "And the esteemed and ludicrous Popper looked very excited!" He was in an honourable and august wax!"

And the juniors waited anxiously for news from the Head's study. All their sympathies were with Peter Todd, if he was indeed the culprit.

Sir Hilton Popper had a legal right to close his island to the public—at all events, nobody had gone to the trouble

of a lawsuit on the subject. But land-owners have duties as well as rights.

At the same time, most of the fellows had the impression that Peter Todd would succeed in extricating himself from the scrape somehow.

Peter Todd was a decidedly cool customer, and he had a way of looking after himself that was really wonderful.

Peter Todd's manner was meekness itself as he entered the Head's study. His Cousin Alonzo looked as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth; Peter looked as if ice-cream wouldn't melt there. The innocence of the dove was in Peter's countenance, and he was carefully concealing the wisdom of the serpent.

Dr. Locke was looking very worried. Sir Hilton Popper stood frowning, a picture of majestic wrath. He glared at the junior as the latter entered, and then some of his ferocity abated. It really did not seem possible to be very ferocious with that innocent and harmless-looking boy.

"You sent for me, sir?" said Peter Todd meekly.

Dr. Locke looked at him dubiously.

"You are—er—Peter Todd?" he asked.

"Yes, sir." "Yes, good!" Sir Hilton Popper complains to me that somebody belonging to Greyfriars—has trespassed upon his island in the Sark, and lighted a fire there, to the damage of his property—"

"A tree cut down and burnt for fuel!" exclaimed Sir Hilton Popper, in sulphurous tones. "A large patch of grass burnt! Empty sardine tins left lying about! And an insulting notice pinned upon a tree! Huh!"

"It appears that Sir Hilton's agent has received information that you are the—perpetrator of this outrage, Todd!" said the Head severely.

"Yes, sir."

"You do not deny it?"

"No, sir," said Peter meekly.

The Head coughed. Sir Hilton Popper snorted.

"The boy confesses!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," said the Head. "The information Mr. Snooks has obtained appears to be correct. It was, then, you, Todd, who broke school bounds by going to the island in the river, and who did damage to Sir Hilton's Popper's property by lighting a fire there."

"Yes, sir."

"Why did you do it, Todd?"

"I went on a little picnic, sir."

"You knew that Sir Hilton Popper did not allow trespassers upon his property?"

"Yes, sir."

"And that the island was out of bounds?" asked Dr. Locke sternly, sir."

"Yes, sir."

"Todd! This—this conduct—"

"Pray excuse me, sir," said Todd meekly. "I knew that Greyfriars fellows had always camped on that island when they wanted to, and Sir Hilton suddenly stopped them from going there when he came back from abroad. All the fellows think they had a right to go there—there is supposed to be a right of way across the island."

"Nothing of the sort!" roared the baronet.

"You do not allow it, sir," said Peter meekly; "but that is because you are an unreasonable old gentleman, sir."

The baronet turned purple. Peter spoke so meekly and mildly that it was impossible to think that he intended to be impudent. He seemed to be simply stating the facts as he saw them in the simplicity of his heart.

"We all know that you have made the island out of bounds, sir," resumed Peter, looking gently at the Head, "simply to avoid dispute with Sir Hilton Popper, and not because he is in the right. We feel that it is up to us as Greyfriars chaps not to let an unreasonable old gentleman like Sir Hilton bully us, sir."

"Todd!" gasped the Head. "You—you must not be impudent to Sir Hilton Popper."

"I'm sure I don't mean to be," said Todd, in surprise. "I'm sure my acquaintance of Sir Hilton Popper would admit that he is a very unreasonable old gentleman."

The baronet appeared to be about to choke.

"I am very, very sorry I broke bounds, sir," said Peter. "But I can't say I'm sorry I went on the island, because I am sure that Sir Hilton Popper has no right to keep me off it."

"Insolence!" roared Sir Hilton Popper. "Dr. Locke, there stands the young—young ruffian who has damaged my property. Unless that young rascal—that unmitigated young scoundrel—is properly punished, under my eyes, sir, I shall take the case before the magistrates. I will have my property respected, sir: I will have—"

"That is enough, Sir Hilton," said the Head coldly. "Todd had confessed to breaking bounds, and to committing the damage on the island. He will be flogged for doing so. As for the damage, it shall be paid for."

"I did not come here for money!" snorted Sir Hilton Popper. "The damage shall not be paid for. That is THE MAGNET LIBRARY—No. 275.

nothing. I came here to see the author of this outrage, sir, properly punished, sir. It is the principle of the thing I am thinking of, not a couple of pounds for damage to my grass-sir!"

"Very well. You have nothing to say in your defence, Todd?"

"No, sir. If Sir Hilton wishes me to be flogged—"

"I insist upon it!" roared Sir Hilton.

"Pardon me!" said the Head icily. "You are allowed to insist upon nothing here, Sir Hilton. I have already said that Todd would be flogged. If it is any pleasure to you to witness it, you may stay and see the infliction."

"I shall certainly do so."

"Very well!"

The Head rang for Trotter, and sent him for Gosling, the porter. Gosling came into the study in a few minutes. The doctor rose to his feet.

"Gosling, you will kindly hoist Master Todd upon your shoulders for flogging."

"Yes, sir," said Gosling, not looking at all displeased. In Gosling's opinion the more all boys were thrashed the better it was for them, and for everybody else.

Peter Todd seemed quite calm and cheerful. Sir Hilton Popper looked on with a grim and frowning brow while Peter was hoisted upon Gosling's broad back, and the Head commenced operations with the birch.

## THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Nothing Like Leather!

OUTSIDE the study quite a crowd of fellows were gathered—excitedly whispering. The juniors had seen Gosling enter the study, and they knew what that meant.

Todd was to be flogged. The juniors looked very grim. Flogging was a severe punishment. True, the old-fashioned variety of flogging on the bare back had long ago been abolished at Greyfriars—many years before the oldest fellow in the school had come there. But a flogging was a flogging, whether upon the bare skin or with garments interposing.

"Poor old Todd!"

"Poor old Peter!"

"It's rotten!"

"Sure it's bastely intirely!"

"I don't quite see how they've proved it against him," said Bob Cherry, puzzled. "There can't have been any evidence."

"I fancy he's owned up," said Harry Wharton.

"My hat! He must be an ass."

"Might have had his reasons," said Wharton, laughing. The Co. looked at their leader very curiously.

"Dash it all, you don't seem very sympathetic!" said Johnny Bull. "Peter Todd is a cheery bouncer, calling his study top study in the Remove. But—"

"But I'm sorry for him!" said Nugent.

Wharton laughed again.

"Nothing to feel sorry about," he said. "I've got a strong suspicion that Peter won't be very much hurt. He's a deep card."

"Hark!" exclaimed Bolsover major. "That sounds as if he's being hurt!"

It was a wild yell from the study. The birch had evidently descended upon Peter Todd, and he had let out a yell that rang through the School House. The juniors started, and shivered. Another and another yell followed.

"My hat!" muttered Tom Brown. "I don't like hearing that. I'm off!"

"It's beastly!"

"The beastfulness is terrific!"

Yell, yell, yell from the study.

"Poor old Todd!"

"My dear fellows!" Alonzo Todd came hurriedly down the passage. "Is my Cousin Peter here? Dear me! What is that dreadful sound? Is it possible—my dear cousin—oh, dear! What would my Uncle Benjamin say!"

Alonzo ran towards the Head's door. Two or three juniors caught hold of him and stopped him in time.

"Pray let me go, my dear Wharton—"

"What are you going to do?" demanded Harry.

"I am going to remonstrate with the Head. My Uncle Benjamin says that flogging is brutal. I am going to tell the Head—"

"You're jolly well not," said Wharton. "You'll get flogged, too, you duffer, if you check the Head in his own study—"

"The flogfulness would be terrific, my worthy and ludicrous Alonzo!"

"My dear Wharton—"

"You stay where you are," said Harry Wharton, keeping a tight grip upon the arm of the Duffer of Greyfriars. "Peter doesn't want you to be licked as well. And you're not so prepared for it as he is!"

"Prepared for it!" said Nugent, in wonder. "Do you mean Peter's got some dodge?"

Wharton laughed.

"I've got an idea so! Wait till he comes out!"

"But—but those howls—"

"Spoo! I fancy!"

"Oh, my hat!"

Yell, yell, yell!

The cries from the study were harrowing to listen to. And the fellows, while their feelings were harried, were surprised, too. Peter Todd was as hard as nails, and was the kind of fellow to take his gruel calmly and grimly, without a cry. But he was roaring now as loudly as Bunter or Snoop would have roared.

It was painful to the kind old Head to hear him. But Dr. Locke had his duty to do, and his hand did not falter. Sir Hilton Popper stood with his legs wide apart, and his hands deep in the pockets of his riding-breeches, looking on with a grim brow at the punishment of the junior. Sir Hilton would willingly have lent the aid of his riding-whip.

Sir Hilton did not believe in sparing the rod and spoiling the child. Sir Hilton had been flogged at Eton himself, and he believed in flogging. It had, as he often said, made him what he was. Whether that was an argument in favour of flogging might have been doubted by a disinterested observer.

Lash, lash, lash!

Gosling braced himself to stand the weight and the wringing of the flogged junior. Peter was giving the porter a good deal of trouble. Gosling had received several kicks, perhaps accidentally—but accidental kicks hurt just as much as intentional ones, and Gosling was getting ratty. He rather enjoyed hearing Peter howl.

And Peter did howl. He howled and he roared. Each time the birch came down Peter seemed to make a vocal effort to lift the roof.

"Ow, ow, ow! Yow, yah, oh!"

The Head, in spite of his stern sense of duty, let the strokes fall lighter as he heard the wild roars of the victim. The masters sometimes said, when they punished a boy, that it hurt them as much as it hurt him—a statement which the smarting juniors took the liberty of doubting. But with the Head it was true enough.

The kind old gentleman hated inflicting punishment, and never did so if he could help it. But a flagrant case like this could only be met by flogging; and in spite of Peter's uproar, the Head did his duty.

Twenty strokes were well laid on, and then Gosling was ordered to lower the junior to the floor. The Head laid down the birch.

"You may go, Todd!" he said gently.

"T-t-thank you, sir!" gasped Peter.

And he staggered from the study.

Gosling followed him. The Head turned to Sir Hilton Popper.

"I trust you are satisfied?" he said tartly.

"I am satisfied," said Sir Hilton grimly. "I should have recommended twice as many strokes, but, upon the whole, I am satisfied. I wish you good-evening!"

And Sir Hilton took his leave.

As he left, the Greyfriars juniors gave him a deep, deep groan, and Sir Hilton gave them a fierce glare in return as he strode down to the gates. The fellows would gladly have pelted him as he went, but they didn't want to repeat Peter Todd's experience. But they groaned at him heartily, and Sir Hilton strode angrily away with the groans ringing in his ears.

"Poor old Todd!" said Russell. "Let's go and see him!" Peter Todd had gone up to the Remove dormitory. He had gone up with staggering steps, groaning at every step, as if almost overcome. The juniors crowded into the dormitory, expecting to find him in a state of collapse.

But they didn't!

Peter Todd was removing his jacket and waistcoat, and his face was quite cheerful and bright. He seemed to have recovered suddenly from his agony. He nodded to the juniors, and grinned at them as they came in. They stared at him blankly.

"Got over it already?" roared Bolsover major.

"Got over what?" asked Peter.

"The flogging."

"Oh, that! My dear chap, there was nothing to get over!" said Peter airily.

"Wha-a-at!"

Peter went on removing his garments. He drew out from the interior of them a large sheet of thick leather. The juniors gazed at it almost in stupefaction. They began to understand now. Peter Todd had indeed been prepared for the flogging. He had worn that thickness of leather under his garments where the blows fell, and it was doubtful if he had felt the slightest pain through that defence.

"M-m-many only hat!" gasped Nugent. "You awful spoofer!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"Begad!"

"You—you had that on?" exclaimed Ogilvy.

Peter chuckled.

"What'ho! I got it specially for the flogging. That's the best of the modern system of flogging. You couldn't wear a protection like this in the old days, when you had to strip."

"Great Scott!"

"Then you weren't hurt?" yelled Balstrode.

"Not a bit."

"Then what were you howling for?"

"Yes, Todd! What were you making that frightful row for if you weren't hurt?"

Todd smiled compassionately.

"My dear chaps, you are obtuse! If I had taken the flogging without seeming to be hurt, don't you think the Head would have smelled a rat?"

"Oh!"

"I was bound to keep up appearances. Besides, why shouldn't I bestow a little harmless pleasure on a kind and tender-hearted old gentleman like Popper?" He was enjoying the show. It was jolly music to him.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There's nothing like leather!" said Peter. "That's an old saying, and it's a jolly true one. Nothing like leather!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You'd better keep this awfully dark!" gasped Nugent. "You terrific spoofer! Blessed if I'd ever have thought of such a thing! And the way you roared—"

"Yes," said Peter, with satisfaction. "I think it was rather artistic. And it was so nice, for a boy like me, to send Popper away feeling happy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And Peter Todd re-donned his clothes in merry mood, putting away that leather defence and locking it up very carefully. As he remarked, it might be useful on some other occasion in the future. There was no telling what punishments might be handed out even to a good boy.

## THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

### Loder's Little Bill!

"O! You bouncer! I never dreamed of it!" Dick Penfold burst into Todd's study. Dick Penfold had been home, with a pass out of gates from Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars. He had just come in, and as soon as he came in, of course, he had heard the story of the flogging of Peter Todd and the peculiar method he had adopted to make the flogging innocuous.

Peter Todd was alone in his study when Penfold rushed on. Pen grasped his hand and shook it as if he would shake it off, and then slapped him on the back. Pen's face was bright with joy.

"Oh, Todd! So it was you all the time? The name you gave me in the envelope was your own?" Pen gasped.

Peter nodded cheerfully.

## WORLD'S RECORD 166,000 MILES

Mr. Revell, of Middleton, Suffolk, bought a cycle from me ten years ago, and writes—"During most of the time I had it I rode over 400 miles a week. The total distance covered was no less than 166,000 mi. as. This is the kind of cycle I sell. I supply HIGH-GRADE CYCLES for £3 10s. cash (Makers' Price, £5 6s.). Also BEST QUALITY, FINEST-GRADE CYCLES, guaranteed for 12 years (Makers' Price, £5 9s.), the same as supplied to Mr. Revell, for only 10/- deposit and 18 monthly instalments of 7/3. Road new, 1913 HUNTER, COVENTRY-CHALLENGER, QUADRANT, ROVER, HINGE, PROCTOR, PENNING, SWIFT, etc. supplied from 2/- Monthly. I sell the pick of Coventry Cycles at pounds below Makers' Prices. Only small deposit required before I dispatch a machine on ten days approval. Money returned if not satisfied. Thousands of Testimonials. Write for latest 1913 List.

EDWARD O'BRIEN, Ltd.,

THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER  
(Dept. 2), COVENTRY.



THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 275.

"THE GEM" LIBRARY,  
Every Wednesday.

Our Companion Papers.

"THE PENNY POPULAR,"  
Every Friday.



"Just so, kid."  
"It was you who trespassed on old Popper's island?"  
"Yes."  
"And that's why you wouldn't give me the name?"  
"Exactly."  
"And—and you were flogged—"  
"I told you the chap had a way of getting out of that," said Peter, with a grin. "The flogging didn't hurt me."  
Pen laughed merrily.  
"Oh, you awful spoofer!" he said.  
"It was so much better to have the matter over and done with," said Peter. "I knew old Popper wouldn't rest till he'd had it out, and the five pounds reward showed that he was in deadly earnest, too. The thing's been a success all round. Popper's got his victim, and he was willing to pay five quid for that, and he's pleased. Snooks has got a leg-up with Sir Hilton for discovering the miscreant, and he's pleased. I've got the matter off my mind, and I'm not hurt, so I'm pleased. And you—"  
"Father's had the receipt for the rent. I've just seen him," said Pen. "Snooks sent it at once. He's pleased."  
"So we're all pleased," said Peter Todd. "It isn't often that a transaction can be carried out to please all parties; but we've done it this time."  
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And the fellows have a good joke to cackle over, so they're pleased," said Peter Todd. "It's a case of pleasure all round."  
"I'm awfully obliged to you, Todd!"

Peter waved his hand airily.  
"Not at all! It was up to me, you know. Always rely on your uncle Peter."

And Pen left the study in a happy frame of mind. He met Wharton in the passage, and the captain of the Remove was very glad to see the brightness in the face of the scholarship boy. Pen stopped him.

"Todd told you he was the chap before you came to my study this afternoon, I suppose?" Pen asked.

Harry Wharton laughed.  
"Yes. He told me the whole story. He's a deep card, isn't he?"

"Jolly deep! And the best fellow in the world!" said Pen enthusiastically.

"Yes, he will really be making Study No. 7 top study in the Remove if we don't mind our p's and q's," said Harry, laughing again.

Peter Todd's flogging was a good joke for the Remove, but the true inwardness of it, so to speak, was kept a secret among the juniors. Loder felt a great joy when he heard of the flogging, which he certainly would not have felt if he had known the exact facts. He grinned when he met Todd that evening, when he saw the Remove off to bed.

"So you've got it at last, you young rotter!" said the prefect. "Got it in the neck this time, and serve you right!"

"Yes, thank you, Loder!" said Peter mildly.  
"You've been asking for it for a long time," said Loder; "and it may also interest you to hear that cleaning my study has cost three pounds, and the bill will be sent to your father."

"Well," said Peter, cocking his head on one side, with an air of deep consideration, "upon the whole, Loder, I think it was worth three pounds."

And the Remove chuckled. And Loder made a reach at Peter, who dodged promptly round a bed. But when Loder was gone, and lights were out, Peter grunted.

"My pater won't like that little bill," he said. "I think it's awfully low down of Loder to spring that on me! Some fellows can't take a joke!"

"Ha, ha! I don't think you'll ever get a prefect to see a joke like that!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "The Sixth Form passage still smells of paint."

"Still, it's rotten to send the bill to my pater! My pater hasn't much of a sense of humour—not in that way. He will stop my pocket-money for the rest of the term to make up for it," growled Peter. "And I sha'n't like that! Blessed if I'll ever paint Loder's study for him again! The next time he wants it done up he can apply somewhere else!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"After the feast comes the reckoning," grinned Vernon-Smith. "And I fancy Loder will make a little bit out of that three quid himself."

"Loder ought to pay it himself!" said Peter Todd, with a grunt. "He was in the wrong all along the line, and I don't believe cleaning the study cost three quid, either! The school provides wall-paper for studies, and his pictures weren't worth anything—rotten oleographs at a bob a time! Loder ought to pay!"

"He ought," said Harry Wharton. "But I don't think wild horses would make him do it."  
"It's up to you to make him pay, Toddy!" grinned Frank Nugent. "As top study in the Remove, you know, it's up to you to make Loder toe the line! Make him pay!"

"Insist upon it!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 275.

NEXT MONDAY,

"WUN LUNG'S SECRET!"

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

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
Peter Todd sat up in bed.  
"Chuckle cackling!" he said. "Do you mean I couldn't make him do it if I set my mind to it?"

"Ha, ha, ha! You jolly well couldn't!"  
"No fear!"

"Of course you couldn't, Todd!" said Harry Wharton. "I don't believe for a moment it's cost three quid; but Loder will have a bill from the cleaner for that amount, you can bet, and work it with him, somehow, to pocket the difference. And if you can make Loder pay, I'll admit you're top study in the Remove for the rest of the term."

"That's a bargain!" Peter exclaimed at once.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Is it a bargain?" demanded Peter. "If Study No. 7 can make Loder foot that bill, is it admitted that Study No. 7 is top study in the Remove for the rest of the term?"

"Speak up, Wharton!" chuckled Skinner. "It's up to you now!"

"I stand by what I said!" exclaimed Wharton immediately. "But you can't do it!"

"It's a bargain?"

"Yes, if you like."

"Right-ho!" said Peter Todd. "Done! If Loder foots that bill, Study No. 7 is top study for the rest of the term. And all you fellows are witnesses."

"Hear, hear!"

"Yaas, begad!"

"Sure, and you can't do it, Toddy!" said Micky Desmond.

"You'll see!" said Todd cheerfully. "It's up to Study No. 7 now, and Study No. 7 sticks at nothing! Bye-bye!"

And Peter Todd settled down into his pillows again. The juniors chuckled. Study No. 7 was likely to find that it was up against a very, very big order this time—that was the general opinion—and Peter Todd would have to climb down. The next morning Peter Loder presented it to him.

"That's got to be paid on Saturday," he said. "Are you going to pay it, or shall I hand it to the Head to send to your father?"

Peter Todd took the bill, and looked at it.

"I think you ought to pay this, Loder," he said. Loder sneered.

"You can think what you like, my boy," he said. "You're going to pay it, or it will be sent to your father. You can take your choice."

"All right," said Peter. "I'll see it's paid by Saturday, anyway."

"Mind you do!" said the prefect. "If the man comes here asking for his money, you will be reported to the Head!"

And Loder strode away, feeling satisfied. The painting of his study had been a great joke, but if Peter Todd had to sacrifice a term's pocket-money to pay the bill for cleaning it, the laugh was not exactly on his side at the finish. But Peter had his own ideas about that. He had undertaken to make Loder pay the bill, and the Remove waited very curiously to see how he was going to do it. But Peter said no word on the subject. Towards all curious inquirers he maintained a non-committal silence. And the Remove agreed that his declaration was all gas, and that he would have to climb down.

## THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

### A Council of War!

BILLY BUNTER was making for the tuckshop that day after lessons, when Peter Todd tapped him on the shoulder. Bunter halted impatiently. Billy Bunter had succeeded in raising a loan that afternoon. There was a new boy in the Fourth, and Bunter had extracted a loan from him, to be repaid out of a postal-order he was expecting. All Bunter's cash went in the same direction. Money burned a hole in his pocket until it had been expended at the tuckshop. He blinked at Peter impatiently as the head of Study No. 7 stopped him.

"Oh, really, Todd!" he expostulated. "I'm in rather a hurry."

"Study meeting!" said Peter briefly.

"But I've got an appointment."

"You can leave the tuckshop alone for a bit," said Peter. "Besides, you're stony—you told me so this morning. I suppose your postal-order hasn't come?"

"Some fellows have confidence in me," said Bunter, with a great deal of dignity. "There are some fellows who will trust me with a small loan, even if chaps in my own study won't!"

"Not fellows who know you," said Peter promptly.

A Splendid Complete Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars, Order Early.

"Oh, really, Todd—"

"Who's been lending you money?" demanded Peter sternly.

"Dawson, of the Fourth," said Bunter. "I'm going to let him have it back out of my postal-order-to-morrow morning."

"You're going to let him have it back now!" said Peter Todd grimly. "Dawson's a new kid, or he wouldn't have been taken in. You're going to hand him back his money. You know very well you won't pay him."

"I'm expecting a postal-order—"

"Yes, I know that; but Dawson's not going to wait for his money till your postal-order comes. He will be qualified for an old-age pension by that time, and he won't need it. How much has he lent you?"

"Look here, Todd—"

Peter Todd fastened a grip like a vice upon Billy Bunter's collar, and shook him.

"How much?" he demanded.

"Gro-o-o-oh! Three bob!" spluttered Bunter.

"Good! You're going to hand it back to him! Come on!"

"Look here, Todd! I'm not going to—gro-oh!—I'm not going—yow, yow! Don't shake me like that, you beast, or my glasses will fall off, and if they get broken you'll have to—yah-ah, yah!—pay for them—grooh!"

"This way!" said Peter cheerfully.

Dawson, the new boy in the Fourth, was in the Close, looking rather lost—like most new boys. Peter bore down on him with the unwilling Bunter.

"You lent Bunter three bob?" demanded Peter.

"Yes," stammered Dawson.

"Did you know that Bunter never pays?"

"N-a-no."

"Hand him back his three bob, Bunter!"

"Look here, Todd!" roared Bunter. "Dawson can lend me three bob if he likes!"

"But he doesn't like," said Peter calmly. "You didn't explain to him that you were a spoofer, and never pay your debts. Shell out!"

"Gro-oh! Ho—ho-o-oh!"

"Shell out!"

Bunter, in imminent danger of suffocating with Peter's iron grip on his collar, shelled out reluctantly. Dawson, in a state of great surprise, pocketed his three shillings, and Peter marched Billy Bunter away to Study No. 7. The Owl of the Remove was in a state of suppressed fury. Peter pushed him into the armchair, and shook a warning forefinger at him.

"I've told you I'm going to make a man of you, Bunter," he said. "I've told you you've got to stop cadging. I shall wallop you next time."

"You—you—"

"Dry up!"

Bunter dried up. He looked at Peter Todd as if he would like to eat him; but he had a wholesome terror of his study leader. Peter Todd's word was law in Study No. 7.

Alonso and Dutton came in to the study meeting. Peter closed the door.

"Gentlemen, chaps, and fellows!" he said. "I've called this study meeting to discuss the plans against the enemy. You are aware that Loder has presented me with a bill for three quidlets for cleaning the joint of his study, and this firm has undertaken to make Loder pay the bill."

Alonso blinked mildly at his cousin.

"Perhaps, if the matter were explained to Loder, his better feelings would arise, and he would express his regret for having acted badly, and would pay the bill, regarding it as a penance for his unpleasant conduct," he suggested. "I would willingly undertake the task of talking gently but firmly to Loder."

"The trouble is that Loder hasn't any better feelings," explained Peter, with a grin. "He is a rotter all through."

"My dear Peter, the worst people have their good points. Uncle Benjamin says so. Even Bunter has his good points."

"What's that?" snapped Bunter.

Alonso turned his mild and benevolent eyes upon Bunter.

"I am quite sure of it, Bunter," he said. "I have observed you many times, trying to find some good points in your character. I have not yet succeeded in finding any, it is true, but I do not despair. I think—"

"You silly jesser!"

"My dear Bunter, I trust you see nothing to be offended at in my remarks?" said Alonso, in surprise. "I am really paying you a compliment. I maintain that, in spite of the general opinion of the people who know you, there is some good in you somewhere, however difficult it may be to believe so, judging merely from appearances. I think that—"

"Will you shut up?" roared Bunter.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 275.

"THE GEM" LIBRARY, Every Wednesday.

"THE BOYS' FRIEND" LIBRARY, Every Friday.

"THE PENNY POPULAR," Every Friday.

"Yes; ring off, 'Lonzy!" grinned Peter. "Now, this is a council of war. Loder's got to pay the bill. We've got to make Loder pay. Do you hear me, Dutton?"

"What rot!" said Dutton. "Fear you? I should say not! I'm willing to back you up, but if you think I'm afraid of you—"

"I don't!" roared Peter. "I didn't say you were afraid of me, fathead!"

"Played with you? Who's played with you?"

"I said 'Did you hear me?'"

"You mean 'about'?" said Dutton. "I'm not deaf! I hear you perfectly well if you speak distinctly. I can't hear when you mumble. Nobody could."

"Oh, my hat! Look here! This is a council of war. We've got to make Loder foot the bill for painting his study. Got that?"

"I don't see that it matters to us if Loder's foot is muddy," said Dutton, in surprise. "And who's the Bill you're talking about? Do you mean Billy Bunter?"

"Bill for painting study!" shrieked Peter. "Loder's got to pay! See?"

"Yes; I can hear you all right. No need to shout."

"I'll take Uncle Benjamin to buy me a megaphone for my next birthday," groaned Peter Todd. "Now, you chaps, about the ways and means. Alonso has made his suggestion for making Loder pay, and it's rotten, like all Alonso's ideas."

"My dear Peter—"

"What do you think, Bunter?"

"I think it's time for tea!" growled the Owl of the Remove. "I'm hungry!"

"What do you think, Dutton?"

"That depends," said Dutton. "If you mean mutton-chops, I dare say we could cook them here, and they would be ripping for tea. But—"

"I wasn't talking about mutton!" groaned his loader.

"Have you got any ideas for making Loder pay the bill?" he yelled in Dutton's ear.

"No, I haven't," said Dutton. "How suddenly you change the subject, Peter. You were talking about mutton only a minute ago, and about Loder getting his feet muddy. Blessed if I don't think you're wandering in your mind."

"Then it's up to me to think of a wheeze, as it generally is!" growled Peter. "Luckily I've got some brains—enough for the whole study, I fancy. The study would be in a bad way if I hadn't; I know that. I've got a wheeze all ready, and you're the chap who's going to help me, Bunter. I've heard about your being a clever ventriloquist, and able to imitate voices, and so on. Blessed if I see how a chump like you can be good at anything, but I suppose it's a gift, and doesn't require brains. That's the only way to account for it."

"Oh, really, Todd—"

"Give me a specimen of your giddy ventriloquism, so that I can judge for myself," said Peter. "I've heard you before, but I want to see whether you can imitate the Head's giddy warble. Flaw in!"

"Todd! How dare you allude to my voice in those terms!"

Todd jumped, and spun round to the door as the voice of Dr. Locke fell upon his ears.

"I—I'm very sorry, sir—" he stammered. Then he broke off.

The door of the study was still closed, and there was no sign of Dr. Locke. Peter Todd gazed blankly at the door in sheer astonishment. Bunter gave a fat chuckle, and Peter turned upon him.

"Do you mean to say that was you?" he demanded.

"He, he, he! Of course it was! I'm a jolly good ventriloquist," said Bunter. "I can tell you that I—"

"You gave me a start, you fat bouncer," said Peter. "I could have sworn it was the Head. My hat! I could almost swear now—"

"My dear Pete, I trust you will do nothing of the sort," said Alonso, in a tone of mild reproach. "My Uncle Benjamin would be shocked, nay, disgusted, if he heard you swear."

"Ass!" said Peter politely. "Bunter, my fat tulip, you'll do. If you can take me in, you can take Loder in."

Bunter looked dismayed.

"Loder!" he exclaimed. "Look here, I'm jolly well not going to play tricks on Loder. Loder's too tough! He'd skin me if he found me out."

"You've got to risk that," said Peter. "But he won't find you out. If he does, you can take your medicine. No. 7 Study never climbs down!"

"I'm not going to tackle Loder!" roared Bunter.

"Yes, you are; orders have to be obeyed in this study, or something will be heard to drop," said Peter. "I'm

going to make a man of you, Bun-er. You ought to be grateful. See how I'm curing you of cadging already!"

"You—you rotter!"

"I'm going to cure you of finking as well. Whenever I see you fink anything, I'm going to make you tackle it—see!"

"Look here——"

"If you're afraid of a licking, the more lickings you get the better. So if Loder bowls you out ventriloquising on him, it will be all for the good. It will teach you to stand lickings without whining."

Bunter glared at Peter Todd speechlessly. Whether the process of making a man succeeded or not, it was quite certain that Bunter would not enjoy it.

"You—you—you——" stuttered Bunter, at last.

"That's settled, then," said Peter Todd. "Mind, not a word outside this study. You won't be wanted in this act, Dutton, and you can go back to 'The Story of a Potato,' 'Lonzy.' Bunter and I are going to make Loder wriggle."

"Oh, really, Todd!"

"If Bunter objects, I'm going to give him an awful whacking with a cricket-stump. I don't mind if I break one of my stumps on him, as it's all for his good. But I hope Bunter won't object; cricket-stumps cost money, after all. Do you object, Bunter?"

Bunter blinked at him feebly.

"N-n-nunno," he said; "I—I'm willing to—to back you up, Toddy."

"Good!" said Peter heartily. "Think what a triumph it will be for this study, Bunter, if we turn you into something better than a cadging, cowardly worm! Think of that!"

"You—you—you——"

"So that's settled," said Peter Todd. "Now we'll have tea. Look cheerful, Bunter."

And at the prospect of having tea Bunter did succeed in looking cheerful.

## THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Bunter Obliges!

**L**ODER the prefect was in great spirits. The seniors with whom he exchanged cheery greetings, and the juniors whom he forgot to cuff, could not help noticing it.

Loder was, in fact, in high feather just now. He had written a most humble letter of explanation to his terrible uncle, pointing out that the painting of the study was not a jape of his own, but had been played upon him by a wicked junior, and the major had seen reason. He had accepted his nephew's explanations and apologies, and he had written to Loder to say so; and what was more important, he had enclosed a substantial tip. It was not the five Loder had hoped for, when he invited his uncle to Greyfriars. But it was a couple of pounds, and that was something, after Loder had really given up hope of getting anything at all. And Loder confided to Walker that, taking it all in all, he'd rather have two quid without his uncle than five quid with him. It was worth the other three quid not to have to listen once more to the story of that adventure in the Ghollybooby Pass, on tenterhooks lest the touchy old gentleman might take offence at something or other all the time.

In addition to this, the honourable and scrupulous Loder was making a little profit of a pound out of the cleaner's bill, by a private arrangement with the cleaner. That little profit would not be his till the bill was paid, certainly, but it would come in very useful the following week, when Loder would want a little ready cash for some dealings with Mr. Banks, the bookmaker. The little party in Loder's study was to come off, after all, without the uncle—a great advantage. And without an elder present, the worthy "dogs" of the Sixth would be able to make the little meeting much more enjoyable. They would be able to put whisky in their tea, with a solemn pretence of liking it, and to smoke cigarettes and cigars—with the study door locked, of course. And after tea they would have a little game of nap, with penny points. Altogether, it was going to be very enjoyable—from Loder & Co.'s point of view.

"Only not a giddy whisper about it," Loder said to his friends. "Wingate has been rotten and interfering lately; he's quite likely to take it upon himself to meddle if he knew what we'd got on. Just drop in quietly, and keep mum."

And Carne and Walker and Valence agreed that they would.

Loder's bag had a good deal to do preparing for the party. Loder did not make the mistake again of impressing the services of a Remove fellow. Tubb, of the Third, was his fag, and Tubb, of the Third, was not likely to venture to paint his study green. But there was one fellow in the Remove who frequently fagged for the seniors of his own accord, with a business eye upon the crumbs that fell from

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 275.

**"WUN LUNG'S SECRET!"**

EVERY MONDAY, **The "Magnet" LIBRARY.** ONE PENNY.

the rich man's table. That fellow was Billy Bunter, and Bunter had a most marvellous nose for discovering a coming feed. If any fellow laid in unusual supplies at any time, Bunter always knew all about it; and if the fellow happened to be a senior boy, Bunter was generally on the spot with a smirking smile and an offer to fag.

Loder was not surprised, therefore, to find Bunter in his study after lessons on Friday, the day the feed was to come off. Billy Bunter was reclining gracefully in Loder's armchair when the prefect came in, and he jumped up in a great hurry. Loder gave him a grim look.

"If—if you please, Loder," said Bunter, keeping the table between him and the prefect in case of trouble, "I—I—I want to fag for you, please, as you're going to have a feed this evening, you know."

"How do you know I'm going to have a feed?" demanded Loder.

"Todd said—I—I mean, I saw you getting some things in the tuck-shop, Loder. If you want any cooking done, you know what a jolly good cook I am, Loder. You can't trust that fathead Tubb to cook for you. He'll burn the toast and scorch the eggs and spoil everything. You'd better let me do it, Loder. And—and I should like to fag for you, Loder. It's an honour, you know."

Loder grinned.

"You mean you want some pickings from the feed, you fat rotter?" he asked.

"Ahem! I—I shouldn't mind just a little snack," he said. "I know what a generous fellow you are, Loder."

"Oh, ring off, you silly ass!" said Loder. "Do you think you can soft-sawder me?"

"Oh, no, Loder! I wouldn't think of it. I—I meant to say that I know you're not a generous fellow——"

"What!" roared Loder.

"I—I—I mean—that it—you see——"

Loder burst into a laugh.

"You can fag for me if you like, you fat oyster!" he said. "Mind, I shall expect the toast to be perfect, and the eggs done to a turn. You can make omelettes, can't you?"

"What—ho!" said Bunter, who was very proud of his powers as a cook. "I can make jolly ripping omelettes, I can tell you! You rely on me, Loder, and I'll turn you out a feed that will do you proud."

"Mind you do!" said Loder. "It will be rather late in the evening—after the juniors have gone to bed. But as I see lights out for the Remove this week, that will be all right. You can stay down and look after the feed."

"Good!" said Billy Bunter.

And that evening Billy Bunter was very busy in Loder's study. Tubb, of the Third, was surprised and relieved to find that he was not wanted. And certainly Billy Bunter was a first-class fag when he chose to be. Towards junior bedtime, Bunter had Loder's study in first-class order. Spotless tablecloth and gleaming crockery, and a feed fit for the gods. What Loder's study lacked in necessities, Bunter had borrowed from other studies—with or without permission, according to circumstances, like a duffer fag. When Loder & Co. came in to the feed, they could not help looking pleased.

"Time that fag was in bed," said Walker.

Billy Bunter blinked at him.

"I haven't finished the omelettes yet," he said.

"That's all right," said Loder. "I've seen the lights out for the Remove. Bunter can go up later. You needn't let Wingate see you, Bunter."

"What—ho!" said Bunter.

And Billy Bunter finished his labours as ten o'clock struck. Then Loder pointed to the door.

"Good-night!" he said.

The Owl of the Remove lingered.

"I—I say, Loder——"

"You can take some of the tarts," said Loder. "Take half a dozen."

"And the—the cake——"

"You let that cake alone, you porpoise!"

"Oh, really, Loder!"

"I said half a dozen!" roared Loder, as Bunter slipped a bag containing a dozen tarts under his arm. "Put that bag down!"

"I—I didn't count them," said Bunter feebly. "You—you see——"

"He's got something in his pockets!" said Carne. "See how they're bulging!"

"I—I say—oh!"

Loder pounced upon the fat junior and turned out his jacket-pockets. Quite a little store of eatables rolled out on the table. Loder shook the fat junior angrily, and several oranges and apples rolled out of various receptacles in Bunter's clothes, and dropped on the floor.

A Splendid Complete Tale of the Othums of Greyfriars. Order Early.

EVERY MONDAY;

"You—you blessed young burglar!" exclaimed Loder savagely. "Get out!"

"I—I say, I haven't got my tarts!"

"And you're jolly well not going to have them now!" said Loder. "Get out!"

"Look here—"

"Outside!"

Loder swung the fat junior into the passage, and closed the door on him. Bunter simply panted with fury, but he did not venture into the study again.

"Serve him right!" said Carne. "Rather risky to trust that young rotter among eatables at all. But I must say he's turned out a nobby feed!"

"Ripping!" said Walker.

"Lock the door, Loder, old boy!"

Loder turned the key in the lock. Then he uttered an angry exclamation.

"It doesn't lock! Some of those young rotters have been playing tricks with my lock!"

"Bunter, perhaps!"

"I'll skin somebody for this! The door won't lock, and we don't want any silly ass poking his nose in here this evening, especially when we're playing nap!"

"You can shove a chair against it," said Valence. "Put the top of a chair under the lock, that will stick it shut."

"I suppose that's all we can do," said Loder. "After all nobody can shove his way in. It's my study."

And Loder & Co. sat down to the feast.

Billy Bunter crawled upstairs, feeling very shaken and very furious. As he came into the Remove dormitory several voices greeted him. The dormitory was in darkness, and the Removites were all in bed, with the exception of Bunter.

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

"Where have you been, Bunt? In the larder?"

"I've been fagging for Loder!" growled Bunter.

"Fagging for Loder!" exclaimed half a dozen voices.

"You know that's not allowed, Bunter," said Harry Wharton.

"Captain's orders!" said Peter Todd, sitting up in bed.

"Are they enjoying the giddy festival now, Bunter?"

"Yes, the beasts! They wouldn't let me have any."

"You oughtn't to have wanted any," said Peter severely.

"It's not honourable to break bread with an enemy."

"I didn't want any bread," grunted Bunter. "I wanted some of the tarts!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Shut up!" said Peter Todd. "Is it all right? You saw to the lock?"

"Yes; the beasts won't be able to fasten the door!"

"Good!" Peter Todd slipped out of bed, and began to dress himself in the darkness. Bunter sat on a bed, and munched a fragment of cake which had escaped Loder's search. Harry Wharton sat up.

"As you getting up, Todd?" he exclaimed.

"What-ho!"

"You've got something on?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"My trousers. I shall have my boots on in a minute."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly ass!" exclaimed Wharton. "I didn't mean that. Have you got something on—some jape?"

"My dear chap, don't ask any questions, and I won't tell you any terminological inexactitudes," said Peter Todd.

"Loder's going to enjoy a feed and a futter—he thinks. I think he won't. It's going to be seen which of us think correctly. See?"

"What's the little game?" demanded Nugent.

"A secret," said Todd calmly. "You fellows stay in your little beds and go to sleep. You will see what you will see."

And with that statement, which was undeniable, Peter Todd finished lacing his boots, and rose from the bed.

"Come on, Bunter!"

"I—I say, Toddy, after all, don't you think we'd—we'd better—ahem!—better go to bed, and—and you— Ow! Leggo my ear!"

"Are you coming?" asked Todd pleasantly.

"Ow! Yes."

And the two juniors left the dormitory, leaving the rest of the Remove in a state of great wonder.

## THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Peter Todd's Chance!

THE little party in Loder's study was going strong.

Full justice had been done to the feed and the table had been cleared, the tea-things being shoved aside for

Loder's fag to wash up the next day. The back of a chair had been jammed under the lock of the door, keeping it shut. No one could open it from the outside, unless by shoving very hard indeed. And no one, of course, had any right to force himself into Loder's study, unless the Head

himself should have a suspicion of what was going on there, and insist upon coming in. But that was not likely to happen. If the Head had had the least suspicion of Gerald Loder's real character, the Sixth-Former would certainly not have been allowed to remain a prefect. And if the Head had known what was going on in the study, Loder would certainly not have been allowed to remain at Greyfriars at all.

It was rather "thick," even for Loder, the blackguard of the Sixth. Cards, which were not allowed in the school at all, even for a game of whist, were on the table. There was a bottle of whisky and a box of cigarettes, and a box of cigars and glasses. There were lemons and sugar, and the kettle was steaming away in the grate to supply hot water. Loder, who was a blackguard to the finger-tips, and was accustomed to all sorts of excesses, was really enjoying himself. The others kept up a solemn pretence of enjoying it, putting more water in their whisky when they thought they were not observed, and throwing away cigarettes half-smoked.

There were little piles of money beside the players. Valence, who was in funds, had several gold pieces before him, the others had mostly silver. All four were flushed and mostly excited, and feeling decidedly "dogfish."

Loder dealt out the cards with a hand that was growing shaky.

"Three!" said Walker, who was on his left.

"Nap!" said Valence recklessly. Valence had been winning, and he felt the gambler's greedy desire to win more, and in bigger quantities.

"All right," said Loder, "get your nap. I say, it's rather slow playing for penny points."

"Make it tanners!" said Valence.

"You fellows agree!"

"Oh, yes!" said Walker. "Go the whole hog!"

"What-ho!" said Carne. "I don't mind. Give me another smoke!"

"Here you are, old fellow!"

The study was thick with the smell of tobacco and the fumes of whisky. Carne was lighting his fresh cigarette when he suddenly started, and the match burnt his finger. A step had come down the passage and stopped at the door. Carne threw the match and the cigarette into the fire together.

"Who's that?" he muttered.

"Only Wingate going to bed, I expect," said Loder carelessly. "He can't come in here. The door's fastened."

"He's stopped."

Tap!

The four seniors looked at one another in silence. If it was Wingate, or some other Sixth Form fellow, they had only to refuse to admit him. But if it was a master—

"Are you here, Loder?"

Loder turned almost green as he heard the voice from the passage.

"The Head!"

Valence and Carne and Walker seemed paralysed.

"The Head!" muttered Carne. "Oh, my hat!"

The Head!

The cards, the whisky, the cigars, and cigarettes all seemed to dance for a moment before the eyes of the "dogs" of the Sixth Form: if the Head saw them—and he must—and even if they were hidden in time, the smell of tobacco, the smell of spirits— Oh, what fools they had been! They could not keep the Head out of the study! What was to happen? Valence gave Loder a look that was almost murderous in its fury. Loder had got him into this. Carne and Walker seemed stupefied.

Tap! tap!

"Are you there, Loder? If you are there, open the door! I understand that something is going on in this study that I desire to see. Open the door if you are there!"

"He doesn't know we're here!" murmured Loder under his breath. "Quiet! We may think there's no one here, and go!"

"The light under the door!" breathed Carne.

"He can't see that; there's a light in the passage."

"True! The keyhole—if he looks through—he might—"

"Quiet!"

Loder reached up and turned out the gas. The study was plunged into darkness. The fire had burnt very low, and was almost out; the evening was warm. Loder, rising silently to his feet, pulled the screen round before the fire to shut off the last glimmer. If the Head should suspect that they were in the study, and should peep through the keyhole, only blackness would meet his gaze. Then he would surely go.

Would he? The doubt racked the wretched seniors like torture. Oh, if they only got safely out of this scrape, they would never try to be dogfish again. If the Head came in—if he saw it all— instant expulsion and disgrace for them all. They knew that. There could be no pardon for this. Instant

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 275.

"THE GEM" LIBRARY,  
Every Wednesday.

Our Companion Papers.

"THE PENNY POPULAR,"  
Every Friday.

expulsion from Greyfriars—that was the least they could expect. If they had been juniors, a flogging as well. As they were in the Sixth, they might get off with being simply expelled from the school. Oh, what fools they had been!

Knock, knock!

The knocking was growing impatient. Loder trembled. At that hour the Sixth had all gone to bed, unless some belated student was sitting up late over his work—which was not likely—or unless someone else was “keeping it up,” as Loder had been doing—which was less likely still. As Loder thanked his stars that it was past bedtime, otherwise fellows would have gathered round to know what the Head wanted, and there would soon have been plenty of evidence that he was in the study. As it was, there was a chance. But was there? Why didn't the Head go, as he received no reply? Hang him, why didn't he go? The four seniors listened with beating hearts.

Knock, knock!

“I see that you have extinguished the light, Loder. However, I insist upon coming in.” It was the unmistakable voice of the Head.

There was a rattle at the handle of the door, and a steady pressure on the jammed chair that kept it shut. The chair began to slide back. The door opened an inch or two. The light in the passage was indeed out. Loder knew that the door was opening, but he could see nothing.

Crash! A sharp jam of the door against the chair, and it flew over. The noise was not really very loud, but it fell like thunder on the startled ears of the wretched seniors. They started to their feet. There was another crash as Carne knocked his glass over in the darkness, and the whisky and water ran over the table, and dripped upon the floor. “The door awfully open. The seniors could see nothing. But they could hear. They did not hear the swish of a gown, as they might have expected. But they heard footsteps—the footsteps of two persons.

“Pray remain in the passage, Mr. Quelch.” It was the Head's voice again. “You may stumble over something in the dark. Loder, you are here, I presume!”

“Yes, sir!” groaned Loder.

“Have you a match, Loder?”

“No, sir,” said Loder promptly.

“That is unfortunate. Have any of your companions matches?”

“No, sir,” said Carne, and Valence, and Walker together.

“Bless my soul, that is very singular! Why did you turn your gas out, Loder?”

“I—I—I thought you might be angry with me for sitting up so late, sir,” mumbled Loder, vainly trying to pierce the darkness with his eyes. “Carne and I have been talking about—the examination next week, sir, and—and we didn't notice how the time was passing. Weren't we, Carne?”

“Yes, sir,” said Carne. “You see, sir, as we were wondering what would be in the—the Latin paper for the exam, sir, we—we—”

“If that is true, very good. But there is a peculiar smell in the study—a very peculiar smell—the smell of spirits. Have you had any spirits here, Loder?”

“Oh, no, sir!” groaned Loder, thanking his stars for the darkness which concealed the bottle and glasses and spilt liquor on the table. “How could you imagine such a thing, sir? I—I—I've been cleaning my acetylene lamp, sir, and the carbide smells a bit—perhaps that's it.”

“Does carbide smell like whisky, Loder?”

“Almost exactly like it, sir.”

“There seems also a smell of tobacco.”

“That—that—that comes from a packet of cigarettes I burnt, sir. I took them away from a fag, sir, and—and I thought I'd better destroy them. Of course, I could not think of smoking such disgusting things myself.”

“I hope not, Loder. I trust not. Loder, I hope your explanation is truthful. Are you quite sure that you have no matches in the study?”

“Quite sure, sir.”

“Perhaps I have some myself. I will see.”

Loder listened in agony to the sound of fumbling in pockets. If the Head succeeded in discovering a match—the bottle, the glasses, the cards, the money, the cigars!

“Dear me, it is very singular that I have no match, and that you have no matches!” said the Head, after what seemed to be an age of agony to the wretched seniors. “However, it cannot be helped. Loder, the smell of tobacco and spirits in this study is very strong.”

“It's the paint, sir,” groaned the unhappy prefect. “You remember that young rascal Todd painted my study.”

“That has been cleaned, Loder.”

“But—but it still smells, sir. That—and the bike lamp—and the packet of cigarettes I burnt, sir. I—I—I hope you don't doubt my word, sir.”

“I should be sorry to doubt a prefect's word, Loder. Yet I cannot help being uneasy, especially as you have no matches, which is so very singular. But I came to see you to speak about a very matter of the painting of your study. Under the circumstances, as you provoked Todd, of

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 275.

EVERY  
MONDAY,

The “Magnet”  
LIBRARY.

ONE  
PENNY.

the Remove, by acting as a bully, Loder, I think you should pay the bill for cleaning the study. In fact, I order you to do so.”

“Certainly, sir,” said Loder, who would have paid that bill, and fifty more bills, to get the Head out of his study.

“I—I will, with pleasure, sir.”

“Well, mind that the bill for the paint-cleaning is paid to-morrow, Loder. If I hear anything further about it, you will hear from me.”

“Yes, sir.”

“And take care, take care! I shall keep a very special eye on you after this, Loder!”

There was a sound of retreating footsteps. Loder & Co. began to breathe again. The Head was gone. It seemed almost too good to be true, but he was gone! Mr. Quelch, apparently, had gone with him, and the footsteps died away.

Loder gasped.

“Oh, my hat, I wouldn't go through that again for something!”

“You idiot!” hissed Valence. “You've nearly ruined the lot of us. Catch me coming to any of your smoking-parties after this. I'm going.”

“Same here,” said Carne and Walker together.

And Valence and Carne and Walker hurried out. Loder, gritted his teeth as he was left alone. In the dark—for he dared not strike a light in case the Head should return—he cleared away the bottle and the glasses, and the cigars and the cigarettes and the cards, concealing them in safe places. He went to bed in a state of nerves and perspiration, feeling thankful for his narrow escape.

He would not have felt so thankful if he had been able to see the two visitors to the study, the supposed Head and Mr. Quelch, when they arrived upstairs in the Remove dormitory. For in the starlight from the dormitory window, the terrible two were revealed—not as the Head and Mr. Quelch—but as Peter Todd and Billy Bunter. They were chuckling gleefully, and as he closed the dormitory door.

Peter gave Bunter a sounding slap on the back.

“Good for you, Bunter!”

“Hallo, hallo, hallo!” called out Bob Cherry. “Have you two boudlers come back! What have you been up to?”

“Scaring Loder out of his wits!” grinned Peter Todd.

“He, he, he!” chuckled Bunter.

“And Loder's going to pay that bill to-morrow!”

“He, he, he!”

“Bunter, old fatty, you're a giddy marvel!” gurgled Peter Todd, wiping away his tears. “I was nearly killing myself in the passage as I listened to you. Blessed if I didn't think it was the Head talking myself, really. Bunter, you're not half such an idiot as you look!”

“Oh, really, Todd—”

“But what have you done?” demanded Harry Wharton.

“Loder!”

“He, he, he!”

“Tell us the giddy history, before we get up and slaughter you!” said Johnny Bull.

And Peter Todd told them. The whole Remove were awake now, and they listened to the tale with suppressed shrieks of laughter.

“Oh, my hat,” gasped Bob Cherry, with tears of merriment running down his cheeks, “what a time for Loder! Poor old Loder! Poor old Champagne Charley! Ha, ha, ha!”

“Ha, ha, ha!”

“Don't cackle the roof off, and bring the prefects here, my infants,” said Peter Todd. “It's all right. Loder's going to pay that bill to-morrow.”

“Ha, ha, ha!”

“And I hope he will give up some of his naughty ways!”

“Ha, ha, ha!”

And the Remove chuckled themselves to sleep.

And the next day Loder paid the bill! He was glad enough to get off so cheaply as that. It rather puzzled Loder that the Head never made any reference to that peculiar scene in the study afterwards. The Head seemed to have forgotten all about it. And Loder was not likely to bring it to his mind. Loder was only too glad to let the matter drop.

The Remove fellows could have explained to him, but they didn't. And Harry Wharton & Co., as soon as they knew that Loder had paid the bill, loyally kept their bargain with Peter Todd. For the time being, at least, it was admitted on all hands in the Remove that No. 7 was top study!

THE END.

(Next Monday's long, complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co. is entitled “WUN LUNG'S SECRET,” by Frank Richards. Order a copy of “The Magnet” Library in advance. Price One Penny.)

NEXT  
MONDAY:

“WUN LUNG'S SECRET!”

A Splendid Complete Tale of the Chums  
of Greyfriars. Order Early.

## FIRST INSTALMENT GRAND NEW SERIAL!

## 'Mysteria'



By SIDNEY DREW.

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

## The Narwhal's Tusk and What It Contained.

The youthful-looking Chinaman in the well-fitting dress-suit did not appear at all interested in the conversation. He leaned forward, his elbows on the dinner-table, and blew rings of cigarette-smoke into the air. Every detail of the magnificent room betokened vast wealth and remarkable taste. Not one single bloom among the hundreds of orchids that decorated the dining-table could have been bought at a West End florist's for less than five shillings.

Opposite the Chinaman—his Imperial Highness Ching-Lung, of Kwai-hat—sat Harold Honour, the famous engineer. He was listening eagerly. Over the engineer's chair bent Rupert Thurston. His eyes, like those of Honour, were fixed on the pale, thin face of their host and friend, Ferrers Lord. The millionaire was talking in his usual lazy way. He paused to strike a vesta, and to pat a deerhound that nestled beside him. The dull rumble of the ceaseless traffic of London sounded from the street.

"If you have anything up your sleeve, Lord, why can't you speak out," said Thurston. "I wish you'd drop that unpleasant habit of walking round in a circle, and generally tantalising people."

"His brain's like the coffee, old man—muddy at the bottom!" said Ching-Lung sleepily.

"Thanks!" said the millionaire. "You certainly manage to come to the point, Ching. Now, if you will all be patient, I may condescend to—"

"Bore us abominably!" put in his Highness. "I know your yarns. What is it—The Three Bears, or 'Little Red Riding Hood'? It's a collar-stud to a motor-car I've heard it before. Please wake me when the agony is over."

"Spare me, please. I have said nothing at all."

"Not but you have hinted, and that is worse!" said Rupert Thurston. "Come, there's a yarn behind it. Here we all are, getting our muscles slack, and dying for want of excitement, tired to death of laziness and London. We look to you to find the fun; and, on my honour, we've found you an utter fraud. Isn't that a fact, Hal?"

The engineer smiled. Thurston did not expect him to speak, for Honour never wasted a word. Instead, he threw a roll at Ching-Lung, who was snoring loudly. His Highness grunted, but never stirred. The liveried butler gravely placed the roll on a tray, and stood like a statue.

"You may go, Gascoigne."

The door closed, only to open again immediately, and a footman placed a long parcel on a side-table and withdrew noiselessly.

Ferrers Lord raised his glass of Chartreuse and looked into the green liquid.

"Not to tease you any longer," he said, smiling. "The whole story centres round a little street off the West India Dock Road."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 275.

"THE GEM" LIBRARY,

Every Wednesday.

Our Companion Papers.

"THE PENNY POPULAR,"

Every Friday.

"What a horrible neighbourhood, Lord!"

"Not at all, Thurston. On the contrary, I consider it most fascinating. I was looking in that interesting corner of London for a blind lascar. This particular lascar has nothing at all to do with the story, except that I failed to find him. As he happened to be dead, the failure was forgivable. Well, I wish I had found that lascar."

"More walking in circles," interrupted Rupert Thurston.

"Ching was right. To the point, old chap."

"I went into a shop—a quaint little den where they sell nautical curios. It was kept by an ancient Jew, who spoke only Yiddish, and that with a certain Russian accent. For the vast sum of eleven shillings I bought a curio. No doubt you will like to see it?"

"Fifty to one it's a silly footwarmer!" murmured Ching-Lung, with a long-drawn snore. "One of those old-fashioned copper horrors!"

"Shut up, you miserable nuisance!" said Rupert. "Where is the thing?"

The millionaire rose, and cut the string that secured the parcel. The next moment his purchase was in Thurston's hands.

"A narwhal's tusk."

"Exactly."

"And a very poor one," said Rupert. "Even for a millionaire, I hardly consider this a bargain."

"I admit that also—at first sight. It is cleverly carved, but chipped and yellow. Obviously, it has been under water for a long time. It came up, as far as I could learn, in the purse of a Lowestoft trawler with their haul of fish."

"But what is it all about? Where is the adventure? What is there to tell a yarn about in this ridiculous thing?"

Hal Honour leaned closer, with more eagerness than he usually evinced. Thurston's cheeks were slightly flushed with excitement, although nothing, apparently, had been said to cause it. Both men—so far as any human being could—understood the millionaire. There was something behind it all. The millionaire's face betrayed nothing. It was everlastingly the same—emotionless, sphinx-like, unreadable.

"Give me the narwhal's tooth," Lord said.

Thurston passed the curio to him.

"If you had used your eyes, Rupert," he went on, you would have noticed that this little tusk of poor ivory had much of its interest written upon it. Ephraim—the gentleman from whom I purchased it—had ruthlessly scraped off the barnacles and chalk, in order to render it a more saleable article. The marks of the old Jew's knife are perfectly plain. Ephraim, I do not doubt, is a very clever fellow in his own way of business. But, owing to the deposit of lime, Ephraim did not see what I saw—this!"

To Honour and Thurston, Ferrers Lord's movements were irritatingly slow. He opened his penknife. A cone-shaped plug of lead fell from the base of the tooth, and Ferrers



Lord held a thin, yellow roll of parchment between his white fingers. A heap of gold coins followed.

"The gist of the story, Honour. Look at it. Be careful, for it is ancient and fragile."

Thus warned, Rupert Thurston gently unrolled the pencil of parchment.

"Pins!" said a voice.

Thurston laughed as a fat cigarette, with four ordinary pins for legs, waddled across the table like some queer caterpillar. It was one of Ching-Lung's tricks; but Ching-Lung was such an adept in the art of conjuring, and they were so accustomed to his wiles, that Honour did not even smile. With the same care, Rupert Thurston spread out the parchment and pinned it down to the table by the corners.

"Read it aloud, Rupert," said Ferrers Lord.

In a refined, modulated voice, Rupert Thurston read the contents of the document rescued from the narwhal's tooth.

"January 5th, 1789. Aboard the three-master *Vanity*. John Codlan, captain, bound for Kingston-upon-Hull. South-west gale blowing strong. Ship about, and trying to make Brighthelmstone, and beach her. Heaven help us all!"

"These words are written by me, Arthur Hollis. They are true words, for a man who knows that he has little time to live must needs tell no lie, for his soul's sake. And to testify that what I write is truth, and no idle spouting of a maniac, it is witnessed by John Corlan (master), William Dudley (mate), Venner Jansen (a good, honest sailor), and myself, Arthur Hollis (supercargo).

"Whosoever shall find this accursed whale's tooth, which we shall secure stoutly to a buoy, let him, for the love of mercy, send it by swift coach to Master Jacob Miller, ship-owner, Bristol, England; and let him keep as reward—having paid the charges—what remaineth of the thirty guineas placed within the tooth.

"We are doomed men. We have Satan himself on board, and we dread that ere we can beach the ship, at peril of our lives from surf, darkness, and the fierce wreckers who haunt this Sussex coast, and show none mercy, this demon will settle us.

"We know not his name. He is white, but he is a fiend incarnate! He came out of the sea in the night when we lay close-hauled with a head-wind forty leagues north of the Azores. With this whale's tooth he battered in the brains of the steersman! We, poor wretches, knew not of his coming; but each dawn there was blood on the deck, and a man missing—struck dead, and tossed into the sea!

"The horror of these grim mysteries well-nigh demented us with fear. At length we found this hairy, abominable monster lying naked in the hold. Duggan (our carpenter) he shot dead. We had muskets, but no powder, for the powder lay in the hold. For nineteen weeks we have lived a life of agony. Four of us only are left, and we cannot dislodge the hideous thing.

"Already the vessel lies deep in the water, for the monster is scuttling her. We are gazing into the hungry eyes of death. Half our sails have been blown away, and we are too short-handed to work the vessel. As I write, I can smell fire, and we move so slowly that every sea threatens to poop us. Unless we can run her ashore in a few hours, all will be ended.

"We picked up the thing in latitude—"

Rupert stopped. There was no more to read. The rest was faded, and utterly undecipherable.

"It strikes me they're dead," said the incorrigible Ching-Lung, breaking the silence.

"I wish you were! We might have peace then," said Thurston. "Poor beggars! This is perfectly genuine, Lord, I should imagine. Another curio for your amazing museum. It's really interesting, but I expected something more so."

"So did I," said the engineer.

It was so unusual to hear Hal Honour speak, except in answer to a question, that Ching-Lung sat up stiffly and glared.

"Don't do it, Hal!" he pleaded. "Don't talk so much! Think of your precious health! You'll get a sore throat!"

"There is something else," said Ferrers Lord, pushing back his chair; "but Ching-Lung is making himself so ridiculous that I must defer the matter. Kindly make yourself scarce, Ching. You are in the way."

A few tears fell into the prince's coffee-cup with a noise like that of rifle-bullets. Then, uttering three piercing notes—known vulgarly as "pen-and-ink," which dogs make after being kicked or run over—he limped out.

Ching-Lung had no desire to stay. He was the millionaire's closest confidant and friend, and he already knew the narwhal's tooth. He had other fish to fry.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 275.

NEXT MONDAY:

"WUN LUNG'S SECRET!"

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

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Introduces Some Rare Old Friends—Some Oysters and Some Arguments—A Vain Pursuit—Gan-Waga Laughs Last and Longest.

Ching-Lung rapidly mounted a staircase wide enough for the passage of a coach-and-four. On the upper landing was a row of statues, some of them priceless as works of art. His Highness appeared to have no reverence either for art or antiquity. He took an armful of hats and caps from the rack, and covered the heads of the statues, as if afraid they might catch cold. Then he entered the lift, and went higher. Stepping out, he cautiously turned the handle of a door, opened the door an inch, and took a cautious survey of the room.

It was a long, narrow room, situated immediately below the roof. At one end a bright fire was burning. Outside snow fell swiftly, and a keen frost nipped the noses and ears of London's citizens. But the window was wide open, and, squatting on the floor, as remote from the fire and as close to the window as possible, Ching-Lung saw Gan-Waga, the Eskimo.

Gan looked fat and sleek. His oily face shone as if it had been recently rubbed with vaseline. There was a twinkle in his eyes. Gan-Waga was happy, for between his knees stood a barrel of oysters, and at his side an ever-increasing heap of shells. With amazing speed the Eskimo used his knife, and every time an oyster vanished he patted his massive silver watch-chain, and gurgled a word expressive of pure bliss and complete satisfaction:

"Butterful!"

"The blubberbiter's having a gleesome time," thought Ching-Lung. "Anybody else at home?"

He glanced through the crack of the door at the opposite end of the room. Somebody else was at home. A pink-faced gentleman, with fiery, goatee beard—for Barry O'Rooney had grown a beard—reposed on a couch near the fire. He yawned, stretched himself, and sat up. The barrel and the oyster-eater immediately attracted his attention. Barry O'Rooney immediately drew the back of his hand across his lips. He had a profound affection for oysters.

"Troth! Somewan's been givin' yer a Christmas present on yer birthday, is it?" he remarked, in a brogue as thick as cheese. "They didn't send yer a dozen, Gan, Oi perceive. Arah! Toime was when Oi lived in Ballyhannon Castle wid me Uncle Dennis. We had an oyster farm of our own on the dape blue say. 'Ome was oysters, wid a pearl as big as yer fut in aich! 'Ome!"

Barry sighed deeply, and then, as usual, dropped into verse:

"Them blissid days has done a bunk,

Wid grafe and woe me heart is shrunk.

Only to be a bhoy again,

O'id go and pawn me watch and chain."

Gan-Waga went on eating composedly, while Barry felt for his knife. The Irishman was just about to help himself to a few of the succulent Whitstable natives, when Gan waved him away.

"What yo' want, Irish?" he grunted. "Yo' go eat bricks! Yo' go strange yo'self wid yo' ginger whiskers! Ho, ho, hoo! I shunt, silliness! I not got only twenty dozens, and I hungry! Oh, they butterful! They gramshus!"

"Only—twenty—dozen!" jerked out Barry. "Only two hundred and forty blissid fishes! Oi feel faint! Ring the bell, bedad, and fetch some koinid sow to fan me! Till me—till me quick how many yez 'ud loike, and Oi'll get a horse and carrt. Will a ton do?"

"Yo' go eat spud-les! Noysters too butterful good 'nough fo' ham facey Irishmans!" said Gan, with elegant politeness.

In a rough-and-tumble fight Gan was rather less pleasant to handle than a porcupine, and Barry was aware of it. Still, to decline to give a comrade a few oysters out of a twenty-dozen barrel was the summit of meanness. Barry shook his head, more in sorrow than in anger.

"Though Oi've kill min for less, Gan-Waga," he said, "Oi wudn't lay a hand on yez. And whoy? Yez are an ignorant savage and a hipless haythin, brought up on blubber and walrus-oil. Yez don't know any better. Have yez iver heard that sublime poem of Milton's, which sez:

"Oh, greedy bhoy, yez think ut joy to stuff yez little tum;

But, troth, yez'll sing another chune when the doether has to come."

"Ate—ate, Oi say! Waller in ut! Oi shake yez off! Yez were down in my will for a pair of pink socks; but now—"

Barry fled before a shower of oyster-shells, and took refuge behind the sofa. He shook a big, bony fist.

A Splendid Complete Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars. Order Early.

"Hallo, Gan, my bonnie and beautiful one!" said Ching-Lung, entering the room. "How do you blow?"

"Not blowin'—eatin'," Chingy. "Noysters are butterful, hunk! Ho, hoo! Slip down a treato!"

"O'er loike to slip yez down the cruther of Vesovius, yez could saller een of an oiseberg!" growled Mr. Barry O'Rooney. "For the weight of wan pin O'rd—O'rd—will, Oi don't know phwat O'd'do to yez!"

"Great Scott! What the soliners are you doing down there, Barry?" asked the prince.

"Oi was lookin' for a diamond waistcoat Oi dropped next Friday fortnight, sor," said Barry. "Oi was so hungry, bedad, that I slipped off without me noicin'. Faix, Oi'm plazed to see yez smoinin' all round yez neck, sor, so to spake! P'raps yez have found the ind of a cigar, and that's phwat makes yo luk so happy? Dear, dear! Ah me!"

"He gotted jumjims, Chingy!" gurgled the Eskimo.

"He all dottiness, hunk. Haves some oysters—butterful?"

"Bother your oysters! Where's Prout, blubberbiter?" inquired the prince.

"Havin' hairs cut wid knives and forks. Ho, ho, ho, hoo! Laugh, Chingy! Dat a jokes!"

Ching-Lung uttered a deep sob. Gan-Waga's joke lay in the fact that Mr. Thomas Prout, steersman of the millionaire's submarine vessel, possessed a head with rather less hair on it than an ordinary billiard-ball.

"Not funny, hunk?" said the Eskimo. "Me tink him butterful jokes."

"You'd think anything, lard-tub!" sighed Ching-Lung.

"Trot down and tell Prout I want him. Tell him his aunt has died and left him five billion acres!"

"What!" gasped O'Rooney. "Foive billion acres? Where's the estate?"

"In the middle of the Pacific Ocean," grinned Ching-Lung. "You needn't tell him that. It's a lovely place for a cockle-farm. Trot away and fetch— No, you needn't!"

At that moment a voice as powerful as the siren of a steamer thundered upoars.

"Barry, aho! By hokey, where are you, you son of a gun?"

"O'im up in the apple-three gatherin' spring-onions, me darlint!" roared the Irishman.

"Then, by hokey, mind you don't fall and break your two-and-ninety watch!" growled the powerful voice.

The voice was followed into the room by Tom Prout in person. He had the chest of an ox and enormously strong arms.

He stood up erect, and saluted the prince. Prout wore a smart uniform of blue, edged with gold lace, and his massive breast was a museum of medals in itself.

"By hokey, what a luscious smell!" remarked the steersman of the Lord of the Deep. "It reminds me of the sea—the open sca!"

"Of the say, the say, the wild, wet say, where the winkles waggie ivry day," chimed in Barry, the poetical one.

"Bedad, Tom, yez must try them oysters!" Oi never tasted anythin' loike 'em! Gan's only waitin' for yez to help yerself. And the flavour!" he added, patting his waistcoat and turning up his eyes. "Ut's a dhrame—a golden dhrame, wid the hall-marrk stamped on both sides!"

Prout scooped into the barrel with a hand the size of three ordinary ones. Then he collapsed like a punctured football, as Gan-Waga smote him none too gently with the vinegar-bottle.

"Yo' keeps yo' stealin'-hooks offen my noysters!" said the Eskimo. "Wants to eats 'em alive, and yo' faces frighten them to dea'n's!"

The steersman, gasping hoarsely for breath, glared at Gan-Waga. Then he slowly unbuttoned his right sleeve.

The arm he revealed, gnarled and knotted with muscle, was enough to scare a regiment of cavalry. He spat upon his palm and closed his fist.

"Barry!" he growled.

"At your service, Tommy!"

"By hokey, go to the telephone, and order a coffin and a hearse!" said Prout. "Tell 'em we've got a corpse here. I'll pay for the lot. Inform 'em that it's only a dead Eskimo. If they haven't got a hearse, let 'em send the dust-cart. By hokey, the hineest punched me!" Look at it! Look closer, and watch me pulverise it!"

Prout could probably have eaten Gan-Waga as easily as Gan could eat oysters. As it happened, he did not do so, for the wily son of the North, to the uproarious joy of Ching-Lung and Barry, struck first.

Shooting the remainder of the oysters like a volley from a Maxim gun into the steersman's bosom, Gan bonneted him with the tub, tapped it down sharply with the handle of his knife, and then dived through the window into the chill and snowy dark.

Ching-Lung and Barry, while Mr. Prout danced and uttered muffled grunts and howls as he struggled to rid himself of the MAGNET LIBRARY, No. 275.

"THE GEM" LIBRARY,  
Every Wednesday.

Our Companion Papers.

"THE PENNY POPULAR,"  
Every Friday.

his new hat, pressed their hands on their ribs and smiled loudly.

"The greedy rascal!" said his Highness. "Wolfing oysters in the ordinary way won't satisfy him. Fancy, shells and all! What do you think about it?"

"Troth, he's wusser than a cannibal king from the Chew-moquet, Olands, sir!" grinned the Irishman.

There was about a quart of salt water and a large quantity of seaweed in the barrel when Gan-Waga performed the extinguishing-act.

Prout freed himself, his bald head crowned with weeds. A small and tired crab clung to one of his shaggy eyebrows. The steersman's damp face glowed with anger, like a rising sun that had grown a beard.

He gave such a tremendous cough that he shook the crab from its moorings, and shot the seaweed in all directions.

Barry and Ching-Lung, perched on two chairs, were opening and swallowing oysters.

"By hokey, where is he—where is he, the lubber? Where is the fat, oil-drinkin' sea-cook!" thundered the steersman.

"Good-nights!" called a voice. "Good-nights, Tommy dears! I not times to kisses yo'. Ho, ho, ho, hoo!"

The steersman had too much wisdom to risk his neck by following Gan-Waga across the slippery roof of the great house.

"By hokey," he snarled, as he closed the window, "I'll swing for the center yet! You'll be readin' about a 'orrid murder in the papers 'fore you're much older!"

"Come and eat, and don't be silly, Tom!" said the prince.

"There are plenty left."

The steersman's face slowly brightened as Ching-Lung pointed to the table.

On it rested two foaming silver tankards containing stout. They had come mysteriously. Prout handed one to Barry, and raised the other to his own lips. His blue eyes began to twinkle.

"Oysters, Tommy?" said his Highness.

"I wouldn't touch one, sir!"

"Phwat!" gasped Barry.

"But if you've got a few dozens to spare, by hokey," finished Prout, "I'm the man!"

It was quite a pleasant and peaceful party, and all enjoyed it except the oysters.

"Anythin' in the wind, sir?" asked the steersman, finishing his second dozen.

"Smear and smoke, and smuts, as usual, sonny."

"He manes, is anythin' goin' to happen, sor?" said Barry.

"Ut's fadin' away we are, and gettin' milderwed. O'im toired of laziness and atein'. For the sake of marcy, yer honour, tell us we're goin' to make a move!"

"You are, me child!" answered the prince.

Ching-Lung ducked. He could see what was about to happen in the opposite mirror.

A hassock, flung from the doorway by Gan-Waga, struck Barry between the shoulder-blades. Barry buried his nose in the shells.

A moment later two wild-eyed men, thirsting for revenge, were flying along the corridor in hot pursuit of the Eskimo.

With a soft and tender smile on his face, Ching-Lung drew a lighted cigar from his pocket and blew out a thin stream of smoke.

"It's a weary, bumpy world!" he sighed. "And don't a lot of a lot of people get hurt in it, Gan!"

The lift rose, and Gan was standing in it, grinning hugely.

"You're on the proper path to obtain a swelled and inflated oral appendage, Ganus!" he said.

"Not know him, Chingy. What swell flattened noral pud-densses?"

"A thick ear, my darling," said Ching-Lung. "Let us descend in the lift. Funny thing, isn't it, that when you lift a thing you pick it up, but in this lift you can pick yourself down!"

"They comings, Chingy!" giggled the Eskimo. "Yah-h! Go and boils ugly faces! Ho ho, ho, ho-o-oo!"

The pursuers were returning. Gan placed his thumb to his snub-nose and spread out his fingers derisively.

More enraged than ever by this fresh insult, the two seadogs sprinted their best.

They were too late. The latticed iron gates had closed, and the lift was gone.

"Yah-h! Go and boil yo-selves!" shouted Gan from far down the lift well.

"He doies!" hissed Barry.

"Ho doies, by hokey!" growled the steersman. "What about me splendid uniform? It's fair pickled!"

(A grand, long instalment of this magnificent serial story, by Sidney Drew, will appear in next Monday's MAGNET LIBRARY. Feeryhad's reading "Mysteria," the most exciting and amazing tale of Ferris Lord & Co. ever written! Order next week's MAGNET in advance—the rush for it is starting already! One penny, as usual.)



# My Readers' Page

WHOM TO WRITE TO:  
**EDITOR,**  
**"THE MAGNET" LIBRARY.**  
THE FLEETWAY HOUSE,  
PARLINGTON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

OUR TWO COMPANION PAPERS  
**"THE GEM" LIBRARY.**  
EVERY WEDNESDAY  
**"THE PENNY POPULAR"**  
EVERY FRIDAY.

The Editor  
is always  
pleased to  
hear from  
his Chums,  
at home,  
or abroad.

FOR NEXT MONDAY:

## "WUN-LUNG'S SECRET!"

By Frank Richards.

The title of our next splendid long, complete tale of Greyfriars will be enough to reveal to my readers that the principal part in it will be played by the quaint little Chinese junior in the Remove. Wun-Lung has always had some funny little ways, but his latest escapade is far more startling than anything he has previously given evidence of. Harry Wharton & Co. once they have discovered the Chinese "little game," take the matter in hand themselves, thus saving the little Celestial from getting himself into serious trouble. My readers will find that

## "WUN LUNG'S SECRET!"

is a story which is full of interest and humour from beginning to end.

## FROM A SHEFFIELD "BLADE."

The following letter comes to hand from one of my Sheffield readers:

"21, Janson Street,  
Carbrook, Sheffield.

"Dear Editor,—I have been quite a long time thinking of writing to you, but have kept on putting it off and off until to-night, when I had nothing much to do. I'm sorry to say I cannot at any time say I have read of your receiving a letter from any Sheffield chum. Is it because you do not receive many letters from us 'Blades'? I have been a reader of the 'Magnet' and the 'Gem' for a number of years, a reader of the 'Popular' since the first number. I think they are three of the cleanest books on the market. "I will now tell you how I became a reader of the 'Magnet' and the 'Gem' Libraries. About four years ago my mother was given a batch of 'Magnets' and 'Gems' to destroy, and, happening to glance through them, I thought I might as well read them. I did so, and was so taken up with them that I have read them ever since. By the way, I should like to hear more of Marjorie and Clara, if you can arrange it so. Why cannot we have a complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co.'s Schooldays in the 'Pop,' instead of only a short serial? Will you please let me know if there is a 'Magnet' League in my district, as, if so, I should like to join? Wishing all you three papers the best of luck,—Believe me to be, your true and loyal reader,

"W. R. GRUNDY."

Many thanks for your letter, Master Grundy! I think it is merely coincidence that you have not noticed letters from your fellow-townsmen on the Chat page. I choose letters for publication entirely upon their merit, quite irrespective of where they hail from. My answer to your query concerning Harry Wharton stories in the "Penny Popular" is simply that I cannot put everything in one paper. I am not aware of a "Magnet" League in Sheffield yet, but if there is one the publication of your letter will no doubt bring you full particulars.

## OUR COMPANION PAPERS THIS WEEK.

This Wednesday's issue of "The Gem" Library contains a special new feature which will be welcomed by all cricketing readers. This consists of a

## SPECIAL FREE CRICKET SCORE SHEET!

used for a full two-innings-a-side match. There is no doubt THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 275.

NEXT  
MONDAY:

"WUN LUNG'S SECRET!"

that this week's "Gem" Library will be much in request by cricket enthusiasts, so that all regular readers are counselled to order their copies early.

Our other companion paper, "The Penny Popular" is simply booming again this week. The splendid new competition,

## "POPLETS,"

has caught on like wildfire, and everybody is saying, too, that "The Penny Popular" complete stories are better than ever.

The general consensus of opinion seems to be that the new

## "POPLETS"

competition is the most fascinating and attractive competition ever organised by any weekly story paper. I hope my readers will all try their hands at winning one of the

## CASH PRIZES OFFERED FOR "POPLETS"

in this Friday's grand number of "The Penny Popular."

## HOW TO KEEP FIT.—No. 2.

### By a Sergeant-Instructor.

**Deep Breathing.**—Stand in front of an open window. Bend the body forwards and downwards. Allow the arms to hang loosely from the shoulders. Contract the chest by exhaling—blowing out as much of the air as possible through the mouth. Now close the mouth, and draw into your lungs the sweet fresh air, through the nose. Throw your shoulders well back, and fill the lungs to their fullest capacity. Do the above exercise six times. By that time you will have thoroughly freed the lungs from all impure air, and you will be able to feel the benefit of the pure fresh air as you go to work or school. As regards ordinary breathing, one should always breathe through the nose. This is the proper channel by which the lungs are intended to be filled. The nose is a filter. It frees the air from impurities, warms it, and has a way of its own in getting rid of the captured impurities.

In walking, try to cultivate the habit of keeping your chest well to the front. It is very easy to acquire the graceful walk one sees when looking at a well-formed man or woman. The perfect harmony of every move tells us that the whole body is sound; and, as a consequence, the brain is clear and active.

I have heard people say: "Ah, I'd like to be as graceful as so-and-so!" These people were surprised when asked: "Well, why are you not?" It is the easiest thing in the world to be strong, graceful, and active. All you need to do is to give your body only half as much care as you do your bicycle, and the result will be a joy to you, and a great satisfaction to your friends.

Now, you know about the deep breathing. Here, then, are a few simple but very effective exercises which you can practise in your own room.

**Chest Expansion.**—Stand on both feet, a little apart. Hold your head well balanced on your shoulders, but without feeling any strain. Raise your arms on a level with your shoulders. Now bring both hands to the front slowly, until the fingers meet. Bring the arms back as far as possible, rising on the toes as you do so. Take care not to hold your breath. Breathe freely, and repeat the exercise every day—morning and evening. Begin by doing it ten or twelve times. As you proceed, you may add to the number. But do not do the exercise until you are feeling tired. To do so is to go against nature. You must work with nature. If you try to force her—well, look out. You'll know of it.

I intend to take the various parts of the body in their order of importance. With sound lungs and a strong chest, we have a sure foundation to build upon. I promise my chums that, if they follow the instructions I will give them, there is no reason why a splendid, well-built body should not be the result.

One word before we go any further. Don't be a "slacker," as Harry Wharton would say. Stick to it. Surely it is a prize well worth winning—a sound body and an active brain.

THE EDITOR.

(Another of these splendid articles next Monday.)

A Splendid Complete Tale of the Chums  
of Greyfriars. Order Early.

# THE "MAGNET" LIBRARY SPECIAL COMIC SUPPLEMENT.

## A TIME-LY REMARK!



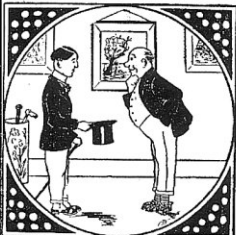
Bookie: "If you bet at five to one you win five pounds, and if you bet at twenty to one you win twenty pounds."  
Jarge (not quite so green as he looks): "Well, what do I win at one o'clock exactly?"

## HE'S SACKED NOW!



Angry Boss (at the speaking-tube): "Is there an idiot at the end of this tube?"  
Office-Boy: "Not at this end, sir."

## A RIB TICK-LER!



Fellow with Hat: "When I marry your daughter I mean that everything shall be like clockwork!"  
Prospective Father-in-Law: "I see! Tick, tick!"



## A MUSICAL ORGAN!

There are many men who have a splendid car for music, but this gentleman is the fortunate possessor of a splendid nose.

## DIDN'T WORK!

Pa: "There's three panes of glass broken in the greenhouse. Do you know anything about it?"

Son (who has been reading about George Washington): "I did it, father. I cannot lie."

Pa: "No, and you won't be able to sit either when I've done with you. Fetch that strap!"



## REMOVED HIS "MELON"-CHOLY!



1. The poor old street musician had been most rudely bumped into by the colour-car, and his mandoline done in. "What a joke!" guffawed the motorist.



2. It was no joke for the musician, who had his living to think of. But the clever joint noticed the melons, and he hit on a wheeze. Borrowing one—



3. He split it in two, and one of the halves fitted to the handle of the damaged mandoline made the old affair all merry and bright once more.

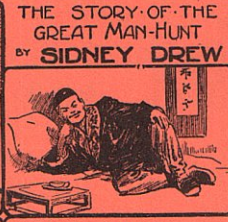
(More comic pictures on page iv. of cover.)

# TWICE ROUND THE GLOBE!

THE STORY OF THE  
GREAT MAN-HUNT  
BY SIDNEY DREW



FERRERS LORD.



CHING LUNG.



NATHAN GORE.

## The End of the Great Man-Hunt.

"Hands up—hands up! Drop your weapons, you dogs!" cried a deep, penetrating voice. "Clubbed rifles, lads, and don't hit too hard!"

With another cheer, the tars were upon them. There was no fighting. The panic-stricken rioters either surrendered or fled. Ferrers Lord and Ching-Lung, with a few men at their heels, rushed through the gateway.

Nathan Gore snatched up a rifle. It was empty. Before he could seize another, the nimble sailors had swarmed over the veranda like cats, but Ching-Lung was first.

"Hands up, Gore!" he shouted. "We don't want to hurt you. Hands up!"

"No, no! Never!" The mad millionaire backed into the room. He was foaming at the mouth, and his eyes were hideously dilated. He stood trembling, with his back to the table and his hand behind him. Ferrers Lord strode through the open window, a smile on his lips.

"Well, Gore," he said calmly, "I have come for my diamond. Will you give it up?"

"Yes, curse you! Take it—take it! It is there—in your heart!"

His hand leapt round, and the great pistol was pointed at the millionaire's breast. Sick with horror, Ching-Lung hurled himself forward. The flint fell, and there was a puff, but no report. The powder had only flashed in the pan. Gore gave one hoarse scream, and struck Ching-Lung down with the heavy barrel. Then he reeled and fell across the prince's body. His long fingers tore at the carpet a moment, and then stiffened.

He was a limp weight when Ferrers Lord lifted him away and raised the prince. Ching-Lung was stunned, but Nathan Gore was dead. A bloodvessel had burst in his brain. The great man-hunt was at an end.

Some months later Ching-Lung was in the library of Ferrers Lord's London house. Gan-Waga, his face shining, sat on the floor, eating strawberries and cream, and smacking his lips in a vulgar fashion, unpardonable in anyone, save that fat and genial Eskimo. Thomas Prout, wearing a stylish frock-coat, and a highly-polished bald head, puffed at a shilling cigar with high enjoyment. Barry O'Rooney was also there, clothed in new flannels, and extremely proud of a two-guinea Panama hat. He and Prout had just returned from a trip to Margate.

"Well, Irish," said Ching-Lung, "you look like a blooming tripper! Why can't you be respectable like Tommy? That suit of yours is like a burst-up rainbow in a thunder-storm! It's the sort of pattern you see when somebody smacks you on the head with a coke-hammer! Do the dogs bark at you much?"

"Ho, ho, hoo!" chuckled Gan-Waga, as he scooped up the

delicious pink mixture of strawberry juice and cream. "Dey takeses hims fo' a dog-fights, Chingy, and de horses takeses hims fo' a nightmare."

"And, by hokey, when he's got that 'at on he's like a mushroom wi' feet on it!" grinned Prout.

Barry winked good-humouredly.

"'Ut's nothin' but invy!" he said. "Yez haven't got the good taste to dhress in raal stoile, and, bebad, yez are invious. Mo' git-up is a swate poem, but ut's above yez. Whin Oi lived in me castle at Ballybanion wid me Uncle Dinis, Oi had nineteen suits—"

Barry and Prout suddenly stood stiffly erect at salute as Ferrers Lord and Rupert Thurston entered. Gan swiftly hid the dish and spoon in the brass log-box.

"You need not go, my lads!" said Ferrers Lord, with a smile.

He dropped into a chair lazily, and took a cigarette from Ching-Lung.

"Well, Rupert," he said, "I have a great chance for you, if the lady in five years or so thinks well of it. She is only a child yet, but five years will make her a woman, and a very handsome one, if I am any judge. And she will be a millionairess!"

"What the dickens and who the dickens are you talking about?" asked Thurston, in perplexity.

"About a certain Miss Clarisse Devonhart—Nathan Gore's niece. She is here now, for I am her guardian. I have straightened up Gore's affairs and taken charge of her. She will be immensely rich."

"You mean you've given her back the money," said Ching-Lung. "Lord, old chap, you're a jewel!"

The millionaire yawned.

"Well," he said, "I fancy Gore gave me back my jewel, though I have never bothered to make sure."

They looked at him in amazement. Ching-Lung had forgotten the words Gore had hissed when he held the old pistol at the millionaire's breast, if he had ever really held them. All thought the diamond lost for ever.

"Gave you the jewel?" said Ching-Lung wonderingly.

"I think so. Take this key, Prout, and open that desk. You'll find a flint horse-pistol there, and an extractor. Draw the charge, please."

They watched with bated breath, as Prout screwed the piece of steel into the barrel. Out came the blackened, twisted paper that had formed the wad. Prout tapped the pistol against his hand, and the gleaming, shimmering, trembling gem lay in his big, hard palm.

"Rupert," said the millionaire, "make arrangements to sell that wretched thing. The hospitals may have all the money it brings. I hate the sight of it!"

"Not more than I do, old chap!"

"Me gives yo' twopenny fo' him, Chingy," remarked Gan-Waga. "But I sooner have cangles dan dat ting."

They laughed, and Gan's head and arms disappeared into the log-box, smacking sounds telling that he was eating again. There was a short silence. Barry beckoned cautiously to Ching-Lung to put a question of vast importance.

"And what's the programme, if any, my dear old boy?" asked the prince.

"Programme! Oh, I fancy I have a programme!" answered the millionaire, smiling. "We shall soon be off again on our travels, and I can promise you plenty of excitement."

"Hurroo!" roared Barry, waving his panama.

Gan-Waga came out of the box so violently that the lid crushed down on his head painfully, but nevertheless he waved the spoon, shedding juice and cream in all directions, and yelled:

"Oh, butterfuls! 'Ray, 'ray, 'ray!'"

THE END.

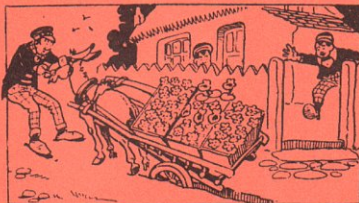
Do not Miss the Opening Instalment of our New Serial Story:

# "MYSTERIA!" - By Sidney Drew.

PLEASE ASK YOUR FRIEND TO READ IT.



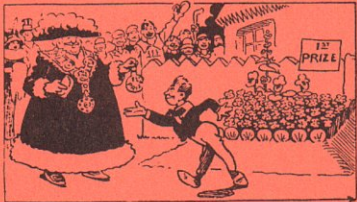
## THE FRONT GARDEN BEAUTIFUL!



1. "What a grand bit of luck!" cried the small boylet, as he caught sight of the barrow laden with choice flowers which had got firmly stuck in the deep rut.



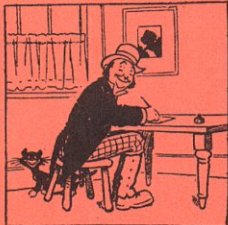
2. "Yes, it's no good, my man!" he cried to the owner. "Your barrow is a goner. Take the donkey home, and come back next week to move the cart." Meanwhile his chum was busy.



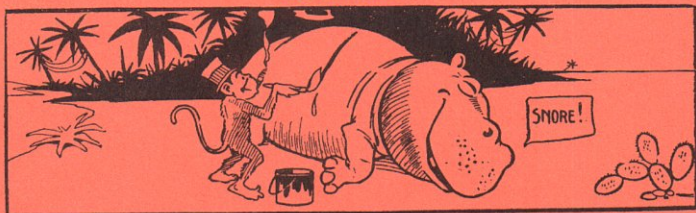
3. Now you see the artful caper. Those boylets completely covered that poor old barrow with mould, turning it into a lovely flower bed, and they took the first prize with it.

## HEE—HAW!

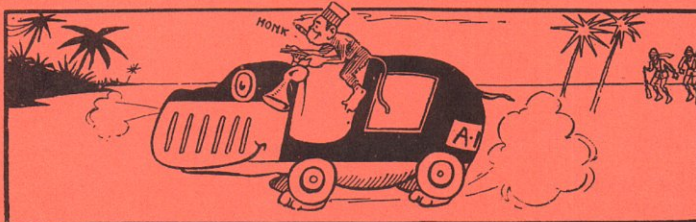
Farmer Giles (having heard that a brother farmer wants to buy a donkey) writes: "Dear Jack,—If you are looking for a really good donkey, don't forget me."



## PARP! PARP!



1. "I must be up to date!" quoth Jacko, the monklet. "If I can't get a motor-car, I must bounce people I've got one." So he decorated the hippo.



2 And now, when he takes his rides abroad he's the envy of all the other monkeys in the colony, and that's a fact!