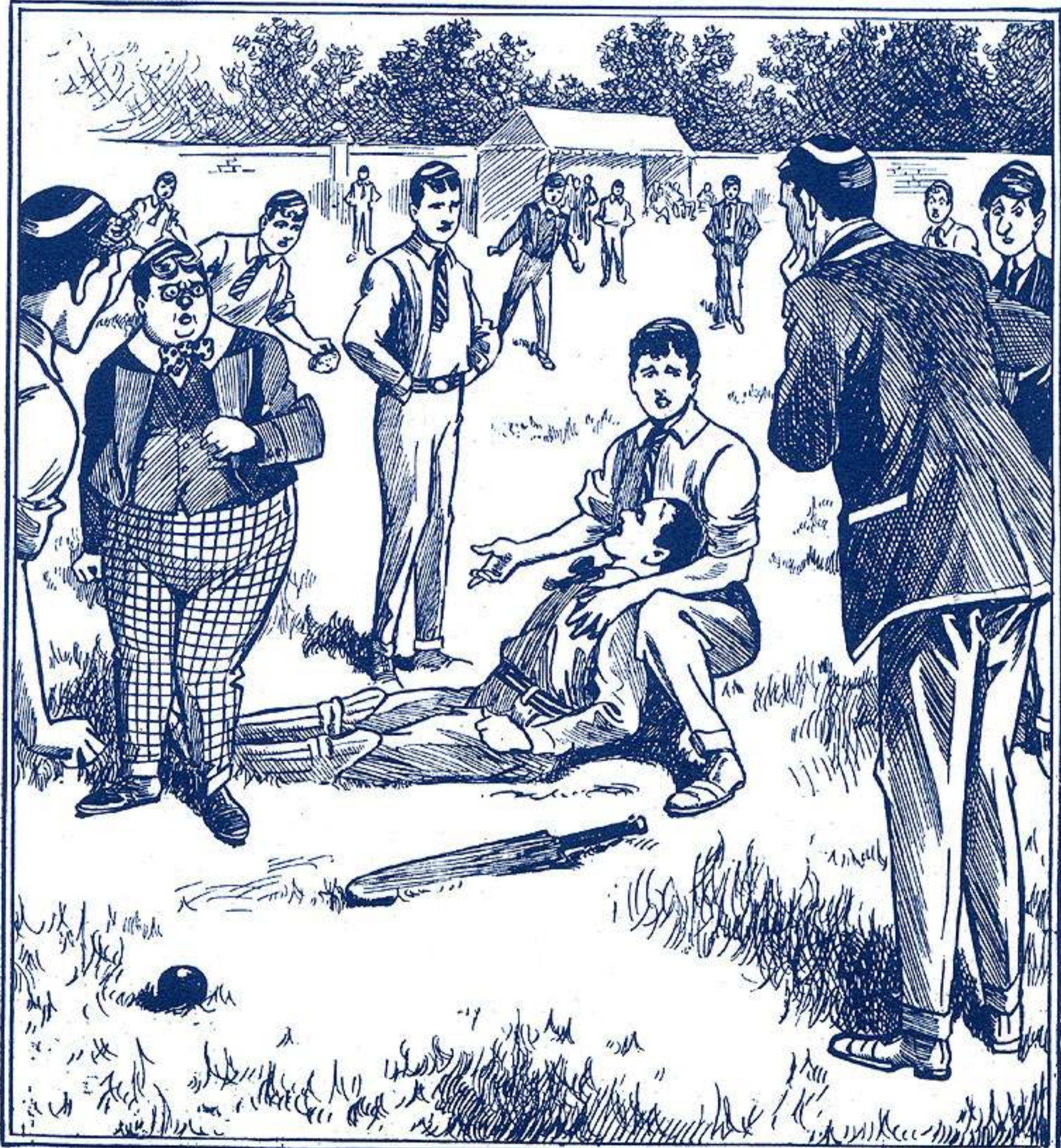




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NAPOLEON OF GREYFRIARS!



IS HE KILLED ?

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NAPOLEON OF GREYFRIARS!

By FRANK RICHARDS.

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

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Napoleon!

"NAPOLEON!"

"Oui, mon oncle?"

"Viens ici, Napoleon!"

"Je viens, mon oncle!"

Harry Wharton & Co. could not help glancing round.

The chums of the Greyfriars Remove were on the platform at Friardale Station. It was a half-holiday at Greyfriars; and the juniors had come down to the station with Vernon-Smith, who was going home for the afternoon.

They had seen Smithy off, when the down train came in, and two passengers alighted therefrom.

It was very unusual to hear a foreign language spoken in the little country station. And the name "Napoleon" naturally struck the juniors a little.

"Mon oncle" was a little old gentleman with a pointed beard, in a tightly-buttoned black frock-coat which showed off his bony figure to great advantage.

Napoleon, apparently, was the youth who stepped out of the train after him.

"Froggies!" murmured Johnny Bull.

"French!" said Harry Wharton severely. "Remember that they are Allies, Johnny!"

"My mistake!" said Johnny Bull. "What on earth do two Froggies—I mean French—want in Friardale?"

"Better ask them?" grinned Nugent.

"That kid must be Napoleon!" murmured Bob Cherry. "He doesn't seem to have aged much since he was at Waterloo!"

"It is not the sameful Napoleon that we have in the history class, my esteemed Bob," remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"Go hon!"

"Voilà, Napoleon!" continued the French gentleman, looking round him, up and down the platform. "Enfin, nous sommes ici."

"Oui, mon oncle!"

"Faut chercher une voiture pour aller à l'école."

"A l'école!" murmured Bob. "Can they be going to Greyfriars? A blessed école is a school, isn't it, in French?"

"It is—it are!" said Johnny Bull.

"Not much good their chercheyng a voiture here," grinned Nugent. "There isn't a cab to be had. Tell him so, Wharton—you can parley the best Francais in this crowd."

Just then the old gentleman spotted the five juniors, and bore down upon them, Napoleon following in his wake.

"Bonjour, mes garçons!" said the French gentleman, lifting his hat, to which the juniors responded by raising their straws. "Is it zat perhaps you shall know to direct to Greyfriars School?"

"Certainly, sir!" said Harry. "We belong to Greyfriars!"

"Ah! Zen you shall be schoolmates of Napoleon!" exclaimed the French gentleman, with a beaming smile. "Napoleon!"

"Voilà, Napoleon! Zese good boys, zey shall belong to Greyfriars, and zey will be schoolmate viz you! Zat you salute zem, Napoleon!"

Napoleon lifted his hat, and bowed low to the Greyfriars juniors. It was such a low bow that the French youth seemed to be folding himself up like a pocket-knife.

Harry Wharton & Co., suppressing manfully a desire to chortle, bowed in return to Napoleon.

Not to be outdone, Napoleon bowed again, lower than before.

The juniors watched him in some alarm, fearing that he would pitch heels over head at their feet. But Napoleon was evidently a practised hand, for he righted again without a disaster.

"Je suis heureux—so happy, to meet viz some schoolfellow," said Napoleon, having regained the perpendicular.

"The pleasuredness is terrific of our esteemed selves," said Hurree Janset Ram Singh, in his best English—which was quite on a par with Napoleon's own.

"And there is, perhaps, voiture?" said the French gentleman inquiringly.

"There isn't a cab, monsieur," answered Harry. "The cabby's gone on munitions. But the Head's trap is outside—perhaps it has come for you."

"Zere is a trap?"

"Yes."

"But it is not zat I would go into a trap," said the French gentleman, looking bewildered. "You choke, isn't it?"

"Choke!" ejaculated Wharton.

"He means joke!" murmured Nugent.

"Oh, joke! Not at all, sir—the trap is there, and I expect it is to take you to Greyfriars, if you are going there," said Harry. "I'll ask Gosling."

"Je crains—I fear zat you choke viz me, because I am a foreigner," said the French gentleman suspiciously. "But I am, as you say, wideawake, and you do not catch me in trap!"

"Ha, ha!—I—I mean, a trap is a voiture!" gasped Wharton. "It's all right, sir! This way!"

The French gentleman was evidently unaware that in the beautiful English language one word has to do service for several articles. He followed the juniors from the station, with Napoleon. Outside Gosling was standing by the Head's trap, waiting, and he touched his hat to the stranger. Evidently the trap was there to convey monsieur to the school.

Monsieur tapped Wharton on the arm.

"Mon cher garçon, zat is trap?"

"That's the trap, sir."

"Mon Dieu! Napoleon!"

"Oui, mon oncle?"

"Une voiture is a trap, in English, Napoleon. You will remember zat."

"Oui, mon oncle!"

"Zere is ozzer traps, zat catch ze mouse and ze rat," said monsieur. "But zere is also trap zat is voiture. C'est drole. Zat English, he is great language, and veree remarkable. Isn't it? Mon bonhomme, vous etes ici pour moi, n'est-ce-pas?"

Gosling scratched his head.

"Wot does he say, Master Wharton?"

he asked. "I can't understand his furrin lingo."

"Have you come to take him to the school?" asked Harry.

"Yes; if so be he is Mongseer Dupont, with 'is blessed nephew," answered Gosling.

"You are Monsieur Dupont, sir?" asked Harry.

"Mais oui!"

"Then the trap is to take you to Greyfriars, sir—the voiture, I mean."

"Bon! Et mon neveu aussi—and my nephew Napoleon. Mais l'homme—ze man, he say, 'blessed nephew,'" said monsieur, puzzled. "Napoleon!"

"Oui, mon oncle?"

"You are not hurt?"

"Non, mon oncle!"

"Vous vous trompez!" said monsieur to the astonished Gosling. "My nephew, he is not wounded!"

"Wounded?" repeated Gosling dazedly.

"Who said he was wounded?"

"You did," chuckled Nugent. "Blesse is wounded, in French."

"Oh, my heye!" said Gosling. "Tell 'im to 'op in, Master Wharton, for goodness' sake! Why these 'ere furriners can't talk plain Henglish beats me 'ollow!"

Gosling gathered up the reins, and the French gentleman, still looking puzzled, handed his nephew into the trap, and followed him in. The porter placed a trunk and a bag and a rug and an umbrella in after them, and touched his cap. Monsieur Dupont placed a large silver piece in his hand, and Gosling drove off.

The Friardale porter looked at the coin in his hand, and ejaculated:

"Bilk!"

"What's the matter, Sammy?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Look at that there, sir!" said the porter, in disgust. He held up a five-franc piece. "What's the good of that there?"

"Why, it's worth three-and-six, or thereabouts," said Harry.

"Oh!" said the porter. "I fancy they wouldn't give me that for it at the Red Cow. P'raps one of you young gents—"

"Certainly, if you like!" said Harry, with a smile.

He changed the five-franc piece, leaving the Friardale porter very well satisfied.

The Famous Five sauntered down the village street after the trap, which was bowling along in the distance.

"That young merchant must be coming to Greyfriars," remarked Bob Cherry. "A new chap—what?"

"Very new," said Wharton, laughing. "I wonder if he's coming into the Remove."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Looks rather a decent sort of chap," remarked Johnny Bull. "The fellows will pull his leg no end, though."

"The pullfulness of his esteemed leg will be terrific," said Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "But if he honours the Remove with his august presence we will

look after him. The esteemed French are our Allies, and it is up to us."

"Hear, hear!"

It was some time later that the Co. came back to Greyfriars, and as they neared the gates they sighted the trap coming away from the school. Monsieur Dupont was seated in it by himself. Evidently his nephew had remained at the school. The French gentleman recognised the juniors in the road, and raised his hat to them politely as the trap passed, and the Co. returned the salute with great solemnity.

"So that merchant is a Greyfriars kid—that's settled!" said Johnny Bull. "Let's get in, and see whether they've shoved him into the Remove."

And the Co. went in at the gates.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Napoleon of the Remove!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

Billy Bunter met the Famous Five as they came in. Bunter was grinning all over his fat face. "Hallo, hallo, hallo! Wherefore that sweet and fascinating grin?" asked Bob Cherry.

"I say, you fellows, there's a new kid in the Remove!" announced Bunter. "He's a corker! A regular corker! He, he, he!"

"So he's in the Remove?" asked Harry Wharton.

"A Froggy!" grinned Bunter. "He can't talk much English. He's got a French accent you could cut cheese with. He, he, he!"

"Where is the merry merchant?" asked Bob.

"He's in the Common-room now," said Bunter. "I fancy Bolsover major is going to put him through it. He, he, he!"

"What on earth's Bolsover got against the new kid?" demanded Nugent.

"He's been put in his study," explained Bunter. "Bolsover's had No. 10 to himself since Elliott went, you know, and he wanted to keep it to himself. He, he, he! But, of course, Quelch put the new kid there. Bolsover couldn't expect to keep a study on his lonesome."

"Like his cheek to think of it!" said Johnny Bull. "Not very nice for the new kid, though, to be planted along with Bolsover."

"Bolsover thinks it ain't nice for him," grinned Bunter. "I heard him tell Skinner that he was going to talk to the new chap about it. You know how Bolsover talks to a chap! He, he, he!"

Harry Wharton frowned.

From the direction of the Common-room there came the sound of laughter and buzzing voices. The Greyfriars juniors were much interested in the unusual new boy. Wharton glanced at his chums. They had been going up the Remove passage to get tea, but it occurred to Wharton that tea had better be postponed a little.

Bob Cherry understood his look, and grinned.

"Right, O king!" he said. "It's up to us! Bolsover isn't going to bully the new kid while we're hanging around!"

"He can't complain of the fellow being put in his study," remarked Nugent. "Jolly lucky he wasn't planted in our study!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He might be, if Bolsover shifted him out, as we're only two in No. 1," remarked Nugent. "Bolsover's got to be bottled up."

"The bottlefulness must be terrific," assented Hurreo Singh. "The worthy Nap is an esteemed Ally, and we will stand by him and see fair play."

The Famous Five, with that benevo-

lent intention, headed for the Common-room. A shower of rain had driven most of the juniors indoors, and the room was pretty well crowded. The arrival of the new junior had come just in time to afford the Removites a little entertainment. It was, as Harold Skinner remarked, very considerate of the Head to save him up for a rainy day.

Napoleon was standing in the middle of a crowd, most of whom were quite good-humoured and friendly. Bolsover major was not looking good-humoured, however. The bully of the Remove was wrathful. Having settled that he was to have Study No. 10 to himself, since his study-mate had left, Bolsover was extremely exasperated at having the new fellow shoved in on him. There were fellows in the Remove with whom Percy Bolsover would have condescended to share his study; but among those fellows there had been no great keenness for the honour. But he certainly did not mean to have a new kid, a nobody from nowhere, planted on him like this, if he could help it. Arguing with Mr. Quelch, the Remove-master, was out of the question; but Bolsover was ready to address the most forcible arguments to Napoleon Dupont, undeterred by any considerations of hospitality or politeness. Politeness had never been one of Bolsover major's weaknesses.

Napoleon Dupont was answering some questions put to him by Skinner when Bolsover major joined the group.

"So you're the new kid?" said Skinner, planting himself in front of the French junior, and staring at him.

"Oui, oui!" answered Dupont, with an expansive smile.

"Wee, wee!" mimicked Skinner. "I used to have a guinea-pig that went like that. Wee, wee!"

"Oui, oui!"

"What's your name?" demanded Skinner.

"Napoleon Dupont."

"Then he's really named Napoleon!" said Skinner. "Oh, my hat! And what do you mean by coming to Greyfriars with a name like that?"

"Hein?"

Napoleon seemed puzzled, as well he might be by Skinner's question.

"Yes; what do you mean by it?" chimed in Stott, joining cheerfully in the agreeable diversion of ragging the new boy.

"Je ne comprends pas," said Napoleon. "C'est mon nom."

"Oh, my hat! Can't you talk English?"

"Mais oui. I shall have a small English," replied Napoleon, with another wide smile.

"A what?" yelled Skinner.

"A small English."

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

"He means a little English," grinned Squiff.

"It is not how you shall say him?" asked Napoleon.

"Ha, ha! Not quite!" chuckled Peter Todd.

"Here I learn to spick English better viz me," said Napoleon. "Here I learn play ze cricket, and ze football, isn't it? Oui."

"Football!" said Skinner. "Fan me, somebody!"

"You shall not call him football?"

"Football!" grinned Russell. "Make it football, old scout!"

"But you play him viz both feet, isn't it?"

"Ha, ha! Yes!"

"Zen he is football, I zink. But you call him football! Zat is wonderful language, zat English!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bolsover major pushed Skinner aside, and took his place.

"Look here, Froggy——"

"Vat!"

"Don't bully the new kid, Bolsover," said Squiff quietly.

"Who's bullying him? The fellow has been stuck into my study!" exclaimed Bolsover indignantly. "I've had that study to myself since Elliott left. I don't want a silly new kid stuck in my study. I'm not going to stand it!"

"Comment?"

"What on earth does he mean by coming?" snorted Bolsover major.

"Ha, ha! He means 'what'—what did you say?" chortled Peter Todd. "Where's your French, Bolsover?"

"Well, I'll tell him fast enough what I said, and in plain English, too!" said the bully of the Remove. "Look here, Napoleon Bonaparte——"

"Non, non! Napoleon Dupont."

"Oh, bother your name! Look here——"

"Je regarde!"

"You've been stuck in my study!"

"I am stuck?"

"Yes!"

"Non, non!" Napoleon looked down, and looked round, as if examining his person to see where he was stuck. "Vous vous trompez."

"Wha-a-at!"

"I mean, you mistake yourself. I am not sticky!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, ye gods!" gasped Bolsover major. "I mean you're stuck in my study. Quelch has shoved you into No. 10."

"Pas du tout."

"What does that mean?" howled Bolsover.

"Not at all," grinned Todd.

"Why, he knows that Quelch has shoved him into No. 10!" exclaimed Skinner.

"Non, non! Monsieur Quelch he is verree polite; he do not shove me!" exclaimed Napoleon. "He do not touch me at all, excepting to shake ze hand."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I mean you're going to dig in No. 10!" yelled Bolsover.

"Pas possible! How shall I dig indoors?" exclaimed Napoleon. "Zat is not possible! In ze garden—yes; but in ze chambre, pas possible."

"Oh, crumbs! No. 10 is your study, I mean!" shrieked Bolsover.

"Oui, oui!"

"Well, No. 10 is my study, too!" said Bolsover. "Quelch has put you in as my study-mate. Savvy?"

Napoleon gave another expansive smile.

"Oui, oui! You are study-mate viz me, isn't it?"

"That's it. Now——"

"I am honour—I am delight! Ve shall be great shum."

"What?"

"I embrace you, mon ami!"

"Wha-a-at?" yelled Bolsover. "Here, draggimoff!"

Bolsover fairly staggered as the French junior rushed at him and embraced him, evidently with the intention of starting on a friendly footing with his study-mate.

The Remove fellows howled with laughter.

To Bolsover's horror, the French boy kissed him on both cheeks, with loud smacks that rang through the Common-room.

"Groogh!" gasped Bolsover.

He hurled the French junior off.

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

To Napoleon's surprise and dismay, Bolsover major shook a big fist fairly under his nose. It was at that moment that the Famous Five arrived in the doorway.

"You — you — you sickly worm!" shouted Bolsover. "What do you mean by slobbering over me?"

"Comment?"

"I'm not going to have you in my study! Understand that!" bellowed Bolsover. "And if you set foot in my study I'll sling you out on your neck! Got that?"

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

In the French Style!

HARRY WHARTON tapped Bolsover on the shoulder.

"Go easy!" he said.

"Mind your own business!" shouted Bolsover major. "I'm not going to have that worm crawling into my study!"

"You can tell Mr. Quelch that."

"I'm telling him! I'll give him a hiding if he comes into my quarters! In fact, I'll give him one now as a warning."

And, shaking off Wharton's hand, Bolsover major strode up to the new boy, brandishing his fists.

Napoleon jumped back in alarm.

"Comment?" he exclaimed. "Vat is zis? Vy for you punch at me?"

"I'm going to lick you, you worm!"

"Vat! Is zat an English custom?" demanded Napoleon. "You lick someone, like ze leetle puppy-dog?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Like that, you foreign idiot!" snorted Bolsover. And he punched at the French junior's nose.

The next instant Bolsover major felt as if an earthquake had happened.

With lightning quickness, Napoleon had lifted his foot, and his boot was driven on Bolsover's waistcoat.

The bully of the Remove sat down with a very unpleasant jar.

"Ow!" he gasped. "Yurrrggh!"

Napoleon grinned down on him.

"Here, chuck that, Frenchy!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "What do you mean by kicking a chap?"

The French junior looked round in surprise at the disapproving faces as Bolsover sat on the floor and gasped.

"Zat is la savate," he said. "Zat is French custom. In England you fight viz ze hand, in France viz ze foot. La savate."

"You'd better not introduce that custom here!" growled Skinner. "You'll get scragged if you do."

Bolsover major staggered up, still gasping. He had been hurt.

"You cowardly rotter!" he panted. "I'll smash you for that."

"I am no coward!" exclaimed Dupont, his eyes flashing. "I am not afraid of you, zough you are mooch bigger as me. If you fight in your way, I fight in my way, isn't it?"

"That's fair, when you come to think of it!" grinned Nugent.

"Put up your hands!" roared Bolsover.

"Vat for?"

"You're going to fight me, you cad!"

"Zen I put up my foot," answered Dupont. "I do not understand la boxe. La savate, I understand zat."

"Do you think I'm going to have a kicking match with you, like a pair of blessed mules?" howled Bolsover.

"I vish not to fight viz you. But if I fight, I do him in my way; la boxe, I know him not."

Bolsover major, furious as he was, paused.

There was something to be said for Napoleon's point of view. He had his own customs, though they did not square with British ideas at all. Certainly he could not be expected to drop his own method and adopt another that he was unaccustomed to.

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The bully of the Remove did not want another kick.

"Will you fight fair, you booby?" he demanded.

"But zat is fair. I know not la boxe. But you shall fight viz me in my way," suggested Napoleon. "Zat is fair."

"Catch me!" growled Bolsover. "In England we call a fellow a coward who kicks in a fight."

Dupont shrugged his shoulders.

"Zen you keep your way, and I keep mine," he said. "You fight viz ze hand, and I viz ze foot. Or ve vill not fight at all. Vat is zere to fight about?"

"Go it, Bolsover!" said Ogilvy. "Let him give us an exhibition of the French style!"

"Not for me!" answered Bolsover major. "I've had enough of his French style. You can have some if you like."

"No fear!" chuckled Ogilvy.

"Zen let us be friends," suggested Napoleon, smiling expansively.

"That's a good idea," said Bob Cherry, laughing. "Better make friends, Bolsover, or next time you'll get your watchchain pushed through your back-bone!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bolsover major gave the French junior a glare. He was not in the least inclined to make friends.

"I won't have him in my study!" he growled. "Let him come there, that's all, and I'll make him sorry for himself!"

And Bolsover major stalked out of the Common-room.

Harry Wharton followed him, and stopped him in the passage.

"Don't be too rough on the new kid, Bolsover," he said quietly. "It's up to us to treat him rather decently, as he's French."

"You can have him in your study, if you like!" sneered Bolsover major.

"We're two in No. 1 already."

"Make it three, then! Anyway, I'm not going to have him in my study. Let him come, and I'll boot him out fast enough!"

Wharton's eyes glinted.

"Then you won't be allowed to!" he said sharply. "If you bully the new kid, Bolsover, you'll get a Form ragging."

"Oh, rats!" answered Bolsover savagely, and he went sullenly up the staircase. The Co. came along the passage with Napoleon Dupont. Frank Nugent had politely asked him to tea in Study No. 1, an invitation that Napoleon accepted effusively.

In No. 1 the five juniors pooled their rations and any other supplies they could get together, to make as handsome a spread as possible.

"War-time fare, you know," said Harry, as the French junior sat down at the table.

Dupont smiled and nodded.

"Je sais. He is very good," he answered. "But zere are many zings zat you can get zat are not rationed. You like ze frog, isn't it?"

"The what?" ejaculated Johnny Bull.

"Ze frog," said Dupont innocently. "Zere is a river near zis ecole, isn't it? You can find ze frogs zere."

"We could find them if we wanted them," said Nugent. "But what should we want frogs for?"

"You do not eat zem, isn't it? Zat is all right; I vill show you how to catch ze frog, and cook him."

"Groogh!"

"He is verree nice," said Napoleon, his eyes glistening. "Demain—tomorrow I go hunt ze frog, and you shall share him viz me, isn't it?"

"We—we don't eat frogs in England," said Nugent faintly.

"Pourquoi—vy not?"

"Because—because—". It would not have been polite to explain to the French

junior that the bare idea was revolting to the British mind. It was only a question of different national customs again.

"Because—" murmured Bob Cherry. "The becausefulness is terrific," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh blandly.

"Perhaps you know not how to cook him," said Dupont, puzzled. "Zat is all right; I vill give you instructions."

"You jolly well won't!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Comment?"

"Ahem! How do you like the sardines?"

"Verree good. But ze frog—he is vat you call tip-top," said Napoleon. "You vill enjoy him, I zink. Also ze snail —"

"Eh?"

"Viz zose snails zat live on ze vall, you make verree good soup—"

"Ow!"

"Mon Dieu! Vous etes malade—you are ill, isn't it?" exclaimed Napoleon.

"Nuuno!"

"You look quite pale viz you."

"It's—it's nothing!" gasped Wharton. "Tuck in, old scout, and we'll show you round the school after tea."

Napoleon tucked in, and after tea the chums of the Remove took him for a walk round Greyfriars, and showed him the sights. Having done that, they felt that they had done their duty to an Ally, and Napoleon was left to his own devices.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

A Form Ragging!

A MOI! Yah! Oh! Ah! Mon Dieu!"

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent were at prep in Study No. 1 when that loud howl reached them from farther along the Remove passage. They recognised the dulcet tones of the new junior at once.

"That brute Bolsover again!" exclaimed Wharton angrily.

"Are you going to chip in?" asked Frank.

"Oughtn't I to?"

"Just as you like! Prep can wait, I suppose."

Harry Wharton left the study, followed by his chum. Several more fellows were gathering in the passage, attracted by the loud howling from No. 1. It was plain enough that the new study-mates were at loggerheads.

Wharton threw open the door of the study.

A rather peculiar sight met the eyes of the Removites.

Napoleon Dupont was hopping on one leg, and Bolsover major had a grasp upon the ankle of the other.

Napoleon had evidently been trying on "la savate" again, and Bolsover major, on his guard this time, had captured his leg.

The French junior hopped helplessly, Bolsover grinning as he dragged him round the study by the ankle. Napoleon had to hop very actively to keep from coming with a crash to the floor.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "Is that a French dance?"

"The cad tried to kick me!" grinned Bolsover. "I'll give him kick! Kim on!"

"Let me go, isn't it?" shrieked Napoleon. "Zat you release my jambe! A moi—a moi!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bolsover, grinning, led him round the table, hopping frantically on one leg. The juniors roared as they looked on. Although Bolsover was a bully and undoubtedly to blame in the dispute, it was just as well for the new fellow to

have a lesson on the subject of kicking, the juniors considered.

"Will you let go of my jambe?" shrieked Dupont.

"I haven't got your jam, you silly idiot!" growled Bolsover. "Do you think I'd sneak a fellow's grub, you worm?"

"A jambe's a leg, you ass!" howled Peter Todd.

"Well, I'm keeping his leg, anyhow," said Bolsover. "He shoved it at me, and I caught it, and I'm keeping it."

"Mon Dieu! Je vais tomber!" wailed Napoleon. "Let go viz you! My ozzer jambe he is fatigued."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Laissez! I go to fall!" yelled Dupont.

"You can go to fall, as you call it, and be blowed!" grinned Bolsover. "Come on! Here we go round the mulberry-bush!"

And round the study table they went again, Dupont hopping wildly.

"Chuck it, Bolsover!" said Harry Wharton. "Enough's as good as a feast, you know."

"Here comes Wingate!" called Kippe from the stairs.

"Cave!"

Wingate of the Sixth strode, frowning, to the study doorway. The yells of the unhappy Dupont had reached the captain of Greyfriars in his own study.

"What on earth is all this?" he exclaimed angrily. "What are you up to, Bolsover?"

"Giving the cad a trot," answered Bolsover major coolly. "I'm teaching him not to kick a chap in the tummy!"

"I know not la boxe!" wailed Napoleon. "I vish not to fight viz anyone, but if I fight viz him I use ze foot, isn't it?"

"Let him go at once, Bolsover!" snapped Wingate. "I suppose you have been bullying the kid—is that it? Let him alone!"

The Remove bully reluctantly obeyed. Even the truculent Bolsover did not venture to dispute with the captain of Greyfriars.

"I don't want the rotter in my study!" he growled.

"That isn't for you to settle," said Wingate sharply. "Any more of this, Bolsover, and I'll see that you get a licking. Wharton, I expect you to see that this new kid isn't bullied here, as head of the Form."

"I intended to, Wingate," answered Harry.

"No more bullying, Bolsover," said the captain of Greyfriars. "As for you, Dupont, you'd better learn not to kick. It doesn't go down here."

"Oui, oui!"

Wingate strode away, frowning.

"I'm not going to have him here, all the same," growled Bolsover. "If you're so jolly fond of him, Wharton, you can have him."

"This is his study," said Harry, "and you're going to be decent, Bolsover. You heard what Wingate said. If you don't leave Dupont in peace you'll get a Form ragging."

"Hear, hear!" said Squiff.

"The ragfulness will be terrific, my esteemed Bolsover."

Bolsover major scowled savagely. He snatched up a cushion from the arm-chair, and hurled it at Napoleon Dupont. That was Bolsover's way of making it plain that he was not going to be dictated to.

The missile took Napoleon quite by surprise. It struck him on the chest, and hurled him backwards, and he crashed on the floor, his head coming into contact with the wainscot.

"Ow!" he howled.

Bolsover was repentant the next moment. He had not meant to hurt the



La savate! (See Chapter 3.)

French junior so much. But he was too dogged and obstinate to give any expression to his repentance. He gave the Remove a glare of defiance as Harry Wharton ran to help up the new junior.

"That settles it!" exclaimed Bob Cherry angrily. "Collar the bullying brute!"

"Hands off!" roared Bolsover, putting up his fists at once.

"Collar him!"

Six or seven of the juniors collared Bolsover major at once. It was time the Remove bully had a lesson.

"Stick him on the table!" shouted Bob.

"Leggo!"

With a crash, Bolsover major was landed face down on the table. Strong hands held him there, struggling, while Bob Cherry picked out a cricket-stump.

Napoleon had staggered to his feet, helped by the captain of the Remove. He was looking dazed.

"Non, non!" he exclaimed, as Bob raised the stump. "Zat is all right—I am not mooch hurt, isn't it? I forgive him."

"I don't!" grinned Bob.

And he brought the stump into play.

Whack, whack, whack!

Bolsover major howled and struggled. But the stump rose and fell without mercy.

"Give him twenty-five," said Harry Wharton.

"Fifty, if you like!" chuckled Bob.

Whack, whack, whack!

"Ayez pitie!" said Napoleon commiseratingly. "I do not vish zat you zrash him."

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yah! Oh! Will you leave off?" raved Bolsover major, squirming under the infliction. "Ow, you rotters! Leggo! I'll let the Froggy cad alone if you like! Ow, ow! I won't touch him again! Yow-ow-woop!"

Whack, whack, whack!

Twenty-five from a cricket-stump; in Bob Cherry's powerful hand, was enough even for the truculent Bolsover.

By the time the infliction was over Bolsover was quite subdued. He rolled off the table, and stood panting.

"Ow, ow, ow!"

"You were warned," said Harry

Wharton. "Now let the kid alone, Bolsover! He's done nothing to you."

"Ow, ow, ow!"

The juniors left the study, leaving Percy Bolsover groaning. He sat down, but jumped up again very quickly. He did not feel inclined to sit down again that evening, on second thoughts.

Napoleon eyed him rather uneasily when he was left alone with him. But even Bolsover was subdued now, and the desire to bully had been taken out of him.

"Mon ami," said Dupont gently, at last.

"Ow!"

"Vy sail we not be friends in zis study?" suggested Napoleon. "I vish not to be enemies. Let us make friends, zen."

"Ow, ow!" Bolsover groaned. "I'll make you sit up for this, you young cad! Ow, ow, ow!"

"You vish not be friend viz me?" asked Napoleon.

"Ow! Shut up! Ow, ow!"

Napoleon shrugged his shoulders, and said no more. He had done his best; but Bolsover major was not in a mood to listen to the sweet voice of reason.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Bunter in Luck!

NAPOLEON of the Remove attracted a good deal of attention in the Form-room the next morning.

His variety of English was very entertaining to his Form-fellows, and a little perplexing to the Remove-master.

Most of the Remove fellows were inclined to like him, he was so overflowing with good humour and sunny smiles.

He had made one enemy; but he did not seem likely to be on terms of enmity with anyone but Bolsover major.

Bolsover nursed his injuries. For a time he was refraining from indulging in his bullying proclivities. He did not want another Form-ragging. But the bully of the Remove was only biding his time.

He could not forgive the ragging he had received in his study; and he put it all down to Napoleon's account.

After morning lessons Billy Bunter joined Napoleon as the juniors went into the quad.

Billy Bunter was always very attentive to new boys, though not in the same way as Bolsover major.

Napoleon was sauntering in the quadrangle, at ease with himself and all the world, when Bunter joined him, and gave him a friendly grin. Dupont replied by a polite bow. He was always ready to bow at a moment's notice, and seemed to enjoy the exercise.

"I say, how much do you like Greyfriars?" asked Bunter.

"Verree mooch!" answered Napoleon.

"You haven't seen the postman, I suppose?"

"Non!"

"I suppose he's going to be late again," granted Bunter. "No end of delay in the post now, you know. It's awkward!"

"You shall expect a lettair?" asked Napoleon sympathetically.

"Yes, I've been expecting one for some time, with a postal-order in it," replied Bunter, blinking at him through his spectacles.

The mention of Bunter's celebrated postal-order, which was always expected and never came, was enough to make any fellow in the Remove chortle. But Napoleon, as a new boy, was ignorant of Bunter and his little ways.

"Zat is too bad!" said Dupont.

"Yes, because it happens that I'm rather hard up to-day," remarked Bunter. "Of course, it isn't much—only a fiver I'm expecting—"

"A postal-order for five pounds?" asked Dupont, in surprise.

"Ahem! I—I mean a postal-note—that is to say, a bank-order—I—I mean a banknote!" stammered Bunter. "A—a fiver, you know, from my pater!"

"Your pater he is verree rich, isn't it?"

"Rolling in it," said Bunter carelessly. "All my people are rich, you know—most of them titled. I dare say you've heard of Lord de Bunter."

"Jamais!"

"Eh? Who's jammy?" demanded Bunter.

"I mean, nevair!"

"Oh, I see! Well, he—he's my uncle, you know, and he sends me fivers occasionally. I happen to be hard up this afternoon—a rather unexpected thing, but there you are. I suppose you couldn't lend me five pounds till my postal—my banknote comes, could you?"

"Vous avez raison—I could not!"

"I could make five shillings do," observed Bunter. "I should take it as a real favour, Dupont, if you could lend me five shillings for a few hours. Until the postman comes, in fact."

"Only until ze postman, he come?"

"Yes."

"Zer zero you are," said Napoleon, pointing to Mr. Boggs of Friardale, who had just come in sight. "Zere is ze facteur—ze postman."

Bunter's face fell.

However, he called out to Mr. Boggs.

"Anything for me, Boggs?"

"No, Master Bunter!"

"Sure there's not a registered letter, Boggs?" asked the Owl of the Remove anxiously.

"Quite sure, sir!" grinned Mr. Boggs. He had been asked that question by Billy Bunter about a hundred times.

Billy Bunter grunted as the postman went on his way.

"Zat banknote, he has not come?" asked Dupont, with great sympathy.

"It's a delay in the post," explained Bunter. "War-time, you know. Never mind if we wait for our postal-orders, so long as we beat the Germans—what?"

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"Zat is so!"

"Will you lend me five bob till the evening post comes in, old chap?" asked Bunter persuasively.

Napoleon hesitated a moment. Billy Bunter's fat face did not, as a matter of fact, inspire confidence. But Napoleon was full of good-nature, and he counted out the five shillings.

"You pay him zis evening?" he asked.

"Without fail!" said Bunter solemnly. "I seldom borrow—in fact, never! But when I do, I square on the nail. Any fellow in the Remove will tell you so. I'm famous for it. Thanks!"

Billy Bunter promptly pouched the five shillings, and rolled away. His destination was the tuckshop, where he strove to convince Mrs. Mimble that she could, for once in a way, disregard the rationing laws in favour of William George Bunter. Having failed to convince the good lady upon that point, Bunter expended Napoleon's five shillings upon unrationed articles, making the best of a bad job; and, to make all safe, he sat down and devoured them on the spot.

At dinner, however, Billy Bunter was quite able to do his bit. He could have done several other fellows' bits, too, if they had let him. After dinner he looked for Napoleon again. The French youth had shelled out so readily on the first occasion that Bunter had high hopes of extracting a further loan from him.

Napoleon was chatting with Harry Wharton and Vernon-Smith, and Bunter hovered near till they left him. Then he bore down on the Gallic youth.

He gave him a friendly dig in the ribs.

"I say, Nap—"

"Comment?"

"You don't mind me calling you Nap, do you?" said Bunter affably. "You can call me William if you like. I say, about that five bob—"

"Zat is all right!"

"The fact is," said Bunter, blinking at him watchfully, "I find that it's not quite enough. You see, I—I want to send a subscription to the—the Red Cross, and I feel that I ought to make it ten. Could you spring another five bob till my postal-order comes?"

"Your banknote, isn't it?"

"Yes, I mean my banknote."

"Verree well," said Napoleon, after a little hesitation.

Billy Bunter could scarcely believe in his good luck as he received the second five shillings.

"I say, you're an awfully good chap, Nap!" he said. "I wish you were in my study. I say, you'd like it ever so much better than being with that beast Bolsover—"

"What's that?"

It was Bolsover major's voice.

Billy Bunter blinked round in alarm. The short-sighted Owl had not seen Bolsover approaching.

"I—I say, is that you, Bolsover?" he stammered.

"What did you call me?" demanded Bolsover.

"I—I was just remarking that Dupont must be awfully glad to share a study with a nice chap like you, Bolsover," said the Owl feebly. "Yow-ow-ow! Leggo my ear!"

"Zat you let him go!" exclaimed Dupont.

Bolsover did not let go. He compressed his grip till Bunter yelled. Napoleon pranced up to him.

Biff!

Bolsover major was not on his guard this time. He sat down suddenly in the quadrangle as he received a drive from Dupont's toe in the ribs.

Billy Bunter scuttled away promptly, leaving his rescuer to deal with the bully of the Remove. He had five shillings to expend before afternoon lessons.

"You—you—you Froggy rotter!" gasped Bolsover. "I'll smash you—I'll—I'll—"

He jumped up and rushed at Dupont. The nimble French junior retreated, keeping his foot ready. Bolsover backed away as he nearly caught it with his waistcoat.

"Zat you come on!" grinned Napoleon.

"I'll smash you!" panted Bolsover.

He rushed on again, and again jumped away from the darting foot. There was a shout of laughter from the fellows who looked on at the peculiar contest.

Mr. Quelch's study window opened.

"Bolsover!"

"Ye-es, sir?" stammered Bolsover, looking round.

"Cease to interfere with Dupont at once, and take a hundred lines, Bolsover!"

Slam!

Bolsover major, giving Napoleon a look like a Hun, stalked away. He had had the worst of it again. Bolsover major was nursing his wrath, and it was very nearly at boiling-point now.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Something Like a Feast!

WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER looked for Napoleon again after lessons that day. He was beginning to regard the French junior as something like a gold-mine. There was a sweet simplicity in Dupont that appealed to Bunter. Certainly Nap was the only fellow at Greyfriars who would have lent Bunter money expecting to see it again.

But the French junior was not to be seen. Billy Bunter hunted high and low for him in vain.

"I say you fellows, have you seen Dupont?" he asked the Famous Five, as he met them on their way to the cricket-ground.

"He's gone out," answered Harry Wharton.

"Oh, blow! Which way did he go?"

"Along the river, I think."

"Bother!" said Bunter.

The Owl of the Remove hung about the gates to wait for the new junior. When Dupont came in he had a bag in his hand, and his boots were damp. There was an expression of considerable satisfaction upon his face.

"Hallo, old chap!" said Bunter affectionately. "Are you coming to my study to tea?"

"You are verree good!" said Dupont.

"Well, now I think of it, we haven't much in the way of tea to-day," remarked Bunter. "But I'll come to tea with you if you like, old fellow. It comes to the same thing, doesn't it?"

"Certainment! Come viz pleasure!" replied Dupont, as Bunter trotted by his side towards the School House.

"I'll carry your bag if you like," said Bunter generously.

"Zat is all right."

"Been getting something for tea?"

"Oui, oui."

"Something good?" asked Bunter, his eyes glistening.

"Mais oui. Verree good! Vat you call top-tip!"

"Tip-top, you mean," grinned Bunter. "I'll come with pleasure, old chap! When shall I come?"

"I have to do ze cooking," said Dupont. "I am good cook. You come at seven o'clock, and tea he vill be ready."

"Rely on me," said Bunter. "By the way, old top, can you lend me another five bob till the post comes in?"

Nap gave him a rather sharp look.

"Ze postman he have come," he replied.

"I—I mean to-morrow morning's post," stammered Bunter.

"Zen zat banknote, he have not come?"

"No. War-time, you know. Delay in the post. If you could lend me—"

"After ze war," said Napoleon.

"What?"

"After ze war, mon ami."

And Napoleon went into the House, and hurried up the stairs with his bag, leaving Billy Bunter blinking. The simplicity of the French youth was apparently not so unlimited as Bunter had supposed.

"Cheeky cad!" muttered Bunter wrathfully. "He was pulling my leg! I'll give him after the war, the rotter! I'll jolly well tell him what I think of him! I'll—Ahem!" Bunter remembered that he was going to tea with Napoleon, and he decided not to tell Dupont what he thought of him till after tea.

Napoleon looked into Study No. 1 on his way to his own quarters. Wharton and Nugent were there.

"Mes amis—"

"Hallo!" said Wharton cordially.

Dupont held up his bag.

"I have good things for tea," he said.

"I take it as great pleasure if you will honour me viz your company."

Wharton and Nugent looked at the bag as if it fascinated them. They had strong and awful suspicions as to what that bag contained.

"Another time, old scout," stammered Nugent. "We—we—we're engaged for this tea-time."

"I am sorry!" said Dupont. "Anozzer time, zen."

And he went on.

For some time after that Napoleon Dupont was very busy in his study. A smell of cooking proceeded from Study No. 10. Nap had the natural French aptitude for cooking, and certainly the scent was very agreeable.

Billy Bunter, coming along the Remove passage, sniffed outside Study No. 10 with great satisfaction.

"Something jolly good!" he murmured.

"Hallo, fatty! Tea's ready!" bawled Peter Todd from the doorway of Study No. 7.

Billy Bunter gave him a lofty blink.

"I'm not coming to the study to tea, Toddy. A chap's asked me out."

"My hat! Must be a chap who doesn't know the size of your appetite, to ask you to tea in war-time."

"It's my friend Dupont," said Bunter, with dignity. "I'd like to take you, Peter, but I'm afraid I can't. You refused to cash my postal-order this morning, and I can't call that pally."

"You can't call it pally, but you can call it sensible," answered Peter Todd, with a grin. "Try to get somebody to ask you out every day, Bunter, old top. You'll be awfully popular in this study if you do."

"Oh, rats!"

Billy Bunter opened the door of Study No. 10, and blinked in. He sniffed with enjoyment at the scent which smote him.

"Ahem! Am I early?" he inquired.

Napoleon gave him a friendly smile.

"A leetle, but zat is no mattair," he said. "Zat lofely stew, he is nearly ready."

"A stew, is it?" said Bunter.

"Vat you call a stew. He smell good—vat?"

"Topping!" said Bunter. "I'll get out the plates, if you like. I say, shall we lock the door? Bolsover will want his whack if he comes in, and he will take the lion's share. He's a greedy beast, you know. Let's keep him out—what? He'll only kick up a row if he comes in."

"Zere is enough for all," answered

Dupont. "Bolsover, he is verree welcome!"

Bolsover major came into the study as he spoke.

He sniffed appreciatively.

"That's good!" he remarked.

"Verree good, isn't it?" said Dupont, with a beaming smile. "You will have tea viz me, and share him, hein?"

"No, I won't!" snapped Bolsover. "I don't want your prog!"

"Zat is not polite, mon ami."

"Oh, go and eat coke!" growled Bolsover. "What are you turning the blessed study into a blessed cookshop for?"

Bolsover was hungry, and the scent of the cooking tempted him; but he could not very well partake of the new junior's hospitality, considering his feelings towards the youth from La Belle France. He stamped out of the study again, and slammed the door, and went along to Snoop's study to tea.

"Never mind him!" said Bunter cheerfully. "All the more for us, Dupong!"

"I am sorry zat he vill not be friends!" sighed Napoleon.

"Oh, let him go and eat coke! I say, is that done?"

"He is done, mon ami."

"Good!"

A steaming dish, with a delightful scent, was placed upon the table. Billy Bunter eyed it ecstatically. There was enough even for Bunter, and he gloated upon the prospect.

In a few seconds Bunter was at work. He helped himself, and his plate was full to overflowing when he started.

The plate was cleared in record time.

Napoleon Dupont ate much more slowly, but with evident enjoyment. He came in a very bad second in the race through the feed.

Billy Bunter was in the seventh heaven.

The stew was delicious. It was rabbit-stew, Bunter thought, though sometimes he fancied he found some chicken in it. Whatever it was, it was nice enough to the taste, and very filling. And certainly it was cooked superbly. Napoleon beamed at him across the table. He did not seem to mind Bunter's continual and very deep inroads upon the dish. He was delighted to find such keen appreciation of his hospitality.

"I say, you weren't thinking of keeping any of that for supper, I suppose?" Bunter remarked, as he reached out for his sixth helping.

"Zat is no mattair," answered Dupont. As a matter of fact, the dish contained enough for several meals, but the polite French junior submitted cheerfully to Bunter's exorbitant raids.

Bunter was looking very fat and shiny by this time.

He breathed with some difficulty, and he had unfastened the two lowest buttons of his waistcoat.

But there was still more in the dish, and the fat junior simply could not bear to leave it there.

Dupont politely left the last helping for Bunter.

The Owl of the Remove fairly scraped out the dish into his plate. Napoleon smiled genially.

"I say, it's ripping!" said Bunter, for the tenth time, with his mouth full.

"You like him, isn't it?"

"What-ho! I say, Nap, you do know how to cook."

"Mais oui, oui!"

"I'll come to tea with you again," said Bunter, as the last morsel vanished. He bestowed a fat wink upon Dupont.

"I say, I'll keep it dark, you know. Rely on me!"

"You will keep him dark?" asked Nap, in surprise.

"Yes. About the grub, you know," chuckled Bunter.

"But vy for you keep him dark?"

Bunter gave him another fat wink.

"Rations!" he said. "You must have busted the grub rules up hill and down dale to make a spread like this! Ho, he, he!"

Napoleon shook his head.

"Zat would be verree wrong," he said.

"It is point of honour to keep ze ration laws, Buntair."

"He, he, he!"

"But you are mistake. Zere is nozing zat is ration in zat stew!" exclaimed Dupont warmly.

"Not chicken?" grinned Bunter.

"Zere is no chicken."

"Rabbit, then?"

"Zere is no rabbit."

"Not game, is it? asked Bunter. "Not venison?"

"Certainly nou!"

"Blessed if I know what it is, then!" said Bunter, puzzled. "But it's meat of some kind, and all meat's rationed. Don't you be alarmed, old chap; let the grub rules go hang. Blow 'em! I've been jolly nearly starved on rations! Look how thin I've grown!"

"Mon Dieu!"

"I'll keep it dark," said Bunter reassuringly. "Rely on a pal! I'd like to know how you got the stuff without a card, though. How did you manage it?"

"But zere is no card for ze frog," said Dupont, in wonder. "You are mistake. Ze frog is not ration."

Bunter blinked at him in affright.

"The—the what?" he gasped.

"Ze leetle frog," said Dupont. "I am sure zat zere is no card requira for catch ze frog and cook him. I am certain."

"Groogh!"

"Vat is ze mattair?" asked Dupont, in alarm, staring at him across the table.

"You are pale, mon ami!"

"Gurrrrrgh!"

"Somezing does not agree viz you, Buntair?"

"Ow, ow! You—you horrid rotter, d-d-do you m-m-mean to say that that stew was made of frogs?" gurgled Bunter.

"Mais oui!"

"Groooooogh!"

"Ah! In Angleterre you do not eat ze frog, isn't it?" said Dupont, smiling.

"But he is good—verree good! But zat stew he is not all frog, Buntair. Zere is also ze snail—"

"Yurrrrrgh!"

"Mon Dieu! Vat is ze mattair? You are ill!" exclaimed Dupont. "Vat is it zat trouble you, Buntair?"

Billy Bunter staggered to his feet, holding on to the table. He had had six helpings of that delightful stew; and now every one of the six helpings seemed at war with the other five inside Bunter. His fat face was white as a sheet, and bedewed with perspiration. He glared feebly at the astonished French junior, and shook his fist weakly.

"You—you—Groogh!" he gurgled.

"But vat is ze mattair?"

"Frogs! Groogh!"

"My friend Buntair—"

"Snails! Ow!"

Billy Bunter lurched away from the table, and reeled into the passage. Napoleon Dupont gazed after him in astonishment and alarm.

"Halas! He 'ave eat too mooch!" he murmured. "It was verree nice, and he eat too mooch! Zat is a pitty. Pauvre Buntair!"

In the passage Billy Bunter held on to the wall, and groaned in deep anguish. And the Remove passage echoed the weird sounds:

"Groogh! Gug-gug! Groooch!"

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

A Pound for Bunter!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!" Bob Cherry looked out of No. 13 in astonishment as he heard those weird sounds of woe and anguish.

"Yurrrggh!"
"What's the matter, tubby?"
"The matterfulness must be terrific!" exclaimed Hurree Singh. "The esteemed Bunter has been eating too muchfully."

"Grurrggh!"
Fellows were coming out of the studies on all sides. They gazed at Bunter in wonder, as he clung to the wall outside No. 10, groaning and gurgling. His fat face was so pale that he looked really alarming. Harry Wharton clapped him on the shoulder.

"What's the matter, Bunter?" he asked.

"Ow! I'm dying! Grooh!"
Napoleon Dupont looked out, in great alarm and surprise. He could not understand what was the matter with Bunter.

"He is malade!" he exclaimed. "Perhaps he have eat a leetle too mooch. He has some trouble in his inside! Helas!"

"I'm poisoned!" moaned Bunter. "I'm dying! That French villain got me into his study to poison me! Grooh!"

"What's that?" exclaimed Bolsover major. "What has he been giving you, Bunter?"

"What utter rot!" exclaimed Wharton. "Don't be an ass, Bunter! You've been gorging, I suppose."

"Groogh! I'm dying! Tell the Head, you fellows, so that he can be hanged! Oh, dear! Ow! My inside—Yow-ow-groooch!"

"Nap, you duffer, what have you been up to?" exclaimed Nugent.

Nap gesticulated wildly.
"Nozzing! Rien! Nozzing!" he exclaimed. "I cook ze nice grub, and Buntair he eat him, and he like him! Perhaps a leetle too mooch! C'est tout! Zat is all! It was verree nice."

"Oh!" exclaimed Wharton, a light breaking on him. "You had Bunter to tea—"

"Oui, oui!"
"And you gave him—"

"Ze lofely stew of ze frog, and ze snail soup, said Dupont. "But zat is first-chop—bezzar as your English rosbif, isn't it?"

"Oh, my hat!"
"Frogs!" moaned Bunter. "I—I—I've been eating frogs! I—I thought it was chicken! Groogh! Frogs! Snails! Inside me! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
There was a roar of laughter in the Remove passage.

Bunter groaned.
"Oh, dear! I'm dying! My inside feels awfully queer! I'm going to be ill. Toddy, you beast, stop cackling and help a chap to the dorm! Do you want me to be ill here? Groooch!"

Peter Todd, chortling, gave Bunter a hand, and marched him away. It was time. In the dormitory the fat junior was very ill indeed.

But instead of sympathising with him in his woes the Remove fellows only howled with laughter. They could imagine how Bunter had tucked into the feed, not knowing what it was; and it made them yell.

Napoleon seemed puzzled by the merriment in the Remove.

"It is not for to laff," he said reproachfully. "Zat pauvre Buntair, he suffair, isn't it? He is malade."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"He'll get over it," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "It's chiefly imagination. The stuff can't hurt him, if it doesn't hurt you."

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"Ze stuff! Vat stuff?"

"The muck you've fed him on," said Squiff.

"Muck?" exclaimed Dupont, in astonishment. "You speak of zose lofely frogs."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Zose beautiful frogs!" said Napoleon indignantly. "Zose nice snails!"

"Oh, don't!" gasped Wharton. "You'll make us all like Bunter if you keep on!"

"Vat? But zat is good, if I make you like your schoolfellow, isn't it?" said Napoleon, getting into difficulties with the English language again. "I am sure zat it is bezzar for you to like him, hein?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"I like him myself because he so much lofe zat good cookery," said Dupont. "I am desolate zat he is malade. But it is

French horror. I hope Bolsover will smash him up! The awful rotter!"

"He was only being hospitable," chuckled Peter. "In France they eat that kind of thing and like it."

"Don't! I—I say, do you think Quelchy will go for me if I don't do any prep?"

"You bet!"
"Oh, dear!"

Billy Bunter set to work drearily. Life did not seem quite worth living just then to the Owl of the Remove.

But after prep, he recovered a little. As a matter of fact, the peculiar French diet, though repulsive to the mind, was not harmful to the body; and there was really nothing the matter with Bunter.

"Is there anything to eat in the study, Peter?" he asked.

"Hallo! You want to gorge again?" exclaimed Peter.

"I'm awfully empty, you know!" said Bunter pathetically.

"There's a sardine-tin—"

"Oh, good!"
"But there's no sardines left in it—"

"Yah! You funny idiot!"
"Well, would you like to get hold of some cheese?"

"Yes, rather!"
"Then I hope you'll be able to, and you can give me some," said Peter cheerfully.

Bunter glared at him with a glare that almost cracked his spectacles.

"You silly owl!" he roared. "Is this a time for your rotten jokes? I'm empty—famishing, in fact."

"Well, trot along to No. 10, and ask Nap if he's got any more frogs—"

"Look here—"

"Or snails—"

"Groogh!"
"Or slugs!" yelled Peter, as Bunter rolled out of the study. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter did not apply at No. 10. Not even in a state of actual famine would he have accepted again the hospitality of the French junior.

He blinked dismally into No. 1, where the Famous Five had gathered for a jaw after prep. They were eating baked chestnuts.

"I say, you fellows—"

"How did he know we had chestnuts?" said Bob Cherry, in a tone of wonder.

"Oh, really, Cherry, I didn't know, you know. But, as you're so pressing, I'll have some," said Bunter.

"Do you think they'll agree with the frogs?" asked Bob gravely.

"Groogh! Shurrup!"
"Or the—"

"Shut up!" howled Bunter. "Do you want me to be ill again in this study?"

"I'll jolly well take my cricket-bat to you if you are!" said Harry Wharton warningly.

"You're an unsympathetic beast, Wharton! I say, these chestnuts are pretty good. You don't mind if I have some more, do you?"

"Leave us one each," said Nugent, sarcastically.

"I will," said Bunter.

And he did, gathering up the rest in his fat paw, the chums of the Remove eyeing him with wide-open eyes as he did so.

"I say, you fellows," continued Bunter, apparently oblivious of the looks the Famous Five were giving him, "I'm done with that foreign cad! I took him up, you know, because I was—"

"Hungry?" asked Bob.

"No, you ass! Because I was kind-hearted. But I'm done with him. I shall treat him with contempt in the future. But that places me in rather a difficult position," said Bunter, blinking seriously at them.

"Does it?"



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not ze frog and ze snail—zey are good—top-tip, as you say in English. Perhaps he eat a little too mooch. Zat is ze mat-tair."

And Dupont went back into his study shaking his head. Nothing was likely to convince him that his beautiful diet was repulsive to anybody with a properly-constituted British mind.

It was some time before Bunter came down; and when he appeared in Study No. 7 he looked pale and weak, as if he had just returned from a very stormy Channel trip. Peter Todd and Tom Dutton grinned at him as he dropped feebly into a chair at the table.

"I can't do any prep to-night, Peter," said Bunter feebly.

"Oh, buck up!" said Peter. "Try to forget about the frogs!"

"Groogh! Don't mention 'em!" gasped Bunter. "I'll slaughter that

"Yes. You see, I owe the fellow money."

"Well, you owe everybody else in the Remove money, don't you?"

"Oh, really, you know! I owe him money, and, of course, if I refuse to speak to a chap I can't remain under an obligation to him. You see that, don't you?"

"Better settle up, then," suggested Wharton.

"Quite so. But I happen to be short of money—"

"Not really?"

"Yes, really," said Bunter. "There's been a delay in my postal-order—"

"Help!" gasped the Famous Five with one voice.

"Owing to the war, you know—there's no end of delays in the post," said Bunter. "Or perhaps the Censor—they're always censoring letters, you know. I say, Wharton, do you think the Censor would bag my postal-order?"

"You howling ass, no!"

"He would have to be a very clever Censor to bag that postal-order," grinned Bob Cherry. "A regular miracle-worker."

"Oh, really, Cherry! Well, you see how the matter stands," said Bunter. "I owe that fellow ten shillings, and I'm bound to square him if I'm going to treat him with contempt. Under the cires, I suppose you fellows can lend me something?"

"Certainly," said Bob Cherry.

Bunter brightened up.

After getting two loans out of Dupont, it was really a stroke of great business to raise a third loan on the strength of the previous two being unpaid.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "You're a good chap, Cherry!"

"None better," agreed Bob.

"I'm not going to lend the fat spoofer anything," said Johnny Bull, with a snort. "Don't be an ass, Bob! You know he won't pay Dupont."

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"Still, I think I ought to lend Bunter something, as he asks for it," said Bob.

"You mean it, Bunter?"

"Yes, old chap!" said Bunter eagerly.

"A pound do?" asked Bob.

"Ripping!"

"I could make it two pounds if you like."

"Of course, that will be better," said Bunter gleefully. "I'll settle up out of my bank order—I mean my postal five—"

"Well, here you are," said Bob.

And, with great heartiness, he pounded Bunter on the chest. The Owl of the Remove staggered back with a yell. The other fellows had guessed, by that time, that Bob was working off that ancient wheeze on Bunter; but Bunter's brain did not work very quickly.

"Yaroooh!" howled Bunter. "Wharrer you at, you idiot? Wharrer you punching me for, you dangerous maniac?"

"I was giving you a pound—"

"You—you—you—" stuttered Bunter.

"And here's the other—"

Billy Bunter did not wait for the other. He bolted.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Napoleon Plays Cricket!

"YOU shall play ze game, isn't it?" Napoleon Dupont asked that question of Harry Wharton after lessons the next day. A number of the Removites were making for Little Side for cricket practice, and the Famous Five were among them.

"Yes," answered Harry, with a smile.

"Bon! You show me, isn't it?"

"All serene," said the captain of the



Bunter feels groggy! (See Chapter 6.)

Remove. "You're going in for cricket, are you?"

"Non, non!" said Nap, looking puzzled.

"You're not?" asked Harry, equally puzzled.

"Non, non! I go out for cricket," answered Dupont. "It is not permissible to play cricket in ze house, I zink."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I mean, you're taking up cricket," said Harry, laughing. "You want to learn it, I mean?"

"Oui, oui!" said Napoleon. "He is a great game. I have watch him viz pleasure. Here, I learn to play for ze school, isn't it? I am one of eleven! Bon!"

"You won't be one of the eleven yet awhile," said Harry. "You've got to learn first, you know. We'll give you some instruction with pleasure."

"The pleazurefulness will be terrific," assured Hurree Singh.

"I zank you," said Napoleon.

The French junior waiked down to Little Side with the five. Bolsover major was there, and he greeted his new study-mate with a scowl; but the other fellows gave him a good-humoured welcome. They were rather curious to see how Napoleon would play cricket.

"You've played before, Nap?" asked Squiff.

Nap shook his head.

"I have never play him, but I have watch him," he replied. "But I zink he is verree easy. You shall strike ze ball viz ze stick, isn't it?"

"The bat!" grinned Squiff.

"Ze bat? But ze bat, he is a bird," said Nap, puzzled.

"Not this kind of bat," chuckled Squiff. "There are lots of bats, from birds to brickbats; but we use a cricket-bat in this game."

"He is a wonderful language, zat English," said Napoleon. "It is verree clever of ze English to learn zeir language, I zink. Even ze leetle onfants speak him so well. It is wonderful!"

"Marvellous!" agreed Bob Cherry. "In fact, marvelyious. Take this bat Nap! Take it by the handle. That's really best, when you're playing."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Napoleon took the bat.

"Show him how to handle it, Squiff."

Sampson Quincy Ifley Field had a bat in hand, and he proceeded to demonstrate to Napoleon how it should be used. Nap watched him very intently, and he nodded, as if understanding perfectly.

"Zat is verree easy," he said. "Suppose ze ball is zero, I go for him like zis!"

"Yaroooh!" roared Bob Cherry, as Dupont suddenly swung his bat round to take a drive. Bob unfortunately caught it with his ear.

"Mon Dieu! Vat—"

"You howling idiot!" yelled Bob, clapping the side of his head in anguish. "What are you trying to brain me for? Oh! Ah! Yah! Oh!"

"Helas! I have hurt you!" exclaimed Napoleon. "The sorrow is profound!"

"You fathead! You ass! You jabber-wook!" Bob Cherry had quite forgotten his politeness to a stranger and an Ally. "You howling chump!"

"Go easy, Bob!" said Wharton, laughing. "Nap's got to learn yet, you know!"

"He's not going to learn on my napper!" groaned Bob. "I'll give him a wide berth when he's batting!"

"Helas! I'm sorry!"

"Try again!" grinned Squiff. "Back-pedal, you fellows! Danger!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Napoleon tried again, and the juniors took great care to keep out of reach. He swung the bat around with great energy, and knocked up a considerable amount of turf, and seemed satisfied.

"He is good?" he inquired, when he was out of breath.

He seemed surprised to see the cricketers howling with laughter.

"Oh, yes, he's good!" gasped Wharton. "He's ripping, in fact!"

"The ripfulness is terrific!"

"Bon! Now I play ze cricket!" said Napoleon. "You trow ze ball, and I strike him viz bat. Zere is nozzing else?"

"Well, yes, there's a little more than that—just a trifle," said Squiff. "Here's the wicket. Stick there!"

He led Napoleon to the wicket.

"Zat is verree easy," said Nap.

"You take the ball, Nugent."

"Right you are!"

"Now, the game is to get the wicket down," explained Squiff. "That's the wicket—those stumps and bails—see? When it's down the innings ends—see?"

"But zat is verree easy," said Napoleon. "I do him quick, isn't it." And he smote the wicket with his bat, and sent it flying.

Squiff stood transfixed.

"Wha-a-at did you do that you?" he stuttered.

"I get him down!"

"Oh, crikey! The bowler has to get the wicket down, not the batsman!" shrieked the Australian junior. "You have to keep it up. Stick those stumps up, somebody! You have to keep the ball off the wicket—see?"

"Maintenant, I see," agreed Nap. "I have slight mistake. Now I understand. I keep him up. Bon!"

The wicket was set up again, and Napoleon took his stand. Johnny Bull went to the other end of the pitch. Nugent, grinning, sent down the easiest ball possible, to give Nap a chance. Napoleon smote at it, and by some strange chance hit it. The ball whizzed away.

"Bon!" crowed Napoleon.

"Now you run!" shouted Squiff.

"Vat! Vy for do I run?"

"Oh, crumbs! Because—because that's the game! Run before the ball comes in! Put it on!"

"I understand! Yes! I run—I fly—I bunk!" exclaimed Napoleon, and he fled along the pitch at top speed, passing Johnny Bull half-way.

He passed the bowler's wicket, but he did not stop. Squiff had omitted to mention that he had to stop there.

There was a howl as he passed the wicket and rushed on at top speed. Yells rose from all sides as Napoleon bolted off the cricket-ground, keeping on towards the School House at a terrific burst.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

Squiff threw himself into the grass and kicked up his heels. Even Bob Cherry left off rubbing his head, and yelled. The sight of Napoleon streaking away in the distance was too much.

Napoleon vanished into space, leaving the Removites almost in a state of hysterics.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

A Wonderful Game!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. had settled down to practice when the French junior appeared on the field again. Apparently it had dawned upon Napoleon at length that he was not to keep on running for ever. He stood and looked on at the practice for some time, his head cocked a little sideways with an expression of owl-like seriousness, evidently doing his best to master the intricacies of the game.

The juniors had forgotten Napoleon; but when they quitted practice they remembered him. He greeted the Co. with an expansive smile.

"Oh, here you are!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Me voici," answered Nap. "I have run! I have run verree fast! Zat count for somezing in zis game, I zink?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Is it zat I have won zat game?" asked Napoleon.

"Not quite," grinned Wharton. "You oughtn't to have gone off the field. You stop at the other wicket—see?"

"Oh! Zat is some more for me to learn, isn't it? It is not so verree easy as I shall suppose. Zere is also somezing else. I have to learn to throw ze ball, isn't it?"

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"Bowl it," said Harry. "Throwing isn't allowed. Hold on a minute, you chaps; let's give Nap some bowling!"

The juniors were going in to tea, but they stopped good-naturedly. They were quite willing to help the stranger within the gates to learn the great game of cricket; and they also expected to be entertained. Bolsover major gave a contemptuous snort.

"That silly owl will never learn cricket!" he said. "I pity the chap who does the batting, if that howling ass gets hold of the ball."

"Like to take the bat, Bolsover?"

"No jolly fear!"

"I'll risk it, then," said Wharton, laughing. "Mind, Nap, you have to hit the wicket, not the batsman! If you touch me with the ball, I touch you with the bat—hard."

"Is zat part of ze game?"

"Nummo! That's part of the instructions. Show him how to bowl, Squiff."

Squiff sent down a few balls for the French junior to watch, laboriously pointing out how the leather should be held, and how it should be delivered.

"He is verree easy!" was Nap's comment.

"Well, here you are!"

Squiff handed the ball to Napoleon, and backed away out of danger. Most of the juniors crowded well out of the line of fire, thinking it safest to be behind the amateur bowler.

Napoleon clutched the ball, and fixed his eye on the batsman's wicket. Harry Wharton stood well on his guard, prepared to dodge the ball if it flew at his head. But his head was in no danger, as it happened. Napoleon took a little run, as Squiff had done, and folded himself up like a pocket-knife, and the ball flew from his hand.

For a moment, Wharton wondered where the ball had gone. Then a terrific yell from Bolsover major told him.

Bolsover jumped clear of the ground, clasping his head, and roaring with anguish. He was well behind the bowler, but Dupont was a bowler of unusual powers.

"Yah! Yah! Yoop!" roared Bolsover. "I'm brained! Ow, my napper! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Napoleon looked round.

"Vere is zat ball?" he inquired.

"Yah! Oh! Yaroooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hold on, Bolsover!" shouted Harry Wharton, as the bully of the Remove made a furious rush at Dupont.

"I'll smash him!" shrieked Bolsover.

"It was an accident."

"I'll accident him!"

"Mon Dieu! Vat—vy for— Yaroooh!" yelled Napoleon, as Bolsover fairly hurled himself upon him, and got his head into chancery.

Thump, thump, thump!

Percy Bolsover was hurt, and he meant to hurt the unhappy bowler. He did! Napoleon wriggled in his grasp, and yelled with anguish.

The juniors rushed to drag Bolsover off.

"Let go!" yelled Bolsover furiously.

"I'm going to smash him! I'll slaughter him! I'll pulverise him! I'll spifficate him!"

"Mon Dieu! A moi! Oh! Helas! Help!"

Thump, thump, thump!

A dozen hands fastened on Bolsover major, though the juniors were laughing almost too much to drag him off. The burly Removite was pulled back, and Napoleon struggled out of his grasp, breathless.

"Lemme get at him!" howled Bolsover.

"You stay there," answered Squiff, bumping him on the ground. "It was an accident. Don't be a fool!"

"I'll—I'll—I'll—" panted Bolsover.

"Oh, dry up! Come on, Nap."

"Oh! Ah! Ow!" gasped Nap. "I am injure! My nose, he is in pain! Oh, I do not like zis game of cricket! He is too rough."

"What?"

"I do not like him!" gasped Napoleon.

"Zat game, he may be all right for ze English, but I like him not. I play no more cricket."

There was a howl from the Removites as they realised that Napoleon supposed Bolsover's performance to be a part of the game.

"Oh, come on!" gasped Bob Cherry, almost weeping. "You'll be the death of me, Nap."

"Zat game, he is finish?" asked Nap.

"Ha, ha! Yes, he is finish," chortled Bob.

"And zat Bolsover—he win?"

"Oh, dear! No, you win," gurgled Bob. "You take the cake. You wander off with the whole biscuit factory!"

Napoleon looked a little consoled.

"Bon!" he said. "If I win ze game, zat is all right. It is not every beginner zat win his first game of cricket, I zink."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Napoleon left the field with the chums of the Remove, under the pleasing illusion that it had been a game, and that he had won it. He was rather doubtful, however, whether he would take up cricket. Bolsover's game seemed to him extremely rough.

But when the effect of the pommelling wore off he was feeling more confident. Wingate of the Sixth met him in the House a little later, and stopped to speak to him good-naturedly.

"I hear you've been playing cricket, kid," said the captain of Greyfriars.

"Mais oui!" said Napoleon, with a beaming smile. "He is rough game, but when I grow accustomed I zink I like him."

"A rough game, is it?" asked Wingate, looking at him.

"Yes, rizzer; but I win him," said Napoleon brightly. "I win ze first game of cricket zat I play at Greyfriars. Zat is good, isn't it?"

"You—you—you won the game?" stammered Wingate. "On your own?"

"Yes, I win him. I throw ze ball," explained Napoleon. "He hit Bolsover on ze tete—on ze head—vous savez!"

"My hat!"

"Bolsover punch me on ze nose and ze eye—"

"Great Scott!"

"And Sherry tell me zat I win."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Wingate.

"Zat cricket, he is verree remarkable game," confessed Napoleon. "Ze English zey are a wonderful people, and zeyr games are not like ours. I shall play cricket again, but not viz Bolsover. He punch too hard, I zink. Vy for you laf?"

Wingate yelled. But he did not explain "why for" he laughed. Napoleon was left to puzzle that out for himself. In the course of time it dawned upon Napoleon that his ideas of cricket needed revising. At present he remained in a blissful state of satisfaction at having won his first game at his new school.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Struck Down!

NAPOLEON of Greyfriars had found friends in his new school. Nearly all the Remove liked him. Even Skinner said he was a harmless ass. Billy Bunter had not quite forgiven him for that gorgeous feed

in No. 10, perhaps. But the French junior had only one enemy—his study-mate.

In No. 10 he led, as he pathetically described it, the life of ze cat and ze dog.

All his efforts to mollify Bolsover major's surliness were in vain. The Bully of the Remove was implacable.

Having forced a quarrel upon the new boy, and not having had the best of it, Bolsover major could not forgive Napoleon.

He was not allowed to bully his study-mate at his own sweet will. Harry Wharton & Co. kept an eye on that. And he could not fight him, and bestow that kind of punishment upon him. Nap was ignorant of "la boxe." He would fight his own way, or not at all. Bolsover certainly would not have got the best of a kicking-match, and he certainly was not inclined to try it. He nursed his resentment, and was incessantly surly in the study to such an extent that he tried even Nap's unfailing politeness.

Nap sometimes did his prep in other studies, where he was welcome, to get away from Bolsover's surly looks and snappish tones. But, naturally, he could not be expected to give up the study altogether, as Bolsover unreasonably demanded.

Bolsover, indeed, was growing unpopular on account of his enmity towards his study-mate, and that only increased his bitterness.

Once or twice he gave way to his bad temper, and went for the French junior, and on each occasion the Famous Five sat in solemn judgment on him, and he was given a Form ragging.

That did not improve his temper, though it caused him to exercise a little more self-restraint.

On Saturday afternoon Bolsover major came down to the cricket-ground with Skinner, and scowled as he saw Napoleon there. Nap was batting, and the juniors were grinning, giving Nap a wide berth at the same time.

Bolsover major gave an angry snort. "Lot of silly rot!" he said to Skinner. "That silly dummy can't play cricket! What's the good of playing the goat like this?"

"Oh, he's improving!" said Skinner. "He's not a bad chap, Bolsover. I don't see why you're so frightfully down on him."

Snort!
"He's popular," remarked Skinner, with a grin. It was amusing to Skinner to irritate the bully of the Remove in this way. "Everybody seems to like him."

Snort!
"Seems a decent sort, you know," chimed in Snoop, following Skinner's lead. "Good-tempered chap. You never see him scowling."

Bolsover was scowling blackly enough. "In fact, I must say I rather like him," added Skinner.

"Oh, shut up!" snapped Bolsover rudely.

And he moved away from his friends, leaving them grinning.

Whiz!
Napoleon had hit the ball, and it flew past Bolsover's head, so close that it made him jump.

Bolsover spun round in a fury. "You silly dummy!" he roared. "You did that on purpose!"

"Vat have I done?" asked Napoleon innocently. "I hit ze ball, zat is right, isn't it? You must not be in ze vay, Bolsover."

"Keep off the grass, Bolsover!" said Wharton.

"I'll stand where I like!" snorted Bolsover.

"Then you'll risk getting a knock," said the captain of the Remove. "Don't

be a silly chump, Bolsover! Keep out of the way!"

"Go and eat coke!"
"Field that ball!" shouted Squiff.

Bolsover major's eyes glittered. He ran after the ball, and picked it up.

"Zis vay!" called out Napoleon.

Bolsover major raised his arm as if to toss the ball back. Instead of doing so he whizzed it straight at Dupont.

"Look out!" yelled Bob Cherry in alarm.

Bolsover, you fool—" Whiz! Crash!

Bolsover major had intended the ball to crash on Dupont's shoulder, and give him a hard knock. But Napoleon moved at the same moment, and the ball, missing his shoulder, struck him upon the side of the head.

A sharp cry came from Napoleon, and he fell like a log upon the turf.

On all sides sounded exclamations of anger and alarm.

The French junior did not rise.

Harry Wharton was the first to reach him. He threw himself on his knees by Dupont's side, and lifted his head.

Napoleon's eyes were closed, and there was a trickle of red from under his dark hair.

He was stunned.
"Good heavens!" panted Wharton.

"Is he hurt?" Bob Cherry raced up.

"Is he hurt, Wharton?"
"Stunned!"

"Oh! That brute!"
"You cowardly rotter, Bolsover!"

shouted Squiff furiously.
"Water!" exclaimed Harry.

Two or three of the juniors rushed off. Harry Wharton supported the new junior's head.

Napoleon was still insensible.

Bolsover major, in his savage anger, had put more force into the throw than he intended. He had meant to give Napoleon a nasty knock on the shoulder, which was bad enough. But the unfortunate junior had received a crashing blow on the head, which was a good deal more serious.

He seemed scarcely to breathe as he lay with his head resting against Harry Wharton's knee.

The juniors gathered round in an excited crowd.

"Give him room!" exclaimed Vernon-Smith. "Don't smother the chap!"

"I say, you fellows, is he killed?" yelled Billy Bunter.

"Shut up, you fat duffer!"

"I say, you fellows, is he killed?" Bunter wanted to know. "I say, Bolsover will be hanged if he is, you know! Jolly good thing, too!"

"Dry up, I tell you!"
Bolsover major shuddered.

He approached the group with hesitating steps. His rage was gone now. It had carried him too far, and Bolsover would have given a great deal to recall that brutal action.

His face was white as he pushed his way through the group.

"Don't touch me, you rotter!" snapped Tom Brown.

"Get away, you brute!" growled Peter Todd.

Bolsover did not heed. He pushed his way forward, and looked down on the French junior's colourless, insensible face. The trickle of red from under the hair was thickening.

"I—I say—" stammered Bolsover.

"I—I never meant to hurt him. I—"

Wharton looked up fiercely.

"Get away, you bullying brute! You chucked a cricket-ball at a chap's head without intending to hurt him! Get away!"

"I—I never meant—"
"Oh, shut up!"
"Here's the water!" panted Bob

Cherry, coming up with a can and a sponge.

He pushed the bully of the Remove angrily out of the way, and knelt beside poor Napoleon.

Harry Wharton took the sponge, and bathed Dupont's face and head. The circle of juniors watched him anxiously.

Bolsover major was most anxious of all.

Dupont was still unconscious; and the wretched bully was oppressed by a terrible fear that he was seriously injured.

To do him justice, Bolsover was not thinking wholly of the consequences to himself. He was thinking as much of the unfortunate lad who lay so still and white in the grass.

"Hallo, what's the trouble there?" called out Coker of the Fifth, coming by with Potter and Greene on the way to Big Side.

"Only an accident," said Nugent hastily.

"Nap's killed!" announced Billy Bunter. "He's dying, anyhow! Bolsover major did it!"

"Hold your tongue, you fat fool!" hissed Bolsover major.

"Oh, really, Bolsover, you did, you know! I say, you fellows, we'd better call the Head, you know—he will have to telephone for the police— Here, keep off, Bolsover, you beast!"

Bolsover grasped the Owl of the Remove by the collar, and shook him savagely.

"Help!" yelled Bunter. "Don't let him kill me, too! Yaroooh! Murder!"

Squiff seized the bully of the Remove by the collar and dragged him away from Bunter.

"Stop it, you bullying fool!" he snapped. "There's been enough of that, I think!"

Bolsover major turned savagely on the Australian junior; but a fierce murmur from the fellows round warned him to be quiet. He shoved his hands deep into his pockets, with a savage, sullen look.

"Mon Dieu!"

It was the voice of Napoleon, as his eyes opened and blinked feebly at the surrounding faces.

Bolsover major gave a gasp of relief. A terrible dread had been in his heart the boy's eyes would never open again.

"Nap, old man!" exclaimed Wharton.

"Helas! Mon Dieu! Je souffre," murmured Dupont. "La tete— Ah!"

He put a feeble hand to his head.

"It's all right, old chap—you were hit by the ball," said Harry.

Napoleon remembered.

"Mais oui! Bolsove zrov zat ball at my head, isn't it! I am stum! I zink zat I am stum, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Harry.

"Don't move," said Bob. "You'll feel better in a minute or two. My hat! You've got a bump there!"

The French junior felt his head with groping fingers. A great bruise was forming under his thick hair.

"Does it hurt much, old top?"
Dupont suppressed a groan.

"Mais oui! Je suis blesee un peu—I am wounded a little, I zink. But zat is no mattair. My head he go round a little—I am daze! Ow!"

He leaned heavily on Wharton's knee.

His recovery relieved the juniors considerably. It was not so bad as they had feared at first. From anxiety for Napoleon their feelings turned to anger and condemnation towards Bolsover major.

Bolsover met their dark glances with sullen defiance. He was sorry for what he had done, but nothing would have induced that sullen, obstinate nature to make the admission.

"The Head will have to know of this," said Nugent. "Nap can't keep that

bump dark. He will have to see the school doctor about it."

Harry Wharton nodded.
"By gad, you've put your foot into it this time, Bolsover!" muttered Skinner.
"Mind your own business!" snapped Bolsover.

"I should jolly well say the Head will have to know!" exclaimed Coker of the Fifth warmly. "Bolsover, you young brute, you ought to be kicked out of the school for treating a kid like that."

For once, the Remove fellows were in agreement with Coker of the Fifth.

"You can tell the Head if you like," said Bolsover sullenly. "I dare say that French cad means to, anyway. It was an accident—"

"Oh, chuck it!"
"I meant to give him a knock, but not to bash him like that!" snarled Bolsover. "The silly fool moved when I threw the ball!"

"What did you throw it at all for, you cad?" growled Johnny Bull.

"Ah! Mon Dieu!" murmured Dupont.
"Hurt much, old son?"

"Mais oui," said Napoleon, with a faint smile. "He hurt verree much. But I can stand him! I zink I can get up! Zat you assist me, Wharton, isn't it?"

"Right you are, kid!"

Harry Wharton helped the French junior to his feet. Napoleon stood uncertainly, leaning heavily upon the captain of the Remove. Wharton dabbed the blood from his face with the sponge.

"Better get him in," said Squiff.

There was a yell from Billy Bunter.
"Here comes Quelch! Now you'll get it, Bolsover, you beast!"

A buzz of voices sounded as Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, strode upon the scene.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Napoleon's Chum!

"**W**HAT is this? What has happened?" demanded the Remove-master sharply.

He gazed in horror at Napoleon Dupont's white face, with the red still oozing from under his hair. The Form-master had caught sight of the excited group from a distance, and had hurried up, supposing that an accident had occurred. Bolsover major set his lips hard. He knew what to expect as soon as Mr. Quelch knew the truth, and he was prepared to face it with his usual hardihood. He knew that it would mean a flogging from the Head, at least.

The other fellows knew it, too, and no one wanted to tell the Form-master.

Mr. Quelch gave a sharp look round.
"Dupont is hurt!" he exclaimed.

"What has happened?"

It was Napoleon who replied.
"Zere has been an accident, monsieur. It is nozzing."

Bolsover major stared at him.

That was not the reply he had expected the French junior to make.

"I can see that there has been an accident," said Mr. Quelch. "But how did it happen?"

"It is nozzing, monsieur," faltered Napoleon. "I have a leetle knock on ze tete, but zat is nozzing."

"You have a very serious bruise!" exclaimed the Remove-master. "I do not understand this. Tell me what has caused this, at once, Wharton!"

Harry Wharton hesitated, while Bolsover major stood silent and sullen, waiting for the storm to break.

"It is one accident, sir," said Napoleon, before Wharton could speak.

"I hit ze ball viz ze bat, and Bolsover zrow him back to me. I move at ze

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wrong time, and zat ball, he hit my head, Zat is all."

"Oh!" said Mr. Quelch.

The juniors were silent.

Napoleon's explanation was in strict accordance with the facts, so far as it went. Certainly, it had happened just as he described—only he had not mentioned that Bolsover had purposely thrown the ball at him.

The bully of the Remove drew a deep, deep breath. He did not speak, but his eyes rested very curiously upon his study-mate.

There was the opportunity, now, for Napoleon to repay him with interest for his persecution, for his long and bitter enmity. And instead of taking that opportunity the French junior was seeking only to shield him from punishment for what he had done—even while his head was throbbing and aching from the cruel blow he had had.

"Oh!" repeated Mr. Quelch. "I understand! You must be very careful, my boys, in playing cricket with one who is entirely new to the game."

"Ye-e-es, sir," gasped Wharton.

"You had better take Dupont indoors now," said Mr. Quelch. "Let him lie down a little, and I will ask Dr. Pillbury to come and see him."

"Yes, sir," said Harry.

Mr. Quelch walked away, and the captain of the Remove led Napoleon off the cricket-ground.

"Well, my hat!" said Squiff. "What a card! There's precious few chaps wouldn't have given Bolsover away, under the circs."

"Jolly few!" said Bob Cherry.

"Dupont's an ass—but he's a good little ass!" As for that brute—Where are you going, Bolsover?"

Bolsover major was striding after Wharton and Dupont. Bob clenched his fists, and strode after him; but he saw the next moment that the bully of the Remove was no longer belligerent.

Bolsover ranged himself on Dupont's other side, and took his other arm.

"Let me help you, kid!" he muttered awkwardly.

Napoleon blinked at him.

"Vy for?" he asked. "You biff me on ze head, isn't it?"

"I'm sorry!" growled Bolsover.

Napoleon smiled.

"Oh, zat is all right! I forgives him," he said. "It is nozzing!"

Harry Wharton did not speak. Between them; Wharton and Bolsover got Napoleon into the house and up to the Remove dormitory. Mr. Quelch had gone in to telephone for the doctor.

Napoleon lay on the bed, his face still white, and his head throbbing with pain. Bolsover drew a chair to the head of the bed, and sat down, his rugged face very red. Wharton lingered.

"You can get back to the cricket, Wharton," said Bolsover.

"He'd better not be left alone," said Harry.

"Well, I'm staying."

Wharton gave him a look; and then, with a nod, he left the dormitory.

Napoleon lay silent, only an occasional moan of pain escaping him. But he smiled once or twice as he met Bolsover's anxious glance. He could see that the Remove bully, in his rugged, awkward way, was repentant and conscience-stricken; and he had forgiven him freely.

"I—I say, Dupont!" muttered Bolsover, breaking the silence at last.

"Oui?"

"Does it hurt much?"

"Mais oui! But it is nozzing!" said Napoleon, as cheerfully as he could.

"Only knock on ze head—zat is nozzing."

"I'm sorry, old chap!"

"Zat is all right."

"And—and I say—"

"Oui?"

"It was decent of you not to give me away to Quelch," said Bolsover earnestly. "I never thought you'd play the game like that. I—I haven't treated you very decently since you came here—I was a bit pig-headed, I admit. Most chaps would have told Quelch."

Napoleon smiled.

"It was jolly decent of you," said Bolsover. "I never expected it. I—I never deserved it. I should have got a flogging from the Head if it was known how you got that knock on the napper."

"Zen I am glad he is not known," grinned Napoleon.

"I—I say—"

"Oui?"

"I don't see why we shouldn't be friends," said Bolsover, getting it out at last, his rugged face very red. "You're a jolly good sort, Nap, and—and I'm sorry I've been down on you. I hadn't any reason, I admit that. We're in the same study, too. I'm willing to be friends, if you are."

"Bon!"

"Then it's a go," said Bolsover, relieved.

"I am verree glad," said Napoleon.

"Now, I am not able to embrace you, mon ami, but we vill be good friends—bon!"

Bolsover grinned.

He was not exactly sorry that his new friend was not able to embrace him. He sat by the bedside; and when Bob Cherry looked into the dormitory later, to see how Napoleon was, he found the two in amicable talk, and Bolsover was bathing the bruise on Napoleon's aching head.

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The next day Napoleon Dupont had a prize bruise, as Bob Cherry called it, to carry about with him, and on his Sunday walk he wore his hat a little sideways in consequence.

But he was as cheerful as ever.

And his Sunday walk was taken in company with his study-mate, and they came in together, evidently on the best of terms.

The life of "ze cat and ze dog" was ended in Study No. 10.

Napoleon of Greyfriars had made many friends, but not exactly any chum, so far. His first chum was his study-mate, Bolsover major. And the Famous Five, surprised as they were, were glad to see it. And when Billy Bunter, after an unsuccessful attempt to get a mythical postal-order cashed, was heard to refer to Napoleon as a Froggy, Bolsover major's heavy hand descended upon him, as a warning to speak more respectfully of Napoleon of Greyfriars.

(Don't miss "WILLIAM THE GOOD!" — next Monday's grand complete story of Harry Wharton & Co., by FRANK RICHARDS.)

NOTICES.

Back Numbers Wanted.

Alfred W. Pound, 5, Stratton Villas, West-bury-on-Trym, Bristol—"Bob Cherry's Barring-Out," "Schoolboys Never Shall be Slaves," "Driven From School."

P. Gritten, 13, Marlboro Avenue, West Toronto, Canada—"Gems" and MAGNETS before 500.

Bert Porter, 541, Agnes Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada—"Boys' Friend" Library, 1-250. 24s. and postage. Write first.

Leslie Mayer, 2090, St. Hubert Street, Montreal, Quebec, Canada—"G" and "M." 1-250; also 305-337. 3d. each for earlier ones, 2½d. the others.

THE GREYFRIARS GALLERY.

No. 76.—SIR HILTON POPPER, Bart.

SIR HILTON POPPER is no friend of the Greyfriars boys, seniors or juniors. He is a distinctly crusty and narrow-hearted old fellow, with a large sense of his own importance and selfish ideas as to property.

The island in the river is supposed to belong to him. He says it belongs to him, anyway; and he ought to know. He objects most strongly to anyone's landing on it. This, of course, is utterly unreasonable. Sir Hilton himself can get very little pleasure out of the island. He does not live on it, and does not want to live on it. He is not the sort of person to whom picnics appeal. It is a fair question whether he would ever set foot on the island at all but for his silly notion that he ought to keep others off it.

The contention of the Greyfriars juniors is that the island is not his. They have never been given any proof of his ownership. Further, if it is his, what harm can they do by landing on it, lighting a fire, and eating their grub there?

Again and again they have been ordered off, and complaints have been laid before the Head. The island has been forbidden to them—which has naturally made it more attractive. As one of the school's governing board, Sir Hilton cannot be regarded by Dr. Locke as lightly as he can be—and is—regarded by Dr. Locke's pupils. But the Head of Greyfriars has the crusty old baronet sized up about rightly. He must listen to him; but he is not prepared to do exactly what Sir Hilton wishes.

By the way, there was a time when Sir Hilton left the Board of Governors. Those of you who remember that fine story, "School-boys Never Shall be Slaves"—and no one who read it is likely to have forgotten it—will recall the fact that Sergeant Sharp, who turned out to be a Hun in fact as well as in methods, was introduced to Greyfriars by the instrumentality of Sir Hilton. When the big row that was inevitable came the baronet stood by his tyrannical understrapper, and it very nearly came to Dr. Locke's resigning. But the majority of the board backed up the headmaster. Sharp went, and Sir Hilton left the board in disgust. He has joined it again now—not greatly to anyone's delight. For really Sir Hilton would be out of place on any such body unless the other members of it were all blind, deaf, dumb, and soft. He can see no way but his own, and argument is powerless against his rooted obstinacy.

There are plenty of self-willed and obstinate men who are really good fellows if one can get under the crust, so to speak. But Sir Hilton is not one of these. He is as selfish and hard all through as a man well could be. I can only recall one instance of his showing real feeling—that was when Bob Cherry rescued his little niece from peril. Bunter got the credit of that. Bob, who, in any case, would not have gone in for posing as a hero, had special reasons for keeping his plucky feat dark. He was in detention that afternoon, and obviously one cannot be in detention and yet engaged in rescuing small girl kids some distance away. Bob had got fed up, and had strolled out. He did not want Mr. Quelch to know anything about this; and so for a time he allowed Bunter to pose as a hero. But it had to come out. Bob could not stand Bunter's determination to sponge upon the grateful Sir Hilton. All that matters little here, save as to the one point that Sir Hilton really was grateful—which is more than one would have expected of him. And from that one reason that he must have cared something about the kid—which is also more than one would expect.

He was very hard and mean in the case of Leonard Clavering, the boy whose place at Greyfriars that fine fellow, Tom Redwing, took for a time. There were old ties of association between Clavering's father and the bad-tempered old baronet. Sir Hilton wrote to Oswald Clavering, in South America, and told him that he ought to come home and join up. The reply he got was that Mr. Clavering had to think of his son's future; and Sir Hilton's answer to that was of such a nature as would have led any man to suppose that he himself meant to provide for that in the event of his old friend's son going under while fighting the Huns. Anyway, that was how Mr. Clavering took it; and that was what the Head took Sir Hilton to mean when the

baronet came along to say that young Clavering was coming to Greyfriars. To kind-hearted, generous Dr. Locke it seemed almost impossible that a man with all Sir Hilton's money and with so few ties should grudge anything he could do in such a case. The father had come back to Europe to fight and fall—come back at Sir Hilton's suggestion, and with what seemed to Dr. Locke—as it had seemed to Oswald Clavering—a promise that, in the event of his going under, Sir Hilton would adopt the boy. But Sir Hilton had not intended anything like that. It seemed. When he wrote of friends who would look after Leonard, he had meant some person or persons unknown—possibly non-existent—certainly not himself! Well, after all, Leonard Clavering had nothing from the old curmudgeon, and Tom Redwing had little enough. Sir Hilton had something from young Clavering, however; he had a horsewhipping, and he thoroughly deserved it. Those stories are too recent for there to be any need to dwell upon the circumstances; but it is worth while to recall the fact that the man who was so urgent that Oswald Clavering should come home across half the world to help fight for him and other noncombatants could sneer bitterly at Oswald's son in the guise of a mere private soldier.



You will remember how Peter Todd got home on Sir Hilton with the pail of white-wash, too. It was a wicked trick of Peter's, no doubt; but I don't think anyone who read the story had any sympathy with the victims of the trick.

As might be expected of him, Sir Hilton is a fanatic about the game laws. A poacher is to the baronet a terrible criminal. Valence and Bolsover major poached on his preserves, and Valence got into heavy trouble through it, but contrived to shift his burden on to the shoulders of Arthur Courtney. He gave Courtney's name, and to Sir Hilton Courtney was the detected criminal. Then did the cross-grained baronet show what an utter tyrant he is, and how much sheer brutality there is in him. He gave Courtney the alternative of taking a thrashing from him or being reported to the Head—meaning expulsion, naturally. Courtney had a third course—he could have exposed Valence. But he would not do that; loyalty to a chum, and a stronger feeling for that chum's sister, forbade.

Sir Hilton thrashed him. If Sir Hilton had been a gentleman—or even a decent fellow—that thrashing would have been merely nominal; the shame of submitting to it would have been punishment enough for a high-spirited fellow not far from manhood. It is doubtful, indeed, if any gentleman would have asked Courtney to submit; but if he had he would not have dealt with him as Sir Hilton dealt—would not have thrashed him till he was half dead. Sir Hilton did that. Courtney endured it—it was "The Only Way." That fine story stamped Arthur Courtney as the gallant gentleman he was, and it stamped Sir Hilton for what he is—an ill-tempered, wrong-headed, selfish, stubborn old tyrant!

The Editor's Chat.

For Next Monday :

"WILLIAM THE GOOD!"

By Frank Richards.

Next week's most amusing yarn shows up Billy Bunter in rather a new role. He has reformed before—under the influence of Miss Cora Quelch; but this reformation, which transforms him into "William the Good," is not brought about in that way. He had pretended high motives before, fasting with a secret supply of grub to go at between meals; but this, again, is not quite as that. In fact, it is different from anything that has ever happened to Bunter before, and as amusing as the funniest stories ever told about him.

How does "William the Good" suit the Remove generally? Does it last? Is it real? These are some of the questions sure to be asked. But I am not going to answer them here.

OUR NEW SERIAL.

I hope you are all reading this. I know that many of you do not care for the ordinary type of adventure story which used to delight the boys of earlier generations. But "The Brown Torrent" is not just an ordinary adventure yarn. There is far more in it than that—plenty of humour, for one thing—strongly marked characters for another. Mr. Sidney Drew is a master in this line, and you cannot afford to miss this fine specimen of his work.

Don't worry about the dropping of the "Greyfriars Gallery" and "Tom Merry's Weekly" matter. You will have that back in a few weeks—in the "Gem," if not in the MAGNET. It is possible to overdo even the best of things; and I fancy most of you will be even keener on this sort of stuff after a few weeks' rest from it.

LIST OF GREYFRIARS STORIES IN THE "MAGNET" (continued).

The continuation of the list was crowded out last week. These are not "spacious times" for editors. Couldn't be helped, you know. Here is some more of it, anyway.

- 238.—"The Form-master's Secret."
- 239.—"The Hidden Horror."
- 240.—"The Tuckshop Raiders."
- 241.—"Coker Minor, Sixth-Former."
- 242.—"The Greyfriars Insurance Co."
- 243.—"The Schoolboy Sleep-walker."
- 244.—"The Schoolboy Policeman."
- 245.—"For His Mother's Sake."
- 246.—"The Terror of Greyfriars."
- 247.—"Top Dog!"
- 248.—"The Bounder's Triumph."
- 249.—"The Greyfriars Crusaders."
- 250.—"Sacked From the School."
- 251.—"The Schoolboy Renegade."
- 252.—"Mark Linley's Last Fight."
- 253.—"Drummed Out of Greyfriars."
- 254.—"Bob Cherry's Barring-Out."
- 255.—"Harry Wharton's Win."
- 256.—"The Greyfriars Pantomime."
- 257.—"Fishy's Fag Agency."
- 258.—"Rake of the Remove."
- 259.—"Left in the Lurch."
- 260.—"Harry Wharton & Co.'s Rescue."
- 261.—"Scorned by Greyfriars."
- 262.—"A Split in the Sixth."
- 263.—"Captain Coker."
- 264.—"A Son of the Sea."
- 265.—"The Captain's Minor."
- 266.—"Bob Cherry's Secret."
- 267.—"Chums Afloat."
- 268.—"The Schoolboy Conjurer."
- 269.—"Barred by the Fags."
- 270.—"Bob Cherry's Chase."
- 271.—"The Impossible Four."
- 272.—"The Schoolboy Moneylender."
- 273.—"Friars versus Saints."
- 274.—"Standing by Skinner."
- 275.—"Peter Todd's Chance."
- 276.—"Wun Lung's Secret."
- 277.—"Holding the Fort."
- 278.—"In Direst Peril."
- 279.—"His Own Betrayer."
- 280.—"The Schoolboy Dramatists."

YOUR EDITOR.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 540.

A Great New Serial Story.

THE BROWN TORRENT.

BY SIDNEY DREW.

A Thrilling Story of Adventure, in which Ferrers Lord, Ching-Lung, Gan-Waga, the Eskimo, and other Popular Characters, play their parts.

NEW READERS START HERE.

Rupert Thurston buys an idol bearing the inscription, "I am Sharpra, the Slumberer, and at my awakening the world shall tremble!" Ferrers Lord, Ching-Lung, Gan-Waga, Maddock, Prout, and O'Rooney arrive. The idol's eyes are seen to open, and with a terrific crash the hotel collapses.

A lank Indian, named Gadra Singh, is employed as cook; and the one-time rebel, Larput Raj, is the shikari. While watching the idol he sees its eyes open, but they quickly shut.

Duke Payton arrives and joins the expedition to the cactus country. They are out hunting a tiger, and Ching Lung manages to shoot it. They find a blue-eyed native who has been killed by a python, and bury him. Maddock, Gan-Waga, Barry O'Rooney, and the cook are left in camp. Some rebelling natives fire on them.

(Now read on.)

The Attack.

"AV that's all ut is, Ol'll go," said Barry O'Rooney. "Aftther this honourable declaration of war from behoid a bush, Ol'm inclined to be nasty. Ol'm sartin Oi shall hurrt somebody av Oi lose my timper. In the words of the barrd: 'Duty calls, and Oi must go. Though ye think Ol'd rather not. Av Ol'm not in toime for tay, Kapo the buttered muffins hot. Should Oi wid a nigger mate, That same chap will have cold fate.' So good-boie, bhoys, for a bit!"

"Easy, souise me, Irish!" said Maddock, as Barry swung one leg over the barrier. "Don't rush at things like a bull at a gate, with your head down and heels up. If the chief and the others have stuck together, these brown bounders will think twice about attacking them, unless they're twenty to one. I was thinking— Legs and wings! Where is he?"

Gadra Singh, with a couple of meat-skewers in his rifle, in addition to other things, was lying flat on his chest, longing for an enemy to show himself and be skewered.

Maddock wanted his flask of gunpowder. The cook had brought enough of the coarse, black stuff with him to blow up a fortress.

Maddock began to make a few smoke-balls out of rags and papers, stuffed with gunpowder, pressed hard, and wrapped round with string.

O'Rooney helped by cutting sticks to fit Gadra Singh's rifle. Larput Raj looked on unconcernedly.

"Ut's about foive to wan the ould fuse will do ut on us, Ben," said the Irishman. "Ut'll shake out or miss foire or some such bad-timpered thrick. Load up your sixteen-inch gun, cook, and don't spare the stuffing."

With a powerful charge behind it the bomb rose to a tremendous height. Just as they thought the fuse had failed a black cloud of smoke appeared, and the dull sound of a report came back to them.

"Give them some morer, Ben," said Gan-Waga. "That was all rightness. Yo' see that chap a longful ways, hunk?"

"It moaz pootiful!" said the cook. "But it not moaz pootiful you take all my nice powder."

"Bedad, that's a noice thing, Ben!" grinned Barry O'Rooney, closing his knife with a snap. "Here am Oi cuttin' wood loike a silly sawmill, whin the cook fits the barrel of the gun loike the skin fits a plum. Give him hould of the lot at wance, and a box of matches, and fire him up, and he can loight the whole bunch whin he gets up there."

The suggestion was not carried out, which seemed a pity, as the second bomb failed, and came down with a bump a few hundred yards away. There it did explode, and shreds of burning paper and charred rags were hurled in all directions. A dry bush burst into a crackling blaze, and a minute later, as Barry O'Rooney pushed the stick of the third bomb into the smooth bore and ignited the fuse, five of the brown-skinned enemy, who had been lurking in the bush, found that it was a matter either of bolting or roasting, and bolted. Two of them discharged arrows just before they fled that fell short.

"Fire, souise me!" yelled Maddock. "Fire, or it will burst on top of us!"

O'Rooney dropped the gun that had been pointed skywards with a slap into his left palm. The four men were raising up the sloping ground, and in another instant they would have jumped over the ridge and been in cover. The old smooth-bore uttered its roar. The stick had slipped half-way out of the barrel before Barry pulled the trigger, that was almost as hard, for some reason, to draw as a double tooth.

Barry could hardly have placed the bomb or timed it better if he had been at the heels of the runaways and thrown it by hand. It was only a rag-and-paper affair, but it had been solidly compressed and tied, so there was plenty of resistance. There were no fatalities, but it blew the four men clean off their feet. They were up again and off the next instant, terrified, battered, and slinged; and even old Nacha and the bearers permitted themselves a grin.

"Oh, Barry, what a butterfuls flukes!" said Gan-Waga, shaking with laughter. "Ho, ho, hoo! What a lovellful fluke!"

"Phwat d'ye mane—fluke? Harrk at ut!" said O'Rooney indignantly. "Didn't Oi toime ut to the millionth parrt of a second, and get the distance to the millionth parrt of an inch? And ye call ut a fluke, ye whale-devourin' monsther! Howld my coat, Ben—there's nothin' in the pockets, so Ol'll thrust you for wance—howld my coat whole Oi lay him out! Ha, ha, ha! Av ut wasn't so serious Ol'd smoule a few toimes; but serious ut is, ould scout, and Oi don't loike ut. There's too many of the brown-reptoiles to be joyful!"

Another rocket was successfully exploded. Maddock and O'Rooney were pretty sure that all the bearers knew how to use a rifle, but unless a serious danger threatened they did not feel justified in opening the bale and serving out the weapons. And probably Ferrers Lord and his comrades were not far away.

"Ut sthroikes me, Ben," said O'Rooney, "that this isn't a healthy spot, my gay gossoon. Phwat d'ye say av we move back into the dip yondher? Ut's a bit of an apology for a trench, ye see, and av we poile up the bales in front there'll be a soight more cover than there is here. Ol'm not narvous, but, bedad, Ol'm careful!"

Maddock agreed. The hollow was a much safer position.

While Nacha kept watch the new barricade was swiftly formed. The mule was released from his head-rope. Weeping Willie disliked strangers only little more than he disliked his acquaintances, and it was unlikely that he would allow himself to be captured by the enemy. The mule walked up the slope with his usual sorrowful air and looked over. He munched a bit of the burnt rag, and seemed to like the gunpowdery flavour. Then he dropped the rag, pricked up his ears, stuck his tail out, swung round, squealing, and galloped towards the barricade amid a cloud of arrows.

Then came a volley of fierce yells, and wild faces showed over the ridge, followed by

brown bodies and a menacing flash of spears.

Maddock thrust his rifle into Gan-Waga's hands and drew his automatic pistols. Larput Raj's hillmen whipped out their keen-edged knives, and as the brown attackers rushed howling down the slope Gadra Singh's big smooth-bore crashed out like a thunderclap.

Mr. Thomas Prout Goes Nap and Wins It.

TWO miles from the camp, on the advice of Larput Raj, the hunting-party divided. So far, they had stirred neither fur nor feather. The breeze blew straight from the north still, with a faint but perceptible smell of sulphur in it. The thin mists of the early morning had gone. The sky was a clear and shining blue, and the sun a flaming shield; but it was not unpleasantly hot, for although Sharpra might be burning, and, as Ching-Lung said, they could smell the old fellow's breath, the breeze that met them came from the region of eternal snows, and retained a portion of their chill.

"It's hardly worth while making any rendezvous," said Thurston. "We'll all agree to make camp by dusk. Is that it?"

"It will be a neck-breaking job to make it at all if we don't," said Ching-Lung. "On with the dance, you fellows, or our game-bags look like being too light to tire us much. Up to now this neighbourhood is a pure puzzle. A box of cigars we beat you! The odds ought to be three to one against us, but we were always generous. The chief has only come out for a walk, and there's only Prout and my poor little self against you two renowned big-game shooters and the famous shikaris. So-long to you, and excellent sport!"

They parted. Presently the millionaire pointed to a grassy hill with his cane.

"Let us go up and survey the landscape, Ching," he said, taking his binoculars out of their leather case. "I am surprised game is so scarce. Hallo! What do you make of that?"

He stopped, and bent to examine the tracks of some animal. They were only faintly visible, as the ground was hard.

"They look like the dainty footprints of an Indian rhino, though we seem to be a bit high up on the map for one of those leather-skinned gentry to be about, chief," said the prince. "Whatever they are, they're days old."

"Too stale to be worth following, but undoubtedly it was a rhino-ros," said Ferrers Lord. "He may be out of his latitude, but he is here all the same."

The millionaire led the way up the hill. To the left a river wound and twisted between brown rocks and scrub. It was the stream they had crossed at the shallows where Gan-Waga landed the mahster. Through a rift between the hills appeared a stretch of plain bounded by a dark wall of forest. The visibility, as airmen call it, in spite of the blue sky, was only moderate. Sharpra could not be seen, for that mysterious and elusive peak was hidden by a veil of smoke, but mightier and less troublesome peaks could be

seen faintly outlined, the towering monsters, one of which still remains unconquered, the roof of the world.

"There's game of some sort away on the plain, sir," said Prout, who had the vision of a falcon. "I can see them moving."

"Wild ponies," said Ferrers Lord; "ponies by the hundred. That's the real game-country, I have no doubt; an ideal game-country—scrub and jungle, forest-land and good grazing on the plain. That means a fat larder for every kind of beast. A couple of days from now I think we shall have enough shooting even to satisfy our insatiable friends Thurston and Payton, and delight Larput Raj."

He made a rough sketch of the country on a leaf of his pocket-book. A mile or so farther on they beat a small wood that had a hopeful appearance. It only produced a few jungle-cock; and as a rifle is a pretty useless weapon against a jungle-cock on the wing, the birds escaped unmolested.

"We'd do as well as this in a London back yard, Tom," said Ching-Lung, with a laugh. "We'd be pretty certain of a few sparrows and the cat from next door. I'm beginning to think you know all about it, chief, and that's why you left your rifle behind. There seems to be nothing with four legs in the whole parish."

"No, I expected game," said the millionaire. "I was not in a shooting mood, that is all. Plenty of work for a punt and a shot-gun there—eh?"

A broad lagoon opened before them. On its blue surface floated water-fowl, not in hundreds or thousands, but in hundreds of thousands. Ching-Lung fired his rifle to see the effect. The birds rose in a vast cloud, with a whirring of wings that resembled the noise of aeroplanes in full flight, and with a clamour of cries that almost deafened the three men.

"Now we may as well have lunch," said Ferrers Lord, when the uproar had lessened. "If there is a head of game anywhere you must have scared it, Ching. Let us see what the cook has put up for us, Prout."

Prout unpacked the basket he had carried slung over his shoulder, and then went to look for eggs. The reeds were filled with nests, but only a few of them contained eggs. Prout cracked a couple of them. Both went off with a faint, popping noise, and an aroma filled the air that made the sturdy mariner clutch his nose and retreat. Evidently it was not the season for fresh eggs in that vicinity. The water-fowl had settled down again, but they were very wary.

"Isn't it queer that those birds should be so shy in a lonesome place like this, sir?" asked Prout. "You wouldn't think they'd ever seen a man or knew what a gun was; and, by honey, they're as watchful as a cat at a mousehole!"

"Some of them—the geese, most likely—have been potted at, Tom," said Ching-Lung. "I don't mean here, but they migrate enormous distances. Once they've had a dusting with shot they never forget, and they put the others up to it. A goose is a wily bird. When people talk about silly geese, Thomas, they are talking through their hats. According to the yarn, they saved Ancient Rome from being captured. And with sage and onions they are quite respectable company."

"Yes, sir; I don't mind inviting one or two of 'em to dinner on them terms, by honey!" said Prout, as he proceeded to repack the basket. "I'd give 'em a hearty welcome!"

Prout had placed the basket on a flat stone at the foot of the steep bank. He packed it with the neatness of a trained sailor, and placed a white serviette on the top. He glanced round to see that nothing had been forgotten. When he looked at the basket again the serviette was sprinkled over with fragments of soil. Ching-Lung and Ferrers Lord had lighted their cigarettes, and were sauntering along the edge of the lagoon. Any small animal burrowing in the bank might have loosened the soil and shaken it down. A tuft of grass above him quivered suspiciously. The movement came from the roots, not from the top, as it would have done if only the breeze had been shaking it. Prout picked up an empty claret-bottle, out of which they had refreshed themselves, made a running scramble up the bank, and struck at the tuft of grass.

The result was instantaneous and amazing. Howling, a brown-skinned man leapt out of his concealment, and came toppling down on the bearded mariner. He locked his sinewy legs round Prout's neck, and grappled the steerman's waist with his arms. Down they rolled together, overturning the basket. Prout was too strangled to yell. He fell on his

back, but his arms were free. His big hands slid along the body of his assailant and round his shoulders till they found his throat. There they shut together, thumb touching thumb, and the fingers dovetailing into each other with crushing force. It was soon over. As Ching-Lung and Ferrers Lord ran up, Prout shook the man away with the kind of shake a terrier gives a rat, and rose, dusty but triumphant, leaving his half-strangled assailant lying, prone and quivering, at his feet. Then Prout had a fit of coughing. His windpipe felt as if it had been twisted round under his ear.

"Spyin' on us, by honey!" he said, when his breath came back. "I thought it was a rat or a jack-rabbit skulking in the grass up there, and made a slash at it with a bottle. I must have fetched the little brown beggar a nasty swipe over the knuckles. He came down a-top of me, and put a very decent knee-lock on my neck, and tried to bite through my watch-chain with his teeth. He's given me a bit of a sore throat, but I hope I haven't choked the shrimp."

Ferrers Lord and Ching-Lung exchanged glances.

"The very twin of the fellow the rock-python knocked over," said the millionaire. "If Prout hasn't choked all the voice out of him he may be able to talk some jargon that Larput Raj or one of the bearers understands."

Prout climbed the bank to see if the man had left anything up there. He discovered a bow, a hide quiver well stocked with arrows, and a double-bladed canoe paddle.

"Here's some of brown polish's clutter," he said, throwing down the articles. "I'm no detective, by honey, but as brown polish wasn't likely to have used that same paddle for picking his teeth of brushing his hair, I take it three's a canoe not far away. Shall I look for it, sir?"

"It might be useful if you can find it, and it is of any size," said Ferrers Lord. "Tie this fellow's hands first."

"He wants sandpapering first, sir," said the mariner, wiping his own hands on the grass. "By honey, he's oiled himself all over till he's as slimy as an eel! And as vicious as a wild cat with its tail in a trap, too. He's chewed a piece out of my coat, and he's still got it between his teeth!"

From the hollow stock of his rifle Prout produced a piece of cord and fastened the man's wrists behind him. As Prout was prodding the rushes with the paddle in search of the canoe the native came back to life. He squirmed and wriggled and jerked till he gained his knees. Then he spat out the fragment of cloth, and made a rush for the lagoon, diving under the millionaire's arm and eluding Ching-Lung, only to run into the embrace of Mr. Thomas Prout, who arose unexpectedly from behind a screen of rushes. Prout grasped him by his stumpy black pig-tail and by the lobe of one ear.

"I don't want to hurt you, by honey," he said, "but see here, brown polish, don't you try to do it! Don't get the wind up so much. If my pal Gan-Waga sets eyes on you he'll want to make a meal off you, you're so oily. Don't do it, I say!"

He led the squirming prisoner back. Twice he twisted round and tried to bite Prout's hand, more like a wild beast than a human being. The millionaire spoke to him in the vernacular, but he stood glaring sullenly, and did not answer.

"I've found the canoe, sir," said Prout, "and it will take four of us at a squeeze; but not unless we can keep that little rat quiet, for he'll capsize us, sure. The basket-strap will do that trick."

"Look lively, Tom!" cried Ching-Lung. "Mind your beauty!"

The prisoner saw Prout and the strap approaching him from behind out of the tail of his eye. He was as spiteful as a catamount. A savage back-heel kick from his thick leather sandal just grazed Prout's kneecap, thanks to Ching-Lung's warning, and a more dangerous kick almost scraped his chin.

Prout made no more bones about it. He dumped the prisoner down like a sack, and held his ankles together by main force while the prince manipulated the strap.

The canoe was a dug-out, roughly shaped, but fairly buoyant. Ferrers Lord looked at the rough sketch he had drawn in his pocket-book. The lagoon had been invisible from that point, but he was almost certain that the lagoon had an outlet to the stream and helped to feed it.

Ching-Lung took the paddle. They placed the prisoner in the stern, with Prout to keep a watchful eye on him.

"Keep well out, Ching," said Ferrers Lord.

"The outlet must be at this end, if we can get through the reeds. I want to know who the fellow is and what his tribe is. But if we can't make our way back by water he'll be a nuisance to us all the way."

When only thirty yards from them the reeds looked like an impassable green wall. There was a slight current, and that in itself, as it was moving in the direction of the reeds, showed that there was an opening beyond them.

The millionaire drew his hunting-knife, and, kneeling in the bows, slashed right and left. It was slow work, but every stroke told.

"Clear water ahead!" he cried at last. "I can see the glimmer of it! Now it is your turn, Ching!"

Ching-Lung paddled sturdily. The reeds thinned and the speed increased. Then came open water.

"I don't know whether you heard it, sir," said the gruff voice of Mr. Thomas Prout, "but, by honey, I thought I heard a bang! In fact, I'm not so sure it wasn't two bangs. Perhaps old Sharpra is letting off a few squibs in daylight for a change."

"Very probably," answered the millionaire. "I didn't notice anything of the kind, Prout. 'Ware the rocks, Ching!"

The stream was rapid now. As they turned a sharp bend a few jagged boulders jutting above the surface threatened shipwreck.

Ching-Lung, with a clever twist of the paddle, shot the canoe safely between two of them and round a third.

"I don't quite know where we are, chief," he said; "but keep your eyes and ears open for that waterfall we noticed when we were crossing the ford. If we go over that we shall all get out of this magnificent canoe a good deal faster than we got into it, and a good deal wetter, too. What's that, then? That's not old Sharpra, unless he's shifted his lodgings."

The sound was a dull booming.

"I fancied I heard two like that before, only a lot fainter, sir," said Prout. "By honey, I believe I can guess what it is! That old blunderbuss belonging to the cook. That's just the sort of row the thing would make; and Gadra Sing is a terror of a shikari. Perhaps he's having a day away from his pots and pans banging at butterflies."

It came from somewhere near the camp, at any rate," said Ferrers Lord. "More rocks, Ching, but plenty of room, I think. This river twists like a demented corkscrew. Nicely done! Now you have a straight run for a quarter of a mile."

"Bim! Boom!" There was an interval between the two sounds, and the second was much louder than the first. A black smudge appeared in the sky. The fainter report was that of Gadra Singh's gun, the louder one the explosion of the fourth bomb.

"A smoke-bomb," said Ching-Lung. "There's trouble, and we're wanted. How far do you think it is away, chief, at a guess?"

"Two miles or more in a straight line," said Ferrers Lord quietly. "It may not be so far over country, but we had better stick to the river, for we don't know what obstacles we might meet with ashore. It can only be trouble with these mysterious natives, Ching. I can imagine nothing else. Shall I take the paddle?"

"Not unless you're dissatisfied with me, old chap. I was congratulating myself that we were travelling finely."

"Carry on, then. I'm sure I could do no better," said the millionaire, as he lighted a cigarette. "Drive ahead, prince!"

Ching-Lung set his teeth and paddled furiously. The canoe carried a heavy burden, but the prince got the utmost out of her. She leapt through the gloom of a ravine and out into the sunlight again, slid past boulders and down a rapid of glistening water so shallow that she twice scraped the bottom. And then, when she was driving along at her very best, she struck a hidden snag and overturned, spilling her occupants in a heap.

Luckily the water was barely knee-deep, though it was running like a torrent. Ferrers Lord grasped the prisoner by the leg as he was being swept away to almost certain doom, and secured Ching-Lung's rifle. Prout made a plunge after his own weapon, and secured it, and it was too well-oiled for the wetting to have done it much injury. As they splashed ashore the canoe broke clear of the snag and drifted away.

"We are close to the camp!" cried Ching-Lung. "I can hear the waterfall quite plainly. Leave that chap there, and we'll fetch him later."

"Better take him, sir," said Prout, giving his rifle to Ferrers Lord. "That strap will

stretch a foot now it's been wetted, and the slippery beggar will soon wriggle out of it. As we've brought him so far, by honey, I may as well cart him home."

Prout picked up the prisoner, only to drop him again and race after Ching-Lung and the millionaire. He leapt up at a tree as he ran and tore off a thick branch, as he had no weapon except his knife. He could hear fierce yells. It was a forked branch, and he was tearing off the twigs when he was foolish enough to stumble over a small anthill.

Prout went sprawling. It was a heavy fall, and when he picked himself up he was shaken and nearly breathless. And at that moment Gadra Singh's big smooth-bore, that scattered like the rose of a watering-gan, thundered, and sent a double charge of buckshot into the ranks of the attackers. And that moment, too, the rifles of Ching-Lung and Ferrers Lord began to crack and spit.

As if by magic Mr. Thomas Prout recovered his breath, and then he had the time of his life. Seven or eight brown-skinned warriors came rushing through the scrub. They had flung away their spears and bows in their terror and haste, and they did not see the burly mariner until too late. Prout's clenched fists shot out-right and left. Then he paused to blow his smarting knuckles, and to grin down at his prostrate victims—five of them.

"What's all this, Tom?" asked the voice of Mr. Benjamin Maddock. "Is it skittles?"

"Skittles, you old dead-eye? What are you talking about?" growled Prout. "If I'd been playin' skittles I'd have knocked over nine of 'em, wouldn't I? Can't you see I only went nap, and got it, by honey?"

The Prisoner and His Story.

THOUGH it had not been a bloodless victory, there had been no actual loss of life. Gadra Singh's first and only shot had filled the hearts of the attackers with dismay and their skins with leaden pellets, and the flank assault of Ching-Lung and Ferrers Lord, who had fired bullets over their heads, had settled it. There were nine prisoners, and five of these had fallen before the brawny fists of Mr. Thomas Prout.

"The whole thing is a nuisance, chief," said Ching-Lung. "They seem fierce little beggars, but they're gun-shy, and won't face firearms with any courage. But if they're going to harass us all the way this trip won't be a picnic."

"Yes, it is a nuisance, Ching," said the millionaire. "We don't want these little brown hornets buzzing round us. I wish Payton would come. What is it, Nacha?"

Nacha salaamed. "Great sahibs, one of those brown curs would speak with thee," he said. "I told him the great sahib conversed not with swine, and that I would carry his words to thee; but he was dumb."

"Good! He can talk the vernacular, then? Send him along at once, Nacha," said Ching-Lung.

Nacha salaamed again, and brought the prisoner forward. He was very like the rest of his comrades, except that he had a coiled snake tattooed on his chest. His left eye was closed and puffy. He was one of the men who had been unlucky enough to encounter Prout in his flight. There were little patches of sticking-plaster on his chest, too, where Ching-Lung had extracted some of Gadra Singh's pellets and covered up the holes.

Gadra Singh acted as guard. A proud man was Gadra Singh as he shouldered his gun and stuck out his chest, for Maddock Sahib and O'Rooney Sahib had shaken him by the hand, and the great yellow-faced sahib, Ching-Lung, who in his own land was a mighty rajah, had patted him on the shoulder and called him hot stuff. Moaz pootiful!

"What is thy name, thou son of a brown adder?" asked Ferrers Lord. "Find thy tongue quickly! Thy name and thy tribe?"

"Dandu, great one," answered the man. "I am of the Darhans, and we be few. We are a poor people, and a peaceful folk."

At this last astonishing statement Ching-Lung laughed outright, and Ferrers Lord could hardly repress a smile.

"Surely thou art the greatest of liars!" said the millionaire, pointing to Nacha's bandaged hand. "And I must hang thee! Do peaceful folk attack harmless travellers with bullet and arrow and spear?"

"It was for our lives, sahib. May my tongue split if I lie to thee! We hunt and we fish and we cultivate our little fields and tend our flocks. We are of the plains yonder. We are not warlike or fighters like the men of the hills and forests. Great sahib, we have

done wrong, but it was for our lives. Sharpra the Slumberer has awakened out of his long sleep, and the men of the forests and the hills are arming according to the prophecy that must be fulfilled. And we be few in numbers and weak, mighty sahib, and dread to be overwhelmed and slain, and evil counsel came to us."

"Only evil hearts accept evil counsel," said Ferrers Lord. "I fear I must hang thee. What counsel, then, was this?"

"First it was news, sahib. Our young men brought it that white sahibs and their bearers were advancing, and that they had many rifles. And with the terror of Sharpra and the fulfilment of the prophecy came the evil counsel to slay you and seize the rifles. It was Zapra, the priest who feeds the sacred snakes of the Darhans, who counselled us, saying that Rosti, the rock-python, had whispered it in his ear as he slept. And these were his words, sahib:

"The torch of Sharpra the Slumberer is burning, and the armies of the hills and the forests sweep down to the battle and to eat up the earth. We are a little people, but Rosti, who guards us, has not forsaken us. Harken, then, and listen unto the commands of Rosti, and obey them ere we are overwhelmed and devoured."

"Into the hearts of certain white men, by the magic of his spells, he hath put it to travel towards our country with many rifles. Rosti hath sent us these rifles that we may beat back our foes and hold our lands, for without them we must perish. The white sahibs know not that the rifles are for us. Slay them, then, and take what is ours, and do it speedily, for I hear the tread of armed men on the hill-paths, and the forests shake with the tramp of marching feet."

As the man paused Ferrers Lord clicked open his gold cigarette-case and passed it to Ching-Lung.

"Have you gathered it all in, Ching?" he asked.

"I fancy so," said the prince, with an amused laugh. "Zapra, the snake-charmer, must be some priest. Or was it that he put too much whisky in his water? I've heard whisky makes people see snakes, and perhaps it makes them hear them, too. There's a lot of truth in one of his remarks—that we didn't know our rifles were intended for the special benefit of his tribe. I must be very ignorant, for, 'pon my honour, it's the first I've heard about it. And here's the Sharpra yarn bobbing up again like a cork in a bucket. We can't get away from it."

"No, it's a fact we can't get away from it," said Ferrers Lord. "I'm inclined to believe this plebeian rascal's story. Rifles and cartridges are a very tempting commodity in this wilderness. Dandu, thou brown adder, who is the chief of thy cut-throat tribe of brigands?" he went on, turning to the prisoner.

"Shandza, the son of Zapra the priest, was our chief, great sahib; but whether he lives or is dead I know not. If he is dead, then I, Dandu, am chief. When your coming was known Shandza went forth to spy on you, and since then no man has set eyes on his face. Zapra tells it that you have slain him, and vows a great revenge!"

"Great snakes from Iceland!" cried Ching-Lung. "Snakes, and still more snakes! Don't you remember the man the rock-python bowled over, chief, when the brute was bolting out of those burning reeds with all its scales red-hot? Nemesis! I'll wager he was the son of the keeper of the sacred snakes. Rosti, not Rosti, would have been a better name for that snake, for he was pretty well roasted when he slid along."

At that moment Rupert Thurston, Payton, and Larput Raj came over the ridge. They had met with no success at all. They were not a little surprised to see the prisoners and to hear what had happened.

"I'll hand this fellow over to you to repeat his yarn, Payton," said the millionaire. "You may as well tell him about the man who had his spine broken by the rock-python. I think these are the men who spoiled our sport, Rupert. They seem to have been dodging all over the place for days watching us and frightening the game."

"I wish I had stayed in the camp and seen some of the fun," said Thurston. "I think it's the first really blank day I ever had in my life, and I detest a blank day. We found igacks of game, but they were all twenty-four hours old." Larput Raj got quite surly. "If Payton hadn't been there I think the shikari would have sat down and poured dust on his head. He's a bit jealous of Payton, I fancy; but as Payton had no better luck, it didn't matter."

Payton's conversation with the prisoner lasted a long time. At last he shrugged his shoulders, filled his pipe, and walked over to Ferrers Lord, who was having his wet shooting-boots pulled off by Barry O'Rooney.

"I don't think this man is lying," he said, "but we must take it with a grain of salt. It's the way with them. They always count two as six, three as a dozen, and so on."

"Then you imagine there is more in it than a mere wish to cut our throats and seize our rifles and belongings?"

"Frankly, I do, sir," said Payton. "I think it's very possible that the hillmen intend to raid the plains. As fighters in comparison the plainsmen have always been a poor lot. No doubt their priests have raked up this old legend of Sharpra, and are preaching it for all they're worth, and promising unlimited loot to the hillmen. But vast armies, on the face of it, is all rubbish. There'll be a few guerilla bands of raiders, and it will be anything but safe over here. I'm hardly in a position to offer you any advice, sir, and it would be sheer impertinence on my part to do so; but if you intend to cross the divide I anticipate some very lively moments."

"I'll think it over," said Ferrers Lord, with a smile. "I never resent advice, and I have something of a fondness for lively moments. By the way, did you mention the man who was killed to the prisoner?"

"I did, and described him as well as I could. He looked so pleased about it that I have no doubt it was their chief."

The bearers had erected the tent, and Ferrers Lord went into it to change his wet clothes. Ching-Lung and Prout had already put on dry garments. Suddenly, and for the first time, which proved that his neck was perfectly sound again, Mr. Thomas Prout recollected that he had taken six prisoners that day, not five.

"By honey, I'd forgotten all about little brown polish!" he said to Ching-Lung. "Clean forgotten him, sir! I expect the strap stretched with the wet, and he's slipped it. But it's only a hop, skip, and a jump, so I'll go and look. It wouldn't be fair to leave the poor beggar lying there all night."

"Me, too, Tommy," said Gan-Waga. "I go alonges, too; old dears!"

The sun was sinking in a crimson sky as Prout shouldered his rifle, and the river ran crimson in the glow. Guided by the broken branch, Prout went to the place where he had dumped down his first prisoner. But no prisoner was there.

"Looks, Tommy—looks, looks!" said Gan-Waga, in a hoarse whisper, and pointed upstream.

Prout only looked once. He saw a dozen canoes crowded with men. They stayed no longer.

(To be continued.)

NOTICES.

CRICKET.

Matches, wanted by—

ST. ANNE'S C.C.—16—ground, Blackheath.—W. J. Chamberlain, 37, Thornburn Square, S.E. 1.

MARCONI MESSENGERS' C.C.—15½—E. Jones, Messengers' Dept., Marconi House, W.C. 2.

MACKWOOD A.C.—13-15.—R. Kew, 57, Willow Vale, W. 12.

VICTORIA A.C.—14-17—3 mile radius. Players wanted.—L. Rich, Victoria Avenue, E. 7.

H. Penry, 5, Munden Street, Hammersmith, W.—16.—Away matches.

TOOTING COMMON C.C.—15, weak.—Matches from May 4th.—H. Reffell, 12, Sunnyhill Road, S.W. 16.

AVENUE.—2nd Eleven.—H. Jelf, 66, Mont-holme Road, S.W. 11.

SOUTHDOWN C.C.—16½-17.—Matches wanted up to August.—W. C. Cox, 34, Durden Road, Southdown Road, Liverpool.

DULWICH ATHLETIC.—G. E. Wells, 14, Theodore Road, S.E. 13.

POKESDOWN WESLEYAN C.C.—11-15—5 miles from Southdown.—E. F. Taylor, 1, Stourfield Road, Boscombe Park, Bournemouth.

HUYTON R.F.C.S.—18—6 miles radius.—A. Threlfall, 14, Rupert Road, Huyton, near Liverpool.

ANERLEY C.C.—16-17—5 miles. Also a few good players.—A. E. Woodfield, 12, Palace Square, Upper Norwood.