

THE CHEERFUL, THE NEW HOUSE, PETE'S LION
CHINEE! HERO! HUNT!

By FRANK RICHARDS.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

By S. CLARKE HOOK.

The
**Penny
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Three Complete Stories of—
HARRY WHARTON & Co.—JACK, SAM, & PETE—TOM MERRY & Co.



WUN LUNG'S LITTLE JOKE!

(An Am sing Scene from the Splendid Long Complete Tale of Harry Wharton & Co.,
Contained in this Issue.)

THE CHEERFUL CHINEE!

A
Magnificent Long Complete
School Tale, dealing with
the Early Adventures of

**HARRY
WHARTON
AND CO.**
OF
GREYFRIARS

BY
**FRANK
RICHARDS.**



Harry Wharton burst into a laugh as the flood of gaslight showed him the cardboard terror, and the yellow face of Wun Lung grinning through the open jaws. "You young rascal!" he exclaimed.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

A Strange Alarm.

OW! Help!"
Crash!
It was Billy Bunter who uttered the sudden wild howl that rang through the Remove passage at Greyfriars. And as he did so, the dish full of cold potatoes he was carrying under his arm to Study No. 1 slipped to the floor and smashed into a hundred pieces.

"Help! Ow! Help!"
It was a dark evening in late March. The Remove passage was not lighted, but Billy Bunter was coming along in the dusk without a thought of danger, when two bright green eyes suddenly glimmered out of the gloom, and behind them loomed faintly a fearsome shape.

It was no wonder that Billy Bunter dropped the dish and yelled. The dish smashed, the potatoes rolled far and wide, and Bunter stood petrified for a moment, his knees knocking together, able to do nothing but yell. But the green eyes were advancing, and Billy Bunter turned and bolted.

He bolted along the passage, and skimmed down the stairs. With a white face and wide, staring eyes behind his spectacles, the Owl of the Remove bundled downstairs three at a time, lost his footing half-way down, and rolled to the bottom. He picked himself up on the mat and gasped, and, jamming his spectacles on his nose, dashed off to the junior Common-room.

He burst into that apartment like a thunderbolt.

"Help! Help!"
Harry Wharton and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh were playing chess near the door. Bunter rushed right in, collided with the table and sent it flying. The pieces rolled in all directions, and Wharton sprang to his feet.

"You young ass!" he roared. "Why don't you look where you're going?"

"The assfulness of the young rotter is terrific!" growled the Nabob of Bhanipur, who had been within three moves of mate after a trying struggle on the chessboard.

"Help! Help!"
"What's the matter? What—"
"Ow! Help!"

Bunter staggered towards Wharton, and threw his arms round his neck, and clung to him hysterically.

Harry stared at him, and the other Removites gathered round and stared, too. Bunter was gasping with affright, and even the light and the crowd seemed hardly to reassure him. He clung to Harry Wharton as if afraid to let him go.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry, giving the fat junior a playful dig in the ribs. "What's the trouble? Have you been ventriloquising again, and is somebody on your track with a cricket-stump?"

"No. I—I—"
"Been raiding somebody's tommy?" asked Nugent.

"N—no. I—I was taking up a dish of potatoes in No. 1 to fry for tea—ow—ow—"

"What's the matter? Was the house-keeper after you with a rolling-pin?" asked Hazeldene.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"No, she wasn't, Vaseline," said Bunter, recovering himself a little. "She gave me the potatoes, and said I was to be careful with the dish. It's smashed to pieces now—"

"Is that what you call being careful with it?"

"How could I help it, when I was frightened out of my skin?" demanded the fat junior indignantly. "If you had seen a horrible dragon suddenly jumping on you from the darkness, I expect you would have bolted, too."

"A what?" demanded a dozen voices at once.

"A fearful-looking animal, with bright-green eyes, gaping jaws, and awful long claws," said Bunter, drawing upon his imagination for details. "It was coming along the Remove passage at a fearful rate, growling like a tiger, and gnashing its teeth like—like anything. It nearly had me—"

"What nearly had you?"

"The wild beast."

"What wild beast?"

"I tell you there's a wild beast in the Remove passage!" nearly shrieked Bunter. "Do you think I should drop a dish of potatoes for nothing?"

"Well, no, there must be something wrong when you get careless with grub," admitted Bob Cherry. "But the wild beast is a little too thick."

"It might be a tiger escaped from some menagerie," suggested Hazeldene, with a wink. "It may be coming in the door here at any moment."

Billy Bunter gasped, and squirmed round to get behind Wharton.

"Or it may stop to eat the potatoes," said Bob Cherry. "Are tigers fond of potatoes in your beautiful country, Inky?"

The Nabob of Bhanipur shook his head.

"They would ratherfully take the big bitefulness from the fatful carcass of the esteemed Bunter," he replied. "If it is a tiger, he is certain to come here and select the excellent Bunter for his honourable supper. Let us say the good-bye-fulness to our Bunterful chum in case—"

"Good!" said Bob Cherry. "Get a little nearer to the door, Bunter, so that the tiger won't have to come in. This way—"

"Hold on!" shrieked Bunter. "Stop! Beast! I won't go to the door! Ow! Help!"

Bob Cherry released him, giving him an indignant look.

"Do you mean to say that you would refuse to sacrifice yourself to save the rest of us, Bunter? I'm ashamed of you? Besides, there's the tiger to be considered. He's probably hungry, and he would like a fat oyster like you for his supper. To deprive a hungry tiger of his supper comes under the head of cruelty to animals."

"It's all very well for you to rot, Cherry," said Bunter, "but there's a wild beast in the Remove passage. Very likely he has devoured Wun Lung, who was in Study No. 1 alone. I'm jolly well not going out again till he's captured!"

"You'd better make up a party to capture him," said Skinner, with a yawn. "Of all the howling idiots, Bunter takes the cake, I think!"

"If you don't believe me, Skinner——"

"Oh, of course we all believe you. It's so probable that a tiger would be roaming round the junior studies."

"I don't say it was a tiger. It looked more like a dragon. It might have been a lion. It had green eyes and gushing jaws. It nearly had me, when, with wonderful presence of mind, I brought the dish down upon its head, and batted."

"You said just now you dropped the dish."

"The dish dropped after I had brought it down upon the wild beast's head with wonderful presence of mind. You should have heard it roar, that's all!"

"We should have heard it roar, certainly, if it had roared," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "This room isn't so very far away from the Remove passage. If there were a wild beast roaring up there, I fancy all Greyfriars would hear it."

"Perhaps it was more like a growl than a roar. Yes, now I think of it, it was roaring in a suppressed tone. I have no doubt that the terrific blow I gave it partially stunned the creature. I say, you fellows, what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to find the chessmen you've scattered," said Wharton, stooping down to look for the pieces on the floor. "I've a jolly good mind to give you a hiding, too!"

"Oh, really, Wharton——"

"Better go and collect up the potatoes," said Bob Cherry. "You can wash 'em, and fry 'em for tea, all the same."

Billy Bunter shuddered.

"I wouldn't go up to the Remove passage again for a thousand pounds!" he gasped. "I say, what are you going to do about it? Some of you ought to go and look for the wild beast, and——"

"Rats!" said Bulstrode. "Don't be a young ass! There isn't any wild beast."

"I tell you I saw it!"

"Bosh!"

"I'm sincerely sorry that you should doubt my word, Bulstrode. I crashed the dish down on its head, with wonderful presence of mind, and——"

"Oh, go and eat cake——"

"Better go up to the study and get tea," suggested Nugent. "You can take a candle with you, and you won't see the wild beast in the light, you know. It was only a shadow."

"Oh, really, Nugent——"

"Cut off, and don't be a young ass!"

Bunter shook his head.

"I'm not going out into the passage again. If you fellows are afraid to go and see what it is——"

"You young duffer! There's nothing there!"

"I tell you I smashed the dish on its head with wonderful——"

"Bosh! We may as well go and look along the passage," said Nugent. "This young ass is in a jelly of a fright. Who's coming?"

"I will," said Bob Cherry.

Hazeldean, Skinner, Desmond, and Russell also volunteered. The party left the Common-room, and went upstairs, Bunter called after Nugent to take a light, but Nugent did not trouble to reply.

The Removites were firmly convinced that the fat junior had been frightened by a shadow, and that there was nothing to be afraid of in the Remove passage.

There should have been a gas-jet alight, but it was out now, and the passage was very dark. Nugent, Cherry, and the rest strode on boldly towards No. 1 Study, and there was a sudden sound in the silent passage.

It resembled somewhat the trumpeting of an elephant, but it was not exactly like anything the juniors had heard before. The Removites stopped.

"What the dickens is that?" muttered Bob Cherry.

"Sounds like——like—— My only summer hat! Look there!"

From the end of the passage came a glimmer of green eyes, and the strange noise approached the juniors. Below the eyes could be dimly seen huge jaws, round the faint outlines of a huge, misshapen head. For one moment the juniors gazed spellbound. Then, with one accord, they turned tail and fled. Down the stairs they went helter-skelter, scudded along the lower passage, and burst into the Common-room with pale faces and thumping hearts.

"What is it?" cried Harry Wharton.

Nugent gasped for breath.

"I—I don't know! But it's there!"

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Danger Ahead.

HERE was a buzz of excited voices in the junior-room. Billy

Bunter's story had been laughed at; but when Nugent declared that "it" was there, it was clear that there was cause for alarm. Nugent was not the fellow to be alarmed at a shadow, and besides, the other fellows with him were equally scared. Bulstrode went quickly to the door and closed it. If some wild beast were lurking in the upper corridor, he might take a fancy into his head to come downstairs.

The door re-opened the next moment, however, and Temple, Dabney & Co. of the Upper Fourth came in. They stared at the startled Removites.

"Hallo! What's the matter here?" exclaimed Temple. "What the dickens did you slam the door in a chap's face for?"

"Looking for a thick ear apiece, perhaps," suggested Fry. "Mighty near getting it, anyway."

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"There's something wrong upstairs," said Harry Wharton. "The fellows think there's a wild beast or something in the Remove passage."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Temple & Co. laughed in chorus. The Removite glared at them.

"I say, you fellows, it's quite correct, you know. I found the wild beast there, and I smashed a dish over its head with wonderful presence of mind——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you think it's so funny," exclaimed Nugent indignantly, "you'd better go up and see what it is."

"Not worth the trouble," said Temple airily. "Can't go about looking for the shadows that frighten you kids."

"Not much!" said Fry.

"Well, then, if you funk going up, stop your silly cackling!"

Temple turned red.

"Who funks going up, Frank Nugent?"

"You do!"

"If you want a licking——"

"Rats! If you don't funk it, go up and show that you don't, that's all."

"It's not worth——"

"Bosh!"

"No good going up for nothing——"

"Piffle!"

Temple made a stride towards the irrevocable Nugent. Wharton pushed him back, and met calmly the glare of the captain of the Upper Fourth.

"Cheese it!" he said quietly. "If you are looking for something to do, go up and look in the Remove passage and see what has scared the chaps."

"It's all rot!"

"Oh, rather!"

"Very well, if you don't like the job, I'll go," said Wharton.

"Funk!" roared a dozen voices.

"Stop your cackling, Temple, if you funk it!"

"You confounded young asses," growled Temple. "Of course I'll go, if you think I funk it. Come on, you chaps. Give me a candle."

"I went up without a light," said Nugent.

"Oh, very well. I'll go up without one, too—hang you! Come on."

Temple's companions hesitated for a moment. They knew that the Removites were not easily scared, and they felt that something might be wrong. But to funk it now was to expose themselves to endless ridicule. Temple led the way boldly enough, and Fry and Dabney and Scott followed.

The Removites watched them go, and stood round the doorway waiting for them to come back. Temple & Co. went along the passage and went boldly upstairs.

The Removites waited and listened anxiously. The silence was broken by a sudden yell in the distance, followed by a helter-skelter on the stairs.

Wild and hurried footsteps came crashing down the stairs, and the heroes of the Upper Fourth came back towards the Common-room, running as if they were on the Cinder-path.

They burst into the room, knocking the waiting Removites right and left, and Fry slammed the door hard and locked it. Then they stood panting and palpitating.

"My only hat!" gasped Temple.

Nugent looked at him sarcastically.

"Only a shadow, wasn't it?" he asked

"My—my aunt!"

But it was no time for chipping. The explorers were too thoroughly scared for any fun on the subject. Harry Wharton's face was grave and anxious. He was thinking of the new boy alone in Study No. 1. The juniors could not have been scared by a shadow. It was not impossible that some wild beast might have escaped from a travelling menagerie, and found its way into Greyfriars.

The captain of the Lower Fourth made a movement towards the door, and Nugent caught him by the arm.

"Where are you going, Harry?"

"We must look into this."

"But——"

"Wun Lung is in Study No. 1," said Harry quietly. "If there is any danger——"

Nugent turned pale.

"I had forgotten that."

Wun Lung, the Chinese boy, was new in the Remove. He did not belong to Study No. 1, but he had a way of taking up his quarters there, and on this particular occasion he had settled himself down in the study to manufacture a Chinese kite. The chums had seen him there an hour before, surrounded by

bamboo, canvas, paper and paint, and quite happy and busy. He was doubtless still there—and, if there was in truth some escaped wild beast in the passage, Wun Lung was in danger.

"But—but you can't go up," said Hazeldene. "Hang it, it might really be a tiger!"

"It looked more like a lion," stammered Temple. "I caught two greenish eyes—"

"I say, you fellows, I told you so, you know."

"The head was very large, and I think it had a mane," said Dabney. "It was more like a lion than a tiger."

"I should have taken it for a dragon," said Fry, "only we know jolly well that there isn't such a thing as a dragon. It was an enormous beast, too—I couldn't see its body, but its head was on a level with ours."

"I don't understand it," said Wharton. "It might be some rotter playing a practical joke."

"Impossible!" said Billy Bunter. "The fearful blow I gave him would have killed him. You remember that I crashed the dish on his head with wonderful presence of—"

"Rats! I dare say you imagined all that," said Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Anyway, we can't stay here all night," said Harry Wharton. "We've got to go up and see what's the matter. If there's really any danger, we must look after little Wun Lung. Get any weapons you can find, and come on. No good hanging about."

There was a bicycle lantern on the table, and Bob Cherry lighted it. Wharton took the poker from the grate, and Nugent and Harree Singh took the shovel and tongs. Several other fellows found cricket-stumps or walking-canes, and some opened their pocket-knives.

The wild beast in the Remove passage was likely to have a lively time if the varied weapons once got to work on him. Billy Bunter did not join the explorers, and most of the Form remained with him. If, by any possibility, an escaped tiger was in the upper corridor, discretion was certainly the better part of valour in their case.

Harry Wharton was quite alive to the possibility of real and terrible danger, but his face was calm, his nerves firm, as he ascended the stairs. He held the poker firmly in his hand, and Bob Cherry held the lantern above his shoulder, to throw a steady light in advance. After them came a dozen or fifteen of the Remove and the Upper Fourth, variously armed, shaking with excitement, and ready to bolt at a moment's notice.

They reached the head of the stairs, but nothing of a suspicious nature was seen.

Study No. 1 was at the farther end of the passage, where another passage branched off towards the box-room stairs.

Greyfriars was a very old building, rambling with passages connecting portions of the structure which had been put up at different times. The explorers advanced slowly but steadily along the passage, till a low, strange sound fell upon their ears.

"That's it!" muttered Bob Cherry.

Wharton halted, the poker held ready for use, his eyes searching into the gloom ahead.

The noise was a strange one, and seemed to be made by some animal, but what the animal was the junior had not the faintest idea. But it was certain that it was not the growl of a lion or a tiger.

It was only for a moment that Wharton stopped. Then he advanced again grimly, and the others, with beating

hearts, followed. There was a sudden gasp from Nugent.

"Look!"

Two greenish eyes glimmered from the darkness. Harry stopped, his heart beating hard. The light of the lantern fell upon the green eyes, and upon a fearful head, upon red jaws, and glistening teeth.

A single movement of alarm from Wharton was all that was required to send his followers flying helter-skelter. But in that moment he showed that he was worthy to lead. For a moment, indeed, his heart beat hard, thumping against his ribs, and his breath came thick and fast. Then, setting his teeth, he rushed forward.

"Harry!" shouted Bob Cherry.

Harry Wharton did not heed. He dashed forward, the poker in the air. Another moment, and the weapon would have crashed down upon the formidable head. But in that moment came a sudden glare, and, with the blaze in his eyes, Harry stopped short, blindly.

The next instant it was pitchy dark again, and his dazzled eyes saw nothing. Bob Cherry ran forward, lantern in hand. Nothing was to be seen in the corridor. A faint sound was heard from the direction of Study No. 1. Then dead silence!

Harry rubbed his eyes. The juniors looked up and down the passage. Nothing was in sight—nothing was to be seen save their own scared faces. All had seen the terrible vision. What had become of it? Harry Wharton pointed towards the study door.

"It is in No. 1," he said, in a low voice.

There could be no doubt upon the point. The wild beast, or spectre, or whatever it was, had escaped into Study No. 1, and was there now, behind the closed door. The Removites pressed on, and halted outside the study door; but, for the moment, even Harry Wharton hesitated to open it.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Wun Lung's Little Joke.

HARRY WHARTON did not hesitate more than a moment. Within the study was Wun Lung, the Chinese boy, and if the strange beast was there, too, Wun Lung was in terrible danger.

In spite of what he had seen with his own eyes, Harry had a lurking feeling that there was some deception about the matter—that it would turn out to be some jape, due to some practical joker of an original turn of mind—how, he did not know. He felt his heart beat as he grasped the handle of the door and turned it.

He threw the door open, and then stepped back for a moment.

The interior of the study was dark; the gas had been turned down to a mere pinpoint. From the blackness came the green glimmer of the eyes.

Bob Cherry brought the lantern to bear, and the terrible head came into view again, but only for a second.

Something whizzed in the air, and struck the lantern from Cherry's hand, and it crashed on the floor, and the light went out.

There was a stampede of the Removites. The crash was enough to make them imagine that the strange beast was springing upon them.

"Run for it!" gasped Hazeldene.

Harry Wharton did not move. He stood, with beating heart, watching the green, glimmering eyes.

Bob Cherry put a hand on his shoulder.

"Harry, cut!"

"Nonsense! It's some trick, Bob."

"But—"

"I'll give him one with the poker, and

A quick, sharp voice came from the blackness:

"No hittee!"

Bob Cherry burst into a roar.

"It's Wun Lung!"

Harry Wharton laughed, and stepped into the study, and in a moment turned the gas on full. In the flood of light the terrible beast was fully exposed.

A huge dragon's head had been artistically made of bamboo, cardboard, and paper, and painted with great skill. The eyes were formed of green glass, and behind each was fastened a tiny electric glow. The effect in the dark was startling enough, but in the light it was comic. The huge jaws of the dragon, painted red, and the cardboard teeth, were very realistic in the dusk.

The dragon's head was mounted upon the shoulders of a diminutive Chinese boy.

Harry Wharton burst into a laugh as the flood of gaslight showed him the cardboard terror, and the yellow face of Wun Lung grinning through the open jaws.

The Removites came crowding back round the doorway. Wun Lung stepped from under the dragon's head, and laid it on the table.

The whole secret was laid bare now, and the juniors knew that they had been the victims of something rather new in japes, and the startling flash in the passage, which some of them had taken for the dragon breathing fire, had, of course, been produced by magnesium-powder.

The Chinese junior faced the Removites with a bland and deprecating smile.

"Wun Lung sorry!"

"I think we'd better make you sorrier!" grunted Bob Cherry, taking the Celestial by the ear. "What do you mean by fright-startling us like that?"

"Me tly kitee."

"Kite! What kite?"

Wun Lung indicated the dragon's head.

"Chinese kitee," he explained. "Me tinkee tly it—frighten Bunter for jokee!"

"Well, it's all very well to frighten Bunter," said Nugent severely. "But you've startled us, too, and that's a serious business. Don't you know better than to startle grave and reverend seigneurs, the heads of the Remove?"

"Wun Lung sorry."

"That's all very well, but I think you had better have a hiding."

"No savvy."

"Better smash up the dragon," said Hazeldene. "He deserves it for his cheek. Of course, I knew it was a little game, all along."

"Yes, you looked as if you did," said Bob Cherry. "But it's a good idea to jump on this horrible-looking thing."

"No jumpee—no jumpee!"

"Rats! The sooner it's busted the better—"

"No bustee. Me makee kitee."

"Well, this horrid object isn't a kite!"

"Yes, kitee—Chinese kitee."

"You can't fly a kite that shape!"

"Me flyee to-morrow," said Wun Lung. "Me show. Lookee! Wind blowee through holee, and makee noise—so."

The Chinese blew into an orifice in the dragon's head, and produced the sound which had so alarmed the Removites. The juniors were laughing now. The bold explorers returned to the Common-room to report their success, only the chums of No. 1 remaining in the study.

Billy Bunter came upstairs with a very doubtful expression on his face. But his last fears were relieved as he saw the cardboard dragon's head on the table.

"It was only a joke, you young ass!" said Nugent.

"Well, you were more scared than I was," said Bunter. "I brought the dish

down on the dragon's head with wonderful presence of—"

"Ha, ha, ha! The cardboard must be jolly strong to have stood it, and it doesn't show a sign of the whack," grinned Bob Cherry.

Bunter looked a little confused. He never told deliberate untruths, but he never stopped to think whether what he was going to say was true or not. And after he had once uttered an exaggeration, however wild, he firmly believed that it was true, and would repeat it with every confidence.

"It's no good arguing with a chap like you, Cherry," he said. "If you doubt my word, this discussion had better cease. Sling the Chinese imp out of the room."

"No slingee. Me stayee."

"Look here, you yellow gnome, this isn't your study!" exclaimed Bunter. "You dig down the passage with Russell. Travel along!"

"No savvy."

"Get outside!"

"No savvy."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "You can't possibly make him understand plain English when he doesn't want to, Billy. You'll have to tell him in Chinese."

"I can't speak his disgusting language."

"Then Inky had better tell him in Hindustanee."

The nabob grinned, and tapped Wun Lung on the shoulder.

"Ghar se niklo," he said.

"No savvy."

"It's no good!" said Wharton, laughing. "He doesn't mean to savvy. I say, Wun Lung, will you stop to tea?"

Wun Lung's eyes glistened.

"Me savvy. Me velly pleasee stoppee."

"You see, he can savvy some things."

"That's all very well," growled Bunter. "But what about the potatoes? I was going to fry them for tea, and now they've been trampled on by nearly every hoof in the Remove. The maid will make a row to-morrow about cleaning up that linoleum, too."

"Well, we can't have them for tea if they've been trampled on," said Bob Cherry. "Think you could get a fresh lot from the housekeeper?"

"If I go back to the housekeeper she will ask me for the dish."

"We shall have to get her a new one. Meanwhile, what are we to have for tea? Anybody got any tin? I don't mind doing some shopping."

"I say, you fellows, I think it's about time that Chinese stood a feed—"

"Shut up, Billy!"

"I'm not going to shut up. I say it's time Wun Lung stood a feed. He's been here more than a week, and I really consider—"

"Me tinkee samee."

"Oh, you think the same, do you?" blinked Billy Bunter. "Then the sooner the feed comes along, Mister Wun Lung, the better I shall like it."

"Me standee feed to-morrow—me cookee nicee dishee. Suppose you lettee me cookee in this loomee, nic cookee good feedee."

"You can cook in this room if you like, if you're going to stand us a feed. But I think you'd better leave the cooking to me. I'm an old hand."

"Chinee cookee nicee-nicee feed."

"H'm! Well, it's a bargain. Mind, to-morrow's the feed. I shall remind you. Speaking of feeds, I was going to stand one myself, but I've had a disappointment about a postal-order. If you fellows like to stand the tin, I'll go and do some shopping for you."

"That's what I call kind, Buntie."

"I mean to be kind, Nugent. You fellows have stood me a lot of things, and I like to return obligations. As a matter of fact, I am planning a series of extensive feeds ready when I am in funds."

"When?" said Bob Cherry.

"Oh, it won't be for some time, but it's a dead cert. You see I am going to win a pound a week for thirteen weeks in a competition. There isn't the slightest chance of my not getting the prize, you see, because my answers to the puzzle pictures are absolutely correct, and are certain to be better than any others sent in. When I get that pound a week—"

"When you do, Buntie, you can tell us about it. But do give us a rest now."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Cut down to the tuckshop and get some grub for tea," said Harry laying a half-crown on the table, "and buck up. Something cold—I'm hungry."

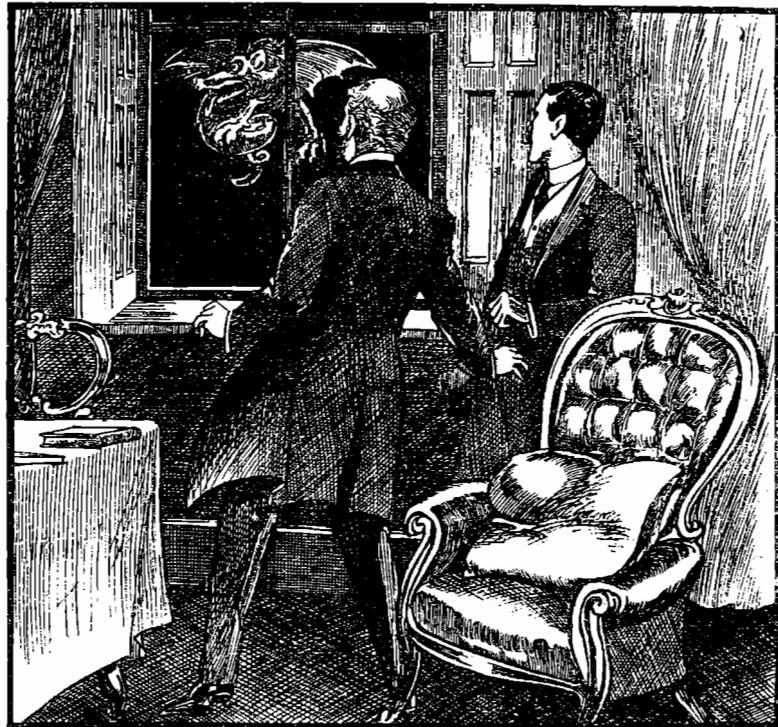
"Certainly. If you like to wait half an

hour, such a smiling, good-tempered, amiable fellow that one could not dislike him. He had such an engaging simplicity that few suspected him of being "deep"; but it was already borne in upon the mind of Harry Wharton that there was more in the Chinese chum than met the eye.

He had a curious turn of humour, and only Harry was safe from his practical jokes. His "japes" were so carefully planned that they were seldom traced to their source; and when he was discovered, as he sometimes was, his disarming smile generally saved him from punishment.

After tea, the Removites settled down to their preparation, but Wun Lung appeared to have no work to do. He was remarkably quick with his lessons, but he neglected prep in a way that had already brought down upon him the wrath of Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove.

But the Form-master hesitated to cane



"Look, sir! Look!" The Head advanced to the window, and then staggered back, for staring in upon them was the terrible creature Mr. Capper had so narrowly escaped in the Close.

hour, though, I could cook up a ripping spread. I could have a snack myself to keep up my strength till—"

"Bosh! Cut along."

And the fat junior cut along; and Wun Lung, with a beaming and innocent smile upon his face, sat down to resume his work upon the Chinese kite.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

The Jabberwock.

WUN LUNG had tea with the chums of the Remove; a habit he was falling into. Since Harry Wharton had protected him from a Remove ragging, the little Chinese had been very much attached to him, and he showed it by spending most of his spare time in Study No. 1.

Billy Bunter regarded the invasion with a somewhat unfriendly eye; but the Famous Four looked upon Wun Lung with good-humoured toleration. He was

the little Celestial, and Wun Lung looked so contrite when called to account that so far he had escaped with lectures, which had about as much effect upon him as water on a duck's back.

The chums looked at the Chinese several times while he was at work on the kite. It was a kite of a kind common enough in China, but unknown to the chums of the Greyfriars Remove. With considerable artistic skill, Wun Lung was shaping the form of a dragon, to which he affixed the head which had so scared Billy Bunter, and the result was a really fearsome-looking beast.

"You won't be able to get that in the air," Bob Cherry remarked as he finished his prop, and signalled that fact by hurling his books right and left.

"Me tinkee so," said the Celestial mildly.

"What sort of a tail are you going to give it?"

"No tailer."

"A kite without a tail!"

"Chinee kitee no tailer."

"And you can make the thing keep up in the air?" asked Bob incredulously.

"Me kinkee so."

"Well, I'd like to see you do it, that's all," said Bob Cherry. "I'm thinking of making a kite myself, and I'll sail it against that funny jabberwock any day."

"Notte jabbelwock—dragon."

"Looks to me like a jabberwock," said Bob obstinately. "I prefer the other kind, and we'll have a kiting competition in the Close to-morrow."

"Me savvy."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Why not sail it to-night?" said Nugent, with a grin. "That object would look ripping in the dark, you know, sailing round the Close with its eyes lighted up and that buzzing noise coming out of it. We might scare the Fifth and Sixth, too, with the jabberwock."

"Ha, ha, ha! And the masters, too."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Me savvy," grinned the Celestial. "Good windee—kitee fly."

"Is it finished?"

"Alec 'cept little paintee."

"I say, you fellows, listen to me a minute. I've been thinking that I shall take up aerostatics, and give ventriloquism a rest for a little while. It has occurred to me that an aeroplane—"

"A what?"

"An aeroplane—a big kite, you know, for raising things. It has occurred to me that an aeroplane might be constructed, with a hanging seat upon which a fellow could take up his stand—"

"What's the good of standing on a seat?"

"I was speaking figuratively. Upon which a fellow could sit, and take a voyage round the Close, and—"

"The kite is leady," said Wun Lung.

"Don't interrupt me, you Chinee. I was saying—"

"Oh, go and eat coke!" said Nugent.

"If the kite's ready, we're ready, too, so come along, young Cheerful."

Wun Lung grinned anticipatively. He picked up the curious-looking kite—very curious-looking to English eyes—and bore it out of the study. The chums of the Remove followed him. Billy Bunter glanced after them, and then glanced at the bright fire, and sat down in the arm-chair. The cosy study was preferable to the dark Close in the opinion of the Owl of the Remove.

Several Removeites met the juniors in the passage, and gazed in astonishment at the fearful and wonderful kite, which Bob Cherry had christened the "Jabberwock."

"What on earth are you going to do?" asked Skinner.

"Going to fly the kite."

"Ha, ha! I'll come."

And several other fellows came, too. The party left the house without being observed, and found themselves in the Close—wide and dark, and alive with fluttering leaves, rustling down in the wind from the old trees. The moon was peeping over the clock-tower, but the light was not yet strong.

Wun Lung unwound the cord from his arm. Contrary to the expectations of the Removeites, it proved a simple matter to get the dragon-kite afloat.

In a few minutes it was sailing on the wind, Wun Lung with the taut cord in his hand governing its movements. It was a curious-looking object in the air.

The green glass eyes were brilliantly lighted by the electric glow in the dragon's head, and the wind made a curious humming and buzzing noise in the hollows of the body.

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Had not the juniors seen it at close quarters, the sight of it in the air would have sent them helter-skelter into the house.

"My hat!" said Bob Cherry. "It's ripping! I never believed it would fly!"

"Cave!" muttered Wharton. "Here comes Capper!"

Mr. Capper, the master of the Upper Fourth, was coming from the direction of the gates. He had his hands behind him, and was walking along with an expression of deep thought.

A peculiar humming noise in the air caught his attention, and he glanced up, rather startled. The next moment he stood petrified at the sight of the dim and horrible form in the air, with its two gleaming, green eyes.

For one moment the Form-master gazed at the dragon in open-mouthed horror. Then he bolted.

The juniors, who had crouched back into the shadows out of sight, broke into a chuckle as Mr. Capper rushed past, his gown fluttering in the wind.

The Form-master's figure disappeared in a moment in at the great door of Greyfriars.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My only panama hat!" muttered Nugent. "I never saw Cappy in such a funk before! I wonder what he thinks of it? Where is that young imp going now?"

Harry Wharton uttered an exclamation.

"Wun Lung! Stop! He's taking it past the Head's window!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Chinee did not stop. He was guiding the kite with a skilful hand, and there was no limit to his nerve. The juniors hurried after him. Meanwhile, Mr. Capper had burst into the house with fluttering gown, and minus his cap. The Remove-master met him in the hall with a blank stare of amazement.

"What is the matter?" Mr. Quelch asked quickly.

"I—I hardly know!" gasped the Upper Fourth master. "It—it cannot have been a—a vision."

"A—a what?"

"I do not know what it is. A fearful-looking object was floating in the air!"

"In the air!" said Mr. Quelch dubiously.

"Yes. Some huge bird, with bright eyes of a greenish colour. It made a peculiar noise, which first drew my attention to it. It is not the shape of any bird with which I am acquainted—in fact, if I were credulous, I should imagine it to be some survivor of the pterodactyls of prehistoric times."

Mr. Quelch smiled.

"You—er—amaze me, Mr. Capper."

"I am amazed myself. It is absolutely amazing. I had better acquaint the doctor with the matter. I do not know what to make of it. I confess I ran for my life."

"Excuse me, Mr. Capper; but to tell the Head so strange a tale—" Mr. Quelch hesitated.

Mr. Capper turned red.

"I see what you think," he said acidly. "But I have not been drinking."

"Oh, no—er—but—"

"I shall immediately acquaint the Head with what I have seen," said Mr. Capper. "It may be a matter of the first importance in natural history. It was undoubtedly a bird, but it was certainly not a bird of British origin."

And he hurried away to the Head's study, leaving Mr. Quelch firmly convinced that he had been indulging "not wisely, but too well" in something stronger than water. Mr. Capper knocked at the Head's door, and entered so hurriedly that Dr. Locke started and

dropped a blot upon the page he was writing.

"Really, Mr. Capper—" said the Head, in a tone of vexation.

"Pray excuse me, sir; but a remarkable happening—a most alarming occurrence—"

The Head laid down his pen.

"What is the matter, Mr. Capper?"

"I have seen a strange thing in the Close—a huge bird, sir, of a shape unknown to British ornithology!" exclaimed the Upper Fourth master, in an agitated tone. "It was swooping down upon me with extended talons, when I darted into the house and narrowly escaped its attack."

The Head looked at the Form-master, the same suspicion arising in his mind that had arisen in the Remove-master's.

"Mr. Capper! I—I really—"

"You shall see for yourself, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Capper excitedly. "The moon is rising, and you will undoubtedly be able to see the fearful thing from your window."

"Really—er—really—"

But Mr. Capper was not listening. He rushed to the window, and let the spring-blind fly up, with a crack like a pistol-shot. The window was bared, and the glimmer of faint moonlight from the Close was visible to the two masters in the study. Mr. Capper gazed out of the window, and uttered a loud cry.

"Look, sir! Look!"

The Head advanced to the window, and then staggered back, his face as white and startled as Mr. Capper's own. For there, close to the window, apparently staring in upon them with its green, gleaming eyes, was the terrible creature Mr. Capper had so narrowly escaped in the Close.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Slaying of the Jabberwock.

IT was only for a few moments that the terrible vision was seen at the window. Then it passed on, and the peculiar humming noise it made was quite audible in the study.

The Head gazed at Mr. Capper, and Mr. Capper gazed at the Head, in dead silence, in horror and amazement.

The strange noise died away into the night. The thing was gone. Dr. Locke moved slowly to the window and placed his hand upon the sash.

"Pray be prudent, sir!" cried Mr. Capper. "Remember, the creature may be ferocious! Pray, sir, be prudent!"

Dr. Locke nodded, and threw open the window. He put out his head and looked into the Close. The moon was higher over the tower now, but the light was very dim. He caught a glimpse of a dark object afloat, sometimes high, and sometimes low. Had it been a kite, he would have guessed that it was alternately obeying the wind and the cord in the hand of the kitist. But there was no resemblance between the strange object and anything the Head had ever seen in the shape of a kite.

"Amazing!" murmured the Head—"amazing!"

"One of the strangest facts in natural history ever recorded," said Mr. Capper. "There is not the slightest doubt as to the existence of this creature, since we have both seen it at close quarters. You will add your testimony, will you not, sir, to a paper I shall draw up to read before the Royal Society? This discovery will burst like a thunderclap upon the scientific world."

"Dear me—dear me!"

Mr. Capper was exultant now. He was a gentleman of a scientific turn of mind, and the greatest "bug-hunter" at Greyfriars. But what butterfly or moth, beetle or caterpillar, could compare in importance with this amazing creature—

this fabulous monster, who was evidently a hitherto unknown survival of a prehistoric species?

"Dear me!" murmured the Head again.

Mr. Capper took a pocket-book out of his pocket. He wetted the end of his pencil and jotted down details.

"Dimensions of the hitherto unknown creature first seen by Septimus Capper, M.A., at Greyfriars College. Length—H'm! What would you take the length of the creature to be, sir?"

"I really did not observe."

"Unfortunately, I did not observe, either. Width—"

"Dear me!"

"I think I had better go out into the Close and observe the bird at closer quarters," said Mr. Capper, shutting up his pocket-book. "I must have the particulars for my paper for the Royal Society."

"There may be danger—"

"H'm! I shall be ready to fly if it should attack me; or, better still, I will take a gun. It would be splendid to shoot the creature and be able to present it to the British Museum."

The Head was looking utterly perplexed. He was not so enthusiastic a naturalist as Mr. Capper, and he did not know what to think. He could not disbelieve the evidence of his own eyes, and he was blankly amazed.

Mr. Capper hurried from the study in search of a firearm. Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, was something of a sportsman, and he had a couple of guns in his study. He was supposed to be a good shot, and Mr. Capper immediately thought of Mr. Prout and his guns.

He hurried into the Fifth Form master's study, and found him cleaning

rook-rifle. Mr. Prout looked up in amazement as his excited colleague burst in upon him.

"Good gracious! What's the matter?" he exclaimed.

"Will you lend me a gun? Quick—quick!"

"A—a gun!"

"Yes. You might load it for me, as I am not used to firearms, and I doubt if I could load it successfully."

The Fifth Form master grinned.

"If you are not accustomed to firearms, the less you have to do with a loaded gun the better," he said. "What on earth is the matter?"

"There is a strange creature in the Close," panted Mr. Capper. "A monstrous bird, with green eyes and a curiously-shaped body—a remarkable creature, unknown to the natural history of any European country. The Head has seen it as well as I. I want to shoot it to present it to the British Museum."

Mr. Prout jumped up and took down a gun from the wall, and rapidly loaded it.

All his sporting instincts were aroused, and though he was a little incredulous as to the description Mr. Capper had given, he had no doubt that there was something or other to be killed, and, like a true sportsman, he was always ready to kill.

"Right!" he exclaimed. "Lead the way."

"Will you come with me? Good! You will no doubt aim better than I should, as I have never handled a firearm in my life."

"I think it quite possible," assented Mr. Prout drily. "I have loaded both barrels. Lead the way. Whatever it is I'll soon bring it down. I promise you."

Mr. Capper led the way from the

study. They went quickly to the door, and two or three fellows in the hall looked at them in amazement, astounded by the excited face of Mr. Capper, and the gun in the hands of his colleague.

"Anything the matter, sir?" called out Wingate of the Sixth, the captain of Greyfriars.

But Mr. Capper was too excited to reply. He rushed into the Close, followed by Mr. Prout. Wingate and several other seniors followed to see what the matter was, and a considerable number of juniors followed their example.

"There it is!" cried Mr. Capper.

A gleam came from a distant corner of the Close, and he knew it was the green eye of the monster. The two masters rushed in pursuit. Half a dozen Removites had scattered into the shadows to avoid them, and they gazed after the excited gentlemen in amazement.

"My only hat!" gasped Skinner.

"They're going to shoot it!"

"Shoot it! By Jove, so they are!"

"Ha, ha, ha! I hope they won't shoot Wun Lung by mistake."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The funnifulness is terrific!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was useless for the juniors to interfere—or, rather, impossible, as the two eager hunters were already far away in the dim Close. They were rushing in eager pursuit of the fabulous monster, which rose and sank in the air in a curious way, and still emitted that curious humming noise.

"There he is! Can you get a good aim now?"

"Just a moment!" said Mr. Prout. "I have no more ammunition with me, so I must be careful. I will get a sure aim."

(Continued on the next page.)

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The moon was higher now, and the light growing stronger. Mr. Prout stalked the floating monster till he obtained an excellent sight of it in the moonlight. Then he knelt and took a deadly aim.

Bang!
The report of the gun echoed through Greyfriars, and startled everybody in the school. Mr. Capper watched the creature with wild anxiety. He was equally afraid that it would fly over the walls of Greyfriars and disappear, and that it would rush at him to vent its dying fury upon the hunters. It did neither; it gave a flutter, and sank slowly, as if reluctantly, to the ground. Mr. Prout, overjoyed at his success, clucked his gun and rushed forward to deal the finishing blow.

There was a cry from the distance—a cry from Wun Lung, which passed unheeded. Mr. Capper caught his foot in a cord and went headlong to the ground. But Mr. Prout rushed on with clubbed gun; and there was a dismal scrunch as the jabberwock crumpled under the descending butt. Mr. Prout, like the hero of the terrible combat related by Lewis Carroll, had "slain the Jabberwock."

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Wun Lung Does Not Savvy.

THERE was a wail of anguish from Wun Lung.

"My kite! My kite!"
The Chinese junior ran up in dismay. But Mr. Prout did not hear or heed. The butt of his gun had crashed through the bamboo and cardboard of the dragon, and now it crashed through again.

Mr. Prout meant to finish the jabberwock while he was about it. The electric glow-lamp in the hollow head was extinguished, and so the creature's eyes were dark now. The humming noise, of course, had ceased. The Fifth Form master had slain the jabberwock!

Mr. Capper disentangled himself from the cord and staggered to his feet.

"Have you shot it?"
"Yes—yes, and finished it with the butt of my gun."

"Good! Don't damage it more than you can help. I want to have it stuffed for the British Museum."

"My kite! My kite!"
The fellows were crowding up. Some of them were striking matches. Half Greyfriars had been brought out into the Close by the reports of Mr. Prout's gun.

"Bring a light!" shouted Mr. Capper. A lantern was quickly on the scene. It glimmered on the slain jabberwock, and there was a ripple of laughter among the Removites.

"What on earth is it?" said Wingate, bending over the crumpled object and showing the light of the lantern upon it.
"A strange bird," said Mr. Capper—"a bird of a species utterly unknown to British ornithology."

Wingate chuckled.
"Or to the ornithology of any other country, I think, sir," he said.

"What do you mean, Wingate?"
"It is made of cardboard, sir."
"What!" roared Mr. Capper.

"It is cardboard, and bamboo, and paper. It's a kind of kite."
"A-a-a kind of k-k-k-kite!"

"Yes, sir. Look for yourself."
Mr. Capper looked at the wretched dragon in the light of the lantern with feelings too deep for words. Mr. Prout, who had been leaning upon the barrel of his gun with the air of a great sportsman who knew that he deserved admiration, quietly slipped away, and put his gun out of sight as quickly as possible.

Mr. Capper looked at the dragon kite,
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and the boys looked at Mr. Capper. The Upper Fourth master's face was a study. A ripple of laughter ran through the crowd, and the Form-master started, and turned crimson.

"It is a—a kite," he murmured. "I have never seen a kite like that before, but it is undoubtedly a kite."

"It's a Chinese kite, sir, I think," said Wingate.

"Ah! To whom does this kite belong?"

"My kite! My kite!"

"Wun Lung, is this kite your property?" demanded Mr. Capper, fixing his eyes, with a portentous frown, upon the Celestial.

"My kite!"

"You have been flying it in the Close?"

"No fly kite?"

"How dare you fly a kite in the Close after dark?" exclaimed Mr. Capper—

"especially one of such a—a strange form! You led me to suppose—" The Form-master checked himself. His absurd mistake made him colour deeply as he thought of it. "You—you might have done damage with this absurd thing."

"My kite—broken!"

"Yes, it is broken; and it is just as well, as I should certainly have ordered you to destroy it," said Mr. Capper.

"You have been guilty of a most reprehensible act, Wun Lung."

"No savvy."

"You ought not to have flown this kite in the Close after dark. I firmly believe that you did it with the deliberate intention of fri—of startling people."

"No savvy."

"Answer me, Wun Lung! Were you not perfectly well aware that you were being guilty of an infraction of the rules of the college?"

"No savvy."

The Form-master was baffled.

"You must not use that ridiculous expression, Wun Lung!" he said angrily. "If you do not understand, say that you do not understand."

"No savvy."

Mr. Capper gave it up. He walked away with a heightened colour; and then the merriment of the boys could be no longer restrained. They burst into a roar, which Mr. Capper had the pleasure of hearing as he entered the house.

"My word!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Did you ever strike against anything quite so funny as this, people?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Never!"

"My kite broken!" said Wun Lung, bending over his precious dragon. "But it all lightee. Me pullec leggee of Mister Cappel—ow!"

A finger and thumb closed on the ear of the Chinese chum. He squirmed round, and looked up into Wingate's face.

"So you were pulling your master's leg, were you?" said the captain of Greyfriars grimly.

"No savvy."

"You were working off a little jape at Mr. Capper's expense?"

"No savvy."

Wingate could not help laughing. He released Wun Lung's ear and walked away. The youthful Celestial gathered up his broken kite, and carried it off towards the house.

Bob Cherry gave him a thump on the back.

"You'll do, you young rascal!" he said. "It was worth busting a kite to see those two naturalists bagging such a unique specimen. This bird, gentlemen, belongs to a species utterly unknown to British ornithologists."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It is probably a survival of prehistoric times," went on Bob Cherry, as they

entered the house. "Examine it closely, and you will detect a resemblance to the pterodactyls of antediluvian days—to the strange birds that lived along with the mastodon, the ichthyosaurus, the plesiosaurus, and the other cheerful inhabitants of the earth in its sprightly infancy, the chief differences being that the pterodactyl was not made of cardboard—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Nor were its eyes manufactured of green glass. In other respects the resemblance is remarkable; and when the stuffed jabberwock is presented to the British Museum—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Extremely comic," said a dry voice. And Bob swung round in dismay, to see Mr. Quelch standing at his study door. "You have a wonderful gift of humour, Cherry, have you not?"

"I—I—" stammered Bob Cherry, in confusion.

"Unfortunately," proceeded Mr. Quelch, "it is combined with an equally wonderful gift of impertinence, and so it will be necessary, Cherry, for you to keep your wonderful gift of humour within bounds. To assist you to do so, I will give you an exercise which will impress the lesson on your mind. You will write out a hundred times 'Impertinence leads to punishment.' I shall want to see the lines before bed-time."

And Mr. Quelch turned into his study. Bob Cherry made a grimace; but he made no more jokes just then.

Meanwhile, Mr. Capper had reluctantly reported the facts of the matter to the anxious Head. Dr. Locke looked at him anxiously as he re-entered the study.

"Has the creature been shot, Mr. Capper?" he asked quickly.

"Yes," said Mr. Capper, blushing.

"But it—er—turns out to be a—a species of kite—"

"Indeed! There is no species of kite in England, or the known world, of such a size!" the doctor exclaimed eagerly.

"This must be a unique specimen. The length of the object I saw certainly was considerably over the length of the largest kite known—more than treble the length."

"I—I do not mean the kite of ornithology," stammered Mr. Capper.

"In point of fact, it—it was not a bird at all."

The Head stared.

"Not a bird! But you said it was a species of kite?"

"Yes. But—but I meant a schoolboy's kite."

"Oh!"

"It—it was a kite made by the Chinese boy in the Remove, in the shape of a dragon," said Mr. Capper. "He was flying it after dark, and I—I made a mistake. Of course, I could not—could not know—"

"Of course not!" assented the Head, taking pity on the Form-master's confusion. "The thing startled me as much as it did you. Really, the boy should be punished for causing so much trouble; but he is such an innocent little fellow that I am sure he was unconscious of doing harm. Perhaps it would be better to pass the matter over."

And passed over it was.

THE END.

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THE FIRST CHAPTER.
Tom Merry's Scheme.

"GENTLEMEN!" said Tom Merry.

Tom Merry, the captain of the Shell and leader of the School House juniors in their many alarms and excursions against the juniors of the New House, stood upon a bench in the midst of the spacious wood-shed.

Nearly a dozen School House juniors were standing round him, and all of them were looking keenly interested.

"Gentlemen of the School House—"

"Hear, hear!"

"Adsun!" said Jack Blake.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Order!" said Monty Lowther, of the Shell, rapping upon the bench with a coke-hammer.

"Order! Don't interrupt the honourable chairman!"

"Weally, Lowthah—"

"Silence in class? I mean, court!"

Order!"

"Undah the circus—"

"Order!" roared Lowther.

"Gentlemen—" said Tom Merry once again.

"We've had that," said Herries of the Fourth, with some show of impatience.

"Would you mind coming to the point, Tom Merry? I've got to go and feed my dog Towser."

"Order!"

"We've had that, too!" said Herries.

"For goodness' sake cut the cackle, and come to the giddy hosses!"

"Gentlemen—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"I've called you together—"

"We know that," murmured Glyn.

"Come down to business!"

"On a most important matter—"

"Order!"

"Gentlemen, I have the badge of the society to show—"

"Eh?"

"What society?"

"You're getting a little mixed!" grinned Blake.

"Oh, rats! Look here, look at this! It's the badge of the society that's going to be formed of School House juniors—all New House cads barred!"

Tom Merry held up a small object which glistened in the light.

The meeting looked at it with great curiosity.

It was a small metal button, with a pin attached, to fasten it on to a jacket.

Four letters were engraved upon it:

"T. M. L. H."

"T. M. L. H.," said Jack Blake, in



wonder. "What on earth does that mean?"

"Too Many Lunatics Here!" suggested Kangaroo.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tom Merry turned red.

"You ass!" he exclaimed wrathfully.

"It's nothing of the kind!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"T. M. L. H.," said Digby thoughtfully.

"I know—Tom Merry Likes Herrings!"

"You—you fathead!"

"Isn't that it?" exclaimed Digby, in astonishment.

"Of course it isn't, you ass!" roared Tom Merry.

"T. M. L. H. means Tom Merry's Legion of Honour."

"What!"

"My hat!"

"Order!"

Tom Merry held up his hand.

"Gentlemen, it is a stunning scheme," he said.

"It will completely take the shine out of the New House bounders. The Legion of Honour will consist of chosen spirits."

"Then it will be a rummy concern," said Kangaroo.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, don't be funny!" said Tom Merry.

"Chosen spirits from the best of the School House. No one will be eligible for admission unless he has distinguished himself in some way."

"How has a chap got to distinguish himself?" asked Kangaroo.

"Every member of the league has got to do some noble deed," explained Tom Merry,

"or a daring deed, or a generous action, or something of that sort. When he has done it the committee will decide whether he is suitable for admission. Every member of the legion will be entitled to wear this badge as a distinction. I think the thing will catch on; and perhaps, if the New House claps are meek, we'll let them into the legion."

"Hear, hear!"

"Well, it sounds to me all right," said Blake thoughtfully.

"It's a score over the New House bounders, anyway. They've never thought of anything of the kind. I suppose a chap who downs Figgins & Co. will be eligible for the honours of membership?"

Tom Merry laughed.

"Yes, rather!"

Crash!

"My hat! Who's there?" roared Blake, as the door shook under a heavy assault from outside.

"I am!" roared back the voice of Crooke of the Shell.

"What's the giddy secret about?"

"Buzz off!"

"Rats! We're not going to be left out!"

"Open the door, Tommy!" yelled Gore of the Shell.

"Let us in!" shrieked Bishop.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

"Might let some of them into the wheeze," Blake suggested.

"We've got enough to begin," said Tom Merry.

"There are eleven of us. Eleven is a good number to start a league of any kind; and we can let the others in afterwards. Not till we get all the badges from Rycombe, and put 'em on. If a hint of this gets out, Figgins & Co. will bag the idea, and we shall be done. They can't do that after we've appeared in public with our badges on."

"Hear, hear!"

Bang! Bump! Bang!

"I guess you'd better open this door!" yelled Lumley-Lumley.

"We're not being kept out of this!"

Bang! Bump! Bang!

The noise outside was deafening by this time. A crowd of the juniors were hammering at the door.

Bang! Bang! Crash!

"Open this door!" roared the voice

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of D'Arcy minor—the famous Wally of the Third Form.

Tom Merry unlocked the door quietly. He threw it suddenly open, and Lumsley-Lumley and several other fellows who were shoving at the door rolled into the shed.

"Charge!" roared Tom Merry.

And the legion charged.

They rushed right through their assailants, sending them whirling to the right and left, and with loud howls the enemy fled, and Tom Merry & Co. were left in triumphant possession of the shed.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Wally Knows.

"MY only Aunt Jane!" D'Arcy minor uttered that emphatic exclamation as he burst breathlessly into the Third Form-room.

The besiegers of the wood-shed had fled in all directions when the Legion charged, and Wally had not stopped till he was safe in the Form-room.

"The rotters!" gasped Wally. "Frayne, you ass, come and dust me down!"

"Orhright, Wally!"

"Those silly asses have got some game on," growled Wally. "I'm jolly well going to know what it is. It's all very well keeping the New House bounders out of it, but they can't keep School House chaps out. If it's a House jape, we want to be in it, don't we?"

"Yes," said Frayne, dusting away vigorously, and making clouds fly from Wally's garments. "There you are! Will that do?"

"Yes, that'll do!" grunted Wally. "You've nearly choked me, anyway. Have you finished those disgusting declensions?"

"No," said Joe, with a sigh; "not quite!"

"Well, buck up, then. I want your opinion on this," said Wally. "I'm blessed if I know what it means, but I'm going to find out!"

He held up a metal badge. It was the one Tom Merry had shown to the prospective members of the Legion of Honour at the meeting in the wood-shed.

Joe Frayne gazed at it in astonishment.

"T. M. L. H.!" he said, reading the letters engraved upon it. "What does that mean, Wally?"

Wally grunted.

"Blessed if I know! It's something to do with their wheeze. That's all I know."

"Where did you get it?"

"Grabbed it," said Wally cheerfully. "Tom Merry dropped it when he was bumping me outside the wood-shed, and I grabbed it and bunked!"

"Oh!" said Frayne.

"Of course, I'm not going to bone it," said Wally testily. "But I guessed it had something to do with the wheeze, you see, and I'm going to find out."

"T. M. L. H.," said Joe thoughtfully. "I suppose the letters stand for something, Wally."

"What a head-piece you've got!" said D'Arcy minor sarcastically. "I suppose they do. The question is, what do they stand for? It must be the title of some new club they're getting up, I should think."

"The H might stand for Harriers," suggested Frayne.

Wally brightened up.

"My only Aunt Jane! So it might! Harriers, of course. L. H.—League of Harriers. That's it, as sure as a gun!"

Wally hurried out of the Form-room, and Joe Frayne returned to his Latin declensions. In the passage Wally met his chums of the Third, Jameson and

Curly Gibson. They had been looking for him. Both of them had been in the besieging crowd outside the wood-shed, and both looked somewhat dusty and ruffled.

"I've got it!" Wally announced triumphantly.

Jameson grunted.

"So have I, if you mean a thick ear!" he growled.

"Rats! I've got the giddy secret!" Wally held up the badge. "Look at that! Do you know what those letters stand for?"

Jameson and Curly looked at the badge with interest.

"T. M. L. H.," said Jameson. "Blessed if I do. Is it a puzzle?"

"It's the title of some new club those bounders are starting, and trying to keep us out of," said Wally impressively. "The T. M. stands for Tom Merry, of course."

"Of course," assented Curly.

"And the L is League, of course."

"Looks like it."

"And the H—that must mean Harriers if it means anything."

"Good!"

"Tom Merry's League of Harriers!" said Wally triumphantly. "They're going to start the harriers again; that's what it means. And they've got the awful cheek to think that they can leave the Third out!"

"Check!" said Jameson.

"I should say so! They're keeping it dark, but we've got on to it," said Wally, chuckling. "We'll go and see the bounders, and put it to them straight. If they let us into the game, we'll keep it dark; and if they don't, we'll shout it out all over the school!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Come on, then! They're in the Common-room, I think."

And Wally & Co. hurried off to the junior Common-room. Tom Merry and his comrades were there now, or nearly all of them. The Terrible Three were playing chess, Tom Merry against Manners and Lowther, and—naturally enough under the circumstances—Tom Merry was getting the best of it. Wally & Co. walked up to the chess-table, and the chums of the Shell grumbled.

"Run away, kids!" said Monty Lowther. "Don't bother now!"

"Look here!" said Wally.

He held up the badge. Tom Merry uttered an exclamation.

"My hat! That belongs to me! Where did you get it, you young rascal?"

Wally grinned.

"You dropped it, and I picked it up," he said. "All's fair in war. You can have it if you like; but I've found out the secret."

"Rats!"

"Well, if you want the whole school to know about your dodge for reviving the harriers—"

"The what?" yelled Tom Merry.

"The harriers," said Wally. "I know—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tom Merry & Co. roared.

"Look here, you silly asses—" began Wally wrathfully, with an uneasy inward feeling that perhaps he had been a little too sure.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Do you want us to give you away?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Tell us, Wally!" shouted Gore. "Out with it! What do the letters stand for?"

"Tom Merry's League of Harriers!" shouted Wally.

"My hat!"

Tom Merry roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ain't that right?" shrieked Wally.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bai Jove! You are a young ass, Wally! It doesn't mean anything of the sort, dear boy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wally glared wrathfully at the Terrible Three. It was evident that he was upon the wrong tack, and that the chums of the Shell did not object to his disclosures. Wally seized the chess-table, and hurled it among the Shell fellows, and fled. Tom Merry and Manners and Lowther roared as pieces and pawns came over them in a shower, and they jumped up to execute summary vengeance upon Wally.

But the heroes of the Third had fled.

"The young villain!" gasped Manners. "The game's nucked up now! But you were mate in two, Tommy, so it doesn't matter."

"Mate in rats!" said Tom Merry. "I had you mate in three, you mean!"

"Well, you ass—"

"Well, you fathead—"

"Look here, Manners—"

"Look here, Tom Merry—"

"I tell you—"

"I tell you—"

"Fathead!"

"Ass!"

And the point was never really settled.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

From Information Received.

THE curiosity upon the subject of the mysterious "T. M. L. H." was growing keener and keener among the juniors of St. Jim's. It was almost at boiling-point the next morning. So far, all the fellows knew of the wheeze was that it was represented by the letters T. M. L. H., but what T. M. L. H. might stand for, nobody knew. Wally's guess was evidently wide of the mark, and other guesses that were incessantly made did not come anywhere near the facts.

Even Mellish was in the dark about it, and Mellish generally found methods for finding out things.

But after morning school that day, the consignment of badges arrived from Rylecombe, and then the members of the Legion appeared with the badges on.

Eleven juniors paraded the quadrangle solemnly with the badges pinned to their jackets, bearing the mysterious symbols, T. M. L. H.

A big crowd gathered to stare at them. The members of the Legion of Honour rather enjoyed the importance they had so suddenly attained, and they were in no hurry to explain.

Seniors as well as juniors were curious on the subject, and Knox, the bully of the Sixth, undertook to make the juniors explain what it all meant.

"What does this foolery mean?" Knox demanded.

The juniors stared at him.

"What foolery?" asked Tom Merry sweetly. "If you are alluding to your own remarks, Knox, I don't know what you mean."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Knox scowled.

"I don't want any of your cheek!" he growled. "What are you wearing those badges for?"

"They suit our complexions," explained Monty Lowther.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What does T. M. L. H. mean?" roared Knox.

"Taggles May Leave Home," said Monty Lowther.

"What?"

"Can't do more than answer your question," said Lowther blandly. "It means that, as well as a lot more things. That will do for you. But if you don't like it, I can give you another rendering."

Try My Lovely Ham! How do you like that?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Knox turned purple.

"You young rotters!" he shouted.

"Will you answer my question?"

"I've answered it," said Monty

Lowther. "But I'll give you another answer if you like. T. M. L. H.—Take My Last Hegg!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The angry prefect looked as if he would charge at the Legion for a moment; but he realised that it would probably have damaging results for himself, and he refrained, and stamped away in a very bad temper.

Tom Merry & Co. chuckled.

Knox went into the School House with a scowling brow. Jerrold Lumley-Lumley followed him in, and looked in at the door of his study. Knox scowled at him.

"What do you want, you young rotter?" he growled.

"I—I say, Knox," said Lumley-Lumley hesitatingly, "I—I—"

He paused.

Knox picked up a cricket stump.

"Do you want me to give you a whaling, the same as I did yesterday?" he inquired.

Lumley-Lumley's eyes gleamed for a moment.

"Thanks, no," he said. "Look here,

Knox, I can tell you something, if—if you won't regard it as chinking, or mention it to anybody."

Knox put down the stump.

"About Tom Merry and those other young rotters?" he asked.

"I guess so."

"You know what T. M. L. H. means?" asked Knox.

"I guess I can tell you."

"What does it mean?"

Lumley-Lumley glanced very mysteriously out into the passage, and closed the door, and came towards the prefect on tiptoe. Knox could not fail to be impressed by his manner. It was evident that the Outsider of St. Jim's had something of the greatest importance to communicate.

"You won't let anybody know I've told you, Knox?" asked Lumley-Lumley, with a troubled and hesitating look.

"Of course not."

"Honour bright?"

"Yes, yes!"

"You see, I guess you ought to know, as a prefect, so that you can interfere if you think fit," said Lumley-Lumley. "If you report the matter to the Head, as I suppose you will, you promise not to mention my name as having given you the information. If the fellows knew I had sneaked, I should have a rotten time."

Knox's eyes gleamed.

"You can rely on me," he said.

"What is it? I'll keep your name dark, and I can tell you that I can make it worth your while in a good many ways to keep me peated in what goes on in the Lower School."

"I guess so. But I'm pretty nervous about telling you this, I reckon."

"I will protect you, if necessary," said Knox. "You can rely on me, and I'll keep your share in the matter a secret. What are those young villains up to? Is it some scheme against the prefects? If it is, I shall be able to get Kildare down on them."

"I guess you're right."

"What is it, then? What does T. M. L. H. mean?" asked Knox eagerly.

"It's a secret society!" said Lumley-Lumley, sinking his voice to a deep whisper. "Of course, I don't reckon they really mean to commit murder."

"What!"

"But it's founded on those lines, you know. And there's never any telling what kids may do when they start playing the goat in that way," said Lumley-Lumley, with an owl-like gravity.

"Good heavens!" said Knox. "I know this kind of thing has happened— young fools forming secret criminal societies, through reading newspaper reports of such things. But—"

"If you know what they call their society—"

"What is it? What does T. M. L. H. stand for?"

"The Murderers' League of Hate!" said Lumley-Lumley solemnly.

"Good heavens!"

"You never know what this kind of thing will lead to," said Lumley-Lumley, with a wise shake of the head.

"Come with me, you young rascal!" he said.

Tom Merry started back.

"What on earth do you mean?" exclaimed Tom Merry.

"Follow me."

"Follow me, follow me 'one!" murmured Monty Lowther.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You are to come with me to the Head at once!" said Knox savagely. "All of you—all the boys who are wearing that badge. I know what it means now."

"But—I say—Knox—"

"Follow me at once!" shouted the prefect.

"Oh, all serene!"

And the Legion followed the excited prefect into the house, wondering. They left the crowd in a buzz behind them.



There was a shout of alarm from the river-bank as Towser was whirled away into mid-stream. Redfern, without even waiting to tear off his jacket, put his hands together and dived off the branch. Splash! He shot under water and disappeared.

"That's why I considered it my duty to report the matter to you. Things of this kind ought to be stopped before it gets the young duffers into mischief."

Knox's eyes glittered, and he strode to the door.

"I say, don't mention my name!" exclaimed Lumley-Lumley in alarm. "I don't want to be called a sneak, you know."

"That's all right," said Knox. "But I'm going to have that young criminal up before the Head before he has time to do any harm."

And he strode from the study. Tom Merry & Co. were on the steps of the School House, surrounded by an inquisitive crowd, when the prefect strode out. Knox dropped his hand on Tom Merry's shoulder.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.
A Knock for Knox.

DR. HOLMES, the Head of St. Jim's, was seated in his study, chatting with Mr. Railton, the master of the School House, when there came a knock at the door.

"Come in!" said the Head.

Knox opened the door and strode in. His excited face drew a glance of surprise from the Head and the School House master. But they looked more surprised still when eleven juniors, of the Shell and the Fourth, meekly followed the prefect into the study. Dr. Holmes rose to his feet.

"Bless my soul," he exclaimed, "what is the meaning of this—invasion? I trust there is nothing wrong, Knox?"

"Something is very wrong, sir, and I considered it my duty to report it to you, and to bring these juniors before you, sir," said Knox.

"Dear me!"

"May I make a remark, sir—"

"Silence, D'Arcy!" said Mr. Railton. "Yaas, sir, certainly. But I have not the slightest idea why Knox has brought us here in this ridiculous manner!"

"Same here, sir," said Blake.

Knox smiled unpleasantly.

"You will soon know," he said.

"This is very extraordinary, Knox," said the Head, a little severely. "You have brought eleven boys to me, and they are certainly eleven of the best boys in the House. I cannot forget, Knox, that you have sometimes made quite frivolous complaints against some of these juniors before."

"Hear, hear!" murmured Tom Merry.

Knox flushed.

"This is a very serious matter, sir, and I hope to make it clear that you have been deceived in the character of these boys, sir."

"I do not think you will make that clear very easily, Knox," said the Head, with a slight curl of the lip. "However, you may proceed."

"Would you approve, sir, of a secret society being formed among the juniors of this House, on the lines of a criminal organisation as reported in the daily newspapers, sir?"

"Bless my soul, certainly not!"

"Stay," said Mr. Railton. "There are many societies in the junior Forms, I think—the Fourth Form dramatic society, and the football club, and the hobby club, and the debating society. All these are very harmless, Knox."

"Indeed, they are," said Dr. Holmes.

Knox could not repress a sneer.

"This is not a society of that sort, sir," he said. "What do you think of a society among the juniors known as the Murderers' League of Hate?"

The two masters started violently.

"What!"

"Absurd!"

"Absurd or not, sir, these boys have made a club, or society, with that title," said the prefect. "I have received the information from a junior, whose name I have promised not to mention."

"You should not encourage sneaking and tale-bearing among the juniors, Knox," said the School House master.

"Decidedly not," said the Head.

"I do not, sir; but this is a special case. The junior in question was alarmed by the wickedness he had discovered, and he thought it his duty to give information. These boys have formed a league called the Murderers' League of Hate—"

"Bless my soul!"

"Under the circumstances, sir, I think you will say that I have done right in bringing such a matter to your notice," said Knox.

"Certainly, Knox—most decidedly, if the facts are as you have stated them," said Dr. Holmes. "But I feel convinced that these juniors are too sensible and too healthily-minded to allow foolish newspapers to impress them in this way. Indeed, it is forbidden at this School for juniors to read the newspapers without express permission from their Form-masters, and I cannot think that they have disobeyed this rule."

"Certainly not, sir," said Tom Merry. "Then you deny this statement made against you, my boys?"

"Certainly, sir."

The Head turned to the prefect.

"Have you any convincing proof to give?" he asked.

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"Yes, sir," said Knox. "Look at the badges these boys are wearing."

Dr. Holmes put up his glasses and looked at the badges.

"Very nicely designed!" he said.

Knox bit his lips.

"You see the letters inscribed on them, sir?"

"Yes, 'T. M. L. H.'"

"They are the initials of their secret society, sir—the Murderers' League of Hate, as they call it," said Knox triumphantly.

Dr. Holmes looked startled. It was indeed a strange coincidence, to say the least of it. He looked hard at Tom Merry & Co. The juniors were smiling.

"What does that mean, Merry?" the Head asked sternly.

Tom Merry grinned.

"I don't know who gave that information to Knox, sir," he said; "but whoever it was, he was pulling his leg. Those initials can be made to stand for lots of things. They really stand for Tom Merry's Legion of Honour."

"What!" gasped Knox.

"It's a new wheeze, sir," said Tom Merry modestly. "Chaps who play the game, sir, and so on, are admitted to the society. The motto is 'Honour Bright.' We've only been keeping it secret for a bit, till we got the badges out, in case the New House bouncers—ahem!—I mean, the New House chaps should bag the wheeze, sir."

"Yaas, wathah! Knox is an ass, sir!"

"It's not true! They're not speaking the truth, sir!" gasped Knox, utterly dismayed as he beheld his house of cards, as it were, falling round him in this way.

"I don't believe them, sir! I don't believe a word of it!"

"I am sorry for that, Knox," said the Head drily, "because I believe every word of it. It is all, evidently, quite true."

Knox's jaw dropped.

"Oh, sir!"

"I am afraid you are very suspicious, Knox, and very much inclined to believe the absurdest stories," said the Head. "The explanation these juniors have given is perfectly satisfactory. I may say, too, that I consider a Legion of Honour an excellent idea for a boyish society—a very excellent idea indeed! You may go, my boys. Knox, you have wasted my time and given these boys trouble for nothing. Kindly be a little more careful on another occasion."

And the Legion of Honour filed out of the study. They gave Knox a cheerful grin in the passage, but Knox did not respond to it. He strode away, with a brow like thunder, and went to look for Jerrold Lumley-Lumley. But that humorous youth was keeping very carefully out of the way of the enraged prefect, and Knox did not succeed in finding him.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Redfern Isn't Having Any!

FIGGINS of the Fourth gave an emphatic grunt.

"Well, it's out at last!" he growled.

Kerr nodded.

"Yes; and we never guessed it. And, owing to that ass Knox, it's been taken before the Head, and the Head has approved; and those School House bouncers have roped in lots of kudos from that."

"We shall have to put a spoke in their wheel!" growled Figgins. "We're not going to let them score! What do you think, Fatty?"

"Too much sugar," said Fatty Wynn, with a shake of the head.

"What?" exclaimed Figgins, in astonishment.

"Too much sugar."

"What are you talking about, you fat duffer?"

Fatty Wynn looked up from his cake in surprise.

"About this cake," he said. "I thought at the time we were putting in too much sugar, but Kerr said—"

"Oh, you ass! Look here, we're talking about that giddy Legion of Honour in the School House. Blessed if I know how Tom Merry thought of it. It's a ripping idea! And do you know, they're going to make president the chap who distinguishes himself by downing us—Us!"

"They won't get their president in a hurry, then," said Kerr. "We're not going to be downed! And I've got an idea."

"What's that?"

"A rival Legion."

Figgins shook his head.

"No good, Kerr, old man. They'll simply say that we've plagiarised from them. A rival Legion would fall flat."

"Yes, if we ran it seriously; but I mean a comic Legion," said Kerr. "We can have a banner, and buttons plastered all over us, and—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We can call it the Button Brigade, or something of that sort," grinned Kerr. "It will turn the cackle against the School House. The fags will jump at the idea."

"Good egg!" said Figgins heartily. "Let's call some of the chaps in, and we'll work it out."

"Right-ho!"

"Put that cake away, Fatty."

"I'm putting it away, Figgy."

"Ass! I mean put it away in the cupboard!" roared Figgins. "We've got business to attend to. We've got to down the School House."

Fatty Wynn took a fresh mouthful.

"It's all right, Figgy. I can talk while I eat. When you're going to think anything out, you know, it's always best to lay a solid foundation. And I get jolly hungry in this March weather, you know."

"Br-r-r-r!"

The special followers of Figgins & Co., in their little wars with the School House, gathered willingly enough in the study.

Many of them were feeling sore over the score the School House juniors had made with the Legion of Honour, and they were very keen to get on to a scheme which would have the effect of putting the Terrible Three in their place.

Pratt, of the Fourth, and Thompson, of the Shell, and Redfern, Lawrence, and Owen, and several other fellows came along.

Fatty Wynn considered operations on the cake. It was a very large cake, and Fatty Wynn was a very large eater, so they were well matched, and the cake was likely to last as long as the council of war.

Redfern, Lawrence, and Owen had on an expression of great and generous patience and forbearance.

"We want you fellows to back us up," Figgins remarked.

"Go ahead!" said Redfern airily. "I could suggest a better idea!"

"What's that?"

"For you fellows to back us up!" said Redfern innocently.

"Exactly!" said Lawrence and Owen together.

"Oh, don't play the giddy ox!" said Figgins warningly. "You fellows are new boys in this school, and it's your place to back up us old hands."

"Rats!"

"Look here, Reddy—"

"Look here, Figgy—"

"Are you going to back us up?"

"No; we want you to back us up," said Redfern.

"We're not going to," declared Figgins.

"All right, then," said Redfern. "The job of looking after the prestige of the New House rests on our shoulders."

"You've got a wheeze, then?" said Figgins.

"Of course we have," said Redfern. "But as you won't back us up, we shall have to carry it out alone. Come on, Lawrence and Owen."

"I say—"
But Redfern & Co. had gone. The scholarship boys had hit upon a good wheeze for getting their own back on the School House juniors, and they were determined to make a success of it, in spite of the fact that Figgins & Co. declined to back them up.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Beauty in Distress.

TOBY, the page, grinned as he met Tom Merry coming out of the Shell-room next morning.

"Skuse me, Master Merry," he began.

"Go it!" said Tom Merry cheerfully. "I dunno whether this letter is for you, Master Merry," said Toby. "I've took it up to Mr. Railton, and he said that it wasn't for him; and to Herr Schneider, and he said it wasn't for him; and to Mr. Lathom, and he larfed, and said it wasn't for him; and to Mr. Selby, and he scowled, and said it wasn't for him; and to Mr. Mottle, and—"

"And he said it wasn't for him, I suppose?" said Monty Lowther.

"Yes, Master Lowther; and he larfed."

"Larfed; did he?" said Lowther. "For goodness' sake get the letter and see what they all larfed at, Tommy!"

"He larfed somethin' awful," said Toby, holding out the letter.

Tom Merry took it, and then he laughed, too, and turned red.

"Yes, it's for me," he said. "Thank you, Toby!"

"Oright, Master Merry."

And Toby retired, grinning. Jack Blake and his chums came along from the Fourth Form-room, and they stopped as they heard Tom Merry read out the address on the letter.

"To the President of the T. M. L. H., School House, St. Jim's," read out Tom Merry.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Blake. "Letter for me?"

"No fear! It's for me."

"Now, don't be an ass, Tom Merry!" said Blake warmly. "If that's a letter for the President of the Legion of Honour, it's for me."

"Rats!"

"Now, you fathead—"

"Now, you duffer—"

"Weally, deah boys!" remonstrated D'Arcy. "Open the lettah; pewwaps it's somethin' that concerns the whole Legion."

"Yes; that's a good idea," chimed in Kangaroo.

Tom Merry opened the letter.

He whistled a little as he looked over it, and his face grew amazed.

"Great Scott!"

"Something interesting—ch?" said Blake. "Who is it from?"

"Blessed if I know!"

"Isn't it signed?" demanded Herries.

"No; only 'One in Deep Distress.'"

"Phew!"

"That sounds good," said Mauners.

"Read it out."

"It's an appeal for help," said Tom Merry, looking very puzzled. "Somebody has heard of the Legion of Honour, and is appealing for help."

"Bai Jove!"

The juniors looked at one another with very satisfied looks. The fame of the Legion of Honour was evidently spreading, and they felt themselves a company of Bayards already, called upon to defend beauty in distress.

"Is it from a gal?" asked D'Arcy.

"It seems so."

"Bai Jove! Then we shall have to play up, of course. Pway wead it out!"

"Not here," said Tom Merry cautiously. "Don't want the whole giddy school to hear it. We'll have a meeting in the wood-shed."

"Good! Call up the Legion, then!"

And the various members of the Legion of Honour were called up, and they gathered in the wood-shed in a state of great expectancy.

"Gentlemen of the Legion of Honour," said Tom Merry, standing on a bench, "although the Legion has only been in existence a short time, we are already called upon to play up to our title and motto."

"Hear, hear!"

"Someone in distress has already heard of us, and has called upon us for aid."

"Bravo!"

"Of course, we're bound to give it. The business of the Legion of Honour is to help people who are in distress."

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Read out the letter!" shouted Kangaroo.

"Get it off your chest, Tommy!"

"Buck up!"

"Very well!" Tom Merry cleared his throat with a little preliminary cough.

"Listen!"

"Order!" called out Lowther.

"Pway shut up, deah boy, and let us heah the lettah!"

"To the President of the Legion of Honour," Tom Merry began.

"That's me!" said Jack Blake promptly and ungrammatically.

"Shut up!"

"Order!"

"Dear Mr. President,—I beg you to excuse me for addressing you, when I am a stranger to you. But I am sorely in need of help."

"Oh, good!" said Digby.

"Don't interrupt!"

"Yaas, wathah! Pway don't intew-wupt, deah boy!"

"Who's interrupting now, fathead?"

"I wefuse to be called a fathead! I—"

"Order!" roared Lowther.

"Weally, Lowther—"

"Shut up, Gussy," said Kangaroo imploringly. "We can't wait for you to finish, because we have dinner in less than an hour."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Weally, Kangawoo—"

Blake and Herries seized Arthur Augustus, and by threats of instant bumping induced him to remain silent.

Tom Merry went on reading the letter.

"I am sorely in need of help. Will you help a persecuted girl to escape from her bitter enemies? I beg of you to aid me; and in the hope of seeing you, I will wait under the big oak by the stile in Rylcombe Lane at half-past eight this evening. Do not fail me, I implore you, in the name of the motto of your Legion. ONE IN DEEP DISTRESS."

"Bai Jove!"

"Is that all, Tom Merry?"

"That's all," said Tom Merry.

"I suppose it isn't a rag?" said Kangaroo.

"Weally, Kangawoo—"

"Well, it looks like a girl's handwriting," said Tom Merry, showing the letter round. "Look at it yourselves."

The members of the Legion of Honour examined the letter with keen attention.

There was no doubt that it was a feminine hand.

"Looks genuine," said Blake. "But who, can she be?"

"Nobody we know, I suppose?" Clifton Dane remarked.

"I suppose not, or she'd have signed her name," said Tom Merry thoughtfully. "I think, as president, that we ought to go and help her."

"I think so, as president, too," Blake remarked.

"Yaas, wathah!"

"We shall have to get passes out, at half-past eight," said Lowther. "We can't all go."

"No; I suppose we three'd better go."

"Rats!" said Blake warmly. "I shall have to go, as president."

"Now, look here! Blake—"

"Yaas, wathah; and I am bound to go."

"How are you bound to go, you ass?" demanded Kangaroo.

"As a fellow of tact and judgment. A fellow with some delicacy will be required to deal with a mattah of this sort," said Arthur Augustus loftily.

"We can all go, I think," said Bernard Glyn. "We can ask different prefects for passes, and each of us keep dark about the others."

"Good egg!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Jolly good idea!"

And so it was arranged.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

To the Rescue!

THE shades of night were falling fast, as a well-known poet has expressed it, when quite a little crowd of juniors left the gates of St. Jim's, and made their way through the gathering dusk down Rylcombe Lane.

Half-past eight was sounding from the chimes in Rylcombe when they reached the stile. Within the wood was thick dusk, and it was very shadowy in the lane. The crowd of juniors halted at the stile, and looked over. The big oak was a well-known landmark. It stood just within the stile, beside the footpath.

There was a soft sound of distress in the gloom. It was a sob.

Sob!

The juniors heard it distinctly.

It went directly to the soft heart of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"Bai Jove!" he murmured. "Poor little gal!"

"Come on!" said Tom Merry.

He vaulted over the stile, and hurried towards the oak. Under the tree a feminine form was discernible in the gloom. So far as Tom Merry could see, it was that of a girl of about his own age, dressed entirely in black. Her face was covered by a thick black veil, so that it was difficult to tell what age she really was; but a thick cluster of flaxen curls escaped from under her hat, and proved that she was still young.

Sob!

Tom Merry raised his cap. The juniors all-raised their caps, with the exception of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, who swept off a silk tapper in his inimitable way.

"I hope we shall be able to help you, miss," said Tom Merry anxiously.

"We're ready to do anything."

"Will you help me, indeed?" came in a distressed tone from under the veil, followed by another sob.

"Certainly!" said Tom Merry sturdily.

"I have enemies—bitter enemies."

"Bai Jove! Pway tell us where we can find them, and I undstake to give them a feahful thwashin', deah gal."

"I am fleeing from them," said the

distressed voice; "but they are hunting me down."

"Bai Jove!"

"Where shall I find refuge?"

"Better apply to the police," suggested Manners.

Sob!

"Alas, I dare not!" murmured the girl. "I must hide from them. Alas! But where shall I hide from them in safety? I implore you—I beg of you—take me to the school, and hide me there!"

"Bai Jove!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

The juniors looked at one another in dismay.

Helping a damsel in distress was one thing, but concealing a young lady in the school was another. It was hardly likely to be allowed at St. Jim's.

"E'm!" said Tom Merry. "Wouldn't it be better to let your father and another know, miss?"

"Alas! I have none."

"Poor gal!"

"I have no home—I have no family!" said the girl tragically. "I am the last of my race. And when I am dead, my wicked uncle will inherit my vast estates."

"Bai Jove! But how can you have a wicked uncle if you have no relations, miss?"

"He is my only relation, and he seeks me now to take my life." The veiled female sobbed. "Even at this moment his minions are searching for me, and if I am found my life will pay the forfeit."

"Bai Jove, that's wotten!"

"But the police!" urged Tom Merry.

"Alas! I dare not enter the village again! I dare not remain here! Alas! I was foolish to send to you! Far wiser would it be to end for ever the sorrows of the wretched Clara de Vere in the dark waters of the river. But it is not yet too late!"

And the girl made a movement, as if to go.

"Hold on, my deah young lady!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "It's all wight! We'll take you to the school!"

"Yes, yes; if you are really in danger," said Tom Merry.

"Yes, rather!"

"Come along at once!"

"But it will bring danger upon you if you befriend me," said the veiled girl.

That was exactly the way to make the juniors determined, as, perhaps, the mysterious damsel was aware.

"Oh, that's all right!" said Manners.

"We're not afraid!"

"Wathah not!"

"We'll ask the Head's advice about it," said Tom Merry. "Come along to the school at once, and—"

"Hark!" exclaimed the girl, with a convulsive start, as a low whistle sounded through the wood. "The signal!"

"Bai Jove!"

The juniors started, and listened. It sounded strangely weird and ghostly—the low, clear whistle sounding and echoing amongst the dark underwoods.

"W-w-what is that?" muttered Herries.

"The signal of my foes. It shows that they are on the track!" said the veiled girl hurriedly. "Fly—fly! Leave me to my fate! You are bringing danger upon yourselves by lingering here!"

"Wats! We won't go without you!" said Arthur Augustus sturdily. "This way, deah gal!"

"You will save me!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Oh, how can I ever repay you!" exclaimed the veiled young lady, falling upon Arthur Augustus' neck, and winding her arms about him. "My noble preserver!"

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"Bai Jove!"

"My brave, brave defender!"

"Welease me! I—I mean, just so, deah gal; but—but there's no time to lose, and—and—"

"You are right!" The veiled young lady released D'Arcy from her embrace. "Lead on, my brave preservers! Let us fly!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

The juniors hurried out into the lane with the veiled young lady.

"I think," said Tom Merry to Blake, as they marched along the road to St. Jim's, "it would be best to take her to the wood-shed. You know, we sha'n't be able to get her into the School House without being seen."

"You are right there," said Blake. "I think it would be by far the best plan."

The veiled lady was guided to the wood-shed. Manners lighted a bicycle lantern to illuminate the wood-shed, and the young lady sank down upon a bench and sobbed.

Sobbing seemed to be her chief accomplishment. She made Arthur Augustus D'Arcy sit down beside her.

The swell of St. Jim's was too polite to resist. But he looked very uneasy as he sat down with the young lady's arm through his.

"My dear, noble protectors!" murmured the veiled lady. "How can I thank you? Here I can remain in safety till my enemies are overcome."

"Bai Jove!" said Arthur Augustus thoughtfully. "I wish you'd let us confide the whole matter to the Head. Mrs. Holmes would take care of you, then."

"Oh! Never, never!"

"Othahwise, I weally don't see what is to be done. You see—"

"You will not desert me, Arthur!" murmured the young lady, in soft tones, and her arm glided round the neck of the swell of St. Jim's.

Arthur Augustus sat as if he were turned to stone.

His face was crimson, and his ears looked as if they had been set on fire.

"Bai Jove!" he gasped.

"Hear me! I love you."

"W-w-what!"

"I love you! Fly with me, and I will endow you with the title and estates of De Vere! The ancient Castle of Mouldy-acres—the village of Rackrent—all are mine, and all shall be yours, Arthur, if you will fly with me!"

"Well, my hat!" exclaimed Tom Merry.

"Gweat Scott!"

"Arthur," sobbed the young lady, "I love you!"

"Weally, my deah gal, this is wathah shocking, you know!" said Arthur Augustus, greatly scandalised. "Pway welease me!"

"Arthur!"

"I object vewy stwongly to havin' arms wound my neck, and, besides, you are disawwngin' my collah! I—"

"Fly with me!"

"I wefuse to do anythin' of the sort."

Sob!

"Pway welease me!"

Sob!

"Bai Jove, this is horrible, you know!" said D'Arcy, twisting his head round in the young lady's arms, and casting a very distressed look at Tom Merry & Co. "I weally feel quite at a loss! This sort of thing throws me into a fittah! I—"

"Fly with me!"

"Imposs!"

The young lady jumped up.

"Then I will fly alone; and never, never more will you hear of the unhappy Clare de Vere."

She rushed to the door of the wood-shed.

"Bai Jove! My deah young lady—"

said D'Arcy feebly.

"I—I say—" stammered Tom Merry. The young lady turned in the doorway.

"It's all right," she said, in quite a different tone of voice. "I haven't far to go—only as far as the New House, you know. By the way, I got the girl at the confectioner's in Rylcombe to write that letter. Good-bye, Gussy; ta-ta, you fellows!"

There was a roar of surprise and rage from the juniors. The young lady pushed up her veil, and disclosed the laughing face and merry eyes of Redfern of the Fourth. Then she fled.

"Redfern!"

"Done!"

"Spoofer!"

"Bai Jove!"

"After him!" shrieked Tom Merry. "Squash him! Bump him! Scalp him! After him!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

The juniors rushed from the wood-shed in frantic pursuit. Across the quadrangle the door of the New House slammed.

Tom Merry & Co. gasped.

"Redfern!"

"The bounder!"

"Bai Jove!"

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Up a Tree!

REDFERN smiled when he met the School House fellows the next day; but Tom Merry & Co. did not smile. They were going into class, so there was no chance to bump Redfern; but they promised themselves that pleasure later.

Directly after dinner Redfern & Co. strolled out of the school gates. Jack Blake saw them go, and he hurried off to his comrades with the news.

"We've got 'em!" he announced. "Come on!"

"What about the football?" asked Tom Merry.

Blake snorted.

"Blow the football! Haven't we got to make the young bounders show a proper respect for the Legion!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"They've got to be bumped, and bumped hard, and made an example of," said Digby. "We shall have all the giddy fags getting their ears up, otherwise."

"Quito wight, deah boy!"

"Oh, all serene!" said Tom Merry.

"Which way have they gone?"

"Down to the towing-path."

"Come on, then!"

"I expect they'll be dodging us," said Herries. "Wait a minute while I get Towser. Towser will track them down if they try to dodge us. You remember how splendid he is at following a trail."

"Weally, Hewries, I object to Towser! That wotten bulldog has no respect whatevah—"

"Look here, you ass—"

"For a fellow's twousahs!"

"I'm going to fetch him," said Herries.

And he did. Arthur Augustus eyed the bulldog very suspiciously as Herries brought him up. D'Arcy distrusted Towser.

Herries often declared that Towser hardly ever bit anybody, but that was really not quite reassuring. The juniors hurried down to the towing-path, Herries in the lead with Towser.

Redfern & Co. were sighted in the distance on the towing-path. They caught sight of their pursuers, and, instead of looking alarmed, Redfern only kissed his hand to them.

"Run the bounders down!" said Tom Merry.

"Yaas, wathah! Wan like anythin', deah beys!"

And the whole crowd broke into a sprint.

Redfern, Lawrence, and Owen broke into a run, too. They were making for the old bridge, and they reached it easily ahead of their pursuers.

Redfern jumped on the parapet of the bridge to wave his hand to the pursuers, and then the three fugitives disappeared across the bridge.

Tom Merry & Co. ran on. They had a suspicion that Redfern & Co. were deliberately leading them a wild-goose chase, as an afternoon's amusement. But they intended to make the New Firm properly sorry for themselves before the afternoon was out.

They crossed the bridge, and scanned the wooded shore on the other side for the fugitives. Redfern & Co. had disappeared among the trees, but from the wood came the sound of a clear whistle.

"The awful wotahs!" murmured Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"They're leading us on!" growled Kangaroo.

"We'll have them soon. Come on!"

The juniors scrambled and stumbled and ran along the rough, wooded bank of the Ryll. Glimpses were caught of Redfern & Co. occasionally in the wood, and when they were lost sight of, the whistle was heard again, as if to guide them.

Tom Merry & Co. were growing very much exasperated. The New Firm were deliberately making fun of them, and their pursuit, they realised that now.

"By Jove," exclaimed D'Arcy suddenly, "we've missed them! Listen!"

The whistle sounded again behind the juniors. They had evidently overshot the mark. They halted, and turned back, and plunged through the underwoods again, and again the whistle sounded.

Tom Merry stopped.

"Where on earth are the bounders?" he ejaculated.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The laughter rang out almost above Tom Merry's head.

He looked up in amazement.

Then he saw Redfern & Co. The three New House juniors were comfortably seated on a great branch of a tree that grew far out over the waters of the Ryll. Almost at the end of the great branch they were ensconced among the boughs that forked off from it, quite at their ease. Below them flowed the deep, swift waters, but the New Firm did not seem to be at all uneasy.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors gathered on the bank under the tree, and gazed out at the trio reclining among the twigs out over the water.

"Well, here we are, up a tree!" said Redfern cheerfully. "You've got us!"

"Yaas, wathah, you boundahs."

"You've only got to come and fetch us!" said Redfern sweetly. "We're ready to be fetched. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Owen and Lawrence.

The crowd on the shore stared grimly at them. If they could only have got to close quarters with Redfern & Co., there

were enough of them to have eaten the New Firm. But how to get at them—that was the question.

"I'll tell you what," said Herries, "We'll send Towser along the branch to clear them off, you know. Towser'll manage it easily enough."

"Rot! He wouldn't go!"

"Towser'll do anything I tell him!" said Herries defiantly. "Now, then, Towser, old boy! Fetch 'em—fetch 'em!"

Herries lifted his big favourite into the lower branches of the tree. Towser submitted quietly, and curled himself up in a fork of the tree, apparently imagining that Herries intended him to go to sleep there.

"Go on, Towser!" said Herries, shaking him. "Fetch 'em, boy! Go for 'em!"

Towser yawned.



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"He won't go!" growled Digby, "He will go!" roared Herries, exasperated. "My bulldog will do anything I tell him!"

"He can't walk along the branch, you ass!" said Clifton Dane.

"He can, you chump! Towser can walk a tightrope if he likes."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Herries snorted. To Herries, there was nothing in the wide world that Towser could not do. He climbed into the lower branches of the tree, and pushed the bulldog along the big branch that Redfern & Co. were perched on. Towser appeared to regard it as a game, and he made a playful snap at Herries' cuff, and took a mouthful out of it.

"Let him come down!" yelled Tom Merry. "He'll fall into the river. Dogs can't climb like cats, you duffer."

"Rats!" retorted Herries. "Towser can!"

"Weally, Hewwies—"

"Go on, Towser! Fetch 'em, Towser, old man! Go for 'em!"

Towser growled. He was out on the thick branch now over the water, but he declined to go any further. Further on, the branch grew narrower, and the foothold was certainly not adequate for a dog of Towser's size. Herries urged and persuaded and expostulated in vain. Towser declined to go any further, and he had apparently quite made up his mind on the subject. He squatted on the branch and refused to budge.

"I told you he wouldn't go!" said Digby.

Herries growled. "My bulldog isn't one of those sneaking brutes that do exactly as they are told!" he retorted. "Towser isn't going to be bullied by anybody."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Mind he doesn't fall coming back," said Tom Merry. "I—"

"Oh, rot! Towser isn't a clumsy brute! Oh, my hat! Towser!"

For even as Herries was speaking, Towser's foot slipped, and he shot down with a sharp yell into the water.

Splash!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Herries scrambled down angrily from the tree. As Towser could swim, of course, he had no uneasiness about his dog, and he was not alarmed. But the fellows on the bank soon saw that Towser was not so safe as his master imagined.

Either the fall had dazed him, or he had been seized with cramp. He seemed to be making hardly an effort, and a whirl of the current swept him out into the stream, under the end of the long bough, and he was whirled away almost in a twinkling. There was a shout of alarm from the juniors.

"Towser! Towser!"

"Great Scott! He'll be drowned!"

"No, he won't!" sang out Redfern, "I'm going in for him!"

And, without even waiting to tear off his jacket, Redfern put his hands together and dived from the branch.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.
The First President of the Legion of Honour.

SPLASH!
Redfern shot into the water and disappeared.

Lawrence and Owen on the bank, and the crowd of fellows on the bank, watched breathlessly. There was evidently something wrong with Towser; he was being swept helplessly away, with hardly a struggle on his part. Redfern came up to the surface, and struck out boldly in the direction of the dog. The swift current bore him on, as it was bearing the bulldog. In a few seconds both of them were far away from the spot where the juniors were standing.

Herries rushed towards the steep bank, but Blake caught him and dragged him back. Blake's face was very pale.

"It's no good, Herries," he muttered; "you couldn't swim to him from here."

"I'm going to try!"

"No good, old man; let's get along the bank and get a boat out."

Herries nodded, and the juniors raced along the bank. Lawrence and Owen scrambled down from the tree and ran with them. It was not only Towser that was in danger, but Redfern. For in the wide, deep Pool the waters were swift and dangerous. There had been more than one serious accident in the Pool; and since the last, a boat had been always kept there. But the boat was on the

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ANSWERS

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school side of the river, and to reach it the juniors had to run down to the bridge and get across, and race along the opposite bank.

There was not a moment to lose.

Tom Merry & Co. ran along the bank towards the bridge as fast as they could go, and tore across the bridge, and then dashed breathlessly to the spot where the old boat was kept moored.

Meanwhile, Redfern, swimming splendidly, had reached Towser. The bulldog had been twice under, and was evidently exhausted. Redfern's strong grip upon his collar brought him up as he was sinking again.

"Got you, old boy!" murmured Redfern. "All right now."

He looked over the shining, hurried water to the bank. He had hardly noticed where he was going, in his haste to reach the sinking bulldog; but he saw now that he was past the bridge, and out in the wide circling waters of the Pool.

There was a shout along the river. The juniors were in the boat now; and four sturdy pairs of arms were at the oars, and they were pulling with the current—pulling as they had never pulled in a boatrace on the waters of the Ryk.

"Buck up, Reddy! We're coming!"

Tom Merry's voice came ringing along the river. The first half-dozen of the juniors to reach the boat had piled into it; the rest were running along the bank and keeping pace with Redfern as he whirled along.

Redfern could not call back; he needed all his breath.

The oars were making good time; the boat shot down with the current. But Redfern felt his strength giving way. He allowed himself to drift, exerting himself only to keep afloat, and to keep the bulldog's head above water. Towser, with great intelligence, realised what Redfern was doing for him, and he placed his paws on Redfern's shoulders and kept them there, leaving both the junior's hands free.

"Row like the dickens!" gasped Tom Merry.

The juniors pulled their hardest.

The boat seemed to shoot along the shining water. It shot past Redfern, and half turned, and Tom Merry leaned over and grasped the collar of the swimmer.

"Got him!"

Redfern grinned faintly.

"Thanks! Get Towser in!"

Herries leaned over and seized Towser, and dragged the heavy, exhausted bulldog into the boat. Tom Merry and Lawrence helped Redfern in. The junior sank down in the bottom of the boat, panting feebly in a pool of water. His face was very white.

"L-l-lucky you got here!" he gasped at last. "Poor old Towser! He was jolly near a goner!"

"You were jolly near a goner, too, you—you ass!" said Lawrence, half crying.

"You—you ass! You went under once, and I—I thought—"

"Oh, that's all right!" said Redfern cheerfully. "I only want a change of clothes! I'll give you fellows another run back to the school!"

Tom Merry laughed. "We'll let you off the bumping!" he said.

"Yaas, wathah! I wegard Weddy as a hew!"

"Oh, rot!" said Redfern.

The juniors pulled to the shore, and Redfern was lifted out of the boat. Although he made light of the matter in his usual cheery way, he was too spent to walk, and the juniors took him in their arms to carry him back to the school. Kildare met them as they entered the gates, and he stared at Redfern in surprise.

"What on earth's happened?" he exclaimed.

"Reddy went in for Towser," explained Blake. "It's all right. He's wet."

Kildare grinned.

"Yes; he looks wet," he said. "Take him into the House, and put him into bed at once, and tell the House-dame!"

"Here, I'm not a giddy invalid!" roared Redfern, in alarm. "I'm not going to be coddled, and I'm not going to have any gruel!"

"Take him in!" said Kildare.

And Redfern was rushed into the New House; and, in spite of his remonstrations, he was tucked up in bed, with a hot-water bottle at his feet, and any number of blankets over him, and he was left in charge of the House-dame.

It was a couple of hours later when the juniors were allowed to come in and see Redfern. The hero of the New House was sitting up in bed, with a muffler round his neck, blankets over him, and a basin of gruel by his side. He grinned rather forlornly at his visitors.

"I've got to stay in bed till the evening!" he growled. "Nice way to spend a half-holiday, ain't it? How's Towser?"

"All serene," said Herries. "He was a bit queer at first, but I've had the vet to him. He's all right now. I—I say, Reddy, old man, I'm awfully obliged to you. It isn't every fellow who'd risk his life to save a dog. You're a splendid chap, old man!"

"Yaas, wathah! And he must have ruined his clothes," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "A fellow who would wisk his clothes like—"

"Bravo, Reddy!"

"Oh, shut up!" said Redfern. "I'm not taking the gruel, and I'm jolly well not going to have any rot, either. Ring off!"

Tom Merry laughed.

"We were going to make an example of you this afternoon, Reddy," he said.

"But—"

"Well, he's Reddy," said Monty Lowther.

There was a howl.

"Shut up, Lowther!"

"Yaas, wathah! At a serious moment like this, Lowthah, I must say that you might wing off those wotten puns. I considah—"

"But instead of making an example of you," said Tom Merry, who had evidently prepared a little speech for the occasion, "you have made an example of us—no, that isn't it—I mean, you have set an example for us to follow—"

"Hear, hear!"

"The opinion of all the members of the Legion of Honour is that you have played up splendidly, and—and deserved well of your country—I mean of St. Jim's, and we all say—"

"Hurrah!"

"Yes; but as well as that, we all say—"

"Bravo!"

"Don't interrupt!" roared Tom Merry.

"We all say—"

"Wippia!"

"Shut up, Gussy! We say—we say that a chap who plays up like this ought to be a member of the Legion of Honour—"

"Hurrah!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"We therefore make Redfern, Lawrence, and Owen members of the Legion of Honour," said Tom Merry solemnly, "and, moreover—"

"That's a good word, anyway!" murmured Monty Lowther.

"Moreover, as the chap who has mostly distinguished himself, and set an example of pluck to all the chaps, we elect Redfern President of the Legion of Honour—"

"Hurrah!"

"Carried unanimously!" said Blake heartily. "Redfern is president! Three cheers for the giddy president!"

"Hip, hip, hurrah!"

Redfern rose to the occasion.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you do me great honour! I accept the presidency of the Legion of Honour, and will always try to set you a noble example. Watch me, and do as I do, and you will be all right!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Weally, Weddy—"

"But seriously, I'm jolly glad to join," said Redfern, "and though I don't think I deserve to be president, I'll do my little best. That's all I can say."

"Hear, hear!"

"Gentlemen!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "Gentlemen, I quite approve of the wemarks of my friend Weddy. And as soon as he gets up, I propose that we have a weally wippin' feed to celebrate the election of the First President of the Legion of Honour!"

And the motion was carried nem. con.

THE END.

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THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Rosamond Sings — Nero Escapes — Raja Again.

JIMMY TRAVERS the showman, and Pete the negro lad, were in the private caravan of the former. They had just had what Jimmy called a snack. The fact is, Pete's joviality was infectious, and Jimmy really liked his company, so he, having only himself to please in all the world, invariably invited Pete to meals. This annoyed some of the circus company, though, needless to say, it aroused no feelings of jealousy in Jack and Sam—Pete's comrades. For one thing, they were used to Pete's popularity, and knew quite well that wherever they went, he would become a great favourite with somebody or other, as in this case. Apart from this, they had sufficient intelligence to perceive that Jimmy's caravan would not comfortably hold more than two. Therefore, they did not begrudge Pete his invitations. The rest of the company, however, grumbled at what they termed Jimmy's favouritism. But Jimmy did not care, while Pete liked it, because he not only got extra special food, but the company of the easy-going Jimmy exactly suited him.

"We have done well, Pete," exclaimed Jimmy—"most remarkably well! All the same, there are two things I want you to bear in mind. One is, don't be too venturesome; and the other is, don't tell the company we have done exceedingly well, because, don't you see, dear boy, the fair Rosamond would want her screw raised—the baggage is a rare one for serew, and does not hesitate to tell me I am one."

"Still, dat ain't so, Jimmy, and Rosamond don't tink it. And you may be quite sure dat me and Jack and Sammy don't tink so, eider. It was one ob de luckiest days we'in had for a bery long time when we tumbled across you, Jimmy. By de way, I shouldn't wonder if dat girl marries you one day."

"Great Scott! Not if I know it! She is bad enough as an employec. What she would be as a wife I will leave some other fool to find out. All the same, she is a good girl, and a remarkably pretty one, and—"

A piercing scream interrupted Jimmy's observations. It was followed by others, and they were followed by Rosamond, who dashed into the caravan, slammed the door, wrenched Jimmy's table against it, and, having seized a dinner-knife, shrieked on her top note.

"Now, ain't dat mighty beautiful?" observed Pete. "You might take her for an escaped nightingale. Dere's a wobbly warble 'bout dat top note dat thrills you like electric shocks. Jack



Nero placed his huge paws on the table, smashing a few plates and glasses, and seized a leg of roast lamb.

ought to hab heard dat one. He knows someteng about singing."

"I have a good mind to box your ears, Pete!" declared Rosamond.

"Box Jimmy's, my dear. I'm only praising your singing."

"I'm not singing—you know that. I'm shrieking!"

"Golly! Dat's mighty lucky you hab told us, my dear; otherwise we might neber hab known. Who has been trying to kiss you? I hope it wasn't old Sammy?"

"Jimmy, how dare you let that boy talk to me like that?"

"He gets some absurd notions into that woolly pate of his," said Jimmy. "Don't be too ridiculous, Pete. You know quite well Rosamond would not scream if anyone tried to kiss her."

"Yah, yah, yah! Dat's a nasty one, Rosamond!"

"You are cruel to make fun of me when I'm dying!"

"You cheer up, Rosamond," said Pete. "Dere must be a lot ob life in a girl who can make dat mighty row."

"No one cares whether I am kuk-killed or not!" sobbed Rosamond.

"Shoo, my dear!" gasped Pete. "Don't you do dat! I can't bear to see a beautiful girl crying. Hit me ober de head, or eben kick me on de shins, if you tink it would gib you any sort ob comfort, only don't cry. If I see a woman crying it makes a big lump come

in my froat, and I feel as dough I must start yowling myself. If it is Raja, de lion-tamer, who has offended you, I'll gib dat man such a thrashing dat he will tink he is oats or wheat, and I'll get Jack to help me, too, if you like. He's a bery useful man sometimes."

"It is Nero," said Rosamond, drying her eyes and listening.

"What! Nero, de lion? Why, you ain't sure frightened ob dat harmless old boss? He didn't bite you, did he?"

"No; but he might have done so."

"Well, a miss is as good as a mile, as de donkey said who missed his turning and went free miles down de wrong lane. You see, he made de miss, and he got two miles to de good; but de man who makes de biggest miss is de one who turns de miss into his missus. You see, he catches de miss, and finds she's a mistake afterwards."

"You are a perfect beast, Pete!" declared Rosamond. "Besides, what does a boy like you know about marriage? I am astonished, Jimmy, that you allow him to talk such rubbish!"

"Well, well, a little fun makes this life the brighter, and it needs a little brightening sometimes, becane? we all get our troubles, and the brave ones are those who bear them with a smiling face. All the same, Rosamond, there is no venom in Pete's fun."

"I know that, Jimmy. He is a good

lad, and jolly clever; but I've been awfully frightened about Nero."

"What has he done—roared at you? I don't suppose he will be the first living creature you have made feel raw with glances from those eyes when cast at a rival."

"That is a very bad joke, Jimmy—almost as bad as one of Pete's. Still, I have been dreadfully frightened, and you have not the slightest consideration for me."

"You keep on telling us that you have been frightened, but you don't tell us the cause."

"I told you it was Nero."

"Pooh! You shouldn't go near him if you are frightened!"

"I didn't! He came near me—knocked me down!"

"The girl is demented!" cried Jimmy, springing to his feet. "How the thunder could the lion—"

"Look here, Jimmy," exclaimed Rosamond, "I will not allow that language in my presence! My mother never speaks to me like that, and—"

"I don't suppose she does. But then, she is a lady, and I am not. But look here, Rosamond, as a rule you are a sensible girl. I ask you, in the name of all that's sensible, what makes you come here yelling like a delirious banshee, and—"

"You are very insolent, Jimmy. How dare you talk to me like that, and compare me to those horrible things?"

"Banshees are very beautiful, Rosamond—at least, I expect they are—only they scream. But what I want to know is, what has happened?"

"I keep telling you that Raja has let Nero escape, and he nearly knocked me down while he was escaping. I expect he has eaten several people, and he is certain to eat several more."

"What?" yelled Jimmy. "The lion escaped? What, Nero at large, roaming—eh? The girl is mad! Here she comes frothing about, and—wasting time. Eh?"

"I told you directly I entered the caravan that Nero had escaped, Jimmy. You know I did!"

"You told me no such thing!"

"Well, I meant to, and it comes to the same thing. I expect he's already eaten Jack and Sam, because I saw him running towards the place where they were working, and—"

At this juncture the door was thrown

open with a violence that overturned Jimmy's table, and smashed all the crockery that was upon it by sending it on the floor.

"Nero has escaped!" cried Raja, the lion-tamer, bursting into the place.

"Did you ever see such an empty-headed idiot?" growled Jimmy. "What's the good of coming and howling at me that the lion has escaped if you don't catch him? Where is the brute?"

"In the circus somewhere, I suppose!" snarled Raja.

"Well, go and catch him!" retorted Jimmy. "And when you have done so, come to me and explain how you let him escape. You are no more fit to be a lion-tamer than an ordinary man in the street! Why, Pete's comrades could do the job as well as you do, and they've never pretended to know anything about wild animals. You go and tell the girls to keep out of Nero's way, Rosamond."

"You must think I am stupid, Jimmy, if you expect me to cross the circus when a raging lion is prowling about."

"Well, hang it all, he will eat some of the girls!"

"I should be very sorry, but I would be a lot sorer if he ate me. And I tell you this. I don't stir out of this caravan till Nero is caught! The girls must take care of themselves!"

"Yah, yah, yah! Dere's much sound sense in dat argument, Jimmy. But Nero is safe enough. I don't tink he will chew you up, Rosamond."

"I am not going to give him the chance."

"Well, I'll soon find him," said Pete. "I'll bet he hasn't eaten old Jack or Sammy. Dey are quite capable of looking after demselves. I wouldn't be at all surprised if dey've already caught him. You stop here, Rosamond."

"I'm going to do so. You don't catch me outside till you catch the lion!"

"Wait a minute, and I'll come with you," said Jimmy, pulling on his boots.

"You had better stay where you are, Jimmy," declared Rosamond. "You are plump."

"What has that got to do with it, you baggage?"

"I was only thinking that Nero would be sure to select you for a start."

Jimmy, however, decided to run the risk; but, although they searched for quite half an hour amongst the many tents, they saw no signs of Nero. Neither could they find any trace of Jack or Sam.

It was perfectly obvious that, wherever Nero had gone, they had gone after him.

"Shouldn't wonder if he's gone down town," observed Pete, as they made their way back to the caravan.

"I trust not!" groaned Jimmy. "I declare, a man's mind is never at rest in this business. One has to employ empty-headed idiots like Raja, and—"

"Don't you speak to me like that!" cried Raja fiercely.

"I don't want to say anything to hurt your feelings, Raja; at the same time, I must confess that you deserve to be horse-whipped for your stupidity. The fact is, you are half afraid of Nero. I shall have to get Pete to do your work; but the worst of that is, that you can't do his."

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Angry Mr. Cope—Pete Recaptures Nero—A Happy Ending.

"WHAT'S all this row?"

A stout gentleman in evening-dress burst into the caravan, and his naturally red face was redder now by reason of his indignation.

"Fellow, I am Mr. Cope! One of your lions has come into my house through the veranda windows and frightened all my guests out of the room!"

"I don't wonder at it," observed Jimmy.

"It's a mercy we know where dat lion is," said Pete. "I suppose you didn't see anything ob two good-looking young men named Jack and Sam? Why didn't you bring de lion back, my dear old boss?"

"You insolent young rascal! How dare you address me in that manner?"

"Dat's only my friendliness, old boss. But de lion is perfectly safe. I'll come and fetch him out for you. I s'pect my comrades were scared when dey saw you, old boss, and ran away to hide! I s'pose dey thought it would be harder to tackle you dan Nero. Yah, yah, yah!"

"You impertinent black nigger! The ladies are nearly frightened out of their lives, and—"

"Dere's no danger in lions. Tell dem not to be frightened. If dey stroke him down de back he will start purring at dem."

"You senseless young rascal! Here, my dinner is all upset, and just as we were in the middle of it, too! I'll have the law on you for this, you ruffian!"

"But it was not my fault, dear boy," said Jimmy.

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"Don't dare to address me in that familiar strain, you insolent vagabond! I was never more insulted in my life!"

"Can you get Nero back, Pete?" inquired Jimmy. "You manage him better than Raja."

"Suttinly I can get him back!" answered Pete; "only you had better not let Raja come wid me. Nero hates him, and, must say, Nero ain't got bad taste in dat respect. Now, den, old hoss, lead de way to your domicile, and I'll relieve you ob your visitor in two-free minutes."

Mr. Cope was very indignant at Pete's familiarity, but he wanted to get rid of the lion at all costs, and so he conducted Pete to his house, which was just across the field.

It was a handsome mansion, all brilliantly lighted up, for Cope was giving a dinner-party that night; but, as may be imagined, when a huge African lion marched through the open veranda windows, these visitors had promptly scattered.

Pete found his comrades, Jack and Sam, looking on from a concealed position round the side of the house. Mr. Cope had gone round the other side.

Jack informed Pete that Nero was at present in the dining-room.

"Why didn't you catch him?" asked Pete.

"Well, we did intend to have a try," said Sam, "but when we saw the angry hoist through the window we decided that the best thing was to keep out of the way. You have a nice little knack of dealing with gentlemen like him, and we were not at all anxious to meet him."

"Yah, yah, yah! I'll soon show you how to deal wid a jolly old hoss like him. Now, you had better stay round here till I come out wid him, and then you can help me take him back."

Nero had enjoyed his little frolic, but he was frightened now, and was crouching under the dining-room table, growling angrily, and lashing his tail to and fro.

"Now, look here, Nero," cried Pete, entering the room without the slightest fear, while Mr. Cope watched him anxiously through the window, and held himself in readiness to bolt the moment Nero showed signs of making an attack, "what's de meaning ob dis behaviour? You ain't got de right to get out ob your cage. I hab told you dat before. Den, again, you weren't invited to dinner here. Come out ob it, sah, directly! You will get Jimmy into trouble wid your bad behaviour if you ain't more careful. Come out, I say!"

Pete could do almost anything with the great brute, who was really fond of him, and directly it recognised his voice it came from beneath the table, and stood with its gleaming eyes fixed on the daring lad in a manner that caused Cope to tremble. All the gold in the world would never have induced Cope to stand there—in fact, he did not feel at all safe where he was.

"Take care, boy!" he cried, under the impression that a tragedy was about to be enacted. "That lion will kill you!"

"Nunno, he won't!" answered Pete, stroking the great brute's head. "Nero is a mighty good friend ob mine. You might bring me a piece ob rope to lead him wid. I tink he would follow me, only he might get up to his fun, and romp around a bit, and dat is apt to frighten people."

"I will send one of my servants with it," answered Cope.

To take a piece of rope into that room was more than his nerves would stand.

Nero seemed to think he might as well employ his time while waiting for the

rope, so he placed his huge paws on the table, smashing a few plates and glasses, and seized a leg of roast lamb, which had been intended for the enjoyment of the invited guests.

"Look here, Nero," exclaimed Pete, "dat little lot wasn't intended for you, and I don't believe Jimmy will like paying fifteenpence a pound for your food."

Nero, however, cared more for roast lamb than manners, and, having once got his teeth into that joint, had no intention of allowing even Pete to take it away. He submitted to having the rope placed round his neck; then he followed Pete from the room, carrying the joint in his mouth.

"Is dat you, Jimmy?" inquired Pete, as he saw a man outside.

"Yes, Pete. Is he quiet?"

"As quiet as the lamb he has got in his mouf. It's all right, Jimmy. You need not be afraid ob him eating you. You see, dat is a sensible lion, and he prefers tender lamb to tough showmen. By de way, Jack and Sammy are just round de corner dere. Dey are going to help me take Nero back to his cage."

"I am afraid there will be trouble over this!" growled Jimmy.

"You don't tink de old hoss will like it?"

"I feel sure he won't!"

"Don't see why he should mind. It ain't as if Nero has done any damage, except eat a leg ob lamb and smash a few crocks. But dat doesn't matter, Jimmy. If he threatens to summon you, just you tell him you will bring de lion into court to prove he is perfectly safe, and you can bet, wid dat witness in de court, de plaintiff won't appear. Nunno, Nero! Dis is de way to London! You ain't going prowling about any more to-night. You'm more trouble to your

WHY BE TOO FAT?

A WONDERFUL FAT-REDUCING REMEDY.

It is distressing to hear men and women who are getting stouter and stouter every day, and who have, perhaps, weakened themselves by trying to starve down the over-fatness, exclaiming: "Oh, it can't be helped, I suppose; obesity is a family complaint; father was awfully stout—" and so on. This is ridiculous; it can be helped; and thousands have proved this by taking a short course of Antipon when all sorts of dieting and drugging treatments have utterly failed to eradicate the obstinate obese tendency. Antipon is the one remedy

that permanently reduces weight to normal; the one remedy that kills the cause of obesity; the one remedy that helps to reinvigorate and re-nourish the whole system; that assists digestion and promotes appetite. Antipon is as great as a tonic as it is marvellous as a lasting fat-reducer. Rapidly freeing the muscular tissue of all needless and form-spoiling fat, and ridding the body of that dangerous excess of internal fatty matter that clogs the vital organs and vitiates the blood. Antipon soon restores the healthy conditions essential to beauty of outward form and physical strength, and the recovery of graceful symmetry and hardy vigour is permanent. With every pound of unwholesome and disfiguring fat lost there is a more than compensating regain of firm, muscular fibre, and sound nerve tissue. The transformation is simply splendid. A decrease of from 8 oz. to 3 lb., according to degree of stoutness, is the result of the first twenty-four hours' treatment. You now see, stout reader, how unwise it is to resign yourself to the "can't-be-helped" mood. Antipon is an agreeable liquid—is purely vegetable in composition, is quite harmless, and has always proved itself to be a grand tonic. It has enjoyed the testimony of Doctors, Physicians, Nurses, and thousands of private individuals all over the world. Try a bottle of Antipon ere another day closes.

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REGD TRADE MARK

master dan Rosamond, and dat is saying a good deal."

Pete, with Jimmy and Jack and Sam, got the great brute back into his cage in safety, or, at any rate, without mishap; then they entered Jimmy's caravan, where they found Rosamond and Raja, the latter looking rather ashamed of himself.

"A pretty mess you have got me in this time!" exclaimed Jimmy.

"That's right! Blame me!"
 "I'll do more than blame you, you stupid rascal! I'll make you pay for the damages, and I'll fine you a sovereign! You remind me, Pete, to stop a sovereign from his screw next week, and give it to you."

"You won't want any reminding about the first transaction," sneered Raja, "supposing I would allow such a fraud; but all the reminding in the world would never induce you to give a sovereign to that brute—"

Raja's words were interrupted by the entrance of Cope, who appeared to be in a greater rage than ever.

"This is a matter that I shall not allow to rest here!" declared Cope.

"But, my dear old boss," exclaimed Pete, "you ought to be very thankful dat you ain't eaten!"

"The brute has driven all my guests away! They have left my house!"

"Well, what could be nicer dan dat? It's anoder cause for you to be thankful. You see, you save all de food dey would hab wolfed. But, look here, it was dis stupid Spaniard's fault, and if you would like to see a bit ob fun to make up for your lost dinner, I'll gib Raja a good thrashing in your presence."

"I shall summon you!"
 "What's de good ob doing dat, old boss? Suppose Jimmy pays you for de damage done?"

"It's not exactly a matter of damage. I am afford to pay that myself; and I am not blaming you, my lad, because you certainly acted in a very brave manner. But you must see that I can't be put to this annoyance."

"Well, see here, sah," exclaimed Pete, who was quick to see he had got to windward, "I'll look after Nero myself while he remains here, and you may be sure dat he won't escape again! Now, we hab got a private box at de circus, and if you would bring your lady friends, I

am most certain you would like de performance. I'll do all sorts ob things dat you hab neber seen done before."

And the end of it was that Mr. Cope agreed to come, and he accepted Pete's invitation to look at the animals.

They all trooped out of the caravan, and Pete took upon himself to show Mr. Cope round the menagerie.

Jimmy, the proprietor, followed on behind with Jack and Sam. Raja had sulkily returned to his quarters.

Mr. Cope saw Nero in his cage, where he was better able to appreciate his good qualities than in his own dining-room, and the visitor expressed the desire to see what the great lion could do where he visited the show.

Then Pete exhibited Daisy, the elephant, who soon made friends with Mr. Cope, who was really not at all a bad sort.

By the time the visitor left the menagerie he was on good terms with Jimmy and the comrades, and shook hands with them all round, and said that he should look forward to meeting them all again when he came to the show.

THE END.

A Grand Long Complete Story of JACK, SAM, and PETE in Next Friday's issue, entitled:

"PETE AND THE SMASHER!" By S. CLARKE HOOK.

Please Order your Copy of the PENNY POPULAR in Advance!

BETWEEN OURSELVES.

A Weekly Chat between The Editor and His Readers.

LAST WEEK BUT ONE!

This is the last week but one of my great offer to award that magnificent painting entitled "The Chums of Greyfriars," framed in excellent style, to the reader who collects the greatest number of picture coupons. Next week I will give you the closing date of this simple competition, and will also tell you where to send your coupons.

There is every reason, therefore, why every one of you who is eager to win one of the magnificent prizes I am offering should go all out during the next few days to add considerably to the number of coupons you have collected. Bear in mind, every coupon counts. One coupon may make the difference between success and failure.

NEXT FRIDAY'S GRAND STORIES.

I can promise my readers that they will have a rare treat next Friday, for the stories down to appear on that date are of the highest quality. To begin with, there is the long complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co., entitled:

"THE LAD FROM LANCASHIRE!"

This story deals with the arrival of the ever-popular Mark Linley at Greyfriars. Despised by Bulstrode and his followers, Linley finds that life at Greyfriars is not

entirely a bed of roses, but Mark is full of real grit, and I am confident that you will admire him greatly for the determined way in which he fights against the sneers and gibes of Bulstrode and his set. Needless to say, Harry Wharton & Co. have nothing but friendship for the lad from Lancashire, and they do their utmost to make life at Greyfriars happy for the new fellow.

The long, complete tale of Tom Merry & Co. of St. Jim's in our next issue is entitled:

"ALL FOOLS' DAY AT ST. JIM'S!"

This story deals with the first of April at St. Jim's. Arthur Augustus suggests to his chums that they should make fools of Tom Merry & Co., and Figgins & Co., on the First. Blake & Co., however, treat D'Arcy's suggestion derisively. Not to be outdone, D'Arcy sets to work secretly, and succeeds in making fools of all his chums. When you read about the swell of St. Jim's ingenious wheeze, you will laugh loud and long, and will say without hesitation that D'Arcy deserves every credit for having carried out successfully such a splendid wheeze.

The long, complete tale of Jack, Sam, and Pete, the famous comrades, is entitled:

"PETE AND THE SMASHER!"

It is full of humorous incidents, which will send you into roars of laughter.

In order to avoid disappointment, don't forget that you must order your copy of next Friday's PENNY POPULAR in advance.

IMPORTANT!

For some time now I have been constantly receiving letters from my readers requesting me to replace the stories of Jack, Sam, and Pete with tales introducing Jimmy Silver & Co., the famous

chums of Rookwood, and dealing with their early adventures.

I have been giving this matter very careful consideration, but have not yet come to a definite decision. I hope, however, to do so in the course of a week. I shall, therefore, in our next issue tell you exactly what I have decided to do in the matter.

ONE OF THE BEST!

I say, without hesitation, that our companion paper, the "Boys' Friend," is one of the very best boys' papers on the market. It contains every week a long, complete story of Jimmy Silver & Co., the chums of Rookwood, and also a splendid complete tale of Derrick Brent, the schoolmaster detective. There are also two magnificent serial stories. One is entitled "The Secret City," by Duncan Storm; and the other is "The Luck of Polruan," by Maurice Everard. There are other splendid attractions, and I am confident that you have only to buy the "Boys' Friend" once to want to buy it always.

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

W. F. (Warrington).—By referring to my paragraph above, you will see that I hope to make a definite announcement concerning the Jimmy Silver stories in our next issue.

R. M. (Leytonstone).—The story you mention will be published in due course. Very glad you think so highly of the PENNY POP.

Arthur L. (Plymouth).—The story dealing with the arrival of Ionides at Greyfriars will appear very shortly.

Tommy K. (Burton).—Sorry you did not succeed in obtaining one of the "Greyfriars" presentation plates. If you care to send two penny stamps to this office, I shall have much pleasure in forwarding you one.

YOUR EDITOR.