

HANSOM'S "TWIN BROTHER"

By
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THE FIRST CHAPTER Not Nice For Hansom.

"I SAY, you chaps——"
Tubby Muffin rolled excitedly up to the Fistical Four of Rookwood as they were coming out of Hall after dinner. Evidently Tubby had news of some kind. Tubby was never so happy as when he was imparting exciting and confidential news.

Jimmy Silver & Co. grinned.

"What's up, Tubby?" asked Jimmy.
"Get it off your chest before you burst."

"I say, you chaps, Peele has got the local paper. I saw him showing it to Gower. They were sniggering about it no end."

"What the thump——"

"I say, Jimmy, do you think it's true?" asked Reginald Muffin eagerly.

Silver, Lovell, Raby, and Newcome stared at the egregious Tubby.

"Think what's true, ass?" asked Raby.

"That Peele has got a local paper?"

"Nunno. That it's Hansom's brother, you know. I say, Jimmy, what do you think?"

"I think you're talking out of the back of your neck, as usual, fathead. What do you mean—Hansom's brother? I didn't know

he had a brother. Does the paper belong to Hansom's brother?"

"No, of course not, you ass!" gasped Tubby.

"Then I'm blessed if I see what you're talking about."

"Well, it's Lattrey, you know. He said——"

"Eh? You don't mean that Lattrey is Hansom's brother?" asked Jimmy, amazed.

"Oh, corks!"

Hansom, the captain of the Fifth, was an exceedingly proud and aristocratic youth, and really it was not likely that Lattrey, the black sheep of the Fourth, was Hansom's brother.

"You—you—you potty ass!" hooted Reginald Muffin. "Of course Lattrey ain't Hansom's brother."

"Then what on earth are you burbling about? What has Hansom's giddy brother got to do with Peele, Gower and Lattrey?"

"Well, they saw it in the paper you know. About Hansom's brother getting three years for burglary."

The Fistical Four jumped.

"Wha-at?"

"He, he, he!" giggled Tubby breath-

lessly. "Do you think it really is Hansom's brother, Jimmy? I mean, Hansom ain't a common name, is it?"

Jimmy Silver gasped.

"You mean that somebody named Hansom has got three years for burglary?" he asked.

"Yes, exactly, old fellow. It was the Latcham Bank burglary, you know. He's just been tried at the Latcham County Court, and he got three years for it. Lionel George Hansom his name was. I say, Jimmy, do you think Gower's right? I mean it's not a common name——"

"You're a silly ass and Gower's another," laughed Jimmy. "Of course it's not Hansom's brother. Giddy old Hansom of the Fifth isn't likely to have cracksmen for his relations."

"My hat! I think not."

"Well, there's no harm in asking him, is there?" urged Tubby.

"No, if you don't mind being kicked," grinned Newcome.

"The fact is," said Tubby cautiously, "I don't care about asking him myself. You—you see, I ain't afraid of getting kicked, of course; but there's a chance that he might cut up rusty——"

"Just a possible chance," agreed Arthur Edward Lovell, with deep sarcasm.

"And—and the fact is, I don't want a shindy with the brute, so I thought perhaps you'd ask him, Jimmy."

"Think again," chortled Jimmy. "Second thoughts are best, old bean."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, look here, if you're funky all the four of you ask him at once. He couldn't wallop the lot of you."

"I fancy he couldn't wallop any one of us properly," agreed Jimmy; "but this Co. doesn't pull chestnuts out of the fire for fat and flabby porpoises. Try some other study."

Peele, Lattrey and Gower strolled up arm in arm. Peele had a copy of the "Latcham Chronicle" in his hand, and the black sheep were all wearing broad grins.

"Seen the report about Hansom's brother, Silver?" asked Peele.

"You silly owl!" laughed Jimmy. "You

know it's not his brother. Let's have a peep at it."

Peele exhibited the report of the trial. It was a lengthy report, for the little local paper did not often get such a startling story. The name of the criminal, as Tubby had said, was given as Lionel George Hansom, aged twenty-six, of London, and he had been sentenced to three years' imprisonment for the recent burglary at the Provincial and Southern Counties Bank in Latcham.

Gower wagged a wise head.

"My opinion is," he said, "that the merchant is some relation of old Hansom's."

"I'd like to know for certain," chuckled Peele. "My hat! What a lark!"

"Well, here's a chance for you," nodded Jimmy. "Here comes merry old Hansom. Why not ask him? We'll stand behind to catch you as you fall."

A silence fell on the group as Edward Hansom of the Fifth, accompanied by Lumsden and Talboys, his two chums, sauntered along the hall. There was an annoyed look on Hansom's aristocratic face. He glanced superciliously at the juniors and went on talking.

"Sickenin', you know," he was saying. "Of course, it's nothin' to do with me, but——"

The three Fifth-Formers had reached the group of juniors, and the Fistical Four waited with derisive smiles for Peele & Co. to ask Hansom if his brother was due for a "stretch." The three black sheep did not seem eager about the job, and Jimmy wondered if anyone would have the nerve to broach the subject.

There was someone.

It was said of old that fools rush in where angels fear to tread, and though Peele & Co. could not, by any stretch of imagination, be called angels, Tubby Muffin possessed qualifications for the other rôle.

"I—I say, Hansom——"

The lofty Fifth-Former deigned to pause.

"Did one of you fags address me?" he asked, raising his eyebrows.

"I say, old fellow——" gasped Tubby.

"Sheer off, you fat rascal! If you call a Fifth-Form man 'old fellow,' you're liable to be kicked. That's a tip."

"But I say, you know," gasped Tubby, "I'm sorry your brother is going to gaol, Hansom. It's really rather rotten for you—"

Hansom stopped dead. He turned his head, and he rested a gleaming eye on Tubby Muffin.

"What's that?" he rapped out.

"I—I—I was just sympathising with you, old fellow," Tubby gasped. "It must be rotten to have a brother in chokey. We read about it in the paper, and Gower said—"

"Nothing of the kind," put in Gower, with great firmness.

Jimmy Silver grinned as he watched the expressions chasing each other over Hansom's speaking features. For a moment the Fifth-Former gurgled breathlessly, his eyes fixed on the cheerful Muffin as though he could not take them away. Lumsden and Talboys nudged each other and grinned.

"You—you cheeky fat fag!" yelled Hansom at length.

"Oh, really, old fellow—"

"I—I—I'll—My hat! I'll burst you! Take that!"

"Yarooooooh!" howled Tubby, as Hansom smote. The fat junior reeled against the wall, claspings a damaged nasal organ. Hansom charged at him and rammed his bullet head against the oak carving.

"You—you impertinent little sweep! I'll teach you to give me any fag cheek. Take that and that!"

Rap, rap, rap!

Tubby shrieked desperately as his head was banged against the wood.

"Oooooogh! Yow! Wooooohoooooh! Gerroff! Lemme alone! Dragimaway! Help!"

"Ease off!" said Jimmy Silver, butting in. "That's enough, Hansom, old scout. You don't want to knock out what little brains he has got."

"Sheer off! You fags can clear! I'm



As the wriggling mob of juniors reached the stairs, Hansom flew out of the centre and made the descent on his head!

going to squash him to a jelly. Take that—"

"Yarooooooh!"

Jimmy looked round at his grinning chums.

"Line up!" he said.

"What-ho!"

The four juniors advanced and jerked Hansom away from the anguished Muffin.

"Nuff's as good as a feast, old bean," said Jimmy soothingly. "You can keep the rest."

"I'll smash you if you put your inky hands

on me," roared Hansom. "Clear off, you young sweepers!"

"Are you going to behave yourself?"

"I—I'll—I'll——" Words failed Hansom. He proceeded to actions. He rammed a large fist in Lovell's chest, and Lovell sat down with a yell.

"Whooooop!" he yelled. "Oh, my hat! Rag him! Go for him! Ow!"

Three pairs of hands grasped Hansom. Lovell's pair, a moment later, made a fourth—and a very fierce fourth, too.

To Hansom's utter astonishment, he was up-ended and strewn over the floor. A fag actually held his classic and aristocratic nose. A cheeky junior had actually ruffled his hair and jerked his tie out. This was, to Hansom, the same as if the world had suddenly come to an end.

Lumsden and Talboys stood grinning at the end of the passage. They did not offer to interfere, in spite of the fact that Hansom's voice could be heard urging them to do so.

A grinning, wriggling mob of juniors rolled down the passage towards the stairs. Hansom was out of sight, somewhere in the middle of that mob. Now that Hansom was down and done, even Lattrey, Peele and Gower had hold of him somewhere.

Lumsden and Talboys backed downstairs. A moment later the mob of juniors reached the head of the stairs. Suddenly a figure seemed to fly out of the centre of the mob and descended the stairs, wrong end upwards, to a chorus of bumps and yells.

Bump! Bump! Bump!

"Ow! Yooop! Oh, my hat! Ooooch!"

A ruffled, tousled figure hit the ground and lay gasping on the mat.

Lumsden and Talboys gathered the figure together and bore it away.

Really, all this was not nice for Hansom.

THE SECOND CHAPTER

The Escaped Convict!

HANSOM of the Fifth, having washed and brushed himself back into a comfortable state of loftiness, lounged in his study, talking to Lumsden and Talboys.

Lumsden and Talboys did not want to listen to Hansom. They wanted to get out

on the river that half-holiday. The sun was shining brightly, and the river was beautifully cool. But Hansom held them with his glittering eye.

"It's sickenin'," he averred. "Of course, the beast is no relation of mine, or anythin' like that. But it gives those fags an excuse to cackle and, in fact, it lets down the whole of the Fifth."

"Does it?" asked Lumsden.

"Yes, it does. Directly I saw the fellow's name in the paper, I guessed what would happen. Those cheeky little rotters will try to make out that he's my brother, or somethin'. You heard what Muffin said just now. It shows you."

"What does it matter what Muffin, or any other fag, says?" inquired Talboys. "This man Hansom is nothing to do with you."

"Well, it does matter," said Hansom obstinately. "It's not nice to be cackled at by a lot of inky little brutes in the Fourth. That's what I say."

"And what I say," yawned Lumsden, getting off the corner of the table, "is that I'm not going to fool away all the afternoon with silly talk. I'm going on the river. Coming Hansom?"

"I've got to go down to Coombe; you know that!" snapped Hansom crossly.

"Oh, I forgot! Its an important matter to have a suit pressed properly, isn't it?"

"Awfully important," added Talboys, putting on his cap.

"Good-bye, Hansom; see you at tea."

Lumsden and Talboys went out of the study. Lumsden paused at the door.

"By the by, old bean, if you want to see your brother——"

Hansom started and looked fixedly at his chum.

"It's visiting day at Latcham Gaol to-day. Just thought I'd ment on it. Toodle-oo!"

By the time the power of movement returned to Hansom, Lumsden and Talboys had vanished. Hansom glared ferociously along the passage, and then snorted and reached down his cap.

He sauntered down to the gates, bestowing a very severe look on Jimmy Silver & Co.,

who were idling in the lane outside the gates. A little farther down the lane Hansom had the satisfaction of meeting Tubby Muffin, alone and unattended.

He bestowed a couple of kicks on Tubby's fat person and wandered on, feeling somewhat solaced. It seemed, however, to bring very little solace to Tubby Muffin.

Hansom left the lane at the old turnpike and took the footpath through the wood.

It was a cool walk and a shady walk, and there were not many people about. Hansom met only one man on that journey, but that one man was enough.

As he passed a clump of hawthorns, the man suddenly jumped out and stood on the path before him.

Hansom gazed at him, his heart jumping.

It was not that the stranger was armed with a thick hawthorn club that startled Hansom so much. It was the man's clothes which horrified the dandyish Fifth-Former.

Hansom had a nice taste in clothes, and he very much disapproved of a suit made of dark grey cloth ornamented with broad arrows in black, with a round pill-box cap to match.

"Oh crikey! An escaped convict!" he gasped.

The man had evidently escaped from Latham Gaol, situated about four miles across country. He was a pleasant-looking fellow, but he had a nasty glint in his eyes, and Hansom didn't like him at all.

"Pleased to meet you," said the convict. "Delighted, in fact. I was wondering if any man of my build would be wandering along this path."

"Wh-what do you want, you rotter?" gasped Hansom.

"Ah!" said the convict earnestly. "There you have it. What do I want? Well, to begin with, I shouldn't say no if you offered to change clothes with me. I'm sorry that this suit isn't in the best taste; but it's well made and it's warm, and I think it would fit you down to the ground."

"Look here——" gurgled Hansom.

"That's a very nice suit you have on," went on the prisoner. "Took my eye the moment I saw it."

"If you think you're going to steal my clothes, you villain——"

"Great Jupiter! I couldn't do it. Steal a man's clothes," laughed the convict. "Why, the very thought makes me shudder. But—follow me closely here—I have heard it said that exchange is no robbery. And all I want to do is to exchange my suit for yours."

Hansom panted desperately.

"Let me pass!" he bawled. "You're not going to pinch my clothes, and you needn't think it. You scoundrel."

A steely glint came into the young convict's eye; but his voice was still pleasant as he went on speaking:

"Come, come! We won't have any words about a trifling matter like this. You asked me what I wanted, and I gave you a candid answer—your clothes. Now I should like to ask you what *you* want? Do you want this little matchstick on your head or not?"

Hansom eyed the threatening club in horror.

"You—you wouldn't—dare——"

"Now listen to me," said the convict. "I'm in for a three-year stretch for burglary. But I'm not particularly keen on three years in gaol; and—I tell you straight—there are few things I wouldn't do to show a clean pair of heels."

His voice had a kind of grimness in it that convinced Hansom that he stood in great danger. For a moment the Fifth-Former had the hopeless idea of making a fight for it. But as his eyes travelled along the convict's sinewy frame, and as he realised that it would take only one blow with that cudgel to put him out, Hansom saw that it was hopeless. The convict noted his glance and shrugged his shoulders.

"What's the use of asking for trouble?" he said. "You might as well cave in. You look pretty wealthy on the whole, and that suit is nothing to you. But it would mean everything to me. Just come behind this bush and stage our quick-change act."

Breathing quickly, Hansom preceded the convict to the shelter of the hawthorn bush.

Five minutes later the convict stood up, clad in Hansom's natty lounge suit. He squinted down at himself luxuriously.

"A very good fit," he said. He emptied

the pockets and threw various articles to the utterly dismayed Fifth-Former. When he hauled out a handful of silver, he paused. "You wouldn't like to give me a few shillings, I suppose?" he asked anxiously.

"You beastly thief—"

"Oh, hang it! I'm not going to take it, if you say not. I only asked if you would care to give me any. Here—take your mouldy money."

He threw the coins on to the pile in front of Hansom. The Fifth-Former, almost dumb-founded, gurgled out:

"You can help yourself to a quid, if you like."

What made him say it, Hansom could not imagine—unless it was that he hated the thought of being mean. The convict scooped up a pound gratefully and, after bidding the demoralised Fifth-Former an affectionate farewell, he vanished through the wood.

Hansom gazed almost petrified at the suit of broad arrows and the pill-box cap. He hated that suit already. The thought of putting it on made him positively writhe. But the alternative—appearing in public in undergarments of a light woven silk—was not at all congenial. Really, it would be better to appear in broad arrows.

With many groans, Hansom dressed himself in the convict's clothes, and the fact that they fitted him like a glove only intensified his loathing. He stood erect, dressed as a convict, and pondered.

How was he to get back to Rookwood? Even Hansom had now abandoned the idea of calling at Coombe. Somehow or other, he had to slide unobtrusively into Rookwood and change those awful clothes.

He made his way cautiously through the wood towards Coombe Lane. The lane seemed to be empty, and Hansom emerged stealthily from the trees.

Then he jumped.

Coming along, immediately facing him, was a junior. There was only one junior at Rookwood with a figure like it. It was Tubby Muffin. Hansom's jaw dropped.

"Oh, corks!" he gasped.

As for Tubby Muffin, his eyes nearly started

out of his head on beholding such a fearsome figure. He let out a terrified yell.

"Yaroooooh!"

Hansom awoke to action. He dashed back into the wood, and crept, quaking, behind a bush.

Really it was getting worse and worse for Hansom.

THE THIRD CHAPTER

Hansom in a Hole.

JIMMY SILVER & Co. continued to idle at the gates after Hansom had passed on his way to Coombe. There was no cricket match on that afternoon, and Uncle James and his companions were rather at a loose end.

Lovell was mainly the cause of their idling. Jimmy, Raby and Newcome had thought of walking down to Coombe and getting some ices and lemonade at Mrs. Wicks' shop. But Lovell had other plans.

"Let's go and rag the Moderns, I tell you," he said. "We haven't ragged Tommy Dodd & Co. for ages. They are giving themselves airs about it."

"Too warm for raggings," said Raby.

"Rot!"

"Besides, Tommy Dodd can keep until a wet afternoon. We want to make the most of the sun."

"Rubbish! You fellows are too lazy—that's what it comes down to. I never saw such a slacking, lazy, idling—"

"Hallo!" exclaimed Jimmy suddenly. "What do these merchants want?"

The Fistical Four gazed with surprise at two men, dressed in official blue uniform and with rifles in their hands, who were walking up the lane.

"Great gophers! They look like warders from the gaol," said Lovell, quite forgetting the Moderns in this new diversion. "I wonder if a prisoner has escaped."

He hadn't to wonder long. The men came up to the juniors and touched their caps.

"Beg your pardon, young gentlemen," said one of them. "You haven't seen a man dressed in prison clothes about, have you?"

"Oh, my hat! No fear!"

"Or seen a man like this photograph?"

The warder produced a photograph of a

young man with a rather pleasant face. The juniors studied it.

"'Fraid not," said Jimmy, at last.

The warder grunted.

"What's up?" asked Lovell. "Convict escaped?"

"Yes," nodded the warder. "Only came in two days ago for a stretch of three years."

"Oh, my sainted aunt!" exclaimed Jimmy.

"Not giddy old Hansom—the Latham Bank man?"

"That's the man," agreed the warder.

"You might keep your eyes open and let the police know by telephone if you come across anything. We have traced him in this direction somewhere."

"Oh, right-ho! We'll do that, of course."

The warders touched their caps and went on down the lane. Newcome grinned.

"That man didn't mean to stay in gaol long," he remarked.

"Ha, ha—no! Perhaps he'll call on old Hansom in the Fifth."

"I don't think," grinned Raby.

"Yaroooooooh! Whooooop! Keep off! Help!"

An anguished voice floated along the lane, accompanied by the pounding of two swift-moving feet.

"Hallo, hallo! That sounds like Tubby Muffin," remarked Jimmy.

"Here he comes. What on earth is the matter with him?"

Tubby appeared in sight around the bend in the lane. He was rushing desperately towards Rookwood, yelling as he went. There was certainly nobody pursuing him; but Tubby, to judge by his yells, seemed to think there was.

"Keep off! Yarooooooh!" he roared, as the Fistical Four dawned on him.

"Fathead!" said Jimmy. "What's the matter with you?"

"Yoooooop! Gerraway!"

"What's the matter?" roared Lovell.

Tubby blinked.

"Oh!" he gasped. "Is that you fellows?"

"I fancy so. But what on earth——"

"I say, Jimmy, keep him off," gurgled Tubby, clutching Silver by the arm.



Stealthily, Hansom, dressed in the convict's clothes, emerged from the trees, to meet Tubby Muffin, who let out a terrified yell at sight of him.

"Keep him off?" asked Jimmy puzzled.

"Keep who off?"

"The—the convict! Hansom's brother!"

"Wha-a-at?"

The Fistical Four jumped, and gazed at Muffin in wonder.

"Have you seen a convict, Tubby?" asked Jimmy, with a penetrating look.

"Oh, crumbs, yes! He jumped out of the wood at me. An awful beast. Hansom's brother, you know!"

"How did you know the convict was the man Hansom?" demanded Lovell.

"Eh! You could see it, old chap. He was as much like Hansom as one pea is like another. Exactly like him, only dressed in kik-convict's duds."

The juniors jumped again.

"What's that?" they yelled. "Like Hansom of the Fifth?"

"You couldn't have told them apart—except for the togs," nodded Tubby.

"Phew!" gasped Lovell, with a long whistle. "Fan me, somebody. Oh, great jumping crackers! The giddy convict must be Hansom's brother. Tubby didn't know the man Hansom was the convict who had escaped."

"Mum-my only aunt!"

"What awful luck for Hansom," gasped Raby.

Jimmy looked thoughtful.

"The question is—ought we to help capture that convict after this?"

Lovell shook his head.

"Nothing to do with us," he said. "We can't butt in in the cirs. We simply can't help to shove Hansom's brother back into chokey."

"You know," said Newcome, "I simply can't believe it. I mean to say, if it was known——"

His voice died away. He was staring down the lane with an almost incredulous look in his eyes.

His chums gazed in the same direction, and they remained as if petrified.

Creeping along the shady side of the lane was a figure in a costume of broad arrows, and it needed only one look to see that Tubby had been right.

It was Hansom's brother—not a doubt of it. He was as like Hansom as if he had been Hansom. In the circumstances, this was not wholly surprising.

"He's not much like the photo, is he?" said Newcome.

"Well, it was a rotten photo," replied Jimmy Silver. "It might have been anybody

for all you could see. But—but—but——"

"We'll have to warn him," said Lovell decidedly. "Those warders are hanging about. We must get him away for old Hansom's sake."

"Ye-es, but——"

"I say!" bawled Lovell, starting into the lane at a run.

Hansom, clad in the prison garb, started convulsively. He looked at the Fistical Four wide-eyed, and then turned to make a bolt for it. He dared not let those cheeky fags see him in all his glory. He would be chipped to death.

He turned and started to bolt down the lane.

"Stop!" bawled Lovell. "Oh, crikey! Stop! We're friends. We want to help you. Stop! Oh, dear!"

Hansom did not stop. He ran.

But before he had covered many yards, he was forced to stop. For approaching him from the other direction was a group of juniors who had been down to the village. Mornington, Erroll, Conroy, Putty Grace and one or two more were there, and they gaped blankly at "Hansom's brother."

"It's him," yelled Putty, ungrammatically. "It's Hansom's brother. Oh, my hat!"

"Stop him!" bawled Lovell.

Hansom looked about him desperately. He dared not face the juniors in that garb. At the end of his tether, he grasped an ancient tree by the Rookwood wall, swung himself into it, clambered up and dropped over the wall into the quad.

"He's gone into Rookwood!" yelled Lovell. "He's gone to see his brother. Oh, crikey! Stop him!"

"After him!"

The Fistical Four and several others raced back to the gates and around into the quad. Mornington and Conroy clambered up the tree and dropped over the wall.

The convict had vanished.

As soon as Hansom had dropped into the quad, he saw that he had been lucky. The quad was deserted at that moment, and the frantic Fifth-Former had been able to race to the side of the building and climb in through the open window of the Fifth Form class-room.



At the end of his tether, Hansom swung himself into a tree by the Rookwood wall as the juniors raced towards him. "Stop him!" bawled Lovell. "It's Hansom's brother!"

At that moment there was a scudding of feet in the Fifth Form passage, and his study door was flung open. A mob of flushed and excited juniors stood on the threshold.

"What the thump——" bawled Hansom.

"Is he here?" gasped Jimmy Silver, looking into the study.

"What—what—what——"

"Have you seen your brother, Hansom?" said Lovell.

Hansom stood rooted to the ground.

"Not here," said Mornington. "He must be hiding somewhere. Rely on us, Hansom. We'll keep him mum. Come on, let's root through the passages."

The juniors scudded away breathlessly.

Hansom tottered to the window.

He could see groups of breathlessly excited juniors in the quad outside, discussing the startling news.

The Fifth-Former gurgled and boiled with fury. That the juniors should think that he, Hansom of the Fifth, owned a cracksman for

He dashed breathlessly to the Fifth Form passage without meeting anybody, but when he reached the Fifth Form precincts he had the misfortune to be seen by Mr. Greely. Fortunately, however, Mr. Greely fell downstairs before he recognised the convict.

The Fifth-Former changed into another suit and then, when he was Hansomised again, so to speak, he sat down to consider what to do.

Obviously he had to make a report about it to the Head; but Hansom suddenly realised that he must be very careful. If it got out that he had given the convict any money, he would be liable to prosecution. Hansom shuddered.

his brother was, to Hansom, the thing too much. It was the last straw.

Tearing his hair with rage, the Fifth-Former seized a cricket-stump and tore madly out of the study. Higgs of the Fourth was at the head of the stairs, looking with wondering and awe-stricken eyes for the convict. Hansom seized him and brought down the stump across his back.

Whack!

"Why—what—what! Yoooooop!" yelled Higgs.

Hansom rushed on his way downstairs, leaving Higgs sprawling and blinking dizzily.

Scores of eyes dwelt on him as he reached the hall. Mr. Greely was talking to Dicky Dalton—obviously about the convict. The words "Hansom's brother" were upon every lip. Hansom saw that at a glance.

Mr. Greely rolled up to Hansom ponderously. The dismayed Fifth-Former, taken aback, gazed at him.

"Hansom," said Greely in a deep voice, "it seems that the—the convict I saw with my own eyes in the Fifth Form passage is a relation of yours—a—a brother, I believe?"

"Just so," nodded Mr. Dalton.

Hansom panted.

"It is monstrous, unthinkable, that a convict should be at large in this school!" went on Greely, booming out the words. "I require you to tell me, Hansom, if you have seen or assisted to conceal this person."

It was a minute or two before Hansom spoke, but at length he said, with a nasty gleam in his eye:

"Yes, sir. He is behind the sofa in my study, sir."

There was a breathless gasp from the crowd. Mr. Greely pursed his lips.

"I suspected as much. This person must

be discovered and captured. You will follow me to your study, Hansom."

"Certainly, sir!" snarled Hansom.

Treading ponderously, Mr. Greely marched to the Fifth Form passage. Hansom followed him, and a large crowd followed Hansom. The master flung open the door of Hansom's study and rolled inside.

"You may come out, sir!" he boomed, glaring at the sofa. "Your presence is discovered! Emerge!"

But the convict did not emerge.

"You'll have to go and root him out, sir," said Hansom with a savage grin. "He's not used to company. It makes him shy."

Mr. Greely, with a snort, rolled behind the sofa. Then, with an extraordinary expression on his face, he picked up a convict's suit and a pill-box cap.

All Rookwood learned the explanation after Hansom had seen the Head, and all Rookwood howled over it.

"No wonder the giddy convict was like Hansom!" yelled Arthur Edward Lovell. "A chap is usually like himself, ain't he?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

To Hansom's regret, they did not recapture Lionel George Hansom, the escaped convict. Every day Hansom looked for the news of his capture. He yearned, pined and longed for the news; but it never came. Perhaps in some distant country that young man had seen the folly of his ways and was trying to make good. And perhaps, in that case, his escape did him more good than the three years would have done.

Hansom, however, was often reminded of his queer namesake for some time afterwards. Rookwood was not likely to forget so soon the amusing affair of Hansom's "twin brother."

