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Also in This Issue:

"The Scapegrace of the Regiment." The NEW Story.

THE RIVALS OF ST WODE'S

BY CHARLES HAMILTON



Our Readers are informed that the characters in the following Story are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is made to any living person. Actual names may be occasionally mentioned, but the Editor wishes it to be distinctly understood that no adverse personal reflection is intended.

Study-Mate

MR. BUSH had no right to interfere between Lovell and Pen. He knew it, but he had hoped to sway the seemingly soft nature of the vicount. He was discovering what many people discovered in the long run—that under Lord Lovell's softness there could be a very grim determination at times.

"Of course, Lovell," said Mr. Bush, after a long pause, "if you insist upon choosing this boy as your study-mate, I do not wish to disappoint you."

"How good! I can have him, then?"

"You must blame yourself for any unpleasant consequences, then."

"Quite so, sir. I'm willing to do so."

"Very well," said Mr. Bush, biting his lip. "You may have Study No. 4, and Penwya as a study-mate, if you choose."

"Thank you, sir."

And Lovell walked out cheerily and joined Pen in the passage. He gave the Cornish lad a joyous slap on the back.

"We're having the same study, Pen?" he exclaimed.

"Mr. Bush has agreed?"

"Yes, rather! I buzzed the Head at him, you see," Bunny explained.

"He had to cave in. Let's go and have a look at the quarters."

"Good!"

They went up to the Fourth Form passage. No. 4 Study adjoined Blagden's room. It was almost as large as Blagden's study, and as it was to have only two inmates they would have more room to themselves than Blagden & Co. had. Pen looked round the room with great satisfaction. It seemed a cosy enough room to him.

There was a comical grin upon the aristocratic features of Lord Lovell.

"Don't you like the room?" asked Pen.

"Oh, yes!"

"I thought—"

Bunny laughed.

Bunny's idea of roughing it were not likely to put his endurance to a very severe strain.

"And some new curtains," Bunny remarked. "The plan will have to be prepared again, too. I never could stand a cheap wallpaper. Look at the design on that paper—impossible roses climbing over an impossible trellis! The chap who had this study papered out was a savage—a Hottentot—a Philistine!"

Pen laughing, the wallpaper seemed very well to him, if a trifle soiled. As a matter of fact, Pen was more accustomed to whitewashed walls than to wall-paper.

"No good thinking of discomfing here, I suppose," said Bunny. "I must have wallpaper. Well, we'll have a decent design and some decent colouring, anyway. Of course, I believe in a cheap roughing it, but a bad design and crude colouring is carrying the thing too far. No need to risk a nervous breakdown on it, you know."

"But—but there's not likely to paper out a study for us," Pen suggested.

"Oh, that's all right! I'll have it done by a firm in London," said Bunny. "I'll send a wire to-day."

"My hat!"

"I suppose they won't raise any objection to one room in the school being done up decently," said Bunny.

"I suppose not," assented Pen.

"But what, old son?"

"Who's going to pay for it?"

"My governor."

"But I'm going to share the study I ought to pay half," said Pen, colouring.

"Stuff! I'm not going to pay; my father says. I assure you that we've settled before I left Lovell Court. My dear chap, I'll make any sacrifice to friendship you like, but I can't dig in a room with a vile colour on the walls. It gives me a pain. Now, you haven't very much tin, have you? Excuse me."

Pen laughed, he replied.

"Exactly! If you pay your whack, I'm condemned to live among cheap furniture and crude colours, which would probably make me ill. You see, the only solution is to let my governor stand the furniture for both of us."

"I suppose I can't say anything else," said Pen. "You ought to be comfortable, as you can afford it."

"Just so! And you're not going to refuse to dig in the study simply because it's well furnished, are you?"

"No," said Pen, laughing.

"Good! I'll send that wire. We shall have to put up with the Form-room till the study's finished; but it won't be long. The men will be down early in the morning."

And Lord Lovell quitted the study with his chin. He looked for somebody to take his wire to the post office.

A Lesson in Manners.
CRAWFOUR, of the Fifth, the great chief of the noble society known to St. Wode's as the Blades, was in the lower passage when Lovell and Penwya came down.

Crawfour gave the little vicount a most amiable smile. He did not appear to see Pen at all. That made Pen smile a little. It was curious to

"As a friend," remarked the vicount, looking in at the door, "I should like to know that it is bad form to invite a chap to tea without inviting his chum."

(Continued on the next page.)

An Most Popular School Story.

THE RIVALRY OF ST. WODE'S.

By CHARLES HAMILTON.

(New readers should glance over the brief account of the First Chapters given at the foot of this page.)

see the chief of the blades smiling amiably with one side of his face and maintaining an eye reserve with the other. "Oh, here you are, Lovell!" said Crawcour. "Getting shaken down—"

subject dropped. I know what I'm about. And Pen nodded. "My lord!" Spratt, the page, came up to the juniors in the hall with a sealed note in his hand. Lord Lovell turned towards him. "For your lordship, me lord," said Spratt. Spratt evidently had a great respect and admiration for titles. He handed the note to Lord Lovell, almost in fear and trembling, but with a glimmer in his eyes which showed that he considered all titled persons bound to bestow liberal tips. "Thank you!" said Lovell, taking the note. "Will you take this telegram to the post-office for me, kid?" "Certainly, me lord!" "Thank you."

chum. You see, Penwiper and I are chums, you know, and I couldn't accept invitation and leave him to have tea alone in hall. It would be foolish had I done, don't you see?" "We don't want a Council school house in this study," said Long. "My own chair, that's silly and snobbish," said Bunny. "I suspected something of the sort, so I came to put it to you plainly. Bunny's my lord, don't you see. It's worth fifty of any chap here—"

"What!" howled the Fourth-Former. "Or a hundred!" said Lovell calmly. "I can chum up with him, you know, and I couldn't very well chum up with chaps like you. You don't mind my putting it plainly, do you? What are you?"

"That's how the matter stands," said his lordship cheerfully. "I thought I'd just mention it, to save you from being like cats and bouncers on another occasion. Yaw!"

White-swoop! The shrimps came sailing through the air, and they landed in a whizzing shower on Lord Lovell's aristocratic countenance. By which it may be assumed that Long was annoyed.

"Ow!" gasped Lovell. "Bump the cad!" roared Plummer. "We'll give him coming here, and tearing us 'lumph him!"

"Yes, rather!" "Soch the beast!"

The three rushed upon Lovell. He was gouging the fairy wetness out of his eyes, and he was wailing unresentingly, and dragged into the study. The three angry juniors surrounded him, all grasping him at once, and the

Study, and he had pushed to the crowd, behind the table. There were three fellows against him Pen did not care in the least. He rushed into the study, and as he came in, the three juniors allowed Lovell to drop on the carpet. They knew that they would need their hands now to defend themselves. "Get out, you cad!" shouted Plummer. "He had no time to say more. Pen's left caught him on the chin, and he went reeling back, to crash down into the fender. Lord Lovell shrank and dishevelled. "Bravo!" he gasped. "Lovely! Go it, Pen, my boy!"

Pen was going off. Long and Ramsey had leaped at him, and the Cornish lad met them with right and left. Ramsey dropped on the hearthrug, and Long crashed into the table, and sent it flying. There was a crash of a jam-jar, and another of broken teacups.

"Bravo!" yelled Bunny, getting excited. "Bravo! Pen's the lad! Go it!"

The three juniors picked themselves up. They stared at Pen, and Pen looked at them, still with clenched fists, and his breath coming and going, his cheeks red.

"You—you awful cad!" spluttered Long. "Ow!"

"You fearful outsider!" stammered Plummer. Ramsey burst into a laugh. He was the only one of the three that seemed to have anything of the sportsman about him.

"My word," he said, "you can hit! Keep off, please! I've finished!"

Pen could not help grinning.

But the three horses of No. 7 weren't ready. "Oh, chuck it!" said Plummer. "Nuff as good as a lesson. We do, you see, my boys, now. You've pretty well mucked up our tea."

"Yes, I think we have," said Lovell, with a grin. "Next time, my boys, don't you throw your strength about, please. I don't like it."

"Oh, get out, look off you!" Pen and Bunny left.

Bunny was smelling letters, and fully all the same was grinning. "Clap told me I should find things here," he remarked. "He was right."

"Well, yes; you'd better get a wash."

"Yes; and change my bloody collar, by Jove!"

And that having been done, Lovell and Pen met in the hall to tea in bell. The Fourth Form take in to be only half filled. Half the hall at least, were having tea in the study, but did not sit at the table or any of his immediate friends.

Spratt, the page, had brought several parcels for Lord Lovell. He saw the articles that had been ordered at the tea-shop. Mr. Bush, who was having his tea in the Form, frowned as he saw the title new Lovell lumbered with parcels.

"What is all that rubbish?" he demanded.

"Mine, sir," said Bunny. "What is it?"

"Tommy, sir."

Mr. Bush started. "Do you mean to say that is all food, Lovell?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is it here for?"

"To eat, sir."

"Lovell!"

"I understood that the rule allowed no chap to bring in any grub but his tea, sir," said Bunny, innocently.

Mr. Bush coughed.

"Well, yes, Lovell; but you are supposed to restrict yourself somewhat as to quantity. However, a does not matter."

The juniors grinned as Lord Lovell opened his parcels. The viscount had certainly not restricted himself in his purchases. He had two kinds of jam, marmalade, and preserved fruits. Cake and bread and sloughnuts graced the board, as well as ham and cold beef.

"My only had," said Newcombe. "This does come from the land of plenty, and no mistake."

"Faith, and ye're right," said O'Donovan. "I take it ye're standing on the whole Form, Bunny darling!"

"Certainly!" said Lovell. "I don't mind. Help yourselves, do boys!"

The dear boys were not slow to accept the invitation.

Extensive as Lord Lovell's supplies were, the hungry Fourth-Former snored very soon at work of them.

It was surprising to see how fast the things vanished. Lord Lovell and Dick Penwyn were the most modest of the raiders.

Lord Lovell and Pen quitted the dining-room together after tea, and several fellows spoke to Lovell in the most friendly way, and Pen made a few polite words. The fellows had decided that Lord Lovell was a great acquisition to the Form. He showed an interest for the Council-school boy was, of course, a mere affect of his softness—the juniors said, one another. He would, no doubt, drop the cad as soon as his friendship had done off. Meanwhile, Bunny himself was fellow to be cultivated. A chap that could stand such feeds, and who, apparently, had unlimited pocket-money.

Crawcour of the Fifth spoke to Bunny in the hall. He tapped the viscount on the shoulder in the most friendly way, and had apparently forgotten all about the little incident of the lunch-party earlier.

"I've some fellows in my study this evening, Bunny," he said. "Vornon, and Bray, and a few more very decent chaps you have out. Will you come in for a little game?"

Perhaps he caught a glimpse in the viscount's eye, for he went on the matter immediately.

"And your friend, Penwyn, kid? I want to see him come."

Lord looked at Pen. "Will you come, Pen, my boy?"

(Another grand incident of the school story next week.)



"You want to do something for me, don't you, Crawcour?" said Bunny Lovell, pleasantly. "So would you mind running down to the post-office and sending off a telegram for me?"

viscount was bumped upon the carpet. "He gasped. 'Leggo! Really, you know, Brer! 'm smellin' horribly of shrimps! Jovel Leggo, you know!'" "Bump him!" roared Plummer. "Hurrah!"

Three pairs of vengeful hands grasped Lord Lovell, and he was swung in the air, and bumped down upon the carpet with a bump that made every bone in his body ache.

"Ow!" he roared. "Ow! Leggo!"

"Give him another!"

"Bump him!"

"Bump!"

"Ow! Yaroooh!"

"His, his, his!"

"Bump the cad!"

"Ow! Help! Pen! Where's that chap Penwiper? Ow!" roared his lordship.

There was a sudden step in the doorway, and Pen ran into the study.

"I didn't come here for a row," he said. "Then you've found one without looking for it, have you?" "Yes, foots!" exclaimed Long. "Come on! Smash the cad!" He caught up a cricket-stump, Ramsey twisted it out of his hand, and flung it into a corner of the room.

"None of that!" he said. Long gave him a furious look.

"Thank you," said Pen quietly. "But I don't think the stump would have touched me. If any of you wants to go on, I'm quite ready—two together, for that matter."

"Good!" exclaimed Lovell, springing to his feet. "And I'll take on the third of you. I will, by Jove, you know. What?"

"Oh, get out of our study!" growled Long savagely. "We don't want to fight with a rotten Council-school hooligan."

"Yes, laughed contemptuously. "I can quite believe you don't want to," he said.

"Yes, by Jove!" said his lordship. "My hat! You can hit, Pen! Look here. Wine in, my boy, and give them a kicking all round. Go it! I'll look on."

"I don't mind if I do."

And Pen was quite ready for it.

GLANCE OVER THIS FIRST.

Lord, on discovering their mistake, Blagden & Co. become bitter enemies of both the new juniors, who chum together. Their friendship arouses the resentment of Mr. Bush, the snobbish master of the Fourth Form, who refuses the

young viscount's request that Pen should share a study with him. Perhaps you would prefer me to ask the head, sir," says "Bunny" Lovell coolly.

(New go on with the story.)

"Dick Penwyn, a sturdy Cornish lad who has been to a Council school, obtains a scholarship at St. Wode's arrival there he is received with open arms by Blagden & Co, who mistake him for another new fellow—Lord

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The Grammar School Dreamer

Being the Adventures of Gordon Gay & Co.

By THEOPHILUS HOWARD.

CHAPTER I. Moonlight Mike.

"NIGHT is hereby given that Michael H. Harker, alias Moonlight Mike, escaped from Fenmore Prison on night last, and is now at large somewhere in the county of Sussex. A reward will be paid to any person supplying information leading to his recapture. Gordon Gay read out the above notice. It was posted up on the gateposts of Rylcombe school, in the county of Sussex, and it caused the eyes of Gordon Gay, of the Fourth Form Grammar School, as they had from a long tramp in the snow of the winter's evening.

There was a moment's silence as Gordon and then Harry Wootton, the manager of the two Australian brothers gave a long whistle. "There we may see the beggar—Moonlight Mike—escape about round here."

Jack Wootton, his brother, nodded. "Yes, brother. It's a shame. By all means, he would think anyone who carried him as soon as look at him when he was in the burglary house."

The fourth junior of the party—Bertie Tadpole, the eccentric genius and general nuisance of the junior class—nodded violently.

"That was the only person of action proper to my hand against them, but this appearing Nick—"

"Moonlight Mike, ass!" put in Harry Wootton. "The Moonlight Mike seems to be a abandoned ruffian, who should be under restraint."

"You're right, Taddy," said Gordon Gay solemnly. "So if you see him strolling about the passages in the Grammar School, it will be your duty to place him under arrest immediately."

"Certainly, Gay!" said Tadpole, but had never been known to see a "ha, ha, ha" roared the juniors in chorus. "Really—" began Tadpole, looking in surprise.

"Oh, come on in, Taddy!" laughed Gordon Gay, grasping the arm of the Fourth by one arm. "You're too rich for words!"

"Quick march!" exclaimed Jack Wootton, grabbing Tadpole's other arm.

"Double!" shouted Harry Wootton, showing his teeth.

And Gordon Gay & Co. doubled the pace on the way to the Grammar School, along the passage, and into their quarters—Bertie Tadpole, who had been bewildered Tadpole had called abruptly.

"Dear me," he gasped. "I—I am in a fix."

"Ha, ha, ha!" Never mind, dummy!" laughed Gordon Gay. "Keep a

sharp look-out for the escaped convict, and remember what do you see meet him, and you'll be all right!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "It's really is jolly exciting, though," remarked Harry Wootton, eagerly. "Moonlight Mike—and he lingered lovingly on the fascinating name—Moonlight Mike might very likely give the Grammar School a look in if he's about here."

"What for, you young ass?" demanded practical Jack Wootton. Harry waved his hand round vaguely. "Oh, I don't know! There's the doctor's plate and the challenge cups and things. I wonder if the chap's been able to get hold of a knife or revolver or anything yet?"

"Chuck it, young Wootton!" exclaimed Gordon Gay, the leader of the Co. "Blessed if you aren't enough to give a chap cold shivers down the back! You haven't been reading any of those cheap and nasty detective fiction papers about 'Bloodstained Billings', 'The Field', 'Bad Broncho-Buster', I suppose, have you?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Wootton I, who Tadpole gave a shiver. "Harry Wootton turned pink. "You see, Gay! I don't be a silly chump!"

"He don't think so much about Moonlight Mike and knives and revolvers, kid," said Gordon Gay, with quite a fatherly air. "Blessed if we shan't all dream about him to-night as it is!"

CHAPTER 2.
The Dream-Artist.

WHAT'S that?"

"That's all right, my boy," said Gordon Gay, with a jerk, and muttered the words half aloud. It was night in the Fourth Form dormitory at the Grammar School, and even as Gordon Gay sat listening, with every nerve tensely on the alert to catch again the sound that had awakened him, the school clock in the tower striking proclaimed that it was the hour of eleven.

"Ah!" Gordon Gay drew a quick breath. There was the sound again—a slight noise, but sufficient to indicate to the listening junior that somebody was moving about in the room below the dormitory.

"The moon must be in one of the studies," muttered Gordon Gay. "There is a row of them under the dorm. I wonder if it's in 33? My hat!"

The thought of Moonlight Mike and the notice on the gatepost flashed suddenly into the junior's mind, and his face paled in the darkness. But the next moment he smiled quietly.

"Whoever it is, I'm going down to see what he's up to," he murmured determinedly. "I'll walk down."

"I—I was," stammered Jack. "But what's up, Gay?" "We've never there!" "What's up?" Two other voices came from the darkness of the dormitory. Gordon Gay recognized them at once. The first, sleepy and grumbling, came from Frank Monk; the second, eager and excited, from Harry Wootton. "Hail a mo!" whispered Gordon Gay. "Don't make a noise! He's raised his voice slightly. 'Is anyone else awake?' There was no answer from the slumbering dormitory. "Well, you chaps," continued the leader of Study 13, "I heard a noise downstairs. There's somebody moving about in one of the studies. Listen!"

The faint noise downstairs was repeated as the juniors listened. There was something eerie and uncanny in the sound, faintly heard in the darkness. "My hat!" gasped Harry Wootton, breaking with excitement. "It's Moonlight Mike! I was just dreaming about him!"

"So was I," admitted Jack Wootton. "That's all right, my boy," said Gordon Gay, with a jerk, and muttered the words half aloud. It was night in the Fourth Form dormitory at the Grammar School, and even as Gordon Gay sat listening, with every nerve tensely on the alert to catch again the sound that had awakened him, the school clock in the tower striking proclaimed that it was the hour of eleven.

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desperate escaped convict, was behind the closed door of Study 13. Yet not one of them had a thought of fear. In less than a minute the three elder ones had steadied their excited nerves, and were cool again, and knew for the struggle. "We must rush him!" whispered Frank Monk. "Halter!" "Clasp!" A metallic clatter rang loudly from within the study, and the juniors jumped. "He's dropped his knife!" whispered Harry Wootton, in thrilling tones. "It certainly sounded like it, and for a moment the juniors' hearts beat fast. If the ruffian were armed, desperate as he was— The thought was not a pleasant one. Gordon Gay's voice was the first to break the silence, cool and determined. "Now, chaps," he whispered, "I'm going to try the door. If it isn't locked I'll throw it open, and we'll all rush in and collar the nut. We've four to one, anyway!" "Right ho," breathed Monk. "We're ready!" Gordon Gay set his lips, grasped the handle of the study door, and gave it a turn. The door yielded slightly; it was not locked. "Now!" exclaimed Gordon Gay, in a low, tenor voice, at the same time hurling open the door. The four juniors dashed pell mell into the study and hurried themselves upon a figure which was standing with its back to them. There was

"Oh, help! Rescue!" raised the midnight prowler, squirming in the grasp of the four excited juniors. It's Moonlight Mike: he's being murdered!"

"Oh, rats!" said Gordon Gay, a crash, a yell, and a chorus of exclamations. "That's all rot, my boy. It's not likely to be that convict chap. It but we'll go down and see who it is there, anyway."

"It's not!" said Frank Monk. "I'm on!" "Heer, hear!" "Harsh!" The four juniors hastily slipped on a few clothes, crept quietly out of the dormitory, and stole downstairs to the Fourth Form passage.

"My hat!" Lock!" Harry Wootton caught his breath, and clutched Gordon Gay's arm. "What's up?" "There's somebody in our study!" "Great Scott! So there is!" The door of Study 13 was shut, but a gleam of light shone under the door. The midnight visitor was evidently not afraid to show a light of some sort.

The four juniors trembled with excitement. Each of the four—for Frank Monk had seen the notice on the gatepost—believed in his own heart that Moonlight Mike, the

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care of the studious of juniors as they were still staring stupidly at one another, unable to speak. Mr. Adams, who was grasping a poker in one hand, gazed at them with awful sternness. "What on earth does this mean?" Then followed explanations from both parties. Gordon Gay was anxious to make a strong force, and Tadpole told his story with simple straightforwardness. "I had a wonderful dream, sir," he related, "I'm certain that when I wake up, for some reason, I could remember it vividly, and I immediately realized what a grand subject it would be for one of my wonderful posters. I thereupon came straight down here, as I thought without waking anyone in the dormitory, and proceeded to transfer my great dream to canvas, sir."

"You are a foolish boy!" said Mr. Adams, frowning. "But go on."

"Really, sir?" "Proceed, boy."

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The Scapegrace of the Regiment.

however, was to get into their clothes and back to the office to be sworn in. There was some mysterious delay about this, though, and it was not till the next later evening had been passed through and despatched to the pay office to draw their first day's pay, that they were sent for at last. As a matter of fact, the recruiting-office had been telegraphing meantime to a friend in the Royal Wests to know just what sort of a fellow this Jack Lyon was, and whether he was fit and capable of being allowed to bear arms for his Majesty. For they are mighty particular on this point in the Western cavalry. As this friend happened to be none

other than Major Clumber, the reply need not be stated here. The time was not wasted, however, for the interval they managed to get hold of their friend the jolly recruiting-sergeant once again, and he gave them many a good tip for getting along in their new life-tips which were new even to Jack. "So you're joining the Woldshire Regiment after all!" concluded the sergeant at last. "Well, you asked for a rough lot and a hocky, you're getting it! But they're a rare fine corps all the same. The Fighting Fifts they're known as in the Service, 'sooner fight than eat their breakfast,' is their way of it, and if there's no one handy to

scrap with, why, they'll start punching their own selves!" However satisfactory this might be to a robust spirit like Jack Lyon, and a plain his right, Percival Pot was not feeling deliciously elated at this description of his new comrades. A voice wearing their names from the door of the office gave him no time to reconsider his rash promise to follow Jack wherever he led. In another minute each was standing with a Testament in his left hand and a paper in his right, reading the oath of enlistment: "I, John Lyon, do make oath that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to his Majesty, his Heirs and Successors, and that I will, as in

duty bound, honestly and faithfully defend his Majesty, his Heirs and Successors, in Person, in Council, and against all enemies, and will observe and obey all orders of his Majesty, his Heirs and Successors, and of the generals and officers set over me."

"So help me God!" breathed Jack fervently, and kissed the Book. Then he squared his chest again and stood up a soldier of the King. "All life was sunny again. The bright April dawned on his heart as his past was behind him and forgotten. The world like a ball lay at his feet. (Another long instalment of this Fine Army Serial next Wednesday.)