

'Lumley-Lumley's Rival.'



Grand Long
Complete
Tale.

A Tale of the Terrible Three.

by
MARTIN
Clifford.



THE GREAT RACE BETWEEN THE RIVAL JUNIORS.



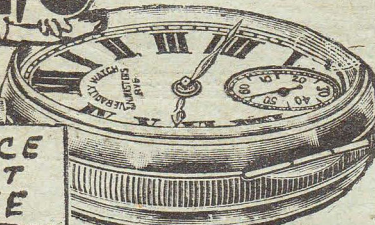
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NEXT
WEEK:

"LUMLEY-LUMLEY, HERO."

A Splendid School Tale of
Tom Merry & Co. at St. Jim's.

EVERY

THURSDAY

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CHAPTER 1. The Invitations.

"BAI JOVE, deah boys!"
"Ring off, Gussy!"
"Dry up, ass!" grinned Jack Blake. "Ha, ha, ha! Why don't you huff yourself, Skimmy?"
"My hat, he's left about six on this time!"
And Jack Blake, Herries, and Digby, of Study No. 6, of the School House of St. Jim's, chuckled loudly.
Arthur Augustus screwed his monocle in his eye, and viewed the proceedings with disapproval.
"Weally, deah boys—"
"Rats!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Skimmy will have himself mated in three moves, if he doesn't get off-side!" yelled Monty Lowther, the humorist of the Shell. "Pass out to your wing, Skimmy."

"Jack Blake, deah boy!"
But no one was paying the slightest attention to Arthur Augustus. They were all crowding round Skimpole, choking with laughter, instead.

Herbert Skimpole was the brainy man of the Shell, and he was now grappling with an absorbing problem. He was trying to play the game of solitaire.

Once he had removed all the marbles except three from the little round board, and that had spurred him on to fresh endeavours. He had already been quite half an hour seated at the table in the Fourth Form common-room.

The juniors surrounding him were doubled up with mirth. Arthur Augustus was the only one of them who failed to see the humour of the proceedings.

"Weally, Hewwies—!"

"Rats!"

"Digbay, deah boy—"

"More rats!"

"Pway, Montay Lowthah—"

"Most rats!" grinned the humorist of the Shell Form. "You'll do it in time, Skimmy—say, fifty years."

Skimpole looked up in surprise, blinking through his glasses. "Dear me, Lowther, what really ridiculous remarks you make!" he exclaimed. "To a fellow of my ability—I believe I have done it this time."

LUMLEY-LUMLEY'S RIVAL.

A Splendid Long, Complete School Tale of
Tom Merry & Co. at St. Jim's,

— BY —

MARTIN CLIFFORD.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What about the marble up in the corner?"

"Dear me!"

Skimpole sighed and started again.

It was really very creditable the manner in which he was always ready to start again. He must have made a good many hundred fresh starts by now.

Arthur Augustus raised his voice.

"Weally, deah boys, I wegwet to say there is no othah wesoource foah me but to considah you in the light of waggin' wottahs!" he cried. "I come here with some wippin' news and—"

"Bury it, then."

"Like they used to bury hidden treasure."

"Weally, Lowthah. Howevah, it will be too late befoah long," added Arthur Augustus frigidly. "I can apologise to Cousin Ethel by wiah."

Jack Blake started and removed his eyes from the solitaire-board.

"Eh, Gussy?"

"I said I could apologise to Cousin Ethel by wiah, deah boy."

"What?"

"I said—"

"Oh, we heard that, ass!"

"I believe I have done it!" exclaimed Skimpole. "I am certain I have done it."

But no one was paying any attention to him, now. All eyes were directed towards Arthur Augustus.

The swell of St. Jim's was moving towards the door.

Jack Blake, Herries, Digby, and Monty Lowther moved after him.

"What's the wheeze, Gussy?"

"Don't be a young ass, kid!"

"Weally, deah boys," said Arthur Augustus, still more frigidly. "you have placed me in wathah an awkward posish, as wefusin' an invitation fwom Cousin Ethel—"

"Eh?"

"I said, wefusin' an invitation fwom Cousin Ethel!"

"Suppose we collar the young ass!" breathed Monty Lowther.

A LONG, COMPLETE TALE OF TOM MERRY NEXT THURSDAY.

No. 137 (New Series).

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And there was a rush for the swell of St. Jim's just as he gained the doorway. He was neatly collared.

Arthur Augustus gasped in horror.

"You uttah wuffians, you are wumplin' my attiah! Digbay, in anothah minute I shall lose my tempah!"

"What's the wheeze, Gussy?"

"Welease me—welease me instantly!"

"Tell us what the jape is, then, kid?"

They released Arthur Augustus, and the elegant Fourth-Former returned his monocle to his eye.

"Gweat Scott, you have put me all in a fluttah, you bowwid wottahs!"

"Get out of the flutter, then, kid, and tell us the news."

"We don't want to bump you, but—"

Arthur Augustus stared loftily at Herries.

"I should uttably wufese to be bumped. As a mattah of fact—Howevah, to get on with the washin', you wottahs! They are givin' a wathah wippin' 'At Home' at Cleveland Lodge, deah boys!"

Jack Blake & Co. started.

They had been to one or two of the "At Homes" at Cleveland Lodge, and they were something more than rather ripping.

"My hat!"

"And Cousin Ethel has w'ritten to me—"

"Hooray!"

"And asked us all?" exclaimed Lowther. "Tom Merry, Cousin Ethel has asked us all to an 'At Home,' kid."

A handsome, curly-haired junior had come into the room at that moment. He started at Lowther's words, and came hurrying up.

"My hat, is that so, Gussy?"

"Weally, not quite that, but—"

"What's she say, then?"

"Weally, Tom Mewwy, deah boy, I must wequest you not to intewwupt me in that wough and weaday mannah, as it puts me all in a fluttah. Howevah, Cousin Ethel has given me a fwee hand as to whom I take to Cleveland Lodge."

"Hooray!"

"Rather!"

"When do we all start, Gussy?"

Arthur Augustus stared, then pulled out a slip of paper.

"I have the names w'ritten down, deah boys!" he exclaimed.

"I pwopose to take Jack Blake, Hewwies, and Digbay of the Fourth—"

"Of course."

"Weally, Hewwies—and Tom Mewwy, Lowthah, and Mannahs of the Shell—"

"The pick of the bunch," said Tom Merry.

"Wats—uttah wats—and Figgins, Kerr, and Fatty Wynn, of the New House—"

"Rather!" chuckled Kerr, coming in at that moment.

"You'd wreck the 'At Home' if you left out Figgins & Co."

"Wats, Kerr—and Kangahwoo, Cornstalk, & Co.—"

"Rather," said Kangaroo himself heartily. "Cousin Ethel would feel awfully hurt if you left out the best company of St. Jim's."

"What uttah wot, deah boy—and Weilly and Kew-wuish—"

Jack Blake laughed.

"Quite a little family gathering, Gussy!" he exclaimed.

"May as well say every one in the room and be done with it, kid."

"Bai Jove—"

"You've named all of us, as it is."

Skimpole stopped playing solitaire.

"Yes, you may as well include the whole room, D'Arcy!" he exclaimed. "We all accept."

Every one laughed.

No one minded the way in which Skimpole included himself in the list of proposed guests, because every one knew it was done quite innocently. Skimpole had merely included himself as a matter of form.

And Herbert Skimpole, perhaps the crank of St. Jim's in many ways, was generally liked.

"Wight-ho, deah boy; we shall be glad to include you—as a mattah of fact, it will give us gweat pleasure. All in the woom will have to dwess huwwiedly, though, because—"

Bai Jove!"

Someone had stepped forward who had been furthest from Arthur Augustus's mind when he had used the general term, the whole room.

That someone was Jerrold Lumley-Lumley, the millionaire's son of the Fourth.

He looked Arthur Augustus coolly in the face, a curious expression in his eyes.

"Thank you, D'Arcy," he said quietly. "I—I don't like asking, but what are the correct clothes to wear at an English 'At Home'?"

Arthur Augustus fidgeted with his monocle, and stared blankly through it.

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NEXT
THURSDAY:

"LUMLEY-LUMLEY, HERO!"

By
MARTIN CLIFFORD.

CHAPTER 2.

Arthur Augustus's Difficulty.

"YOU don't mind my asking about the clothes, D'Arcy, but I have never been to an English 'At Home,' you know."

Jerrold Lumley gave his explanation with absolute calmness.

He was clever, everyone admitted that, and he knew a good deal of human nature. It was impossible that he could have missed seeing the blank looks of the swell of St. Jim's.

"Weally, Lumlay—"

"I suppose a blue serge suit will be all right?"

"As a mattah of fact, Lumlay—"

"And would you accept an offer from me to drive you over in a four-in-hand?" added the millionaire's son. "There is quite a respectable coach to be had in Rylcombe this week, it is down here for the steeplechase."

Tom Merry answered that question.

"We are going to walk over," he said shortly.

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Oh, just as you like!" answered Lumley. "Rather a fag, though."

Arthur Augustus gasped again.

Jack Blake, Tom Merry, and Figgins longed to go to his rescue, and they would have made short work of the difficulty. They would simply have told the millionaire's son he was not wanted.

And they would have had good cause for their bluntness.

Jerrold Lumley had once thrown a stone at Gordon Gay, of the Grammar School, when that junior had been mounted on his bicycle. The result might have been a broken limb for the Grammarian.

Then Lumley had wrecked Tom Merry's study in a way that could not be forgotten, and he had cut the stitches of the football boots of the junior eleven, which had caused the Highcliffe match to be drawn when it ought to have been a clear three-goal victory.

Things like that might not be talked of at St. Jim's when once they were over, but they could not be forgotten.

Jerrold Lumley was an outsider, and the fact could not be ignored.

And to take him to Cleveland Lodge, to introduce him to Cousin Ethel, the girl-chum of the juniors of both Houses of St. Jim's, was unthinkable.

Arthur Augustus saw that as quickly as any of them.

"I wegwet to say, Lumlay, that we are wathah a big partay as it is—"

"Yes, that is what I was thinking when I suggested the four-in-hand."

"Weally, but—"

"When do we start, D'Arcy?"

Arthur Augustus became flustered.

"We are leaving at once, as a mattah of fact, but—"

"I'll hurry along and change my things," answered Jerrold Lumley. "I expect some of you others will want to do the same, so we shall probably meet at the gates. Thanks awfully for the invitation, D'Arcy."

And the millionaire's son flashed away.

Arthur Augustus was staring after him in bewilderment.

"Bai Jove! Gweat Scott—"

Tom Merry & Co. were looking fixedly at the swell of the Fourth.

"Well, Gussy!"

"Bai Jove, Tom Mewwy, deah boy, I am all in a fluttah—"

"Rats!"

"Weally—"

"You aren't going to let Lumley come, are you?" exclaimed Figgins, in amazement. "You don't mean to say you would take the utter bounder to Cousin Ethel's house?"

"Gweat Scott! The ideah is uttably imposs—"

"Why didn't you tell him so, then, ass?"

"I hinted, deah boy—"

Jack Blake snorted.

"You have to do more than hint to Jerrold Lumley!" he said tensely. "You have to tell him things outright. You must make it clear to him he isn't coming, Gussy!"

"Rather!"

"Fancy a bounder like that talking to—Cousin Ethel!" exclaimed Figgins, going rather red.

Figgins usually did go red when he mentioned Cousin Ethel's name.

"Rotten!"

"Yaas, I must admit I considah it wotten myself!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus. "The ideah is imposs., but I was all in a fluttah at the time. I pwopose we wait at the gates for the wottah."

"Right-ho!"

"I shall be vewy firm," continued the swell of St. Jim's.

"It is a difficult posish., because there is a pwecedent foah his weally wotten mannah of gettin' an invite."

"You mean Skimmy?"

"Yaas, wathah; you see, Skimmy included himself in the genewal invitation, and I suppose Lumlay considahs he can act in the same mannah. Howevah, I shall be vewy firm."

Tom Merry and Jack Blake nodded, but they did not look unduly impressed.

The sort of firmness needed in dealing with Jerrold Lumley had to be of a very pronounced type.

Figgins had already slipped away to change his clothes, but he did not keep the juniors waiting for him at the gates. He was one of the first to make his appearance.

"Has the cad turned up, Gussy?"

"Not yet, deah boy! I wathah fancay he has thought bettah of it, and seen my hint—"

"I don't think! Here come the others."

"Cheer-ho, Glyn, deah boy!"

"Isn't it ripping—"

"Rather! Gussy's a brick!"

"Yaas, wathah—I mean wats!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus. "I say, deah boys, I weally believe Lumlay has taken my hint—"

"Rats!"

"Pway don't say 'wats' to me, Mannahs! Bai Jove!"

Tom Merry & Co. looked grim.

Jerrold Lumley was coming towards them, dressed in a style which made Arthur Augustus frown. Clothes were the first thing the swell of St. Jim's noticed with everyone.

It was not that the millionaire's son was dressed in anything like the elaborate style Arthur Augustus himself was dressed in, but there was a big difference.

There was nothing loud about Arthur Augustus. He was magnificent but he matched, and his things were really tasteful. With Lumley there was something wanting.

His tie was not quite right in the eyes of the swell of St. Jim's, and his socks, though without half as many colours in them as his own, were crude.

In some vague way, Jerrold Lumley had just missed it.

He came up quite calmly, though.

"I haven't kept you chaps waiting, have I?"

The juniors did not answer.

They were all waiting for Arthur Augustus to show his firmness.

He might have commenced in rather a more impressive manner.

"Weally, Lumlay—"

"I'm sorry if I have."

Jack Blake nudged Arthur Augustus in the ribs.

"Get on with the washing, ass!"

"Yaas, wathah! Weally, Lumlay—"

"Talk about firmness!" growled Kerr. "You are an ass, Gussy!"

"Weally—"

"Oh, change the blessed record!" yelled Jack Blake.

"Here, I'll do the talking! You've made a mistake, Lumlay."

Jerrold Lumley wheeled round and faced the chief of Study No. 6.

"What do you mean, Blake?"

"That you've made a mistake about coming with us," answered Jack Blake openly. "As a matter of fact, Gussy didn't mean to include you in the invitation, and you jolly well knew it!"

Jerrold Lumley tried to look amazed.

He succeeded as far as Arthur Augustus was concerned, and made the generous Fourth-Former feel a good deal uncomfortable.

Jack Blake merely grinned.

He saw through that pose, as he had seen through a good many others of Jerrold Lumley's.

"You might as well drop that," he said; "you knew all the time you weren't invited. You were merely bluffing Gussy!"

Arthur Augustus rammed his monoole in his eye.

"Weally, Blakay, deah boy—"

"Rats!" said Jack Blake. "Lumley understands now. We can get on with the washing."

"No, I don't understand!" flashed the millionaire's son.

"D'Arcy gave me an invitation, and—"

"Rats!"

"I tell you he did. D'Arcy, didn't you include the whole room?"

"Yaah, wathah, but—"

"There you are, Blake!"

"Rats! Come along, Gussy!"

"Yaas, wathah, but—"

Jerrold Lumley stepped forward.

"Hang it all, D'Arcy; you give a fellow an invitation, then take it back again!" he exclaimed. "If you call that

good form, I don't want to know what you call the outside edge."

"Bai Jove! Pway stop, deah boys, while I explain to Lumlay—"

"Rats!"

"You come along, Gussy—"

"Lumley understands all right!"

Arthur Augustus became flustered.

"Pway welease me, Mannahs! It is utterly imposs. foah me to go away without explainin' to Lumlay. Welease me instantly! Lowthah, I should wegwet havin' to administeh a fearful thwashin', as we are goin' to an At-home, but—"

"Come on, kid!"

"I wefuse to come on! It is imposs. foah me to come on without explainin' to Lumlay—"

"Ass!"

"I tell you, he understands all right—"

"On the contwawy, Figgay! Welease me—welease me! Skimmay, pway make these howwid wuffians welease me instantly!"

The brainy man of the Shell blinked doubtfully. He had Tom Merry's solitary board under his arm, and there was the rattle of loose marbles in his pocket.

He looked at the four or five sturdy footballing juniors who were dragging Arthur Augustus along, and became more doubtful.

"Pway release D'Arcy, Figgins!"

"Rats!"

"Dear me!" blinked Skimpole. "They refuse to release you, D'Arcy. I can do nothing!"

Monty Lowther chuckled.

The idea of the weedy Skimpole being able to rescue Arthur Augustus appealed to the Shell junior's sense of humour.

And all the time they were drawing rapidly away from Jerrold Lumley.

Arthur Augustus suddenly stopped struggling.

"Bai Jove, the wottah has accepted the posish., deah boys!"

Tom Merry looked back at that. The millionaire's son was walking away from the gates.

But, although he had turned his back on the other juniors, Jerrold Lumley had not accepted the position, as Arthur Augustus supposed. Like Mr. Lascelles Lumley-Lumley, his father, Jerrold was not good at accepting positions unless they were the ones he wished to accept.

And he did not wish to accept this one.

One of the last things his father had said to him, was to give instructions that he should mix with the juniors of the best families at St. Jim's. Arthur Augustus was the son of Lord Eastwood, and to gain an introduction to Cleveland Lodge would be something that would please his father immensely. That had been Jerrold Lumley's first motive in seeking an invitation. Now he had another motive.

With all his faults, which were countless, Jerrold Lumley never admitted defeat. He had more than his share of pluck.

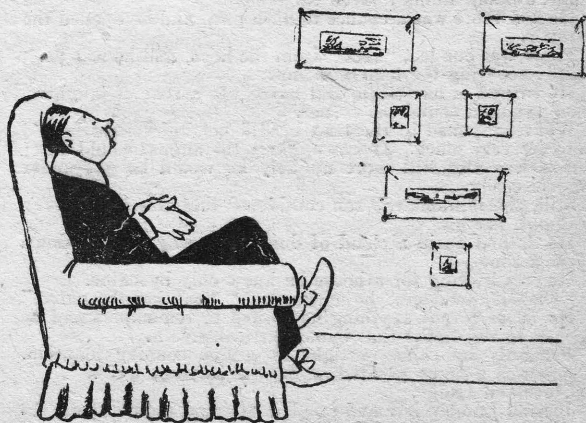
"I'll go to Cleveland Lodge, whatever happens!" he muttered.

He hesitated a moment or two, then hurried to the bicycle-house. The door was open, and there was no one there.

Jerrold Lumley hesitated again.

He had two machines in the building, an ordinary bicycle

BOYS WHO DO NOT READ "THE GEM."



THE BOY WHO IS MUCH TOO "ADVANCED!"

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By
MARTIN CLIFFORD

NEXT
THURSDAY:

"LUMLEY-LUMLEY, HERO!"



and a motor cycle, a magnificent single-cylinder machine of four and a quarter horse-power.

The doubt cleared from his face rather suddenly, and he wheeled the motor-cycle from the cycle-house.

But he did not hurry.

There was plenty of time. The walk to Cleveland Lodge was a short cut compared with the road, certainly, but Jerrold Lumley had touched fifty-five miles an hour on his machine.

There was a grin on his face as he slipped his dustcoat on. "So I am to be barred Cleveland Lodge, am I?" he muttered, his teeth together. "We'll see about that."

And he ran alongside his machine, waiting for the engine to start up.

CHAPTER 3.

A Road-hog.

"TOOT—toot!"

The millionaire's son sounded his horn loudly. He was careering along at a reckless pace considering the number of children playing at the sides of the road, but he drove well.

"Toot—toot!"

He sounded his horn still louder.

There was a trap in the centre of the narrow road, and the horse was prancing a good deal. Lumley came on. He hated slowing down, just as he hated being impeded in anything else.

He moved a small lever with his foot, and the "cut out" was brought into operation. Each explosion in the cylinder cut through the air like the report of a pistol now.

The horse in front of him was rearing dangerously.

Still the millionaire's son came on. He uttered a warning shout:

"Look out, you fools!"

It was remarkable like this which so barred Jerrold Lumley in Arthur Augustus's eyes.

The occupants of the trap were a groom and the pretty, graceful figure of a girl of about his own age, who had the reins.

The noise of Lumley's machine had almost driven the horse mad.

The strain of the girl's wrists must have caused her great pain. Her face was very white, although there was very little fear there.

"Oh, please stop!" she called back.

"Toot—toot!"

Lumley rather enjoyed the situation. It fitted in with the mood Jack Blake's words had brought to the surface.

He had slowed his machine down, certainly; but only because he had to, and he was causing his engine to make as much noise as possible. Probably, if he had silenced his explosions the horse would have been all right.

But the millionaire's son was in an unpleasant state of mind.

Like his father, he had the necessary qualification for a road-hog—an utter disregard for the claims and feelings of other users of the high-roads.

The groom spun round in his seat.

"You'll have us in the ditch in a minute—steady, Robin!"

But the horse was almost beyond control.

Lumley realised that, and he knew the trap had not been drawn to one side in the first instance. It would have been unsafe to let a motor cycle dash past the high-spirited animal—most likely something had occurred earlier in the drive to unsettle the beautiful horse's nerves.

But Jerrold Lumley loved excitement.

He saw there was a chance to flash past, and he opened the throttle.

There was one last "toot" from the horn, and he was past, simply covering the trap with dust.

He turned in his saddle and burst into a roar of laughter, then vanished round the corner.

What happened to the trap he did not know, and he did not care very much. It was unlikely the animal would bolt; but it was also still more unlikely he would be got under control easily.

Still, the millionaire's son considered that was the driver's look-out, not his.

He dashed on in a cloud of dust, beginning to slow down after a time.

He was looking for a house he knew only by name.

"Cleveland Lodge," he muttered. "That was the name."

He never forgot anything he wished to remember, and he wished to remember that name particularly.

Presently he came in sight of a fine country mansion. There was a name painted across the carriage gates.

Cleveland Lodge.

Jerrold Lumley rammed on his brake and jumped from his machine. Then he acted in a very curious manner.

He took a small pair of wire nippers from his saddle—THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 137.

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THURSDAY:

"LUMLEY-LUMLEY, HERO!"

By
MARTIN CLIFFORD.

bag and deliberately severed the electrical wiring which was the life and soul of his engine.

He cut the wires in a place where the break would not be easy to see, then he slipped the pliers into the pocket of his dustcoat.

After that he coolly opened the gates and wheeled his machine down the carriage drive.

It was a long walk, and the millionaire's son was beginning to doubt whether he had taken the wrong path, when he caught sight of a tall, finely-built man.

He raised his cap with a politeness which was astounding in comparison with his rudeness to the girl driving the trap.

"Excuse me, sir, but my machine has broken down," he exclaimed. "I thought perhaps the owner of this house might allow me the use of a coachhouse in which to set it to rights. I have scarcely any tools with me—"

The gentleman came up quickly.

"Hallo! What cap is that you have on, by Jove?"

"A St. Jim's, sir—"

"So it is, by Jove!" exclaimed the gentleman. "My name's Cleveland—Captain Cleveland. I have a cousin at St. Jim's, by Jove!"

Jerrold Lumley looked up in pretended surprise.

"I have heard a Fourth-Former speak of you, sir—D'Arcy, of Study No. 6—"

"Yes, that's the young rascal's name, by Jove! He's coming here this afternoon with some friends."

"So he said, sir," exclaimed Jerrold Lumley. "I had forgotten all about it. Really, sir, perhaps I ought to push the machine on until I come to a repairer's—"

Captain Cleveland waved his riding crop.

"Nonsense, my lad! Wheel the machine into the garage, and I will send my chauffeur out to examine it—no, no refusals."

"But—"

Jerrold Lumley looked uncomfortable for a moment, then he remembered the electrical wiring on motor cycles have a habit of breaking in the most inexplicable manner.

Probably it would be all right.

"It's awfully good of you, sir; but if you could lend me a few tools—"

"I can lend you the best mechanic for miles each way, by Jove, and that ought to be enough for you!" answered Captain Cleveland. "You come inside with me, now—you can leave your dustcoat here. Friends of yours from St. Jim's are almost due, and I insist upon your staying with us, by Jove!"

"Thanks, awfully, sir!" said Jerrold Lumley, and a smile flickered across his face.

Everything had worked out just as he had hoped. There had not been a single hitch, as far as he knew.

Even Tom Merry & Co. could scarcely be more than suspicious in their own minds when they arrived, Lumley thought, and he began to chat with Captain Cleveland as easily as if he had known him for years.

The captain took him into the library, found him a chair, then began to fidget.

Captain Cleveland had met many people in many parts of the globe, and he went a good deal by first impressions. Jerrold Lumley had been in the room for less than five minutes before the captain looked at his guest curiously.

The junior was trying to impress him, and Captain Cleveland hated anything like that. As was usual with him when in company with anyone in whom there was something he did not quite like, the captain spoke less and less, and said "by Jove!" more and more.

He had just reached the stage of saying nothing at all except "by Jove!" when the door was pushed open.

"Heah we are, captain, and I twust we aren't late—"

"I am afraid there is rather a crowd of us, sir," exclaimed Tom Merry. "I hope—"

"I hope—" said Jack Blake, and stared.

"I hope—"

And Figgins also stared.

"Gweat Scott!"

Jerrold Lumley was leaning back in the most comfortable easy chair in the room, a smile on his face.

He looked as cool as if he had been in his own study at St. Jim's.

CHAPTER 4.

Cousin Ethel.

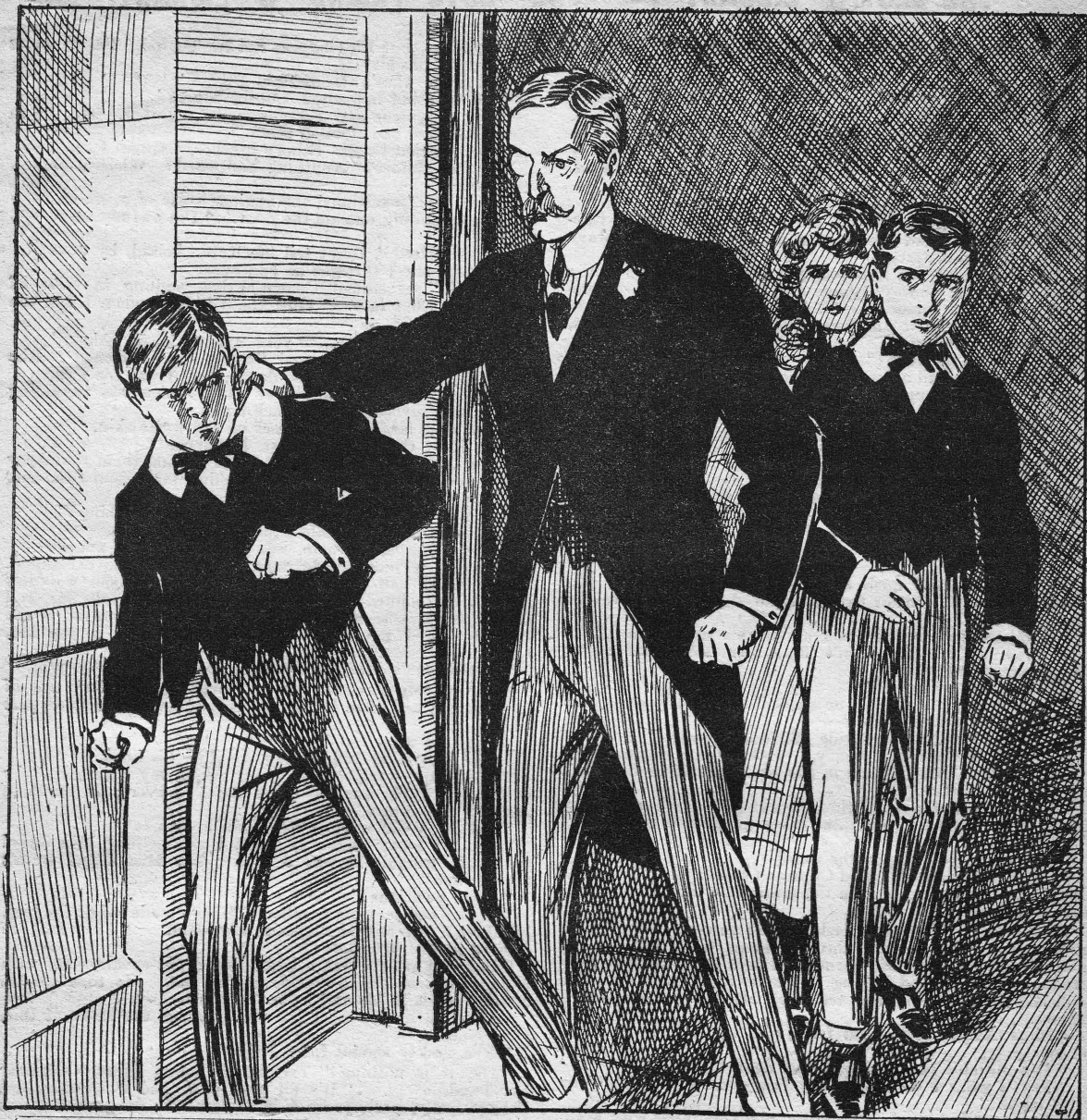
"BAI—bai Jove!"

Arthur Augustus stared at Jerrold Lumley in utter amazement.

He screwed his monocle in his eye and stared again. He could scarcely believe the evidence of his own eyes.

"Gweat—gweat Scott!"

For an instant Tom Merry was as surprised as the swell of St. Jim's, then the Shell junior turned his back on the millionaire's son, and commenced talking to Major Holbrook.



Captain Cleveland caught Jerrold Lumley by the coat collar. "Come along, my lad," he said sternly. "I think we can do without your company, by Jove!" (See page 7.)

Captain Cleveland looked from one junior to another.

"What's the matter, Arthur, by Jove?"

"I—I am all in a fluttah, deah boy—I mean, Gweat Scott, it is Lumley—"

The captain burst into a hearty roar of laughter.

"Of course it's Lumley," he exclaimed; "think it was a ghost, by Jove? Lumley's machine broke down, and so he's staying the afternoon with us."

Jack Blake gritted his teeth.

He looked Jerrold Lumley straight in the eyes, and for a moment or two the millionaire's son met his gaze. Then Jerrold Lumley lowered his gaze.

"Yes, my machine broke down just outside these gates," he explained. "I had no idea this was where you chaps were bound for."

It was so obviously a falsehood that Jack Blake did not answer. He also turned and commenced talking to Major Holbrook. Figgins looked very grim.

He was not going to be the one to introduce the "Outsider" to Cousin Ethel when she came into the room, anyway.

But Jerrold Lumley was satisfied.

For an instant he had thought Arthur Augustus might have spoken about the invitation affair in his amazement, but

the swell of St. Jim's had not done so. It was all right now. Lumley-Lumley prepared to spend an enjoyable afternoon.

"What were you saying about the steeplechase, sir?" he asked Major Holbrook. "I am awfully interested in horses."

"Then you'd be interested in Guardsman," said the major loudly, glancing at Captain Cleveland. "The best horse in Sussex, both for fences and on the straight—"

"With the exception of the Madam Madcap, by Jove!" said Captain Cleveland, smiling. "Madcap can give your horse ten pounds, major, and then show him a clean pair of heels."

Several other guests had entered the room by now, keen sporting men, who were to be found at every hunt meeting, and there was a general laugh.

It was a long standing contention in Sussex hunt circles as to which was the better animal, the major's or Captain Cleveland's.

Arthur Augustus's eyes sparkled with interest.

"Bai Jove, are the horses goin' to be widden by their ownahs?" he exclaimed.

"Of course, by Jove; point-to-point steeplechase, you know. No professionals!"

"Bai Jove, how wippin'—"

"When is the race to take place?" exclaimed Tom Merry.

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**NEXT
THURSDAY:**

"LUMLEY-LUMLEY, HERO!"

**By
MARTIN CLIFFORD.**

"Next Saturday, and you'll see Madcap run away from the field, by Jove! There isn't a horse that can touch the mare—"

There was a laugh in Captain Cleveland's voice as he spoke the words, but Major Holbrook did not appear to notice it. He got up with a flush on his face.

"That remains to be seen," he exclaimed. "I am ready to back my horse against yours for a level five hundred, Cleveland."

"I don't bet, by Jove—"

The major laughed. It was not a pleasant laugh, as Captain Cleveland's had been, and it threw a momentary restraint over the party.

"No, I shouldn't bet if I were you with Guardsman in the field," the major said. "I have won more than one steeplechase with worse horses than Guardsman and better fields to beat. Perhaps you would feel prepared to risk a hundred, though, on your animal?"

"I don't bet, by Jove!"

Captain Cleveland answered rather shortly this time. The lowering of the proposed wager was not in the best of taste.

"Wathah wotten form, as a mattah of fact," whispered Arthur Augustus.

Tom Merry nodded.

"Which is the better horse, Gussy?"

Arthur Augustus shook his head.

"They are both wippin' animals, and there isn't a gweat deal in it. Pwopahly widden, I should say my cousin's would win."

"Good egg!"

"Rather!"

There was still a flush on Major Holbrook's face. He fidgeted for a moment or two, then faced Captain Cleveland again.

"I wanted to speak to you about this steeplechase," he exclaimed. "Cleveland, isn't it rather ridiculous of us riding our own horses?"

"Ridiculous, by Jove?"

"Yes, ridiculous. I have no objection to your putting one of your men in the saddle if—"

"Thanks, major; but I ride Madam Madcap."

"Like a professional jockey," sneered the major. "I rather bar that sort of thing in the present state of the Turf, as a matter of fact."

"Mount a stable boy, then, major; I don't mind, by Jove, and I don't suppose these other gentlemen do."

"Rather not!"

"Put whom you like in the saddle—"

"But I ride Madcap," said Captain Cleveland. "It's what I'm livin' for, major, to ride the mare past the winning-post first, by Jove!"

Major Holbrook's eyes flashed. He saw—or thought he saw—smiles on the faces of the gentlemen riders in the room, and it angered him. He turned his back on Captain Cleveland, and commenced talking to the vicar, who found some difficulty in following the trend of his conversation about horses.

Arthur Augustus glanced from him to Jack Blake, and chuckled.

"The majah's funking the wace, deah boy."

"That's what I was thinking; fancy funking riding your own horse!"

"Yaas, wathah, and it is weally quiet compared with Madcap, bai Jove!"

Jack Blake glanced at the major.

He was a trifle stout, now, although he was very little older than Captain Cleveland. But there was not the same hard, athletic look about him there was about the owner of Madam Madcap.

And Jerrold Lumley noticed the same thing.

Major Holbrook was longing for a chance of avoiding the race.

In a vague way which he could not explain, that fact had a great fascination for the millionaire's son. He lay back in his chair, slightly in the recess, and listened to the buzz of conversation.

Hardly anything was mentioned except the forthcoming steeplechase, and Tom Merry & Co. were as enthusiastic as any of them.

There only appeared to be one of the party who was thinking of other matters, and that was Figgins, the long-limbed leader of the New House juniors.

Figgins's eyes were constantly straying towards the door, as though he were expecting someone else, and presently his face lightened up.

A girlish voice could be heard in the passage outside.

"Here comes Cousin Ethel, Blakey!"

"My hat, so it is!"

"Bai Jove, heah comes Cousin Ethel, deah boys! How do you do, deah gal? Bai Jove!"

The juniors had risen to their feet, Arthur Augustus & Co.

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NEXT THURSDAY:

"LUMLEY-LUMLEY, HERO!"

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

little in front, but Figgins was not far behind. Both juniors had stopped dead.

"Bai Jove, what's the mattah, Ethel?"

"Has anything happened, Cousin Ethel?"

Arthur Augustus and Figgins spoke together. The white face of the girl had startled them.

It also startled Cousin Ethel's brother, Captain Cleveland.

"Where's James? Anything happened? Where's James, by Jove?"

"Here, sir!" exclaimed the anxious voice of a groom, who had been standing outside the door. "I'm awfully sorry, sir, but—"

"Robin bolted! Don't tell me Robin bolted, by Jove!"

"No, sir, but I thought he had once."

"Bolted!" exclaimed Cousin Ethel, smiling in spite of the pallor of her face. "How could he bolt when I had the reins?"

"What have you done to your wrists, Cousin Ethel?"

Figgins spoke quickly, and Cousin Ethel frowned. She pulled the cuffs of her blouse down; but it was too late.

Captain Cleveland caught her hand, which was trembling a little, and turned the cuff back again.

"By Jove, the reins did that, I suppose?"

"Yes," answered the girl. "I had to bind them round my wrists, and that was why James couldn't take them from me. It is nothing—"

"Isn't it, by Jove? Merry, she calls that nothing!"

And he held up his sister's hands.

James, the young groom, was glaring at them angrily.

"It was a motor-cycle that did it, sir!" he exclaimed.

"Miss Ethel half asked me not to tell, but she wouldn't want Robin blamed. The horse was a little nervous, sir, and then a motor-cycle came along, and that was the cause of the trouble. I—I never saw anything so caddish in my life, sir."

"The driver wouldn't stop," said Cousin Ethel.

"He scarcely slowed down, sir, and used his horn out of recklessness, and then he burst out laughing as he went past us."

"What an utter cad!"

James looked at Tom Merry, nodding his head.

"That's the word, sir, if you'll excuse my saying it!" he exclaimed. "He was the worst cad I've ever seen on these roads or any others, sir."

"Bai Jove, did you see his numbah, James?"

"I didn't look, Master D'Arcy; I was helping Miss Ethel to steady Robin. It was a mercy, sir, Miss Ethel wasn't thrown out."

"Good gwacious!"

"If you had seen his number, I'd have made it hot for him, by Jove!" exclaimed Captain Cleveland. "Just look at Ethel's hands, Whitfield!"

Colonel Whitfield was a white-haired old cavalryman, with a good deal of active service behind him. He took Cousin Ethel's hands in his and looked at the bruises.

"I should like to meet the cad who was the cause of this, Cleveland."

"Yes, and so should I, by Jove!"

"Oh, it is nothing!" exclaimed Cousin Ethel, snatching her hands away. "It's all over now, and if the boy did behave badly, perhaps he didn't know how dangerous it was for us—"

"He knew what he was doing, miss, when he called out that remark."

"Perhaps he didn't know any better then," said Cousin Ethel. "I refuse to talk about the matter any more, please—"

"Bai Jove, what's the mattah, James?"

"I—I—"

James, the groom, started violently. He was staring across the room in blank amazement.

Tom Merry & Co. followed his glance towards the recess.

Jerrold Lumley was still lying back in his chair, but his face had gone rather pale.

CHAPTER 5.

Turned Out.

JAMES stepped forward.

He was looking Jerrold Lumley full in the eyes, and Lumley was trying to return the gaze. He was scarcely succeeding.

But in spite of that, there was very little but blank amazement on the groom's face.

Everyone was looking at the millionaire's son now. Lumley was conscious of the fact that he must do something, and he was glad of that. The last few minutes had seemed hours to him.

He sprang to his feet.

"Do—do you want anything?"

"No, I—"

The young groom seemed staggered. He looked from Jerrold Lumley to Captain Cleveland, and then back again, and in the journey, his eyes encountered Cousin Ethel's. There was a frown on the girl's pretty face.

"You can go, James," she said.

"Yes, miss—"

Captain Cleveland put out his hand.

"A moment, James, by Jove!" he said sharply. "What is the matter with you, man?"

"Nothing, sir. I—may I ask if this young gentleman has been here long?"

"No, by Jove! He arrived on a motor-cycle half an hour ago."

James flushed quickly. He had forgotten the warning frown on Cousin Ethel's face.

He had forgotten everything except the bruises on the wrists of his dainty charge.

"Then that's the young—that's the boy who nearly caused Robin to bolt, sir!"

The words seemed to cut through the air of the room. Tom Merry & Co. could do nothing but stare.

Cousin Ethel was still frowning.

Jerrold Lumley was the only one who had anything to say for the moment.

"What on earth are you talking about?" he exclaimed.

"I—I did not pass a trap on the road."

"That isn't true. You passed us."

"Look here, my man—"

"I am looking," flashed James, "and I see a lad as nearly caused Miss Ethel to be thrown from the trap!"

Captain Cleveland crossed the room in a couple of strides, and was standing before Jerrold Lumley now.

"Is this true, my lad?"

"No, sir, of course, it isn't."

"Do you mean to say you didn't pass us on the Rylcombe Road," cried James, "that—"

"I didn't come along the Rylcombe Road; I came the other way!"

Skimpole suddenly pushed his way to the front.

"Dear me, I am afraid that cannot be so, Lumley!" exclaimed the brainy man of the Shell. "If you had come the other way you could scarcely have got here yet, as you did not leave St. Jim's until after we had gone. Pray be careful with the facts, Lumley, as careless speaking may confuse the point at issue."

But Captain Cleveland was not in the mood for listening to one of Skimpole's orations. He turned to his sister.

"Is this the little cad, Ethel, bai Jove?"

Cousin Ethel looked troubled.

"I am not going to tell you," she answered, and that was all the answer the captain needed.

He knew his sister, and he knew which way she would have answered if there had been the slightest doubt.

Captain Cleveland caught Jerrold Lumley by the coat-collar.

"Come along," he said. "I think we can do without your company, by Jove!"

"But it is all nonsense! I did not pass any trap—"

"Come along, my lad!"

Tom Merry & Co. stood where they were, their faces a deep red.

Jerrold Lumley was a St. Jim's junior, and he was being turned out of Cleveland Lodge for caddishness to Cousin Ethel. The thing was hardly believable.

Arthur Augustus was staring at the millionaire's son in horror.

"Bai—bai Jove—"

The swell of St. Jim's could not think beyond that simple exclamation. Then Jerrold Lumley began to struggle, and it was all over.

Captain Cleveland had him out of the room in a flash.

The juniors from St. Jim's did not know what to do. None of them had ever found themselves in such an unpleasant position in their lives.

They were all staring blankly out of the window.

"My—my hat, isn't it awful?"

Tom Merry gasped under his breath.

Jack Blake answered with a flash in his eyes.

"Of all the howling outsiders! My aunt, Merry, we will make him sit up for this!"

"Did you see her wrists?" muttered Figgins. "They were tremendous bruises. Suppose—suppose she had been thrown out, chaps."

"Bai Jove," said Arthur Augustus—"bai Jove, I am all in a fluttah, and I wish I could sink through the wotten floah!"

Arthur Augustus was certainly not himself.

The others did not answer. They could see Captain Cleveland and Jerrold Lumley walking up the carriage-drive.

The captain still had the millionaire's son by the coat-collar.

James, the groom, was pushing the motor-cycle along behind them. Then all three vanished through the gateway.

A moment or two later, Captain Cleveland came striding down the drive with James again, and at the instant a pretty, girlish voice greeted Tom Merry & Co. from behind.

"I don't think any of you are very nice," smiled Cousin Ethel; "even my cousin has forgotten to speak to me."

"Bai Jove—"

"Oh, you had forgotten, you must admit it!" said Cousin Ethel severely. "I am very indignant."

"Weally—"

"And I think Tom Merry is just as bad."

"But—"

"And as for Figgins and Jack Blake— Here is my brother again. Don't you think it is very unkind of all these St. Jim's juniors to forget to speak to me, captain?"

Cousin Ethel usually addressed her brother as "captain," principally because he did not quite like it. He came into the room with his hands in his pockets.

"There's to be some music in the next room, you fellows," he said. "Better come and help with the programme, by Jove!"

That was the captain's way of making it understood that he wished the unpleasant incident forgotten. But it would not do for Tom Merry & Co.

The hero of the Shell glanced once at Jack Blake and Figgins, and received hasty nods in exchange. Then he faced Captain Cleveland.

"We are awfully sorry for what has happened, sir," he said loudly enough for all the other guests to hear. "I don't think we have many fellows at St. Jim's like Lumley."

"No, and I don't think you have, either, by Jove!"

"Bai Jove, I am glad you think that—"

"I know it," said Captain Cleveland.

Tom Merry hesitated. He felt somehow he wanted to apologise for St. Jim's, and yet he couldn't do that very well for the old school.

St. Jim's did not need an apology.

But Captain Cleveland understood. He dropped his hand on Tom Merry's shoulder.

"Not another word, youngster," he said quietly. "A thrashing wouldn't hurt the little outsider, though. Come in to the music, by Jove!"

And the juniors went.

A splendid programme had been arranged, but through it all there was a cloud for the juniors.

Every time Figgins looked at Cousin Ethel he thought of the bruises on her little wrists, and that made the New House junior grit his teeth.

He, at any rate, had made up his mind about Lumley, and what was deserving to him.

But Jack Blake and Tom Merry also looked as if their minds were made up on the same point, for both of them were thinking of Captain Cleveland's words.

"A thrashing wouldn't hurt the little outsider!"

That was what Cousin Ethel's brother had said. Tom Merry and Jack Blake were not likely to forget the words.

For the first time during any of their many visits to Cleveland Lodge, the two rivals of the School House of St. Jim's rather longed to be back at the old school.

To judge by the expressions on the faces of Tom Merry, Jack Blake and Figgins, there was to be a day of reckoning in the very near future indeed for Jerrold Lumley.

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NEXT
THURSDAY:

"LUMLEY-LUMLEY, HERO!"

By
MARTIN CLIFFORD.

CHAPTER 6.

The Challenge.

"WEALLY, deah boys, I feah you will have to excuse me—"

"We are going to hold a meeting in Tom Merry's study, kid."

Arthur Augustus nodded.

"Yaas, wathah, Figgay, deah boy!" said Arthur Augustus languidly. "Howevah, I shall not keep you long."

"Better come at once."

"Weally, Mannahs, I wegwet to say it is imposs. I will huvwly like anythin', so I sha'n't keep you waitin' long."

And Arthur Augustus flashed away with quite unusual speed.

Tom Merry growled.

"No; he won't keep us waiting long. He won't keep us waiting at all, as it happens."

"Let's get on with the washin'!" said Figgins grimly.

"I—"

"Mum's the word until we get into our den, kid!" said Tom Merry quietly. And there was silence again.

Cousin Ethel had come all the way to St. Jim's with them, James, the groom, following behind with the trap and Robin, who had quite recovered from his attack of nerves. He was to drive her back again.

Tom Merry & Co. could guess why their girl-chum had insisted upon the walk.

She had wanted to show them that she was not so very much upset, after all.

Each of the juniors, in his different way, had appreciated the action, but it had completely prevented the slightest discussion on the Lumley affair.

Warning glances from Tom Merry had even stopped mention of the Outsider's name. The matter would have had to end with Jerrold Lumley's eviction from Cleveland Lodge if Cousin Ethel had suspected her chums from St. Jim's entertained other and drastic plans.

She would have at once insisted that nothing was to be done to the millionaire's son; and Cousin Ethel's slightest wish was law to the rival Co.'s of both Houses.

But they had been very careful, and Cousin Ethel could not have had the faintest suspicion.

None of them spoke now as they made their way to Tom Merry's study. Tom Merry dropped into a chair.

"Shall I take the chair, chaps?"

"Yes, you take it, Tom Merry."

There was nothing like the usual discussion about the place of honour. This was a very serious matter to Tom Merry & Co.

St. Jim's had been badly "let down" by Jerrold Lumley.

The only points upon which there could be any discussion were—how Jerrold Lumley was to be punished, and who was to punish him?

Figgins was the only one of them who did not sit down.

"I don't see there is any use in holding a meeting," said the New House junior. "I—"

"What do you mean, Figgay?"

"I mean, you chaps can do as you like about the matter. I'm just going to give Lumley the thrashing of his life."

"My hat!"

Jack Blake jumped to his feet.

"That's where you are wrong, Figgins. It is I who am going to fight him."

Tom Merry was on his feet now. He looked very grim, and strong and reliable as he faced his excited rivals.

"This affects the School House more than the New House, Figgins, old chap," he said quietly. "If Lumley won't fight me, I shall just yank him along to the gym., and give him the hiding of his life with a single-stick or something. But I think he will fight me."

"Rats, Merry! He's a Fourth-Former—"

"He's a St. Jim's chap, worst luck, Blakey, old chap!" said the hero of the Shell. "I tell you, I am going to fight him."

"No, you are not, kid!"

"Aren't I?"

"Look here!"

Tom Merry, Jack Blake, and Figgins had had a good many tussles in the past, but none of them were quite like this. It was an obvious effort on the part of each of them to keep calm.

And the obvious effort was not altogether successful.

Figgins's face was very red.

"I tell you, chaps, I sha'n't forget those bruises until I have felt my fist ramming into Lumley's face a few times!" he exclaimed. "Leave it to me, chaps. I sha'n't make a hash of it."

"Rats!"

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"It's a Fourth-Form matter—"

"More rats! It's a St. Jim's matter—"

"Rot!" said Figgins. "We are all friends of Cousin Ethel."

The discussion was becoming fast and furious. Everyone was speaking at once, so they all failed to notice that the door was being pushed open.

They also failed to notice that Arthur Augustus was entering the study.

"Pway don't make such a wow, deah boys—"

No one took the slightest notice of him.

"Pway don't get in a fluttah, deah boys!"

The discussion became more heated. Tom Merry was moving towards the door.

Figgins was trying to edge past him.

Skimpole was the only junior in the room who appeared to be calm, and he was looking from one heated junior to another.

"Dear me! Why cannot you settle this matter logically?" he asked.

"Oh, dry up, Skimmy! Look here, Figgins—"

"Look here, Blake—"

"Dear me! But why don't the three of you cast lots as to whom shall administer punishment to Lumley-Lumley?" exclaimed Skimpole, blinking more rapidly than ever. "I am sure that would save a great deal of trouble."

The excited juniors stared at Skimpole.

It was certainly a way out of the difficulty.

"I'm willing, Figgins!"

"I'll agree, Blake."

"Bai Jove!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus, sitting down elegantly. "Pway listen to me foah a minute, deah boys!"

"Ring off, Gussy! Odd man has it, chaps?"

"Yes; that's the quickest way."

"Weallay, Figgay, if you will onlay pay attention to me foah a moment—"

"Rats!"

"Toss up together."

"Right-ho!"

Arthur Augustus screwed his monocle in his eye, and viewed the proceedings in surprise.

"Weally, Tom Mewwy, when I address you—"

"Oh, do ring off! I'm heads!"

"Bother! Tails!"

"And I'm tails, too!" growled Figgins.

Tom Merry grinned quietly.

"Then I have the pleasure of standing up to Lumley?" he said grimly. "Will you two chaps second me?"

"Rather!"

"Of course!"

"Good biz. Oh, do stop cackling for once in your young life, Gussy!"

Arthur Augustus got up.

"Weally, Tom Mewwy, I twust you have wealised by this time that I am not in the wotten habit of cacklin'!" he said frigidly. "Howevah, to get on with the washin'. I wegwet to say that it is imposs. for Jack Blake to second you, deah boy—"

"Eh?"

"What's that?"

"And it is also imposs. foah Figgay to second you as well, deah boy—"

"Who says so?"

"What's he raving about now, anyway?"

"And, in the third place, it is uttably imposs. foah Tom Mewwy to fight Lumlay-Lumlay!" added Arthur Augustus.

"That mattah is already awwanged."

"Yes; we know it is!" said Tom Merry sharply.

The swell of St. Jim's stared.

"Bai Jove! I fail to see how you can know that, deah boy, as I have only just challenged the utfah wottah!"

Arthur Augustus spoke calmly, flicking a speck of imaginary dust from his coat-sleeve as he uttered the words. Every junior in the room stared at him.

Tom Merry stepped forward.

"What! What did you say, Gussy?"

"I remarked that I have already challenged Lumlay-Lumlay, deah boy!" explained the swell of St. Jim's. "I have also passed my word of honah that when he has stood up to me in a pwopah mannah, he will not have to weecive thwashin' fwom any of you othahs. I thought that was onlay weasonable, deah boys!"

The juniors gasped.

Arthur Augustus flicked some more imaginary dust from his trouser knees.

"The affair is to take place behind the gym. in a few minutes, bai Jove!" he went on. "I wathah think I shall change into shorts, deah boys!"

Tom Merry, Jack Blake, and Figgins were still gasping.



Lumley deliberately pulled his mount across, and with a thud the two horses came together.
—(See Page 14.)

CHAPTER 7.

Jerrold Lumley's Opponent.

"F all the utter cheek!"
"Weally, Figgay—"
cried Tom Merry. "Fancy stealing a march on us like that, Gussy!"
cried Tom Merry. "There'll have to be an alteration. I'll go and tell Lumley—"

"Wats, deah boy! I have passed my word of honah."
"But—"
The juniors looked from one another to Arthur Augustus in dismay.

The swell of St. Jim's was leaning back in his chair again, his legs crossed elegantly. He looked very slim and unathletic just then.

And there was something in the way he fingered the cord of his monocle which suggested anything but the fighting man.

Tom Merry looked very upset.

"I don't think you ought to have done it, Gussy!" he exclaimed. "You ought to have joined in when we tossed up."

"Weally, deah boy—"

"Yes, you ought."

NEXT
THURSDAY:

"Weally, deah boy, it is a family mattah with me. Ethel is my cousin, you know!"

Tom Merry & Co. started. Arthur Augustus had spoken the words very quietly, and there was a great deal in them. After all, it really was Arthur Augustus' affair more than theirs, in a way.

Tom Merry had not thought of that. Still, there was the other side of the question.

Would Arthur Augustus be able to thrash the millionaire's son as he deserved to be thrashed? Tom Merry and Figgins could not help feeling doubtful on the point.

All St. Jim's knew that Arthur Augustus had pluck enough for anything, but pluck is not everything in a fight. And if it came to that, Lumley-Lumley also had pluck.

Tom Merry or Jack Blake would have felt little doubt in their own capability of thrashing Lumley, but it was different with Arthur Augustus.

Now they came to think of it, it was a long time since any of them had seen Arthur Augustus taking part in a fight.

And suppose he lost? The matter would end there; and, instead of punishing Jerrold Lumley, the millionaire's son would be able to laugh at them.

There could be no second affair with Tom Merry or the
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"LUMLEY-LUMLEY, HERO!"

By
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others; that would scarcely be the game. And, besides, Arthur Augustus had passed his word.

Tom Merry felt very uncomfortable about the whole thing.

"If you lose, Gussy, you'll be flayed in boiling oil!"

"If I— Weally, Tom Mewwy, you don't think Lumlay will have a chance against me, deah boy?" exclaimed Arthur Augustus, in amazement. "I shall simplay walk wound him, bai Jove!"

"Humph!"

"Don't you be too sure of that, ass."

"Gweat Scott! But even Jack Blake thwashed him!"

Jack Blake started.

"Here, what's that?"

"So you did, deah boy, although the wottah scwatched like a w'etched mousah."

Jack Blake looked wrathful. Tom Merry was still thinking of the awful position they would be in if Lumley did win.

"And mind you, he's been learning to box, Gussy!" he exclaimed anxiously.

Arthur Augustus waved his arm loftily.

"I do not care whethah he has been undahstudyin' Jack Johnson, deah boy—"

"Ass!"

"If you do lose—" began Figgins wrathfully.

"Wats—uttah wats! As a mattah of fact, it would be uttahly imposs. foah me to lose, as the affair is simplay one of personal dig. My cousin was wottenly insulted by a w'etched outsidah—it is my dutay to thwash the outsidah. I considah the mattah entially settled."

Tom Merry listened quietly enough, but he looked very worried. However, there was no time to answer, because Mellish—the junior who was known as the cad of the Fourth—came into the room at that moment.

"Pway take a chair, Mellish!"

"There isn't time," said Mellish, his little eyes sparkling.

"Lumley is ready."

"Bai Jove!"

"He's already changed and down at the gym."

"Gweat Scott!"

"And he has sent me to say that if you apologise for the slap across the face he'll let you off," finished Mellish gleefully.

Arthur Augustus sprang to his feet with a gasp.

"The uttah wottah! Apologise! Gweat Scott!"

Tom Merry & Co. were conscious of a thrill. The swell of St. Jim's had said nothing about slapping Lumley across the face.

They were glad he had done that, anyway.

Arthur Augustus was slipping off his coat and waistcoat.

"Pway apologise to the uttah cad foah my bein' late," he said loftily. "I will huiwwy like anythin' with changin'!"

"Then you aren't going to apologise, D'Arcy?"

"No, deah boy," said Arthur Augustus. "I am goin' to give the wottah a feahful thwashin' instead."

And Tom Merry felt his doubts rise again.

The phrase "a feahful thwashin'" was not a happy one.

The swell of St. Jim's had made use of it so often without anything of a startling nature following, that the words were beginning to lose their significance.

Figgins was openly disgusted, although he did not say much.

He could not forget those bruises on Cousin Ethel's wrists.

There was almost a dead silence in Study No. 1 as Arthur Augustus changed into football shorts and a white vest, but when he insisted upon carefully reparing his hair in the exact centre, Jack Blake boiled over.

"You utter, shrieking ass!"

"Weally, deah boy—"

"Oh, yank him along!" yelled the chief of Study No. 6.

"Yank the tailor's dummy along!"

"Bai Jove! Welease me, Digbay—welease me instantly, as I have decided to change my vest aftah all, as this one does not fit acwoss the shouldahs!"

"Altogether, chaps!"

"You wuffians! Hewwies, I considah you an uttah wuffian! Mannahs, I look upon you as anothah—"

"Get the door open!"

"Right-ho!"

And the swell of St. Jim's was rushed out into the passage. Then they ran him down to the grounds, and dragged him across the quadrangle towards the gymnasium.

The first sight Jerrold Lumley caught of his opponent in the forthcoming fight was the spectacle of him being forced through the gateway against his will by the combined efforts of twelve excited and wrathful juniors.

The millionaire's son stared in blank amazement.

Mellish blinked unbelievably.

"My—my hat! He is in a funk, and no mistake!"

And Jerrold Lumley grinned, with his teeth clenched.

There was a red mark on his rather pasty face where Arthur Augustus's open palm had struck him!

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CHAPTER 8.

The Fight.

"YOU howwid wuffians! I wefuse to be dwaggd—" "Come on, Gussy."

"You are going to see this thing through."

"I wefuse. Welease me instantly."

But Tom Merry & Co. took no notice of Arthur Augustus's requests, although perhaps they might have been less anxious in dragging him along if they had known Jerrold Lumley was watching.

And Jerrold Lumley meant that they should know.

He stepped round the corner of the gymnasium quickly.

"Your principal doesn't seem in a great hurry, Blake," he said coolly. "Perhaps you are trying to prevent him rushing for the ring, though."

Tom Merry and Jack Blake released Arthur Augustus at the same moment. Figgins was glaring at the millionaire's son.

"You'll see whether he's keen in a minute or two, cad."

"I saw just now, thanks, Blake!"

"Bai Jove! I am all in a fluttah!"

Jerrold Lumley laughed loudly.

"Yes, you look it!" he sneered. "I'm still ready to accept an apology, D'Arcy!"

"Gweat Scott!"

"Get on with the washing, Gussy," said Jack Blake, who was very red.

"Yaas, wathah! But—"

"Why don't you answer for yourself for once, D'Arcy?" said Lumley-Lumley. "If you like to say you are sorry for the blow you gave me—"

"Rats!"

"Figgins is answering for you this time, then! Are they forcing you to fight me?"

Arthur Augustus gasped.

"Bai Jove! Gweat Scott!"

"Oh, don't argue with the cad!" snapped Jack Blake.

"Wade into him with your fists, or else I shall!"

Jerrold Lumley heard the words, and glanced sharply at the chief of Study No. 6.

Jack Blake was the fighting man of the School House Fourth, and Lumley had faced him once before with Nature's own weapons. He was not particularly keen to do so again.

The millionaire's son did not mind punishment, but he minded losing, and he did not think he could beat Jack Blake.

In the case of Arthur Augustus he thought he would have little difficulty.

"I am ready when you are, D'Arcy," he said calmly.

"Two minute rounds and one minute rests, I suppose? Perhaps French will take the time?"

"All right," said French curtly.

"What about a referee?"

"Oh, we shan't want a ref., Dig!" said Tom Merry. "If either of the principals doesn't play the game he'll be jumped on soon enough!"

"Weally, Tom Mewwy, I should uttahly wefuse to be jumped on, but as I should also uttahly wefuse to play anythin' but the game—"

"Ring off!"

"A bit bigger ring, chaps."

Tom Merry & Co. were very grim about this fight. There was no joking. Even Monty Lowther looked solemn.

The ring was hastily formed—the juniors standing round in a large circle answering the purpose—then French took out his watch.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes, I'm ready."

"Yaas, wathah! So am I, bai Jove!" And Arthur Augustus stepped into the ring.

He looked very slim in his boxing-clothes, but it was a wiry sort of slinness. He had a slight advantage in height, although Lumley could give him a good deal as far as weight went, and there was very little in it in reach.

Of the pair, Jerrold Lumley looked the most likely.

Tom Merry and Figgins exchanged glances.

Either of them would have given a great deal to be facing the grinning Lumley now. Jack Blake, curiously enough, seemed satisfied.

"Oh, we can leave it to Gussy!" he whispered. "The one and only won't let us down."

"Oh, I know he'll do his best, old chap, but—"

"And his best will be yards better than Lumley's. Trust Study No. 6."

"When is that ass French going to start them?" exclaimed Figgins.

"Time!"

French rapped out the word, and the two principals came together. Jerrold Lumley held out his hand.

Arthur Augustus stared at it loftily.

"When I have thwashed you, and when you have

apologised to my cousin, 'I may considah shakin' hands with you," he said coolly. "Foah the pwesent I look upon you as a wotten outsiders."

Jerrold went a deep red.

Very few juniors in St. Jim's could have said the words in quite the contemptuous tone Arthur Augustus used, and Lumley's coolness deserted him for a moment.

He lashed out furiously.

"Bai Jove!"

Arthur Augustus was driven back. He never said anything afterwards, but the suddenness of the blow had taken him by surprise.

To Tom Merry and Figgins he seemed to be losing ground in the most feeble manner.

"Buck up, Gussy!"

"Wade into the cad—my hat!"

Arthur Augustus had been driven almost into the "ring." Then suddenly his left streaked out.

It was a beautiful counter, and it got home in Lumley's chest, staggering him.

Tom Merry stared in surprise.

Arthur Augustus had scarcely seemed to make an effort.

Jack Blake nodded excitedly.

"Gussy has heaps of little tricks like that," he whispered. "I told you it would be all right. The kid's really one of the prettiest boxers in the Fourth, only he won't do much of it because it makes him hot."

"My hat, he's boxing now!"

"Yes; but why doesn't he wade into the cad? I want to see him thrashed—not beaten at boxing."

Figgins spoke shortly. He was still looking rather savage. Then his face lightened up.

Arthur Augustus had sent a crashing right-hand blow between Lumley's eyes, and had stepped back nimbly. He looked perfectly calm.

So did Jerrold Lumley, for that matter, although there was a curious gleam in his keen eyes.

He knew at once that his boxing could not be compared with his opponent's, and he knew he was in for a thrashing. But he did not show the white feather.

The millionaire's son did not mean Arthur Augustus to have all his own way.

He dashed in, and struck Arthur Augustus in the mouth. Blood trickled down the Fourth-Former's face, but he was ready with the counter. Then the fight started in real earnest.

Blow after blow they struck at one another, the grimness of the swell of St. Jim's staggering Figgins & Co.

Arthur Augustus was fighting furiously.

"My hat, isn't he a brick!"

"Good old Gussy!"

"I told you he wouldn't let us down," breathed Jack Blake, his voice thrilling. "He'll thrash the kid, or he will be absolutely knocked out—Oh, well hit!"

"Time!" cried French.

The two juniors stopped. Then Lumley wheeled round to French.

"Hang rounds!" he snapped. "Let's fight it out!"

"Bai Jove, I was about to suggest that myself!"

"Yes, fight it out, Gussy!"

Tom Merry's words rang out excitedly. This was not an ordinary affair of a dispute being settled by three rounds.

A cad had to be thrashed. It was much better to get the thrashing over as soon as possible.

And what a thrashing it was, too!

Looking at Arthur Augustus as the minutes flew by, the juniors could scarcely believe it was the swell of St. Jim's they saw.

He was simply slogging away like the young Briton he was, striking the heaviest blows he was capable of, in a good cause. It so thrilled Figgins that he scarcely knew what he was saying.

And Jerrold Lumley was losing.

There could be no doubt about that. His punishment was very severe, although he got home a good many blows himself.

But they did not even ruffle Arthur Augustus. He had taken this duty upon himself. Later on the disfigurement of a black eye would trouble him a great deal, no doubt, but for the present he cared nothing for Jerrold Lumley's fists.

Once, when they had been fighting for about five minutes, he got home with an upper-cut that sent the millionaire's son to the grass. Arthur Augustus stood over him.

"Befoah we go on, Lumlay," he said quietly, "I twust you wemembah what I said about apologisin'."

"I—I—"

"When you have weceived your thwashin', and have apologised to us foah bwingin' disgwace on St. Jim's, and have pwomised to do the othah mattah, I will wetiah fwom the wing."

"Hang you! I'm not done yet."

"I am vewy glad to heah it. Pway get up."

The millionaire's son scrambled to his feet, and came on with a rush. He was met by a perfectly straight fist, and he was down again.

But Lumley-Lumley showed his pluck that evening.

He faced the swell of St. Jim's almost coolly, although his face was badly swollen.

Another crashing blow staggered him; then Arthur Augustus began to fight at a much greater pace. He meant to finish the affair now.

In a manner which completely amazed all but Jack Blake & Co., he drove the Outsider round the ring by sheer weight of his blows. It was not a pretty sight, except to those who knew how well it was deserved. A thrashing seldom is pretty, but it was the clean, hard fighting of a junior who just felt he was doing what was expected of him, and nothing else.

He thrashed Jerrold Lumley as he had never been thrashed before, and sent him to the grass again. This time there would be no more fighting.

Jerrold Lumley was done.

Arthur Augustus waited.

"When you have wecovahed enough, Lumlay, we will listen to what you have to say," he said quietly. "There is no gweat huwwy."

Lumley's face was very black.

"What do you want me to say?"

"That you are sowwy you bwought disgwace upon St. Jim's this aftahnoon."

There was a pause. Lumley-Lumley had risen to his feet, but he was far too unsteady to think of continuing the fight; besides, he was momentarily cowed.

"I'm sorry."

Arthur Augustus turned away.

"That's all wight. Now foah the othah mattah. Pway hand ovah my coat, Figgay, deah boy."

The coat was handed over.

Everyone felt that there was something else to come. Arthur Augustus fumbled in his pocket.

He drew out a sheet of St. Jim's notepaper.

"Just wite these words, Lumlay," he said. "I have a pen heah."

Lumley was still cowed. He took the pen and paper.

"Wite: 'I apologise foah what I did this aftahnoon,' and sign your name underneath. I have already addressed the envelope to Cousin Ethel."

There was another pause.

Tom Merry & Co. stared with bated breath. They had had a good many dealings with Lumley-Lumley, and they could scarcely believe that he would write the words.

They stood and stared at the two principals.

Lumley and Arthur Augustus were looking in each other's eyes, then the millionaire's son suddenly lowered his.

The next moment he was writing the words.

He handed the sheet of notepaper back, and strode away.

CHAPTER 9.

On the Moors.

JERROLD LUMLEY awoke with a start the following morning.

He had been dreaming of the Rylcombe Steeple-chase, and his dream had startled him.

He sat up in bed.

"Is anyone awake?"

He asked the question quietly, but there was an answer at once.

"Dear me! Yes, I am. Pray do not talk to me, though; I am busy."

Lumley-Lumley peered across the room, and shrugged his shoulders.

The junior who had answered him was Skimpole, the brainy man of the Shell.

"What are you doing in our room, anyway?" growled Lumley.

"Dear me! I have only come for the solitaire board which Digby borrowed last night. I—I believe I have solved the problem."

Jerrold Lumley did not show any great enthusiasm. He jumped out of bed and looked at his face in the glass.

It was very puffed and discoloured.

Then he went across to Arthur Augustus's bed, and looked down at the sleeping Study No. 6 junior.

Arthur Augustus also showed signs of the fight, but his bruises were fewer and less pronounced. The millionaire's son stood looking at the sleeping junior for quite a long time.

There was not a very pleasant expression on his keen face as the early morning sun caught it.

He turned away at last, and commenced to dress.

Skimpole looked up from the solitaire board in surprise. "Dear me! You aren't going out, are you?"

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"It almost looks as if I am, doesn't it?" snapped Lumley-Lumley. "Now dry up!"

But Skimpole showed no inclination to talk. He struggled on at the problem of how to leave one marble on a board which would persist in retaining at least three.

Lumley hurried into his things, then left the dormitory. He made his way out of the School House and across the quadrangle. He stopped at the cycle house again.

"I may as well take the ordinary grid this time," he muttered. "it isn't far."

He was soon in the saddle, and speeding down the road towards the moors. Once there, he skirted past the quarry, and began to slow down before a country house with large stables at the back.

It was towards the stables that Lumley was heading.

"He said he was going to take Guardsman for a run this morning," he mused. "I—I wonder if that row at Cleveland Lodge will have barred me here?"

It was certainly a point, and one a good many juniors would not have cared to put to the test. But Mr. Lascelles Lumley-Lumley's son and heir had few nerves.

He peered over the wall, then propped his machine against.

There was someone in the stableyard.

"Holbrook, too!" muttered the junior. "Good biz."

And he walked boldly through the gate. He raised his cap very much in the way he had raised it to Captain Cleveland, and Major Holbrook turned.

Lumley-Lumley hurried up.

"I hope I am not intruding, sir," he began, "but I caught sight of you as I was cycling past. I—I should very much like to see Guardsman have his gallop, sir."

Major Holbrook nodded.

"He's just going out. Jackson, how much longer are you going to be?"

"I can't get the saddle on him, sir; he's in a nasty mood."

"Nonsense!" snapped the major, peering through the upper half of the stable door. "The fact is, you don't know an atom about horses!"

It was an unmerited rebuke, for the stable-lad understood and loved the animals, but he did not answer. His back was turned to the door, so he grinned a little.

He noticed the major did not offer to enter the loose-box. Jerrold Lumley also noticed the same thing, and peered in over the half-door as well.

The beautiful lines of Guardsman made his eyes sparkle with enthusiasm. He, like Arthur Augustus, loved horses.

"By Jove! He is a beauty, sir!"

The major grunted.

"The finest hurdler in Sussex, if Madcap has a dozen equals," he growled. "Put the saddle on, man!"

Jackson went red. He was doing his best, but the hunter was rearing all over the place.

The stable-boy had anything but an easy task.

"I think it would be better to give him half an hour to himself, sir," he ventured. "If you are going to ride him, sir—"

"Put the saddle on!"

Jackson bit his lip, and made another effort to saddle the horse.

Guardsman sent him staggering across the loose box.

Jerrold Lumley was watching keenly. Presently he turned to the major.

"Would you object to my trying to saddle him, sir?" he asked politely. "My father has a good many horses."

"You can try if you like," snapped the major. "Don't blame me if the brute kicks you, though."

Lumley-Lumley did not wait for a second invitation. He opened the door and slipped into the loose-box.

"Does he kick, Jackson?" he whispered.

"Somethin' awful, sir, when he's in this mood."

"Lend me the saddle, then. You want to go for him like this."

And the junior stepped up to the beautiful hunter and struck it across the mouth. The animal plunged furiously, and Lumley struck it again; then, to Jackson's amazement, he got the saddle on.

Guardsman was trembling as if from a shock.

"My hat, sir! I've never seen anyone master Guardsman like that since the major's had him!"

The millionaire's son shrugged his shoulders.

"He's frightened of me, that's all," he said. "Look how he's trembling!"

"Yes, sir. Mind as you get the bit in his mouth."

Lumley laughed, and the bit was in its place. Then he coolly patted the hunter, who was as quiet as a livery stable hack but for the trembling muscles.

"Oh, he's nothing to some horses I've had to handle in America!" exclaimed the junior.

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"Well, he's nothing to Madcap, if it comes to that, I suppose, sir," admitted the stable-boy. "Captain Cleveland has to saddle her every time he wants to go out. The stable hands stand and look on."

Jerrold Lumley glanced up.

"That's the horse who'll be the chief rival to Guardsman in the steeplechase, isn't it?"

"The only rival, sir. The rest of the field won't have a look in, and Guardsman will win if the major rides her."

"If?" queried Lumley, his eyes sparkling again.

The stable-boy lowered his voice.

"Between ourselves, sir, the major's funking it," he whispered. "He's mortal afraid of being thrown. Perhaps I shall get my chance when the time comes."

A shadow of a smile flickered across Lumley-Lumley's face. He turned to Major Holbrook without answering.

"Shall I bring him out, sir?"

"Yes. You know a good deal about horses, don't you, my lad?"

"Well, perhaps I do a bit, sir. I've done a good deal of steeplechasing."

That was untrue. Jerrold Lumley had never ridden in a steeplechase in his life, but he had hunted a fair amount and ridden to please himself anywhere and everywhere, a good deal more.

The truth did not trouble the millionaire's son when he had an end to gain.

He led Guardsman out to the major.

"Are you going to ride as you are, sir?"

The major frowned.

"No; I have just lighted a cigar. Get into the saddle, Jackson."

"Yes, sir!"

Jerrold Lumley still led the horse, and for a fraction of a moment he hesitated. He was in the presence of men who understood horses better than he did, in a way. Still, he was always ready to take risks when there was something to be gained. He waited until Jackson got round to the side, then he wrenched the horse's mouth.

Guardsman plunged wildly. Jackson reeled backwards.

"You clumsy rascal!" fumed the major, storming at the stable-boy. "Anyone would think you'd never been in a saddle! You let a schoolboy bride him, and then— You'd better go and get one of the other men to ride him."

That was the opening Jerrold Lumley had been longing for. He seized it as his father had seized openings on the American Stock Exchange.

"Would you object to my giving him a gallop, sir?"

The millionaire's son asked his question coolly. The answer meant a lot to him.

"Are you sure you can?" growled the major.

"May I try?"

Major Holbrook hesitated; then he nodded.

"Only don't you let him stumble, and look out for a trick he has of stopping dead—"

Jerrold Lumley did not answer. He sprang lightly into the saddle before either the major or his horse had any idea of his intention.

Guardsman was rearing on his hindlegs at once, but Lumley-Lumley was ready for that.

He got him down again, and then they circled round and round.

In that instant he caught sight of a small party of St. Jim's juniors.

They were Tom Merry & Co.

A smile of triumph flashed across Jerrold Lumley's face. He wondered what could have brought the rival Co.'s to the moor at that hour, but he was intensely glad they were there.

He would show the juniors who could box better than he could that there were also some things he could do better than they.

He brought Guardsman to a standstill in masterly fashion.

CHAPTER 10.

Thrown!

"BAI Jove, it's Lumley, deah boys!"

Tom Merry and Jack Blake stared across the moors in amazement.

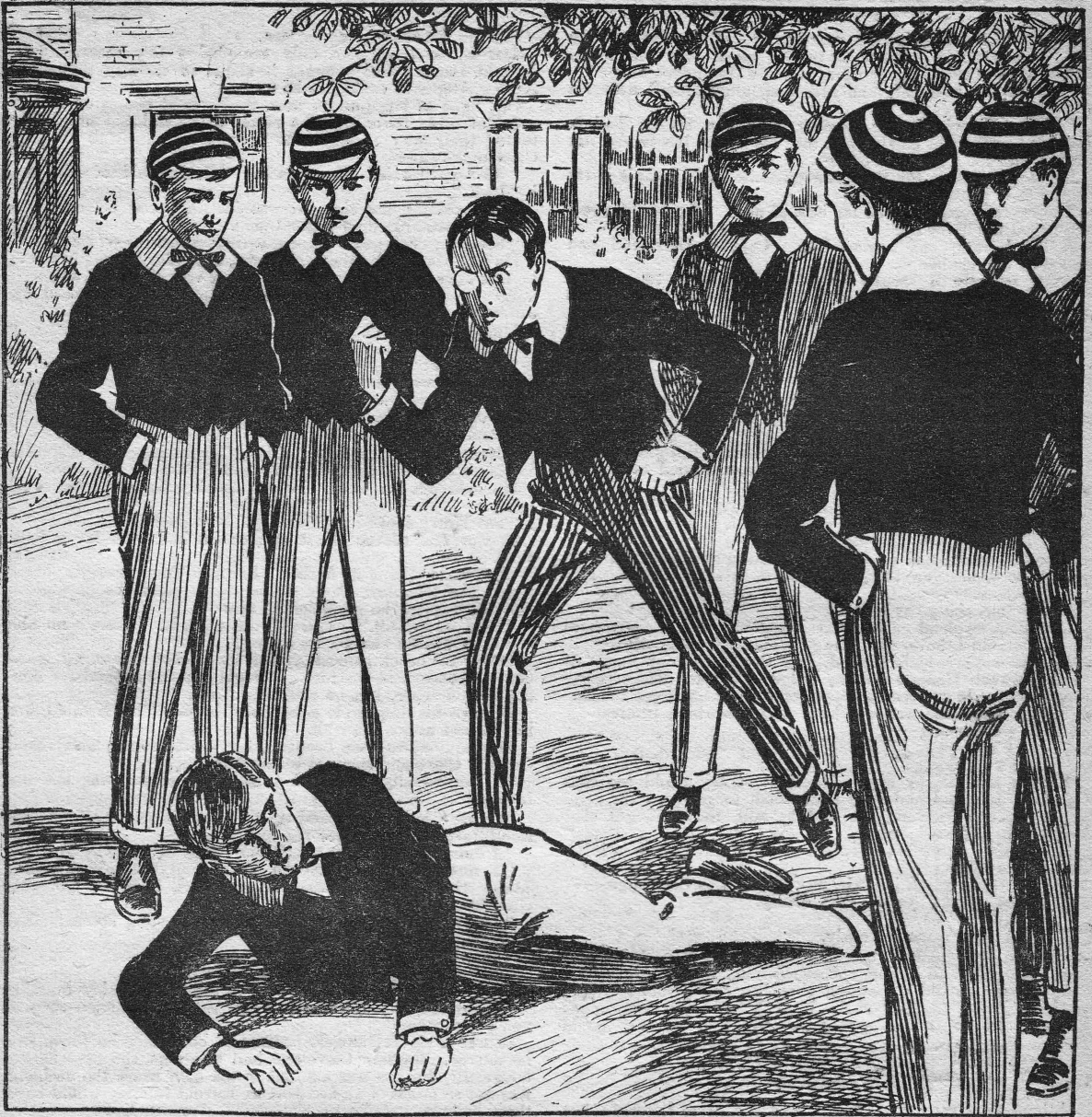
"My hat, so it is, and he's on Guardsman, Madcap's rival!"

Arthur Augustus nodded vigorously.

"Wathah! Bai Jove, the wotah can wide, deah boys!"

The St. Jim's juniors looked across the moors in silence. They had made the journey from St. Jim's at Arthur Augustus's suggestion, to see Captain Cleveland's horse, Madcap. Arthur Augustus was positive the captain would be on the moors that morning, and interest at St. Jim's was becoming acute over the steeplechase.

The spectacle of Lumley-Lumley mounted on Madcap's rival came as a great surprise.



Arthur Augustus D'Arcy fought with a fury that amazed the juniors, driving the Outsider round the ring by the sheer weight of his blows, and finally sending him to grass with a crashing right-hander. (See page 11.)

"I suppose the wottah asked for a wide, deah boys."

Tom Merry nodded.

"It's my opinion that Major Holbrook isn't so jolly keen on mounting Guardsman," he said thoughtfully. "It's a lovely horse, kids."

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Doesn't come up to Madcap, though," said Figgins loyally.

Figgins did not know a great deal about horses, but he was loyal to the backbone.

Arthur Augustus cast a critical glance over Guardsman's points as he galloped by, and shook his head.

"I wathah fancay you are wight, Figgay, although there is very little in it eithah way. If I had to wide the pick of the two I should choose Madcap—"

"Of course you would!"

"So would anyone else who knew a horse from a donkey," declared Figgins. "My hat! I believe that is the captain!"

"Bai Jove! On Madcap, too!"

"They are coming past here, chaps. We shall see both together."

"Rather!"

The juniors peered over the hedge excitedly.

Major Holbrook was some distance away, watching Lumley-

Lumley circle the hunter round. The millionaire's son suddenly headed towards him.

"Isn't that Madcap, sir?"

"Yes, and Cleveland up—"

Jerrold Lumley looked uncomfortable for a moment, bringing Guardsman round so that he backed the approaching captain.

"Will—he will he stop, do you think, sir?"

Major Holbrook shrugged his shoulders.

"Not he!" he growled. "He'd be too afraid of his precious horse taking a chill. You see, he'll flash by us—Look here, youngster, don't let him pass you."

Jerrold Lumley looked surprised for a moment or two.

"I mean, race him for the stables," flashed the major. "D'you hear me? I've a particular reason for wishing to see how the horses compare."

Lumley nodded. He understood, and he thought he understood the major's "special reason." It might be useful for betting purposes to gain an inkling of the horses' respective merits.

Captain Cleveland was not a betting man. He could be relied upon not to make a dark horse affair of it.

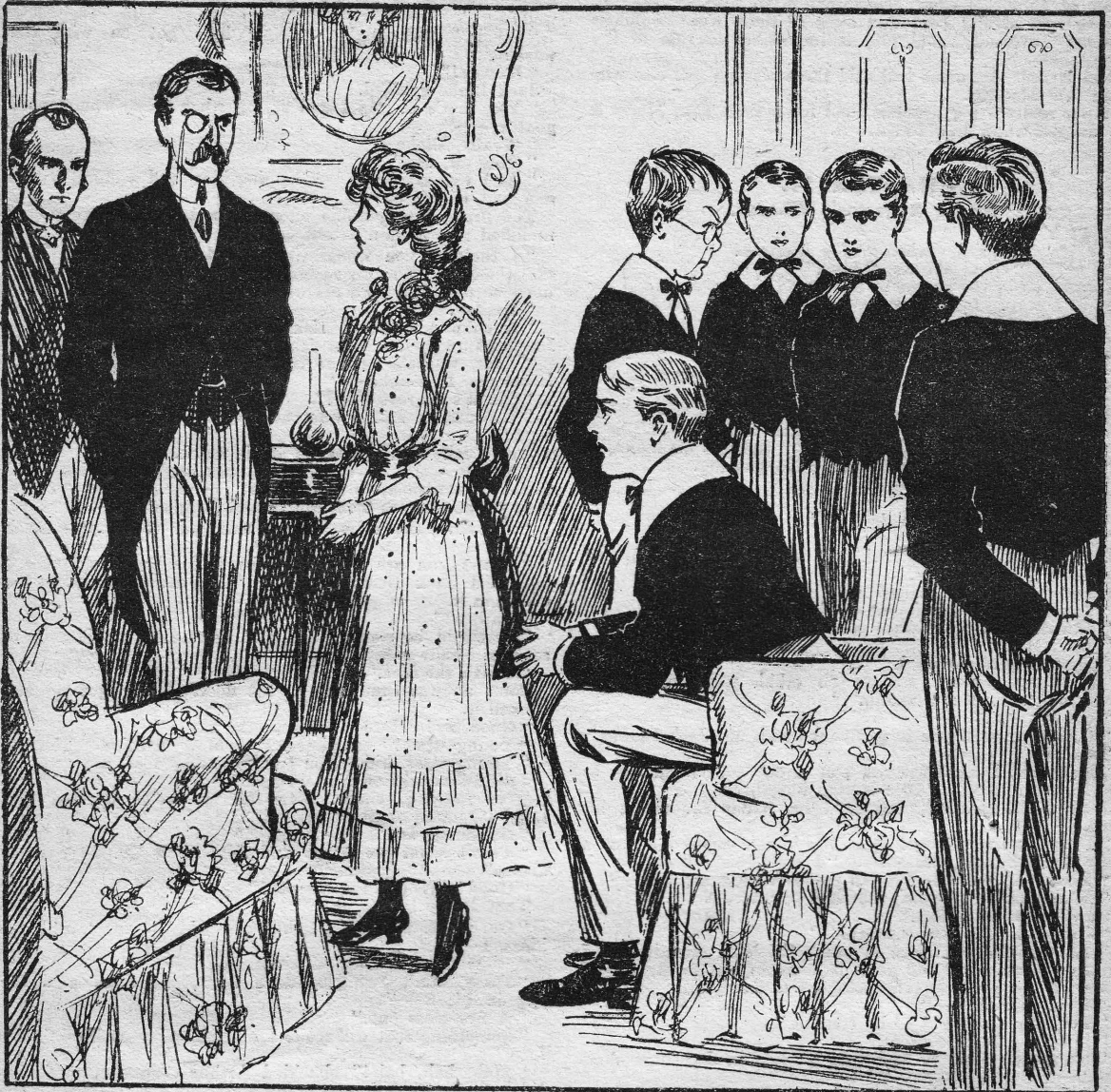
The thought flashed through Jerrold Lumley's brain like lightning, and another one followed it just as quickly.

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THURSDAY:

"LUMLEY-LUMLEY, HERO!"

By
MARTIN CLIFFORD.



"By Jove!" exclaimed Captain Cleveland, catching sight of the large dark bruises on the white skin of Cousin Ethel's wrists. "The reins did that, I suppose!" (See page 6.)

"Shall I wide her back for you, deah boy?"

"No, I can get along— Steady, by Jove!"

Captain Cleveland got into the saddle. His wrist was so swollen now that his hand was useless.

He turned for a moment in the saddle.

"Will you fellows send a doctor along to Cleveland Lodge?" he said coolly. "We must see if this twist can't be put right in time for Saturday."

"Yaas, wathah!"

And the captain cantered away.

Figgins watched anxiously for the first few hundred yards, but Madcap was so quiet that there was no need for alarm. The beautiful hunter seemed to know something had happened to her master, and cantered so steadily that Figgins was completely deceived.

"She seems quiet enough, Gussy."

"Wats, deah boy. She's quiet now because she knows my cousin is widin' with one hand in his coat. It would be diffwent if they were goin' acwoss countwy."

"Yes, I suppose so."

Tom Merry glanced at the swell of St. Jim's.

"The captain won't be able to touch a rein by Saturday, kid."

"No; someone else will have to ride Madcap."

Arthur Augustus shook his head.

"No, Digbay, deah boy, there is no one else who can wide her. As a matter of fact, there's no one else who can saddle her."

"How rotten!"

The St. Jim's juniors looked at one another in dismay.

Without Madcap taking part in the steeplechase, the race lost all interest for them. Figgins looked wrathful.

"Won't Cousin Ethel be disappointed, chaps?"

"She will wave, deah boy; she has been simplay livin' foah the wace."

"Lumley wants another thrashing, the cad!"

They turned to look at the millionaire's son.

He was some little distance away now, talking in a lowered tone to Major Holbrook. He seemed to be watching every expression on the major's face.

Then he suddenly wheeled round and cantered Guardsman across the moors.

Major Holbrook was watching his management of the horse with a critical eye.

Tom Merry & Co. stood where they were for a few minutes longer, then turned back to St. Jim's. Jerrold Lumley had given them another problem to think over.

None of them had any doubt that the accident was the

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"By Jove!" exclaimed Captain Cleveland, catching sight of the large dark bruises on the white skin of Cousin Ethel's wrists. "The reins did that, I suppose!" (See page 6.)

"Shall I wide her back for you, deah boy?"

"No, I can get along— Steady, by Jove!"

Captain Cleveland got into the saddle. His wrist was so swollen now that his hand was useless.

He turned for a moment in the saddle.

"Will you fellows send a doctor along to Cleveland Lodge?" he said coolly. "We must see if this twist can't be put right in time for Saturday."

"Yaas, wathah!"

And the captain cantered away.

Figgins watched anxiously for the first few hundred yards, but Madcap was so quiet that there was no need for alarm. The beautiful hunter seemed to know something had happened to her master, and cantered so steadily that Figgins was completely deceived.

"She seems quiet enough, Gussy."

"Wats, deah boy. She's quiet now because she knows my cousin is widin' with one hand in his coat. It would be diffewent if they were goin' acwoss countwy."

"Yes, I suppose so."

Tom Merry glanced at the swell of St. Jim's.

"The captain won't be able to touch a rein by Saturday, kid."

"No; someone else will have to ride Madcap."

Arthur Augustus shook his head.

"No, Digbay, deah boy, there is no one else who can wide her. As a matter of fact, there's no one else who can saddle her."

"How rotten!"

The St. Jim's juniors looked at one another in dismay.

Without Madcap taking part in the steeplechase, the race lost all interest for them. Figgins looked wrathful.

"Won't Cousin Ethel be disappointed, chaps?"

"She will wave, deah boy; she has been simply livin' foah the wace."

"Lumley wants another thrashing, the cad!"

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He was some little distance away now, talking in a lowered tone to Major Holbrook. He seemed to be watching every expression on the major's face.

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None of them had any doubt that the accident was the

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result of Lumley's grim determination to prevent Madcap passing him at any cost, and most of them were confident Captain Cleveland would find it impossible to ride in the steeplechase.

And Arthur Augustus had said there was no one else who could ride Madcap.

It was really a big problem, and for a time Tom Merry & Co. did not know how to solve it.

CHAPTER 11.

Arthur Augustus's Wheeze.

"MY hat!"

"It's the wheeze of a lifetime!"

"Good old ass, Gussy!"

The praise of the chums of Study No. 6 was unstinted for once in a way. Jack Blake sprang to his feet and brought his hand down on Arthur Augustus's shoulder with a ringing slap.

"Good old Gussy!"

"Wow!" yelled the swell of St. Jim's. "Gweat Scott! Yah!"

Arthur Augustus had been leaning back in his chair at the time, the chair balanced on its two hind legs. He had been complacently viewing Jack Blake & Co. through his monocle. He was now reclining under the table, gasping.

"You weckless wuffian—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My hat, what did you do that for, Gussy?"

"My only Aunt Jane!"

Digby and Herries shrieked with laughter. Arthur Augustus got up slowly.

He glared at Jack Blake.

"You howwid wuffian—you—"

"I trust you do not want me to thwash you, Blakay—"

"Sorry, kid."

Arthur Augustus glared.

"I wegwet to say I have no othah wesource but to administrah a feahful thwashin'!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I must wequest you to put your hands up, Jack Blake."

"But—"

"I wepeat, I must wequest you to put your hands up, as you have weduced me to a wotten fluttah."

Jack Blake grinned, and held his hands far above his head.

"I can't manage to get them any higher unless I get on a chair, kid," he said pleasantly. "I hope this will do."

"You uttah wottah—I ordah you to take guard as—"

"Middle or leg?" asked the chief of Study No. 6. "Don't be unreasonable, Gussy."

"Gweat Scott! Unweasonable!"

"Yes," said Jack Blake severely, "I have already said I am sorry, and when one gentleman apologises to another—I mean when one gentleman apologises to a silly ass—"

"Weally, Blake—"

"The silly ass ought to be content."

"I wefuse to be content."

"He ought even to feel that an honour has been done him."

"I wefuse to feel that an honour has been done me. I am all in a fluttah, and my clothes are feahfully wumped—Gweat Scott, my monocle has gone!"

"Here it is, kid," said Jack Blake sternly. "The next time you forget yourself, Gussy, I hope I shall not be present at the disgraceful scene."

"Bai Jove!"

"I trust I shall never see you behave as you have just behaved, Gussy."

"Gweat Scott!"

"But I will forgive you if you will give me your word of honour not to act in this horrible manner again!" exclaimed Jack Blake feelingly.

"I wefuse to admit that I have acted in a howwible mannah!"

"Your word of honour, Gussy?"

"Weally, Blake."

"Good!" said Jack Blake cheerfully again. "I forgive you for startling me by trying to stand on your head without it being in the programme. You're completely forgiven, old chap, so we'll get on with the washing."

Arthur Augustus screwed his monocle in his eye and glared at the chief of Study No. 6.

"I wegard you as a waggin' wottah, Blake!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And Hewwies I considah in the light of a cacklin' duffah!"

"Ho, ho, ho!"

"While words uttably wefuse to describe the widiculousness of Digby, who is not only a cacklin' duffah and a

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waggin' wottah of the first watah, but a callous wuffian as well!"

"Good!" said Digby. "Now let's get on with the washing!"

"Rather!"

Jack Blake grinned.

"Yes, that's it. As I was saying when Gussy commenced

goating—"

"Weally, Blake—"

"Ring off, ass."

"As I was saying, it is a ripping idea, and a credit to the one and only."

The praise was genuine enough, so Arthur Augustus was mollified to a certain extent.

"I thought you would like the ideah, deah boys!" he exclaimed. "You all agree with me that Lumlay-Lumlay must be punished foah his wotten twick on the moors?"

"Rather!"

"A chap who would risk breaking Cleveland's arm, as Lumley-Lumley did, must expect some sort of punishment."

"Yaas, wathah, and as he weceived a feahful thwashin' last night, I thought—"

"Oh, it's a great idea!"

"I trust he hasn't returned fwom the moors yet, deah boys."

Jack Blake hastily glanced at his watch.

"No, he won't have had time, because he will have had to take Guardsman to the stables!" he exclaimed. "I propose we go and see Tom Merry and Figgins."

"Bai Jove, that's just what I was goin' to pwopose, deah boys!"

"Shows you are not quite the duffer you look, then," answered Jack Blake serenely. "But we must have the others in it."

"Rather!"

"It would be wathah feeble if there were no juniahs to see him aftahwards, bai Jove!"

"That's the idea. Hallo!"

Someone was thumping at the door. Digby got up and opened it.

"Good biz! Here are the young asses!"

"Young what?" exclaimed Tom Merry's voice.

"Young asses, kid. You aren't getting deaf, are you?"

Jack Blake was on his feet again.

"No ragging, chaps. Tom Merry, we've decided that Lumley-Lumley must be ragged."

"Of course, ass."

"That's what we three and Figgins & Co. have come about."

"Good! What's the wheeze?"

Tom Merry looked up.

"Oh, we thought we'd talk it over; but if you want some ideas, I—"

Arthur Augustus waved his hand loftily.

"Pway don't twouble, deah boys; we have a weally wippin' ideah—"

"A first-class one."

"Something that will make Lumley-Lumley go black in the face."

"Hah, hah, hah!" chuckled Arthur Augustus. "I considah that wathah funnay, Hewwies, deah boy! Black in the face! Hah, hah, hah!"

Tom Merry stared.

"Been out in the sun much, Gussy?" he inquired kindly.

"If your head is throbbing, why don't you put a cold key down your neck?"

"I uttably wefuse to put a cold key— Pway don't be widiculous, deah boy! Make him black in the face! Hah, hah, hah! I considah that vewy humowous indeed, Digbay!"

Tom Merry and Figgins stared still more blankly. Lowther stepped towards the door.

"It's come at last, Blake," he said. "It's a wonder to me it hasn't come before. Gussy, you'll be a decent old ass, and wear a strait waistcoat, won't you? We'll get one with plenty of pink flowers and green stripes on it."

Jack Blake pushed past towards the door.

"If you chaps are going to rag, I'll go," he said coolly.

"The bizney in hand is japing Lumley."

"Yes, rather!"

"And the jape's ready made," added Jack Blake. "Come on, Dig. and Herries."

"Yaas, wathah! Pway allow me to pass, Mannahs, deah boy."

Tom Merry and Figgins stared again.

"Look here, Blakey, we're coming in this."

"What's the idea?"

Arthur Augustus glanced over his shoulder.

"A wippin' one, deah boys, as I thought it out."

Tom Merry sniffed.

"Well, what is it, then?"

Jack Blake called back an answer just before he turned the corner of the corridor.

"Hang about by Lumley's door if you want to know," he said coolly. "Go in when you hear him yell."

"Yaas, wathah! Onlay don't let him smell a wat, deah boy."

"But——"

"No time to stop, young Merry!" shouted Digby.

"Look here——"

"And less time to cackle to a lot of Shell-fish and New House cads!" grinned Herries, and the chums of Study No. 6 were gone.

The Terrible Three and Figgins & Co., of the New House, stood looking after them in blank amazement.

"Of all the giddy cheek——"

"What on earth——"

Tom Merry glanced at his watch.

"Silly young asses!" he exclaimed. "Fancy Fourth-Formers trying to work one of Gussy's wheezes single-handed!"

"Bound to fizzle out."

"Rather!"

"Awful rot!"

Tom Merry hesitated, and glanced at Figgins. Figgins glanced back again.

"I suppose we might as well go and hang about by Lumley's study, chaps, as there is nothing else to do."

"Might as well."

"We may be able to think of something while young Blake is making an ass of himself," said Tom Merry thoughtfully. "My hat, that's Lumley coming across the quad."

The six hurried from the room.

They were a good deal puzzled when a glance into Jerrold Lumley's room showed them Jack Blake & Co. were not there.

CHAPTER 12.

Japing Jerrold Lumley.

"**B**AI Jove, I wondah if there is any soot in the chimnay, deah boys?"

Arthur Augustus stopped dead to make the remark. Jack Blake, Herries, and Digby marched on.

"Of course there will be, ass."

"Bound to be."

"Yaas, wathah! I twust so, anyway."

The three hurried on, Jack Blake being the next to stop.

"Here is the room, chaps."

"What about the water, kid?"

Jack Blake thought for a moment.

"Flash away down to the bath-room, Gussy, and bring up that tin jug of water," he exclaimed. "We haven't any time to lose."

"No, wathah not; I will wun-like anythin'."

And he scudded away.

Jack Blake flung open the door of a room on the floor above the Fourth Form studies. The door obviously belonged to a practically unused box-room.

The chief of Study No. 6 hurried across to the fireplace and peered up the tremendously wide chimney.

"This wing of the School House is awfully old, you know," he exclaimed, "and the lower room chimneys lead into the chimneys of these rooms. That hole there leads down to Lumley's fireplace."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Are you certain, Blakey?"

Jack Blake nodded.

"Gussy says so, and I think he's right for once. I remember someone playing a trick on Mellish last winter by stuffing up the chimney and filling the lower room with smoke. I am certain this is the room."

"Yaas, wathah! This is the woom all wight."

Arthur Augustus had returned, carrying a jug brim full of cold water. He put it down on the floor.

"Pway get on with the washin', deah boys."

Jack Blake, Digby, and Herries stared.

"It's your wheeze, Gussy."

"Yaas, wathah, and a vewy wippin' one."

"Carry it through, then, old chap."

The swell of St. Jim's started and peered up the chimney. Then he screwed his monocle in his eye.

"I wegwet to say I must uttably wefuse to put my arm up that wotten chimnay, as it would make me in a feahful mess," he exclaimed decidedly. "I must request you to take your share of the work, Blake, deah boy."

"Rats!"

"You, Digby, then."

"More rats!"

"Weally, I feah it will have to be you, then, Hewwies, deah boy."

Herries chuckled as he looked up the chimney. The junior

who performed the necessary work would not only have to put his arms as far up the chimney as possible, but he would have to put his head and his shoulders up as well.

"Rotters!"

"Yaas, wathah; I considah they are wottahs myself. Howevah, pway get on with the washin', Hewwies, deah boy."

Herries growled again, and went down on his knees.

"What are we going to drop down his chimney to attract the cat's attention, Gussy?"

"I have thought of that, deah boy; as a mattah of fact, I have done all the work this time."

"Have you, ass?" demanded Herries, as a piece of soot fell down his neck.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Don't cackle, Digby, or I'll jolly well——"

Arthur Augustus hastened to smooth the waters before they became too troublesome. He handed over a handful of small lead pellets.

"Don't dwop them all at once, deah boy, and listen vewy carefully."

"How am I to tell when he looks up the chimney, duffer, if he does look?"

"He will look all wight, deah boy, when he hears the pellets fallin'."

"Well, how am I to tell when he does look?"

"Listen foah any wov he makes with the fender."

Herries' face wore a fixed expression. He would have to lean still further up the chimney to do that.

He wriggled up.

Digby rammed his handkerchief in his mouth.

Very little could be seen of Herries except his legs. He was sneezing quietly to himself, too.

Arthur Augustus held up a warning hand.

"Pway don't wuffle him by unseemly laughtah, Digbay."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Dry up, ass!" choked Jack Blake.

The minutes slipped by, then the top portion of Herries appeared again. There was a large black dab on his forehead.

"Asses! How much longer do you think I'm going to stick up the beastly chimney? I tell you——"

"Pway don't give in, deah boy!"

"Who is going to give in, duffer? Lumley isn't in his room. Anyway, he hasn't looked up the chimney yet, as far as I can tell."

"Twy again, Hewwies."

"Oh, it's all very well for you to say try again, ass," muttered Herries. "You haven't been half breaking your back with your head in a ton of soot."

Arthur Augustus shuddered at the thought.

"No, wathah not!" he exclaimed. "It must be vewy twyin' I should think."

"Anyway, you come and take your turn, and see."

"Weally, Hewwies, I have already done most of the work. Besides, there is no need foah both of us to get sootay. Of course, if Digbay likes to——"

"Digby doesn't," said Digby promptly.

"Or Blake——"

"The same with Blake," grinned the chief of Study No. 6.

"Don't funk it, Herries."

Herries sneezed violently once, then retired to the chimney again.

The other juniors waited breathlessly.

CHAPTER 13.

How the Jape Worked Out.

"**H**ERE comes Lumley, chaps!"
Tom Merry whispered the words, and slipped towards the room opposite Lumley-Lumley's study. It was Reilly's room, and the junior from Belfast looked up with a warlike expression.

"Shure, an' have you come for a thick ear, me bhoys?"

"Ring off, Pat!"

"There's a jape on. Mum's the word."

Reilly closed his books. He was always more than ready to close books when there was a jape to be carried through.

"Who is the kid, Figgy?"

"Lumley and——"

"Good biz!"

"Yes, only dry up. He's coming along now."

Reilly and the others peered round the half-open door. Jerrold Lumley was certainly approaching his room, but there was someone with him.

"My hat, it's Selby!"

"So it is!"

Tom Merry looked concerned. He hadn't the faintest idea what Jack Blake's wheeze was, but he knew no wheeze of any kind would find favour in Mr. Selby's eyes.

Mr. Selby, the Third Form-master, looked ruffled as it was.

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NEXT
THURSDAY:

"LUMLEY-LUMLEY, HERO!"

By
MARTIN CLIFFORD.

There was the well-known danger signal of a pink flush on his irritable face already. The few words Tom Merry & Co. heard him utter, too, were snappish.

"Then why didn't you bring me the lines if they are written, Lumley?"

"I suppose I forgot, sir. I will give them up at breakfast."

"But if they are done I can have them now."

"Yes, of course, sir; only they are in my room somewhere, and it is getting late."

"I will come to your room with you, Lumley," snapped the Third Form-master, and there was nothing more to be said.

The millionaire's son walked on by the master's side, wondering how he should explain matters when the lines were not forthcoming even after the study was gained.

But Jerrold Lumley did not meet trouble half-way. He knew he was keen-witted enough to smooth things over one way or another. He looked quite at his ease when he pushed open his study door and waited for the master to enter first.

Tom Merry caught Figgins by the arm.

"Of all the rotten luck—"

"What about the Study No. 6 kids? They are bound to put their young feet in it."

Reilly looked as concerned as any of them.

"If it's Blake's wheeze, sure, an' can't we give him the tip?"

"Yes, that's the idea. My hat!"

"Where is Jack Blake?"

Tom Merry had suddenly remembered that none of them had the slightest idea where Jack Blake & Co. had gone. They weren't in the study, anyway.

"Perhaps—perhaps it'll be all right," whispered Figgins.

"I—My aunt!"

Jerrold Lumley had left his door open. Tom Merry & Co. could see everything that was happening in the little room. They saw the millionaire's son groping about amongst the books on his table in pretended search for the lines he had not started yet, and then they saw him turn to the fireplace in surprise.

What was happening there they could not say, but something was.

"Please, sir, what was that?"

Jerrold Lumley's voice rang out loudly.

Mr. Selby answered in surprise.

"Dear me, surely it cannot be hailing!"

"The sun's shining, sir."

"Yes, but there is something coming down the chimney!"

Tom Merry started. He thought he understood now.

"Oh, the shrieking young asses!"

The hero of the Shell gasped. He peered across the passage into the room opposite and a look of horror flashed across his face.

Mr. Selby had gone down on his knees, and was peering up the chimney.

"Great Scott!"

For an instant Tom Merry could do nothing but gasp. Then a sudden crash rang out.

Mr. Selby knocked over the poker which had been propped up against the wall.

It fell with a clang into the fender.

The next instant Tom Merry & Co. could scarcely believe their own eyes.

It seemed to them that the Third Form-master had vanished, and that a large, black heap struggled in his place. It was certain that black water was running in streams across the hearthrug.

"My—my hat!"

The juniors watched the Third Form-master spring to his feet. The spectacle he presented staggered them.

Mr. Selby's face was absolutely black, his hair was thick with a solution of soot in water, and the same mixture was trickling down what had once been a white waistcoat.

He stood with his arms far out on each side, and tried to remember how he had got into the awful state.

Jerrold Lumley looked, then he burst into a roar of laughter.

It was not unnatural, perhaps, but it was very unwise. Of all the masters at St. Jim's, Mr. Selby was the worst tempered. He was also the most suspicious.

He knew he was the victim of a trick, and he could see that Jerrold Lumley was doubled up with mirth. Mr. Selby at once put two and two together, without troubling about the possibility that they might not make four.

He seized the millionaire's son by his coat collar with his left hand, and with his right snatched a singletick from the table. The next instant Lumley-Lumley's laughter stopped.

He struggled wildly to get free, but Mr. Selby was determined. He whirled the singletick round his head, and brought it down on Jerrold Lumley, and repeated the experiment again and again. It was a long time since Jerrold Lumley had had such a thrashing.

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NEXT
THURSDAY:

"LUMLEY-LUMLEY HERO!"

By
MARTIN CLIFFORD.

The incident only lasted a few seconds because the single-stick broke. Lumley had been longing for it to break the moment Mr. Selby had used it.

The millionaire's son forgot his usual calmness, and gave vent to a yell. Then distant chuckles were heard by Tom Merry & Co.

Some juniors were coming along the corridor.

"Jack Blake—"

"And Gussy!"

Tom Merry sprang out into the passage.

"Stop, asses!" he gasped. "I tell you—"

"Wats, deah boy! We have won all the way to get down in time. Gweat Scott!"

Arthur Augustus glanced once into Lumley's study, then fled. Jack Blake, Herries, and Digby also took one glance each. They were very short ones.

All three of them were pelting wildly away after Arthur Augustus well within three seconds.

Lumley looked white and furious.

"I did nothing, sir! You had no right to hit me—"

Mr. Selby did not answer. He strode from the room and rushed for a bath-room. Lumley-Lumley also stepped out into the passage.

He hurried into the room opposite and faced Tom Merry.

"You rotten cads!" he cried. "It was your trick, and you let me bear the brunt of it—"

Tom Merry grinned pleasantly.

"Rats!"

"It must have been you rotters! I—"

Figgins chuckled loudly.

"Anyway, things were nicely squared up," he said. "You can consider what you did on the moors just now squared by that whacking."

Jerrold Lumley turned on the leader of the New House juniors with clenched fists.

"I did nothing on the moors—"

"Not when you were riding Guardsman against Madcap?" inquired Figgins quietly. "That's the last time you'll ever have a chance of racing with a fine sportsman like Captain Cleveland. American jockeys who have been warned off the English Turf are about all you're fit to ride against."

Lumley had recovered his calm a little now.

A sneer came into his face.

"That's just where you make a mistake, Figgins," he said. "Cleveland doesn't think he'll ride against me again, and perhaps he won't, but Madcap will."

"Rats!"

"Rot—"

"That is, unless she's scratched for the steeplechase," flashed the millionaire's son. "I'm riding Guardsman in the race!"

And he walked away, leaving Tom Merry & Co. blank with amazement.

CHAPTER 14.

A Matter of Personal Dig.

"**B**AI JOVO!" Arthur Augustus flung open the door of Study No. 6, and dropped gasping into the nearest chair.

Jack Blake, Herries, and Digby came bursting into the room less than half a minute afterwards.

"My—my hat!"

"Phew!"

Arthur Augustus had a vacant expression in his eyes.

"It was Mr. Selby—I'm certain it was Mr. Selby, deah boys!"

"Oh, it was the Selby bird all right!"

"And Herries emptied a pail of soot-and-water over his head," said Jack Blake wearily.

Herries looked vaguely at the door.

Then Digby suddenly burst into a roar of laughter.

"My only Aunt Jane! What a rag! Ha, ha, ha!"

Arthur Augustus stared in amazement. He adjusted his monocle and stared at Digby again.

"Gweat—gweat Scott! A wag! Digby, I considah the shock must have turned your bwaïn!"

"Oh, he won't chuckle so much when Selby learns who did it!" muttered Herries. "You ought to be boiled in oil, Gussy!"

"Weally Hewwies—"

"It was your wheeze, wasn't it?"

"Yaas, wathah—"

"Well, you ought to be boiled in oil," said Herries; "and tarred and feathered afterwards."

"Oh, Gussy always was an ass!" exclaimed Jack Blake.

"My hat!"

A tap had sounded on the locked door. The chums of Study No. 6 gasped.

The tap was repeated.

"Bai Jove, Mr. Selbay has found out alweady, deah boys"

"Open the door, you young asses!"

Jack Blake heaved a sigh of relief, and turned the key. He had recognised Tom Merry's voice at once.

"My hat, what a start you gave us—"

"Yaas, wathah! We were undah the impwession it was Mr. Selbay, deah boys—"

"Hallo!" exclaimed Digby. "What's the matter?"

There were whole hosts of different sorts of expressions on the faces of the Terrible Three and Figgins & Co.

"You utter young asses—"

Jack Blake shrugged his shoulders.

"How could we tell the Selby bird would go poking his head up the giddy chimney just when he oughtn't to?" he demanded. "Any wheeze would fail with rotten luck like that."

"Wathah, even a wippin' wheeze like this one was—"

Figgins gasped.

"Ripping—my hat! Do you know what happened?"

"Bai Jove! I wathah think we do, deah boy! Mr. Selbay was unlucky enough to get a feahful lot of sootay watah all ovah him—"

"But after that—do you know what happened after that?" demanded Tom Merry.

"Yas, wathah; we wetiahed heah wathah wapidly—"

"Ass!"

"The Selby bird lost his wool and went for Lumley-Lumley!" exclaimed Manners. "Fairly waded into the cad with a singletick."

Arthur Augustus sprang to his feet.

"Gweat Scott! What foah?"

"He thought Lumley had played the trick, of course—"

"Bai Jove! Gweat Scott!"

And the Study No. 6 chums looked at one another in dismay. It was dead against the moral code at St. Jim's not to own up to a trick if anyone else was likely to suffer for it, and Jack Blake & Co. were as keen sticklers to the moral code as any set of juniors in the old school.

"My hat, that's rotten!"

"Utahly wotten! As a mattah of fact, I don't considah witten is a stwong enough word—"

"What's to be done?"

Tom Merry looked perplexed.

"It's a fair old muddle, and no mistake," he said thoughtfully. "It all comes of you kids of the Fourth trying to work wheezes without my guiding hand—"

"Wats, deah boy!"

"Don't be rude, Gussy! Blakey, my son, I don't see that anything can be done now."

The Shell junior looked at his rival of the Fourth keenly. A certain side of the question had struck Tom Merry, but he did not like to raise it.

There was no need to, as it happened.

Jack Blake was painfully conscious of the point.

"With any other master, the thing would be over," he said shortly. "I mean, the thrashing Lumley received would have ended it, but Mr. Selby isn't like that. He'll remember the trick for days, and will have it up against Lumley."

"Bai Jove! I nevah thought of that!"

Manners looked worried now.

"But bother it all, Lumley deserves a dozen thrashings for bringing Captain Cleveland down on the moors!"

"Of course he does—"

Jack Blake shook his head. He agreed that Lumley deserved all, and a good deal more, than the punishment which had befallen him, but the method of it all was not right. Arthur Augustus saw that just as quickly now the point had been raised.

"Bai Jove! We shall have to explain to Mr. Selbay, deah boys!"

"Oh, rot! Lumley's an awful cad—"

"Weally, Mannahs, when you have considahed the mattah, it weduces itself to a mattah of personal dig. with us, deah boy."

Tom Merry and Figgins nodded. They understood, and the Shell junior looked uncomfortable.

"I'm awfully sorry, young Blake, and if we could have stopped the wheeze, we'd have done it."

"You bet you would, young Merry," said the chief of Study No. 6 cheerily. "Come on, chaps!"

"Yaas, wathah! Pway let's get it ovah! A fellow of tact and judgment will be able to explain in a few well-chosen words, so the mattah will end quite all wight."

"Humph!"

Tom Merry suddenly started.

"My hat, I was nearly forgetting!" he exclaimed. "What do you think Lumley said just now?"

"Weally, deah boy, I cannot guess—"

"Ass! Kids, Lumley is going to ride Guardsman in the steeplechase on Saturday!"

For a moment or two Jack Blake & Co. were as staggered as the other juniors had been at the news, then Jack Blake shrugged his shoulders.

"I expect he was cramming!" he exclaimed. "Major Holbrook would never let a Fourth-Former ride Guardsman."

"Bai Jove! I don't know so much about that, deah boy!" But the bell sounded at that moment, and there was no time to lose if a visit was to be paid to Mr. Selby before first school began.

The chums of the Fourth hurried along, gloomy expressions on their faces.

CHAPTER 15.

Owning Up.

"BAI Jove! Heah is Lumlay-Lumlay, deah boys!"

Arthur Augustus stopped, his hand on the door knob of Mr. Selby's room. Jerrold Lumley came up.

"I suppose you were the cads who played that trick on Mr. Selby, and let me bear the brunt, then!" he said savagely. "Is that what you four call playing the game?"

"Weally, Lumlay—"

"Oh, it must have been you!"

"Yas, wathah! Only the twick was meant foah you—"

"Yes, I guessed that!" he said, with his teeth together.

"What I want to know is, do you call it playing the game to let me bear the brunt of it?"

Jack Blake looked the millionaire's son in the face.

"You ought to be a pretty good judge of what playing the game is, Lumley!" the chief of Study No. 6 exclaimed.

"Playing the cad's game, that is!"

"Yaas, wathah! We didn't miss seein' what happened on the moors just now."

"Rats!"

"And as for letting you bear the brunt of it," put in Herries, "we are just going to explain to Mr. Selby—"

Lumley started. He could scarcely believe he had heard aright.

It was impossible for him to understand an action such as Jack Blake & Co. were contemplating.

"Oh, rats to that!"

"Weally, you wottah—"

"Bosh! Here's Selby; let's see you do it, anyway!"

And to Jerrold Lumley's everlasting amazement, the four chums of the Fourth stepped up to the Third Form-master.

"Please, sir—"

"Please, sir—"

"What is it, Blake? Digby, don't speak when Blake is speaking!" snapped Mr. Selby.

"No, wathah not, and pway let me explain, deah boys!" observed Arthur Augustus quietly. "It has come to our knowledge, sir, that you suffered—er—fwom a wathah unpleasant twick just now—"

Mr. Selby went pink.

"Is this intended for impertinence, D'Arcy?"

"Gweat Scott, no, sir; quite on the contwawy—"

"Then what do you mean?"

"I wish to express our wegwet at the unfortunate occurrence, sir—"

Mr. Selby went pinker. Jack Blake came to the rescue.

"A mistake was made, sir," he explained. "Lumley had nothing to do with the trick—we were responsible!"

The millionaire's son looked his astonishment. For the first time since his arrival at St. Jim's, he considered Jack Blake & Co. in the light of cranks.

He waited impatiently for Mr. Selby's answer.

He had not long to wait. The Third Form-master was not pink now, he was a deep red.

"Am I to understand—do you four boys dare to stand there and confess you played the trick on me? Is it possible—"

"The trick wasn't meant for you, sir; it was meant for—a junior."

"But— You four boys have two hundred lines each, and the matter will be reported to the Head!"

"Vewy good, sir!"

"Very rotten, you mean, ass!" muttered Jack Blake.

"Two hundred—phew!"

Mr. Selby turned to go, but Lumley stopped him.

"I said at the time you struck me, sir, that it was a mistake," he said boldly.

Mr. Selby started. Since a certain past episode, when he had wrongfully accused Jack Blake and his chums of taking-examination questions, Mr. Selby had been a little more cautious.

"I am sorry I punished you unnecessarily, Lumley—"

"Yes, sir; but that is all right—the mistake was a very natural one."

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NEXT
THURSDAY:

"LUMLEY-LUMLEY, HERO!"

By
MARTIN CLIFFORD.

It was Jack Blake's turn to look at the millionaire's son in surprise now. The chief of Study No. 6 knew Jerrold Lumley well enough to be certain he had some plan in hand.

"I quite realise that, sir," added Lumley. "Please, sir, Major Holbrook has asked me to ride Guardsman in the steeplechase on Saturday, but of course, I could not promise until I had asked you."

Lumley-Lumley rather emphasised the pronoun "you." He was keen-witted enough to see that the Third Form-master was not without his share of vanity.

"Ride in the steeplechase!" exclaimed the master, in surprise. "This is a very extraordinary request from a junior."

"I should be awfully grateful, sir, if you would give me permission!"

Again there was the same emphasis.

"Dear me! You will have to ask the Head, Lumley—"

"Shall I really, sir? But I sha'n't see him to-day, and I must ring Major Holbrook up on the telephone. I promised to let him know definitely by eleven o'clock this morning."

That was untrue. Lumley had already promised definitely to ride, but the millionaire's son had a special reason for not wanting to see the Head himself.

One or two things had happened lately which the Head was unlikely to have forgotten.

"If you would ask him for me, sir," the junior suggested, "I should be greatly obliged."

"I—I—"

"I quite understand that the thrashing you gave me was a mistake, sir."

"I—yes, I will see the Head, Lumley," answered the master, and he strode away.

Jerrold Lumley chuckled loudly.

"Thanks, Blake; you've done me a service," he said coolly. "If you chaps kept with me more, you'd learn how to do things."

"Thanks!" growled Digby. "There are some things we don't want to learn how to do."

"Oh, rats!"

"We might even learn how to be a cad of the first watah, Lumley."

"What utter rot! It's everyone for himself!" exclaimed the millionaire's son. "I say, I'm ready to back five pounds I get Guardsman past the winning-post in front of Madcap on Saturday."

"You rotter—"

"Ha, ha, ha! Just you wait until Saturday, D'Arcy," grinned Lumley-Lumley. "Your cousin's precious mare won't have a look-in. I'll win whatever happens."

And Arthur Augustus did not answer.

He had remembered that the chances were all against Captain Cleveland being able to ride, on account of the despicable riding of Guardsman's jockey.

The swell of St. Jim's turned his back and walked away in disgust.

Jack Blake and the others followed him.

CHAPTER 16.

Arthur Augustus Disappears.

"BAI Jove, what wotten luck!" muttered Arthur Augustus. "Absolutely wotten in the extweme!"

The swell of St. Jim's was by himself, but he spoke the words aloud. He repeated them.

"What absolutely w'etched luck! Ow—yah!"

The observation concluded with a wild yell. Someone had banged him on the shoulder.

"Hear, hear, Gussy!"

Arthur Augustus gasped.

"You uttah wuffian, Tom Mewwy—"

"What's rotten luck, Gussy!"

"You howwid villain—"

"About the wretched luck, kid!"

"You wough wottah! I am all in a fluttah!"

Tom Merry grinned.

"Good!" he said. "Now let's hear what's the matter with the luck, ass."

Arthur Augustus glared a little, then, somewhat to Tom Merry's surprise, passed the matter over.

"I was wewefwin' to my cousin, Captain Cleveland's w'ist, deah boy."

Tom Merry at once looked concerned.

"Have you been speaking on the telephone, then, Gussy?"

"Yaas, wathah, and I wegwet to say that Captain Cleveland's w'ist is much worse than was expected. The doctah has forbidden him to think of widin' on Saturday."

"My hat! That's rotten enough and no mistake."

"But the captain says he will ride," added Arthur Augustus. "He says Madcap is to have her chance of beatin' Guardsman, and he's goin' to give it too if he has to have one arm in the sling."

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NEXT
THURSDAY:

"LUMLEY-LUMLEY, HERO!"

By
MARTIN CLIFFORD.

"My aunt, that's great of him!"

"Yaas, wathah, Mannahs, in a way; but it's scarcely fair on Madcap, deah boy."

Tom Merry looked up with a nod.

"You mean, it'll be a handicap for the little mare, Gussy?"

"Yaas, wathah, and with such a little between the two huntahs, it will make all the difference. The captain pwactically admits it himself."

"Yes, I suppose it will."

"How beastly—"

"Won't one of the captain's friends ride her, old chap?"

Arthur Augustus shook his head.

"One or two have offahed, but it would be a worse handicap than evah, Tom Mewwy," he said thoughtfully. "There are onlay a vewy few who can wide Madcap. Bai Jove!"

Arthur Augustus had given vent to the exclamation in a gasp.

Tom Merry started.

"What's the mattah, Gussy?"

"Gwest Scott—"

"Ass!"

"Weally, Mannahs— Bai Jove, I nevah thought of that!"

And, to the astonishment of the Terrible Three, the swell of St. Jim's turned and scudded away.

It was surprising that Arthur Augustus should break off in the middle of a sentence, but that he should run down the corridor as hard as he could for no apparent reason, was staggering.

Tom Merry & Co. went in search of him.

He was not to be found. Then Figgins, Fatty Wynn, and Kerr came up.

"My aunt, what's the matter with Gussy, chaps?"

"He's rushing through the coll. like a giddy tornado."

"He wouldn't even stop to speak to us, by Jove!"

Tom Merry looked more puzzled than ever, and shook his head.

"He seemed to be suddenly taken like it!" he exclaimed.

"I suppose he will come round all right in time. It must be getting on for dinner-time, I should say."

The gong rang almost at that minute. The six juniors hurried downstairs, and into the large dining-room.

Here another surprise awaited them.

Jack Blake was standing near the door.

"Have you asses seen Gussy?" he asked anxiously. "The young duffer hasn't comenced his lines yet for Selby."

"My hat!"

"He's gone mad, Blakey," said Lowther pleasantly. "Rushing all over the coll. for exercise or something."

Jack Blake did not laugh. He was really concerned about the swell of St. Jim's. It would be a serious matter for him if he had not done the lines when Mr. Selby asked for them.

"And he's late for dinner, too," muttered Herries.

Jack Blake & Co. took their places, anxious glances still directed towards the doorway.

The swell of St. Jim's did not appear.

Then Binks, the school page, came into the room.

"Please, sir, may I speak to Master Blake?"

Mr. Lathom nodded his assent, and Binks hurried up.

"A message, Master Blake," he whispered. "No one has seen it, no one should while I lived. Here you are, sir."

Binks was an ardent reader of American fiction, of the sort dealing with the doings of Deadshot David the Daring. Deadshot David's method of speaking had become almost natural to the St. Jim's page by now.

"Silly ass!" muttered Jack Blake. "My only Aunt Jane!"

The note was short, written in Arthur Augustus's elegant, stylish hand:

"Dear Blake,—Awfully sorry, but quite imposs. for me to do my lines. In case it becomes necess. for me not to return to St. Jim's this afternoon, pway do the lines for me. I ask you as one gentleman to another, as I am in an awkward posish."

That was all, with the signature "Arthur Augustus D'Arcy," at the bottom of the page.

Jack Blake handed the note to Digby.

"Of all the young asses—"

"My hat, he hasn't 'retired' from St. Jim's like he did once before, has he?" exclaimed Herries.

"Show it to Tom Merry, Blakey."

The note was passed to the hero of the Shell, then to Figgins & Co. All six of them gasped a little.

"Quite off his rocker at last!"

"What does he mean by not being able to get back to St. Jim's—"

"Where is the young ass going?"

No one knew; and everyone had to give it up. Each moment Jack Blake expected to hear Mr. Lathom comment

upon the fact that the swell of St. Jim's was absent from the table.

They spread their chairs out so that no gap should be visible at the table, and Tom Merry & Co. and Kangaroo did their best to help. Mr. Lathom did not say anything, but Arthur Augustus's chums heaved a sigh of relief when the meal came to an end.

Then another search commenced for the missing junior. He was nowhere to be found, and none of the juniors they asked had seen him. They even went to Skimpole's study and surprised him deep in the mysteries of solitaire.

The genius of St. Jim's held up a warning hand. "Do not interrupt me, Merry; I firmly believe I am on the verge of solving this problem—"

"Have you seen Gussy, ass?"

"Who is Gussy, Merry? I do not think I know him. Is he a New House junior?"

"Cackling burler!" fumed Jack Blake. "Have you seen D'Arcy major, Skimmy?"

"Dear me!" murmured Skimpole. "I was in this position last night, I remember, and that left seven marbles on the board. This is very exasperating, but— Did you speak, Figgins?"

"Yes, I did, you shrieking duffer!"

"Dear me! Who has hold of my hair?"

But no one had. Jack Blake had hold of his coat-collar. He shook him.

"Wake up, you raving maniac!" the Fourth-Former shouted. "Have you seen Gussy?"

"Dear me! How you startle one, Blake? No—yes—no—I am not quite certain whether I have seen D'Arcy or not."

"Frabjous lunatic!"

"Have you seen Gussy since dismissal-bell, ass?"

"Dear me, no, I have been endeavouring to solve this problem since dismissal-bell, except at dinner, and I saw no one then; at least, I saw a good many juniors, but I did not notice D'Arcy—"

"You utter ass, Skimmy!"

"Really, Figgins— Let me see, if I remove that marble and leave the other in the corner—"

Tom Merry & Co retired at that point.

They did not want to stay, because everyone liked Skimpole, and they did not want to bump him. Jack Blake led the way to the gymnasium.

The swell of St. Jim's was not there, either, nor had anyone seen him. Then afternoon school started. Jack Blake, Herries, and Digby made their way to the Fourth Form classroom excitedly.

What they dreaded happened.

Arthur Augustus did not put in an appearance.

"Change places, chaps," exclaimed Jack Blake hastily—"everybody change places!"

Desks were hastily changed, and the unusual appearance of his class struck Mr. Lathom directly he came into the room. Not a single junior was sitting where he usually sat.

Mr. Lathom looked surprised, but he said nothing, and by sheer good-luck it was not his duty to mark the register that afternoon.

But, in spite of that, it seemed almost impossible to Jack Blake that Mr. Lathom would miss noticing the absence of Arthur Augustus.

"It isn't as if Gussy were an ordinary-looking junior," whispered Herries. "The tailor's dummy stands out in a class-room."

"We'll half slay the young ass for this!"

The class seemed an unduly long one to the three chums from Study No. 6, but the hour wore on somehow, and nothing happened.

Mr. Lathom appeared not to have noticed the absence of the swell of St. Jim's.

Then the dismissal-bell sounded.

Jack Blake gasped.

"Hooray! I thought it was never going to be over!"

"Gussy ought to be bumped!" exclaimed Digby. "He's kept me in a beastly fever ever since he disappeared."

"He will be bumped," said Jack Blake briefly. "I say, let's go and see if his bicycle has gone."

"Yes, and let's pump Taggles."

"Good wheeze, only don't give the show away. Here come the Terrible Three and Figgins & Co."

The other six juniors came up at a run.

"Gussy turned up yet, kids?"

"No, he wasn't in class."

"My hat!"

Tom Merry looked very serious now.

"I say, I hope he hasn't had another row with Selby, and played the ass like he did once before."

Jack Blake shook his head.

"No, I don't think Gussy would leave St. Jim's in that

way again," he said. "I think it's more likely he's some silly ass plan on, and—"

"We shall have to offer a reward," said Lowther. "Affectionate, answers to the name of 'Gussy,' and—"

"Perhaps he went for a walk and—"

Figgins also broke off in the middle of his remark with a violent start.

Someone was coming across the quadrangle towards them, and in the distance it looked as if the someone was wearing a yellow waistcoat. There was only one yellow waistcoat in St. Jim's, as far as Jack Blake knew, and Arthur Augustus owned that.

"And—and it's wearing a green hat," said Digby feebly; "G-Gussy is rather keen on green hats just now."

"It is Gussy!" yelled Figgins. "It is the young ass!"

And there was a wild rush for the approaching form.

"Bai Jove! Hallo, deah boys!"

"Hallo, deah ass!" shouted Jack Blake. "Bump him, chaps—bump him for about a week!"

Arthur Augustus started, and rammed his monocle in his eye.

"Weally, deah boys, I must uttably wefuse to be bumped foah a week or any othah wotten peewid!"

Jack Blake was facing the swell of St. Jim's indignantly now.

"You utter young ass!"

"Weally, Blakay—"

"Do you know we've been having the rottenest possible time over you, you young rotter?" went on the chief of Study No. 6. "It was only by chance we succeeded in preventing Lathom noticing you were goatin'—"

"I wefuse to admit that I evah goat, deah boy—"

"We had to change places in class, we had to do sort of rotten things—"

"Bai Jove, what foah, deah boy?"

"To prevent Lathom seeing you weren't present, ass!"

"You ought to be boiled in oil, Gussy," cried Digby.

Arthur Augustus waved his hand loftily.

"I ignore Digbay's wemark, which is both fwivolous and wiculous," he said frigidly. "To return to Jack Blake's observation, there was no need to hide my absence twom Mr. Lathom, as I had his permish to be away, deah boys."

"What?" yelled Jack Blake.

"I had his permish, and the doctah's permish—"

"Oh, bump him, someone!" shouted Herries. "Do bump him!"

But Jack Blake and the others were looking at the swell of St. Jim's in blank amazement.

"Where—where have you been, Gussy?"

"Engaged in vewy pwessin' bizney, Tom Mewwy, deah boy—"

"But—"

"You othahs will know all about it latah on, Figgay," answered Arthur Augustus, linking his arm in Jack Blake's.

"For the pwesent—I have a vewy important announcement to make to you, Jack Blake, deah boy."

Jack Blake allowed himself to be led away, and Digby and Herries followed.

The Terrible Three and Figgins & Co. stood looking after them in silence.

CHAPTER 17.

Jack Blake & Co. also Disappear.

"BEST if I can make it out!" muttered Tom Merry. Manners and Lowther looked equally puzzled.

Since their brief interview with Arthur Augustus upon his return, Tom Merry & Co. had not been able to find a single member of the chums from Study No. 6.

They were waiting about in the corridors for dismissal-bell, keeping a keen watch on the Fourth-Form dormitory.

"They haven't come in yet, anyway."

"Perhaps— Hallo, here they come!"

"My hat, they must have got special leave to be out until this time!"

"Rather!"

Tom Merry watched the four rival juniors of the Fourth Form approach. They were whispering excitedly amongst themselves until they caught sight of the Shell juniors.

They walked on in silence then.

"Hallo, young Blake!"

"Hallo!" answered Jack Blake without stopping. "Bell hasn't gone yet, has it?"

"No—"

"Won't be long, though. I say, Blake—"

"Good-night, you chaps!" answered the chief of Study No. 6 hastily.

"Yaas, wathah! Good-night, deah boys!"

And the chums of the Fourth hurried on.

At the foot of the stairs they were stopped again, by Figgins & Co. this time.

"Hallo, young Blake!"

"Hallo; we can't stop, kid! It's awfully late."
 "The bell hasn't gone yet," said Figgins suspiciously.
 "How is Captain Cleveland, Gussy?"
 "Wathah wotten, I wegwet to say—"
 "I am sorry for that. Will he be able to ride Madcap?"
 "I feah not, deah boy. Howevah, we must pwess on,

as—
 "Well?"
 "As—"
 "Yes?"
 "Well, as it is gettin' wathah late, Figgay," said Arthur Augustus desperately. "See you to-morrow, p'robably, deah boy."

And the four hurried on again.
 Figgins & Co. looked very blank. Jack Blake, and Herries, and Digby did not look back. Arthur Augustus was leading the way at a great pace.

"Bai Jove! Thank goodness we sha'n't meet any of the othahs!" he exclaimed. "Not a word, deah boys!"
 "Of course not."
 "Trust us!"

The four gained the dormitory just after the bell, and found that most of the fellows were already there. A large crowd of them were surrounding Lumley-Lumley.

"Shure, an' it's all rot, me bhoy!" exclaimed Reilly, the junior from Belfast, disbelievingly. "They'd never let a junior ride in a steeplechase."

"You'll see on Saturday, anyway," grinned Lumley.
 "Blake, shure and Lumley says he's riding Guardsman—"

"And he's ready to back the horse for five pounds," put in Lumley. "The mare's your cousin's animal; you ought to back her, D'Arcy."

"I wefuse to admit that you can possibly know what I ought to do, Lumlay."

"Well, if you haven't got the money," sneered the millionaire's son, "I don't mind taking an I O U—"

"You'll take a thick ear in a minute," said Jack Blake shortly.

"I wasn't talking to you, Blake. What do you say, D'Arcy? Five pounds won't hurt you?"

The other juniors gasped. To the large majority, five pounds was a sum which would hurt most banks.

Arthur Augustus began to undress.

"I wogard you as a cad foah wantin' to bet," he said coolly.

"Frightened of losin', eh?"

"No, Lumlay, I object to winnin' your wotten monay, as I weally shouldn't know what to do with it."

The juniors grinned, and a scowl passed across Jerrold Lumley's face.

"We'll see about that on Saturday," he sneered. "I am ready to back Guardsman for any amount—"

"I feah you would lose, then, Lumlay."

"You'll see. Mellish, I sha'n't be at St. Jim's all to-morrow, as I am going to stay the day with Major Holbrook."

"My hat! What will the Head say, Lumley?"

"Rats to what the Head says, but as it happens, this is all right! Selby is seeing the thing through for me," answered the millionaire's son. "I shall spend the best part of the day getting my hand in with taking Guardsman over the fences."

And the millionaire's son glanced towards Arthur Augustus. If he had expected his words to raise envy in Arthur Augustus, he was disappointed.

The swell of St. Jim's was continuing his undressing, chatting to Jack Blake.

Lumley-Lumley thought of the fight he had had to take part in with Arthur Augustus, and bit his lip. He knew the St. Jim's juniors had set their hearts on Madcap winning the steeplechase.

Madcap was known as "Cousin Ethel's horse," and St. Jim's were solidly on the mare's side.

To beat Madcap would be the best revenge possible for the millionaire's son.

But would he beat Madcap on the Saturday? Jerrold Lumley went to bed wondering.

He awoke the following morning with the same question troubling him; then he noticed that the beds of Jack Blake & Co. were empty. The millionaire's son became suspicious.

He looked about for any signs of a trick to be played upon him, but could find none. He shrugged his shoulders, dressed hurriedly, and hurried out towards the bicycle shed.

He met Tom Merry, Manners and Lowther.

They passed him without a word.

"I suppose the cad's going out to Major Holbrook's place," muttered Manners as they passed. "Fancy being keen on riding against Cousin Ethel's horse!"

"Oh, Lumley doesn't care anything about anyone except himself!"

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NEXT
THURSDAY:

"LUMLEY-LUMLEY, HERO!"

By
MARTIN CLIFFORD.

"That's so—"

"I wonder if Jack Blake's up yet."

"We'll jolly well see," said Tom Merry grimly. "We've had enough of this goating. Those kids have something up their young sleeves, and as School House fellows we have a right to know."

"Rather!"

"Like Jack Blake's cheek trying to keep it from us."

"We'll bump the young rotter if he won't explain," said Lowther.

And the Terrible Three hurried on.

They arrived at the School House Fourth Form dormitory just as three other juniors did so. The other three were Figgins & Co.

The rival juniors stared at one another. Tom Merry and Figgins grasped the door knob at the same moment.

"Look here, Figgay—"

"Look here, Tom Merry—"

The two rivals pushed the door open, then they gasped.

Jack Blake & Co. were not in the room.

It was very early, and Jack Blake had said nothing about getting up at an unusual hour. Tom Merry and Figgins could not make it out.

"Reilly—"

"Go away, me bhoy!" said the junior from Belfast sleepily. "If the bell's ringing, shure and tell Taggles to stop it—"

"Ass!"

"Where have Jack Blake & Co. gone, Reilly?"

"Shure an' I don't know, ye spalpeen—grr-rr!"

Reilly was snoring peacefully again.

Tom Merry & Co. left the room more surprised than ever.

CHAPTER 18.

Tom Merry is "Rung Up."

AND the juniors of St. Jim's surprise was to grow during that day, for Jack Blake & Co. did not appear at any of the classes.

The four were not even in the college, and a night visit to their dormitory showed Tom Merry that their beds had not been touched.

The Study No. 6 chums were spending a day and a night away from St. Jim's!

Tom Merry looked very blank as he made his way back to the Shell dormitory with Manners and Lowther.

"Of all the beastly puzzles—"

"Young rotters not to let us into it," muttered Manners.

"I've been working rather hard lately, and a day's rest—"

"Rats!"

"Look here, Lowther—"

"I say," suddenly exclaimed Tom Merry in concern, "I suppose this has nothing to do with the row over the jape on Selby after all?"

The others started, then Manners shook his head.

"No, it's some rotten wheeze Gussy has up his sleeve."

"They'll be back to-morrow in time for the steeplechase, anyway."

"Rather!"

"The kids wouldn't miss that."

"Not much," said Tom Merry. "I say, won't it be rotten if they have gone up to London again without letting us into the secret?"

The idea did not bear thinking of. It had been a trying day for the Terrible Three because thoughts of the steeplechase to take place the following afternoon, had taken their minds away from work.

Mr. Linton had not been so affected.

His mind was very much on his work, and so his class had suffered. Tom Merry & Co. had quite a fair stock of returned lessons to attend to before the Monday.

A day in town would have prevented all this.

Still, there was no proof that Jack Blake and his chums had gone to town. Cautious inquiries, certainly, had shown they had taken their portmanteaux with them, but that was all.

Tom Merry rammed his hands in the pockets of his dressing-gown.

"Oh, bother the young asses!" he exclaimed. "It's no good trying to guess where they are. They'll turn up to-morrow morning all right."

But Jack Blake did not turn up the following morning.

When Tom Merry, Manners and Lowther gained the breakfast-room, their places were as empty as they had been the previous evening.

Tom Merry sat down wearily.

"Those Fourth-Form kids will turn my hair grey," he said. "Manners, think of it. They may be in town with no one to look after them."

"Awful."

"And I don't believe they've taken a collar and a chain for Gussy," said Lowther. "I—"

Binks, the school page, had come into the room at that moment. He stepped up to Tom Merry.

"S-sh!" he whispered, in his tragic manner. "Someone wishes to speak with you, Master Merry."

"Where is he?"

"I—I don't know. It's the telephone."

"My hat!"

Tom Merry flashed away, and Manners and Lowther were not far behind. All three pelted along the corridor, and sprinted round the corner.

Their run stopped for a moment or two, then.

Three other juniors had been running in the opposite direction. There were a series of thuds, then Manners sat down, and Fatty Wynn sat on him.

"You New House rotters!"

"School House duffers!"

"Oh!" yelled Manners. "O-oh!"

"The telephone!" gasped Figgins. "Someone wants to speak to me on the telephone, Taggles says."

"Binks says—"

"Oh!" moaned Manners. "O-oh!"

Fatty Wynn got up then.

"Good gracious! Have I hurt you, Manners?"

Manners did not answer in words. There really was no need to, and he could not think of any words. He was groaning loudly to himself.

Tom Merry pushed Kerr out of the way.

"I tell you, someone wants to speak to me on the telephone."

"Me, you mean!"

"Rats, Figgins!"

"Piffle, Merry!"

Then Tom Merry dashed away, and Figgins pelted after him. The New House junior was the crack sprinter of the New House, and he just caught Tom Merry up as the Shell junior flung open the door of the telephone-box.

Both of them seized the receiver at once.

"Let go, you duffer!"

"Give it to me, you ass!"

But Tom Merry had the firmer grip on the receiver, and he jammed it to his ear. Figgins glared at him, then placed his ear as near the instrument as possible.

He could hear a very faint voice, which he recognised at once. Figgins started violently.

Tom Merry could hear quite a loud voice, but he also started.

"My hat, it's Gussy!"

"Yaas, wathah, deah boy!" came the answer along the wire. "Is it Tom Mewwy who is speakin'?"

"Of course it is, ass!"

"Weally, I must request you not to address me in that wough and weaday mannah, deah boy, as the gal at the Exchange may be listenin'."

"Where are you, Gussy?"

"Bai Jove—"

"Where are you, ass?"

"Heah, deah boy; but what I want to say is, be sure and turn up at the steeplechase this aftahnoon," said Arthur Augustus hastily. "It is goin' to be a gweat wace."

"Of course, we are going to turn up. All St. Jim's is coming."

"Wathah!"

"Where are you speaking from?"

"A telephone-box, deah boy."

"Shrieking duffer!" shouted Tom Merry. "I didn't think you were talking from a coal-cellar. Where is the telephone-box, ass?"

"Bai Jove! Gweat Scott!"

"What's the matter now?"

"You've nearly deafened me, you uttah wottah!" came an indignant answer along the wire. "I have a vewy good mind to wing off!"

"But where are you speaking from, Gussy? Where's the telephone-box?"

"At the bottom of the stairs, bai Jove, aftah you have turned to the wight, not to the left!"

"Frabjous lunatic!" yelled Tom Merry. "Where is Jack Blake?"

"Heah, deah boy, and Digbay and Hewwies as well."

Tom Merry went pink. He could hear the well-known chuckles of Jack Blake, muffled a good deal as the transmitter was some distance away.

"Ask him if they're in town, Tommy?" muttered Figgins.

"Bai Jove, is that Figgay, deah boy?"

"Yes, he wants to know if you are in town?"

"Gweat Scott, no!"

"In Rylcombe, then?"

"Bai Jove no!"

"Well, where are you?"

There was a pause of a moment or two, then Arthur Augustus's voice was audible again.

"Are you there, deah boy?"

"Of course I am!"

"Well, good-bye foah the pwesent, as I am goin' to wing off."

"Rats! Where are you?"

"See you at the steeplechase, and all the othahs."

"Gussy, where—are—you?"

"I'm wingin' off, deah boy," came back Arthur Augustus's voice coolly. "Wemembah me to Figgay."

And there was a burring noise.

Arthur Augustus had kept his word and rung off. Tom Merry put down the receiver and looked at Figgins.

Figgins was staring blankly at the telephone.

"My hat, where can the young asses be?"

"Blest if I know! They are going to be at the steeplechase this afternoon, anyway. My hat!"

Tom Merry had snatched up the transmitter again.

He spun the handle round vigorously.

"Is that the Exchange, please? Can you give me the number of the people who rang St. Jim's up a few minutes ago—what? My hat!"

And Tom Merry put down the instrument again.

"The girl at the Exchange won't give me the number of the place from where Gussy was speaking," he said. "She says she was asked not to do so."

"My hat!"

"That was Jack Blake's idea, of course," added Tom Merry. "Trust the young ass."

Tom Merry had been pleased with his sudden idea of asking for the number. He was disappointed now at the failure of the plan, but he could appreciate the cuteness of Jack Blake & Co.

The two great rivals of St. Jim's stepped out into the passage, their hands in their pockets.

There was nothing for it but to wait until the steeplechase that afternoon.

There were resigned expression on their faces.

CHAPTER 19.

Lumley-Lumley's Rival.

THE huge field in which the horse-show and Rylcombe steeplechase was to be held was a pleasing spectacle that Saturday afternoon.

Flags of all sorts, gaily coloured bunting, and tents of all possible shapes seemed to surround the whole course, although the gayest stretch was near a neat little grand-stand, where a crowd of sportsmen and their friends had already gathered.

Cousin Ethel was in front of the Cleveland tent, her brother with her. Captain Cleveland's arm was in a sling.

He was watching the main entrance.

"I suppose the youngsters will get here in time, Ethel, begad?"

"Oh, yes!"

The captain fumbled with his glasses with one hand.

"There's some waggonettes coming up the road now, begad!"

"Let me see. Yes, that's Tom Merry on the box-seat."

She handed the glasses back to her brother, and went to meet the juniors from St. Jim's. Figgins was not on the box-seat, but he was the first to spring out of the waggonette.

He looked very neat and fit, as he raised his cap to the girl chum.

His colour was a little deeper than usual, perhaps; but as he would have explained, he had hurried.

"I hope you are all here, Figgins?"

"Rather!"

"All of us, except Jack Blake & Co.," said Tom Merry. "I—"

Cousin Ethel looked up, a sparkle in her pretty eyes.

"Isn't Jack Blake with you, then?"

"N-no."

"How strange!"

And she laughed delightedly.

"Perhaps you will see him later on," she exclaimed, shaking hands with all her chums from St. Jim's.

Every junior was wearing a piece of light blue ribbon, the Cleveland colours, and the fact did not escape Cousin Ethel's notice.

"You all want my horse to win, then," she smiled. "I'm glad of that."

"Rather!"

"Of course we want your horse to win," said Figgins indignantly.

Cousin Ethel laughed again.

"It isn't really my horse, of course; but I call it mine. You know Jerrold Lumley is riding Guardsman?"

Figgins went red.

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By
MARTIN CLIFFORD.

NEXT
THURSDAY.

"LUMLEY-LUMLEY, HERO!"

"Lumley is a fearful cad, Cousin Ethel," he exclaimed. "I—every decent fellow at St. Jim's rather bars him."

"I should think so. Who is riding Madcap, Cousin Ethel?"

Their girl chum did not answer Tom Merry's question. She was looking towards a coach which had just come through the gates, decorated with pink bunting.

Pink was Major Holbrook's colour.

"There's Lumley."

Kangaroo muttered the words, staring indignantly at the millionaire's son.

Jerrold Lumley had a mackintosh on. He was evidently already changed for the race.

Tom Merry glanced at the programme.

The steeplechase started the afternoon, the horse-show to follow later on.

"I say, we haven't any too much time to spare, Cousin Ethel!" exclaimed the hero of the Shell. "Where are the horses?"

"In the paddock over there."

"And do tell us who is riding Madcap," said Clifton Dane. "Is it Colonel Whitfield?"

"No, Dane, it is not Colonel Whitfield."

"Then—"

"Look," said Cousin Ethel, "then you will see who is riding my horse."

Tom Merry & Co. looked towards the paddock. The hero of the Shell gasped loudly.

"No, it can't be!"

"That's Gussy!"

"But—"

"My only Aunt Jane," muttered Tom Merry, just low enough for Cousin Ethel not to hear.

Arthur Augustus was standing by Madcap, and he had a mackintosh on just as Jerrold Lumley had. Before any of the juniors could speak again, Jack Blake, Herries, and Digby came rushing up.

"Hallo, you chaps!"

"Blake, is Gussy riding Madcap?" gasped Tom Merry.

Jack Blake chuckled.

"Rather!" he said coolly. "What do you chaps think we've been doing away from St. Jim's if we weren't getting Gussy fit, and making him take hedges all day long?"

"By Jove!"

Jack Blake laughed again.

"It was his own idea," he explained. "When he disappeared that afternoon, he had been to Cleveland Lodge to suggest he should ride Madcap, and it had all been practically settled."

"Rather! Then we three went to the doctor with him, and got permission to stay at Cleveland Lodge for the day and night," grinned Digby. "We've had a ripping time, haven't we, Cousin Ethel?"

"Splendid!"

Figgins looked hurt.

"You might have told some of us, Blakey!" he said indignantly.

"Really—"

"Well, Gussy couldn't very well ask all St. Jim's to stay the night at Cleveland Lodge, could he?" said Jack Blake serenely.

Figgins went red.

"I didn't mean that, of course—"

"You might have let us into the wheeze, anyway," said Tom Merry.

"Well, we couldn't very well, old chap," returned Jack Blake. "Of course, it wasn't really settled until Captain Cleveland had seen how Gussy took the fences—and Gussy wouldn't tell you on the telephone; he was frightened Lumley might get to hear of it."

"You don't think we would have told?"

Figgins's voice was indignant again.

"No, of course not; but you know how things get about when you're speaking on the telephone. We hadn't the slightest idea how many of you were round the telephone box, or whether Lumley was near."

Tom Merry thought for a moment or two, then nodded.

"I see. Doesn't Lumley know who is riding Madcap yet, then?"

"Rather not!"

"It's going to come as a surprise to him. You watch!"

Tom Merry & Co chuckled, and joined Cousin Ethel, who was explaining to Kangaroo.

Jerrold Lumley was already mounted on Guardsman. Madcap was standing by Captain Cleveland.

There seemed to be no rider near for her.

CHAPTER 20.

The Start.

"WHO is riding Madcap, sir?" Jerrold Lumley asked the question in a low voice, and Major Holbrook answered it in the same tone.

"I don't know yet—Whitfield, I should think."

"Was that Whitfield I saw this morning on the grey hunter?"

"Yes. He is nothing very great."

Jerrold Lumley smiled.

"No, I think I can beat him all right. I—"

The bell was ringing loudly. It was time for the horses to take the field.

Half a dozen hunters were taken to the starting-flag.

All had riders except Madcap, and the mare was being led by her master.

All the gentleman riders turned to the captain.

"Madcap ready, Cleveland?"

"She won't be a minute, begad! Ready, Arthur?"

"Wight-ho, deah boy!" said the swell of St. Jim's; and he coolly slipped off his mackintosh.

The next instant he was in the saddle.

Jerrold Lumley was staggered for a moment, then a gleam of pleasure flashed across his face.

"Are you riding her, D'Arcy?"

"Yes, I am widin' Madcap."

Lumley-Lumley felt a thrill of triumph. All along, ever since Arthur Augustus had given the invitations to the "At-home" at Cleveland Lodge, he and the millionaire's son had been at loggerheads.

There was a splendid chance to settle matters now.

All St. Jim's would be shouting for Madcap. To make those shouts become groans of dismay was the one thing Lumley-Lumley longed for.

He would have made almost any sacrifice to be certain of getting Guardsman past the winning-post in front.

"Nothing will stop me winning now," he muttered, with his teeth clenched. "I'll win, whatever happens!"

His face was white with excitement.

Of the two, Arthur Augustus looked far the cooler, but Lumley's nerves were steady enough.

The hunters were got in a line, and the usual fuss at getting a good start occupied the next few moments. Then a splendid start was made.

The horses were away in almost a dead straight line.

It was a punishing course, being a straight run through several fields whose dividing hedges had been trimmed and banked to form the jumps, a big swerve, then another straight bit to the water-jump.

This water-jump was really rather stiff—a tributary of the Ryll whose breadth, however, was counteracted to some extent by an excellent take-off.

After the water-jump there was another swerve, then jumps all the way to the paddock-field again, where a fine flat piece of ground formed the finishing straight. This finish, after the last hurdle, must have been nearly a quarter of a mile—so the hunters would be tested on the flat just as severely as over hedges.

Barring accidents, the best horse best ridden would win on such a carefully planned course.

And the going was splendid. Arthur Augustus knew that the moment they were off.

He could feel that the turf was exactly to the liking of the mare under him.

Right up to the first fence there was nothing in it, but the jump showed the strength of the field to some extent. A mare came down, but there was no damage done, and the pick of the bunch were well over. Guardsman was leading a little—a matter of a short head, perhaps.

Standing in the pavilion, Cousin Ethel watched every stride through her glasses. Her face was very pale.

Guardsman had nearly a neck lead now.

"And he's riding magnificently!" she exclaimed. "Lumley is a splendid horseman!"

Tom Merry nodded.

He disliked the millionaire's son as much as any one at St. Jim's did, but he was the type of junior who could not help awarding praise where praise was due.

Lumley-Lumley was riding splendidly.

"And Gussy isn't letting us down!" muttered Figgins.

The swell of St. Jim's was also riding splendidly, but he was not forging ahead as Guardsman was. At the second jump, Lumley had his horse well in the air before Madcap left the ground. Once on the flat again, Guardsman was seen to have half a length lead.

But there was heaps of time yet.

Guardsman was the stronger hunter, but whether he had quite the pluck of the little black mare just behind him was a point that had to be settled before the winning-post was gained.

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By
MARTIN CLIFFORD.

ANSWERS

NEXT
THURSDAY:

"LUMLEY-LUMLEY, HERO!"

At the third hurdle—a very stiff fence-jump—the rest of the field fell to pieces a little.

One horse muffed the jump, and it was not much to the liking of any of the others, except Guardsman and Madcap.

They were both over all right, and, without a fall spoiling it, the race would be between them, and them alone.

Both Arthur Augustus and Jerrold Lumley knew that.

They were very white, crouching down on the horses' necks. It was thrilling to be running almost neck and neck like they were.

And at any jump the race might be over. A steeplechase is not like a flat race. One slip at a jump, and it is all over. Both riders knew they might find themselves thrown almost any moment.

But both riders had their share of pluck. No one could doubt that.

Cousin Ethel's face was becoming whiter with excitement. "Oh, isn't it magnificent!" she gasped. "Will Arthur win, captain?"

Captain Cleveland was standing on a chair, even more excited than his sister.

"Win or not, he's ridin' splendidly, begad! Blake, your chum is riding splendidly!"

The chief of Study No. 6 could not help a thrill. Everyone japed Arthur Augustus at St. Jim's, but everyone liked him, and he had done his share of big things for the honour of the old school.

He was doing a big thing now. Cousin Ethel's voice rang out again.

"Lumley is using his spurs horribly!" The girl was correct. Jerrold Lumley had commenced to use both spur and whip.

He increased the gap between the rival horses, but he was unwise to keep the spur going. Guardsman was a good horse, but his temper was unreliable.

Madcap, too, had moods, and the spur at the wrong moment would probably have upset her for good. But Arthur Augustus knew that.

Besides, he was one of those riders who enjoy a race immensely himself, and have a liking for allowing the horse under him to enjoy it too.

And Madcap was enjoying herself every bit as much as her rider.

She was not being forced to spurt when she did not want to, and she had scarcely felt the spur yet. When she had, it had only been a touch—a sort of encouragement rather than punishment.

Horses understand these things, strange as it may seem. Madcap repaid Arthur Augustus, for she was running better than she had ever run before. It was only at the stiffer hurdles she did not quite hold her own.

She was smaller than Guardsman, and she was not quite as powerful, but the heart was better. And the heart of her rider was better than Lumley-Lumley's when it came to a pinch.

But Lumley had one advantage.

Arthur Augustus was riding straight as a die. What was happening to Guardsman did not trouble him.

Nothing could have been further from his mind than to try and give his rival the worst of positions.

That was Lumley's advantage. He had no such sporting scruples. And he saw a chance before him of putting the advantage to the test.

The horses were almost level again—a short head being Guardsman's only lead. That was not a great deal in a cross-country run.

But there was a chance of making it much more, if not of putting an end to the race as a race.

The water-jump was being approached. It was a curious jump, of equal breadth across the course, except at one point, where it widened sharply.

Jerrold Lumley began to pull a little to the left. He knew his horse was the stronger at the jumps, and he was ready to take risks. He meant to make Madcap take the water-jump at its widest point, even if it meant his doing so as well. But carefully worked, it need not do that.

The widening was very sudden. It might be possible for Guardsman to have a three-foot advantage if his rider planned it skilfully.

And Lumley would do that.

He had walked over the course time after time, and he knew every inch of it.

He was still pulling on his left rein.

Arthur Augustus had to do the same. He saw his rival's plan, but there was no help for it. He also saw that Lumley was still using the spur.

Madcap was more fortunate. Her rider was not touching her.

And they were almost upon the water-jump now, with the widest point dead in front of the mare. She tossed her head slightly. Arthur Augustus knew what that meant.

The little mare did not like the jump.

It made the swell of St. Jim's clench his teeth. If they had been on the ground, he would have knocked Lumley down. There was something that was as unlike playing the game as possible in making the smaller animal take the bigger jump.

He tried to soothe Madcap, but she was very uneasy. There was a gleam of triumph in Jerrold Lumley's eyes. Another ten yards, and the jump would have to be taken.

CHAPTER 21.

The Finish.

"STEADAY, deah gal!" Arthur Augustus panted the words out. He saw Guardsman leap in the air, and Madcap had tossed her head again.

"Ovah!" And for the first time since the last jump, Arthur Augustus touched the mare with the spur. It was the lightest possible touch, but it steadied her, and she attempted the huge jump in a manner that thrilled the swell of St. Jim's.

Madcap had had her doubts whether she could do it or not, but she had tried. Arthur Augustus was trembling with excitement.

They were in the air, and the mare was gasping. Then down they came, a perfect jump—quite three feet longer than Guardsman's.

That moment was one of the moments the swell of St. Jim's liked to think of afterwards.

"She's level, begad!" Captain Cleveland shouted the words wildly. Arthur Augustus had got the little mare on level terms at last by some splendid riding.

The horses rose in the air together at the last jump, and their fore-feet took the ground on the other side at exactly the same instant. Then the most thrilling part of the race commenced.

There was a quarter of a mile of flat, and the horse which did it in the best time would win.

Jerrold Lumley's face wore an unpleasant expression. There was something in his eyes which could scarcely have been there if he had not begun life in the streets of New York, as he had.

His whip was spinning round. He was not sparing Guardsman. But Arthur Augustus was watching that whip.

That had to be watched. The millionaire's son was swinging it round in a disgraceful manner, missing his rival's horse by inches.

They were almost there now, and Madcap was in front. Then what the swell of St. Jim's had dreaded happened.

Lumley-Lumley struck at Madcap's neck.

It was the worst action Arthur Augustus had ever seen on horseback, and his face went white.

But he did not forget to act.

He leant forward and took the swishing stroke across his own arm and wrist. The flesh was cut deeply where the whip struck him, but he never felt the pain. Madcap was all right, and her rider gave a cry:

"Now, deah gal!"

And with a frantic burst the mare increased her head-lead to a quarter of the length.

The next instant the two horses flashed past the winning-post, and such a cheer went up that the mare would never have forgotten if she could have understood.

Lumley-Lumley's rival had won by over a quarter of a length!

A crowd surged round the panting horses, and Arthur Augustus sprang down. He looked the millionaire's son full in the eyes, then turned his back on him.

Lumley was very white, and a trifle frightened, but he need not have been. Arthur Augustus never even explained to Jack Blake how he came by his cut wrist.

Then Cousin Ethel came running up.

She patted Madcap's streaming neck, and held out her hand to Arthur Augustus.

"It was splendid, Arthur," she exclaimed—"splendid!"

"Yas, wathah! The deah old mare went wippin'y, bai Jove!"

Others had come up by now, Tom Merry & Co. leading the way. Not a word was said, but the swell of St. Jim's was seized by a dozen excited hands.

The last Jerrold Lumley saw of his rival that afternoon was his being shouldered into the paddock, the cheers of the crowd rising to a deafening point.

No one came near Lumley—not even Major Holbrook, to thank him for riding his horse.

THE END.

(Another splendid, complete tale of Tom Merry & Co. next Thursday, entitled "Lumley - Lumley, Hero," by Martin Clifford. Order your GEM LIBRARY in advance. Price One Penny.)

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By
MARTIN CLIFFORD.

NEXT
THURSDAY:

"LUMLEY-LUMLEY, HERO!"

Splendid New Nature-Story Feature.

A SON OF THE SEA.

By F. ST. MARS.

A Bird Story.

HE was a seagull, just like one of those gulls who sweep and circle everlastingly round London Bridge, and scream like fiends. He was certainly big, and his wings were long and raking, his back grey, his head, breast, and tail white, and his eyes as clear as crystals.

He came sweeping in from the sea in great, easy curves, resting on the wing when he felt tired, and he looked as innocent as half a dozen lambs.

"Oh, what a lovely bird!" cried all who saw him, and that showed they did not know much. He was lovely to look at, but when you became acquainted with his character—oh, my!

Over the great, ploughed fields he swept, and came to a place where green plovers were engaged in laying plovers' eggs in their nests, so that you should be able to see them all done up in nice moss nests in the fishmongers' windows. The gull sat down here, and promptly turned into a stone.

The green plovers seemed to object to him. They appeared to think that he was not there just for the purpose of going to sleep—which was what anyone would think to look at him.

He sat like that for an hour, doing nothing at all. Then a green plover stole off her nest hard by and crept away, thinking no one had seen her. Foolish thing! The gull never moved a feather till he saw she had gone right away. Then, in a flash, he swooped upon that nest and wolfed up the eggs therein in an amazingly short time. He had to be quick, and knew it. He knew that Pa Plover would not be far off.

There came a whirring noise in the air, as if something big was falling. It was. It was Pa Plover, and the gull ducked his head a second later only just in time to avoid having his neck dislocated by the wings of that gentleman, who fell from the sky, and went at him at the rate of an express train.

Ordinarily the gull could have knocked out any plover that lived in about two rounds. But plovers with eggs do not mind if they lose their lives so long as they do not lose their eggs, and there is a certain amount of risk in fighting an enemy who fights to kill or be killed. The gull did not think the matter worth the risk, especially as he had swallowed the eggs, anyway. He therefore fled, with a raging mob of angry green plovers to see him off the premises.

Half an hour later we find him on the sea-shore again. He flew lazily by a big town, and heard the strains of the band on the parade, snatched up some bread left floating by a tripper, investigated a dead kitten, half a candle, and one or two other items which had just floated out of a drain, and passed on ten miles down the coast to a wild place, where there were no people at all. Here he halted, coming to anchor on the wet, flat sand. He felt hungry again already, in spite of the eggs and kitten. Gulls are, in fact, always hungry, and never fat. That is where they differ from many birds.

Here he found a mussel, and, being alive, it was, of course, shut. Puzzle—open the mussel. The gull liked mussels immensely, but he was not provided with a screwdriver or even hands, and although his beak could tackle a good deal, it was not equal to drilling holes in solid shell.

The gull cocked his head on one side, considered, then, grabbing the mussel in his beak, rose some fifty feet in the air, and let the mussel drop. The first time it fell on soft, watery sand, and took no harm. At the second attempt, however, the gull rose to seventy feet, and the unfortunate mussel went to pieces. It was rather hard lines on the mussel, of course.

For the space of about half an hour our friend continued this easy form of mussel-hunting and cracking. He was, in fact, having a very big feed indeed, when there came, flying low over the sand along the edge of the tide-line, an evil-looking black bird, who said "C-a-a, c-a-a," from time to time. He had borrowed a coal-hammer for a beak, I fancy, and he flew with long, heavy, but wondrously powerful strokes of his huge wings. He was a carrion crow.

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NEXT
THURSDAY:

"LUMLEY-LUMLEY, HERO!"

By
MARTIN CLIFFORD.

He espied the gull, and loafed up to see what the game might be, and the gull, knowing him to be a bad character, cursed him from afar. If you know crows you will know that cursing does not trouble them any. He was keen on the gull's doings, and tickled to death to eat a mussel, if only he knew how.

For a space he watched—innocent as you please. Then, quite suddenly, he made a dash at a mussel which the gull had let fall hard by, and had swallowed it before the horrified gull could reach it. Next instant he received the gull on the nape of his neck. The gull was angry, very angry. He said so. He had a straight beak, hooked as to the tip—a nasty affair. Moreover, he was expert in the use of the same, and when that crow got out of his clutches he looked somewhat as if he was moulting badly.

Crows, however, may be, and are, ruffians of the basest degree, but no one can call them cowards. This one just gave one croak after he was free, turned about, and sailed in at the gull in true fighting fashion. The gull was in the air again by this time, and did not need asking, either. He met the crow halfway, and for about five minutes there was one of the most amazing exhibitions of whirling, soaring, diving, tumbling, turning, twisting, twirling, towering, tackling, and tearing that ever you saw in your life. So quick were the movements of both that it was quite impossible to referee the fight, as it were. Besides, they were all over the map, as one might say—here now and half a mile away next minute.

At first there appeared to be nothing to bet upon between the two birds, but after a bit the superior wing-power of the sea-bird began to tell. Twice he got in a nasty hooking slash at the crow's breast, which tore clean through feather and skin, and twice he avoided cleanly the hammer-like beats of his opponent's fearsome beak simply through his wonderful power of flight.

Once they grappled, and came tumbling over and over to the sand, but parted just in time to save themselves from following the fate of the mussels. Once, too, the gull cunningly led his adversary out over the sea, and, dodging aside when the latter swooped down at him, almost had the satisfaction of seeing the crow dash himself into the water.

But the end came when the two grappled, still over the water, and falling over and over, the gull failed to leave go. Now, gulls can swim, crows cannot. A few gulls can even dive, crows cannot. The result was that the gull flew away serenely, and the crow was food for the fishes.

Over the long, heaving swells of the jade-green sea the great herring gull swept and circled for mile after mile, a white-and-grey streak against the green, hunting, hunting, always hunting for food. Once his lightning-quick eye spotted a shoal of sprats on the rise, and ere the water had begun to boil with the million fish, he was down upon them, and had secured one out of the spray; once a man sat in a boat, and not far away floated a piece of fat, but the gull had seen a fellow caught on a line baited with fat before, and he went; and once he managed to bully a smaller gull into disgorging a pilchard, which he swooped upon and caught ere it reached the water.

Thus he moved and hunted day by day, as was his custom, till one day in the autumn he flew up a long, muddy estuary. It was the mouth of a river—the River Thames—and he discovered here, in a muddy creek along the shore, some little birds feeding which he thought with care might be grabbed by strategy, as he had learned to grab sparrows in the London parks.

The name of these birds was ringed plover, and they were smaller cousins of the green plover, and uncommonly good to eat at that.

The gull settled and watched, just as he had done with the green plover, and when he saw his chance he made a rush. But something happened in this case which was not at all in the programme. From what looked like a low mud-spur sticking up out of the water there licked out a tongue of flame and a roar like thunder. Gull and two ringed plover stopped in their flight together, turned over, and fell headlong with a splash—dead!

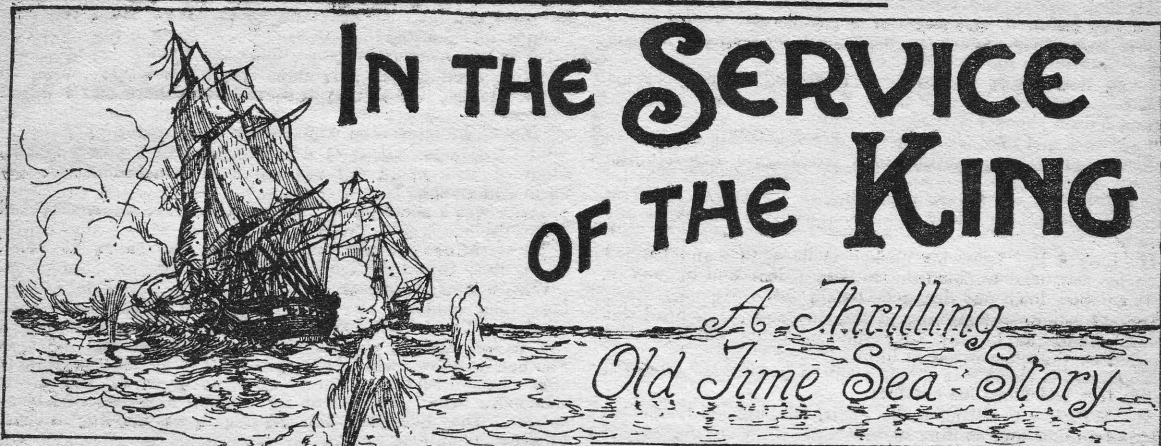
Then the mud-spur moved, and turned into a wild fowling-punt, with a man and a gun inside. He had been stalking those ringed plover for half an hour, and was naturally exasperated into terrible retaliation when the gull swooped down and spoilt his chance, so he had fired at the gull as well.

"His wings'll do fer to trim a hat fer th' missus, anyway," said the man, as he took the gull from the mud, where it lay all of a heap.

THE END.

(Another of these wonderful little stories next Thursday.)

You can Start Reading this Story now.



IN THE SERVICE OF THE KING

*A Thrilling
Old Time Sea Story*

By Lieutenant Lefevre.

Read this First.

Oswald Yorke, one-time knight of the road, joins the Navy as a midshipman under the name of John Smith. His first ship, the frigate Catapult, is wrecked under peculiar circumstances, and Oswald is one of the few survivors. His next ship, the Fireball, is despatched to the Isle of San Andrade to investigate the conduct of a certain family of planters named Wilson, who are suspected of complicity with the notorious pirate Kester. Scouting round the house in the dark, Oswald gathers clear evidence of the planters' guilt, but is captured and hastily thrust into a dark cupboard. His men enter later, but their suspicions are disarmed by the Wilsons.

The unwelcome visitors having gone, young Joseph Wilson is about to enter the cupboard to kill Oswald, when Norah Wilson plants her back against the door. "Out of the way!" shouts the ruffianly planter.

(Now go on with the story.)

Left Behind.

"You will kill me, too!" Norah panted. "Yes, kill me, it will be safer for you! Kill me, for if you murder him I swear that I will tell all the truth—I swear it!"

"Kill you, you spitfire! Yes, by thunder, it would be a good thing for us if I did!"

"Quiet—be quiet, both of you," said the elder Wilson. "Leave the girl alone, Joseph; let her have her way. No, no! Hang it all, I don't want to be mixed up with murder! Murder is an ugly word. The boy is safe enough now. If he is left alone where he is, he'll probably die of his own accord. Leave him alone!"

Joseph put up his knife sullenly.

"If he gets away, and makes his report, we shall hang together at Kingston for this. Then what about your cleverness—eh? Better let me have my way; it's the safest!"

"Perhaps to-morrow, but not now. There is plenty of time yet before they return, if they do return at all. There is something else for us to do to-night, Joseph."

"For us to do to-night?"

"Yes. Get a couple of lanterns quickly. Call Jake. We shall want his help."

Jake, a big negro, came presently, in response to Joseph's shouts.

"Where are you going?" asked Joseph sullenly.

"Down to the shore. There may be some poor wounded fellows needing our help," said his father, with a sinister chuckle.

"But we can't leave her here; she'll get up to some trick."

"Ay, she must come with us. Come, my girl!" said the elder Wilson fiercely.

"Where are you going? Where are you going to take me?" she asked.

"Never mind. Come! We can't trust you to leave you behind. Come!"

"I promise—"

"Bah! That for your promises!" said her cousin, flicking his fingers in her face. "Come! No nonsense! You've felt the weight of my hand once to-night, do you want to taste it again?"

She shuddered, and followed them out into the blackness. When they reached the shore, Mr. Wilson handed his lantern to Jake.

"Norah and I," he said, "will sit here and enjoy the fresh air, while you two go down and render aid to the poor fellows who may still be alive. Only the pirates, mind. The sailors can look after themselves till morning. But be careful, very careful, what you do, and mind that no one sees you. Do good by stealth—you know, my son—and blush to find it fame. He, he, he!"

There was something fiendish in the sound of the old man's hideous chuckle. The girl shivered, and drew away from him.

"Sit here, my love, close beside me. How sweetly the waves lap against the shore! How soothing the sound is! Do you feel the fresh air upon your cheek? Ah, what a rough fellow that Joseph is! How brutal in his play! But he is very fond of you—very. You will make him a good little wife one of these days—eh?—a good, obedient wife."

He talked on in this strain as the minutes slowly passed.

"What have they gone down to the shore to do?" asked the girl, with a sudden, horrible suspicion.

"Ah, what? There, there! Little girls should not ask questions."

"What are they doing, those two? Tell me—tell me at once! They are not—"

"S-sh! They have gone on an errand of mercy, to put some poor fellows beyond the reach of pain—poor wounded men, Norah!"

"I cannot bear this life—this awful life—any longer! It is killing me! I did not dream that there were men so vile in the world as you and your son!" she muttered.

"There, there! You are overwrought and hysterical, dear child," he said, patting her on the back with his long, claw-like hand. "Come, look up, here is Joseph at last, and our good, faithful Jake."

The two men came towards them over the soft sand, swinging their lanterns as they walked.

Joseph held his knife in one hand, and its blade was wet and red with blood.

"There were three!" he said, in a low voice.

"Not more—you are sure?"

"Three pirates. They'll never do us any harm. The rest we left lying where we found 'em. There are some of the others living still, but they'll be all right by morning."

"And the pirates? You are sure there is not one—not one—eh, Jake?"

The black man shook his head and grinned, showing his white teeth.

"Nebber one lef, Massa Wilson! Shet all ob deir mouts for good and ebbor, I fancy!"

There was little doubt on what errand these two villains had been. They had much to fear if any of the wounded pirates had been taken prisoners, and had so far recovered as to be able to give evidence, and so Mr. Wilson had arranged that their recovery would be beyond all hope.

"Come, Norah," he said, laying his hand on the girl's shoulder. But at his touch she fell forward on her face. She had fainted. "Poor child, she is overwrought!" said Mr. Wilson compassionately. "You will have to carry her, Joseph—you and Jake between you."

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 137.

**NEXT
THURSDAY:**

"LUMLEY-LUMLEY, HERO!"

**By
MARTIN CLIFFORD.**

He took one of the lanterns and led the way, while the other two followed, carrying the insensible girl behind him.

Once more they gained the big saloon, and Joseph Wilson laid Norah down on the sofa.

"And now about the other?" he asked, turning to his father.

Mr. Wilson shook his head doubtfully.

"She is a girl of spirit, Joseph. I think it will be well to humour her in this matter until the frigate has left the neighbourhood. Then we shall be able to manage it quietly, and get her to see reason again before the frigate returns. Open the door," he added, "and let us have a look at our prisoner."

He took a key from his pocket as he spoke, and handed it to his son, who went to the cupboard door and opened it, then stooped down and dragged Oswald out.

Oswald was just awakening to consciousness. His head was aching badly as he lay for some moments blinking and dazzled by the unaccustomed light.

Then, as his vision was slowly restored to him, he staggered to his feet and faced his enemies.

Mr. Wilson was sitting in his chair, rubbing his long, thin hands together and smiling at him.

"Your lieutenant has been here and a score of men. They have not missed you yet," he said.

"I—I don't understand; I—I can't remember!" muttered Oswald, leaning against the wall for support.

"How fortunate! Memory is very inconvenient at times!" sneered the elder man.

At that moment Oswald caught sight of the white face of the girl lying on the couch, and he would have staggered towards her, but Joseph Wilson thrust him back roughly.

"I—I remember!" Oswald said thickly. "You—you struck her, you cur—you villain!"

If he had had the strength, he would have sprung at Joseph there and then, but his senses were swimming, his brain reeling. He stretched out his hands blindly to save himself, and the next moment collapsed into a heap.

Joseph Wilson thrust him back into the cupboard with his foot; then closed the door and locked it, putting the key into his own pocket.

"He'll be safe there till morning, and then, if the frigate has gone—"

He said no more, but the significance of his words was beyond all doubt. If the frigate was gone, the sun would rise to-morrow for the last time for Oswald.

The grey dawn was creeping up into the sky when Norah Wilson opened her eyes. She was alone. The room was empty. Her uncle and cousin had gone to lie down, and were probably asleep, as was also Jake.

Rising from the couch on which she had lain insensible for all those hours, she staggered towards the closed door of the cupboard, and, crouching down on her knees beside it, listened.

There was not a sound—not a movement. A terrible fear came to her that during her unconsciousness Joseph had carried out his vile plan, and had murdered Oswald.

She tapped gently on the door, and called to him in a whisper, but there was no response. At last, after what seemed to her hours of waiting, there was a slight rustling movement. Again she called, and this time there came back a feeble answer. Thank Heaven, he was alive still!

"It is I—I—Norah. I want to help you. Oh, if I only knew how!" she whispered.

"You have helped me. But for you, I should be dead," he whispered back.

"But what can I do now?" Her excitement gave her strength. She rose quickly to her feet and went to the window, then hurried back to the door. "The frigate is still in the bay, but they are getting up her anchor and setting her sails."

"Can you not signal to them on board?" he asked.

She wrung her hands.

"I dare not—I dare not! I hate them and detest them, but they are my own flesh and blood. How can I condemn them to the scaffold?"

"You are speaking of your uncle and cousin?"

"Yes, yes!" Then a thought struck her. "If I were to signal the frigate; if they saw, and came here and released you—"

"Yes?" he whispered expectantly.

"I—I dare not ask it—I dare not ask you if you would be silent—if you would say nothing that would endanger my uncle and cousin?"

There was a short pause; then Oswald replied, in a choked voice:

"I—I cannot promise that, even for your sake. It would be my duty to tell the truth!"

With clasped hands, she knelt beside the locked door, waiting; then suddenly rose to her feet, and again went to the window. The frigate's sails were set; she was moving out of the bay. Quickly Norah crossed the room and went to another window, which commanded a view of the further side of the island. There were no signs of the pirate schooner. Yes! Far out on the horizon were two tiny black specks. They had gone, and the frigate was starting in chase of them.

She turned to Oswald's prison with the news.

"Then it is all up with me if the frigate has gone," he said calmly. "There will be nothing to stay their hands now."

A wild terror overcame the girl. She knew that it was the truth he had spoken. The frigate gone, there would be nothing for her uncle and cousin immediately to fear. Oswald would be at their mercy, and he knew that there was no mercy in the breast of either.

Wild with terror for his safety, she tried the door with her slender hands.

"What can I do—what can I do to save you?" she whispered.

Now that it was too late, she would have signalled the frigate, and saved his life at all costs. She flew to the window again, but the frigate, favoured by a strong breeze, was ploughing her way gallantly over the crested waves. And how should her crew, with their eyes steadfastly fixed upon the distant pirate-vessels, dream that a white-faced girl was watching the vessel eagerly and frantically, knowing that its departure meant death for one whose life had become strangely dear to her?

For some moments the girl stood petrified with terror. The frigate was gone. Its white sails, filled out with the breeze, were urging it onward over the crisp sea. Each passing moment widened the distance between it and the shore.

Thoughts and ideas came crowding into the girl's brain.

What could she do to help Oswald? How could she save him? She clenched her hands together, and a look of utter hopelessness came into her face.

To appeal to her uncle would be hopeless. What mercy could be expected from the man who was the close friend of Kester—from the man who could coolly condemn to death the unfortunate, wounded men that lay on the shore last night?

Oswald's life was a menace to him. Oswald knew the truth. Oswald's silence could not be bought. There was only one way of procuring his silence.

Norah knew that. She knew that Oswald's duty would be to inform against her uncle the moment he found himself in a position to do so, and she knew that Oswald would do his duty.

Even for her sake he would not be silent. Had he not told her so already?

And Joseph, her cousin—as well ask mercy of a famished tiger about to spring on his prey as of Joseph Wilson.

Not only had he to guard against the future, as his father had, but he had an additional cause of hatred against Oswald.

(This thrilling serial story will be continued in next Thursday's issue of THE GEM LIBRARY.)

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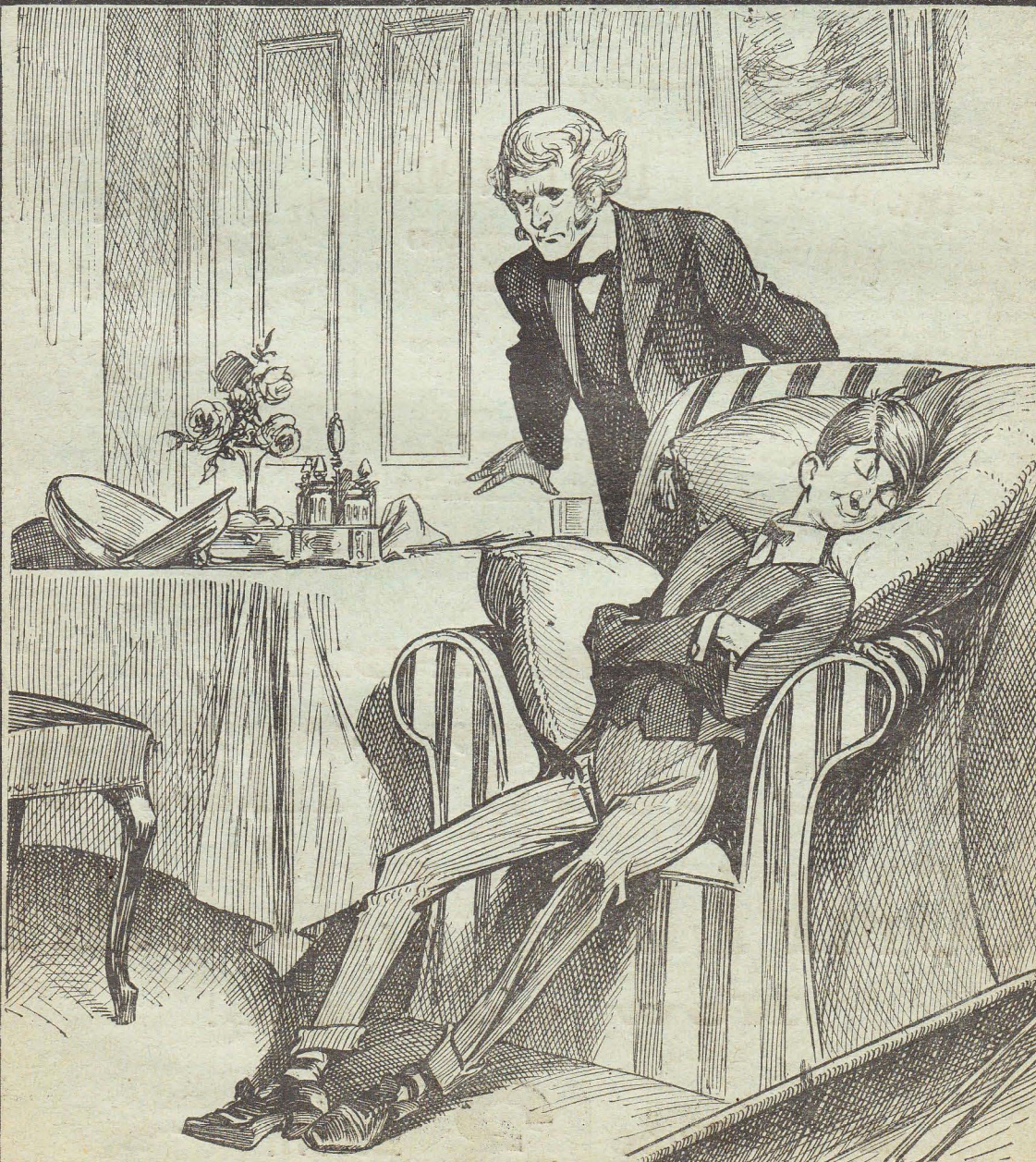
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