

Wednesday



Complete Stories for All, and Every Story a Gem



WINTER SPORTS AT ST. JIM'S!

A Splendid, New, Long, Complete School Tale of Tom Merry & Co. and Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, the swell of St. Jim's.

By **MARTIN CLIFFORD.**

CHAPTER I. A Great Idea.

WHEN the idea came to me—
"When I thought of the winter—"
Dicky glared at Mamma, and Mamma glared
back again. Tom Merry banged on the table of Study No. 4
with a ruler.

"Don't, you, amos!" he roared. "It doesn't matter
what you do if it's a ripping one—"

"Yes, walloh!"

"Oh, that's all, Tommy!"

"I want to ring off, Tom Merry—"

"Now ring off, Mamma, instead," grinned Mopsy Looch.

"Let's get on with the writing. You won't do did anything
no, Guss."

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, the swell of St. Jim's, frowned his
eyes towards him, his eye and viewed Looch through it
with a withering stare.

"Frodo, Looch!"

"Yes, frodo, but, of course, you may have been misled
in thinking you are a meddling old hen, but you aren't really,
and old hens are jolly clever things. We've got our own
idea."

"I certainly write in them to your wildest wishes, you
see."

"Oh, well, if you want to go on thinking you're a meddling
old hen—"

"You write now!"

"Please!" asked Tom Merry, to make himself heard above
the confusion. "This is a brilliant meeting, to discuss an
important matter!"

"You get on with it, kids!" roared Jack Blake.

"As I was saying, when the idea came to me—"

"When the idea occurred to me—"

Dicky and Mamma went to their feet. There was heated
discussion on their faces.

"Oh, that!" shouted Tom Merry. "We've already decided
it doesn't matter what you do it is!"

"No, walloh not, Jack boy! Gussy knows where he's at
of, well, as a matter of fact, the school started across my
knees before each Dicky or Mamma thought of it."

"Oh, ho, ho!"

"I'm shrieking on, Gussy—"

"No, Gussy! You're a shrieking man," said Mopsy Loocher.

"He won't be called anything but a meddling old hen. Gussy's
getting jolly particular nowadays."

"Yes, walloh, no!"

Tom Merry banged on the table again with the ruler. Tom
Merry, Mamma, and Loocher, the Terrible Three of the School,
had been invited to Study No. 4 by Jack Blake, Dicky, Mamma,
and Arthur Augustus, in order to discuss a very important
matter. There was not a great deal of time before the bell for
preparation would ring.

Tom Merry looked after about ten tracks.

"The suggestion before the meeting is that the School
Honor Faculty organize Winter Sports at St. Jim's—"

"Yes, walloh, on the same lines which sports are now in
vogue here. My honorable president of a club there, and the
sports are absolutely walloh!" My honorable president in
his last breath—"

"Is he an old hen, too?"

"The wagger! Frodo, Looch!"

"Well, I only thought, Gussy—"

"Day up!" roared Tom Merry emphatically. "Of course
winter sports are ripping. For once in a way, there's some
lapping snow on the ground, and that kind of a ripperer
was simply made for this weather."

"Buckle!"

Next **Wednesday**:

"TOM MERRY'S PROMISE!" AND "BIRDS OF PREY!"

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"And there's a perfect toboggan run by the church!"
 "But Jerry, John, and I can combine the sports with a wippen! Jerry's served on the Ice, John boy!"
 "That's what I thought," said Digby.
 "Exactly my idea," said Emerson.
 "Am!"
 "Indeed!"
 "Really, Jack boy, Jerry don't waste precious time," exclaimed Arthur Augustus. "We must josh on with the heavy wippen. As I was mentioning, my brother—"
 "Perhaps you're right, Garry."
 "Right!" "Yes, of course, but in what way, Lovethink?"
 "That you see a wippen all time, after all."
 "You hopeless duffer!" I steadily retorted.
 "To have! I declared!" I insisted the humorist of the Staff.
 "Well, I don't mind. You certainly have brought something to the ice."
 "You Harry about looks like a child attempt to keep the meeting to the point. The hour of the Staff will be closely watched from the lower windows at St. Jim's."

The idea of holding organized winter sports was certainly a good one, for nothing like a hand here hold of the old school before. Of course, there had been skating and tobogganing in the past, but never a well-organized sports meeting—a sort of "Winter Day" on the most solid basis.
 "And, of course, there will be prizes, Jack boy. My brother will be pleased to present a wippen prize for driving."
 "Harry!"
 "Good old Garry's brother!"
 "Basher!" "Approved. Leather heavily. I always have said it would be a pity to stop Garry."
 "Garry boy!"
 "Yes, Garry, you know it here. I look upon Garry not only as a wippen old lion, but also one that lays the golden egg!"
 "Ho, ho, ho!"
 "You awful wretch!"

"What I propose," said Jack Blake desperately, "is that three attractions be set apart for the winter sports. Of course, there shall be no games on Saturday, the ground being a hard under foot, so we can have the winter sports instead."
 "Yes, wretch!"
 "Good day!"
 "My toboggan runs first, from half past two to three—"
 "Sixing day!"
 "And the ice skating in the evening," added Tom Merry, "with the starting race just before tea."
 "But how I will be waiting!"
 "Ho, ho, ho!"
 "Waiting, Jack boy!"

Monty Lowther shook his head.
 "So, Garry, you mean I'm playing the game. I'm sorry, but my own's playing the game."
 "Good day!"
 "No, old chum. Our old lion as honest never says any thing like that. Perhaps you aren't a Celtic Chum, though?"
 "I entirely refuse to be characterized as a Celtic Chum!" declared Arthur Augustus. "I don't want to establish a friendship there," but, really, Lovethink, you are very nice!"

"I'm sorry, lad."
 "Yes, wretch, and so you apologize—"
 "Only too happy, if not happier," commented Lowther, with feeling. "Of course, when I look at you more closely I see that you are not a Celtic Chum."
 "You wretch!"
 "In fact, you are nothing like a Celtic Chum."
 "No, wretch, not—I insist, don't be so ridiculous!"
 "My lad! Can't you see it when you look at him? I want love had my own child. It's wretched all over him!"
 "But how! what is the matter, Lovethink, Garry?"
 "That you haven't a single point of a Celtic Chum, Garry," said Lowther sadly. "You are only an ordinary long-legged, Plymouth Rock."

Garry went pink with indignation. He leaped to his feet, but Marston and Marston pulled him down to his chair again.

Tom Merry was hastily turning over the pages of a little book published by the Public School Winter Sports Club at Northfield. The pages were literally blank.

"There was a third about the length of time of the longest old jump, and fifty miles an hour was estimated as possible on most of the famous Alpine toboggan runs," Tom Merry and Jack Blake were instructed by the experienced sportsmen on the page.
 "My lad, I must get some new ideas for my wippen!"
 "But how? I shall wippen you out!"
 "It's shall have to wait in London for this, lad," said Tom Merry. "Can you run on this, Garry?"
 "I don't know, Jack boy! I've never tried—"
 "Ho, ho, ho!"

"Wretch, however, I fail to see any reason for that!"
 "My word! I have tried to do, lad, they all!"
 "Wretch!"
 "Oh, it's only simple, lad. You show the difference to your lad, then you talk. I'll show five hundred times to your lad!"
 "Wretch, I shall never, my brother, my brother is quite a good old wippen, I shall never, lad, it is—"
 "I don't think!"
 "Then all wretched!" said Tom Merry. "On Saturday afternoon we hold the winter sports!"

"Yes, wretch!"
 "And in the first war also—"
 "As I thought of the winter—"
 "I ought to be president—"
 "I should be president!"

Arthur Augustus stared from Digby to Marston, and back again. He held up his hand softly.
 "Really, Digby! But how, Marston! I have already told you my brother is president of a club in Northfield, and three months was in the league like marble. I would be willing to be established in the marsh of the presidency. We must have a suitable fellow as president."
 "Yes, there is that."
 "I am glad you agree with me, Tom Merry, Jack boy. You not only want your president to wippen, but must establish him wippen."

"How, how!"
 "Thank you, Tom Merry. The family of Wippen have been famous an wippen ever since the time of William the Conqueror. It runs in the family. I believe a wippen wippen does not only wippen but also—"
 "A wippen, Plymouth Rock!"

"You wretch, Lovethink! you wretched wretch! He is not as about to wippen when I was wippen wippen, my president must be a fellow of cast and judgment."
 "How, how!"
 "Rather—a wippen, long-legged, Plymouth Rock, in fact!"
 "Yes, wretch, indeed, Lovethink! a fellow of cast and judgment. Our wippen is wippen also by strong character, and able to wippen wippen like a flock of wippen, but never!"
 "Garry's back of wippen, Garry!"
 "No, my wippen wippen! He must be prepared to take wippen."

"Ho, ho, ho!"
 "Wretch, however, Jack boy!"
 "How, how!"
 "And he must be able to lead an all of wippen in the wippen, but how!"

"Basher!"
 "No more also—"
 "Exactly!"
 "But how!"
 "Oh, good!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "Well, you, Garry, is here, our president must be an all round good man—the wippen in the right place."
 "But how, yes, that is it. Our president must be the wippen man in the right place, and when the wippen is put to the wippen—"
 "Ho, ho, ho!"

"But to the vote, Tom Merry, Jack boy," interrupted the lad.
 "Oh, there's no need to do that, Garry," answered the lad of the Staff pleasantly. "The matter is settled."
 "But Jerry! You have already decided in your own wippen."

"Basher!" said Tom Merry. "And I think we have a right man in the right place, old chap."
 "But how, it is wippen of you to say that! I will be wippen day of my life, Jack boy!"
 "To back me up in the wippen," said Tom Merry. "Garry, you see, it is wippen between Jack Blake and myself also was the president, so we must up. I was just before you came in."
 "You wretch!"
 "You can be official wippen, though—"
 "I certainly refuse to be official wippen!"

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"Go it!" The skis were sped over the hard snow like flashes of lightning. FRANK and BERTIE passed the post together, followed home by FORWARD GUY, while KERR came a cropper at the jump. (See Chapter 11.)

"Well, go on being a Plymouth Rock," suggested Lewison. "It's not a bad thing to be except when you float. Do you see now, Gray?"

"You fellows are! You s'pected watch! You watch again!"

"Ho, ho, ho!"

"I wish to a point of order——"

"Ho, ho!"

"I wish to——don't be withdrawn——"

"Dry up!" interrupted Tom Merry simply. "There's not one moving along the passage. This to and it's Piggie, as a word, you talk!"

"I wish——"

"Gag him!" ripped out Tom Merry, and he turned towards the doorway just as the door opened and Piggie & Co., all the New House, came into the room.

Piggie had a letter in his hand, addressed in pretty, girlish handwriting, and there was a slight reddish glow on Piggie's face. He looked round the study.

"An express letter has just come for Gray, you kids. It's from Cousin Ethel. I—I thought I'd bring it along, you know."

The reddish glow on Piggie's face deepened slightly in hue.

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 107.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD,
Editor in Advance.

"TOM MERRY'S PROMISE!"

CHAPTER 2.
The Express Letter.

A LETTER had come, dear boy!"

Figger looked. How and Fatty Wynn followed him into the room. Arthur Angustin held out his hand.

"But Jane! I suspect it is a riddle of you, Figger, to bring me the letter."

"Oh, don't mention it, Sir!"

"Yes, really, it is a matter that must be mentioned. I regard your bringing the letter as a very friendly act, to say the least."

"Then don't say so," remarked Leather. "Open the letter."

"Yes, watch. Only I must remark that Figger has behaved with great intelligence."

"Open the letter," called Tom Mowry, in the ear of the earl of St. John.

"Yes, you go—"

"Here, look at it down," growled Figger. "There—there—there is a message for me."

"Great Scott! Really, you've got me off in a flash, Tom Mowry. I suspect—Great Scott!"

Finally he determined he was to take up the immediate person of Arthur Angustin. A postcard was thrust into his hand.

"Well, give you two seconds, sir!" said Figger. "I feel certain Corbin Ethel has sent a message to me."

"But Jane! It's gone, dear boy, but I suspect. As a matter of fact I doubt every word whether Corbin Ethel understands your name. I suspect that is one of her letters to me—"

"But—"

"Never mind one of her letters. Open this one, father."

Arthur Angustin glanced his glance into his eye and viewed the message in surprise.

"Of course, I am going to open the letter, dear boy. The letter is intended as an answer. If it were not, I think you all know me well enough to wonder whether I would believe me to open it. No, however—"

"Open it," called Jack Blake.

"Open him!" shouted Figger.

"What the young man!" called Tom Mowry.

There was a general look across the study. Arthur Angustin viewed the approach with alarm.

"Great Scott! But Jane! Fatty Wynn wants your—dear, dear boy. You are really precious then."

The painter stood upon him as the earl of the Fourth Form slipped the blade of the penknife through the envelope. Even the excitement of the proposed answer again was forgotten by a moment as a neat little sheet of pink envelope was withdrawn from the envelope.

Arthur Angustin smoothed slightly.

"Fatty be seated, dear boy, and I will read you what the dear girl says."

"But oh with it, then!"

"Yes, watch. Dear Arthur—I am writing this by express post for two reasons, both very important ones. First of all I want a witness—"

"A witness?"

"A witness, Figger, dear boy, and I will read you what the dear girl says—"

"Oh, a witness, dear!"

"Yes, watch. The dear girl got me in to say to you—Great Scott!"

The message dropped from Arthur Angustin's eye and a neat little envelope was shown to the earl.

The message was opened by the artist.

"Let me with it, sir!"

"Yes, watch, dear!"

"Great Scott! But Jane! My—my color looks!"

The redness came from the earl of St. John's face as the message was opened. Figger's impudent gaze was to be seen.

The note of horror on Arthur Angustin's face as he stared at the letter from Corbin Ethel made the reader of the New House judge wisely.

"Anything the matter, Gussy?"

"Great Scott!"

"Corbin Ethel's note is it, Sir, Sir?"

"No, Sir, Sir, Tom Mowry, why—why—open the window, however. I am all in a flutter!"

"But—"

"What's the matter, anyway?"

"It is the dear boy, Gussy?"

"Frightful—frightful news, Figger. I—I—Great Scott!"

The alarm on Figger's face seemed to the face of all the other pupils.

Arthur Angustin had finished reading the letter to Mowry.

"The New House—No. 225."

and had examined it a second time. The second reading seemed to dismay him even more than the first.

"It is really astonishing. I am entirely sure my own eyes—"

"Well, what is it?"

"Read it out, Gussy—"

"You are certain she has—hasn't it, Gussy?"

"Yes, watch, Figger!" exclaimed Arthur Angustin.

"But Jane!"

"Come on, Gussy, old chap!"

"Read it out!"

"If Corbin Ethel has sent with some trouble—"

"I suspect—truly I suspect, I suspect to say I have no resources but to announce a frightful disaster to Mowry—"

"But—"

"Gussy, the earl of the Fourth?"

"Yes, watch. I shall have to announce a frightful disaster to the watch!"

"My hat!"

"But Mowry is coming to do with the message, Gussy?"

"Yes, watch. But Jane! Do they not all in a flash—what if she goes to prison, Figger?"

"What!"

"Prison?"

Tom Mowry and Figger spoke together in a cloud of alarm.

Jack Blake dropped his hand heavily on Arthur Angustin's shoulder.

"What do you mean, Gussy?"

"But Jane! I want work off and that dear sister Corbin Mowry—truly—good—good—"

"But—"

"No, pray be so sure, dear boy!" growled Arthur Angustin.

"I suspect in my I cannot read you this letter."

"Why can't you?"

"We are an uncle Corbin Ethel's friends as you are."

"Yes, watch, Figger! But she is a witness of mine. I believe she had had a witness of mine as well as a witness of mine—"

"That you are taking round your hat!"

"But—"

"The only witness Corbin Ethel is likely to meet with is leaving you for a witness," said Figger loudly.

"I believe—"

"I believe—"

"The dear girl is in a witness, dear boy!"

"But—"

"The dear girl is in a witness, dear boy!"

"But—"

"The dear girl is in a witness, dear boy!"

"But—"

"The dear girl is in a witness, dear boy!"

"But—"

"The dear girl is in a witness, dear boy!"

"But—"

"The dear girl is in a witness, dear boy!"

"But—"

"The dear girl is in a witness, dear boy!"

"But—"

"That's that, kid!"

"That Gussy is a striking one, and ought to be chased up,"

interjected Figgins.
And he walked from Study No. 4 just as the toll for preparing the ring.

CHAPTER 2. Mr. Sully's Double.

"RAY, will the coast be clear?"

"Clear!"

"All the St. Jim's janitor will be at prep, of course," chuckled Gordon Gay, of Plymouth Grammar School. "Don't make a row, though, in case any of the professors are in the quadrangle."

"Get the bag, Mackey!"

"Mackey!"

Gordon Gay, Frank Meek, and Woodrow major halted beneath the now-covered wall of St. Jim's. Their intended victims were the only means to be found in the darkness as Frank Meek opened the small partition as he had carried all the way from the Grammar School.

Gordon Gay chuckled up the wall, and passed cautiously down into the now-covered quadrangle.

"Yes, it seems deserted enough."

"Oh, course it's deserted, see!"

"All you've got to do is to make up, and carry the thing through," growled Frank Meek. "Mind you fasten the corker up on the gymnasium door, kid."

"Mackey!"

"It's a ripping idea," added Frank Meek. "Ever since I saw that article in the 'Hyphenated' I've been 'awatching sports'—"

"Ever since I saw it, you mean?"

"No, I don't, Mackey major."

"Oh, kid," laughed Gordon Gay. "Ever since we all saw the article we've made up our minds to take the field by Hyphenated Lane for old-time, and the time for the search for taboos, and the road for the chase. Good!"

"Well, the St. Jim's kids to let up about it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Talking and chaffing in whispers, the three Grammar School fellows took an instant and somewhat half-wary master's guff from the bag. Gordon Gay closed it with a click.

"Hope I don't meet the real Sully, anyway."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Gordon Gay laid a gift for making up. With the few properties of a gun, a wig, and a little grease paint, the Grammar School janitor had their weapons.

A safe motion, suitably arranged, gave his well-built, athletic young figure the necessary resemblance which lent dignity to Mr. Sully's form, and the long gown seemed to add interest to his height.

There was no doubt about it, Gordon Gay would have passed muster as Mr. Sully, the Third Form master at St. Jim's, in a far more startling light than was likely to be met with in the quadrangle.

"Watch major was excellent."

"Kipping!"

"You might be Sully's twin brother, kid."

"Well, you see."

"No, but you look it," exclaimed Woodrow major. "There's nothing in the world to prevent you going into the roll, Mack, and giving Tom Merry Sully lines—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Gordon Gay looked doubtful as he chuckled up the wall again. Going into the college itself would mean serious trouble, as it had done once before when he had represented St. James.

"I don't think I'd do that, kid."

"Well, hang about until you're over," laughed Arthur Meek. "Some of the kids are bound to come out for a row."

"Mind you give Tom Merry an input."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Have you got the corker all right?"

Gordon Gay nodded, and slipped down into the quadrangle. The boys did not notice the slightest sound in the thick, dry snow.

He waited hard for the gymnasium.

The college clock had just struck six, as there was not much time to waste. Preparation at St. Jim's must be nearly over by now.

Gordon Gay fumbled with a slip of paper and his drawing-pen in the darkness, and chuckled silently to himself. He placed the corker in the exact crevice of the gymnasium door.

He stepped up to peep in the last of the drawing-pen. A startled examination had revealed across the quadrangle.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Gordon Gay bent down in the shadow of the gymnasium wall, and stared sharply across the now-covered quadrangle. The elegant form of Arthur Augustus D'Arroy was passing suddenly about in the snow.

"Come here, you wretch! But fast, you cowardly!"

Charles Gay's stare became darker. Arthur Augustus suddenly wheeled round to the right, only to turn again with equal determination.

The work of St. Jim's was running a zig-zag course, without any apparent motive. Gordon Gay was thoughtful.

CHAPTER 3.

"Mr. Sully" Comes to Grief.

"MAY I only Admire You!"

Tom Merry stared across the quadrangle in astonishment.

Preparation was just over, and the Terrible Three of the School had come out for a brush of fresh air. They could not say but the fresh air without looking it.

"It's funny."

"Nothing about like a meeting tonight!"

"Course, you see!" shouted Tom Merry. "Oh, you're over!"

"No, wretch, see! 'Prey help me capture the little wretch, but fast, it was like a nightingale, look here!"

Tom Merry started again. He had caught sight of a small four-footed animal a few yards in front of Arthur Augustus. As Arthur Augustus had said, it could run. As a given Tom Merry would have said it could have given the tail of St. Jim's about fifty yards in a hundred, and then broken him.

"It's a rat!" gasped Mackey.

"Course it's a thing out!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"On the ball, kid!" chuckled Tom Merry. "Look out there on the left wing! There's an, Figgins & Co.!"

"And here's Jack Blake!"

"And Kanger!"

"Altogether, change!" shouted Tom Merry. "Gussy is having a private set here!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Arthur Augustus chuckled past, and the other ladies moved slow home. The tail of St. Jim's was headless and gaping.

"Prey close round, dear boys!"

"Down a Plymouth Street will turn at last," chuckled Lawford.

"See the old master here, making your own, Gussy!"

"You see! But fast, there he is!"

"Hoarse!"

"Now we have him!"

The janitor scampered towards the gymnasium, Arthur Augustus leading the way. The small, four-footed animal was running splendidly.

"Get out of my way, Jack Blake. Get out of my way, Tom Merry!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Mackey!"

Arthur Augustus squeaked desperately. The others followed closely on his heels.

"There he is, but here!"

"Hoarse!"

"Come on, Children Dams! Gussy's chasing rats!"

"Well! That's not Mackey, you see!" gasped Arthur Augustus. "Prey let me pass, Mackey Sully. It's a wretch—a thing that's wretched I brought from Jackson for the Grammar School. He's gone round the gym, but fast!"

"You notice!"

"On the ball, Gussy!"

Arthur Augustus chuckled at a good pace for the gymnasium corner. He was certain he had seen the small four-footed animal dart round the corner.

"Prey watch round the other way—out the little wretch off, dear boys."

"Altogether, kid!"

A sudden warning rang out from Figgins.

"Look out, Gussy!"

"No, wretch, dear boy!"

"Gussy, you see!"

"It's all right, Mackey. If we was like a nightingale—"

Figgins & Co. gave way to a combined yell of warning. The Terrible Three were slightly to the right of Arthur Augustus, and they would not round the corner of the gymnasium.

The work of St. Jim's was less fortunate. He could see the gymnasium corner distinctly enough, but that was all. What was round the corner was visible from his eye.

"Gussy!"

"Hoarse!"

"You're striking me!"

Arthur Augustus only reply was to increase his speed with neither desperate sport. He made for the gymnasium corner at a fairly fast pace of speed.

Figgins & Co. gasped in horror.

A sturdy and grizzled form was approaching Arthur Augustus from round the corner, and the thick mouth of snow obliterated all sound of footsteps.

The sturdy and grizzled form was walking slowly to meet Arthur Augustus. The work of St. Jim's was halting in the territory at about a hundred yards in twelve seconds.

The Old January—No. 107.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

Order in Advance.

Figges & Co. stamped dead.

"Gee!" yelled Kev.
 "Yess, wadda! I have his nose, deah boys. The lads want to examine, but I've 't'ose them!"

Arthur Augustus had remained the total corner.
 For a fraction of a second his eyes rested on the party—or rather, on a certain chair—of Mr. Selby. About a yard separated the two at the time.

"Oh, how!" (Great Scott!)
 Arthur Augustus had sufficient time to utter a hysterical late exclamation, then he dived into the curtains about in front of him. The waver of the cloth hung its arms round Arthur Augustus's neck.

They remained in each other's embrace for less than a second, for Mr. Selby's double staggered backward. He made a last desperate clutch at nothing in particular, then doubled down in the open.

Arthur Augustus quailed down on his side.
 "Gee!"
 "You shouldn't see—going—get off my chest—oh—oh—"

A large portion of his nose found its way down the supposed Mr. Selby's neck, and Mr. Selby's elbow caught Arthur Augustus on the bridge of the unfortunate nose.

"Oh—my elbow toppled—oh!"
 "Let me get up, ah—"

"My nose—it's wedged for life!"
 "Get up!" shrieked Mr. Selby. "You seeing judder work—"

"Oh!" But Jerry—
 Jack Blake dashed up to them. He caught Arthur Augustus by the arm.

"How for it, Gussy? There'll be an awful row!"
 "Yess, wadda—"

"Just like grand lightning—"
 "But Jerry, yess, but I must explain matters—"

"Hah—"
 "No, really, I must apologise, deah boy."

Jack Blake wheeled round.
 "Right!"

There was no need to repeat the occurrence. Right and Harlowe came up at a run. Without a word they caught the wrist of Mr. Selby by his arm.

Before he had grasped what had happened, Arthur Augustus was being rushed across the yard as if at a line pace. Tom Merry and the other juniors disappeared in all directions.

In the school doorway Arthur Augustus recovered slightly from the shock.

"Gee! Now, I must hurry back, deah boys—"
 "Hah!"

"No, really, I must return, instantly and explain matters. I suggest to you I stroll over and help Mr. Selby in his bed, but Jerry—"

"Well, there's no need now—"
 "You don't think he's still wallowing in the snow, do you, ah?"

"No, I presume he has already woken in his bed, Harlowe," said Arthur Augustus doubtfully. "However, I ought to knock the snow from his gown, deah boy."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "You'll be obliged if you do, M!"

"Wah, Diggins," exclaimed Arthur Augustus. "As a respectable man, Mr. Selby—"

"No, he's a respectable man, Gussy."
 "Then I shall waddle with him, deah boy. I suggest to you that I was a little to blame for the accident. Of course I cannot help regarding Mr. Selby as master for not getting out of my way—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "But when I explain—"

"Better wadda! He's coiled down a bit, ah!" shrieked Jack Blake.
 Arthur Augustus looked doubtfully at the child of Study No. 8. There was something to be said in favour of Jack Blake's suggestion.

"Perhaps it would be best for all parties to wadd, deah boys. My tentative admission—"

"Better leave it altogether, Gussy."
 "No, really. I would be a mighty happy, for let it be said the person—"

"Hah! Hah! Harlowe has caught the school all right!" Harlowe stopped speaking. A tall, partly bare was leaning out of the window, and at intervals authoritative notes heard in upon the Fourth House junior's nostrils.

"Yes, you mean's talk beneath this window," the voice exclaimed. "You had better come in—"

"Selby!" gasped Jack Blake.
 "Yess, wadda!"
 "How on earth did he get round here so quickly!"
 "I really don't know, Diggins," said Arthur Augustus in some relief. "The important matter is that he doesn't appear to be very wuffed."
 "Nah!"

"I say—"
 "Jolly heavy, he's it!" exclaimed Jack Blake emphatically.
 "He won't have done a jolly credit and no mistake. And still wondering, Jack Blake led the way to Study No. 8. As he opened the door, a half-dozen boys arranged in a lateral March of Arts gown and carrying a suit-curtain, assembled over the quadrangle wall.

All movements suggested extreme wariness as he dropped into the room. Frank Black and Wootton major met him in suppressed excitement.

The dishevelled individual tossed the suit curtain into Frank Black's bag and ripped off the tattered gown.

"Oh all the rotten wadd—"
 "What happened, lad?"
 "We didn't dare to climb up on the wall!"

"Did you give Tom Merry an impact?"
 "Hah!" sniggered Gordon Day.
 "Jack Blake, then?"
 "Phee!"

"Gussy, then," said Frank Black in disappointment.
 "Ah!" gasped Gordon Day. "Shocking! Shocking! Put a cold iron down my back, someone; my nose is bleeding!"

And for the next five minutes, Gordon Day, the little cad, leaned over the fence and doped the previously-published matter of now a vivid matter.

CHAPTER 8.
 Making Plans.

"H A, ha, ha!"
 Piggins checked loudly. Here, the Scots junior of the New House, was almost dashed up with

"Yess, it's great!"
 "Kapping!"
 "The way Gussy lifted into him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "The three had just gained their study in the precincts of the New House of St. John's. They had been running hard. Kev, with natural caution, had refused to accompany Fatty Wynn's proposal to go and help Mr. Selby—in his bed after the accident by the gymnasium.

Piggins dropped into an easy chair by the fire with a cheery laugh.

"Have Gussy right, anyway."
 "Rubbish!"
 "For being such an ass as not to read on Diggins Elbow's side," went on Piggins. "Gussy's an awful ass."

"Piggish!" agreed Kev. "I say, we haven't any tea much."
 "Right, Piggie."

"No, that's a fact," explained the leader of the New House juniors. "Let's get to business."

"What about having something to eat first, old chap? Just a filling snack, you know, my a couple of pork pies—"

"Hah, Fatty, Wynn!"
 "And a half tea or two—"
 "Hah!"

"With perhaps three or four apples to finish up with," pleaded Fatty Wynn. "I haven't had anything since we last have been after gyp, and—"

"Hah—gibbs—wadda!" continued Piggins. "We've got heaps of work to do before sleep, old chap. I've read the article on winter sports which my uncle, Major Piggins, wrote for the *Hybernian Gazette*, again, and it's simply a topping job."

"Gee!"
 "Well, he's have just a couple of slices of cake each—"

"Oh come, Saturday afternoon is the day for the sports!"
 "Rubbish!"
 "Winn's the School House Junior had said!"

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"Absolutely spoiled!" laughed Figgins. "What I propose is that we tie up a jelly string across both at the top of Hydrobute Lane so as to prevent the street, that'll be all for driving—"

"Good egg."
"And another that'll drive down, to guard the post."
"Oh, ho, ho!"
"Of course we'll let the School House kids join in," went on Figgins with a flourish, "but they'll have to come on our terms."
"Better!"

"I say, Figgie, it's raining a risk to have that cake in the cupboard any longer!" exclaimed Fatty Wynn. "It'd go stale!"

"Am!"
"The cake we've ordered will be done the day after to-morrow."
"Better!"

"Jolly good idea having those sent to the railway station. We can tie up an each get down before breakfast on Thursday morning, after having put up the new bars in Hydrobute Lane, and on Kerr." "The School House fellows won't have a word about it."
"Ripping!"

"The only thing now is to arrange about the prizes for the race."
"That ought to be easy enough."
"Better," agreed Figgins heartily.

"Simply the matter of raising the wind," said Kerr. "How much can you run to, Figgie?"
"Not much, old chap."
"A revelation!"

Figgins led to his pockets. He had to feel in three of them before he could answer at all.

"No," he said at last. "A bob."
"My hat! I was relying on you, Fatty, have you got anything?"
"Only a bar of butter-cream," exclaimed the Wink junior, laughing. "There's plenty of nice lard, though, and all you'll put on the cake."
"Am!"

"Kerr has his hand carelessly through his own pockets. As he felt the wax unaccounted, then discovered a sixpenny and a French penny."

"You oughtn't to have brought those shill, Figgins?"
"What did you want to buy those shill for, Kerr?"
"The justice looked at one another in silence. Fingers spent without notice would fall rather flat."

Figgins rose to his feet doubtfully.
"I shall have to have a Firm whip round, that's all," he exclaimed, "and—good hope for the best, I'll be rascal if we have to go and borrow money from Gooey."
"Hooray!"

Kerr stopped speaking and glanced meaningly at Figgins. Figgins was rubbing at the study door.

Fatty Wynn turned the key.
"Hello, Tom Merry! Come in and have a stack of cake. These fellows are looking their appetites, but I'll be down at the table with you, old chap."
"Tom Merry laughed heartily.

"No, no, Gooey's come for grub, kid. The best is—"
"The best is—"
"Simply—the best is—"
"Tom Merry, Mansons, and Lowther looked at one another. Tom Merry cleared his throat.

"The best is," he repeated mechanically, "we are rather stony!"
"Stony, in fact."
"Wanted, to speak plainly."
"And we thought you three might be able to come to the rescue," added Tom Merry. "You or three pounds will do."
"Oh, ho!"

"Well, one pound would help," complained the boys of the shed. "We want the money for a very important matter. Must have it in fact."
"What for?"

"Oh, nothing."
"Yes, that's it," laughed Mansons. "We've already been the second of the New House Firm."
"What?"

"The round of your Figgins, and on Tom Merry, in surprise, and the fellows played the game happily. We've cleaned them of every cent they could spare."
"What?"

"You—your letters!"
"Bring the same!" yelled Figgins. "Coffer down!"

The New House juniors roared across the study. Tom Merry & Co. retreated.

The noise was causing other study doors along that passage to open. Tom Merry retreated.

Then, in common accord, the Terrible Three of the Shed spotted along the corridor, the money they had borrowed from the New House Fourth Form, jumping loudly in their pockets as they ran.

Figgins & Co. ran wildly after them. Figgins's legs legs crossed, his coat the ground at a tremendous pace. He was truly retreating Tom Merry when Mansons, entered a warning shout.

"Run, you kids!"
"Put in Mansons!"
"Oh, stop up!" cried Mansons. "There's the telephone-bell."
And the juniors stopped running. Tom Merry dashed into the telephone-box.

The other juniors crowded round.
"Hello! By Jove, is that you, Corbin Ethel? Oh, stopping!"
Figgins forgot all about the various bits of funds. He peered past Mansons and Kerr in great excitement.

"What does she want, Tom Merry?"
"Oh, ho, ho! You, of course, Corbin Ethel! By the look of it, you say!"

"Money, and it's all at rights!" exclaimed Figgins. "You see! Why didn't you ask if she is all right?"
"There was a larking sound as Tom Merry hung up the receiver. He turned on Figgins with a laugh.

"No need to ask her anything, kid. She's coming to Hydrobute by the last train to-night."
"Hooray!"
"And she hopes Gooey will have the rabbit ready for her."
"Hooray!"

"I'll bring Gooey for a whole afternoon if he hasn't."
"What a job on one's next lot at the station," explained Figgins. "My hat! I hope she stays over to-morrow."
"Tom Merry started.

"Yes!" he asked.
"Oh, no, because it will be jolly decent to have her here, of course," hastened to explain Figgins. "I say, I must clear now."
The New House three went off at a great pace. They had forgotten all about the intended bumping of their School House rivals.

Figgins led the way to Jackson's room. Jackson was the New House authority on rabbits, and he had really a fine collection, the pick of the bunch being a beautiful white-haired doe.

Figgins rapped on the door. There was the determined expression upon his face which told of a firm decision to make a bargain with the rabbit-keeper.

CHAPTER 6. Gooey Apologues.

"PWAY" came out, at last.
"No, Gooey stopped in his walk to his study. Arthur Argusson handed his way politely.

As a matter of fact, the walk of Mr. Gooey had meant to have something to the White Form-master by the usual by the gymnasium, and the following afternoon, but his master was polite to him. He left him an interview of that sort might not be delayed on any account.

The dinner meeting with Mr. Gooey in the corridor with the point.
"I want to talk to you about the rabbit, do you?"
"Of course you will be obtaining me," said Mr. Gooey politely. "Do you imagine I stand about in drapery corridors for no reason?"

"No, without any—"
"If you have anything to say to me, say it quickly, I'd say."
"But Jove, your!" I will admit right at the start, sir, that I may, without rightly wound the rabbit."
"What?"

"Was without rightly wound the rabbit, sir."
"You can rather rightly wound the rabbit?" gapped Mr. Gooey.
"Yes, without, sir. In fact, I might say I wanted wound it."

"Good heavens, boy, what are you talking about?"
"The rabbit, sir, the one I wanted wound," said Arthur Argusson, a good deal flustered. "It was really wanted wound, for me to see wound the rabbit and I had already wanted wound it. I want you will admit, sir, that there was then, very little time for me to prevent the accident."

"Good heavens, I'd say—"
"It did that through my hands, sir, that I might have wound rightly to the right."
"What?"

"To the right, sir. It was really important for me to step to the left because the gym, well was in the wrong—in the wrong way, I, however."
"I'd say, what in the world are you raving about?" exclaimed Mr. Gooey angrily. "Have you taken leave of your senses?"

"No, without, sir. To have it is difficult to explain clearly, but I trust you will realize that if the rabbit is seen, Tom Merry Argusson—No, Sir."

I was not quite a hour ago in the kitchen. It was utterly impossible for me to stop."

"Stop—stop, what?"

"Well, sir, or waitress, waiter." Deliberately I caught sight of a line in front of me I tried to stop. I regret, sir, that you were not able to notice in the night, or waitress, in that hall."

"But we have agreed that there are very little there—"

"No, I have agreed nothing, if they," said the disappointed Third Permanent. "If this is meant for impertinence—"

"Great Scott, sir!"

"Oh, it, boy?"

"Great gentlemen, sir, Mr. Selby! I trust I have struck some important in a supposed mistake of St. John's. If my respectable wife in waiting would the contents appear to write, I apologise, sir."

"Why in the world should your running round a corner appear as such, boy?"

"And here, that is remarkably reasonable of you, sir!"

"Excuse me!" cried Mr. Selby, in amazement.

"Yes, remarkably reasonable. My mistake might regard my writing in the light of my embarrassment, sir. Perhaps it was written in such words—"

"Stop!" shouted Mr. Selby. "I will not listen to another word of your ridiculous nonsense!"

"Oh, here!"

"If you dare to mention again—"

"Great Scott, sir!" gasped Arthur Argus. "That is wippin' of you, if I may not the wood—waddy wippin' in the kitchen."

"Allow me to apologise, boy."

"Yes, waitress, sir. I know distinctly that you could arrange my employment, but I should like to remark that should if you had appeared rather earlier, sir, you could hardly mistake my remark when it came without mistake."

Mr. Selby arose on to a collection of amazement and surprise. Arthur Argus looked after him in mild surprise.

"But Selby's great change has come with Mr. Selby?" the next of St. John's asked. "The second Permanent of the Third has attained eminence. I—I really can hardly understand the great change."

Arthur Argus, as we have seen, still standing over the astounded but able Mr. Selby's extraordinary address.

CHAPTER 7.
The Broken Window.

"HALLO!"

"Here's the young one, at last!"

"Dipping away, George!"

Arthur Argus stepped. The doorway bell had just gone, and Jack Blake, Herrie, and Dicky had come rushing up the stairs.

Jack Blake was greatly excited.

"Absolutely ripping news, George!"

"Yes, waitress, not in my starlin' news, both boy. It's a matter of fact, I consider we have weakly misjudged Mr. Selby right from the beginning."

"But?"

"Truly, however, I staidly refuse to lead a single word against my old fellow. I have a great respect both the Third Permanent, a great and general respect."

"He, he, he!"

"Silly me! Who is talking about Selby?"

"I am, both boy."

"Well, no wonder!" exclaimed Jack Blake. "George, George Ethel is coming to Epsomton by the last train."

"Great Scott!"

"Isn't it ripping, W.F.?"

"It is ripping, I staidly refuse to allow— Twy—gey— how do you know, both boy?"

"She rang St. John's up, sir," said Jack Blake, starting at Arthur Argus, in astonishment. "You Herrie got the telephone message, and Selby reached with it to St. John's."

"How faithful—how wireless of her!"

"What?"

"Oh, he's only mad again," said Jack Blake. "I'm sorry to see you staidly misjudged again, George, to see after the last attack."

"But—wait a bit! Where did George Ethel ring up from? It is wireless I staidly refuse to allow her to catch W.F. again. For her own good she must be prevented from coming back. I must write like anything to the telephone."

"Am!"

"Following fatherhood?"

"Where are you, both boy? without me last night!"

"Fain!" exclaimed Jack Blake readily. "If you don't mind George Ethel to come to Epsomton, we do."

"You don't understand, Blake."

"Oh, here!"

"Anyway, you can't stop George Ethel coming now!"

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contained Herrie, in amazement. "She will have arrived staidly. She probably rang up from a telephone-box in the morning station."

"Great Scott, then she may arrive at St. John's any moment!"

"Is that?"

"She won't come up here to-night, sir."

"Yes, she will!" cried Arthur Argus, in irritated tone. "I consider it extremely probable that she will come back the moment she sees Tom. The thought has been this for weeks!"

"My dear fellow, stop!"

"But I staidly refuse!"

"Don't be wild, Dicky, both boy. Any moment George Ethel may arrive. Any moment—"

The arrival of St. John's message was not done in a startling manner. A bright crash of breaking glass rang in the junior's ear. It was Herrie's.

"Great Scott, sir!"

"My only hat!"

The dinner of Study No. 1 had never heard a louder and less repeated crash. The sole of it seemed to vibrate right through the School House.

"Study doors were flung open. Masters and prefects came rushing from their rooms."

At once, Kildare, the training captain of St. John's, took the lead.

"Good gracious, Blake, what has happened?"

"It came from Kildare."

"It must have been Herrie's, necessarily."

"Yes, that's what I thought, Herrie!" exclaimed Kildare, starting forward.

The juniors joined in the rush down the stairs. Tom Herrie, Messers and Lortner came rushing along the corridor. Henry Duke, Clifton, Duce and Howard Giff joined from the dormitory.

There were startled expressions on every face.

"Who's happened, Jack Blake?"

"Who did it, and what's the story?"

Jack Blake & Co. did not answer. They followed Kildare down the first flight of stairs to the ground-floor passage. The passage was deserted.

The St. John's captain looked about him in surprise.

"Where all night?"

"What's that along there, Kildare?" exclaimed Jack Blake.

"My hat!"

A gas jet was still burning in the passage, although it had been turned down. The light glared on some fragments of glass lying on the passage floor at the other end of the corridor, at the foot of the second staircase.

Kildare ran forward.

"There, the window has been smashed!"

The juniors looked up in dismay. The large plate-glass window at the foot of the second staircase had been smashed to atoms. Pieces of glass were lying about on the floor everywhere.

"Good—good—good!"

Arthur Argus looked at the jagged pieces of glass still held by the window framework. It was one of the biggest windows in the school which had been broken.

Kildare's hand went to his forehead.

"Do any of you junior know anything about it?"

"No, of course not."

"No way talking outside the dormitory when I heard the crash," explained Jack Blake.

"Was there anyone else in the upper passage?"

"Not that I saw, Kildare."

The captain looked puzzled. His thin lips began to twitch. The noise of the junior's going to the upper passage had struck him as an something like that ever the last night. It never occurred to Kildare in detail Jack Blake's word, though.

"There were any have been someone in the upper passage, though?"

"No, of course not. I was alone on the second staircase. You won't be able to see right along the upper passage, Blake?"

"No, of course not. There's a curtain, you know."

Kildare nodded.

"The whole affair will be investigated to-morrow," he said, staidly. "I staidly advise the subject to men up. Now go to your dormitories."

The juniors dispersed, Jack Blake leading the way with a puzzled look in his eyes.

"Jolly funny bit, and no mistake!"

"George never been outside there a week, perhaps?"

"Nope!"

"Did anyone see a man in the passage?"

Arthur Argus started. He had been staidly silent during the discovery of the broken window, but there was no mistaking the man he saw at Jack Blake's words.

"Oh, here, I staidly thought of that!" Great Scott, though. It is too horrible for words!"

"What is, sir?"

"There's a man ever seen a window broken before, Herrie?"

"Yes, waitress, but you staidly had to understand—I staidly



Unmistakably it was an unusual spectacle, and Mr. Quitch gazed into the study with widened eyes. "Boys," he exclaimed sternly, "what are you all doing here?" "Only—only helping Harry, sir," stammered Papp. (An incident taken from the long complete school tale of Harry Wharren & Co., entitled "FISH'S FISH AGENCY," by Frank Richards. This grand story is contained in the current issue of our popular Companion Paper, "The Magnet" Library, and is one that all "Gem" readers will enjoy. Ask for this week's "Magnet" Library. On Sale everywhere.)

all in a flash—I shall through Harry in within an hour of his window life—

"Harry, I—"

"What's Harry got to do with it, see I?"

"Harry didn't break the golden window, Jolly!" exclaimed Jack Blake, indignantly. "He was in charge of the class."

"Very likely."

"How what are you talking about?"

"I've said every thing," I wanted to say I have no other resource but to consider Harry in the light of an influence in my life, but I've— I regard him as the moral forerunner of the window."

"He, he, he!"

"You shrieking Jolly!"

"How can you possibly break a window, see I?"

Arthur Angstrom covered his mouth with his eye, and let it fall down to the end of his ear again.

"I must retreat to discuss the match, dear boys," he said sadly. "I can only remark that you certainly fell in unobscured. Pretty game, see."

"Harry—"

"Keep the young man—"

"Where do you think you're going, kid?" demanded Jack Blake.

"I am going to look for a baseball, but I've!"

"A—what?"

"A—what?"

"A baseball—that is to say, a ball, dear boy," said Arthur Angstrom, in great confusion. "It is a matter of moment to me."

"Then we'll come too."

"No, really—"

Arthur Angstrom started off bravely. Jack Blake, Harry and Jolly ran after him. Then they stopped.

Mr. Lockton, the master of the Fourth, was coming along the passage from the opposite end. He stopped Jack Blake gravely.

"Not in your shirt-sleeves, boys?"

We pushed open the door, and the passage had to give through. Mr. Lockton followed them into the room.

Then, to Jack Blake's dismay, the master stood in the doorway. This was Lockton's story. The master stood in the doorway.

The Gem Magazine—No. 237.
By FRANK RICHARDS,
Editor of "The Gem."

way and talked gravely about the broken window in particular, lamping in general, and various other matters to fill up the gaps.

He remained in the doorway all the time the successful justice was confessing, and every moment Jack White expressed his desire to notice the attitude of Arthur Augustus. By a stroke of unexpected luck the devoted discovery did not take place.

The kindly lawbreaker talked up without making anything, and departed after a last few well-chosen words intended to convince the window-breaker that it was his duty to open up.

As none of the justice in that doorway had been seen in sight of the window at the time of the crash, the advertisement was treated, perhaps, but there was no guarantee that the words were well-chosen.

CHAPTER 8. The Clue.

ARTHUR AUGUSTUS appeared judicially oblivious of the risk he was running in disobeying Kildane's order to go to the dormitory.

At a general thing, an order from Kildane was never even questioned by the staff of the School House, but on this occasion Arthur Augustus did not give Kildane his own order a thought.

He loitered down the stairs, hesitating for the first time in the lower passage. His hesitancy lasted for only a moment or two.

"It is highly probable, the side door is well open, but I am not certain." "An open door, it will not be looked up for."

Arthur Augustus started off at an increased pace. He loitered a slight while at the side door was gained.

It was shut and locked, but the key was still in the lock. The Study No. 4 junior noted quickly, so it had not been examined by anybody.

He opened the door and stepped lightly out in the open-covered quadrangle. The fine old buildings of St. Jim's College looked splendid in the sunlight, the playing grounds and the tennis lawns with another view. Arthur Augustus did not even nod for the beauty of the famous old pile.

He turned quickly to the left and back into a room. A glance at the corner in front of him satisfied him in a moment.

"No good books" for the moment, but June? "Arthur Augustus smiled. "There are hundreds of them."

This was only to be expected. Only a short time ago Tom Merry and a dozen other justices had been hunting about in the quadrangle, led by Arthur Augustus himself in the public house.

Even Ferny Locke would have found it impossible to learn anything from the inspectors in that quadrangle.

"There's the window, but June?" "Arthur Augustus spoke aloud in his excitement. He pointed towards the broken window.

Fortunately, Tupples had not yet commenced to loiter up the opening, or Arthur Augustus's investigation would have proved as an early day.

He ran back to be almost directly under the window, then he staggered forward.

"Oh, a glass book!" "The thin, slightly-stained frame that once something lay in the room, and descended to a long by the wall. The work of St. Jim's clock as he looked in face in the store.

"My only topknot! Who clipped me?" "There was no answer, as Arthur Augustus ran up. He rubbed his forehead when in a moment.

Lying a foot or so to the right of him was a light, three-legged stool made of plain deal. For a moment or two Arthur Augustus stared at it blankly.

"But June, who could the desk girl have treated a stool for?" "The work of St. Jim's picked up the stool, and examined it. Again there was nothing to be learned from the inspection.

"It's utterly mysterious, but June. Frank the life of me, I cannot understand."

Arthur Augustus's thoughts broke off abruptly. By chance he happened to glance up at the broken window.

He stepped lightly to the wall.

The window was just too high for even him to reach the glass, and a dazzling light crept into his eyes. The lower-staircase expansion also came back.

"But June? Of course, the desk girl couldn't reach the window from the ground, so she brought a stool. From the window she could reach it with the greatest ease! It is horrible! Utterly horrible!"

The work of St. Jim's gave one more hasty look about in the store, then picked up the stool. A minute or two later he was creeping back to the side-door, as much as was possible of the stool extended under his jacket.

"But June, thank goodness the desk hasn't been broken again!" Arthur Augustus breathed his relief. His relief was still greater when he was safely inside the college again and the door properly locked and locked behind him.

But the more dangerous portion of the journey had yet to be taken. A justice was far more likely to be called upon for an explanation inside the college at that time of night than outside. The work of the School House directed at the thought.

Suppose he should meet Mr. Mallins? Or worse still, suppose Kildane came suddenly from his study?

It was quite possible, and Kildane was but the leader to lead about the hotel. He would surely demand an explanation of Arthur Augustus's presence in the corridor, and a still more disturbing one about the stool.

The thought ran through Gussy's mind with disturbing rapidity.

"It's wicky, of course, very wicky," he thought miserably. "However, it would surely do to hide the stool down back. For the lunch of the family I must get the stool to Study No. 4, but June."

He turned on. The upper passage was reached, he was almost in sight of Study No. 4 when a startled mathematics man came.

"I say, who's there?" "Gussy easily dropped the stool in his dormitory. He need not just in his next stepped lightly into a window room.

By a stroke of good luck the blind was drawn. It was pitch black in the room.

Arthur Augustus stood against the window, scarcely daring to breathe.

"It's all right, Curly—" "Yes, but—"

"Oh, that?" came Wally D'Arcy's unmistakable voice. "If anyone were there it could only be a French Fours leader."

"My mistake," smiled Arthur Augustus with a fresh start. "What was my young French leader to do, out of his dormitory?"

"Perhaps it was Gussy—" "No, he is—" "Yes, but—"

"Anyhow, it wasn't a job, or he would have called out, or—"

"Yes, Wally D'Arcy's voice. "I say, don't make a mistake, though."

Arthur Augustus stepped forward. He was on the point of leaving the Third-Fours progress along the passage, but he hesitated for a moment at the last moment.

He could scarcely tell his mind what the stool for a look to himself was concerned. Wally would not be likely to give an explanation of his presence in the passage without demanding a similar one from his brother.

Arthur Augustus found himself in a very unusual position. He entered the door first, but Arthur Augustus left away, for the chance of the Third even was laughing and talking in their usual way.

They seemed to be in strangely water course of mind. They were halfway down the second staircase, staring at the broken window.

"No, there isn't anything to see, however," came Wally's stern voice.

"Good enough!" "That was the last of the conversation Arthur Augustus heard, but he took advantage of the gap's disappearance down the stairs to slip into Study No. 4. Five minutes later the card came. Jack was on his way to the dormitory, but he was no longer carrying the stool to his hand outside the broken window.

The stated expression was still on his face, though, and he loitered a slight while when no voice greeted his arrival in the lower bedroom.

He slipped off his clothes with less than his usual care and dropped to sleep, to dream the most extraordinary dreams, closely connected with the incident of the various pieces he had read there.

CHAPTER 9. Gussy Ethel Leaves.

It seemed to Arthur Augustus that he had just closed his eyes when he was persuaded to open them again. Someone was digging him in the side and someone else banging up and down on his legs.

"Wake up, Gussy!" "Come on, Gussy!" "Out of bed with you, Gussy!"

Jack Blake, Harris, and Hugh pounded steadily upon Arthur Augustus gave vent to a startled shout.

"What hour, the window—" "The window!"

ANSWERS

"I actually refuse to go into the matter till—"
 "My only need!" gasped Jack Blake, starting. "What's the going on something about?"
 "Cold pig line, anyway."
 "Yes, that's it."
 "There's no time to waste."

Jack Blake whipped a well-soaked sponge from the washstand. As a rule a few drops of water were allowed to trickle down a porcelain slooper's neck before the cold pig sentence was carried out completely, but the chance of Study No. 4 were in a desperate hurry that morning.

As Jack Blake laid this, there was no time to waste. He pinned the sponge steadily in mid-air for an instant or two, then—crack! The dripping sponge tumbled full in Arthur Augustus's lap.

"O-oh! You wretched—you wretched wretch!"
 "Sorry, Guany, but—"
 "Very much wretched," cried Arthur Augustus. "I actually refuse to admit it was my fault—I suggest to say—"
 "Good!"
 "I suggest to say—"

"As you say, there's no need to argue the point out," said Jack Blake, laughing. "We need your apology."

"I suggest to say I shall administer a delightful treatment all around—stop! Wait—yes—"

"Bare!" roared Jack Blake. "Tigger has just been in the Jerry with a telephone message from County Ethel. She says she must go back home at once. She's leaving Hyderabad by the first train this morning."
 "Good night!"
 "Yes, isn't it rotten! But—"

"Wishes? You actually fail to grasp the situation. It is simply—very—absolutely—wishes—"

Jack Blake, Horwin and Digby started. How it could be good news that Countess Ethel was leaving by the first train out of Hyderabad was beyond them.

"Off your rock, Guany!"
 "It occurs to be," said Jack Blake lightly. "He has been for some time now. Slip on your top, Guany, and be prepared for a giddy spin! We're going to the station to see Countess Ethel off."

"But Jane?"
 "We thought perhaps you'd like to come, kid."

"Yes, with," agreed Arthur Augustus. "It is absolutely necessary that I should leave an Intabular with Countess Ethel before she leaves. It is a very nice, dear boy."

"Just, if on the bank," said Jack Blake. "Tom Merry & Co. will be surely ready by now, I fancy."

"And Figgie too."
 "But Jane, are they really so well?"
 "Better!"

"We must Tigger with a message to the lady," explained Jack Blake. "That's my giddy galvanized, Horwin, you remember!"

In desperate haste the chimes of Study No. 4 crumbled into their station. Arthur Augustus finally appeared himself in the matter of speed.

A slight delay was caused when it came to a choice of vehicles, but the matter was settled by Jack Blake with great promptness.
 "That's your bit for this morning, Guany!"
 "No, really. It fails to harmonize with my waistcoat, dear kid."

"Then disagree with the waistcoat."
 "Nasty, Blake!"
 "Better!"

"Very, dear boys! Pity, stop, as I haven't brushed my hair."
 "Yes!"

"Tom Merry and Figgie are already in the quad, kid," cried Horwin. "Shall I slip along and get Trevor? Countess Ethel is certainly here on footings."
 "Yes!"

"Blake—Horwin—Digby—"
 Arthur Augustus clanked desperately, but the others had gone. The word of St. Jane's gave a descending last group of the bench over to him and rushed from the door, with a shoulder.

He had the horrible conviction a roared warning always given him, but he dared not wait in exasperation. Already Jack Blake, Horwin and Digby were in the quadrangle.

The terrible three of the shell and Figgie & Co. from the New House were waiting impatiently for them.

"If we speak hard we shall just be in time," explained Tom Merry, glancing up at the college clock. "Have come Guany!"
 "Arthur Augustus come up. And then the party of juniors set off at a run.

Tom Merry was making the pace, and it was a "wonder." Already Fatty Wynn was beginning to breathe heavily.

The other juniors crowded in at a glance. Arthur Augustus followed in silence, and Tom Merry began to doubt whether they could be in time. All the juniors were in splendid training, and they would have been certain of being in time for the film if the roads had been in ordinary condition. But there

was over a hint of more that morning. It was desperate work trying to cross on the grass. Tom Merry gained his last thirty yards gloriously. Digby began to look anxious, but his place was not assumed. Figgie went to the front, and if anything the pace increased. The New House junior's long legs showed him in good stead in the deep snow.

"There's the station, stop!" he said.
 "We shall just do it."
 "The train is in, but Jane!"

Figgie sprang wildly. The train was in, and the porters were shutting the doors. The few early morning passengers had long since taken their seats.

"Bark the barrow, kid!"
 "Better!"
 "Allegretto, dear boys!"

The juniors raced round the corner by the station. The hotel entrance shook its head.

"You're so late, young gentlemen!"
 "What, dear boy—David Blake!"
 The juniors had passed the platform, but the train was moving on. Already half the carriage was beyond the platform.

"There she is, but Jane—there's Countess Ethel!"
 Arthur Augustus started along the platform at a great pace. The waiting girls of the chime of St. Jane's were waving out of one of the company's windows.

"Oh, I am in a hurry!" she called out.
 "Pity stop, dear girl!"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"

"How you do, are?"
 "I'll tell the countess's card, but Jane!" shouted Arthur Augustus. "As your cousin, I will you to pull the countess's—"
 "My only tigger!"

For an instant Countess Ethel had withdrawn her head into the compartment. When she looked out of the window again, she was waving a purple-looking object in the air, and laughing.

"My cousin!"
 "What's she got in her hand, Guany?"
 "Jolly heavy!"

Arthur Augustus stopped dead. He looked startled and horrified.

"It's a hammock, dear boys!" he said feebly. "A wretched hammock."
 "A which?"
 "A what?"

"A hammock," said Arthur Augustus, sitting down on the nearest seat. "A wretched, long-handled hammock!"

The other juniors stared at him. Their own movement on all fours was over.

Suddenly a dazzling light flashed into Fatty Wynn's eyes.
 "My kid, we mean a wretched hammock!" continued the Welsh junior. "Of course, Countess Ethel has got some of the ripping Hyderabad boots—socks with her, and it's a wretchedly different sort of hammock. What a pity we were just too late to say good-bye to her."

Arthur Augustus adjusted the countess and viewed the Fiddler of the New House through it with half-closed eyes.

"I suggest you as an son, Fatty Wynn, is a wretched son, dear kid!"

And Arthur Augustus walked up the platform. The other juniors raised at him feebly.

CHAPTER 10. Gordon Gray's Notice.

"IT'S his notice—"
 "Of course!"
 "Bark, starting mad!" agreed Tom Merry. "Not to mention Guany and of innocent mind!"

"Poor old Jerry!" added Lewtzer. "I know he was in, but would trouble himself to be would stand on out he was a walking bill. We shall have his stuff up on his head legs to show the morning telling the blood that he's at St. Jane's study table professor—that he is really a Countess Ethel disguised as a Hyderabad Hammock."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 Arthur Augustus glanced feebly over his shoulder. He had tried to communicate to the members of the other juniors as they followed him from the little Hyderabad platform, but there are limits to the power of mathematics.

He turned Lewtzer through his stomach with a wretched start.

"You see, Monsieur—I wish to say that I cannot suggest you in any other light—you are an ass!"
 "Arthur Augustus—what you, and for the rest of the journey to St. Jane's, was Lewtzer's knowledge possibly failed to show him. He remained deaf to the words of his friends and dear skin.

As the hand-pump-water's night, Fatty Wynn's face brightened up.

"He dashed up towards the front of the small street of houses."
 "I know what's the matter with Guany, you duffer!"
 "Go too!"

"Yes, I do, Jack Blake," said Fatty Wynn, earnestly. "He hasn't had anything to eat since last night. When you haven't had anything to eat for a long time, you eat awfully strongly. But, think, please, the teacher's eyes! Four old Guey is just worth looking at."

"Wally, Wally, don't say," I want I am not in the habit of being fair with language."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You may be fair without knowing it!"

"Well, Fatty Wynn! Absolute not—ha! ha!"

The janitor was crossing the quadrangle, and a sudden exclamation rang out from Tom Merry's lips. It was followed instantly by a cold, more startled exclamation from Figgins, of the New House.

"What's that?"

"Jack, he's called Jack Blake."

"Of all the chaps!"

The janitor stopped dead in front of the presentation. Faced to the janitor, there was the Honorable Mr. Gwynne, Gordon Gray, in the disguise of Mr. Goby, had taken great pains to give the notice in as prominent a position as possible. The St. John's janitor looked at it with staring eyes. The best message ran:

"To the St. John's Junior Students."

"This is to give notice that they will only be allowed on the field by Rylands Lane, on the part and the use of the team by the church, for toboggans, on Saturday afternoon, as guests of the Honorable School."

"Requests the permission to be publicly worked and addressed in either of the under-mentioned."

"(Signed) Honorable Gwy."

"Fanny Wynn."

"The hapless specimen—"

"The chucky snail—"

School House and New House janitor spoke together in the courtyard of the message. Arthur Augustus took the message down indignantly.

"The New, the Honorable School, tomorrow must have heard about my snail for women's winter sports at St. John's—"

"Am—"

"Wally, Jack Blake—"

"Snail and!" said the chief of Study No. 4, glancing at Figgins hastily.

Figgins was glancing at Arthur Augustus.

"What did you say, Guey?"

"That."

"Duffer!" cried Jack Blake. "The New House kids aren't in favor about the winter sports, you sticking, believing, believe."

"What did you say, Guey?"

"I had just said 'snail' of any importance, don't say!"

Tom Merry, Jack Blake, and Figgins stared at one another. Tom Merry grinned a little.

"No good laughing about the snail now," he said. "As a matter of fact, Figgins, we have planned—"

"Duff! let me explain the snail, don't say," interrupted Arthur Augustus. "We janitors of the School House have decided to give some winter sports—"

"The New House are having winter sports, you mean—"

"What's that, Wally?"

"Batter!" exclaimed Duff, with great earnest. "My idea is to run winter sports—"

"How, you mean—"

"No, I don't believe!"

Tom Merry laughed.

Honorable Mr. New House and the School House have both had the same idea!" he exclaimed. "I suppose we all read the article on winter sports in the 'Hyland's Gazette'—"

"Yes, wally—"

"But are you thoughts of the idea best, of course the New House will withdraw—"

"Of course the School House will withdraw—"

"How?"

"How?"

The friendly rivalry from the two Houses glared at each other. Arthur Augustus looked puzzled for a moment or two.

"But how, how remarkably funny, don't you?" However, there is a way out of the difficulty—"

"The New House must back out, of course—"

"The School House will have to do the same—"

"No, wally, don't say," I should really refuse to allow the School House to do that—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Guey, don't interrupt, however. The only thing is that we must withdraw, but how?" As my brother is presenting a way for the idea—"

"And my snail is giving a pot for the skating—"

"Good, Figgins!"

"Yes, wally! I consider it is wally of Jack Blake Figgins in which a snail, but how?"

"What do you think my?" exclaimed Tom Merry. "I've been dropped position, but—"

"The New House—No. 23."

"I've not seen after that," said Figgins cheerfully.

"Have two presents—"

"Yes, wally, how? I must say that is a wally! snail, and I am quite prepared to act as president in company with Tom Merry—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Figgins looked for a moment, to glance at Fatty Wynn and Fatty Wynn's Tom Merry looked at Jack Blake and the other School House janitor.

"Shall we make it, you, Fatty?"

"Batter!" said the leader of the New House janitor loudly.

"To St. John's against the Grammar School team!"

"Hoory!"

"My hat!" exclaimed Wynn. "I suppose you must help the New House to gather money for the prize, Tom Merry?"

"Batter!"

"I thought of charging you six pence for each entry for the race," said Jack Blake. "then we shall be able to pay back the balance we've borrowed from—"

"I've been going to do the same thing!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I suppose, let's go and hold a meeting," explained Tom Merry. "we've got an awful lot to arrange, and we'll show you New House kids what prizes we've got for the same so far—"

"Yes, that's it!"

"Keep the things, and get the New House prize—"

"Batter!"

Arthur Augustus glared up at the clock.

"You have plenty of time, don't say. I want to be present before every long—"

"What?"

"Aren't you sending your Guey?"

"No, Tom Merry. I supposed to say it is snail because as I have a present, snail to attend in. I must wash away the snail, in order to distinguish a most important snail to that which belongs, however!"

"And to the astonishment of the oval sets of janitor, the oval of St. John's departed at a run."

CHAPTER 11.

The Lonely Janitor.

MR. MORRIS looked up from his French glass-book with a start. For the moment he thought he had heard a tap at the door.

He dropped his shoulder with a sigh, and went on reading. It was a very likely remark in the School House would trouble to come and see him, for he was one of the headmistress in the whole college.

Exactly why this should be, it was difficult to say.

Certainly, next day, there had been trouble over some money Morris had lent to one of the janitors, but the trouble had been very serious. Morris had lent half a crown on the understanding that he should receive two-and-sixpence back at the end of a certain time, and the money had been repaid and the interest with it, without a struggle on the part of the borrower.

It had been the student had lent in a way, that Kithers had got to hear of it.

Morris had not meant to behave unkindly. His father was a money-lender; he had always understood lending money was legitimate business, and Mr. Kithers had grasped the situation with his usual shrewdness.

The Honorable had made it clear to Morris that it was the principle of lending money at interest that would not be tolerated at St. John's. Mr. Kithers had talked with the money-lender's son in the clear, kindly way he was such a past master of, and Morris had taken his words a great deal to heart.

He returned the Honorable's interest in the other janitor without saying anything about it to anybody, and as far as Mr. Kithers was concerned, the affair was forgotten.

But the other janitor, though, it was different.

Indeed, honest janitor Mr. Tom Merry and Jack Blake and Harry Noble and Percival Glyn had always set their faces against anything like lending money at interest, and unfortunately they were bound the true facts of the case about Morris.

For quite a long time the chance of the School House had viewed Morris with contempt.

But something or another never had very long with Tom Merry & Co., and the affair had been almost forgotten. The money-lender was not the real cause of Morris's trouble.

The lonely janitor often wondered what the real cause was. Perhaps it was because he was a sort of oddball in every thing—the janitor who was usually about half-way up the Farm in class work, the janitor who played a remarkably good game on the football and cricket fields, a janitor who never stood out from dozens of others by being either noticeably bad or good at games and work.

Perhaps he had not been noticed much because there was nothing very noticeable about him.

He stopped in his reading to look up again. He felt certain he had heard a tap this time.

"Is any one there?"

"Yes, wait—"

"Come in, then," said Morris, surprised. "The door isn't locked."

There was a moment's pause as the door was pushed open, and Arthur Augustus came into the room. Morris looked more surprised than ever.

"Do you want to see me, D'Arcy?"

"Yes, wait—"

"What's your news, then?"

Arthur Augustus remained standing. He was looking very steadily at the money-lender's son.

"Oh, thank you, thank you—I mean, Morris, I prefer to stand, so I have a very unpleasant duty to perform—"

"Oh, ha!"

"May I do not be opposed, Morris, as the matter is very serious—"

"What matter?"

"The matter which belongs me in your rooms, of course, I suggest to you, Morris, that I have no other alternative but to request you in the light of a warning, not to my disgrace, please attend—"

"Oh, ha, ha!"

"Really, your laughter is entirely out of place—"

"Why?"

"And pray don't interrupt me," added Arthur Augustus. "The fact that Cousin Ethel came to the Jew's I introduced you to her, I thought the prudent thing—"

"Morris looked more surprised than ever."

"She asked you to introduce me, D'Arcy?"

"Yes, I remember now. She had heard you were washed."

"She suggested me was stepping to me," said Morris quietly. "She started talking very long."

"Yes, whether a thing I suggest extremely, if I remember rightly, you had her name written and dangerous book—"

"How?"

"Really, Morris—"

"They were jolly clever books, anyway. My sister gave them to me."

"Your sister? But how?"

"Yes, my sister," explained Morris wearily.

Arthur Augustus looked at the book, would not be washed and dangerous in the common parlance to an old girl then Cousin Ethel. They didn't know up—"

"Yes, my sister is gone."

"If you suggest to give me," explained Arthur Augustus with calm indignation. "Cousin Ethel is very young and she stands with a lot of old people between her, but Cousin Ethel is likely to be struck by dangerous political arguments, as most people are when they get very young."

"I would request you to look at the matter before me with your eyes. Miss Cleveland is a writer of some kind, think of the kind of danger that there was trouble with the police."

"No danger in that, D'Arcy?"

"Great danger, no danger in a church and without girl being trouble with the police."

"Oh, of course not. My own sister has been to prison twice."

"What?" shrieked Arthur Augustus. "Twice prison?"

"Yes, twice."

"But how? Great danger, how utterly horrible!"

"Oh, rate I say day I'm expecting to hear she's been arrested again. My mother's head is plain too."

"Christophers Catherine? It was sent in the family."

"Mother? My aunt is in prison, at the present moment."

"Good heavens!"

"And the father? go if he doesn't look out," added Morris.

"But he's busy with his work just now. I happen to know it was she who broke Mr. Aspinch's last window."

"Great—Great News!"

"Oh, she doesn't mind going to prison. Getting quite used to it, as a matter of fact."

"How horrible!" gasped Arthur Augustus hoarsely. "How utterly horrible! But it seems as your family. I am proud to say I wish a D'Arcy got a Christian head such from his prison. The thought is too horrible for words."

"Oh, I don't see that."

"And prison, Morris?"

"And prison ought to have your eyes, you know."

Arthur Augustus dropped limply like a chair. He was in the state of the "faded" of his life.

"Very likely ladies ought to have your eyes," he gasped. "I have and fully studied the matter, so would wish not to express an opinion. I certainly consider that it holds your eyes in it is worth as to us to give them eyes without being quite enough to open the matter, but how!"

"Well, here you are—"

"But it is not the worst point," explained Arthur Augustus. "In heaven. The worst point is that it is entirely impossible for me to allow Cousin Ethel to go to prison. It's equally impossible."

"Oh, she's not likely to do that."

"She is likely—very likely indeed, I suggest to say. But for my last and judgment last night—"

"Oh, ha, ha, ha!"

"I mean to remark, but for my sister's influence the book got it written, a piece with of her covered away by your written books."

"They weren't written books."

"They were simply written books," said Morris, laughing.

"Oh, rate I give never see them," said Morris, laughing.

"The books I gave to Miss Cleveland were simply carefully written treatises on the whole question of women's suffrage."

"I refuse to allow my name in certain proceedings of such dangerous character. Books that promote girl to break windows are to be written in the same light as penny dreadfuls for boys, but how—"

"Oh, ha, ha, ha!"

"And—oh, which books published in Florida advising people to blow up kings."

"But there was nothing about breaking windows, D'Arcy?"

"There must have been. I have proved that there was."

"How?"

"If you say with again I shall have my strength," cried Arthur Augustus. "I refuse to allow you to wish speak to Cousin Ethel again. I consider you in the light of a dangerous and unbecoming young woman."

"Oh, ha, ha, ha!"

"In a way I can suggest your motives in terms to further the cause of a woman's opinion, because I believe that it was in your unbecoming hands," said an Arthur Augustus, in great heat. "I can also sympathize with you, and your sister, and your very unbecoming son—"

"Oh, ha, ha, ha!"

"I refuse to go on—that is, I refuse to be interrupted. If your foolish notions like going to prison, I cannot help it. I simply refuse, though, to allow my Cousin Ethel's young life to be lighted by—by trouble with the police. I suggest to say I shall speak with you again."

"Yes, as you like, D'Arcy."

"You are mistaken! Only pray understand that I am looking all of interest between ourselves and our respective families not because I view you in the light of a woman in the real sense of the word, but because I look upon you as a dangerous young woman with utterly wicked ideas, but how!"

"Oh, ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't think it will be better if our two families remain entirely separate."

"Oh, ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't think my sympathy in your unbecoming son and sister—when she appears in the next world again, Morris," said on the neck of St. Jim's, "and give me your word of honor you will get address my Cousin Ethel again."

"Oh, certainly—when she speaks to me."

"I shall take great pains that she does not do that, dear boy," said Arthur Augustus, in great relief. "If even I were your supposed sister I will say to influence her in the right way."

"No one will ever keep her out of prison, D'Arcy. She's dead with on windows, especially plate glass ones."

"Great News!"

"Just give her a lecture for her last birthday present."

"Good heavens!" gasped Arthur Augustus.

"But don't you worry about Miss Cleveland, D'Arcy," added Morris cheerily. "The best like my sister—takes things more quietly, I should say. I'll remember what you say about not speaking to her, or to any of your family."

"Thank you very much, dear boy. I am greatly worried about your sister, Morris, if I may say so."

"Oh, she's all right. As long as she isn't in prison for Christmas, I don't mind."

"Good heavens!" gasped Arthur Augustus.

"And to let the world, hattered and bewildered."

CHAPTER 13.

The Locked Cupboard.

ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY walked away from Morris's study in a state of bewilderment. That a point could actually talk of the possibility of his own speaking Christmas in prison staggered the wif of St. Jim's. It was something he could not understand.

He walked on a way to very mixed feelings. He had never met Miss Cleveland, but his thoughts centered upon her constantly. He considered as he stopped before the closed door of Study No. 4.

"It's a dreadful mystery," he muttered. "A very dreadful mystery! That a woman, and no doubt charming young lady—"

"Hullo!"

The Gem Library.—No. 22.

By HENRY CLIFFORD,
Order in Advance.

"How is it at last?"

"Here's the young one!"

Arthur Augustus started. So expressed had he been with his own disturbing thoughts that he had opened the door to Study No. 4 without knowing it. He looked to the table cover. It was already crowded with books.

"How do you do, Arthur?" Heron has been looking for you all over the place!" exclaimed Jack Blake.

"His eyes! I've never, look boy, if Heron has been looking for you all over the place, he would have found me there."

"Anyway, the fellow's turned up now, Blake," said Tom Merry, "so let us get on with the waiting list."

Jack Blake nodded. Tom Merry and Bennett and Lawley were listening impatiently. Figgis & Co. were inclined to be impatient.

"Of course, if you've lost the price, Jack Blake—"

"I only dreamt you had them."

"Hah!" said Jack Blake broadly. "Gee, have you got the key of that cupboard?"

"Not I."

"It was in the lock last night. I remember finding it there after we'd put the price in the cupboard. Have you been poking with the key?"

"Waddy, dear boy—"

"Have you or have you not?"

Arthur Augustus looked from Jack Blake to the cupboard, and back again. He sat down in the easy chair and viewed the impatient jokers with a calm and determined air.

"I ought to say—"

"Oh, take it back!"

"Have you got the key of the giddy cupboard, now?"

"Waddy, Dicky— However, if you will allow me to explain, you will wonder in a flash that it is important, but you to open that cupboard, had I?"

"Not all the time."

"Have you lost the key, Gussy?"

"No, waddy, Tom Merry. I am not in the western part of the city."

"Where is it, then?"

"In my pocket, dear boy."

"Then lock it out."

"Come on, Gussy," said Jack Blake warmly; "hand over the key!"

Arthur Augustus shook his head. His usual calm had completely returned to him.

"I suggest to say I cannot allow the cupboard to be opened, dear boys!"

"What?"

"It is strictly illegal for me to allow the cupboard to be opened, Jack Blake! However, I will distribute the price to Figgis & Co. There is a supple pair of waddy states—"

"You cheating me!"

"And a jolly fine profit—"

"Coffer him!"

"Not to mention a waddy look of thanks."

Tom Merry and Jack Blake rushed across the room. They seized the wrist of St. Jim's by his arm.

"Fork out the key, Gussy!"

"No, waddy, Tom Merry; it is illegal. I have the honor of our family motto on my shoulders."

"No, he, he!"

"Gussy has wounded someone, and killed the body in the cupboard," roared grumpy Lawley. "Is it illegal, Gussy?"

"You see it! Witness me, Blake! Tom Merry, witness me!"

"No, you see, then."

"No, waddy, it is illegal— Ouh! Ouh!"

Tom Merry seized Arthur Augustus by the hair. Jack Blake gripped him round the waist. The wrist of the Fourth Form was pushed to his feet.

"Allegiance, change!"

Arthur Augustus was bowled over. Figgis & Co. lost a willing trade. The wrist of St. Jim's was banged roughly.

"Oh! Oh! You waddy!"

"Hoop!"

"You frightened waddy, you waddy waddy!"

"Hoop, hoop, hoop!"

"Lemon get up, you frightened waddy!" Wilson, he!"

"The key, then?"

"I refuse! Ouh! Yuh!"

Arthur Augustus rose in the air and descended again. The bang shook the Tax and Income—No. 121.

room. He was raised aloft again, then down in safety and things that bring his pocket.

"Waddy! Dangerous waddy!"

"The key!" roared Jack Blake. "It's come out of his pocket!"

"Waddy!"

"Thank waddy, Gussy," shrieked Tom Merry. "Now we can get on with the waiting."

And the jokers turned to watch Jack Blake open the cupboard door. Arthur Augustus sprang to his feet.

"I wish you to witness the key, waddy!"

"Hah!"

"It's so much our key as it is yours, are?"

"Waddy, but I wish you—"

Arthur Augustus looked at Jack Blake. He was just too late. The chief of Study No. 4 had turned the key in the lock, and the door swung open. As it did so, Jack Blake started back. A waddy, plain deal stand rolled off the middle shelf.

"My only Aunt Jane, what's that?"

"It's that one of the price, Blake!"

"No, it cannot be, Figgis!" exclaimed the chief of Study No. 4, looking puzzled. "It wasn't there last night, waddy."

"No, waddy, not."

"Hah!"

"Nah! dear boy," Arthur Augustus added, in confusion. "I was merely waddy" my thoughts about, Tom Merry."

"Then you are depend upon it Gussy and nothing," roared Lawley. "Jolly the price that stood it make, waddy."

"Oh, take it!"

Jack Blake seized the offending stool across the room. Arthur Augustus started forward, but changed his mind at the last moment. He dropped back into the depths of the easy chair and looked at the stand. It was the stand he had found outside the locker under the previous night.

The wrist of St. Jim's looked puzzled. The stand must be got rid of somehow—he was doubtful upon that point. The only thing was how to get rid of it.

He was still pondering over the question when the door was flung open without a trace of ceremony. Three yowling and growling dogs stood in the doorway.

"Hah, you old dogs!"

"Waddy, Waddy—"

"Oh, don't you begin, Guss!" said D'Arcy rather affably. "You're a regular instance of somebody's blooded brood. I say, Merry, we heard something about waddy sports. My word, are those the price?"

"Yah, Waddy, but as you are a dog—"

"You were ready to witness me about the arrangements!"

"Suggested Waddy pleasantly. "Hoop, but we're rather hung just now, so you kids will have to make the price yourself. The Third Form were to stand in in the matter of price, though."

"Not I!"

"James and Cady Gibbon and I have had a waddy round," winked D'Arcy slyly. "The Third's a bit stronger just now, but we've raised the wind a bit. A waddy's key a decent price, waddy it, Merry?"

"A—what, Waddy?"

"A waddy, then," explained D'Arcy slyly. "Twenty half-forty waddy—two half-forty waddy."

"Waddy, you cheap young waddy—"

"Hah!" said Tom Merry hoarsely.

"Thank waddy, Waddy. We shall be able to get the decent price for a waddy."

"Hah!"

"Jolly dreamt of you kids."

Waddy grinned. It was not after the Third Form of St. Jim's were found snoring when it came to a big waddy like the waddy sports. The dogs had quite their share of price.

"Don't mention it, Figgis," D'Arcy rather laughed. "We Third-Formers know you old dogs, waddy spend all your tin on the waddy. Jumping Jerusalem!"

"Not I, waddy, what's the waddy, Waddy?"

"Great Gussy!" growled Jameson.

"My only Aunt Emma!" shrieked Cady Gibbon.

The three dogs were staring across the room. The Fourth Form and Shell jackets looked at them in a waddy-waddy.

"What the—"

NEXT
WEDNESDAY:

**TOM
MERRY'S
PROMISE!**

A Splendid New Long Com-
plex School Tale of Tom
Merry & Co.

By **MARTIN CLIFFORD.**

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The St. Jim's juniors charged again, and a volley of missiles poured into the already disordered ranks of the Greenmantles, when the heroic hero of Gordon (not saying so), as he held up the white flag. "Pax! Pax! Surrender!"—*Class first, St. Jim's!*—cried Tom Scott. —*See Chapter 12.*

"Hurray!" called Wally. "It's the identical article, and how'd you liked it? Mind your trousers, Guy!"

Arthur Augustus stared at amazement, as his sister pulled open his. The instant following, the words of St. Jim's were on his lips.

"D'Arcy where had the three-legged, plain deal steel coat for you?"

"Put that steel down, you young an!"

"Rats!"

"Put it down!" shrieked Arthur Augustus. "As your stink breath, I wish you to put that rotten steel down!" "Go on!" grinned Wally. "Luck out!"

Arthur Augustus rushed at him, and Wally was in a trice. He had no hope of being able to get past his cousin.

Wally took to the streamer at a glance.

"On the ball!" he shouted. "Answer!"

The steel landed through the air, and Augustus caught it neatly. Wally looked on. He dashed the steel on to Curly Minkin like lightning.

"Send for it, Curly!"

"Right!"

D'Arcy's sister dodged his brother's outstretched arms, just as Curly Minkin and Augustus dashed along the corridor. Wally joined his clasp with a rush.

"Snap! Snap instantly, you young wretch! Wally——"

The doors of the Third were already half way along the passage. Arthur Augustus probed along after them at a reckless pace.

Tom Werry & Co. stood watching from the doorway of Study No. 4 in astonishment.

CHAPTER 12.

Gordon Gay Is Collared.

"**S**EEK my youngest brother, Levinus!"

Levinus, the rat of the Fourth, grinned. How he had indeed Tom Werry go rolling his scowling eyes in the Christmas number of the "Wally." Levinus had been looked to be innocent.

"Did you speak, D'Arcy?"

"Vand!" said Arthur Augustus. "Have you seen my uncle, Levinus?"

"Oh, your uncle, D'Arcy! Yes, he's in the gym."

"Thanks, Levinus, thank you."

The rat of the Fourth shuffled. It was moving hard again, and the snow was getting deep in the quadrangle.

Even since breakfast Arthur Augustus had been on the watch for D'Arcy's return, but the snow of the Third was a greater for keeping out of people's way when he wanted to.

Of course, Arthur Augustus had seen his sister at South and in Wall, where the Third had most years remained to make about the broken window, which was still a mystery; but Wally had managed to slip away each time before his brother could stop him.

Now, when the snow was over, it looked as if the snow of the Third had been run to earth. Arthur Augustus looked out of the silent doorway. It really was moving very hard.

"Am you quite sure my uncle is in the gym, Levinus?"

"Absolutely sure," grinned the rat of the Fourth. "See how he goes there every!"

"But I've, then, I shall have to know the snow."

—*The Gem Librarian—No. 203.*

Levinson chuckled again. Arthur Augustus had taken Mr. Bell's map into the main, his trousers well turned up.

Since the bumping in Miss M.'s library had changed his clothes, and he was indignantly dressed, he had walked down the stairs, and had finally descended when he was when he reached the stairs.

Levinson walked away to the room he shared with Mellick. A moment or two later the pair were following the trail of Mr. Bell's map to the quadrangle.

"I trust I have pulled up my trousers suitably," murmured Arthur Augustus. "I hope never had a pair of britches so tender than these. I trust— Great Scott!"

A powerful wind whistled past his head. Mellick had made a bad start, but that did not matter much here his point of view. He and Levinson were just behind Arthur Augustus. There was no one else in the quadrangle.

Levinson and Mellick walked forward.

"New House never!" they shouted, in rather subdued tones. "Hump him! School House to the rescue!"

Levinson knew very well his procedure for the School House would not be found. There was no one to hear it. He changed into the middle of Arthur Augustus's back heavily.

"It's a wonder!"

"No, never!"

"It's a New House rather, anyway!" shouted Levinson.

"Hump him!"

"Hump!"

Arthur Augustus had no time to turn. If he had been able to face the other two, he would have been able to put up a good defence. Taken unawares, though, and from behind, the devil of St. Jan's was helpless. He was borne to the rear-covered quadrangle with a thud by the third rail.

"Hump the New House heavily!"

"You break some? Gave!"

Arthur Augustus was lying face downwards, and Levinson deliberately tapped his feet down the main. It was the sort of thing Levinson would do daily to the

As a general matter between the rival Houses of St. Jan's, Arthur Augustus's attitude alone was good. That could not be helped, being one of the results of a jape. But no New House jester would have thought raising children could constitute a jape in itself. Levinson had never been able to understand points for Gaps.

"Hump!"

"School House to the rescue!" cried Mellick, looking his chance in presenting to separate Arthur Augustus for a minute from the rival House. "Hump him!"

There was another loud tearing noise. Arthur Augustus's magnificent waistcoat was now almost all his. Levinson was doing his unpleasant work thoroughly.

"Fall for tonight off!" he whispered in Mellick's ear.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"School House—School House to the rescue!"

Arthur Augustus looked desperately for help. Levinson promptly pulled his hand further into the main, and in the moment of the moment's disorder failed to hear the sound of footsteps scuffed by the third rail.

The end of the Fourth was trying hard to see Arthur Augustus's grand trousers, when there was a sudden thud!

"Hump, you!"

"On the ball!"

"Hoop!"

And to Mellick's horror, about a dozen Third Form jesters, led by D'Arcy senior, rushed at him. Levinson sprang to his feet and hit out viciously, but of his three stopped Mellick, then the biggest jester took to his heels. Mellick followed quickly.

"After them!"

"Attention!"

The day consisted of a big party after the Fourth-Formers, and the Fourth-Formers. Arthur Augustus sat in the main just as the Fourth-Formers searched the School House and King's Headstone over Levinson and Mellick.

Arthur Augustus looked steadily under the nose.

"The catch remains!" The system breaks!"

The crowd of St. Jan's was scattered and bewildered. The whole thing had happened so quickly that he had not comprehended its meaning. He looked down at his ruined clothes. He was startled at what he saw.

"Great Scott, I can little think than a tramp—very little think!" he said.

"D'Arcy!"

The main rang out crisply in the night air. Arthur Augustus was still sitting in the main. He looked round in dismay.

"D'Arcy, what is the meaning of this?"

The question came in an indistinct, inarticulate voice. It was a voice very much like that of Mr. Bell's jester, and was reaching behind the crowd of St. Jan's with a partly torn in a gown which looked still more like the master of the Third Form of St. Jan's.

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Arthur Augustus sprang to his feet.

"The boys, sir, I suggest that you should see me in the school hall!"

"My hat! I mean, I suggest it too, D'Arcy," said the partly jester. "You'd be a disgrace to a collection of success!"

"I realize that I am in a troubled state, sir."

"I am glad you realize such an obvious fact, D'Arcy," said Mr. Bell's jester. "For giving an indication of a weakness that's shown on his back, you will write me two thousand lines."

"Yes—"

"No, two thousand," corrected Mr. Bell.

"Great Scott!"

Mr. Bell stood some little distance from the scattered crowd of the Fourth Form. The partly torn crowd motioned to keep the room at his back.

"And now I shall have to speak to you about another matter," he explained vaguely. "I fear some serious matter! You know—that is to say, you can take me with considerable force when regarding the question last night."

Arthur Augustus started.

"Yes, sir, and I mentioned you ever very successful in tennis! The whole affair is an accident, sir. I suggest you return an extremely kindly, Mr. Bell."

"Oh—"

"In fact, when I apologized I was under the impression that you might view the matter in another light."

"Humph!" roared Mr. Bell. "Perhaps you were right, Gump—D'Arcy. I was broken—"

"Yes, well, no, very broken—"

"The matter, no doubt," said the master. "It is a great deal of matter. However, that will not be settled. You will please write me about thousand lines for writing—for reading into the fire on a regular basis, D'Arcy."

"Great Scott!"

"That's five thousand altogether," said Mr. Bell's jester. "Well, you may have plenty of time for the latter. If you show me the lines at breakfast-time tomorrow, I shall be satisfied."

Arthur Augustus gasped.

"By the breakfast-time—"

"By breakfast-time," repeated Mr. Bell.

"It is impossible, sir—absolutely impossible! Five thousand lines—"

"Well, the four thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine," roared Mr. Bell. "I don't want to be broken again, you, D'Arcy. In fact, I—"

Mr. Bell stopped speaking. A whole crowd of Third Form boys were running hard across the quadrangle, led by D'Arcy senior. They were laughing and shouting in high glee.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It was Levinson and Mellick, Gump."

"It's fairly quiet the state in the main—mostly you look awful now."

Arthur Augustus made frantic signs.

"Hump, hump!"

"On him!"

"Truly, you're going on!" whispered Gump to them. "Mr. Bell is here."

The crowd of the Third started. They stared hard at Mr. Bell. The master appeared a few yards.

Only D'Arcy and D'Arcy senior were also standing at him.

"D'Arcy senior laughed out loud.

"D'Arcy, Mr. Bell, sir," he explained, with unusual politeness. "I don't propose to go to the masters."

"No, neither do I."

The lights are really bad, sir."

Truly, only D'Arcy and D'Arcy senior looked strangely friendly. They stopped up in Mr. Bell. All three of them received them.

Mr. Bell glanced heavily over his shoulder. He seemed to have lost the use of his tongue.

Merely looked at him slowly.

"The fact is, sir—"

"What we were going to say, sir—"

"Yes—right, sir," called D'Arcy senior, "and bring the matter."

And in the house of Arthur Augustus, his other masterly thing his arms round Mr. Bell's neck.

Only D'Arcy saved the master's life, and D'Arcy senior changed into the smell of his back. Mr. Bell went down in the main with a thud. Arthur Augustus rushed forward in horror.

CHAPTER 14.

Japing the Japer.

"YOU" writes young warden!

Arthur Augustus started D'Arcy by the way, and attempted in desperation to drag him from Mr. Bell's private room. Only D'Arcy was deliberately resisting hand of war in the master's line.

Arthur Augustus could scarcely believe his eyes.

"Well—well, you thousand young warden—"

"Hump!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Arthur Augustus hurried was in advance of anything he had known for minutes. He struggled with the yelling ladies as if of the whole thing were some horrible nightmare.

"Oh the hell!"
"Put plenty of more down his neck!"
"Ha, ha, ha! He's coming in like now!"

Arthur Augustus started. A silk cushion had slipped from beneath Mr. Selby's waistcoat, and a wig had fallen from his head.

The wail of St. Jim's started to his feet,
"Gordon Day, but Jove!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Of course it is, Gay! You weren't spoiled into thinking it was Selby, were you?"

ARTHUR AUGUSTUS did not explain whether he was or not. He rushed to help the lady.
"The wretch! The wretched scoundrel!"
"Rather!"

"Tom Merry—Jack Blake! Gordon Day is here, but Jove, dressed as Mr. Selby! He has had the wretch climb in tray and spot me!"

"Good!"
"You were afraid him!"
The Twelve Three and Jack Blake and Merrin and Digby came up with a rush. They were followed almost as quick by Pippie & Co., from the New Room.

"So St. Jim's junior looked at Gordon Day shilly."
"Good day, but Jove!"
"Oh, well!" said Gordon Day, struggling in the grasp of the dressing lady. "I don't want to last day of you alone."
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"But—well! Yeh—dollar!"

Gordon Day was bowled over again. Tom Merry dashed into the gymnasium. He came out again carrying two small boards and some rope.

"Anyone got a blue pencil?"
"Yes, dearth boy!"
"Good!" exclaimed Tom Merry eagerly. "Gordon Day has a bad spot in his own way, so we'll let him be a standard-man for St. Jim's."
"Kidd!"

"This is an age of advancement," went on Tom Merry loudly. "Gordon Day realizes that. The his hands behind his back!"

"Right—ho!"
"And straighten his feet like they do here when they want him to take a long time going a short way!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jack Blake and Pippie betrayed Gordon Day's hands behind him. Digby and Merrin led his ankles together by a short length of rope in such a way that the Dressmaker School fellow would only be able to take steps of a few inches at a time.

Tom Merry was still scribbling on the new boards. Arthur Augustus looked over his shoulder, and chuckled.

"Wardle! Wardle! Wardle!—wardle wattle!" Ha, ha, ha!"
The St. Jim's juniors pushed Gordon Day to his feet, and one board was tied to his back. The other one Digby bound to his feet.

The picture started as they read Tom Merry's advertisement. The brief contents are—

ST. JIM'S WINTER SPORTS.
Hydrocote Field, the Pond, and the church lane are booked by St. Jim's for Saturday afternoon.
The Dressmaker-School course may take part in the sports at expense about.

"Yes, you return!" gasped Gordon Day.
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Hilly him over the wall, stang!" laughed Tom Merry. Gordon Day was helped over the wall, and allowed to drop lightly in the snow. He wretched helplessly.

Frank Mack and Watson major and a whole long mass of the Dressmaker School fellows were waiting for him, but they were waiting to Hydrocote Lane. Gordon Day had a long walk before he could reach his class.

"So St. Jim's juniors beat the wack."
"St. Jim's to work about!"
"Hoarse!"

"Is that how you like it down, Gordon Day?"
Gordon Day stumbled on at the end of about a hundred yards as he heard. The yell of approval from his struts on the quack caught well behind him.

Gordon Day grined his teeth.
"That wack Saturday, you were!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"You'll see who'll win on Saturday, Tom Merry!"
"Hoarse!"

And Gordon Day disappeared round the corner. Arthur Augustus dropped down into the quadrangle with a gleeful shriek.

"And Jove, I woged that in a wipple' shame, dearth boy—stangly woged!"

Tom Merry laughed heartily.
"Of course, Gordon Day must demand as Selby to jump on," he said. "Well, he took part in a pageant all right! I say, Gump."
"Yes, dearth boy!"
"I thought you were looking for Wally!"

Arthur Augustus started. In the excitement of the pageant upon Gordon Day the wail of St. Jim's had forgotten the real reason of his journey to the gym. He turned hastily to his seniors.

"Yes, but Jove! As a matter of fact, I have been looking for my minute all day."
"You've found him now, Gump."
"Yes, I have found you, you young wretch! I intend you to give a thorough explanation, Wally."

"Right—ho!"
"What talk about?"
"What am I to explain, Gump? Anything to oblige, of course, but I ought to know what I've got to explain."

"I cannot believe that you had no intention. I require a thorough explanation about your wretch' all with that woged, stood from Study No. 4."

"If any senior looked at it."
"The stand, oh? Well, it had no right to be in Study No. 4 at all. It belongs to the upper passage by the second staircase."
"But Jove, what was it?"

"Of course, it does," said Wally. "It was put in the passage not long ago by Taggles to save him carrying the ropes up each night to light the gas. So you see, it's just Study No. 4 kids that ought to explain. I don't know how the stand came to be in your room, but I was fully booked to see it there, and its mischief will be soon done, Gump!"

"No, wattle! I brought it into the wame the night before, but Jove!"
"There!"

Wally looked alarmed.
"Where did you take it from?" he demanded. "Not—well from the lower passage by the broken window?"

"No! In the quad, outside the broken window."
"My only Aunt Jane! There, perhaps it was Penge!"
"But Jove! what do you mean, Wally?"

"That, perhaps it was Penge who broke the window, after all," exclaimed Arthur Augustus, looking worried. "You see, just before the window was broken, old Penge managed to get into the school through the window, and curly Gibson and I chased him along the upper passage."
"But Jove!"

"Just as Penge walked past the top of the stairs, I thought I saw him knock against something and the next thing that happened was the crash of the window being broken."

"My hat!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "You mean Penge knocked the stand down the stairs, and it fell between the balcony rails and smashed the window?"
"If any senior took his head."

"That's what I thought must have happened at first, Merry, but I was hit by my genius now, because none of us actually saw Penge run against the stand. I thought the stand was in the passage—before we saw Penge, but I wasn't certain."

"And when we looked over the balcony door in the lower passage," added curly Gibson, "there wasn't a sign of a stand. We made a thorough search for it afterwards."
Arthur Augustus looked vexed.

"But Jove! I saw you goin' to make it, but Jove!"
"And as you couldn't find the stand," added Wally, "we came to the conclusion Penge took it down, and so we went looking in Mr. Halliday's room. It is a very good getting your old Penge to a run for nothing, anyway."
"No, I suppose not, Wally."

"Oh wattle, no, Gump! Tell me that you say you found the stand outside the window, I suppose Penge did knock it down the stairs. The stand must have gone right through the window."
Tom Merry smiled.

"Yes, it probably would. You'll have to explain in Mr. Halliday's room, Wally!"
"Oh, of course!"
"Yes, but Jove! But it has followed my mind to a wattleful mistake, Wally. If Penge broke the window, Gordon, Ethel couldn't have done it, but Jove!"

"Gump! Ethel?"
"Yes, dearth boy. I was struck the impression—Gump! Ethel had broken the window, Penge, but I am glad to say that it was some impostor."
"How could Gordon Ethel have broken the stand through the window?"

Arthur Augustus looked thoughtful.
"I wasn't wattle the impression that she had knocked the stand through the window, Penge. I thought she had used the stand to stand on, and broken the window with a bang, but Jove!"

"With a wattle!"
"Enough, dearth boy! For prave-sake possession, I will show you that respect—Gump! I woged from Gordon Ethel, which will explain my point."

Tom Merry's Promise.—No. 36.
By MARTIN CLIFFORD,
Editor of "THE GEM."

NEXT WEDNESDAY "TOM MERRY'S PROMISE!"

The justice stared at the elegant Fourth Form junior. Arthur Angerton withdrew the usual—read letter from his pocket. "Here you are, Figgins, dear boy. Fwyg read it aloud. That passage shows in the important ones."

Figgins glanced over the letter. He lazily read through Corwin Ethel's request that one of the juniors would visit a wren, long-legged bird for her. She came to the all-important words—

"I had said about another matter, Arthur. When I visit my Maria, I mean to thank her for those books on Wagner's Fall-ways which he gave me. They are most convincing. A lady has been speaking at a meeting here who is a well-known leader of the movement. She has been to prison once already, and she, too, is most convincing. In fact, Arthur, I almost think—would you be very kind if I had to go to prison for breaking windows?"

"That is all there is about your for wrens," exclaimed Figgins. "Geez, you darling, you, you don't seem to say you jumped to the conclusion Corwin Ethel meant to break windows from this, do you?"

"Yes, dear boy. The whole trend of the letter stated—"

"You breaking shells!"

"Corwin Ethel was speaking, you see!" stammered Jack Hake.

"She'd no more break windows than you'd stand on your head in Third House, and send round your supper afterwards for Pops."

"Is, is, is?"

"Is this why you wouldn't let us see the letter?"

"Yes, Figgins. I concluded it was a delicate matter, and that the influence of a father of law and judgment might possibly outweigh the ungrateful girl—"

"My only dear! See!"

"However, as Wally appears to think Fwyg broke the window—"

"Not much doubt about that, Geo."

"Then I am greatly witness," said Arthur Angerton. "Fwyg, when you comes to consider the matter in a cold and logical light, I was a little heavy in evidence at the conclusion Corwin Ethel meant to break windows—"

"Is, is, is?"

"I am inclined to think that I was rather heavy, dear boys. I shall write to Corwin Ethel, and explain—"

"What's that?" stammered in Harry Noble, coming up at that moment.

"I don't know what you fellows are jabbering about, but there's no need for anyone to write to Corwin Ethel about anything, because she's coming over for the winter sports."

"Honey?"

"How do you know, Knapfellow?"

"Because I've just been speaking to her on the telephone, kid. She says Figgins wrote to her about the winter sports, and so she's coming over to joining the prize."

"But Jerry! How stupid! I will explain to her then, dear boys. It is very good news."

"Hullo," said Tom Merry, laughing. "Come on, chaps. Let's go, and back Wally up in his explanation to Hattie about his dog breaking the window."

"Yes, rather!"

But not a great deal of backing up was required. There was no more reasonable matter to be said than Mr. Haddock and he was greatly relieved when he heard Wally's story.

It proved that none of the juniors had written kindly when asked to visit that morning who had broken the window.

The juniors wrangled from the result of Mr. Jerry's had caught sight of himself in the lighted corridor, and had departed to the dormitory with a shudder.

He was making his second change of clothes that day.

**CHAPTER 18.
The Winter Sports.**

"But Jerry! outside" could be heard, dear boys!"

"Ripping!"

The shrill of Harry No. 4 roused from the slings from the corridor the end was over that Saturday afternoon. Hattie had to be taken from studies, the long assembly table brought from the bicycle shed, and the large parchment of paper brought downstairs.

The juniors of both Houses had worked hard with the arrangements for the winter sports during the last few days. Hattie had been forgotten. Figgins and Jack Hake had worked together as wholeheartedly as Tom Merry and Kest. Even the savings could not have made over thorough plans.

Tom Merry and Manners and Lovell were waiting for the

(Continued on the next page.)

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Frank Farmer in the playground. Figgins & Co. were already coming from the New Haven.

Stimpole was actually watching his spectators glancing to the right where Tom Merry. Stimpole had decided to leave the interesting study of Professor Halloway's minute notes for the more exhilarating occupation of playing.

"Don't see what you hope and afterward things these side are, Merry. No I have never done any swimming. How a fellow of my ability will ever learn it up."

"Ha, ha, ha! It's not the only thing you'll have to pick up, Stimpole."

"Dear me! I fall to understand—"

"You'll have lots of yourself to collect, ME!" chuckled Lewton. "How come Figgins & Co.?"

"And Merry Noble!"

"Stimpole!"

The judges started off in great spirits. They knew their work for friction with the Grammar School fellows, but they were in the mood for friction. A baseball fight would be just the thing to begin the excitement.

"We shall have to run, you chaps!"

"Yes, watch, of them Grammar School fellows will have time to make a curve ball!"

"Over on the grass, kids!"

Tom Merry led the way. The judges moved hand through the grass.

"There they are!"

"There's the Grammar School team!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The vocal teams were making to meet each other in the narrow Highgate Lane. Howells were being made as the judges ran.

A huge crowdled into Frank Noble's hand and made into a line parallel to Arthur Augustus' foot. A line shot by Jack Blake obliterated most of Carby's planned features. The crowd went in great lines.

Frank Wynn's steady arm was not allowed to rest for a single instant. He was the thorough boxer of the St. Jim's junior cricket eleven, and it showed that with a conviction.

He caught Gordon Gray in the face three times in succession.

The Grammar School fellows swarmed. Fatty Wynn had deprived them of Gordon Gray's leadership for the moment. Tom Merry took every possible advantage of the opening.

"Change altogether, now!"

With a great yell the St. Jim's judges bore down the lane. It was a peculiar Halloway change.

Frank Noble, Carby and Lane got up a splendid fight. Tom Merry was more like a one-man team, a third position, but he did not mind that. He was retaining that for the first and ending second.

The Grammar School resistance became weaker. The St. Jim's judges charged again.

Tom Merry took in the situation at a glance.

"Another valley!"

"Right, ho!"

"All right, chaps!"

And the valley of baseball poured into the Grammar School ranks. The Grammarians broke up in disorder. Some were forced to retreat, then the cheering, laughing voice of Gordon Gray rang out, as he held up a handkerchief tied to the end of a stick.

"Pat, Jerry. You swimmers!"

"All right, you know! Dear Sir, St. Jim's!" cried Tom Merry.

Now another baseball was thrown, and with a laugh Gordon Gray came to meet Tom Merry.

"You're better on this time!" he said. "You chaps with running down the lane, and we had to change up—"

"Yes, that's it. We're now the field, and the church lane and the pond for our water sports!"

"Oh course, if you—"

"Good!" said Tom Merry, laughing. "And you chaps say prizes for the events?"

"Prizes? No, we hadn't thought of that."

"Good again! We've got a tipping tin, and it'll cost you fellows sixpence a head to enter for each event. We are all going to pay that."

"My hat! Do you mean it, Merry?" exclaimed Gordon Gray.

"Of course for doing," laughed Figgins. "Here's the glidy programme of events."

Gordon Gray took the programme quietly.

"By Jove! this is a dream of paid kids! I hope you haven't been paid a head with you?"

"I don't about it, no!" gasped Fatty Wynn. "We haven't about it, no!"

Gordon Gray laughed.

"That's all right, that, because we've got a tremendous amount of grub, he said. "We mean to invite you chaps. We'll have a fine spread after the sports."

"Stimpole!"

"Stimpole!"

The judges hurried through the last few preparations. The prizes were spread out on view, and the oil was arranged.

There would have to be three heats for this because there were not enough kids to go round. The first heat started under great excitement.

Eight or nine judges started from the top of the story book, and the race would be won by the judge who first jumped over the nose instead of the bottom of the field. There were roars of laughter as the fellows started.

"Good! My name!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

At the word of command Howells had pushed off with his long stick, and the stick stopped so he just started him along at tremendous pace for a few yards. Then he crossed round.

Arthur Augustus dashed forward like an express train.

"Oh out of the way, you can have, the pair stopped of Arthur Augustus but stopped dead. Arthur Augustus, or rather, the top portion of him, went on.

Howells saw his own danger and struggled to get out of the way. He was too late.

Arthur Augustus dove into his chest with a jump.

Howells staggered backward, then he stumbled down in the nose, and slightly returned to make a hapless attempt to get into both of them.

However, the fellow once upon plucked themselves up again—they were by no means out of the race yet.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

A sudden yell rang out from behind. Stimpole was crawling along at a tremendous pace.

"There up! Stop me! Stop me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Stimpole had actually caught Jack Blake and Frank Noble up. By a stroke of good luck Stimpole happened to be in a cluster of weeds, dry moss. It surprised him so much as it did anyone else that he succeeded in maintaining his balance.

He was certainly going steady. He was almost level with Jack Blake and Frank Noble when his back came to an end.

A slow fallow which he ought to have jumped turned up to break his fall, and Professor Halloway came to explain in any of his words how to jump on this. Stimpole hoped for the best, and didn't jump at all.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

But for his mobility loosened and the rock of his stick, Stimpole had disappeared in the nose-filled hollow. He landed at the starting position.

"Dear me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My name, kids of Jack Blake!"

The start of Stimpole's, it was going in great style. He and Frank Noble were absolutely level. Tom Merry, who was judge for this event, got ready.

Together the two judges spring in the air. Both cleared the nose several repeatedly, then both sped on the lightning.

Tom Merry dug up his hand.

"Blake wins—by less than a hair."

"Stimpole!"

"There's both in the field, anyway!"

"Rather! Heard that, Nobby!"

Highly grinded, he finished the race a very good third, being only a few yards behind Frank Noble.

D'Arcy and Howells, joined the pair together, followed home by Howard Gray, while Ned came a cropper at the jump.

The second heat was rather a runaway affair, the Gordon Gray Tom Merry having a lead. But the heat of the field was on the last again in no time, and came in as they meant.

Figgins was the third heat in great style with Wynn's major success, as the final would be a very representative one.

But before that the subsequent event had to be decided, and Gordon Blake arrived just in time for the start. The judges crowded round him.

"Another good job of you to swim, Gordon Blake!"

Gordon Blake laughed as she shook hands with her opponent, he looked extremely pretty in his white for race and mud.

By common consent Gordon Blake was made judge of all future events, and Figgins helped her on the bottom of the lane by the church. The lane was really a leapfrog through a very steep field, so all the fallowage would start at once.

Stimpole again took the lead. He found himself travelling at a pace which bewildered him. He was actually leading the way.

"Oh me, Stimpole!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Stimpole accidentally dug a lead in the nose, and entered a yell. He spun round like a top, and appeared to be trying to kick the ear backwards.

Arthur Augustus dashed past him. The result of St. Jim's was being too downwards on his fallowage, and he was going at a tremendous pace. Even Fatty Wynn, with his extra weight, was only just holding his own with him.

With almost little legs with his gloved hands on the nose.

The Girl Library—No. 107.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD, Author in Advance.

"Arthur Augustus guided his toboggan brilliantly, and Coznie Ethel looked on in awe.

"She felt the responsibility judges always do feel when there is a chance of a dead heat.

"But she was not to be put to the test that afternoon, for Arthur Augustus skated past her quite a yard in front of Fatty Wynn, and Tom Merry and Gordon Gay were just behind him. Skimpie finished the race about five minutes later.

"The junior events had to be decided next, and Wally was the skater in great style, and Jackson the tobogganer took forty minutes to finish.

"The Third Form skating race had yet to be decided, and Coznie Ethel was good on skates.

"After the Third Form toboggan, the head of the old river for the older juniors had to be decided. The toboggan who had been knocked out in the heats found the course.

"Tom Merry will win."

"Was Jack Blake, you mean?"

"No! Gordon Gay, of course."

"The six juniors—Tom Merry, Jack Blake, Frank Monk, Gordon Gay, Piggies, and Wynn, each had up to him several things which looked especially well.

CHAPTER 16. On the Ice.

"Gordon" spoke out the word, and the six juniors pushed off. A big race it was in a flash. It is like the hundred yards flat race, but it is a very exciting event to watch. Coznie Ethel felt a thrill run through her as the juniors started down the hill.

"Wynn's major and Jack Blake were nobody enough to fall

Gordon Gay started up with a laugh.

"That's the toboggan race for the St. Joe's School House Fourth," he said. "The old race for the New House, and the skating race for your Third Form. We'll see who'll get the prize for the best fancy dress at the carnival this evening."

"Yes, we'll see," groaned Frank Monk. "You St. Joe's was so good skating with us, get in."

"Right on, daddy!"

"Yes, watch!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus. "Coznie Ethel will skate around with us."

"Tom Merry is going."

"Piggies! I hope she's already starting with Piggies, though."

"No, no, no!"

Coznie Ethel had to skate round the pond with each of her skates, and when Gordon Gay came down to the ice again she was breathless.

"You're really like Cleveland. Ready, you stage!"

"Ready!"

Skates were taken off, and Gordon Gay led the way back to the field where the tobogganing had taken place. Wally D'Arcy gave vent to a shout of delight.

A huge lumber placed away in the center of the field.

All round it little tables had been placed by the Grammar School juniors, and the skates were simply taken with stability. Fatty Wynn ran, most of the way up the hill at sight of the tables.

Tom Merry dropped his hand on Gordon Gay's shoulder.

"By Jove, that is ripping, old chap!"

"The best we could manage, Merry. We borrowed the tables from the cottages round about, and we got permission to make a fire in the field. Frank Monk and Corley are making the tea."

"Merry!"

"Three cheers for the Grammar School skates!"

Our Companion Paper—"THE MAGNET" Library, Price 1d.,
Now on Sale, contains a

MAGNIFICENT PICTORIAL CALENDAR

FOR

1913.

In spite of the large demand for this special issue, it is now possible to obtain a copy from
your bookseller, BUT AT 70-100!

half-way down the course; then the others took the jump together, and went just their girl steps the finish of light.

"The men?"

"Tom Merry?"

"Gordon Gay?"

"No! Piggies!" said Coznie Ethel.

The chief of the New House was a slight plump man, but he was grinning broadly. He would rather have won the old time than all the other races put together, especially with Coznie Ethel serving as judge.

A surge was at once made to the pond, and skates were started. Coznie Ethel made up straight in the Third Form event. He beat Wally by a good yard, and Wally was the first to congratulate him.

The boys lined up to watch the race between the older juniors. It was likely to be a very close race indeed.

The pond was a long one, and the race was from one end to the other. It was impossible to say who stood the best chance.

Wally started the race with a shrewd start, and the skates of the juniors' skates rang out on the ice. Gordon Gay and Jack Blake started almost in a dead straight line.

Tom Merry was only a foot or so behind, though. He was skating with quick, steady strides. He was closing up the gap between himself with almost every stroke.

"No, no, Merry!"

"Shut up, Blake!"

"My hat!"

The race seemed over almost as soon as it had commenced. Jack Blake had passed Gordon Gay. The chief of St. Joe's No. 4 had almost reached the finishing line when Tom Merry had just left.

The crew of the Shell had beaten Jack Blake by a few inches. Jack Blake laughed cheerfully.

"Good for you, young Merry!"

"Good luck, young Blake!"

"The New Library," No. 107.

"The Magnet" Library,
107, 108, 109.

"The Magnet" Library,
107, 108, 109.

Tom Merry's call for cheers was given again and again; then the juniors crowded round Coznie Ethel, places in hand.

Fatty Wynn's face was flushed in anger. Even he could not have arranged a better reception. Even he could not have arranged a better reception.

After the real juniors appeared, the heavy snow remained was to remember of every stroke.

There was a great deal to do, though, as there was no time to waste. The fire was heated up, and Coznie Ethel promised to be at the pond again early at seven.

The arrival perfectly with her basket from Edinburgh, and her pretty hat lightened up with pleasure. The St. Joe's juniors had their skates around all round the pond, and every point on the ice was in heavy dress, and carrying a basket.

Coznie Ethel herself was in a pretty Japanese fancy dress costume; and Arthur Augustus started up at a great pace as she hurried up to the pond.

Piggies, on a hot skates, was too quick for the need of the party.

"Let me get your skates on, Coznie Ethel."

"No, Joe!"

"No, I was here first, Coznie—I mean Skating!"

"You're not dressed as Fanny's Fourth!"

"You're not!" said Piggies in a low voice. "I—I say, don't you look like that?"

"Yes, watch! I'll show them the fellow!"

Piggies looked startled for a moment. He felt he was skating very slowly by the side of the pond. He had his skates started out on each side of him as if expecting a fall at any moment.

He looked with unusual constancy to the juniors.

"I hope you don't object to my being on the pond, Piggies?"

"No, no, of course not!"

"I—I am not very used to skating like this."

"No, watch out, sir!" said Arthur Augustus encouragingly.

"I'll take you round in a minute or two if you like, sir."

"Thank you, D'Arcy! thank you very much!"

Our Companion Papers. "THE VERY POPULAR" Every Friday.

The master of the Third stated so.

Tom Merry looked at him in astonishment. Mr. Kelly greeted him with open pleasure and his eyes sparkled brightly. "Delighted to see you again," he said. "Delighted! Are you supposed to be William the Dispenser?"

"No," said Gordon, "I said Tom Merry, laughing.

"Yes, of course. I forgot not to say what the following light is that you, George?"

"You, Mr. In you consider my making up Lord Nelson will win the prize? If so, I want to sell it, because I hadly want the second volume of Professor Disappointment's work on—Dear me, he has started away!"

"Oh, no, he!"

Mr. Kelly's presence on the panel threatened to overshadow the prize's value for at first. But Mr. Kelly appeared to be to one of his most pleased moments.

He started slowly and involuntarily amongst the judges.

Arthur Augustus started up to his feet.

"Yes, he can take you around, Mr. Kelly."

"No, thank you, I don't want you to be very careful."

"No, thank you, I don't want you to be very careful."

Mr. Kelly's attentions seemed to dissipate suddenly.

He started off with Arthur Augustus at a terrific pace. The judge started in amazement.

They suddenly started after them with a shout:

"What name are we in? It's not Kelly!"

"Father said!"

"It's Gordon Gay, of course!"

"No, he, he!" laughed Frank Smith, in the guise of an elderly man.

Who was the prize for the best costume, Gordon Elliot?"

The prize had been looked at Gordon Gay in astonishment.

He passed up to see in the best like the right and ready to give it to him.

He was wearing a blue suit with a white tie, and a white pocket square. He was wearing a blue suit with a white tie, and a white pocket square.

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STORYETTES.

VERY POOR COMPANY.

Very excited was the small boy who mingled with the crowd at the local football match. One of the teams was captained by his father.

"He is dead! Here is the 'man'!" he yelled repeatedly. "Father's promised to buy me a new pair of trousers if we win today, but he's captured in some quarters, who displayed an interest in his enthusiasm. "But if we lose I've got to make three do!"

When it grew evident that the game could only end in a draw, the youngster's face became a picture of the deepest melancholy.

"Come up, sonny!" said one of the bystanders. "A cheer is better than being anyway."

"Dinner is in!" snapped the youth. "But if you had a one-legged pair of trousers staying you in the line, you wouldn't think that my consolation, would you?"

A SMART BUSINESS MAN.

Little Willie was always on the look-out for something good to eat, and did his best to coax money out of his relatives with which to buy delicacies, as when Uncle William, who was a hard man of business, and knew how to get the best out of anybody, visited his nephew, Willie asked him for a penny to buy an orange from the man next door.

"Give you a penny? Certainly not!" said his uncle. "You'd never make a business man. How can you make less at home, Willie, and perhaps let's three up at you!"

A MUSICAL FEAST.

Perfect peace reigned in Brown's household. The head of the family, his day's work over, was sitting by the fire in his usual anticipation of the evening meal when Mrs. Brown was busy preparing in the kitchen, and the young Brown was quietly making their dinner for the following day.

The gentle stillness was suddenly broken by rapid knocks, apparently coming from the next house—a night messenger, distributing late letters, notices and newspaper sheets.

Mr. Brown jumped up.

"It's Mrs. Wood's gramophone, playing 'Tom's Good-Bye!'" he cried. "Come—go and get the darned thing—go and jangle her to stop it! Tell her I'm ill—tell her I'm ill—anything you like, only make her leave off!"

The child obediently hurried out, and two minutes later came rubbing her head.

"It's not Mrs. Wood's gramophone, dad!" she said. "It's the Murphy's down the street opening a tin of corned beef!"

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

As the young and attractive couple climbed into the railway-carriage the other passengers exchanged amused glances among themselves.

"Evidently newly-married," was their immediate surmise on the remark. The pair, however, showed a considerable degree of self-possession, and after a while the other passengers seemed to think they had been mistaken.

Then the young man rose, and proceeded to remove his greatcoat, whereupon a dozen of the old to the ground.

"An accident!" "No, he!" was heard the remark.

But the young man was so nicely surrounded that he took of his greatcoat, and laid it over his feet, and he happily resumed his previous position and set to work.

"Great Scott! He!" he exclaimed exultantly. "The young man with the bridegroom's favour on! He'll be sorry to shed one of us in the end!"

WELL DONE!

The immediately fresh-coated and top-hatted City man, hurrying to the station to catch his morning train, suddenly found himself stopped by a smiling woman.

"A Happy New Year to you, sir!" said the latter, with an earnest look of early genuine expectation of a tip.

Putting his hand into his pocket, the victim hesitated a few moments upon the point.

"I'm sorry to know your loss, my boy," he remarked. "Who are you?"

"No, gov'ner! Why, I'm the boy that climbed the may-pole at you on Christmas Eve, sir!" was the lady's reply, as he prepared to desist. "Don't you remember don't! He says the street and never catches you!"

The City man made a gasp, but after a few moments' reflection he said: "You are a good one—No. 217."

Another excellent case, long awaiting sale at the library of St. Mary's, was purchased by Mr. C. W. B. at the price of the "Gem" Library is shown. Price one shilling.

OUR SPLENDID SERIAL.

BIRDS OF PREY



A Thrilling Story Dealing with the Adventures of Nelson Lee, Detective.
By **MAXWELL SCOTT.**

WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR.

Nelson Lee, the world-famous detective, is devoted all his energies to the task of breaking the power of a frightful criminal organization, known as the Order of the Ring. The infamous crime society is under the leadership of a man who is known to all the members as "The Chief," but who also goes under the name of Mr. Stephen Mordecai. His principal lieutenant we know as "The Boyce," "The Terror," and "Lady Urethra"—a beautiful young girl with the heart of a tiger.

With the intention of forcing him to join the Order, the Chief kidnapped Jack Langley, a young engineer, and Miss Adams, his fiancée. Jack proved obstinate, and so the two young people remain the captives of the Order. These only two of Nelson Lee's cases from Nelson Lee, who is out on the track of the Chief and his associates.

In following up a case, the detective, disguised as a tramp, penetrated into a notorious lair of thieves and criminals

of the worst type, known as "Henry's World Lodging House." There he is recognized by the criminals, in spite of his disguise, and is almost being murdered, but is kept safe by the Order's thugs.

After leading some distance down the street, the detective drops himself behind a wheel, where he is spotted by a sailor. On hearing Nelson Lee's name and his story, the sailor becomes extremely friendly, and offers to pay him up for the night and provide him with a change of clothes. After a little hesitation, the detective accepts the offer, and the sailor, who gives his name as Knight, leads the way to his lodgings. As they walk along, talking pleasantly, Nelson Lee is turning over in his mind the problem of how to get past. Eye in the friendly manner at his side he has recognized one of the most trusted ministers of the dread Order of the Ring.

(Now go on with the story.)

Nelson Lee's Latest Move.

Knight's house had been searched, and Nelson Lee had been provided with dry clothes. The landlubber had been sent to bed, and the detective and his host were smoking and talking in front of the kitchen fire. In the midst of their conversation the clock struck eleven.

"By Jove! This reminds me," said Knight, jumping up, and knocking the ash out of his pipe. "I shall have to leave you now. I've an appointment down at the docks at eleven o'clock. What would you like to do? Would you like to go to bed, or will you sit up until I come back?"

"I'll sit up, I think," said Nelson Lee. "Shall you be long away?"

"It might be, and then, again, I mightn't," answered Knight. "It all depends on the fellow I'm going to see; but you know where the bedroom is, so that if you ever find of anything you wouldn't mind an emergency. Just look upon the door as your own, and go to bed whenever you feel sleepy."

He put on his hat, and hurriedly left the house. The detective would not be lured less than the door, and then he, too, slipped on a hat and followed Knight's example.

"I think I can guess what he's after," he muttered to himself, as he shadowed Knight down the dark, deserted street. "He's afraid to bother me single-handed, so he's gone to tell his confederates where I am, and bring some of them back with him to help him to overpower me. An appointment at the docks, indeed! I wonder what he takes me for?"

Whether Nelson Lee was right, or whether he was wrong, is

not known, but it is certain that Knight had no intention of preventing the docks, for as soon as he reached the end of the street he deliberately turned his back on the street, and walked away at a rapid pace in the opposite direction.

At a cross-street in Commercial Road he crossed a lane, and drove towards the City. At a further of course, the detective started a second lagoon, and ordered the driver to keep the fire in sight.

The City was reached, reversed, and left behind. At the corner of New Galilee Street and Tottenham Court Road Knight's lagoon pulled up. The detective's lagoon sat, about thirty yards in the rear. Knight stepped out of his lagoon, and continued his journey on foot. The detective did the same, and shadowed his quarry to the door of the Rapture Club, where Knight turned in and disappeared.

As the reader knows, the Rapture Club

meetings were held, where its members assembled to discuss their criminal plans, where the glimchey was divided, where Jack Langley was a prisoner. But Nelson Lee, of course, was ignorant of this, and his only feeling, when he saw Knight enter the club, was one of profound disappointment.

"What a beautyful job!" he muttered to himself, somewhat savagely. "I've followed him all this way in the hope that he would put me on the track of something good. And now it appears that he's only come to wind up the day with a hour or two at his club. However, since I've shadowed him here, I may as well wait until he comes out, and shadow him home again."

THE "BOYS' FRIEND" LIBRARY, No. 207,

Every Monday.

Our Companion Papers.

"THE FUNNY POPULAR," Every Friday.

He crossed himself in an awkward way on the opposite side of the street, and judged himself to be in the presence of a big and weary vigil. At a matter of feet, however, his vigil was awfully short, for just on the stroke of midnight an empty hansom drove into the street and pulled up at the door of the club, and a few minutes later the Chief and the Doctor emerged from the club, wearing hats, the hansom, and gave the officer, distinctly visible to Nelson Lee.

"St. Pancreas, as fast as you can drive, for we've only twenty minutes to catch the train."

So early unexpected was this startling turn of events that Nelson Lee, by some in a way, was completely taken aback, and before he could collect his scattered wits the hansom reached the end of the street, turned the corner, and vanished from his view.

Acting on the impulse of the moment, he dashed out of the doorway and dashed away in his pursuit. Before he had covered a hundred yards, however, his better judgment overruled him, and he dropped into a walk.

"After all, there's no need to rush myself," he murmured. "I know where they're going, and I've plenty of time to catch them up."

He walked to the end of the street, and looked a passing team. By dint of further driving he reached St. Pancreas a minute or two in advance of the man he was following. When they arrived he followed them into the locking-office, and heard them bid for tickets for Sheffield. Then he hurried across to the station-master's office, where he made known, explained his mission, and induced the following reply:

"Chief Constable, Sheffield.—Stephen Meredith, alias the Chief of the Order of the Ring, and one of his confederates, known as the Doctor, are coming to Sheffield by Sheffield train, arriving at 11.15 a.m. Proceed warrants, and be at station to catch them. Am travelling by same train myself in order to identify.—STATION LEE."

He handed this wire to the station-master, who promised to see that it was sent off without a moment's delay. Then he hastened back to the departure platform, and seeing that the Sheffield train just as it was moving out of the station.

"All that," he murmured, as he bent himself into a crouch, "at last the fates have delivered their long-looked-for hand."

What he had yet to learn the message of the coming of the men with whom he had to deal.

So Near and Yet So Far.

On and ever onward sped the train. In a first-class carriage, near the engine, there drowsing of what was to them the Chief, the Doctor, and the Doctor's men, and for the first few weeks, ever since Nelson Lee had tracked them to the red-brick villa at Haversham, they had been "lying low" at the Square's house in the Midlands, to which they were now returning after a hurried visit to London.

As the reader may remember, Jack Langley had been somewhat roughly handled by Black Bruce on that memorable day when the young engineer had attempted to escape from the Hagan. In consequence of the injuries he had received on that occasion, he had been confined to bed for upwards of a month. Once or twice during that time the Chief and the Doctor had been to see him, in order to ascertain if he were well enough to be removed to the Square's. They had been to see him again on the night of which we write, and whilst they had been in the club Knight had arrived with the startling news that Nelson Lee was at his house.

The Chief immediately instructed Knight to return to his home, with three of his fellow members, and depart of Nelson Lee. He and the Doctor had then left the club, and had driven to St. Pancreas, where they had caught the Sheffield train, as already described, with the object of returning to the Square's.

"Then you think he is going on all right?" asked the Chief, returning to Jack Langley.

"I do," replied the doctor, as he leaned down into a corner seat and lit a fragrant cigar. The two club which were broken are now completely healed, and his recovering his strength in a manner that's truly wonderful."

"How long do you think he'll be before we're able to remove him to the Square's?"

"Three or four days. But why do you wish to take him to the Square's?"

The Chief laughed, a harsh, unpleasant laugh, with more than a suggestion of disdain in it. A dangerous light shined in his deepest eyes, and his face grew crimson hot and red.

"You and I have always been good friends," he said in a measured voice, "but because of trying my patience too far. You know as well as I do why I wish to take Jack Langley to the Square's, and you only ask the question in order to

save the way for another attempt to turn me from my duties."

"I admit it," said the Doctor. "Nobody has greater admiration for your talents than I have, but in this instance I cannot help feeling that you have completely lost your head. If you would only listen a moment to the voice of reason—"

"I will listen to nothing!" cried the Chief, with an outbreak of rage. "So long as I am Chief of the Order of the Ring I will manage my affairs in the way that seems best to me. I have sworn to make Jack Langley join our order, and by Heaven I'll do it. If it takes me twenty years! As soon as you get in to the square I'll take him down to the Square's, and I'll break his sacred spirit by torturing Ethel Aymer—by killing her, if I can't be better, by his very eye."

The Doctor stamped his shoulder.

"And do you really think the game is worth the candle?" he asked. "For my own part I've made about whether Langley will be of much use to us, even if we do succeed in forcing him into our order."

"I don't think he will be of any use," said the Chief roughly. "I don't think about him as much as I've taken the oath of membership."

"Then why on earth are you so keen on forcing him to join us?"

"It's all a matter of principle. No man yet ever thwarted me and lived, and I don't intend that Jack Langley shall be the exception. Surely you know me well enough by now to know that when I've set my heart on a thing no power on earth can turn me from my purpose."

"That's true," said the doctor, with a sigh. "But in this case you are not only passing yourself to a lot of unnecessary trouble, but you are also exposing the Order of the Ring to a tremendous amount of unnecessary danger. All our secret correspondents—the lot of the Pinkie and the Jewly, the knock-up of the house in Chesham Place, and the villa at Haversham—there are sure to be anxious to find out some determination to make Jack Langley join us. He's guided by me for ever. Hence, as you wish the Order of the Ring and all connected with it."

"Never!" said the Chief between his clenched teeth. "Oh! no, mad, if you like, but I've sworn to break Jack Langley's spirit, and I'm going to do it. That's the beginning and end of the whole affair. Nothing that you could ever say could in any way alter my decision, so talk about something else. What time is it?"

"A quarter past one."

"Then, at this very moment, in all probability, Knight and his three companions are tracking Nelson Lee! In imagination, I can see them dash upon him unawares and fling themselves upon him. He struggles gamely, but in vain. They drag him down, Knight whips out a knife and seizes it between his ribs. There is a groan and a spout of blood, and Nelson Lee is dead! Let us drink to his memory."

"He pulled out a glass flask, uncorked the stopper, and tilted the cap. The Doctor caught the intention of the generous business, and followed his example.

"The late lamented Nelson Lee! Peace to his ashes!" cried the Chief.

The Doctor repeated the toast. Then they drained their cups, and shook each other warmly by the hand, whilst the carriage rang with their hoarse laughter.

On and ever onward sped the flying train. In a narrow, ill-lighted street on the north bank of the Thames three men were crouching under a door, whilst a fourth peered through the keyhole. Each of the four had a knife in his hand, and their eyes gleamed malignly.

"I tell you nothing is to be done," said the man at the keyhole, who was more sober than the other Knight. "I can't see anything of him now, and I can't hear him moving about. He must have gone to bed. Take up your boots and follow me."

The three men quietly raised their boots and lifted them off. Then he softly raised the latch and entered the silent house.

"Not a sound, as you value your lives!" he whispered under his breath. "He has his revolver with him, and he has the reputation of always sleeping with one eye open. That's the man's name. We won't strike a light. We'll creep upstairs till we reach the bed-room door, then we'll suddenly burst it open and throw ourselves upon him before he's fully awake."

Knife in hand, he led the way up the steep, unlighted stairs. Thence they had now come to a hall, and stood round at his three companions.

"Ready!" he whispered, laying his hand on the handle of the door.

Three heads nodded, three hands gripped the handles of three doors, three men held their breath and set their teeth.

"Come on then!" cried Knight, throwing further matter to the wind.

As he uttered these words he turned the handle and flung the door wide open. The room was in darkness, and a dim and shadowy outline of the bed was all that could be seen. Towards this bed the three men sprang like tigers leaping on their prey. Post haste they crept down through the gloom; then one man started, started back, and another struck a match. The next instant their flashlight beams were reading the air with their impetuosity, and were staring at an empty bed, which had four holes in its pillow and crumpled coverlet.

Two minutes later these same four men, wavy and disheveled, were tramping back to the kitchen, in order to discover the doubtful truth that their girl had failed, and that Nelson Lee had once again eluded his women's vigilance.

On and over toward sped the flying train. In a room above the underground depot at the Empire's home (Edith Akeley was sleeping the sleep of the just). In the dining-room the Empire and Lady Ureah were playing bridge.

"Wasn't it?" exclaimed the Empire, in the study on the masterpiece above the house. "How the night drops on!"

"That's not very complimentary to me," said Lady Ureah, with a slight laugh. "I'm sorry that you had our company with a loss."

"Oh, it isn't that," said the Empire hastily. "But some-how or other I'm in the game to-night. If I believed in such things I should say that I had a premonition of evil. I can't shake off the feeling that something's going to happen."

"To whom?"

"To the Chief and the Doctor. I'm sure it wasn't wise of them to venture up to London again now that Nelson Lee is out and about again. I hope they're all right."

"Of course they're all right," said Lady Ureah, helping herself to another of the Empire's cigarettes. "You're not Nelson Lee on the train? Really, these cards, and in the time you've played another two thousand up they'd be knocking at the door."

She had scarcely finished speaking as the house rattled with a violent jolting of the front-door bell.

"There they are!" she cried, springing to her feet. The Empire shook his head, and she just only gave her "I suppose!" to him. "That train isn't due in Sheffield until a quarter-past five, and it's just only gone two."

"Perfectly right except an earlier train."

"That's possible. The 12.15 from St. Pancras was the only one they could possibly catch."

"Then who can it be?"

"Before he could reply a broad peal resounded through the house."

"It's somebody in a desperate hurry, whoever it is," said the Empire. "As the servants are all in bed, I suppose I shall have to answer the door myself."

He left the room, and crossed the spacious entrance-hall before he opened the door to permit through a messenger for the window, which overlooked the park outside. The first thing that caught his eye was a gentleman's bicycle, which had been leaned against one of the pillars of the porch, but towards the entrance hall. The front tyre was apparently quite flat, and the machine itself was splashed with mud from the hedges on the way.

"Wonderful at this time," said a tall young fellow in cycling-kilts and a Norfolk jacket. One hand clutched the handle of the bell, and the other gripped the handle of the door. His face, though as white as a sheet, was crimson with perspiration. He was awaiting to speak to the division man, and his hand was raised and falling in quick, short pants.

The Empire recognized him in a trice. His name was Henry Fitzherbert. He was a telephone clerk at the Sheffield General Post Office. He was also a member of the Order of the Ring.

With trembling hands the Empire unlocked and unlocked the door. The messenger stepped in his rubber-shod bicycle into the hall, and bravely fell into one of the chairs.

"All—all is lost!" he gasped, thumping himself on the chest, and gasping for breath. "Chief and Doctor arrested—Michael Staker—soon as they arrive!"

"For one brief instant the Empire regarded him in horrified amazement. Then he dashed into an adjoining room, and returned, dripping with a mixture of sweat and anxiety.

"There, nothing else," he said, half filling the mantle with post-velocity. "Now, you yourself together, and tell me what has happened."

The clerk gulped down the whisky and unlaced his collar. For a moment or two he turned toward with his eyes then he started his throat and told his startling tale.

"I was on duty at the office this evening from midnight until half-past three," he said. "Shortly after one o'clock I received a message from London. It was addressed to the chief constable, and, to the best of my recollection, ran as follows: 'Stephen Meredith, alias the Chief of the Order of the Ring, and other in his confederacy, known as the Doctor, will arrive Sheffield, England, at 1.15. Postpone warrants, and be at station to meet them. Am travelling by some train beyond in order to identify—Nelson Lee.'"

"I knew it—I knew it!" groaned the Empire, swinging his hands. "Something told me that we were on the eve of a catastrophe. What did you do?"

"What could I do?" replied the clerk. "I thought at first of keeping the message back until it was late for the police to accept the train; but unfortunately one of my fellow-clerks was looking over my shoulder when the message arrived, so that concealment was impossible."

"Then the message was delivered?"

"Yes."

"By what time did you come and tell me of it once?"

"I'm afraid I was on special duty tonight, and they wouldn't let me off. The moment I came off duty, however, I jumped in to see you, and rode out here as fast as I could find. If it has been, and you think, to mean the Chief and the Doctor of the Empire which arrests them?"

"I'm afraid so," said the Empire, pacing the hall with rapid, agitated strides. "It is now a quarter-past five. By this time their cars will have left Leeds, and will only stop once more—on Thrumfield before it reaches Sheffield. We haven't time to get a wire through to Chesterfield before they arrive; and even if we did it would do no good, for Nelson Lee is in the train, and if he can get out, he would simply do the same, and shake them down."

"What's it to be possible to stop the train between Chesterfield and Sheffield?" suggested the clerk.

"I know," said the Empire. "But how could we stop the train without violating Nelson Lee's warranty?"

"What is it?" she asked, glancing from the front to the clock, and from the clock to the Empire. "His stopping happened?"

"In a few hurried sentences the Empire told her the startling news. Reminded in his response, she betrayed neither her surprise, nor the least bit of sympathy for the man, then she clasped her shabby shoulders, and regarded him with a glance of pitying scorn.

"What leads you now to?" she said contemptuously. "Do you really mean to say that you would see any way by which the Chief and the Doctor could be traced?"

"I cannot, indeed, said the Empire.

"Then are you going to hold your arms, and allow them to be arrested?"

"What can I do?" started the Empire, quailing before her pointed glance.

"What else can you do?" she retorted. "You can see that if you only choose to turn yourself."

"How?"

She answered his question with another.

"What time are they due in Sheffield?"

"At a quarter-past five."

"The railway-line runs past this house?"

"Just exactly past the house. It runs through a deep cutting at the back-end corner of the park, which is nearly a mile from the house."

"That's all, near enough. How far is it from here to Sheffield?"

"Twelve miles, perhaps."

"And the train will be travelling at about fifty miles an hour?"

"I suppose so."

"Then it will be passing through that cutting at the end of the park about five o'clock?"

"Yes."

"It is not a quarter-past five?"

"Twenty minutes past."

"You are too precise. What I wish you to understand is this. In three-quarters of an hour from now the train in which the Chief and the Doctor are travelling will be passing through the cutting at the north-east corner of your house."

"That's so."

"Then arrange for this. If you were to rattle tops or bring up the servants, and were to take down chairs to the cutting, would it be possible for them to tear up one of the rails before the train arrived?"

"Certainly! But what good would that do? It would stop the train, I admit, but it would also give rise to a fearful accident, in which the Chief and the Doctor would certainly be injured, and possibly killed outright."

Again that contemptuous look swept over Lady Uvula's face.

"How dense you are!" she said, tapping her pretty foot impatiently. "Whoever did I suggest such a thing as walking a train?"

"But it couldn't be found to be wicked if we were up one of the rails, could the Spectator?"

"Not at all," she replied. "As soon as you've reversed the rail, one of the servants must hurry up the line to meet the train. He must take a lantern with him, and the moment he sees the train, he must wave his lantern and yell to the driver to pull up. When the driver has stopped the train, the servant must go up to him and say something to this effect: 'I was crossing the line just now, on my way to my work, when I accidentally discovered that one of the rails had been torn up. As I know that the train must see just about here, I fear up the line to give you warning. Thank Heaven I am in time!'"

"What will happen next, do you suppose? The passengers will crowd out of the train in a state of great excitement. When they hear your servant's story, they will shake their heads and bid him as a hero. Some of them will walk down the line to look at the place where the rails have been tampered with; but by that time, of course, you will have sent the rest of the servants back to the house, so that nobody will be able to follow you. You will be able to discover by whom the rail was removed."

"And what shall I be doing in the meantime?" asked the Spectator.

"You will be hiding behind the hedge at the side of the cutting," she replied. "As soon as you see a favourable opportunity, you will emerge with the crowd, keeping out of the way of Nelson Lee, if of course, and whither to the Doctor and the Chief. They all three of you, taking advantage of the darkness and confusion, will quietly slip away and make your way to this house."

"That's all very fine," said the Spectator doubtfully; "but it seems to me that your Spectator Nelson Lee actually got out of your reckoning. Suppose he stands a job? Suppose he decides to keep an eye on the Chief and the Doctor? Suppose he follows us when we quietly slip away, as you suggest?"

"Leave that part of the business to me!" said Lady Uvula significantly. "I'll look after Nelson Lee."

On and over moved upon the flying train. In a third-class carriage next the guard's van, Nelson Lee was gazing himself in the back, and congratulating himself on the poor approach of the end of his wireless quest. He occupied his watch. It was five o'clock. In another fifteen minutes, he told himself, the train would stream into the station at Sheffield. The chief constable, or one of the officers, would be standing on the platform with a posse of police. The train would have a couple of waymen in his pocket—one for the Chief, and another for the Doctor—also, Nelson Lee would spring from the train the moment it pulled up. He would look out to the police, and beat them to the door of the first-class carriage in which the Chief and the Doctor were travelling. He would point them, out to the police.

"Hooray!"

A sudden clatter for ran through the train, and brought his attention to an abrupt termination. The engine-driver had suddenly clipped off the brakes. The train began to slow down.

"Signal's again up, I suppose," muttered Nelson Lee. He lowered the window, and thrust out his head. It was a pitch-dark night—no railway, certainly—with a fine drizzle of rain. Far away down the line, perhaps half a mile ahead, someone was waving a lantern. And above the gleaming of the lantern, above the roar of the steaming wheels, the detective heard the dismal wailing cry:

"Pull up! Pull up! Pull up!"

Shower and shower grew the distance between the train and the unseen figure with the lantern. Shower and shower moved the approach, until at last it came to an absolute stop in a dark, deep, unspanned cutting. The moment a creak in a stanchion carriage drew her eyes up as if by magic, and in less than about ten it took to tell, a crowd of anxious passengers spring out on to the line and hurried to the engine, where the driver and the police were engaged in conversation with a nervous-looking little man, with a lantern in his hand.

"I only just managed it," the man was saying, when the passengers came up. "Another twenty yards, and nothing would have saved you."

A driver of lower rank through the crowd as they heard the starting movement. They plied the man with a hail of eager questions.

"Somebody's tried to wreck your train, that's all!" said the man, as soon as he could make himself heard. "I was walking down the line on my way to work, when I noticed that one of the rails on the down line had been taken up and laid across the tracks. What I was looking at it, I found the middle of your train, so I ran up the line, waving my lantern to the driver to pull up. I was afraid at first that I should be too late, but, you see, I see, Heaven be praised, I was just in the nick of time! Even so, I'll show you what you've almost!"

Lantern in hand, he led the way down the line. Most of the passengers accompanied him, but one or two remained behind and engaged each other in conversation. Amongst them were the Chief and the Doctor.

"What do you make of this affair?" muttered the Doctor, under his breath. "You recognized that man with the lantern, of course?"

"Of course I did," said the Chief, in the same low tone. "He's one of the Spectator's servants. I was on the point of speaking to him, but he gave me a look which said as plain as words that he didn't wish me to recognize him."

"I saw it," said the doctor. "There's something in the wind, you can bet your boots! Can it be that something has happened which makes him anxious to communicate with me here, as he did at Sheffield?"

Before the Chief could reply, a rattled figure slide up to him and whispered him on the shoulder.

"Quick! Follow me!" said the Spectator, for he it was. "It was I who warned the train to be stopped. Nelson Lee is here! He has come to Sheffield, and the police are waiting for you at the station."

"Nelson Lee here!" repeated the Chief, in an incredulous whisper. "You're dreaming! He's at Knight's house in London, and by this time is probably dead. Might come to the chair—"

"For Heaven's sake, don't stop to argue!" said the Spectator impatiently. "I'll tell you about it afterwards. For the present it's enough for you to know that I've seen Nelson Lee, not half a dozen yards from where you're standing, within the last half-minute. He's just gone down the line to leave a look at my handkerchief."

This was partly true and partly false, though the Spectator did not know it. It was true that he had seen Nelson Lee, but it was not true that the detective had gone down the line to inspect the Spectator's handkerchief. On the contrary, he was standing at that moment in the shadow of one of the carriages just behind them, and was watching their every movement with an eagle, two-eyed gaze.

The fact of the matter was that the detective saw the Spectator saw him, not in the twinkling of an eye, the suspicion flitted into his mind that it was the Spectator who had stopped the train, and that he had done so in order to warn his own accomplices of the fate which was awaiting them at Sheffield. In order to put his theory to the test, he passed the Spectator without the slightest sign of recognition, and pretended to walk down the line with the other passengers. As soon as he was out of the Spectator's sight, however, he doubled back, and concealed himself in the shadow of one of the carriages.

When the order of watches he saw the Spectator approach the Chief and the Doctor. He saw the whispered conversation, though he could not hear what passed. Then he saw the three men glide away, and began to climb up the steep and grassy embankment.

Foot and hand moved the detective hesitated how to act. Should he follow the three men and endeavor to track them to the Spectator's house, or should he raise the alarm and attempt to arrest them with the aid of his fellow-passengers?

One moment's reflection sufficed to convince him that the latter course was the only one which had any chance of success. If he denounced the three men to the passengers, they would promptly take to their heels in different directions, and would probably succeed in making their escape under cover of the darkness. On the other hand, if he went round himself with denouncing them, it would be all out where they were going, and would be able to lay his hands on their accomplice before he fled. And, in addition to this, he would find out what he had long desired to learn—the whereabouts of the underground man.

To decide was to act with Nelson Lee. With steady, unflinching steps, he threaded his way across the line, and crept up the steep embankment. By the time he was halfway up the Chief and his two companions had vanished over the crest. Fearful of losing them in the darkness, the detective quivered his feet. He reached the top, and was in the act of climbing over the fence, when, suddenly and of the ground, as it seemed, above rose the figure of Lady Uvula.

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 103.

By MARTIN CLAYTON
Author of "The Mystery of the Red Room."

BEST
WEDNESDAYS.

"TOM MERRY'S PROMISE!"

By MARTIN CLAYTON
Author of "The Mystery of the Red Room."

Drunk!

There was a noisy report, accompanied by a steady, merrily laughing and a splash out of water. The next instant the horrible splash of the boat, and went rolling down the embankment.

A Cross-Country Chase.

In the meantime the Chief and his two companions were hurrying across a large grass field which lay between the embankment and the road which bordered the Spire's grounds. Halfway across the Spire came to a halt, and glanced behind him.

"You two go on, and I'll wait here," he said. "In the top left-hand corner of this field you'll find a gate. When you are satisfied that gate you'll find yourself in the road. Turn to the right, and about thirty or forty yards further along the road, on the left-hand side, you'll find the stile which leads over the field."

"By why aren't you coming with us?" asked the Doctor. "I've going to wait here for Ureks," said the Spire.

"The Chief," murmured the Chief, in tones of profound mystery. "Surely you don't mean to say that Ureks is here?"

"No," replied the Spire. "She looked upon coming with me. It would be to keep an eye on Nelson Lee. She's posted herself on the top of the embankment, and if she attempts to follow to day's going to—"

Before he had time to complete his sentence they saw the Spire, and heard the report of Lady Ureks's shot. For a moment there was silence, then the first of angry voices was heard, mingled with the sound of a dog. Above the report they heard the soft, calm voice of approaching footsteps, and a moment later Lady Ureks came, running up.

"Quick! Run for your lives," she cried. "I've failed!"

"Halted! How?" demanded the Spire.

"He saw my steel arrow, and he meant to follow me," she replied. "I aimed it high, but he creaked the top of the embankment, then I fired at him, but as he was climbing over the fence, and he was too quick for me. The moment I raised my weapon he threw himself backwards off the fence, and landed head in the embankment on the opposite side."

"Come here! Help in many lives as a cat," growled the Chief, as they withdrew across the field. "But if he threw himself off the fence, surely he must have rolled down the embankment?"

"He did, but he wasn't hurt, worse luck!" she replied. "I saw him pick himself up, and I heard him call the names of the King, and the three leaders of the Order of the King were in the field on the top of the embankment. He called upon them, in the name of the law, to assist him to give chase to us. But only three of them responded to his call. One of the three was a dog, however, and as it's growing lighter every minute, you'll see that we haven't a moment to lose if we wish to give them the slip."

"She had evidently hidden weapons on the embankment and his three companions, accompanied by the dog, scrambled over the wooden fence which divided the field from the railway embankment. Two an instant, but only for an instant—the darkness faded from them. Then the dog gave vent to a low, fierce growl, and dashed away in the direction of a gate at the end of the field.

"There they are! I saw them now!" called Nelson Lee suddenly. "Three men and a woman, making for that gate. Come along by this! They won't escape us!"

"It's all up with us now," said the Spire. "We can't possibly strike them off balance, or reach the stile. So that, even though they may not be able to penetrate us, we shall simply lead them straight to my house."

"Never!" said the Chief, between his clenched teeth. "We must prevent the arrest of your Lord's daughter to-day!"

"But how?" demanded the Spire. "We must get up over the house wall to have a look down on it," said the Chief. "As soon as we reach the roof we must divide our forces, and disperse in different directions. You and Ureks must turn to the right, the Doctor and I will turn to the left."

"But that's only do the same," urged the Spire. "Two of them will follow you and the Doctor, and the other two will follow Ureks and myself."

"That's exactly what I'm counting on," said the Chief. "Nelson Lee, without a doubt, will start to follow me and the Doctor. It's thousands to one that she can't see any other holes you will be arrested. In railway passengers—in this country, at any rate—you'll usually carry revolvers. Ureks has a revolver, which she will lend to you. Need I say more?"

THE END OF VOL. 27.

THE MAGAZINE LIBRARY. Every Monday.

"I understand," said the Spire. "If we can't shake them off, I am to shoot them?"

"Exactly," said the Chief. "By this time they had reached the gate, and a moment later they were dashing down the deserted road, the Spire and Lady Ureks to the right and the Chief and the Doctor to the left."

"What shall we do now?" asked one of Nelson Lee's companions. "What ought shall we follow?"

"Both," said the Doctor, as he reached over the gate. "You two follow the Spire and Lady Ureks, and we two will follow the Chief and the Doctor."

Without a word, the two men, by independent means, were the owner of the dog, which, actually, followed the intended road to the stile, and set out in pursuit of the Spire and his companion. For nearly half a mile they chased them through the over-arching grass, gaining ground at every stride. Then the following phase, gaining pace, and opened her with Lady Ureks's revolver.

The dog rolled over with a shattered eye. She was dropped with a broken in his brain, the other leg the dog as he ran, and immediately turned and fled.

A quarter of an hour later the Spire and Lady Ureks had crossed the park, and were safely inside the house.

In the meantime, the Chief and the Doctor were speedily down the road in the opposite direction, with Nelson Lee and his two companions close upon them. The latter was a young, dark, handsome man, named Blinck, who had distinguished himself the year before by winning both the mile and the quarter in the London University sports. In an ordinary way, both he and Nelson Lee would have given their opponents a hard run, but Nelson Lee would have given them every time. But on a track he had a mile, and down the hills, and he would be dotted with many followers, who would only need an appealing show from Nelson Lee to throw down their implements and join in the chase.

"We must separate," urged the Chief. "It's our only chance of making them off. At the bottom of this hill the dog decides. You take the turn to the right, and make for that wood. I'll take the turn to the left, and try to find cover in the neighbourhood of the old mill."

The Doctor nodded his assent, and he had no breath left for words—and as soon as they reached the foot of the hill he crept to the right, and continued his flight alone.

"Hallo! They've parted company!" cried Nelson Lee, as soon as he perceived the fresh movements. "Now you go to, while the Doctor disappears!"

"Certainly," said Blinck.

"They've taken the Doctor, and I'll take the Chief," said Nelson Lee. "If you manage to overtake him, don't stand on any ceremony. Shoot him, and say what his eyes you can prevent ourselves to carry him to the hospital."

The Chief ran till the doctor had not time to say, but by the time he had finished speaking they had reached the bottom of the hill.

In accordance with Nelson Lee's instructions, Blinck took the turn on the left, and chased the Doctor to a densely-wooded copse which adjoined the Doctor's park. By the time the Doctor gained the shelter of the wood his pursuer was less than thirty yards behind him. But that, also, was the full extent of the young Doctor's success. As he reached the low fence which divided the wood from the field, he caught his foot in a trailing branch, and staggered to length on the ground.

When he attempted to rise, he found, to his dismay, that he had reached his middle. Despite the pain, he gasped, struggled on, but at every stride the gap between himself and the Doctor increased in length, till at last he had sight of his pursuer.

Twenty minutes later, the Doctor was shaking hands with the Spire and Lady Ureks in the drawing-room of the Spire's house. There of the two had made good their escape. But what about the fourth—the Chief?

Remembering that most startling installment of this astonishing serial story "Phantomship." To be sure of getting it at the right time, order your copy now! of the NEW LIBRARY from your newspaper for only 11

DO YOU WANT TO GO TO SEA?

By AN OLD SAILOR.

(Continued from last week.)

If you go straight, and do your best to learn and obey, you will have a father's life, and in some return to some snug coast-guard station, to keep a sharp lookout for smugglers and be a check to those who might try to gain our shores by sneaking, where the heavy, stout hearts of our boys in blue make it impossible for them to gain anything by slipping.

Do you know why the sailor has his trousers so very wide at the bottom? No, it is not for show. No, indeed, it is not Navy or for show—except one thing, that is! Well, the trousers are made so as to enable the sailor to roll them above his knees, when he wants about the deck, or about the cabin, under and overboard, or even about to spend a cruise. Do you know why the sailor wears a black silk necktie? No, it's not to keep him warm. It is a perpetual reminder of that greatest of all sailors—Nelson—and it was in the Service so.

A Tribute to the Hero

who did such splendid work on the deck of the glorious old Victory.

Wash your face, I'm going now to give you a few hints on finding the Maritime Service. But first you will find a set of hints.

It is possible to join as an apprentice, but all jobs do not promise the money necessary to purchase an outfit. So what must such a poor lad do who wants to go to sea?

The best thing to do is, go to a support firm, and try to get a berth as a stowaway on a coaster. If you have a good or two to set you going, you may find that money will do such a treat. Here it is absolutely necessary also to learn and obey.

You will have a very good chance of learning much about the larger ships as you go from port to port in the little vessel. The land is usually much better on a small vessel than on a larger ship, because it is not so difficult to obtain land supplies.

If You are a Smart and Ocean Lad.

The master will give you a good discharge. With this and plenty of gold you should not have much difficulty in obtaining a sea-going command. The pay is about £10 to £14 per month, with food. The bedding you must provide, as well as the sea kit, which will run away with the best of a two-potential man.

Learn to swim as you possibly can in "taking a walk at the wheel." That is, learn to steer by the compass. You will have to "do your bit" in the "crew's game." This means taking upon yourself to be in the eye of the ship for two hours. Remember that when so equipped, the whole ship's company place their lives in your hands.

The watches are divided into "port" and "starboard," but learn to do both hours of being the inevitable proportion of the time. You can study for a mate's certificate in your spare time, and so on until you are master of a craft.

When Signing on for a Voyage.

You can have what is known as "an advance note." This note varies in amount, from two shillings to half the pay for the voyage. It may be repaid by the holder "three days after the ship has cleared." No, if the sailor does not turn up, and the ship sails without him, the holder of the note—master dealing in such matters, or a broker, perhaps—loses the money advanced.

A last word.

Benefits of Land Shares.

There are not members of the sea, but we travelers think, in the game of friendship, hand the deck, and the streets of market towns. These harbor are far more dangerous than "the corner of the sea," who loses in dignity every time the same "deck" is applied to the cowardly who play on the water above.

When in a foreign port, never be guilty of any conduct which might lower the dignity of the national flag. Remember that Britain has given her best blood in the past to raise it to its proud position. Never do anything, therefore, to lower our national pride, which is the grand product of Britain's name of the sea.

THE END.

A NEW FREE CORRESPONDENCE EXCHANGE.

The only means and address which can be printed in clear columns will be from those readers living in any of our colonies who desire correspondents in Great Britain and America.

Colony readers, sending in their names and addresses for insertion in the columns of this popular story-book must state what kind of correspondent is required—boy or girl, English, Scotch, Welsh, or Irish.

Would-be correspondents must send with each notice two coupons, one taken from "The Gem," and one from the same week's issue of its companion paper, "The Magnet" Library. Coupons will always be found on page 2 of each paper, and requests for correspondents not containing these two coupons will be absolutely disregarded.

Readers wishing to reply to advertisements appearing in this column may prefer to do so by the ordinary means. No correspondence with advertisers can be undertaken through the medium of this office.

All advertisements for insertion in this Free Exchange should be addressed: "The Editor, 'The Gem' Library, The Flourish House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4."

C. Goldring, 22, Dufferin Avenue, Cote Street, St. Paul, Montreal, Canada, wishes to correspond with a girl reader, age 15, living in London, England.

J. H. Roberts, 16, Union Avenue, Montreal, P.Q., Canada, wishes to correspond with a boy or girl reader living in any part of the British Isles, age 18.

A. Miles, 41, Kinross Street, Wellington, South New Zealand, wishes to correspond with a boy reader living in Scotland or England.

Miss D. Watt, Bononia Road, Gibe, Robert, Tasmania, Australia, wishes to correspond with a boy reader living in any part of the world but America.

Miss B. Hunter, age 18, Kyrston, Malville Street, Hawthorn, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, wishes to correspond with a reader of about the same age.

Miss H. Robinson, age 18, of 10, Malville Street, Hawthorn, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, wishes to correspond with a reader of about the same age.

M. B. Smith, 10, W. H. Cove & Co., Flinders Street, Adelaide, South Australia, wishes to correspond with a boy or girl reader, age 18 or 19, living in England or Scotland.

Miss A. Anderson, Glasgow, Scotland, Australia, wishes to correspond with a Scotch girl reader, age about 18 or 19.

Miss A. Collins, Elveta, Cunningham Terrace, Leith, East, New Zealand, wishes to correspond with English schoolboys, age about 15 or 16.

A. Henderson, age 18, Field Hill, Kapunda, South Australia, wishes to correspond with a girl reader of about the same age living in England.

Miss B. A. Moore, Farringford Street, Unley, South Australia, wishes to correspond with a boy reader, age 20 or 21, living in England.

Miss A. Milroy, Arvon Villa, Cunningham Terrace, Leith, East, New Zealand, wishes to correspond with a schoolboy, age 16 or 17, living in Scotland.

C. E. Colwell, age 18, 124, Harley Street, East Brunswick, Melbourne, Australia, wishes to correspond with a girl reader about the same age living in the British Isles.

E. G. Miller, 11, Seaside Road, Pomona, Auckland, New Zealand, wishes to correspond with a boy or girl reader, age 18, living in England.

Master C. Gannon and W. Field, of Bayville Street, Bexley, Australia, wish to correspond with two Irish girls about 12 years of age.

L. Campbell, 43, Dundas Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, wishes to correspond with a boy or girl reader, age 14, living in England.

L. G. Williams, 21, Christie Edm., Montreal, Canada, wishes to correspond with a reader, age about 14, living in England.

The Editor specially requests Colony Readers to study being the Free Correspondence Exchange to the notice of their friends.

The Gem Library—No. 107,

"TOM MERRY'S PROMISE!"

By MARTIN CLEVERLY,
Editor in Advance.EVERY
WEDNESDAY.

"TOM MERRY'S

OUR SPECIAL WEEKLY FEATURE

**For Next Wednesday.****"TOM MERRY'S PROMISE."**

By Martin Clifford.

In this splendid, long, complete story of the journey of St. John, Tom Merry, by attempting to do a horrible deed of his own good name, decides on a course of action which leads to many misadventures among the storm. The first-shipwreck of the leader of the Blue Fern team leads to lead him into various trouble, but the truth is discovered in time, and all is plain sailing once more. Needless to say,

"TOM MERRY'S PROMISE"

is carried out to the letter.

Reverend Chan's Contribution.

A Plymouth "Constant Reader" sends me a very nice little note and some quite excellent verses, which I feel I must give all "Gems" an opportunity of reading. It is astonishing what a large number of poetic efforts have been sent to me by my readers since I published a Gemmer's column on the Chat page a few weeks back.

Unfortunately, I cannot publish them all, or else the good old "Gem" would have the appearance of a poetry-book every week, a change which I am not at all sure that my readers as a whole would approve. Here is my Plymouth friend's letter and poem in full, and I am much obliged to him for his contribution.

"Plymouth

"Dear Mr. Editor,—Having been a constant reader of "The Gem" from the beginning, I thought I would like to give you my opinion of the numbers which contained therein. Briefly, I may say that if you continue publishing the class of verse that you give us at present, there can be no real complaint.

"Some adults are opposed to their children reading "The Gem," which they are pleased to term "poorish literature," but I venture to say that if these people only used the stories for themselves, in an unobtrusive way, remembering that mental recreation is almost as important as physical recreation, they would soon discover that the stories appearing in "The Gem" and "Magpie" are quite the reverse of harmful.

"I am writing a little effort of my own composition, which might interest some of your readers, if you think it good enough to insert in the Chat page.—With best wishes, sincerely yours,

"CONSTANT READER."

"An Ode to the Chums of St. John's."

I am going to tell you of the chums of St. John's. Who, as Tupples would say, give "lovely coming lines." But they are true lines, and they all play the same. From the pages of "Gem" they have kept into lanes.

At first, there is D'Arcy, the arch of the school, do not mistake, but he isn't a fool. He wears military uniforms, but without any pret. On Sundays or workdays, he is always well-dressed.

And then there is Mandy, a humorous guy. Who makes fearful puns day after day. Merry and Mandy, of photographic fame, shared No. 10 before Montague came.

Figgs and Co., of the opposite shore, are always quite smart; they have plenty of cash. Kurr is a wonder, a lion, a rascal too. Who can really tell if a chag's true or not.

Figgs and Pery, the lark and the dove, are both real "hot stuff" without any doubt. Mollin and Crooks, the cubs of the school, are bullying voters and braves, at a cost.

And now for the chums of the Fourth—Hyle & Co. D'Arcy, Pery and, in an oblique way, Mollin and Crooks, who for Richard House would die, With their leader, Jack Hyle, truly make for 4.

There are several others, but I think you'll agree that I've said enough of the chums, gem and dove. So I'll stop to say, if you had any chums, We would go to St. John's with these wonderful boys.

"CONSTANT READER" C. B. S.

AN ORIGINAL AND INTERESTING PRIZE COMPETITION.

Our grand new Ough Prize Competition, which was announced in the Chat here last week, will close in August "all the year" among "Magazines" and "Gems"—the readers of the most popular magazines everywhere in existence. The novelty and interest of the contest appeals to every description of reader alike. All you have to do is to buy an extra copy of "The Penny Post," on Friday, give it to a newspaper, and then get his, or her, opinion on it when it has been carefully read.

I WANT THAT OPINION!

So write a story on a postcard, and send it to The Editor, "The Penny Post," The Grosvenor House, Pall Mall, London, E.C., before January 31st, 1911.

I am giving **HANDSOME CASH PRIZES** for the best "stories"—those which you, or our latest competition-jury—"The Penny Post," in the contest, read, receive, and most approvingly say.

And don't forget the three issues of "The Penny Post," in which this competition opens up:

"PENNY POP," Numbers 1, 2, and 11.

One of the Special Features of this Contest is the **SPECIAL COLONIAL SECTION**, which will be kept open long enough to allow my chums living in the farthest corner of the Empire a chance to compete. Four Cash Prizes will be awarded for the best "friend's opinion" postcards sent to by my Overseas readers.

23 A WEEK FOR LIFE!

To know for certain that for the remainder of one's life there will be coming in **233 every year, 23 every week, 133 every waking day**—that knowing would this have upon an average man, whether young or old, prosperous or unsuccessful?

Primarily it would free him from all anxiety and care. Having no financial worry, he would receive independence and self-reliance, and be able to live the world untroubled by the pressing needs of the moment. There is no task in the way in which this magnificent life-possibility would affect a man's whole career, while to a woman it would be no less acceptable.

In this week's "Answer"—the popular home page for everyone—a portion of £5 a week for life is offered in a most attractive football competition. What competitors have to do is to display their skill in connection with English football matches, and full particulars appear in "Answers," over our next page.

THE EDITOR.