



The TWO HEROES

*A Magnificent Long, Complete Story
of the Chums of St. Jim's*

By MARTIN CLIFFORD

THE FIRST CHAPTER

Hard Cheese!

“WOTTEN!”

D'Arcy of the Fourth made that remark in dismal tones.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was seated at his desk, in the Fourth Form room, with books open before him and a pen in his hand.

There was a sheaf of impot paper before him, and on the top line of the first page was written:

“Conticuere omnes——”

That was all.

Arthur Augustus had been in the form room for half an hour, and so far he had written two words—out of two hundred lines imposed upon him by Mr. Lathom, his form-master.

At the rate of one word to a quarter of an hour, it seemed probable that Arthur Augustus's task would occupy him a considerable time.

“Wotten!” repeated Arthur Augustus. “Oh, wotten!”

“Rotten” was really the only word to describe it. It was a half-holiday at St. Jim's, and there was sunshine in the old quadrangle, and a pleasant breeze blew in at the open windows of the form room. From the cricket-ground in the distance came the echo of merry

voices. But the house was very silent. Nearly everybody was out of doors on that bright half-holiday.

Arthur Augustus ought to have been out of doors also. He wanted very much to be out of doors. His chums were all going out. But between Arthur Augustus and freedom stood the edict of his form-master.

Arthur Augustus had set about his task in his own peculiar way. Having written two words, he had felt tired. So, having thus broken his duck, as it were, he took a rest, and watched the distant cricket from the form-room window for a space. There was a senior match going on, and Kildare of the Sixth was at the wicket, but the crowd round the field was too thick for D'Arcy to see Kildare batting. However, he watched with great interest till the sound of a footstep in the passage recalled him to his desk.

But the footstep passed on, and Arthur Augustus sat with his pen in his hand, thoughtfully jabbing the nib into the oaken desk; perhaps reflecting upon the classic beauties of the poem he was beginning to transcribe—but more probably not.

“Bother Virgil!” murmured Arthur Augustus. “Blow Æneas! Bless Dido! My private opinion is that Dido must have been feahfully bored when Æneas

spun her that awfully long yarn in Latin. Oh, deah!"

Another step in the passage—in fact, several steps. Three cheery Fourth Formers looked into the room. Blake and Herries and Digby were in Norfolks, apparently about to start on a spin.

"Hallo, deah boys!" said D'Arcy, looking up dismally.

"How are you getting on?" asked Blake.

"Wotten!"

"Feeling a bit down?" asked Digby sympathetically.

"Howwid."

"You ought to have done your prep last night, you know," remarked Herries, with a serious shake of the head.

"Wats!"

"Well, we're just off," said Blake. "It's beastly to leave you here, Gussy. Anything we can do?"

"No, old chap, unless you like to go to Lathom's study and punch his nose before you start."

Blake chuckled. He was not likely to oblige his chum to the extent of punching his form-master's nose.

"Well, keep your pecker up, old top!" he said. "Ta-ta! Thought we'd give you a look in before we buzzed off."

"Thank you, deah boy. Wun away!"

The sympathetic three departed, and Arthur Augustus, with a groan, dipped his pen in the ink, and wrote several more words. Having finished the first line of "liber secundus," he took another rest.

"Wotten!"

Never had the dusky old form-room seemed so dismal. Never had the fresh air and the sunshine seemed to call to him with so seductive a voice. All the beauties of Virgil—if any—were wasted on Arthur Augustus D'Arcy that afternoon. He would have given a great deal to be within hitting distance of P. Virgilius Maro, if that gentleman had still been in the land of the living.

More footsteps in the corridor—and this time three cheery Shell fellows looked in—Tom Merry, Manners, and Lowther.

"Thought we'd give you a look in," said Tom Merry cheerily.

"Thank you, Tom Mewwy."

"How many have you done?" asked Manners.

"One."

"Oh, my hat!"

"You're taking your time," said Monty Lowther. "At this rate, you'll be finished some time next week."

"I weally do not feel equal to Virgil this aftahnoon, Lowthah. I have no doubt he is a vewy charmin' poet—to those that like him. I don't. I wish I had been Augustus Cæsar!" said Arthur Augustus savagely. "I would have given Virgil a feahful thwaslin' for perpetwatin' this wubbish."

"Stick to it, old chap. It will do you good, you know!"

"Wats!"

"What did Lathom land on you for?" asked Lowther.

Arthur Augustus sniffed.

"He is such a fussy old duffah!" he explained. "I was not able to do my pwep last night. That uttah ass Hewwies spilt some ink on my twousahs, and I was vewy busy gettin' the stains out. Of course, I had no time for pwep, in the circs. So Lathom cut up wusty in class this mornin'. I explained to him that I would have done my pwep if I had had time; but that only seemed to make him wustier."

The Terrible Three chuckled.

"I suppose it would!" agreed Tom Merry. "Form-masters think prep is more important than trousers."

"That only shows a lack of pwopah sense of pwoportion, deah boy."

"Why not hook it?" suggested Lowther. "Lathom's shut up in his study; he will very likely never miss you—"

"I've been thinkin' of that," said Arthur Augustus. "But I might wun wight into the beast—"

"Better stick it out," said Tom Merry. "Grind away, Gussy, and get the lines done. Now, you fellows, we shall be late, so come on. Good-bye, Gussy, and keep your pecker up."

The Terrible Three walked off and disappeared. Arthur Augustus dipped his pen into the ink-well again, and laboriously inscribed:

“ . . . inde tore pater Æneas sic
orsus ab alto.”

Then he stopped again.

With the best intentions in the world, Arthur Augustus simply couldn't fix his mind upon the “pius Æneas” that sunny afternoon. He was glad when there were footsteps in the form-room passage again.

This time it was a fat, round face that looked in—the podgy and not very prepossessing countenance of Baggy Trimble, of the Fourth Form.

But D'Arcy was glad to see even Trimble in the solitude of the form-room. It was the very first time that he had been glad of the company of the fat and podgy Baggy.

“Going strong?” grinned Trimble.

“Wotten!”

“How many have you done?”

“Two.”

“Oh, my hat! Wouldn't you like to come along the river this afternoon, old chap?”

Arthur Augustus sighed.

“I thought I'd drop in and see you,” said Trimble affably. “I know what detention is, old fellow. By the way, D'Arcy, do you happen to have five bob about you that you don't want?”

“No.”

“I want you to come home for the holidays with me to Trimble Hall,” said Baggy. “You'd like it, I know; no end of huntin' and shootin' and fishin' and all that. You'll come, won't you, for the vac.? Did you say you've got a spare half-crown?”

“No,” answered Arthur Augustus grimly. Trimble grunted.

“I happen to be short of money,” he remarked. “These things will happen. I lent my last quid to Tom Merry, in my thoughtless, generous way. I could do with a bob for the present. Now, old fellow——”

“Oh, wun away!” said Arthur Augustus.

Even solitude was preferable to Baggy Trimble, on second thoughts. The fat Fourth-Former gave a discontented snort.

“I think you're a mean beast, D'Arcy,” he remarked. “I've a jolly good mind to punch your silly nose. Yah!”

Arthur Augustus picked up Virgil, and took aim at Baggy Trimble with that ancient and

esteemed author. Baggy sniffed, and dodged out of the form-room, and departed.

“Oh, deah!” said Arthur Augustus.

His pen was dipped again, and he wrote, slowly and painfully:

“ . . . infandum, regina, jubes re-
novars dolorem.”

Then he laid down the pen.

It was no use; he couldn't do it. He thought of the rippling river, flowing in sunshine between green wooded banks. He picked up Virgil, and shied him across the form-room, and P. Virgilius Maro fell with a crash behind Mr. Lathom's desk. Then Arthur Augustus walked to the door, and strode away along the passage, determined to make a bid for freedom. He broke into a run in the corridor, and at the corner there was a crash—as he ran fairly into the arms of Mr. Lathom, the master of the Fourth.

THE SECOND CHAPTER

A Breaker of Bounds

“O H!”

“Ah!”

Master and pupil stopped, breathless.

They stared at one another.

“Bai Jove!” murmured Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. “I wathah think I have done it now.”

Undoubtedly he had!

Mr. Lathom staggered back a pace or two, gasping for breath, and then he fixed his eyes upon the junior, and thunder gathered in his brow.

“D'Arcy!” he ejaculated.

“Oh, deah!”

“What are you doing out of the form-room?” exclaimed Mr. Lathom.

“I—I——”

“Were you bent upon breaking detention?”

“I—I——”

“Have you finished your task?”

“I—I——”

Mr. Lathom raised a commanding hand.

“Return to the form-room at once, D'Arcy!”

“Yaas, sir!” mumbled the hapless junior. He turned and retraced his steps, dis-

piritedly. Mr. Lathom, with wrathful brow and rustling gown, followed on his heels.

Mr. Lathom was quite a kind little gentleman as a rule. But he was very wrathful now, as was perhaps excusable. To be suddenly "cannoned" by a junior escaping from detention was very exasperating. There was such a thing as discipline, and Mr. Lathom intended to impress that fact upon the young, aristocratic mind of the Honourable Augustus D'Arcy.

"D'Arcy," he began in an awe-inspiring voice, "you neglected your preparation yesterday evening, and I gave you two hundred lines of Virgil to write out this afternoon. How many have you written?"

"Thwee, sir."

"And you intended to disobey my strict orders, and leave the form-room with your task undone?"

Arthur Augustus was silent. There was no denying it. He had to admit the soft impeachment, as it were.

"I fear, D'Arcy, that you are both an idle and an incorrigible boy!"

"Oh, deah!"

"You will complete your task," continued Mr. Lathom severely, "and you will continue to write out Virgil, after your task is done, until five o'clock."

Arthur Augustus suppressed a groan. His half-holiday was quite dished now. There would have been a remnant after two hundred lines were written. But now——

"I shall lock the door and take away the key, as you cannot be trusted to obey orders," said Mr. Lathom, with great severity. "I may add that, unless your task is done in a satisfactory manner, D'Arcy, I shall cane you when I return here at five o'clock."

Mr. Lathom shook his head severely, stepped out of the form-room, and drew the door shut after him. He locked it on the outside, and walked away with the key in his pocket.

"Bai Jove!" murmured Arthur Augustus. "Jevvah heah of such wotten luck! Where's that beast Virgil?"

He fielded Virgil from behind the form-master's desk, and sat down to his task again with a heavy heart and a clouded brow. His

pen travelled over the paper, adding to what he had already written:

"Troianas ut opes et lamantabile regnum——"

That was all!

He closed Virgil with a snap, laid down his pen, and rose to his feet.

"Can't be done!" he said aloud. "Simply impos. I'm goin' to cut!"

Arthur Augustus had fairly made up his mind. The door of the form-room was locked; there was no escape that way. But it occurred to Gussy that, the door being locked, Mr. Lathom would not be on the look-out for a second attempt to escape. He went to the window, mounted on a stool, and looked out. Over on the playing-fields the crowd was cheering a mighty hit by Kildare of the Sixth. The quadrangle was deserted—save for one fat form. Baggy Trimble was leaning idly against the wall almost under the form-room window.

Baggy wasn't interested in cricket. He was deeply interested in the tuck-shop, but that fascinating spot was closed to him, because Baggy was in his frequent state of impecuniosity. Baggy Trimble was meditating upon the overwhelming miseries of existence, when he was startled by a voice over his head

"Twimble!"

Baggy jumped, and looked up.

"Hallo, you rotter!" he said gruffly.

"Bai Jove! If you want a feahful thwash-in', Twimble——"

"Yah!"

Arthur Augustus controlled his wrath.

"I was goin' to ask you to do somethin' for me——" he went on, after a pause.

"Ask away!" jeered Trimble.

"Will you wun in and get my stwaw from the lobby?"

Trimble looked interested.

"What do you want your hat for? Going to hook it?"

"Yaas."

"You refused to lend me a bob," said Trimble morosely.

"I will lend you a bob, Twimble, if you will fetch my hat."

Trimble reflected.

"Bit risky, helping a chap to break bounds,"

he said. "One good turn deserves another. Make it half-a-crown?"

"You fat boundah——"

"It's wrong to break bounds," said Trimble severely. "Lathom will be no end waxy if he finds it out. I heard him lock you in. You're idle and incorrigible, D'Arcy."

Arthur Augustus breathed hard.

"Will you fetch my hat, Twimble?"

"I'm afraid I couldn't have a hand in anything of the kind," said Trimble. "I don't approve of breaking bounds."

"I will make it two bob," said Arthur Augustus. He did not want to walk out for the afternoon without his hat, and he could not take the risk of fetching it himself. His little scheme was to drop from the form-room window, and scuttle round the house at top speed and escape.

"I hope you don't think I do anything from a mercenary motive," said Baggy Trimble loftily. "If you're trying to bribe me, D'Arcy, you can save your breath. Still, I don't mind doing you a good turn, and if you like to lend me two bob, I'll accept it—simply as a loan, of course. That's understood?"

"Anythin' you like, Twimble."

"Done!" said Baggy.

He strolled away, and Arthur Augustus waited impatiently for his return. In a few minutes Trimble returned with a straw hat under his fat arm. He grinned as he handed it up to D'Arcy.

"There you are, old bean!"

"Thank you very much, Twimble." Arthur Augustus dropped a florin into the fat hand of Baggy Trimble, who shot away in the direction of the tuck-shop like an arrow from a bow.

From the window, Arthur Augustus looked this way and that way, like Moses of old, to make sure that no one was nigh.

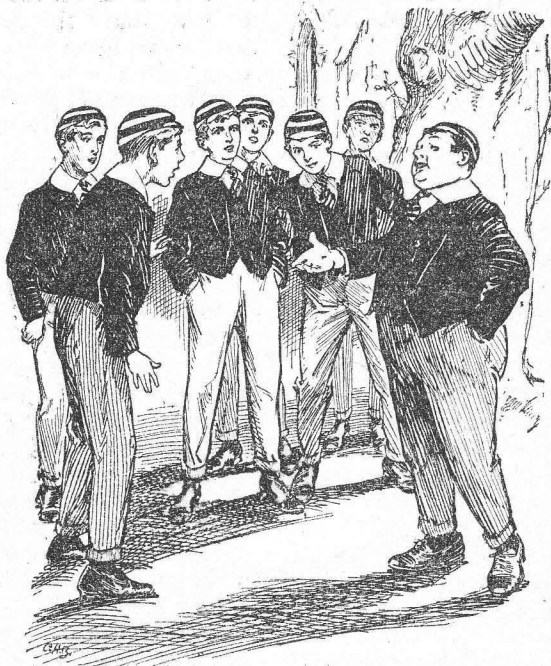
Then he slipped from the window and dropped lightly to the ground. He jammed

on his hat and cut away at great speed, and in a second or so he was round the building and scudding along by the fives' courts. Two minutes later he vaulted over the tradesmen's gate, and was outside the precincts of St. Jim's.

The manners of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, of the Fourth, were celebrated in the Lower School for the repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere. But just at this moment that lofty repose was conspicuous by its absence. Arthur Augustus was in a hurry. He came down the little lane from the tradesmen's gate to the

high road as if he were on the cinder path. To be "spotted" at the last moment and marched back ignominiously to the form-room would have been too painful.

At the corner of the lane he dodged behind a tree at the sight of Mr. Railton, the house-master, walking in the road with Monsieur Morny, the French master. The two masters did not glance in his direction, and D'Arcy backed cautiously away, and clambered over



"With my grasp firmly fixed on the poor fellow's hair, I bore him safely to the shore," explained Baggy Trimble loftily. "Then you woke up!" said Monty Lowther. (See Chapter 7.)

the fence into the fir plantation beside the lane. Thence he gained the fields beyond, and, by a wide detour, reached the bank of the glistening river.

As he came out on the towing-path by the gleaming Ryll, the swell of St. Jim's allowed himself to drop into an easy saunter. He fanned himself with his straw hat, and smiled.

"Wathah a close shave!" he murmured. "I'd have gone aftah Blake, if I could have got my bike; but pewwaps I shall dwop on Tom Mewwy along the vivah. I believe those Shell boundahs were goin' in a boat. Anyhow, this is vevy much nicer than the form-woom. And I can get back befoah five, by the time Lathom comes in for me. He won't know."

The smiling face of Arthur Augustus grew serious as he thought of that meeting with his form-master at five. If he succeeded in getting back into the form-room in time, Mr. Lathom wouldn't know that he had broken bounds. But he certainly would know that D'Arcy's task had remained undone—and there would be a caning.

But the shining river, the green woods, the sunny sky were much more pleasant to think of than the caning, so Gussy dismissed the latter from his thoughts, and sauntered on along the towing-path in a state of great contentment.

THE THIRD CHAPTER

By Sheer Pluck!

"**À** moi! **À** moi!"

Arthur Augustus jumped.

He had sat down to rest on a log, near the old mill when that sudden, startling howl came ringing along the river.

"Bai Jove! that must be Mossoo!" ejaculated Arthur Augustus.

It was not very difficult to guess that much. Frenchmen were not very common in that quiet corner of Sussex—Monsieur Morny was the only one D'Arcy knew of in the neighbourhood. And the shrill, high-pitched voice was familiar to his ears.

"**À** moi! Mon Dieu! **À** moi!"

"I suppose that is the French way of callin' for help!" murmured Arthur Augustus, as

he shaded his eyes with his straw hat and stared at the river. "I wondah what is the mattah—bai Jove!"

He soon saw what was the matter.

A canoe was wobbling in the stream, and in the canoe was Monsieur Morny. The canoe was plunging wildly in the water, and Mossoo was plunging wildly in the canoe. His paddle was floating a dozen yards away, and Mossoo had nearly capsized his little craft in seeking to recover it. There was water in the canoe already, and Mossoo was in a state of shrieking excitement. The mill-wheel was turning with a booming roar, and the canoe was caught in the whirl of water towards the turning wheel. No wonder Monsieur Morny was yelling for help at the top of his high-pitched voice.

"Bai Jove!"

Arthur Augustus's first thought, at the sight of a St. Jim's master, was that he was out of bounds, and that it behoved him to keep out of view. But that thought vanished from his mind instantly as he realized that the Frenchman was in deadly peril.

Monsieur Morny could neither guide nor stop his canoe, and he was drifting into the mill-race. Arthur Augustus's face grew white as he looked at him.

Even as he looked, the little French gentleman made a desperate spring from the wobbling canoe, to attempt to swim ashore. The canoe went whirling on as Adolphe Morny struck out desperately for the bank.

"Bai Jove! He'll go undah!" gasped Arthur Augustus.

Mossoo was not a powerful swimmer. In fact, he was a very feeble one. It was doubtful whether he would have stemmed the current of the Ryll at any point. In the mill-race he was a good deal like a cork tossed by the waters.

He went under the water while D'Arcy's horrified eyes rested on him, and came up again, struggling feebly.

He needed all his breath to struggle for his life, though he must have known that the struggle was futile. Arthur Augustus threw off his straw hat and his jacket. There was no time to remove his boots. With a flying leap from the bank he dived into the stream.

The swell of St. Jim's did not stop to think first. But in any case he would not have hesitated. He was a splendid swimmer, and he could not see a man drown before his eyes, desperate as the task of rescue was.

He came up close to the Frenchman, and caught him by the collar as he was sinking again.

"Hold on to me!" he breathed.

There was no reply—a white face and closed eyes were turned towards him. Monsieur Morny was already unconscious. He had been twice under, and his brief struggle was over.

Arthur Augustus gripped him, and struck out gallantly for the bank. His face was white, his teeth set hard. No one would have thought Arthur Augustus a "slacker" if he could have seen him at that moment. He was fighting for two lives, and he was putting every ounce of strength he possessed into the struggle.

The roar of the water was in his ears, deafening him. The current tore at him like some wild animal.

Deep and threatening sounded the boom of the mill-wheel—and it sounded closer.

Alone, Arthur Augustus could have swum to safety; burdened with the insensible Frenchman, the race of the current was too strong for him. But he did not let go. He did not think of letting go. He fought on desperately, with the boom in his ears, the water swirling round him.

To be sucked under the mill-wheel—crushed—battered—killed—— The fearful thought gave him strength. He fought on desperately, and the shore drew nearer.

It was better for him that the Frenchman was insensible. Had it been otherwise, the little gentleman's excited struggles would probably have dragged both of them to death.

As it was, Arthur Augustus held his own against the current, and slowly won his way.

There was a shout from the bank—a man in a white coat was waving his hand there. It was the miller.

"This way!" he shouted.

Arthur Augustus struggled on.

His heart and his head were throbbing wildly, a mist danced before his eyes. He

knew he was near the end of his tether. But a final desperate effort brought him within reach of the miller, who plunged waist-deep in the water to grasp him.

Arthur Augustus's senses were swimming as he felt a grip on his collar, and found himself dragged from the water—still with the insensible French master in his clutch.

He rolled in the grass by the water, nearly unconscious.

But in a few moments he was sitting up, gasping for breath. The miller had laid Monsieur Morny in the grass, and was bending over him to render aid. He glanced at D'Arcy.

"Is he—is he all wight?" gasped Arthur Augustus.

"He'll do, sir," said the miller. "I'll carry him into the mill. You're a good plucked kid, you are!"

Arthur Augustus staggered to his feet.

He was feeling weak and giddy after his efforts, but he was beginning to recover.

"Take care of him!" he gasped. "I'll let them know at the school, and they can send for him. It's Monsieur Morny, the French mastah at St. Jim's—our French mastah, you know."

"St. Jim's!" said the miller. "All right, I'll telephone from the mill."

"Oh, good!"

The sturdy miller picked up the Frenchman in his arms.

"But how about you, sir?"

"Oh, I'm all wight, thanks!"

"Come into the mill and dry yourself," said the miller; and he strode away with Monsieur Morny in his arms.

Arthur Augustus made a step to follow, but paused.

It had recurred to his mind that he was out of bounds, and that it was not judicious to let Mossoo see him when the little gentleman recovered consciousness. Mossoo had already shown signs of returning consciousness when the miller carried him off.

"Bai Jove! The soonah I get out of this, the bettah!" murmured Arthur Augustus. "Mossoo would be suah to make a fuss, and then deah Lathom would know I had hooked it! I wathah think I had bettah cut!"

And Arthur Augustus hurried back to the spot where he had left his hat and jacket, and disappeared into the woods.

Monsieur Morny did not need him; he was safe in the miller's care. And Arthur Augustus did not need his thanks; he could get on quite well without them. But he wanted very much to avoid letting Mr. Lathom discover that he had broken detention that afternoon.

At a safe distance from the mill, Arthur Augustus stopped to take off his boots and drain the water from them, and to wring as much wet as possible out of his trousers and shirt. In a sunny glade in the wood, he succeeded in drying himself to some extent.

When he had donned his garments again, the sound of a chime came floating over the brown woods.

"Gweat Scott, half-past four!" ejaculated Arthur Augustus.

And at five Mr. Lathom was to come into the form-room for him!

If he was not there——

"Bai Jove, he will go to the Head! It may be a floggin'! Oh, cwumbs, I was wathah an ass to come out, aftah all!" muttered Arthur Augustus.

That reflection occurred to him rather late!

He set off at a trot for the school.

There was time, with luck, to get back into the School House, and to be in his place when Mr. Lathom unlocked the form-room door. Arthur Augustus trotted across the fields and plunged through the fir plantation. He peered over the tradesmen's gate at the back of the school; the coast was clear. He whipped over the gate and ran.

From the cricket ground there came a roar.

"Well bowled, Darrel!"

The Sixth-form match was still in progress there, and the crowd was thick round the field. Fortunately, it drew attention from other quarters; the quadrangle and the fives courts were deserted. Arthur Augustus found himself under the open form-room window, partly screened by a leafy elm from general observation.

He made a spring to the sill, caught it, and clambered in, dropping breathless on the floor within.

"Gwooooh!" he gasped.

He closed the window and turned to his desk.

From the clock-tower of St. Jim's came a stroke—the first of five. Arthur Augustus dropped into his seat at his desk, breathless but smiling, and shoved his straw hat out of sight under the desk.

"Just in time!" he murmured.

The hour of five finished striking, and a minute later there was a step outside the form-room.

The key turned back in the lock, and the door was thrown open. Mr. Lathom rustled in.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was seated at his desk, pen in hand, and he rose respectfully to his feet as the master of the Fourth entered.

Mr. Lathom gave him a severe glance.

"I trust you have not wasted your time this afternoon, D'Arcy!"

Arthur Augustus thought of Mossoo Morny in the mill-race and smiled slightly.

"I twust not, sir!" he answered.

"You have finished your task?"

"Nunno, sir!"

"What? How many lines have you written?"

"F-f-four, sir!"

"D'Arcy!"

Arthur Augustus stood silent. He waited for the storm to burst. It was not long in coming.

"You—you have wasted a whole afternoon in the most inexcusable slacking!" exclaimed Mr. Lathom, greatly shocked and deeply wrathful. "You have written nothing—nothing! Upon my word, D'Arcy, this is too much!"

Arthur Augustus did not speak. He only wondered what the form-master would have said if he could have guessed that the detained junior had been out all the afternoon, and had only just returned. Fortunately, Mr. Lathom did not guess that.

"D'Arcy, this is sheer, wilful obstinacy!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, sir!"

"No doubt you have some periodical here, and have been reading instead of working!"

"Oh, no, sir!"

THE FOURTH CHAPTER

The Tribulation of Trimble!

"You have not been reading, D'Arcy?"
"Not a line, sir!"
"Then you have been wasting time in the most inexcusable idleness!"

"Oh, sir!" murmured Arthur Augustus.
"If you had succeeded in breaking bounds, D'Arcy, against my strict orders when you attempted to do so, I should certainly have taken you to Dr. Holmes and requested him to administer a flogging!"

Arthur Augustus felt very glad that he had succeeded in getting back before five.

"But what you have done is scarcely less reprehensible!" said Mr. Lathom very indignantly.

"Oh, sir!"
"You have deliberately wasted your time!"

"I—I—ahem!"
"I shall cane you for this, D'Arcy, with severity!"

"Oh, deah!"
Mr. Lathom took his cane from his desk and came towards the hapless victim.

"Hold out your hand, D'Arcy!"

Swish! swish!
swish! swish!

"Wow-wow-w!"
"There!" said

Mr. Lathom. "I sincerely trust, D'Arcy, that that will be a lesson to you!"

"Wow!"
Mr. Lathom laid down his cane, and with a severe frown, walked out of the form-room.

And Arthur Augustus rubbed his hands dolorously, and murmured again in tones of anguish:

"Wow-wow-wow!"



There was a howl from the juniors as Mosco embraced the fat Baggy. "My brave boy, I owe you ze life!" said Mosco, with emotion. "Ow!" gasped Baggy. "Leggo! Groogh!" (See Chapter 9.)

"BAGGY!"
"My only hat!"

Three cheery cyclists were pedalling along the lane to St. Jim's, and they slowed down with one accord at the sight of a fat figure plodding along the road in front of them.

It was Trimble of the Fourth; and Trimble looked in a parlous plight.

He, was dripping with water, and he left a wet trail on the dusty road as he plodded homeward his weary way.

The fat junior looked round, and blinked dismally at the cyclists as they jumped off their machines.

"What's the row?" asked Blake, with a grin. "Been taking a bath with your clothes on, Baggy?"

"Not before you needed one, if you have," remarked Herries.

"I—I—I've had an awful time," groaned Baggy Trimble. "I've—I've been in the

water. Yes, really in the water——"

"You look it!" grinned Digby.

"Those Grammarian beasts," said Baggy, almost tearfully. "Nearly drowned me, you know. Oh, dear!"

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Blake incredulously. "The Grammar School chaps wouldn't shove you in the water."

"Well, I fell in, but it was their fault," said Baggy. "I've a jolly good mind to complain

to the Head. They were picnicking in the wood, you know, and I happened to come on them, and—and one of the beasts was taking photographs and the other beasts were watching him, so I—I—I—I just——”

Blake chuckled.

“I know what you did,” he agreed. “You had a go at the grub——”

“I may have just tasted the cake,” said Trimble cautiously. “Perhaps I had a good taste of it. That’s no reason why they should rush at me and chase me through the wood.”

“Ha, ha, ha !”

“I think you fellows are unfeeling beasts !” said Trimble warmly. “I’d have given them a jolly good hiding all round, only——only——”

“Only you couldn’t,” grinned Blake. “What else ?”

“I ran across the plank—you know that beastly plank across the beastly stream in the beastly wood,” said Trimble, “and—and I was in rather a hurry——”

“Ha, ha ! I dare say you were.”

“And my foot slipped,” said Baggy dismally, “and I went in. And those rotters only laughed when I crawled out. And now you’re laughing, too, you beasts !” exclaimed Baggy indignantly. “If this is what you call showing proper feeling, you rotters——”

“Ha, ha, ha !”

“The least you can do is to give me a lift on your bike back to St. Jim’s,” said Baggy. “I’m drenched ! I’m going to e-c-catch cold. I might get pneumonia and peg out——”

“No such luck !” said Blake heartlessly.

“Why, you awful beast——”

“But you can get up behind my bike, if you like,” said Blake. “We don’t want you catching cold and sneezing in the dorm. Roll on.”

Baggy Trimble was glad enough to mount behind Blake’s machine. It would have been better for him to run, as a matter of fact, as his clothes were wet ; but Baggy was not fond of exertion.

At the gates of St. Jim’s Blake dropped his load.

“Roll in and rub down, or you’ll catch a cold,” he said, as he wheeled his machine away.

Baggy Trimble tramped in dismally across

the quadrangle. He gave vent to a volcanic sneeze as he mounted the steps of the School House. Mr. Railton was near the doorway, talking with Mr. Lathom, and he glanced at Trimble.

“What is the matter with you, Trimble ?” he exclaimed. “You look drenched——”

“I am drenched, sir,” mumbled Trimble. “I—I’ve been in the water——”

“You should be more careful, Trimble. Go and change your clothes at once.”

“Ye-e-es, sir,” mumbled Trimble.

He plodded up the staircase, and met his study-mate, Mellish, on the landing. Mellish eyed him curiously.

“Been out in the rain ?” he asked, humorously.

“I’ve been in the water——”

“Jumping in to rescue somebody at the risk of your life ?” asked Mellish, with a chuckle.

“Yah ! Go and eat coke !”

Trimble progressed onward, squelching out water with every step. Tom Merry and Manners and Lowther met him in the passage as he headed for the dormitory stairs. They paused to survey him. Trimble’s remarkable state was really attracting general interest.

“Who was it said the age of miracles was past ?” exclaimed Monty Lowther. “It isn’t. Trimble’s been having a wash !”

“Yah !” snorted Trimble.

He tramped up to the dormitory.

To his surprise, he found Arthur Augustus D’Arcy, of the Fourth, in that apartment.

Arthur Augustus had come up to change his clothes, after being dismissed from the form-room by Mr. Lathom ; but he had paused in the middle of that important operation to rub his smarting palms.

Trimble blinked at him.

“Hallo !” he grunted. “Been licked ?”

“Yaas, Twimble.”

“Did you hook it, after all ?” asked Trimble curiously. He had not glanced at Arthur Augustus after receiving the two-shilling piece for services rendered, and had, in point of fact, quite forgotten his existence till he saw him in the dormitory.

Arthur Augustus did not reply.

If Trimble was unaware of the facts, Arthur



To face page 121.

A NARROW ESCAPE!

Augustus had no desire to acquaint him with them. The less that was known about his escapade the better. The swell of St. Jim's had no desire whatever to collect that flogging that Mr. Lathom had kindly referred to.

"Did you?" snapped Trimble.

"I pwefer not to confide in you, Twimble, if you don't object," answered Arthur Augustus mildly.

Trimble sniffed.

"I knew you wouldn't have the nerve to hook it, after all," he said. "You haven't my nerve, D'Arcy. Few fellows have. Groogh! I'm drenched. What a beggar you are for changin' your clothes!"

Arthur Augustus did not confide in Trimble why he was changing his clothes. The adventure in the mill-stream was to remain a dead secret; from Baggy Trimble, at least.

"I've got to change mine," grumbled Trimble. "I've been in the water. Groogh!"

"Bai Jove! What did you go into the watah for, Twimble?" asked Arthur Augustus, in surprise.

Trimble blinked at him. Arthur Augustus was a very unsuspecting youth, and Trimble felt it was safe to draw the long bow with him. He would not have ventured it with Blake and Co., but Arthur Augustus possessed that valuable characteristic of aristocratic descent—an infinite capacity for being taken in. So Trimble ventured.

"Oh, I went in for a drowning man," he answered.

"Gweat Scott!"

"Just plunged in for him as soon as I heard him call for help," said Trimble carelessly. "Some fellows would have hesitated. Not me! I just went in."

"Bai Jove! That was vewy wippin' of you, Twimble."

"Yes, wasn't it?" said Trimble cheerily. "Not that it was much for me to do—a splendid swimmer like me."

"Bai Jove! I have nevah noticed that you were a splendid swimmah, Twimble."

"You mean you're jealous of my form? That's nothing new—lots of fellows are—duds, I mean."

"Weally, Twimble——"

"Groogh! I'm wet!"

"Did you wescue the ddownin' man all wight, Twimble?"

"Oh, yes. Terrific struggle, you know. But I got him out all right, and landed him. Narrow shave for both of us. Groogh!" Trimble towelled himself down. "I ought really to get a medal or something."

"Where did it happen, Twimble?" asked Arthur Augustus, eyeing the fat junior curiously.

"Oh, by the mill," said Trimble carelessly.

"The—the mill?"

"Yes. I got him right out of the mill-race," said Trimble, his imagination warming to its work, as it were. "Frightful danger. But I never turned a hair. Nothing to me."

"Bai Jove! That is a vewy remarkable coincidence," said Arthur Augustus in perplexity. "How—how long ago was it, Twimble?"

"About an hour of so."

Arthur Augustus jumped.

It was little more than an hour since he had rescued Monsieur Morny from the mill-stream. Trimble, of course, was blissfully unaware of that.

"What a vewy remarkable coincidence," said Arthur Augustus; and his tone was sarcastic now. "Weally, Twimble, I am shocked at you."

"I don't see any coincidence. What are you driving at?"

"I am dwivin' at this, you howwid bwaggin' boundah," said Arthur Augustus indignantly.

"You are tellin' whoppahs."

"Look here, D'Arcy——"

"You did nothin' of the kind, and I do not believe you have been neah the mill at all. Certainly you were not there at the time you state."

"How the thump do you know?" demanded Trimble.

Arthur Augustus paused. He did not care to state how he knew.

"I am perfectly awah of it," he answered.

"I wegard you as a bwaggin' little fat beast, Twimble, and I am shocked at you."

And with that Arthur Augustus D'Arcy left the dormitory. Trimble blinked after him in astonishment.

"Now, how the merry dickens did he know

I was telling whoppers ? ” murmured Twimble.
“ Beats me hollow ! ”

And Trimble shook his head in perplexity.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER

Keeping it Dark !

“ HERE’S the giddy dayteynoo, ” said Digby.

There were six juniors in Study No. 6 when Arthur Augustus D’Arcy entered. The Terrible Three of the Shell had come in to tea with Blake and Co. They all smiled a welcome to the swell of the Fourth.

Arthur Augustus turned his eyeglass upon Robert Arthur Digby.

“ Pway what do you mean by callin’ me a dayteynoo, Dig ? ” he inquired.

Dig was great on French. His French would probably have mystified many a Frenchman ; indeed, it sometimes presented problems in Study No. 6.

“ Dayteynoo, ” said Dig. “ You’ve been detained, haven’t you ? ”

“ Yaas. ”

“ Well, then, you’re a daytenoo. ”

“ If you are callin’ me names, Dig—— ” began Arthur Augustus warmly.

“ Perhaps Dig means a ‘ detenu ’ ? ” said Tom Merry, laughing.

“ Yes, a daytenoo, ” assented Dig. “ You’re awfully slow in French, Gussy. You should let me give you a few lessons. ”

“ Bai Jove ! I wathah think I should pwefer to wemain slow in Fwench, Dig, if you don’t mind. I’m glad tea’s ready, I am feahfully hungwy. ”

“ Did you get through your lines ? ” asked Blake as he pushed an egg across to his noble chum.

“ No, I have been licked. ”

“ Slacker ! ” said Herries.

“ Weally, Hewwies—— ”

“ Poor old Gussy ! ” said Monty Lowther.

“ Fancy sticking in the Form-room all this lovely afternoon while we’ve been up the river. It’s too bad. ”

Arthur Augustus opened his lips—and closed them again.

It was on his tongue to explain that he had been out of bounds and not in the form-

room all that lovely afternoon, but he decided that it would be wiser not.

There was no doubt that Mr. Lathom would be most seriously angry if the truth came to his ears. He would regard the escapade as a deliberate flouting of his authority, as indeed it was. Rather late Arthur Augustus realised in what light his proceedings would naturally be regarded.

A flogging from the Head loomed darkly on the horizon, but, added to that consideration, there was another. Arthur Augustus was very unwilling to let Mr. Lathom think that he had been treated with disrespect.

Certainly Gussy had meant no disrespect, but that did not alter the fact that in going out of bounds—against strict orders—he had set his form-master’s authority at naught.

It was evidently a case of “ least said, soonest mended. ”

Tom Merry and Co., of course, could have been relied upon to keep the secret, but a careless word, carelessly uttered, might have given the matter away. And Gussy felt that it was better not to worry them with a secret to keep.

So he wisely kept his own counsel.

Fortunately, it did not occur to any of the juniors in Study No. 6 that Arthur Augustus had escaped from the form-room by the window, it was not likely to occur to them unless he mentioned it.

“ I wonder whether old Mossoo’s got home yet ? ” Tom Merry remarked presently.

Arthur Augustus started at that.

“ Mossoo ? ” he repeated.

“ Of course, you didn’t see him, as you’ve been in, ” said Tom. “ He was going out in his giddy canoe when we started up the river. He paddles like a—like a—a—rhinoceros. Blessed if I think it’s safe for Mossoo to be trusted in that canoe. Of course, we couldn’t tell him so—he wouldn’t have been grateful for a tip from the Shell. ”

“ Ha, ha, ha ! ”

“ Still, he ought to fill in the “ Daily Mail ” insurance coupon before he goes out in it, ” said Manners. “ Might mention that to him. ”

The door opened, and Julian of the Fourth looked in.

“ Heard about Mossoo ? ” he asked.

"Just talking about him," said Tom Merry. "Has he paddled downwards in that giddy canoe of his at last?"

"Yes."

"My only hat!" Tom Merry jumped up, his handsome face grave at once. "Nothing's happened to poor old Mossoo, has it?"

"Oh, he's all right," said Julian. "His canoe's been picked up, too—Talbot found it on the river and towed it in. I fancy there'd be an alarm about poor old Mossoo; but Railton's had a telephone call from the mill; he's at the mill."

"What the thump is he doing at the mill?" asked Blake.

"He's been capsized, and taken into the mill," answered Julian. "Blessed if I know how he got out of the river alive—he can't swim for toffee. But it seems he's safe and sound, and Mr. Railton's asked a couple of the Sixth to fetch him home in a boat. Rushden and Langton have gone—I heard Railton telling them. We've had a narrow escape of losing our giddy French master."

"Poor old Mossoo!" said Tom.

The juniors were serious enough now. They all liked little Monsieur Morny, all the more, perhaps, because of his queer little ways and his remarkable accent.

Arthur Augustus glanced rather anxiously at Julian.

"Anythin' else known about his accident?" he asked.

"No; only that the miller says he was taken out of the river."

"By the miller?" asked Harries.

"Blessed if I know—by somebody."

Julian went on his way; and Tom Merry and Co. discussed the matter over their tea. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy did not contribute to the discussion, but he smiled several times.

It dawned upon him—what he had not considered before—that there would probably be a good deal of talk on the subject of Mossoo's rescue—and some guessing at the identity of the fellow who had pulled him out of the mill-stream.

That identity would remain unknown, because Mossoo had been unconscious, and in no state to recognise his rescuer. Arthur Augustus was safe in that quarter. But if

there was a nine days' wonder on the subject, and a great deal of speculation, there would be considerable risk of the facts coming to light. Arthur Augustus was more than glad, now, that he had said nothing of his adventure.

With half a dozen fellows in possession of facts, it would have been almost certain that some remark would have escaped one or another of them, when the matter was discussed.

A few incautious words would be sufficient—and if the whole affair came out, and Mr. Lathom knew—Already, with his mind's ear, so to speak, Gussy could hear the Head uttering the dread words "Take him up, Taggles!"

Speech might be silvern, but undoubtedly silence was golden, in a case like this.

Arthur Augustus was feeling a little worried; he detested keeping secrets, and he repented him that he had "hooked it" from the form-room that afternoon.

Still, if he hadn't done so, indubitably Monsieur Morny would have been drowned in the mill-stream—so on reflection, Arthur Augustus felt glad, as well as repentant, that he had "hooked" it.

It was quite a troublesome state of affairs, and Arthur Augustus resolved to dismiss it from his mind.

After tea, Kerruish of the Fourth looked in, with the announcement that they were bringing Mossoo in. Kerruish rushed off to see the sight, as soon as he had informed Study No. 6.

"Let's go," said Blake.

Six juniors headed for the door. Arthur Augustus sat in the armchair.

"Come on, Gussy!"

"I'll weman heah, deah boys."

"Don't you want to see Mossoo?" asked Tom Merry.

"Not particulahly."

"Not when he's been nearly drowned?" said Blake, warmly. "Mossoo's a good little beast! Come and have a look at him, and see how he is."

"You can tell me when you come up, deah boy."

"Br-r-r-r-r!" said Blake.

Tom Merry and Co. headed for the staircase, and Arthur Augustus was left in solitary

possession of Study No. 6. He sat down to prep. at once. Gussy was very particular about his prep. that evening—such painful results had followed on the neglect of it the previous day. He looked up from his work when Blake and Co. came in.

“Is he all wight?” he asked.

“White as chalk,” answered Dig. “I mean is he all wight——?”

“He looks pretty done,” said Blake. “He was leaning on Langton when he came in. Still, he’s not hurt. He says that it was a St. Jim’s chap who pulled him out of the river.”

D’Arcy’s heart stood still.

“How does he know?” he faltered.

“As it happens, he doesn’t know,” said Blake. “It seems that he was insensible—so he told Railton. But the miller told him it was a St. Jim’s chap.”

“The—the millah doesn’t know the chaps by sight—not all of them.”

“He knows the St. Jim’s colours, ass. The chap was wearing a straw, with the school colours; besides, he told the miller that Mossoo was his French master.”

“Oh!”

“What’s queer is, that he cut off suddenly, instead of going into the mill to dry his clobber,” said Blake. “So Mossoo doesn’t know his name—he was gone when poor old Froggy opened his peepers.”

“Weally, Blake——”

“Well, why couldn’t he stop and see Mossoo recover, and tell his name,” said Blake argumentatively. “Ill-manners, I call it.”

“He may have had weasons.”

“Rot!”

“If you chawactewise my wemarks as wot, Blake——”

“Utter rot, old chap. I think the fellow was some silly ass, and when we know who it is, you’ll see I’m right.”

And, having thus disposed of the matter, Jack Blake sat down to prep.



“Ow! Yow!” yelled Baggy. “Leave off banging my head! I’ll take the fiver back to Mossoo!” “Then go at once, you fat fwaud!” said Arthur Augustus, breathing hard. (See Chapter 10.)

THE SIXTH CHAPTER

Mysterious!

“WHO’S the merry culprit?”

Monty Lowther asked that question, in the quadrangle the following morning.

“Who did it?” he continued. “It’s jolly queer the chap hasn’t given himself a name so far. Was it you, Trimble?”

“Ha, ha, ha!”

The laugh that followed Monty Lowther’s suggestion was not complimentary to Baggy Trimble.

“Trimble came in wet,” said Manners, “we saw him! Trimble’s just the fellow to plunge into a giddy mill-stream.”

“Ha, ha, ha!” roared the juniors.

“Look here, you chuckling asses!” shouted Baggy Trimble indignantly. “I suppose I’m as likely as any other fellow to——”

"Something wrong with your supposer, then," chuckled Blake. "Oil it, Baggy!"

"You ass——"

"Still, it's queer the chap doesn't tell us," said Tom Merry. "Here's old Mossos bursting with gratitude to some person or persons unknown——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"When he finds the merry rescuer, he will fall on his neck, and kiss him on both cheeks—perhaps on the nose, too——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And there are no takers," said Manners.

"Bai Jove!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "I should not like vewy much to be slobbashed ovah."

"My dear chap, Mossos is bound to express himself a la Francais. He's prepared to fold the giddy youth to his waistcoat and weep briny tears of gratitude over him," said Monty Lowther. "My advice to the gallant youth, whoever he is, is to take an umbrella——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He's been inquiring up and down the school already, before brekker," said Tom Merry laughing. "He's asking everybody if he's the garçon brave——"

"He asked me," said Talbot of the Shell, with a smile. "I had to plead not guilty—just in time to escape an embrace."

"Here he comes!" murmured Figgins, of the New House. "Shush! Jolly glad it wasn't I—I don't want to be kissed."

Monsieur Morny bore down upon the group of juniors, who capped him very respectfully. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy discreetly backed out of the group, and sauntered away.

"Bonjour, mes enfants," said Monsieur Morny, beaming at the juniors. "Perhaps he is wiz you here—yes? Zat garçon tres brave—vat? I do not know his name, but I desire so mooch to know his name, zat I may express ze gratitude zat overcrowd zis heart. Oui? If zat gallant garçon he is here, let him say so to me, n'est-ce-pas?"

There was no answer.

Monsieur Morny looked disappointed.

"He is not here?" he asked.

"It seems not, sir," said Tom Merry.

"But the Head is going to ask the whole school after prayers, and then you will know him."

"Ze gallant boy!" said Monsieur Morny. "I long to know him—to kees him in my gratitude—to tell him vat I zink of his brave, his tres brave conduct, isn't it? Oui? Monsieur at ze moulin—ze mill—he see him, he jump in and save me ze life—oh, he was one brave garçon! Ze millair he zink zat we bofe be trowned—vat you call touch and come——"

"Touch and go," murmured Tom Merry.

"Mais oui, oui, touch and go—toucher et aller," said Monsieur Morny. "Zat gallant boy he reesk his life. Nevair sall I forget zis gallant action—jamais de la vie!"

And Monsieur Morny trotted away, apparently still seeking the unknown person who had "reesked" his life for him.

The bell to prayers called in the school. After prayers, it was known that the Head intended to call upon Monsieur Morny's rescuer to stand forward, and receive a proper acknowledgment of his gallantry. Monsieur Morny was bursting with gratitude, and naturally wanted to thank the brave youth. And the Head, having received a full description of the incident, was naturally pleased at such pluck and devotion having been shown by a St. Jim's boy, and was disposed to make a nice little scene of it, commending the gallant youth before the whole school.

Meanwhile, the gallant youth in question was feeling exceedingly uncomfortable.

There was a great deal of "kudos" to be gathered for having rescued Monsieur Morny from the mill-stream, no doubt. But that did not alter the fact that a flogging was due to Arthur Augustus D'Arcy for having disobeyed his Form-master and broken detention.

With all respect to the French master, Arthur Augustus preferred to be without the gratitude and without the flogging.

After prayers, there was quite a thrill of interest in the school when the Head referred to the subject.

Having given a brief description of the heroic incident, Dr. Holmes called on the boy in question to stand forward.

There was silence.

Somewhat puzzled, the Head peered at the assembled school over his glasses.

"I trust I have made myself clear," he said. "I desire that the boy who so gallantly went to the rescue of Monsieur Morny will stand forward, that he may receive Monsieur Morny's thanks, and his head master's commendation."

Still silence.

There was a rustle and a murmur, as fellows turned in their places to look about them, seeking the gallant youth, as it were.

The Head looked more than ever perplexed.

He glanced at Mr. Railton.

"All the boys, of both houses, are present, I think, Mr. Railton?" he said.

"Every one, sir," answered the house-master.

"It is very odd that the boy does not come forward."

"Very odd indeed," said Mr. Railton, who was as surprised as the head master. "Perhaps some feeling of shyness——"

"But that is absurd. You have no idea personally of the identity of the boy in question, Monsieur Morny?"

"Pas de tout, monsieur," said the French master. "I am insensible and I see nozzings. Ze millar he would know——"

The Head coughed.

"We can scarcely send for the miller to pick out a boy who does not choose to come forward," he said drily. "The matter is, after all, of little consequence—I mean, so far as the boy is concerned. If he does not choose to speak, he is at liberty to remain silent."

"Mais, monsieur——"

"Evidently the boy does not choose to come forward," said the Head. "Whether it is shyness or misplaced modesty, I cannot undertake to say. Dismiss the school!"

"Helas! And I know not zat so gallant garçon!" said Monsieur Morny, in dismay. "I sould like to zank him for zat vich he have done viz himself. Voila, why he not speak? He is here at zis moment, j'en suis sur."

With a rustle of his gown the Head quitted the Hall; and the assembled school was dismissed. The St. Jim's fellows poured out of Hall in a state of astonishment.

Everyone—with a single exception—had expected to learn the identity of the unknown swimmer who had saved Mossco, and nobody—again with a single exception—could account for the noble youth's extraordinary reticence.

It was simply a puzzle.

Mr. Railton and Mr. Ratcliff, the two house-masters, paused to speak for a moment or two at the door.

"It is very odd," Mr. Railton remarked.

"Very odd indeed," the New House master assented.

"Doubtless it was a School House boy——"

Mr. Ratcliff raised his eyebrows.

"I was just thinking that it was probably a New House boy," he answered.

"Oh!" said Mr. Railton. Then he smiled.

"I think I shall make some inquiries among my boys; I should really like to know who it was."

"I will do the same," said Mr. Ratcliff.

"There is, after all, a clue: the boy in question must have come in very wet, as he did not stop to dry himself at the mill."

"True! Doubtless it will be easy to discover him."

And the house masters separated. Both of them made inquiries among the members of their respective houses. Mr. Ratcliff had no luck, and he was driven to the conclusion that the noble youth was not a New House fellow after all. But Mr. Railton was more fortunate.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER

A Thrilling Tale!

"MERRY!"

"Yes, sir!"

Morning lessons were over at St. Jim's, and Mr. Railton called to Tom Merry, as the Shell came out of their form room.

"I think I noticed you going to the boat-house yesterday afternoon, Merry," said Mr. Railton. "You were on the river?"

"Yes, sir."

"It was not, by any chance, you that rescued Monsieur Morny?"

Tom smiled, and shook his head.

"No, sir. I should have owned up if it had been."

HOW TO MORSE AND SEMAPHORE

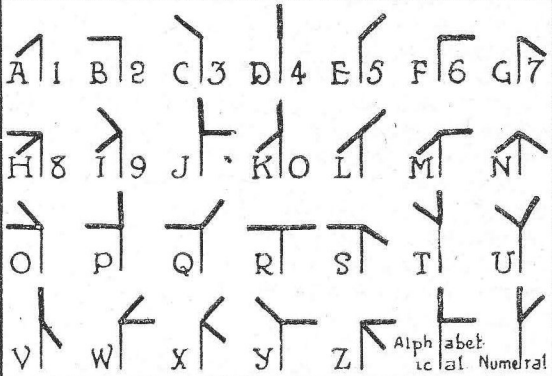


HOW TO MORSE AND SEMAPHORE

A page of diagrams from the study of which all readers will soon be able to signal simple messages in Morse or Semaphore.

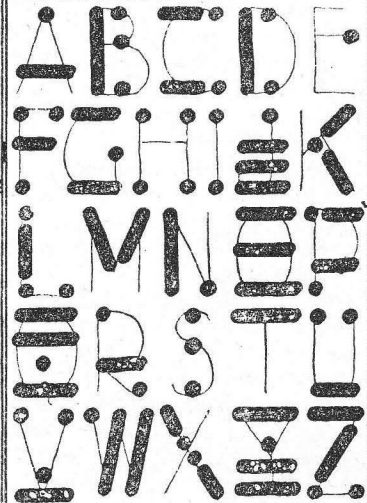
SEMAPHORE.

Semaphore is a method of signalling in which the letters depend on the position of one or two arms or flags in relation to a vertical line. The diagram on the right illustrates these arms, and shows the various positions needed for each letter or figure. On looking at the diagram it will be seen that the simplest way of learning the alphabet is thus: A to G; H to N, omitting J; O to S; T, U, V, "numerical sign," J (or "alphabetical sign") and V; W, X, and then Z. The letters A to D are made with the right arm, and E to G with the left, and so on. From this it will be seen that the signaller faces the person he is signalling to. Should he wish to change from letters to figures, he first of all gives the numerical sign, and then gives letter A for 1, B for 2, and so on, as shown in the diagram. When returning to letters, he must first give the J, or "alphabetical sign," and then carry on as usual.



In the **Morse** code two elements are used, called respectively "dot" and "dash," or "short" or "long," or sometimes "iddy," and "umpti."

In signalling, these symbols are conveyed by several different means (flashes, taps, etc.), but the dot and dash are always distinguishable by the time taken in making them, for the dash is always three times the length of the dot. Care must be taken that each letter is made continuously from start to finish, otherwise a letter may be read as two or more letters. For example, if not sent continuously, Q might read as MET, or TNT, or TK, etc. An interval equal to two dashes should be observed between words. On the right is a simple method of learning the Morse alphabet.



Alphabet

Numerals

A . —	J . — — —	S	1
B —	K —	T — — —	2
C	L —	U — — —	3
D —	M — — — —	V	4
E	N —	W	5
F	O — — — —	X —	6
G —	P	Y —	7
H	Q —	Z — — . . .	8
I	R		9
			0 — — — —

Mr. Railton smiled, too.

"Did you see anything of the occurrence, Merry?"

"Nothing, sir—nor heard of it till Julian told us in Study No. 6, after we'd come in. Manners and Lowther were with me on the river."

"Do you happen to know whether any School House boy came in with his clothes wet?"

"Yes, sir, Trimble."

Then Mr. Railton started, too.

"Bless my soul! I remember now that I noticed him, but I should not have thought of connecting Trimble with—ahem!" Mr. Railton paused.

Certainly Mr. Railton, or anyone else at St. Jim's, would never have thought of connecting Baggy Trimble with a deed of heroism. But the house master desired to be quite fair. Undoubtedly Baggy Trimble had come in drenched to the skin, and it was a drenched fellow that Mr. Railton was looking for.

"It wasn't Trimble rescued Mossoo, sir," said Tom, with a smile.

"Are you sure of that, Merry?"

"Well, sir——"

"How do you know?"

"Well, I know Trimble, sir," said Tom, colouring a little.

"Did Trimble explain how he came to be drenched with water?"

"He said he'd been in the water when I asked him," said Tom.

"Please find Trimble and send him to my study. The Fourth Form have been dismissed, I think."

"Certainly, sir," said Tom.

Tom Merry hurried on, and joined his chums, who were waiting for him in the doorway.

"What's the row?" asked Manners.

Tom Merry laughed.

"Trimble's wanted," he said.

"What's the oyster been doing now?" asked Lowther. "Raiding somebody's grub, or burgling the tuck-shop?"

"He came in drenched with water yesterday afternoon," said Tom. "Railton wants to know whether he's the giddy Noble Youth."

"Oh, my hat!" yelled Lowther.

"Lot of Noble Youth about Trimble," chuckled Manners. "Fancy him swimming in the mill-stream, too! He would swim like a stone."

"Well, Railton wants to see him; let's look for the fat bouncer," said Tom. And the Terrible Three went out into the quadrangle in search of Baggy.

"Anybody seen Trimble?" called out Tom, as he came on a group of Fourth-formers, who were discussing the topic of the unknown swimmer.

"I've seen him," said Blake. "He's just been trying to borrow a bob of me. There he is—jamming his nose on the tuck-shop window."

"Peri at the gate of Paradise!" grinned Lowther.

"A jolly fat Peri! What on earth do you want Trimble for?" asked Blake. "He will borrow a bob of you if you don't look out."

"He's under suspicion," said Tom, laughing.

"Suspicion of what?"

"Of being a giddy gallant garçon——"

"What?"

"The Noble Youth!" roared Monty Lowther. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"What silly ass has got that idea into his head?" demanded Blake, in amazement.

"Railton."

"Oh, I should have thought Railton had more sense!" said Blake candidly. "He must be dense to think it must have been Baggy."

"You see, Baggy came in soaked with water——"

"He fell into the stream in the wood—the Grammarians were after him," said Digby. "He told us."

"Ha, ha! So that accounts for the milk in the coconut. Still, I've got to give him Railton's message. Baggy!" bawled Tom.

Baggy Trimble looked round morosely from the tuck-shop window, where he had been devouring Dame Taggles's good things with his eyes—a shortage of cash preventing him from devouring them with his jaws.

"Hallo!" he grunted. "Wharrer you want?" Then he became affable. "I say, Merry, old fellow, if you've got a bob you don't want——"

"Mr. Railton wants you."

Baggy's fat face fell.

"Oh, I say! Has that brute Gore been complaining about his cake? I never had it! I'm willing to swear——"

"Shush!" said Monty Lowther severely. "If you swear here, you'll get bumped. Think of our innocent youth!"

"You know what I mean, you funny ass! I swear I never——"

"Ring off, Baggy," said Tom Merry, laughing. "It's not Gore's cake. You're suspected——"

"If Mrs. Mimms thinks it was me in the pantry she's mistaken," said Baggy Trimble, in alarm. "You know what an old donkey she is——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You're suspected of being a giddy hero——"

"Wha-a-at?"

"Of rescuing Mossoo from a watery grave."

"Oh, crumbs!"

"Of course, we know you're not guilty," said Tom Merry laughing. "But, as you came in soaked yesterday afternoon, and no other chap has owned up, Railton wants to see you about it."

Baggy Trimble blinked at him.

"I know no other fellow has owned up," he answered thoughtfully. "I was in Hall, and heard it—I mean, didn't hear it. And I——"

Baggy's round eyes glistened.

"He's beginning!" said Monty Lowther. "I can see it in his eye! He's just considering whether it will be safe to make out he's the chap."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, Lowther——"

"Poor old Baggy!" said Blake with a chuckle. "If he hadn't told us how he came to be wet, he might have worked it. The only time he ever told the truth, too!"

"I don't think you ought to run a fellow down, Blake, because he's done a jolly plucky thing," said Trimble.

"Eh?"

"Tain't as if I bragged of it," said Trimble calmly. "You can't say I've said a word on the subject, so far."

"Bragged of it?" said Blake dazedly.

"Still, if Railton wants to know the facts particularly, I suppose I ought to let him know."

"What facts?" yelled Tom Merry.

"About rescuing Mossoo——"

"Why, you—you—you fat frog!" shrieked Tom. "You're not going to say that you did it, are you?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the juniors.

"Go it, Baggy!" said Monty Lowther encouragingly. "It will be the biggest one you ever told—quite a record! Didn't I tell you fellows I could see it in his eye?"

"I'm accustomed to jealousy," said Trimble loftily. "Jealousy keeps me out of the cricket. But really I am surprised at you fellows running a chap down because he's saved a man's life."

"But you didn't!" howled Tom Merry.

"Didn't I come in drenched to the skin after it?" demanded Trimble.

"Yes, but——"

"I remember I told D'Arcy, in the dorm," said Trimble, that recollection suddenly flashing into his fat mind.

"You told D'Arcy you'd rescued Mossoo?"

"I didn't mention Mossoo—I said a man. The fact is, I'm not a fellow to brag——"

"Oh, ye gods!"

"I wasn't going to say anything about it. That's why I spun Blake a yarn when he asked me how I'd got wet——"

"Sp-sp-spun me a yarn!" stuttered Blake. Trimble nodded calmly.

"Yes—I made out it was the Grammarians tumbled me in the water, just to keep it dark that I'd done a gallant deed, you know."

"Oh, my only aunt Selina!"

"I suppose I'd better go to Railton," said Baggy with a triumphant blink round at the astonished juniors. "After all, I suppose I ought to take the credit of my noble action—no good making a mystery of it. I wasn't going to—to mention it; but now it's come out——"

"But you didn't do it!" spluttered Tom.

"I'm surprised at this jealousy in you, Merry—I'd really thought better things of you."

"My hat!"

"But—but—if you did it, how did it happen?" asked Blake.

Trimble reflected for a moment. It was just as well to decide how it had happened before he proceeded to explain; Trimble felt that.

"It was in this way," he said. "Strolling along the river, I suddenly heard a cry for help. Imagine my horror——"

"Go it!"

"Pile it on!"

"Imagine my horror," howled Trimble, "imagine my horror at seeing Mossoc in the water, clinging to an overturned boat——"

"It was a canoe," howled Herries.

"I mean a canoe! Imagine my horror at seeing Mossoc clinging to a canoe——"

"He wasn't clinging to it!" shouted Blake.

"Yes he was——"

"I've heard Mossoc say himself that he jumped out of the canoe and tried to swim ashore, because he was drifting on to the mill-wheel, and had lost his paddle."

Baggy Trimble was taken aback for a moment. But only for a moment.

"That's just what I was going to say——"

"What?"

"You keep on interrupting a fellow. How can a fellow explain when you keep on interrupting him? Imagine my horror when I saw Mossoc spring from the canoe and try to swim ashore——"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"Without stopping to think——"

"You couldn't have done that, if you had stopped!" remarked Monty Lowther.

"Without stopping to think, I sprang into the turbid stream, and seized Mossoc in a grasp of iron. His eyes turned upon me in wild appeal——"

"They turned and whatted?"

"Turned upon me in wild appeal," said Trimble firmly. "He gasped 'Save me, Trimble!'"

"He—he—he gasped, 'Save me, Trimble!'" babbled Tom Merry.

"Yes; those were his very words."

"You frabjous ass!" roared Blake. "Then Mossoc knows it was you?"

"Eh?"

"He's forgotten that Mossoc doesn't know the chap," chortled Monty Lowther. "Try again, Trimble!"

"I—I mean——" stammered Trimble.

"Go it!"

"I—I meant to say, his—his eyes didn't turn on me——"

"What? Not in wild appeal?"

"No; they would have, you know, only they were closed. That's

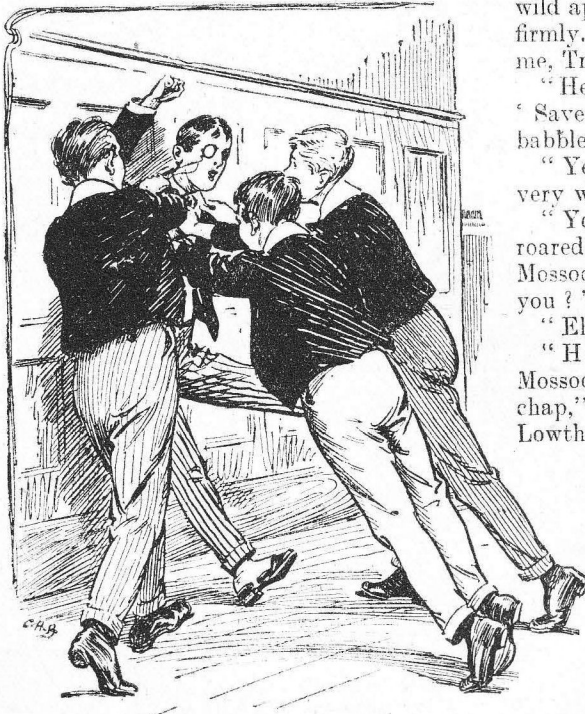
what I really meant. I said, 'I'll save you, Mossoc.' He didn't say anything, now I come to think of it. He was—was senseless."

"So must you be, old chap, if you spin a yarn like that to Railton."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm going to tell Railton the exact facts, of course——"

"The facts! Oh, crumbs!"



Blake and Co. grasped their chum, and banged him against the corridor wall. "Tell us if you rescued Mossoc—before we bang your silly head against the wall!" said Blake warmly. "Yaas!" gasped D'Arcy. (See page 152.)

"Seizing him by the hair of his head, I bore him——"

"That does sound true!" commented Lowther. "Trimble bores everybody."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I bore him ashore," exclaimed Trimble warmly, "that's what I mean, you ass. With my grasp firmly fixed in the poor fellow's collar, I——"

"It was his hair half-a-minute ago."

"I—I changed it to his collar. Gripping his collar with a grip of iron, I bore him——"

"Bored him?"

"No, bore him, you chump! Bore him to the shore, with the waves raging round me mountains high——"

"Waves—mountains high—on the river!" murmured Tom Merry.

"I—I—I mean——" Trimble stammered for a moment. His fertile imagination had taken the bit between its teeth, as it were, and bolted. "I—I mean they seemed mountains high. Of course, they weren't really."

"Not really?" grinned Blake.

"No, not really. But in that fearful moment, when all my past life came in a flash before my eyes——"

The juniors yelled. Trimble blinked at them angrily. He had thought that a very convincing detail.

"You silly asses, your past life always flashes before your eyes in a moment, when you're being drowned!" he exclaimed. "All my past flashed before my dizzy eyes——"

"You remembered everything?" asked Lowther. "Did you remember you owed me eighteenpence?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Struggling ashore, I placed him in the miller's arms," said Baggy. "He was still unconscious. Then I—I—I——"

"Then you woke up?" asked Lowther.

"You ass! Then I left. I—I didn't want his thanks and all that," said Baggy modestly. "You fellows know I'm not the kind of chap to want to get into the lime-light——"

"Phew!"

"And—and that's all," said Baggy.

"Quite a simple thing. Of course, it was fairly hefty while it lasted."

"And you're going to tell Railton that?" asked Tom Merry, in wonder.

"Certainly; I'm bound to tell him the facts."

"The facts!" stuttered Tom. "The—the facts! Oh, crumbs!"

Baggy Trimble elevated his fat little nose disdainfully, and marched off to the School House. There was a ripple of merriment among the juniors, as they watched him go to tell Mr. Railton the facts!

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER

Mr. Railton is Satisfied!

"FOLLOW on!" grinned Jack Blake.

There was a general movement after Trimble. Evidently the fat Fourth-former was going to spin his amazing yarn to Mr. Railton, and the juniors were very keen to learn how the house master would take it. Quite a little army marched into the School House after Baggy Trimble.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was adorning the steps of the School House with his elegant person, and he turned his eyeglass in surprise upon the grinning crowd as they came along.

"What's goin' on, deah boys?" he asked.

"Trimble is," answered Tom Merry, laughing. "He's going on—stronger than ever. Did you know that Trimble was an Heroic Youth?"

"Bai Jove! No!"

"And a gallant garçon?" chuckled Lowther.

"I should certainly nevah have guessed it, Lowthah," said Arthur Augustus. "What has he been doin'?"

"Rescuing Mossoo from a watery wind-up."

"What?"

"That's how he came in wet yesterday," said Manners, with a chortle. "He had been performing deeds of derring-do."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Wats!"

"Fact!" said Tom Merry. "Trimble says it's the fact—and Trimble ought to know. He's gone to tell Railton the facts."

"Gweat Scott!"

"Come on!" exclaimed Digby, "we shall

miss the fun. I want to hear Trimble when Railton starts in with the cane."

The grinning juniors followed on. Baggy Trimble reached the door of the School House master's study, and tapped. He gave the juniors a disdainful blink over his shoulder.

They were all doubting Thomases at present, that was clear. Nobody believed that Trimble had plunged into the mill-stream to rescue Mossoo—in fact, nobody believed that he could have got out alive if he had plunged in. The whole yarn was too highly improbable. But Trimble hoped to find more credit in the housemaster's study.

There was the undoubted fact that he had come in dripping with water soon after the rescue. That was a happy coincidence greatly in his favour. Then there was the fact that he had told D'Arcy, in the dormitory, that he had got wet in rescuing a man from drowning—he had even placed the scene of the rescue at the mill—an extremely happy coincidence. True, he had mentioned that spot in his fanciful yarn simply because it was a good distance from the school. But it was quite a good support for his tale, as it turned out. Often and often Baggy Trimble had come to disaster through his habit of departing from the truth; but for once, it seemed that one of his most reckless "whoppers" was going to be useful.

Trimble felt that he was in for a good thing.

Who really had dived in for Mossoo was unknown—it was evidently a mystery. As there was no claimant to the distinction, Trimble felt that it would be a pity to let it go a' begging. As there was no rival in the field, Baggy saw no reason whatever why he should not bag the honour and glory. It was but seldom he was able to figure in the public eye as a youth of heroic mould. Certainly he wasn't going to lose this opportunity.

"Come in!" called out Mr. Railton, and Baggy Trimble marched into the study as bold as brass.

"You wanted to see me, sir?" he said.

Baggy had left the door ajar. He had no objection to the juniors hearing the interview. He hoped they would be convinced thereby of the truth of his extraordinary claim.

"Yes, Trimble," said the house master, eyeing the fat youth very keenly. "It appears that you came in yesterday afternoon, in a very wet state. I remember observing you, in fact. What was the cause of this, Trimble?"

"I'd been in the river, sir."

"For what reason?"

"To save a drowning man, sir."

"Was it Monsieur Morny?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Railton coughed.

"Why did you not come forward this morning, Trimble, when the Head requested you to do so?"

"I—I was feeling rather—rather shy, sir," stammered Trimble. "I—I'm not a chap to—to shove himself forward, sir. I—I felt that it would look like—like showing off, sir."

"Oh!"

"You see, sir, I—I'd rather have kept the whole matter dark," said Trimble cheerfully. "It was nothing to me—a splendid swimmer like me, sir. I just did it. That's all, sir."

"If you did it, Trimble, you have performed a very gallant action."

"Yes, sir," assented Trimble. "I always was as brave as a lion, sir."

The house master coughed again.

"Did you mention this circumstance to anyone after it happened, Trimble?"

Baggy smiled.

"Oh, yes, sir. I told a fellow when I came in."

"Oh, you did!" exclaimed the house-master.

"Yes, sir."

"Whom did you tell, Trimble?"

"D'Arcy of the Fourth, sir."

Mr. Railton glanced at the door. Hitherto, he had appeared unconscious of the fact that there was a scuffling of feet, and a breathless buzz of whispering, just outside his door.

"Blake!"

"Oh!" ejaculated Blake. "Yes, sir?"

He looked in, colouring a little.

"Is D'Arcy there?"

"He's along the passage, sir."

"Send him to me, please."

"Yes, sir."

Blake scudded along the passage to Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, who was standing in the doorway, looking out into the quadrangle with a thoughtful cloud on his aristocratic brow. Arthur Augustus was quite shocked and perplexed by Baggy's amazing claim, and quite at a loss to know what he ought to do in the matter. Jack Blake tapped him on the shoulder.

"Railton wants you, Gussy!"

The swell of St. Jim's gave a start.

"Bai Jove! He doesn't know that——"

"That what?"

"Oh, nothin', deah boy."

Arthur Augustus walked along to the house-master's study. He made his way through the grinning crowd there, and entered. Baggy Trimble gave him a grin and a nod. Arthur Augustus remained loftily unconscious of both. He ignored Baggy, and looked at Mr. Railton.

"D'Arcy, it appears that Trimble told you, when he came in wet yesterday, that he had rescued a man from drowning. Do you remember this?"

"Yaas, sir."

"Oh!" said Mr. Railton, taken a little aback. "Did Trimble give you any particulars?"

"He told me some whoppahs, sir."

"What?"

"I—I mean, he was womancin', sir," stammered Arthur Augustus.

"Look here," began Trimble warmly.

"Why did you suppose that he was romancing, D'Arcy, as you term it?" asked Mr. Railton.

"Well, I knew it wasn't twue, sir."

"But how could you have known that it was not true, D'Arcy? You were not with Trimble at the time——"

"That he wasn't, sir," said Trimble. "He was locked up in the form-room all the afternoon, because he tried to hook it when Mr. Lathom detained him."

Mr. Railton made a gesture to the fat junior to be silent.

"Answer me, D'Arcy."

"Well, I knew it couldn't be true, sir," said Arthur Augustus uneasily. "He—he said he jumped into the mill stweam aftah a

drownin' man. He wouldn't have had the nerve, sir."

"Lot you know about that!" said Trimble contemptuously. "I've got an iron nerve! All the Trimbles have! Look at the record of the Trimble family in the war! Victoria Crosses and D.S.O.'s and things in heaps."

"Wats!"

"Ahem! But you are aware, D'Arcy, that Monsieur Morny was rescued from the mill-stream by a St. Jim's boy yesterday afternoon."

"Oh, yaas, sir."

"Then what grounds had you for doubting Trimble's statement?"

"He couldn't have been there at the time, sir," answered Arthur Augustus unguardedly.

"How do you know that, D'Arcy?"

"Because——" Arthur Augustus stopped suddenly.

He was about to say that Trimble couldn't have been at the mill-stream at the time, because if he had been, Arthur Augustus himself must have seen him there. But that was a statement it was not judicious to make; as Gussy was supposed to have been locked in the form-room at the time.

"Well, D'Arcy?"

"I—I——" Arthur Augustus coloured and stammered. "I—I knew he was womancin', sir, that's all."

"Sheer jealousy!" said Trimble.

"You uttah ass——"

"You appear to have doubted Trimble's statement without adequate grounds, D'Arcy," said Mr. Railton, somewhat severely. "If you were in the form-room, you certainly cannot know what happened at the mill-stream, more than two miles from the school. You should not be distrustful, D'Arcy."

Arthur Augustus wriggled.

Distrustfulness certainly was not one of his faults; he was much more inclined to an easy unsuspectingness. But he could not explain to Mr. Railton without telling the whole story, so he was silent. The house-master made him a sign to leave the study, and the swell of St. Jim's gladly retreated into the corridor.

Mr. Railton turned to Baggy with quite a genial expression. He was amazed—there

was no doubt about that. But he felt that Trimble had made out his case. Certainly it was a St. Jim's boy who had dived in for Mossou, and not one of the St. Jim's fellows had come forward. Baggy, indeed, had not exactly come forward; his heroism had transpired as the result of inquiry. Amazing as it was, Mr. Railton felt that it would be ungenerous to doubt. Baggy had come in soaked with water soon after the affair, he had mentioned at once to D'Arcy that he had got wet in rescuing a drowning man, and he had not claimed the honour and glory—only admitted it when he was questioned. Really, there was no further room for doubt.

"Trimble," said Mr. Railton, "you have acted with a gallantry and courage that do you the greatest credit."

There was an audible gasp in the passage. The juniors outside wondered whether they were dreaming.

"Railton's swallowed it!" murmured Blake.

"Oh, my hat!"

Trimble purred.

"Oh, not at all, sir," he answered modestly. "I was bound to go in for him, sir. I—I couldn't let him drown under my eyes."

"You went into very great danger, Trimble."

"Well, I suppose I did, sir; but I never stopped to think of that," said Baggy. "I just went in."

"You showed very great courage and devotion. Monsieur Morny will be delighted to know this. I shall inform him at once. You may go now, Trimble."

Mr. Railton shook hands with the noble youth very cordially, and dismissed him.

Baggy Trimble sailed out of the house-master's study as if he were walking on air.

THE NINTH CHAPTER

Reward Required!

TOM MERRY AND Co. stared at Trimble.

The podgy youth stared at them, and smiled a fat and satisfied smile.

"Perhaps you fellows believe me now," he said loftily.

"Believe you!" stuttered Tom Merry.

"I don't think!" remarked Monty Lowther.

"You heard what Railton said?"

"You've stuffed him, you fraud!"

"Rats!" said Trimble. And he turned his back on the doubting Thomases, who still doubted, and rolled out into the quadrangle.

The juniors followed him, in a state of great amazement. Some of them were beginning to wonder whether, possibly, there might be some grain of truth in Baggy's amazing tale after all.

Arthur Augustus's eyeglass was fixed on Trimble in a wondering stare. The swell of St. Jim's felt as if he had lost all his bearings. How anybody except, a Prussian Hun, could tell such astounding whoppers was a perplexing problem to Arthur Augustus. And he was worried. He felt that it was not quite right to allow Trimble to tell such whoppers with impunity, but what he could do in the matter was a puzzle.

"It's amazin'!" said Arthur Augustus. "How can the fellow do it without blushin'? That's what beats me, you know."

"You don't believe him, then?" asked Herries.

"Wubbish!"

"Well, blessed if I don't begin to think there's something in it, you know," said Herries thoughtfully. "Of course, we all know that Trimble is a fearful fabricator——"

"Yaas, wathah."

"But somebody went in for Mossou," said Herries. "It was one of the fellows, and nobody's owned up excepting Trimble. If it was some other fellow, why doesn't he say so?"

"B-b-but——"

"Railton believes him," said Herries. "Railton's no fool. If Railton believes him, there must be something in it."

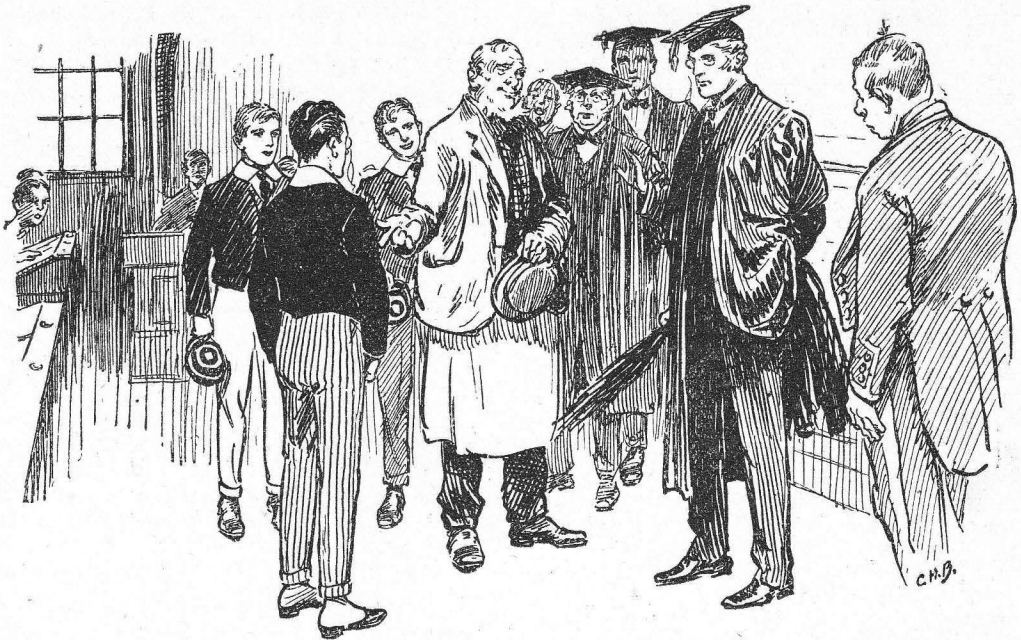
"Wats!"

"Well, you know, a fellow must be reasonable," said Herries, in his slow, thoughtful way. "I'd never have swallowed it—but Mr. Railton ought to know. Besides, if Trimble didn't do it, who did?"

"Twimble is a feahful fabwicator, Hewwies. He was nowhere neah the mill-stwœem at all."

"How do you know?"

Gussy hesitated.



"This here is the young gent what did the rescue, sir," said the miller; and he indicated Augustus D'Arcy whose face, at the moment, was as expressionless as the face of a marble statue. (See page 156.)

"Well, I do know," he said.

"Gussy, old man, you always were a bit cocksure," said Herries, in a tone of friendly reproval.

"Wha-a-at?"

"You were in the form-room, so you can't possibly know anything about it, you see. Mustn't be cocksure."

"Weally, Hewwies——"

"Hallo, here's Mossoo!" said Herries.

Monsieur Morny came out of the School House with a rush. Evidently Mr. Railton had acquainted him with the result of the investigation.

"Vere is he?" he exclaimed. "Vere is zat brave boy? Zat noble Trimble! I must zank him! I must embrace him! Vere is he?"

"There he is, sir," grinned Herries.

Monsieur Morny made a rush towards Baggy Trimble.

The fat youth blinked at him.

"Trimble! It vas you!"

"Little me, sir," said Trimble modestly.

"You save me ze life, isn't it."

"Joly glad I was there to help you, sir," said Trimble, negligently.

"Gallant garçon! I embraces you!" gasped Monsieur Morny.

There was a howl from the juniors, as Mossoo embraced the fat Baggy, and imprinted a kiss on each of his podgy cheeks. Trimble wriggled. He wanted honour and glory, but assuredly he did not want this.

"Ow!" gasped Trimble. "Groogh! Leggo!"

"My brave boy, I owe you ze life!"

"Leggo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Monsieur Morny released him, but he took his fat hands, and shook them enthusiastically.

Trimble did not mind that.

"Brave, brave garçon!" said Monsieur Morny, with deep emotion. "You save me ze life, isn't it? Oui, oui, oui! You reesk your lifes to save me from one vategy grave! Oh, yes! Nevair sall I forget zis zing—"

jamais de la vie ! Ah, jamais ! Always I remember zat my life he is save by zat brave, zat generous, zat noble boy Trimble."

Baggy Trimble looked round loftily at the grinning juniors. If this did not convince them, nothing would.

"Oh, zat I could do somezings to prove my gratitude!" exclaimed Monsieur Morny, still shaking Trimble's podgy hands.

Baggy's round eyes glimmered.

"Oh, it was nothing, sir——"

"Nozzing? It was somezing—it was noble, generous, devoted! I nevair forget him all ze time zat I sall live, Trimble!"

"Of course, sir, if you wanted to give a reward——"

"Hein?"

"I should feel bound to accept it, sir," said Trimble.

Monsieur Morny dropped Trimble's fat hands as if they had become red-hot. He seemed to have received a shock.

"A—a—a reward!" he stuttered.

"Yes, sir, if you felt bound to offer a reward for—for life-saving, I should not decline it."

"Mon Dieu!"

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Tom Merry. "Trimble all over! I suppose we mustn't kick him while Mossou is here."

Monsieur Morny seemed to have become transfixed. He had rushed upon Trimble, bursting with fervid gratitude, but Trimble had given the heroic affair a business-like turn, which seemed to freeze up Mossou's fervour.

"You—you sall shoke, Trimble, n'est-cepas?" he stammered

"I'm not joking, sir," said Trimble, opening his eyes. "Nothing to joke about, is there? I think it's up to you to offer a reward, if you ask me, sir. A five-pound note wouldn't be out of place. What do you think, sir?"

The juniors were staring at Trimble in wondering disgust. But their looks were quite lost on Baggy. Baggy was not thinskinned.

Monsieur Morny had become very grave and quiet. His fervour had vanished. He took a pocket-book from his coat and opened it.

Trimble watched him with glimmering eyes.

"I give you reward viz pleasure, Trimble!" said Monsieur Morny.

"Of course, gratitude's all very well, sir," said Trimble. "But there's generally a reward in these cases, isn't there?"

Monsieur Morny extracted a five-pound note from his pocket-book—it was the only one there—and placed it in Trimble's fat hand. Then, without a word, only a bow, the French gentleman walked away.

As soon as he was in the house, Tom Merry and Co began to express their opinion to Trimble. He stared at them.

"You fat rotter!"

"You horrid worm!"

"You sneaking fraud!"

"You unspeakable Hun!"

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Trimble.

"What's the matter with you now? It's quite customary for a reward to be given for life-saving, isn't it?"

"You awful rotter!"

"You—you—you—oh, there isn't a word for you!" said Tom Merry, in disgust. "I suppose you did pull Mossou out of the water, but you're a disgrace to the school, and you ought to be boiled in oil!"

"Look here——"

"There goes the dinner-bell," said Blake. "Blessed if Trimble hasn't taken my appetite away! Roll away, you horrid porpoise!"

Tom Merry and Co. streamed into the School House, and Trimble followed, in a state of indignant astonishment. The old proverb tells us that contempt will pierce even the shell of the tortoise, but Baggy Trimble was evidently better protected than a tortoise. He was only surprised and indignant. Why a fellow shouldn't be rewarded for life-saving was a question Baggy could find no answer to. True, he hadn't saved anybody's life; but Mossou supposed that he had, so it came to the same thing. Trimble felt that he was a very ill-used and misunderstood youth as he rolled in to dinner. Still, he had the five-pound note, which was a great consolation. Trimble could have stood a great deal of misunderstanding for that sum.

THE TENTH CHAPTER

Arthur Augustus Chips In !

ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY had not been a witness of the scene in the quad. He had gone into the house to avoid the French master. So it was not till he heard the subdued remarks of the Fourth-formers at the dinner-table that he became aware of Trimble's latest departure.

Arthur Augustus could scarcely believe his ears.

That Trimble should lay claim to the credit of an action he had not performed was amazing enough to the noble Gussy, but that he should claim a reward for the same—and receive it—was beyond the understanding of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. What had only been "spoof" had grown into what could only be regarded as a swindle. Certainly, Trimble did not regard it in that light, but Arthur Augustus did.

The swell of the Fourth sat during dinner almost trembling with indignation.

"The awful wascal!" he whispered to Blake. "He must be made to give it up, of course."

Blake shrugged his shoulders.

"He won't," he answered. "The fat idiot doesn't understand what a mean little scoundrel he is! He will freeze on to the fiver!"

"I shall not allow him to do so, Blake!"

"You can't help it, old top! You can talk to Trimble for a week, and you won't make him anything but a fat little horror!"

"But it is a swindle!" breathed D'Arcy.

"Well, Mossoo gave it to him, if you come to that," said Blake. "If he's mean enough to take it, it's his business."

"But he nevah wescued Mossoo!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus excitedly. "It is a feahful whoppah fvom beginnin' to end!"

"Begins to look as if he did, old chap! Even Trimble wouldn't take a reward if he hadn't done it, I should think."

"But he has!"

"Well, he did it, then!"

"He did not, you duffah!"

"Railton believes that he did."

"He has stuffed Wailton! Bai Jove!"

Aftah dinnah, I am goin' to make him take that fivah back to Mossoo, or w'ing his neck!"

"Kindly do not talk so much at table!" came Mr Lathom's voice severely; and Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was compelled to bottle up his indignation until dinner was over.

After dinner, Baggy Trimble was the first fellow out of the dining-room. He cut across to Mrs. Taggles's tuck-shop. Baggy had had a good dinner; but there was still room for more inside Baggy. He was prepared to negotiate a dozen tarts and several bottles of ginger-pop before afternoon classes.

But there was wrath and vengeance on the track of Baggy Trimble.

Arthur Augustus sprinted in pursuit of him, and overtook the fat junior half-way to the tuck-shop.

"Stop, Twimble!" panted D'Arcy.

"I'm in rather a hurry——"

"Stop, I tell you."

"Rats!"

Trimble scudded on. Arthur Augustus caught him by the shoulder, and stopped him forcibly.

"You fat wottah——"

"Leggo!" roared Trimble.

"You uttah fwaud——"

"Will you let go?" exclaimed Trimble indignantly, "I'd give you a jolly good licking, D'Arcy——"

"You are vevy welcome, you wottah!"

"Only——only I feel a bit done up, after my exertions yesterday," said Trimble, "I'm rather feeling the effects of that swim——"

"You awful pwevawicator, you nevah had any swim yestahday."

"When I rescued Mossoo, I mean——"

"You did not wescue Mossoo!" shrieked Arthur Augustus, "and you are goin' to take that five-pound note back to him at once."

Trimble laughed derisively.

"Catch me!" he said.

"I insist upon your weturnin' the money to Monsieur Morny immediately, Twimble."

"Leggo my shoulder!"

"Will you go to Mossoo——"

"No, I won't!" roared Trimble.

"Then I'm goin' to make you."

"Yaroo! Help!"

"Here, hold on, Gussy!" exclaimed Tom Merry, coming up. "You can't make Trimble act decently if he doesn't want to. Draw it mild, old chap."

Arthur Augustus trembled with wrath.

"It is not a question of actin' decently, Tom Mewwy—but of actin' honestly. Twimble did not wescue Mossoo."

"He says he did——"

"He is lyin'."

"Well, it seems to be pretty well made out," said Tom. "Nobody else has turned up, you know. Let him rip, Gussy."

"I wefuse to let him wip, Tom Mewwy. He cannot be allowed to wetain the fivah he has weshed out of Mossoo."

"Didn't I save his life?" roared Trimble.

"Certainly not."

"You don't know anything about it, you ass."

"I know all about it, you uttah wottah!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus, indignantly. "You can tell as many whoppahs as you like, but you are not goin' to swindle poor old Mossoo. I insist upon your takin' the money back at once."

Baggy Trimble jerked himself away, and ran for the tuck-shop. After him went Arthur Augustus, like an arrow from a bow. Tom Merry stared after them. The captain of the Shell did not quite understand Gussy's great excitement.

At the door of the tuck-shop, D'Arcy overtook the fat junior again. He seized Trimble by the collar, and whirled him out of the doorway, and jammed him up against the shop-front.

"Now, you wottah——"

"Yaroooh!"

"Listen to me, Twimble," said Arthur Augustus. "If you do not immediately weturn that fivah to Monsieur Morny, I shall go to Mr. Waitton, and inform him of the twuth of the mattah."

"You don't know anything about it, you beast," gasped Trimble. "Can't you take a fellow's word?"

"You uttah fwaud! I was at the millstweam myself yestahday," said Arthur Augustus. "I know you were not there."

Trimble's jaw dropped.

"You—you were?" he stuttered.

"Yaas."

"You—you weren't! You were locked in the form-room, you rotter."

"I cleahed off, when you fetched my hat, Twimble. I know who wescued Mossoo, and I know it was not you."

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Trimble.

He blinked at Arthur Augustus in dismay. But a cunning gleam came into his round eyes.

"You'd better keep that dark," he said.

"It's a flogging for you, if Lathom knows you broke bounds yesterday."

"I am awah of that, Twimble. But if you do not weturn that note to Mossoo, I shall tell Mr. Waitton the twuth, and take the floggin'."

"You—you wouldn't——"

"I will!" said Arthur Augustus firmly. "You can take your choice, Twimble. If Mr. Waitton knows the facts, he will make you weturn the money, and you will get a floggin' into the bargain for bein' a beastly little swindlah."

"Oh, dear!" groaned Trimble.

"Now will you go to Mossoo, you wottah?"

"I—I say, Gussy—halves!" whispered Trimble.

"What?"

"Halves!" said Trimble eagerly. "What do you say to that? Yaroooooooop! Leave off banging my head, you beast! Yoooooop!"

"You howwid wottah——"

"Yow-ow-ow! I—I'll take it back to Mossoo, if you like," wailed Trimble. "Ow! You needn't cut up rusty, you awful beast! I'm going to take it back, ain't I?"

"Then go at once, you fwaud," said Arthur Augustus, breathing hard.

"Oh, dear! I—I say, I—I'll give it to Mossoo in the French lessons this afternoon—it's first lesson, you know."

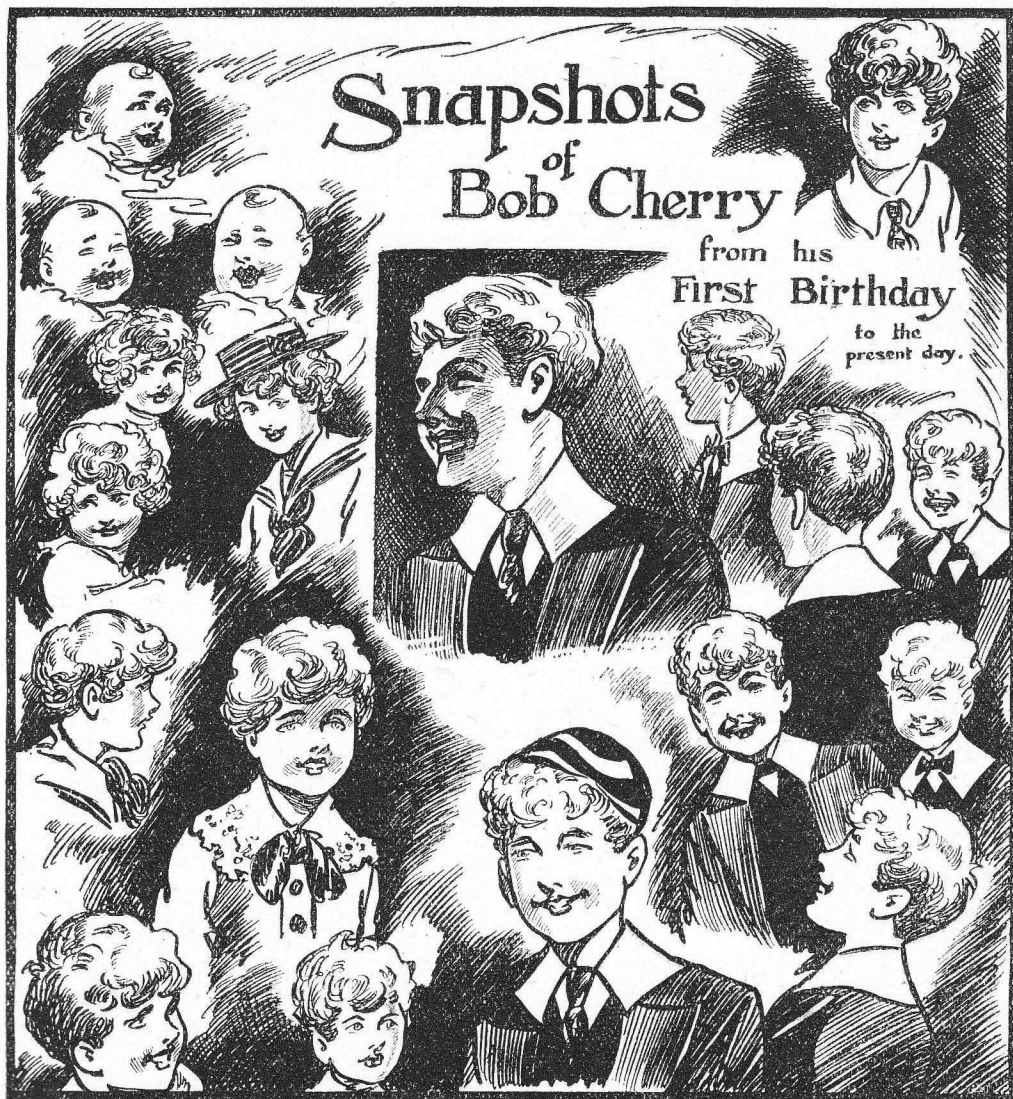
"Vewy well," said Arthur Augustus grimly, "and I will wemain with you till lessons, Twimble."

"Can't you trust me, you rotter?" howled Trimble. "Don't you know it's rotten bad form to doubt a fellow's word?"

"Bai Jove!"

"You leave it to me," said Trimble, with a

A CLUSTER OF CHERRIES!



Cheery Bob Cherry is perhaps the most popular junior at Greyfriars School. With his fair, curly hair and sunny smile, he is the favourite schoolboy character of thousands of readers of "The Magnet" Library. Mr. C. H. Chapman's drawings show him laughing his way through life, from babyhood to boyhood.

hungry glance at the tuck-shop, "I'll—I'll do it—on my—my honour! There!"

"Your honour!" ejaculated Arthur Augustus, blankly.

"Yes. I hope you're satisfied now?" said Trimble, with dignity.

"Bai Jove! I am satisfied that it is strictly necessary to keep an eye on you, you fraud."

"Look here, D'Arcy——"

"Dwy up!" commanded Arthur Augustus. "I am goin' to keep with you till lessons. I am bound to tolewate your disgustin' company—but I am not bound to listen to your wotten conversation! If you speak to me again, I will punch your nose, bai Jove!"

Until lessons that afternoon, the Fourth-formers were treated to the unusual sight of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy and Baggy Trimble sauntering together in the quadrangle.

Often and often, Baggy Trimble had sought the society of the noble Gussy, and had been repulsed with little ceremony. Now he had it unasked; but he was not enjoying it. He would have given half Mossoo's fiver to be relieved of Gussy's noble company just then.

But he was not relieved of it; and when the bell rang, the two juniors went into the form-room together. And the five-pound note still reposed unchanged in Baggy Trimble's pocket.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER

A Painful Parting!

MONSIEUR MORNY came into the form-room to take the Fourth in French; and Arthur Augustus gave Trimble a significant look.

Baggy shifted uncomfortably in his seat.

The five-pound note—the reward for life-saving—was still there; it was still his. But unless Arthur Augustus relented, it was to be his no longer. The hapless Baggy gave D'Arcy a series of imploring, beseeching looks. He received only stern frowns in response.

Arthur Augustus was adamant; why, Trimble could not even guess. He had offered Gussy halves, which he felt was a generous offer. Why Gussy insisted upon the bank-note being returned to the owner thereof, was a mystery to Trimble. He couldn't see any

sense in it. He considered that he was very hardly used—after his generous offer, too. But he knew that he had to do Gussy's bidding. Even a flogging would not deter D'Arcy from making the facts known, if he did not obey. Trimble realised that, although he failed to see any sense in D'Arcy's proceedings.

He had to yield up his ill-gotten gains; but it was worse than a visit to the dentist to do so. Trimble would rather have parted with a tooth. He sat in a state of misery, while Monsieur Morny took the Fourth on a personally-conducted tour among French irregular verbs.

The lesson ended, and still Trimble had not spoken.

Arthur Augustus looked at him, and Trimble glared. Quietly, the swell of St. Jim's rose to his feet. If Trimble would not speak, it was time for Arthur Augustus to speak.

"Pway excuse me, Monsieur——" began Arthur Augustus.

Monsieur Morny glanced at him.

"Vat is it, D'Arcy?" he asked.

"Twimble——"

Arthur Augustus got no further. Trimble jumped up as if moved by a spring.

"It's me, sir," he gasped.

"Vat?"

Arthur Augustus sat down again.

"Twimble wishes to speak to you, sir," he said.

"You may speak, Trimble!" said Monsieur Morny coldly.

"I—I—I——" stammered Trimble. "The—the fact is, sir——"

"Well?"

"The—the fact is," babbled Trimble, "I—I—I——"

"You are wasting time, mon garçon."

"Yes, sir! You see, the fact is—you—you handed me a reward to-day, sir, for saving your life."

"Zat mattair he is close, Trimble."

"Not at all, sir! The—the fact is, I—I can't accept it, sir," gasped Trimble.

"Vat!"

"It—it's very kind of you, sir," groaned Trimble, "but I can't accept a reward for saving your life, sir. The—the consciousness

of—of having done a noble action, sir, is enough for me.”

“ Mon Dieu ! ”

Monsieur Morny stared blankly at the fatuous Baggy. With an effort, the fat junior came out before the class, and disinterred the five-pound note from his pocket. He laid it on the master’s desk.

Monsieur Morny eyed him in wondering astonishment. He had been surprised and shocked by Trimble’s claiming a reward, in the first place. He was still more surprised by this extraordinary return of the same.

“ There—there you are, sir,” mumbled Trimble, “ I—I hope you—you understand, sir—how—how it is ! I—I couldn’t accept a reward for—for performing a brave action, sir.”

“ But you shall ask me, Trimble.”

There was no getting out of the awkward fact that Baggy had asked for a reward. But Baggy did his best.

“ That—that was only a figure of speech, sir,” he stuttered.

“ A vat ? ”

“ A—a—a figure of speech, sir ! What I really meant was, that—that I couldn’t think of accepting a reward ! You—you misunderstood me, sir.”

“ Est-il possible ? Je me trompe, isn’t it. Mais je ne comprends pas— But zat is all right, Trimble ! If I shall have misunderstand, I am sorry for zat.”

Monsieur Morny collected up the five-pound note, and returned it to his pocket-book, not without satisfaction. Fivers were not very plentiful with the French master.

Trimble almost crawled back to his place ; he was feeling heart-broken. Certainly, he had regained the place he had lost in Mossoo’s esteem. But he would have preferred the fiver to any amount of esteem.

He gave D’Arcy a glare as he passed him, going to his place. Arthur Augustus replied with a sniff.

Monsieur Morny quitted the form-room, and in the few minutes that elapsed before Mr. Lathom came in to take his form, there was a buzz of surprised voices. Baggy Trimble’s action in restoring the plunder had quite taken away the breath of his form-fellows.

“ Is he potty ? ” asked Blake. “ Have you gone right off your rocker, Trimble ? ”

“ Yah ! ”

“ The mean little beast has done the right thing, anyhow,” remarked Herries.

“ Was it Gussy’s eloquence that did it ? ” grinned Digby. “ I saw Gussy jawing him near the tuck-shop. Gussy must be no end of an orator if he can persuade Trimble to play up decently.”

Mr. Lathom came in, and the amazed discussion had to stop ; but Trimble was eyed very curiously by his form-fellows that afternoon.

Baggy hardly noticed it ; he wasn’t thinking of the Fourth-form’s opinion, but of the five-pound note.

That fiver had come and gone ; it had reposed in his pocket for a time, and now it was gone from his gaze, like a beautiful dream. Mr. Lathom found Baggy a very inattentive pupil that afternoon. Baggy simply couldn’t put his fat mind into lessons. His thoughts were on the fiver ; and like Rachel of old, he mourned and could not be comforted.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER

Tea in Tom Merry’s Study

“ **H**AVING tea, you fellows ? ” Baggy Trimble blinked in at the doorway of No. 10 in the Shell.

The table in that study was laid for four—and the Terrible Three, of the Shell, were busy. Tom Merry was making toast at the study fire ; Manners was buttering it—and Monty Lowther was industriously disintering sardines from the interior of a tin. On the table reposed a large and handsome cake—upon which Trimble’s eyes lingered lovingly.

“ Just going to,” answered Tom Merry, without looking round.

“ Expecting a visitor, what ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Perhaps I’m the visitor you’re expecting ! ” suggested Baggy.

“ Perhaps ! ” said Tom. “ But more probably not.”

“ I say, I’ll stay to tea, if you like,” said Trimble. “ The fact is—it’s awfully unfortunate—my money slipped out of my pocket

when I was swimming in the mill-stream yesterday. It's left me stony."

"Bow-wow!"

"Broke to the wide," said Trimble pathetically, "and all through doing a gallant deed, you know—risking my life to save old Johnny Crapaud. All my money rolled out into the water——"

"You swam head downwards?" asked Monty Lowther.

"Eh? N-no."

"Then how could your money roll out?"

"I—I mean it rolled out when I dived in. I—I dived in head down, you know. It shot out—in a stream——"

"All the gold and silver and banknotes and securities?" asked Monty Lowther sympathetically.

Tom Merry laughed.

"Let him stay," he said. "After all, he did a plucky thing, though he spoils it by bragging. There's a spread this evening—and it will run to five. Trot in, Trimble, and don't tell any more whoppers."

Trimble trotted in briskly.

"Who's the guest you're expecting?" he asked.

"D'Arcy!"

"Oh, I'll tell you what, Tom Merry—don't let him come! I don't care about sitting down to the table with D'Arcy. He's doubted my word."

"You couldn't sit down with anybody at St. Jim's, if that was an impediment," remarked Lowther.

Master Trimble chose to be deaf to that remark.

"I don't care for D'Arcy's company," he continued. "You can have him another time. See?"

"Fathead!"

"The fact is, Tom Merry," said Baggy, with dignity, "I don't care to stay if D'Arcy comes to tea. That's candid."

"Righto, old top," assented Tom.

"Then he's not coming?"

"Oh, yes; he's coming."

"If you wish me to leave this study, Merry——"

"I don't mind, old scout," said Tom, laughing.

"I don't mind overlooking D'Arcy being here, if you come to that. After all, I shall treat him with the contempt he deserves."

"You uttah wottah!" It was Arthur Augustus's voice in the doorway. "You are a howwid weptile, Twimble!"

"Oh, it's you, is it?" grunted Trimble. "I'd jolly well lick you for that, if I wasn't so—so tired, after—after my terrific exertions in the river yesterday——"

"Wats!"

"Some fellows get praised for bringing credit on their school," said Trimble, appealing to the Terrible Three. "I seem to meet with nothing but envy and carping. Lot of good doing heroic stunts at this rate."

Arthur Augustus came into the study and paused. Trimble had stated that he felt an objection to D'Arcy's company. Undoubtedly D'Arcy felt a very strong objection to Trimble's.

"Is Twimble heah to tea, Tom Mewwy?" he asked.

"Yes, he's a giddy distinguished visitor."

"An heroic youth whom we delight to honour," said Monty Lowther solemnly.

"In that case, deah boys, will you be good enough to excuse me, and I will wetire."

"Hallo," said Tom Merry. "What's the matter now?"

"I feah, Tom Mewwy, that I could not sit down to the table with that depwaved young wascal."

"Oh, my hat! What's the matter with Twimble?" said Tom. "Of course, he's rather an unpleasant little beast——"

"Look here, Tom Merry!" roared Trimble indignantly.

"But dash it all, he did do a plucky thing yesterday," said Tom. "Pluck is like charity—it covers a multitude of sins. Come in, Gussy, and don't play the goat!"

"Twimble did not do a plucky thing yesterday, Tom Mewwy."

"But it seems to be proved that he did."

"Wubbish!"

"Gussy, old man, you're really off-side," said Manners, in his quiet way. "We all thought Trimble was humbugging at first, but it's really proved. Mr. Railton and Mossosoo are satisfied."

Ye Pillowe Fyfe!

By DICK PENFOLD

As I lay a-snorynge, a-snorynge, a-snorynge,
Harry Wharton's heavie hande descended
on my hedde ;
In ye stillnesse of ye nyghte—
Why, it gave me quite a fryghte !
“ Let us hasten to ye fyfe ! ”
Wharton said.
As I lay a-snorynge, he pytched me out of bedde !

As I lay a-snorynge, a-snorynge, a-snorynge
On ye pile of blankets that were heaped upon
ye floore,
All arounde I heard ye thudde
Of ye pillowes (some were dudde !).
“ Yea, forsooth, I'll have thy bloode ! ”
Came a roar.
As I lay a-snorynge ye Removites were at warre !

As I lay a-snorynge, a-snorynge, a-snorynge,
There were cries of “ Byffe him, boys ! ” and
“ By my halibutte ! ”
With his pillowè in ye aire,
Monty Newland did declare :
“ I will flatten him, I swaere ! ”
Then—tutte-tutte !
As I lay a-snoryngè, he byffed me on ye nutte !

And then I lay a-wakyngè, a-wakyngè, a-wakyngè,
And a noyse boomed in my ears, like ye breakers
on ye shore.
But I dashed into ye fraye,
And when Newland came my waye,
I despatched him (so they saye)
To ye floore.
They removed him on a stretcher, and ye pillowe
fyfe was o'er !

"Wubbish!"

"Besides, it was somebody," said Tom, "and if it wasn't Trimble, who was it? Nobody else claims it."

"For vevy good reasons."

"What reasons?"

"Nevah mind. But it certainly was not Twimble, and I wefuse to have anything to do with that young wottah. With your permish, I will wetire fwom the study!" said Arthur Augustus, with dignity.

And he retired.

The Terrible Three looked rather perplexed; but they had to let their guest go. After asking Trimble in, they could not very well turn him out. Besides, Trimble was already busy at the tea-table. The chums of the Shell had to make the best of it. In fact, they were rather surprised at Arthur Augustus. It was not like the noble Gussy to detract from another fellow's merit—and he ought really to have been pleased to see Trimble turn out not such a thorough "rotter" as the juniors had always believed him to be. But Arthur Augustus seemed obstinately determined to allow no credit at all to Trimble.

He had excellent reasons for that, of course, but the Terrible Three were not aware of them, and they could only judge on appearances.

"I don't quite understand old Gussy now," said Manners thoughtfully. "He's generally unsuspecting—not to say soft. I should have expected him to be quite enthusiastic about Trimble showing up decently for once."

"Same here," said Tom. "There really doesn't seem any occasion for him to get his back up in this style. He's not the fellow to grudge a chap a little kudos, when he's earned it."

"It's envy," explained Trimble, with his mouth full.

"Fathead!"

"That's what it is, Tom Merry—just envy; just the same as his being jealous of my good looks."

"Oh, my hat!"

"A fellow can't help being good-looking, can he?" said Trimble in an argumentative way.

"You seem to have helped it," remarked Lowther.

"And a fellow can't help being the pluckiest and bravest chap in the school," pursued Trimble. "I don't brag of it. But I think it's rather mean for other fellows to be jealous and envious. I'll have some more toast—pass the butter, will you? I like my butter thick. Five lumps of sugar, please, Manners. Thanks. As I was saying, I've brought a lot of credit on the school, one way and another, and I never get any thanks. After this, Tom Merry, I suppose you'll give me a chance in the cricket eleven?"

"I don't think," said Tom, laughing. "You may be a swimmer, Baggy, but you're no cricketer."

"Better cricketer than I am a swimmer, old scout—and that's saying a lot, considering what I did yesterday. I wonder which of you fellows would have gone in for Mossoo as I did?"

"Well, I hope we should," said Tom mildly.

Baggy shook his head.

"You couldn't have done it," he said. "It needed pluck—unbounded pluck—and nerve—iron nerve. That's me all over. I do these things, you know, and don't brag of them afterwards. That's me."

"Oh, my hat!"

"I'll try the cake now. I was going to stand a treat to you fellows, out of my five pounds, if that beast hadn't made me—ahem—"

"Hadn't made you what?"

"N-n-nothing! This is a jolly good cake!"

"Did D'Arcy make you hand that fiver back to Mossoo?" asked Manners, staring at the fat Fourth-former.

"Oh, no, of course not. I handed it back because—because—"

"Because what?"

"My noble nature, you know. I couldn't take a reward for performing a deed of heroism. You fellows might; I know you're not so particular as I am, in some things. Not me, though," said Baggy, shaking his head.

The Terrible Three looked at him.

"Are you always as nice as this when you go out to tea, Baggy?" inquired Monty Lowther.

"Eh? I say, this is really a good cake. You've got another in the cupboard, I dare say?"

"No," said Tom.

"Well, it's jolly good. As you fellows seem to like the toast, I'll finish the cake. You don't mind?"

Baggy Trimble transferred what was left of the big cake to his plate—a proceeding that was watched with a sort of frozen stare by the Terrible Three. He proceeded to finish it with great enjoyment.

When there was not a crumb left, Baggy Trimble rose, with a very comfortable sense of fullness.

"Thanks," he said. "I've really enjoyed my tea. You fellows must come to tea in my study to-morrow—no, not to-morrow, I'm having tea with a friend in the Sixth to-morrow. Saturday—no, not Saturday, I'm expecting my uncle, Sir Greville Fitzmaurice Trimble on Saturday; the next day—no, that's Sunday. One day next week, if you like; I really have so many engagements, it's a bit difficult to fit them all in. Ta-ta!"

And the worthy Baggy rolled away.

"What a nice boy!" said Monty Lowther reflectively. "What a comfort he must be to his people at home—and how I wish they had him there now!"

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER

A Thrashing for Trimble!

"A PAWAGRAPH——"
"Yes."

"In the 'Weekly'?"

"Yes. Trimble wants a column—but the merry editor has agreed to a paragraph," said Blake.

"Imposs!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus D'Arcy excitedly.

It was the following day, and the glory of Baggy Trimble had not faded. If anybody at St. Jim's had been disposed to forget that Trimble of the Fourth had covered himself with glory, Baggy was there to jog his memory. Indeed, it seemed probable that Baggy's heroism would never be forgotten, so long as St. Jim's had a "local habitation and a name."

Baggy had always been an active and persistent talker; in everything else he was slack, but in "chin-music" he excelled. Monty Lowther had likened Baggy's fat chin to Tennyson's little brook, because it went on for ever. Perhaps it had been well developed by exercise. Trimble's topics had a certain sameness—they all referred to Trimble, to Trimble's gaudy relations, and to the glories of Trimble Hall, which, according to Trimble, was the ancestral seat of the Trimbles, who had come over with the Conqueror, and were mentioned in the Domesday Book. Anyone who doubted that fact was begged to refer to the Domesday Book itself for proof, which was rather a difficult enterprise for juniors at St. Jim's. But now Baggy had a new topic—still more about himself, of course. His new topic was the wonderful courage, the iron nerve, and the generous devotion of Baggy Trimble.

On that topic Baggy descanted in season and out of season; he never tired of it, though he made other fellows very tired indeed. But an unusual patience was shown to Baggy just then; it had been, after all, an exceedingly plucky thing to dive into the mill-stream, and Baggy was credited with that plucky action. There was only one fellow who poured scorn upon Baggy's claim, and that was D'Arcy of the Fourth. So angry and exasperated was Gussy on the subject, that some fellows began to think that Baggy had some grounds for attributing his remarks to personal jealousy.

Baggy's latest stunt was a request to Tom Merry, as editor of the junior school paper, to put the heroic deed on record in the columns of the "Weekly." If a fellow's score at cricket was put in the "Weekly," surely such a deed of derring-do was worthy of being put on record. Tom Merry couldn't deny that it was. Certainly, the request did not come gracefully from the hero himself; still, Tom felt that the claim was just. Baggy offered to write a column description himself, and added that he would take a dozen copies of the paper to send to his people. But the editor limited him to a paragraph. Space, as he explained, was scarce.

Arthur Augustus heard the news with deep

indignation. He fairly blinked at Blake, who told him.

"Imposs!" he repeated. "Twimble's feahful whoppahs cannot be put in the 'Weekly,' Blake. It will make us all look asses, when it comes out that he is only lym'."

"Gussy, old man, get off your high horse," said Blake. "You're making us tired, old scout. Trimble is a bragging little beast, but give credit where it is due."

"It is not due to Twimble."

"Well, he gets the par, anyhow," said Blake. "He's writing it out in his study now—I expect the editor will have to cut it down a bit. Trimble's sure to spread himself too thick."

"I wefuse to allow Twimble's feahful cwammahs to be put on wecord in the Weekly!" shouted Aurthur Augustus.

"Bow-wow!" was Blake's rejoinder. As a matter of fact, Gussy was in danger of becoming a bore in Study No. 6, with his denunciations of the fat hero.

Arthur Augustus quitted No. 6, and headed for Trimble's study. He found the fat youth there, sitting at the table with a sheaf of impot paper before him, and a pen in his hand. There was ink on his fingers, and ink on his fat little nose. Trimble had the study to himself; and he was deep in the throes of composition. Arthur Augustus strode in wrathfully.

"Twimble!" he exclaimed.

"How many r's in heroic?" asked Trimble.

"What?"

"Two, ain't there?" asked Trimble; "and 'youth' is spelt with a double O, isn't it, D'Arcy?"

Arthur Augustus glanced at the blotty, smudgy scrawl. It ran:

"The Edditor has been gennerrally rekwested to publish an akount of the galant resqoo of Monseer Morny by an herroic youth belonging to this school."

Thus far had Baggy got with his literary work. Arthur Augustus breathed hard. He jerked the smudgy paper from the table, and tore it across.

Trimble jumped up in great wrath.

"You rotter!" he roared. "Why, you—you—you——"

Arthur Augustus raised a commanding forefinger.

"Twimble, you fat wascal! You are not to put any of your woppahs into the 'Weekly.'"

"I'm jolly well going to!" snorted Trimble. "No business of yours, I suppose? This rotten jealousy——"

"I have told you, Twimble, that I was on the scene on Wednesday, and that I am awah that you were not there at all."

"You'd jolly well better not say so outside this study, though," said Baggy. "It means a flogging for you if Lathom finds out that you bolted out of the form-room that afternoon."

"Nevah mind that, Twimble. I will not allow you to place your feahful fabwications on wecord in the 'Weekly.'"

"Rats!"

"If you say wats to me, I will give you a feahful thwashin'!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus wrathfully.

"You mind your p's and q's," said Trimble. "You were out of bounds on Wednesday. Suppose I tell Lathom?"

"What?"

"I've a jolly good mind to, anyhow," said Trimble. "You'd get a flogging, and serve you right. In fact, I don't know whether it isn't my duty to tell Lathom. I don't approve of breaking bounds. Come to think of it, it really is my duty to mention the matter to my form-master."

"You howwid little sneak!"

"Don't you call me names," said Baggy, wagging a fat finger at the swell of St. Jim's in an exceedingly exasperating manner. "I'm not going to stand it—from you. I could get you a flogging by saying a word. Mind that! You'd better be jolly civil, I can tell you."

Arthur Augustus breathed hard.

"I wepeat, Twimble, that you are not to wite those awful whoppahs to be put in the 'Weekly.'"

"Go and eat coke."

"Or I shall thwash you——"

"Rats!"

"Bai Jove, I will thwash you, anyway!" exclaimed the exasperated Arthur Augustus.

His noble temper failed him, which was not

Some Hints on Drawing

A knowledge of the art of Drawing, besides being most useful in all situations of life, is a source of much pleasurable amusement.

This page is designed with a view to giving those interested a few hints on how to proceed.

All the materials required are pencils, paper, and a piece of soft indiarubber. The most useful pencils are those marked H.B., F and B, and the best paper for early attempts is hard cartridge paper.

In Sketch 1 the reader will observe the sort of house he probably formed when he first attempted to draw. The lines are all hard and unbroken. Hard lines can never be used in good drawing. (As a matter of fact, shadows are more far important than lines.)

Now look at Sketch 2. The outlines are formed of broken and "sketchy" lines. Never press heavily on the pencil when sketching. The effect will be far better, and you will be able to rub out quite easily, if necessary. Now we come to what is called the composition of a picture.

No. 3 is a diagram of the size we are going to draw our picture. Horizontally across it, is drawn a line. This is known as the "eye" or horizontal line. It is an imaginary line, and does not figure in the finished sketch. The best position for the line is generally a third of the picture up from the base.

We now fix our eyes on some object in the distance directly before us. In this case it is a church tower. We place this on the horizontal line in the centre of our sketch. The point we look at on the tower is called the point of sight. Next we fill in the other objects in the picture, as shown in Sketch 4. On the left is a wall in front of some trees, and on the right is a building. These objects seem shorter at the far end than they do nearer the eye. The farther they recede the shorter they become. If lines were drawn along the top and bottom of these objects, the lines would meet on the horizontal line. (See Sketch 4 again.)

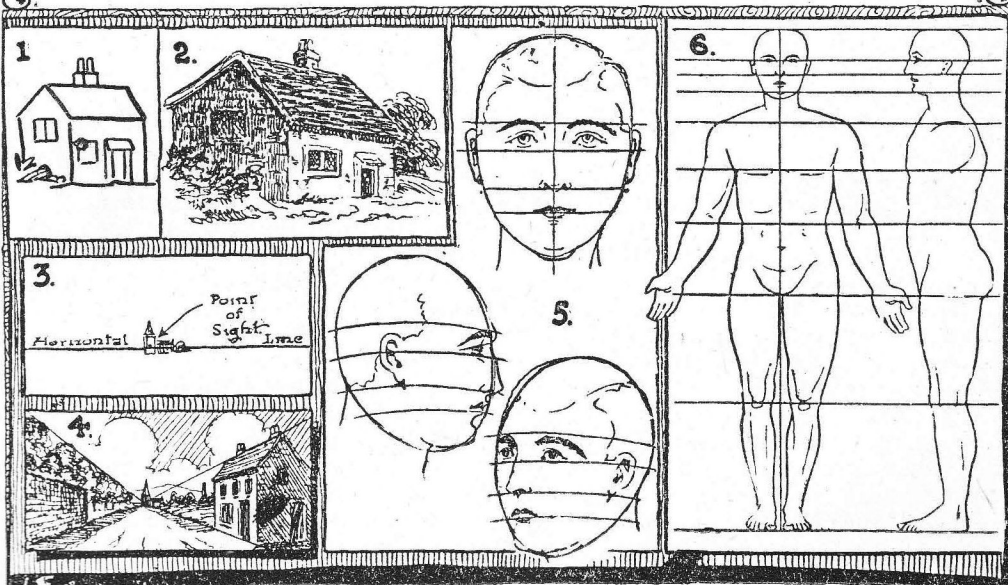
This is called perspective.

The human figure is the most difficult study in art, but the following hints will help many to make quite good sketches after a little practice.

Sketch 5 shows a simple way of roughly finding the positions of the eyes, etc., in the head. An egg shape is first lightly sketched in, and then marked off with lines, as shown. These lines will give the situation of the features, no matter what the position of the egg shape. It will be seen that the ear is exactly the length of the nose, etc.

The reader will see the relative proportions of the limbs to the body, etc., by studying the figures in Sketch 6.

These hints and illustrations will help the reader to start sketching, but the subject is, of course, too big to be fully explained on one page. It is a good idea to sketch whenever and wherever possible. Any little thing is well worth sketching, and if the student keeps all his rough sketches, they will in time become quite a valuable reference library, and he will be able to tackle all sorts of intricate sketching from memory.



surprising, in the circumstances. He made a rush at Baggy Trimble.

The fat junior dodged round the study table.

"Yaroooh! I'll tell Lathom!" he roared.

D'Arcy's grip closed on his collar. There was a fives bat lying on the table, and the swell of St. Jim's caught it up with his disengaged hand. He swung Trimble over a chair, and started in with the fives bat.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

"Yooop! Help! Yarooooh! Fire!" roared Baggy. "Leave off! I'm going to Lathom. I'll tell him you were out of bounds. Yaroooh! Help!"

Whack! Whack! Whack!

"Hallo! What's the awful row?" asked Mellish, coming into the study. "Are you killing the pig, D'Arcy?"

Whack! Whack! Whack!

"Yarooooh!"

"Great Scott!" Jack Blake came along the passage. "Gussy! Hold on——"

Whack! Whack! Whack!

"You'll burst him!" exclaimed Blake. "Draw a line, Gussy."

Whack! Whack!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Blake ran into the study and grasped his noble chum, and fairly dragged him off the hapless hero. Trimble squirmed away roaring.

"What on earth's the row?" asked Tom Merry, looking in.

"Welease me, Blake——"

"But—but——"

"I am goin' to thwash Twimble——"

"My dear chap, you have thrashed him," chuckled Blake. "Enough's as good as a feast. Trimble's had enough. I'm sure he thinks so."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yarooooh! Keep him off!" roared Trimble.

"I do not think the wottah has had enough, Blake——"

"Bow-wow! Come away, old son, and don't play the goat," said Blake, dragging Arthur Augustus out of the study. "If you burst him, who's going to clear him up? Besides, you mustn't burst him. Kim on."

"Weally, Blake——"

"This way, old scout."

Baggy Trimble glared out of the study doorway as Blake led his exasperated chum away.

"Yah! Rotter!" bawled Trimble. "Look out for a flogging! You're going to get it! Yah!"

"Bai Jove, I——"

"Kim on," said Blake, and he led Arthur Augustus into Study No. 6. "Never mind Trimble; let him rip."

And Baggy Trimble did "rip," with results that were very unforeseen.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER

Sentenced!

"D'ARCY!"

"Yaas."

"You're wanted, old chap," said Talbot of the Shell, as he looked in at the door of Study No. 6. "Mr. Lathom asked me to tell you."

"Bai Jove!"

"What's Gussy been doing now?" asked Dig, looking up from his prep. "Second time this week you've been in trouble, Gussy."

Arthur Augustus rose quietly to his feet. He could guess what he was wanted in Mr. Lathom's study for. It was pretty evident that Baggy Trimble had told.

Baggy had certainly asked for that licking with the fives bat. But he had not taken it kindly.

"Mr. Lathom looked a bit waxy," said Talbot. "Is anything the matter?"

"Yaas."

"What's up, then?" asked Blake. "You haven't been kicking over the traces since Wednesday, Gussy; I've had my eye on you."

"I feah it is a floggin', deah boys," said Arthur Augustus calmly. "To make the mattah worse, I feah that I deserve it, for I certainly did tweek Mr. Lathom's authowity with diswegard—a thing I do not appwove of myself."

"But when—what—how?" exclaimed Blake in perplexity. "Lathom was all right to you in Form this afternoon."

"What blessed sins have you been committing without telling your old pals?" demanded Herries.

"I broke bounds last Wednesday," said Arthur Augustus. "I was keepin' it dark, but Twimble has given me away, because I licked him. Howevah, I will pwoceed to see Mr. Lathom."

Arthur Augustus quitted the study; leaving his chums staring at one another.

"Broke bounds last Wednesday!" said Blake. "He's dreaming. I remember he told us he started, but he ran into Lathom and was stopped. He was talking out of his neck. Let's go and see what happens. Gussy's jolly well not going to be flogged!"

Blake and Co. relinquished their prep—their concern for their chum was strong—and they were puzzled, too. They followed Arthur Augustus downstairs. The swell of St. Jim's was tapping at Mr. Lathom's door when they sighted him again. Blake and Co. waited in the passage when Arthur Augustus entered the Form-master's study.

Mr. Lathom met the junior with a very severe glance. His brow was almost like a thundercloud.

"D'Arcy! On Wednesday afternoon last, you were detained in the Form-room. I met you leaving, and locked you in the room. Did you, after that, quit the Form-room before five o'clock?"

Arthur Augustus paused for a moment. But he had to reply; and there was no way out of it—excepting by a falsehood, which Arthur Augustus would not have uttered to save himself from a dozen floggings.

"Yaas, sir," he said calmly.

"How did you leave?"

"By the window, sir."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Lathom. "I gave you the strictest orders—and you venture to tell me to my face that you directly disobeyed them."

"You—you asked me, sir."

"Don't be impertinent, D'Arcy."

"N-n-no, sir."

"You quitted the form-room by the window, in a surreptitious manner, and spent the afternoon out of gates, I presume?"

"Yaas, sir."

"How long had you been back when I unlocked the door at five o'clock, and dismissed you?"

"Only—only a few seconds, sir," faltered Arthur Augustus.

Mr. Lathom rose to his feet. His eyes were gleaming over his spectacles. Never had Arthur Augustus seen the mild little gentleman looking so angry.

"This is too much!" exclaimed Mr. Lathom. "It is—is unheard of! I have never believed, D'Arcy, that you were such an unruly and disobedient boy. I could scarcely believe my ears when I was informed of your action—indeed, I should not have believed it on Trimble's word alone."

"Weally, sir——"

"Have you anything to say, D'Arcy, before I take you to Dr. Holmes?"

"Yaas, sir! It is wathah wotten of Twimble to sneak, and pewwaps, undah the circs., you may think it wight to pass the mattah over, sir."

"Certainly I do not approve of Trimble's conduct in coming to me with a tale, D'Arcy. I told him so in the severest words. I do not think he will do so again. But having heard of your conduct, I am bound to take notice of it. It would be a dereliction of my duty to act otherwise. You will follow me to the Head."

Arthur Augustus drew a deep breath.

"Very well, sir," he said.

"I warned you, D'Arcy, that if you went out of bounds against my strict orders, you would be given a flogging."

"I quite wemembah, sir."

"Then you certainly know what to expect. Have you any excuse whatever to offer for your conduct?"

Arthur Augustus reflected. He might have stated, in extenuation, that he had saved a drowning man's life during his forbidden run out of bounds. But Gussy was not a Trimble; nothing would have induced him to make capital out of his rescue of Monsieur Morny. Besides, that did not affect the matter—there really was no excuse for D'Arcy's escapade. The call of the sun and the wind was his only excuse for "hooking" it that sunny afternoon; but that was not an excuse Mr. Lathom would have given ear to.

"No, sir," he said at last. "I feah I did vewy w'ong."

"Oh!" said Mr. Lathom, rather taken

aback, and speaking very drily. "I am glad you can see the matter in that light, D'Arcy. We will now go to Dr. Holmes."

"Vewy good, sir."

Mr. Lathom whisked out of the study, and Arthur Augustus, in the deepest gloom, followed him. Blake and Herries and Dig were in the passage, and they gave him inquiring looks.

"Can't stop now, deah boys," said Arthur Augustus. "Mr. Lathom requires my pwesence in the Head's study."

"But——" began Blake.

Mr. Lathom glanced round.

"D'Arcy! Follow me at once!"

"Yaas, sir."

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy walked on, holding his noble head up. He followed Mr. Lathom into the Head's study, and the door closed on him. Blake and Co. waited outside in great uneasiness.

They were mystified and they were worried. There was a murmur of voices in the Head's study; the chums heard it, with misgivings. Arthur Augustus was not detained long in the dreaded apartment. The door reopened, and he came out with Mr. Lathom.

That gentleman walked away to his own study, without a glance at the juniors; but they noted that he was frowning. Blake and Co. joined the swell of St. Jim's at once.

"Well?" asked Blake, anxiously.

"It's a floggin', deah boy."

"But—I don't catch on——"

"I am goin' to be flogged aftah bweakfast to-morrow mornin'," said Arthur Augustus, quietly. "I am sowwy if it distwesses you, old fellows, but it cannot be helped. Let's go back to pwep."

"Blow prep!" said Blake, crossly. "What are you going to be flogged for?"

"Bweakin' bounds on Wednesday."

"But you didn't!" howled Blake. "You were locked in the form-room."

"I got out of the window, deah boy."

"My hat! What have you been keeping it dark for, then?" exclaimed Dig.

"It was bettah to keep it dark," said Arthur Augustus. "You see, so long as no one knew it was all wight. I didn't want to be flogged. It is a vewy unpleasant opewation,

and wathah wuff on a fellow's personal dignity."

"Do you think we wouldn't have kept it dark, you ass?"

"You might have talked wecklessly, you know, and given it away without intendin' to do so. You are wathah a thoughtless youngstah, Blake."

"Why, you—you——" gasped Blake. Only the knowledge that Gussy was to be flogged in the morning, saved him from a punch on his noble nose.

"But that was not the only weason," continued Arthur Augustus. "You see, it was a sewious mattah and had to be kept vewy dark, and I did not want to wopwy you fellows with a-beastly secwet to keep. It was fah more judicious to say nothin' about it."

"Well, perhaps that's so," admitted Blake. "But if you said nothing about it how has it come out?"

"Twimble has sneaked."

"But how did Trimble know if you didn't tell anybody?"

"I did tell Twimble."

"Well, you frabjous ass!" said Blake. "What the merry thunder did you tell Trimble for?"

"I had no choice in the mattah," explained Arthur Augustus. "Twimble was swindlin' Mossoo out of a fivah, you see, and he would not take it back. So I had to prove to him that I knew he hadn't wescued Mossoo, and thwreaten to lay the facts before Mr. Wailton. Then he handed the fivah back to Mossoo."

Blake stared at him blankly.

"What on earth are you driving at," he inquired.

"I twust I make myself cleah, Blake."

"Clear as mud," said Digby. "Your boltin' out of the form-room window hasn't anything to do with Trimble going in for Mossoo, that I can see."

"You are wathah dense, old chap. I informed Twimble that, bein' on the spot at the time, I knew he hadn't wescued Mossoo."

"On the spot at the time?" exclaimed Blake.

"Yaas, wathah."

"You were by the mill-stream——"

"Yaas."

A STUDY IN EXPRESSIONS!



A Page of clever Bunter portraits, by C. H. Chapman.

"Then—then you saw Mossoo in the water?"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"And you never told us?" howled Herries.

"I couldn't tell you, Hewwies, without mentionin' the fact that I was out of bounds that Wednesday."

Arthur Augustus's amazed chums blinked at him.

"So—so that's why you've been down on Trimble?" exclaimed Blake at last.

"Yaas. You see, I knew he was lyin', as I was there."

"Then you know who it really was that rescued Mossoo?" exclaimed Dig.

Arthur Augustus grinned.

"Yaas, wathah."

"Was it a St. Jim's chap at all?"

"Oh, yaas."

A light broke on Blake. He seized his chum by the shoulder, and shook him vigorously.

"You frabjous ass! You frumptions bandersnatch! Was it you?" he yelled.

"Yawoooooh!"

"Was it you, you frumptions chump?" yelled Dig.

"You are wumplin' my collah, Blake!" yelled Arthur Augustus.

"Was it you?" shrieked Herries.

"Pway welease me, Blake, you are wumplin'—"

Blake and Co. seized their chum, and backed him up against the corridor wall, with a bump.

"Now, you frumptions, asinine fathead!" said Blake. "Tell us whether it was you, before we bang your silly head on the wall!"

"Yaas!" gasped Arthur Augustus.

"Well, my hat!"

"Have you told the Head?" asked Dig.

Arthur Augustus raised his eyebrows.

"Certainly not!" he answered.

"Why not?" demanded Herries.

"There was no weason to tell the Head, Hewwies."

"It might have got you off the flogging."

"I should wegard it as hein' dewogatory to my dignity to get off a floggin' by bwaggin' of somethin' I had done, Hewwies. I wathah think we had bettah go and get our pwep done."

And Arthur Augustus returned to Study No. 6, followed more slowly by his amazed chums. And in about ten minutes, all the juniors in the School-House knew who really had rescued Monsieur Morny from the mill-stream.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER

Looking after Gussy!

"TRIMBLE!"

Baggy Trimble looked up from his prep. with a grunt. His study door was thrown open, and a crowd of juniors appeared headed by the Terrible Three.

Baggy rose to his feet in alarm. It needed only one glance to show him that this visit was a hostile one.

"Wha-a-at do you fellows want?" he exclaimed uneasily. "If you think I've said anything to Lathom, you're mistaken."

"You've given D'Arcy away to Lathom!" said Tom Merry.

"Sneak!"

"Scrag him!"

It was quite a roar from the incensed juniors. They crowded into the study, and Baggy's fat knees knocked together.

"I—I say, you're mistaken, you know," he said. "I—I haven't been to Lathom's study at all, you know—"

"Why, I saw you go there, not half an hour ago!" said Julian.

"I—I mean I went there to ask Lathom a— a question about Latin—"

"Ring off," said Tom Merry. "Mr. Lathom mentioned to D'Arcy that it was you that gave him away."

"Oh, dear! I—I say, Lathom's mistaken."

"What?"

"You know what an absent-minded beast he is," said Trimble. "He—he mentioned my name instead of some other fellow's. I—I don't know who gave D'Arcy away—I can't even guess. Perhaps it was Talbot."

"What?" came Talbot's voice from the passage.

"Oh! I—I didn't see you, old chap. I—I meant to say perhaps it was Kangaroo—"

"Me?" roared the Australian junior.

"Nunno! I—I mean—"

"Keep the rest," said Tom Merry. "You've sneaked, and Gussy is landed for a flogging—"

"I haven't, you know—not a word!" gasped Trimble. "Besides, I told him I would for pitching into me."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Keep off, you rotters! I wonder you ain't ashamed to start ragging a chap who's brought credit on the school!" exclaimed Trimble. "If—if I wasn't still feeling the effects of my—my struggle in the foaming torrent, I'd jolly well lick you, Tom Merry!"

"You spoofer!" roared the captain of the Shell. "We know now who it was that rescued Mossosoo."

"You—you know? Who was it, then?" he gasped.

There was a howl of laughter. As Trimble claimed to be the gallant rescuer himself, his question had its comic side.

"It was D'Arcy, you fat rascal. He was out of bounds, and he went in for Mossosoo; he's owned up now."

"Oh, crumbs!"

Trimble simply gasped with astonishment. He had wondered once or twice who really had rescued Mossosoo, but he had never thought of Arthur Augustus. Indeed, by the force of repetition, he had almost made himself believe that he, Baggy Trimble, actually had done it.

"So you can recover, now, from your terrific exertions in the raging torrent," said Monty Lowther, sarcastically.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But—I—I say, I—I don't believe it!" gasped Trimble. "If it was D'Arcy, why didn't he come forward when the Head asked?"

"Because he was out of bounds at the time, and didn't want a flogging," said Tom Merry. "Understand now, you fat oyster?"

"I—I say, 'tain't true, you know!" stammered Baggy Trimble. "It's no good, Gussy spinning a yarn like that, you know. It—it was me—"

"You're still keeping that up?" yelled Tom.

"Ye-e-s—c-c-certainly! You—you see, I did it!" said Trimble. "Not that I want to brag of it, of course—that's not my style. Still, the fact remains."

"The fact? Oh, my hat!"

"I really believe that chap would rather lie than eat—and that's saying an awful lot," said Manners. "Don't waste any more time on him. He knows what happens to sneaks."

"Scrag him!"

"Yaroo! Help! Rescue!" bawled Trimble, as the incensed juniors collared him. "Oh, yoooop! Leggo! I say, I'll own up! Yah! Oh!"

But there was no mercy for Baggy Trimble. The flogging that was to take place in the morning precluded that. The sneak was to be punished—and he was punished.

It seemed to Baggy Trimble during the following ten minutes that the end of all things had come. Afterwards, he had a vague recollection of a series of earthquakes and air-raids happening in his study.

When Tom Merry and Co. streamed out Baggy Trimble lay on the carpet, gasping, trying to get his second wind.

He had been bumped, and rolled, and ragged. His hair was tousled, and his fat face adorned with ink and gum. It was some minutes before he was able to stagger to the armchair, and collapse there—and it was an hour before he stirred out of the armchair again. During that space of time, Baggy had opportunity to repent him that he had betrayed Arthur Augustus's escapade.

The hapless Baggy was in grievous plight. Even his borrowed plumes had been shorn from him—and through his own act! The real identity of Mossosoo's rescuer was known, now—Baggy's brief glory was past! He was like unto the daw stripped of his peacock's feathers.

He had only one consolation—and that was, that Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was going to be flogged in the morning. There was solace in that reflection. But it was a very dispirited Baggy that groaned and gasped during most of the remainder of the evening.

Meanwhile, there was an argument proceeding in Study No. 6. In that celebrated study prep. was neglected. Blake and Herries and Dig were urging upon Arthur Augustus to tell the story of the rescue of Mossosoo. They felt convinced that it would weigh in the scales against Gussy's undoubted delinquency on

that eventful Wednesday. But Arthur Augustus was adamant.

"I wefuse to do anythin' of the sort, deah boys," was his reply. "Wescuin' poor old Mossoo has nothin' whatevah to do with the mattah. It would be beneath my dignity to twy to make capital out of it."

"Bother your dignity!" growled Blake.

"Weally, Blake——"

"Look here, Gussy!" exclaimed Blake, exasperated. "If the Head knew, he wouldn't give you a flogging—it stands to reason. It would be a sort of set-off—playing the goat on one side, and rescuing Mossoo on the other—see?"

"I do not see, Blake!"

"Mossoo would put in a word for you, too, if he knew," said Herries.

"I do not desiah Mossoo to put in a word for me, Hewwies."

"Do you want to be flogged?" roared Blake.

"Certainly not. But I uttahly wefuse to make capital out of goin' in for Mossoo."

"Then I'll jolly well tell the Head myself!" exclaimed Blake.

"You will do nothin' of the kind, Blake. I should wefuse to admit it, if you did."

"Why, you—you exasperating ass——"

"I decline to be called an ass, Blake."

"Look here——" roared Blake.

"Pway do not wear at me, Blake. I have wemarked seweval times that I dislike bein' woared at."

Jack Blake controlled his feelings with difficulty. He felt so concerned for his noble chum, that he was inclined to rub his noble head in the coal-locker there and then. However, he refrained.

"Pway leave the mattah to me," concluded Arthur Augustus. "I know you mean well, dear boys, but I feah you would place me in an awkward posish fwom your want of tact and judgment, you know. Mattahs are nevah made any bettah by thoughtless youngstahs buttin' in."

"Come on, you chaps," said Blake, who seemed to breathe with difficulty, "I shall slaughter him if I stay here. Blessed if I wouldn't let him be flogged, only it's one up against this study. Let's go and see Tom

Merry, and we'll ask him what's to be done about it."

"There's nothin' to be done, deah boys," said Arthur Augustus calmly. "You are mixin' up two mattahs that weally have nothin' to do with one anothah. I wequest you not to butt in."

"Br-r-r-r-r-r!"

"I do not wegard that as an intelligible wemark, Blake."

Blake and Herries and Dig left the study—Blake closing the door with unnecessary force. The three chums repaired to No. 10 in the Shell, where they held deep and solemn council with the Terrible Three. That Gussy's heroic rescue of Mossoo would be regarded by the Head as some sort of atonement for his escapade, they all agreed—as Blake put it, the Beak simply couldn't lay into a fellow who had yanked Mossoo out of a watery grave.

"Only——" said Tom, "it would have to be proved. Trimble's got the credit at present—and it would be Gussy's word against his—and Gussy says he won't say the word. So——"

"Easy enough to prove," said Manners. "There's the miller."

"He's two miles away."

"I suppose he can walk two miles?"

"Oh!" said Tom.

And there was fresh discussion. To judge by their looks, the juniors had come to a satisfactory conclusion when they separated. Nothing was said to Arthur Augustus on the subject; and in the dormitory that night, the noble Gussy remarked to Blake that he was glad he had "dwopped" the matter. Whereat Jack Blake only grinned.

The next morning, Tom Merry and Jack Blake were on the river in the early sunshine, pulling up to the mill. They were still absent when the other juniors went in to breakfast.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER

At the Eleventh Hour!

"D'Arcy!"

Mr. Lathom rapped out the name as he rose from the breakfast-table.

"Yaas, sir!" said Arthur Augustus quietly.

"You will come with me. The other boys will be in Hall at nine o'clock," added Mr. Lathom, glancing round.

Arthur Augustus obediently followed his form-master.

There were a good many gloomy faces among the St. Jim's juniors, when they began to assemble in Hall.

It was never a pleasant experience to assemble to witness a flogging—as Monty Lowther had observed, it made a fellow think of what might happen to himself some time. And there was general sympathy for Arthur Augustus. It was true that he had been guilty of a serious dereliction of discipline; but naturally the juniors did not regard that so seriously as the Head and the form-master did. And now it was known that it was the noble Gussy who had rescued Mossoo, he was an object of general admiration as well as sympathy. So there were clouded faces as the juniors took their places in hall, and waited for the execution.

Only one fellow looked cheerful, in fact—and that was Baggy Trimble. He seemed to be enjoying the prospect. Perhaps that was why Herries and Dig both trod on Baggy's large feet—one each—with a heavy tread. Trimble yelped, and his enjoyment of the occasion was quite dashed.

Two places were empty—Blake's in the Fourth, and Tom Merry's in the Shell. Some of the juniors wondered what had become of them. Others—who knew—wondered whether they would be back in time. The execution was close at hand now.

Taggles was standing by the dais at the upper end of the hall, ready to "hoist" the unhappy kictim. There was a murmur as the Head entered by the upper door.

Mr. Lathom followed him in, accompanied by Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

That youth kept his eyes fixed on the floor.

There was a flush in his cheeks; he felt his position acutely enough. There was no doubt whatever that a public flogging impaired a fellow's personal dignity very considerably; and Arthur Augustus gave great consideration to his dignity. Sympathetic looks were cast upon him on all sides—Monsieur Mrony was heard to murmur "Helas!"

The Head fixed a stern glance upon the junior who stood before him. He picked up the birch, which was ready to his hand.

Arthur Augustus shivered slightly as he saw it.

But his courage did not falter. He was prepared to face the music without weakness.

"D'Arcy!" the Head's voice was very deep. "I am sorry that this occasion has arisen—"

"So am I, sir," said Arthur Augustus innocently.

The Head coughed; and there was something very like a chuckle audible among the juniors. But Dr. Holmes glanced round, and dead silence succeeded.

"You have been guilty of a flagrant dereliction of your duty, D'Arcy," said the Head, impressively.

"I feah so, sir."

"Ahem! After being warned by your form-master that a flogging would be administered if you disobeyed his commands, you deliberately did so."

Arthur Augustus coloured.

"I twust, sir, that Mr. Lathom does not think I intended to be guilty of diswrespect," he said, in distress. "I should wegard anythin' of the kind as shockin' bad form, sir."

"Nevertheless, that is what you have been guilty of, D'Arcy, and it is my duty—my painful duty—to inflict severe punishment."

"Yaas, sir."

"Take him up, Taggles!"

"Yessir."

"Silence!" exclaimed the Head, as there was a sudden stir and buzz at the lower end of the crowded hall.

One side of the big double doors had been pushed open, and Tom Merry and Blake came hurriedly in—leading a gentleman in a rather flourey white coat, with a white hat in his hand, and a pink flush in his plump cheeks. All eyes were turned on that unexpected newcomer.

"Bai Jove!" murmured Arthur Augustus, "The millah!"

"What is this?" exclaimed the Head, in wrathful astonishment. "Merry—Blake—what—what—who is this man?"

"C'est l'homme du moulin, monsieur!" said Monsieur Morny.

"What! what? Oh, the miller—but what does this mean——"

"Un honnete homme, sir," said Monsieur Morny. "Un homme tres honnete—he have give to me ze help when I am somewhat drown in ze vattair."

"Yes, yes; but——"

The execution was stayed. Tom Merry and Blake were piloting the blushing miller up the hall towards the scene of the suspended execution.

"Merry! What——!" began the Head, sternly.

"It's the miller, sir," said Tom breathlessly. "He—he saw Monsieur Morny rescued on Wednesday, sir——"

"That is no reason."

"I—we—I—us—ahem—we thought you'd like to know the—the chap who rescued Mossoo, sir," stammered Tom. "So—so we brought the miller to pick him out for you, sir."

"Really, Merry——"

"The boy is already known," exclaimed Mr. Railton. "Trimble——"

"It wasn't Trimble, sir," said Blake.

"What! But——"

"It was D'Arcy, sir!"

"D'Arcy!" exclaimed the housemaster.

"You uttah ass, Blake," breathed Arthur Augustus. "I warned you not to butt in, in your weckless mannah."

"This has no concern with the matter in hand," said the Head severely. He bowed courteously to the miller, but he was evidently annoyed. "Another time——"

"But it was D'Arcy, sir," exclaimed Tom. "We've brought the miller to prove it. If Gussy—I mean D'Arcy—hadn't broken out of bounds on Wednesday, sir, Mossoo would have been drowned under the mill."

"Oh!" exclaimed the Head.

"Mon dieu!"

"I was asked to come 'ere, sir," said the miller. "These young gentlemen says as 'ow I was wanted as a witness, sir. That's the young gent that went into the river and pulled out the Froggy, sir." And the miller pointed a slightly floury finger at Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"Bless my soul! Mr. Lathom, Trimble is present, I presume? Send him here."

"Trimble!"

"Oh, dear!"

"You're wanted," grinned Herries. "Out you go!" And Herries' heavy boot gave the hapless Baggie a start.

Baggie Trimble wriggled along painfully to the Head—he looked as if he would have liked to crawl on all fours. His progress up the hall was slow, but he arrived at last.

"Kindly look at this boy," said the Head, addressing the miller. "That is not the boy who swam to the rescue of Monsieur Morny?"

The miller shook his head.

"Never seen him before, sir, that I know of. This here is the young gent!" and he indicated Arthur Augustus, whose aristocratic face was as expressionless, at that moment, as the face of a marble statue.

"Thank you very much sir," said the Head, courteously. "I am much obliged to you for taking the trouble to come here. You must allow me to send you home in the trap. Taggles, kindly see to it."

"Yessir," grunted Taggles.

Taggles looked a little disappointed. He feared that there was not going to be a flogging after all; and Taggles believed in floggings and plenty of them. But the St. Jim's fellows looked relieved when Taggles retired with the miller. It looked as if there was hope for Gussy after all.

"So, D'Arcy!" said the Head, turning to the delinquent. "It was you who performed that very gallant action, to which Monsieur Morny owes his life?"

"Yaas, sir."

"Why did you not come forward and tell me so, when I asked for the name of the boy concerned?"

"Ahem! You—you see, sir, I—I was supposed to be in the form-room, and—and—and I—I don't like being flogged, sir," said Arthur Augustus. "I feah that I weally deserve it on this occasion, sir, but it is vevy unpleasant, all the same."

"Trimble!"

"Yes, sir!" gasped Trimble.

"You have spoken untruthfully, Trimble, and made a base and unjustifiable claim."

“ Oh, no, sir ! ”

“ What ! You declared that you were the person who rescued Monsieur Morny from the mill-stream.”

“ Oh, no, sir ! You—you see, sir, it—it was like this—I—I—Mr. Railton asked me, sir—”

“ He did not ask you to tell him a falsehood, I presume.”

“ Nunno, sir, but he asked me, and—and I—I—I didn’t know it was D’Arcy, sir.”

“ You knew it was not yourself ! ”

Trimble wriggled.

“ Well, sir, you—you see—Mr. Railton seemed to think it was me, sir, and—and I didn’t like to argue with him, sir. I—I felt it wouldn’t be respectful, sir—and—and I’m always respectful to my kind masters, sir—not like D’Arcy—”

“ Bless my soul ! Mr. Lathom, perhaps you will have the kindness to administer a severe caning to Trimble for practising this deception ? ”

“ Most certainly, sir,” said Mr. Lathom.

“ Oh, dear ! ”

“ You may go back to your place, Trimble—Mr. Lathom will deal with you later.”

“ Ow-wow ! ”

Baggy Trimble crawled back to his place, in the lowest possible spirits. After his brief period of glory, it seemed that his misfortunes would never cease. Baggy felt that life was hardly worth living in a school where he was so grievously misunderstood.

Tom Merry and Blake had gone quietly to their places in the Shell, and the Fourth. They had done their best ; and they hoped for the best. Arthur Augustus stood like a stone image, with a really impressive display of the repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

Mr. Lathom looked at the Head, and the Head looked at Mr. Lathom. Dr. Holmes felt a very natural disinclination to proceed with the execution, after the revelation that had been made.

“ Ahem ! In the circumstances, Mr. Lathom—”

“ I was about to suggest, sir,” said Mr. Lathom.

“ My noble and tres brave preservair ! ” exclaimed Monsieur Morny.

“ Yawwooh ! ”

Monsieur Morny advanced upon Arthur Augustus, and before the swell of St. Jim’s could escape, embraced him. Two loud smacks rang through the hall, followed by a chorus of chortles. Mossoo, in his enthusiastic gratitude, had kissed the hapless Gussy on both cheeks.

“ My preservair ! ” exclaimed Mossoo. “ I shake you by ze hand—I zank you from depths of ze heart ! Monsieur Holmes, zis gallant garcon have save me ze life—I beg of you zat you flog him not—affair he have reesk ze life in ze vattair—”

“ Pway, welease me,” gasped Arthur Augustus. “ I am vewy glad I saved your life, sir, but I have a vewy stwong objection to bein’ hugged ! ”

“ Ha, ha, ha ! ”

“ Monsieur le docteur, you vill pardon zis gallant garcon,” exclaimed Monsieur Morny. “ I will go on my knees—I vill veep—”

“ Pray do nothing of the sort, Monsieur Morny,” exclaimed the Head, hastily. “ Mr. Lathom, I leave the matter in your hands—if you think fit—”

“ Certainly, sir,” said Mr. Lathom. “ After D’Arcy’s brave conduct, I think he may very well be pardoned.”

“ Bai Jove ! ” ejaculated Arthur Augustus, barely dodging another embrace from Monsieur Morny. “ Weally, sir—”

“ My preservair ! ”

“ Oh, cwumbs ! Weally—”

“ The matter is closed ! ” exclaimed the Head. “ Dismiss the school ! ”

Arthur Augustus D’Arcy’s chums gathered round him, and marched him out of hall in triumph.

* * * * *

That evening there was a great celebration in Study No. 6. Tom Merry and Co. were there, and as many more fellows as the study would hold. And to the amazement of the merry party, the door opened and admitted the fat face of Baggy Trimble, with a feeble propitiatory grin on it.

“ I—I say, you chaps—” began Trimble.

“ Bai Jove ! You have the feahful nerve to come heah, you howwid fwaud ! ” exclaimed Arthur Augustus indignantly.

“ Well, after all I’ve done for you, Gussy.”

"What!"

"It was all my doing, you know," said Trimble, blinking round at the astonished juniors. "If I hadn't given Gussy away, you know, it would never have come out about his fishing old Froggy out, you know, and then he wouldn't have got off the flogging, you know, and—and—the fact is, I planned it all along—planned the whole thing from start to finish, simply to do Gussy a good turn;"

"Gweat Scott!"

"After that," said Trimble. "I'm surprised at you fellows leaving me out of this!"

I'm accustomed to, eh—ingratitude, but—really——"

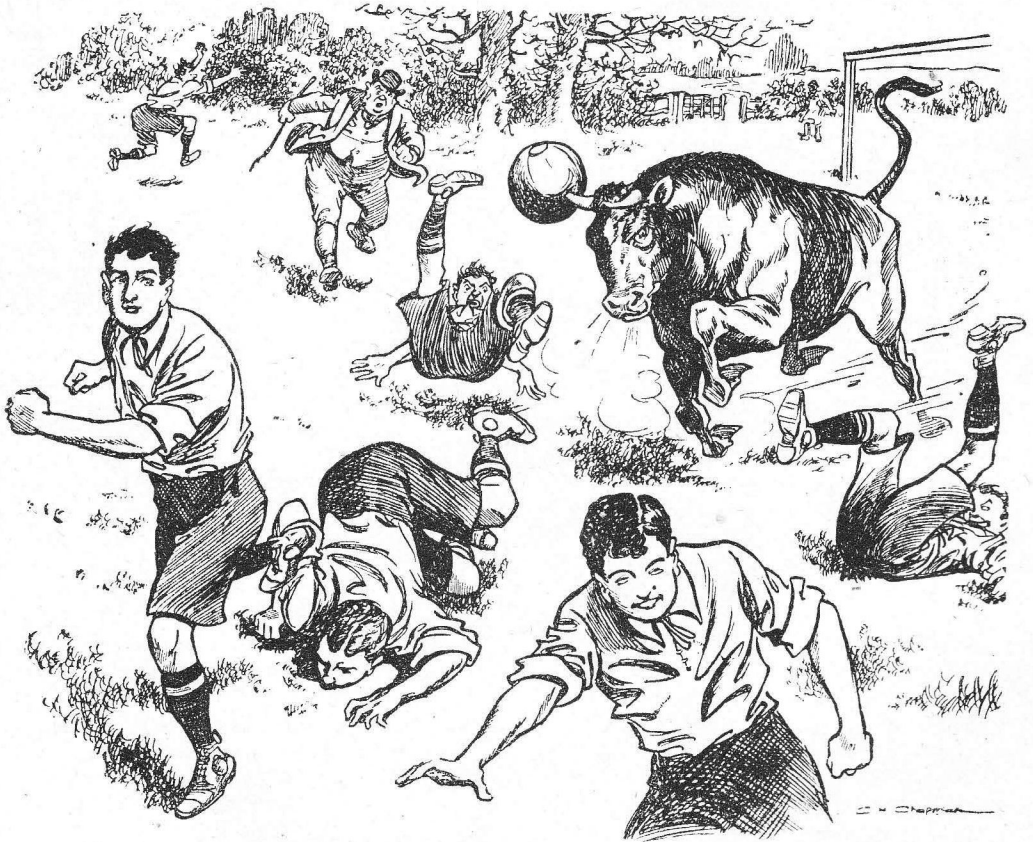
"Bai Jove!"

"Still, it's all right," said Trimble, venturing into the study. "Let bygones be bygones, old fellows. Got a chair for a chap?"

It appeared that there was no chair for Trimble. But there were a variety of boots at his service—and they came into play. A howl echoed along the passage, and Baggy vanished, not again to stop the celebration in Study No. 6.

THE END

PUZZLE—FIND THE GOALKEEPER!



This lively picture of an interrupted football match also contains a concealed picture of the missing goal-keeper. Can you find him?