

GRUNDY'S GREAT IDEA!

*A Story of the Amateur
Detective of St. Jim's*

By

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The Head's stern gaze was fixed on Tom Merry as the Captain of the Shell read the contents of the amazing anonymous letter. (See Chapter 2)

## THE FIRST CHAPTER

### Trouble for Somebody!

“**O**UTRAGEOUS!”

Tom Merry and Manners and Lowther looked round quickly as they heard that sharp, angry exclamation.

The Terrible Three of the Shell were studying the notice-board in the hall when Mr. Linton's voice fell upon their ears.

Mr. Linton, the master of the Shell, had an open letter in his hand. The juniors had noticed him taking it from the postman a few minutes before.

Mr. Linton had stopped near the doorway to slit open the letter.

He was reading it now, with a face pale from anger, and eyes glittering under knitted brows.

“Shocking!”

Tom Merry & Co. could not help looking at him. Mr. Linton was a very quiet, reserved, and self-contained gentleman as a rule. It was but seldom that he betrayed emotion of any kind.

But he was evidently very much disturbed now.

“My hat!” murmured Monty. “Something's up, my infants! Two to one it's a dunning letter!”

But Tom Merry and Manners did not grin at Lowther's little joke. Judging by the expression on the Form-master's face, it was no time for jokes.

What there could be in the letter to produce such an effect upon this quiet, cold Form-master was a mystery. It was no business of the juniors', of course; but they could not help feeling surprised.

Mr. Linton finished reading the letter, and crumpled it in his hand.

“Outrageous!” he repeated. “Shocking! Infamous!”

He looked round him, and saw the surprised faces of the Terrible Three. With the letter crumpled in his hand, he strode towards them.

“Do you know anything of this?” he exclaimed.

“Of—of what, sir?” ejaculated Tom Merry, utterly astonished.

“This letter—this outrageous letter!”

“Nunno, sir!” gasped Manners.

Mr. Linton looked at them angrily and searchingly, his hand gripping the offending letter till his finger-tips were white.

“You know nothing of it?” he snapped.

“No, sir!” said Tom, in wonder. “How

should we know anything about your letter ? ”

“ Someone must know—someone in this school—doubtless in my Form ! ” rapped out Mr. Linton. “ You are head of the Form, Merry— ”

He broke off.

“ However, it shall be examined into. The culprit shall suffer for it. Bless my soul, I have never heard of such a thing ! Outrageous ! Shocking ! Infamous ! Unheard-of ! Unprecedented ! ”

And after that series of startling ejaculations the master of the Shell strode away, with rustling gown, towards the Head’s study.

The Terrible Three exchanged glances of wonder. Monty Lowther tapped his forehead in a significant way.

“ Fairly off his crummet ! ” he murmured.

“ Wandering in his mind ! ” said Manners.

“ What the merry thunder should we know about his letter ? ”

Racke of the Shell came along the passage, and stopped to speak.

“ Anything the matter with Linton ? ” he asked.

“ Off his rocker, I think, ” said Lowther.

“ He’s just passed me, looking like a Hun, ” said Racke. “ He’s gone to the Head. It means trouble for somebody. He had a letter in his fist. You chaps been playing a joke on him ? ”

“ No, fathead ! Linton isn’t a man to be joked with ! ”

“ Well, it’s queer, ” said Racke. “ He seemed awfully upset. You’re such a giddy humorist, Lowther— ”

“ Not guilty ! ” grinned Lowther. “ I don’t give Linton any of my humour. Too jolly dangerous ! ”

“ Bai Jove, deah boys ! ” Arthur Augustus D’Arcy, of the Fourth Form, came from the direction of the Head’s study. “ What’s the mattah with Mr. Linton ? ”

“ Dotty ! ”

“ Weally, Lowthah, that is hardly a respectful way to speak of your Form-mastah ! Somethin’ is w’ong. I was in the Head’s study, when he came wushin’ in without even knockin’ at the door. ”

“ He seems upset about a letter he’s just

had, ” said Tom Merry. “ Blessed if I know why ! ”

“ The Head was surprised, ” said Arthur Augustus. “ He told me to cleah off—not in those words, of course—so I cleahed off. Linton is simply wagin’ about somethin’ ! ”

“ It’s jolly queer ! ” said Racke. “ I don’t see what there could be in the letter to send Linton on the rampage like that. ”

“ Yaas, he is on the wampage, and no mistake ! It’s vevy queeah ! ”

“ A dunning letter, most likely, ” said Lowther. “ Perhaps it’s to remind him that he hasn’t paid the last instalment on something— ”

“ You uttah ass ! ”

Several other fellows had observed Mr. Linton’s extraordinary behaviour, and they joined the group discussing it.

But, unless the master of the Shell was off his rocker, as Monty Lowther suggested, there seemed to be no explanation.

“ It’s a joke of some sort on him, ” said Racke. “ I shouldn’t like to be the joker if Linton spots him. Rather awkward just now to have a reputation as a merry humorist. ”

“ Ba Jove ! Surely you haven’t been playin’ a twick on your Form-mastah, Lowthah ! I should wegard that as vevy bad form. ”

“ I’ve already told Racke that I haven’t, ” said Lowther, with an angry glance at the cad of the Shell. “ If you can’t take my word, Racke— ”

Racke shrugged his narrow shoulders.

“ The question is, whether Linton will take your word, ” he said.

“ Linton will take my word, right enough—which is more than he would do with yours ! ” said Lowther, disdainfully.

“ Yaas, wathah ! ”

“ Yes, that’s a fact, ” chimed in Grundy of the Shell. “ You’re known to be such a thundering Prussian, Racke. ”

“ Oh, rats ! ” growled Racke.

“ Did you say ‘rats’ to me ? ” inquired George Alfred Grundy, pushing back his cuffs.

“ Oh, shut up, Grundy ! ” said Tom Merry. “ Don’t begin scrapping here ! There’s going to be trouble for somebody ! ”



"I don't allow anybody to say rats to me! I never stand any rot," said Grundy. "I'll trouble you to put up your hands, Racke, you smoky, sneaking worm!"

"You don't allow anybody to say rats to you?" asked Monty Lowther, interposing.

"No, I don't."

"You lick 'em if they do?"

"Yes!" said Grundy, with great emphasis.

"Good! Rats!"

"What?"

"Rats!" said Lowther cheerfully.

"Rats!" chimed in Tom Merry and Manners, grinning.

"Yaas, wathah—wats!" chortled Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"Rats!" said Blake of the Fourth.

"Rats!" howled every other fellow present, in chorus.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

George Alfred Grundy looked round him. The great Grundy had a way of looking upon himself as a sort of privileged person, though upon what grounds nobody had ever been able to discover. And now his lordly pronouncement that nobody was allowed to say "rats" to him was followed by a general chorus of "Rats!"

"You silly asses——" began Grundy, rather taken aback.

"Rats!"

"Look here——"

"Rats!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Get on with the licking," said Monty Lowther encouragingly. "There's only seven—eight—ten of us here, and we're all waiting. Take us all at once!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I've a jolly good mind to lick the lot of you!" roared Grundy. "If you say rats to me again——"

"Rats!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Grundy made a jump at Lowther. At the same moment everybody made a jump at Grundy. Bump!

The great George Alfred smote the floor with a resounding bump, and roared. His lofty person was handled without the slightest ceremony.

"Better give him another," said Monty Lowther. "Oh, my hat!"

Mr. Linton came rushing down the passage with a frowning brow. The juniors crowded back from the sprawling Grundy.

"Cease this at once!" snapped Mr. Linton. "Merry, kindly follow me into Dr. Holmes' study.

"Yes, sir."

Tom Merry followed his Form-master, wondering what was wanted, and feeling a little uneasy. Trouble was evidently

in store for somebody, and it looked now as if that somebody was Tom Merry.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER

### By Whose Hand?

DR. HOLMES was looking very grave and severe when Tom Merry entered the study at the heels of the Form-master.

On the desk before the doctor lay the letter. Tom Merry's eyes turned upon it at once. How that letter could concern him or any other St. Jim's fellow he could not guess. But it was easy to see that it was in connection



Angrily, Mr. Linton gripped the offending letter as he glared at the Terrible Three. "Do you know anything of this?" he demanded. (See Chapter 1.)

with that mysterious letter that he had been sent for.

"Merry!" The Head's voice was deep and stern. "You are aware that Mr. Linton has received a—er—a letter this afternoon?"

"Yes, sir," said Tom.

"Do you know anything about that letter?"

"I have already told Mr. Linton that I do not, sir."

"Do not suppose, Merry, that I suspect you of having any concern in this matter. I am questioning you simply because you are captain of your Form."

Tom Merry was glad to hear that.

"You may look at the letter, Merry. The author of it must be discovered. Perhaps, after reading the letter, you may be able to let in some light on the matter?"

In utter wonder, Tom Merry took up the letter from the desk, at a sign from the Head. There was silence in the study while he read it. His face changed as he read, for the letter ran:

"Mr. Linton.—Everybody is fed-up with you. It's high time you retired. Why doesn't the Head give you the sack? He ought to!—Yours truly,  
"RATS."

Tom Merry gasped. That anyone should have the audacity to write such a letter to a Form-master was astounding!

Naturally, the writer had not signed his name. Neither, evidently, had he written the precious epistle in his ordinary handwriting. The writing was carefully disguised, sloping backwards.

Tom Merry had never seen it before, and he had a pretty clear general idea of every fist in the Form he belonged to.

No wonder Mr. Linton had been disturbed when he received that astonishing letter. It was enough to make any Form-master's hair stand on end.

Tom could guess that it was some member of the Shell who had written the anonymous letter; some young rascal who owed his master a grudge, and had taken this method of paying it.

Certainly it must have been a St. Jim's fellow, and almost certainly one of the Shell.

There was no reason why a fellow in any other Form should bear a grudge towards the Shell master.

Tom laid the letter quietly on the desk when he had read it.

Both the Head and Mr. Linton were watching him. Tom realised it, and the colour crept into his cheeks.

"What is your opinion of that letter, Merry?"

"It's rotten, sir," said Tom.

"Ahem!" The Head coughed. "Quite so."

"It's a rotten, caddish trick!" said Tom. "Nobody in the Shell thinks like that about Mr. Linton. We all respect him."

"Thank you, Merry," said Mr. Linton.

"But some member of your Form, Merry, must have written that letter in order to insult his Form-master in a safe way."

"I—I suppose so, sir," admitted Tom. "I can only say it was some rotten cad, sir, and we should all be down on it if we knew him!"

"You do not know the handwriting?"

"I've never seen it before, sir. I think it's disguised."

The Head smiled.

"It is very plainly disguised," he said. "If you could tell me anything as to the authorship of this letter, Merry, it would be your duty to do so. It is an insult and an outrage."

"I don't know anything about it, sir."

"Very well, Merry; you may go."

Tom left the study.

His face was rather grim as he came down the passage. The crowd of juniors at the corner met him with inquiring looks.

"Well, what's the wow, deah boy?"

"Licked?"

"What's on?"

"It's a rotten trick on Mr. Linton!" said Tom. "Somebody here has written him an anonymous letter, insulting him."

"Bai Jove!"

"What a rotten trick!" exclaimed Grundy. "Somebody in the Shell, do you mean?"

Tom Merry nodded.

"I wegard that as a wotten, caddish twick!" said Arthur Augustus. "Only a



mean, cwawlin' wottah would w'ite an anonymous lettah!"

"Nobody in the Fourth would do it," remarked Digby.

"Wathah not!"

"Rot!" exclaimed Grundy, at once. "My idea is that it was most likely a chap in the Fourth!"

"Wats!"

"Fathead!"

"Levison, or Mellish, perhaps," said Grundy.

"Nobody in my form would do it; I'm convinced of that. This matter ought to be taken up. Of course, old Linton is rather a trial—"

"Shurrup, you ass!" muttered Tom Merry, spotting Mr. Linton at that moment coming away from the Head's study.

Grundy's back was towards the Form-master, and he did not see him. Grundy was not a fellow to shut up when he was told—not Grundy!

"Don't you jaw at me, Merry! I

say, old Linton is rather a trial, and a chap gets fed-up with him at times; but writing an anonymous letter is a dirty, mean trick, and only a rotten cad would do it!"

"Grundy!"

George Alfred spun round at his Form-master's voice.

"Oh!" he ejaculated. "Yes, sir!"

"Did you write that letter, Grundy?"

Grundy jumped.

"I, sir?"

"Yes, you, Grundy."

"Certainly not!" exclaimed Grundy,

indignantly. "Haven't I just said what I think of an anonymous letter-writer?"

"You have made use of a disrespectful expression towards me!"

"I—I didn't know you were listening, sir!"

"What!"

"I—I mean, I didn't see you coming," stammered Grundy. "I—I didn't exactly mean fed-up, sir; only a way of speaking—ahem! I—I—"

"You must find some other way of speak-

ing of your Form-master, Grundy! You will take five hundred lines, and remain in this afternoon to write them out!"

"Oh! What for, sir?"

"For speaking disrespectfully of your Form-master, Grundy!" thundered Mr. Linton.

And he passed on, frowning.

Grundy blinked after him.

"Well, I like that!" he gasped. "Fancy giving me five hundred lines when I was standing up for him, you

know! Ain't it just like Linton?"

"I regard you as an ass, Gwunday!"

"Five hundred lines!" growled Grundy.

"And I was going to play footer this afternoon! Just think of it! Five hundred lines! My hat!"

"Did you write the letter?" grinned Racke.

"Why, you rotten cad—. Here, lemme get at him!"

Racke beat a hasty retreat. He did not want to argue the matter out with George Alfred Grundy.

The crowd broke up, discussing the matter.



Grundy pushed back his cuffs as he scowled at Racke. "Did you say 'rats' to me?" he inquired, in a war-like tone. (See Chapter 1.)

Tom Merry & Co. headed for the football ground. But footer practice was destined to be interrupted that afternoon. About a quarter of an hour later the order went forth for the Shell to assemble in their Form-room.

Kildare and Darrel and Langton and other prefects shepherded the juniors into the School House. The story of the anonymous letter had spread, and most of the juniors knew what was coming.

The whole of the Shell, School House, and New House fellows were together, assembled in the Form-room. There was little doubt that the culprit was among the assembled juniors, but which one was the culprit was a deep mystery.

Some of the fellows suspected Lowther, whose sense of humour was not always restrained within due bounds. The Terrible Three were inclined to suspect Racke or Crooke or Clampe, whom they regarded as caddish enough to write an anonymous letter.

Some of the juniors, however, declared that the offender was not in the Shell at all, but that the letter had been written by a fellow in another Form altogether, in a spirit of mischief. Grundy was quite sure of it. When Grundy had an idea in his head, a surgical operation would have been required to get it out again. But on this occasion there were a good many who agreed with Grundy. Wilkins and Gunn, his faithful followers, agreed as a matter of course, to save argument. But Talbot and Kangaroo, and Clifton Dane and Glyn, and some more, held the same opinion. They did not like to think that an anonymous cad was a member of their Form.

There was a deep silence in the Form-room when the Head entered. Dr. Holmes' expression showed how deeply his anger had been stirred by the insult to the master of the Shell. There was no doubt that condign punishment awaited the culprit in the event of discovery.

"My boys, are you aware of what has occurred?" said the Head. "An insulting letter has been sent to Mr. Linton, doubtless by a boy in this Form. The culprit is here. I command him to step forth."

Nobody stepped forward. Some of the juniors grinned a little, in spite of the seriousness of the situation. The Head could hardly have expected that command to be obeyed.

"Very well," said Dr. Holmes, after a brief pause. "Merry, take this letter. Every boy present will make a copy of it, and bring the copy to me, signed with his name."

For some minutes the Shell fellows were busy with pen and ink. Tom Merry collected the copies of the letter and laid them upon the Form-master's desk. The Head examined them one by one, comparing them with the original, the juniors waiting in grim silence.

The examination ended, and the Head's expression showed that he had discovered nothing. The writing of the anonymous letter had been too carefully disguised.

Dr. Holmes collected the papers.

"No one here has a confession to make?" he asked.

Silence.

"Very well. The culprit must be discovered, and he will receive a public and severe flogging. I shall sent at once for a handwriting expert from London, as the only means to discover the truth. You may go!"

The Head left the Form-room, taking the papers with him.

"My hat!" said Tom Merry. "That looks like business!"

"Tremble, villain, that hast within thee undiscovered crimes, unwhipped of justice!" said Monty Lowther solemnly.

"Bow-wow!" said Racke. "What's the good of a handwriting expert? They don't know anything!"

"Well, chaps have been sent to prison on the evidence of handwriting experts," remarked Kangaroo.

"I dare say they have—while the guilty parties went loose," grinned Racke. "Handwriting experts are spoofers."

"Well, I rather agree with Racke for once," remarked Grundy. "Experts are silly asses as a rule. Somebody a bit keener than an expert is wanted for this job, and I dare say somebody will turn up."

And with that mysterious remark, Grundy





"Old Linton is rather a trial, and we get fed-up with him at times," announced Grundy emphatically, and an instant later he almost jumped out of his skin as he heard Mr. Linton's voice from behind him. "Grundy! Did I hear you make use of a disrespectful expression towards me?" (See Chapter 2.)

of the Shell walked away, a deep and thoughtful frown upon his brow. And Tom Merry & Co. went down to the football ground and dismissed the matter from their minds.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER

Grundy Takes the Matter in Hand!

"**H**ARD lines, old chap!"  
"Very hard cheese!"

Wilkins and Gunn were sympathetic.

The great Grundy had to stay in his study that fine frosty afternoon, and grind out five hundred lines for his incautious remarks concerning Mr. Linton. It had not pleased Mr. Linton at all to hear that Grundy sometimes got fed up with him, and regarded him as a trial.

"I'd do some of the lines," said Wilkins generously, "only old Linton is so jolly keen. He'd spot my fist at once."

"Same here," remarked Gunn.

"We'll look in on you presently, Grundy."

"Don't go," said Grundy.

"Ahem! We were thinking of footer."

"I want you."

"Look here, we can't sit about the study like hens, watching you do lines, you know," said Gunn.

"I'm not going to do any lines," explained Grundy. "Levison of the Fourth will do them at one-and-six a hundred. I can afford it, I suppose?"

"Oh, I see!"

"I've asked him to come here— Oh, here he is!"

Levison of the Fourth entered the study, and nodded to the Shell fellows. Levison's peculiar gift of imitating handwriting had got him into trouble sometimes; but at other times it was a source of income to him. Fellows who had plenty of money—like Grundy—were quite willing to get their lines done at eighteence a hundred, and the needy Fourth-Former was glad of the chance of turning an honest penny in that peculiar way.

"Here you are," said Grundy. "Five hundred lines, Levison. I suppose you've got time to do them?"

"Certainly. That's seven-and-six."

Grundy tossed three half-crowns upon the table, and Levison picked them up.

"Give us a sample of your fist," he said.

Grundy scrawled a couple of lines upon a sheet of imput paper.

"By the way, I suppose you didn't write that letter to Linton?" he asked.

"No. Did you?"

"You cheeky ass—"

"Well, you asked me," said Levison.

"That's different. You're the sort of worm to do a thing like that," said Grundy, "and you're so clever at disguising your hand, too."

"Well, I can't say as much for you. You're not jolly clever at anything," said Levison. And he left the study, grinning.

Wilkins and Gunn grinned too.

"I don't see anything to snigger at in Levison's cheek!" growled Grundy.

"Ahem! No. Coming out, old chap?" asked Wilkins. "Might as well get down to the footer, as Levison's doing your lines."

"Something else on," explained Grundy.

"Of course, old Linton is a bit of a Hun in some ways. But I don't believe in disrespect to a Form-master. I think it's bad form."

"Well, if you think so, that settles it," remarked Wilkins, closing one eye at Gunn.

"Exactly!" assented Grundy. "The chap who wrote that anonymous letter was a sneaking cad. I don't believe it was anybody in the Shell."

"Looks as if it was, though."

"Somebody Linton has been going for," remarked Gunn. "He was ragging Crooke and Racke yesterday, I remember, no end, for missing prep. Racke was caned. And Clampe was licked the other day for having cigarettes in his pockets. Some chap Linton has been going for—"

"Rot!"

"Look here, I don't think it's rot. I think—"

"Rot!" repeated Grundy. "Linton goes for me more than for anybody else. If you go to work on those lines, you'll work out that it was I who wrote the letter, and that's silly rot! See?"

"Oh!" said Grundy's chums, rather taken aback.

"Why, only yesterday Linton was jawing me blind about my construe," said Grundy. "He was ratty because I hadn't done my prep. I told him plainly that I hadn't had time, and that only seemed to make him more waxy. He's rather an unreasonable old merchant. Now, I've got the honour of the Form at heart, and I'm going to prove that it wasn't a Shell fellow who wrote that letter."

"But suppose it was?"

"I've already said it wasn't."

"But how do you know it wasn't?" demanded Gunn.

"There's such a thing as intuition," explained Grundy.

"Into which?"

"Intuition, fathead! I've satisfied myself that it wasn't a Shell chap. I can depend on my own judgment, I suppose? My idea is that it was some cad in another Form. Perhaps Linton has trod on his toes some time. Linton is a bit of a cough-drop sometimes, you know. For the honour of the Form, I'm going to find out who it was, and show him up. I regard it as being up to me."

"Oh! I—I see."

"But what about the giddy expert? Can't you leave it to him?"

"Experts are mostly fools, if not spoofers," said Grundy. "Why, if they spring a handwriting expert on us, he may find out that the letter was written by some chap who never wrote it at all. Handwriting experts are a



danger to the public. He may find out that you wrote that letter, Gunn."

"I!" ejaculated Gunn. "But I didn't!"

"I know you didn't. But the expert may think that you did. Or Wilkins, or me, or Merry, or anybody. You see, the Head will pay him a fee for his services, and he's bound to do something to earn the money; and, besides, he won't like to confess to a failure. So you may depend upon it that he'll find the chap who did it, and very likely it will be a chap who didn't do it at all."

"What a cheery prospect!"

"So, you see, it's up to any fellow who has a bit more brains than the average chap to find out the guilty party before the expert begins his rot. That's me!"

"Oh, that's you, is it?" gasped Wilkins.

"Me all over," said Grundy calmly. "I flatter myself that I'm a bit brainier than most chaps in this school. I don't brag of it; it just happens, that's all."

"You—you don't brag of it!" stammered Wilkins.

"Not at all. No swank about me. I might just as well brag because I happen to be a better footballer than you or Gunny—"

"You happen to be what?" yelled Gunn.

"Don't yell at me, Gunny! Now, I'm going to take up the matter and see it through, and you chaps can help me," said Grundy graciously. "You remember I did some detective bizney once—finding Manners' camera when it was lost—";

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Grundy jumped up wrathfully as his chums burst involuntarily into a roar.

"What are you cackling at?" he demanded.

"N-n-nothing!" gasped Wilkins. "Quite right, Grundy, old scout; I remember. And you're going to detect the anonymous letter-writer, the same as you did the chap who hid Manners' camera?"

"That's it. I don't mind showing you chaps my method—"

"Your—your method?"

"My method," said Grundy. "First of all, there's the process of elimination."

Wilkins and Gunn looked at one another.

"That means that you eliminate the fellow who couldn't have done it," explained Grundy. "I eliminate the Shell. I'm sure that nobody in my Form played a dirty trick like that; and for the honour of the Form I'm going to prove it. Now, as it wasn't a Shell fellow, it was somebody else."

"Go hon!" murmured Wilkins.

"I eliminate the fags next. They never have anything to do with Linton, and a kid in the Third or Second wouldn't think of a caddish trick like that."

"Hadn't you better eliminate the rest of the school while you're about it?" asked Wilkins.

"Don't be a funny ass, George Wilkins! Having eliminated the Shell and the fag Forms, that leaves us the Fourth and the seniors. It's unlikely that it was a chap in the Fifth or Sixth; not impossible, mind, but unlikely. So we'll begin work on the Fourth."

"I think I'd rather begin work on footer."

"We start on the Fourth," said Grundy, unheeding. "First of all, I've got to have the letter. I saw it in the Form-room when I copied it out, but that was only for a minute or so. There may be finger-marks on it—"

"Did you take hold of it in the Form-room?"

"Eh! Yes."

"Then very likely there are finger-marks on it."

"I may as well warn you, Wilkins, that if you start being funny on a serious subject, there'll be a row in this study!" said Grundy darkly. "Now, you fellows stay here while I go and get the letter."

"You're going to the Head for that letter?"

"Of course. I need it for my investigations."

"And—and you're going to tell the Head that?"

"Certainly!"

Grundy left the study. Wilkins and Gunn regarded one another speechlessly for a moment or two.

"Well, this beats it!" said Wilkins, at last. "I say, Gunny, are we going to waste a ripping afternoon watching Grundy play the giddy ox?"



The Head collected the papers bearing the writing of every member of the Form. "I shall send at once for a handwriting expert from London," he said. (See Chapter 2.)

"No jolly fear!" said Gunn emphatically.  
 "Let's get down to footer."  
 "You bet!"  
 And they went.

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER Under Suspicion

"COME in!" said Dr. Holmes, as a tap came at his door.

The Head was thinking over the mysterious affair of the anonymous letter when Grundy of the Shell arrived. The affair had disturbed the Head very much. It was a painful shock to him to find that there was any boy in the school who was audacious and disrespectful enough to insult his Form-master in that underhand way. He did not look pleased at the sight of George Alfred Grundy.

Grundy came in full of confidence. George Alfred lacked many things, perhaps; but he had never lacked confidence in himself.

"Excuse me, sir!" said Grundy. "It's about that anonymous letter, sir."

The Head fixed his eyes upon him.

"Have you come here to confess, Grundy?"

Grundy jumped.

"Confess! My hat! Oh, no, sir! Not at all. 'Tain't that."

"Then what do you want?"

"I should like to have the letter, sir."

"What? What do you mean?"

"I'm going to find out who wrote it, sir," explained Grundy. "I regard that as my duty, for the honour of the Shell."

"Indeed?"

"Exactly, sir! I hope to be able to get a clue from the letter itself——"

"A—a clue?"

"That's it, sir; perhaps finger-prints, or something. I'm rather a keen chap, sir, and I'm pretty certain I shall find out the rotter. May I have the letter, sir?"

"You may not have the letter, Grundy! I intend to place it in the hands of the expert, who arrives to-morrow."

"Of course, sir, I should take every care of it."

"Possibly," said the Head, drily.

"May I see it, then, sir, if I mayn't have it?"

The Head was looking very intently at Grundy. Naturally he knew nothing of Grundy's mighty brain-powers, which had led the Shell fellow to take up the matter; Grundy had never exhibited any unusual intellectual powers; rather the reverse, indeed. To the Head, this seemed a barefaced attempt to get at the incriminating letter, for the purpose of destroying it before it could reach the hands of the expert gentleman; which meant, of course, that Grundy was the writer of it. George Alfred little



knew what suspicions he was laying himself open to.

"You may see it," said the Head, at last. "There!"

Grundy took the letter and examined it carefully. The Head watched him equally carefully. There was little doubt left in his mind as to the identity of the guilty party. Grundy's keen interest in the letter seemed to him to have but one possible explanation.

"I should like to take this with me, sir," ventured Grundy.

"Very probably. You will, however, do nothing of the sort!"

"Oh! May I see the envelope it came in, sir?"

"For what reason?"

"I want to see when it was posted, sir. There may be a clue in that."

"You may see the envelope, Grundy," said the Head grimly.

Grundy took the envelope and examined it minutely. It was addressed in the same back-sloping hand as the letter; and the postmark was "Rylcombe," the date that of the previous day, Tuesday, and the hour of collection 9.30.

"Posted last night, sir," said Grundy, making a note in a big pocket-book.

"Undoubtedly," said the Head. "Were you absent from the school last night, Grundy?"

"I, sir? Oh, no!"

"Did you give this letter to someone else to post for you?"

"I, sir?" said Grundy dazedly. "I never saw the letter, sir, till you showed it to all of us in the Form-room this afternoon!"

"I trust you will be able to prove as much, Grundy. Your conduct is very suspicious."

"M-m-my conduct suspicious?" gasped Grundy.

"Yes. I cannot believe that you were guilty of merely folly and impertinence in coming here, Grundy; I fear that you had a deeper motive. However, I shall leave the matter over till Mr. Spother arrives. You may go!"

Grundy left the study, almost dazed. The Head suspected him! Him, of all fellows! What possible grounds could the Head have

for suspecting him? Grundy couldn't see any.

"Well," murmured Grundy, as he went down the passage, "of all the silly idiots——"

It is much to be feared that Grundy was alluding to his headmaster in those disrespectful terms.

"What do you think?" he began, as he entered his study. Then he stopped. Wilkins and Gunn were not there.

Grundy gave an impatient snort. He looked from the window, and saw Wilkins and Gunn busy on Little Side with the footballers.

"Talk about fiddling while Rome's burning!" murmured Grundy bitterly. "Playing footer, when I've told them I want them! Well, my hat!"

Levison of the Fourth came into the study with a bundle of impot paper, which he placed on the table.

"There you are!" he said.

"Thanks! Hold on a minute, Levison."

"Hallo! What's up?" answered Levison, pausing in the doorway.

"Were you out of bounds last evening before nine-thirty?"

Levison stared.

"I want to know," said Grundy.

"Lemme see," Levison reflected. "Yes; I had a little run, I went up to town——"

"To town?" ejaculated Grundy.

"Yes; and had a theatre, and a champagne supper afterwards at the Savoy. I got home at four in the morning. Ta-ta!"

Levison walked away, leaving Grundy staring. After a little reflection, however, it dawned upon Grundy's powerful brain that the playful Levison had been pulling his leg.

"Cheeky rotter!" muttered Grundy. "This looks rather black against Levison—prevaricating when I ask him a plain question. I think it was most likely Levison; he's that sort of chap. But I'm going into it thoroughly—very thoroughly. Fancy the Head suspecting me! But I'll jolly soon show him he's mistaken."

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER

### Grundy Sees it All!

"**B**AI Jove, heah's Gwunday!"

There was a general grin as Grundy arrived on the football ground. Wilkins and Gunn were to blame. They considered that

Grundy's new effort in the detective line was too good a joke to keep, so they had generously taken everybody else into it to share their entertainment.

"Found the assassin yet, Grundy?" asked Jack Blake affably.

Grundy stared.

"I'm not looking for an assassin, you young ass! I'm hunting for that anonymous letter-writer. And I've got a clue—several clues, in fact."

"From the bloodstains?" asked Herries.

"Have you found the weapon the crime was committed with?" questioned Digby, with owl-like gravity.

Grundy looked puzzled. It always took Grundy a considerable time to discover when anybody was making fun of him.

"You don't seem to understand," he said.

"This isn't a murder case. It's about that anonymous letter—"

"Did anybody hear the report of the pistol?" asked Julian of the Fourth.

"There wasn't a pistol in the matter."

"What about the body, then?"

"Yes, have you found the body?" asked Blake. "You can't establish the crime without finding the body. That's law."

"Yaas, wathah!" chuckled Arthur Augustus. "I weally twust you will be able to find the boday, Gwunday. Have you looked in the dorn?"

"And in the waterbutt?" asked Kerruish.

"And under Linton's desk?" asked Reilly.

Grundy looked bewildered.

"There isn't a body in the case, you young asses!" he laboured to explain. "It's simply a matter of an anonymous letter, written by some chap in the Fourth"

"Hallo! What's that?" exclaimed Blake.

"I've taken up the matter, and by my methods I have eliminated the other Forms. It was some kid in the Fourth."

"Some what, you cheeky ass?"

"Kid!" said Grundy.

"I wufuse to be called a kid, Gwunday! I wegard you as an impertinent duffah!"

"Don't prevaricate, D'Arcy."

"What?" yelled Arthur Augustus.

"I've come here to question you, and I warn you not to prevaricate."

"Bai Jove! Will you hold my eyeglass, Blake, while I give that howlin' ass a feahful thwashin'?"

"Oh, cheese that!" said Grundy. "This begins to look rather suspicious to me. D'Arcy. Where were you last evening?"

"Where—where was I?" gasped Arthur Augustus.

"Yes, you." Grundy pointed an accusing finger at the swell of St. Jim's. "Mind, I'm not accusing you yet."

"Accusin' me! Gweat Scott!"

"But I require particulars of your movements last evening. Did you post a letter in Rylcombe for the nine-thirty collection?"

"I wufuse to weply to your impertinent questions, you uttah ass!"

"You admit it?"

"No, you cwass ass!"

"Do you deny it?"

"Wathah not! I don't deny anythin', you howlin' chump!"

Grundy made a note in his notebook, Arthur Augustus looking at him the while as if he would eat him. Other fellows were gathering round now, to look on, with grinning faces. George Alfred Grundy pursuing his investigations was a sight worth seeing.

"Blake!" rapped out Grundy, when he had made his note.

"Hallo!" said Blake.

"Are you aware whether D'Arcy went out of gates last evening?"

"Certainly!"

"Well, did he, or did he not?"

"Is that a conundrum?"

"Of course it isn't, you young ass! You don't seem to have any sense," said Grundy impatiently. "I require to know whether D'Arcy went out of gates to post a letter? Did he or did he not?"

"Oh, I see! You want me to answer?"

"Yes, at once, you young duffer!"

"Because one rode a horse—"

"Eh?"

"And the other rhododendron."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Grundy stared blankly at Blake, whose face was quite serious.

"Isn't that the answer?" asked Blake.

"The—the answer! What do you mean?"



"If that one's wrong, I'll try another. Because the dog-rose when he saw the cow-slip," said Blake cheerfully.

"You silly young ass!" roared Grundy.

"Wrong again?" asked Blake. "My dear chap, I'll keep it up as long as you do. Because one chalks the walks, and the other walks his chalks."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors, delighted at the expression on Grundy's face.

"More prevarication!" said Grundy fiercely. "I can see that you are backing up D'Arcy. That makes it pretty clear. I suppose it's no good asking you, Digby, if D'Arcy went out of gates last night?"

"No good at all," grinned Dig.

"Or you, Herries? Do you know anything about it?"

"I know I'd dot your silly eye if you say that Gussy wrote that rotten letter, you potty chump!" grunted Herries.

"Prevarication all round!" said Grundy, closing his notebook with a snap. "I think I've worked it out pretty clearly. I rather suspected Levison at first, but it's pretty clear now that it was D'Arcy. A fellow doesn't prevaricate unless he's got something to hide." "If you accuse me of pweavacation, you astoundin' ass—"

began Arthur Augustus sulphurously. "Come with me!" said Grundy magisterially.

"Eh?"

"I'm going to take you to the Head."

"Tut-tut-take me to the Head," stammered Arthur Augustus.

"Yes, now I've found you out. Come on!"

Grundy dropped a heavy hand on the shoulder of the dazed swell of St. Jim's. Arthur Augustus simply blinked at him.

"Bai Jove!" he murmured. "Mad as a hatah! The poor fellah ought to be undah westwaint!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Are you coming quietly?" demanded Grundy.

"Bai Jove, no feah! If you do not wemove your paw at once, Gwunday, I shall have no wesoource but to give you a feahful thwashin'."

"Come on! Here, hands off, you checky fags!" yelled Grundy, as a crowd of the Fourth closed in on him. "Don't you dare to interfere with—

Yaroooh! Hands off, I say! Yah! Oh—oh, jiminy!"

"You've been funny long enough," grinned Blake, as the crowd of juniors swept George Alfred Grundy off his feet. "Frog's-march, you chaps!"

"Yaas, wathah! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Take him in, and lock him in his study!" chuckled Reilly. "Sure, the gossoon isn't safe to be let loose!"

"All hands on deck!" roared Blake.

All hands were laid upon the struggling Grundy. Grundy was struggling with all his strength, in a fury of rage and indignation. After discovering the guilty party in such a masterly manner, Grundy had rather expected admiration; certainly he had not expected the frog's-march. But the frog's-march was what he received. His only comfort was the



"This begins to look rather suspicious to me," said Grundy, as he pointed an accusing finger at Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"Where were you last evening?" (See Chapter 5.)

reflection that geniuses generally are misunderstood and misjudged by the many-headed multitude. But that reflection did not afford him much comfort at the moment. He went towards the School House in the grasp of a dozen pairs of hands, his arms and legs flying wildly, and his head occasionally tapping on the hard, unsympathetic quadrangle.

With yells of laughter, Grundy of the Shell was rushed up to the House. It was somewhat unfortunate that Mr. Railton stepped out of the House just as the merry juniors reached the steps. The procession halted suddenly.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the House-master. "What does this mean? What are you doing? Release Grundy at once!"

George Alfred Grundy was dropped like a hot potato. He gave a roar as he landed on terra-firma. Grundy's head was hard, but terra-firma seemed a little harder.

"Yaroo!"

"What does this mean?" exclaimed Mr. Railton, frowning.

"Only—only a little game, sir," stammered Blake. "Grundy's been—ahem!—playing the giddy ox, and we were—ahem!—taking him home."

"The uttah ass, sir—"

"What!"

"I—I mean the feahful clump, sir, thinks that I w'ote that wotten lettah to Mr. Linton, sir, so we gave him the fwog's-march, sir!"

"Indeed! Grundy, get up at once!"

Grundy was getting up, gasping.

"I'm sorry to have to accuse D'Arcy, sir," he spluttered; "but I feel it my duty to remove suspicion, sir, from innocent chaps. There's no telling whom that expert will pick on when he gets here. I feel it my duty, sir—grooh!—to report that D'Arcy wrote that anonymous letter, sir!"

"And what proof have you, Grundy, of this statement?" said Mr. Railton sternly, motioning the indignant Arthur Augustus to be silent.

"I've worked it out, sir. The letter was posted in Rylcombe last evening, and D'Arcy was out of gates—"

"Were you out of gates, D'Arcy?"

"Certainly not, sir!"

"He prevaricated when I questioned him!" hooted Grundy.

"I did not pwevawicate, you uttah ass! I wufused to answah the widiculous questions of a howlin' idiot!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence, please!" said Mr. Railton. "If you have no other grounds for your statement, Grundy—"

"It's proved that it was somebody in the Fourth, sir."

"Indeed! How?"

"Because it wasn't anybody in the Shell, sir!"

"And how do you know that?"

"Oh, I'm sure of it!" said Grundy confidently. "My judgment, sir—I may say that my judgment's never at fault!"

"Grundy, you have made a foolish and wicked accusation against a perfectly innocent person!"

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Grundy in astonishment.

"You must be more careful, Grundy! In order to impress the necessity for care upon your mind, you may follow me to my study!"

"Wha-a-at for, sir?"

"To be caned, sirrah!"

"M-m-me caned!" said Grundy dazedly.

"Yes. Follow me at once!"

Grundy followed the House-master like a fellow in a dream, leaving the Fourth-Formers grinning. Although a great man had once declared that England expected every man to do his duty, this was what Grundy got for doing his duty. It was enough to discourage any fellow less determined than George Alfred Grundy.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER

### Sticking to It

RACKE of the Shell met Grundy as he came away from the House-master's study, rubbing his hands. Grundy was in a bad temper. The licking did not hurt him very much—Grundy was hard as nails. But the injustice and misunderstanding did. He felt bitterly—as he had felt a good many times before—that there was nobody at St. Jim's who really understood him. It had been



just the same at Redclyffe, his previous school—nobody had really understood Grundy.

Racke looked sympathetic. As Racke of the Shell did not care two pins for anybody in the wide world but his own-precious self, anybody but Grundy might have guessed that Racke had a motive for pretending sympathy. But Grundy did not guess it—he was not quick at guessing. Sympathy was grateful and comforting to George Alfred at that moment.

“Too bad,” said Racke. “I couldn’t help admiring the way you dealt with the matter, Grundy. Railton didn’t seem to see it, though.”

Grundy smiled bitterly.

“Railton isn’t a bad sort in his way,” he said. “A chap can overlook a lot, considering that he got winged fighting the Huns. Otherwise, I think I should have dotted him on the nose this time—I do, really! He’s a born fool, Racke! He doesn’t understand me in the least!”

“It’s too bad! And you had worked it out that it was D’Arcy of the Fourth who wrote that letter.”

“Well, on the whole, I don’t exactly say it was D’Arcy, as he denies having been out of gates last evening. You see, he prevaricated when I questioned him—that was what made me suspicious. It may or may not have been D’Arcy—certainly, it was somebody in the Fourth. Did you see any Fourth Form kid out of gates last evening, Racke?”

Racke started.

“I? I wasn’t out!” he said.

“Yes you were! Don’t you remember? Crooke bunked you up over the wall soon after calling-over—I came along when he was doing it!”

Racke drew a sharp, quick breath.

“I—I remember! You needn’t mention that to anybody, Grundy. Fellows might jump to the conclusion that—that—”

“I sha’n’t mention it, of course. I know it wasn’t you wrote to Linton.”

“You—you know that?”

“Certainly; it wasn’t a Shell chap! Upon the whole, I rather think it was Levison of the Fourth. He’s that sort!”

“I shouldn’t wonder,” assented Racke, his

eyes gleaming curiously. “I suppose you haven’t got any proofs against Levison yet?”

“I’ve got the matter in hand!” said Grundy loftily.

“Er—yes! I understand you’ve got the letter from the Head—that letter old Linton got to-day?”

“No; the Head wouldn’t give it to me for some reason. I could see that he suspected me,” said Grundy, more in sorrow than in anger. “Me, you know! I suppose he thought I’d written the letter, and got scared about the handwriting expert seeing it, and wanted to get rid of it. Me, you know!”

“The expert is pretty certain to spot the writer, don’t you think?” said Racke.

“I don’t believe in those dashed experts!” replied Grundy.

“Still, he might.”

“Oh, he might, of course! More likely to spot the wrong chap, in my opinion. People have been sent to chokey on experts’ evidence!” said Grundy scornfully.

“I suppose the Head wouldn’t part with the letter till the expert’s seen it. I—I don’t suppose the chap who wrote it foresaw about an expert being sent for. It—it’s rather a queer sort of thing for the Head to do,” muttered Racke.

“Just the thing he would do, instead of leaving it in my hands!” sneered Grundy.

“And so the Head’s got the letter, not Linton?”

“The Head’s got it,” assented Grundy.

“You saw it in his study?”

“Oh, yes!”

“I suppose he keeps it in a safe place? Did you see?”

“He put it back in his desk,” said Grundy. “Are you thinking that I might take it, all the same? I wouldn’t do that.”

“No. I suppose the desk’s kept locked?”

“Not that desk. I mean the desk he writes on,” said Grundy—“not the big one he locks. He put it in the drawer—the writing-table, you know. But I shouldn’t think of taking it without permission.”

“He doesn’t lock the drawer of the writing-table,” said Racke. “I’ve noticed that. He doesn’t keep important things in that.”

“All the same, I shouldn’t think of routing

among his things," said Grundy. "Thanks for the tip, but that isn't in my line. I'm going to pursue my investigations without the letter."

And Grundy went his way. Racke glanced after him with a very peculiar expression. It had not dawned upon Grundy's powerful brain that the cad of the Shell had been pumping him for information.

When Grundy came into the Common-room that evening he was greeted by a general chortle.

"Who's guilty now, Grundy?" asked Gore.

"Never mind who!" said Grundy loftily. "I'm working up the case. I fancy I shall have the party before that expert chap arrives."

"Isn't it Gussy?" grinned Gore.

"I'm not sure. But I know one thing—it was a chap in the Fourth!"

Grundy was quite convinced of that. The frog's-march in the quad would have convinced him, if there had been nothing else.

"Which of us, Great Judge?" asked Julian.

"You'll know jolly soon!"

"You blithering ass!" said Tom Merry. "It's plain enough that it was a Shell chap. And I don't envy him when the expert gets to work to-morrow."

Racke looked up.

"You think the expert will spot the handwriting?" he asked.

"I suppose so; that's what he's for."

"Looks like a fair catch for the fellow who did it, then," remarked Racke carelessly.

"Yaas, wathah; and a jolly good thing, too!" said Arthur Augustus. "It was vewy deep of the Head to think of sendin' for a handwritin' expert—vewy!"

Grundy snorted.

"The expert's no good. He's only going to see Shell chaps' handwriting, and the chap who did it is in the Fourth!"

"Grundy wants another frog's-march!" remarked Blake. "All hands on deck!"

"Ha, ha! Collar him!"

Grundy executed a strategic retreat from the Common-room just in time. Wilkins and Gunn found him in his study at bedtime,

cogitating upon the knotty problem he had set himself to solve.

"Got him yet?" asked Wilkins facetiously.

"Wait and see," replied Grundy mysteriously.

And Wilkins and Gunn chuckled on their way to the dormitory. They were content to wait and see, convinced that all they would see would be George Alfred Grundy playing the giddy ox.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER

### Gussy's Great Wheeze!

"I HAVE an ideal!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy made that announcement in the Fourth Form dormitory when the juniors were turning in.

To Arthur Augustus' surprise there was no outburst of enthusiasm. There was not even a reply. The Fourth Formers went on taking their boots off quite sedately.

"I made a remark, Blake," said Arthur Augustus stiffly.

"Did you?" yawned Blake.

"Yaas."

"Well, don't make any more, there's a good chap."

"I wegard you as a wude ass, Blake. I wepeat that I have an ideal!"

"Whose?" asked Julian.

"My own, of course, you duffah! Any of you fellahs feelin' inclined to get up to-night an' jape Gwunday?"

"Too jolly cold," said Blake. "Better go to sleep."

"I wufuse to do anythin' of the sort! I cinsidah—"

"Shush! Here's Darrel!"

Arthur Augustus shushed as the prefect came into the dormitory. Darrel of the Sixth saw lights out when the juniors had turned in. But when the door had closed behind Darrel, Arthur Augustus sat up in bed.

"Pway, don't go to sleep yet, deah boys! I have an ideah for pullin' Gwunday's silly leg."

"Oh, rats! Good-night!"

"It is a wipping ideah, Blake!"

"Bow-wow!"

"I do not regard that as an intelligent remark, Blake! Gwunday has been cheekay





"You have made a foolish and wicked accusation against a perfectly innocent person!" said Mr. Railton, as he looked down at the scared and dishevelled Grundy. "Follow me to my study."  
"Wha-a-at for, sir?" "To be caned!" answered Mr. Railton. (See Chapter 5.)

ass enough to suppose that I wote that wotten letter to old Linton. I wegard it as bein' up to me to make Gwunday sit up. The silly ass is playin' the detective, and I am goin' to give him somethin' to detect. See?"

"No; I don't see," mumbled Blake sleepily.

"I am going to visit the Shell dorm, when all those boundahs are asleep, and play a twick on Gwunday. As he is so awf'ly clevah at detectin' things, I think it would be wathah amusin' to set him detectin' who took his clobbah away an' hid them in the box-room—what?"

Blake gave a sleepy chuckle.

"Wathah a wippin' ideah—what?" chortled Arthur Augustus.

"Topping!"

"You can come if you like, deah boy."

Blake yawned portentously.

"It's jolly cold," he said. "You can tell me all about it in the morning. That will be just as good."

"Don't be a slackah, Blake!"

Snore!

"Would you like to have a hand in that wippin' jape on Gwunday, Hewwies?"

Snore!

"What about you, Dig?"

Snore!

Arthur Augustus sniffed, and laid his head on the pillow. Evidently, ripping as the jape was, nobody wanted to leave his bed on a bitter winter night to carry it out. But Arthur Augustus was determined. Grundy's absurd accusation had made the swell of St. Jim's wrath, and he felt that one good turn deserved another.

Arthur Augustus settled down to sleep, intending to awaken at eleven sharp. As a matter of fact, midnight was striking when his eyes opened again.

He sat up at once and rubbed his eyes.

"Bai Jove!" he murmured. "Is that eleven or twelve? I wathah think I have overslept myself."

He shivered a little. It was very cold. For a moment or two he thought of giving up that joke on Grundy, ripping as it was. But the anticipation of being chortled at in the morning stiffened his resolution. He slipped out of bed and hurried on his clothes and a

pair of slippers. Then he approached Blake's bed and shook Blake by the shoulder.

Jack Blake came out of the land of dreams with a start, and blinked round into the darkness.

"Wha-a-at's that?" he stuttered.

"Don't be alarmed, deah boy! It's only I," said Arthur Augustus reassuringly. "If you would care to come with me aftah all——"

"You frabious ass——"

"Weally, Blake——"

"Go back to bed, fathead, and let a chap sleep!"

"I will let you sleep if you choose to be a slackah, Blake; but I am not goin' back to bed. I am goin' to jape Gwunday."

"Br-r-r-r-r?"

Arthur Augustus left his chum to repose, and turned to Digby's bed. Dig woke up suddenly. Arthur Augustus meant to pull him by the shoulder, but in the darkness he caught Dig's nose by mistake.

"Goooooch!" was Dig's awakening remark. "What's that? Groogh!"

"Bai Jove! Is that your nose, Dig?"

"Gurr! You silly ass!" came in sulphurous tones from Digby. "What are you pulling a chap's nose for in the middle of the night, you howling chump!"

"I wufuse to be called a howlin' chump, Dig!"

"Go away, fathead!"

"Weally, Dig, I was only wakin' you up to ask you—pway don't go to sleep, Dig—to ask you if you'd like to come with me and jape Gwunday——"

"Go away!" hissed Dig.

"Wouldn't you like to come, deah boy?"

"No, ass! No, fathead! No, jabberwock!"

"I wegard those expressions as opprobrious, Dig, and I wufuse to discuss the mattah any furthah!" said Arthur Augustus with dignity.

Robert Arthur Digby snorted and turned over. Arthur Augustus crossed over to Herries' bed.

"Hewwies, old man——"

"Hallo!" grunted Herries, waking up. "What silly idiot is that?"

"Weally, Hewwies, it is—I——"

"Knew it was some silly idiot! Go away!"



"If you call me a silly idiot, Hewwies——"

"Shut up!"

"Hewwies, if you would care to come with me and jape Gwunday——"

"Come a little nearer, will you?" asked Herries, blinking into the darkness, and taking a business-like grip on his pillow.

"Certainly, deah boy. What—— Ya-wooooooh!"

There was a yell in the dormitory, and Arthur Augustus sat down with surprising suddenness as Herries' pillow landed on his noble nose.

"Now, come and have another!" said Herries.

"Yawooh! You uttah ass——"

"You'll have the prefects here soon, Gussy, you chump!" growled Blake. "Why can't you keep quiet?"

"That uttah wottah, Hewwies, has struck me with a pillow! I am goin' to give him a feahful thwashin'!" panted Arthur Augustus.

"Come on!" snorted Herries. "I've got the bolster ready!"

"I wegard you as a wottah, Hewwies!"

"Go and eat coke!"

"For goodness' sake, shut up!" came Dick Julian's voice. "You're waking the whole blessed dormitory!"

"Julian, deah boy, would you care to come with me and jape Gwunday, and set an example to these wotten slackahs?"

Snore!

"Bai Jove, you have gone to sleep vewy suddenly, Julian! Clive, are you awake? Clive, deah boy——"

"No; I'm fast asleep, old chap," replied the South African junior promptly, and there was a chuckle in the dormitory.

"Weally, Clive——"

"Will you go back to bed, Gussy, or shall I get up to you?" asked Jack Blake.

"I wefuse to go back to bed, Blake; and if you get up to me, as you express it, I shall give you a feahful thwashin'! Kewwuish, would you care to——"

Snore!

"Weilly, old chap, if you would care to——"

Snore!

"Oh, wats! I wegard you as a set of

slackahs!" said Arthur Augustus, in disgust, and he trod away softly to the door. Evidently he was to set out on his voyage alone. And the Fourth-Formers chuckled and settled down to sleep.

Arthur Augustus left the dormitory very cautiously, and closed the door behind him. The passage was pitchy dark. There was not a light in the whole building. The last door had closed for the night.

"Bai Jove, it's feahfully dark!" murmured Arthur Augustus. "I twust I shall not wun into anythin'——"

He groped his way along the passage. Fortunately, he knew every inch of the old School House. His slippers made no sound as he trod softly along towards the Shell dormitory.

Suddenly he stopped.

From the direction of the stairs there came a sound as if a stair had creaked under a foot-fall, and then a slight bumping noise.

Then there was a muttered, suppressed exclamation.

Arthur Augustus stood stock-still.

His heart thumped wildly.

There was somebody on the stairs—somebody creeping about silently in the dense darkness.

"Bai Jove!" murmured Arthur Augustus under his breath. "Burglars!"

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER

Arthur Augustus Frustrates a Knaveish Trick

BURGLARS!

Arthur Augustus's heart thrilled at the thought. It was the only possible explanation. Certainly, some other junior might have been out of bed on a japing expedition like himself, but such a japer would not go downstairs. And the unknown was on the stairs.

Arthur Augustus listened intently.

Whoever was on the stairs had bumped on a corner of the banisters in the dark. As he strained his ears he heard a faint sound, and he knew that the unseen one was feeling his way downstairs by the banisters.

"A wotten burglah, of course!" murmured Arthur Augustus, recovering himself after the

first startled moment. "Pwobably he has got to the Head's studay for the safe. Or—or pewwaps it is some wottah like Cwooke or Wacke goin' to bweak bounds."

He paused.

His first impulse was to call Mr. Railton and give the alarm; but if the mysterious night-walker turned out to be one of the blades of the School House, that would certainly not do. Racke or Crooke was unlikely to go downstairs to get out—the box-room window was an easier exit. And even the blackest of black sheep was hardly likely to be breaking bounds after midnight.

But it was possible, and Arthur Augustus did not want to betray even a rank outsider like Racke or Crooke to punishment. He felt that it was necessary to be cautious.

But it was easily put to the proof. A burglar, certainly, would head for the room where the safe was. Arthur Augustus, on tiptoe and in dead silence, made for the stairs, quite forgetting his intended jape on Grundy of the Shell. He was very careful not to bump into the banisters. Slowly, silently he trod down the stairs, and his ears strained to listen.

There was a faint sound below, and he knew it came from the wide corridor upon which Dr. Holmes' study opened.

"It must be a burglah!" murmured Arthur Augustus. "He is makin' for the Head's studay, the wottah!"

He reached the lower corridor. A door opened softly. The unknown had gone into the Head's study.

Arthur Augustus trod softly along the passage. He heard a match scratch, and there was a glimmer of light from the open room.

"Bai Jove, that's queeah!" murmured the junior. It was queer that a burglar should strike matches.

He reached the open door, and, keeping carefully out of sight, peered in.

A figure in pyjamas was standing by the Head's writing-table, with a match burning in his fingers.

The drawer in the table had been pulled out, and the figure was bending over it, scanning the contents.

Arthur Augustus breathed hard with wrath.

Evidently it was not a burglar. It was a junior in pyjamas, and D'Arcy recognised the loud pattern of the pyjamas. He had seen those striking garments before. It was Racke of the Shell who was rummaging in the drawer.

"The utter wottah!" ejaculated Arthur Augustus.

The match went out.

Arthur Augustus strode into the study and turned on the electric switch. The room was flooded with light.

Racke of the Shell spun round with a gasp of terror.

There was a letter in his hand—a letter he had taken from the drawer of the table. Arthur Augustus did not need telling what letter it was.

"You—D'Arcy!" stammered Racke, in breathless relief. For a moment he had feared that it was the Head.

The swell of St. Jim's regarded him scornfully.

"You uttah cad!"

"Hang you!" muttered Racke. "What are you spying on me for?"

"I am not spyin', you uttah wascal!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus indignantly. "I thought at first it was a burglah!"

"Don't shout, you idiot!" hissed Racke. "Do you want to wake the house?"

"Weally, Wacke, I am quite indifferwent on that point."

"Turn out the light——"

"Wats!"

"It may be seen!" gasped Racke, in an agony of apprehension.

"I wufuse to turn out the light, Wacke! You have taken a lettah swom the Head's dwawah. You are a sneakin' thief!"

"You—you don't understand! Shut the door!" panted Racke. "If we're found here——"

"I wufuse to shut the door, Wacke!"

"The—the light may be seen——"

"Possibly," assented Arthur Augustus, calmly. "You have stolen a lettah belongin' to Dr. Holmes, Wacke——"

"I—I haven't! It's nothing—you don't understand——"

"I undahstand perfectly well, Wacke."





D'Arcy saw a pyjama-clad figure standing by the Head's writing-table, a match burning in his fingers. A drawer had been pulled out, and the figure was bending over it, searching the contents. (See Chapter 8.)

That is the lettah to Mr. Linton, and you are takin' it away."

"I—I——"

"I undahstand, you scoundwel!" pursued Arthur Augustus, with rising indignation. "You w'ote that lettah to Mr. Linton."

"I—I——"

Racke gave the swell of St. Jim's a savage look.

"Well, you are not goin' to steal it!" said Arthur Augustus. "I w'efuse to allow anythin' of the sort. Aftah postin' a lettah, Wacke, it is no longah your pwoperty. W'ep lace that lettah at once!"

Racke's hand closed convulsively on the letter.

"I'm going to burn it, you fool!"

"You are goin' to do nothin' of the sort. Wacke! For one thing, there will be a feahful wov if the Head misses it, and somebody will be blamed for it. And I w'efuse to allow a theft to be committed. I should w'egard myself as a partay to it, undah the cires. And—— Oh, you uttah wottah!"

Arthur Augustus broke off. He made a stride forward, and picked up a handkerchief that lay on the floor. There was a monogram in the corner of the handkerchief, with the letters "M. L."

Racke shrank back from the look on D'Arcy's face.

"You f'wightful beast!" panted Arthur Augustus. "You bwrought this heah. You were goin' to leave Lowthah's handkerchief heah so that he would be suspected!"

"I—I——"

"Bai Jove! I think I ought to call the Head at once——"

"You ass!" panted Racke. "Dry up, I tell you! I—I should get the sack! I—I——"

"Yaas, wathah! And you ought to get it, you uttah wascal! Put that lettah back in the dwawah, Wacke, or I will shout out at once for the Head!"

"You—you fool! I—I——"

Racke panted with terror and rage. At any moment some wakeful eye might detect the light in the study, and all would be discovered. And if the swell of the Fourth carried out his threat, there was no

doubt of the discovery. Racke shivered at the idea.

"You—you can take the handkerchief away!" he stammered. "It—it was only meant as a joke!"

"Liah!"

"But—but I'm going to take the letter——"

Arthur Augustus stepped to the door, and opened his lips to shout. Racke gave a gasp of terror.

"Quiet—quiet! I'll do as you say. Quiet!"

"I'll give you one second, then."

The letter dropped from Racke's trembling fingers into the drawer. Arthur Augustus crossed the room to him, and closed the drawer.

"Now get out, you cad!" he said.

Racke gave him a look of hatred.

"Look here, D'Arcy——"

"Get out!"

"It isn't your business! You——"

"Do you want me to thwow you out of this study on your neck, Wacke?"

Racke clenched his fists convulsively, and moved towards the door. Arthur Augustus followed him out of the study. He changed the key to the outside of the lock.

"What are you doing?" muttered Racke, eyeing him with eyes of hatred.

"I am goin' to lock the door, you thief!"

"Oh, hang you—hang you!"

"I wathah think you are more likely to be hanged than I, Wacke, some day."

Arthur Augustus turned off the switch, closed the door, and locked it. Racke heard him withdraw the key from the lock.

"Oh hang you, you meddling fool!"

"If you apply anothah oppwobwious expression to me, Wacke, I will turn on the light, and give you a feahful thwashin' on the spot!"

Racke muttered something indistinctly, and moved away. Arthur Augustus followed him upstairs. The cad of the Shell went back to his dormitory, his object in leaving it quite frustrated. The Head's study was locked now, and the key in D'Arcy's possession, and there was nothing more to be done.

Arthur Augustus returned to the Fourth Form dormitory. After what had happened,



he did not feel inclined to carry out the intended jape on the great Grundy.

"Hallo!" came Blake's sleepy voice. "Is that you, fathead?"

"I refuse to be called a fathead, Blake!"

"What have you done with Grundy's clobber?"

"Nothin'."

"Then you haven't been and gone and done it, after all, duffer?"

"Wats!"

And Arthur Augustus went back to bed, and slept, with the key under his pillow. But the swell of the Fourth was up before rising-bell in the morning. He scuttled downstairs before anyone else was about, and unlocked the Head's study, and replaced the key on the inside. And he sauntered about the corridor till the housemaids came down, when it was too late for Racke to make any further attempt on the study.

At breakfast Racke gave him a bitter look, to which Arthur Augustus responded with a glance of withering contempt.

After breakfast he joined the Terrible Three in the quadrangle.

"Have you lost your handkerchief, Lowtah, deah boy?" he asked.

Monty Lowther's hand went to his pocket.

"By Jove! Yes."

"Heah it is."

"Thanks!"

"I picked it up, you know," explained Arthur Augustus. And he walked away, without explaining where he had picked it up.

## THE NINTH CHAPTER

### Grundy Is Called In

"THAT must be the merry expert!"

Morning lessons were over, and the juniors had come out of the Form-rooms, when the stranger arrived at the School House. The Terrible Three regarded him with some interest. They knew that the handwriting expert from London was expected at the school that morning, and they had no doubt that this was Mr. Spother.

He was a tall, thin gentleman, with gold-rimmed glasses perched upon the bridge of a long, thin nose. He had the manner of a gentleman who realised that he was a person

of some consequence. As Monty Lowther remarked, he was evidently no "small potatoes" in his own eyes.

Toby showed him in to the Head's study, and a dozen fellows questioned Toby as he came away. From Toby it was learned that the gentleman was, indeed, Mr. Spother. Mr. Linton was seen going to the Head's study immediately afterwards.

"Now the circus is going to begin!" remarked Monty Lowther. "I suppose you really haven't left anything for the chap to do, Grundy—what?"

"Well, I haven't exactly finished the case," said Grundy. "I've worked it down pretty narrowly, however. It was either Levison or Mellish."

"Why, you silly ass!" ejaculated Levison of the Fourth.

"You howling idiot!" said Mellish.

Grundy gave them a lofty look.

"No good trying to wriggle out of it!" he said. "I've practically got you nailed!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You can cackle, Tom Merry——"

"Thanks! I will! Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tom.

"Upon the whole, it looks blackest against Levison," said Grundy.

"You shrieking idiot!" said Levison.

"Any evidence?" grinned Blake.

"Lots. Levison is so jolly clever disguising his hand—that's a very strong point. Then he's the kind of worm who would do such a thing as writing an anonymous letter——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Then I've traced it out that he was late for calling-over on Tuesday night," went on Grundy. "That looks very suspicious. Of course, he was down in Rylcombe, posting the letter."

"I was helping my minor with his Latin, you howling ass, and forgot the time!"

"Perhaps your minor will bear witness, when you're had up before the Head!" sneered Grundy.

"Oh, go and eat coke, you dangerous lunatic!"

Levison strode away angrily.

"Gwunday, I weward you as an uttah

ass!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "It was not Levison who wrote that lettah to Mr. Linton."

"Do you mean that you confess, D'Arcy?" demanded Grundy.

"Bai Jove!"

"Oh, come away!" said Wilkins, seizing his chum by the arm. "You're getting dangerous, Grundy. You'll be suspecting me next."

"I might," said Grundy, calmly. "Only you're in the Shell, and I know it wasn't a Shell chap."

"Then we're safe!" grinned Manners. "It's something to be safe, at least, when Grundy starts as a detective!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yaas, wathah! As a mattah of fact, it was a Shell chap, and I twust he will be discovahed," said Arthur Augustus. "I wegard him as an uttah cad!"

Racke joined the swell of the Fourth as he went into the quadrangle. Racke was looking pale and harassed. He received a glance of withering contempt from D'Arcy as he came hesitatingly to him.

"Don't speak to me, you wottah!"

"Look here, D'Arcy——"

"I wefuse to have anythin' to say to you, Wacke!"

"Look here, I—I don't want you to say anything about last night," muttered Racke, huskily. "You know what they would think——"

"I know what they would know, you mean," said Arthur Augustus scornfully. "But you need not be afraid that I shall betway you, Wacke. I am not a sneak."

"You won't say anything?" muttered Racke.

"Certainly I shall say nothin'. I should wefuse to sneak even about such a cwawlin', cwingin' worm as you, Wacke!"

Racke drew a deep breath of relief. He did not understand or share Arthur Augustus' scruples of honour; but he knew that D'Arcy's word was as good as his bond. He was safe in that direction, at least.

"But I wefuse to have anythin' to do with you, Wacke! You will oblige me by keepin' your distance. I wegard you as a wottah!"

Racke moved away, scowling.

"Bai Jove! I can't stand that chap!" said Arthur Augustus, as he joined Blake and Herries and Dig. "He makes me quite ill, you know. It's wathah disgusting to have to keep his wotten secrets!"

"Whose secrets?" demanded Blake.

"That wottah Wacke's."

"What the dicken's secrets of Racke's are you keeping?"

"I am afraid I cannot answah that question, Blake, as I have told Wacke that I will say nothin'," said Arthur Augustus, cautiously.

His chums stared at him.

"Off your rocker?" asked Herries.

"Pway don't make wude wemarks, Hew-wies!"

"If you've getting mixed up with Racke, and keeping his shady secrets, it's time we took you in hand," said Digby. "Now, what's the secret?"

"I feah that I cannot reweal that, Dig. You see, it is a secwet. I cannot betway even a wottah like Wacke."

"Oh!" said Blake, comprehending. "You bowled him out last night, I suppose. Found him breaking bounds when you were out of the dormitory—what?"

"He was not bweakin' bounds, Blake."

"Then you did find him?"

"I feah I cannot weply to that question, Blake. I do not intend to mention to anyone, even my own pals, that I found Wacke out of his dorm last night."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Blake and Herries and Digby.

Arthur Augustus put his eyeglass up, and surveyed his hilarious chums frigidly.

"I fail to see any cause for wibald mewwiment," he said.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I wegard you as cacklin' duffahs, deah boys!"

And Arthur Augustus walked away with his noble nose in the air.

Meanwhile, the juniors were discussing the expert, who was still shut up with the Head and Mr. Linton, doubtless examining the various fists of the Shell fellows.



Grundy was of opinion that he wouldn't discover anything. In fact, he couldn't, as the Head was only showing him specimens of Shell handwriting, and it was absolutely certain—according to Grundy—that the anonymous letter-writer was in the Fourth. Grundy had not yet decided whether the culprit was Levison or Mellish, but he admitted that it looked blackest against Levison.

Grundy was holding forth on this subject to a grinning group of juniors, when Mr. Linton looked out of the School House, with a grim brow.

“Grundy!”

His voice was hard as iron. Grundy looked round.

“Follow me to the Head's study at once!”

“Certainly, sir!” said Grundy, brightly. “I suppose the expert wishes to consult me, sir.”

“To—to what?” ejaculated the master of the Shell.

“To consult me, sir. I have been investigating the matter, sir, and I think I could render very valuable assistance.”

“If this is effrontery, Grundy, it will not serve you. Follow me at once!” snapped Mr. Linton.

Grundy, considerably surprised at his Form-master's manner, followed him. He left the juniors looking very queerly at one another.

“You can see what that means!” said Manners. “Surely it couldn't have been Grundy, after all?”

“Rot!” said Wilkins.

“You can see what Linton thinks.”

“Grundy!” said Tom Merry. “It can't have been poor old Grundy!”

Grundy of the Shell, as he followed his Form-master, did not seem to have the slightest suspicion what he was wanted for. But the other fellows knew what Mr. Linton's look and tone meant. Grundy was in for it!

## THE TENTH CHAPTER

### Very Expert!

MR. SPOTHER had been very busy in the Head's study for some time.

Dr. Holmes greeted the somewhat pompous gentleman cordially, and explained the circumstances to him. Mr. Linton joined

in with a word or two, and the famous expert was soon in possession of the facts.

“As there seems no doubt in my mind that the anonymous letter was written by a member of Mr. Linton's Form, I have collected specimens of the handwriting of every boy in the Shell,” said the Head. “They are here.”

“Very good, sir,” said Mr. Spother.

“As you see, the writing of the anonymous letter is disguised——”

“That is easily apparent.”

“I have compared it with the handwritings of all the Shell boys, but I cannot trace the slightest resemblance.”

Mr. Spother smiled a superior smile.

“That is quite natural,” he said. “The trained eye of an expert, however, is quite a different matter. What appears to you difficult, if not impossible, sir, is child's play to me.”

The Head coughed. Mr. Spother's confidence in his powers was unbounded, and the Head could only hope that it was well-founded.

“I should like you to examine this paper first,” continued the Head, taking up Grundy's copy of the anonymous letter. “The boy—Grundy—who wrote this paper has laid himself open to very grave suspicion, by an attempt to obtain possession of the letter.”

Mr. Spother nodded, with a very wise look.

“Was the boy aware that you had sent for me?” he asked.

“Yes; I had informed them all of my intention.”

“Then he knew what to expect,” smiled Mr. Spother. “Doubtless it seemed to him the only resource, to obtain possession of the letter and destroy it. Of course, when writing it, he had not foreseen this step on your part.”

“That is certainly how it appeared to me,” said the Head. “But an examination of the handwriting will put the matter to the test.”

“Undoubtedly.”

Mr. Spother, seated at the writing-table, proceeded to make the examination, the two masters watching him in silence. The anonymous letter which Arthur Augustus had so narrowly rescued the previous night lay before him on the table. Mr. Spother had studied it

very closely. He compared it with Grundy's copy, and was observed to nod his head very solemnly. Then he went through the rest of the papers, examining and comparing each one closely.

The examination was not a brief task, and the Head was conscious that it was getting very close to lunch-time; but he did not venture to interrupt the great London expert.

Having examined all the papers in turn, Mr. Spother came back to Grundy's copy, and spent another five minutes upon it. He extracted a microscope from a pocket, and examined both letters again by its aid. There was deep silence in the study.

Mr. Spother turned to the Head at last.

"I have done!" he said.

"You have ascertained—"

"The anonymous letter was written by the person who wrote this," said Mr. Spother, laying his finger upon Grundy's copy of the letter.

"Grundy!" exclaimed Mr. Linton.

Dr. Holmes nodded.

"His name is Grundy?" said Mr. Spother. "Ah, yes, I see it is written on the paper!"

"And—there is no doubt upon the matter?" asked the Head.

Mr. Spother regarded him with a look of pained surprise.

"Doubt?" he repeated, as if he could scarcely believe his pompous ears.

The Head coloured slightly.

"I—I beg your pardon, Mr. Spother! Of course, there is no doubt, if you assure me that such is the result of your examination."

"My opinion is not usually questioned

sir," said Mr. Spother, with chilling dignity. "I am accustomed to giving evidence in courts of law. Men's liberties, and even lives have depended upon the accuracy of my expert evidence. I should scarcely be likely to make a mistake."

"I am sure I beg your pardon; I did not mean to imply a doubt," said the Head hastily. It was evident that the great man was offended. "But—but to my eye—untrained,

of course—there is not the remotest resemblance between this writing and that of Grundy."

Mr. Spother condescended to smile slightly—very slightly.

"My dear sir, the lack of resemblance is one variety of proof that it was written by the same hand."

"Oh!" said the Head.

"In disguising his hand, the writer has carefully avoided every familiar attribute of his own natural caligraphy."

"Ah! Quite so—quite so!"

"But under a microscopical examination, sir, certain resemblances appear, which have escaped your observation. In

certain slight details, the writer has been unable to avoid betraying himself. It is upon such details, sir, that the expert must inevitably rest his theory. I will amplify. You see the tail of the 'g' in the word 'high,' in the original letter. It occurs again in the word 'give,' and again in the word 'ought.' The writer has sloped the letter backwards, like the rest. But compare it with the tail of the 'g' in the boy Grundy's copy. The down-stroke, though differently sloped, is exactly similar—a point



Gussy stared in amazement after Racke's retreating figure. "Bai Jove!" he exclaimed. "I weally believe that fellow's the limit. I do, weally!" (See Chapter 12.)



which naturally eluded the observation of an inexperienced boy. But upon that detail, sir, I should have no hesitation in swearing an affidavit that Grundy was the writer of the letter, even if his life were at stake before a judge and jury."

"I accept your conclusion without the slightest hesitation, of course," said the Head. "I am not well versed in such matters myself. Grundy, then, is the guilty party."

"I am quite prepared, sir, to stake my reputation upon what I have asserted!"

"Then there is no more to be said."

"Quite so," assented Mr. Linton. "Grundy is certainly not the boy I should have been inclined to suspect. But it is a fact that I had occasion to punish him severely on Tuesday, and there is no doubt, of course, that this letter was written from a spirit of revenge."

"Will you call Grundy here, Mr. Linton?"

"Certainly, sir!"

The master of the Shell left the study. Mr. Spother rose to his feet.

"My business here is concluded," he remarked.

"And I thank you very sincerely," said the Head. "You have enabled justice to be done, sir, in a matter that baffled me completely."

"My profession is to serve the ends of justice, sir," said Mr. Spother, quite gracious again now. "If you prefer—ahem!—to send on your cheque—"

"One moment, sir."

The Head took his cheque-book from his desk, and Mr. Spother left the study with his cheque in his pocket-book. Mr. Spother's fee was a somewhat heavy one, being in proportion to his celebrity; but the Head felt that it was more than worth it, to clear up an unpleasant mystery and visit punishment upon the right shoulders.

Mr. Linton arrived with Grundy as the expert gentleman left the study. Grundy came in with a very cheery and confident manner.

The grim, stern look of the Head abashed him a little, however. Grundy blinked at the Head. Inwardly he wondered why the old gentleman was looking at him like a gargoyle.

"You—you sent for me, sir?" said Grundy.

"Yes, Grundy."

"If I can be of any assistance, sir——"

"Of—of any assistance?"

"Yes, sir. I am quite willing to collaborate with the expert, if necessary. I have no doubt—no doubt whatever—that I should be of the greatest service——"

"Cease this impertinent nonsense at once, Grundy!" said the Head sternly.

"Eh? I—I beg your pardon, sir."

"You have been sent for, Grundy, to receive your sentence!"

"Mum-mum-my sentence, sir?" stammered the astonished Grundy.

"Yes, sir!" thundered the Head. "Your guilt is proved!"

"Mum-mum-my gig-gig-guilt!" stammered Grundy. "Wha-a-at have I done, sir?"

Dr. Holmes pointed to the anonymous letter.

"You wrote that infamous, insulting letter to your Form-master, Grundy!"

Grundy staggered.

"I did?" he gasped.

"Yes, you!"

"B-b-but I didn't, sir!" Grundy managed to articulate. "I've got my suspicions about some fellows——"

"You wrote that letter, Grundy! Doubtless you did not anticipate when you wrote it that I should employ a celebrated handwriting expert to detect the writer. But no trouble or expense was too great, in order to place the guilt upon the guilty person's shoulders. I was quite aware, Grundy, when you visited this room yesterday, that your audacious attempt to gain possession of the letter was dictated by a fear of the expert's examination of it——"

"N-n-not at all, sir!"

"In any case, Grundy, the matter is now proved beyond the shadow of a doubt. I trust you will not add falsehoods to your guilt."

"But—but I didn't do it, sir!" yelled Grundy, in utter dismay. "The expert must be a silly fool, sir——"

"What?" thundered the Head.

"Why, he must be a howling idiot!" exclaimed Grundy indignantly. "Do you

mean to say, sir, that he's found out it was my hand——"

"Precisely!"

"But it wasn't, sir! I swear it wasn't! The man's a silly ass! All experts are silly asses, sir!"

"Enough! Grundy, you are sentenced to be flogged!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Silence! The school will be assembled in Hall before afternoon lessons, and you will be flogged in the presence of all your school-fellows. You may go for, the present, Grundy!"

Grundy stood rooted to the floor.

"But—but—but——" he choked.

"Go!"

"But—I say—I——"

Mr. Linton took Grundy by the collar, and led him from the study. Grundy went like a fellow in a dream.

## THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER

### The Only Way!

"GWUNDAY!"

"Old Grundy!"

"That ass!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

The news spread like wildfire. Grundy of the Shell had been adjudged guilty of writing the anonymous letter to Mr. Linton; Grundy of the Shell was to receive a public flogging for the offence.

The juniors were astonished. Wilkins and Gunn were quite dismayed. Old Grundy! It was incredible.

Grundy was every sort of an ass, known and unknown. That was admitted even by his best chums. But Grundy, with all his faults, had never been known to play a dirty trick, or a mean trick, or a cowardly trick. And such a trick as writing an anonymous letter of abuse was undoubtedly dirty, mean, and cowardly. The fellows could scarcely believe their ears. But the expert evidence of the celebrated scientific gentleman, Mr. Spother, settled the matter. The man upon whose skill lives and liberties had depended in courts of law, was not likely to have made a mistake. Grundy had done it! Grundy must have done it!

"So that was why he was playing detective?" Racke remarked sneeringly. "That was why he said it wasn't a Shell chap!"

"Looks like it now," said Mellish.

"And that was why he was trying to fix it on some chap in the Fourth!" sneered Levi-son. "Jolly deep of Grundy, I must say! I thought he was simply playing the fool, as usual. I didn't know he was so deep."

"I—I suppose that expert knows what he's talking about," said Talbot of the Shell, with knitted brows. The crowd were discussing it in the quad in great excitement after dinner.

"I suppose he does, Talbot," said Tom Merry. "He's an expert. Experts see a lot of things other people don't see."

"And if they don't see 'em, they imagine 'em," grinned Monty Lowther. "I know how much I'd listen to a handwriting expert if I were a judge."

"But—but the man couldn't be fool enough to make a mistake!" exclaimed Tom, aghast. "Why, it might be a more serious matter than a flogging!"

"I thought he looked a self-sufficient sort of bounder," said Talbot quietly. "I can't believe that Grundy did it. It's all rot to say he's been spoofing all this time. He's a born fool, but he's not a rotter!"

"I know he didn't do it!" shouted Wilkins.

"Of course he didn't!" said Gunn, almost tearfully. "Old Grundy play a dirty trick like that? He'd play any fool trick you like, but never a dirty trick!"

"Well, it's settled, anyway, that he did it," remarked Blake.

"Gwunday!" Arthur Augustus was repeating dazedly. "Gwunday! Bai Jove, Gwunday!"

"Yes, it is a surprise," said Dig. "But there's no need for you to look so worried, old scout. You're not going to be flogged."

"Gwunday is not goin' to be flogged, eithah!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus excitedly. "Gwunday did not do it!"

"The expert's proved it," said Herries.

"The expert is an utter ass, Hewwies!"

Herries chuckled.

"I dare say he is, Gussy; and Grundy must



have been an ass to write that letter to Linton. He might have known it would come out."

"He did not write it, Hewwies."

"How do you know, fathead?"

"I do know, Hewwies! I am quite suah of it!"

"Bow-wow!"

"Where is Wacke? I want to speak to Wacke!"

Racke had left the crowd, feeling very satisfied. If Grundy of the Shell was flogged for that insulting letter to Mr. Linton, there was no further inquiry for anybody to fear. Grundy's punishment, too, was rather gratifying to Racke personally. Racke was what Grundy called a smoky cad; and Grundy, who was convinced that it was his lofty duty to bring other fellows up in the way they should go, had sometimes been rather heavy-handed with the cad of the Shell. Having his cigarettes stuffed down his back had not pleased Aubrey Racke at all.

Grundy had gone to his study, quite overcome. In the midst of his wonderful investigations the matter had been settled without his assistance, and it had been settled that he was the guilty party. Grundy, had, quite unintentionally, laboured to draw suspicion upon himself, and certainly he had succeeded.

The unfortunate Shell fellow was quite overcome. He sat in the armchair in his study blinking before him dazedly. He was adjudged guilty—on the evidence of an expert gentleman, whose assertion could not be doubted. It was amazing, stunning, flabbergasting! And he was going to be flogged!

Before the school went in to afternoon lessons he was to be hoisted in Big Hall, and flogged before St. Jim's!

He, George Alfred Grundy!

It was incredible, but it was only too true. Grundy wondered whether he was dreaming. It seemed like a bad dream.

Wilkins and Gunn came into the study looking very downcast. They often found George Alfred Grundy trying. There were

many rows in Grundy's study. But now that he was down on his luck, Wilkins and Gunn forgot their many little troubles with Grundy, and they were all indignant sympathy.

"Grundy, old chap," faltered Wilkins. "I—I say, this is rotten!"

"Beastly shame!" mumbled Gunn.

Grundy looked at them with starring eyes.

"You chaps know I didn't do it?" he said.

"Of—of course you didn't, Grundy."

"The Head's an ass!" said Grundy.

"Fancy believing an expert's evidence! I wouldn't hang a Hun on an expert's evidence.

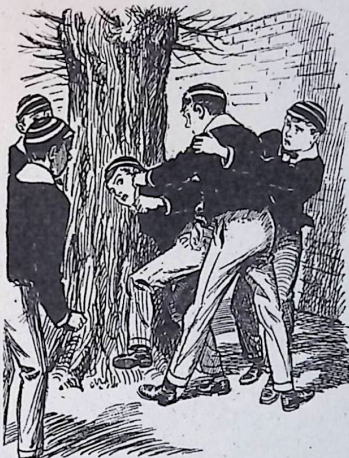
And I was getting on with the case rippingly, too. By this evening I

expect I should have settled whether it was Levison or Mellish——"

"Ahem! I—I wish you hadn't taken it up, old chap," said Wilkins. "Most of the fellows think you were doing that to throw it on somebody else."

"They think that, do they?" ejaculated Grundy. "Now, I put it to you, am I that kind of a rotter?"

"No, you ain't, old fellow. You're only a born idiot," said Wilkins comfortingly. "You were bound to bring suspicion on yourself. It wouldn't be you if you hadn't!"



The burly Grundy was knocking Levison's head against the tree, and with every bump he exclaimed: "Now then, own up!" (See Chapter 12.)

"What?" yelled Grundy.

"I—I mean it's very unfortunate, as it's happened," said Wilkins hastily. "But your own pals don't believe you did it, Grundy, old man. We stick to you."

"Like glue," said Gunn.

Wilkins and Gunn rather expected an outburst of grateful emotion from Grundy. But George Alfred only nodded.

"Of course," he said, "you chaps ain't very bright, but you can see that I didn't do it. Fancy the Head not being able to see it, when you chaps can."

"Oh!" said Wilkins and Gunn together. Evidently there was to be no outburst of gratitude from Grundy.

"It beats me hollow," said Grundy. "Fancy anybody thinking I could do such a thing! Only a rotten Hun would write an anonymous letter. And the Head's going to give me a flogging—me, you know!" Even yet Grundy could scarcely believe it. "I don't mind that so much. I ain't soft. But fancy fellows thinking I'd do such a thing! What's the time now?"

"Quarter to two, old chap."

"And the flogging's fixed for two," said Grundy. "Not much time for me to find out the right party, and prove it. But I'm going to try."

"But—but you can't, you know."

"I don't know," said Grundy. "A chap of my abilities is never really beaten. It was Levison or Mellish—the question is, which?"

"I—I say, it must have been a Shell chap, you know."

"Don't talk rot, George Wilkins! I've said already that it wasn't a Shell chap. Upon the whole, I consider it was Levison. Come with me!"

"Where—where are you going?"

"I'm going to make Levison own up. Same as I did when he hid Manners' camera, and I had the job of finding it. There's no time for finesse, you know. I can't complete the case as I intended; it will be necessary to come down heavy," Grundy explained.

"But—but what are you going to do?" gasped Gunn.

"I'm going to hammer Levison till he

owns up," said Grundy. "It's the only way. It may seem a little high-handed——"

"My hat! I should rather think so!"

"But you can see for yourselves that it's the only way, can't you?"

"But—but suppose Levison didn't do it?" howled Wilkins.

"He did; I've told you so already. Come on!"

Grundy strode from the study, quite brisk again now. He hadn't much time left, but a quarter of an hour was lots of time to a fellow of Grundy's abilities. Wilkins and Gunn followed him in an almost dazed state. It was safe to say that no other fellow in Grundy's situation would have acted as Grundy was doing. Grundy was always original. Though the skies had fallen, Grundy would still have been Grundy.

## THE TWELFTH CHAPTER

### A Painful Predicament

"WACKE, you uttah wottah!"

Arthur Augustus had found Racke of the Shell at last. Racke had been seeking to avoid the interview, but the swell of St. Jim's ran him down in a secluded corner of the quadrangle. Arthur Augustus was fairly trembling with excitement and indignation.

"What do you want?" growled Racke, with a savage look.

"Gwunday's goin' to be flogged for w'itir' that lettah——"

"Serve him right!"

"Bai Jove! You know he didn't w'ite it."

"The expert says he did," grinned Racke.

"The expert is a silly ass!"

"You'd better tell the Head so. No good coming and telling me."

"You w'ote that lettah to Mr. Linton, Wacke!"

Racke shrugged his shoulders

"Wacke, you know you are the wottah who w'ote that wotten lettah! You twied to get it out of the Head's study and burn it last night. You admitted it, then."

"I wasn't in the Head's study last night," said Racke. "You're dreaming! I was in



my bed. And whether I was or not, you promised to say nothing about it."

"I am quite awah of that, Wacke. I pwomised waihah washly not to wefer to you. I did not foresee this."

"Well, a promise is a promise."

"Weally, Wacke—"

"And if you're going to break your word, remember that you've got to prove what you say," said Racke, between his teeth. "I shall deny it all."

"You can hardly deny the twuth, Wacke, I pwesume?"

"You'll see, you fool!"

"I will pass ovah that oppwobwious expression, Wacke. There is no time to twash you. I am quite awah that I cannot bwreak a pwomise, but that does not make any diffewence. You cannot allow poor old Gwunday to be flogged for what you know you did. You are goin' to own up."

"Rats!"

Arthur Augustus gazed at Racke, his eye gleaming behind his eyeglass. That the outsider of the Shell would remain silent while another fellow took his punishment seemed incredible to Gussy's simple mind at first, but that was very evidently Racke's intention.

"Is it possible, Wacke, that you are not goin' to own up?"

"Oh, don't be a silly ass!" growled Racke. "Do you think I want to be flogged?"

"You cannot let Gwunday be flogged, and disgraced, too, for what you did!"

"Oh, dry up!"

"Then I expect you to wesease me from the pwomise I made you, Wacke, as it was made undah a misappwehension."

"You mean, you're goin' to break your promise?" sneered Racke. "Well, if you do, I shall deny the whole yarn, and you can't prove it."

And he walked away towards the School House. The prefects were shepherding the juniors into Big Hall now, and every fellow had to be present. The swell of the Fourth stared after him in almost incredulous disgust.

"Bai Jove!" he ejaculated. "I weally believe that fellah is the limit; I do, weally!"

"Come on, Gussy!" shouted Blake across the quad.

"I'm comin', deah boy!"

There was a sudden sound of yelling from under the elm-trees in the quad. Kildare of the Sixth came out of the School House.

"Where is Grundy? My hat!"

Kildare dashed across towards the elms. Grundy was there. Levison of the Fourth was wriggling in his powerful grasp, and Grundy was knocking his head against the trunk of a tree. Levison minor of the Third was dragging at Grundy with both hands to help his major, but he had no effect upon the burly Grundy. Wilkins and Gunn stood looking on helplessly.

"Grundy!" shouted Kildare.

Grundy glanced round.

"All serene, Kildare!" he said. "Don't interrupt; I'm getting the truth out of him. Now then, own up, Levison!"

"Yow-ow-ow!" yelled Levison. "Leggo!"

"Bai Jove! What are you waggin' Levison for, Gwunday?" exclaimed Arthur Augustus, dragging the Shell fellow by the shoulder.

"Keep off, and yank that silly fag away!" gasped Grundy. "I'm getting the truth out of Levison."

"Yaroooh! Help!" raved Levison.

The astounded Kildare seized Grundy by the collar and wrenched him away from his hapless victim. Levison reeled against the tree, his face crimson with rage.

"Leggo!" shouted Grundy, struggling.

But even Grundy was not much use in the grasp of the stalwart captain of St. Jim's. Kildare held him easily.

"This isn't a time for bullying, Grundy!" said Kildare sternly. "You're to come in now for your flogging."

"I'm not bullying!" spluttered Grundy indignantly. "I'm getting at the truth. Levison wrote that anonymous letter, you know."

"What?"

"I've not had time to complete the case properly, so I'm getting the truth out of him this way. I wish you wouldn't interfere. Another bang or two and he would have owned up. Leggo!"

"You silly idiot!" shrieked Levison, rubbing his head savagely. "I'm coming to see you flogged. I shall enjoy it."

"Bai Jove, you are a howlin' idiot, Gwunday!"

"Let me go, Kildare! Will you let me go?"

Kildare did not reply, but he marched Grundy away to the School House with a grip of iron on his collar. It was useless for Grundy to wriggle; he had to go. Still expostulating frantically, he disappeared into the building with the captain of St. Jim's.

"Well, of all the howling asses!" said Tom Merry. "Grundy really does take the cake! But it looks as if he didn't do it, all the same, you fellows."

"Into Hall, you kids!" called out Darrel of the Sixth.

Fellows were streaming into Hall now from all sides. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy went with the rest, sorely troubled in his mind. He had promised Racke not to betray him, and with Arthur Augustus a promise was a promise not to be broken. He could not, as he would have put it, act like a Prussian. But if he kept his thoughtless promise to Racke, Grundy was to be flogged for what D'Arcy knew Racke had done. It was a painful predicament for Arthur Augustus.

Racke's action the previous night was conclusive proof. Certainly he had had no cause to fear the evidence of the expert, as it had turned out. But Racke had not known that the celebrated expert was a solemn donkey, and he had betrayed himself to Arthur Augustus, who could not betray him. But if Racke did not choose to own up, how could Arthur Augustus stand by and see an innocent fellow flogged? It was a predicament Gussy could see no way out of.

Big Hall was crowded with fellows, seniors and juniors, ranked in their Forms. There was a subdued buzz of voices.

Taggles, the porter, was there, ready to do his painful duty. Upon a table lay the big cane the instrument of punishment. Grundy stood by the table, Kildare close by him. Grundy



With the cane in his hand, the Head turned and looked in the direction of the commotion at the back of the hall—

was so excited that there was no telling what he might do, and a prefect's aid might be needed. There was a hush as the upper door in the Hall opened, and the Head came in with a very grave face.

Arthur Augustus glanced across at Racke, standing cool and quiet among the Shell fellows. Racke did not meet his eyes.

Dr. Holmes took up the cane.

"Grundy!" he said sternly.

"Yes, sir!" gasped Grundy.

"You are about to be flogged for a rascally, detestable, and cowardly insult to your Form-master. I trust the lesson will not be lost upon you. Taggles, take up Master Grundy!"

"Yes, sir."

Taggles advanced to do his duty. Grundy sprang back, putting up his fists.

"Hands off!" he shouted.

"Grundy!" thundered the Head.

"I'm not going to be flogged!" roared Grundy. "I tell you I didn't do it—never thought of such a thing. If you'd give me time I'd find out the fellow who did it. I'm not going to be flogged for nothing!"

"Another word, Grundy, and I will expel



you from the school instead of administering a flogging!" thundered Dr. Holmes. "Taggles take this boy up at once!"

Grundy dropped his hands. The Head was in deadly earnest. Grundy did not want to be sacked from St. Jim's.

Taggles grasped him, unresisting, and hoisted him. There was a dead silence in the Hall as the Head raised the cane. It was broken by a sudden shout.

"Stop!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy of the Fourth Form rushed forward.

### THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER

Arthur Augustus speaks out!

"D'ARCY!"

"Gussy! Come back, you fat-head!"

"Gussy, you ass!"

Arthur Augustus did not heed. He strode right up the Hall, looking neither to the right nor to the left. The doctor, astounded, stood with the raised cane in his hand, as if turned to stone.

"Go back to your place, D'Arcy!" rapped out Mr. Railton sharply.

Still the swell of the Fourth did not heed. He arrived breathless.

"If you please, Dr. Holmes——"

"Boy!" gasped the Head. "How dare you? How dare you interrupt these proceedings, I say? Kildare, take that junior

aside. He shall be punished after Grundy!"

"I feel bound to speak, sir!" said Arthur Augustus. "Gwundy did not wite that wotten lettah to Mr. Linton, and I know who did!"

"By gum!" ejaculated Grundy.

Dr. Holmes looked fixedly at Arthur Augustus. He motioned to Kildare to stand back. There was a buzz of amazement in the crowded Hall, but it died away as Dr. Holmes raised his hand for silence.

"D'Arcy! As you have made such a statement I am bound to listen to you. You state that you know who wrote that insulting letter to Mr. Linton, and that it was not Grundy?"

"Yaas, sir!"

"If you are speaking idly, D'Arcy, your punishment will be very severe."

"I am not speakin' idly, sir!"

"Then kindly tell me at once what you know about the matter."

Arthur Augustus drew a deep breath. Between the necessity of keeping his promise to Racke of the Shell, and the equal necessity of saving Grundy from undeserved punishment, he was upon delicate ground. But Arthur Augustus had unbounded reliance upon his own tact and judgment.

"I found out the twuth by accident last night, sir!"

"Then why did you not inform me or your House-master before?"

D'Arcy raised his head proudly.

"I am not a sneak, sir!"

"Good old Gussy!" murmured Blake.

"Ahem! But, now——"

"And aftahwards, sir, the wottah—I mean the chap—asked me to pwomise not to give him away, and, without thinkin', I pwomised. But I can pwove that it was not Gwundy."

"I am waiting for you to do so, D'Arcy," said the Head grimly. "You may put Master Grundy down for the moment, Taggles!"

Grundy slid down to his feet. Taggles was not sorry for the relief: Grundy was no light weight.

"I was out of the dorm last night, sir!"



—Arthur Augustus D'Arcy of the Fourth was pushing through the assembled juniors. "Stop!" he shouted. "Stop!" (See this page.)

"Indeed, and what were you doing out of the dormitory?"

"Of course, sir, I am mentionin' that in confidence."

"Wha-a-at!"

"I was goin' to jape Gwundy, sir, because he is such a wadiculous ass. But I am aware that it is against the wules to leave the dormitory at midnight. But I am simply mentionin' that circumstance, sir, for the sake of justice. Undah the circs, sir, I expect you to tweek that wevelation as confidential."

"As—as—as confidential!" ejaculated the Head, looking at Arthur Augustus as if he would eat him. "A confidence between a junior of the Fourth Form and his Headmaster!"

"No, sir!" said Arthur Augustus with dignity. "Between one gentleman and another, sir!"

A pin might have been heard to drop in Big Hall. The expression upon the Head's face was extraordinary for a moment.

The juniors held their breath. But the expected storm did not burst. There was something in D'Arcy's frank and quite dignified manner that disarmed the Head.

"We will pass over the matter of your being out of your dormitory at forbidden hours, D'Arcy," said the Head at last. "That is of no moment now."

"Yaas, sir, I expected that," said Arthur Augustus calmly. "Well, sir, while I was out of the dorm I heard somebody movin' about, and I thought that pewwaps it was a burglah. But I could not vevy well give the alarm, as I thought also that it might be some chap powlin' wound for somethin'. So I followed him to find out pweicely what was up, sir, and I followed him to your study."

"To—to my study! Last night!"

"Yaas, sir. He was fumblin' in the dwawah of your w'ing-table, with a match, and I turned on the light and cornahed him. He had taken that lettah out of your dwawah to destwoy it. So I knew, of course, that he was the chap who had w'itten the lettah, and he was afraid of the expert seeing it when he came. In fact, he admitted it. I wefused to allow him to do anythin' of the sort, and I made him weplace the lettah, and I locked

your door on the outside, sir, and took away the key, so that he could not go back and dc it, aftah all."

"That is a very extraordinary statement, D'Arcy!"

"Yaas, isn't it, sir? I got down wathah early to unlock the door, and put the key back, sir, of course, as I did not want anythin' to be known about the mattah."

"Who was the boy you saw in my study, D'Arcy?"

"It was not Gwundy, sir!"

"No jolly fear," said Grundy. "I never went out of the dorm last night. I know that!"

"You need not speak, Grundy. D'Arcy, what was the name of the boy who attempted to purloin the latter from my study last night?"

"I am sowwy I cannot tell you, sir. I wathah washly pwomised him not to give him away. You would not wecommend me to bwreak a pwomise, sir!"

The Head coughed.

"You had no right to make such a promise, D'Arcy."

"Yaas, sir. I feel that myself! But I did make the pwomise, and the uttah wottah wefuses to welease me from it, and he wefuses to own up, sir!"

"To what Form did this boy belong, D'Arcy?"

"The Shell, sir?"

"My hat!" exclaimed Grundy.

"Will you be silent, Grundy?" The Head paused, looking very curiously at Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "D'Arcy, if I did not know you to be a truthful and honourable lad, I should suppose that you had invented this story to save Grundy from punishment. As it is, I believe you."

"Yaas, sir. Of course! I expect you to take my word."

Dr. Holmes coughed again, and Mr. Railton turned his head away to hide a smile. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was almost too much for him. But it was so evident that the Honourable Arthur Augustus had told the exact truth that the most suspicious of headmasters could scarcely have entertained a doubt. The Head was in a curious position. As he



fully believed D'Arcy's statement he could scarcely proceed with Grundy's punishment, in spite of the valuable evidence of the hand-writing expert. Neither could the reverend gentleman very well recommend the junior to break a promise. He stood for some moments in deep thought.

"You may go, D'Arcy," he said. "You may also go, Grundy. The school is dismissed. The matter will be inquired into further."

The St. Jim's fellows streamed out of Hall. Arthur Augustus was immediately surrounded by a curious crowd in the corridor. Grundy pushed his way through them.

"D'Arcy, I'm much obliged to you for speaking up!" he began.

"P way don't mench, deah boy!"

"You're sure it was a Shell chap you saw in the Head's study?"

"Wathah!"

"That's jolly odd! I'd worked it out that it was a Fourth Form chap who wrote the letter!" said Grundy, looking puzzled.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There's nothing to cackle at. I've had a jolly narrow escape!" said Grundy. "It was jolly lucky D'Arcy got up to jape me last night, and I'm not going to lick him for it!"

"Bai Jove!"

"I'm not!" said Grundy magnanimously.

"You uttah ass!"

"You'd better look for the chap in the Shell now, Grundy," grinned Tom Merry. "Which of us was it, Sherlock Holmes?"

"You think I can't spot him?" said

Grundy. "Well, that's just where I come in. I've got the cad! Upon the whole, I should have worked it out in the long run that he was in the Shell!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"In fact, now I come to think of it, I had a—sort of idea all along that he was a Shell chap!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Wilkins.

"Don't interrupt me, Wilkins! I may say,

I had practically worked it out that it was a Shell fellow. And I know who it was, too. I know who sneaked out of bounds on Tuesday evening. It was Racke. I saw him. Now I know why he was pumping me to find out just where the letter was in the Head's study, after I'd been there. And I've a jolly good mind to go to Railton—"

"Mr. Railton is here," said a deep voice.

"Oh, my hat!"

The House-master had come out of Hall as

Grundy's loud voice resounded. A sudden silence fell upon the juniors. Racke was pale as death.

"Racke, you were out of bounds on Tuesday evening, it appears?"

"No, sir," panted Racke.

"I jolly well saw you!" roared Grundy.

"Crooke was helping you over the wall. You asked me not to mention it. And—"

"Crooke, come forward!"

Crooke came forward, flushed and uneasy.

"Did Racke go out of bounds on Tuesday evening, Crooke?"



"Gentlemen!" roared Blake. "I vote we give him the frog's march round the quad!" "Yes, wathah!" agreed D'Arcy. The guilty junior was pounced upon, and in a very short time he was being trundled along amidst a horde of yelling, laughing members of the Shell. (See Chapter 13.)

"I saw him, sir," exclaimed Grundy. "I mentioned it to Wilkins at the time. Didn't I, Wilkins? I said the rotter ought to be scragged!"

"You did, old chap," said Wilkins.

"Silence! Answer me, Crooke!"

Crooke gave his confederate a helpless look. It was not easy to tell the lie direct under Mr. Railton's searching eyes.

"I—I didn't know what Racke was going for, sir," faltered Crooke. "I—I never knew anything about the letter. I—I guessed afterwards; but—but I didn't know. I swear I had nothing to do with it, sir!"

"That will do. Racke, you went out of school bounds on Tuesday evening, the time the letter was posted to Mr. Linton. You have denied doing so."

"I—I went out, sir," muttered Racke. "But I—I had nothing to do with the letter. I—I swear I hadn't!"

"Bai Jove!" ejaculated Arthur Augustus involuntarily. Racke's powers as a liar took his breath away.

Mr. Railton glanced at him for a moment.

"Have you anything to say, D'Arcy?"

"Nunno, sir."

"Racke, there is no proof at present that you are the guilty party, but I warn you that you are under very grave suspicion. The matter will be investigated most thoroughly."

Mr. Railton passed on.

"There's not much doubt about it now," said Tom Merry, his lip curling as he looked at

Racke's scared face. "It was Racke, Gussy!"

"I pwomised him not to tell the Head, Tom Mewwy, and I am not suah whethah I should be justified in tellin' you, deah boy, so, upon the whole, I will say nothin'."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gentlemen," said Blake, "Racke did it, and he's a crawling, cringing cur. I vote that we give him the frog's-march round the quad."

"Hear, hear!"

"Yaas, wathah! I wegard that as the pwopah capah, undah the cires."

And Racke of the Shell experienced the joys of the frog's-march, and he was very dusty and dishevelled when he escaped at last. But his greatest fear was that that was not the worst. There was little doubt in anyone's mind of Racke's guilt, but complete proof was lacking; and the Head was not inclined to put the matter in the hands of a self-satisfied expert again. So Racke's mind was set at rest, though he was left with an uncomfortable feeling that the eye of authority was upon him, and that it behoved him to tread warily.

As for Grundy, he was, of course, completely cleared, and in a very short time Grundy was quite convinced that he had been cleared by his own remarkable abilities as an amateur Sherlock Holmes. And he held forth upon the subject in the study to such length that Wilkins and Gunn came near to wishing that Arthur Augustus D'Arcy hadn't chipped in, and George Alfred had got his flogging.

THE



END





There is very little Billy Bunter cannot do, in his own opinion, at least. He particularly "fancies himself" on the cricket field, where, as Bob Cherry says, his play is distinctly of the "fancy" variety! Above, Mr. Chapman has caught him in a number of typical attitudes.