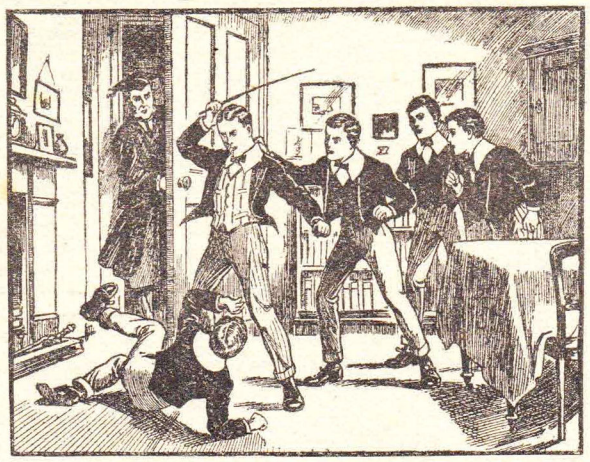


THE OUTSIDER .. OF .. THE FOURTH!

By OWEN CONQUEST.

A MAGNIFICENT LONG COMPLETE STORY OF JIMMY SILVER & CO., THE CHUMS OF ROOKWOOD.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.
The Raiders!

"WAKE up, you slackers!"

"Yaw-aw-aw!"

"Out you get!"

"Yaw-aw!"

"Slackers!" rapped out Jimmy Silver.

Slackers really was not the word, for it was past eleven o'clock, and at that hour all Rookwood was supposed to be fast asleep.

Jimmy Silver had jumped actively out of bed in the dormitory of the Classical Fourth.

Jimmy was captain of the Fourth, and his word was law; but the Classical juniors seemed more inclined to yawn than to follow his active example.

There was quite a portentous chorus of yawns.

"I—I say—yaw-aw!" yawned Arthur Edward Lovell. "On second thoughts, Jimmy, it's rather a rotten idea to raid the Modern cads to-night."

"Just what I was thinking," said Raby. "I think very likely another night we should—ahem!—be more likely to catch them napping."

"Yes; let's chuck it!" said Newcome.

"Good idea," said Oswald. "Tumble in, Jimmy."

Jimmy Silver did not tumble in.

He went to his washstand, and dipped a sponge in the water-jug.

That evening, in the end study, a raid had been planned, and at the time it had seemed a ripping idea. The Classicals were quite keen on the scheme of raiding the dormitory of the Modern Fourth, and "mopping-up" Tommy Dodd & Co. with pillows.

Somehow or other the scheme seemed less enticing at a quarter-past eleven.

With singular unanimity, the Classical juniors were prepared to leave Tommy Dodd & Co. to sleep the sleep of the just, and to do the same themselves.

But for the energy of Jimmy Silver the raid would certainly have been postponed indefinitely.

But Jimmy was already out of bed, and Jimmy was full of energy.

Instead of arguing the matter, he squeezed the wet sponge over Arthur Edward Lovell's face, just as Arthur Edward was closing his eyes again for another nap.

There was a loud yell from Lovell.

"Yah! Oh! Groogh! You silly ass!"

"Turn out!" said Jimmy Silver severely. "The end study never slacks! Out you get!"

"Look here——"

"Do you want some more? Remember, you're making me waste cold water," said Jimmy. "Still, if you're keen on it, here goes!"

Lovell rolled hastily out of the other side of the bed.

"You silly ass—gerroff!"

"Raby, old man——"

"Keep that sponge away!" said Raby, in sulphurous tones. "I'll dot you in the eye—— Gerroff! I'm getting out, ain't I, you silly fathead? Gerroff!"

"Are you getting up, Newcome?"

"Yes, you chump!" gasped Newcome.

"Any more slackers want some cold water?" asked Jimmy Silver cheerfully. "There's lots here."

The slackers decided to turn out. The Fistical Four were already out, and Oswald and Rawson and Flynn and Hooker followed their example. Once out, they joined cheerily in turning the others out. Naturally, they were indignant at fellows slacking in bed when it was time to go on the war-path.

"Look here, I ain't in this!" snapped Townsend, the champion slacker of the Fourth, eyeing Jimmy Silver apprehensively. "I don't believe in this rot!"

"Same here!" said Topham. "You can leave me out, Jimmy Silver!"

"And me!" growled Peele and Gower together.

Jimmy Silver sniffed.

"Rotten funks! Are you afraid of Manders dropping on you? Turn out!"

"We won't!"

"And I won't, either!" exclaimed Mornington, sitting up in bed. "You can leave us out!"

"All hands on deck!" exclaimed Lovell. "I've heard you saying, Mornington, that compulsion is a jolly good thing for shirkers. Well, you can't grumble at having some of your own medicine."

"Ha, ha!"

"Roll him out!"

Mornington grasped his pillow as several fellows started for his bed.

"Keep off, you rotters!"

"Are you turning out?" demanded Raby.

"No, I'm not!"

"You want to slack in bed while we're raiding the Moderns!"

"Go an' eat coke!"

"Have him out!"

Mornington swiped out with the pillow, and Raby staggered back. But Newcome and Rawson grasped him, and the dandy of the Fourth bumped on the floor, tangled in his bedclothes.

He struggled furiously to his feet, and hit out with clenched fists.

"Yoop!" yelled Rawson, as he caught Mornington's knuckles with his nose. "Why, you rotter——"

"Yow-ow!" yelled Newcome.

"Back me up, Towny, and the rest of you!" shouted Mornington.

Townsend & Co. did not move. They were not looking for a scrap with Jimmy Silver & Co.

Three or four Classicals rushed on Mornington, and the dandy of the Fourth went down again with a bump.

"Bump him!" gasped Rawson.

"Squash him!"

Bump, bump!

"Yow! Help! Yah!" yelled Mornington.

"Shut up, for goodness' sake!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "Do you want the prefects here? Shurrup!"

"Let me alone!" yelled Mornington. "I'll wake the whole House!"

Jimmy set his teeth.

"Let the cad alone!" he said. "We don't want the slacking rotter, anyway. Let him skulk here if he wants to!"

"He's jolly well punched my nose!" howled Newcome. "I'm jolly well going to punch his!"

"Shush!"

Newcome refused to "shush." He was hurt, and he was angry. He rushed at Mornington again, and in a moment they were fighting hammer and tongs. Jimmy Silver and Lovell dragged them apart.

"Will you be quiet?" panted Jimmy. "We shall have Bootles here with a cane soon!"

"Let me get at him!" shrieked Mornington.

"Shove that cad on his bed!"

Bump!

Mornington landed on his bed, and lay there, gasping.

"Look here! Are those rotten slackers going to stay here?" demanded Newcome.

"Well, we don't want slackers; they're no good in a raid!" said Jimmy. "We're better without the rotten funks! Let 'em slack!"

"Br-r-r-r!"

Townsend & Co. were glad enough to be allowed to slack. It was quite possible that the raid on the Modern dormitory would lead to a "row," and that masters or prefects might be awakened. The Nuts of the Fourth preferred to give Mr. Manders, the Modern master, a wide berth. Jimmy Silver & Co. half dressed themselves, and took their pillows.

Townsend and Topham, Gower and Peele and Mornington, remained in bed. Mornington, as a matter of fact, had plenty of pluck, and did not shrink from the risk; but nothing would have induced him to follow Jimmy Silver's lead. Mornington's idea was that he ought to be monarch of all he surveyed, and that his right there should be none to dispute. He was not likely, however, to get the captain of the Fourth to agree with that view.

Tubby Muffin remained in bed, too, snoring loudly. His snore was so loud that it might have been suspected that Tubby was putting it on. But the raiders did not want Tubby in their ranks. The fat Classical was not much use in a scrap with the Moderns.

"Kim on!" said Jimmy Silver.

He opened the dormitory door quietly.

The raiders filed out into the passage, their socked feet making no sound. Jimmy closed the door, and they headed for the Modern quarters.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.
The Pillow Fight!

ALL was silent in the great building of Rookwood.

The long passages were dark and shadowy.

Jimmy Silver led the way, his followers pressing on behind him.

There was no sound in the House; the voices in the Classical dormitory had not been heard.

There were several passages to traverse to reach the Modern quarters, but the raiders arrived at last.

Jimmy Silver turned the handle of the door of the Modern Fourth dormitory.

All was dark and silent within, save for the steady breathing of the Modern juniors, and the snore of Leggett of the Fourth.

"Caught napping, by gum!" grinned Lovell.

As their eyes got used to the dimness, the Classicals could make out the beds in the dim starlight from the high windows.

They crowded, grinning, into the dormitory.

Jimmy closed the door.

Then he jerked the bedclothes from Tommy Dodd's bed, and Tommy sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"What the thunder——"

"Good-evening, dear boy!" said Jimmy Silver affably.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tommy Dodd jumped.

"Classical cad, by gum! Wake up, you fellows!"

"Give 'em socks!" shouted Lovell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Modern dormitory had awakened at Tommy Dodd's voice, and the Moderns were turning out of bed on all sides, realising that it was a Classical raid.

But in a few seconds the Classicals were among them with swiping pillows.

Swish, swish, swish! Swipe!

Loud yells and howls rose among the Moderns as they were swiped right and left.

"Buck up!" yelled Tommy Dodd.

"Give 'em socks!"

"Go for the cads!"

Swipe, swipe! Bump!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tommy Dodd seized his pillow and rushed into the fray. The Moderns followed his example as well as they could.

But they had been taken by surprise, and the advantage was with the raiders.

The Moderns were swiped right and left. They rolled on the floor, or retreated into corners. Leggett dived under a bed. Tommy Dodd and Cook and Doyle put up a great fight, till they were overwhelmed by Classical pillows, and went down, yelling and gasping.

The triumphant Classicals paraded the dormitory, swiping at the Moderns when they jumped up, and pillowing them down again.

Some of them yanked the mattresses off the beds, and hurled the bedclothes far and wide among the sprawling Moderns.

In a few minutes the Modern dormitory looked as if a cyclone had looked in.

Tommy Dodd struggled to his feet and strove to rally the Moderns, but he went down again under half a dozen Classical pillows, with a bump that almost shook the floor.

"Better clear, I think!" gasped Lovell. "We shall be heard if there's much more of this. We don't want Manders here!"

"Ha, ha! No!"

"Retreat!" ordered Jimmy Silver.

The chuckling Classicals headed for the door. The Moderns had been defeated, the dormitory was a wreck, and they were satisfied.

They swarmed out into the passage to retreat to their own quarters. Jimmy Silver shut the door just in time to stop a bolster hurled after him by Tommy Dodd.

"Home!" chuckled Jimmy. "I think we've made the Moderns sit up this time!"

"Ha, ha!"

The victorious Classicals marched to their own quarters.

Suddenly, there was a loud cry in the darkness; it came from the direction of Mr. Manders' room.

Jimmy Silver halted, startled.

"What the thunder! Did you hear that?"

"Oh, help! Good heavens!" It was the voice of Mr. Manders, the senior master. "Who—who is it? What——"

"Some silly idiot japing old Manders!" panted Lovell. "What thumping ass——"

"Cut off!" gasped Jimmy. "We shall have to prove a jolly strong alibi if somebody has been japing Manders!"

There was a patter of soft footfalls in the darkness of the passage from the direction of Mr. Manders' room.

Somebody was fleeing.

"Who's that?" called out Jimmy Silver, in a suppressed voice. "Who's been silly idiot enough to——"

"Come on!" muttered Lovell. "Manders will be out in a minute!"

"There's a light!" said Oswald.

"Buck up!"

The Classicals fairly ran for their dormitory. Being caught by Mr. Manders, the most severe and unpopular master at Rookwood, would have been an unfortunate ending to the raid.

They bolted into the Classical dormitory like rabits into a burrow, and Jimmy Silver closed the door.

"Hallo!" came a drawling voice, that of Mornington. "Had a good time?"

"We've licked the Moderns!" said Jimmy Silver. "No thanks to you, you slacker!"

"And some silly ass went for Manders and woke him up!" gasped Rawson. "Which of you thumping duffers was it?"

But there was no answer to that. Not a member of the raiding party seemed eager to own up to having "gone for" Manders.

"Look here, it was one of you!" said Jimmy Silver. "Which was it?"

"The silly idiot had better own up!" growled Lovell.

"Better turn in!" said Oswald. "Old Manders may come along here."

"By Jove, yes!"

The Classicals bolted into bed.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.
A Mystery.

MR. MANDERS swept out of his room in dressing-gown and slippers, with a lamp in his hand.

His hard, severe face was pale with anger.

The Modern master had had a most unpleasant shock, and it was enough to make a better-tempered man angry. It was no joke for a gentleman of middle age to be awakened from his sleep by a pillow descending upon him from the darkness. It was, indeed, a dangerous trick, and might have had very serious results if Mr. Manders had been troubled with a weak heart. As a matter of fact, however, Mr. Manders' heart was a very hard one, and no damage had been done save to his temper. But his temper was in a shocking state as he swept out of his room in search of the culprit.

There were sounds in the Modern Fourth Form dormitory, where Tommy Dodd & Co. were putting their beds to rights. Mr. Manders strode to that room, and hurled open the door.

The lamplight streamed in upon a dismayed crowd.

Every fellow there was out of bed, and they all spun round and blinked at the Modern master in the sudden light.

Mr. Manders' eyes swept over them glittering.

The juniors blinked at him without replying. There was really no need to explain what it meant—the meaning was plain enough. Anybody could have seen at half a glance that the dormitory had been raided.

"So you are out of bed!" said Mr. Manders.

The juniors still blinked in silence. Really, Mr. Manders seemed to have a perfect genius for asking superfluous questions.

"Dodd!"

"Yessir?" gasped Tommy Dodd.

"Which of you came to my room?"

Tommy Dodd started.

"To—to your room, sir?" he stammered.

"Yes. Was it you?"

"Nunno, sir!"

"I order the boy to stand forth at once!"

"But—but we haven't, sir!" gasped Tommy Cook. "Nobody here has been outside the dormitory, sir!"

"Sure, we haven't been a step outside, soor!" said Tommy Doyle. "We've had a bit of a scrap here, soor, that's all!"

"Do not tell me falsehoods!" thundered Mr. Manders.

"Oh!"

"Someone entered my room, and struck me with a pillow!" exclaimed the Modern master. "I find you all out of bed. Doubtless you are all in the plot!"

"Oh, by gum!" gasped Tommy Dodd.

The three Tommies blinked at one another in consternation. Evidently one of the Classical raiders had been guilty of the astounding act of folly. But the Modern heroes did not feel inclined to say so.

"We haven't been out, sir!" howled Leggett. "It must have been one of the Classicals, sir!"

"Shut up, you sneakin' cad!" whispered Doyle fiercely.

"I'm not going to shut up! They're not going to put it on us!"

A light seemed to dawn upon Mr. Manders.

"So the Classical juniors have been here, is that it?" he exclaimed.

The Moderns were silent.

"I understand," said Mr. Manders. "This is what, I presume, you call a dormitory raid."

"Ye-es, sir," mumbled Tommy Dodd.

"You have been pillow-fighting with Classical boys."

"Ye-es, sir."

"Then, doubtless the young reprobate who attacked me is not here," said Mr. Manders. "I was not aware that Classical boys had been out of their beds. Dodd, you assure me that no boy here has left the dormitory?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you all say the same?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good! You may go to bed, and I shall speak to you about this matter in the morning. I shall look elsewhere for the reprobate!" said Mr. Manders majestically.

The master strode away to the dormitory of the Classical Fourth. He was not in any doubt as to where to look for the raiders.

He opened the door, and the light streamed in upon quiet beds and peacefully-sleeping juniors. At all events, they looked as if they were sleeping peacefully. Mr. Manders snorted. That peaceful slumber did not make much impression upon him.

"Boys!" he snapped.

Silence.

"I am quite aware that you are awake!" said Mr Manders, his voice trembling with anger. "Silver, I command you to answer me!"

Jimmy Silver yawned and rubbed his eyes.

He sat up in bed and blinked at the Modern master.

"Hallo! Ahem! I mean, is it you, sir?"

"Yes, it is I!" said Mr. Manders. "There has been an outrageous disturbance in the Modern Fourth Form dormitory. You have shared in it."

"Ahem!"

"Do you deny it, Silver?"

"H'm! No, sir."

"Some boy here entered my room, and struck me with a pillow," said Mr. Manders. "So far as the pillow-fighting is concerned, I shall report the matter to your Form-master, and leave it in his hands. But I demand to know the name at once of the boy who attacked me!"

"I don't know, sir," said Jimmy Silver frankly. "If I'd known who it was I'd have punched his silly head!"

"I am glad to see, Silver, that you realise the enormity of the offence!" said Mr. Manders satirically. "It was not, then, yourself?"

"Certainly not, sir!"

"Very well. The boy is here, and I must know who it was. You were all concerned in this lawless raid, I presume."

"Not all, sir," said Mornington. "Some of us stayed in bed. I did, for one."

"And I, sir!" chimed in Towny and Toppy and Peele and Gower.

"Me, too, sir!" squeaked Tubby Muffin in great alarm.

"Is that statement correct, Silver?"

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy quietly. "Muffin was asleep, or pretending, and the others funked it."

"Then the culprit is among the rest. I call upon him to give his name."

Silence.

"You refuse to answer?"

The Classical juniors looked at Mr. Manders, and at one another, but no one spoke.

"Very well," said Mr. Manders, in a grinding voice, "I shall report the matter to the Head in the morning, and there will be a searching inquiry."

And he left the dormitory.

"My hat! There's a pretty kettle of fish!" said Lovell. "It's up to the silly idiot to own up!"

"But who was it?" exclaimed Higgs. "I know I wasn't the chap."

"Doesn't anybody know?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

Apparently no one did, and the culprit himself was discreetly silent. It was impossible to guess, for in the darkness any member of the party might have stolen away to Mr. Manders' room without being seen by the others.

"The chap ought to be scragged, whoever he is!" growled Lovell. "It was a silly trick. But who the dickens was it?"

"Own up, you rotter, whoever you are!"

But no one owned up, and the Classical juniors settled down to sleep at last, with very painful anticipations of the morning.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.
Down on Their Luck.

THERE were gloomy faces among the Classical Fourth on the following morning.

After breakfast orders were given for them to march into Hall, where they were to see the Head.

Mr. Manders had laid his complaint before Dr. Chisholm, and the Head himself was to inquire into the matter.

The Fourth marched into Hall at the appointed time with glum faces. The matter was a serious one, and they knew that the Head would take a stern view of it. To

The Moderns were swiped right and left. They rolled on the floor, or retreated into corners. Leggett dived under a bed. Tommy Dodd and Cook and Doyle put up a great fight, till they were overwhelmed by Classical pillows, and went down, yelling and gasping. (*See page* 14.)

pillow a master could scarcely be regarded as a joke. And the young rascal who had done it was evidently depending upon the fact that he could not be discovered, and had no intention of taking the blame on his own shoulders.

"Blest if I see what we're called in for," Mornington remarked to his chums, as the Nuts sauntered towards Hall. "We've nothin' to do with it."

"Ahem! Nothing!" said Townsend.

"Nothin' at all," grinned Feele.

"I don't see what you're grinnin' at," growled Mornington. "If the Head comes down on the lot of us, I shall protest."

"You!" ejaculated Topham.

"Yes, certainly! I'm not standin' it!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"You, by gum!" chimed in Tubby Muffin. "Oh, Morny!"

Mornington gave the fat Classical a supercilious stare.

"What the dickens do you mean by callin' me Morny?" he demanded. "Do you want your ear pulled?"

"Better not," said Tubby, with a fat chuckle. "I might tell the fellows that I wasn't asleep last night when they left the dorm."

Mornington started.

"You—you——" he began.

"Better keep civil—what!" grinned Muffin.

Mornington gave him a dark look, and went into Hall with his chums. Tubby Muffin grinned as he rolled in after them.

The Classical Fourth waited there for the Head to arrive.

Dr. Chisholm came in by the upper door, with Mr. Manders and Mr. Booties, the master of the Fourth.

The Head was looking very stern.

His eyes swept over the juniors, and they waited uneasily for him to speak.

"Boys"—the Head's voice was very deep—"last night there was an unseemly disturbance. Of the foolish scuffling between you and the Modern juniors I should take no notice, leaving it to your Form-master to deal with. But a much more serious thing has occurred. Mr. Manders was attacked in his room by some reckless boy with a pillow. That boy will be severely flogged—indeed, I may consider it my duty to expel him from Rookwood. I order that boy to come forward."

There was no movement.

The prospect of being flogged, and perhaps expelled, did not somehow seem to entice the unknown culprit.

The doctor's brow grew stern as he waited in vain.

"You have heard me," he said. "If the boy does not come forward, I call upon the others to give his name."

The Classicals looked grim at that.

If they had known who the culprit was, they would not have been inclined to give his name. But, as a matter of fact, they did not know.

Sterner and sterner grew the Head's brow.

"Silver, as head boy in the Form, I ask you—who was the boy who attacked Mr. Manders in his room?"

"I don't know, sir," said Jimmy.

"He left the dormitory with you?"

"Yes, sir, I suppose he did."

"You did not see him leave the rest of the party to go to Mr. Manders' room?"

"No, sir. It was very dark. We had no light."

"Does anyone else know who it was?"

Silence.

"I give the boy in question one more opportunity to come forward."

No reply.

"Very well," said the Head, compressing his lips. "The delinquent is somewhere in the Classical Fourth Form. It is scarcely possible that his identity is totally unknown to the others. Unless he is immediately given up, punishment will fall upon the whole Form."

The Classical juniors were grimly silent. They had expected as much. The pillowing of Mr. Manders could not possibly be passed over unpunished.

"No one has anything to say?" rapped out the Head.

Mornington stood forward.

"May I speak, sir?"

"You have information to give me?" asked Dr. Chisholm.

"No, sir. But I protest against the whole Form being punished."

"What!" thundered the Head.

"Mr. Manders knows that some of us never left the dormitory at all, sir," said Mornington calmly. "It was one of those who went out who pillowed Mr. Manders."

"Indeed!"

"Mr. Manders will tell you so, sir."

Dr. Chisholm glanced at the Modern master.

"That is so, sir!" said Mr. Manders. "It appears that half a dozen boys did not leave the dormitory."

"They may stand aside," said the Head.

Mornington & Co. walked out of the ranks of the Classical Fourth, followed by Tubby Muffin.

A hiss from the rest of the fellows followed them.

It was true that they had not taken part in the raid, but it would have been only playing the game to stand by the Form at this pinch.

"Silence!" exclaimed Dr. Chisholm, frowning. "Silence, I say! Those boys who were not concerned in this lawless affair will not be punished. That is only just. The rest will be severely punished, unless Mr. Manders' assailant immediately comes forward."

The Classicals looked at one another.

But no one came forward.

"Very well," said the Head quietly. "All holidays are stopped until the culprit is discovered. Dismiss!"

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Lovell.

The Head rustled away.

With gloomy looks the Classical Fourth filed out of Hall.

They went into the Form-room that morning in the lowest of spirits.

All holidays stopped meant havoc with the games. It meant lines in the Form-room while the rest of Rookwood enjoyed Wednesday and Saturday afternoons in freedom.

It was a crushing sentence.

The juniors did not blame the Head much; he was bound to take severe measures in the case of an assault upon a master.

But they were bitterly angry with the unknown raider who had been duffer enough to pillow Mr. Manders, and rotter enough to keep silent and allow the whole Form to be punished.

And they could not even guess who it was.

As it happened, that day was a half-holiday, and that afternoon Jimmy Silver & Co. sat in the Form-room and wrote out Virgil.

It was a heavy infliction.

The Classicals jawed Jimmy Silver for ever thinking of a pillow raid on the Moderns; that was one of the pleasures of being leader.

But, above all things, they promised terrific things to the unknown cad who refused to own up and save the whole Form from detention.

Mornington & Co. enjoyed themselves that afternoon. The detention of Jimmy Silver & Co. added zest to their own freedom.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.
The Horn of Plenty.

"MORNY!"

Mornington & Co. were coming in to tea when Tubby Muffin met them in the passage.

Mornington gave the fat Classical a haughty glance.

"Get aside!" he snapped.

"Roll away, sausage!" said Townsend.

"I want to speak to Morny," said Tubby obstinately.

"Well, the want's all on your side," said Mornington. "I don't want to speak to you. Are you waiting to be kicked?"

"You'd better not kick me, Morny," said Tubby significantly. "I dare say Jimmy Silver would kick you if he knew what I could tell him."

Mornington gritted his teeth.

"You fat scoundrel!" he muttered.

Townsend & Co. exchanged glances, and went on to Study No. 4; Mornington remained with Tubby Muffin.

"Now, what do you want?" asked the dandy of the Fourth, between his teeth, his eyes glittering at the fat Classical.

"Well, I'd like to come in to tea, if you want to be friendly," said Tubby calmly. "I'm quite willing to be friendly."

"You were awake last night?" muttered Mornington.

Muffin grinned and nodded.

"I thought you were sound asleep, you fat rotter!"

"Well, I didn't want to go raiding the Moderns," grinned Tubby. "'Tain't in my line, you know. I wasn't asleep, only snoring. And after Jimmy Silver went, I saw somebody else follow. He, he, he!"

"Suppose you did?" muttered Mornington. "Suppose I went out to see how they were getting on?"

"Suppose anything you like," said Tubby affably. "Jimmy Silver might suppose something, too, if he knew you'd left the dormitory after him."

"I was there when he came back."

"Yes, you'd been in bed about two seconds when they came back," chuckled Tubby. "If they knew you'd been outside the dorm while they were away, they'd rather smell a mouse—what!"

Mornington clenched his hands. He looked as if he would hurl himself upon the fat Classical.

Tubby backed away in alarm.

"No larks!" he said.

"Tell me what you want, you fat oyster!" snarled Mornington.

"Well, if you like to ask me to tea, I'll come. Bless you, I don't bear any malice!"

"If you put your foot inside my study, I'll throw you out on your fat neck!" said Mornington savagely.

"If you're not going to be civil, Morny——"

"Oh, shut up!"

"All right!" said Muffin. "I'll speak to Jimmy Silver. He'll be out of the Form-room soon. I dare say he'll be glad to hear what I have to say."

"I'll give you five shillings to hold your sneaking tongue!" muttered Mornington at last.

"Make it half-a-quid."

"You greedy little scoundrel——"

"If you call me names, Mornington, I shall refuse to have anything to do with you," said Muffin calmly. "As it is, I don't know whether I ought to keep your shady secret. Jimmy Silver says a chap shouldn't sneak, and so I can't give you away; but I don't know whether I ought to tell the fellows——"

Mornington slid his hand into his pocket, and a ten-shilling note was placed in Tubby's fat fingers.

"Now hold your tongue, you fat brute!" he snapped.

And the dandy of the Fourth walked away to his study with contracted brows.

His secret was not very safe in the hands of the chatterbox of Rookwood, and he realised that very clearly.

Tubby Muffin chuckled, and ambled away, and met the detained juniors as they came pouring out of the Fourth-Form room.

"Had a rotten time, you chaps?" asked Tubby sympathetically.

"Oh, no; first rate!" groaned Lovell.

"Faith, we've been enjoying ourselves!" grunted Flynn. "Sure, I wish I knew the thafe of the worruld who pillowed old Manders! The ould baste deserved it, but it's nothing to what I'd give the silly spalpeen if I could find him intoirely!"

"Seems to be no chance of that," said Jimmy Silver. "But how long is this blessed detention going on, I wonder?"

Tubby Muffin trotted after the Fistical Four as they walked away.

"Come to the tuckshop, you fellows," he said.

"Eh! What for?"

"My treat, you know."

"Your treat!" growled Lovell. "Gammon! You mean you want us to pay for a feed for you. I've had some! Go and eat coke!"

"Look here!" said Tubby loftily; and he held up a ten-shilling note for inspection.

"My hat! Been robbing a bank?" exclaimed Raby.

"Come and have a feed," said Tubby. "It's my treat."

"Shouldn't wonder if he's boned that note somewhere," said Higgs.

The sight of the impecunious Tubby in funds was surprising enough. But his hospitable offer was accepted. Tubby was generally hard up, and seeking loans; but when he happened to have any money, he spent it royally. He liked seeing other fellows eat almost as much as he liked eating himself—though not quite.

Mornington's ten-shilling note passed over the counter, and old Sergeant Kettle handed out tuck to its exact value; it would not have been like Tubby to put by even a threepenny piece for a rainy day.

Besides, Tubby knew where he could get a further supply.

If anyone had known of Tubby's little game, and had called him a blackmailer, Tubby would have been very much surprised and pained. Tubby was not blessed with very keen perceptions.

His idea was that Mornington ought to be punished for the trick he had played. And how could he punish him better than by making him shell out? It was, as it were, a system of imposing fines upon him. That was how the worthy Tubby looked at it.

Jimmy Silver had said that he wouldn't give the culprit away, even if he knew him; so Tubby considered it useless to tell Jimmy who the culprit was.

As for owning up, Mornington was too much of a cad to own up, in any case, whatever pressure was brought to bear on him, so as far as that went, there was no use in acquainting the Form with the facts.

And Tubby, in the generosity of his heart, intended to stand a series of whacking feeds to his Form-fellows as a compensation for detention.

Therefore, everything in the garden, really, was lovely from Tubby Muffin's peculiar point of view. Tubby would have submitted to detention cheerfully at any time for the sake of a feed to follow. As for the football-matches that had to be postponed, Tubby did not think much of them at all. Games were not much in his line.

After the feed in the tuckshop, Tubby Muffin rolled away, feeling very satisfied with himself and things generally.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.
On the Track.

"I'VE got it!"

Jimmy Silver uttered that exclamation suddenly.

It was after lessons on the following day, and the Fistical Four were sauntering in the quadrangle.

They were discussing the mysterious affair of the attack on Mr. Manders, and surmising whom the unknown assailant could possibly be.

"Well, if you've got it, trot it out!" said Lovell. "It beats me hollow!"

"Blessed duffers we all were!" exclaimed Jimmy. "We took it for granted that it was one of our party who mizzled off and pillowed Manders."

"Well, so it was, wasn't it?"

"How do we know it was?" demanded Jimmy excitedly. "The cads of the Form were all behind in the dorm. I can't think of any chap in our party who'd be mean

(*Continued on next page.*)

THE MONSTER!
A Short Complete Story of St. Jim's.

TAP!

After a moment's hesitation, Mr. Lathom, master of the Fourth at St. Jim's, entered the study. There was no one there.

"Dear me! How vexing!"

The Form-master had come to see Jack Blake of the Fourth, who inhabited Study No. 6 with his three chums, D'Arcy, Digby, and Herries, on some matter connected with the Form football-team.

However, as Mr. Lathom had nothing particular to do for ten minutes, he closed the study door, and seated himself in the well-worn armchair to wait.

Mellish of the Fourth, with his crony, George Gore, turned the corner of the passage just in time to see the little Form-master step into the study.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed, halting. "What does Lathom want in there? Blake & Co. are on the footer-field."

"Have a squint," suggested Gore.

Mellish tiptoed to the door of Study No. 6, and applied his eye to the keyhole.

"Old Lathom's sitting in the chair, waiting for 'em," he reported.

"I wonder what—— Hallo!" Gore broke off as the elegant figure of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, in immaculate football-gear, hove in sight down the passage, evidently making for his study. "Buck up!" exclaimed Gore, with a hurried grin. "I've got a wheeze!"

He dashed down the passage towards D'Arcy, Mellish following, mystified.

"Look out, D'Arcy!" he exclaimed, in a restrained voice, his face apparently convulsed with alarm. "You're not going to your study, are you?"

Arthur Augustus surveyed Gore in astonishment through his famous eyeglass.

"Yaas, wathah! Pway why not, Goah?"

"Don't! Don't! Look out! Take care!" Gore gasped out the warning in an agonised voice.

"Why—what——"

"The monster! Oh, for goodness' sake, take care!"

"W-what monstah?"

"Awful—ferocious—in your study!" choked Gore. "Go back—quick!"

"Fly!" chimed in Mellish, in thrilling tones.

And the two young rascals bolted off down the passage, apparently panic-stricken.

But Gore and Mellish knew their D'Arcy, and they did not bolt far.

Arthur Augustus, a little pale, but looking very determined, screwed his eyeglass more firmly into his eye.

He paused a moment, and disappeared into an adjacent study, to reappear a moment later armed with a heavy poker, and with a tablecloth wrapped round his left arm. Gore and Mellish nudged one another in high glee.

D'Arcy had his hand on the door of Study No. 6 now, and stood listening a moment. He braced himself for the effort, and, with a yell like a wild Indian, suddenly hurled himself into the room, with the poker uplifted in his hand.

The master, tired of waiting, was just about to open the study door from the inside when it flew open, and D'Arcy dashed in.

The concussion was terrific. Each staggered back and sat down hard!

"Boy!" gasped Mr. Lathom. "What—what! D'Arcy——"

"M-mum—Mr. Lathom!" stuttered D'Arcy. "Wretched boy! This assault upon your Form-master——"

"Oh, s-sir, I—I thought you were the monster!" gasped D'Arcy feebly.

. . . . . .

Gore and Mellish, unable any longer to contain their mirth, left at this juncture, leaving the unfortunate Gussy the hard task of convincing little Mr. Lathom that he was not guilty of intentional assault and battery. It is true that the outraged Swell of St. Jim's visited them subsequently, and thumped them both soundly. But the two japers always maintained that it was worth a few thumps to see Arthur Augustus, poker in hand, tackle the monster!

The Outsider of the Fourth!

(*Continued from previous page.*)

enough to let us all be detained to get off a licking. But there were plenty of fellows left in the dorm who are mean enough for that or anything else."

"My hat!" said Raby. "I never thought of that."

"But they stayed in the dorm," said Lovell. "They couldn't have pillowed Manders if they stayed in the dorm, you know."

Jimmy Silver looked at his chum admiringly.

"Did you work that out in your head?" he asked. "My hat! What a brain!"

"Look here, you silly chump——"

"My idea is that they didn't all stay in the dorm," said Jimmy.

"Oh, I see!"

"Time you did," agreed Jimmy Silver. "Suppose one of those cads sneaked out after us, and pillowed Manders just to get us into a row?"

"Phew!"

"They wouldn't have had the nerve," said Newcome, with a shake of the head.

"Well, that's true of most of 'em," admitted Jimmy. "Towny and Toppy and Peele and Gower wouldn't have pillowed Manders at any price. But that rotter Mornington has nerve enough for anything."

"Well, that's so."

"And he was wild, because we were down on him for slacking," said Jimmy. "It's just one of his dirty tricks; killing two birds with one stone, you know. He pillowed Manders, and got us all into a frightful row."

"Yes. I know he doesn't like Manders. Manders reported him to Bootles for smoking the other day."

"And he doesn't like us!" grinned Jimmy Silver. "I've got rather an impression that he doesn't."

Lovell drew a deep breath.

"The cad! Very likely it was Mornington. Just one of his tricks. But if he went out of the dorm, the others must know—Towny and the rest."

"They'd keep it dark, of course."

"And Muffin——"

"Oh, Muffin was sleeping like a fat pig! But Towny & Co. know all about it, and they're keeping it dark."

"If—if it's the case!" said Raby doubtfully.

"Let's go and hammer 'em and make 'em own up," suggested Lovell.

"But perhaps they didn't do it."

"Well, they're cads, anyway; hammering will do them good."

"Something in that," agreed Jimmy Silver. "Anyway, we'll go and ask them some questions. No harm in that."

The Fistical Four proceeded in search of Mornington.

The Nuts of the Fourth were found in No. 4 Study. There was a haze of cigarette-smoke in the study when the Co. went in. Mornington & Co. were amusing themselves in their own peculiar fashion.

Mornington gave the visitors an insolent look.

"I don't remember askin' you to call," he remarked.

"You'll excuse me," observed Townsend. "But your room's preferable to your company, dear boys; absolutely, you know."

"We've come to ask you a question, Mornington," said Jimmy Silver.

"You can save your breath. I'm not answerin' any of your questions."

"Did you leave the dorm on Tuesday night?"

"Nice weather we're havin', ain't we?" said Mornington calmly.

"I've got an idea that you sneaked out quietly after us, and pillowed old Manders to get us into a row," said Jimmy Silver.

Townsend & Co. exchanged startled glances. But the dandy of the Fourth did not turn a hair.

"Is that the yarn you're goin' to spread in the Fourth?" he asked, with a sneer. "I don't think you'll get anybody to believe it."

"Then you didn't leave the dorm?"

"Find out!"

"That's what I'm trying to do," said Jimmy calmly; "and if I have any more of your cheek, Mornington, you'll get a thick ear! I'm pretty well fed-up with you as it is. Do you deny leaving the dorm after we went out?"

"Yes, I do!" snarled Mornington.

"You fellows were awake," said Jimmy, turning to Townsend & Co. "You know whether Mornington went out or not."

"Can't you take Morny's word?" demanded Townsend.

"No fear."

"He was in the dorm when you got back," said Peele.

"He could easily have got back before us," said Jimmy. "I want to know whether you fellows know he went out."

"Nothin' of the sort," said Townsend. "He was stickin' in bed, like the rest of us," said Topham.

"You'll have to make up a better yarn than that, you know," sniggered Peele.

"As a matter of fact, it's pretty clear to my mind who did it," remarked Mornington coolly.

"Who, then?" exclaimed Jimmy.

"You!"

The captain of the Fourth started.

"I!" he exclaimed.

"Yaas, you! An' I think you ought to own up, and get the Form off detention," said Mornington.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Nuts in chorus. The expression on Jimmy Silver's face tickled them immensely.

"As it happens," said Jimmy, very quietly, "I can prove I wasn't the chap. Some of the fellows were quite close to me all the time."

"You mean your pals stick to whatever yarn you tell?" sneered Mornington.

"It looks to me as if you did it," said Jimmy, "and your precious pals are lying about it to screen you."

"Go hon!" yawned Townsend.

"But I'll jolly well find out somehow!" said Jimmy savagely.

"Oh, make up a better yarn!" urged Mornington. "Make out that it was Smythe of the Shell, or Beaumont of the Sixth, or any fellow you don't like, you know."

Jimmy clenched his hands hard. At that moment the study door opened, and Tubby Muffin came in.

"I say, Morny, old chap, can you lend me five bob?" he asked, before he noticed that the Fistical Four were in the study.

Mornington gritted his teeth.

"Oh, you fat rotter!" he snapped.

"Oh, I—I didn't see you fellows!" stammered Tubby. "I—I say, will you come to the tuckshop with me?"

"Not with Mornington's money!" growled Jimmy Silver; and the Fistical Four left the study, Tubby Muffin following a minute later with five shillings in his podgy hand.

The fat Classical was making for the stairs, en route for the tuckshop, when Jimmy Silver's hand fell on his shoulder.

"Come into my study, Tubby," said Jimmy Silver grimly. "I've got something to say to you."

"I—I'm in rather a hurry."

"What is Mornington giving you money for?"

"Only—only making me a little loan, because—because we're pals, you know," stammered Tubby.

Jimmy looked at him searchingly.

"Were you awake on Tuesday night, Tubby?" he asked.

"Oh, no; sleeping like a top."

"You don't know whether Mornington left the dorm after we did?"

"How could I when I was asleep, you know!" protested Tubby, in great alarm. The horn of plenty was in danger.

"I can't understand Mornington giving you money."

"It's only a loan, you know," said Tubby feebly.

"You never pay, and Mornington knows it."

"Oh, I say, you know——"

Tubby Muffin twisted himself away, and ran down the stairs. Jimmy Silver looked at his chums.

"It looks to me as if Mornington did the trick, and Muffin knows," he said. "But there's no getting the truth out of that fat bounder. But we'll find out somehow."

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Brought to Book.

"WHAT do you want?" Mornington of the Fourth snapped out that question savagely.

It was the next day, and Mornington was alone in his study after lessons, with a wrinkled brow and a savage expression. He was conning over a little book which contained the records of Morny's sporting transactions. Luck had been going against the dandy of the Fourth, and, ample as his funds were, he had been cleaned out in his latest speculation.

The geegee that Morny fancied had had the bad taste to come in seventh instead of first, and Morny's cash had taken unto itself wings and flown away.

The dandy of the Fourth was in a savage temper. It was not the loss of the money—that meant only a couple of days' inconvenience till he obtained a fresh supply. But he had a sense of defeat and bitter irritation, and he was in no mood to be worried by Tubby Muffin and his incessant demands.

The look he turned on the fat Classical alarmed Tubby a little. But he stuck to his guns.

"If you're not going to be civil, Morny ——" he began.

"Get out of my study!"

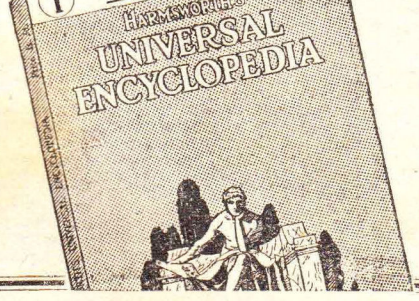
"Ahem! Can you lend me ten bob?"

"No, I can't!"

"Well, I'll make it five," said Tubby generously. "I'll make five do until to-morrow. There!"

"I'm stony!" growled Mornington, "I've had bad luck. Get out!"

Tubby grinned.



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"Oh, don't be funny, you know," he remarked. "I wondered how long it would be before you started that yarn. It won't do for me, I can tell you."

"It's the truth, you fat cad!"

Tubby chuckled.

"You started telling the truth?" he grinned. "My hat! Who was it said the age of miracles was past?"

"Will you get out of my study?" said Mornington, with a dangerous glitter in his eyes. "I tell you I've got no money for you!"

"Upon the whole, Mornington, I'm afraid I can't keep your shady secret any longer," said Tubby. "The fellows are all going to be detained again to-morrow afternoon, and it's really too bad! I really think I'd better speak to Jimmy Silver."

"I shall have some more money on Monday," muttered Mornington.

"Oh, don't gammon, you know! Can you lend me ten bob, or can't you lend me ten bob?" said Muffin peevishly.

"And how long is this going on?" said Mornington through his set teeth. "You've had about three pounds out of me so far."

"If you put it like that, Morny, I sha'n't accept another loan from you!" said Tubby, with an assumption of dignity. "I'm willing to treat you as a pal, but I don't want any caddish remarks, I can tell you!"

"You blackmailing young hound!" hissed Mornington. "I won't give you another penny! But I'll tell you what I will give you—I'll give you a thumping hiding, and if you say a word about me I'll give you another!"

"Here, I say—yah!—hands off!" yelled Tubby, in alarm.

Mornington was upon him with the spring of a tiger.

He grasped the fat Classical, and hurled him on the rug. Then he snatched up a walking-cane.

Whack, whack, whack!

The cane came down on Tubby Muffin's plump person with all the force of Mornington's arm. Morny appeared to be under the impression that he was beating a carpet.

Tubby Muffin roared and yelled.

Lash, lash, lash, lash!

"Yow-ow-ow!" roared Tubby. "Help! Yooop! Rescue, Jimmy Silver! Help! Yooop!"

Lash, lash, lash!

Mornington's savage, uncontrolled temper had full rein now. He lashed at the wriggling, writhing, fat junior with savage energy.

A flogging by the Head would have been mild to that terrific thrashing.

Tubby's yells rang the length of the Fourth Form passage as he writhed under the savage lashes of the cane.

The door opened, and Townsend came in hurriedly.

"What the thunder!" he exclaimed. "Morny! Stop it! Are you mad?"

Lash, lash, lash!

"The cad's come here to blackmail me again!" hissed Mornington. "I'll teach him that it doesn't pay!"

"Yaroooh! Help! Yah! Rescue!" screamed Tubby.

"You brute!" roared Jimmy Silver, rushing into the study. "What are you doing? Let Muffin alone—at once!"

"Keep off!" shouted Mornington savagely. "You'll get some if you chip in here, Jimmy Silver!"

Jimmy rushed at him, without replying.

Mornington lashed at him with the cane, and Jimmy caught the blow on his left arm. The next moment Mornington was in his grasp.

"Now, you cad——"

Jimmy pommelled and punched, and punched and pommelled with hearty good will.

Mornington's yells were almost as loud as Tubby's.

"Go it, Jimmy" sang out Lovell, in great delight.

"Give the cad beans!"

"Cave!" yelled Rawson from the passage. "Here comes Bootles!"

"Look out, Jimmy!"

But Jimmy Silver and Mornington were fighting fiercely, and neither of them heeded the warning.

Mr. Bootles came whisking along the passage with rustling gown and frowning brows. He stared into Study No. 4 in majestic wrath.

"What—what!" he ejaculated. "Silver! Mornington! Cease this at once!"

The combatants separated, flushed and panting.

"What does this mean?" thundered Mr. Bootles.

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!" roared Tubby Muffin. "Help! Ow! Yow! I'm killed! Look at me! Yow-ow-ow-ow-ow!"

"What is the matter with you, Muffin? Has anyone been ill-using you?"

"Yow-ow-ow! That beast Mornington!" wailed Tubby. "He was larruping me with a stick, and Silver stopped him! Yow-ow! Wooop!"

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Bootles. "Mornington, I have spoken to you several times about your temper. You have been ill-using a smaller boy. I could hear Muffin's cries from my study——"

"Because I knew he pillowed Manders!" yelled Tubby Muffin. "I told him I'd tell Jimmy Silver, and so I will!"

"What—what?"

"Oh, by gad!" murmured Townsend.

Mornington looked savage and sullen. It was out now, but the hardened young rascal of Rookwood was prepared to face the music.

"Mornington! Is it possible——"

"He sneaked out of the dorm and pillowed Manders!" yelled Tubby Muffin. "Townsend knew. They were cackling over it when Morny came back. Towny knows, and Topham and Peele—they all knew! Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

"Mornington, is this true?"

Mornington gritted his teeth instead of replying.

"Townsend! Answer me at once! Were you aware that Mornington was guilty of that outrage, as Muffin states?"

Townsend stammered.

"I—I couldn't give a chap away, sir," he mumbled.

"Possibly so. But I demand to know the truth now. Answer me!"

Townsend looked at Mornington.

"It's all up, Morny!" he muttered. "It's your own fault! Why couldn't you let Muffin alone, you fool?"

Mornington burst into a savage laugh.

"It's true!" he said. "Those weak-kneed cads would give me away now that Muffin has told tales! Bah! I don't care!"

"I think you will be made to care, Mornington," said Mr. Bootles drily. "You will follow me to the Head now! You also, Townsend and Muffin."

And Mr. Bootles marched away majestically, with the three juniors at his heels.

Jimmy Silver whistled.

"Well, the game's up now," he remarked. "That fat rascal knew all the time, and he was getting money out of the other cad."

"Rather a dangerous game to play with a fellow like Mornington," grinned Lovell. "Tubby doesn't seem to have made it pay, in the long run."

"He's got a little more than he bargained for!" chuckled Raby. "Serve him jolly well right!"

The juniors agreed that Tubby Muffin had got very little more than he deserved. Mornington was also getting what he deserved now. The culprit having been discovered, the Head proceeded to administer severe justice.

The flogging Mornington received in the Head's study was a record. Even the tough and hardened Mornington was squirming painfully as he crawled away after it, and that evening his temper was so savage that his study-mates were driven from his study.

But, with the exception of Mornington, the Classical Fourth rejoiced. The sentence of detention was withdrawn, and on Saturday afternoon Rookwood Juniors played football once again. So all was well that ended well.

THE END.

NEXT FRIDAY'S

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Looking for Trouble!

A Complete Tale of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy of St. Jim's.

"ERE's the toff!"

That remark fell upon the ears of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, the Swell of St. Jim's, as he halted outside the village tuckshop at Rylcombe. A group of urchins, with a thick-set youth at their head, surveyed him with derisive grins and loud guffaws.

"Bai Jove!" murmured Gussy.

"Bai Jove!" mimicked the crowd.

"Don't 'e look the part!"

"Not 'alf!"

Arthur Augustus elevated his chin a trifle, and sauntered elegantly off in the direction of St. Jim's.

As he did so, one youth more daring than his fellows, swept his shining silk topper off his head, and before Gussy could grasp the situation, his topper—the pride of his eye—was doing duty as a football!

"You young wascals!" he exclaimed angrily. "I'll——"

Words failed the Swell of St. Jim's. It was a time for action. And, with a rush, he dashed into the thick of the laughing group to rescue his topper.

"Give me my toppah! Yow-ow!"

The urchins had taken the St. Jim's junior at his word, and the topper, which by this time was looking decidedly the worse for wear, was jammed on to his head like a cheap concertina. It had collected quite a quantity of mud in its short life as a football, and that mud began to stream down Gussy's aristocratic features.

Arthur Augustus' noble blood was up, and when the blood of a Vere de Vere is stirred, things begin to happen. His left fist swept out, and one of the urchins reeled back, clasping his nose tenderly.

The remainder of the youthful jokers, not liking the new aspect of affairs, backed away hastily, with the exception of their leader.

The bullying instinct was predominant in Jim Bosworth, and he thought the opportunity a favourable one for establishing himself in the good graces of his following. He was a new arrival at the village, and had announced his intention of carrying out an open warfare with the St. Jim's juniors.

"Look 'ere, you guy," he began, "I don't allow any of you college dummies to lay 'ands on any of my friends; so take that!"

"That" was a vicious right-hander, which, if it had landed, would have laid Gussy low. But Arthur Augustus stepped away to safety, and before Bosworth could regain his balance a straight left caught him full between the eyes.

The village bully, with a snort of rage, hurled himself on the Swell of St. Jim's, and the two, locked in a close embrace, pummelled each other unmercifully.

When they parted, however, it was Bosworth's eye that had suddenly assumed a shady colour aproaching black, and it was his nose that seemed flattened to his face.

"Knock 'im out!" howled his following.

But that was easier said than done.

The St. Jim's junior met all his wild rushes with a coolness that was astounding, and Bosworth was already beginning to repent of his hastiness.

Thud!

Bosworth went down to a beautifully-placed right, which caught him on the point of the jaw.

Arthur Augustus stepped back, waiting for his opponent to rise; and the bully, urged on by the jeers of the villagers, scrambled to his feet.

Thud!

He was the recipient of a straight left which shook every bone in his body, and, with a grunt, he sank to the ground again.

This time even the caustic remarks of his friends failed to bring him to his feet.

"Had enough?" asked Gussy.

"Groough! Yes!" muttered Bosworth.

And with a parting stare at the villagers grouped round their fallen champion, Arthur Augustus dusted himself down, and sauntered back to St. Jim's, convinced that he had served out a severe rebuff to the bully.

The lesson had the desired effect, for from that day the St. Jim's juniors were never molested, and some time later, news reached the school that Bosworth had left Rylcombe.

THE END.